

EXT. GENERAL'S BACK PORCH - EVENING

Cap stands watching the sun go down. He wears the dark, starless version of his uniform. Cap's shoulders are forward and his eyes weary.

The General enters smoking a pipe and carrying a thick folder. He slides Cap the folder, on the cover is stamped: TOP SECRET.

Inside, Cap finds yellowed sheets marked: Department of War. Super Soldier. Mortality ratio. 44F candidate, Steven Rogers.

The General stares at the sunset.

Cap looks through the pages in awe. Then, his brow furrows. The page reads: "...will be cryogenically frozen until such time as 44F can be properly controlled."

He tosses everything in a spray of yellowed pages.

CAPTAIN AMERICA

General, I--.

The General lifts his hand.

GENERAL

I'm glad we had this chat. Go home son.

CAPTAIN AMERICA

Home?

He hands Cap a set of keys and looks him in the eye.

GENERAL

You look like you could use some rest. You'll find it hasn't changed.

CAPTAIN AMERICA

Yes sir. Good night, sir.

Cap gives a snappy salute and turns toward the door.

The General gathers up the pages including a grainy photo of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers.

EXT. GENERAL'S BASE HOUSE - DUSK

Cap steps out the front door, which he makes look small, and looks at the key chain. His eyes light up when he sees the address on them.



EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN

Steve, dressed in civilian clothes, rides a motorcycle watching houses, shops and apartment buildings go by.

EXT. RANCH HOME - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

It's all foreign to him until he sees a wide drive and a small ranch style home. Stepping out off the bike, he crouches and feels the cut grass with his hand.

FLASHBACK MIXED WITH PRESENT DAY: Steve watches as the grass turns into a victory garden. A young blonde boy, YOUNG STEVEN skids his bicycle to a stop, jumps off and runs to the door.

PRESENT: Steve unlocks the front door and enters.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING (SAME)

It's almost like stepping back in time. The furniture, covered in plastic, and other interior design is vintage 30's with hints of the 40's through the 60's.

Photos of his skinny, young self are on the mantle with others of his mother and father. A film projector sits on a shelf. Everything shows some age, but is well cared for. Almost like his mom was still alive.

FLASHBACK MIXED WITH PRESENT DAY: Steve watches as the past again appears before him.

MRS. ROGERS (O.S.)  
 Stevey, time to set the table.

Steve can almost touch the boy as he runs through past him to the kitchen. MR. ROGERS, smoking a pipe, shakes his head and smiles.

MRS. ROGERS enters drying her hands on a towel and smiles at her husband. He smiles back and folds the paper. Steve follows his mother into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

As the mixed flashback continues, Steve finds a scene later in time. Mr. Rogers stands at the table. A blonde young man, TEEN STEVEN, sits at the table with an opened letter in front of him. Mrs. Rogers puts a hand on his shoulder.



MR. ROGERS

I'm sorry, Steven. I was skinny at your age, too. Just give it a few years.

Teen Steven is crushed.

TEEN STEVEN

A few years? How many Joes are going to buy the farm in a few years?

Shrugging off his mom's hand, teen Steven gets up and brushes past Steve out of the room.

INT. STEVEN'S BEDROOM

Steve's old bedroom, and the cowboy motif, is the same as he last left it except for a tin box on his dresser.

FLASHBACK MIXED WITH PRESENT DAY: Steve's mom walks in and places the box on the dresser. He stands transfixed, watching her. He watches her beautiful face in the mirror above the dresser. She looks into the mirror and it's almost like she sees him reflecting there, a twinkle in her eye.

MRS. ROGERS

You can't fool me. A mother knows her son.

Cap reaches out, but his mother fades away.

Hesitating, he opens the tin. Inside are newspaper clippings about Captain America. Steve's hands shake as he touches the delicate pieces. Under them lies wilting Captain America comic books.

FADE TO:

INT. STEVEN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Steve sits on the tiny twin bed caught in his depression as the sun crests the window and falls across him. With a sigh, he stands and opens the closet.

It's filled with boxes. Taking one out, he then reaches up into the drop ceiling. He searches around a bit, but then finds what he's looking for.

He pulls out a wooden box. It has a lock on it, which Steve pops easily.



Opening it, he finds old baseball cards and a stack of home movie film cans. One is marked with dried masking tape: TO YOU.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Steve closes the blinds and clicks on the projector. It CLATTERS to life. It projects a bright square on the white wall which becomes Mr. Rogers, much older.

Older Mr. Rogers seems to stare into Steve.

OLDER MR. ROGERS

Hello Steven. Your mother and I always knew it was you out there and the letter we just received confirms it. They say they had to freeze you because of your injuries and there's no telling...

Mr. Rogers must pause a moment. Steve pounds his knee with a fist.

OLDER MR. ROGERS (CONT'D)

...so, we wanted to make this for you. I want you to know that I can't tell you how proud we are of you. No set of parents could be more proud of their son. If you get this in a few years, look us up. If it's longer than that, I can imagine it must be quite a shock. Flying cars and such. If we don't meet again, well, know that we're smiling down at you and cheering you on. And, remember what your Grandpa said...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - day

Young Stevey snuffles with a black eye and a swollen lip. The younger Mr. Rogers is on one knee next to him.

MR. ROGERS

...remember what your Grandpa said. "It doesn't matter how fast you can run or how high you can jump, it's this...

(touches his head)

(MORE)



MR. ROGERS (CONT'D)  
and this...  
(touches his chest)  
that really matter."

INT. LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

Back in the present, Steven touches his chest.

MR. ROGERS  
You're a beacon of hope for  
millions, son. Just don't forget  
that all that muscle is only to  
hold them back long enough for you  
to talk sense into them. We love  
you, buddy. And thank you,  
Captain.

Tears drop from Steve's eyes.

STEVE  
Thanks, Dad.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE

Steve kick starts his motorcycle with a RUMBLE and speeds  
off.

FADE TO:

INT. CAP'S READY ROOM - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Cap's blue mask being set into place.

Cap's feather-like blue shirt with the star pulls over his  
chest.

Red boots being put on.

Cap's hands pulling on his gloves.

CAPTAIN AMERICA  
No more hiding.