

Episode # 5ABB16
Story # E01185

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

"The Body"

Written and Directed By

Joss Whedon

SHOOTING DRAFT

January 22, 2001

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SLAYER

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CAST LIST

BUFFY SUMMERS.....	Sarah Michelle Gellar
XANDER HARRIS.....	Nicholas Brendon
RUPERT GILES.....	Anthony S. Head
WILLOW ROSENBERG.....	Alyson Hannigan
SPIKE.....	James Marsters
ANYA.....	Emma Caulfield
JOYCE.....	Kristine Sutherland
TARA.....	Amber Benson
DAWN.....	Michelle Trachtenberg
LISA.....	
KEVIN.....	
KIRSTIE.....	
FIRST PARAMEDIC.....	
SECOND PARAMEDIC.....	
DOCTOR.....	
TEACHER.....	

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

"The Body"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

BUFFY'S HOUSE

DOWNSTAIRS

DINING ROOM

KITCHEN

LIVING ROOM

AMBULANCE

HOSPITAL

ROOM

MORGUE EXAMINING ROOM

HALLWAY

WAITING ROOM

DAWN'S SCHOOL

BATHROOM

HALL

ART CLASS

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SUNNYDALE

WILLOW'S DORM ROOM

COMMONS STAIRCASE

HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF WILLOW'S DORM ROOM

XANDER'S CAR

EXTERIORS

XANDER'S CAR

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

"The Body"

TEASER

1 INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

1

Buffy enters, dropping her coat and her bag.

BUFFY

Mom? Hey...

She notices a bouquet of flowers near the door, moves to them curiously. There is a card, and she reads it.

ANGLE: THE CARD

Reads: "Thank you for a lovely evening. See you soon (?) -- Brian."

Buffy smiles with only a tinge of sadness, mutters to herself:

BUFFY (cont'd)

Still a couple of nice guys out there...

She moves to the bottom of the stairs, calling out:

BUFFY (cont'd)

Hey, flower-gettin' lady! You want me to pick up Dawn at school? Mom?

She doesn't see that her mother is on the couch behind her, sprawled out in a way that doesn't quite look like sleep.

Buffy finally turns, sees her, moving toward her.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Oh! Mom. What are you doing?

Buffy stops.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Mom?

ANGLE: JOYCE

Her eyes are wide open. Her skin is pale, almost bluish. She does not move.

Buffy doesn't either. She stands, rooted, as realization begins to creep in.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED:

1

BUFFY (cont'd)

Mom?

There is no movement. Buffy's voice is little.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Mommy?

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2 INT. BUFFY'S DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

2

Christmas dinner. Or what's left of it, the carcass of a fine bird lying amidst the clutter of largely emptied dishes. Christmas decorations highlight the room, which is lit softly with candles and christmas lights. (The kitchen is similarly lit -- the whole atmosphere is warm and homey).

Around the table sit BUFFY, Anya, Dawn, Xander, Willow and Tara, with Joyce and Giles at the heads of the table. Joyce, Giles and Buffy are rising, the meal finished. (The plates are gone except for Xander who's still picking, and Giles, who will carry his into the kitchen.)

JOYCE

I think we're just about ready for pie.

XANDER

And then I'll be pretty much ready for barf!

BUFFY

Xander!
(to Joyce)
I'll give you a hand.

DAWN

(over Buffy)
Gross!

XANDER

No, no, barf from eating, 'cause all was good, and too much goodness --

JOYCE

I'm taking it as a compliment.

GILES

Yes, everything was delicious...

Much assent from the crowd.

ANYA

Yes, I'm going to barf too!

JOYCE

(affectionately
sarcastic:)
Everyone's so sweet.

CONTINUE

2 CONTINUED:

2

She, Buffy and Giles exit as the dialogue continues:

XANDER

How're you doing there, Will? Are you in the barf club?

WILLOW

I had too much nog.

TARA

Oh, baby, do you want me to rub your tummy?

(to Xander and Anya)

She likes it when I... stop explaining things.

This has passed over Dawn's head -- she looks in her nearly empty glass of nog.

DAWN

My nog tasted funny. I think I got one with rum in it.

WILLOW

That's bad.

XANDER

Yeah, now Santa's gonna pass you right by, naughty boozehound.

WILLOW

He always passes me by. Something always puts him off. Could be the big honkin' menorah.

TARA

(to Dawn)

Did you write him a letter?

XANDER

What'd you ask for?

DAWN

Uh, guys, hello? Puberty? Sort of figured out the "no Santa" thing.

ANYA

That's a myth.

DAWN

Yeah.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

ANYA

No, it's a myth that it's a myth.
There is a Santa Clause.

XANDER

Advantage of a thousand year old
girlfriend. Inside scoop.

TARA

There's a Santa Clause.

ANYA

Been around since, like, the 1500's.
I mean, he wasn't always called
Santa, but, Christmas night, flying
reindeer, coming down the chimney --
all true.

Everyone is quietly blown away by this.

DAWN

All true?

ANYA

Well, he doesn't traditionally bring
presents so much as, you know,
disembowel children, but, otherwise...

As they take this in...

TARA

(meekly)

Well the reindeer part was nice...

...the camera moves into the kitchen, where Joyce is pulling
a second pie out of the oven as Buffy is pulling plates from
the cupboard. The pie is burnt around the edges.

JOYCE

Dammit, I hate this oven. It's burnt.

She sets it on a hotplate on the edge of the counter.

BUFFY

(looking)

No, it's just... blackened. It's
cajun pie.

Giles proffers a bottle of red wine.

GILES

Shall I open another?

CONTINUED

JOYCE

Do you think we dare?

BUFFY --

Hey, as long as you two stay off the
band candy, I'm cool with anything.

Giles and Joyce share an affectionately embarrassed look as
Giles crosses out with the bottle.

JOYCE

(to Buffy)

You are a demon child.

BUFFY

I live to torment you. Is that so
wrong?

JOYCE

It's a daughter's duty, I suppose...

She gives her a squeeze and little kiss on the head as she
says it. Buffy takes up a spatula, looking at the pie.

BUFFY

See, look, we can just cut off the
burnt part of the crust --

She tries and the pie immediately tips off the counter to the
floor and the two women SHRIEK --

SMASH CUT TO:

3 INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

3

ANGLE: JOYCE'S FACE

Is cold, staring. There is silence.

