

Restless

(April 8, 2000)

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Teaser

INT. BUFFY'S FOYER/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy is at the door saying goodbye to Riley. Willow and Giles are in the dining room, Giles standing near enough to make conversation, not near enough to intrude.

BUFFY

You're sure you'll be all right.

RILEY

Sure as I am of anything. Which is less and less, these days.

BUFFY

Cause I could be there
in the morning --

RILEY

It's just a debriefing. They're not gonna make me disappear, and they're not pinning anything on me. I got Graham and a lot of the guys testifying I'm the reason they're alive. I might actually get out of this with an honorable discharge.

GILES

In return for your silence, no doubt.

RILEY

Oh yeah. Having the inside scoop on the administration's own Bay of Mutated Pigs is definitely an advantage.

WILLOW

Yeah, it's like you're blackmailing the government!

(off Riley's look)

In a patriotic way...

RILEY

(to Buffy)

I'll call you when it's over.

They kiss.

Xander and Joyce emerge from the kitchen. Xander has a bowl of popcorn, Joyce a tray of drinks and snacks.

XANDER

Dinner is served! My very own recipe.



WILLOW
You pushed the button on the
microwave marked 'popcorn'?
XANDER
Actually, I pushed 'defrost.' But
Joyce was there in the clinch.
RILEY
You guys have fun tonight.
(to Joyce)
It was nice meeting you.
JOYCE
It was nice meeting you... finally.

He smiles at Buffy, closes the door.

JOYCE
(to Buffy)
Notice how pointedly I said 'finally?'
BUFFY
No...

They move into

INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING - NIGHT

XANDER
Let the vidfest begin!
GILES
(to Joyce)
You sure you don't want to join us?
JOYCE
(setting down the tray)
No, you guys have your fun. I'm
tired... I can't believe you guys
aren't exhausted -- have you even
slept since...
GILES
Still feel a bit too wired.
WILLOW
Yeah, that spell, that was powerful.
BUFFY
I don't think I could sleep.
XANDER
Well, we got plenty of vid. And I'm
putting in a preemptive bid for
Apocalypse Now. Heh?
WILLOW
Did you get anything less
Heart-of-Darknessy?

As they talk, they settle. Buffy and Willow on the couch with blankets,
Giles in an armchair, Xander on the floor with pillows, near the TV.

Joyce leaves them and heads up the stairs.



XANDER (O.C.)
Apocalypse Now is a gay romp! It's
the feel good movie of whatever year
it was!
BUFFY (O.C.)
(sternly)
What else.
XANDER (O.C.)
Don't worry, I got plenty of chick-
and-British-guy-flicks too. These
puppies'll last us all night.

ANGLE: THE TV

The FBI warning is on it. We move in, and up to a clocking reading 9:46.

DISSOLVE TO:

9:53

REVERSE ANGLE: THE GANG

Fast asleep, to a man. Buffy snores prodigiously.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

Act One

INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We see our four passed out heroes. Camera moves slowly to WILLOW, to her sleeping face, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TARA'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Though you can't tell if it's day or night -- the curtains are drawn and the room is lit only by the ambient glow of the Christmas lights. They are all we see at first, hanging out of focus as the camera finds Tara's face, in profile. She speaks almost in whisper, smiling thoughtfully. Lying on her stomach, on the bed.

TARA
I think it's strange... I mean I
think I should worry, that we haven't
found her name.

CLOSE ON: WILLOW



She is looking down at something, intent on it -- we don't know what it is, nor her relation to Tara in the room. She glances up briefly.

WILLOW
Who? Miss Kitty?

ANGLE: THE KITTEN

In the corner, in extreme slomo (120 frames per), attacks a red ball of string, framed before a gold pillow.

ANGLE: TARA

Also watches the kitten.

TARA
You'd think she would have told us
her name by now.
WILLOW
She will. She's not all grown yet.
TARA
You're not worried?
WILLOW
I never worry here. I'm safe here.
TARA
You don't know everything about me...
WILLOW
Have you told me your real name?
TARA
(smiles)
Oh, you know **that**...

ANGLE: A CALLIGRAPHY BRUSH

As Willow dips it into a well of ink. We see Willow's face as she moves the brush to where she is writing, very intent.

TARA
They will find out, you know.
About you.
WILLOW
I don't have time to think about
that. You know, I have all this
homework to finish.

And for the first time, we see the room in tableau: Tara lies naked under the covers, her back exposed and covered in fine writing; Willow dips her pen and continues the text to the small of Tara's back.

TARA
Are you gonna finish
in time for class?
WILLOW
I can be late.



TARA
But you've never taken drama before.
You might miss something important.

WILLOW
I don't want to leave here.

TARA
Why not?

Willow moves to the window.

WILLOW
It's so bright...

ANGLE: THE WINDOW

As Willow pulls the curtain aside to reveal that outside is all DESERT.

Light cuts Willow's face, races up Tara's back as she looks back towards the window as well.

WILLOW
And there's something out there...

ANGLE: IN THE DESERT

Something moves, briefly, out of focus. A human shape, in grey and dirty rags, moving like an animal.

INT. UNIVERSITY HALL - DAY

Willow walks along, lost in thought. Passes Oz and Xander, who have been talking.

OZ
Hey.
WILLOW
Hi, guys.
OZ
Heard you're taking Drama.
WILLOW
Uh huh.
OZ
Tough course.
WILLOW
You took it?
OZ
Oh, I've been here forever.

She comes to a bank of lockers that are incongruously placed in the wall, starts her combination.

XANDER
So, whatchya been doing?
Doing spells?



(to Oz)
She does spells with Tara.
OZ
I heard about that.

The school BELL rings. Willow becomes a little unnerved by it.

WILLOW
I'm gonna be late.

She gives up on her combination, hurries away. We hold on Xander and Oz, watching her go.

XANDER
(sheepish)
Sometimes I think about two women
doing a spell... and then I do a
spell by myself.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

Willow enters into a whirl of activity -- the place is crammed with students in costume, obviously getting ready for an imminent production. To one side, at the back of the stage, is a bright, lemon-yellow backdrop, a painted sunrise. On the opposite side, at the front of the stage, is an enormous red curtain, which separates them from the audience. A girl dressed as a 20's FLAPPER is sticking her head through the middle to peek at the audience. Pinspots highlight portions of the stage, colored lights occasionally sweeping across the throng. It's disorienting, particularly to Willow, who wades in tentatively, looking for some kind of guidance.

The first person she recognizes is HARMONY, who is dressed as a milkmaid, hair in braids.

HARMONY
Isn't this exciting? Our first
production! Oh...

She hugs Willow with gleeful camaraderie.

HARMONY
I can't wait 'til our scene! I love
you! Don't step on my cues.
WILLOW
Production?

