

# ***EXCELSIOR!***

**By**

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**OVER BLACK**

The opening chords of "A BEGINNING" by The Beatles.

Fluttering strings, soft before --

EILEEN (V.O.)  
What did you want?

**INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY**

**TITLE CARD READS: 2005**

STAN LEE, 83, sits behind a table. His gray hair, at least what's left of it, is SLICKED BACK.

His half moon brown eyes are hidden behind his iconic SHADED GLASSES, tinted like the windows of a sports car.

The table sits in a beautiful board room. Wide windows look out over the shimmering New York skyline. Middle aged men and women in pressed suits fill the other seats.

The place reeks of fuck you money and six figure retainers.

Directly across from Stan is EILEEN, 40's, the arbitrator. She has long red hair and block glasses.

STAN LEE  
What did I want? I wanted to write  
the Great American Novel.

EILEEN  
And what happened?

STAN LEE  
I lost track of time.

EILEEN  
Mr. Lieber, Let's talk about Kirby.

STAN LEE  
My name is Stan Lee.

EILEEN  
Excuse me?

STAN LEE  
My name isn't Stanley Lieber. It's  
Stan Lee.

EILEEN  
(looking back at the  
documents)  
It says here --

STAN LEE  
My name was legally changed last  
month.

EILEEN  
I apologize for the confusion Mr...  
(catches herself)  
Lee. So, Kirby.

STAN LEE  
I haven't seen Jack Kirby in twenty  
years. What would I have to say?

EILEEN  
Many would argue that you knew him  
better than anyone else.

STAN LEE  
That's not true. He had a family.

EILEEN  
His wife is the one who told me  
that.

Stan gives a thin smile. *Defeated.*

STAN LEE  
Where do you want me to start?

EILEEN  
How about at the beginning?

STAN LEE  
The beginning...

Close on Stan's eyes as they drift off, like the start of a  
dream --

**INT. MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT - DAY**

We breeze past A PAIR OF MOVERS carrying a large couch out of  
the office.

Drift into...

**INT. MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT - STAN'S CORNER - DAY**

A CLAUSTROPHOBIC CORNER. Two large rows of FILING CABINETS line the walls. Squeezed between them is...

STAN LEE. But, it's not the Stan Lee we know. Not yet. Right now, he's....

MARTIN GOODMAN (O.S.)  
LIEBER!!! Get in here!!

**STANLEY LIEBER:** publisher of a dying line of comic books.

He gets up, BUMPING one of the cabinets. FOLDERS AND PAPERS fall everywhere, littering the floor.

STAN LEE  
God dammit.

No time to worry about it. *Not now.* He dashes across the office, criss-crossing cubicles, a cacophony of type writer keys scoring his journey.

A SECRETARY, 50's, motions for him.

SECRETARY  
Mr. Lieber, Mr. Romita wanted to talk to you.

STAN LEE  
Not now.

MARTIN GOODMAN (O.S.)  
Lieber!!!

*It never ends.*

As he continues across the office, he's joined by SOL BRODSKY, 28, pale, bulky glasses, forever the second banana AKA assistant editor.

SOL BRODSKY  
We need the Frankenstein pages in half an hour if we want the book to press by next week.

STAN LEE  
You'll have them in twenty-nine minutes.

MARTIN GOODMAN (O.S.)  
Lieb --

**INT. MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT - GOODMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Stan rockets through the open door before MARTIN GOODMAN, 53, slight but imposing in a trim suit, can finish.

STAN LEE  
Yes, sir. Did last month's numbers  
come in?

MARTIN GOODMAN  
I just came from the golf course  
with Leibowitz. Have you seen this?

Goodman SLAMS a comic onto the desk. Stan peers over to see --

**JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA #1.** The iconic cover with the DC  
HEROES fighting Starro, who is, quite literally, a giant star  
fish.

MARTIN GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
All of their heroes in one comic.  
He said it's selling like crazy.  
How did we not think of this?

STAN LEE  
Interesting.  
(thumbing through the  
comic)  
So you want to steal their idea?

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Exactly. Take all of our heroes and  
put them in one book. Captain  
America. Human Torch. Mariner.

STAN LEE  
Did last month's numbers come in?

GOODMAN'S SECRETARY  
(calling from just outside  
the office)  
Mr. Goodman, Mr. Hart is on line  
one.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
No.

GOODMAN'S SECRETARY  
Your wife is on line two.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
 Absolutely not. Hold all my calls.  
 (finally has to answer  
 Stan)  
 They did.

STAN LEE  
 What?

MARTIN GOODMAN  
 The numbers came in.

STAN LEE  
 And?

MARTIN GOODMAN  
*Shut the door.*

*Uh oh.* Stan does. The mood of the room changing with it.

MARTIN GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
 We have to make some changes. No  
 more artists in the office.

STAN LEE  
 They weren't good.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
 Perhaps you noticed the movers? You  
 thought I was selling half our  
 furniture for the fuck of it? To do  
 some redecorating? It was the worst  
 month in company history, Lieber.

He tosses a comic across his desk. The title reads: MILLIE  
 THE MODEL.

MARTIN GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
 What is this?

STAN LEE  
 Well, it's--

MARTIN GOODMAN  
 That was a rhetorical question.  
 It's quite obviously shit.

STAN LEE  
 You asked me to write a romance  
 book and--

MARTIN GOODMAN  
 I asked you to write a book that  
 would sell.

He slides the SALES NUMBERS across the desk.

MARTIN GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
Would you say you were successful  
in that task?

STAN LEE  
Martin, if we keep changing our  
plan based on last month's numbers  
we're going to continue going in  
circles.

(Stan realizes what  
Goodman is implying)  
I mean I don't... I don't have  
anything to worry about, do I?

Goodman doesn't say anything. He clearly does.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
I like you, Lieber. I do. You're a  
hard worker. Never miss a deadline.  
But... there's only so long this  
can go on. There's not time for us  
to keep throwing your ideas up  
against the wall.

(trying to help)  
How old are you now?

STAN LEE  
Thirty-nine.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
(older than he thought)  
This is a young man's game. Listen,  
just man to man... Maybe you're not  
in the right business. Have you  
thought about sales?

STAN LEE  
No. I'm a writer.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Then you need to write something  
good.

A gut punch to Stan. But he can't argue it.

MARTIN GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
Just get me something good, Lieber.  
I don't care how you do it. Or who  
you do it with.

Close on Stan. His wheels spinning.

**EXT. KIRBY RESIDENCE - EVENING**

Forest Hills. A street lined with suburban houses. A power plant of nuclear families. Stan walks up to the front door of one of them. Rings the doorbell.

No answer. He knocks. Waits...

Still nothing. He looks through the window. No one.

He tries the front door. *It's open.* He steps in...

**INT. KIRBY RESIDENCE - FOYER - EVENING**

STAN LEE

Hello? Jack?

He hears a VOICE. It's coming from the basement. Muffled.  
*What the hell?*

He continues down the hall. And that's when we realize what the voice is...

YANKEES ANNOUNCER

(from a radio)

Berra steps in. Yanks still down 3-  
2, two outs in the 8th.

Stan smiles. Shakes his head.

He opens the basement door and stares down a loooooong rickety staircase.

**INT. KIRBY RESIDENCE - BASEMENT - EVENING**

The Yankee game is BLARING from the radio.

YANKEES ANNOUNCER

Berra takes the 1-2 pitch.  
Low, ball 2.

Stan turns a corner and wafts through the SMOKE that clouds from the cigar of --

STAN LEE

(coughing loudly)

Jack.

JACK KIRBY. 42. Stocky, squared hands and jaw. He resembles his drawings: blocky, kinetic, and *alive*. (He's always smoking a cigar unless otherwise noted.)



JACK KIRBY  
Stanley. Let yourself in I see?

STAN LEE  
(talking over the Yankees)  
You can't hear anything down here.  
What if there was a fire?

JACK KIRBY  
Then I'd burn.

Water DRIPS onto Stan's head from the pipes above.

YANKEES ANNOUNCER  
And, it's in there - strike 3.

JACK KIRBY  
They're playing like shit.

STAN LEE  
Did you see this?

He tosses Jack the same comic Goodman showed him: JUSTICE LEAGUE. Jack begins to thumb through it.

JACK KIRBY  
All their heroes in one book.  
Interesting.

STAN LEE  
That's what I said. And it got me  
thinking...

JACK KIRBY  
Stan, don't even--

STAN LEE  
Just hear me out. Goodman--

JACK KIRBY  
Goodman is a crook. I'm not working  
for him again.

STAN LEE  
Martin's changed. Even Ditko would  
say so.

JACK KIRBY  
You're referring to the same  
Goodman who demanded that I stay up  
for a week straight to finish an  
issue of Captain America because he  
was worried Hitler was going to die  
before the pages went to press?  
(MORE)

JACK KIRBY (CONT'D)  
*That Martin Goodman? Who then  
 proceeded to stiff me on the  
 royalties?*

STAN LEE  
 (starting to dig in)  
 I really need you on this, Jack.  
 What are you working on?

Stan goes through the pages on Jack's desk. He's drawing ads.  
 For shaving cream. A man's smiling face - half covered in  
 white foam. "It's Barbasol for me!"

STAN LEE (CONT'D)  
 Barbasol? Come on, Jack. You're  
 better than this.

JACK KIRBY  
 Ads pay the bills.

STAN LEE  
 Do they?

JACK KIRBY  
 Almost. We're a little behind.

STAN LEE  
 We are too.  
 (he sighs)  
 Listen, Jack, I know we've had some  
 duds--

JACK KIRBY  
 Some???

STAN LEE  
 If this isn't good, I'll never ask  
 you to pencil another book for me.  
 Super heroes. We can get back to  
 our roots.

JACK KIRBY  
 Why me?

STAN LEE  
 You're the only one who can do it.  
 No one can draw like you. I know  
 that's true. You know that's true.

JACK KIRBY  
 What did Goodman say?

STAN LEE

Don't worry about Goodman. He said  
he wants us to try something  
different. No pressure at all.

Jack's still not breaking. Stan presses on. *No other choice.*

STAN LEE (CONT'D)

You're the man who created Captain  
America... you shouldn't be stuck  
in a basement drawing ads.

(takes a breath)

I'm really in a corner here, Jack.  
I need your help.

Kirby takes a long puff of his cigar. The leak from the  
ceiling starts again -- **Drip. Drip.** Jack bites his lip.  
*Thinks.*

STAN LEE (CONT'D)

Come by the office tomorrow night.  
6pm. We'll have the place to  
ourselves. We can hash everything  
out.

JACK KIRBY

I don't know, Stanley.

STAN LEE

Take the night to think about it.  
If you're interested, I'll see you  
at six tomorrow. If not... well,  
we'll catch a Yankee game down the  
road and you can keep drawing  
shaving cream ads. No sweat.

(checking his watch)

Shit. I'm late.

JACK KIRBY

To what?

STAN LEE

I'll tell you about it tomorrow.

Stan gives him a smile and heads up the creaky stairs. Kirby  
takes a long puff of his cigar.

Close on the shaving cream ad. The man's smiling face.

# **INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT**

A gorgeous home. Summer in the suburbs. Paradise for some,  
hell for those who don't have it. America in a nutshell.

JOAN LIEBER, former British hat model, always trying to make an impression. And it's not helping that her husband is--

STAN. Who's late. Very late.

JOAN LIEBER  
You're late. Very late.

STAN LEE  
I know. Traffic was crazy. I had--

JOAN LIEBER  
Let's go! Diane and Todd have been waiting all night. Todd might have a job opportunity for you.

STAN LEE  
Joan, I...

They walk through the long foyer and out to--

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT**

A sprawling back yard. String lights. Barbecue going... it's a suburban fantasy.

STAN LEE  
Wow.

JOAN LIEBER  
(putting on her nice voice)  
Everyone, Stan made it!

STAN LEE  
Sorry about that! I haven't seen a rush out of the city like that since the Dodgers left in '57!

Mild laughter. Everyone over the excuse. Back to their own conversations.

TODD, 35, clad in a loud Hawaiian shirt and pastel shorts, saunters over.

TODD  
Stan, the man of mystery!

STAN LEE  
This is amazing. You own this place?

TODD

Ink dried on the mortgage three months ago. Hell of a process.

STAN LEE

(looking around)

It's beautiful.

TODD

Well, thanks, That's awfully nice of you to say...

(leans in)

And if the S&P keeps up, we'll have a pool installed by next summer.

He laughs. Rich guy banker asshole laugh.

TODD (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Say, what do you do again, Stan? Joan said you might be looking for some work?

STAN LEE

Me? No, I... I'm a writer.

TODD

You don't say! What sort of novels do you write?

STAN LEE

Oh uh... not novels exactly. I'm actually planning to start one soon though. I write...

(thinking)

Various magazines.

TODD

Hit me with some titles! I fancy myself a reader, I'm sure I've heard of them.

STAN LEE

Well... I don't know about that. They're mostly for children.

TOM

Like... comic books?

STAN LEE

(swallowing)

No, not comics. They're more magazine style.

Awkward. Can kind of tell that Stan's lying.

TOM

Oh, ok. Well, that's swell. Sorry I said anything about the job, there must have been some miscommunication.

STAN LEE

No. It's fine. I... yeah... I... You might like them.

TODD

Write one I can read and I will.  
(looking around)  
Well... I'm going to see about these deviled eggs. Can I get you one?

STAN LEE

I'm alright, thank you.

Stan takes a long sip of wine before he's BUMPED by a passing guest. The wine SPILLS all over his shirt.

OVERLAP: A CRYING baby.

#### **INT. LIEBER APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Claustrophobic walls. You thought Stan's office was cramped? Take a look at his apartment. He and Joan getting home. A BABYSITTER holds their crying child, JOAN CELIA LEE or "JC".

JOAN LIEBER

How was she?

BABYSITTER

Great. I don't know why she's crying now... she was so good all night.

JOAN LIEBER

Must be her parents.

Nervous and awkward laughter. Money exchanged with the sitter. Joan takes the baby.

JOAN LIEBER (CONT'D)

Have a good night.

She turns to Stan. Rocking the baby. Stan begins to remove his wine-soaked shirt.

JOAN LIEBER (CONT'D)  
 It seemed like you and Todd really  
 hit it off. Did you get his card?  
     (starting to pick through  
       the mail)  
 Did last month's numbers come in?

STAN LEE  
 Not yet.

JOAN LIEBER  
 It's the 16th.

STAN LEE  
 Things have been hectic.

Flipping through BILLS on the table. Overdue. *Overdue*. And...  
Overdue.

JOAN LIEBER  
 So your royalties won't be here  
 until next week? We need the money,  
 Stan.

STAN LEE  
 I know. Joan I want to--

JOAN LIEBER  
 We're not young anymore... how long  
 can we live in a one bedroom?

STAN LEE  
 I think I'm close to--

JOAN LIEBER  
 I'm afraid to invite people over.  
 They live in houses! You saw Diane  
 and Todd's place. They have  
 backyards, and neighbors, and  
 barbecues. We have... this.

Crooked pictures on the wall. Everything second-rate.

STAN LEE  
 I know. Joanie... we're close. I  
 talked to Jack today. We...

JOAN LIEBER  
 Write what you want to write. Do  
 something different. Something you  
 can put your real name on. What's  
 the worst thing that could happen?

STAN LEE

I know.

JOAN LIEBER

Why don't you write about what  
people care about?

(off Stan's glance)

People. I mean... Super heroes can  
be people too, right?

Close on Stan. Holy shit.

**INT. STAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Stan at his desk. The blank page in front of him. The boulder  
at the foot of the mountain.

Stares at the pictures of his family. His wedding photo with  
Joan. His mom and dad. People.