Buffy stands a moment, then rushes to her mother's side --

BUFFY

Mom! MOM!

-- shaking her, grabbing her face, feeling her head,
listening for breath, an unconscious mantra running under her
own breath:

BUFFY (cont'd)

mommommommommommommommommommomm...

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED:

3

She feels for a pulse in the neck, not really sure what she's doing, panic rising, finally she shrieks:

BUFFY (cont'd)

MOM!

as if to wake

the dead.

A moment, Buffy breathing hard, then she gets up, makes her way, quickly but not altogether steadily, to the kitchen. Grabs the phone, dials 911 as she reenters the living room --

ANGLE: BUFFY'S POV

coming round the corner, seeing the body again...

Buffy moves closer, slowing down, not sure what to do as the phone rings --

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

911 Emergency --

BUFFY

Hello?

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Do you have --

BUFFY

It's my mom. She's not, she's not breathing!

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Is she conscious?

BUFFY

No, I can't -- she's not breathing --

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Okay, I need you to give me your address --

BUFFY

What?

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

I'm gonna send an ambulance over --

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

BUFFY

1630 Revello. It's a, a house.
Revello near Hadley.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

I'm sending a unit right away. Are
you alone in the house?

BUFFY

Yes --

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

And did you see what happened? Did
she fall?

BUFFY

No, I came home -- what do I do?

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Do you know how to administer CPR?

BUFFY

I -- I don't remember --

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Okay, it's very simple. You want to
tilt your mother's head back. Cover
her mouth with yours and breath into
her mouth --

BUFFY

Yeah, yeah, I know this, God --

She drops the phone on the table, appalled that she didn't do
this sooner -- rushing to Joyce and tilting her head back,
she puts her mouth to hers and blows, twice. Then pressing
her palms to the middle of Joyce's chest she pumps, rapidly
15 times. She breathes again, then pumps, more powerfully.

ANGLE: HER HANDS ON JOYCE'S CHEST

We hear something CRACK.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Oh God...

She scrambles for the phone again.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Something cracked! I did it too
hard -- are you there?

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Hello?

BUFFY

Something broke!

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Is she breathing?

BUFFY

No!

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Paramedics should be there in a moment. You might have cracked a rib, it's not important --

BUFFY

She's cold.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

(slight beat)

The body is cold?

BUFFY

No, mom -- should I make her warm?

There is the slightest change in tone from the operator. Less urgency.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

No, if she's not responding to the CPR, best thing is to wait for the paramedics, okay?

BUFFY

Well, when are they coming?

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

They're very nearby.

Buffy hears a car approaching - stands to look out the window -- but it just passes.

Buffy pauses. She is only slightly shaking. Puts the phone back to her ear.

911 OPERATOR (cont'd; O.S.)

You just hang on... it won't be long...

BUFFY

I have to make a call.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED: (4)

3

She hangs up, her expression a bit blank. Looks down at the phone to dial it.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: THE PHONE

The camera moves toward the rows of numbers. There is a rushing sound, almost as of the surf.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: BUFFY

Looking down at the phone. Not dialing. Something settling in her face.

The rushing noise subsides.

She dials, and on the second ring:

GILES (O.S.)

Hello?

BUFFY

Giles. You have to come.

GILES (O.S.)

Buffy?

BUFFY

She's at the house.

She hangs up as a siren becomes audible in the distance. She moves quickly to the door, opening it and looking out.

ANGLE: JOYCE'S FACE

Still immobile. DISSOLVE TO:

Buffy at the door. Looking increasingly lost. Also still.

A moment at the door and she comes back into the living room. Looks at Joyce's body -- the camera MOVES QUICKLY TOWARD JOYCE. Then a reverse moving toward Buffy. Hitting her anew.

She notices Joyce's skirt is hiked up in a slightly unseemly way. Quickly she rushes over and straightens it out, starting back up almost guiltily as two PARAMEDICS enter.

BUFFY (cont'd)

She's in here --

They rush over to the body. The first one feels for a pulse in the neck and the wrist while the second moves the coffee table out of the way.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED: (5)

3

We mostly stay on Buffy during this, seeing quick close ups of the paramedics and their process, little details that Buffy observes more than the whole event.

FIRST PARAMEDIC
I'm getting no pulse.

SECOND PARAMEDIC
Let's lay her out...

They grab her at shoulders and legs, lay her on the floor. Buffy makes a motion to help, but it's clear there's nothing she can do.

The first paramedic starts CPR --

CLOSE ON: BUFFY

Watching as

CLOSE ON: JOYCE'S MOUTH

Covered by a stranger's.

The second paramedic gets equipment ready -- ambu bag, defib -- while asking questions.

SECOND PARAMEDIC (cont'd)
How long has she been like this?

BUFFY
I -- I found her -- a few minutes --

SECOND PARAMEDIC
Was she conscious?

BUFFY
No, she -- no.

FIRST PARAMEDIC
I'm bagging her --

BUFFY
What?

SECOND PARAMEDIC
We're gonna intubate, just trying to get her to breathe. Is this your mother?

BUFFY
Yes.

CONTINUED

SECOND PARAMEDIC

Does she have any serious physical health problems, any history --

BUFFY

No, I mean, she, there was a tumor. Brain tumor -- She had an operation and now she's fine. She's been fine.

CLOSE ON: The tube going into Joyce's mouth.

An oxygen mask covers it. The second paramedic moves to help his partner, hooking up a pulse monitor. Buffy watches...

CLOSE ON: THE FIRST PARAMEDIC

As he shoots a look at the second. Not happening.

Joyce suddenly coughs, raking in gasps of air as the paramedics nearly jump --

FIRST PARAMEDIC

We got her!

HE PULLS THE TUBE FROM HER MOUTH. The second paramedic grabs a board to carry her --

SECOND PARAMEDIC

Let's get her on the truck NOW!

JOYCE

(barely a whisper)

Buffy...

BUFFY

I'm right here!

She gets as close as she can while the men work, almost weeping with joy.

FIRST PARAMEDIC

Man, we never brought one back that late --

4 INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

4

As it races along, Buffy by Joyce's side, the paramedics working around them --

FIRST PARAMEDIC

It's a miracle, that's what it is, a beautiful miracle --

5 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

5

As Buffy and Dawn crowd round their mother lovingly and the doctor beams at them --

DOCTOR

Good as new...

