

Doctor Strange:
Multiverse of Madness

Written by

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This is a fan re-write script

<http://www.deansagemedia.com>

Over black, we hear footsteps running down a wet surface, panting.

FADE IN:

INT. INDUSTRIAL TUNNEL – EARTH 121 – DAY

AMERICA CHAVEZ (19) runs down a wet, slimy tunnel, blood on her forehead, clutching her left hand inside her denim jacket. Her eyes are wide with terror in the ancient dull lights, like a WWII bunker.

There's a T junction, she slams into the wall trying to take the turn too quickly and nearly loses her feet in the muck and the wet.

She comes up short, it's a dead end, a large hatch as wide as the tunnel is sealed shut.

America tries to turn the crank, but it's so old she rips the wheel right off the hatch.

America turns back the way she came to see Defender Strange tumble past and slam into the junction. Bloodied, his shoulder pops as he tumbles, the CRACK of bones when he hits the wall.

Slithering a junction from where Defender Strange just tumbled, ribbons of the demon CYTTORAK try to claw their way along the slimy ground, trying to find purchase, other searching for Defender Strange and the slightly hidden America.

America kicks at the air, and a glimmer of blue energy meets her foot, giving it resistance, but then it fizzles out and her foot falls.

Defender Strange is one his feet, limping to America. This is not our Strange, he has a pony-tail and no beard!

He moves his broken hands, fingers now at an odd angle, and magical energy forms a circular spell, taking the place of the missing hatch wheel.

Agonizingly slow he begins to turn it, the hatch CREAKS and GROANS as the metal innards come to life once more.

Cyttorak slithers his way around a corner, heading for the junction, his face a hollow ball of red energy burning like the fires of the inferno within the vaguely head like shape of the bands that comprise his body.

Cyttorak ROARS with fury as it forces its mass around a corner, bands of its flesh flying outward to grip whatever it can in the compact tunnel to pull itself along.

All over its banded body glow red runes, the demon seems to quiver with the energy, scraping its head across the surface of the tunnel, ripping the bands around its face open, bleeding fiery drips down onto the wet tunnel floor where each lands with a SIZZLE and HISS of steam.

AMERICA

Come on!

DEFENDER STRANGE

Cyttorak shouldn't be able to manifest...

(grimacing)

Come on you damn thing!

Strange manages to crank the metal guts all the way open. The hatch unlocks and moves a fraction toward them, opening a bare inch.

Cyttorak's SLUGGING sounds are louder, the glow of its face illuminating the near darkness, making the wall of the junction brighter each passing second.

Defender Strange tries to grip the door but it doesn't budge an inch.

AMERICA

I got it.

Defender Strange looks at the little girl, doubt written on his face, until he notices the metal wheel in her hand that she drops to the tunnel floor with a THUD.

America tugs at the huge door, wrenching it open in short bursts that GRIND the ancient hinges. Her left hand is burned with hints of charring, she grimaces through the pain.

Defender Strange turns and produces magic shields as Cyttorak's bands writhe around the corner, flailing at him. Their edges are as sharp as blades, and it slices across his shoulder, staggering him.

The demon's face begins to breach the junction, and a single eye peeks, around the corner, its hot fire burning at Defender Strange, GROANS of metal continue behind Defender Strange.

More bands strike at Defender Strange, bringing him to his knees, but America has the door open just wide enough.

She dashes backward to grab Defender Strange and drag him through the open hatch just as Cyttorak heaves his bleeding face into the junction, ROARING with frustration as America heaves the big hatch closed.

Cyttorak slams into the door from the other side, denting the metal, bands gripping at the wheel.

America strains to lock it again, but she's fighting the molten heat of Cyttorak from the other side as well as the twisted metal of the mechanism now visible, GRINDING against the sides of the hatch, sparks leaping at irregular intervals.

AMERICA (cont'd)

Help me!

Defender Strange can barely stand as he struggles up the wall, formally pristine clothes mired in muck, his face a bloody mess. His shoulder is set at a horrid angle, and his breath is raspy, a cough revealing blood on his lips.

He stares at America as she fights to hold the door shut.

DEFENDER STRANGE

(sotto)

There's no other way.

Defender Strange conjures magic that creates a barrier between America and the door, Cyttorak still heating the metal of the hatch, bands reaching through the gap as the metal glows a dull red.

AMERICA

What are you doing?

DEFENDER STRANGE

She can't have your power.

AMERICA

Who can't? Who is doing this?

DEFENDER STRANGE

The witch.

America recoils as Strange lashes her with magical versions of Cyttorak's bands.

He pulls her toward him, his hand already conjuring a magical scalpel.

AMERICA

Stop! Please don't do this!

Defender Strange begins to cut open America's essence, her astral form struggling along with her physical form. As Strange cuts her magically, a blue-white energy begins to leak from America's astral form, still writhing in and out of her physical body, both in extreme pain so intense America can't even make a sound beyond a low GROAN, body convulsing so tightly she can't even draw breath. Her eyes begin to bulge and her face turns purple.

Cyttorak's bands wrench the door off its hinges and the metal glows orange and becomes molten sludge to reveal the full fury of the demon's face, fire pouring down on Defender Strange's barrier. It fizzles under the assault.

America struggles and SCREAMS, finally getting air into her lungs, but her body continues to contort, her hands balling into fists so tight little rivulets of blood run down her fingers.

Suddenly light emanates from her astral body, blasting apart the magical Bands of Cyttorak, causing the creature behind her to roil with pain, and throwing Defender Strange back...

...to slam into his already dislocated shoulder, bone breaking through the sleeve of his tunic. He haggard and barely conscious.

Freed, America staggers, her astral form trying to re-integrate with her physical.

Defender Strange crawls toward her, unable to move but one hand, and he's still trying to attack her, more Bands of Cyttorak flying from his finger tips.

America blocks them this time, swinging her fists as they glow with blue-energy.

Cyttorak breaks down the barrier Defender Strange created.

America runs over Defender Strange's prone body and kicks her foot into the air.

This time the blue energy expands to form a crack in reality, vaguely star shaped, but it is crumbling fast. America dives through head first, nearly losing her foot as the portal slams closed, reality slowly rippling with the remnants of the energy.

Cyttorak ROARS again, it's bands reaching for Defender Strange but stopping short, the red runes on its skin glowing brightly.

Cyttorak rages against being held, the heat in its hollow face intensifying, blackening the left side of Defender Strange's face and arm as Defender Strange recoils from the inferno.

Cyttorak begins to crack open, red energy pouring out of the bands as human hands, fingers nearly black but palm a pure white, wrench through the molten face of the demon, reality ripping as the SCARLET WITCH claws her way through the beast into this reality.

Limbs contorting to allow her to pass through cracks too small to seemingly allow this to happen. The limp body of Cyttorak still glows brightly with her runes bathing the tunnel in unsettling light.

As she rights herself, spine and neck CRACKING and POPPING, her body unfolding into human form, we see that this is not exactly our Wanda.

She wears the crown of the Scarlet Witch over long, dark-red, straight hair. Her outfit is reminiscent to what we remember. The elbow length fingerless gloves have been replaced full sleeves that reach join her scratched and marred bodice, as though she'd crawled through many similar holes, each time scuffing her suit. The half-skirt she wears is frayed at the edges.

SCARLET WITCH

Stephen Strange...well, one of them at least.

She moves to where America kicked a hole in reality and runs red energy over it, lacing out from her blackened fingers as she lovingly caresses the air, her red tendrils longing to find a way through, but they dissipate.

She clenches that one hand into a tight fist, red energy piercing out of the crevices of her hand.

She turns to Defender Strange and crouches down, wiping blood away from his eyes, considering it on her fingers as she looks down on the dying man.

DEFENDER STRANGE

We won't let you have her.

SCARLET WITCH

Who? You? Or do you mean your other pitiful copies littered across the multiverse?

She grabs Strange's chin roughly, prying his head up at a painful angle.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

You just tried to carve the magic out of a living, screaming woman, *Doctor*.

(beat)

Remind me, which part of your oaths allow that?

Scarlet Witch rises and kicks at the dead bands of Cyttorak and shakes her head.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

Do you know how much effort it takes to conjure a multi-dimensional being?

She eyes Strange over her shoulder.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

Not just steal its powers for a few seconds, but actually conjure it, bring it to you? I'll need to find something less...perishable.

DEFENDER STRANGE

You're not as powerful as you think.

Scarlet Witch smiles broadly at him, moving her fingers, red energy contorting his limbs. They SNAP and BREAK as Defender Strange GRUNTS into the air, a twisted marionette that she causes to hover right in front of her, Defender Strange's head lolling to the side without the energy to lift it.

SCARLET WITCH

The thief actually believed Tony Stark was the dangerous one. Something she share with you Stranges
(in his ear)

You beg, borrow, and steal a tiny sliver of power and think you rule the cosmos. Everything you could conjure is but a fraction of what I am.

Scarlet Witch moves Defender Strange's limp head back and forth with her hand, like a doll.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

I can be reasonable. I can show mercy. All you have to do is take me to the Illuminati and I'll forget that girl exists.

DEFENDER STRANGE

Who?

Scarlet Witch rolls her eyes, letting Defender Strange's face go.

SCARLET WITCH

Too bad. You reminded me of the thief. She knew what it was to make an impossible choice. To kill love in order to save a multitude.

(grins)

Goodbye Steven Strange, hopefully some demon like Mephisto will enjoy playing with my broken toys.

Scarlet Witch gathers red energy in her hand and drops it on the ground.

It splashes down, singing the wet floor and begins to spread like a wildfire, catching Cyttorak's dead bands and immolating them.

The fire spreads to Defender Strange, licking up his feet and then starting to take his legs.

DEFENDER STRANGE

They'll know you're coming!

SCARLET WITCH

(laughs)

It won't make a difference.

Defender strange moves his limp, broken fingers and sends a pulse off into the aether as he head cranes back, his SCREAM cut short as the fire consumes his chest, only pain and fear remaining in his eyes before they immolate and he falls to the floor as ash.

CRASH TO: Main Title

INT. STEPHEN'S BEDROOM - EARTH 199999 - DAY

STEPHEN, our Stephen, snaps out of sleep, sweat soaked face, clutching his head.

DEFENDER STRANGE (V.O.)

She's coming!

Stephen shakes his head and braces himself against the bed with his left hand, his breath heavy. His right hand wiggles of its own accord, the scars of their shattered history visible as he runs his fingers through his messy bed-head.

A sling-ring portal opens into his bedroom and WONG steps through ready to attack, then sees Stephen still in bed.

WONG

You're still in bed? I heard your voice.

Wong gathers himself up, hands behind his back, the Sorcerer Supreme in his bearing.

WONG (cont'd)

Don't just lay there. You run the New York Sanctum, you can't just lie in bed all day!

Stephen smirks and swings his legs out of bed, standing on his bare feet and stretching with POPS and a little groan, the scars from his accident are still etched on his bare arms and torso, but none as deep as his hands.

STEPHEN

And good morning to you too, Wong.

WONG

It's customary to bow.

Stephen gives Wong side eye as his phone chirps on his bedside.

Stephen picks it up, ignoring Wong behind him.

WONG (cont'd)

To the Sorcerer Supreme, as a courtesy. You know, for being the Sorcerer Supreme.

Stephen gives Wong a tiny bow of the head, holding up his phone.

STEPHEN

It's also customary not to portal into my bedroom.

(wiggling phone)

Now, if you don't mind, even a Doctor needs a Doctor. I have an appointment with Christine this morning.

Stephen moves off to his bathroom, the sound of the shower starting, steam fogging up the mirror.

Wong hovers close to the door, awkward and still a little out of sorts.

WONG

You heard the voice then?

Stephen shouts over the sound of the shower.

STEPHEN

Yes. I thought it was just a bad dream.

WONG

Sometimes dreams touch other planes. Other realities. Don't dismiss them.

The water turns off and Stephen steps to the sink wrapped in a towel, wiping the mirror so he can look at Wong in the reflection.

STEPHEN

(mocking)

Do we quake and shiver now?

WONG

It was your voice, I was hoping you might know.

STEPHEN

(thoughtfully)

Like I said, it was just a dream. Nightmare really. Dark. Creepy Crawly. It's fading, I don't remember much. Runes maybe. Nothing to worry the Sorcerer Supreme about.

WONG

Just keep your eyes open. And don't go off on your own. You're not the only Sorcerer protecting Earth.

STEPHEN

I promise, O Supreme One, I'll call you if I need you.

Stephen shaves in the mirror, Wong staring for a moment, and then opening a portal and leaving.

Stephen shakes his head at the reflection of the empty room.

EXT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM – EARTH 199999 – DAY

We pull back to see the busy streets of New York City, alive and bustling as people make their way to work, Stephen and his red scarf moving against traffic and dropping down a Subway entrance.

INT. SUBWAY CAR — EARTH 199999 - MOMENTS LATER

Stephen stands in a crowded subway car, checking the time on his broken watch, looking entirely bored with everything around him.

A LITTLE KID grabs his mom's sleeve and points up at Stephen. She brushes his hand away, intent on her tablet in front of her, her clothes saying lawyer or C-suite. She has a briefcase and the kid has a backpack.

Stephen winks at the kid, a twinge of magic from Stephen's hand drops a beautiful marble in the kid's lap.

The marble is filled with what looks like a galaxy slowly spinning inside.

The kid's smile grows wide as he hurriedly slides it into his pocket, his mom none the wiser.

The train stops and Stephen moves to exit the train, sloshed around by people hurriedly pushing through to get on and off the train.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM — EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

Stephen steps aside as the throngs pass him by, bearing the jostles with a strained smile, no one recognizing him as they hurry by.

The train leaves entering into the dark mouth of the tunnel. Just as the last carriage is swallowed, the platform goes completely dark...until there is an eruption of red light, Cyttorak taking up the entire width of the subway platform, hollow face filled with an inferno. It ROARS at Stephen.

Stephen sees the burned husk of Defener Strange staring with red firey eye sockets at him.

Stephen backs away, hits the railing of the stairs and falls to the concrete platform.

As soon as he hits the ground, he's surrounded by people again, BUSINESS MAN (30s) almost tripping over him.

BUSINESS MAN

Watch it!

(to himself)

Lazy bums, like no-one's walking here.

Stephen uses the stair railing to pull himself up, more people descending to the platform to await the next train.

Stephen looks around, a little dazed by the vision.

He tries to shake it off, moving to the side of the stairs to get away from the throngs.

He begins to work a magic spell that looks like a mirror, an image of Wong beginning to form...

Stephen throws the magic away and shakes his head.

STEPHEN

I am Master of the Mystic arts. I can handle a creepy vision.

(looking at watch)

And I'm late.

Stephen shakes his head and moves off, but he looks over his shoulder...

...at the mundane platform.

Stephen takes the stairs two at a time.

INT. WANDA'S BEDROOM — EARTH 199999 - DAY

WANDA, our Wanda, wavy strawberry blond hair, wakes from sleep as BILLY bangs open the door to her bedroom.

BILLY

Mom!

He's wary, still in his pajamas, one bare foot on top of the other.

TOMMY zooms up behind him, punching Billy in the shoulder.

TOMMY

Do you need your mommy?

BILLY

Shut up!

Billy responds by pushing Tommy back with a burst of his blue energy.

WANDA

Boys!

The twins cease their fighting immediately.

WANDA (cont'd)

I've told you two a hundred times...

The boys roll their eyes and recite the mantra in their best bored tween voices.

BOYS

"No powers in the house."

WANDA

Now if I could just get you two to listen to me.

Wanda motions the boys forward.

The boys run and jump in bed with Wanda, a great big cuddle puddle.

INT. WANDA'S KITCHEN — EARTH 199999 — MOMENTS LATER

The boys are at the table, CRUNCHING on cereal as Wanda pours herself coffee, leaning against the counter.

Billy turns back to look at his mom.

BILLY

What was that voice?

Wanda sips and furrows her eyebrows.

WANDA

What voice Billy?

TOMMY

(taunting)

Billy hears voices.

Tommy makes a face at Billy.

WANDA

Tommy, that's enough.

Tommy gazes down at his cereal, scooping another bite, and SLURPING it into his mouth with a scowl.

Wanda squats down beside Billy, her hand on his shoulder.

WANDA (cont'd)

What voice?

BILLY

It was a man. It felt like I knew him. He said "She's coming."

Wanda pats Billy's shoulder.

WANDA

Sometimes, our power allows us to connect with other places, other people. Like you did with dad.

BILLY

When he was stuck outside.

WANDA

Exactly. Your powers are growing. You're going to hear things, see things. But I'm right here. You're safe, here, with me.

TOMMY

You mean stuck!

Tommy zooms away from the table, out the door.

EXT. WANDA'S HOUSE - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

Tommy streaks away from the house, out through the beautiful surrounding apple orchard, but then sharply turns just beyond the limits of the orchard, tracing a hexagonal shape all around the orchard before zooming back into the house.

INT. WANDA'S KITCHEN - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

Tommy zooms back into his seat, shaking the table and sloshing milk and cereal everywhere.

TOMMY

Billy gets to do magic, and all I can do is run around the same stupid trees over and over again.

WANDA

(frustrated)

I'm working on it, Tommy.

(beat)

Just give mommy a little time.

(motioning to the table)

Now, you two get this mess cleaned up. I want school books and bright eyes back here in five minutes.

Tommy sulks as he picks up his half-finished cereal and takes it to the sink.

BILLY

But why do I have to?

WANDA
Because I said so.

Billy sulks to the sink as well, starting to use blue magic to grab the dish towel.

Wanda slaps his magic away with her red magic.

WANDA (cont'd)
No powers in the house!

Billy and Tommy roll their eyes and begin to clean up the mess on the table.

INT. CHRISTINE'S OFFICE - HOSPITAL - EARTH 199999 - DAY

CHRISTINE PALMER sits across from Stephen at her desk, she's head of ER now, and has piles and piles of things nearly covering the entire surface of her desk.

Stephen has to peer through them to see her.

STEPHEN
So, Doc. What's the verdict?

Christine looks up at him with a withering stare, before shuffling the piles around, heaving one of them to the credenza behind her.

A KNOCK KNOCK at the door is followed quickly by a NURSE HOWARD's head popping in.

NURSE HOWARD
Doctor Palmer, you have an 11:30 with the board, and they're going to want to see the latest M&M.

The Nurse nods knowingly at Christine's overflowing desk, before she closes the door behind her.

STEPHEN
Promotion not everything you thought it would be?

CHRISTINE
I triage folders and reports now. At least when *Nurse Ratched* over there finally drags me off the floor.
(delicately)
Do you miss it? The OR? All of this?

Stephen considers the piles for a moment, seriousness seeping into his face, breaking the smiling facade.

STEPHEN

I did.

(beat)

But it's been a long time. And now I
fix broken things in a different way.

Christine nods, and then hands Stephen his chart that she
was going over.

CHRISTINE

Well, Doctor Strange, as you can see,
there's nothing more to be done.
Nothing short of scientific miracle
would make much difference to your
hands, and now that Stark's gone...

They meet eyes, Stephen nods at the loss.

CHRISTINE (cont'd)

But you already knew that. So why do
you keep scheduling these sessions?

STEPHEN

(smirking)

Even a Doctor needs a Doctor.

(beat)

But not for my hands, I solved that
problem years ago. Mind over matter,
Ancient One and all that. Never hurts
to hear a clean bill of health
though.

Christine snatches the chart back from Stephen.

CHRISTINE

(Mock Doctor)

Well, *Doctor*, it does say that you're
getting older, and experiencing aches
and pains associated. Your heart,
liver, all of it is functioning well-

STEPHEN

(winking)

Master of the Mystic arts, remember.

CHRISTINE

(groaning)

All except your ego, which is as big
as it ever was.

(leaning in)

Stephen, you nearly died. I sat by
your bedside and prayed you would
wake up.

(MORE)

CHRISTINE (cont'd)
I'm glad you found a purpose, but I'm worried. You still think you can play god.

Stephen is struck by her words, leaning back, hands gripping the arm rests.

STEPHEN
I don't play god.

CHRISTINE
No? Then why did cracks in reality appear over the Statue of Liberty while multiple Spider-Men fought villains from other realities?

STEPHEN
The insane rants of a megalomaniac with a podcast doesn't mean...
(relenting)
I was just trying to fix...

Stephen trails off, unable to remember exactly why he did what he did.

STEPHEN (cont'd)
Spider-Man needed my help, and I gave it to him. That's what I do. AND I fixed the cracks. The multiverse remains safe, because of me.

Christine picks up the folder the nurse was nodding at and holds it up for Strange to see the title "Morbidity and Mortality."

CHRISTINE
When I make a mistake, there are others to hold me accountable. Can you say the same?

STEPHEN
Wong and the others—

CHRISTINE
Wong didn't face Thanos alone. The others look up to you Stephen, title or no title.

Christine stands up, coming around her desk to lean on the edge of it, looking down at Stephen.

CHRISTINE (cont'd)

I think you come here, Doctor Strange, because I'm the only one who sees through your bluster. I'm the only one who knows how broken you were, still are.

(leaning in)

Stephen, Doctor, its not up to you to fix the world, the multiverse. You can't save every patient. If you try, you'll lose all your patients.

(beat)

You're just one man.

Another KNOCK KNOCK at the door, and Nurse Howard pops her head back in.

NURSE HOWARD

Doctor Palmer, they're waiting on you.

Christine nods to the Nurse, who remains at the door, holding it open expectantly.

Christine reaches back to grab the M&M report, and Stephen catches her arm.

STEPHEN

Christine...

She looks down at him, but is startled by the air opening up, a blue, vaguely star shaped crack emitting a bleeding and burned America Chavez to slam into Christine's filing cabinets.

Christine drops the report and is over the girl in a second, trying to calm the shivering girl down.

CHRISTINE

Relax, just relax, you're okay. I'm here to help.

AMERICA

She's coming.

Stephen, already out of his chair, freezes when he hears those words.

America sees him clearly and shoves Christine away from her.

