

WANDAVISION

"PREVIOUSLY ON"

Written by

Laura Donney

\*STYLE OF THE EPISODE\*

MARVEL CINEMATIC

SHOOTING SCRIPT: 09/09/20

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.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - SALEM, MASS - 1693/NIGHT

Hands bound with rope. Bare feet shuffling across damp earth. A ragged petticoat dragging in the mud.

We follow behind two CLOAKED FIGURES as they strong-arm a YOUNG WOMAN up to a stake. All the visual cues of a Salem witch burning. And when the witch in question is roughly turned to face us, we see it is **AGATHA** (18, Kathryn Hahn).

She shivers in the night air, her face streaked with tears. Desperate, she appeals to the Cloaked Figures.

AGATHA

Speak to me. I beg of you. What sin have I committed? What have I done to displease you?

Ignoring her, her escorts finish securing her to the stake and join more CLOAKED FIGURES already standing before Agatha.

EVANORA

Agatha Harkness, are you a witch?

Agatha cowers slightly, but then sets her jaw proudly.

AGATHA

Aye. I am a witch.

EVANORA

Yet you have betrayed your covenant.

The figure - **EVANORA** (40s) - removes her hood, as do the others. REVEAL seven women, dressed similarly to Agatha. Now we see that Agatha is bound by magic, glowing threads wrapping her to the stake.

AGATHA

I have not!

EVANORA

You violated our oath of secrecy. You stole knowledge above your age and station. You practiced the darkest of magic.

AGATHA

I know nothing of these crimes, I swear it--

EVANORA

ENOUGH DECEPTION!

Evanora's voice booms through the dark forest. Agatha drops the act. She stops crying, her face now serious. Defiant.

AGATHA

I did not break your rules. They simply bent to my power.

At this confirmation, Evanora signals to the other witches. They bow their heads and begin an INCANTATION.

COVEN

*Unam vitam pro vitis multis...*  
*Mortem prodigio et monstro...*

Agatha starts to panic.

AGATHA

Wait. Do not do this. Please. I--  
I cannot control it. If only you would teach me. Help me.

And then a final, vulnerable appeal directly to Evanora:

AGATHA

Mother?

Now we see it in Evanora's eyes: love. And regret. But they are no match for her resolve. Evanora joins the INCANTATION.

EVANORA & COVEN

*Mortem prodigio et monstro...*  
*Mortem prodigio et monstro...*  
*Mortem prodigio et monstro...*

Now Agatha is truly afraid. She braces--

The witches - all but Evanora - shoot their arms out sending MAGIC BLASTS, each a different color, straight into Agatha. She SCREAMS. She is completely orbbed in the light.

AGATHA

No!

Agatha WRITHES in pain. But she stays upright. Surprised, the witches dig in, summoning more power.

And then-- there is a shift. Almost as a reflex - eyes clenched shut - Agatha leans into the blasts. She pulls the magic into herself. Feeling the turn, the women look to each other - and to Evanora - frightened.

Evanora watches as all the beams contract into Agatha.

In response, Evanora TAKES TO THE AIR. An enormous blast--

EVANORA

*Moriatur!*

But Agatha takes the blast, and remains standing. It does nothing to her. She makes eye contact with Evanora.

AGATHA

Please... I can be good...

EVANORA

No. You cannot.

As Evanora sends her full power at her daughter, a **MAGICAL CROWN** appears on her forehead. Agatha sees it, awed.

But she will not stand down. She returns her attention to the coven, continuing to siphon their power. One by one, they each whither and die.

Agatha looks back to Evanora. She pulls her down out of the sky against her will. Evanora fights but it's futile. Her CROWN disintegrates... and flows toward Agatha.

Drained completely, Evanora crumples on the ground--

And her daughter - Agatha Harkness - now wears her crown.

Quiet in the clearing.

Agatha exhales, trembling. The CROWN dissipates. She realizes she is free from her restraints. She looks down at her hands. The witches' different colored magic whirling in her palms. She looks to their lifeless forms.

Barefoot, she steps down from the stake.

Agatha kneels at Evanora's side. Touches her cheek. But she is unmoving. Killed by her own daughter's unchecked power. Agatha weeps for her mother.

Then her face hardens, her eyes grow cold. She takes her mother's CAMEO and then stands. She launches into the air, flying high over the trees and into the night sky...

SMASH TO:

INT. AGATHA'S BASEMENT - DAY

REVEAL **AGATHA** as she nuzzles **SEÑOR SCRATCHY**, speaking conspiratorially to him with her eyes on Wanda.

AGATHA

She does look shocked to meet the  
real us, doesn't she?