The flapper pulls her head back from the curtain -- it's BUFFY. Full outfit, short black bob and everything. Like Harmony, (and everyone else here save Will), she's almost TOO excited, almost like a commercial for being here.

BUFFY
Oh my god the place is packed.
Everybody's here.



(to Will, excited)
Your whole family is in the front
row -- and they look really angry!
WILLOW
There's a production?
HARMONY
Someone's got stage fright...
WILLOW
But isn't this the first class?
RILEY
Well you showed up late or you'd have
a better part! I'm cowboy guy!

He is in fact, sporting a dude-ish cowboy getup just as doofy as his grin.

BUFFY
(to Will)
Your costume is perfect.
(conspiratorially)
No one is ever gonna know the truth.
You know, about you.
WILLOW
Find -- but -- costume?
BUFFY
Ooh, you're already in character.
I should have done that.
WILLOW
But how come there's a -- I mean, I
was given to understand that a drama
class would have a, you know, drama
class. We haven't even rehearsed --
HARMONY
Well maybe **some** people haven't...
RILEY
(aside, to Harmony)
I was on time so I got to be cowboy guy.
WILLOW
I just think it's really early to be
putting on a play. I don't even know what --
(panics)
This isn't **Madam Butterfly**, is it?
I have a whole problem with Opera.

Giles rushes in, clearly in charge of this production. Claps his hands and
addresses the troupe.

GILES
All right, everyone, pay attention.
In just a few moments that curtain
will open on our very first
production. Everyone Willow has ever
met is in that audience, including
all of us. That means we have to be
perfect. Stay in character, remember
your lines, and energy energy energy.
Especially during the musical numbers.



As he speaks, and Willow grows more and more unnerved, she notices

ANGLE: THE FIGURE FROM THE DESERT

Moving silently and quickly beyond the edge of the crowd. We see it only in glimpses, but slightly better than we did before. We won't catch all of this now, but: It's a woman. She appears to be in soiled rags, not unlike a mummy's. Black hair in coarse dreds -- through neglect, not fashion. Face painted in colored clay. Long, almost clawlike nails.

We'll call her THE PRIMITIVE.

She carries a long, jagged blade. (incredibly different from the blade carried by the villain in episode 22 of ANGEL, really I can't stress this enough.)

WILLOW

(whispers)

Did you guys see --

GILES

Remember, acting isn't about
behaving. It's about hiding. The
audience wants to find you, they want
to strip you naked and eat you alive
so HIDE.

Harmony has gone VAMP and is trying to bite Giles, craning at various angles to get a better purchase on his neck. He swats at her as at a buzzing insect as he continues:

GILES

Stop that. Costumes. Sets. The
things, you know, things, you touch
them and hold them --

HARMONY

Props?

GILES

No...

RILEY

Props.

GILES

Yes. It's all about subterfuge.

(to Harmony)

That's very annoying.

(to the company)

So get out there, lie like dogs and
have a wonderful time. If we can
stay focussed, keep our heads and if
Willow can stop stepping on
everybody's cues I know this will be
the best production of Death of a
Salesman we've ever done.

(to Harmony)

Stop it.



He bustles off and everyone begins talking at once: the nervous excitement of just-before-curtain. Willow looks around her, completely cut off from the energy -- a fact that is highlighted when all the SOUND DIES OUT, though everyone continues chattering.

Willow makes her way slowly to the edge of the stage. She looks around, nervous about seeing the figure in rags again. She looks in the wings and sees:

ANGLE: THE CHEESE MAN

A skittish, balding, bespectacled little fellow in an old woolen suit. A voice not unlike Peter Lorre's. He says softly, conspiratorially:

CHEESE MAN
I've made a little space for the
cheese slices...

TILT DOWN to see a row of American cheese slices on a small wooden table. Tilt back up as the cheese man smiles, hungry for approval.

Willow looks back at the bustling (still silent) crowd, moves slowly toward the edge of the red curtain. There are in fact two curtains, both red, about two feet apart. Willow hesitates a moment, then moves slowly between them, the camera following her, curtains billowing past lens on either side as she is enveloped.

BETWEEN THE CURTAINS

She journeys a while in this intimate space -- it seems to go on a long while. Finally she finds Tara standing, waiting for her. They speak, voices low.

TARA
Things aren't going very well.
WILLOW
Well, NO. Drama class is just, I
think they're really not doing things
in the proper way, and now I'm in a
play and my whole family's her and
why is there a cowboy in Death of a
Salesman anyway?
TARA
You don't understand yet, do you.
WILLOW
Is there something following me?
TARA
Yes.
WILLOW
Well what should I do? The play's
gonna start soon and I don't know my
lines!



TARA
The play's already started. That's
not the point.

ANGLE: ON STAGE

We see the play in progress. We are wide, taking in the proscenium. It is lit old style, from below. To the right is a plush divan, the only set dressing. On it is draped Buffy, smoking from a cigarette holder with languid boredom. Harmony stands in the middle of the stage holding her milk pails on an old fashioned cross-beam-yoke-type-thing, look I can't remember what they're called, I'm not like joe dictionary, okay?

Riley enters, from the left. Speaks, as they all do, in a big ol' stage voice.

RILEY
Why hello, little lady. Can I hold
those milk pails for you?
HARMONY
Why thank you, but they are not very
heavy. Why have you come to our
lonely small town, which has no post
office and very few exports?
RILEY
I've come looking for a man.
(ominously, to the audience)
A **sales**-man.

ANGLE: WITHIN THE CURTAINS

Tara and Willow continue to speak.

TARA
If they find out, you'll be punished.
I can't help you with that.
WILLOW
But what's the... What's after me?
Is it something I forgot to do? Was
I supposed to --
TARA
Shhh...

She looks around, worried. Willow does also. Things seem to be moving around them, indistinct whispers buzzing by their ears.

WILLOW
(whisper)
What is that...

She looks around -- and turns back to find Tara gone.

WILLOW
Tara?



ANGLE: ON STAGE

This time we are close on Buffy and Riley as Buffy spews a rapidfire, venomous monologue to the unfeeling cowboy man. In the background, Harmony is sitting on the divan in tears. A man (high school actor boy) in a black suit lies dead on the stage. Somehow, all of this is in focus.

BUFFY

But what else could I expect from a
bunch of low rent, no account
hoodlums like you -- hoodlums! Yes.
I mean you and your friends, your
whole sex, throw 'em all in the sea
for all I care, throw 'em in and wait
for the bubbles. Men, with your
groping and spitting, all groin no
brain three billion of ya passin'
around the same worn out urge. Men.
With your... **sales.**

ANGLE: INSIDER THE CURTAIN

Willow looks around, concerned at Tara's absence. The whispers continue around her...