Stephen catches Christine with one arm, the other twirls his scarf off his neck as it becomes his Cloak of Levitation, his blue sorcerer clothes replacing his street wear.

AMERICA (cont'd)
 (to Stephen)
 Stay away from me!

America tries to go for the door, but Nurse Howard is there, hand up in a calming gesture.

NURSE HOWARD
 Just relax, you look like you're hurt pretty bad. Doctor Strange and Doctor Palmer will help you.

AMERICA
 He tried to kill me.

She glares at Stephen...

...who looks confused as...

Christine casts concerned looks between America and Nurse Howard, and Stephen.

CHRISTINE
 He'll leave. He won't touch you. Just let me help you.

Stephen takes a step forward, but Christine catches him with her forearm.

CHRISTINE (cont'd)
 (to Stephen)
 You don't have to treat every patient.

America doesn't wait for the two of them to figure it out, she wrenches the door off its frame and throws it backward without looking, bolting into the hospital.

Stephen catches the door with a magical barrier and it rebounds backward, falling to the floor with WHAM.

CHRISTINE (cont'd)
 You need to get help, Stephen. She's clearly terrified of you.

STEPHEN
 She has super-human strength, and is currently running loose in your hospital.

Stephen doesn't wait for Christine to reply, he hovers forward and WHOOSHES out the broken door, leaving Nurse Howard crouched down on the threshold, eyes finding Christine.

CHRISTINE

Get a trauma team ready, I need to
make a call.

Nurse Howard rushes through the broken door, and Christine
grabs her cell phone out of her pocket.

She fingers her screen and taps on Wong's face.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

America runs through the hallway, knocking orderlies over
and slamming into carts filled with linens, another with
food.

She is scanning everywhere, trying to find an exit.

She slams through a wide double door and finds herself in
the ER proper, bays of patients with doctors and nurses
flowing around them.

INT. HOSPITAL ER - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

All the movement stops and turns to her.

She freezes.

DOCTOR HERNANDEZ (50s), a Latinx woman with a little bit of
grey in her hair, steps forward, seeing the blood on
America's face.

DOCTOR HERNANDEZ

Do you need help?

She waves to the nurses at the desk beside her, and they
hurriedly begin working the phones, other doctors and nurses
behind her returning to their work.

DOCTOR HERNANDEZ (cont'd)

Hables Espanol? Necesitas Ayuda?

Hearing Spanish snaps America out of her frozen state.

AMERICA

(in Spanish)

Please, please help me. He's after
me.

America staggers and Doctor Hernandez catches her.

DOCTOR HERNANDEZ

Get me a bed, now!

Nurses gather around her, helping her support America toward an empty bed just as Strange bursts through the double doors.

AMERICA
(in Spanish)
It's him!

Doctor Hernandez immediately puts herself between America and Stephen, only to recognize him.

DOCTOR HERNANDEZ
(in Spanish)
Are you sure, girl? He is a good man.

Stephen holds his hands up in surrender, eyeing America carefully, Doctor Hernandez still in between them.

STEPHEN
Doctor Hernandez...Marisol. That girl just tumbled out of a hole in reality and ripped Christine's door off its hinges. I think you should let me handle this.

DOCTOR HERNANDEZ
This girl is scared for her life, Doctor Strange. I think you should let *me*—

There's a RUMBLE, like a giant footstep. It shakes the building, lights flickering, the curtains hanging from the ceiling swaying.

America looks around in fear.

AMERICA
She's found me.

Another RUMBLE, this time closer. America rushes forward, man-handling Doctor Hernandez out of the way.

Stephen acts quickly, opening a portal with his sling ring that leads to the street outside the hospital, America tumbles through it, getting up and looking back at Stephen before running.

Stephen levitates to zoom after her, but Doctor Hernandez grabs his arm.

DOCTOR HERNANDEZ
Stephen. She's scared and hurt. Remember you're a doctor first.

Stephen nods his head and she releases him. He dashes through the portal with speed.

EXT. E. 68TH ST. - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

America rushes down 68th street at a run, but she's stumbling as she does.

The sounds of giant FOOTSTEPS is getting louder.

Stephen zooms ahead of her and lands, forcing America to stumble to a halt.

America is out of breath, holding her burned hand to her chest, blood still on her face and clothes.

STEPHEN

I know you're scared. You came from a different universe, right?

America looks up, another THUD shakes the ground around them.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

I'm not that Stephen, I promise. Let me help you.

AMERICA

That's what he said.

Another THUD, the building beside them shakes so hard that the glass breaks and shatters.

America ducks down, arms trying to shield her from the onslaught.

Stephen steps over her and conjures a shield that diverts the shards raining down on them.

A light pole is knocked over by an invisible monster, tumbling right toward America.

Stephen tries shift his spell...

...but America just punches the light pole with her good hand and it CLATTERS away from her.

Stephen moves in front of America, and she flinches while he walks by.

STEPHEN

Stay behind me.

Stephen works a spell that spreads out like a mist.

It reveals the monstrous form of SHUMA-GORATH as its slithering tentacles SLAM into the street, knocking cars to the side. There are glowing red runes all over Shuma-Gorath's skin.

Another tentacle slams down to the pavement, squashing a stunned on-looker.

Able to see the monster, the crowds begin to run, streaming by Stephen and America as they both try to remain on their feet.

SHUMA-GORATH turns the corner and its hungry eye fixes on Stephen and America.

A giant tentacle snakes toward them...

...which Stephen blocks with a shield, only to be lifted off his feet, thrown backward, his cloak arresting his fall and setting him to the sidewalk.

America staggers back as another tentacle snakes out for her, encircling her, pulling her off her feet.

Stephen conjures a magical buzz saw and throws it at the tentacle, slicing it off and dropping America and the tentacle to the street with a SLAM.

Stephen sends the cloak to snatch America away even as more tentacles lance out at her.

Stephen braces himself as he erects shield after shield, the steady eye of Shuma-Gorath fixed on him while it heaves itself forward, breaking buildings, crushing cars, tentacles reaching into windows and tearing people from safety and squeezing them until they explode in showers of blood.

The silent eye seems to revel in destruction while still pressing forward.

Ring portals open beside Stephen, and Wong and three other sorcerers, SARA, her dark skin and tight short curls one of the, step through, aiding Stephen in defending America.

WONG

I told you to call me.

STEPHEN

I was a little busy.

WONG

Christine told me.

Stephen winces at the name, but the giant tentacle monster takes their attention away.

The three other new sorcerers run forward while Wong and Stephen increase the size of their shields.

The sorcerers launch several attacks, one slicing with a large magical blade, carving off a tentacle...

...another using a web of magic to try and lash several tentacles down...

...Sara darts forward, leveling a devastating attack, a rocket of magic launching from the spell at her hands.

It slams into Shuma-Gorath and burns away at the junction between several tentacles and the central mass that holds the eye.

The limbs fall away.

Sara smiles.

But then the limbs seem to shimmer and are suddenly attached and alive again.

Wong uses magic to pull Sara, back but the other two are ensnared by a tentacle and squeezed into showers of blood.

STEPHEN

See those runes.

WONG

Hard to miss when they're on giant tentacles that are trying to squish you.

STEPHEN

It's not really here, at least not all of it.

WONG

Shuma-Gorath is a multi-dimensional being, its never truly anywhere.

STEPHEN

We need to cut its ties to this plane, shove it back where it came from.

America comes up at Strange's side.

AMERICA

The witch is controlling it, or using it maybe. Those runes were on the other one.

Wong looks over his shoulder, and takes in the broken form of America.

AMERICA (cont'd)

You need to remove them or she'll be able to come through.

Wong and Stephen exchange looks, Wong shrugging his shoulders.

WONG

It's possible, if the witch were powerful enough.

Stephen staggers back as Shuma-Gorath slams more tentacles down at his shield.

STEPHEN

Hold him.

Stephen slams his shield into the street, locking it off against the beast.

Wong staggers at the next assault, several tentacles BASHING against the shield in succession. Sara steps in to help.

WONG

Whatever your going to do, do it fast!

Stephen moves quickly, floating up and over the shield, drawing several magical strings up into the air in front of him. They become rigid, like harpoon heads, and he lets them go.

They strike down at Shuma-Gorath and pierce its tentacles, through runes, causing them to flicker and falter.

Shuma-Gorath's eye goes wide as this happens, stopping his assault on Wong's shield and instead, attacking itself, now helping Stephen to remove the runes.

Stephen recalls his harpoons and studies one of the runes, twisting it and turning it over in three dimensions. With a satisfied nod, he conjures the essence of a worm-like entity that slithers into the rune in front of him...

...and emerges in other runes on Shuma-Gorath's body, eating them away and then jumping to the next.

In short order, the runes are gone, but Shuma-Gorath remains, his eye full of fury now as he looks down on Wong and America.

WONG (cont'd)
You better run.

AMERICA
No. I'm done running.

America moves forward, staring right into Shuma-Gorath's eye.

The beast is still, staring down at her, then its tentacles slice out at her, no longer trying to grab her, just squash her.

America stomps her foot and a star shape portal, whole and well defined emerges in the street in front of her. She dodges the tentacle by rolling to the side...

...the tentacle getting caught in the portal, something pulling on it.

AMERICA (cont'd)
Help push it in!

Stephen understands and sends out his harpoons again, hundreds of them, only this time he aims for the center of Shuma-Gorath, piercing the skin around the eye, as well as the eye itself.

Gore gushes out of Shuma-Gorath's eye and floods down onto the street before oozing over the edge of the portal.

The beast flails violently in pain.

Stephen holds those threads tight as he slams down to the ground, using the momentum to carry the bulk of the beast down toward the portal.

Wong releases the shield. He and Sara use the same spell as Stephen to lance the base of the beast, heaving on the strings along with Stephen, the beast's mass beginning to tip over into the portal.

Shuma-Gorath senses that it is pitching forward, tentacles that were trying to swipe at Stephen, now trying to hold onto buildings to keep from being drug in.

The beast can't stop it, and it's sucked through the portal, its huge mass contorting down smaller and smaller, more gore oozing and popping as the beast is condensed further and further.

The portal closes and the remaining gore oozes over the street where it had been.

Wong and Stephen breath easy, but Stephen sees America kick the air, another portal opening in front of her.

He sends the cloak after her and it grabs her, pulling her away from the portal and binding her.

WONG

What's the meaning of this?

STEPHEN

Let's ask her.

Stephen crosses his arms as he comes up beside a struggling America.

AMERICA

Let me go! If you don't more will come. She won't stop.

STEPHEN

Then you should let us help you.

AMERICA

Not you!

Wong steps in between America and Stephen, pushing Stephen back. Stephen glares at Wong's shoulder, but all his attention is on America.

The portal closes as Wong steps forward.

WONG

I am Wong. I am the Sorcerer Supreme of this Earth. What's your name?

AMERICA

America. America Chavez.

(nodding at Stephen)

Keep him back. He'll try to kill me, just like the other one.

STEPHEN

I'm not going to try and kill you.

AMERICA

You will, or she will.

WONG

She who?

AMERICA

I don't know. Some witch. He just
said 'She can't have your power.'
(popping stitches in
the cloak)
Let me go!

WONG

Strange, release her.

Stephen calls the cloak back to him, inspecting the frayed
stitches that America popped.

STEPHEN

(to Cloak)
We'll get you fixed up.

America stands, clutching her burned hand in her armpit,
breath heavy, eyes lidded.

AMERICA

(faint)
Just keep him away.

America starts to fall, and Wong catches her.

Stephen opens a sling portal to the hospital and Wong
carries America through.

INT. HOSPITAL ER - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

Wong carries America toward the empty bed, Doctor Hernandez
guiding her head down, nurses helping Wong get her gently
into the bed.

Stephen strides through the portal and closes it.

He stands back with Wong as Doctor Hernandez works.

Doctor Hernandez, looks at America's burnt hand, opens her
eyelid and checks her pupils. Nurses wipe blood away,
looking for the wounds but finding few.

In Doctor Hernandez's grasp, America's burned hand is
healing, very slowly, but some of the blackened skin is
returning to healthy.

She sets America's hand back on the bed and allows the rest
of the team to work, stalking back to Stephen and Wong.

DOCTOR HERNANDEZ

She's banged up, but apparently she's
got a few surprises.

Christine bursts through the double doors, taking in Stephen and Wong before standing next to Doctor Hernandez.

DOCTOR HERNANDEZ (cont'd)

(to Stephen)

I think it's best you're not here when she wakes up.

CHRISTINE

Yes, Stephen. I think that's best.

Stephen holds up his hands in surrender and bows, stalking off with Wong in tow.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - EARTH 199999 - MOMENTS LATER

Wong and Stephen stand in the hallway, America's damage being cleaned up.

WONG

You really think another you tried to kill her?

STEPHEN

In an infinite multiverse, is it possible that there's a less agreeable version of myself, yes, I think that would be possible.

WONG

Those weren't just witch's runes.

Stephen leans in as Wong lowers his voice, their foreheads close.

WONG (cont'd)

The Ancient One had many volumes, describing a great many evil magics. But none is quite as evil as the Darkhold.

STEPHEN

The Book of the Damned.

WONG

Because it corrupts and twists any who use it. After Kaecilius...

STEPHEN

After Kaecilius followed the Ancient One's very bad example and used forbidden magic...

WONG

Yes...after that. I thought it best to see what else the library held that might lead to the destruction of the planet.

STEPHEN

And you found one.

WONG

Even drawing the runes could invoke Cthon's presence, but they were described well enough. Someone's opened the Darkhold.

STEPHEN

And 'she' is after that girl.

WONG

It's time you paid that visit to Ms. Maximoff. We may need our own witch.

EXT. WANDA'S ORCHARD - EARTH 199999 - DAY

Stephen is back in his street clothes, same red scarf around his neck, and he is idly walking by a rustic fence, rows of trees beyond it.

He steps onto the long dirt road running through the orchard.

INT. WANDA'S KITCHEN - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

Wanda is standing in front of a white board, a math problem written on it, one hand on her hip, the other held up to her face, clutching a dry erase pen perched on her lip, deep in thought.

TOMMY

If you can't figure it out, then how are we supposed to.

BILLY

I wish dad was here.

Wanda sighs and turns back to her boys, she moves and puts her hands on their shoulders.

WANDA

I wish your dad was--

Wanda goes stiff at the same time Billy does.

BILLY
Someone's here.

WANDA
Stay in the house.

Wanda grips their shoulders hard enough to make them wince, and gets down in their faces.

WANDA (cont'd)
I mean it. You stay in the house. Not a sound. No powers. Like your life depended on it.

Tommy and Billy look back at their mom, real fear on their faces.

Wanda magics two cups of hot coffee into reality and grabs them in her hands.

One more look at the boys.

WANDA (cont'd)
I mean it. Not a sound, and stay away from the windows.

She nods once and then heads out of the kitchen.

EXT. WANDA'S HOUSE - EARTH 199999 - MOMENTS LATER

Wanda strides down the dirt road, smile plastered on her face, two cups of steaming coffee in her hands.

Stephen closes the distance and she offers him the one from her left hand.

WANDA
Well, I knew sooner or later you'd show up.

Stephen nods and accepts the cup of coffee, they walk through the trees a few paces until Wanda stops and pushes some hair out of her eye.

WANDA (cont'd)
I made...mistakes. But I tried to fix them.
(beat)
I'm sorry.

STEPHEN
I'm not here about West View. Well not entirely.

Wanda sips her coffee carefully, studying Stephen's face. He sets his cup down on box of clippings, picking one up to admire it.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

Apples?

WANDA

They will be. I'm figuring it out.

Stephen nods, playing with the clipping.

STEPHEN

I talked to the, the residents. They told me what happened, what was going on in your mind. I'm so sorry, I can't imagine.

WANDA

No. You can't.

Stephen bobs his head, picking at the blossom on the clipping now.

STEPHEN

What do you know about the multiverse?

WANDA

A little.

(folding her arms)

Viz had his theories. He said it was dangerous, that Tony, the others should stay away from it.

(knowing look)

But I think you know that first hand.

Stephen snaps the twig, a tiny bit of red energy leaking out as he does.

Suddenly he's aware of everything around him, eyes scanning the trees, the ground, Wanda.

STEPHEN

I met a girl. Says a Witch is after her. There were runes.

(looking at Wanda)

You wouldn't know anything about runes would you?

Wanda makes her cup disappear in a swirl of red energy and stands tall, despite the height difference with Stephen.

WANDA

Are you here to take me in?

STEPHEN

I'm here to solve a mystery,
involving a witch. One who likes red
runes and inter-dimensional demons.

WANDA

I don't think I can help you. I'm
just trying to live peacefully, far
away from everyone else.

Stephen chuckles and looks around, there isn't anything for miles in any direction beyond the orchard. In fact, at the edges of the orchard, there's stands of trees that are withering and yellowed despite being evergreens.

STEPHEN

Not exactly the kind of place you'd
find an orchard.

WANDA

I think you should go.

STEPHEN

What are you doing Wanda?

Stephen runs his hand over the bark of the tree, whispers of red energy rolling against his skin.

Suddenly, he conjures a magical pulse that rises into the air and speeds out along the ground, outlining Wanda's hex in yellow ripples, surrounding the orchard.

Tommy zooms up beside his mother, Billy in tow. Billy holds blue magic in his hand and Tommy looks ready to rush at Stephen.

Wanda looks fearfully between Stephen and her children, gathering them to her side, putting herself between them and Stephen.

WANDA

I told you boys to stay in the house.

STEPHEN

What have you done?

WANDA

I'm not hurting anyone. We're just
living here, out of the way. You
should go, *now*.

Stephen whips off his scarf and transforms into sorcerer clothes and cloak.

WANDA (cont'd)
Leave me and my boys alone, and
you'll never hear from me again.

STEPHEN
They're not real, Wanda.

Wanda steps forward, angrily pointing at Stephen.

WANDA
Don't say that. Don't you dare say
that. I rescued them! I saved them!

Her anger causes the hex to shift, and Strange sees things as they really are.

The trees are husks, mangled and distorted, rotting where they stand.

The house is a broken down building, long since devastated by war.

And when he looks at Billy and Tommy, he sees two hulking demons with red eyes looking back.

And towering above it all, spinning in the air and surrounded by reality warping emanations, is the Darkhold.

The edges of the orchard are splotchy, bits of reality turning to tar and dripping upward.

He recoils and the happy reality snaps back into place.

STEPHEN
Is that the Darkhold!? Wanda, this
has to end. You're breaking reality
to keep this illusion going.

Stephen uses the same mist spell he did before, but Wanda blocks him, his magic just disappearing.

Before she can step forward, he fires a canon blast off toward where the Darkhold had appeared.

It hits something, and the Darkhold shudders into existence, like it was a boxer shaking off a hit, splotches of the red orchard mixing with the happy dream.

Billy and Tommy fall to their knees like they're the ones who got hit.

Wanda's eyes flash red and she blasts Stephen out of the orchard, back up the dirt road and into the forest beyond.

His cloak catches his momentum and he rises to stare down at the hex materializing in front of him, red and impenetrable. From out of it Wanda emerges, dressed in her Scarlet Witch attire, shoulders bare, elbow length fingerless gloves. Her bodice is untarnished, her suit pristine, and red energy held in her hands.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

You're being corrupted Wanda. That book consumes everyone who touches it.

WANDA

In my grief I created those boys. When I took the hex down, I abandoned them to the margins of reality. I had to rescue them. They're my children.

STEPHEN

Wanda, be reasonable. You must know this is a fantasy. Those aren't children, they're demons. Your children were never real.

WANDA

Yes. They. Were.

(beat)

And I am being reasonable. I'm not erasing you from existence. I'm having a conversation instead of removing your mouth and nose so you can suffocate inside your own skin.

(beat)

Leave and never return.

STEPHEN

Why do you want the girl?

WANDA

I don't know who you're talking about.

(getting in his face)

If you ever come back here again, it won't be Wanda who greets you. It will be the Scarlet Witch.

Wanda waves her hand, Stephen's sling ring activating, opening a portal looking down on New York City.

With a burst of red energy, Wanda pushes Stephen through it and it closes.

Wanda floats back down through the hex, her clothes changing back to normal and she kneels down on the ground with her boys, hugging them.

BILLY
Mom, that was the man. That was the voice I heard.

TOMMY
We're real, Mom, right?

Wanda just hugs her boys, tears in her eyes as she kisses their foreheads.

INT. HOSPITAL ER - EARTH 199999 - MOMENTS LATER

Stephen bursts through the front doors of the ER, pushing past security to get to the floor.

Doctor Hernandez sees him and rolls her eyes.

STEPHEN
Where's Wong?

DOCTOR HERNANDEZ
He stepped out to get something to eat.

STEPHEN
And the girl?

DOCTOR HERNANDEZ
She's right over--

As the pair look back at the bed, America is gone.

Wong comes through the double doors eating a pack of skittles and stops mid-bite seeing the empty bed.

Stephen shakes his head and runs back outside.

EXT. E. 68TH ST. - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

Stephen looks toward the river, and then down 68th St. It's a mess, emergency crews are still working to help people stuck in the destroyed buildings.

Wong hurries up beside him, downing the last of his bag and chewing them hurriedly.

STEPHEN
You were supposed to watch her.

WONG

I got hungry. We fought an inter-dimensional demon. And she was out cold.

STEPHEN

Well, she's not anymore.

Stephen works his hands to make a fine mist of golden dust that settles down onto the sidewalk, picking up America's footprints as she moved down the street.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

And I bet she's hungry too.

Stephen hurries along, Wong in tow, following the dust as it traces America's path.

EXT. MARKET BODEGA - EARTH 199999 - LATER

Strange and Wong follow the footsteps up to the door of a market bodega, signs showing ready prepared food and 'take away.'

They can hear muffled shouts from inside.

INT. MARKET BODEGA - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

America is holding a sandwich in one hand, and pushing back the BODEGA MAN with the other, her mouth is full as she chews hungrily in between shouting.

AMERICA

What you mean
 (chews)
 Pay? Who
 (chews)
 pays for food?