JOYCE

Oh, Buffy, thank god you found me...

6 INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

6

We're back. It's very quiet. The paramedics are working silently. Buffy watches.

The monitor is flatlined still. Buffy sees the second say quietly to the first (SLO MO C.U.):

SECOND PARAMEDIC

She's cold, man...

They work it a bit longer. Finally:

SECOND PARAMEDIC (cont'd)

Call it.

He gets up to face Buffy.

SECOND PARAMEDIC (cont'd)

I'm sorry...

BUFFY

What else? What now? What do we...

SECOND PARAMEDIC

I'm sorry, but I have to tell you that your mother is dead.

Buffy clenches her jaw, using every muscle in her body not to collapse.

SECOND PARAMEDIC (cont'd)

It looks like she did die a good while before you found her, there's nothing you could have done.

BUFFY

What did I...

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED:

6

SECOND PARAMEDIC

I'm guessing it may have been an aneurism, or some clotting, some complication from surgery, she probably felt very little pain. I'm gonna call it in, the coroner's office will come by to take her in and they'll determine the cause of death conclusively.

The first paramedic has been packing up. His radio squawks:

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

Dispatch seven, we have a 206, what's your status?

FIRST PARAMEDIC

(into radio)

We're moving.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

Location is Beaumont and Ninth, your vic is on the street, go now.

FIRST PARAMEDIC

Okay.

(to the second
paramedic)

We gotta fly.

They have their stuff gathered.

SECOND PARAMEDIC

I'm gonna call right away, but the coroner's office could take a little while. The police may come too, for a report. In the meanwhile, you should sit, have a glass of water... Try not to disturb the body. Do you need anything? Is there someone you can call?

BUFFY

Someone's coming.

FIRST PARAMEDIC

Let's go.

SECOND PARAMEDIC

I'm very sorry for your loss.

BUFFY

Thank you.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

And they're out the door. Buffy walks them almost all the way out, in a bit of a daze now.

BUFFY (cont'd)
(calls out feebly:)

Good luck...

She puts her hand to the door but doesn't close it. Slowly she turns and reenters the living room. Her mother is laid out on the floor now. Buffy looks at her a moment, then turns blankly toward the kitchen. She walks slowly toward it, the camera trailing behind her.

She makes it to the hall outside the kitchen before she drops to her knees and, just out of frame, vomits audibly.

The camera holds on the window, the shade half up, sunlight playing on a colored wind chime that twists in the breeze.

Buffy retches a couple more times, then gets back up into frame. She moves unsteadily toward the back door, wiping her mouth on her sleeve.

The camera hangs back and frames her in the doorway as she opens it, letting in the sunlight and the sounds of outdoors. From far off we can hear neighbors splashing in a pool and someone practicing a trombone. A beginner.

ANGLE: BUFFY'S FACE

In the hard light. We see sweat beading her whole face, and she's slightly pale. She looks blankly out at the yard. After a long beat, she goes back inside and shuts the door, all noise cut off again. It seems much darker with it shut.

She pulls a couple of sheets of paper towel off a roll on the center island and goes back to where she was sick. Kneels down, folding the towel over and laying it on top of the mess.

CLOSE ON: THE TOWEL

As liquid begins to seep through.

The front door flies open, Giles seeing Buffy almost instantly. He comes forward --

GILES

Buffy! What is it? Is it Glory?

He stops, puzzled by the stillness, by the fact that she's calmly on her knees.

She gets up.

CONTINUED

BUFFY
I'm waiting... the coroner's coming.

GILES
What?

BUFFY
I have to tell Dawn... she's at
school... I'll go there...

GILES
Buffy, I'm not --

He's confused, looking around -- so he finally sees her.

GILES (cont'd)
God --

He instinctively moves toward her, Buffy moving as well, the
camera staying with her as she rounds the corner --

BUFFY
No don't, it's too late, don't --

-- and he's on his knees, trying to get a pulse --

GILES
Joyce. Joyce!

BUFFY
We're not, they're coming for her,
don't --

-- pulling her head back for CPR and for some reason Buffy
blurts hysterically --

BUFFY (cont'd)
We're not supposed to move the body!

And she said it. Her hand flies to her mouth, eyes wide, now
filling with tears. She called it a body.

She makes a sound, a wheezing sound, her mouth wide open and
tears beginning to spill down her face -- she doesn't sob,
just stands uncomprehendingly, mouth wide open, as if the
whole truth of her mother's death is trying to cram itself in
there. Wheezing.

Giles comes at her, understanding, wrapping her in his arms,
but her expression doesn't change.

ANGLE: JOYCE

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED: (4)

6

Staring straight up.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

7 INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

7

There is no sound.

We are above Joyce, and her head and shoulders is really all we see. Men from the coroner's office are getting her into the black plastic bag. However they might have to move her, the camera always stays directly above her. They begin to zip the bag up. We can hear the zipper.

8 INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - DAWN'S SCHOOL - DAY

8

Dawn is sitting on a sink, crying.

DAWN

I can't believe it. Oh, God...

We pull back to see her friend LISA (in the mirror behind her) standing talking to her.

LISA

It's not that bad.

DAWN

How can you say it's not that bad?

LISA

I just don't think it's that big a deal.

DAWN

Kevin Berman called me a freak. In front of everyone -- no, that's no big deal.

LISA

He didn't say you were a freak.

DAWN

(sniffling)

Forget it.

LISA

He said you were freaky. Which, you know, freaky can be cool.

DAWN

Yeah, real cool. I'm a suicidal headcase.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED:

8

LISA

You know it was Kirstie. She was telling everyone how you were into cutting yourself --

DAWN

That's such a lie! I got cut -- by accident -- one time. Now Kevin thinks...

LISA

Well, that was when you were wiggling out about your family and stuff -- And of course Kirstie's gotta turn everything into a story, she was telling everyone you were adopted --

DAWN

What a primo Bee-otch. I swear, if I could make her head explode using only the power of my mind, that's what I'd be doing right about now.

She gets down and looks in the mirror, fixing herself up a bit.

DAWN (cont'd)

God, now I look like a wet rat.

LISA

Yeah, you can't go out there all cry-face, it'll just give Kirstie more ammo.

Dawn puts a wet towel to her face, does what she can to resume normalcy. She looks pretty good.

DAWN

You know, my big sister could beat the crap out of her. I mean, really really.