**WANDA**, standing very still, focuses her attention on Agatha's  
face. Beat. Then Agatha CACKLES.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Oh, that's adorable! My thoughts  
are not available to you, toots.  
They never were. So don't go  
giving yourself a migraine.

WANDA

Where are my children?

AGATHA

(imitating her accent)  
*Where are my children?* That accent  
really comes and goes doesn't it.

WANDA

WHERE ARE THEY?

Wanda throws her whole body behind the blast she's mustered.  
But-- NOTHING HAPPENS. Agatha sets Scratchy down.

AGATHA

Your magic's no good here.

Agatha waves a hand and Wanda is LIFTED in the air, her  
wrists MAGICALLY BOUND behind her back. Agatha makes a 'come  
hither' gesture and Wanda's body is FORCED to the center of  
the room. She HOVERS there against her will.

AGATHA

Didn't you notice?

Agatha gestures up at a CARVING above the doorway. We CIRCLE  
AROUND as Agatha points out five more.

AGATHA

Basic protection spell? One on  
each wall? No, nothing? These are  
*Runes*, Wanda. In a given space,  
only the Witch who casts the Runes  
can use her magic. How do you not  
know the fundamentals?

WANDA

Who are you?

AGATHA

Who are you? All those costumes  
and hairstyles. I was so patient,  
waiting for you to reveal your true  
self. I got close with Fake Pietro  
- "Fiektro," if you will--

Wanda realizes, horrified.

WANDA

That was you.

AGATHA

Not *literally* me, just my eyes and  
ears. A *Crystallum* Possession.  
Necromancy was a non-starter since  
your real brother's body is on  
another continent, not to mention  
full of holes. But you're so  
crippled by your own self-doubt  
that you believed it.

Wanda struggles against her restraints. Agatha creeps  
closer, looking greedy. Hungry.

AGATHA

When I sensed this place, the  
afterglow of so many spells cast  
all at once, I couldn't make heads  
or tails of it.

Agatha begins a three-part demonstration. She finds a CICADA  
scuttling by and allows it to skitter into her hand.

AGATHA

*Teneo imperium animi...*

Wanda watches as the cicada begins to move at Agatha's  
bidding. It's uncanny to see an insect behave like this.

AGATHA

Mind Control: a classic. A quick  
incantation plus a feeble psyche  
and you're good to go.

Agatha makes the cicada crawl across Wanda's face.

AGATHA

But thousands of people under your  
thumb, all interacting with each  
other according to complex  
storylines? Well that's something  
special, baby.

Agatha plucks the cicada off Wanda's face.

AGATHA

And of course, there's  
Transmutation. *Reformetur figura...*

The cicada becomes a BIRD. Agatha releases it to circle the room.

AGATHA

Years of study to achieve even the  
smallest convincing illusion. But  
Westview through your lens,  
Wanda...

Agatha SNATCHES the bird back out of the air.

AGATHA

Every little detail in place, right  
down to the crown molding. You're  
even running illusions miles away  
at the edge of town. Magic on  
autopilot. What's your secret,  
sister?

Wanda stays silent, eyeing the bird flapping helplessly in Agatha's hand. Agatha returns it to its insect form, then quickly feeds it to Señor Scratchy. Wanda is repulsed.

AGATHA

Listen. I need you to show me how  
you did this.

WANDA

I didn't do anything, I'm not--

A flash of anger from Agatha. With a flick of her wrist, she quickly BATTERS Wanda back and forth like a rag doll.

Now still again, Wanda keeps her head down. There's something small about her in this space, and she knows it.

AGATHA

I tried to be gentle. To nudge you  
awake from this ridiculous fantasy.  
But you'd rather fall apart than  
face your truth. You've left me no  
choice.

Agatha moves aside and for the first time we notice a MAGIC DOOR behind her.

AGATHA

What was it you said to your not-brother? All you could recall was the *feeling*. You felt empty, alone, endless nothingness.

(beat)

Let's start there.

Agatha plucks a hair from Wanda's head--

AGATHA

We've seen enough fake episodes from your life... *Repete memoriã*.

--and lets the silken thread WAFT toward the door. The magic of the ornate door is thus activated. It TRANSFORMS into an unremarkable APARTMENT DOOR, worn and grimy at the edges. Wanda recognizes it immediately.

AGATHA

It's time to look at some real ones.

Agatha releases Wanda from her restraints and sets her down. Off Wanda's hesitation:

AGATHA

Did you forget who's got your kids stashed in her bewitched basement?

Wanda takes a halting step forward.

AGATHA

That's right. After you, superstar.

The door opens of its own will. PUSH IN AND THROUGH...

INT. APARTMENT - SOKOVIA - 1999 - NIGHT

It's a humble apartment: a tattered couch in the middle, a boxy TV atop a worn dresser. The wallpaper is stained and peeling. A white crocheted tablecloth covers the dining table and a small bed is wedged between it and the kitchen stove.