WILLOW

Tara... Okay, this really isn't fair --

The sentence is not out before a blade SHOOTs through the curtain right in front of Willow's face. It is the ancient, bloodcrusted blade of the Primitive.

Willow jerks back with a startled scream as the blade is withdrawn, plunged again just as close.

She turns to flee the way she came -- but the blade shoots out in front of her again. This time it pulls down, tears the curtain as an arm reaches in, swiping the blade at Willow.

Fingernails rip down another part of the curtain and the second arm claws at Willow, tries to grasp her, Willow backs away but the knife slices through her flailing hand, a deep gash on her palm as she stumbles, collapses into herself, crying out, waiting to be cut, to be carved.

A hand GRABS her, and she screams again -- taking a good moment before she realizes it's not the Primitive.

She looks up to see Buffy, back in normal Buffy garb (and hair), reaching through one of the slashes in the curtain.

BUFFY

Willow!

WILLOW

Buffy, oh, God...



BUFFY
Come on.

Willow rises shakily, steps through the curtain, Buffy holding onto her hand. Buffy looks around, tensed for action. They are standing in front of the curtain, but as they creep forward we see they are now in

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DUSK

The classroom is empty, lit by the last orange shafts of day. The curtain stands at the back, so Buffy and Willow move slowly to the front, ever alert, speaking in whispers.

BUFFY
Stay low.

Moving between desks. Buffy leads. She is all business, eyes front -- almost brusque in her Slayeriness.

BUFFY
What did it look like?
WILLOW
I don't know. I don't know why it's
after me.
BUFFY
Well you must have done something...
WILLOW
No! I never do anything! I'm very
seldom naughty. I just came to
class, and then the play was
starting...

They've reached the front of the class. Buffy turns to Willow, really regards her for the first time.

BUFFY
Play's long over. What are you still
doing in costume?
WILLOW
Okay, still having to explain wherein
this is just my outfit.
BUFFY
Willow, everybody already knows.
Take it off.
WILLOW
No... No, I need it...
BUFFY
Oh, for God's sake just take it OFF.

And so saying, she grabs at an out-of-frame Willow, shoving her to the front of the class and ripping the outfit from her. Buffy stands, Will's outfit in hand, looking the girl over.

BUFFY
That's better.



REVERSE ON: WILLOW

As we saw her once, a long time ago. Long, slightly duller red hair. Plain grey frock that embodies the softer side of you know what. (Uh, Sears, just in case you don't.) A hapless, almost sick expression of embarrassment. She stands by the teacher's desk, looking at herself.

REVERSE ON: THE CLASSROOM

The curtain is gone from the back of the class. Buffy stands at the front, looking at camera with disinterested contempt.

BUFFY

Well, that's a little more realistic.

She sits behind a desk and we see the class is in fact filled. Among the students, all of whom eye us with contempt, are Xander, Harmony, Anya, Oz and Tara. Oz and Tara lean in close to each other, as though they've been whispering for some time.

HARMONY

See? Is everybody very clear
on this now?

ANYA

(laughing)

Oh my god! It's like a tragedy!

OZ

(to Tara)

I tried to warn you...

Tara smirks, leans back in to Oz.

ANYA

It's exactly like a greek tragedy.
There should only be greeks.

Willow tries to stand up straight, tries to get on with class. She is holding a sheaf of loose-leaf papers.

WILLOW

(reciting)

My book report. This summer, I read

**The Lion, the Witch and the
Wardrobe...**

XANDER

(to the ceiling)

Oh, who **CARES**....?

WILLOW

This book has many themes.

One of the first --



It LEAPS into frame, knocking Willow to the ground. No one even reacts (of course) as Willow thrashes, fighting for her life against the Primitive. It hasn't its knife this time, just struggles to hold the panicked girl down.

WILLOW
Help! Help me!

ANGLE: THE CLASS

Does nothing.

CLOSE ON: WILLOW

As a gnarled and filthy hand closes around her throat. The head is lowered to hers -- we see its mouth open, dirty brown teeth as its mouth closes over Willow's -- then we hear a great RUSH OF AIR as the life is sucked out of Willow, her eyes widen and her skin goes sallow, gaunt, the life force sucked out of her --

INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

-- and she lies, unawakening, gasping for air, choking, dying in her sleep.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

Act Two

INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We are still on Willow, gasping, convulsing slightly. Pan over to find Xander sleeping. He jerks his head awake.

XANDER
I'm awake! I'm good.
Did I miss anything?

WIDEN to reveal Buffy and Giles are wide awake, Buffy munching on popcorn as they watch what's on TV.

GILES
Nothing much at all, really.
BUFFY
Bunch of massacring.

Xander turns his attention to the TV.

ANGLE: ON THE TV

Is the movie. Vietnam flick. It consists of a haggard SOLDIER marching in front of a rear-screen-projection jungle.



SOLDIER
We've got to keep going, men! We've
got to take that hill.
(keeps walking)
Damn this war!
(walks)
Men? Oh my god, what's
happened to my MEN!!!
GILES
I have to say, I really feel
Apocalypse Now is over-rated.
XANDER
(staring, puzzled, at
the screen)
No, no... it gets better... I
remember that it gets better...
BUFFY
You want some corn?
XANDER
Butter flavor?
BUFFY
New car smell.
XANDER
Cool.

He reaches for the bowl as she holds it out. His posture puts him right by Willow -- he looks at her gasping.

XANDER
What's her deal?
BUFFY
Big faker.

Xander takes a handful, eats as he watches the flick.

GILES
I'm beginning to understand this
now. It's all about the journey,
isn't it?
XANDER
Well, thanks for making me
have to pee.

He gets up, heads upstairs.

BUFFY
You don't need any help, right?
XANDER
I got a system.

Camera FOLLOWS him up the staircase.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUING - NIGHT



Xander crests the stairs, is heading for the bathroom when he hears something, turns to look.

Behind him is Joyce's bedroom. It's dark, and it's from that dark that Joyce emerges, wearing a burnished red silk robe. Her hair is carelessly tousled, her expression warm, a little sleepy. She looks, well, kinda sexy.

JOYCE

Hey.

XANDER

Hey, Joyce. Mrs. Summers.

He moves towards her -- he will continue to do so, slowly, throughout their exchange.

XANDER

We're not making too much noise down there, are we?

JOYCE

Oh, no. Anyway, they all left a while ago.

XANDER

Oh. I should probably catch up.

JOYCE

(smiles)

I've heard that before.

She leans in the doorway, the opening of her gown sliding up her leg. Xander notices this, and it gives him pause -- but both he and Joyce are very calm. Comfortable.

XANDER

I move pretty fast. You know, a man's always after...