She blows her nose.

DAWN (cont'd)

How do I look. Can I show my face?

LISA

Yeah, you're good to go. We're gonna be late, anyway.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

DAWN

Oh great, it's Art. I'm not gonna be able to look Kevin in the eye.

LISA

You've never looked Kevin in the eye. At least now he knows your name.

DAWN

Yeah, freaky psycho gal.

LISA

Come on. Let's represent.

They exit into a crowded

9 INT. SCHOOL HALL - CONTINUING - DAY

9

Where a bunch of kids mill about or head to class. This is a middle school, which makes Dawn among the oldest kids there.

LISA

Have you studied at all for Geometry?

DAWN

Some. It's pretty much baby stuff.

LISA

I don't have a math brain.

DAWN

We can go over it during study hall --

LISA

Kirstie alert...

Indeed they are passing the infamous KIRSTIE, who is hanging with a couple of girlfriends in the hall. If this school has a Cordelia, this is it. She says, with near-convincing pleasantness:

KIRSTIE

Hey, Dawn.

DAWN

Hey.

KIRSTIE

How're you doing? You okay?

DAWN

Good, thanks for asking.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED:

9

As they pass the group, they intone to themselves:

DAWN/LISA

Bee-otch...

They enter:

10 INT. ART CLASS - CONTINUING - DAY

10

It's one of those classrooms where the top half of the wall facing the hall is glass, so we can still see the hall as the girls enter.

Easels are being set up, kids getting ready to sketch a plaster of paris statue (greek female nude) on a table. The TEACHER wanders about, getting started:

TEACHER

Okay, remember; we're not drawing the object, we're drawing the negative space around the object. We just draw the edges of the figure, and then give me a sense of the spaces around, the space in between.

While the teacher is nattering on, Dawn heads for the empty easels in the back and realizes she's going to be next to:

ANGLE: KEVIN BERMAN

Who is fairly cute, as expected. Not a Bad Boy, but clearly working some 14 year old cool.

Dawn, trying to be invisible, takes the easel to his right, (closer to the glass partition) while Lisa flanks him on the left, throwing Dawn a significant glance.

Dawn starts sketching the outline of the statue.

KEVIN

Hey.

She barely looks up, a little confused about who he's talking to.

DAWN

Oh. Hey Kevin.

Bit of a beat.

KEVIN

What's going on?

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

DAWN
(has no answer)
Negative space.

KEVIN
Yeah, what's that all about?

DAWN
(too cool)
Shhyeah.

Another beat. More sketching.

KEVIN
That's pretty good.

DAWN
Thanks.

ANGLE: OVER KEVIN TO LISA

As he examines Dawn's picture, Lisa picks her drawing up, intently staring at it as though to figure what's wrong with it. It angles toward us so we can see all that's on her paper are the words "HE WANTS YOU".

Dawn tries not to react.

KEVIN
So, I heard you, like, had a freak out and cut yourself.

DAWN
(embarrassed)
Not even. That was a whole... that was so...

KEVIN
I've felt like that sometimes. Things get so crazed, you know, I just wanna... do something extreme.

Dawn changes tack with impressive speed.

DAWN
Yeah. I just, I had some intense stuff going on. Lotta people don't get that. Pain.

KEVIN
Yeah.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (2)

: 10

DAWN

And then Kirstie's blabbing it everywhere. 'Cause she's...

KEVIN

Kirstie, man... she's kinda hot.

DAWN

(bummed)

Oh.

KEVIN

But I don't think she's ever had a single thought in her brain.

Dawn smiles. As she does, we see Buffy enter frame behind her through the glass partition. Over the following, Buffy searches, spots Dawn, and enters the class.

KEVIN (cont'd)

It's like she thinks "I'm so hot, everyone just bow down before me", and I'm like, "whatever".

DAWN

(laughs)

I know. She's so superficial. Everything's like, clothes, and who likes who, and there's just way more important stuff going on. There's a lot of crucial, you know, stuff.

KEVIN

Yeah.

Buffy speaks to the teacher briefly, then makes her way toward Dawn. Still Dawn doesn't see.

DAWN

(laughing)

This one time, we were in History, and she had this book, Annals of History, only she didn't know how to say 'annals' and she kept calling it --

BUFFY

Dawn.

Dawn turns, surprised.

For a moment, Buffy just looks at her. Unable to say a thing.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

Dawn doesn't speak either; there is in her some primal, unconscious knowledge that the world has shifted.

BUFFY (cont'd)
I have to talk to you.

Over the following we see a series of ANGLES, some Dawn's POV, some not.

- The teacher, looking concerned.
- Kevin, and behind him Lisa, uncomprehending...
- The statue. Immobile.
- Charcoal moving along paper.
- Buffy's eyes, slightly red-rimmed.

DAWN
Well, what -- can't it wait? I'm in the middle of class...

BUFFY
I know. Please come with me.

Dawn looks back at her friends, then puts down her charcoal. Buffy starts out of the class and she follows her.

DAWN
I thought Mom was gonna pick me up...

11 INT. SCHOOL HALL - CONTINUING - DAY

11

Buffy closes the door behind them. The hall is much less crowded now, though Kirstie and her bunch are hanging at the other end, and a few others pass by.

DAWN
What's going on. Something's going on.

BUFFY
Let's go outside...

DAWN
No. Tell me what's going on.

BUFFY
It's... bad. News.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED:

11

DAWN
What is it? What happened?

BUFFY
Dawn, it's bad, I think we should --

DAWN
Where's Mom?

Buffy pauses.

BUFFY
Mom had an accident, or a, something went wrong from the tumor...

DAWN
Is she okay? Is she -- but she's okay... but it's serious but...

BUFFY
Dawn, Mom died this morning. While we were both at school, she --

DAWN
No...

BUFFY
I don't know exactly what happened, but, she's dead...

DAWN
No. NO NO No No you're lying you're lying she's fine she's FINE and you're lying oh no no please please no you're lying she's fine, she's fine...

Dawn is sobbing uncontrollably, none of her screams or pleading or anything making a dent in the wave of grief crushing her, she half falls, half sits right there on the ground, Buffy coming down after her but Dawn not ready to be held, not able to do anything but deny, deny...

BUFFY
(crying anew)
Dawnie...

DAWN
It's not true it's not real it's not real ohhhhh noooooo..... no.....