He starts typing.

**INT. MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT - OFFICE - EVENING**

The office is emptying out, everyone heading home for the  
night.

Stan sits in his corner. He checks the clock: 5:58pm.

The last person he wants to see is...

SOL BRODSKY

Say, want to grab a drink, Stan?

STAN LEE

No, I can't.

SOL BRODSKY

Are you waiting for someone?  
Something I can help with?

STAN LEE

No. No. Just have some more work to  
get done.

SOL BRODSKY

Alright, then. See you in the  
morning.

Stan continues typing. Once he's sure that everyone is gone,  
he reaches into his bag. Removes a single sheet of paper.



He is waiting. Anxiously.

He watches the clock. 6:03pm. No Kirby. Shit.

He begins to pack his things. Downtrodden. And then--

A puff of smoke. From around the corner -- KIRBY. Disheveled, always tripping over himself.

JACK KIRBY  
Traffic was shit. I hate this  
fucking city.

STAN LEE  
(trying to hide an  
enormous smile)  
Jack.

# **INT. MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT - CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING**

A conference room that's turned into a makeshift storage unit. Boxes piled up everywhere. Random stacks of comics on the table. Safe to say it hasn't been used in a while.

STAN LEE  
I read Justice League.

JACK KIRBY  
Me too.

STAN LEE  
I liked it.

JACK KIRBY  
But...?

STAN LEE  
But... something's missing. The  
characters don't have  
relationships. Well, they do... but  
they're all the same...they're all  
friends. It's all smiles and happy  
endings. What if it was more  
complicated than that? What if they  
felt like... a *family*?  
(off Jack)  
Why don't adults read Super-Man?

JACK KIRBY  
Because he wears red underwear.

STAN LEE  
No, that's not it.

JACK KIRBY  
Because comics are for children.

STAN LEE  
But why do they have to be?

JACK KIRBY  
*Because they're comics.*

STAN LEE  
It's because we don't care about  
Clark Kent.

JACK KIRBY  
You want to write the Amazing  
Adventures of Clark Kent?

STAN LEE  
What's your biggest problem? Right  
now.

JACK KIRBY  
I'm fat.

STAN LEE  
Perfect. What else?

JACK KIRBY  
I have to sneak my last drink of  
the night in the basement so Roz  
doesn't see.

STAN LEE  
Good. Keep going.

JACK KIRBY  
The Russians could nuke us at any  
moment.

STAN LEE  
Atomic fear. And...

JACK KIRBY  
Stop. What about you?

Stan does stop. Looks at the stack of comics on the table.  
*Millie the Model*. Then back at Jack.

STAN LEE  
Not being the person I wanted to  
be.

JACK KIRBY

So you want to make a super-hero book about someone who is fat, has problems with their wife, is afraid that the Russians are going nuke him, and has failed aspirations?

STAN LEE

Remember what I said about Justice League? What was it missing?

JACK KIRBY

A family.

STAN LEE

Bingo. Real people with real problems. What if Super-Man and Lois Lane couldn't stand each other?

(a beat)

What do you think?

JACK KIRBY

I think you're absolutely insane.

STAN LEE

Luckily, we don't have time to reconsider. You draw it, I'll add the dialogue after.

Slides a SINGLE PIECE OF PAPER across the table. Take note of this piece of paper. It's going to be very, very, important.

JACK KIRBY

That's it?

STAN LEE

It's how we're working these days. One page summaries. You do the blocking and I'll add the dialogue after.

JACK KIRBY

(skeptical, but...)

OK. Ditko works like this too?

STAN LEE

Yeah. Take a look. I even have a title.

SLAM TO:

# FANTASTIC FOUR #1

MARTIN GOODMAN

What the fuck is this?

The now famous cover. A giant monster crashing through the street pavement. The Fantastic Four trapped in its clutches. None of them are wearing costumes, they're in street clothes.

Goodman flipping through the pages of the first issue. His eyebrow is raised. Clearly skeptical. *Uh-oh.*

MARTIN GOODMAN (CONT'D)

I asked for a super hero book.

STAN LEE

It *is* a super hero book.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Then where are the superheroes?  
Where are the costumes?

STAN LEE

There aren't any costumes.

MARTIN GOODMAN

There. aren't. any. costumes...

STAN LEE

It's not about that.

MARTIN GOODMAN

And what is it about, Lieber.  
Marital issues?

STAN LEE

Yes, actually.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Oh, good god.

(face in his hands)

It's entertainment, Lieber. People read these things so they don't have to think about the real world. They don't want to read about their problems, they want to forget them.

STAN LEE

We'll see.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Comics are for two types of people:  
children and illiterate adults.

STAN LEE  
I think you're wrong.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Excuse me?

STAN LEE  
I said you're wrong.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
I would advise you to start packing  
your things.

STAN LEE  
Martin... I don't have anything el--

MARTIN GOODMAN  
When Jan and I honeymooned in  
Europe, we had plans to return to  
the states on a beautiful blimp. I  
went to get the tickets, and they  
were sold out. Jan was crushed.  
Complained the whole way home. I  
never thought I'd hear the end of  
it. You know what the name of the  
blimp was?  
(off Stan's silence)  
The Hindenburg.

STAN LEE  
Jesus.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
What I'm trying to say is -- life  
isn't so bad. You never know when  
it could get worse. You'll figure  
it out, Lieber. It just won't be  
here.

Stan gets up and slumps through the door. KIRBY is waiting  
anxiously.

JACK KIRBY  
What'd he think?

Stan says nothing. But that says everything.

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY**

Stan and Jack pace down the street, heads hung.

The kinetic energy of the city all around them. This is one of the worst days of their life, but everything else keeps going. That's how the world works. It doesn't rain only when you need it to.

JACK KIRBY

What is Joan going to say?

STAN LEE

I don't want to go home. I don't think I can.

JACK KIRBY

I'm backed up on ads. This set me back a week. At least.

STAN LEE

Maybe this is the sign I needed. I wanted to start my novel anyway.

They stop. Look at each other, like they had the same idea at the same time.

JACK KIRBY

Should we just catch a movie?

#### **EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY**

Close on the poster for THE HUSTLER.

"It delves without compromise into the hungers that lie deep within us all!"

#### **INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY**

Stan and Jack watching THE HUSTLER. Sharing a large bag of popcorn. *Escaping*. The world can go fuck itself sometimes.

FAST EDDIE

(from the theater audio)

Maybe I'm not such a high-class piece of property right now. But a 25% slice of something big is better than a 100% slice of nothing.

JACK KIRBY

(leaning over, whispering, popcorn in his mouth)

Stan... what we made... it was good. I know it was. I don't care what Goodman says.

Stan leans back. *Not so sure.*

JACK KIRBY (CONT'D)  
We don't want to be caught up in  
their business anyway. Why don't we  
make our own books? Forget about  
them. Publish independent.

STAN LEE  
I don't know, I--

*SHHHHHH!*

STAN LEE (CONT'D)  
(even quieter)  
I'll need to pick up another gig.  
Maybe an Ads job.  
(thinking)  
But I do have some ideas. For some  
other heroes. You're right...  
(smiling)  
*We don't need them.*

The light from the screen bathing them. Everything ahead.

**INT. LIEBER RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Stan trudges through the door.

JOAN LIEBER  
Stanley, where in god's name have  
you been? Is everything ok?

STAN LEE  
Joan, I'm sorry I...

JOAN LIEBER  
(waiting to hear he's been  
fired)  
What is it??

STAN LEE  
Goodman loved it. He thinks we have  
a hit.

JOAN LIEBER  
Oh my god!

STAN LEE  
Jack and I have been out  
celebrating.

JC starts crying. Joan hugs him.

JOAN LIEBER  
I can't believe it. I mean, I can.  
I didn't mean it like...

STAN LEE  
I know.

He brings Joan close.

STAN LEE (CONT'D)  
Everything's going to be ok. I  
promise.

**INT. LIEBER RESIDENCE - MORNING**

Joan sits at the kitchen table, spooning the baby food. Stan walks out of the bedroom...

HE'S DRESSED FOR WORK. A full suit, his hair gelled back.

Joan leans in, gives him a peck on the cheek.

JOAN LIEBER  
We're so proud of you.

**EXT./INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY**

Stan walks up the long wind of stairs leading to...

The Library. He's incredibly over dressed. Catching glances as he paces through the lobby in his suit.

He sits in the type writer room. Sets down his briefcase. Breathes in. Looks around. And from around the corner...

KIRBY. Cigar in mouth, art supplies tucked under his arm. He stands over Stan.

JACK KIRBY  
You wore a suit?

Everyone in the room looking at them.

LIBRARIAN  
Sir... you can't smoke in here!

**INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - EVENING**

Hours later. Paper spread out all over the table. Stan's notes, Jack's sketches. No sign of stopping.



STAN LEE

What about a teenager who's  
bullied? Or a Jekyll and Hyde. A  
blind man. What else?

JACK KIRBY

They need day jobs. A photographer.  
A lawyer. A scientist.

STAN LEE

A scientist. Who can't control when  
the monster takes over.

JACK KIRBY

The Hulk.

STAN LEE

The Hulk...  
(as he chews it over)  
I was thinking... if our heroes  
have normal lives, normal jobs...  
then they should live in New York.  
No Metropolis, No Gotham City.

JACK KIRBY

Perfect for crossovers. The books  
can intersect.

STAN LEE

Exactly. A whole universe.  
(taking a breath)  
How are the ads going?

JACK KIRBY

I'm going to be up late.

STAN LEE

I applied to some classified ads  
myself. Just copy work. But I  
really think we're...

LIBRARIAN

Gentlemen... we're closing.

They look around. *The only ones left in the library.*

JACK KIRBY

Jesus, what time is it?

Stan smiles. A glimmer in his eye. They're at the end of the  
line. But, *this feels right*. Sitting in the library with  
Jack. Creating. *It feels right*.

**INT. LIEBER APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Stan comes in from his day at "work". Joan walks to give him a kiss. The baby in a high chair.

JOAN LIEBER  
You smell different.

STAN LEE  
What do you mean?

JOAN LIEBER  
I mean you smell different than normal.

STAN LEE  
Huh. Well, they've been moving furniture out of the office. Had some meetings today. I don't...

The phone rings. Joan reaches for it.

JOAN LIEBER  
Hello?  
(holding her hand over the receiver)  
Are you applying to jobs? This is an ad firm?

STAN LEE  
What? No... I...

He's struggling for an excuse. But...

JOAN LIEBER  
If you want to poach my husband, the offer better be good. And don't you dare call our home after 6pm.

Stan smiles. *Phew.*

**INT. KIRBY RESIDENCE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Pipes still rattling. Jack sits at his board, working on another ad, this one for cigarettes.

ROZ, his wife, comes into the room to kiss him goodnight. She motions for him to come upstairs with her. He can't.

ROZ KIRBY  
Don't you have time to work on these during the day?

JACK KIRBY  
Picked up an extra few gigs.

She shakes her head as she heads back up the stairs.

He reaches under his board for... *his last glass of whiskey.*

**INT. PRINTING PRESS - DAY**

The PRINTING MACHINES grind and whir. Copies of FANTASTIC FOUR #1 stack up. The cover glowing in brilliant technicolor.

The garage door at the rear of the warehouse opens up. Boxes of comics are stacked and loaded into the back of a TRUCK.

Dawn breaks over the sleeping streets of Manhattan. The truck sputters to life and glides away.

Everything is about to change.

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NEWS STAND - DAY**

August 8th, 1961. Stan approaches a news stand. Various headlines read: "EAST GERMANY BEGINS WORK ON WALL".

He looks up to the NEWS STAND EMPLOYEE, 65, grumpy.

STAN LEE  
Do you have a copy of the new  
Magazine Management book? Fantastic  
Four?

NEWS STAND EMPLOYEE  
You look a little old to be reading  
comics.

STAN LEE  
You don't have it?

NEWS STAND EMPLOYEE  
No.

STAN LEE  
You get all their books.

NEWS STAND EMPLOYEE  
Don't know what to tell you, buddy.  
We carry Playboy. Why don't you  
take a look at that? Might see some  
things you've never seen before.

Stan walks away, shaking his head.

**INT. LIEBER APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Stan walks in. Joan holding the baby at the counter. She's on the phone, just wrapping a conversation.

JOAN LEE  
How was your day?

STAN LEE  
Productive. I...

The phone rings. Joan reaches for it, but Stan answers just before.

STAN LEE (CONT'D)  
Hello?

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Lieber. It's Goodman.

Stan looks around, in shock. He walks around the corner, the cord on the phone streeeetching.

JOAN LIEBER  
Stan...?

He covers the phone, almost in a whisper.

STAN LEE  
Martin... what's going on?

MARTIN GOODMAN  
I want you to come in tomorrow.

STAN LEE  
Did I leave something in the office?

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Not quite.

STAN LEE  
Our news stand didn't even have Fantastic Four.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
That's probably because it sold out.

Close on Stan as the realization hits. *Holy shit.*

STAN LEE  
I thought you didn't need me?

MARTIN GOODMAN  
We don't need you. We need  
Fantastic Four #2.

Off Stan's wide smile--

**INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY**

EILEEN  
Did you and Mr. Kirby have direct  
communication regarding the book's  
success?

STAN LEE  
Well, we kept on going. Issue #2  
was due the next month. That's how  
it works. There's never time to  
dwell on the current issue.

EILEEN  
And despite what you told Mr.  
Kirby, you did not move to full  
scripts?

STAN LEE  
That's correct. But... We did all  
our books that way. Jack knew that.

EILEEN  
And the rest of the company?

STAN LEE  
Well, to put it simply: everyone  
wanted in.

**INT. MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT - GOODMAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Stan sits across from Martin.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Well? You want to gloat? Say I told  
you so?

STAN LEE  
No. Our royalties will suffice.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Let's not forget it was my idea to  
put multiple heroes in one book.  
(off Stan's smile)  
Well, you've done it once. Now, you  
need to do it ten more times.

STAN LEE

How about twice?

MARTIN GOODMAN

All or nothing, Lieber. You have carte blanche with these characters. There's only one thing I'm requiring: they need to have costumes. I'm not having heroes dressed in slacks. If you want to write about the IRS, go do it at DC.

STAN LEE

Normal people, Martin. That's the whole idea.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Normal people wear costumes, too. For God's Sake. And I lied... there is one more thing: I want a new name for this line. Something fresh. We need to distance ourselves from the shit you did before.

STAN LEE

I'll take that as a compliment.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Any ideas?

STAN LEE

(beginning to get up)  
Let me think on it.

MARTIN GOODMAN

(yelling at him as he  
exits)  
Costumes!

STAN LEE

I got it.

**INT. MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT - STAN'S CORNER - DAY**

Stan sits in his corner, working. STEVE DITKO. 33, skinny as a rail, bespectacled, angular, a walking isosceles triangle, approaches from behind.

STEVE DITKO

Stan. You have a minute?

STAN LEE

(startled)

Jesus, Ditko, you scared me. I didn't know you were in the office today. Have a seat. You want a drink?

STEVE DITKO

I don't drink.

STAN LEE

A smoke?

STEVE DITKO

I thought you didn't smoke?

STAN LEE

I don't.

STEVE DITKO

Then why did you ask?

STAN LEE

I...

STEVE DITKO

Conformity. It's a disease.

STAN LEE

You should come into the office more.

STEVE DITKO

Well, I'd love to, Stan. The only thing is I hate it here. Small talk. Cubicles. We're supposedly making art, but we're still under the shadow of the corporation. But I digress.

(finally getting to his point)

I read Fantastic Four.

STAN LEE

What'd you think?

