

WANDA VISION

"FILMED BEFORE A LIVE STUDIO AUDIENCE"

Written by

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STYLE OF THE EPISODE

1950s

Multicam

Black & White

SHOOTING SCRIPT: 11/01/19

Marvel Studios

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MAIN TITLES

'Just Married' is written in script across the bumper of a classic convertible. Tin cans rattle cheerily below.

THEME SONG
*OH A NEWLYWED COUPLE JUST MOVED TO
TOWN, A REGULAR HUSBAND AND WIFE!*

THE VISION is at the wheel, his blushing bride WANDA MAXIMOFF beside him. They pass a 'WELCOME TO WESTVIEW' billboard.

THEME SONG
*WHO LEFT THE BIG CITY TO FIND A
QUIET LIFE...*

As they drive through town, THE PEOPLE OF WESTVIEW stop and wave: a BARBER SHOP OWNER, a MOTHER pushing a baby carriage.

THEME SONG
WANDAVISION!

Wanda and Vision pull up outside a picture-perfect HOUSE at the end of a cul-de-sac.

THEME SONG
*SHE'S A MAGICAL GAL
IN A SMALL TOWN LOCALE*

Wanda thrums her fingers in the air to TELEKINETICALLY switch the "FOR SALE" sign to "SOLD!"

THEME SONG
HE'S A HUBBY WHO'S PART MACHINE!

Vision scoops up Wanda to carry her over the threshold but he forgets to open the door and PHASES right through-- leaving Wanda to land in a heap on the welcome mat!

THEME SONG
*HOW WILL THIS DUO
FIT IN AND PULL THROUGH? OH*

Vision sticks his head back out the door, panicked. *Are you alright, dear? Yes, Wanda's fine.*

THEME SONG
*BY SHARING A LOVE LIKE YOU'VE NEVER
SEEN!*

Let's try this again: Vision carries Wanda through their open front door. He almost trips on an ottoman, but then PHASES his legs right through. He sets Wanda down--

They dance, he dips her, and then a kiss...

THEME SONG
WANDA VISION!

END MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WANDA AND VISION'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING

WANDA IN THE KITCHEN, HAIR BOBBED AND SKIRT FULL. SHE WEARS AN APRON FOR HOUSEWORK AS SHE WASHES, DRIES, AND STACKS DISHES... ALL WITHOUT TOUCHING A SINGLE ONE. SHE LEANS AGAINST THE COUNTER, HER FINGERS DOING THE WORK AT A DISTANCE. VISION ENTERS. HE APPEARS AS HIS SYNTHEZOID SELF, DRESSED IN A SUIT AND CARRYING HIS BRIEFCASE.

VISION

My wife and her flying saucers.

AS HE CROSSES TO HER, A DINNER PLATE SMASHES INTO HIS HEAD AND SHATTERS INTO A MILLION PIECES. HE HAS NO REACTION.

WANDA

My husband and his indestructible head.

THE AUDIENCE LAUGHS.

VISION

Aren't we a fine pair.

WITH HER SIGNATURE 'MAGIC' GESTURE, WANDA CONJURES THE PLATE BACK TOGETHER. THEN SHE WRAPS HER ARMS AROUND VISION'S NECK.

WANDA

What do you say to silver dollar pancakes, crispy hash browns, bacon, eggs, freshly squeezed orange juice and black coffee?

VISION

I say... I don't eat food.

WANDA

(IN ON THE JOKE) That explains the empty refrigerator.

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER. THIS IS A COUPLE VERY MUCH IN LOVE. VISION SPOTS SOMETHING OVER WANDA'S SHOULDER.

VISION

Wanda.

WANDA

Hmmm?

VISION

Is there something special about today?

WANDA

I know the apron is a bit much, darling, but I'm doing my best to blend in.

THE AUDIENCE LAUGHS. VISION POINTS TO A WALL CALENDAR.

VISION

There on the calendar-- someone's drawn a little heart right over today's date.

WANDA LOOKS AT THE HEART. SHE OBVIOUSLY CAN'T REMEMBER ITS SIGNIFICANCE EITHER, SO SHE COVERS.

WANDA

Oh yes, the heart... Don't tell me you've forgotten, Vis.

VISION

Wanda, I am incapable of forgetfulness. I remember everything. That is not an exaggeration. In fact, I'm incapable of exaggeration.

WANDA

Well then, tell me what's so important about today's date.

VISION

(BEAT) What was the question?

THE AUDIENCE LAUGHS. NOW THEY'RE BOTH COVERING.