ANGLE: KIRSTIE AND HER FRIENDS

CONTINUE

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

Looking on with genuine concern.

ANGLE: LISA

Is moving toward the glass partition to see what's going on, also terribly concerned.

ANGLE: FROM INSIDE THE ART CLASS

As Kevin and more kids move toward the glass to see the girl on the floor, whom now we cannot hear -- in fact there is silence entire -- the camera forward, loses them, turning to focus on Dawn's drawing: the outline of a figure, but not the figure itself. Negative space.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

12 INT. MORGUE EXAMINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

12

Again, no sound. Again, we are right above Joyce, framing her head and shoulders, as she is settled onto the steel examining table, a bright, cold light turned on above her. Her clothes are being removed. Her blouse (or camisole) needs to be cut off her -- we see hands bring a pair of scissors into frame and begin cutting from the top down. We hear the scissors.

13 INT. WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - AFTERNOON

13

ANGLE: TARA

Framed close in front of the window. Staring at something. Still there is no sound but scissors.

ANGLE: OVER TARA TO WILLOW

Willow is in a camisole and skirt. She has clearly been crying for some time, though she is not now. She is staring at a blouse she holds up on a hanger, not seeing it. The cutting has stopped.

14 INT./EXT. XANDER'S CAR - AFTERNOON

14

ANGLE: ANYA

Still no sound. Anya sits in the passenger seat, looking out the window. In her own world.

ANGLE: XANDER

Driving. Also alone, also has been crying, though not as much as Will. His jaw set in quiet anger.

ANGLE: FROM WILLOW'S WINDOW LOOKING DOWN

From a couple stories up, we see Xander's car pull to a stop, double parked.

15 INT. WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - AFTERNOON

15

Tara looks over her shoulder, down at the car.

TARA

I think they're here.

CONTINUED

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER "The Body" (WHITE) 1/22/01

15 CONTINUED:

15

She looks back at Willow, who is still staring at the blouse. Willow finally sets it down on the bed, where we see many other discarded choices. Goes back to looking in the closet.

16 INT./EXT. XANDER'S CAR - AFTERNOON

16

The two sit a moment before moving.

XANDER

Do you want to wait here?

Beat.

XANDER (cont'd)

Do you want to come up?

ANYA

You're double parked.

XANDER

Let 'em give me a ticket.

He is getting out. A moment, and Anya does too.

17 INT. WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUING - AFTERNOON

17

Willow emerges from the closet with two blouses. One is dark purple, one is bright and perky, maybe with an animal on it.

WILLOW

What do you think? The purple, right? 'Cause it's somber, it should be something somber. No, it's depressing, it's like I'm a funeral... guy.

(re: other blouse)

This is cheerier -- maybe I want to be cheery, like everything is normal, but that's rude, it's disrespectful, la-la-la I don't care...

She tosses them on the bed.

WILLOW (cont'd)

If I had that blue one, Joyce really liked the blue one, she told me one time... You're sure it's not in your room?

TARA

I can look again...

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED:

17

WILLOW

No, I'm... I should wear the purple, I think the purple, it's just that it's so, I don't know... it doesn't mean something bad?

TARA

I think it's royal. Purple means royalty.

WILLOW

Well I can't see Buffy at the morgue and be all royal! "Oh, I'm the king of everything, I'm better than you..."

(tearing up again)

I have to be supportive, Buffy needs me to... why do so many of my shirts have stupid things on them? Can't I dress like a grown up, can't I be... be a grown up...

She crying now, shaking, and there is a manic pitch and rhythm to her speech that indicates she's going to go off again...

Tara comes at her and holds her, takes her head in her hands...

TARA

Shhh...

WILLOW

Tara...

TARA

Shhhhhh, darling...

WILLOW

I can't do this...

Tara pulls her close, to stop the shaking. She kisses her, on the mouth and again on her cheek, looks close into her eyes. She speaks softly, Willow answering her with almost a little girl's quaver...

TARA

We can do this.

WILLOW

Okay... We can be there for Buffy... and Dawn... little Dawn...

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

TARA

We can be strong.

WILLOW

Strong like an Amazon?

TARA

(with a small
affectionate smile)

Strong like an Amazon, right...

WILLOW

Okay...

She's steady.

WILLOW (cont'd)

I wish I had the blue.

18 INT. COMMONS STAIRCASE - CONTINUING - AFTERNOON

18

Xander and Anya enter by the bottom of the stairs and head up (We see down the staircase, not the whole commons.) They pass a few oblivious students, going about their days.

ANYA

So what do we do?

XANDER

I'm not sure. Willow talked to Giles.

19 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUING

19

They come through a doorway at the top of the stairs, head for Willow's.

ANYA

But, what will we do? What will we
be expected to do?

He doesn't have an answer, so he doesn't bother to give one. They come to Willow's door, which is slightly ajar. Xander raps and it swings open.

XANDER

Hey...

The two step in as

The girls come to the door to greet them. (Willow has an entirely new blouse on, and a cardigan over it.) Willow and Xander hug, the other two hang back. Everyone greets everyone, more with nods than anything else.

XANDER

How are you doing? ...

Willow just shakes her head. Can't answer.

XANDER (cont'd)

I know the feeling.

WILLOW

I'm afraid I'm gonna start crying again, and I don't wanna... but maybe I should get it out of my system, so I don't do it in front of Buffy.

ANYA

Xander cried at the apartment. It was strange.

WILLOW

(only slightly
acerbic)

It's a thing we do.

A beat.

XANDER

This is so totally wrong. This is just so... it's wrong.

ANYA

What's going to happen?

WILLOW

I guess we're gonna meet them at the morgue. That's where they were taking her.

She pauses, and Tara takes over for her:

TARA

Giles said that he was gonna go with Joyce and Buffy was going to... to school. To tell Dawn.

XANDER

God.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED:

20

TARA
(to Xander)
Do you know how to get to --

XANDER
Yeah. It's at the hospital, it's a
wing.
(beat)
We do morgue time in the scoobie gang.

Another beat.

WILLOW
I have to change.

She pulls off her sweater and tosses it by the window, starts taking off her shirt, moving behind the closet door to pick out something else and put it on.

XANDER
(to Tara)
What else did Giles say?

TARA
Not a lot.

XANDER
Are they sure this was... natural?
I mean, Glory...