JOYCE

Conquest?

XANDER

I'm a conquistador.

JOYCE

What about comfort?

XANDER

I'm a comfortador, also.

JOYCE

I do know the difference. I've learned about boys.

XANDER

That's cool about you.

JOYCE

It's very late. Would you like to rest for a while?

As she says it, the camera drifts off her, into the room, resting on the moonlit bed. The covers are tossed open, rumpled and inviting.



XANDER
Um, yeah. I'd like you. I'm just
going to the bathroom first.

A moment before he breaks eye contact with her -- he's still drawn to her
-- then he steps back, heads down the hall to the bathroom.

LOW ANGLE PUSH IN ON JOYCE, affectionately watching him go.

JOYCE
Don't get lost...

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUING - NIGHT

He enters, shuts the door. Stands over the toilet, unzips his (out of
frame) fly. A moment, and he turns toward camera.

REVERSE ANGLE: OVER XANDER

The bathroom turns out to be a large room in the Initiative. A group of
some fifteen scientists and soldiers are standing politely, watching Xander
as though he were a museum exhibit.

A moment more.

XANDER
Okay. I'm gonna find another bathroom.

He says, zipping his fly back up. Camera leads him back into

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUING - NIGHT

Where he crosses the (now empty) hall and steps into Buffy's room, which
turns out to be

INT. XANDER'S BASEMENT - CONTINUING

Only a couple of lights are on. Xander shuts the door behind him, starts
across the room. About halfway, he stops. Hears something.

Looks around. Nothing.

XANDER
(calling out)
I didn't order any vampires...

He moves to the stairs, starts up. Stops.

ANGLE: THE DOOR

Something moves behind it. Scratches at it.



Xander stares, clearly frightened.

The doorknob turns -- but the door is locked. The knobs rattles as the person behind it begins to get frustrated.

XANDER
That's not the way out...

The person BANGS on the door. Once. Twice.

XANDER
That's not the way out...

And very carefully, so his feet don't creak the stairs, Xander backs off the staircase. He heads back to the door he came in by, throws it open and splits.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Steadicamming towards the playground. Swings, carousel, sandbox. Buffy sits in the sand box, idly digging sand with a little plastic shovel. Giles and Spike (who is dressed in a tweedy suit kind of like Giles') sit on the swings.

Xander joins the group, still a little thrown by his basement experience.

XANDER
Hey. There you are.
BUFFY
You sure it's us you were looking for?

She smiles secretively at Giles, who returns it. Xander is aware he's missed something.

SPIKE
Giles here is gonna teach me to be a
Watcher. Says I got the stuff.
GILES
Spike's like a son to me....
XANDER
Well, that's good. I was into that
for a while, but I got other stuff
going on.

He indicates the nearby road, and we see:

ANGLE: THE ICE CREAM TRUCK

Where Xander is handing out ice cream to a few kids.

XANDER

In the park, watches himself in the truck. Says to the others:



XANDER
Gotta have something. Gotta be
always moving forward.
BUFFY
Like a shark.
XANDER
A shark with feet. And much less... fins.
SPIKE
AND on **land**.
GILES
Very good...

Xander looks down at Buffy in her sandbox. Worried.

XANDER
Buffy, are you sure you want to play
there? Pretty big sandbox.

ANGLE: BUFFY

Is in the same position and the same clothes, but now she is sitting in the actual desert.

BUFFY
I'm okay. It's not coming for **me** yet.

Xander is still in the park -- so is Buffy, for the rest of the scene.

XANDER
I just mean... You can't protect
yourself from... some stuff.
BUFFY
I'm way ahead of you, big brother.
XANDER
Brother?

She looks at him, for the first time her air of superiority drains away.
They hold a serious look for a moment.

Giles and Spike are swinging higher, enjoying themselves.

GILES
Come on, put your back into it! A
watcher scoffs at gravity!

Xander looks at Buffy.

From the ice cream truck, Xander looks at Xander. From his POV, we see the tableau of the four of them, Xander and Buffy not moving, Giles and Spike swinging as high as they dare.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY



A moment more of watching them, and Xander starts to the front of the truck. Anya sits in the passenger seat. The truck is ALREADY MOVING, the suburban streets going slowly by in the windows in what is pretty clearly REAR SCREEN PROJECTION.

Xander gets into the driver's seat.

ANYA

Do you know where you're going?

XANDER

North. To the mountains. The highest peak, the one they call "100 percent scary plummeting death." The test of a man.

ANYA

Do you know where you're going?

XANDER

No.

ANYA

I've been thinking about getting back into vengeance.

XANDER

Is that right?

ANYA

Well, you know I miss it, I'm so at loose ends since I quit and I think this is gonna be a very big year for vengeance.

XANDER

I don't know...

ANYA

I've been keeping close tabs on cultural trends -- a lot of Men being unfaithful -- very exciting things happening in the scorned women market. I don't wanna be left out.

XANDER

Yeah, but, isn't vengeance kind of... depressing?

ANYA

(petulant)

You don't want me to have a hobby.

XANDER

Not a vengeance hobby, no. It's dangerous. People can't just do anything they want. Society has rules, and borders, and an endzone. It doesn't matter if...

Through the end of this, he's become aware of some giggling in the back of the truck. He looks back to see:

ANGLE: WILLOW AND TARA



Are standing in the back, dressed kinda trampy. Very close to each other, whispering and looking at Xander.

XANDER
Do you mind? I'm talking to my demon.
WILLOW
Sorry.
TARA
We just think you're really
interesting.

They giggle a bit.

XANDER
(bravado)
Oh, I'm goin' places.
WILLOW
I'm way ahead of you.
XANDER
Is that right?
WILLOW
Watch this.

She and Tara move closer -

ANGLE: XANDER

We hold on Xander pushing in incredibly slowly, while the girls show him something. Whatever that may be, we hold on him for quite a long time, and he remains impressively calm.

The girls, having (however marginally) separated, smile at Xander.

TARA
Do you wanna come in the back with us?

They look to the further, darker back of the truck. Xander looks interested, then slightly perplexed. He looks over at Anya. She is still looking out at the road as she says.

ANYA
Oh, go on.
XANDER
I don't have to...
ANYA
I'll be fine. I think I've figured
out how to steer by gesturing emphatically.

She does, waving the truck from drifting off the road, as Xander heads for the back of the truck.

REAR OF ICE CREAM TRUCK

ANGLE: XANDER is framed in the open back window of the ice cream truck. The rear-projected town drifts by as he pauses, then he heads to



the back of the truck. He has to squeeze between a few crates and sundries. He keeps going. As he gets further back, he has to climb on top of things. The space gets smaller, gets darker.

He's still moving back -- now's he squeezing through a space the size of an air vent.