Strange intercedes, looking back at Wong who pats his pocket and shakes his head.

STEPHEN

Apparently, I pay for food.

BODEGA MAN

She hit me.

STEPHEN

You're still standing, so consider yourself lucky.

Stephen shoves two twenties into Bodega Man's chest, grabs two more sandwiches and three waters.

Wong guides a still chewing America through a glowing portal into Central Park.

Strange follows after and the portal closes.

The Bodega Man shrugs and moves to put the cash in his drawer, ringing up the next, impatient customer.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - EARTH 199999 - AFTERNOON

America sits on the ground with Stephen and Wong.

Wong is happily eating his sandwich, at ease. While Stephen looks antsy, his cloak hovering beside him, afraid to touch the ground.

STEPHEN

(to Cloak)

Would you please just get down here.

The cloak dashes away from his hands. When he makes to grab it again, the cloak slaps his hand.

AMERICA

Are all clothes this picky here?

WONG

Nope. Just that one. As for why it picked him...

America laughs along with Wong and Stephen just crosses his arms in front of his chest, sullen.

STEPHEN

Why'd you leave the hospital?

AMERICA

Fist rule of multiversal travel: Find food, you never know when you're going to eat again.

STEPHEN

Steal food you mean.

AMERICA

Food is free in most universes. If I wasn't so drained, I'd have already kicked a portal away from here.

(MORE)

AMERICA (cont'd)
But, third rule of multiversal
travel: Something is always different
in a bad way, though sometimes good.

She points at Stephen's uneaten sandwich.

AMERICA (cont'd)
You gonna eat that?

Stephen passes her the sandwich and she rips the plastic
open and tears off a big piece.

STEPHEN
(to Wong)
I need to talk to you.

America takes another big bite, and Wong nods, leaning
toward America.

WONG
Will you please stay here, for a few
minutes. I will take you to Kamar Taj
next. You must try my dumplings.

America nods and gives them a big thumbs up, thoroughly
ensconced in her eating.

Wong stands and walks a few paces away, but Stephen leans in
to America.

She still looks at him hesitantly.

STEPHEN
(softly)
Whatever you do, don't eat the
dumplings.

America can't help but crack a smile.

Stephen stands and walks away with a little bit of triumph
in his grin.

The afternoon sun is falling on the sheep's meadow of
Central Park, and Wong and Stephen are in the long shadow of
some trees.

The pair of them turn back and watch America from a
distance.

STEPHEN (cont'd)
Wanda has the Darkhold.

Wong takes it in, holding his elbow with one hand,
scratching his chin with the other.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

She's created a new hex, smaller, but this time its powered by the book. Reality is starting to break down. She's conjured two demons and is pretending they're her children.

Wong remains silent, eyes resting on America as she finishes eating and leans back to admire the skyline, the people on the meadow.

Stephen pulls Wong around, their backs to America.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

She has to be stopped. We can't let her risk the multiverse. Look at what she's already done.

WONG

There's more than one Darkhold book, copies of course, but they're all over the multiverse.

STEPHEN

Even if she's not the witch after the girl, we have to stop her.

AMERICA

Count me in.

Both of the men are startled by her sudden appearance.

AMERICA (cont'd)

Second rule of multiversal travel: Listen Closely, your life could depend on it.

STEPHEN

(to Wong)

What do you know about the Scarlet Witch?

EXT. KAMAR TAJ COURTYARD - EARTH 199999 - NIGHT

Wong stalks back and forth in front of rows of Sorcerers, some inhuman like RINTRAH, a green cow-man wearing a loose version of what the other sorcerers are wearing. Sara nods to Wong with a smile as he walks by.

Wong falters for a second, and then regains his composure.

WONG

The Scarlet Witch is the most powerful magic wielder we know of. She is part of the Darkhold prophecy, but we can't trust what we know about it. Cthon is not known to tell the truth.

Stephen stands at the front next to Wong, not joining the others in rows below.

STEPHEN

She can warp reality, even create matter from nothing. But she's still using magic. We can fight magic.

Wong steps in front of Stephen, taking the focus back, giving Stephen a sideways look.

WONG

However, she possesses the Darkhold. They are copies of the spells carved into Cthon's temple at Wundagore, safely somewhere beyond our multiverse.

(beat)

But the copies still imbue their user with Cthon's essence. It empowers as much as it corrupts.

STEPHEN

We have to get the Darkhold away from her if we're going to beat her.

RINTRAH

You said she made her hex impenetrable, how are we going to get in?

STEPHEN

(smiling)

We have a secret weapon.

He nods to America who is casually leaning against the back of the courtyard. She raises her chin in hello to the sorcerers, but stays quiet otherwise.

EXT. WANDA'S ORCHARD - EARTH 199999 - NIGHT

Sorcerers crawl forward, approaching the red hex barrier, keeping low to the ground.

Rintrah motions them forward as he crawls along beside Sara.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

We'll send a strike against her with
enough of us to make it look good.

Twenty sorcerers stalk forward, approaching the Hex barrier.

Working together, they join their spells, trying to separate
the seam of one of the corners of the hex barrier.

STEPHEN (V.O.) (cont'd)

But it's a diversion, we want to draw
her out, away from the Darkhold.

The magic is working, the red light of the ruined orchard
appearing as the Sorcerer's open the hex just a sliver.

INT. KIDS BEDROOM - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

Wanda is tucking Tommy into bed.

TOMMY

I don't need to be tucked in.

Wanda refrains from touching Tommy's covers, rolling her
eyes at the tween.

BILLY

You can tuck me in, Mom.

Wanda turns and happily does so, but they both feel the
breach in the barrier at the same time.

BILLY (cont'd)

Mo--

WANDA

Shh...mommy's going to stay right
here with both of you until you fall
asleep.

She looks at Tommy who has one leg off out of this covers.
The boy pulls it back in and lays down.

She cradles Billy's head, and sings softly to them, a
Sokovaian Lullaby.

EXT. WANDA'S ORCHARD - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

The sorcerers glance around worriedly and open the crack a
sliver more.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

She'll come out to face us, and we'll
retreat through portals, back here to
Kamar Taj.

When they still see no reaction from the Hex, the sorcerers really pour on the magic, opening the sliver wide enough for five to rush through.

The rest know it's a mistake as soon as they do, once inside the hex, the five start to melt, falling down until they are skeletons crawling out of their melted skin and muscles.

Wanda left them their eyes, turning lidless in their sockets, jaws falling off as they silently scream in horror.

They look at each other, at themselves, holding their bony hands up to look at.

Only then do the ligaments and cartilage start to come apart, and the five collapse into piles of bones, skulls still filled with eyes wide with terror.

The eerie notes of Wanda's lullaby float out of the air around the remaining sorcerers, their heads whipping back and forth as the sound seems to be alive, swirling in between them, past them, over them, behind them.

The notes become physical and attack the sorcerers, sticking in their flesh like knives.

They all conjure shields and start forming up around each other, backs together.

A dark cloud seeps out of the crack in the hex, swirling around the sorcerers, darkening the already dark night.

Consumed by the dark cloud, the sorcerers can only see what their shields can illuminate, and that's not much more than a few feet in any direction.

Slimy, black skeletal hands grab a sorcerer's legs, slamming him hard onto his back, his shield winking out as he looks up dazed, the pair of sorcerers on either side of him, looking down with question.

He is pulled away from them. He turns and tries to claw the dirt to stop himself. The pair beside him lower their shields and try to grab his hands.

For a moment, they hold him steady, but then they are suddenly yanked up by their necks, and the man is snatched away just as quickly into the darkness.

Their SCREAMS die away quickly, like falling down a well into the abyss.

Now only twelve, they close ranks, expanding their shield until it covers them like a bubble.

RINTRAH

Stay close, wait until she shows herself. Then we move.

No one sees the astral form of Wanda, full Scarlet Witch regalia, appear in the middle of their formation.

She leans in close to a young man's ear, deep smile on her face.

WANDA

Run.

The young man wavers, drawing Rintrah's attention.

Rintrah sees Wanda's astral form disappear, just as the young man bolts, knocking down several of the sorcerers beside him, the shield over the group breaking down.

The young man and those he knocked down are snatched away by more skeletal forms, this time a spray of blood sticking the broken shield as they skeletons slash at skin.

RINTRAH

Hold! Hold until she comes.

The ground in the middle of them begins to crack open, falling into a rift that opens onto a hell-scape, streets of molten pavement where more of the dark skeletons are trying to climb away from.

Three more tumble into the rift, falling quickly into the molten street, their skin burning and revealing dark skeletons trying to escape the fiery flow.

The demons leap from their aeries above the street and fly toward the opening, just as a grizzled sorcerer loses his footing and pitches forward into the crack.

He SCREAMS until the creatures catch him and feast upon him in mid-air. More rise, coming for the rest.

The remaining eight put a shield down to cover the rift, just as the demons slam against it like birds into a window.

But their diverted attention means that more of them are picked off by darkened skeletons seeming to seep out of the dark cloud like sludge.

First one, and then another, snatched, SCREAMS fading away quickly into silence before sickening CRUNCHES.

The smoke rolls apart as Wanda's astral form strolls through it, the rift in the hex behind her. She lazily throws a bit of red magic at it, and the hole they worked so hard to make is quickly repaired.

WANDA
I told Strange what would happen.

RINTRAH
Pull back, go!

Portals begin to open and Sorcerers start to flee, Rintrah holding a shield facing Wanda's astral form.

Sara stops at Rintrah's shoulder.

SARA
That's just her astral form.

RINTRAH
Keep to the plan!

He shoves Sara through a portal.

With only three sorcerers left, the shield on the rift fizzles and the demon's claw their way out, grabbing and ripping apart the two remaining with Rintrah.

Rintrah steps quickly through the last portal, and it closes, leaving just the dark of the night in its place.

Wanda's astral form strides out over the rift.

It seals itself as she steps across it, but bits of black ink rise up from the seam.

She traces a finger in the air where the portal was, and smiles.

EXT. KAMAR TAJ COURTYARD - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

Rintrah stumbles backward and falls down, Sara trying to help him up.

Stephen is there, pushing his way to Rintrah.

STEPHEN
You were supposed to lead her through. Why did you close it?

RINTRAH

It wasn't her.

SARA

It was her astral form. She's still
in the hex.

Wong comes up to them, the tense eyes of everyone in the courtyard staring into the center where Sara finally helps Rintrah to his feet.

WONG

She shouldn't be able to do that.

As if to challenge his point, Wanda appears in the sky over Kamar Taj, red energy held in her astral hands.

Her eyes settle on Stephen.

WANDA

I warned you, Strange. You've brought
this on yourselves.

Wanda pours down her red energy like pillars of fire, devouring stone and flesh all the same.

Sorcerers run in fear while others close ranks, and begin to raise a shield.

Wong routs those fleeing.

WONG

Together! We must work together.

He ushers them into the closing shield as now near a hundred sorcerers combine their magics to lower a shield over the whole of Kamar Taj.

WONG (cont'd)

The cannons, now!

As Wong shouts, sorcerers pull back canvas tarps that were hiding canons, four of them, mounted at the corners of the courtyard.

They tilt and find range, firing magical projectiles at Wanda's astral form.

They explode into her, knocking her back, but she is undeterred.

Stephen pulls Wong away from the ranks, America looking up at...

...Wanda hurling blast after blast at the shield.

Stephen brings Wong right to America.

STEPHEN

We've got to go now.

WONG

Do you see her? She's doing this and she's not even here.

STEPHEN

Exactly! Her body is unconscious back in the hex. Now's our chance.

AMERICA

I can get you there. You just need to grab that book so all this stops.

Wong considers for a moment, but Wanda makes a successful attack in that moment.

A portion of the shield fails and she darts down, landing with an explosion of red energy that breaks the roof.

She walks by a broken sorcerer as he tries to crawl away and incinerates him with red energy.

The sorcerers are fighting with her hand-to-hand, using staves and magical weapons.

She deflects them with ease, or simply allows them to pass through her astral form, killing as she strides toward Stephen, eyes only for him

Nothing they do can stop her.

STEPHEN

Wong, we have to go now!

WONG

(to America)

Do it.

America smiles and kicks the air to make a portal, its star shape opening just long enough for Stephen, she and Wong to enter before collapsing.

Wanda blasts away ten sorcerers who had closed with her and she considers that portal carefully.

All around her sorcerers stand ready, or collect the wounded, but everyone keeping an eye on her.

Wanda returns her attention to the courtyard, holding out her hands, the roof itself starts to come alive, forming into the shape of the demons pretending to be her sons.

They attack the remaining sorcerers while Wanda travels inside the building.

EXT. WANDA'S HOUSE - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

A star portal emerges in the middle of the hex, and Stephen leads the way, followed by America and finally Wong.

The night is quiet, but the eerie red of the rotten orchard casts the three of them in harsh light.

AMERICA

This is some messed up *bruja* shit right here.

WONG

Shh.

STEPHEN

I'll get the book, Wong watch the house.

Stephen soars up to where the book is hanging and runs a few spells from his fingers over it, grimacing at the result.

He seizes it with his hands, eyes closed...

...and nothing happens.

WANDA (O.S.)

Do you know Master Hamir?

Strange whips around to find Wanda very much awake, wearing her regular clothes, barefoot, hovering right there.

INT. KAMAR TAJ TEA ROOM - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

Master Hamir retreats through the door, shield and weapon ready.

The door behind him slams shut and he spins.

The door now to his back slams shut, and he spins back.

Wanda stands up from right behind him, singeing his shoulder with the lick of her red energy.

When he turns to bring his weapon down on her, she blasts him back, hard into the wooden lattice, breaking it with his body.

Master Hamir staggers to his feet, bloody face, conjuring his shield and weapon again.

Wanda's astral body saunters forward.

EXT. WANDA'S HOUSE - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

Wanda spreads out her red energy and shows Stephen what's happening right that second in Kamar Taj.

In the mist, Master Hamir is trying to hold her astral body back, but he's faltering step by step.

WANDA

You couldn't just leave us alone.

She grabs Stephen by the throat and drives him down, into the ground with shuddering THUNDER.

As she bring her other hand down, filled with red energy about to incinerate him, his cloak pulls him away, the red energy burning a hole in the cloak instead of Stephen.

Wong steps forward, shield and weapon conjured, slashing at Wanda.

Wanda flicks her finger and Wong is ensnared, held fast, floating just above the ground.

WANDA (cont'd)

Maybe if I just kill you two, the rest will leave well enough alone.

STEPHEN

This is a violation of natural order, Wanda. You're breaking the multiverse!

WANDA

You broke the multiverse, Strange! You gave Thanos the time-stone! I had to kill the man I love with my own hands, only to watch him come back to life and be killed again!

STEPHEN

It was the only way, Wanda.

WANDA

The only way, what, Stephen? The only future we won? Or the only future where we won and you stayed alive?

Wanda comes up beside Wong, her bare feet SNAPPING rotted twigs and fallen leaves.

She leans in to Wong's ear.

WANDA (cont'd)

He breaks the rules, and he's a hero. I break the rules, and I become the villain.

(beat)

Does that seem fair to you?

Wong opens his mouth to answer, but Wanda flicks her finger again and Wong disintegrates like dust.

Stephen staggers, tears in his eyes.

STEPHEN

Wanda! No!

WANDA

You feel that, Strange? You feel that black hole in your gut that just opened up, always hungry, never filled. I wish you could live with that like I have. Maybe you would have just left me and my boys alone.

(holding her hand out)

Give me the book, Stephen.

AMERICA

Forget it, *bruja!*

America levels her fists at Wanda and two bursts of blue energy fire out of them, knocking Wanda back.

She lands hard against the ground.

Wanda is on her feet quickly, a roaring inferno barreling straight for Stephen and America.

America pulls Stephen by the cloak, kicking a portal in the air and dragging him through.

The inferno pours through the portal, but it closes before Wanda can rush up to it.

Wanda flees the orchard, running for the house.

INT. KIDS BEDROOM - EARTH 199999 - MOMENTS LATER

Wanda barges into the dark room, and flicks on the lights.

Tommy and Billy's eyes open, blinking.

TOMMY

Mom?

Wanda breaks down in tears and falls the the floor. Her boys come and comfort her.

WANDA

I was worried I'd lost you.

The world pivots, the reality breaking down, we're seeing what Stephen saw, a broken house, walls falling down, and huddled beside Wanda are two hulking demons, but talking with the children's voices.

TOMMY

We're right here, mom.

BILLY

We're never leaving you.

Wanda pats the demonic arms holding her and closes her eyes in tears.

EXT. GAP JUNCTION - DAY

America falls, pulling Stephen down with her, Wanda's inferno racing out of the portal above them.

They crash into a broken walkway floating in the middle of nothing, Stephen keeping America from rolling off the edge into nothingness.

There's a faint glow, and all around them are clouds of luminous particles, like a stellar nursery.

Stephen stands up and pulls the cloak around to look at Wanda's damage. The Cloak tries to hide the hole from Stephen.

STEPHEN

It's okay, we'll...

Stephen trails off, not sure he can comfort the cloak. It's a big hole.

AMERICA

You have quite the relationship with that cloak.

Stephen flicks the cloak around to wear it properly again, still gripping the Darkhold as it radiates energy next to him.

AMERICA (cont'd)

I'm sorry about Wong. I lost...well, lets just say I know what Wanda meant.

STEPHEN

Thank you.
(looking around)
Where are we?

AMERICA

Well, you know the dump at the end of time?

STEPHEN

No.

America stops short, so ready to give a speech that now she can't give.

A severed stone head, a face of the Living Tribunal, eyes still glowing, floats by the walkway.

AMERICA

Well, then what I was about to say won't make any sense.
(quietly)
This is where universes go when they are destroyed.

STEPHEN

What will happen if we don't stop Wanda.

AMERICA

Not just yours. She chased me through five others. If that many universes collide...

STEPHEN

I won't let that happen.

AMERICA

Oh? You're just going to stop her?

Stephen stands tall, holding up the Darkhold.

STEPHEN

I've got her book. Somewhere in here
are the answers.

Stephen starts to open the book...

...America rushes forward.

AMERICA

No!

Stephen looks up confused as a pulse of energy races away
from the book, disturbing the clouds around them.

STEPHEN

What?

AMERICA

Shit, they're coming now.

STEPHEN

Who's coming.

AMERICA

Illuminati.

America starts running down the walkway, and Stephen takes
flight to rush along next to her.

STEPHEN

What's the Illuminati.

AMERICA

Who.

STEPHEN

Who what?

AMERICA

Who's the Illuminati.

Windows of bright light open and emit Ultron Sentries which
fly toward America and Steven.

SENTRY

Halt! You are being detained.

AMERICA

Like hell I am.

America kicks a portal open and runs through, Stephen
zipping along with her.

EXT. BROKEN NYC - EARTH 31393 - NIGHT

America runs into an animated universe, and ducks underneath the broken pieces of a building. The vague outline of the Brooklyn bridge is visible in the distance, though its cables have snapped and its deck long since plunged into the East River.

Strange floats down beside her, wearing his comic accurate yellow gloves, and high collar cloak.

STEPHEN

Are we...animated?

AMERICA

Keep your head down or the Sentinels will hear you.

Stephen stoops down, trying to manage his high collar and frills.

STEPHEN

What's a sentinel?

In answer a search beam leaps out from the street ahead of them, followed by the THUD THUD THUD of a massive humanoid robot, purple and red.

The search beam turns toward Stephen and America, and they hide behind the broken building.

Portal windows open above them, Ultron Sentries emerging through them.

SENTRY

Halt! Fugitive!

The Sentinel turns its head toward the intruders, raising its arm, a tube in place of its palm.

SENTINEL

Halt for identification.

The swarm of smaller robots turn toward the huge robot and a face off of "Halt"s emerge as a chorus, while America kicks a portal open and the pair of them leave.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - EARTH 61112

America and Stephen, back to live action, emerge into the rubble that now makes up Central Park. The buildings all around them are in pieces or half-fallen down.

America leads Strange down into the rubble, picking her way with expert ease, Stephen having to step quickly to catch up.

Eventually they emerge into an abandoned hideout.

America toes open a foot locker and grabs some stored food out, tossing a ration bar to Strange.

AMERICA

Rule number one--

STEPHEN

Find food.

They smile as America tears into her ration bar, Stephen storing his in a magical belt pouch for later.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

So we were in a cartoon, and now we're in the apocalypse? Did the Chitauri win?

AMERICA

Worse. Ultron.

STEPHEN

The crazy Sokovia robot? The one that made Vision.

AMERICA

Ultron made your Vision?

STEPHEN

Who else?

AMERICA

Um, usually Hank Pym.

STEPHEN

The old Ant-Man?

AMERICA

So you have that one, but you don't know what a sentinel is?

STEPHEN

That giant purple robot?

AMERICA

They always look like Magneto to me.

STEPHEN

Who's Magneto?

AMERICA

Wait...You don't have any mutants do you?

STEPHEN

Genetic mutations? There's thousands of them, hundreds of thousands. How does that equal a Magneto?

AMERICA

Trust me, a lot of people ask that question.

STEPHEN

I think my head's going to explode.

AMERICA

Just be happy you didn't puke.

Stephen nods, finding a chair and sitting with a SQUEAK, clutching the Darkhold to his chest like a safety blanket.

STEPHEN

There's no one alive here, is there?

America shakes her head and walks to put the wrapper in a trash can, filled with other similar wrappers.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

Do you live here?

AMERICA

(snorting)

No, tonto, why would I live in a place like this?

STEPHEN

You seem to be very familiar with it.

AMERICA

It confuses the Illuminati sentries. They're some sort of Ultron that worked, at least the way the humans wanted them to. They get real stupid in the cartoon reality, and then I go here where Ultron won, and they get over-whelmed.

(smiling)

Simple. We wait a few hours, and then...

STEPHEN

And then what?

AMERICA

I don't know, *Doctor*. That's where you need to start pitching in.

Stephen smirks at the girl, easing up on the Darkhold, it's radiation seeping into the air around it.

STEPHEN

Can I open this here?

AMERICA

Do you have to?

STEPHEN

The answers to what Wanda is doing are in here. I can't fix it if I don't know what she's done.

AMERICA

I mean, I've never opened *el libro del Diablo* before, so I can't tell you for sure...but it won't attract the Illuminati, at least not like in the Gap Junction.

STEPHEN

Why?

AMERICA

I don't know. Rule fourteen: Don't do multiversal magic in the Gap Junction.

STEPHEN

You're just making those up as you go, aren't you?

AMERICA

How else do rules get made?

Stephen acknowledges the point with a nod.

He stands up as America withdraws onto a cot, pulling her legs under her, reaching behind the cot to pull out a water bottle without looking.

Stephen places the Darkhold on the floor and uses magic to open it up.

The yellow magic he uses is tainted, and turns purple, slowing climbing up toward his hands.

He releases the spell hurriedly, shaking away the tainted magic before it can touch him.

AMERICA (cont'd)

Oh yeah, that's a surprise.

(in Spanish)

Put your hand in the devil's book and then get scared when he reaches out to grab you.

Strange stares down at the open book, not wanting to touch it with his hands or with magic.

He makes due using the toe of his shoe on the metal looking pages.

STEPHEN

It's Book of the Damned.

AMERICA

Perdoneme?

Stephen looks up from the Darkhold, its radiating energy now latching on to his shoe as he tries to kick it off.

STEPHEN

I know French, Latin and Greek, I can understand some Spanish.

(beat)

You keep calling it the Devil's Book. It's the Book of the Damned, there's not just one devil.

AMERICA

Oh, that makes me feel so much better, thank you.

(in Spanish)

Demiurge protect me from this nonsense.

Strange cocks his head at her, and then scans around the room.

Stephen finds a coat hanger in a wardrobe and uses that to turn the pages, squatting on his heels as he studies.

America slides back to rest against the wall.

STEPHEN

Why are you out here, all alone?

AMERICA

Because withes and sorcerers keep trying to kill me.

Stephen looks up from the Darkhold.

STEPHEN

How old are you, sixteen?

AMERICA

I'm nineteen, thank you.

(thinking)

At least I think that's right, does your Earth start at birth or conception. Wait!

(sitting up)

Do you not have birthdays? Is that why you make everyone pay for food?

Stephen laughs, deep, throaty laughter.

America can't help but smile at it.

STEPHEN

We do have birthdays, and it depends on where you live, but most of us start counting when we're born.

(beat)

You didn't answer my question? What are you doing out here, making rules for living alone in the multiverse. Don't you have a family?

AMERICA

What, like you did? You didn't seem so worried about family when that *bruja* was killing all of them.

America recoils instantly, trying to apologize but Strange holds up a hand to stop her.

STEPHEN

I wouldn't trust me either after what you've seen.

Stephen considers the Darkhold again, the pair of them falling silent as Stephen squints at the text on the pages.

He flips the page to the image of the Scarlet Witch and becomes absorbed in it.

America is leaning over his shoulder before he knows she's there.

AMERICA

That her?

STEPHEN

The Scarlet Witch, yeah. But I don't see why she wanted you.

(MORE)

STEPHEN (cont'd)

Everything in here is about traveling between realities, dream walking between realities, and a host of other dark spells I'd rather not even know the names of.

(sitting back)

Nothing in here tells me why she needed you to help keep her kids.

AMERICA

Not keep, find. You heard her, the kids were lost and she was looking for them.

Stephen looks at her over his shoulder.

AMERICA (cont'd)

You said the kids were demons. She must know that, even if she doesn't want to.

(emotional)

A mother knows the difference, okay!

STEPHEN

Unless she'd already been too corrupted.

(waving the hanger over the book)

This whole thing is just a channel for Cthon to enter the world... worlds...the multiverse.

Stephen turns the next page, and then flips back to the one with the Scarlet witch, peering down at the bottom of the page, tapping it with the coat hanger.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

(softly)

There's something missing here.

(beat)

The Scarlet Witch is Cthon's bridge, but this page is incomplete. There's more to it...

(looking at America)

But all Wanda wanted to do was stay in that house with those demons for kids. She wasn't...

THUMP, the room shakes, dirt coming down from the ceiling.

THUMP, America and Stephen look at each other, realization dawning on them.

Stephen gathers up the Darkhold just as a tentacle, covered in red runes, rips the ground open above them.

Dirt and debris rain down on them, Stephen conjuring a shield, but because he's holding the Darkhold, it turns purple and has jagged edges.

Stephen stashes the Darkhold in the same magical pouch he put the ration bar. The pouch emanates with the power.

The pair of them run as another tentacle tries to reach in grab for them.

STEPHEN (cont'd)
Can you kick us somewhere else?

America nods as Stephen turns his shield into a wicked looking purple blade and cuts the tentacle in two.

America kicks a hole open and turns just in time to see a tentacle slam into Stephen's back, hurling him at her, through the open portal.

The tentacle chases after them through the portal, more pouring through as they fall.

SERIES OF SHOTS

America and Stephen fall through the multiverse:

They're underwater and America holds her breath, punching another portal, tentacles still following...

...into a high-tech landscape, all white, Stark Drones flying about, America grabs Stephen's cloak as he fights off the tentacles with dark magic, she kicks a portal...

...and they tumble into a battle between a Tyrannosaurus Rex and Triceratops, the tentacles streaking forward, grabbing the dinosaurs instead of them, the T-rex biting furiously before it gets splattered. America lashes out with both feet, another portal opening to...

...a dark duotone street, another animated universe, this one crime noir, all blacks with sharp streaks of pure white. America and Stephen tumble onto the pavement, a zeppelin high overhead, the Brooklyn Bridge visible at the end of the street. Then tentacles, reaching out of the open portal for them...

...America runs with Stephen in tow in silhouette while a tentacle races after them, looming large. America kicks a brick wall, a portal opens...

...and they dive into a universe made of paint splatters, the tentacles getting lost in the mixing paints, America and Stephen's splatters threatening to come apart, but then America's splatter knocks its 'head' against the air, and...

EXT. EAST RIVER - EARTH 838

...America and Stephen tumble onto grass and stagger backward away from the portal, Stephen holding a purple shield and sword until the portal closes.

STEPHEN

It would be really great if you could close those faster.

AMERICA

Pardon me while I'm saving our asses.

STEPHEN

You picked the paint splatter universe?

AMERICA

Did you see any more tentacles after that?

Stephen notices that people are stopping to stare at them, he releases his magic while America pushes him off the grass toward the sidewalk.

AMERICA (cont'd)

Rule number four: Blend in, standing out can get you killed.

Stephen snorts at that, everyone around them wearing blacks and greys, and he in his bright red cloak.

America pushes him toward the buildings, down an alleyway.

Stephen looks around, the buildings are all covered in plants, there's waterfalls over the sides of some of them.

Instead of the Manhattan Bridge, there's a string of sky cars zooming across the river, the deck of the bridge now a hologram.

AMERICA (cont'd)

Can you do a little magic, stop wearing the bright *capa roja* beacon with an attitude? We already made an entrance.

PALMER (O.S.)

Stephen?

America and Stephen whip their heads around to find a variant Christine PALMER staring down the alley at them. She's wearing a blue lab coat, and a deeper blue tunic and pants.

STEPHEN

Christine?

PALMER

You shouldn't be here, Stephen, how did you even...

(seeing America)

Oh. I see.

Palmer taps her wrist device three times.

AMERICA

We gotta go!

She pulls Stephen further down the alleyway, but he sways and then bends over to vomit behind a trash bin.

AMERICA (cont'd)

There it is.

PALMER

It's better if you just stay put.

AMERICA

Not a chance, your sentries are all tangled up, there's nobody to--

Windows open all around them, dropping out Baron MORDO and CAPTAIN CARTER in front of Palmer.

Right above America a window opens and Reed RICHARDS drops out of the air, ensnaring America with his body.

AMERICA (cont'd)

You are way too close, *hombre espgueti*.

RICHARDS

Can't have you kicking any more holes in reality. And its Doctor Spaghetti Man to you.

America rolls her eyes and tries to struggle, her hands making bits of blue sparks.

Stephen holds up his hands, where dark purple magic leaps to life instead of yellow.

Carter raises her union jack shield, but Mordo pushes it back down, holding his hands out for Stephen to see.

MORDO

Come now, Stephen. Have you really sunk so low as to use Dark Magic?

STEPHEN

It's a long story, I'm not--

MORDO

Our Stephen, yes, we are quite aware.

More windows open and Ultron sentries drop out, landing on both sides of Stephen. They have wrist cuffs, a combination of technology and some runes of magic.

MORDO (cont'd)

You are under arrest for harboring a very dangerous multiversal fugitive.

Mordo nods to America as the Ultron Sentries put cuffs on America, the sparks from her hands ceasing.

Richards unwinds from her, but keeps a hand on her shoulder.

She tries to shrug it off, but it just sticks to her, going limp and following her shoulder where ever she goes, like spaghetti.

He smiles, tightening his grip and pulling America back toward him.

RICHARDS

My kids love this game, but I think you're a little too old for that.

Stephen still holds his magic, turning back to Mordo.

MORDO

Let's do this the easy way, Stephen. I may still be able to help you.

Carter readies herself to act, but Mordo just strides easily forward, a blade hilt sticking up over his back.

STEPHEN

Who are you?

MORDO

We? We are the Illuminati, Stephen Strange, Earth six-one-six.

(bowing)

I am Baron Karl Von Mordo, Earth one-oh-five, at your service.

(devilish smile)

And your bill has come due.

(beat)

Release the magic and hold out your hands. You don't want anything to happen to young Ms. Chavez there. Dark magic can be so unpredictable after all.

Mordo eyes...

...the belt pouch on Stephen's waist, emanating with dark energy.

Stephen flexes his fists, purple energy growing stronger around them.

Mordo's hand moves to his sword hilt, ready.

Stephen looks around, sees America helpless, eyes down. He sighs and releases his magic.

The Ultron sentries cuff him and lead him by the arms, America right behind him.

They walk Stephen into a window of bright light, past Palmer who meets his eyes right before the sentries push him through the bright window into...

INT. ILLUMINATI ATRIUM - DAY

...the Atrium of the Illuminati compound. The sentries feet ring out, CLICK CLICK CLICK as they move him forward. The space is so vast he halts just trying to take it all in.

Around him are four statues of kneeling angels, done in a art deco fashion, but obsidian rather than gold. Towering over him is a statue of himself, or it would be if he shaved his beard and kept the high collared cloak from the animated universe.

And soaring over the head of the statue is a lattice of metal and glass that holds back the luminous clouds of the Gap Junction, shattered remnants of a temple complex, similar to the Atrium, floating in the distance.

The Sentries shove Stephen forward, another pair dragging America behind them.

Mordo and Carter come through the window next, followed by Richards and Palmer last, the two of them hunched in conversation.

RICHARDS

I want to know why her little trick worked so many times. If he hadn't opened the Darkhold...

Palmer is looking up at Stephen as he looks back over his shoulder at her.

PALMER

I'll look into it, Doctor Richards.

Mordo comes up beside Stephen as they stop before a set of two double doors, directly beneath a greek looking circular building, two staircases rising on either side of Stephen to wrap around that central round building.

People in lab coats like Palmer exit the doors, looking briefly at Stephen before quickly moving around the staircase and disappearing.

MORDO

Now, lets see what you've got.

Mordo carefully removes Stephen's belt pouch, pulling out first the Darkhold. That he hands to the Ultron Sentry like it was a dirty diaper.

Next comes the ration bar, getting a pursing of Mordo's lips before he conjures a flame to incinerate it.

MORDO (cont'd)

The most dangerous spell book in the multiverse, and a snack. Bit of light reading and a nibble for when you get peckish.

(patting Stephen's shoulder)

You Stranges never fail to amuse me.

Mordo nods to the sentries, now three as the fourth departs for an elevator through the doors ahead of Stephen.

Palmer slips past Mordo who pulls back to confer with Richards, Captain Carter striding off around the other side of the round building.

PALMER
 (to sentries)
 Put them both in my lab.

The Sentries don't speak, just continue to push Stephen through the doors that open to admit them, dragging America behind him.

INT. PALMER'S LAB - LATER

Stephen stands in a clear glass cube, America in a similar one behind her.

Stephen is staring at Palmer as she works her computer.

STEPHEN
 (dryly)
 What's the verdict, Doc?

Palmer looks up from her screen, two different versions of Stephen's broken hands, one labeled 616 on the left, and 838 on the right.

Palmer turns the screen so Stephen can see it more clearly. There's a flicker and 616 flashes to 199999 for a second, then back again.

PALMER
 Its never quite the same, you see.

She highlights the distinct breaks and re-knitted bones between the two hands. Like a finger print, both are similar, and yet unique.

STEPHEN
 Who's hand is that, *Strange Supreme*
 out there?

PALMER
 Yes.

Stephen doesn't know what to say to that. She closes the comparison file and instead brings up America's rap sheet. The list of charges just keeps scrolling, minor sounding things, like "Stolen Food" or "Non-Universe Trash" but all followed by the word, "Incursion" in red.

PALMER (cont'd)
 But he would never have erected a
 statue to himself. That was the
 others.

STEPHEN

The Illuminati? Is that who you work for?

PALMER

No. I work for the Baxter foundation on my Earth, eight-three-eight, where we captured you.

STEPHEN

That was your home, it was quite beautiful, and advanced.

PALMER

Its amazing what humans can do when they aren't trying to kill each other.

STEPHEN

So how does the Baxter foundation bring you here?

PALMER

My Strange...eight-three-eight Strange died fighting Thanos. *Supreme Strange*, Earth two-six-seven, founded the Illuminati, and recruited my Reed Richards, head of the Baxter Foundation.

STEPHEN

He's the bendy one?

PALMER

Yes, Mr. Fantastic.
(off Stephen's blank face)
Of the Fantastic Four...

STEPHEN

Was that a band in the sixties?

Palmer clicks a few buttons and then stares at the screen like it's telling her the wrong thing. It shows highlights of Earth 616, but it flashes, the number changing to 199999.

Christine misses it, reading the lines with her finger, as the screen flickers again.

PALMER

That's odd...
(MORE)

PALMER (cont'd)

(beat)

Well, it appears you don't have a Reed Richards. No Fantastic Four. No mutants...

AMERICA

And they're better for it.

(in Spanish)

Sycophantic little cockroaches running around the multiverse like they own it.

PALMER

(in Spanish)

No one owns the multiverse. But we do try to keep it from being destroyed.

(in English)

I know you understand the repercussions of an incursion.

America turns her back on the conversation, plopping down in the center of her cell, head down.

Stephen crouches down, trying to get closer to Palmer.

STEPHEN

Christine--

PALMER

You don't know me, Doctor Strange. Don't be fooled by the familiar face.

STEPHEN

Fine. Doctor Palmer, I'm trying to stop an incursion. There's a very powerful witch who's trying to use the Darkhold--

PALMER

I've heard enough about that book. He was obsessed with it.

(tapping the glass)

You need to worry about yourself, Doctor Strange. America, the other kids, their fate is far better than yours.

Palmer stalks off, just as Mordo strides through the door six sentries at his back. He bows to Palmer who just nods as she brushes by.

MORDO

Come, Stephen Strange, Earth six-one-six. It's time to feel the gravity of the situation.

Stephen is confused as the Sentries enter his cell and force him out of it, down the steps and into stride beside Mordo.

The six of them make a cage around the two sorcerers.

INT. ILLUMINATI ATRIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Mordo leads Stephen around the Atrium, the wall covered with monuments to their accomplishments.

He stops at one plaque, the etching of a Doctor Strange, head a burning skull between upraised collar, pulling what looks like Mephisto from a summoning circle.

MORDO

Ah yes, Strange Earth three-one-one-seven, a particular favorite. He wanted Mephisto to give him the powers of Ghost Rider to merge with his own then dark magic.

(beat)

Demons do like to play with reality. If we hadn't stopped him, well, it would have been very bad. With a demon being outside the multiverse, things can echo, spread, like cancer on the bones of reality.

STEPHEN

Is this whole exhibit about how bad Doctor Stranges are?

MORDO

No, no! There's a fair share of Tony Stark, a few Hank Pym. You know one time, a Doctor Midas managed--

STEPHEN

What about the Scarlet Witch?

Mordo pauses mid-step, the Sentries halting around him.

MORDO

Well, that's where you might be able to help us.

INT. ILLUMINATI CATACOMBS - LATER

Mordo in the lead, Stephen guarded by the sentries, they descend a dark stair case, lit only by purple lanterns, medieval and archaic compared to the monument above.

Stephen sees the runes on the wall, and shakes his head, dryly chuckling to himself.

STEPHEN

All that high and mighty talk, and
you're sitting on an intersection of
dark magic.

Mordo keeps his smile, but his eyes flare with anger as he opens a door into a modern lobby sitting before an undercroft, vast and dark.

The Sentries push Stephen through the door.

INT. ILLUMINATI UNDERCROFT - CONTINUOUS

Mordo leads the way forward.

The lobby is an ante-chamber with modern construction, a small chamber that seems to hold the abyss to the right, and a research station on the left. In the center is a conference table with papers on it.

A wall of glass separates the ante-chamber from a the stone chamber beyond it. Broken pillars, a vast space, dark and filled with shadows, stretching out like an endless cathedral.

Ten feet inside the stone chamber, five small pillars stand in an arc, four of them filled with Darkholds, their energy doubling back on itself, making their taint seem stronger.

As Stephen enters, he sees Richards again, and BLACK BOLT, who is dressed in skin tight black spandex and a little tuning fork on the forehead of his cowl.

A bright-blue window opens and PROFESSOR X glides out of it in his yellow hover chair.

Waves of mental energy roll off his head like they would in an animated universe.

PROFESSOR X (V.O.)

Ah! Stephen Strange. Hopefully you
can help.

Stephen recoils as the mental connection hits him.

Professor X glides to a halt beside Stephen, and holds out his hand.

PROFESSOR X

I'm Professor Charles Xavier, thank you for coming.

STEPHEN

(holding out cuffed hands)

I wasn't exactly given a choice.

Professor X smiles anyway and places his other hand over Stephen's.

Richards nods to a chamber on the right, every surface coated in what looks like the blackness of the abyss, but the cart rolls across it like a floor.

RICHARDS

Nifty, right? It's nullified material. Sound, energy, doesn't matter, just soaks it up and comes back for more.

(nodding to Black Bolt)

Sometimes Black Bolt needs to vent.

PROFESSOR X

What Doctor Richards is trying to say, is that we've found it quite difficult to destroy a Darkhold.

(nodding)

Black Bolt may be the strongest of us save Captain Marvel, but neither of them have been able to destroy a single copy.

Stephen considers the silent man in all black as an Ultron Sentry holding Stephen's Darkhold steps through the door, the book almost vibrating against the metal automaton.

STEPHEN

He knows strong and silent isn't actually a personality, right?

(off Black Bolts form fitted ass)

And people think my costume's over the top.

MORDO

It's the collar.

He motions the high sweeping collar of Strange's usual cloak and shudders.

RICHARDS

Oh, he's a man of few words.

BLACK BOLT

(in Sign)

This one is just as much an asshole as the rest.

RICHARDS

(in Sign)

We need him.

Black Bolt shrugs, unimpressed

RICHARDS (cont'd)

Black Bolt can break diamonds, shatter planets if he really speaks up. But still those little suckers just persists.

(to himself)

Wicked little devil, Cthon.

Mordo motions an Ultron Sentry forward.

The Sentry steps up to the glass and then passes through it like liquid, continuing toward the fifth and final plinth, placing the Darkhold carefully in the empty spot.

STEPHEN

Quite the little show, fellas.

(beat)

Is this the part where I'm supposed to be impressed and also ignorant that your whole little operation was built on Darkhold magic?

MORDO

At first...

Mordo paces around Stephen, waving off Richards. Professor X is as silent as Black Bolt.

MORDO (cont'd)

At first, Strange found a way to use the evil of the Darkhold to prevent greater evil from spreading through the multiverse.

RICHARDS

But he couldn't do it alone. So he brought me in, and Mordo.

(MORE)

RICHARDS (cont'd)

And we were able to study the multiverse, finding a way to move through it without the evil bad demon juice.

(getting a little lost)

And if my research pans out, who knows, maybe we'll be able to move throughout space AND time. Open windows to before an incursion can even begin. Just prune that problem before it starts.

(coming back)

But that's a long way off.

PROFESSOR X

We should tell him the truth.

The three other men recoil at the suggestion, Richards and Mordo dropping their smiles, something almost sinister underneath.

PROFESSOR X (cont'd)

If we are to have his help...

More mental waves roll off of Professor X, catching Stephen up, warping his vision until he was looking at...

EXT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM – EARTH 71241

SINISTER STRANGE kneels in the ash, surrounded by bones, tears in his eyes, a new third eye on his brow, this one open and darting back and forth.

Behind him is a broken Sanctum, shattered Window of the Worlds, only the face of the building remains.

Arrayed before him are all the members of the Illuminati: Professor X, Captain Carter, Reed Richards, Black Bolt, Mordo, Maria Rambeau as Captain MARVEL.

PROFESSOR X (V.O.)

Our Strange had done much good, but he also caused irreparable harm. We met him in the remnants of just one of the incursions he'd caused. The Darkhold had him fully.

Sinister Strange, pushes the Darkhold away from him, it slides through ash and bones, as he lowers himself to his hands, staring down at the dirt.

SINISTER STRANGE

Do it, before I can't hold him back.
He wants the witch. He's clawing at
my mind right now to bring her to
him.

He glares up at Black Bolt, then at Professor X.

SINISTER STRANGE (cont'd)

One of you has to stop me.

Black Bolt steps forward and nods, he opens his mouth.

BLACK BOLT

I'm sorry.

The sound reverberates and grows louder, the cone of
destruction forming, and Sinister Strange is obliterated, a
tunnel that pierces through the thin shelf of ground he was
sitting on, revealing a hole that looks down on more of the
inky nothingness that fills the sky above them.

The final wall of the Sanctum crumbles and falls to the
ground, leaving a stairway that goes up into the inky sky,
eclipsing a red, dying star.

INT. ILLUMINATI UNDERCROFT - CONTINUOUS

Stephen shakes off the mental image and focuses back on the
present room.

STEPHEN

So your great and glorious leader was
the worst of them?

MORDO

As you say.

PROFESSOR X

Before he lost himself, he was
working on a way to remove the
Darkhold from all realities, and he
charged us with finishing that work.

MORDO

That's where you come in.

He motions to the fifth pedestal, now occupied by Stephen's
copy of the Darkhold, dark energy still rippling together.

MORDO (cont'd)

I think we can solve your little
witch problem.

(MORE)

MORDO (cont'd)
(devilish)
Solve every witch problem.

Stephen looks to Mordo, then around the room at each of the others.

STEPHEN
I'll help you, but you're going to pardon America. Let Doctor Palmer help her. She might even teach you a thing or two about the multiverse.

MORDO
She will be freed..if you help us.

Stephen nods and then holds his hands out, cuffs still firmly attached.

STEPHEN
If you want me to do some magic, you'll have to take these off.

MORDO
The Professor may look like a kindly old man, but he will liquefy your brain before you can even think of turning on us.

STEPHEN
I've had about enough of him in my head, thanks.

Mordo moves his hand over the cuffs, flicking runes and twisting a lock, they spring open and Mordo gathers them under his arm.

The Ultron Sentries in the room stand ready.

STEPHEN (cont'd)
Okay, so what do I need to do.

PROFESSOR X (V.O.)
You've already done it, with the runes.

Stephen gets flashes of his worm eating through the runes, only this time, he sees Sinister Strange in front of him, turning the worm purple, giving it a more violent form, ragged edges.

PROFESSOR X
You must infect all of them at once.

Mordo places a hand on Stephen's shoulder.

MORDO

And careful, Stephen. It's taken us some time to collect five. They tend to hide from us rather than walking in the front door.

Stephen shakes Mordo's hand off of him and moves through the rippling glass to stand in front of the five copies of the Darkhold.

Using purple magic, he lifts them off their plinths and arranges them down on the floor of the undercroft.

He conjures dark purple lines across the floor, connecting the books together, and marking out runes starting at his feet and moving outward like a spiral, beyond the circumference of the books themselves.

Mordo looks aside at Professor X.

PROFESSOR X (V.O.)

(to Mordo)

He will do it. This is a good one.

MORDO (V.O.)

(to Professor X)

There are no good ones.

Stephen concentrates, and begins to manifest a worm in front of him, more real than his vision of it before.

With effort he holds it tight and then manages to duplicate it.

The circle glows with more magic, a wind rustling at the pages of the Darkholds.

A third worm is created, the wind increases, and now the floor begins to shake, the runes pierce the floor, straight down, cracks of purple light in the stone surface.

A fourth worm emerges, and Stephen fights with all his strength, fingers tensing, hands shaking and his muscles tight, his neck about to pop.

A fifth worm emerges, and now the undercroft is a roiling wave of wind, sweeping any loose object into the air.

The four Illuminati shield their eyes as the magic on the floor glows perilously bright and wind HOWLS at them.

Stephen drops to his knees, forcing the five worms to hover over their respective Darkholds with all the might he has left, his breath ragged, his face contorted with the pain of controlling all this dark magic.

And then he slams his hand down onto the circle that he cast, closing his eyes against the blinding purple-white light.

As sudden as it began, the magic circle is gone, Stephen is on his hands and knees, same pose as Sinister Strange from the vision.

MORDO

Did it work?

Stephen looks up and then points at the Darkhold to his right. It is starting to disintegrate, they all are.

A window opens and Marvel and Carter emerge, ready for battle, Marvel glowing with her cosmic energy.

MARVEL

What happened down here?

CARTER

The monitors up top are going wild.
Somethings happening across the whole
Multiverse.

PROFESSOR X

He's done it.

Professor X claps his hands together and smiles in gratitude.

PROFESSOR X (V.O.)

Now stand up.

Stephen surges to his feet, unable to move, eyes casting furiously at Professor X.

PROFESSOR X (V.O.) (cont'd)

Walk this way.

Stephen zombie-walks toward the assembled crowd, and Mordo strides through the glass, placing the cuffs back on his wrists.

He relaxes as the Professor's grip disappears.

Mordo beckons the sentries forward.

STEPHEN

I did what you asked.

MORDO

Yes, and beautifully.

(beat)

But you are still guilty of crimes against reality, and we will judge you accordingly.

STEPHEN

What about America, you gave your word.

MORDO

She will be free, eventually. So much to study with her, ay Richards?

RICHARDS

The potential energy she has to posses to not only punch a hole in reality, but actually create a wormhole from one reality to another.

(rubbing his hands)

I can't wait to get it under my microscope.

STEPHEN

Your Strange wasn't the only one corrupted.

CARTER

Come along, Doctor. You'll have your chance to plead your case.

Stephen is led back through the undercroft door, Marvel exiting via a window, followed swiftly by everyone but Richards.

His arms and torso slithers forward, through the glass, inspecting the remnants of the Darkhold on the floor, collecting a sample.

INT. WANDA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wanda and the boys are sitting together on the couch, eating cookie dough and watching the TV.

The Black Cauldron plays on the screen. Taran and Eilonwy are in the King's burial chamber, Taran holding the king's sword.

BILLY

I still think Taran is the cute one.
I like his floppy hair.

TOMMY

Eilonwy's hair is the best, blonde
and long.

BILLY

Every princess has that hair! I'd
rescue Taran any day.

TOMMY

Okay, fine. They're both cute. I'd
rescue either.

WANDA

You boys don't need to fight. You can
like the prince, the princess or
both.

She kisses them each on the head and they try to rub it off.

She just laughs and stands up.

WANDA (cont'd)

Who wants more cookie dough?

TOMMY

Me!

BILLY

And ice cream!

WANDA

You two are going to have the worst
stomach aches! You won't sleep for a
week.

They roll their eyes at her and slide back down on the
couch.

As Wanda walks away, she staggers a step, the room moving
beneath her feet, the whole of reality swaying.

She shakes her head as she walks to the Kitchen.

As she gets closer to the counter, she hastily sets the bowl
down, staggering with dizziness.

She sees flashes of Stephen, casting the spell.

She collapses to the floor, her eyes finding her Boys as
they peer at her over the back of the couch.

The room flashes red, she sees two hulking demons staring at her, and then they're back to her boys.

She crawls forward on the floor, but it's like moving through syrup, she can't make her limbs work.

Another flash, Stephen's worm goes into the Darkhold.

Everything around Wanda starts to wither away like its being eaten by thousands of tiny mites, working their way down from the ceiling to the floor.

WANDA (cont'd)

Billy, Tommy...

She reaches for them, but her conjured reality starts to come undone, back to red, the ruins of the house clearly visible.

The two demons posing as her boys thrash on the floor of the ruined house until they are pulled through red rifts in the floor and disappear entirely.

Wanda's face is stricken with grief and horror.

She lashes out with all her energy at the spot on the floor where the demons were pulled into, pouring as much energy as she can muster, staggering to her feet, using that energy like a crutch to haul herself up.

WANDA (cont'd)

No!

She breaks the crack open a hair and then falls back to her knees.

They're gone.

INT. INDUSTRIAL TUNNEL - EARTH 121

Scarlet Witch hovers above a the dirty floor, ash from Cyttorak and Defender Strange littered beneath her, red runes circling her head.

She sees flashes of Stephen's spell as well, but she isn't effected by them.

She cocks her head and peers blindly at the flashes as they come and go.

But she gets one more, Wanda pouring all her strength into opening a small crack in the multiverse before falling to her knees.

SCARLET WITCH

There you are, thief.

Opening her eyes, she begins to work a hole open in reality in front of her, so small she shouldn't be able to fit, but she pushes her fingers into the crack as they become a red-black sludge.

Soon the whole of her body is liquefied and she SLURPS through the crack and is gone.

INT. RICHARD'S LAB - GAP JUNCTION - MOMENTS LATER

Mordo leads Stephen back through the lab spaces, this time entering Reed Richard's, more glass cubes across the wide space.

There are boards filled with scribbles everywhere. Physics problems take up half of them, but Stephen notices a board with organic chemistry notations and studies it briefly.

BILLY (O.S.)

(weakly)

Help me...

Stephen notices the Billy's head, peeking up over the edge of the closest glass cube, his fingers struggling to hold him up to see out.

Stephen pushes past the Sentries and lays his fingers on the glass to meet with Billy's.

The Sentries pull him back, but he fights, grabbing a nearby metal tray from a table and uses it to smack a sentry in the forehead.

It doesn't budge.

Gas pumps into the glass chamber and Billy's eyes roll back as he collapses back down to the floor.

STEPHEN

What did you do?

Rounding on Mordo as the sentries pull him back to the central walkway.

In the opposite glass cube from Billy, Tommy's unconscious form lays still.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

Mordo, explain this! What are Wanda's boys doing here? What are you doing?

Reed Richards strides into the room through a blue-white window and looks through the glass at Billy.

RICHARDS

Kid's a fighter, gotta give him that.

Richards moves to a nearby computer and starts typing away furiously.

STEPHEN

How long have you had them here?

MORDO

Since the incident in West View, one you failed to prevent.

Stephen fights as the sentries try to move him forward.

STEPHEN

This is monstrous Richards. You have children!

Richards doesn't look up from his computer as the Sentries drag Stephen away.

RICHARDS

I'm doing this for all my children, in all universes. Sometimes that means making a hard choice.

STEPHEN

They're children!

MORDO

They were infants.

Stephen is being drug backward now by the sentries, his feet scraping along the floor as he looks up at Mordo.

MORDO (cont'd)

Your witch snatched them, it seems, into her reality warping hex.

Richards torso snakes its way through the lab, winding around the glass cubes, and ending up at a computer near the door Stephen is being dragged toward.

RICHARDS

Where they underwent some sort of extreme morphogenesis, well...rapid maturity mostly. But the hex itself seems to have erased their X gene entirely, and yet they still have their mutant abilities.

(MORE)

RICHARDS (cont'd)

(looking over)

Though we're not quite sure Billy's are mutant powers. But your Wanda doesn't have the X gene either, and she's still got the reality warping magic.

MORDO

(looking down at Stephen)

The Scarlet Witch is no more. Thanks to you.

The Sentries drag Stephen out of Richard's lab, his face a mask of horror to hear these two men talk.

INT. PALMER'S LAB - GAP JUNCTION - LATER

Stephen stalks back and forth in his glass cube, fuming and ranting to himself.

America sits cross-legged watching him, both their hands still held by shackles.

Stephen's stomach rumbles and he stops mid-whisper.

America shakes her head.

AMERICA

Rule number one.

Stephen looks over at her, frustration and rage and sadness all rolling over his mouth and eyes.

STEPHEN

Children!

AMERICA

They first time they came for me I was twelve. I don't even know which Earth it was. The Satanans adopted me after I literally fell into their living room.

(beat)

I'm getting tired of loosing families.

STEPHEN

What happened? Who's the Demiurge you were praying to?

America's eyes are watery as she looks up at Stephen.

He sinks down to the floor and leans his head against the glass cube.

AMERICA

I come from a paradise, we didn't have a name for it, but I've heard other universes call it the Utopian Parallel.

(beat)

To me it was just home. The demiurge breaths it into existence, and we were under his gaze.

STEPHEN

America, what happened?

AMERICA

You know those big bad incursions we're all so worried about?

(she chokes)

Well, when you kick a hole in the fabric of your reality to the nothingness beyond reality...

America looks up...

...Stephen follows her gaze. The roof of the lab looks up at the giant metal frame work that encompasses the Illuminati compound.

Floating in the luminous mist are broken pieces of America's home.

AMERICA (cont'd)

(crying)

My mom's tried to stop it. They almost did. But I was so scared, I opened another portal, this time to an actual universe, and fell into a living room.

(beat)

The last thing I saw was my mom's faces as they tried to save our world.

America cries unashamedly, tears running down her cheeks.

Stephen has tears in his own eyes.

AMERICA (cont'd)

So yeah. What's a few purple cracks in the multi-verse compared to erasing your universe from existence?

Stephen struggles to find something to say, meeting...

...America's eyes. She shakes her head and wipes her tears. There are no words.

PALMER (O.S.)

I didn't know.

Palmer strides between the two cubes, holding a clip board to her chest.

She puts a hand on America's cube, looking in on her.

PALMER

I just assumed you...well, I didn't know if was an accident. But you were so young. I...

STEPHEN

Doctor Palmer, Christine...

Palmer turns away from America and stares down Stephen.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

You know this isn't right. You know that what they're doing is wrong. You're a good person, in any reality. You want to help people, save people.

PALMER

You can't save everyone, Stephen. You have to choose sometimes, or you'll lose both patients instead of saving the one you can.

Stephen moves to his knees, facing Palmer.

STEPHEN

They're going to be distracted with me.

(beat)

All you have to do is open the cell, take those cuffs off and she'll collect those boys and disappear. You can tell them she attacked you.

AMERICA

I'm going to attack her if she comes in this cell.

Stephen gives America side eye.

She relents, shrugging.

STEPHEN

Christine, you can't let them
experiment on her, on those boys.
I've seen Richards eyes. This is all
one big science experiment.

Christine looks down, hugging her clipboard. She looks up,
her eyes watery, slightly shaking her head with a word
caught on her lips.

Mordo strides into the lab, cutting off whatever she was
about to say. The sentries follow him.

MORDO

Stephen Strange, the Illuminati will
see you know.

INT. ILLUMINATI THRONE ROOM - GAP JUNCTION - MOMENTS LATER

Stephen is pushed through tall double doors, so high they
streak out of frame.

The Sentries close it behind him.

Like walking into a stadium, Stephen strides along a
corridor of sharply sloping walls, leading him to a white
marble floor, surrounded by white marble walls. An
amphitheater where the stage is raised high above the floor.

On that tall dias sit six chairs, a space in the middle,
into which Professor X hovers his chair.

Stephen walks forward to stand on a black mat, the same
abyssal material as the chamber Black Bolt used previously.

That fact is not lost on Stephen as he looks up toward the
dias, fear clutching in his throat as he tries to swallow.

Black Bolt himself, takes a seat on the right side, leaving
one chair empty at the end.

Mordo strides in front of Black Bolt to sit in the chair to
the left, right beside Professor X's floating hover chair.

Captain Carter takes the seat to the other side of Professor
X, Marvel landing next to her, embraced by cosmic energy
that quickly dissipates so she can sit down.

Last comes Reed Richards, dropping out of a blue-white
window that opens above his chair.

The six of them stare down at Stephen like the gods of Olympus looking down on the pitiful humans beneath their feet.

PROFESSOR X

Stephen Strange, you are brought here, before the Illuminati, to face charges of using a time-loop within an extra-dimensional region, aiding Thanos in acquiring the infinity stones, and most recently, nearly causing an incursion of too many universes to count.

(beat)

How do you plead?

Stephen gazes up at them, his fear becoming anger.

STEPHEN

You're hypocrites. No. That's too nice a word. You are monsters. Built on the taint of the Darkhold.

(to Mordo)

You spoke of a cancer on the bones of the multiverse...that's what you are.

(beat)

You kidnapped children. The Scarlet Witch's children. And she has been scouring the multiverse, trying to find a way here.

(beat)

Do what you will with me, but she's coming for you. And you don't stand a chance.

MARVEL

I'm powered by an infinity stone too. I'll take those odds.

EXT. WANDA'S ORCHARD - EARTH 199999 - CONTINUOUS

The hex Wanda made has collapsed to only encompass the broken house now, leaving the rotting trees in the still night air.

Wanda huddles in the dirty, broken house, knees drawn up, her face buried in her legs, crying.

She doesn't see the sludge bubble up through the crack she made in the universe.

Slowly at first, it rises out of the crack, and then it starts to gush up, more and more of it pooling onto the broken ground.

Wanda looks up, sees it and crawls toward it cautiously.

WANDA
Billy? Tommy?

The ooze starts to congeal, forming up into a blob, from which Scarlet Witch's hands shoot erupt, runes blasting from her palms in quick succession.

Wanda tries drawing on her magic, and finds it empty.

Quickly she casts her eyes up at the hex...

...and sees the runes Scarlet Witch conjured, the same she used to hold Agatha's magic back.

Wanda watches as the arms rise upward, the sludge beginning to take on a human shape.

Scarlet Witch peels the ooze off of her face as it threatens to tear her skin off. She grunts as she frees herself from the ooze's grasp, finally absorbing the last of it into her black fingers.

Wanda stands, her clothes filthy, the bun trying to fall out of her strawberry blonde hair.

Scarlet Witch, with her long, straight, dark-red hair is by far the more composed, even with her scratched suit and tattered skirt. She stalks around the barefoot, dirty Wanda.

WANDA (cont'd)
You're the one that was after the
girl. You caused this. You made them
attack me.

Scarlet Witch pauses to Wanda's right side, head cocked like a predator judging the distance to its prey.

SCARLET WITCH
Me?

Scarlet Witch moves around behind Wanda, coming up to Wanda's right ear.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)
You did this, thief.
(looking around)
You did all of this.

Scarlet Witch continues circling Wanda. Looking at the hex as though a wonder of the world.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)
I'd never have thought of this, it's quite...good. I can still feel the girl's magic, it usually dissipates too quickly.

Scarlet Witch returns her eyes to Wanda, striding forward, taking Wanda's throat in her hand, forcing Wanda down to her knees.

Scarlet Witch looks down on Wanda, her lips quivering between a smile and fury.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)
All this power, and you had to steal from me?

WANDA
I didn't steal anything.

SCARLET WITCH
(harsh whisper)
My. Boys.

Wanda looks up at Scarlet Witch. Wanda cocks her head up so Scarlet Witch's fingers can grip it even tighter.

WANDA
My boys are gone, and the Darkhold destroyed. Whatever you're here to do, it can't be worse than that.

Scarlet witch lets go of Wanda's throat, grabbing Wanda's chin instead, peering down into Wanda's eyes.

SCARLET WITCH
You're wrong.

Scarlet Witch stands back, eyeing the hex and then sending her red magic out to turn it into a glass cage, the runes now bright red lights in the night sky.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)
I can let you live. Just like you did me. Feeling the loss of your children. Only there's nothing you can do about it.

WANDA
How did you come here? How do you still hold the power of the Darkhold?

SCARLET WITCH

Why settle for a book, when you can
have the throne?

Scarlet Witch, strides out of the broken house and stops in
the spot where America made her portal.

She traces her fingers, finding the edges of the star, and
with red magic forces the portal outline to emerge, her
blackened fingers, prying open another crack.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

Finally.

Wanda stands, and staggers toward Scarlet Witch, watching
her intently.

WANDA

What are you going to do?

SCARLET WITCH

Get my children back.

Scarlet Witch forces herself through the crack at the edge
of the red star shape, her bones CRACKING and BREAKING to do
so.

Feet first, she contorts her body, fitting it through the
small crack with strain, her gasps of pain nearing on
pleasure.

Wanda watches as her head GRINDS through the crack, leaving
a drop of blood that quickly sizzles away as the red star
outline fades.

Wanda runs her finger over the air, but there is nothing
left to touch.

INT. ILLUMINATI THRONE ROOM - GAP JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

Strange stalks back and forth in front of the dais, hands
moving in frustration and anger, his hair messy, coming down
over his eyes. He is starting to look the visage of Sinister
Strange.

STEPHEN

What you've done here is
unconscionable.

RICHARDS

What we've done here is prevent the
collapse of the multiverse by people
like you.

CARTER

No, let him speak. Let him bluster. We shall hear him speak to us of our sins. Tell us, Strange, why is it when you break the rules, it's fair play?

STEPHEN

I tried to save lives.

MORDO

With a spell to make an entire planet forget? Who's life were you saving then?

STEPHEN

Spider-Man, he needed...

MARVEL

I've seen countless men like you. I've seen countless yous. Every last one thinks he's god's gift to the universe. That he knows exactly what needs to be done, and he's the only man for the job.

(beat)

Trust me, Strange. You don't know the half of what it's like out there. We don't need a savior, riding in on his magic cloak. You're messing with cosmic forces like they're a kid's game.

STEPHEN

I've made mistakes.

MORDO

Speak up, Stephen. I'm not sure I heard that.

Stephen pauses his pacing, hangs his head for a moment, and grips his fists.

STEPHEN

I've made mistakes. I tried to do too much. I tried to push myself too far. I was arrogant, and I was foolish.

(looking up)

I admit that. And if you want to try me for those crimes, fine. I'll submit to that sentence, as soon as you do first.

RICHARDS

More of the same.

(to panel)

I have a hundred more important things to do then listen to another Stephen Strange complain about how unfair life is. Let's be done with this.

There are nodding heads along the line, Black Bolt stands up, moving to the edge.

Stephen meets his gaze, though he trembles slightly, having seen what is to come.

PROFESSOR X

Wait.

All eyes go to him.

Stephen wrests his eyes from Black Bolt's visage to look at the old man in the hover chair.

CARTER

You know the law, Charles. He's touched the Darkhold, he's played with multiversal magic. He has to die.

Charles begins emitting waves of mental energy, staring down at...

...Stephen, who begins to see flashes of his life swim across his vision.

Black Bolt wrests his attention away from Professor X, and faces down at Richards.

BLACK BOLT

(in Sign)

The decision is made.

RICHARDS

(in Sign)

Do it.

Black Bolt pivots and takes a deep breath.

Stephen is still seeing pieces of his life before his eyes, tears entering them as he looks up.

Professor X's face is a grimace of thought.

EXT. GAP JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

Scarlet Witch falls onto the broken walkway that America and Stephen found themselves on earlier, a crumpled ball, like wadded up paper.

She slowly begins to expand, CRINKLING and CRACKING as her body reforms itself.

The contortions are taking their toll on her, she bleeds from her head and her nose, a bruise along her cheek.

She reaches back her head and ROARS at the top of her lungs, waves of red energy speeding away from her.

The waves carry outward, only growing stronger as they go.

Past more severed faces of the Living Tribunal, turning them around in their wake.

Shattering stained glass in an already broken window.

Leaving a wake in the luminous particles that hover throughout the space.

Past a statue of a teenage Billy, wearing his Wiccan Costume, turning it to face the direction the wave came from, looking towards his mom.

And finally, the waves hit the Illuminati Compound, rushing over the glass lattice work that covers it, a jagged rock like a dagger below the beautiful surface.

INT. ILLUMINATI THRONE ROOM - GAP JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

Black Bolt begins to speak.

BLACK BOLT

Guil--

Charles feels the wave of Wanda's energy and he contorts forward in pain.

His mental waves catch everyone in the room, causing them to hold their heads and groan in pain.

Black Bolt staggers mid word, leaning backward as he grabs his head.

BLACK BOLT (cont'd)

--aahhh

The cone of violence rushes up, bursting through the ceiling of the throne room...

INT. ILLUMINATI ATRIUM - GAP JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

...up, growing wider as it rips a out of the central building, tearing a gaping hole in the lattice dome, pushing the lattice open like an explosive wound, and shattering the rest of the glass...

...which rains down in huge chunks...

...smashing into scurrying workers in blue lab coats.

EXT. GAP JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

Black Bolt's shout ripples out, just like Scarlet Witch's roar.

Scarlet Witch stands on the broken walkway and sees the explosion like a pin prick of bright light.

SCARLET WITCH

There you are.

INT. ILLUMINATI THRONE ROOM - GAP JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

Professor X recovers himself, the mental waves ceasing.

The rest of the Illuminati gather themselves, Marvel and Carter rising from their knees.

Richards collecting his loose limbs and body back into man-shape.

Mordo leans on his sword, down on one knee, muttering something that maintains a faint shield of green. When he ceases, sweat heavy on his brow, the little bit of green magic fades away.

Stephen gathers himself to his knees, sagging and heaving breaths, looking up at the Illuminati.

STEPHEN

She's found you.

He chuckles hopelessly to himself, before turning into a full out laugh.

Professor X silences him with a withering look.

PROFESSOR X
Carter, Richards, Marvel, Black Bolt,
you know what to do.

The four he named rush off the dais in both directions,
leaving just Professor X and Mordo.

PROFESSOR X (cont'd)
Stay with him. Do not kill him,
whatever you do.

Professor X grabs Mordo's arm tightly.

PROFESSOR X (cont'd)
You must not.

MORDO
He will see the justice of the
Illuminati, together. I will not
succumb to petty jealousies.

Professor X squeezes Mordo's arm, holding the man's gaze and
then nodding in acceptance.

PROFESSOR X
I will guard the children. She cannot
have them. Not now. Cthon consumes
her now, let us hope we have the
strength to stop her.

MORDO
Then you will need my help.

PROFESSOR X
No. Protect Strange.
(looking away)
She's here.

INT. ILLUMINATI ATRIUM - GAP JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

Scarlet Witch bursts through the lattice work before the
looming statue of Sinister Strange, sending glass shooting
forward to lay at the feet of the four kneeling angels.

Marvel lands, covered in cosmic energy, bright, like a star
beginning to ignite.

Carter lands beside her, a jet pack on her back, Union-Jack
shield on her arm.

Black Bolt does a Super Hero landing just before Richards
falls out of a blue-white window, pouring down to stand at
the front of the group.

Scarlet Witch strides forward, considering them each.

SCARLET WITCH

Let's make this simple. Give me my children. I've already dealt with the thief. Pray I show you as much mercy.

RICHARDS

Wanda--

SCARLET WITCH

No, Doctor Richards, you don't get to use my name. I am the Scarlet Witch and you are the monster holding my children.

RICHARDS

I have children of my own, Ms. Maximoff. Please, let me talk to you. If you choose violence, you will not leave here alive.

SCARLET WITCH

Does your wife still live?

RICHARDS

(confused)

Yes...

SCARLET WITCH

Good, there will be someone to raise your children after you are dead.

Richards explodes forward, entangling Scarlet Witch with his body, trapping her hands at her sides.

Black Bolt steps forward, drawing a deep breath.

Marvel glows brighter, raising her fists at Scarlet Witch.

Richards bends his face around to speak to Scarlet Witch face-to-face.

RICHARDS

Please. I'm begging you. You need to hear us out. Black Bolt can disintegrate you with a word. Marvel can unleash the power of a star on you. You can't win this fight.

SCARLET WITCH

(considering Richards)

This isn't a fight, it's a demand. If you speak again, I will rip you apart thread by thread.

(to Black Bolt)

In fact, I'm tired of hearing men talk. So you have no need of a mouth.

Black Bolts lips melt toward each other, top lip dripping down to join bottom lip. He works his jaw, his hands tearing at his skin as his mouth closes up entirely.

He struggles, his eyes wide with fear, but his lungs already full of air. He's breathing in quickly through his nose, hyper ventilating.

Richard's turns his head.

RICHARDS

Relax, big guy. Just breath. We can--

Black Bolt lets out the smallest little grunt and the energy of it, builds up in his head, his eyes bulging, turning red with burst blood vessels.

The side of his head explodes, but the spandex of his suit holds the ruined skull and brain in, a gentle ooze dripping down over his wide eyes, more brain matter draining out of his nose.

Black Bolt falls to the floor, dead. Drawing the eyes of the remaining three Illuminati.

SCARLET WITCH (O.S.)

I warned you.

Richards has time to turn back to look at Scarlet Witch before his body begins to literally unravel, the elastic potential of his body snapping as his uniform shreds, followed quickly by the skin exposed underneath it.

Richards cries out in pain, AHHH, but the unraveling reaches his chest and all sound is cut off except for a weak grunt as his chest becomes a thousand strands of skin, muscle and cartilage.

Just a head connected to thousands of strands of what had been his body, Richards stares up, eyes growing blood shot, no oxygen flowing, skin growing purple, his eyes squinting.

Scarlet Witch steps on his face, a surge of red energy from her boot shattering his skull, brain matter spraying across the floor.

Scarlet Witch looks at Marvel and Carter, tensed beside each other.

They exchange a quick glance, and Marvel launches into the air, while Carter dives forward, Shield first, thruster pack firing her like a bullet.

Scarlet Witch catches Carter in a web of red energy, as she looks up to find Marvel bearing down on her, jets of cosmic energy flaring toward her.

Scarlet Witch blocks the blast, but loses her grip on Carter.

Carter sweeps Scarlet Witch's legs out from under her. Carter rolls to a crouch beside Scarlet Witch, raising her shield over her head to strike.

Scarlet Witch catches the strike with red energy from her hands.

Carter rolls away quickly as Marvel shoots out another blast of energy at Scarlet Witch.

Scarlet Witch is blasted back across the floor, skidding along with her red energy keeping the deadly blasts away from her.

But Mavel's energy is bigger than Scarlet Witch's shielding, and scorches the floor as it passes.

Scarlet Witch hits a column at the edge of the atrium and Marvel lands before her, pouring down another blast of cosmic energy.

Scarlet Witch curls into a ball to protect herself, the excess energy spilling over into the column behind her.

Marvel sends blast after blast at Scarlet Witch, but the red energy holds the assault back.

MARVEL

(to Carter)

See, Infinity Stone vs. Infinity Stone. Even match.

CARTER

Then lets tip the scales.

Carter dashes in and slides on the floor, aiming a kick at Scarlet Witch.

Scarlet Witch grabs Carter's foot and yanks her up, standing and holding Carter upside down, one hand holding back Marvel while Carter swings at Scarlet Witch with her fist and Shield.

SCARLET WITCH

I thought you'd stand there all day watching.

Scarlet Witch's red energy wrenches the Shield off Carter's arm, popping Carter's shoulder out of its socket before tossing Carter away like a rag doll.

Strapping the shield to her own arm, Scarlet Witch looks over it at...

...Marvel, who glances to the side and then back at Wanda.

The two launch at each other in a speeding dash, Marvel's fists full of energy slamming into the vibranium shield, the resulting explosion sending that energy echoing across the atrium, cracking the floor, and tearing open more of the lattice work.

Marvel is tossed backward, up and out of the atrium, into the gap junction beyond.

Scarlet Witch pauses, her feet on the ground, a smile on her face. As the RUNNING FOOTSTEPS of Carter get closer.

Carter slides again, trying to take out Scarlet Witches legs, but Scarlet Witch just rises into the air, watching Carter pass underneath her, hurling a ball of red energy at Carter.

Carter blocks it with her crossed arms, but the energy sears the fabric of her suit, and knocks her hands back into her own face.

Carter comes up in a crouch, blood leaking from her nose.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

You can give up now.

CARTER

I could do this all day.

Carter dashes forward, dodging as Scarlet Witch lobs energy one handed at Carter.

Carter rises up and grabs the Shield, pushing Scarlet Witch off her feet, both of them slamming down into the floor.

Scarlet Witch's eyes flash red at the impact of her head on the marble tile.

INT. PALMER'S LAB - DEAD SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Palmer is herding people in blue lab coats through open blue-white windows, the building shuddering under the assault beyond this room.

Palmer ducks under a table as parts of the ceiling fall down, crushing a worker in a lab coat, his hand twitching from the side of the stone slab.

PALMER

Keep going. We'll regroup and asses once the Illuminati stop her.

AMERICA

No one is going to stop her.

America paces back and forth in her cell.

BOOOM

America and Palmer both flinch in the same direction, back toward the Atrium, Marvel's cosmic energy rolling through lab, destroying tables and incinerating documents.

Palmer dashes behind America's cell as the energy rolls across the floor, the cell withstanding the assault.

America kneels down, looking down on Palmer's scared face.

AMERICA (cont'd)

It looks like I'm safer in here than out there.

Palmer nods, struggling to her feet looking...

...past America's crouched form at the atrium beyond, cracks in the walls visible, and broken angel wings lodged into the floor by the elevators.

INT. ILLUMINATI THRONE ROOM - GAP JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

Mordo paces back and forth, sword in hand, muttering to himself.

Stephen kneels on the black mat intended to be his sonic gallows, watching the other man stew.

STEPHEN

What did you mean?

MORDO

What?

STEPHEN

What petty jealousies are you not
falling prey to?

BOOOM

The room shakes and a crack forms in the white wall, cosmic energy blasting the doors to the throne room open.

Mordo conjures green magic to hold the wave of destructive energy from incinerating them both.

It rebounds off the shield and scores the walls, black soot marring the once pristine surface, huge cracks edging along it.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

Doesn't sound like your buddies are
doing too well out there.

MORDO

The Illuminati will prevail. We
always do. No threat too great.

STEPHEN

I see it now.

Stephen staggers to his feet, standing just a little taller than Mordo, looking down on the man.

MORDO

See what?

STEPHEN

The arrogance. Maybe that's why you
tried to kill me, several times. You
didn't like seeing in me what you
hate about yourself.

MORDO

No psychological games will work on
me, Doctor. You're a pitiful
charlatan peddling card tricks at a
side show.

Mordo flourishes his sword, cutting the air as runes glow on its surface.

STEPHEN

Why would you be jealous then?

Mordo ceases his cuts, turning to face Stephen, sword swinging...

...to stop suddenly against Stephen's throat.

MORDO

Now? I have no reason at all. I have found my place, here, protecting the multiverse from the likes of you.

STEPHEN

And what about before that?

MORDO

On my world, Stephen Strange was just one of your names. Most called you 'The Ancient One.'

Stephen nods in mild appreciation, tilting his head, trying to imagine it.

MORDO (cont'd)

Ancient because he tapped into dark magics to prolong his life. And when I rightfully challenged him, he cast me out, nearly stripped me of my magic. I was left with but a sliver.

(gesturing to himself)

What you see here, this visage. Won through countless struggles against incredible odds. And I emerged the victor of every one.

STEPHEN

Except killing him.

Mordo sighs, flicking the sword to draw a drop of Stephen's blood.

THWOOOM

The building shakes again, less intense this time, but dust and debris still CLATTER to the floor.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

Who did it?

MORDO

No one.

Mordo moves the blade from Stephen's throat and taps the blade on Stephen's shoulder in time to his own racing thoughts.

MORDO (cont'd)

When Dormammu came looking for all that stolen power, Stephen Strange met him in battle, sealed the rift by giving his own life, all that stolen energy protecting my Earth from annihilation.

Stephen grins at that as a small THUD sounds from outside.

STEPHEN

You wanna know why I'm so good, why I could work that spell but you couldn't?

MORDO

Because I do not dabble with dark magics?

STEPHEN

Because I fought Dormammu and died, over and over and over again. I failed again and again and again. But I learned more every time. I defeated Dormammu and walked away.

MORDO

You wore down a timeless being with time, which is one of your many crimes. Tell me, what about that makes me jealous?

Stephen nods down to the sword held at Stephen's chest, pointed directly at Stephen's heart.

STEPHEN

I don't know, *Baron*, why would you be?

Mordo closes the distance, sword resting on Stephen's chin, ready to run him through, up his mouth into his skull, the green runes glowing brightly as Mordo presses his body against Stephen.

MORDO

You try my patience.

STEPHEN

What would the old man say? Looks like he's the one calling the shots around here. Even though this place runs on magic, bendy guy's rhetoric aside.

(beat)

Why is the great and victorious Baron Karl von Mordo taking orders from a mind reader out of an animated reality in a bright yellow hover chair?

Mordo growls at Stephen, their eyes fixed.

INT. ILLUMINATI ATRIUM - GAP JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

Scarlet Witch deflects Carter's shield attack with red energy, the shield ricocheting to become lodged in a column off to the side.

Marvel bears down through the broken lattice and slams bodily into Scarlet Witch's red energy, carrying both of them into a column, breaking through it before Scarlet Witch can stop their momentum.

The column pitches forward and Carter rolls to avoid being smashed by it, racing for her shield.

Scarlet Witch and Marvel are locked, Scarlet Witch's open palms using red energy to hold back Marvel's closed fists, heated to nearly nova brightness.

Marvel ROARS as she kicks up the intensity.

Carter snatches her shield and with a spinning leap, tosses it with all the strength she has, aimed right for Scarlet Witch.

Scarlet Witch smiles as things slow down.

Her hands reach out and grab Marvel's wrist, moving through the cosmic energy to touch flesh.

Scarlet Witch twists the two of them around 180 degrees, and Marvel's Cosmic energy pulls up her body, drawing into Wanda's hands, she's draining the power out of Marvel.

Marvel's face is free of energy, and her anger suddenly turns to surprise, her eyebrows shooting up as she GRUNTS.

Carter's shield TWACKS into the wall beyond Scarlet Witch and Marvel, streaked with blood.

Marvel looks ahead at Wanda, a sickening PLOP sounding. Marvel looks down, revealing that Scarlet Witch is only holding on to half of Marvel's body, blood dripping from her open gut.

Scarlet Witch sets her confused almost corpse down and turns to look at...

...Carter, a look of horror on her face, breath ragged, blood caking her hair and dripping down into her eyes and onto her cheek.

Scarlet Witch walks forward, hands together, finger points touching, Stygian black.

SCARLET WITCH

If you're anything like Captain Rogers, I know you're probably the good one.

CARTER

You just killed the bravest, most valiant woman I know.

SCARLET WITCH

No, you did.

Scarlet Witch closes the distance to Carter slowly, never breaking eye contact.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

Take me to my children. You can live, now that you know my pain.

CARTER

She was...

SCARLET WITCH

I know. I know what she was.

Scarlet Witch touches Carter's forehead, causing the woman to flinch. Eyes wary.

Scarlet Witch brushes a blood caked strand of hair out of Carter's face.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

Where are my children? I'd rather not tear this whole place to the ground to find them.

Carter meets Scarlet Witch's eyes, face relenting, she nods in capitulation.

Carter's hand races up, knife in it, and stops a hair's breadth from the scuffed breast of Scarlet Witch's suit, poised to strike up, into Scarlet Witch's heart.

Carter's eyes grow with frustration as she tries to move her hand, her shoulders, anything.

Scarlet Witch has her wrapped up in red energy, frozen.

She leans in, and gets right in Carter's ear.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

Go, wander the multiverse, watch all those happy people live their lives, and never let a second of happiness seep into yours.

(straitening)

I curse you to live, Captain Carter. Do everything in your power to live a long, long life. But when you dream, dream only of her.

Carter bursts into tears, falling to her knees at Scarlet Witch's feet.

CARTER

Please!? I beg you. Take it back.

SCARLET WITCH

You knew they took my children and you watched.

(beat)

Go now, watch.

Carter helplessly pulls a device from her belt and opens a blue-white window.

Struggling to her feet, Carter stumbles through the window and it closes.

Scarlet Witch rises up into the air, heading for the central building, the vague sounds of voices coming from within.

She floats past the broken doors and lands...

INT. ILLUMINATI THRONE ROOM - GAP JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

...her face appearing in the space between Mordo and Stephen's faces.

She smiles darkly.

SCARLET WITCH

I'm not interrupting anything, am I?

Mordo shoves Stephen away and races at Scarlet Witch with his sword, magic growing along its edges, as well as in his free hand.

Scarlet Witch deflects him into a wall with a sweep of her hand, he collapses down, unconscious.

Stephen rolls over and finds Scarlet Witch looking down at him.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

You know, I'm just done fighting.

Behind her, Mordo staggers to his feet. He sees Scarlet Witch and flings his sword at her.

It evaporates into dust before it finds its home in her back.

She looks over her shoulder and beckons him forward with a finger.

Red energy ensnares him and pulls him over to where Stephen is standing up.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

(to Stephen)

Your the one who destroyed all the Darkholds?

STEPHEN

Yes.

SCARLET WITCH

I should thank you. Without you I would never have found this place.

She blinks at Stephen...

and his cuffs disappear.

Stephen twists his wrists, massaging them, they are red and raw from the manacles.

Scarlet Witch floats Mordo to hover between the two of them.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

(to Stephen)

Can you take me to my children?

STEPHEN

Yes.

SCARLET WITCH

Then you decide his fate.

Scarlet Witch lowers Mordo to his knees before Stephen.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

Does he live, or die, Stephen
Strange?

Stephen shakes his head at Scarlet Witch.

STEPHEN

I'm not an executioner.

Scarlet Witch smiles.

SCARLET WITCH

Live it is. Only...

She draws her red energy off of Mordo, and with it comes green magic. Mordo's eyes roll up as she pulls every last drop of magic out of his body.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

...without that pesky magic.

Mordo collapses to his hands and knees, breathing heavy, tears in his eyes as he looks up at Scarlet Witch.

MORDO

You're a monster.

Scarlet Witch ignores Mordo, looking at Stephen.

SCARLET WITCH

Sometimes death is a mercy.

(beat)

My children, now.

Stephen nods and tries not to look at Mordo as he leads Scarlet Witch out.

INT. RICHARD'S LAB - GAP JUNCTION - MOMENTS LATER

Stephen pushes open the doors to Richard's lab and Scarlet Witch rushes through, seeing the boys in their glass cubes.

She swipes the glass away with red energy and bends down over Tommy's unconscious form. He's barefoot, still dressed in his pajamas from the WandaVision finale.

SCARLET WITCH
Tommy? Is this my little Tommy?

PROFESSOR X (O.S.)
Almost grown up, it would seem.

Scarlet Witch clutches Tommy to her, and stares daggers at...

...Professor X in his floating chair.

PROFESSOR X (V.O.)
I'm very sorry, Wanda...

Mental rings rush out of Professor X's head and strike Wanda, forcing her to drop Tommy, holding red energy against her head, trying to fight Professor X's attack.

PROFESSOR X (V.O.) (cont'd)
...but I cannot allow you to leave
here with these boys. For their sake,
and for the multiverse.

Professor looks away from Scarlet Witch, speaking slowly and deliberately.

PROFESSOR X
Stephen, it's time for you to go. I
think you'll find Doctor Palmer
willing to assist you.

Stephen hesitates for a moment, looking between Professor X and Wanda, raising his hands.

PROFESSOR X (cont'd)
Go now, Stephen. Not every fight is
yours. I will deal with her.

Stephen moves toward the boys, but he is overcome with pain, holding his head.

PROFESSOR X (cont'd)
Go to Doctor Palmer, Stephen.

Stephen's vision goes dark, blurry, and then we crash into...

INT. PALMER'S LAB - DEAD SPACE

...Stephen standing rigid in the middle of the lab, vacant look on his face.

PALMER
Stephen, Stephen!

Stephen shakes his head, coming awake finally.

STEPHEN
What am I? I was...

PALMER
The Professor sent you?

STEPHEN
Yes.

PROFESSOR X (V.O.)
Help them, Christine. Get them out of here.

Palmer winces at the mental contact, but she exchanges glances with...

...Stephen and America, who is still locked up in her cube.

AMERICA
Well, you heard *viejo loco*, didn't you? Let me out!

Palmer nods a few times before moving forward to work the controls on America's cube.

The door opens and America leaps to the floor, taking a deep breath of the air, and then coughing.

AMERICA (cont'd)
Nope. Definitely better in my cell.

Palmer rolls her eyes and undoes America's cuffs.

America seizes her by her coat and hauls her off her feet.

AMERICA (cont'd)
What do we do with you?

Stephen carefully puts his hands on America's forearms, urging her to gently put Palmer back on the ground.

STEPHEN
We need her.

PALMER
I'll show you to your belongings.

AMERICA
And then I can break us out of here.

PALMER

It would be better if we used a window.

(looking around)

I'm not sure what damage they've done to the fabric of reality here.

America looks disappointed but motions for Palmer to lead on, following after her, Stephen taking up the rear.

INT. SCARLET WITCH'S MIND - DAY

A ten-year-old Scarlet Witch is running down a residential street, but its like a play-set, only part of the world is real, and then it fades off into blank white.

A massive Professor X is reaching down for her, scooping her up in his hand and pulling her up, high into the air, fist gripping her tightly as he stares into her tiny face.