TARA
Giles is pretty sure it wasn't her.

XANDER
But I mean, she said she was gonna
come after Buffy's family --

TARA
I don't think --

XANDER
(overlapping)
I mean we should be going after her,
I mean she could have done it and,
and covered her tracks.

WILLOW
(re-emerging)
Why would she? She'd want us to know.

Another beat, as the logic sinks in. But:

CONTINUED

XANDER

I'll tell you what it is, it's the frickin' doctors, I mean they just let her out, you know, "clean bill a health, dig a hole in your skull here's a band-aid NEXT!"

ANYA

Xander...

XANDER

Am I wrong?

WILLOW

They said there could be complications --

XANDER

Complications? Seems pretty simple to me. They shoulda checked her over, they shoulda had her in, what, she's got a clot? We don't have enough monsters in this town the doctors gotta help 'em out?

WILLOW

I don't think anybody's... it just happened.

XANDER

Things don't happen! I mean they don't JUST happen. Somebody's... I mean somebody's gotta...

His hands are clenched.

WILLOW

Okay.

She raises her little fists, matter of factly getting ready to box. Her face sweetly resigned.

WILLOW (cont'd)

Let's go. You and me.

(moving her fists)

Come on...

He deflates. She drops her fists and he leans in, kisses her forehead.

XANDER

You know I can't take you.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

WILLOW
Damn straight...

A moment between them, then:

ANYA
Are we gonna see the body?

WILLOW
(flinching)
What?

ANYA
Are we going to be in the room with
the dead body?

WILLOW
I don't know! No.

To break the tension, Tara offers:

TARA
But I guess we can take over
patrolling and all that.

XANDER
Yeah --

WILLOW
Oh yeah --

TARA
For however long...

WILLOW
We gotta help out. There's gonna be
a lot of things... We gotta make
everything easy as possible on Buffy.

XANDER
You know it.

Beat. A few looks to the door -- but nobody moves toward it.

WILLOW
I can't wear this.
(to Tara)
I really should have the other...
Joyce liked it so...

TARA
Do you think you could have left it
in the laundry room?

WILLOW

Maybe...

TARA

I'll go check.
(to the others)
I'll be one minute.

XANDER

We're cool.

Tara exits. Xander tries a shot at justifying his reluctance to go:

XANDER (cont'd)

I mean... I don't know if we should rush right in or, you know... not crowd 'em.

WILLOW

Yeah.

ANYA

Are they gonna cut the body open?

WILLOW

(appalled)

Oh my god will you shut your mouth?
Just not open it please?

ANYA

What am I doing?

WILLOW

How can you act like that?

ANYA

Am I supposed to be changing my clothes a lot, is that the helpful thing to do --

XANDER

Guys...

WILLOW

The way you behave --

ANYA

Well nobody will tell me --

WILLOW

Because it's not okay for you to be asking these things!

ANYA

But I don't understand!

Something in her tone stops Will, and as she continues, she breaks down more and more...

ANYA (cont'd)

I don't understand how this all happens, how we go through this, I mean I knew her and then she's, there's just a body, I don't understand why she just can't get back in it and not be dead, it's stupid, it's mortal and stupid, Xander's crying and not talking and I was having fruit punch and I thought that Joyce would never have any more fruit punch and she'd never have eggs, or yawn, or brush her hair, not ever and no one will explain...

She's crying now, she's real small, Xander comes to hold her but she moves away, plops herself down in the weird round chair. Xander retires to his corner, frustrated.

WILLOW

(softly)

We don't know. How it works. Or why.

She is herself overwhelmed. She sits, not looking at either of them. They three stay that way a moment, alone.

Anya, now just sniffing, feels something digging into her back. She pulls out a stuffed animal and with it a blue shirt. She looks at the shirt a moment, then tosses it in an open drawer. Willow never sees it.

In fact, she could probably sit there looking into the floor for another half hour, except for the sudden loud SMASH of broken wood and plaster.

She jumps, looks up, as does Anya...

XANDER

Sorry. Sorry.

He has slammed his fist against the wall, and as Willow comes around to look, we see --

XANDER (cont'd)

Just some pent up...

WILLOW

Xander...

-- that his fist has gone right through the drywall and is stuck in there.

WILLOW (cont'd)

Where'd your hand go?

Anya rises, also approaching.

XANDER

As I was saying, some frustration, and now... I appear to be stuck.

ANYA

Oh my god! Is your hand okay?

XANDER

Pretty much. I'm really sorry.

Willow and Anya try to pick away at the drywall and wood behind, so he can pull his hand out.

ANYA

What if you hit an electrical thing? You... are stupid!

XANDER

And once again with the sorry.

WILLOW

Did it make you feel better?

XANDER

For a second there.

WILLOW

A whole second.

XANDER

In my defense, some crappy wallmanship here.

WILLOW

Yeah, you can hear everything next door...

XANDER

Who did the drywall on this place?

WILLOW

I always forget to ask.

Tara enters, takes in the scene.

TARA
Did I miss something?

ANYA
Xander decided that he blames the wall.

WILLOW
(to Xander)
Can you turn your wrist...

XANDER
Hold on...

She pulls a chunk of drywall off and he slowly extracts his hand. His knuckles are bleeding.

ANYA
Ohh...

XANDER
It's okay.

CLOSE ON: XANDER'S HAND

A moment, as they all look at the blood slowly begin to swell and drip.

TARA
It hurts.

He looks up at her, knows she understands.

XANDER
(smiling softly)
Yeah..

WILLOW
Wash it off. Here.

He goes to the sink.

ANYA
Band aids?

WILLOW
Underneath.

Anya gets them, applies a couple after Xander rinses off the wound.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED: (8)

20

Tara turns meanwhile to Willow.

TARA
I couldn't find it.

WILLOW
It doesn't matter.

Her attitude is different -- Xander's slight crisis has both relieved and focussed them all.

WILLOW (cont'd)
We should get there.

TARA
Yes.

WILLOW
I wanna be there for Buffy.

Tara smiles reassuringly at her. Squeezes her hand.

XANDER
You're right. Avengers got to get
with the assembling.

As he speaks, Willow mouths soundlessly at Tara: "I love
you."

XANDER (cont'd)
We'll go. We'll deal. We'll help.
That's what we do. We help Buffy.

A moment of resolution, slightly popped by:

ANYA
How are we going to help?