Finally the space widens, and he finds himself tumbling out and landing on the floor, the floor of:

INT. XANDER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

He looks around him. A little pissed. No girls. He checks around the room...

PUSH IN ON: THE UPSTAIRS DOOR

As something big SLAMS against it.

Camera dutches on Xander as he looks up, truly frightened. Trying for bravado, he cries:

XANDER
I know what's up there!

More pounding, Xander heads for the other door again, slowly, looking back.

ANGLE: THE STAIRCASE

As the door SLAMS open and a thick black shadow is thrown against the wall.

Now Xander's terrified. He turns to go -- and bumps right into the CHEESE MAN.

Xander starts back. The cheese man holds up a plate of American cheese.

CHEESE MAN
These will not protect you...

We hear footsteps on the stairs. The shadow moves.

Xander moves as well, past the Cheese Man and out the damn door.

INT. SCHOOL HALL - DAY

Or possible night. Or possibly -- why is everything so GREEN? Flat, green light fills the entire place, not that Xander notices. He is too busy moving through the crowd (it's fairly busy in here), looking ahead, looking behind him.



ANGLE: BEHIND HIM

Hidden by the crowd, but visible in glimpses, the PRIMITIVE is following him.

Xander pushes ahead until he sees Giles, moves to him.

XANDER

Giles!

GILES

Xander! What are you doing here?

XANDER

What's after me?

GILES

It's because of what we did.

I know that.

XANDER

What we did?

GILES

The others have all gone ahead. Now
listen carefully. Your life may
depend on what I am about to tell
you. You need to get to --

And at this moment, as Giles continues to speak, he is suddenly DUBBED INTO FRENCH. We can see him talking, but we can't understand a word any more than Xander can, unless we speak French, in which case la di da aren't we intellectual, I'm not Joe DICTIONARY, all RIGHT?

GILES

(french dubbing over:)

-- the house where we're all
sleeping. All your friends are there
having a wonderful time and getting
on with their lives. The creature
can't hurt you there.

XANDER

What? Go where? I don't understand.

GILES

(still dubbed)

Oh for God's sake, this is no time
for your idiotic games!

Anya rushes to them, worried. And dubbed.

ANYA

(with the dubbing)

Xander! You have to come with us
now! Everybody's waiting for you!

GILES

(dubly)

That's what I've been trying to tell him.

XANDER

Honey, I don't -- I can't hear you...



Anya grabs his arm, start dragging him.

ANYA
(dubbage)

It's not important. I'll take
you there.

XANDER
Well, wait. Where are we going?

She just pulls, and Giles grabs an arm and pulls as well. Then a student starts helping. Then an Initiative soldier, Xander looking around confused, resisting as more and more students and soldiers grab hold of him, they hold him and turn him upside down, the camera also spinning upside down, he is calling out:

XANDER
Hey! Let go! Hey!

-- as they hold his legs, his head and arms dragging him on the ground, him calling for help that won't come.

INT. KURTZ'S SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

It's very dark. A fire burning in the background provides the only real illumination. A man lies on a cot in an alcove, almost entirely in blackness. Xander is led by an Initiative soldier with a rifle. He makes Xander get on his knees before the alcove, then retires into the background.

If any of this seems familiar, it's because you've watched **Apocalypse Now** way too many times. If you haven't, you should -- as much as possible, this scene should resemble the first meeting between Willard and Kurtz.

And though he will remain in darkness for a portion of the scene, and only be revealed in glimpses, it will be clear to some the moment he speaks that our "Kurtz" is PRINCIPAL SNYDER. He doesn't move, just lies there, his voice finally coming from the darkness:

SNYDER
Where you from, Harris?
XANDER
Well, the basement, mostly.
SNYDER
Were you born there?
XANDER
Possibly.

Snyder sits up, face still mostly in darkness.

SNYDER
I walked by your guidance counselor's
office one time, a bunch of you were
sitting there, waiting to be...



shepherded, to be guided. You and the other problems, glassy-eyed, slack-jawed, I remember it smelled like dead flowers. Like decay, and it hit me, yes, that's what it is; the hope of our nation's future is a bunch of mulch.

XANDER

You know, I never got the chance to tell you how glad I was you were eaten by a snake.

Snyder takes a shallow wooden bowl, dribbles water on the dome of his head as he continues.

SNYDER

Where are you heading?

XANDER

Well, I'm supposed to meet Tara and Willow... and possibly Buffy's mom...

SNYDER

Do you know why they sent you here?

XANDER

Not 'sent' so much as 'manhandled', but... no.

SNYDER

Your time is running out.

XANDER

No, I'm in my prime. This is primetime.

Snyder runs his hand over his head, slowly. Still looking down.

SNYDER

Are you a soldier?

XANDER

I'm a comfortador.

For the first time, Snyder really brings his face into the light, eyeing the boy with distant contempt.

SNYDER

You're neither. You're a whipping boy, raised by mongrels, and set on a sacrificial stone.

XANDER

I'm getting a cramp...

He hears something. Looks around, then rises, slowly, backs away to find himself in

EXT. GILES' COURTYARD - NIGHT

He looks around, and we see:



ANGLE: THE ENTRANCE

The Primitive is just coming around the corner, walking on her knuckles like an ape.

Xander watches a moment more, then we hear a panther's ROAR, and Xander --

(NOTE: This is the beginning of a rather epic steadicam shot)

-- bails.

He moves into:

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - CONTINUING

Where Giles, Buffy and Anya are all looking at a passed out and slightly convulsing Willow.

GILES
It's even more serious than I thought.
BUFFY
I can fight anything, right?
ANYA
Maybe we should slap her.

Xander doesn't stop, keeps going, looking behind him, into Giles' hall, turns the corner into Buffy's hall, students ignoring him as he starts to walk even faster, very worried, he's almost at Buffy and Willow's room when the Primitive leaps into the hall from Giles' hall, Xander ducks into

INT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUING

XANDER
Buffy?

But no one is there, he's increasingly freaked, throws open Willow's closet door and bolts in, the CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM as he works further into the closet, it turns left, a narrow wooden corridor, Xander moves swiftly through it, still throwing looks back, the corridor winds a bit and finally opens out onto (you guessed it)

INT. XANDER'S BASEMENT - CONTINUING

You did guess it, didn't you?

(the steadicam shot ends.) Xander looks around -- this is the worst. And the POUNDING on the door upstairs has gotten louder. Xander is compelled to move toward it, to the bottom of the stairs, to look up.

XANDER
(whispers)
That's not the way out...



ANGLE: THE DOOR: BURSTS open, a silhouetted figure of a burly man standing on the entrance.

MAN

What the hell is wrong with you? You won't come upstairs?