The room is drab, but clearly loved.

Agatha and Wanda stand together. Wanda is reeling. Agatha has her hands on her hips, mildly annoyed.

AGATHA

Charming. Love the Cold War aesthetic. But why are we here?



The apartment door OPENS. A sharp inhalation from Wanda.  
**OLEK MAXIMOFF** enters, lugging two suitcases in from the cold.

OLEK

*Iryna?*

WANDA

Papa.

**IRYNA MAXIMOFF**, hurries into the living room, wiping her hands on a dish towel. Wanda melts at the sight of her.

WANDA

Mama.

AGATHA

Ok. I get it now.

IRYNA

(subtitle: Sokovian)

*Olek, darling, let me help you.*

The scene continues, Olek and Iryna unaware of their two out-of-time visitors. Iryna places one suitcase onto the couch and pops it open.

CLOSE ON: DVDs and VHSs encased in sleeves. We INSERT on some of the videos and find cover art that is distinctly American ("The Brady Bunch", "Who's The Boss?", "FRIENDS").

Iryna runs her fingers gently across the merchandise.

OLEK

*Don't worry, my love. I'm sure  
 I'll sell every last one tomorrow.*

A **YOUNG PIETRO** (10) runs into this living room.

YOUNG PIETRO

In English, Papa!

WITH WANDA: Upon seeing her brother, she tightens with nostalgia.

WANDA

Pietro.

AGATHA

Loud, isn't he?

Pietro goes to the couch and arranges pillows before securing blankets off a nearby chair. He speaks in broken English.

YOUNG PIETRO  
 You said the only rule of TV night  
 is we try practice our English.

IRYNA  
 We were just making rid of last  
 little bit of Sokovian.

OLEK  
 Where is your sister?

YOUNG PIETRO  
 (at the top of his lungs)  
 WANDA?

AGATHA  
 Really, I mean we're right here.

YOUNG PIETRO  
 WANDA!

Wanda is frozen. Agatha looks at her.

AGATHA  
 That's your cue, lady. You're on.

Agatha PUSHES Wanda forward into the tableau. The CAMERA  
 CIRCLES around the room. When we return to Wanda, she is now  
 her **TEN-YEAR-OLD SELF**.

Olek sees her, smiles, and plants a kiss on her head.

OLEK  
 Now we can begin.

Young Wanda scurries to the couch next to her brother, as  
 Iryna removes TV DINNERS from the oven and brings them over  
 to the table. Olek takes the open suitcase and presents it  
 to the kids, like a jeweler.

OLEK  
 Wanda, you pick.

Wanda searches the options. She looks to her dad.

YOUNG WANDA  
 (subtitle: Sokovian)  
*My pick isn't in here. I want--*

YOUNG PIETRO  
 In English, Wanda.

IRYNA  
 In English, Wanda.

YOUNG PIETRO

We have to get it so when we visit  
to United States, no accent.

YOUNG WANDA

My English is good. I already have  
no accent.

She definitely has an accent.

Olek looks at his goods, concerned. And then:

OLEK

Of course! I forget I have put in  
the special place. For extra safe  
keeping.

Wanda smiles.

Olek goes and removes a FALSE PANEL from the wall. He pulls  
out a stack of JORDACHE JEANS and sets them aside. He  
reaches in further, the upper half of his body disappearing  
into the hole. When he returns, he holds a singular BOX SET.

OLEK

This is your pick, yes?

CLOSE ON: "The Dick Van Dyke Show: Seasons 1-5." Wanda taps  
the "Season 2" cover.

YOUNG WANDA

Season 2, episode 21.

YOUNG PIETRO

Dick Van Dyke, *again?*

OLEK

The Walnut Episode.  
(subtile: Sokovian)  
*Excellent choice.*

Olek starts to set up the TV and video.

IRYNA

Yes, Rob and Laura have for the  
most fun shenanigans.

Iryna goes to the kitchen window and peers out. We see a snow-  
flurried Sokovia. She closes the blinds.

YOUNG PIETRO

What is shenanigan, again? Do we  
have shenanigan?

YOUNG WANDA

Shenanigan is like a problem but  
more silly than scary, but can be a  
little scary.

IRYNA

Like a mischief.

OLEK

But a silly mischief that always  
becomes fine.

The TV comes to life, and we get the familiar images and  
sounds of "The Dick Van Dyke Show." Our family laughs.  
Maybe there's some commentary:

"This part is crazy," "They're just like us." "Can you turn  
it up?" It's quintessential family time.

And then, the moment that changes everything--

They hear the distant WHINE of something falling, falling...  
and then a BOMB tears through the apartment ceiling.

Our scene blows up in smoke and destruction-- an EXPLOSION.

The impact sends Young Wanda and Young Pietro crashing into  
the other side of the apartment, away from their parents.

YOUNG WANDA

*Mama!*

A GAPING HOLE opens up in the center of the apartment--

Olek and Iryna are lost to it--

WITH YOUNG WANDA paralyzed by shock, staring at the spot  
where her parents were but are no longer. But there's no  
time to grieve, the WHINE of another bomb fast approaching--

In a quick flash, Pietro pulls Wanda under the bed, just as  
the second MISSILE tears through the apartment.

UNDER THE BED: Young Wanda and Young Pietro choke on dust.

YOUNG PIETRO

(subtitle: Sokovian)

*Wanda. Are you ok? Wanda. We  
have to get out of here--*

YOUNG WANDA

*We can't.*

Young Pietro follows her gaze to see--

The UNEXPLODED STARK MISSILE, blocking their way out, a RED BLINKING LIGHT flashing back onto their terrified faces.

YOUNG PIETRO  
*Shh. Do you hear that?*

Pietro's right. There are voices nearby.

YOUNG PIETRO  
*Maybe they're here to help.*

YOUNG WANDA  
*Maybe they're the ones who sent it.*

The twins strain to hear, and in the silence we recognize the voices: It's Rob and Laura Petrie, their little TV life somehow uninterrupted by the destruction all around.

WITH YOUNG WANDA as she glimpses a corner of the TV through the wreckage. She steadies at the sight of it.

TIME SLOWS as debris flies past and snow drifts down from the ruptured ceiling. *Tick, tick, tick...* we recognize this rhythm as the one haunting Wanda throughout the series.

She looks back at the TV on its side. In English:

YOUNG WANDA  
By the end of the episode, they  
realize it was all a bad dream.  
None of it was real...

*Tick, tick, tick, tick...*

Young Wanda extends a hand out to the missile.

YOUNG PIETRO  
*Wanda, don't--*

She doesn't listen, keeping her arm outstretched. PUSH IN on her face, pained, focused, curious... the ticking **STOPS**.

Suddenly Young Wanda is PULLED OUT from under the bed.

REVEAL Agatha has yanked her out, and when Wanda emerges, she is her PRESENT DAY AGE once again. Agatha gets in her face.

AGATHA  
Did you stop that bomb?

WANDA  
What?

AGATHA  
You used a Probability Hex.

Agatha watches her closely.

WANDA  
No, I... it just never went off.  
It was defective, but we didn't  
know that. We were trapped.

AGATHA  
For how long?

WANDA  
Two days.

AGATHA  
Mmmm. So much trauma, right?  
Except that you were safe as  
kittens the whole time. What I see  
here is a baby witch with so-so  
instincts and years of therapy  
ahead of her. Doesn't explain your  
recent hijinks. Where'd you get  
the big guns, Wanda?

WANDA  
I don't want to go back there.

AGATHA  
I know you don't but it's good  
medicine, angel. The only way  
forward is back...

REVEAL another door set into the wall of the Sokovia  
Apartment, but this one doesn't belong here. It's  
industrial, rusted, with a spinning metal wheel for a handle.

Wanda looks at Agatha and then walks toward it.

It opens REVEALING...

INT. HYDRA EXPERIMENTATION LAB - DAY

PUSH IN through the door into an observation room ending at a  
two-way mirror. On the other side is a GLASS AIR-LOCK  
CHAMBER. The room is empty save for a PODIUM in the center.

On the podium is the CHITAUURI SCEPTER with the **MIND STONE**.

In the observation room, a senior **HYDRA SCIENTIST** stands over  
a young **TECH** sitting at a bank of monitors.

AGATHA

"Wanda: The Rebellious Years."  
Your reaction to the bombing of  
your civilian apartment building  
was to join an anti-freedom  
terrorist organization?

WANDA

We wanted to change the world.

AGATHA

For the better or worse?  
(off Wanda's look)  
The better. Right. Obviously.

Wanda still doesn't move.

AGATHA

Oh, don't be scared. You already  
lived it once.

PULL BACK from them through the mirror...

INT. MIND STONE CHAMBER - INTERCUT

**HYDRA-ERA WANDA** (20) enters the chamber, wearing lab-issued  
clothes. She's nervous but determined.

TECH

(over intercom)  
For our notes, Ms. Maximoff, can  
you please state your name and  
confirm your status?

WANDA

Wanda Maximoff. Volunteer.

HYDRA SCIENTIST

Begin experimentation.

The Tech - anxious, sweating - hesitates.

HYDRA SCIENTIST

Is there a problem?

TECH

Doctor, with respect: not one  
subject has survived direct contact  
with the Mind Stone. It seems  
reckless to--

Out of patience, the Hydra Scientist leans into the intercom  
himself, presses the button.

WITH HYDRA WANDA, as the harsh directive comes over the intercom speakers.

HYDRA SCIENTIST  
Touch the sample.

Resigned, the Tech collects himself and speaks into a recording device.

TECH  
Beginning experimentation, Case 18.

A beat. Wanda takes a step forward.

HYDRA WANDA  
I should just--

But before Wanda can finish:

The blue gem in the scepter rattles, agitated, and then shoots out from the scepter - on it's own, like a bullet - straight to Wanda.

She defensively puts her arms up. But when she realizes nothing's happened, she relaxes.

The blue gem floats right in front of Wanda's face. She stares at it. And then, on its own, the blue jewel encasement opens, slowly, calculatedly, like a solved puzzle, to reveal:

The true yellow form of the Mind Stone.

Then a MAGIC BLAST. An explosion. Wanda remains standing, unharmed, still looking into the Mind Stone.

At the center stands a lone SILHOUETTE.

A CROWN ON HER HEAD.

And then: the room is suddenly normal again. As though the Mind Stone had never left the scepter. Wanda falls.

HYDRA SCIENTIST  
She's still alive. Get her to isolation, now!

INT. HYDRA HOLDING CELL - LATER

TIGHT ON A CORNER MOUNTED TV as Hydra Wanda sits watching, alone. We hear the muffled comforts of a laugh track.



**ONSCREEN:** *A clip from The Brady Bunch. Cindy plays with her Kitty Karry-All doll. Bobby enters playing a kazoo. A classic scene that offers Wanda a familiar escape.*

INT. HYDRA MONITOR ROOM - INTERCUT

The Hydra Scientist and Tech review the experiment footage.

HYDRA SCIENTIST

It makes no sense.

**MONITOR FOOTAGE:** Wanda standing before the scepter. A SPLICE. And then she's on the ground.

REVEAL Agatha and Present Day Wanda, leaning in and examining the footage too. The splice.

AGATHA

Baby's first edit!

HYDRA SCIENTIST

What happened in there?

INT. HYDRA HOLDING CELL - INTERCUT

Back with Hydra Wanda. She walks slowly up to the TV. It SHUTS OFF. REVEAL Agatha and Present Day Wanda in the reflection, standing in the holding cell now too.

AGATHA

Little orphan Wanda got up close and personal with an Infinity Stone that amplified what would otherwise have died on the vine. You got lucky, kid.

WANDA

Lucky? I had no idea what I would become.

Hydra Wanda's head turns sharply to listen:

HYDRA SCIENTIST (O.S.)

I want to get the brother in immediately. If the stone kills him, well, that's why twins come in a set.

AGATHA

I do like him.

Agatha moves to Present Day Wanda, her eyes glittering.

AGATHA

I bet Pietro survived because of you. You protected him. Not for long though, am I right? But long enough to get some powers out of the deal. Thanks, sis!

Another DOOR appears. It's sleek and sophisticated, modern. There's a built-in entry SCANNER.

AGATHA

The broken pieces of you are adding up, buttercup. I have a theory but I need more...

Wanda recognizes the door. The door clicks, unlocking...

INT. AVENGERS COMPOUND/WANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Avengers compound from *Civil War*. It's the middle of the night. Past Wanda sits on her bed, unable to sleep.

AGATHA

What is this, a dorm room?

WANDA

The Avengers Compound. The first home Vision and I ever shared.

Wanda watches her Past Self fiddle with a REMOTE CONTROL, her eyes glued to the TV. She looks exhausted, strung out.

WANDA (CONT'D)

Pietro was dead. I was in a new country. I was all alone.

We hear a CREAK, like a floor board, or a Vibranium body.

PAST WANDA

Vision?

Vision PHASES into the room, a little caught.

VISION

I apologize. I don't mean to interrupt.

WANDA

You don't?

VISION

Well, I suppose, yes, I did intend to come in here.

WANDA

And now?

VISION

Whatever is your preference.

Wanda nods and Vision joins her. They watch together for a moment. We hear a CLANG from the TV followed by AUDIENCE LAUGHTER. Neither Wanda nor Vision laugh.

VISION

(re: the show)

Is it funny because of the grievous injury the man must have suffered when taking the pan out of the oven bare-handed?

WANDA

It's funny because he was too distracted by his ex-girlfriend's new boyfriend to remember the oven mitts.

VISION

Ah.

WANDA

And he's not really injured.

VISION

How can you be certain?

WANDA

It's not that kind of show.

Vision takes in the piles of neatly stacked DVDs surrounding Wanda. He looks at her forlorn profile. Then, gently:

VISION

Wanda. I don't presume to know what you're feeling, but I would like to know. Should you want to tell me. Should that be of some comfort to you.

WANDA

What makes you think talking about it will bring me comfort?

VISION

I read that--

WANDA

The only thing that would bring me comfort is seeing him again.

Vision takes this in stride and, out of respect, doesn't respond. Wanda quickly regrets her harshness.

WANDA

I'm sorry. I'm so tired. It's like this wave washing over me, again and again. It knocks me down and when I try to stand it comes for me again. I can't take it. It's going to drown me.

VISION

No, it won't.

WANDA

How do you know?

VISION

Because it's not all sorrow.

She looks at him. He tries to explain.

VISION

I have always been alone. I don't feel that lack; I've known nothing else. I have never experienced loss because I have never had a loved one to lose. And what is grief if not love persevering.

Wanda takes this in. The love. She exhales, comforted. She turns back to the television, he does the same.

They sit together, bathed in the glow. Then something on the screen makes Vision laugh. An unexpected chuckle.

VISION

Pardon me.

WANDA

No, it was funny.

VISION

It was, wasn't it?

She smiles. Then she takes his hand, their fingers intertwined. The first touch. A beginning.

Present Day Wanda is jolted out of the moment with Vision, the memory lost to an agitated Agatha.

AGATHA

So to recap: parents dead, brother dead, Vision dead. What happened when he wasn't there to pull you back from the darkness, Wanda?

WANDA

I'm not doing this anymore. I'm done.

AGATHA

Sure! I'll keep your kids, maybe raise them according to the rules of the Old World, see how far I can take them.

Agatha leans in.

AGATHA

Come on, Wanda. You're on the precipice. You're right there...  
*How did you do it?*

Agatha circles Wanda, cueing her for the next memory. Wanda is lulled by her own pain and Agatha's manipulation.

AGATHA

Vision was gone. But you wanted him back...

WANDA

I wanted him back...

BRIGHT LIGHT spills through the dark space. Something clicks for Wanda. She remembers where it all started.

WANDA (CONT'D)

I wanted him back.

Wanda turns, welcoming the newest door: GLASS ATRIUM DOORS. She enters, we PUSH IN...

INT. S.W.O.R.D. COMPLEX/LOBBY - POST THE UN-BLIP

We recognize this location from Episode 104.

Present Day Wanda enters and stops short when Past Wanda crosses her path. Past Wanda storms through the lobby and up to the SECURITY DESK. Present Wanda watches for a beat, Agatha behind her. Then we join the interaction at the desk.

SECURITY GUARD

As you've been told--

WANDA

I know you have him.

SECURITY GUARD

Ms. Maximoff, there's nothing we can do for you in regards to this matter.

WANDA

I'm sick of everyone acting like Tony Stark was the only person we lost. Like he was the only Avenger there ever was. Maybe a few mentions of Natasha, the other flesh and blood hero, but what about Vision? No moving tributes for the synthezoid?

SECURITY GUARD

I'm sorry, but like I said--

WANDA

Please. Please, I don't know what to do. When I came back, he was gone, his body... I know he's here. He deserves a funeral, at least. I deserve it.

The PHONE in front of the Security Guard beeps and blinks.

SECURITY GUARD

(answering)

Yes, sir. Yes, she's still here. Are you sure, sir? Of course.

The Security Guard hangs up, and looks at Wanda.

SECURITY GUARD

Through the doors, down the hall, two lefts and a right--

Wanda is a little confused about what just happened, but she bolts to the door and pulls on the handle. It doesn't budge.

SECURITY GUARD

One moment, I have to buzz you--

But Wanda is over it and BLOWS THE DOOR OPEN.

WANDA

I got it. Thanks.

We recognize this moment, and the following action, from the **SECURITY FOOTAGE** Hayward played in Episode 105.

But this time we are living it.

INT. S.W.O.R.D. COMPLEX/HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Wanda charges through the hallways. Two lefts and a right. She reaches an office and a door opens--

INT. HAYWARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

**HAYWARD** greets her with a smile.

HAYWARD

Wanda Maximoff. It's an honor to meet you. Truly.

WANDA

Who are you?

HAYWARD

Director Tyler Hayward. I understand you're here to see The Vision-- to recover the body, that is. Is that right?

WANDA

I'm his next of kin.

Hayward nods sympathetically. He gestures Wanda towards the glass door in his office.

HAYWARD

Please. There's something you should see.

WANDA

Then you'll give him to me?

HAYWARD

Just have a look.

Wanda assesses the situation. She steps through the door--

INT. S.W.O.R.D. COMPLEX/OBSERVATION DECK - CONTINUOUS

Wanda approaches a huge wall of curved glass separating the balcony and an operation theatre below. She peers down.

**WANDA'S POV:** TECHNICIANS crowd around a table, handling what look like RANDOM METAL PARTS. Others carry power tools and consult a GIANT COMPUTER SCREEN with codes and data. Wanda can't make sense of any of it.

WANDA

What is this? Why are you showing me this?

HAYWARD

Because you asked to see it.

Wanda looks at Hayward. What? What does that mean?

She quickly looks back through the glass, and as if in a new context, sees what she's really looking at.

She recognizes an ARM, a SHOULDER BLADE, a HAND. *His* hand. And then: his face. We see in Wanda a horrifying recognition.

And then we see why: This is Vision.

His disassembled parts loosely aligned, somehow more lifeless than when we last saw him: gray, devoid of color. A TECH drills, sparks fly repairing the forehead destroyed by Thanos.

Wanda can't breathe. She doesn't know what to do, like she's in shock. She bangs on the window with her fist.

WANDA

Stop! Stop it! What are they doing to him?

(to Hayward)

What are you doing to him?

HAYWARD is tense but stays steady. The facts are on his side.

HAYWARD

We're dismantling the most sophisticated sentient weapon ever made.

WANDA

Vision is not a weapon. You can't do this.

HAYWARD

In fact, it is our legal and ethical obligation to--

WANDA

I just want to bury him. That's all I want.

Hayward raises his eyebrows.

HAYWARD

Are you sure?



WANDA

Excuse me?

HAYWARD

From what I understand, your power set is somewhat of a mystery. It's origin... it's potential. I'm sure it's occurred to you that you might be able to bring him back online. Forgive me-- back to *life*.

Wanda stares at Hayward. Hard.

WANDA

That's not why I'm here. That's not what he wanted.

HAYWARD

Okay. Okay. But here's the thing: I cannot allow you to take three billion dollars worth of Vibranium, just to put it in the ground. So the best I can do is let you say goodbye. Here.

Wanda looks down to Vision. Her sadness overwhelms her.

WANDA

He's all I have.

HAYWARD

Well that's just it, Wanda. He isn't yours. He's ours.

Wanda reels at that. In reflex, Wanda **MAGIC**s the window glass and it shatters, spilling down into the operation room.

The technicians take for cover--

Wanda **RED MAGIC** BLASTS herself down into the operation room. Technicians scurry as she approaches the table. **GUARDS** swarm--

Hayward is calm. He leans in, curious.

HAYWARD

Fall back. It's fine. Let her see for herself.

Wanda approaches the slab that holds Vision. She cups his face gently, the **RED SWIRLS** move from her hands to his temple, like we've seen so many times before.

She closes her eyes. We see her strain. And then:

WANDA  
I can't feel you.

She realizes.

WANDA  
I can't feel you.

The closure she wanted, the goodbye she was after: it's not possible. The thing on the table is not Vision. Devastated, she goes. Exactly as she came: alone.

We stay with Hayward for just a beat longer. He surveys the lab, now a mess.

HAYWARD  
Back to work.

EXT. S.W.O.R.D. COMPLEX/PARKING LOT - DAY

Walking to her car, Wanda is a small figure against the looming S.W.O.R.D. complex.

INT. WANDA'S CAR - DAY

Wanda gets in her car. There's an ENVELOPE on the passenger seat. She touches it gently, and makes a decision.

EXT. S.W.O.R.D. COMPLEX - DAY

Wanda's car pulls away from the complex.

INT./EXT. ROAD TRIP OF SORROW - MONTAGE

Generic highways stretch before Wanda. A sign in the distance: *Westview: Next Exit.*

INT./EXT. WESTVIEW CITY LIMITS - DAY

Wanda drives by the "WELCOME TO WESTVIEW" SIGN. It's got the usual details: elevation, population, a town phrase.

"Home: It's Where You Make It"

She drives into town...

EXT. WESTVIEW TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Westview Town Square, albeit 2019. Less shiny and new. It's the "before" picture we haven't yet seen.

We start to see familiar faces: people we know from *WandaVision*, but in their Real Lives, as their Real Selves...

When Wanda stops her car at a crosswalk, **MR. & MRS. HART** pass in front of her car, arm in arm, smiling warmly at each other. Nearby, **HERB** locks up his Electronics Store, waves to the **KIDS** running past. **DOTTIE** and **JONES** sit in the gazebo.

Wanda can't take it; these small happinesses are too much.

EXT. WANDA AND VISION'S CUL DE SAC - DAY

Wanda enters a cul de sac and drives up to the spot we've come to know as her house. But there is no structure there, only a half-completed foundation.

EXT. WANDA AND VISION'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wanda parks and gets out. She stands before the plot of land, and looks at the ENVELOPE in her hand. She opens it.

CLOSE ON: a construction site overview of the units of this development. One plot is circled. Then handwriting...

**"To grow old in. Love, V"**

Wanda looks up from the 2-D image on the page, and there it is. The real thing. Just a half-built foundation. Empty.

She walks through what would have been the front door.

Wanda has never felt so alone. Tears stream down her cheeks. We hear the familiar *tick tick ticking* of a bomb. Something inside Wanda breaks. And then...

BOOM.

A huge Chaos Magic explosion bursts out from Wanda, an expression of CREATION we've never seen. Like the splitting of an atom...

The magic ripples out from Wanda and forms the 1950s *WandaVision* living room. The rest of the house builds and falls into place around her, and then...

Her magic spills outward, rewriting her car, the other homes, the shops and marquees in the Town Square...

BACK WITH WANDA. Something different is happening now. The magic PEELS off of her, separating from her, shifting and coalescing into... **VISION.**

Suddenly, he stands right in front of Wanda. In his 1950s wardrobe. In black and white. The chaos settles around them. He smiles at her.

VISION

Wanda.

Wanda's breath catches in her throat. Now she's in her 1950s look as well. She steps toward him, reaching for him.

VISION

What should we watch tonight?

And just like that, Wanda's Hex is born. They nestle happily on the couch. They kiss. And as they pull apart...

**REVEAL PRESENT DAY WANDA STANDING BEHIND THEM IN COLOR.**

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that this is a set. WORK LIGHTS and CAMERAS on the edges. An empty STUDIO AUDIENCE. Wanda staggers back at the falseness of the world around her.

The couch is empty. Vision is gone. Then Wanda hears CLAPPING. She spins around to see--

Agatha sits alone in the audience, her eyes alight.

AGATHA

Bravo. I see it all now.

Agatha VANISHES into swirling black smoke. In a panic, Wanda runs to a STAGE DOOR, pushes it open, light spills in--

EXT. CUL DE SAC - DAY

Wanda bursts out of Agatha's front door, the sunlight temporarily blinding and disorienting her.

ON WANDA'S FACE as the image before her comes into focus.

**TOMMY** and **BILLY** stand in the cul de sac, terrified. Wanda takes a lurching step toward them but they wince. It is then she sees the glowing GARROTES around their necks.

Agatha stands over the boys, wearing her full character look.

AGATHA

I know what you are.

BILLY

Mom?

WANDA

It's ok, baby.

AGATHA

You have no idea how dangerous you are. You're supposed to be a myth. A being capable of spontaneous creation, and here you are, using it to make breakfast for dinner.

WANDA

Let go of my children.

AGATHA

Oh yes, your children, Vision, this life you made - this is Chaos Magic Wanda. And that makes you the Scarlet Witch.

Off Wanda's face we:

**END EPISODE**

POST CREDITS TAGEXT. S.W.O.R.D. RIDGE BASE - SIMULTANEOUS - DAY

The Red Hex looms above the Ridge Base. **AGENT DEMARCO** approaches Hayward.

AGENT DEMARCO  
Sir, the team is ready for launch.

HAYWARD  
After 5 years, it's about time.

Hayward and DeMarco walk toward the Barn. They enter.

INT. S.W.O.R.D. RIDGE BASE/LAB - CONTINUOUS

Hayward and DeMarco walk past equipment and TECHS.

HAYWARD  
We pulled this thing apart and put it back together again a million times. We tried every type of power supply under to the sun.

They land, looking at something on a table in front of them. It's the GLITCHING DRONE from Ep. 105, now encased in glass.

HAYWARD  
When all he needed was little juice direct from the source: Wanda's Mind Stone energy.

CABLES run from the drone to another, larger glass case...

REVEAL WHITE VISION.

He stands upright, all his pieces put back together again.

Hayward gives a signal to the Scientist. They flip a switch and White Vision's eyes open. Illuminated ice blue.

HAYWARD  
Who do you work for?

WHITE VISION  
Director Hayward of S.W.O.R.D.

HAYWARD  
And what is your objective?

WHITE VISION  
Neutralize Wanda Maximoff and  
destroy the entity known as Vision.

Hayward nods. A beat.

Then White Vision SMASHES the glass enclosure - Hayward steps back - shards rain down. Then Vision BULLETS out of the barn, and FLIES into the distance.

Hayward glances at a bank of monitors, a PAUSED IMAGE of Wanda on *WandaVision*. Hayward addresses her image:

HAYWARD  
You wanted him.  
(beat)  
He is all yours.

**END OF POST CREDITS TAG**