VISION (CONT'D)

Perhaps you've forgotten yourself.

WANDA

Me? Heavens no. I've been so looking forward to it!

VISION

As have I!

NOW A GAME OF FILL-IN-THE-BLANK.

VISION

(FISHING) Today you and I are celebrating...

WANDA

You bet we are! It's the first time we... (HE GIVES HER NOTHING) have ever celebrated this occasion before!

VISION

It's a special day!

WANDA

Perhaps an *evening*?

VISION

Of great significance--

WANDA

To us both!

VISION

Naturally.

WANDA

Obviously!

VISION

Exactly. Well done.

VISION, UNCERTAIN, STANDS AND PUTS ON HIS HAT.

VISION

Off to work with me then.

WANDA

Don't forget--

VISION

(DEFENSIVE) I haven't!

BUT WANDA IS TALKING ABOUT HIS SYNTHETIC APPEARANCE. SHE GESTURES TO HIS FACE. AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

VISION

Ah.

SHEEPISH, VISION TRANSFORMS INTO HIS HUMAN SELF. HE GRABS HIS BRIEFCASE AND EXITS THROUGH THE BACKDOOR.

WANDA RETURNS TO THE CALENDAR, CONTEMPLATING THE HEART. *WHAT COULD IT MEAN?* THEN THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE FRONT DOOR.

INT. WANDA AND VISION'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - SAME

WANDA CROSSES THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM. SHE ANSWERS THE DOOR TO FIND HER BRASSY NEIGHBOR, **AGNES**, STANDING THERE WITH A POTTED PLANT.

AGNES

Hello, my dear! I'm Agnes, your neighbor to the right! My right, not yours. Forgive me for not stopping by sooner to welcome you to the block, my mother-in-law was in town... so I wasn't.

AGNES HANDS WANDA THE PLANT AND BREEZES PAST HER INTO THE HOUSE. WANDA DOESN'T QUITE KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF THIS WOMAN.

AGNES

So! What's your name? Where're you from? Most importantly, how's your bridge game, hon?

WANDA

I... I'm Wanda.

AGNES

Wanda. Charmed. (LOOKING AROUND)
Golly, you settled in fast. Did you use a moving company?

WANDA

I sure did. Those boxes don't move themselves!

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

AGNES

What's a single gal like you doing rattling around this big house?

WANDA

Oh no, I'm not single.

AGNES

Well, I don't see a ring.

WANDA INSTINCTIVELY HIDES HER HAND.

WANDA

I assure you, I'm married. To a man. A human one. And tall. As a matter of fact, he'll be home later tonight for a special occasion, just the two of us.

AGNES

Really? Somebody's birthday?

WANDA

I don't think so...

AGNES

Today isn't a holiday, is it?

WANDA

No, not a holiday...

AGNES

An anniversary then?

WANDA

(REALIZING) Yes! That must be it. Our anniversary!

AGNES

Oh, that's just marvelous! How many years?

WANDA

(NOT SURE) It feels like we've always been together.

AGNES

Lucky gal. The only way Ralph would remember our anniversary is if there was a beer named 'June 2nd.'

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

AGNES

So what do you have planned?

WANDA

How do you mean?

AGNES

For your special night! A young thing like you doesn't have to do much, but it's still fun to set the scene. Say, I was just reading a crackerjack magazine article called "How to Treat Your Husband to Keep Your Husband." Let me tell you-- what Ralph could really use is "How to Goose Your Wife so You Don't Lose Your Wife!"

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

AGNES

Hang on, I'll go grab it and we can start planning! This is going to be a gas!

AGNES RUSHES OUT. ON WANDA: THIS COULD BE FUN.

INT. VISION'S OFFICE - DAY

VISION (HUMAN FORM) AT HIS DESK IN A SMALL BULLPEN. HE STANDS AND CROSSES TO DELIVER A STACK OF FILES TO HIS CO-WORKER **NORM**. "YAKETY YAK" PLAYS ON A RADIO ON NORM'S DESK.

VISION

Here are those computational forms you requested, Norm.

NORM

Gee willikers, that was fast!
(GESTURES TO THE RADIO) The music
isn't bothering you, is it, pal?

VISION

In terms of distraction from work
or the largely non-sensical nature
of the lyrics?

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

NORM

The first one.

VISION

Oh. Not at all. Thank you, Norm.

VISIONS STARTS TO GO, BUT THEN TURNS BACK TO NORM.

NORM

Something else I can help you with,
buddy?

VISION

Yes, as a matter of fact... Norm,
would you be so good as to tell me
what it is we do here exactly? Do
we make something?

NORM

No.

VISION

Do we buy or sell anything?

NORM

No and no.

VISION

Then what is the purpose of this company?

NORM

All I know is, since you arrived, productivity has gone up 300%.

VISION

Yes, but what are we producing?

NORM

(THINKING) Computational forms! Nobody computes the data like you do, pal. You're a walking computer!

VISION

(MORTIFIED) What?! No. I am most certainly not that. I'm just a regular carbon-based employee made entirely of organic matter. Just like you, Norm!

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

NORM

What's got your feathers ruffled?

VISION

Forgive me, I'm a tad on edge. It appears there's something special about today -- special to Wanda, that's my wife -- and I can't for the life of me recall what it is.

VISION'S GRUFF **BOSS** APPEARS FROM HIS OFFICE, SAYING GOODBYE TO A CLIENT. VISION AND NORM SNAP TO. NORM QUICKLY SWITCHES OFF THE MUSIC.

MR. HART

Vision. The wife and I are looking forward to this evening.

THE AUDIENCE "OOOOOH'S!" IN UNDERSTANDING.

VISION (CONT'D)

(FIGURING IT OUT) Yes of course!
Dinner this evening with Mr. *Hart*
and his dear lady wife, Mrs. *Hart*.

MR. HART

That's what I said. What's wrong
with you, son? You got a screw
loose?

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

VISION

No, sir. All screws tightened, sir.

MR. HART

I should hope so. Employee dinners
are a rite of passage for new
hires. Jones here failed miserably,
isn't that right?

JONES PASSES BY WITH ALL HIS OFFICE BELONGINGS IN A BOX.

JONES

The wife thought five courses would
be sufficient.

MR. HART

Then there was that paltry excuse
for entertainment.

JONES

A string quartet.

MR. HART

And your embarrassing display of
Beatnik enthusiasm.

JONES

I wore a turtleneck.

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

MR. HART

Best of luck on the unemployment
line there, Jones!

JONES HEFTS HIS BOX AND EXITS. VISION FEELS THE PRESSURE.

MR. HART

I owe my success to my keen judge
of character. No skeletons in your
closet, eh Vision?

VISION

I don't have a skeleton, sir.

MR. HART

Glad to hear it. Your future at
this company depends on it.

MR. HART EXITS. VISION IMMEDIATELY PICKS UP THE TELEPHONE.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

WANDA AND AGNES SIT ON THE SOFA, WITH AGNES READING FROM A
MAGAZINE AND WANDA MAKING A CHECKLIST.

AGNES

And you don't have a song? Nothing
special you played at your wedding?

WANDA

No. Nothing special.

AGNES

I'll just loan you some records
then. So we've got music covered,
decor, wardrobe... what about
seduction techniques?

WANDA

I have those... I think.

AGNES

Of course you do!

WANDA

Out of curiosity, what does it say?

AGNES

That you should stumble when you walk into a room. So he can catch you. It's romantic!

WANDA

(DOUBTFUL) Any other tricks?

AGNES

You could point out that the death rate of single men is twice that of married men.

WANDA

Now *that's* romantic!

WANDA AND AGNES LAUGH. THE PHONE RINGS. WANDA ANSWERS.

WANDA

Vision residence?

VISION

Wanda, darling?

WANDA

Vision, sweetheart!

WANDA SIGNALS HAPPILY TO AGNES. THROUGH THE FOLLOWING SCENE INTERCUT BETWEEN LIVING ROOM AND VISION'S OFFICE.

VISION

About tonight--

WANDA

Don't worry honey, I have everything under control!

VISION

What a relief. I must confess: I'm really rather nervous.

WANDA

Nervous? Whatever for?

VISION

You know, I still get tongue-tied.

WANDA

(TOUCHED) After all this time? Oh, Vis!

VISION

There's an awful lot riding on this, Wanda. If it doesn't go just so, this could be the end!

WANDA

(ALARMED) It's just one night. There's no need to get dramatic.

VISION

I think the best course of action is to impress the wife.

WANDA

(FLIRTY) And I think the best course of action is to impress the husband!

WANDA WINKS AT AGNES WHO GIVES HER A THUMBS UP.

VISION

Wonderful. Glad to know you and I
are on the same page. Until tonight
then, darling.

WANDA

Until tonight!

DISSOLVE TO:

COMMERCIAL BREAKINT. COMMERCIAL KITCHEN - DAY

BUNRT TOAST pops out of a smoking TOASTER. The 'wah-wah' music tells us that this appliance is a real lemon.

An **ANNOUNCER** steps into frame.

ANNOUNCER
Is your husband tired of you
burning his toast?

He gestures to an aerodynamic TOASTER on a rotating platform.

ANNOUNCER
Try our new and improved Toast Mate
2000! It's the go-to for clever
housewives.

A **PRETTY HOUSEWIFE** appears to stand next to the appliance.

HOUSEWIFE
Say, this machine has some shine!

ANNOUNCER
You said it! Set that dial and get
the taste back into your toast.

The Housewife slips two pieces of white bread into the toaster. She presses down the lever and the toaster begins to TICK away over a gallery of STILLS.

ANNOUNCER
Top and bottom heating elements can
handle anything from meatloaf to
cherry pie to open-faced cheese
sandwiches.

TICK, TICK, TICK... The countdown is becoming more insistent... and sounding less like a toaster...

ANNOUNCER
The All New Toast Mate by Stark
Industries. Forget the past, this
is your future!

A sleek GRAPHIC appears over the image of the Housewife and her perfect toast. Her smile is frozen.

GRAPHIC: By Stark Industries

TICK, TICK, TICK, TICK... (a breathless beat) DING!

ACT TWOINT. WANDA AND VISION'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THE LIGHTS ARE DIMMED, SCARVES COVER LAMPS, CANDLES ABOUND. ROMANTIC MUSIC PLAYS. WANDA HAS REALLY SET THE MOOD. VISION ENTERS WITH MR. & MRS. HART.

VISION

Here we are...

MRS. HART

How very atmospheric!

MR. HART

What's going on here, Vision? You
blow a fuse?

VISION

Pardon me while I just go fetch the
lady of the house.

VISION EXITS TOWARD THE KITCHEN, LEAVING THE HARTS IN THE FOYER. WANDA ENTERS FROM THE BEDROOM HALLWAY, WEARING A 1950s NIGHTGOWN AND SILK ROBE. THE AUDIENCE GIGGLES IN ANTICIPATION AS SHE SLINKS UP BEHIND MR. HART AND COVERS HIS EYES.

WANDA

Guess who!

JUST THEN VISION RETURNS FROM THE KITCHEN AND FLIPS ON THE LIGHTS. WANDA IS AGHAST TO FIND HER ARMS AROUND VISION'S BOSS. THE AUDIENCE LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY.

VISION

Wanda!

WANDA

Vision?

MR. HART

What is the meaning of this?!

AFTER A MOMENT OF RECOVERY, VISION CROSSES SWIFTLY TO WANDA.

VISION

What is the meaning...

(IMPROVISING) You mean the
traditional Sokovian greeting of
hospitality?

VISION COVERS WANDA'S EYES. WANDA IS QUICK TO PLAY ALONG.

VISION

Guess who!

WANDA

Oh, is that the host behind me?

VISION

(TURNING AROUND) It sure is!

WANDA

Lovely to make your acquaintance!

THEY SHAKE HANDS HEARTILY, STILL PANICKED. AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.
MR. HART SEEMS DUBIOUS, BUT HIS WIFE IS DELIGHTED.

VISION

Didn't I tell you my wife is from
Europe?

MRS. HART

How exotic!

MR. HART

We don't break bread with
Bolsheviks.

MRS. HART

Oh hush now, Arthur! Have you no
culture at all? And that dress...

VISION

Is... soooooooo Sokovian.

WANDA

Uh, could I see you in the kitchen
for a moment, sweetheart?

WANDA AND VISION HUSTLE TOWARD THE KITCHEN, BLOWING OUT
CANDLES AND REMOVING SCARVES AS THEY GO.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

WANDA AND VISION PUSH THROUGH THE SWINGING DOOR. THEY HAVE A
HUSHED AND FRANTIC CONVERSATION.

WANDA

Who are those people?!

VISION

What are you wearing?!

WANDA

Why are they here?

VISION

What are you wearing?!

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

WANDA

It's our anniversary!

VISION

Anniversary of what?

WANDA

(CROSSING ARMS) Well if you don't
know, I'm not going to tell you.

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

VISION

That man out there is my employer,
Mr. *Hart* and his wife, Mrs. *Hart*.

(MORE)

VISION (CONT'D)

The heart on the calendar - it was an abbreviation.

WANDA

You move at the speed of sound and I can make a pen float through the air - who needs to abbreviate?!

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER. VISION REACHES FOR WANDA.