STEVE DITKO

I loved it. It was different. Colorful. Off-beat. Frankly, I didn't think you had that in you. And you know what I loved the most? No costumes. They're humans.

STAN LEE  
Well... we're adding costumes.

STEVE DITKO  
I should have known.

STAN LEE  
What do you want, Ditko?

STEVE DITKO  
I want a superhero book too. Plain and simple. I'm through with horror comics.

STAN LEE  
We all are. But Kirby's handling superheroes right now.

STEVE DITKO  
I can bring something different.

STAN LEE  
What are you interested in?

STEVE DITKO  
Have you read any Ayn Rand?

STAN LEE  
Who?

STEVE DITKO  
Never mind. You and Kirby are pushing boundaries. I want to join you. I think you're on the verge of a revolution, Stan. Keep me in mind.

STAN LEE  
Come into the office more and I'll think about it.

STEVE DITKO  
I believe the two to be mutually exclusive.

STAN LEE  
Out of sight, out of mind.

STEVE DITKO  
I believe in the opposite. Alas, I don't have time for this. I'm using my lunch break to talk to you. Let me have a superhero book.

(MORE)



STEVE DITKO (CONT'D)

That's all. I'm going to smoke  
three cigarettes.

He shakes his head as Ditko leaves. Stretches his legs and  
finds, waiting at his feet - a bag of mail. *Fan mail.*

Aa couple dozen letters maybe. But a start. He looks to Sol.

STAN LEE

Let's reserve a page at the end of  
each book.

SOL BRODSKY

For what?

Stan's picking through the bag of letters.

STAN LEE

I want to publish some of these.

SOL BRODSKY

Are you serious?

Close on Stan as he continues reading through the letters.

#### **INT. MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT - CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING**

Stan and Jack back at it after hours. The same conference  
room. They're mid-brainstorm.

STAN LEE

We'll do the Hulk next.

JACK KIRBY

You... don't want to save the Hulk?  
For our own line?

STAN LEE

This is our own line. "Carte  
blanche". That's what he said,  
Jack, "carte blanche".

JACK KIRBY

Fair. I just thought... We can  
still do this on our own. We could  
have ownership.

STAN LEE

We have to be realistic. We have  
everything we need here. The  
capital, editorial backing... we  
just... we don't have the resources  
to do this on our own.

(MORE)

STAN LEE (CONT'D)

Not at this scale. I think we got a little ahead of ourselves. Don't get me wrong, it was exciting, the idea of it. It's just...

JACK KIRBY

You need the money.

STAN LEE

(kind of laughing)

Yeah. We really do.

JACK KIRBY

I get it. We do too.

STAN LEE

There's nothing wrong with a steady check.

JACK KIRBY

No, you're right. Something my parents never had.

STAN LEE

Me either. My dad was always unemployed. Bounced factory job to factory job. I slept in our living room. He and my mother fought. They all did. I'm not any different, I suppose. What I remember... is we had no view. Our window looked right into the brick wall of the building next to us. Just a red brick wall.

(remembering the brick wall)

What about you?

JACK KIRBY

Ah, we didn't have money to do much. Once my Mom told me we were going on vacation and just took me out to the fire escape. I loved it. Didn't know the difference. It felt like another world out there. First time I left New York was with the army.

(a beat)

You served, right?

STAN LEE

Uh... yeah. I did.

JACK KIRBY  
What do you mean?

STAN LEE  
I mean... I was a reserve. Worked  
the radio. Wrote the copy for  
manuals, correspondences.

JACK KIRBY  
All the same.

They're caught in their own thoughts. Stan slides a piece of  
paper across the table.

STAN LEE  
Issue three of FF. One thing - we  
need to give them costumes.

JACK KIRBY  
What?? The whole idea was-- I  
thought we had "carte blanche?"

STAN LEE  
Well... almost.

Jack's looking the issue summary over. *Again, just one page.*

JACK KIRBY  
Stan... I... I'm not going to be  
able to work like this on every  
issue. I can't block the entire  
story. I need more than a one-  
pager. I need a script. Ditko might  
be OK with this on horror books,  
but it's a lot of work turning one  
page of summary into twenty-two  
pages of comic.

STAN LEE  
I know. It won't be like this  
forever. I just need to get ahead a  
little more. Can a few issues ahead  
of time.

JACK KIRBY  
OK. I get it. You work too hard,  
man.

STAN LEE  
For not enough.

JACK KIRBY  
Ain't that the truth. Hey, listen,  
don't worry about it.  
(MORE)

JACK KIRBY (CONT'D)  
These will sell. We're in this  
together. We make decisions  
together. Independent or not.

Stan smiles.

STAN LEE  
We're onto something, Jack.

JACK KIRBY  
I think so too.

STAN LEE  
Hang onto your hat, true believer.

### **BEGIN MONTAGE**

OVER "NORWEGIAN WOOD" by The Beatles.

Kirby sketches a page of the INCREDIBLE HULK.

The same page now on Stan's desk. He types the dialogue.

And finally, the finished page. Scroll across the panel --

*"The world seems to stand still, trembling on the brink of  
infinity, as his ear-splitting screams fill the air."*

The printing presses are HUMMING. Pumping out pages.

Joan sits at the table with the baby. Alone.

Time lapse as Marvel books fly off the news stand.

Close on the technicolor pages. The art. The kinetic energy  
of Kirby's panels. *There's nothing else like it.*

*"Written by Smilin' Stan Lee, Art by Jack "King" Kirby.*

More fan letters pouring in. Hundreds now.

Jack gets *another* one pager from Stan. Doesn't say anything.  
But his eyebrow is raised.

The Hulk. Thor. Daredevil. The X-Men. Stan and Jack create  
more iconic, enduring characters in a shorter time than  
anyone before or since.

Close on the cover of Fantastic Four #3 to reveal --

The name of the publisher in the top right corner now reads:  
**MARVEL COMICS.**

**END MONTAGE**

**INT. MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT/MARVEL COMICS - DAY**

Two construction workers are putting the finishing touches on a matching sign outside the office: **MARVEL COMICS**.

**THE MARVEL LETTERS PAGE**

A caricature of Stan at the top. Every Letters Page begins with Stan's Soapbox.

*"Face front, True Believer...."*

**INT. MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT - MAILROOM - DAY**

The mailroom in the depths of the building.

MAIL MAN

Here you go.

MAIL ATTENDANT

This is all for us?

MAIL MAN

Yup. And hang tight, I have three more bags.

MAIL ATTENDANT

Oh my god.

*It's working...*

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Goodman stands on top of a table -- surrounded by what little staff is in the office. JACK and SOL together in the back.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Folks, we have a hit. And you all know that there's nothing I love more than a hit. Welcome to...  
Marvel Comics.

He POPS a champagne bottle. It ricochets off a light, and SMASHES it. Glass rains to the floor.

MARTIN GOODMAN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Lieber, that's coming out of your next paycheck.

Stan shakes his head. Goodman takes a deep gulp from the bottle. The office cheers.

MARTIN GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
(stepping down)  
Lieber. Get over here.

STAN LEE  
Congratulations, Mr. Goodman.

Goodman wraps his arm around Stan, bringing him close.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
I want more super-hero books. We're not doubling production, we're tripling it. Joan isn't going to see you until Christmas.

Stan smiles. A glimmer in his eye.

Jack stands in the corner. *Watching.*

#### **INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY**

Eileen stares across the table at Stan.

EILEEN  
Tell us more about the "Marvel Method".

STAN LEE  
I think I've been more than clear.

EILEEN  
You're suing your own company for ten million dollars, Mr. Lee. It's like Colonel Sanders suing Kentucky Fried Chicken. If there's any time to be descriptive... it's now.

STAN LEE  
We had too many books running for me to write every word of every script. So, just like I did for the first issue of Fantastic Four, I opted for a summary instead of a full script. I would either give this summary to the artist, or work on it with them, then they would go off and draw the book, filling in the details panel by panel. After the pages were finished, I would add the dialogue.

EILEEN

So, you weren't actually writing the books?

STAN LEE

No. I was. But the artists did the physical plotting. On the page.

(he looks across the table)

To my understanding, Marvel still uses this method.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

MARTIN GOODMAN

How many books are you writing a month now?

STAN LEE

Seven or eight. Depends.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Unbelievable. I've never seen so many ad requests. I'm thinking we can add a page or two. Maybe cut something for an Ad. How about the letters page?

STAN LEE

No - we need that.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Why?

STAN LEE

Because the fans feel engaged. They feel like they're a part of something. A community.

MARTIN GOODMAN

And are they?

STAN LEE

Martin.

MARTIN GOODMAN

(laughing)

How about a drink?

Martin fixes two glasses. Drops in ice.

MARTIN GOODMAN (CONT'D)

So what's next?

STAN LEE

I'm thinking we need a book about a younger person. A high schooler.

MARTIN GOODMAN

You know, I always thought about a super hero book about an athlete.

STAN LEE

No, not a jock. The opposite. The guy who's bullied.

Goodman goes to hand Stan the drink. Stan doesn't notice...

We follow his distracted gaze up the wall, where he's watching....

A SPIDER.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Lieber...?

Goodman picks up a pile of comics on the desk, rolls them up, and SLAPS the spider dead.

MARTIN GOODMAN (CONT'D)

Disgusting little creatures. And no one wants to read a book about a loser, Lieber.

STAN LEE

(snapping back into it)

Sorry.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Is there something you want to talk about?

STAN LEE

I'm just busy. I'm barely on top of everything. I need some help.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Then do what I do when I need help.

STAN LEE

Which is?

MARTIN GOODMAN

*Hire a secretary.*



**INT. MARVEL COMICS - STAN'S CORNER - DAY**

Stan and Sol sit across from --

FLO STEINBERG. 24. She's wearing a pink pant suit and crisp white gloves. You can tell she's always the smartest person in the room. Star and moon earrings dangling from her ears.

STAN LEE

I'm looking for someone that can take my calls, keep everyone on schedule, answer the fan mail for me. We produce our books in a very unique style. There will be some dictation work when I'm plotting.

FLO STEINBERG

That sounds like something I can help with.

STAN LEE

We live crisis to crisis around here, Ms. Steinberg. I think that's the best way to put it.

FLO STEINBERG

I live in a two bedroom apartment with three twenty-four year old girls, Mr. Lee. I'm not sure what your definition of a crisis is, but I assure you I've grown equipped with each and every variety.

STAN LEE

And what would you say sets you apart from the other girls I'll be speaking to?

FLO STEINBERG

Well, I'm observant. For example, I've been doing a lot of interviews this week, and I noticed there have always been at least three other girls waiting outside at the other ones. Here...?

They both turn. No one there.

FLO STEINBERG (CONT'D)

I don't think you have time for dozens of interviews, Mr. Lee. And, frankly, if you do, you're doing something wrong.

STAN LEE  
That's presumptuous of you.

FLO STEINBERG  
Well, if you hire me maybe you will  
have time. Until then, your desk  
will continue to look like it's  
recovering from a hurricane.

We see his desk. She's not exaggerating. In fact, she's  
probably underselling it.

STAN LEE  
Can you start Monday?

FLO STEINBERG  
I was planning on it, Mr. Lee.

Stan smiling. She's no bullshit.

STAN LEE  
See you then.

Sol gets up with her.

STAN LEE (CONT'D)  
Sol, can you stick around for a  
second?

SOL BRODSKY  
What's up?

STAN LEE  
I was thinking about a new addition  
to the letter pages. I want you to  
draw everyone in the office. All at  
the same time, working together.  
Make it look crowded.

SOL BRODSKY  
But none of the artists come into  
the office.

STAN LEE  
Kirby does. A few days a week. And  
the others do... to drop off the  
pages. I want our readers to  
identify with us. We should be  
characters too.

SOL BRODSKY  
I get it. I just... it's a lie.

Stan bites his lip. *Lies are only wishes.*

STAN LEE

It's not a lie. It's a staff photo.  
Think of it like that. And add a  
title at the top...

(he takes a pause for  
dramatic effect)

The House of Ideas.

Smiling. Proud of himself.

SOL BRODSKY

OK. By the way, we're been getting  
a lot of letters about corrections.  
Readers noticing typos. Or  
continuity errors. I, mean, that  
could be the problem with setting  
everything in New York... fans  
start looking for inconsistencies.

STAN LEE

No. No. This is perfect.

SOL BRODSKY

It is?

STAN LEE

Start saving those letters.

SOL BRODSKY

Why?

STAN LEE

Because I want to give them a  
prize.

**"Congratulations! This envelope contains a genuine Marvel  
Comics NO-PRIZE which you have just won!"**

A BRIGHTLY COLORED ENVELOPE.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - STAN'S CORNER - DAY**

Stan flips it over. Then back again.

STAN LEE

Beautiful.

Stan's gaze drifts out to the bullpen as he sees...

STAN LEE (CONT'D)

Ditko!

Ditko slides through the door. He picks up the NO-PRIZE.

STEVE DITKO  
The hell is this?

STAN LEE  
We're sending them to fans who  
notice errors in the books.

STEVE DITKO  
(shaking his head)  
Like moths to the flame.

STAN LEE  
I've been thinking about our  
conversation.

STEVE DITKO  
And?

STAN LEE  
And I have something for you.

#### **THE COVER OF AMAZING FANTASY #15**

SPIDER-MAN swings across the cover, a criminal stashed under his arm.

The issue sells like crazy. Leading to...

**AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #1.** A crossover with the Fantastic Four. Stan's idea is paying off...

The issues of Spider-Man pile up. #2, #3, #4....

Ditko reads over Stan's one-pager for the next issue. HE CRUMPLES IT UP and begins drawing on his own.

Stan gets the pages back. Confused. But he looks at the clock. *No time.* He begins adding dialogue.

#### **INT. MARVEL COMICS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Stan and Jack back at it. Plotting.

STAN LEE  
FF #8. I've been thinking, the  
Thing has enough trouble as is with  
his appearance. What if he had a  
love interest?

JACK KIRBY  
OK.

STAN LEE  
But... she's blind. She doesn't  
know how deformed he is.

JACK KIRBY  
I like it.

Stan takes stock. Can tell Jack is low energy. He looks  
tired.

STAN LEE  
Is everything ok?

JACK KIRBY  
I... no. I guess that's the answer:  
no. Roz is pregnant.

STAN LEE  
I mean, Jack, that's great.

JACK KIRBY  
No, it is. It is. But... I can't  
keep coming in to the office. Roz  
needs me at home. Commute adds two  
hours to my day. At least.

STAN LEE  
No, I get it.  
(thinking)  
Why don't you get a place in the  
city?

JACK KIRBY  
Roz likes the neighborhood. She  
wants to raise a family there. The  
city isn't for us. It's not bad  
having a backyard, you know? And  
not paying rent. I'll still come in  
to turn in pages. And after she  
gives birth... it will be easier.

STAN LEE  
Don't worry about it.

JACK KIRBY  
I have been. I just... I worry  
about the plotting.

STAN LEE  
We have the phone.

Jack is clearly worried about this. Knows he's losing  
something.

STAN LEE (CONT'D)  
Hey, what'd you say? We make  
decisions together.

**INT. RADIO STATION - DAY**

Stan sits across from two RADIO HOSTS, they all wear bulky  
headphones.

INTERVIEWER  
Now, Stan, tell us about the  
office. The Merry Marvel Bullpen.  
The House of Ideas.

STAN LEE  
Well, it's my pride and joy. You  
wouldn't know what the hell is  
going on if you just walked in. It  
would be like entering the eye of  
the storm. But there's a method to  
the madness. You can bet on that.

INTERVIEWER  
It must be wonderful. The  
collaboration...

**INT. KIRBY RESIDENCE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Jack sits alone in the basement. The pipes still DRIPPING.