No particular answer. They file out. A moment, and Willow
rushes back in.

ANGLE: HER SWEATER

Is by the window, where she tossed it. She grabs it, and the
camera moves off, out the window looking down at Xander's
car, just as the meter maid rips a ticket off, sticks it
behind his wiper and drives off.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

21 INT. MORGUE EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

21

ANGLE: ABOVE JOYCE

Once more. The doctor is finishing his examination, and we are framed again at Joyce's head and shoulders. He pulls the sheet over her face. Again, there is no sound till we hear the squeak and snap of the doctor's gloves being taken off.

At this point the camera tilts up to see the doctor and the rest of the gloomy room. There are four tables behind the examining space, three with sheeted corpses on them. Near the examining table is a tray with various instruments on it, including a nasty bone saw. The only light in the room besides the lamp above Joyce are some patches of moonlight from the high, small windows. At the far end of the room is a single door leading down the hall, with a small window in it. It stands open.

REVERSE ANGLE: FROM THE DOOR

The doctor is small in the frame as he shuts the light off above Joyce. He heads out and we lead him into

22 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUING - NIGHT

22

As he shuts the door behind him and starts down the hall, which is long and also dimly lit. He goes through a swinging door and the aspect of the hallway changes, this is more brightly lit, less grey, clearly the non-dead-person part of the hospital. The door swinging shut behind him says AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. Still we're leading him, as he turns a corner, passing us and leading us into

23 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - CONTINUING - NIGHT

23

Where he stands at the entrance, not disturbing the scene taking place in the center of the room.

Which scene is the greeting process, everyone together, scoobies, Buffy, Giles, Dawn, the hugging and kind words, which though whispered, ring out in this empty, surreal space.

XANDER
(hugging Buffy)
Anything we can do...

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED:

23

DAWN
(hugging Tara)
I'm glad you guys came...

DISSOLVE IN as Willow is hugging Buffy.

WILLOW
I love you so much...

BUFFY
I know...

They pull apart, Willow wanting to say something about Joyce...

WILLOW
And...

BUFFY
I know.

DAWN
(to Tara and Xander)
They're not telling us anything.

Giles is a bit surprised as Anya hugs him, tightly. He hugs her back, then notices the doctor waiting.

GILES
Doctor...

Buffy looks up sharply -- she's not sure she wants to hear what he has to say. But she moves to him, stiffly, Dawn and Giles following. The others look at each other, decide to hang back.

DOCTOR
Okay, I've examined your mother's body --

DAWN
Can we see her?

BUFFY
Dawn. Not now.

DOCTOR
The on-site report seems to be more or less accurate. Your mother did have what looks like an aneurism, a sudden hemorrhaging from a ruptured arterial vessel near the, where the tumor was removed.

CONTINUED

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER "The Body" (WHITE) 1/22/01

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

BUFFY

Shouldn't we have known about, that
that was a danger...

We stay on Buffy for most of the following:

DOCTOR

Sometimes these things are detectable
and sometimes they're not. Joyce was
aware of the possibility of a
rupture, and the effects. She didn't
even get on the phone so clearly this
was very sudden. She may have felt
a little nausea and probably passed
out as it happened. I doubt there
was much pain, and even if someone
had been by her side --

24 INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

24

Joyce is there with Buffy.

JOYCE

My head...

BUFFY

Mom?

Joyce slumps to the couch, Buffy rushing to her side --

25 INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

25

Same scene as before, but just a silent flash of it --

26 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

26

Same tableau again, happy Joyce and girls, but another silent
flash --

27 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUING)

27

DOCTOR

-- it's doubtful this could have been
dealt with in time.

GILES

Well, thank you, Doctor...

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED:

27

BUFFY

You're sure there wasn't a lot of pain?

ANGLE: THE DOCTOR

Looks right into camera and though he says:

DOCTOR

Absolutely. I think we can be almost positive about that.

---What we HEAR, as if inefficiently dubbed, is:

DOCTOR (cont'd)

Absolutely. I have to lie to make you feel better.

ANGLE: BUFFY

Not reacting to either statement. Stone-faced.

GILES

What, ah, what needs to happen now?

DOCTOR

Well, there will be some forms, and some decisions you'll need to make...

GILES

Buffy, why don't you let me handle those as much as I can...

BUFFY

(nodding)

Please.

DOCTOR

(to Buffy)

We will need you to sign a couple of release forms --

GILES

(a bit short)

Yes, thank you, doctor --

(to Buffy)

I'll figure out which ones you need to see.

BUFFY

We'll be here.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

Giles and the doctor move off. Buffy and Dawn join the others.

XANDER

What'd the doctor say?

BUFFY

Nothing. I mean, it was what they thought. From the... tumor...

She's staring right through them.

WILLOW

Why don't we sit down.

She puts her hand to Buffy's arm, leads her to a seat. Tara and Willow sit as well, flanking Buffy. The others stand, including Dawn, who throws a look back at:

ANGLE: THE HALLWAY

That leads to the morgue proper.

She turns back to the others. Xander gives her a squeeze. She's a little stiff -- in her own world, like Buffy.

BUFFY

Giles is gonna go over the paperwork.

XANDER

Man, if there's one day they should not give you homework...

WILLOW

Dawnie, do you wanna sit?

Dawn shakes her head.

BUFFY

I don't think we'll have to stay here very long.

DAWN

But what about --

She stops.

BUFFY

What about what?

DAWN

Nothing. I have to pee.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

BUFFY

Do you want someone to go with you?

DAWN

No. I still remember how to pee.

BUFFY

Well, okay, do you know where --

DAWN

Yeah.

She takes off.

BUFFY

I think maybe she's mad at me or something.

WILLOW

'Cause you're the one that told her?

XANDER

How'd she take it?

BUFFY

Meltdown. She just, wouldn't believe it. I don't know if she does now.

TARA

She's been through so much this year...

WILLOW

You both have.

A beat.

ANYA

(blurts out)

I wish that Joyce didn't die.

Everyone is made momentarily uncomfortable.

ANYA (cont'd)

Because she was nice and now we all hurt.

XANDER

Anya, ever the wordsmith...

But Buffy isn't offended, sincerely saying to Anya:

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED: (4)

27

BUFFY

Thank you.

WILLOW

(to Buffy)

Do you want anything? Something to eat, or a soda?

BUFFY

Maybe... I honestly can't tell.