VISION

Darling, this big romantic to-do - the candles, the music, that stunning outfit - please don't think I am unappreciative. But right now--

WANDA

Your boss and his wife are expecting a home cooked meal.

VISION NODS, CONCERNED.

WANDA

Any chance they'd settle for a single chocolate-covered strawberry split three ways?

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER. VISION REGRETFULLY SHAKES HIS HEAD.

WANDA

I might have another idea...

WANDA SNAPS HER FINGERS AND IN A PUFF OF SMOKE SHE'S NOW WEARING A PERFECTLY TASTEFUL COCKTAIL DRESS.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

MR. HART IS TELLING A STORY TO VISION. MRS. HART IS BORED.

MR. HART

And then I said, what if we orient the forms horizontally instead of vertically? We would use twice the paper, and bill twice the cost.

VISION

You are a pioneer, truly. And the larger purpose of the forms is...?

MR. HART

To analyze our input and output. You're awfully dense, aren't you Vision?

THE AUDIENCE LAUGHS.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

MEANWHILE IN THE KITCHEN, WANDA IS HURRYING AGNES IN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR. SHE'S BROUGHT HEAPS OF FOOD.

WANDA

Agnes, you're a life saver!

AGNES

What kind of housewife would I be if I didn't have a gourmet meal for four just lying about the place? Not that Ralph ever wants to eat anything other than baked beans. That explains a lot about his personal appeal, mind you.

AGNES DROPS A TRAY WHICH CAUSES A LOUD "BANG."

AGNES

Oh my!

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

ON THE SOUND, MRS. HART STANDS AND MOVES TOWARD THE KITCHEN.

MRS. HART

Do you think Wanda needs help in the kitchen? We haven't any tidbits or tartlettes out here. Nary a pig in a blanket!

VISION JUMPS UP AND STEPS IN MRS. HART'S WAY.

VISION

(LOUDLY) That's so kind of you, Mrs. Hart, but I'm certain she's perfectly fine in there!

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

WANDA HEARS THIS AND KNOWS SHE HAS TO GET MOVING.

WANDA

Thank you, Agnes, I think I've got it covered from here--

AGNES

Are you sure, dear? Many hands make light work. And many mouths make good gossip!

WANDA

Oh you're naughty!

AGNES

Shall I just pre-heat the oven?

WANDA

That won't be necessary--

THROUGH THE FOLLOWING, WANDA IS PUSHING HER OUT:

AGNES

Alright well, I know you're in a pinch so this menu can be done in a snap: Lobster Thermidor and mini-mincemeat turnovers to start, Chicken a la King with twice-cooked new potatoes for your second course, and Steak Diane with mint jelly as your main. Do you set your own jellies, dear?

WANDA

...Yes?

AGNES

Good girl. Recipe cards are on the counter there. *Bon appetit!*

FINALLY AGNES IS OUT THE DOOR. WANDA LOOKS AT THE FOOD. SHE RAISES HER HANDS AND SETS EVERYTHING INTO MOTION--

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

VISION AND THE HARTS HEAR A GREAT COMMOTION FROM THE KITCHEN.

MRS. HART

You men stay put. I sense a domestic emergency!

VISION

(URGENT) Mrs. Hart, if you please--

IT'S TOO LATE-- MRS. HART REACHES THE PASS-THROUGH WINDOW AND OPENS THE BLINDS. BUT BEFORE SHE CAN SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE KITCHEN, VISION - OUT OF DESPERATION - BEGINS TO SING!

VISION

*TAKE OUT THE PAPERS AND THE TRASH!
OR YOU DON'T GET NO SPENDING CASH!*

THE HARTS ARE SHOCKED. SO IS VISION. HE IS AS WOODEN AS YOU'D IMAGINE. BUT HE SUCCEEDS IN STEALING THE HARTS' ATTENTION AWAY FROM WHAT'S HAPPENING JUST BEHIND THEM IN THE KITCHEN.

WITH THE BLINDS OPEN, WE SEE THAT WANDA HAD SET BOWLS TO MIXING AND KNIVES TO CHOPPING, ALL OF THEIR OWN ACCORD. SHE STANDS FROZEN IN THE CENTER OF THE STORM, LIKE A DEER IN HEADLIGHTS. VISION MAKES PAINED EYE CONTACT WITH HER.

VISION

*IF YOU DON'T SCRUB THAT KITCHEN
FLOOR / YOU AIN'T GONNA ROCK N'
ROLL NO MORE...*

WANDA SLOWLY CREEPS FORWARD AND CLOSES THE BLINDS.

VISION

*YAKETY YAK! (LOW VOICE) DON'T TALK
BACK.*

VISION FINISHES HIS SONG. THE HARTS ARE SILENT.

VISION

*(WEAKLY) Shall we have a sing-song
all together then?*

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

WANDA IS SCRAMBLING TO GET THE MEAL READY AND IT'S NOT GOING WELL. SHE USES A LOW-FI RED FIREBALL FROM HER HANDS TO COOK THE CHICKEN BUT OVERSHOTS THE MARK AND BURNS IT TO A CRISP.

WANDA

Oh no! Too much!

SHE WAVES HER HANDS TO REVERSE THE DAMAGE AND IN A PUFF OF SMOKE SHE NOW HAS A BASKET OF EGGS ON HER COUNTER.

WANDA

Oh no! Not enough!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

VISION PLAYS THE UKULELE WITH MRS. HART SITTING BESIDE HIM.
SHE'S HAVING A BALL.

VISION
OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM...

VISION LEANS INTO MRS. HART WHO HAPPILY TAKES THE NEXT VERSE.

MRS. HART
EE-I-EE-I-O

VISION
AND ON THAT FARM HE HAD A...

VISION LEANS INTO MR. HART. SILENCE.

VISION
PIG.

VISION
EE-I-EE-I-O

MRS. HART
EE-I-EE-I-O

VISION
WITH A...

MRS. HART
OINK, OINK.

VISION
HERE AND A...

MRS. HART
OINK, OINK.

VISION
THERE...

MRS. HART
HERE AN OINK, THERE AN OINK

VISION
EVERYWHERE AN OINK OINK.

MRS. HART
EVERYWHERE AN OINK OINK.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

POTS BUBBLE OVER AND MIXING BOWLS SPILL. WANDA REACHES FOR
THE STACK OF RECIPE CARDS AND FLIPS THROUGH THEM.

WANDA

(FRAZZLED) What do I do next? What was the main course again? Steak, steak, steak...?

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

RIGHT WHEN THEIR SONG ENDS--

WANDA (O.S.)

DIANE!

THE HARTS LOOK TO VISION, CONFUSED. HE STANDS.

VISION

Ah yes. That would be the missus summoning me.

MR. HART

She calls you Diane?

VISION

A little nickname she has for me.
(CALLING OUT) Coming, Fred! (TO THE HARTS) If you'll excuse me...

AS VISION GOES THROUGH THE SWINGING DOOR WE GET A GLIMPSE OF WANDA LEVITATING THE LOBSTERS INTO THEIR POT. WHEN SHE SEES THAT SHE'S EXPOSED, SHE SENDS THE LOBSTERS FLYING OUT THE WINDOW AND THEN PUTS HER HANDS ON HER HIPS, REAL CASUAL-LIKE. SHE WAVES AT THE HARTS. *NOTHING TO SEE HERE!*

MRS. HART

What an unusual couple.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

VISION AND WANDA IN THE KITCHEN.

VISION

How can I be of assistance?

WANDA

The chicken is no longer a chicken
and the lobsters just flew the
coop. The steak is the last man
standing. (READING THE RECIPE) It
says here I could cut down the prep
time with a meat tenderizer.

VISION

That sounds like an excellent plan -
where is the meat tenderizer?

WANDA

I'm looking at him.

THE AUDIENCE LAUGHS. SHE HANDS VISION A MALLET.

MRS. HART (O.S.)

Hoo hoo in there!

MRS. HART STARTS TO OPEN THE PASS-THROUGH BLINDS AGAIN BUT
WANDA THINKS FAST AND SLAMS THE BLINDS CLOSED.

WANDA

Hoo hoo back to you!

VISION LOOKS AT WANDA: "REALLY?" WANDA: "I DON'T KNOW!"

WANDA

(UNTYING HER APRON) Finish the
meat! Find those lobsters! I'll be
right back!

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

WANDA RUSHES THROUGH THE SWINGING DOOR TO JOIN THE HARTS.

WANDA

I hope you're hungry!

MR. HART

Starved is more like it.

MRS. HART

I'm starting to feel a little
woozy.

A THUMP FROM THE KITCHEN. THE HARTS STARTLE.

WANDA

Uh, um... were either of you aware
that married men are killing single
men at an alarming rate?

THE AUDIENCE LAUGHS.

MR. HART

What are you going on about?

ANOTHER THUMP FROM THE KITCHEN.

MR. HART

And what's going on in there?

OUT OF OPTIONS, WANDA STUMBLES DRAMATICALLY, FORCING MR. HART
TO CATCH HER. THE AUDIENCE LAUGHS. THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE
DOOR.

WANDA

Who could that be?

VISION RUSHES OUT OF THE KITCHEN, ACCIDENTALLY PHASING
THROUGH THE SWINGING DOOR. THE HARTS JUST MISS SEEING THIS.
VISION CROSSES TO THE FRONT DOOR, OBSCURING THE HARTS' VIEW
AS WANDA ANSWERS IT. IT'S AGNES, HOLDING A PINEAPPLE.

AGNES

You didn't answer at the back door.
For the upside down cake!

WANDA GRABS THE PINEAPPLE AND SLAMS THE DOOR ON HER.

MR. HART

Who was that?

WANDA
 A salesman.

VISION
 A telegram.

VISION
 A man selling telegrams.

WANDA
 Wouldn't you know it - good news is
 more expensive!

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

VISION
 (SOTTO TO WANDA) I can't find the
 lobsters! And did you want the meat
 tender or pulverized?

WANDA
 Oh dear.

WANDA RUSHES BACK INTO THE KITCHEN.

VISION
 This is going swimmingly. Anyone
 for Parcheesi?

MRS. HART
 My head is spinning!

MR. HART
 Do you hear that? My wife's head is
 spinning and as a rule I don't like
 her head to do that.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

WANDA ENTERS AND SURVEYS THE SCENE. SHE LOOKS AT THE BASKET
 OF EGGS. SHE PICKS UP A WHISK.

WANDA
 Time to improvise...

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

MR. HART IS WORKING HIMSELF INTO A LATHER.

MR. HART

I'm beginning to think you're not management material, Vision, what with all the chaos in your household!

WITH MR. HART BUSY WITH HIS TIRADE, WANDA FLIES THE NOW FULL PLATES - SCRAMBLED EGGS, TOAST, FRUIT SALAD - THROUGH THE PASS-THROUGH WINDOW INTO THE DINING ROOM. WATER AND WINE GLASSES FILL, NAPKINS FOLD THEMSELVES. THE TABLE COMES TOGETHER BEAUTIFULLY.

MR. HART

Now when are we going to eat?!

WANDA

Dinner is served.

THE HARTS TURN AROUND. WANDA IS STANDING NEXT TO THE NOW BEAUTIFULLY SET TABLE. HER HANDS CLASPED BEFORE HER, SHE IS THE PICTURE OF DOMESTIC EXCELLENCE. THE HARTS CAUTIOUSLY TAKE THEIR SEATS. VISION AND WANDA SMILE AT EACH OTHER, SITTING AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE TABLE.

MR. HART

Breakfast for dinner? How very...

WANDA AND VISION HOLD THEIR COLLECTIVE BREATH.

MRS. HART

(PLEASED) European.

VISION RAISES HIS GLASS.

VISION

To my lovely and talented wife.

THEY ALL RAISE THEIR GLASSES TO WANDA. SHE RAISES HERS.

WANDA

To our esteemed guests!

EVERYONE TAKES A SIP. WANDA SHARES A LOOK WITH VISION - THEY MADE IT THROUGH!

WANDA

Please, eat. Before it gets cold.

MRS. HART

(DIGGING IN) So where did you two move from? What brought you here? How long have you been married? And why don't you have children yet?

WANDA OPENS HER MOUTH TO RESPOND BUT DISCOVERS THAT SHE CAN'T FIND THE WORDS. SHE LOOKS TO VISION. HE CHUCKLES.

VISION

What Wanda means to say is, we moved from...

WANDA

Yes, we moved from...

VISION

And we were married...

WANDA

Yes, we were married...

WANDA AND VISION REACH FOR ANSWERS BUT FIND NONE.

MR. HART

Well? Moved from where? Married when?

MRS. HART

Patience, Arthur! They're setting up their story. Let them tell it.

WANDA AND VISION SMILE POLITELY BUT THIS IS GETTING AWKWARD.

WANDA

(VACANT) Our story...

MR. HART

What exactly is your story?!

MRS. HART IS UNSETTLED. SHE WANTS TO MOVE OFF OF THIS TOPIC.

MRS. HART

Leave the poor kids alone!

MR. HART

It's a simple enough question - why
did you come here?

NO ANSWER FROM WANDA. NO ANSWER FROM VISION. SILENCE. MR. HART BECOMES LIVID. HE POUNDS THE TABLE WITH HIS FIST.

MR. HART

Dammit! I say, *why did you--*

IT IS THEN THAT MR. HART STARTS CHOKING.

It feels like yet another joke at first. A set up for more physical comedy, as before.

MRS. HART

Oh Arthur! Stop it!

But he doesn't stop. Wanda and Vision watch in horror as Mr. Hart lurches up out of his chair, clutching his throat, and falls behind the table. The camera - unsteady for the first time - has to work to follow the drama unfolding.

Wanda and Vision appear glued to their seats, helpless, as Mr. Hart struggles for his life.

Mrs. Hart shakes her head, clucking to herself.

MRS. HART

Oh, stop it! Oh, stop it...

She shovels food in her mouth as her husband gasps for air on the floor beneath her. Her words become maniacal.

MRS. HART

Stop it, stop it, stop it....

She makes eye contact with Wanda. She's desperate, pleading. Wanda is terrified. She looks at Vision who is staring down at Mr. Hart right beneath him. Wanda fights to say the words--

WANDA

Vision--

Vision looks at his wife.

WANDA

Help him.

Vision springs into action. He falls to the floor and PHASES his hand into Mr. Hart's throat and removes the offending item: a STRAWBERRY. At last Mr. Hart breathes again.

THE AUDIENCE CHEERS. VISION HELPS MR. HART GET TO HIS FEET.

VISION

Steady on there, sir.

MR. AND MRS. HART FOLD RIGHT BACK INTO SITCOM MODE, AS IF NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY HAS HAPPENED. BUT THERE IS AN EDGE OF FEAR TO THEIR BEHAVIOR.

MR. HART

Would you look at the time!

MRS. HART

Yes, we had better be going!

WANDA

Are you both alright?

MRS. HART

We had such a lovely time.

MRS. HART COVERS WANDA'S EYES, IN THE TRADITIONAL SOKOVIAN GREETING.

MRS. HART

This guest is leaving your home!

WANDA

(PLAYING ALONG) Ah yes, thank you for coming!

THE AUDIENCE LAUGHS. MR. HART SHAKES VISION'S HAND.

MR. HART

You impressed me tonight, son.
Let's you and me have a chat first
thing Monday morning. See about
that promotion, eh?

VISION

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

WANDA OPENS THE FRONT DOOR AND WE SEE A LOBSTER ATTACHED TO
IT. THE AUDIENCE HOWLS WITH LAUGHTER. WANDA AND VISION BRACE
FOR THE HARTS' REACTION...

MRS. HART

What a charming door knocker! Well,
goodnight!

MR. AND MRS. HART EXIT. VISION AND WANDA TURN TO EACH OTHER.
THEY COLLAPSE ON THE SOFA, RELIEVED. THE AUDIENCE LAUGHS.

WANDA

We are an unusual couple, you know.

VISION

I don't believe that was ever in
question.

WANDA

What I mean is, we don't have an
anniversary. Or a song. Or even
wedding rings.

VISION

We can remedy that. Today can be
our anniversary.

WANDA

Of what? Surviving our first dinner
party?

VISION

Precisely. And our song could be--

WANDA

"Yakety Yak," naturally.

VISION

(AMUSED) Naturally.

WANDA

And the rings?

VISION

Couldn't you make some for us?

WANDA CONSIDERS THIS. SHE LIFTS A HAND AND WITH GLOWING FINGERTIPS, SHE CREATES TWO GOLD RINGS, ONE FOR EACH OF THEM. THE AUDIENCE "OOOOH'S" AND "AHHHH'S." WANDA AND VISION ADMIRE THEM TOGETHER. THEN VISION CLICKS THE REMOTE AND THEY ARE BATHED IN THE SOFT GLOW OF THE TELEVISION.

VISION

I do. Do you?

WANDA

Yes. I do.

VISION

And they lived happily ever after.

THEME MUSIC SWELLS AS WANDA AND VISION KISS. A HEXAGON FRAMES THEIR FACES. HOLD ON THIS IMAGE AS END CREDITS ROLL.

END OF EPISODE

Beat.

Slowly, we PULL OUT... the music becomes tinny as we move through the curved class of a television screen...

INT. SURVEILLANCE STATION - UNKNOWN

REVEAL that the black and white footage of Wanda and Vision - credits still rolling over their faces - is playing on a monitor situated in some kind of console.

This world is IN COLOR and appears to be PRESENT DAY.

A SYMBOL is visible on the console... a SWORD...

SOMEONE - we can't see who - is sitting at the console taking notes. A REMOTE CONTROL at the ready...

SMASH TO BLACK.