STAN LEE (V.O.)  
There's really nothing like it.

**INT. DITKO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Ditko alone at his drawing board. The apartment small. So  
lonely it hurts.

INTERVIEWER  
Just you, joltin' Jack, smilin'  
Steve and fabulous Flo Steinberg. I  
can only imagine what those  
conversations are like.

**INT. RADIO STATION - DAY**

We're back to the radio station. Stan turns to the  
interviewers. *Looks them right in the eye. Smiles.*

STAN LEE  
It's really quite magical.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - STAN'S CORNER - DAY**

STAN LEE  
Ditko, I need you in the office.

Turn to REVEAL: Stan's talking to KIRBY and DITKO. All crammed into Stan's corner.

STEVE DITKO  
To do what? We can draw anywhere.

STAN LEE  
Jack needs to spend more time at home. And readers are responding to us as a group. And to be honest, Steve, it couldn't hurt creatively. Your pages have been going off plan.

STEVE DITKO  
So your lie has sparked with fans and now you want to bring truth to said lie. So we can all pretend it was never a lie in the first place.  
(picking up a coming and flipping to the back)  
Like this?

He holds up the Marvel Letters Page. The image Stan asked Sol for is in the corner: **THE MERRY MARVEL BULLPEN!**

In the drawing, Stan looks over Jack and Steve as they work on pages, in the middle of pitching an idea. Flo and Sol carry stacks of paper. Everyone smiling. A happy office.

**EXT. MADISON AVENUE - DAY**

Flo, Sol, and Romita walk the street, returning from lunch.

JOHN ROMITA  
How did Ditko get Spider-Man?

SOL BRODSKY  
Because it's about a bullied teenager. Ditko is a loon.

FLO STEINBERG  
I like Steve.

SOL BRODSKY  
You like everyone.

FLO STEINBERG  
I do not.

ROY THOMAS  
Do you see that?

SOL BRODSKY  
Who do you not like?

FLO STEINBERG  
Well, it's not as easy as...

ROY THOMAS  
Guys.

They stop. Look up the street -- Cars are stopped in place.  
Doors open, radios on. HORNS HONK.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - STAN'S CORNER - DAY**

STAN LEE  
On that front, We're putting  
together a record. To send to the  
fans.

STEVE DITKO  
A record? Of what?

STAN LEE  
Of all of us. Everyone in the  
office. We're going to record it  
next week.

STEVE DITKO  
I'm not doing it.

STAN LEE  
Steve, come on. It will take an  
hour.

STEVE DITKO  
It's not about the time, it's about  
the principle. We're not trained  
circus animals... we're artists.

STAN LEE  
Yes, and commercial art requires  
commercial commitments. Like  
connecting with fans. They love  
you, Steve.



STEVE DITKO  
I didn't get into this for love.  
No, love's a fool's errand.

Stan rolls his eyes.

STAN LEE  
Jack, can I count on you to be  
there?

STEVE DITKO  
Don't do it, Kirby. Have some  
dignity.

Close on JACK. Looking back and forth between Stan and Ditko.  
Just as he opens his mouth to say something...

Flo, Sol, and Romita rush back into the office.

SOL BRODSKY  
JFK! He's been shot!

JACK KIRBY  
Holy shit.

The entire office scrambles around a RADIO.

REPORTER  
(from the radio)  
Details are still coming in, but  
the President is in critical  
condition.

SOL BRODSKY  
Let's go to the bar. They'll have a  
TV.

Everyone starts to gather their things... except for Stan.

FLO STEINBERG  
Are you coming?

STAN LEE  
No... need to keep working. And  
could you bring the radio in?

FLO STEINBERG  
(in semi-disbelief)  
OK.

The other staffers look at each other. Can't believe it. The  
TAK-TAK of the type writer keys are audible as they exit.

**INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY**

Stan, Sol, Roy Thomas, and Romita are all crammed into a recording booth. Mildly drunk. Making the record.

Kirby stands outside the booth, watching. Ditko isn't there.

Stan waves Jack in. Jack shakes his head.

Stan motions, *come on!*

STAN LEE

(into the mic)

Hey, out there in Marvel Land! Face front, this is Stan Lee speaking! You've probably never heard a record like this before. Anything is liable to happen! Well, well, it's Jolly Jack Kirby! Say a few words to the fans, Jack!

Jack shakes his head, stepping in.

JACK KIRBY

OK... a few words.

STAN LEE

Hey, what's all that commotion out there, Sol?

SOL BRODSKY

Why, it's shy Steve Ditko! He heard you're making a record and he's got mic fright! Whoops! There he goes!

STAN LEE

Out the window again? You know, I'm beginning to think he is Spider-Man.

They all laugh, except for Kirby who bites his lip.

MARTIN GOODMAN (V.O.)

Take a look --

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - STAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Goodman open an oak door to....

A REAL OFFICE. Glass windows looking over the towering skyscrapers and city street below. Shag rug spread across the center of the room. Ties the place together.

STAN LEE

Wow.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Numbers are up, Lieber.

STAN LEE

Listen, I know there have been some preliminary talks about a Fantastic Four cartoon, which I think is great, but I was thinking why not take it further?

MARTIN GOODMAN

Further?

STAN LEE

Hollywood, Martin. We could take exactly what we're doing here and adapt it. You've seen the latest special effects... the Godzilla movies... Cleopatra.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Lieber... we've been publishing super heroes for two years and you already want out.

STAN LEE

I don't want out, I want more. We could at least take some meetings in Hollywood.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Let's focus on what we have first. See how the Fantastic Four cartoon does. Focus on what you have.

They look around. It's really fucking nice. The city shining in front of them. Yet, Stan

#### **INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Stan and Joan wander through a beautiful apartment by any standards. A nice view of the skyline. Spacious.

REALTOR

So, what do you think?

JOAN LIEBER

Oh my god! The ceilings are so high... and the counters...

But...

REALTOR  
Mr. Lieber?

Stan is staring out one of the back windows--

The view is of a brick wall.

STAN LEE  
No. Not this one.

JOAN LIEBER  
Stan, this is perfect.

STAN LEE  
Not this one.

Close on the brick wall.

**INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY**

Eileen stares across the table at Stan.

EILEEN  
1965. Marvel has gone from a  
floundering company to the best-  
selling line of comics. With you as  
the face.

STAN LEE  
Things were good.

EILEEN  
But you knew the artists were  
discontent?

STAN LEE  
I knew Ditko was. But I had Jack. I  
knew I could count at Jack.

EILEEN  
You could count on Jack.

STAN LEE  
Well... I could. At that time.

EILEEN  
And when did that change?

STAN LEE  
I guess it started with the  
reporter.

Off Stan's gaze --

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - STAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Stan's in a frenzy. Reorganizing his office.

STAN LEE

I need Jack to come in this  
Wednesday.

SOL BRODSKY

Jack doesn't come in on Wednesdays.

STAN LEE

Yes, thank you, that's why I'm  
asking you to make a one time  
exception so that he does.  
Wednesdays are the same as all  
other days. There's nothing special  
about them.

SOL BRODSKY

It seems like you and Jack are  
mostly plotting on the phone now--

STAN LEE

Sol, thank you. Thank you for your  
input. Do you need me to ask Jack?  
I have to get to this convention, I  
don't have time to--

SOL BRODSKY

What's going on?

STAN LEE

We have a reporter coming in next  
week.

(raising his voice to  
reach outside)

Flo! This office is a mess!

SOL BRODSKY

A reporter?

STAN LEE

Yes, a serious reporter writing a  
serious article. *About us.*

**INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY**

A dimly lit gymnasium. Fold-up tables are set up around the perimeter of the room. It looks like a middle school science fair, only missing the baking soda volcanoes --

It's the first official comic book convention. We're privy to this information thanks to the paper banner hanging over the door. Title hand-painted on. A far cry from San Diego.

Stan's table is mobbed. He's smiling, posing for photos.

We turn to face Ditko, who sits behind one of the tables. He does not smile. A thin line of FANS waiting to meet him.

KID

Mr. Ditko! Can I get an autograph?

Ditko signs an issue of Spider-Man without a word.

KID (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Who was your favorite artist growing up?

STEVE DITKO

Cezanne.

KID

What book does he draw?

STEVE DITKO

Go to a museum.

KID #2

Mr. Ditko, what should I do if I want to be an artist?

STEVE DITKO

Draw.

MAN #1

Do you have any advice for breaking into the industry?

STEVE DITKO

Don't.

Ditko looks across the aisle - Stan posing with kids. Telling emotive stories, acting out. He knows how to put it on.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - STAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

NAT FREELAND, a spectacled reporter, knocks on the door.

STAN LEE

Oh, Mr. Freeland! Please, come in.  
I was just finishing up an issue.

NAT FREELAND

Oh, well, I'm happy to wait if--

STAN LEE

No, no, please.

NAT FREELAND

So, tell me a little bit about your  
famed collaborations. Let's use  
Spider-Man as an example.

STAN LEE

Well, the same way we do all of our  
books. We call it the Marvel  
Method. I write the plot, a brief  
description of what's going to  
happen in the book. Then the artist  
draws it, breaks it down panel by  
panel, and then I add all the  
dialogue when I get the pages back.

NAT FREELAND

So you don't write a script?

STAN LEE

Well... I do. It's a little out of  
order, but... speaking of, Ditko  
was supposed to be here today,  
but...

He phones Flo.

STAN LEE (CONT'D)

Is Ditko coming in?

FLO STEINBERG

I'm not sure. Let me...

Kirby appears at the door.

STAN LEE

Jack! Come in. This is Nat  
Freeland. One of the most respected  
reporters over at the Herald.

NAT FREELAND

Well, I wouldn't say that...

STAN LEE

Please, he's being modest. Anyway, like we had talked about, I thought it would be nice for Mr. Freeland to sit in on one of our infamous brain storming sessions.

JACK KIRBY

Well, I'm not sure that there's anything to see.

STAN LEE

(giving Jack a glare)

Oh, come on Jack. I really just want to show him what a genius you are. Mr. Freeland, you'll see that I'm hardly doing any of the work around here.

Freeland flips to a fresh page on his note pad. Motioning for them to begin.

STAN LEE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Fantastic Four #55. I'm thinking we bring the Silver Surfer back.

JACK KIRBY

I thought that wasn't going to happen until next year?

STAN LEE

He's been somewhere out in space since he helped the FF stop Galactus from destroying earth. This is the perfect time to bring him back.

JACK KIRBY

Umm....

STAN LEE

Suppose Alicia, the Thing's blind girlfriend, is in some kind of trouble. And the Surfer comes to help her.

JACK KIRBY

I see.

Stan HOPS UP ON HIS DESK. Begins to act everything out. Freeland is eating this up. Vigorously writing.



STAN LEE

The Thing sees them together and misunderstands. So he starts a big fight with Silver Surfer. Meanwhile the Fantastic Four is in lots of trouble. Doctor Doom is back and they need the Thing's help.

JACK KIRBY

OK...

Stan starts THROWING AIR PUNCHES.

JACK KIRBY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Stanley, you know that the Surfer is exiled to earth. He hasn't been up in space. We talked about this.

STAN LEE

Oh, come on. Those are stupid rules you and I made up on the fly.

JACK KIRBY

It's in the book...

STAN LEE

So, we'll send a No-Prize to anyone who notices. Anyway, the Thing finally beats the Surfer. But then Alicia makes him realize he's made a terrible mistake. And this is what The Thing has always feared, that he would lose control and really CLOBBER somebody!

NAT FREELAND

Mr. Kirby... what do you think?

JACK KIRBY

I think it's swell. Just swell.

Freeland watches Kirby in the corner, as if he's waiting for Jack to say something more. He doesn't.

#### **EXT. NEWS STAND - DAY**

Roz and Jack wait for the news stand to open. The front panel finally slides open. Roz first in line.

ROZ KIRBY

Herald?

The KID working the stand exchanges The Herald for a nickel.

Roz finds the article. Begins to read it. Suddenly the smile on her face dissolves to a look of disgust.

ROZ KIRBY (CONT'D)

Jack, what did you say to this guy?

JACK KIRBY

Nothing, really.

ROZ KIRBY

Jack, look at this!

(reading from the article)

"Kirby, a middle-aged man with baggy eyes and a baggy suit. He is sucking a huge green cigar and if you stood next to him on the subway you would peg him for the assistant foreman in a griddle factory."

JACK KIRBY

Let me see that.

He grabs the paper from Roz. Begins to read over the article. Shaking his head.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - STAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Stan sits behind his desk, reviewing penciled pages for Spider-Man.

STAN LEE

What the hell is this? Sol! Get in here.

SOL BRODSKY

(entering the room)

Yes?

STAN LEE

Did you talk to Ditko about the latest Spider-Man?

SOL BRODSKY

No, why?

STAN LEE

He didn't follow my summary at all. This is almost all Peter Parker. Spider-Man is on one page.

SOL BRODSKY

Perhaps he's trying to explore the character.

STAN LEE

There's a way to do that without alienating. Flo, get me Ditko.

They wait.

FLO STEINBERG

He didn't answer.

STAN LEE

Can you try again?

She does.

FLO STEINBERG

Still no answer.

Sol looks around the office. Knows that Ditko is on thin ice.

**INT. DITKO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Ditko holds a folded newspaper. Reading the article. His phone ringing in the background.

STEVE DITKO

"The assistant foreman in a griddle factory."

He shakes his head as he puts the paper down, ignoring the phone.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - DAY**

Flo sits at her desk, typing away. Ditko approaches from down the hall.

STEVE DITKO

Here are this month's Spider-Man pages, Ms. Steinberg.

FLO STEINBERG

Great, thanks Steve. Anything else you need?

STEVE DITKO

Yes, please let Stan know that this will be my last issue on Spider-Man and at Marvel. Consider this my two week notice.

FLO STEINBERG

What?

STEVE DITKO  
I'm leaving Marvel.

FLO STEINBERG  
Hang on, hang on. Let me get Stan.

STEVE DITKO  
That's quite alright. I don't need  
to speak to him.

Ditko turns around. Begins to head out of the office. Flo runs into Stan's office.

Stan comes rushing out of his office.

STAN LEE  
Steve! What's going on?

STEVE DITKO  
I gave Ms. Steinberg all the  
relevant information. I'm leaving.

The rest of the office starts to stir. Looking around.

STAN LEE  
Steve, don't do this. Let's talk.

STEVE DITKO  
We've done enough of that. Perhaps  
you could call your journalist  
friend and he could join us.

STAN LEE  
Steve. I've been asking you to come  
into the office for years. It's not  
my fault they write about the  
people who are here.

STEVE DITKO  
Nothing happens in the damn office!  
Kirby may not have the spine to  
stand up for himself, but I do.  
Don't blame us for a culture you've  
created for the press and the sheep  
who write into your letter pages. I  
haven't followed one of your  
simpleton single-page plots in  
years. And you know it.

STAN LEE  
And what do you want me to do about  
it?

STEVE DITKO

I want you to give credit to the people that deserve the credit. Remember when I told you I didn't think you had the Fantastic Four in you? I was right... it was Kirby. You're a fool. A carnival barker disguised as an artist. To be honest, it disgusts me.

(looks around to the rest of the office)

And if all of you can't see it, then you're the true fools.

And with that, he's out the door. The rest of the office sits in stunned silence. Stan lingers in his doorway.

#### INT. KIRBY RESIDENCE - BASEMENT

ROZ KIRBY

(handing Jack an envelope)

You got some mail, honey.

He tries to open it gently, but his blocky hands tear some of the paper inside --

A letter. He begins to read.

STEVE DITKO (V.O.)

Jack, by the time you're reading this I will have left Marvel. Having just read the article in the Herald, I've decided that I've had enough. I believe that we're being controlled by a larger corporate entity that cares more for the bottom line than the creative forces that drive its sales. Jack, I urge you to join me. I believe we are capable of even more than we are currently being asked. When I first read Fantastic Four #1, I couldn't believe that the publishing house that once delivered half hearted horror and romance comics was on the verge of a revolution. But now I know, Jack. *It was you. It wasn't Stan. It was you.*

ROZ KIRBY

Who's it from?

JACK KIRBY  
Just a fan.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - OFFICE - DAY**

Stan stands on the conference room table, the rest of the staff gathered around him. Eager. Anxious.

STAN LEE  
I wanted to call this meeting because of... speculation, I guess you could say. As you all know by now, we lost Ditko. I want to make it clear that he has been nothing but integral to how far Marvel has come in just a few short years. It hurts me deeply to see him go.

Everyone biting their lips. It's not quite landing.

STAN LEE (CONT'D)  
More importantly, we're making books we can be proud of. Three years ago, I was at a dinner party with my wife, and when people asked what I did for a living, I had to lie. If I told them I was writing comics, they would have laughed. No one's laughing anymore.

JOHN ROMITA  
Where's Jack?

STAN LEE  
Jack's at home. Working. Like he does every Wednesday. He's not coming into the office as much any more. You've all noticed that. It's normal. The man is working on four books a month. He doesn't have the time to come in and make small talk. It doesn't mean he's leaving. Our relationship has never been better. I've been unfair. I'm willing to admit that. But things are going to change.

Quiet. Everyone looks around, waiting for someone to speak.

STAN LEE (CONT'D)  
I promise.

**INT. KIRBY RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Kirby sits on his couch, watching television. Turn to reveal...

It's a Fantastic Four cartoon.

ROZ KIRBY  
I didn't know they were doing a cartoon.

JACK KIRBY  
(neither did he)  
Yeah.

ROZ KIRBY  
Are we getting royalties from this?

JACK KIRBY  
(he's not)  
Yeah.

ROZ KIRBY  
How much?

JACK KIRBY  
I'd have to check.

Roz walks out of the room. Kirby remains on the couch. Close on the animated Fantastic Four, riding the Fantastic-Car through the sky. Smiling.

**INT. BARD COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT**

Stan paces back and forth backstage. He's clad in a full tux. We can hear the gentle roar of a waiting audience.

STAN LEE  
No one has an iron?

FLO STEINBERG  
You look great, Mr. Lee.

STAN LEE  
It's wrinkled.

HOST  
(on stage)  
And now, we're pleased to welcome the man behind Marvel Comics... Stan Lee!

The crowd cheers. Stan walks from backstage to --

**INT. BARD COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

Over "REVOLUTION 1" by The Beatles.

The audience is a sea of tie dye, faded jeans, and headbands. It looks like Woodstock.

Stan can't believe it. His tuxedo sticks out like a sore thumb.

*This is his audience.*

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - EVENING**

Jack walks into the office. Just a few people left. Of course one of them is... SOL.

JACK KIRBY  
Hey, Sol. Is Stan here?

SOL BRODSKY  
Jack! Good to see you. No, he's at another publicity gig. Some college speaking event. Bard, I think.

JACK KIRBY  
He's been doing a lot of those lately.

SOL BRODSKY  
Yeah. Did you need something from him?

JACK KIRBY  
No... just wanted to talk to him about something. It can wait.  
(looking over Sol's shoulder)  
What are you working on?

SOL BRODSKY  
Oh, Stan's been so busy with these events. He's letting me do a little work. Just touching up some dialogue.

JACK KIRBY  
But, that's the Fantastic Four.

SOL BRODSKY  
Yeah, awesome - isn't it?



Kirby looks on. Wary. His art staring back as Sol adds another line of dialogue.

**INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT**

Title card reads: Christmas, 1967.

The holiday party. The room is done up in lavish decorations. We're at the height of 60's fashion.

Stan is tossed around the party. Starting with --

MARTIN GOODMAN

Stan, I want you to meet Martin Ackerman. President and CEO of the Perfect Film Chemical Corporation.

MARTIN ACKERMAN. He's all of 5'8, but demands the presence of someone much larger. Stan shakes his hand. The grip is tight.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

So this is the mastermind!

STAN LEE

Oh, well I wouldn't say that. It takes an army.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

Is the artist here? What's his name? Cubit?

STAN LEE

Kirby. Jack Kirby. He's right over there.

Kirby stands in the corner with Roz.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

Looks like a real stick in the mud.

STAN LEE

Jack? No, you'll have to meet him.

Martin pulls Ackerman away to meet another group.

JOAN LIEBER

Who was that?

STAN LEE

Some corporate muckety-muck.

JOAN LIEBER

He seemed quite interested in you.

STAN LEE  
I'm sure his kid reads Spider-Man.

Close on Jack and Roz.

ROZ KIRBY  
This is nice, isn't it?

JACK KIRBY  
I wish Ditko was here.

ROZ KIRBY  
Is everything OK, with you and Stan?

Jack doesn't say anything. Looks out to Stan in the middle of the crowd. Shaking hands. Smiling.

JACK KIRBY  
You want some more wine?

Stan climbs atop a table, CLINKING his glass.

STAN LEE  
Thank you all for coming. What a wonderful turn out. I just want to say... we couldn't do it without each and every one of you. When I was in the army... they had this saying.

Close on Jack as Stan talks about his time in the army.

STAN LEE (CONT'D)  
They would say: every day's a holiday, every meal's a feast. Well, Martin and I just got the annual numbers in, and... This whole year has been a feast. 1967 was officially the best year in company history.  
(cheers from the crowd)  
We've officially passed DC as the leading comics publisher in the world.  
(even louder cheers)  
So, with that said... I want to make a toast. A toast to you! And a toast to Marvel!

He JUMPS UP, attempting to click his heels. A broad smile on his face before --

He comes CRASHING TO THE GROUND. His ankle TWISTS.

STAN LEE (CONT'D)  
(in terrible pain)  
AHHH.

**SMASH TO BLACK**

The opening chords of "DEAR PRUDENCE" by The Beatles.

**INT./EXT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY**

Jack's crammed into the subway, his stocky frame pushing against other riders.

The person next to him is reading FANTASTIC FOUR. Jack gives a slight grin, shifts his head to get a better look.

They flip to the opening page: "Written by Stan Lee"

Close on Jack. He looks out the window. The world flying by.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - STAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Jack walks up to Stan's office. Stan's on crutches.

FLO STEINBERG  
Jack! Good to see you. Let me see  
if Stan's free.

JACK KIRBY  
No need.

Jack walks right into the office.

STAN LEE  
Jack! I thought you weren't  
bringing in pages until next week?

JACK KIRBY  
Stanley, I want to talk to you  
about that Fantastic Four cartoon  
on CBS.

STAN LEE  
Have you been watching? They really  
did a number on Doctor Doom.

JACK KIRBY  
Yes, I have been watching as a  
matter of fact.

STAN LEE  
Those are our characters, Jack.

JACK KIRBY  
Are you getting royalties for that  
cartoon? Are you getting paid?

This takes Stan aback. He gets up from his desk, walks across  
the office, and SHUTS the door.

STAN LEE  
No. No, I mean... not directly.

JACK KIRBY  
What does that mean?

STAN LEE  
The company is getting royalties.  
The company is getting paid. You  
and I are both employees of the  
company.

JACK KIRBY  
But you get an extra check for the  
show.

STAN LEE  
I...  
(recomposes himself)  
I get an extra check every month  
for editing.

JACK KIRBY  
And you edit the show?

STAN LEE  
Well, yes. I get the scripts ahead  
of time.

JACK KIRBY  
Have you ever changed anything?

STAN LEE  
They do a good job over there. A  
real fine job.

JACK KIRBY  
Why don't I get to look at the  
scripts?

STAN LEE  
Because you're the artist, not the  
writer.

Jack's angry. Takes a moment before responding.

JACK KIRBY

I thought they were our characters.  
Isn't that what you just said?

STAN LEE

Jack, come on. You know what I  
meant.

JACK KIRBY

I thought I did. It's not fair,  
Stan. It's not fair. You know that.

STAN LEE

Jack, I don't make these decisions.

JACK KIRBY

Oh, stop it, Stanley. We said we  
were in this together. That we'd  
make decisions together. So why are  
you the only one benefitting? I  
didn't say anything after that  
article --

STAN LEE

Jack, the article was--

JACK KIRBY

That's not how we plot stories! You  
hung me out to dry!

STAN LEE

But, it's how people think we do  
it. It's important that we--

JACK KIRBY

Then tell the truth! Tell them we  
do it on the phone. Tell them you  
give me one god damn piece of paper--

STAN LEE

I did!

JACK KIRBY

Then where was that in the  
article??

STAN LEE

I don't choose what they print!

JACK KIRBY

You're perpetuating a lie! It's  
exactly what Ditko said--

STAN LEE

It sells!

JACK KIRBY

Who cares??

STAN LEE

You should! Because it's keeping you employed! You want to go back to the basement? Back to drawing Barbasol ads? No? Then you damn well better care about how it sells.

JACK KIRBY

You've changed, Stanley.

STAN LEE

Stop calling me Stanley!

JACK KIRBY

It's your name.

Jack doesn't look back as he walks out the door.

# **INT. RESTAURANT - DAY**

## **TITLE CARD READS: 1968**

A beautiful restaurant in the lobby of a five star hotel. ACKERMAN and Goodman dine together, both in loud suits.

MARTIN GOODMAN

I want you to know that this wasn't an easy thing to do. I'm proud of this company. I built it from the ground up. From nothing.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

Nothing has changed on the financials. 15 million. Cash. But, before we finalize everything, we have another term that we'd like to ensure is locked in place. We need to ensure that Stan Lee will stay on as well.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Lieber?

MARTIN ACKERMAN

Who?

MARTIN GOODMAN  
That's his name. Stanley Lieber.

MARTIN ACKERMAN  
So, what will it take? I'm willing  
to sweeten the contract however we  
can.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Contract? No. He's never worked on  
a contract. He's still freelance  
technically.

MARTIN ACKERMAN  
He doesn't have any ownership in  
these characters?

MARTIN GOODMAN  
No.

MARTIN ACKERMAN  
Incredible. How is that possible?

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Our writers and artists are  
freelancers, Marty. That's how  
we've always worked.

MARTIN ACKERMAN  
I'm not concerned about the  
artists, but we need Lee in place.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Lieber. His real name is Lieber.

MARTIN ACKERMAN  
Frankly, I don't give a shit.

Chomps down on his cigar. Raises a flaming match up to it.

**INT. LIEBER RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - DAY**

Stan gazes at himself in the mirror. He's wearing a TOUPEE.  
He positions it with his hands, shaping the hair with a comb.

Flashes himself a signature Stan smile --

STAN LEE  
Stay tuned, True Believer.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - OFFICE - DAY**

Stan walks into the office. Flo sees his hair, immediately looks HORRIFIED. She rushes him into --

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - STAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

FLO STEINBERG  
(almost whispering)  
Are you wearing a toupee?

STAN LEE  
Yes. How does it look?

FLO STEINBERG  
Terrible!

STAN LEE  
Really?

FLO STEINBERG  
Yes!

Tries to take it off. *Oh god* it looks even worse.

FLO STEINBERG (CONT'D)  
No! Don't do that.

STAN LEE  
Ok. Ok.

He fixes it. Better.

STAN LEE (CONT'D)  
What would I do with you, Flo?

FLO STEINBERG  
Well... this is awkward now, but,  
can we talk?

STAN LEE  
What's up?

FLO STEINBERG  
I've been trying to find the right  
way to ask this but... I need a  
raise. It's been two years.

STAN LEE  
(sighs)  
Flo, this is a tough time. I'm not  
saying you don't deserve it.  
(MORE)



STAN LEE (CONT'D)

You and I both know that you do.  
But.. There's a lot going on right  
now.

FLO STEINBERG

Remember what you told me the day  
you hired me? There's always a lot  
going on. I've never used that as  
an excuse. All I'm asking is that  
you do the same. I don't know if  
you've noticed... but morale is  
down. I want to be here to help.  
But I can't on minimum wage  
forever.

STAN LEE

Of course. We'll get it worked out,  
Flo. I promise.

She nods. Unconvinced.

#### **BEGIN MONTAGE**

**ALL SHOT ON HOME VIDEO - TECHNICOLOR, GRAINY SUPER 8**

Over "BLACKBIRD" by The Beatles.

#### **THE TITLE PAGE OF FANTASTIC FOUR.**

It now reads "By Stan Lee and Jack Kirby"

Stan and Joan finally moving into their dream apartment. A  
stunning view over the city. Their daughter, JC, is now 12.

Jack working in the basement, waves to the camera. Roz's hand  
comes into the frame to put out his cigar.

Stan watches civil rights protests on the News.

BLACK PANTHER on the cover of Fantastic Four #55.

Sol Brodsky's wedding. Stan and Joan dancing.

JC's first day of high school. All dressed up. Stan handing  
her a packed lunch. Kiss on the cheek.

Jack and Roz at the Brooklyn Zoo. Jack watching the animals.

#### **END MONTAGE**

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - OFFICE - DAY**

**TITLE CARD READS: 1970**

Stan notices Jack from outside his office.

STAN LEE

Jack.... it's good to see you. It's been... gosh, it's been too long.

JACK KIRBY

I had an appointment downtown. Thought I'd come by to drop my pages off.

STAN LEE

How about the rest of the afternoon? You have plans?

JACK KIRBY

I need to head home.

STAN LEE

Come on. Let's go for a walk.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY**

Stan and Jack sit in a near-empty theater. EASY RIDER plays.

STAN LEE

Listen, the cartoon. I'm sorry.

JACK KIRBY

I know. I overreacted. I just..

STAN LEE

No. No, you didn't. It's unfair. You're right. But... I've been thinking, Jack... I'm growing tired of the office politics. Of all the oversight.

JACK KIRBY

You sound like Ditko.

STAN LEE

What's he up to these days?

JACK KIRBY

Oh, who knows. Probably cooped up in his apartment plotting out a revolution.

(a beat)

I miss him.

STAN LEE

I do too.

They sit in silence, watching more of the movie.

SHHHHHH!

STAN LEE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I'm just saying, Jack... You were right... Everything we're done... none of it belongs to us. Now I figure, for the first time, at my age, it's time we started thinking of other things. I know some producers- trying to do a movie scenario. The only problem is, as long as I'm here I don't have the time to write them. And if I leave I don't get the income, which I need to keep living.

JACK KIRBY

You remember what you told me the day we first met?

(off Stan)

That you were getting out of the business soon. You told me you were getting ready to start your novel. If you want to write a novel or a movie, or whatever it is, so badly, then just do it. No one is stopping you.

STAN LEE

I'm going to quit. And I want you to do the same. Enough. We'll start our own imprint. We'll have total control.

JACK KIRBY

Are you serious?

STAN LEE

You were on to it from the very beginning. From the library. We should have kept Hulk for ourselves. Now's our chance.

Jack nods. Close on both their faces, the reflection of the screen coloring the room.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - GOODMAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Stan sits across from Goodman, who's already smiling.

STAN LEE

Martin... we need to talk. I don't--

MARTIN GOODMAN

You're right, Lieber. We do need to talk. The time has come.

STAN LEE

It... it has? I mean, yes. How did you...

MARTIN GOODMAN

You already know? Who told you?

STAN LEE

Told me what?

MARTIN GOODMAN

About Ackerman?

STAN LEE

Who's Ackerman?

Both of them confused as hell.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Martin Ackerman. You met him at the Christmas Party. OK, so you didn't know.

STAN LEE

Know what? Martin, you introduce me to hundreds of people at those things.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Believe me, he's not someone you forget. He's purchasing the company. He will become the majority owner of Marvel Comics in two weeks.

STAN LEE

Martin... what? This is your baby.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Well, I'll be staying on as Publisher, of course. That won't change. But the deal is done. It's time, Stan. I've built this empire as high as one man can take it. Now it's time for the real business. Take a look at this...

(MORE)

MARTIN GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
(tosses a packet of papers  
on the desk)  
We're offering you your first long-  
term contract with the company.  
You're essential to what we're  
doing here, Stan.

The first time he's called him Stan.

MARTIN GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
Ackerman wanted to keep everyone on  
freelance, but I said no. Everyone  
can stay the way they are, but not  
Stan. He deserves more. He's a  
pillar.

STAN LEE  
I... I can't believe it. Thank you,  
Martin.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Once this goes through, you and  
Joanie will never have to want for  
anything as long as you live. I'll  
get you set up with a financial  
advisor. You're going to need a  
good one. So what was it you wanted  
to talk about?  
(looking at Stan)  
You accept, I assume?

STAN LEE  
(still in a daze)  
Oh... yes... I... yes. It was  
nothing.  
(then realizing)  
Wait, what about Jack?

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Do you think it's necessary?

STAN LEE  
Yes. *Of course.* Jack's just as  
essential as I am.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Hmm. I don't know if Ackerman will  
go for it.

STAN LEE  
Martin - for god's sake.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
I'll work on him.

He begins to flip through the contract again...

**INT. KIRBY RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Jack on the phone with Stan.

JACK KIRBY

What'd Goodman say? God, I wish I  
could have seen the look on his  
face.

STAN LEE

Jack... I'm not...  
(correcting himself)  
We're not leaving.

JACK KIRBY

What??

STAN LEE

You're not going to believe what  
happened.

Close on Jack's wide eyes.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Those same eyes now watching...

The whole staff gathered. They huddle around the table, with  
Goodman and Ackerman at the head.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Everyone... I'd like you to meet  
the new owner of Marvel Comics:  
Martin Ackerman.

Ackerman climbs up onto the table. Lights his cigar.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

Thank you, Martin. The pleasure is  
all mine.

Stan glances to the rest of the staff. Flo gives him a look:  
"What the hell?". Sol looks around. Suspicious.

MARTIN ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

In my mind, the highest priority  
here is to leave everything exactly  
as it is. Each and every one of you  
is essential. What you've created  
here is special.

(MORE)

MARTIN ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

I couldn't live with myself if we changed that. And there's an easy solution to that: we won't.

Off the staff's looks. *Phew*.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - STAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Stan begins to pour a drink. Looks at Flo, offering her one as well. She shakes her head.

STAN LEE

What do you think?

FLO STEINBERG

I mean, Stan, he's an ass hole. You don't need me to tell you that.

STAN LEE

It sounds good doesn't it? Not changing anything.

FLO STEINBERG

You don't actually believe that do you? If nothing is changing, he wouldn't be here.

STAN LEE

Do you need something?

FLO STEINBERG

Remember the conversation we had?

STAN LEE

Flo, I'm trying. The company was just sold.

FLO STEINBERG

I mean... Stan, I'm going to leave if I can't get a raise.

STAN LEE

Flo, please.

FLO STEINBERG

I'm almost 30, and I'm still making the same rate as when I started. It's not like I want to spend my whole life answering calls. I can edit, you know? Maybe do some writing.

STAN LEE

Flo...

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. They both turn to see --

ACKERMAN. He gives them a wave.

ACKERMAN

I'm not interrupting anything, am I?

FLO STEINBERG

No, I was just leaving actually.

She blows past Ackerman, her head down.

ACKERMAN

(smiling)

Was it something I said?

STAN LEE

Just office politics. You know how it is.

ACKERMAN

Of course.

(he shuts the door)

Were you listening in there?

STAN LEE

In there? Of course. I thought --

ACKERMAN

Forget everything I said. It was all bull shit. None of those people matter. It's you, Stan. It's you.

STAN LEE

Martin, I...

ACKERMAN

Don't let any of these people get in your way. All I'm going to say is that a lot is going to happen over the next few years. But there will be two constants. You and me. I know you haven't been treated the way you deserve. But you will be. You remind me of myself, Stan. And I like people that remind me of myself.

Stan stares back. Blank faced. *He's scared.*



**INT. KIRBY RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The phone RINGS. Jack continues drawing. The phone RINGS again.

JACK KIRBY

Roz?

No answer. RING. Jack gets up, hurries up the stairs --

TRIPS. Catches himself. RING. RING. Jack rushes into the kitchen. Reaches for the phone. RI--

JACK KIRBY (CONT'D)

Hello?

CARMINE INFANTINO

(through the phone)

Mr. Kirby? Jack? This is Carmine Infantino. From over at DC comics.

JACK KIRBY

(catching his breath)

Oh... hello.

CARMINE INFANTINO

I was hoping you might have a moment to talk. Is this a good time?

(a beat)

Jack?

JACK KIRBY

Yes. Yes it is.

He shuts the door with a slow THUD.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - GOODMAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

MARTIN GOODMAN

We're giving Kirby two years.

STAN LEE

It needs to be longer - two years... that's not a long time.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Ackerman said two years, that's what we're doing.

STAN LEE

Ackerman said nothing around here was going to change. What happened to that?

MARTIN GOODMAN

You've all worked as free lancers for a decade. Now we're giving you contracts. That's changing things. Kirby should be thankful.

STAN LEE

This might as well be a free lance contract. This is an insult to him. We could lose him, Martin.

MARTIN GOODMAN

He's lucky to have us. Not the other way around. Remember that.

STAN LEE

He said nothing was going to change.

MARTIN GOODMAN

How old are you, Lieber? Did you believe Daddy when he said that he loved Mommy? We're doing what's best for the company, not what's best for Jack Kirby.

STAN LEE

There's one more thing.

MARTIN GOODMAN

What now?

STAN LEE

My secretary. Florence. I want to give her a raise.

MARTIN GOODMAN

You have to be kidding me. How many raises are you going to ask me for? It's hard to find quality artists, but we can find a quality secretary on the street anytime.

STAN LEE

She's been here since the beginning.

MARTIN GOODMAN

So have we! You don't see me coming into your office begging for a raise. Who do you want to keep? Kirby or her?

STAN LEE

Martin, don't make me do this.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Welcome to the world of business Stan, it's not all rainbows and butterflies like it is down in comics. There's a bottom line. Why do you think The Beatles are breaking up?

STAN LEE

The Beatles aren't breaking up.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Tell your secretary to stop getting her panties in a bunch. If she wants a better rate she can go get a degree like the rest of us.

STAN LEE

You don't have a degree.

MARTIN GOODMAN

You know what I mean. Now...

ACKERMAN knocks on the door.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

I'm not interrupting anything, am I? Stan, how's that contract looking to you?

STAN LEE

Very generous, Mr. Ackerman, but Martin and I were just discussing... we'd like to go longer for Kirby. He...

MARTIN GOODMAN

Not we.

STAN LEE

He deserves four years. Jack's been here since the beginning.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

Fair enough. Fair enough. But if he deserves to be here so badly... then where the hell is he? Why are you the one telling me this?

STAN LEE

Listen, Jack... he's not keen on the business side of things. He doesn't like being in the office. He... he's an artist.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

If Jack Kirby wants to be here, he can come into this office, look me in the eye and tell me why he deserves four years.

STAN LEE

Done.

#### OVER BLACK

The opening lines of "TWO OF US" by The Beatles --

JOHN LENNON (V.O.)

I Dig a Pygmy by Charles Hawtrey  
and the Deaf-Aids! Phase One in  
which Doris gets her oats.

#### INT. MARVEL COMICS - DAY

Close on a SPINNING RECORD. "TWO OF US" continues.

Colorful slacks, bell bottoms, go-go skirts, and head bands,  
It's the 70's.

Sol sits on a table, holding up the record sleeve of LET IT BE for Romita. The famous cover.

SOL BRODSKY

Just released this morning. I lined up at 4am to get it.

JOHN ROMITA

You're insane.

SOL BRODSKY

Are you kidding me? This is going to be worth a mint. First pressing!

JOHN ROMITA

I heard this is the last album.

SOL BRODSKY

No way.

JOHN ROMITA

They ended Abbey Road with a song  
called The End.

Stan walks in.

SOL BRODSKY

Stan, new Beatles!

He blows by them. Approaches his office, in a rush--

STAN LEE

Where's Kirby?

FLO STEINBERG

He's not here yet.

STAN LEE

For the love of--

But from around the corner... KIRBY.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - STAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Jack steps into Stan's office. Calm and reserved.

*He's not smoking a cigar.*

STAN LEE

Jack. You're late. Let's get up to  
Ackerman. Did you get the contract?

JACK KIRBY

Yes, I did.

STAN LEE

OK, good. Four years. Not bad,  
right? I think --

JACK KIRBY

I'm not signing it, Stanley.

STAN LEE

Jack... we can work this out.

JACK KIRBY

Stan... you're not yourself  
anymore. You don't write scripts,  
for god's sake, you don't even  
write much dialogue anymore.

(MORE)

JACK KIRBY (CONT'D)  
I mean for God's sake, Sol is  
working on some Fantastic Four.

STAN LEE  
Where are you going? Freelance?  
Some big ad company? I mean if....

JACK KIRBY  
I'm going to DC.

Stan's face absolutely drops. Like a dagger in the heart.

STAN LEE  
Jack... No...

JACK KIRBY  
What do you want me to do? They're  
offering me a great rate. Full  
creative control. Something you  
know well.

STAN LEE  
Jack, we can work this out.

JACK KIRBY  
It's been worked out. You're a  
people pleaser. You tell whoever is  
in front of you whatever they want  
to hear. You were supposed to quit!  
And your offer was shit.

STAN LEE  
It wasn't my offer! God dammit!

He sweeps his hand across his desk, sending the contents  
CRASHING to the floor.

JACK KIRBY  
I'm sorry, Stanley. I wish it  
wasn't like this. But you can't  
blame me.

STAN LEE  
Jack, give me a day. We'll get you  
a better offer. It's ok. We can  
break the DC contract. Nothing is  
binding. We...

JACK KIRBY  
You don't get it. I want to go to  
DC. I signed the contract this  
morning. It's done. We're moving to  
California.

Stan in complete shock.

JACK KIRBY (CONT'D)

It's not about the contract. It's not about the money. It's about you. We didn't get into this for the promotional tours or the money or... we did it because we wanted to. And we had a good run. But nothing lasts forever.

STAN LEE

Jack, don't do this. You know, when I was in the army, I--

JACK KIRBY

You weren't in the army! Stop saying that. OK? Stop! I was in the army. I stormed the beaches at Normandy. You wrote manuals. It's not the same. You didn't see the same things I did.

Stan, for once in his life, is speechless. Jack gets up. Begins to walk out.

JACK KIRBY (CONT'D)

Good luck, Stanley. I hope you find peace. Write your novel.

ACKERMAN comes walking down the hall.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

Ah, the great Jack Kirby! We had a meeting scheduled in my office --

JACK KIRBY

Hello, Mr. Ackerman. Thank you for the opportunity, but I have to be going. Stanley can fill you in.

Jack walks away. As he nears the door, he takes one last look back at the bullpen. And with that... he's gone.

Stan tries to stay calm. Still in shock. Takes a deep breath. Looks to Flo, who stands in the door with Ackerman.

FLO STEINBERG

Is everything OK?

STAN LEE

Everything is fine. Thank you, Flo.

She looks at Stan's empty desk, everything that used to be on it SCATTERED across the floor. The guitar solo on LET IT BE blasts.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - OFFICE - DAY**

**TITLE CARD READS: 1972**

Over "FEARLESS" by Pink Floyd

Close on a CHUNK OF CIGAR. It's fixed to plaque that reads:  
**KIRBY WAS HERE.**

We sweep across the Marvel office/bullpen. Almost every desk is occupied by a new face.

AGNES (O.S.)  
Mr. Lee?

**INT. MARVEL COMICS OFFICE - STAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Stan looks up from his desk. His toupee looks worse than ever. AGNES, his new secretary, 60's, is in the doorway.

STAN LEE  
Yes, Agnes?

AGNES  
Sol would like to see you.

STAN LEE  
Great, let him in.

Sol paces into the room, holding a comic.

SOL BRODSKY  
Did you see this?

He slaps a copy of MISTER MIRACLE #6 on Stan's desk. Clearly Kirby's work. A comic from his line at DC.

A character named FUNKY FLASHMAN adorns the cover. It looks exactly like Stan. A mockery.

His dialogue reads: *"All the great words and quotations and cliches ever written are at my beck and call! Even if I say them sideways, the little people will listen! - in wonder! In awe!"*

He has a slave: *"Master funky! My leader!"*



SOL BRODSKY (CONT'D)  
That's me.

STAN LEE  
It appears so.

MARTIN GOODMAN (O.S.)  
Can we talk?

Stan looks up. Goodman stands in his doorway.

STAN LEE  
It's really not a good time.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Then I'll make this very simple. We  
got last month's numbers -- Horror  
is back in, Stan. Cancel a  
superhero book or two.

Stan can't believe it. It's 1961 all over again.

Two GIANT POSTERS behind him: The Fantastic Four by Jack Kirby and Spider-Man by Steve Ditko. They tower over him.

#### **INT. LIEBER RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Stan stares into the mirror. He holds the copy of Mister Miracle. Funky Flashman staring right back at him.

He covers his face in shaving cream. Removes a razor and SHAVES OFF all of his thick beard. The sink **clogged** with facial hair.

JOAN (O.S.)  
Stan! Phone for you.

STAN LEE  
(picking up the phone in  
his room)  
Hello?

MARTIN ACKERMAN  
Stan. It's Marty Ackerman. Do you  
have any time for a drink later  
this afternoon?

#### **INT. FOUR SEASONS - DAY**

Stan enters to find Ackerman already seated at a table in the restaurant. He cradles a glass of whiskey, and nods to another full glass on the opposite side of the table.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

I ordered for both of us. I hope you don't mind.

STAN LEE

Of course not.

(coughing as he takes a sip)

That's strong.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

I don't drink anything unless it's at least a decade old. Now, as I'm sure you've guessed, this was not strictly a social drink. I'm sorry to drag you away on a Saturday, I'm sure you're busy on the latest scripts.

STAN LEE

Well, I'm not writing as much now.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

Modest as always. One of your strongest qualities.

(off Stan)

You know that when we bought this company our number one priority was that you were locked up long term.

STAN LEE

Yes, and I can't thank you enough.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

And, as of today, I'm removing you from that position.

(off Stan's puzzled look)

Congratulations. You're the new publisher at Marvel Comics.

STAN LEE

What? What about Goodman?

MARTIN ACKERMAN

Goodman wants his son to take over as publisher. There's not a rat's chance in hell that I'd let his son run this company. Nepotism can get you many things, but it won't get you past Marty Ackerman.

STAN LEE

I can't... thank you enough, Mr. Ackerman.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

Goodman could have rewarded you at any time. He didn't. Now, it's your time to be in charge.

Off Stan. It feels dirty. But Ackerman is right.

MARTIN ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

You worry about the comics, I'll worry about Goodman. Martin won't be a problem. Now, time for cigars.

STAN LEE

I don't smoke.

As Ackerman sparks his lighter....

MARTIN ACKERMAN

You do now.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - ACKERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Martin knock on Ackerman's door. Enters.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

Good morning, Martin. Please, have a seat. How are things?

MARTIN GOODMAN

You wanted to talk?

MARTIN ACKERMAN

Yes. Let's. I'll make this very simple for you. Do you want to be fired or do you want to quit?

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - MARTIN GOODMAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

OVER "YOU NEVER GIVE ME YOUR MONEY" by The Beatles.

The opening piano chords guiding us as Goodman fumes out of his office, through the cubicles, and all the way down the hall to --

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - STAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

PAUL MCCARTNEY

You never give me your money... you only give me your funny paper...

He paces through the door. Stan's on the phone. He gives Martin a wave as he walks in. "One minute".

STAN LEE  
(into the phone)  
No, no, let's save that for next  
month's issue. I--

Martin WIPES EVERYTHING off Stan's desk with one fell SWOOP.  
The phone disconnects. The typewriter CRASHING to the floor.

STAN LEE (CONT'D)  
What the hell???

MARTIN GOODMAN  
You fucking rat!! You fucking back  
stabbing piece of shit!

STAN LEE  
Martin!

MARTIN GOODMAN  
I dropped out of 5th grade. I  
worked construction every day for  
ten years. I built a publishing  
empire from the ground up. I didn't  
do that to be put out by a  
backstabbing copy rat like  
yourself, Lieber. I built --

STAN LEE  
No Martin, you didn't. I built  
this. On a freelance contract. And  
you did nothing to help me.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
I hired you! I paid you a salary!

STAN LEE  
I could have been making ten times  
that salary.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Then you should have left! You  
should have gotten up and walked  
out! You should have gone  
independent. Don't blame me for a  
business decision. It's my fucking  
job.

STAN LEE  
How long did you think you could  
keep taking advantage of us?

MARTIN GOODMAN

Us?? Kirby is gone. Ditko is gone.  
You're a glorified ad man! You  
don't even write anymore.

STAN LEE

I manage the writers. Just like you  
manage the company.

MARTIN GOODMAN

They wanted to get rid of you  
Lieber. Said your salary was too  
high, that anyone could do your  
job. I fought for you.

STAN LEE

No, Martin. You didn't. After all  
these years you think you can  
blatantly lie to my face. I know  
you. I'm not the child you hired  
thirty years ago. I grew up,  
Martin. You didn't. *Did you believe  
Daddy when he said he loved Mommy?*

Martin bites his lip. His own words.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Goodbye, Lieber. Congratulations.

Martin walks out. SLAMMING the door behind him.

Stan is alone in the office. He places his hand on the cold  
window. Fixes himself a lone drink. He sits down on the  
couch. Takes a long drink as snow falls outside.

#### **INT. DC COMICS OFFICE - DAY**

The sun soaked backlots of Burbank, and the office of DC  
Comics.

Jack sits in CARMINE INFANTINO's office - Editor in Chief of  
DC Comics.

CARMINE INFANTINO

You know it's snowing in New York  
right now? You can't miss that.

JACK KIRBY

Well, I wish we could get Yankee  
games out here.

CARMINE INFANTINO

We have the Dodgers!

JACK KIRBY  
I hate the Dodgers.

CARMINE INFANTINO  
Well, listen Jack. We love what  
you've been doing. Newest Mister  
Miracle was a hoot.

JACK KIRBY  
What is it?

CARMINE INFANTINO  
We think you need a writer.

Like a dagger through Jack's chest. He takes a deep breath.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

**TITLE CARD READS: 1980**

Stan is in the midst of holding a staff meeting. His toupee  
is GONE, his remaining hair slicked back, his shirt more  
colorful, his iconic glasses even darker.

He's in charge.

STAN LEE  
This morning I received a call from  
a top dog at Hasbro, yelling at me  
because we put webs in Spider-Man's  
arm pits. All character changes  
need to be run by me. I'm tired of  
opening up new issues and seeing  
different costumes. Spider-Man has  
webs under his arms again, Captain  
America has wing tips on his mask.  
We have multi-million toy deals  
that are being affected by this.

Reveal the staff. We hardly recognize anyone.

STAN LEE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Is that understood?  
(a chorus of yes's and  
head nods)  
Good. If you have any pressing  
questions, Roy can answer them.  
I'll see you all next week when I  
return from my trip.

**A FULL PAGE AD IN VARIETY. A HEAD SHOT OF SPIDER-MAN**

"Spider-man is but one of over 100 exciting Marvel Characters ready to star in your next motion picture. All Marvel Characters have their own personal story and the potential for stardom."

**EXT. LAX TARMAC - DAY**

Stan and Joan get off the plane. The sun shines brightly in Stan's eyes. He raises his arm to shield the light.

SQUINTING.

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

THE HULK rises from the water. SCREAMING.

LOU FERRIGNO

AHHHHH.

The HULK (LOU FERRIGNO) wrestles with a BROWN BEAR in a creek. He fights the bear off, wrestling it underwater.

DIRECTOR

CUT! Cut.

We're on the SET of the INCREDIBLE HULK TV show. Stan sits in video village with the DIRECTOR, a total douche.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Alright, great work everyone. Kyle, get out of that costume, let's prepare the bear doll.

BEAR/KYLE

OK, sounds good.

DIRECTOR

Five minute break everyone. What do you think, Mr. Lee?

STAN LEE

It's fantastic. Just like the books.

DIRECTOR

Lou! Get over here!

Ferrigno walks over, still in his HULK makeup.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Do you know who this is?

LOU FERRIGNO  
No.

DIRECTOR  
Of course you don't. It's Stan Lee.  
He created the Hulk. You wouldn't  
be here if it weren't for him.

The BEAR walks over. His mask is now off to reveal KYLE, a  
nerdy stunt man.

BEAR/KYLE  
I'm actually a huge fan, Mr. Lee.  
It's an honor to meet you.

STAN LEE  
Thanks.

**INT. KIRBY RESIDENCE - CALIFORNIA - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Kirby sits across from WILL EISNER, a legendary cartoonist,  
who is conducting an interview.

WILL EISNER  
Thank you for sitting down with me,  
Jack.

JACK KIRBY  
Of course, Mr. Eisner. You know I'm  
a fan of your work.

WILL EISNER  
And I yours. I think it's important  
that the world knows your side of  
the story. Let's start with 1961.

JACK KIRBY  
Well, they were going to close  
everything up. Things were in a bad  
way. I remember telling Stanley I  
had some ideas... So we began to  
build a new line of superheroes.

WILL EISNER  
And how did you and Lee  
collaborate?

JACK KIRBY  
Stan Lee was not writing. I was  
doing the writing.  
(MORE)



JACK KIRBY (CONT'D)

Stan added dialogue... to a story I had already turned in. Most of the writing at Marvel is done by the artist of that script. That's the way it's always been. "The Marvel Method".

WILL EISNER

And the Fantastic Four?

JACK KIRBY

I'm not saying that Stan had nothing to do with it. Of course he did. We talked things out. As things went on, I began to work at home and I no longer came into the office. I developed all the stuff at home and just sent it in.

WILL EISNER

Do you keep up with Marvel?

JACK KIRBY

Here and there. Have you seen this one?

He holds up an issue of Spider-Man.

Flips to the middle and displays an AD: Stan standing with his arms crossed. "When you create super-heroes, people expect you to look like one. I wear Hathaway shirts!"

JACK KIRBY (CONT'D)

That's Stanley for you.

**INT./EXT. STAN LEE'S CAR - LOS ANGELES - DAY**

Stan cruises down Sunset Blvd. in his convertible. Bright red, reflecting the low Los Angeles sunset. He's wearing a Hathaway shirt.

**INT. MARVEL PRODUCTION OFFICES - DAY**

TOM SELLECK sits across from Stan.

STAN LEE

So, Mr. Selleck, what do you know about Doctor Strange?

Selleck shrugs his shoulders.

TOM SELLECK

You want to go grab a drink? I know some girls we could call.

STAN LEE

That sounds wonderful, Mr. Selleck. I'm married though.

TOM SELLECK

How long have you been in Hollywood, Stan?

STAN LEE

A few months now.

TOM SELLECK

Yeah. You'll get adjusted. Send me some books and I'll have my intern read them.

He gets up to leave. Agnes comes into the office.

STAN LEE

Agnes, can you make sure we get some Doctor Strange comics to Mr. Selleck? And we need to get James Cameron on the phone. The script he turned in is about a man who turns into a giant spider, not Spider-Man.

AGNES

Of course, Mr. Lee. Mail.

She dumps a pile of magazines and bills on Stan's desk. The cover of COMICS JOURNAL catches his eye.

**"JACK KIRBY TELLS ALL."** Stan does a double take. Immediately flips to the center of the magazine. A full page photograph of Jack. He begins to read the interview.

**INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - FLOOR - DAY**

**TITLE CARD READS: 1987**

Stan and Ackerman walk through a THRONG OF REPORTERS.

REPORTER

Mr. Lee, how does it feel to finally take Marvel Comics public?

STAN LEE

Fantastic. Just swell.

They walk up the stairs, towards the bell. There's a COSTUMED SPIDER-MAN dancing around them.

MARTIN ACKERMAN

Isn't he great? Hired him out of the paper.

They both turn as the Spider-Man actor does a strange combination of interpretive dance and web-shooting.

MARTIN ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

Come on, Stan, smile. You're rich.

Stan and Ackerman are joined by Spider-Man. They all smile for the BRIGHT FLASH of the cameras.

#### **INT. RADIO STATION - DAY**

Two radio hosts, WARREN REECE and MAX SCHMID sit in studio. Kirby is on the phone.

WARREN REECE

Welcome back to Earth-watch on WBAI! We are honored to be joined by the legendary Jack Kirby on his 70th birthday. So, Jack... take us back to those days of the Merry Marvel Bullpen. What was it like?

JACK KIRBY

Well, Warren, I didn't consider it merry. In those days, it was a professional type thing, you turned in your ideas and you got your wages. It's nothing that should be glamorized. I would be in the office maybe once a week.

#### **EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY**

Stan is driving a rental car back from the stock exchange. He listens to the radio. Tunes it and hears --

Jack's voice.

**INT. RADIO STATION - DAY**

WARREN REECE

But, Jack, what about those legendary story conferences with you and Stan, acting the stories out? When it was just you and Stan and fabulous Flo Steinberg livening up the office?

JACK KIRBY

I... uh... I'd have to disagree with that. It wasn't like that at all. It may have been like that after I went home.

The phone lines are ringing with callers. An INTERN picks up one of the phones.

INTERN

WBAI, what's your topic?  
(he listens)  
Wait, what?

He mutes the phone and turns to the producer. Warren taps his ear. Listening in. Can't believe what he's about to say.

WARREN REECE

Now what a surprise... we have a special surprise guest for tonight's program. It's Stan Lee!

A crackle. An expectant silence before Stan's voice comes alive on the other line.

STAN LEE

I just... I want to wish Jack a happy birthday. This is a hell of a coincidence. I'm in New York and I was tuning in the radio. And there I hear him talking about Marvel and figured I might as well call and say happy returns, Jack.

JACK KIRBY

Well, Stanley. I want to thank you for calling. And I hope you're in good health.

STAN LEE

And you too, Jack. Nobody could ever draw a hero like you could.  
(MORE)

STAN LEE (CONT'D)

One of the marks of a truly great artists is having a style, and that's certainly true of you Jack.

JACK KIRBY

I'm certain that whatever we did together, we got sales for Marvel.

STAN LEE

Well, I think it was more than that. We certainly got the sales, but whatever we did together, and no matter who did what... and I guess that will be something argued forever... it was more than the sum of its parts. Like some sort of magic.

JACK KIRBY

Well, I was never sorry for it, Stanley.

WARREN REECE

I would also like to put to you gentlemen, that what made your work so tremendous... it doesn't matter who did what. Although it would be interesting to know if Galactus' exit speech in FF #50 was an example of Jack's dialogue or Stan's, but...

STAN LEE

Well, I'll say this: every word of dialogue in those scripts was mine.  
(awkward laughter from the hosts)  
Every story.

WARREN REECE

Now, I don't want to get into controversy, but I want to stress that the whole equals more than the sum of its parts that's how groups like the Beatles...

JACK KIRBY

I can tell you that I wrote a few lines myself above every panel.

STAN LEE

They weren't printed in the book!

WARREN REECE

Alright, look...

STAN LEE

Jack isn't wrong in his own rights,  
but....

JACK KIRBY

I wasn't allowed to write!

STAN LEE

Did you ever read one of the  
stories after they were finished? I  
don't think you did! You were busy  
working on the next issue.

JACK KIRBY

You used my own dialogue. Whatever  
was written in them was  
insignificant.

WARREN REECE

Well, ego is the fuel of  
creativity, and uh... well, I'm  
very proud to have had both Jack  
Kirby and Stan Lee live on earth-  
watch. And as we close this  
program, I'd like each of you to  
make a concluding statement.

STAN LEE

Well, I just want to say that Jack  
has, I think, made a tremendous  
mark on American culture, if not  
world culture. He should be  
incredibly proud. I want to wish  
him all the best, him and his wife,  
Roz, and I hope ten years from now  
I'll be in some town listening to a  
tribute to his 80th birthday.  
Jack... I love ya.

JACK KIRBY

Well, same here Stan. But... uh....  
uh... yeah. Thank you very much  
Stan.

(a moment of silence)

Warren? Are you there?

WARREN REECE

Yes, I am. We're all here.

JACK KIRBY

Listen... uh... you can understand now how things really were. And of course, I want to thank you for inviting me on your show.

**INT. MARVEL COMICS - ACKERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Stan sits across from Ackerman. There are stacks of comics on his desk. Stan flips through them.

They're all copies of X-Men: Apocalypse. The same issue, but with ten different covers.

ACKERMAN

Everyone's talking about you and Kirby.

STAN LEE

That was a nice surprise.

ACKERMAN

He's a loon. Clearly jealous of the credit and success you're receiving.

STAN LEE

I understand why he's upset. I just wish --

ACKERMAN

Wish he would shut his mouth.

STAN LEE

No. Jack's a friend.

ACKERMAN

Tell me about Howard the Duck. The dailies look amazing.

STAN LEE

It's... I was hoping we'd find another property to develop first. But, I think it's coming together.

ACKERMAN

It's going to be huge, Stan. Absolutely huge.

Stan flips through the X-Men comic. It's like he doesn't recognize it.

STAN LEE

I think we need to cut back on all these variant covers.

ACKERMAN

Are you kidding me? These things are a cash cow.

STAN LEE

It doesn't seem... Dishonest?

ACKERMAN

Dishonest? The market favors the collectors now. They want a copy of everything, so why not multiply everything by three or four?

STAN LEE

I just worry that it's a bubble. These things aren't going to be worth anything if there are millions of them.

ACKERMAN

We'll let time decide that.

STAN LEE

The issues from the 60's are valuable only because there's a limited quantity. You know... The thing that set Marvel apart from the beginning was that we did things differently. The stories were original. We didn't create this just so we could print ten different covers for every issue.

ACKERMAN

I have a news flash for you, Stan. We're not in the 60's anymore.

(Stan doesn't respond)

Are you ready for 60 minutes? It's going to be pretty exciting to meet Larry King, huh?

STAN LEE

Yes. I'm actually taking a quick trip down to Florida first.

ACKERMAN

Florida? What's in Florida?

STAN LEE

An old friend.



**INT. MARTIN GOODMAN'S CONDO - FLORIDA - DAY**

Floral wallpaper. A stale breeze. Florida.

Stan enters the condo. Martin sits out on the deck.

STAN LEE

Isn't Florida supposed to be warm?

MARTIN GOODMAN

You've grown weak in the California sun. 58 degrees in January and you're complaining. Take a seat.

STAN LEE

It's good to see you, Martin.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Let's stop with the pleasantries. I didn't ask you to come down so you could blow smoke up my ass.

STAN LEE

Then why did you call me?

MARTIN GOODMAN

Because you don't always get to choose when you say goodbye. So I thought I would.

STAN LEE

Martin.

MARTIN GOODMAN

You know I went to the news stand the other day. Just to see what was selling. It's amazing how things have changed. Ten covers for every issue. Holograms. I see the company went public. That must make you and your wallet happy.

STAN LEE

It's been good, Martin. We're good. But...

MARTIN GOODMAN

But?

STAN LEE

I'm worried that we're on the verge of trouble. It feels like we're standing on the cliff. This bubble is going to burst.

MARTIN GOODMAN

And Hollywood?

STAN LEE

Hollywood is... it's not coming together exactly as I hoped. But --

MARTIN GOODMAN

Making movies isn't easy, Stan. You always acted like you could just snap your fingers and turn these things into successful films. If it was that simple, everyone would be doing it.

STAN LEE

We'll figure it out. It's just taking longer than I hoped. More money too.

MARTIN GOODMAN

How's your writing? What have you been working on?

STAN LEE

This and that. This and that. I'm going to start my novel soon.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Ah, yes.

STAN LEE

I'm sorry, Martin. For how it all turned out.

MARTIN GOODMAN

I don't blame you. I'm sure I would have done the same had I been in your position.

STAN LEE

I didn't mean to... It wasn't my idea, you know. I set out to do something unique, you set out to make money. We ended up with something that was the perfect balance of both.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Maybe that was the problem.

Stan says nothing as the wind picks up, the breeze off the ocean blowing their hair back. Stan shields his eyes with his hand. The waves breaking back and forth.

**INT. SIXTY MINUTES SET - NIGHT**

LARRY KING brings them in from commercial break.

LARRY KING

Welcome back to 60 Minutes. We continue our conversation with the man still behind Marvel comics after all these years: Stan Lee. Let's take a look at a clip from his latest work. The feature film: Howard the Duck.

The clip plays. HOWARD THE DUCK is in a woman's bedroom. He wears a red robe, the girl in just her underwear.

HOWARD THE DUCK

I have to get back to my own kind. Although....

He watches the girl climb on the bed.

HOWARD THE DUCK (CONT'D)

(raising his eyebrow  
seductively)

I have developed a greater appreciation for the *human* anatomy.

Howard laughs. However ducks laugh. The clip ends. It sucks.

LARRY KING

I have to say, and please pardon the pun, that looks like a real marvel! Thanks again for joining us, Stan.

STAN LEE

My pleasure, Larry.

LARRY KING

Stan, more and more we're seeing an industry that's driven towards collectors. Comics used to be sold on the news stand with newspapers, on spinner racks at the drug store. Now we have stores that sell nothing but comics and the merchandise associated with them.

(looking to Stan)

Are you worried that Marvel is pushing more than the market can bear?

STAN LEE

No, that's a negative way to put it. All we're doing is giving the public more of what they want.

**SMASH TO:**

**TITLE CARD READS: The 90's.**

Clips from late night news.

NEWS ANCHOR #1

Eight artists executed a late night exit from Marvel Comics to form their new imprint. Marvel's stock has dropped more than eleven dollars a share since the news...

**CLIP from CAPTAIN AMERICA (1990)**

Captain America is tied to a rocket. The Red Skull stands in front of him, delivering his master plan. Everything looks incredibly fake.

ROGER EBERT, on At The Movies. He turns to the camera.

ROGER EBERT

It's one of the worst movies I've ever seen.

The iconic black of cover of Superman's death, his "S" drawn out in blood.

NEWS ANCHOR #3

...A whopping ten variant covers available for the event.

Shots of comic book stores with tents outside.

NEWS ANCHOR #3 (CONT'D)

Lines wrapped around the block...

**CLIP from FANTASTIC FOUR (1994)**

If you haven't seen this movie, it's hard to accurately describe just how bad it looks.

ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT ANCHOR

Marvel has they announced that Fantastic Four will go directly to VHS...

Close on a newspaper review: "Fantastic Flop". 1/2 star.

**CLIP from NICK FURY: AGENT OF SHIELD (1996)**

DAVID HASSELHOFF as Nick Fury. He does a barrel roll around a corner. Dodges bullets. Hops up. Shoots.

NEWS ANCHOR

Folks, the bubble has finally burst on the comic book industry as the legendary imprint, Marvel Comics filed for bankruptcy early this morning.

**END MONTAGE**

**EXT./INT. LIEBER RESIDENCE - WEST COAST - DAY**

**TITLE CARD READS: 1998**

A beautiful home in the Brentwood Hills.

Stan stands with a BLOCK CELL PHONE to his ear. Joan, in full 90's mom jeans and loud shirt, listens on the couch.

STAN LEE

How is this going to affect the Hollywood office? That's all I'm concerned about.

(listening)

I know. I know. We're close on Spider-Man. *Relatively close.*

(listening)

Yes, I'll have my lawyers review the paperwork.

He walks back inside. Puts the phone down. It's massive.

JOAN

What's going on?

STAN LEE

Everything is fine. Some contracts are being voided.

JOAN

Which ones?

STAN LEE

I don't have all the names but --

JOAN

But, we're --

STAN LEE  
Honey, I have a lifetime contract.  
You can't void a lifetime contract.

JOAN  
Are you sure?

STAN LEE  
Of course.

**INT. BOARD ROOM - EVENING**

EILEEN  
But it was voided.

STAN LEE  
Yes. My contract was voided about a week later. When I arrived in New York, I was greeted with a new contract that would pay me 50% less per year.

EILEEN  
And you agreed to this?

STAN LEE  
I agreed to an amended contract that would pay me less, with one stipulation added.

EILEEN  
A stipulation?

STAN LEE  
Yes.

**INT. MARTIN ACKERMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Ackerman's on the phone with Stan.

ACKERMAN  
It's unfortunate Stan, but I'm glad we can work this out.

STAN LEE  
Have you given thought to the rest of the proposal?

ACKERMAN  
Of course. Of course.

He covers the receiver. Looks at the other men in the room.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is he talking about?

MARVEL EXECUTIVE  
He asked for 10% of all future film  
and television profits.

ACKERMAN  
Do we have anything in production?  
(they all shake their  
heads)  
It's a deal. We'll have the papers  
faxed over tomorrow.

**INT. BOARD ROOM - EVENING**

EILEEN  
10% of all profits made on Marvel  
properties adapted to film and  
television.

STAN LEE  
Correct.

EILEEN  
And you have not received a payment  
yet?

STAN LEE  
No. Not a cent.

EILEEN  
Have you been given an explanation  
to why that is?

STAN LEE  
My understanding is that in the  
wake of the bankruptcy, there were  
multiple financial "reshuffling"  
that resulted in contracts being  
voided not once, but twice.

EILEEN  
Ackerman was fired. And what of  
you?

**INT. SAN DIEGO CONVENTION CENTER- DAY**

San Diego Comic Con. It's not the Comic Con we know today.  
Hollywood has no presence there. There's no Hall H. No  
trailer drops. It's pure, closer to that gym in Brooklyn than  
today's behemoth.

Stan is walking down the aisles of booths, taking in the array of art, promotions, costumes, and weirdos. Something catches his attention out of the corner of his eye --

He turns toward it, making sure he read the sign correctly. He did. KIRBY sits in front of him.

STAN LEE

Jack?

JACK KIRBY

(surprised but composed)  
Stanley.

STAN LEE

I didn't know you'd be here.

JACK KIRBY

Everyone's in San Diego. You here with Marvel?

STAN LEE

No - promoting the new company.  
POW. We're launching soon.

JACK KIRBY

I hadn't heard. Congratulations.

STAN LEE

We'll have to get you in the office next time you're in LA. I think you'd like it, Jack. It reminds me of the good old days.

JACK KIRBY

Sure.

STAN LEE

(sitting down across from  
him)

Listen, I... I'm glad I ran into you. I wanted to apologize for that stuff on the radio. It was... it was stupid. I shouldn't have called in. That was your show.

JACK KIRBY

It's OK, Stanley. I got worked up.

STAN LEE

You remember that first evening?  
When we dreamed up Fantastic Four?



JACK KIRBY

Of course.

STAN LEE

We had a good thing, Jack.

JACK KIRBY

Yeah, we did. Those were good books. Real good.

STAN LEE

I know things didn't turn out the way we were expecting.

JACK KIRBY

I don't know about that. I think everyone could see it coming. Everyone but you.

STAN LEE

You know the only other person who calls me Stanley is my wife.

JACK KIRBY

Well, it's your name. I think you forget that sometimes.

STAN LEE

Maybe I do.

JACK KIRBY

I have to get to a panel.

STAN LEE

Of course, of course. Maybe we could get dinner tonight? See a movie? You know the restaurant from Top Gun is right down the street?

JACK KIRBY

I fly out at eight.

STAN LEE

Oh. Too bad.

JACK KIRBY

Yes.

STAN LEE

Well, let's... let's get together soon. I know Joan would love to see Roz. And... I don't know, maybe we could work on something. Like the old days.

JACK KIRBY  
The old days.

STAN LEE  
Yeah. Who knows, we might still  
have some of that magic.

JACK KIRBY  
Goodbye, Stanley. Have you started  
that novel?

STAN LEE  
Not yet. Soon.

JACK KIRBY  
Did you ever think... All your talk  
about your novel... maybe Fantastic  
Four, maybe Marvel... maybe that  
was the Great American Novel. It  
was right under your nose the whole  
time. And you couldn't wait to get  
away to chase the very thing you  
were already doing.

(off Stan's stunned  
silence)

We got everything we wanted,  
Stanley. We just couldn't hold onto  
it.

STAN LEE  
There's still time.

Jack just smiles. *Remember, you don't always get to choose  
when you say goodbye.*

**INT. BOARD ROOM - EVENING**

EILEEN  
How did you find out?

STAN LEE  
Sol called. Roz called Sol and told  
him to tell me.

EILEEN  
You didn't know about his heart?

STAN LEE  
No. I had no idea.

EILEEN  
You went to the funeral?

STAN LEE  
Yeah. It was good to see everyone.

**INT. CHURCH - DAY**

Church bells RINGING. Kirby's funeral.

Stan is in the back of the church. Stands against the wall.  
People look back, giving him glances.

*No one's talking to Stan.*

**INT. LOS ANGELES COURT HOUSE - DAY**

Stan waits for a JUDGE.

JUDGE  
Reason for name change?

STAN LEE  
I...

The judge STAMPS the sheet.

JUDGE  
You're all set, Mr. Lee.

He slides the sheet back to Stan. We get a look at it:  
"CERTIFICATION OF CHANGE OF NAME"

It's official. Stanley Lieber is now Stan Lee.

**INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT**

The sun has set. The board room dark.

EILEEN  
And here we are. Spider-Man earned  
over 500 million dollars and you're  
looking for your cut.

STAN LEE  
I'm just asking for what is fair.

EILEEN  
Fair?

STAN LEE  
Yes.

EILEEN

5:02. Any more questions for the day?

(No.)

Then we'll resume tomorrow.

The group surrounding the table gathers their things. Papers shuffling. Folders closing. Bags zipping.

Stan sits alone in the room as everyone else leaves. JIM, 50's, a member of the panel, lingers.

JIM

Mr. Lee. I wanted to ask you...  
would you mind signing this?

He pulls an envelope out from the bottom of his stack of papers. Dusts it off.

It's a NO-PRIZE. "Congratulations! This envelope contains a genuine Marvel Comics NO-PRIZE which you have just won!"

JIM (CONT'D)

I wrote in to the letter pages as a kid. Found a typo.

He opens the envelope. Tips it over.

There's nothing inside.

JIM (CONT'D)

What was it like? The first day on set?

# **INT. SET OF SPIDER-MAN - STAN'S TRAILER - DAY**

Stan sits in his trailer, MAKE UP ARTISTS working on his face. AVI ARAD stands next to him.

AVI ARAD

What do you think, Stan, is this the one?

STAN LEE

At this point I'm not optimistic. I mean, this thing is only going to go so far. They're not going to make a Guardians of the Galaxy movie.

Avi nods. He can't disagree. A KNOCK at the door. A young P.A. sneaks his head into the trailer.

P.A.  
Mr. Lee? They're ready for you.

STAN LEE  
Call me Stan.

**EXT. SET OF SPIDER-MAN - DAY**

The P.A. guides Stan through the chaos of the set. Extras everywhere. They snake through video village.

Three different SPIDER-MAN's all stand together.

SAM RAIMI  
Alright, Stan. You ready?

Stan turns. Gives his patented smile and a THUMBS UP.

SAM RAIMI (CONT'D)  
Ready.... And... ACTION!

**CUT TO BLACK**

The first few strings of "GOOD NIGHT" by the Beatles before we fade up to...

**INT. MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT - DAY**

KIRBY works at a desk. But he's thinner, healthier, despite the fact that he's still chomping on a cigar.

It's 1941. Jack's only 24.

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Kirby, did you read the paper this morning? I'm worried about Hitler.

JACK KIRBY  
You're worried about... Hitler?

MARTIN GOODMAN  
I'm worried that he's going to blow his brains out. We'd have to completely re-do this week's issue.

STAN LEE (O.S.)  
Mr. Goodman!

Goodman rolls his eyes as...

MARTIN GOODMAN

Jack... meet Stanley Lieber. He's my wife's cousin's... how are we related again?

It's STAN. Just 20. All dressed up for work.

STAN LEE

My wife is your wife's cousin.

MARTIN GOODMAN

Right. Anyhow. We've hired him to come aboard as an assistant editor. Perhaps you can find something for him to do?

STAN LEE

Can I empty your ash tray for you, Mr. Kirby?

JACK KIRBY

That's alright, I don't need you to do that. What have you been working on so far?

STAN LEE

Mr. Simon gave me my first assignment. Take a look.

Jack flips through it. An issue of Captain America.

JACK KIRBY

Why's it say Stan Lee? I thought your name was Lieber?

STAN LEE

I didn't use my real name. I don't want to derail my future career.

JACK KIRBY

Future career as what?

STAN LEE

As a serious writer. I'd like to write a novel.

JACK KIRBY

Oh yeah? What type of novel?

STAN LEE

The Great American novel.

JACK KIRBY

So you want to write a novel, but you don't know what it's going to be about?

STAN LEE

The way I see it, that's not the important part. I'll figure out exactly what folks want to read, and that's what I'll write.

JACK KIRBY

Well, I think people should be who they are. No shame in hiding it. So, what the hell are you doing here then?

STAN LEE

Just passing the time. I'm recently married - need to pay the bills. But I won't be here for long.

JACK KIRBY

Well, I wish you luck, Stanley. For your sake, I hope you're not here for long either.

Stan smiles.

JACK KIRBY (CONT'D)

And I'll keep an eye out for your name. In the book store. Stanley Lieber. *That's quite a name.*

## **BLACK**

### **TITLE CARDS READ:**

*Stan Lee and Marvel Comics settled in 2005 for a one-time payment of 10 million dollars with an annual salary of one million dollars in perpetuity.*

*Steve Ditko died in 2018. He had not given an interview since 1968.*

*In 2010, Jack Kirby's children sued Marvel for control of the characters Kirby had helped create. The court ruled in the favor of Marvel before a settlement was reached.*

*To date, Marvel films have made over 22.5 Billion Dollars worldwide. If Lee's original contract was honored, he would be owed over two billion dollars.*

*Stan Lee died in 2018 at the age of 95. He never finished his novel.*

*The title card for the Marvel films still reads: Created by Stan Lee and Jack Kirby.*

*END ON:*

**A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH OF STAN AND JACK.**

*Together at a table. Smiling. The future ahead.*