When he speaks, it BOOMS and shakes reality.

PROFESSOR X

You've been a naughty little girl,
Wanda.

Scarlet Witch struggles against his hand, but he's massive, and she's small.

PROFESSOR X (cont'd)

I'm going to put you in a time-out.
At least until I can see about
removing Cthon's influence on you.

The name Cthon triggers Scarlet Witch, her child body resolves through red energy into her Scarlet Witch body, but where her suit is scarlet in reality, here it is an inky black, and it gets on Professor X's hand, eating through it like acid.

Professor X flings Scarlet Witch away, recoiling in pain.

Scarlet Witch flies backward and launches an attack on him, flinging bolts of black energy at him.

He swats them away and then cups his hands, a prison of stone enclosing Scarlet Witch within it.

Scarlet Witch is in the dark, only the dark glow of her hands, black energy outlined in pure white, give the small stone box she's trapped in any definition.

She pounds her fists on the stone, but they don't break, nor crack.

She pours down her black energy fury, and it just dissipates before it hits the stone.

PROFESSOR X (V.O.)

Don't fight it, Wanda. Just relax. Go to sleep.

Scarlet Witch staggers, falling to her knees, her dark energy almost going out, now just a whisper, her eyes falling closed as the light starts to fail.

CTHON

No, Wanda.

Scarlet Witch's eyes flash open, a low red run forming in front of her face.

CTHON (cont'd)

Let me help you. You've done so much on your own. Let me help you save your children.

Cthon's voice is smooth, buttery, not deep, but it feels like a supportive therapist, helping you through your darkest moments.

CTHON (cont'd)

Just let me in.

Scarlet Witch stares at the rune, eyebrows furrowed.

CTHON (cont'd)

Trust me, Wanda. I've already been helping you. How else did you leash Cyttorak, or Shuma-Gorath?

Scarlet Witch nods slowly.

PROFESSOR X (V.O.)

No child! Don't listen to him. He means to--

Professor X's voice goes away completely, leaving just Scarlet Witch and the rune.

SCARLET WITCH

I'm so tired.

CTHON

I know, Wanda. You're almost done. Just let me help.

Scarlet Witch nods again, touching the rune with her blackened fingers.

Red energy surges out of the rune and breaks the stone box open.

Transforming Scarlet Witch back into her scarlet outfit, this time glowing with red energy, her clothing made out of that energy.

Professor X recoils as the red energy hits him.

PROFESSOR X

Wanda, what have you done?

The red energy strikes an impossible wall in the white blank space, and a crack forms, which is pried open by two devilish Stygian hands, wider and wider, until the horned head of Cthon pushes through.

His face is pleasing, his skin a dull gray, with black gray hair underneath the massive horns, as wide as his shoulders, and curving down to turn around into points that face forward.

He is naked, black limbs, the same Stygian color as Scarlet Witch's fingers, but his trunk is the same gray as his face, tapering down his abdominal muscles to a pubic mound of Stygian black, no visible genitals.

As he strides into the white space, the red energy that formed the crack begins to collect at his neck and form a flowing cape of red energy, the same magical energy cloth that Scarlet Witch now wears.

CTHON

Hello, Charles.

Cthon rushes forward to meet Professor X, while Scarlet Witch hurls red energy into Professor X's face, blinding him against the swing of Cthon's fist.

Professor X is knocked backward, falling over like a giant tree, slamming into the blank white void with a thunderous BOOM.

The small play-set of a city is crushed under Cthon's massive, Stygian foot. Professor X squints and rolls to the side, fear in his eyes.

INT. ILLUMINATI ARMORY - DEAD SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Stephen gladly pulls out his Clock of Levitation from the wardrobe, the cloak coming alive as it passes through the barrier of light shimmering across the face of the wardrobe.

The cloak excitedly hugs Stephen, before dancing around to show a new blue patch covering the hole Wanda made in it.

STEPHEN

Yes, I'm happy to see you too, and you look wonderful.

The cloak flies around and grabs onto his shoulders, going still.

America and Palmer are staring at him.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

What?

AMERICA

I think your only real relationship is with that cloak.

PALMER

You're forgetting he's in love with himself.

The two laugh and then catch themselves, looking at each other and then away.

STEPHEN

Well, now--

PROFESSOR X (V.O.)

Hurry. Quickly. Christine, take them away. Stephen. You must trust your Wanda. Only your Wanda. Both of them together can...ahhh!

Stephen sways with the mental communication, eyes flashing to...

...Palmer who's already using her belt device to try and make a portal.

STEPHEN

We need to leave.

PALMER

I'm trying, it won't take the code. Earth six-one-six.

AMERICA

Enough, stand back.

Palmer jumps to the side while America kicks a portal open, showing the desiccated orchard.

The edges of the portal start to fray, coming undone.

AMERICA (cont'd)

Hurry, I think the doc was right.
Something's wrong with the
Multiverse.

America rushes through the portal, and Stephen pushes Palmer ahead of him.

The portal rips apart and shatters into thousands of pieces.

INT. RICHARD'S LAB - GAP JUNCTION - MOMENTS LATER

Scarlet Witch lets go of her head, releasing the red energy from her hands.

Tommy stirs next to her, looking up at her.

TOMMY

Mom?

Scarlet witch nods, tears in her eyes.

SCARLET WITCH

It's me.

BILLY (O.S.)

No...

Scarlet witch looks over to see Billy sitting up, also still in his pajamas.

BILLY

You're different.

SCARLET WITCH

I'm your real mother. She stole you from me.

TOMMY

I remember...

BILLY

We came apart...

TOMMY

Alone.

BILLY

In the dark.

TOMMY

She left us.

SCARLET WITCH

I will never leave you.

She pulls Tommy into a tight hug.

Billy awkwardly uses his blue magic to float across the gap between the two cubes, and Scarlet Witch pulls him into the same hug, patting their dirty heads.

Professor X slides forward, a new, dangerous smile on the old man's face. He speaks with his own voice, but the essence of Cthon leaks through.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

Is he dead?

PROFESSOR X

Charles? No, he's too powerful to kill. But he's in a...what did he call it, ah, a time-out.

Scarlet Witch floats to her feet, bringing her sons to theirs as well, holding their hands.

PROFESSOR X (cont'd)

It's time, Wanda. You can keep them safe forever. Take us to Wundagore.

Scarlet Witch waves her hand, sending red energy into the air, where it splinters and cracks, pieces of reality falling away to reveal a mountain peak, atop which rests a tower, topped by a representation of Cthon's horns, same as on the Darkhold.

The sky is a deep red at the horizon, and fading into black the higher it goes. The peak is along a range that proceeds jaggedly to the left, streams of molten red fire deep down in the valley behind the peak.

A few dark shapes swirl against the red of the sky.

Catching herself, the boys, and Professor X up in red energy, Scarlet Witch flies them into the cracks even as they start to close behind them.

INT. WUNDAGORE TEMPLE - MOMENTS LATER

The quartet set down, Scarlet Witch kneeling in front of her boys while Professor X glides forward.

The interior of the temple is a series of friezes carved into the dull red stone, the pages of the Darkhold.

Professor X glides past the wall, columns obstructing him from view as he continues toward the back wall.

There, larger than life, the page from the Scarlet Witch prophecy hangs over the whole room, as high as the ceiling almost thirty feet above.

Scarlet Witch takes her boys' hands.

SCARLET WITCH

I have to do something, but when I'm done, no one will ever be able to take you from me again.

She chokes back a sob and bites her tongue.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

I've missed so much. You're so big now.

BILLY

What about our other mom?

SCARLET WITCH

(dangerously)

She will pay more than she already has if she ever tries to touch you again.

Tommy and Billy recoil at their mom's tone.

Scarlet Witch smiles, squeezing their hands.

SCARLET WITCH (cont'd)

Go, look around. Mommy needs to do a little magic, and then we can go home.

(beat)

Sound good?

Tommy nods immediately, but Billy hesitates, his nod a little less enthusiastic.

Scarlet Witch stands and moves to the center of the temple, a hexagonal table, covered with runes and more carved spells.

Scarlet Witch considers the one carved on the top of the table.

PROFESSOR X

This is the last page, never copied.
It's for you alone, Wanda. Are you ready?

SCARLET WITCH

Yes.

She mounts the table and floats into a lotus position, hovering above the table, red runes rising up from the table below her as she begins to prepare the spell.

Billy pulls Tommy back into the temple, their bare feet PADDING on the stone floor.

Professor X watches them, but stays near the center, near Scarlet Witch.

Tommy pulls Billy to the base of the back wall, the massive carving of the Scarlet Witch rising above them.

Tommy glances backward at...

...Scarlet Witch, her back to them, hovering, runes working around her.

BILLY

Something's wrong.

Tommy nods vacantly, but his hand is on a smaller carving, in a hexagonal window, it looks like Billy's Halloween costume, the Wiccan outfit.

TOMMY

I think this is you.

Billy turns to look at it. Tommy grabs his brother's shoulder.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Billy, do you remember Taran and Eilonwy?

BILLY

Kinda. Like a dream.

TOMMY

You thought Taran was cutest.

BILLY

And you liked Eilonwy's hair the best, but--

TOMMY

I like them both the same.

(beat)

I don't think that was a dream.

BILLY

Our other mom, maybe she did it.

TOMMY

Are you sure this one is our real mom?

Billy stares hard at...

...Scarlet Witch's back.

BILLY

Yeah. We're connected to her, like our other mom said. I just feel it.

TOMMY

I hope she knows what she's doing.

The boys watch more and more runes appear around Scarlet Witch, the ever watchful eye of Professor X gazing at her as well, glorious smile on his lips.

EXT. WANDA'S ORCHARD - EARTH 199999

America stumbles out of the portal, catching Palmer as she nearly falls, the portal a good foot off the tainted dirt.

Stephen rushes through as the portal disintegrates.

They look around, and it's bleak, even with the sun emerging over the horizon.

All along the edges of the orchard, black ink rises into the sky, bits of reality starting to crack above them. In the distance, its the same if not worse.

PALMER

Its an incursion, pretty far along.

She bangs the device that failed to open a window earlier with her hand.

PALMER (cont'd)

Doesn't make sense one-nine-nine,
nine-nine-nine. I've never seen that
before.

(to America)

Are you sure you brought us to the
right earth?

America nods toward the glass hex where Wanda stands staring
out at them.

AMERICA

There's the other *bruja*. She may not
have been trying to kill me in
particular, but she's no saint.

Stephen straightens his clothes and touches his cloak, which
flares out dramatically.

STEPHEN

Stay here.

Stephen stalks toward the glass cage looking at...

...Wanda, still huddled in the dirty remnants of the broken
house that her glass prison surrounds.

The runes glow extra bright, pulsing with the energy Scarlet
Witch is pouring into the multiverse.

Even America's portal that Scarlet Witch slithered through
is glowing with red energy, bits of the Gap Junction leaking
out, luminous clouds of matter mixed with the inky stains of
the incursion.

Stephen stops at the barrier and stares down at Wanda, who
sits passively and looks up.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

She trapped you?

WANDA

Cursed me, actually. To live knowing
my boys are out there, and I can
never have them.

STEPHEN

Cthon has her now. Just like he had
you.

WANDA

No, Stephen Strange...

Wanda stands up, clothes filthy, but she has the bearing of a queen.

WANDA (cont'd)

No. I was not a puppet. She may be, I don't know. But I chose what I did. Blinded, maybe deluded. Thinking I could create my own little world. Play god with reality.

She looks around, gestures to the incursions, the battlefield.

WANDA (cont'd)

I did all this. You don't get to take away my blame, nor my power. I killed your people to protect my fantasy.

(beat)

I could fix that. I could bring them all back. Cast a hex over the whole planet, shape it anyway I wanted. The demon whispered to me secrets to me.

STEPHEN

You killed my friends. You killed Wong. But you didn't break reality. I have just as much blame as you. If I hadn't thought I could fix...could fix you. If I'd not tried to be the savior, then we wouldn't be here right now.

WANDA

We both have something to answer for, but right now, you need my help. You can't face her. *I* may not be able to face her.

STEPHEN

The old man, the professor, said I needed you, and only you. Somehow you can stop all this.

WANDA

Somehow we can stop all this. If you can trust me.

America and Palmer close the last distance to stand at Stephen's side. He's unsurprised, and looks over his shoulder at America.

STEPHEN

Trust is a hard thing.

AMERICA

You two gonna talk all day?

America punches the glass cell, her fist turning blue-white with energy.

The glass CRACKS, CRACKS, spreading like a web until it shatters through a glowing red rune above Wanda's head.

The instant it does, Wanda is covered in red energy, standing up, the energy resolving into her full regalia, colors just a little brighter now, a little more red.

Wanda wipes away the glass cage with a gesture of her hands, and steps forward to stand with her hands clasped in front of her.

WANDA

Now what?

STEPHEN

She's still using the Darkhold, but I destroyed every copy, everywhere.

(beat)

We need Wong.

WANDA

Are you certain? It won't be permanent. If we stop her...if I die, the reality will fade away.

STEPHEN

He's gonna hate this. But we need the Sorcerer Supreme.

Wanda nods and walks over to the spot where she dissolved Wong and with a tendril of red energy, stirs the ashes on the ground.

A spinning cyclone of red energy builds Wong back up, atom by atom until he's standing there again.

He summons his shield and weapon, staggering around, facing Wanda who holds her hands up in surrender.

WONG

Was I dead? Did you resurrect me?

(looking around)

Do you know how bad...you could have...the violation of natural...

He continues to look around, seeing the incursion of realities, the inky black taking over the sky, darkening each second.

Stephen steps up to him and bows deeply.

STEPHEN
Sorcerer Supreme. We need you help,
and time is fleeting.

WONG
I can see that.

Wong rounds on Wanda, getting close to her, finger wagging.

WONG (cont'd)
What you did is unforgivable.
(beat)
But I am grateful to be back.

WANDA
It's temporary. I am truly sorry.

WONG
You will answer for your crimes.

WANDA
I know.

STEPHEN
Wong, right now we need to know how
the other Wanda is still using the
Darkhold. I destroyed all the copies
in the multiverse.

WONG
You did what?

STEPHEN
I know, dark magic, but its done. She
should have been cut off, like our
Wanda was.

WANDA
I'm not cut off, not entirely. I can
feel it out there, somewhere, but the
direct connection was severed when
you destroyed my copy.

WONG
Wundagore. She must be at Wundagore.
That's were the Darkhold comes from,
it is the Dark *Hold* that Cthon has on
this plane.

STEPHEN
(to Wanda)
He said I needed you, only you.

WANDA
I'm not special.

Palmer steps forward, pocketing the device she was using earlier in her lab coat.

PALMER
You are though. There's no mutants here. You don't have the X Gene. But you have your powers.

WANDA
I was born a witch, well I was born with some small powers. But I didn't get all this.
(gesturing to her suit)
Until the mind stone.

Palmer turns to Stephen, realization dawning on her.

PALMER
An infinity stone. She's connected to that energy, even with the stone destroyed.

STEPHEN
You can find them.
(looking at Wanda)
You pulled them across realities, you imbued them with your energy, erased their X Gene, but they still have their powers.

WANDA
My boys?

STEPHEN
Exactly.

He strides forward to Wanda, opening the eye of Agamoto around his neck.

STEPHEN (cont'd)
Can you conjure the mind stone again, like you did in the hex.

WANDA
It's just an echo, a small piece.

STEPHEN
You created a Vision with it. That's more than enough. We can search for them, you can find them.

Wanda isn't totally convinced, but she does as Stephen asks, though with less violence than in WandaVision. Touching her heart, she draws out red energy and lets it resolve into the mind stone in front of her, translucent, not entirely real.

Strange works the eye, connecting it to the mind stone, tendrils of yellow energy touching the yellow stone.

And then they both are taken on a mental journey.

SERIES OF SHOTS

* Wanda and Pietro playing as children, Magneto watching over them. Happy, laughing.

* X-men 97 animated Wanda and Pietro fighting against the X-men.

* Comic Book panels of Wanda from "The House of M," flicking by, showing her cradling her children. Whispering "No more mutants."

* Another version of Pietro and Wanda as children, a cow-man nanny playing with them.

* Finally, Wundagore, Billy and Tommy crouched down, looking scared at Scarlet Witch as she conducts her spell, Professor X looking at her with delight, until he notices the viewers, and his attention snaps to look directly at camera, waves of mental energy pushing the view back into...

EXT. WANDA'S ORCHARD - EARTH 199999

...Stephen and Wanda gasp from the mental attack, the mind stone dissipating between them.

STEPHEN

You found them.

Wanda is tearing up.

WANDA

I looked happy in some of those. No war. Pietro and I were just children.

(beat)

The Scarlet Witch isn't born, she's forged. That's what Agatha said.

(beat)

I'm not a Scarlet Witch, I am *the* Scarlet Witch. I can get through to her. I felt her. Cthon has her trapped.

STEPHEN

We need to get there, Wong, anything?

WONG

No sorcerer can travel to Wundagore.

PALMER

I'm not even sure it would have coordinates.

(to America)

You're the only one that could get there, that I'm aware of. Your powers allow you to tunnel outside the multiverse.

AMERICA

Last time I opened a portal outside the multiverse, I collapsed my entire dimension.

(looking at Wanda)

I'd have to know where I'm going. You have to take my power.

STEPHEN

No. That's not happening.

AMERICA

That's why she wanted me. She needed to get to the Gap Junction, but she needed me to open a pathway for her.

WANDA

She was able to crawl through the remnants of your portal.

AMERICA

(to Stephen)

What if this is what I'm meant to do?
What if this is how I fix it?

STEPHEN

Dying isn't a way to fix things!
There must be another way.

PALMER

Doctor.

Palmer moves in front of Stephen, her hands in her coat pockets.

PALMER (cont'd)
You can't save every life. If you try, the entire multiverse, an infinite amount of lives will all be destroyed.

AMERICA
I need to do this.

America stands before Wanda, takes a deep breath and then closes her eyes.

AMERICA (cont'd)
Do it, *bruja*. Just be quick. The last doc was really bad at it.

WANDA
Are you sure?

AMERICA
(opens her eyes)
Don't make me think about it! Do it.

Wanda puts her hand on Americas chest, and with red energy, pierces into her body.

America's eyes flash open as she falls to her knees. Wanda pulling energy out of her, blue-white starts to eek out of her chest and flow up into Wanda's hands.

America's face starts to wither, desiccate.

Stephen looks on with horror.

PROFESSOR X (V.O.)
Both of them *together*.

Stephen's eyes widen, and he slices through the connection between Wanda and America with a yellow blade.

AMERICA
(panting)
Why did you stop it! I can't go through that again.

STEPHEN
Together. He said together. You have the mind stone, Wanda. You don't need to take her power, you can share her power.

WANDA
I don't know how.

STEPHEN

Surrender. You are the most powerful magical being, maybe anywhere. Give yourself to her, connect with her.

Wanda nods and holds out her hand, pulling America to her feet.

The two of them are close, America nodding to Wanda, who closes her eyes and lets her red energy flow into America, but not violently, like an embrace.

America closes her eyes.

EXT. UTOPIAN PARALLEL - DAY

Young America runs through a field, the status of Wiccan behind her.

She tumbles into the arms of her mothers, and they hug.

Wanda and America stand together, watching the happy memory on the grass.

WANDA

They loved you.

AMERICA

I miss them so much.

WANDA

Use that love, follow it inside me.
Take us to my boys.

The colors swirl into clouds of dust and the scene resolves into...

INT. WUNDAGORE TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

The dark, red, ominous interior of the temple.

EXT. WANDA'S ORCHARD - EARTH 199999

America and Wanda open their eyes, tendrils of energy, blue and red caught between them. They nod.

AMERICA

Okay, what are we waiting for?

STEPHEN

Rule Number Fifteen: Always make a plan.

America rolls her eyes, but they all huddle up.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

We've got a Scarlet Witch, powered by the original Darkhold, a mutant professor with astonishing mental powers, and a Demon trying to claw its way into our existence by destroying the Multiverse.

(beat)

Wong, what's the plan?

Wong looks surprised, but he claps his hands.

WONG

We must stop the ritual, Cthon cannot be freed...

INT. WUNDAGORE TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

A star portal opens, and Wanda leads the charge, followed by Stephen, both flying through.

WONG (V.O.)

Wanda, try to disrupt her, contain her if you can.

Wanda, hovering throws red energy at Scarlet Witch...

...but they impact a barrier she's made, her eyes are still closed, the runes still forming and flowing backward to the wall behind her, the carving of the giant witch seething with red energy.

WONG (V.O.) (cont'd)

Stephen, you need to disrupt Cthon's control over her. I don't know about mutants, but mind control is mind control.

Stephen floats down to face Professor X, waves of mental energy streaming at him.

They impact runes on his head, peeling them off, one at a time. Stephen grimaces as he puts a shield up between him and the Professor.

PROFESSOR X (V.O.)
Pitiful, little, Sorcerer. Do you
think borrowed bits of power can stop
the most powerful mind in the
universe?

Stephen staggers, the runes peeling off his head faster by
the second.

Stephen attempts to make his spells pass through the rings
of mental energy, but they shatter and are broken.

PROFESSOR X
Kneel, Stephen Strange. Kneel before
your new god.

Strange fights the compulsion, but falls to one knee, runes
almost gone from his head, his yellow magic weak and unable
to form.

WONG (V.O.)
America, you and I will get the
children to Doctor Palmer, back here
in the orchard, and then help Wanda
and Stephen.

America and Wong stalk around the broken column, Wanda still
throwing red energy at Scarlet Witch, Stephen struggling to
stay upright, one knee on the ground.

Billy and Tommy face off, Billy holding blue magic in his
hands. They're both still in their pajamas, looking even
worse for wear.

WONG
Boys, come on, we need to leave.

BILLY
No!

Billy blasts Wong, who manages to put up a shield, only to
have it shattered in front of him, knocking him backward to
tumble along the ground.

Tommy zooms at America.

She catches him by the head, digging in her heels, but Tommy
manages to push her back and slam her with his hands.

America flies backward, hitting a column and causing it to
crack and break.

The crack in the temple disrupts Scarlet Witch's shield momentarily, one of Wanda's energy blasts hits Scarlet Witch directly.

Scarlet Witch opens her eyes, staring at Wanda.

Wanda clutches her head and falls to the floor.

Scarlet Witch closes her eyes and conjures another rune.

Behind her the back wall is starting to collapse inward, a portal starting to open.

America sits up, Wong clutching his head beside her.

AMERICA

Rule number sixteen: Plans fail,
improvise.

WONG

We're going to need some mutants.

AMERICA

And fast.

America stands up, holding her hands out she approaches Billy and Tommy, both ready to fight.

AMERICA (cont'd)

Hey, *chicos*, I'm America. You've got
some really cool powers there.

Billy and Tommy look at each other, and then back at Wanda struggling to her feet, Professor X now looking intently at her as Stephen falls to both knees, clutching his head, only a few runes left.

AMERICA (cont'd)

I had two moms.

The boys attention snaps to America.

She gets on one knee, and holds out her hand.

AMERICA (cont'd)

I remember when they fought, it was
scary.

Wanda throws a stream of red energy at Scarlet Witch, the shield around Scarlet Witch starting to falter. Wanda's face is pained.

AMERICA (cont'd)

Maybe not this scary. But it sucked.

TOMMY

We're not scared.

Billy looks at him, and Tommy looks back, shrugging his shoulders.

AMERICA

I need your help.

(to Billy)

You're like your mom, right?

Billy nods, magic still in his hands, poised to strike.

AMERICA (cont'd)

Well, I need some superheros, and superheros need suits. Think you can make some of those?

Billy thinks about it for a second, looks back at the temple wall to see his likeness and closes his eyes.

Blue energy swirls around him and he stands in his Wiccan costume, dark blue jumpsuit and red cape, greatly improved from the Halloween costume.

He looks at Tommy, seeing the green in his pajamas and waves his hand over his brother. The pajamas becoming a green uniform, Speed.

AMERICA (cont'd)

That's amazing. Now, Billy.

BILLY

Wiccan.

TOMMY

And I'm Speed.

AMERICA

Okay, superhero names are go. Wiccan, you need to go help your mom get through to your other mom. She needs to listen, and you're gonna help her do that.

Billy nods his head, and floats up like his mom does, going and landing beside Wanda, putting his hand on her shoulder and extending his other hand, blue magic leaping out at Scarlet Witch's shield.

The shield around Scarlet Witch falters, her eyes open to see...

...Billy standing next to Wanda.

BILLY

Mom, you have to stop.

PROFESSOR X (V.O.)

Don't believe her lies, Wanda. She's trying to trick you. Finish this, and she'll never be able to hurt your boys again.

America stands up and kicks a star portal in the air as Wong staggers over.

WONG

What are you doing?

AMERICA

Getting more mutants.

(to Tommy)

I could use a little Speed.

Tommy smiles brightly, zooming up to take America's hand, and then whisking her through the portal, an enormous mansion visible across a green field.

The portal closes and Wong is left standing there.

WONG

I guess I'll help Strange.

(mumbling)

Make the plan, Wong. You're the Sorcerer Supreme, Wong.

Wong moves off toward Stephen, straining to get to him as the mental waves begin to take him down too.

But then the face of another Xavier flashes, a deep blue suit, same weathered face.

Stephen is able to breath again, Wong coming up to take his shoulders.

STEPHEN

She's doing it.

WONG

Then let's do our part.

The two Sorcerers conjure magic weakly, moving to contain Professor X, the mental waves staggering them the closer they get.

Another face flashes between them, this one of a younger Xavier, same blue suit and bald head, holding his fingers to his temple.

Now Wong and Stephen start to make a cage around Professor X.

There's another flash, this one of an animated Xavier, black shirt, brown jacket, both his hands held to his temples.

Quickly after, a pane from a comic, this Xavier in a black leotard, wearing a giant silver helmet, an X where his eyes would be.

Stephen and Wong manage to get the cage around Professor X, and he seems to wake up.

PROFESSOR X
He still has her.

Stephen and Wong look to..

...where Billy and Wanda are continuing to break down Scarlet Witch's shield.

Her eyes open and she stands up.

Wanda and Billy cease their attack, as a star portal opens behind them, Tommy and America stepping through.

Tommy goes to Billy's side, while America goes to Wanda's.

PROFESSOR X (cont'd)
Even linked, I don't think all of us
could break his hold.

STEPHEN
No, but you can get us in the door.

Scarlet Witch raises her hands and conjures massive demons, the same kind that were impersonating Billy and Tommy in Wanda's hex.

Two of them ROAR and lumber toward Wong and Stephen, while the others come around the stone table, headed for Billy and Tommy.

Wanda flies at Scarlet Witch and they collide in mid-air, sending a wave of red-energy that ripples through the temple, shaking the stone and littering dirt onto the head's of everyone.

Wong blocks one of the Demon's with a shield, trying to stab at it with his conjured weapon.

Stephen, conjures the buzz saw again and splits the demon right down the middle, a spray of gore erupting into the air.

WONG

Show off.

Wong switches to a string weapon, lassoing the demon's legs and yanking them out from under it, so Stephen can cut off its head once it hits the ground.

Tommy zooms right into the third Demon's leg, and knocks it off balance for Billy to blast it, rising up into the air and continuing to assault it until it sinks into a steaming heap.

America strides up to the last one and punches it as hard as she can, fist covered in blue energy, slamming it backward into the temple wall, cracking it, shaking the whole building.

The portal is nearly open, but the damage to the wall disrupts the portal, making it fizzle.

AMERICA

The temple is the Darkhold.

(shouting)

Stephen, we have to destroy the temple.

Stephen nods and then kneels in front of Professor X.

STEPHEN

Can the five of you get us into her mind.

PROFESSOR X

Yes. But the demon is too powerful in there, even for us.

STEPHEN

No, pull the other Wanda into our Wanda's mind. The boys too.

Stephen looks back at Wanda, her hands locked around Scarlet Witch's wrist.

WANDA

You need to stop. He's using you.

SCARLET WITCH

More lies.

Scarlet Witch blasts Wanda back and then hurls a stream of energy down at America, Tommy and Billy.

America curls herself around Tommy, and Billy projects a shield that stops his mom's power, but causes him to strain against her.

STEPHEN

Wanda, you have to show her.

Professor X closes his eyes, mental rings rising up...

...to catch both Wanda and Scarlet Witch, they pause, floating in a circle, looking at each other.

INT. WANDA'S HOUSE - WANDA'S HEAD - CONTINUOUS

Wanda is in her mom clothes, strawberry blonde hair pulled back in a bun, and Scarlet Witch is still in her battered suit, more worse for wear, darker, nearing black.

Billy and Tommy are together to the side, wearing their normal clothes.

The two women circle each other, until Scarlet Witch sees her boys.

SCARLET WITCH

You're trying to steal them again.

WANDA

No. I'm trying to show you.

Wanda stops circling and crouches down.

WANDA (cont'd)

Come here boys.

Billy and Tommy run up to her and they all look up at...

...Scarlet Witch.

TOMMY

Mom, you need to stop. You're hurting Billy.

Billy's nose is bleeding, he wipes it with his hand.

BILLY

I don't want to fight you.

Scarlet Witch falls to her knees, the two moms staring at each other.

WANDA

Boys, go to your mother.

Billy and Tommy look at Wanda, then at each other, and finally move across the space.

Scarlet Witch embraces them, crying.

Wanda walks over to Scarlet Witch.

She puts her hand on Scarlet Witches face, a loving stroke.

WANDA (cont'd)
I'm sorry I did this to you.

Scarlet Witch closes her eyes as the boys hug her.

INT. WUNDAGORE TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

Back in the temple, Scarlet Witch is holding on to the boys, everyone back in their costume, Billy looking a little worse for wear.

Wanda stands apart, Stephen and Wong coming up beside her.

America puts her hand on Wanda's shoulder.

Wong looks back at the portal, still seething with energy.

WONG
That needs to be closed.

AMERICA
And we have to destroy this place.

CTHON
(booming)
Impudent witches!

A wave of red energy rolls out across the room as Cthon's voice reverberates.

STEPHEN
That's not good.

Both Wanda and Scarlet Witch stand to face the demon as it puts another hand through, widening the portal so that its face and horns can almost fit through.

Together, Wanda and Scarlet Witch fire red energy at the portal, weaving a web across the surface, deep into the crack, pulling at the stone to try and close the opening.

Billy runs forward to help.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

Billy, no--

A harpoon of energy pierces Billy lifting him into the air.

Wanda and Scarlet Witch stop their efforts and rush to him, each taking a hand.

Billy's eyes flare open, and he sends a wave of blue energy out of his hands, a hex forming around them, the runes that stop any other witch from using her power etched on the sides of the hex.

Wanda sits up, her mouth bleeding.

Billy hangs in the air, the energy piercing him, tethering him back to the hand of Cthon, the demon's other hand prying the portal open.

Billy raises his hand and Professor X is caught up in a spectral grip, which then closes around the chair, crushing it and the man into a tight crumpled, bleeding ball.

Wanda looks from Billy to the distraught face of Scarlet Witch...

...Wanda nods her head, decision made.

WANDA

Stephen, you and Wong use America, find all the cracks in the multiverse, link them with a thread.

STEPHEN

Wanda you can't face him.

WANDA

I'm just going to talk to my boy.

Wanda steps forward, Scarlet Witch kneeling beside Tommy, clutching him to herself.

Stephen helps Wong to his feet.

STEPHEN

We could use the Runes of Kauf Kaul, modified.

WONG

That might work. But we'll need--

AMERICA

Me.

America holds out her hands, palms up, blue energy forming in them.

Wong and Stephen work together, spinning the ring through America's energy, changing it from yellow to blue, and deepening it into a spiral.

Wanda approaches Billy, his face pained, his hands on the tether.

Billy fires a blast of energy...

...blackening Wanda's left shoulder, burning bits of her hair that flare and then smoke.

BILLY

Mom, I can't fight him. It hurts.

WANDA

I know, Billy. You don't have to. I just need you to give mommy a hug, you can do that.

Billy fires another blast...

...hitting Wanda in the right shoulder, more damage, but Wanda gets up on the stone table.

Billy struggles, blue magic in his hands.

WANDA (cont'd)

Just give mommy a hug, and it will all be over.

CTHON

I gave you your powers, Witch! You cannot stand against your god!

Billy blasts Wanda in the stomach, causing her to crumple, but still move forward, burned flesh through the hole in her suit.

WANDA

(staggered)

One. Little. Hug.

Wanda closes the distance and pulls Billy into a hug. His face contorts as he fights against Cthon's control, and then its at peace.

Behind him, Wanda has seized the tether with her hand. The harpoon through Billy fades away.

Wanda falls to her knees as Billy floats down in front of her.

She looks up at him.

WANDA (cont'd)
You...did good. Now release the
runes, and go help your mother.

Billy nods, sending a wave of blue energy out that collapses his hex.

He kneels in front of Wanda, and gives her a big hug.

Tommy rushes up behind her and does the same.

Wanda begins to glow with red energy as Scarlet Witch stands beside the stone table.

SCARLET WITCH
Together, we might survive.

Wanda looks back over her shoulder.

WANDA
You will survive, for them. I curse
you with that.

Scarlet Witch nods, holding out her hand and passing her magic through to join with Wanda's. As the last drops of her energy leave Scarlet Witch, her clothes revert to street wear.

WANDA (cont'd)
Now go.

Scarlet Witch gathers her children, and they move back to America, Stephen and Wong.

STEPHEN
Go, get them out of here. I'll hold
the spell until she's ready.

WONG
No, Stephen. Earth needs a Sorcerer
Supreme, and I'm on borrowed time.

Stephen looks up, mouth open.

WONG (cont'd)
Save your patient, Doctor.

Stephen nods solemnly, and steps back, allowing Wong to take the spiraling spell, as America removes her hands and blue energy.

AMERICA

I think that's it. I hope it is.

STEPHEN

It is.

(eyeing Wong)

Let's take these boys home.

America kicks backward, the orchard visible, Palmer looking up from her pad.

Scarlet Witch leads the boys through the portal. America steps after them, looking back at Stephen.

WONG

Go now.

Stephen bows again to Wong and then touches Wong's shaking arms.

Stephen steps through the portal and it closes behind him.

Wong looks up at...

...Wanda who glows with so much red energy she's become as bright as a star.

CTHON

You may have stolen the vessel I wanted. I'll just take you instead.

WANDA

No, you won't.

WONG

Any time, Ms. Maximoff.

Wanda nods.

She pulls on the string connecting herself to Cthon, gripping it tightly in her left hand.

Then she reaches backward with her right hand, a thin tendril of red energy touching the spiral in Wong's hand, turning the whole spiral red.

Wanda closes her eyes, and whispers...

WANDA

Let them live.

The energy she's been holding rips outward, tearing through the temple, the reality of it flying apart. That same energy roaring into the portal and shattering the Ethereal form of Cthon in the process.

EXT. WUNDAGORE TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

The spiraling runes race away from the shattering temple, crossing over the hellish landscape.

EXT. MULTIVERSE - CONTINUOUS

Along the edges of the multiverse, the membranes between reality, the runes rush through, sealing cracks, pushing universes apart.

They continue along the dark pathways, doing their good work.

EXT. WANDA'S ORCHARD - EARTH 199999

Stephen looks up into the sky, a smile touching his lips.

All around them, the inky darkness is fading, receding back through the cracks.

Scarlet Witch stares at the orchard as it changes from dark, desiccated trees, into beautiful branches, covered in apple blossoms. Billy and Tommy hugging her, looking around at the changing reality.

Scarlet Witch looks at Stephen.

SCARLET WITCH

She did it.

The trio of them fade away just like the cracks did.

America looks at Stephen, and then at Palmer.

AMERICA

So, we're just gonna pretend like we didn't see them ghost out there, right?

PALMER

Wanda reset the incursions, they've been drawn back to their home universes.

(MORE)

PALMER (cont'd)
(she pulls out her
device)
Speaking of which.

We get our first good look at Palmer's device. It's a rudimentary Temp-Pad, an early version of the ones the TVA use.

The display on her device reads "Earth 199999" and then it shifts to read "Earth 616".

Palmer shields her eyes, looking up at...

...the brightening sky, the last of the inky blackness dissolving.

PALMER (cont'd)
That's better.

She taps the screen and a window opens.

PALMER (cont'd)
Try not to destroy the multiverse in
the future.

STEPHEN
I won't.

AMERICA
No promises.

Palmer and Stephen whip their heads to stare at her.

AMERICA (cont'd)
I mean, of course not. No multiverse
ending antics for me.

PALMER
You know, if you want to, I'm gonna
need help. The Illuminati might be
gone, but there's still work to do.

AMERICA
I'll think about it, Doc.

Palmer smiles and walks through the window.

Stephen looks at the space where it was.

AMERICA (cont'd)
You were right, finally.

Stephen looks at America quizzically.

AMERICA (cont'd)

You didn't try to kill me. In fact,
you kinda saved my life. Of course
you still owe me.

(beat)

Rule Seventeen: It never hurts to
have a sorcerer owe you one.

Stephen rolls his eyes and opens a sling ring portal to
Kamar Taj, beckoning America to follow him.

INT. CHRISTINE'S APARTMENT - EARTH 616 - NIGHT

Christine sits on her couch, feet up on the coffee table,
Empire State t-shirt above fluffy sweatpants.

On the TV a news report is rolling, views of a the X Plane
lifting off the ground.

NEWSCASTER

...the X-men were able to stop
further destruction, rescuing several
survivors.

(beat)

In other news, Genosha made further
demands of the U.N. for recognition
as an independent nation. Tensions
still exist between self-proclaimed
Genosian Leader, Magneto, and...

The apartment isn't large, a one-bedroom Manhattan space,
small kitchen, mess on the kitchen table, mess on the coffee
table.

But it has a balcony, one on which Stephen is currently
standing.

Stephen taps the glass.

Christine jumps, a spoon in her mouth, the bowl of ice cream
resting on her chest.

She mutes the TV.

CHRISTINE

Jesus, Stephen!

She pushes the bowl to the coffee table and strides over to
the door onto her balcony.

She lives in a new construction, a deep courtyard running
down to the ground level where the original building still
remains, modern construction meeting old brick.

CHRISTINE (cont'd)

What?

STEPHEN

Can I come in?

CHRISTINE

I have a door!

STEPHEN

You have two.

Christine sighs and slides the door open, walking away as Stephen comes into the apartment.

CHRISTINE

It's been a long day, I'm exhausted, my brain feels like jelly, and all I want to do is drown in a bowl of ice cream.

She turns back to Stephen, really looks at him.

CHRISTINE (cont'd)

What happened?

STEPHEN

Wong's gone.

CHRISTINE

Stephen...

Christine comes up to Stephen, and puts her hands around him. Stephen does the same, hands shaky.

He starts to cry, big, streaming tears.

STEPHEN

I can't save everyone.

CHRISTINE

But you *can* save some of them.

Stephen holds Christine as the tears flow.

INT. WANDA'S LIVING ROOM - EARTH 239 - DAY

Wanda and the boys lounge on the couch, laughing as they kick their feet up on the table.

The door opens and Vision walks in, different than our Vision, same yellow stone, but more green, a different facial design.

The boys leap over the back of the couch and tackle hug Vision.

They fall in a heap as Wanda stands up and laughs at them.

EXT. KAMAR TAJ COURTYARD - EARTH 616 - DAY

Stephen stands in the shadows of the overhang looking at America who stares back at him, sorcerers working construction behind them in the sunlight.

STEPHEN

You could stay. Put down roots. Learn more about that magic you've got.

AMERICA

Nah.

She kicks a portal open, blocking the view of the courtyard.

An unsurprised Palmer stares through the portal that seems to have opened in her still broken lab.

AMERICA (cont'd)

I'm better if I keep moving.

(beat)

What about you, Sorcerer Supreme. Does that mean your collar is going to get bigger?

STEPHEN

No. No big collars, just a lot of messes to clean up.

AMERICA

I'll see you, Doctor Strange, out here in this *loco* multiverse.

America hops through the portal and it closes, leaving Stephen to watch the work going on.

A pair of Sorcerers come up and bow to him, he bows back. They pull him away, there's work to be done.

ROLL FIRST CREDITS

EXT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - EARTH 616 - DAY

Stephen Strange, another checked shirt, the same red shawl, closes the door to the Sanctum and starts down the street.

CLEA (O.S.)
 Stephen Strange.

A hand with purple nail polish, grabs Stephen by the shall, and yanks him backward.

CLEA, a sorcerer decked out in purple armor, shoulder gaurds like flower petals opening, slices open a tear in reality with her silver dagger, and throws Stephen through it.

INT. AGATHA'S KITCHEN - EARTH 616 - CONTINUOUS

Stephen rolls across the floor, his clothes changing into his sorcerer outfit, the cloak of levitation lifting him to his feet, yellow magic leaping to his hands as he stares at...

...Agatha Harkness, purple sweater over a collard shirt, hair up in a bun, dark slacks. One hand on her hip as she holds up her other hand, a bunny oven mitt.

AGATHA
 Hiya, Hun. Cookies are almost ready.
 (over her shoulder)
 You girls take milk with your cookies?

Sitting on the table, big punk boots resting on a chair in front of her, metal armor on her chest and arms, a huge sword made of blue energy resting on her legs, is MAGIK.

Keeping with the punk rock theme, SISTER GRIMM leans back in another chair, mesh sleeves over a leather corset. She looks Stephen up and down and shrugs.

Clea steps up beside Stephen, poking his yellow magic and smiling.

AGATHA (cont'd)
 (to Stephen)
 You know Ralph liked a bit of milk with his cookies, but now he's out chasing other cows. All because he wasn't under my spell anymore. Nice third eye by the way.

Agatha points a little blast of purple energy at...

...Stephen's fore head, where it hits. Stephen goes to his knees, shoting in pain as the same third eye Sinister Strange had, opens on Stephen's forehead.

AGATHA (cont'd)

Now let's see about getting my Wanda back.

Agatha transforms, her 2000s attire morphing into her long purple robes, broach at her neck, fingers no longer black.

Agatha leans her head back and CACKLES.

ROLL FINAL CREDITS

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - EARTH 616 - DAY

An empty room, a few discarded boxes littered around it, starts to shake, red energy racing around the room, erasing the boxes, and adding posters to the wall.

ICEMAN, a poster of the coolest young mutant shirtless and posing like a Calvin Klein model, comic book abs and all.

STARSHINE, a poster of a glorious pop-princess singing sensation, hair and makeup fabulous.

A mirror emerges atop a dresser, rainbow stickers on the edge of the mirror. The wood isn't new, but it's clean, the top is covered with boy things. Deodorant, chap-stick in several colors, pink and purple wrist bands, and a slew of extraneous items: metro pass, some loose bills, etc.

Next the bed, a twin, draped in a red bed-spread with red pillows. Above the plain wood headboard, is a pride flag.

Finally, the magic swirls into the center of the room, and a sixteen-year-old OLDER BILLY swirls into existence. Barefoot, short blue shorts, and a t-shirt with a mutant band logo on it, black with silver writing.

Billy gasps, looks down at his body, then catches his reflection in the mirror. Poking at his skin, and looking at his face from different angle.

The Iceman poster catches his eye and he grins.

The door pops open, REBECCA KAPLAN pokes her head in.

REBECCA

Billy Kaplan, you get dressed for school this instant. Your brothers are already downstairs. You're going to be late.

Billy looks at her in the mirror, confusion turning into rolled eyes and a groan.

OLDER BILLY

Fine, mom! Close the door, I need to change.

REBECCA

Five minutes, young man.

She closes the door and Billy drags his feet to the closet, opening it and sighing at everything in it.

He stalks away, pulling things off the hangars with magic.

FADE OUT