BIG RED

"THE PILOT"

Written by
Jac Schaeffer

*STYLE OF THE EPISODE*
1950s
Multicam
Black & White

BLUE REVISIONS: 11/01/19
REHEARSAL V2: 10/30/19
REHEARSAL: 10/29/19
PRODUCTION WHITE: 09/24/19

Marvel Studios

All rights reserved. Copyright © 2019 MARVEL. No portion of this script may be performed, published, reproduced, sold or distributed by any means, or quoted or published in any medium, including any website, without the prior written consent of Marvel Studios, Inc. Disposal of this script copy does alter any of the restrictions set forth above.
‘Just Married’ is written in script across the bumper of a classic convertible. Tin cans rattle cheerily below.

THEME SONG

OH, AFTER THE MOMENT THEY SAID “I DO” FRESH FROM THE NEWLYWED KISS

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

THEME SONG

THEY MOVED TO THE ‘BURBS TO EMBRACE DOMESTIC BLISS!

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

CAN A MAGICAL WIFE LEAD A TYPICAL LIFE

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

THEME SONG

WITH A HUSBAND 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

WANDAVISION!

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
Hmm?

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 SYNTHEZOID 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.

VISION 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 “OOOOOOh’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 BREAK*

INT. COMMERCIAL KITCHEN - DAY

BURNRT 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 2000. It’s ready when you’re ready.

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 TWO

INT. 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.

11 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 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 OVERSHOOTS 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
SHE’LL BE COMING AROUND THE MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES

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

MRS. HART
SHE’LL BE COMING AROUND THE MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES

VISION
SHE’LL BE COMING AROUND THE MOUNTAIN

VISION LEANS INTO MR. HART. SILENCE.

VISION
SHE’LL BE COMING AROUND THE MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES!

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:

16

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.

17

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.

19 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...

20 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, clutching 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.**