XANDER

I'm sorry...

MAN

What are you, ashamed of us? You're mother's crying her guts out!

XANDER

You don't understand...

The figure stomps down the stairs toward him.

MAN

No, YOU don't understand! Life ends here, with us! You're not gonna change that. You haven't got the HEART.

ANGLE: XANDER

has backed against the wall, is not even looking at the approaching figure. On the last word a hand suddenly PLUNGES into XANDER's chest. Xander looks up into the eyes of the Primitive.

ANGLE: XANDER'S CHEST

As his heart is ripped out of it.

INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Xander convulses like he's been shocked, but does not wake up. The camera holds on him a moment, then tilts up and moves deliberately towards Giles.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

ANGLE: A POCKET WATCH

Swings before us, catching the light. We hear voices, far off and echo-y:

GILES

You have to stop thinking. Let it wash over you.



BUFFY
(amused)
You don't think it's a little old
fashioned?
GILES
This is the way women and men have
behaved since the beginning, before time.

ANGLE: GILES AND BUFFY

We are as far from them as we can be, they are a tableau within the apartment, all the furniture gone save the chair Buffy sits in, primly, erect.

GILES (V.O.)
Now look into the light.

CLOSE ON: BUFFY

As the light gambols about her eyes, and she laughs, playfully --

ANGLE: GILES' ARM

As Buffy grabs it, pulls him along...

EXT. GRAVEYARD/FAIR - NIGHT

Buffy pulls him along, trying to get him to hurry. In her sundress, with her insistent attitude, she resembles nothing so much as a child. Giles' dress is casula, hip but not undadlike. The familial image is reinforced by the presence of OLIVIA, who is both pregnant and pushing an empty stroller.

BUFFY
Come on! Come on!

They are walking through a graveyard, to be sure, but there is a bit of the state fair to it as well. Many standing crypts and caskets line the lane. Families occasionally pass them by, certain crypts have been set up as ring toss games and the like. It's not obtrusive (i.e. Not a Generic Scary Carnival Nightmare With Wide Angle Shots Of Carousel Horses Type Thing), there's just a comfortable level of incongruity.

Buffy continues to pull, Giles good-naturedly to resist.

BUFFY
We're gonna miss all the good stuff!
OLIVIA
Does she always want to train this badly?
GILES
It appears she never heard the fable
about patience.
OLIVIA
Which one is that?



GILES
(tries to think)
You know, with the fox, and the...
less patient fox.
BUFFY
Ooh! Here! Can I? Can I?
GILES
Yes, go ahead.

She lets go of his hand, moves to a stand (of crypt-like stone) that has balls set up, three to a pile, and dummy mock up of a vampire that pops up and moves around at the back.

Buffy takes a ball, waits.

The dummy pops up and a tinny, recorded voice cries:

VOICE:
I'm a vampire!

Buffy throws a ball, it goes wide.

GILES
Buffy, you have a sacred birthright
to protect mankind. Don't stick out
your elbow.

She tries again, nails it. Looks to Giles for approval. He looks peevish.

GILES
I haven't got any treats...

Buffy turns to the vendor, who hands her a cotton candy. She digs into it.

OLIVIA
For God's sake, Rupert, go easy on the girl.

GILES
This is my business. Blood of the
lamb and all that.
(to Buffy)
Now, you're gonna get that all over
your face.

Buffy turns -- and her face is caked with mud. She looks wild and primeval, breathing hard through her nose. (NOTE: This close-up will be filmed separately, when Buffy is all muddy in act four.)

GILES
(shocked, whispers)
I know you...

ANGLE: THE CRYPT at the end of the lane. Spike is leaning out of it, waving frantically at them.



SPIKE
(stage whisper)
Come on! You're gonna miss everything!

INT. SPIKE'S CRYPT - NIGHT

Giles enters, Olivia (who is already there) trying to fold the stroller without much success. (Buffy is no longer present.)

GILES
Don't push me about, you know, I have
a great deal to do.

He is speaking to Spike, who stands before a group of tourists taking pictures, posing and making faces.

SPIKE
I've hired myself out as an
attraction.
GILES
Sideshow freak?
SPIKE
At least it's showbiz...

Olivia has failed to fold the stroller. She is sitting on the floor, crying, the misbent thing in her lap.

Giles looks at her, unsure how to help, torn -- he must go. Asks Spike for advice:

GILES
What am I supposed to do with all of this?
SPIKE
Gotta make up your mind, Rupes. What
are you wasting time for? Haven't
you figured it all out yet with your
enormous squishy frontal lobes?
GILES
(starting to walk)
I still think Buffy should have
killed you.

He moves down through the crypt, not sure where he's heading. Passes the Cheese Man, who has slices of cheese on his head, including two with holes ripped out over his eyes.

CHEESE MAN
I wear the cheese. It does not wear me.

Giles stares at him a moment, then continues.

GILES
Honestly, you meet the most appalling
sort of people...



He continues walking and exits the crypt, camera leading him into:

INT. THE BRONZE - CONTINUING

It's busy, people bustling about in the usual fashion. Giles starts making his way through the crowd to the front.

ANGLE: XANDER AND WILLOW

Are sitting on the couch in Giles' living room -- except of course it's in the middle of the club, near the stage. They look worried, going through the books on Giles' coffee table.

Camera moves up to find Giles coming from behind them. He reaches the living room set up, sits in a chair.

GILES

I'm sorry I'm so late. There's a great deal going on, all at once.

WILLOW

(peevish)

Don't we know it. Only at death's door over here... Look at Xander!

Xander opens his jacket to reveal a big wet bloodstain in the middle of his (ripped) T-shirt.

XANDER

Got the sucking chest wound swinging... I promised Anya I'd be there for her big night. Now I'll probably be pushing up daisies in the sense of being in the ground underneath them and fertilizing the soil with my decomposition.

Giles looks up at the stage and sees:

ANGLE: ANYA

Her big night appears to be a stand up routine. She stands at the mic in the spotlight, reading a joke (from a sheet of loose-leaf) that she seems to have no real understanding of.

ANYA

Okay. A man walks into the office of a doctor. He is wearing on his head, a... there's a duck? Is that right?

UNSEEN PATRON (V.O.)

You suck!

ANYA

Quiet. You'll miss the humorous conclusion.



Giles turns back to the others.

GILES

She seems to be doing quite well.

WILLOW

Do you even know this is your fault?

GILES

We have to think about the facts,
Willow. I'm very busy. Have a gig
myself, you know.

WILLOW

Something is trying to kill us. It's
like some primal... some animal force.

GILES

That used to be us.

XANDER

Don't get linear on me now, man...

ANGLE: ANYA

ANYA

And the duck tells the doctor,
"there's a man that's attached to my ass."