WILLOW

I think you should try to eat something...

BUFFY

Well, maybe Dawn could use a snack...

WILLOW

I'll see if there's something. Xander, do you have any money?

XANDER

We'll come with.

WILLOW

We'll be real quick.

She gets up, heads off, Xander taking Anya by the hand and going as well.

This leaves Buffy and Tara. There are a few beats of silence, a tiny bit uncomfortable.

BUFFY

I'm sorry you have to go through all this.

TARA

You don't have to worry about me.

BUFFY

Everyone wants to help... I don't even know... if I'm here... I don't know what's going on. I've never done this -- Well that's just an amazingly dumb thing to say, obviously. "I've never done this before."

A small beat.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED: (5)

27

TARA

I have.

Buffy looks at her, a little thrown.

TARA (cont'd)

My mother died when I was seventeen.

BUFFY

I didn't know that. I'm sorry --

TARA

No, no, I didn't mean to -- I'm only telling you because, it's not m-my place, but... there's things, thoughts and reactions that I had, that I couldn't... understand, or even try to explain to anyone else. Thoughts that made me feel like I was losing it, or like I was just a horrible person. I know it's different for you, because it's always different, but... if you ever need...

Buffy nods, gratefully. Tara retreats into herself a bit, thinking she's perhaps gone too far.

BUFFY

Was it sudden?

TARA

What?

BUFFY

Your mother...

TARA

No.

(thinks a moment)

And yes.

(beat)

It's always sudden.

ANGLE: THE WOMEN'S ROOM

As Dawn emerges. She sees Buffy and Tara talking -- neither is looking in her direction. She looks at them, looks down the hall, then takes off toward the morgue.

28 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUING - NIGHT

28

We lead her as she moves slowly down the hall, through the swinging door -- and into the darker, grimmer area. She looks at a couple of doors, finally finding the right one. She looks in the little window, sees the bodies and, after a moment's hesitation, opens it.

29 INT. MORGUE EXAMINING ROOM - CONTINUING - NIGHT

29

She shuts the door behind her. Locks it. Sees the examining table at the other end and slowly starts toward it. Passing the other corpses, becoming less steady...

ANGLE: DAWN'S POV

As the covered figure gets closer.

She comes to it, stands before it. Emotion working on her face, she reaches for the sheet -- and stops. Puts her shaking hand back at her side, unsure of whether she can go through with this.

One of the corpses behind her sits up.

CLOSE ON: THE CORPSE

As the sheet slides off his face. He is a newly risen VAMPIRE, and he takes a moment to take in his condition, his surroundings. Then he sees the girl. Hunger flickers in his eyes.

ANGLE: OVER THE TABLE TO DAWN

She stands with her back to us, still undecided, as the vampire's naked leg comes into frame, the sheet falling away as he makes his way, still unsteadily, toward the trembling little meal.

As he closes, Dawn finally realizes she's not alone. Turns to see him, paralyzing shock spreading over her face.

30 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - CONTINUING - NIGHT

30

The threesome arrives back where Buffy and Tara are sitting. Willow and Anya are loaded with sodas, vending machine sandwiches, Twinkies and candy bars... Xander has two cups of vending machine coffee.

Buffy looks at the cornucopia, nonplussed.

WILLOW

We panicked.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED:

30

BUFFY

Uh-huh.

WILLOW

Take anything you want...

ANYA

The sandwiches are meat.

BUFFY

I'm just not hungry.

WILLOW

What about Dawnie?

XANDER

She still in the bathroom?

Buffy looks toward it.

BUFFY

I guess...

She looks around, knowing something is wrong. She stands.

BUFFY (cont'd)

You guys wait here?

XANDER

Sure.

Buffy walks toward the hall.

31 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUING - NIGHT

31

And down it, slowly, brow furrowed. Through the swinging door. Down further. Hears something -- a small crash. moves faster.

Comes to the door and looks in.

ANGLE: THROUGH THE DOOR

We see Dawn struggling in the grip of the vampire.

Buffy tries the door and when it's locked she slams her shoulder into it -- it doesn't quite give -- with mounting panic she SLAMS it again and it flies open --

32 INT. MORGUE EXAMINING ROOM - CONTINUING - NIGHT

32

-- the lock splintering out as Buffy races forward -- The vampire has Dawn from behind and is nearly at her neck. Suddenly Buffy's arm wraps round his neck, she tries pulling him off Dawn but he is strong. She grabs at his face with her other hand, it's close in and ugly, nothing smooth or martial arty about it, she's just in a panic to get him off Dawn.

He does let go, elbowing Buffy hard in the stomach -- Buffy doubles over --

ANGLE: DAWN

Flying forward, she hits the edge of Joyce's table, pulling slightly at the sheet --

ANGLE: JOYCE

As the sheet slides off enough to reveal her face...

Dawn doesn't see that, she hits the ground painfully and turns back to look at Buffy as the vampire grabs Buffy by the throat, she grabs his hands but she's just not at full strength...

ANGLE: THEIR FEET

As Buffy's rises between his rather rapidly, kneeling him hard as hell.

He screams and throws her, but she holds on, they both go flying, tumbling into the tray of instruments, that clatter on the floor beside them. He lands on top.

Buffy gets him up enough to land a solid PUNCH, knocking him to one side, rolling them over, she holds him down as she grabs the bone saw... now his fingers are on her face, trying to push her off as she brings the saw to his neck, and we stay with her as she shoves down once -- the saw goes in (out of frame) just a little, the hands still clawing at her, then down again -- all the way to the floor.

She rolls off his body as it turns into dust.

Lies there a moment, panting...

BUFFY

Dawn? Are you okay? Are you okay?

She brings herself up to sitting, resting on one hand as she looks to her sister and realizes her sister isn't paying any attention to her at all. The camera moves back to show Dawn staring... then back further to show what she's staring at.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED:

32

Joyce's face stares up, blue and unmoving.

There is a long silence.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Dawn...

Another silence, until:

DAWN

Is she cold?

BUFFY

It's not her. It's not her. She's gone.

Dawn is completely lost. Infinitely small and alone.

DAWN

Where'd she go?

Buffy cannot answer.

Dawn reaches out, slowly, to touch her mother's face.

Buffy watches, wanting to stop her.

ANGLE: JOYCE

As Dawn's hand nears it, about to touch it...

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW