Stating the obvious

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Stating the obvious

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Summary

A re-write of several scenes of the MCU where some character should have said something to point out the utter stupidity or injustice that was going on in that very scene. Lot of things that would have stopped Civil War from ever happening.

Scene 1: Winter Soldier - "Miss Romanoff, you are under arrest."

Scene 2: Captain America - "What was that?! Agent Carter, are you insane?!"

Scene 3: Black Panther - "Actually... you're speaking English all the time."

Scene 4: Spider-Man - "Captain America dropped a jet bridge on me!"

Scene 5: Thor 2 - "I am glad that the loss of my only brother who died after saving Jane’s and my life is making you happy, Erik Selvig."

Notes

Hey,

I've never done that kind of thing before. This will be a collection of various scenes where some character should have said something to stop bullshit from happening :)

Have fun
Winter Soldier: You are under arrest

“Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth?”

Natasha answered the bailiff’s question with a casual “I do.”

The committee general began the questioning. “Why haven’t we yet heard from Captain Rogers?”

The following answer was just as casual. “I don’t know what there is left for him to say. I think the wreck in the middle of the Potomac made his point fairly eloquently.”

The members of the committee shared concerned glances.

“Well, he could explain how this country’s expected to maintain its national security now that he and you have laid waste to our intelligence apparatus.”

“HYDRA was selling you lies, not intelligence.”

Someone in the background huffed and either Natasha hadn’t heard or she didn’t care.

The general continued his questioning dryly. “Many of which you seem to have had a personal hand in telling.”

No answer, but Natasha’s face made clear that the reproach didn’t bother her.

“Agent, you should know that there are some on this committee who feel, given your service record, both for this country and against it, that you belong in a penitentiary, not mouthing off on Capitol Hill.”

No, the Black Widow didn’t care. Despite her position she seemed perfectly content with her situation. “You’re not gonna put me in a prison. You’re not gonna put any of us in a prison. You know why?”

“Do enlighten us.“

“Because you need us. Yes, the world is a vulnerable place, and yes, we helped make it that way. But we’re also the ones best qualified to defend it. So if you want to arrest me, arrest me. You’ll know where to find me.” By the end of this thankfully short speech Natasha got up and started to walk away until the general spoke up once more.

“That will not be necessary, Miss Romanoff. You are under arrest.”

Natasha spun around. For the first time her movements lacked any kind of grace and elegance. Shock and disbelief were etching on her face as two officers seized her at the same time. “What are you doing?”

“Putting you behind bars. You can’t believe yourself what you just said. You published the entire records of everything SHIELD as ever done. Not all of those missions were Hydra infiltrated. While you are comfortably sitting here, acting all smart and tough, SHIELD agents all over the world are running for their lives, because you exposed them and destroyed their safety nets. And no, Miss Romanoff, the wreck in the middle of Potomac doesn’t make Captain Rogers’ point! There is an investigation to be had and he has to take part in it. Answer questions, explain his motives for going about things the way he did and I hope he will do it in a less arrogant way than you, Miss
Romanoff.”

“I am sorry, Committee General, but I fear you don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Then that makes two of us. The wreck in the Potomac River. Hundreds of civilians injured. An unknown numbers of casualties. Countless S.H.I.E.L.D agents who actually were protecting the country in mortal danger, because you blew their cover. Foreign relations to Russia, China and South America put back about 50 years now that confidential, secret mission protocols are all over the internet. You are right, Miss Romanoff. The world is a very vulnerable place. You made it that way and you definitely are not the one best qualified to defend it.”
Captain America: Agent Carter, are you insane?!

Chapter Notes

Hey everybody,

The next one. Strangely nobody ever talks about this while I find it deeply disturbing ;)

Have fun

„Fondue is just cheese and bread, my friend.” Howard was having trouble not to laugh. That misunderstanding was almost cute. Dear Captain America always seemed a little out of this world and that naivety and lack of knowledge fitted in just perfectly.

Rogers was still confused. “Really? I didn't think...”

“Nor should you, pal.” That more or less slipped out, but Howard didn’t care. It was clearly that the serum hadn’t influenced Rogers’ intelligence. He was in no way dumb, but next to Howard most people should stop trying to think. They would only embarrass themselves. “The moment you think you know what's goin' on in a woman's head, it's the moment your goose is well and truly cooked. Me, I concentrate on work. Which at the moment is about making sure you and your men do not get killed. Carbon polymer. Should withstand your average German bayonet. Although Hydra's not going to attack you with a pocket knife.“ Howard bestowed the shield with a rather disapproving glance. The design was horrendous. “I hear you're uh...kinda attached?”

Rogers seemed almost proud. “It's handier than you might think.”

The guy would be out of his mind when he saw what Howard had in store for him. “I took the liberty of coming up with some options.” Starting with number one. “This one's fun. She's been fitted with electrical relays. It'll allow you to...”

“What about this one?” Of course Rogers had to pick up the unfinished prototype. Howard should know better than to be surprise. “No! No! That's just a prototype.”

“What's it made of?”

Something most people will never be able to afford. “Vibranium. It's stronger than steel and a third of the weight. It's completely vibration absorbent.“

„How come it's not a standard issue?”

„That's the rarest metal on earth. What you're holding there? That's all we've got.“ And Howard didn’t think he was going to waste it on a SHIELD. Bullets would be a way more effective way to use it.

Howard could see Agent Carter walking towards them and the shield was forgotten. This was going to be fun. He was a grown man, he should be beyond such things, but Howard could still find amusement in such superficial drama. As long as he wasn’t involved himself.

Rogers was still contemplating the shield when Carter spoke up. “You quite finished, Mr. Stark? I'm
sure the Captain has some unfinished business.”

Yep, that woman was pissed. So much about work relationships. Those always ended badly. Even before they had started.

Smiling Rogers held up the shield for Carter to see. “What do you think?”

Not saying a word Carter picked up one of the guns from the table and Howard only brought up his arms to protect himself when the first shot had been fired. Three shots altogether. Right at the shield and thank god Rogers had been smart enough to bring it up to cover his head and chest.

Howard’s heart was racing, the echo of the shots still in his ears and he still hadn’t wrapped his head around what had just happened when Carter put the weapon back down and sighed sarcastically. “Yes, I think it works.”

What the hell!

Rogers was staring at her with wide eyes while Carter was already moving to walk past him. It was then that the shock finally released Howard out of its fierce grip. “What was that?! Agent Carter, are you insane?!”

Stunned Carter stopped, seemingly surprised that Howard would speak up. Or that anybody would say anything. Howard did a quick look around and saw the other staff members, shocked, shaken, but alright. “Everyone’s okay?” Then back to Carter. “What the hell are they teaching you in England?! You fire a gun in a closed room full of people! Do you want to kill us? Or just Captain Rogers?! Do you know what this shield is made of? Or if it even was finished?! How could… No, just get out of here! Out of my lab! You won’t take another step inside here! Stay away from me and my staff. Jesus, Peggy…”

Howard could feel her wide eyes on him as he bent down to pick up the bullets that had bounced off the shield. “Ricochets kill people – don’t you fucking know that?!”
Hello everybody,

I'm nit-picking the hell out of Black Panther, but this seriously bothered me. It took me out of the movie sooo bad and it's partly the reason why I don't really like T'Challa as a character.

Then again, don't take this too seriously ;)

Everett wasn't sure what to think of the lady with the spear. It was hard to have a good impression of someone who was clearly harbouring a lot of aggression. Oh and there was all the talk in their native tongue to confuse and to probably insult him. For a king T'Challa was a lousy diplomat and obviously not eager on making a good impression. A bit arrogant and honestly crazy after they saved his ass in Romania. There was no way the king would like the rest of the world to know that he was involved in bringing that tunnel down. Now comfortably ruling his country while the other two men were wanted fugitives.

Clearly he hadn't learned anything, because he was doing the same damned thing in South Korea now. Which was somehow worse, because for some strange reason general public was more interested in things that happened in East Asia than Eastern Europe.

Jesus Christ, they were still mumbling to each other while directly looking at him. Really? Why did he have to deal with this?

Looking at T'Challa Everett searched for help although he already knew that he wasn't going to get it. "Does she speak English?"

"When she wants to." Was her dry reply and Everett was anything but surprised. Sure, be a jerk to the guy who gave you a ride after your car got vaporised.

To his surprise though T'Challa looked suddenly completely perplexed. "Actually... you're speaking English all the time. Me too. To you. My sister. My friends. Even my father in my dreams. Who are all Wakandan... and our country's motto is also in English. I've never thought about that before. Why is that? Why on Earth would our motto be in English? We're a proud, African nation that has isolated itself for thousands of years and we obviously hate Americans and everyone else who isn't Wakandan given how we just torpedoed a CIA operation and started an immensely dangerous car chase in the middle of highly populated city... although I stated that I am for laws that forbid people doing that sort of thing... I digress. Why are we talking English all the time when it's clearly established that we have our own language?!"

There were days when Everett hated his job. Today was one of them.
Chapter Notes

Hello everybody,

That was probably my biggest "WHAT THE FUCK" moment during the whole movie. Seriously? Like - do the writers actually believe that? Are we supposed to believe that?

Also... I am pretty sure that Peter could punch a hole into Cap with the right motivation. So yeah, fuck you writers.

„Trust me kid, kid, if Cap wanted to lay you out, he would have.“

Something happened that Peter hadn’t thought possible. For a moment all that adoration, admiration, awe and every other positive sensation that he associated with Mr. Stark went right out the window. Replaced by a furious anger that he hadn’t known before. That Peter hadn’t been aware he was capable of.

Honestly, until now he hadn’t thought too much of it. A fight. Bad things happened in a fight and everyone had fought dirty, so why point it out? But now this? Mr. Stark standing here and… No, he wasn’t even standing here, he was God knows where and had the nerve to tell Peter that Captain America had gone easy on him?!

“Listen…”

“No, you listen!” Peter was screaming at the top of his lungs and he didn’t recognize his own voice. Enraged, furious, shaking and somewhat disappointed. Disappointed by the man who was the greatest person in the world. Someone who he aspired to be. “What did you just say?! That he was pulling his punches?! Weren’t you there?! Or is your memory all screwed up?! Captain America dropped a jet bridge on me! A jet bridge! Is that him going easy on me? Did you tell him beforehand how strong I am? I doubt that. So he didn’t know and that means he had no idea that I could lift it. He would have killed me if I hadn’t been able to hold it, Mr. Stark! How is it that going easy on me?!”

Peter was breathing hard from this outburst and although he was staring at a piece of metal that didn’t have any facial expression, he could somehow tell that Mr. Stark was at a loss for words, that he was shell-shocked.

What? Had he forgotten? Hadn’t he seen? Didn’t he fucking care?

“I’m sorry, kid…”

“I’m not blaming you! I wanted to be there, but don’t tell me he was holding back when he clearly wasn’t! Everybody in that fight was violent as hell and he was no different! And I could take it! I can take it! You have to see that Mr. Stark, I am able to do these kinds of things!” Yelling had somewhere turned into pleading. Peter couldn’t help it with Mr. Stark, he just wanted to see Iron Man that he was strong, that he could be good enough. “Don’t tell me I got lucky. It was not because Captain America being a nice guy that I didn’t end up being hurt. I didn’t get hurt, because I am
“I know, kid… I just… I shouldn’t have said that. I have no idea why I said that. When I brought you to Germany I thought you were a great back-up. You could stay low and web them from a distance, but I knew that things wouldn’t turn serious or violent. Hey, those were the Avengers, our friends. That was Cap. He wouldn’t go actually crazy on us… Or maybe just on me, because he knew I could take it. But you’re right, he didn’t know about you and I wish I knew what was going through his head when he… did what he did to you. I guess I want to believe that he pulled his punches, because otherwise… I’d have to admit that he was trying to kill you and that would be my fault. I brought you there, thinking you were safe, because those were my friends. They wouldn’t try to hurt any of us. I am so sorry.”
Thor 2: Your brother is not coming, is he?

Hey everybody,

Because Marvel just won't let Thor mourn Loki, I'll force him to ;)

"Your brother is not coming, is he?"

Thor felt that all-consuming grief coming over him again and he couldn’t give into it now. The fight was going to happen soon and Thor needed all of his power, all of strength and focus. Simply everything was at stake, although he felt like he had already lost that was worth fighting for. His little brother and his love for Jane. The moment Loki had died in Thor’s arms, Thor had thought about Jane bringing the aether to Asgard, awaking the Dark Elves, drawing them closer and ultimately causing his mother’s and Loki’s death.

A part of him wanted to explain, felt like he had to tell what had happened. Thor couldn’t though. He would fall into a hole if he was forced to even think about the fact that he had had to leave his brother’s body behind in the Dark World. Because he had get Jane out of the storm. Loki was still lying there, unprotected. He was going to be cold, Loki shouldn’t be cold.

No, he should be alive, coming with Thor to help him stop the Dark Elves, fighting together like they always had. During his young years Thor had always assumed that it would end like this. They weren’t just brothers, but brothers in arms. What a romantic idea of dying next to each other on the battlefield. Spilling the enemy’s blood and eventually giving your last breath to protect the other and win the fight. To Thor this fantasy had been immensely appealing, desirable even.

Reality had been very different.

There had been nothing honourable or romantic about having his brother lying dead in his arms. Only cruelty and pain. A death on the battle field meant nothing. Loki finally changing his ways to save Thor’s life hadn’t meant anything. He would be happy to see Loki spending the next 1000 years driven by rage and dark thoughts, only to see him alive.

Loki’s voice was gone, Thor would never hear it again. Never see that smile… which had been absent for a long time anyway. Thor would continue to miss it, but now he was going to miss everything. Even the raging, immense hatred that Loki never tried to hold back. It had been part of him. A sign of being alive.


Thor wanted to erase that feeling. Loki’s skin that had already started to feel cold beneath his fingers. Was his body already wasting away? Was it because he was Jotun? Did their skin turn grey when they died?

Out of the corner of his eye Thor could see Jane glancing at them. Uncomfortably. Her beautiful face torn apart by sadness and pity.

Within seconds Thor could feel his last remaining affection turning into disgust. With every breath
that she took, Thor began to hate her. For being here with them, for Loki having had to risk his life for her. Would things have gone down differently? Would Loki still be alive?

No, because Jane had found the aether in the first place. Why hadn’t she been able to stay wherever she had been? The Dark Elves would have never heard the call and they wouldn’t be here. Loki would be back in Asgard, breathing, lying, snarling, being alive. Thor would still have so much time. Time to get back to where they had been only a couple of years ago. When everything had been fine. When Loki had still considered him his brother.

Had that been only a couple of years ago? When exactly had Loki started to hate him? Now Loki was gone, Thor couldn’t ask him. Couldn’t make him love him again. Never take him to Jotunheim…

Jane had kneeled down next to him, had slowly slid an arm around him and Thor had wanted to shrug her off, feeling like she was putting weights onto his shoulders. More importantly, he hadn’t wanted her near Loki. She had hit him. At the moment Thor hadn’t cared. Why shouldn’t she have hit him? Loki had attacked her world…

Loki had been wearing cuffs, Loki had been Thor’s prisoner. His to protect. And what had Thor done? He had let Loki walk to his death… Loki had died protecting him… her

That very thought threatened to tear Thor apart. A pain located beneath his skin, simply everywhere. Becoming a part of him, something that would never leave him. A constant companion. Thor hadn’t known that despair and loss could physically hurt. That it felt like a knife being dragged along his nerves and he couldn’t get away from it.

Was she sorry? Thor couldn’t tell and he didn’t care. She hadn’t cared about Loki. Not a single part of her soul was mourning him, she was merely sorry for Thor’s sake and that meant nothing. Loki had saved her life today, not Thor. In some way Loki was dead because of her.

Even though Thor was caught up in his pain, his wish to tear down half of Midgard just to get his brother back, despite all that Thor knew that this wasn’t fair. Jane couldn’t have known about the aether.

No, he didn’t care.

His little brother was dead and Jane lived. For what? Another 50 years? When Thor could have had another 4000 years to win back his brother’s affection… Now Thor only had the rest of his own life to mourn him. There was no doubt that he was going to do that and Thor was going to start right after he had assured that there was a rest of their lives for all of them. So Thor had to destroy the Dark Elves, save the universe and get revenge for Loki.

Although Loki had already done that himself, had killed his own murderer and had saved him.

Trying to shake off his sadness for a moment Thor kept it as simple as possible. “Loki is dead.”

The smile of relief on Selvig’s face was instant. “Oh, thank god.”

Thor was numb. For a moment he could do nothing but stare at the man he considered his friend. Trying to remember what Loki had done to him to find the strength in himself to forgive him for saying that.

Within seconds Selvig seemed to realise himself what he had said and his face fell. To Thor he didn’t look horrified though. He should be. “I...I’m so sorry…”
The truth was that Thor didn’t think he was and that shouldn’t make him angry. Loki had brought nothing but pain upon them and they hadn’t known him. So Thor should probably just ignore that spontaneous remark and forget all about it.

But Thor couldn’t.

“I am glad that the loss of my only brother who died after saving Jane’s and my life is making you happy, Erik Selvig.”

Suddenly it wasn’t so difficult anymore to imagine or understand Loki’s devouring hatred. Thor was starting to feel the same. Just this one last fight. Then Thor would return to the Dark World and take his brother back home to Asgard. Their home where he would stay.

There was nothing on Midgard for him.

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