Huge laughter from the crowd. Anya beams.

ANYA

See, it was the duck and not the man
that spoke.

Applause. She heads off stage.

WILLOW

Rupert, if we don't know what we're
fighting, I don't think we have a chance.

He gets up as she is speaking and heads onto the stage. Straps on his
acoustic guitar and, to great applause, sings:

GILES

(sings)

It's strange. It's not like anything
we've faced before, yet it seems
familiar somehow. Of course!
The spell we cast with Buffy must
have released some primal evil,
that's come back seeking... I'm not
sure what. Willow, look through the
Chronicles. Some reference to a
warrior beast... Xander, help Willow
and try not to bleed on my couch.
We've got to warn Buffy. I tried her
this morning but I only got her
machine. Oh, wait...



But the mic goes dead. All the noise stops but for a feedback hit. Disappointed AWWs from the crowd. Willow and Xander barely look up from their books.

Giles takes off his guitar, looks down at the mic cord. He tugs at it, then gets on his hands and knees, following it, pulling himself along behind a stack of speakers and equipment.

The cord becomes tangled in another, and more, soon Giles is following a maze of entwined cable, still on his hands and knees, no one visible, just all this equipment around him, and all this... cable...

ANGLE: THE CABLE

As Giles' POCKET WATCH falls out of his pocket onto it.

Giles stops. Weary dread on his face.

GILES
Well, that was obvious.

WIDER ANGLE: The Primitive is perched on a speaker right behind him. We see her silhouetted by an indoor LIGHTNING FLASH. Blade in hand.

Giles doesn't move as she creeps down behind him.

GILES
(quietly terrified)
I know who you are. And I can defeat
you. With my intellect. Cripple you
with my thoughts.

ANGLE: THE TOP OF HIS HEAD

As she prepares to cut it open.

GILES
Of course you underestimate me. You
couldn't know...

EXTREME CLOSE ON: GILES' FACE

as blood begins to wash down it from out of frame.

GILES
You never had a Watcher...

FADE OUT:

INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT



Giles takes in a gasping breath. His eyes do not open.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

Act Four

INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hey, it's Buffy's turn! Therefore, close on her as we hear:

ANYA (O.S.)
(fierce whisper)
Buffy, wake up!

INT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - MORNING

Buffy wakes up in her dorm bed, looking over at:

ANGLE: ANYA across the room in Willow's. She clutches at the covers, pulling them up to her chin in her fright.

ANYA
Buffy, you have to wake up! Right away!
BUFFY
I'm not really in charge of these things...
ANYA
Please wake up oh please!
BUFFY
(turning onto her back)
I need my beauty sleep, okay, so stop --

ANGLE: BUFFY'S POV

Right above her, hanging from the ceiling, face right near hers, is the Primitive. It ROARS in her face --

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Buffy WAKES suddenly -- it was only a bad dream... WIDEN to see she's in her bedroom at home. She has made a mess of the sheets in her nightmare.

REVERSE ANGLE: BUFFY

Looks at the mess of a bed from the doorway.

We find TARA standing next to her. Tara is completely poised, quite -- clearly on top of whatever's going on here.

BUFFY
Faith and I just made that bed...



TARA
For who?
BUFFY
I thought you were here to tell me.
The guys aren't here, are they? We
were gonna hang out, watch movies.
TARA
You lost them.
BUFFY
No, I... I think they need me to find them.

She looks at the clock by the bed:

ANGLE: THE CLOCK reads 7:30.

Buffy looks worried about the time.

BUFFY
It's so late...
TARA
Oh, that clock's completely wrong.

She produces a deck of tarot cards, tries to hand it to Buffy.

TARA
Here.
BUFFY
I'm never gonna use those.

Tara moves closer, whispers in Buffy's ear:

TARA
You think yhou know. What's to come,
what you are... You really have no idea.

ANGLE: THE BEDROOM

The bed is made now. It's very still.

BUFFY
I gotta find the others.
TARA
Be back before dawn...

Buffy leaves.

INT. UNIVERSITY HALL - DAY

Buffy walks through the hall, searching for her friends. She stops a passing student.

BUFFY
Have you seen my friends anywhere?
(looking around)



They wouldn't just disappear; they're
my very good friends.

The student just walks away. Buffy continues on, a bit peeved at the no response. A few feet on she stops, looking over at the wall. She moves to it and we see that a small hole has been broken through, showing a glimpse of the dark, cramped space behind.

Inside that space is Joyce.

BUFFY
Mom?
JOYCE
Oh, hi, honey.
BUFFY
Mom, why are you living in the walls?
JOYCE
Oh, sweetie, no, I'm fine here.
Don't worry about me.
BUFFY
It looks dirty.
JOYCE
Well, it seems that way to you... I
made some lemonade, and I'm learning
to play Mah Jong. You go find your
friends.
BUFFY
I think they're in trouble-danger...

Joyce laughs.

JOYCE
Sorry dear. Sorry. A mouse is
playing with my knees.
BUFFY
I really don't think you should live
in there.
JOYCE
Well, you could probably break
through the wall...

But Buffy has caught a glimpse of:

ANGLE: XANDER - Rounding a corner.

Buffy moves after him.

INT. INITIATIVE - DAY

We are quite wide in the bright white space. Riley and another man sit at opposite ends of the glass conference table. The other man some will recognize as ADAM, but he is entirely human. Riley wears his Sunday suit, Adam something similar.



Buffy approaches slowly, from a distance.

RILEY

Hey there, killer.

BUFFY

Riley! You're back!

RILEY

I never left.

BUFFY

How did the debriefing go?

RILEY

I told you not to worry about that!

It went great. They made me Surgeon General.

BUFFY

Why didn't you come and tell me? We could have celebrated.

RILEY

Oh, we're drawing up a plan for world domination. The key element? Coffee makers that think.

BUFFY

World domination. Is that a good?

RILEY

Baby, we're the government. It's what we do.

ADAM

She's uncomfortable with certain concepts. It's understandable.

(to Buffy)

Aggression is a natural human tendency. Though you and me come by it another way.

BUFFY

We're not demons.

ADAM

Is that a fact?

RILEY

Buffy, we've got important work here. A lot of filing, and giving things names.

BUFFY

(to Adam)

What was yours?

ADAM

Before Adam? Not a man among us can remember.

A voice sounds on the intercom:

VOICE:

The demons have escaped. Please run for your lives.

The lights go dimmer as Buffy looks at Riley, panicked. The men are all business.

ADAM

This could be trouble.



RILEY
We'd better make a fort.
ADAM
I'll get the pillows.

He exits as Buffy stands there, too frightened to speak up. We see a passel of demons approaching from behind, out of focus.

BUFFY
No wait... I have weapons...

She reaches into her bag.

INSERT: HER BAG

is filled with mud. She sinks her hand into it, pulls it back. Drops to her knees in a panic, reaching into the bag and finding nothing but mud.

She looks at it on her hands. Brings them to her face. Slowly, she starts covering her face in it, putting on more and more.

The demons are long gone. She looks up at Riley, face now looking just a little like it was when Giles saw it. Animal.

Riley backs away, a scolding look on his face.

RILEY
If that's the way you want it baby,
I guess you're on your own.

Buffy watches him go. The light on her changes again, daylight streaming in from the side.

She stands, heads toward it.

ANGLE: BUFFY'S FEET

As she walks, we see sand on the ground. Finally she's walking only on sand.

ANGLE: HER FACE

Is no longer muddy. The wall behind her gives way to rock, and finally we are

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Buffy walks past the Initiative wall and into the bright white desert, the flat, sandy vista spreading out forever.

Camera arms up to find that Buffy stands atop a lone, large, sand dune.



She looks around, worried.

BUFFY
(whispers)
I'm never gonna find them here...

ANGLE: TARA

Appears opposite Buffy on the dune, walking toward her. She is dressed in Indian garb, midriff and skirt. Again, preternaturally calm.

TARA
Of course not. That's the reason you came.

She stands a ways apart, the two of them regarding each other.

BUFFY
You're not in my dream.
TARA
(agreeing)
I was borrowed. Someone has to speak for her.
BUFFY
Let her speak for herself. That's
what's done in polite circles.

As she says this, the Primitive appears right behind her. Buffy is aware of her, but does nothing.

The Primitive circles her, slowly, sniffing her, assessing her. Buffy is rigid, the Primitive all angles and motion, finally ending up in front of Buffy.

As this is happening, we cut between the two slayers as though they are conversing, though it is Tara who speaks for the Primitive.

BUFFY
(to the Primitive)
Why do you follow me?
TARA
I don't.
BUFFY
Where are my friends?
TARA
You're asking the wrong questions.
BUFFY
(calm anger)
Make her speak.
TARA
I have no speech. No name. I live
in the action of death. The blood-
cry, the penetrating wound. I am
destruction. Absolute. Alone.
BUFFY
(realizing)
The Slayer.



TARA
The first.

The Primitive stands erect at that, facing Buffy with defiant pride.

Buffy looks down, at her hand. Sees:

INSERT: The deck of tarot cards that Tara had tried to hand her. The top card is actually a birds eye view of the four friends asleep in Buffy's living room (CGI insert).

BUFFY
I'm not alone.

The Primitive growls, snaps her teeth at Buffy.

TARA
The slayer doesn't walk in the world.
BUFFY

I walk. I talk. I shop, I sneeze,
I'm gonna be a fireman when the
floods roll back. There's trees in
the desert since you moved out, and
I don't sleep on a bed of bones. Now
give me back my friends.

The Primitive struggles to contain her rage, finally spitting forth:

PRIMITIVE
No... friends... just the kill... we
are... alone.

As she says this last, the Cheese Man leans into frame, dangling a couple of slices invitingly.

BUFFY
That's it. I'm waking up.

The Primitive LEAPS into frame, knocking Buffy back out of it.

And they fight, briefly, the Primitive strong with primal rage, Buffy more sophisticated, the martial artist.

After a quick exchange Buffy comes up at the edge of the dune, saying:

BUFFY
It's over.

The Primitive dives at her, tackling her and they both roll down the dune and we hard cut to:

INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT



Buffy wakes up. Everything is the same as it was, except Buffy is lying in the middle of the floor. She raises herself, looks over at the gang -- they are still sleeping.

Buffy is about to speak when the Primitive drops into frame right in her face and stabs her, bringing the knife down again and again...

She stops. Buffy looks pretty bored. There is no blood on her.

BUFFY
Are you quite finished?

She gets up, moves back to where she was sleeping. The Primitive stands, bewildered.

BUFFY
You just have to get over the whole
primal power thing. You're not the
source of me.

She sits, makes herself comfy.

BUFFY
Also, in terms of hair care, you
really want to say 'what kind of
impression am I making in the
workplace?' 'Cause that particular look --

And in midsentence:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She wakes, for real -- gasping with the intensity of it. Looks about as the other four go through the same thing.

They look at each other, overwhelmed.

INT. BUFFY'S FOYER/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy and the others sit around the table, Buffy nearest the foyer, Xander with his back to the kitchen. They all look a little tired... and wired.

WILLOW
The first slayer... wow.
XANDER
Not big with the socialization.
WILLOW
Or the floss...
GILES
Somehow, our joining with Buffy and
invoking the essence of the Slayer's



power was an affront to the source of
that power.

BUFFY

You know, you coulda brought that up
before we did it.

GILES

I did! I said there could be dire
consequences!

BUFFY

Yeah, but you say that about everything.

Joyce enters from upstairs.

JOYCE

I'm guessing I missed some fun.

WILLOW

The spirit of the first Slayer tried
to kill us in our dreams.

JOYCE

Oh. You want some hot chocolate?

A chorus of:

ALL

Yes please -- that sounds nice --
thanks, yeah...

JOYCE

Xander?

Xander turns to her and, suddenly remembering his dream, becomes
quite uncomfortable.

XANDER

Yes? What, Joyce -- dyeh, Buffy's mom?

JOYCE

Will you be my kitchen buddy again?

Help me carry?

XANDER

Yes. Sure. Buffy's mom.

She exits. Giles looks at Buffy, who seems pensive.

GILES

You all right?

BUFFY

Yeah, I just... I think I might jump
in the shower.

GILES

You do seem a bit...

BUFFY

Yeah. I guess... the first Slayer.
I never really thought about... it
was just intense. I guess you guys
got a taste of that, huh?



XANDER
Yeah, from now on, you keep your
slayer friends out of my dreams, is
that clear?

WILLOW
She's not good for the sleeping.

Buffy rises, saying as she heads upstairs:

BUFFY
Yeah, well at least you all didn't
dream about that guy with the cheese...

She exits, leaving the others looking slowly up, at each other, very
perturbed.

BUFFY (O.C.)
Don't know where the Hell that came from...

INT. BUFFY'S UPSTAIRS HALL - CONTINUING

Buffy reaches the top of the stairs, heads for the bathroom, stops, goes
towards her room.

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Buffy enters, stands in the doorway. The lights are off, but she can see
okay.

ANGLE: THE BED

Quiet and neat.

Buffy regards it, regards the room. We hear:

TARA (V.O.)
You think you know. What's to come,
what you are... You haven't even begun.

Buffy stands a moment longer, looking into the dark.

She leaves. For a beat, we hold on the empty room.

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW

