

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

"Controlled Environment"

by
Lee A. Chrimes

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - OFFICES. NIGHT.

1

It's a quiet evening in Buffy's workplace, and as we take a stroll across the admin department, taking in the various office workers filing and clattering away at their keyboards, we pick up a bored-looking temp, ELLEN, eighteen with long blonde hair, and a world-weary look already permanently fixed on her face.

She stands, gazing around disinterestedly, holding out her arms as another suit, ALAN, piles a series of folders up in them.

ALAN

And this one needs to go to Accounts... And this one is for Mr. Kane's secretary... And then these last few have to go down to the records archive.

ELLEN

Uh... Where is that?

ALAN

(frowns)

You should know by now, Ellen! It's in the basement, you'll need a key. Once you've done all that, you can get out of here at last.

Alan drops a key on top of the high stack of folders in Ellen's arms, and stands before her expectantly.

ELLEN

(blinks)

So... You want me to go now? Is that everything?

ALAN

(sighs)

Yes, Ellen, that's everything.

Ellen turns and saunters off screen. Alan watches her go, shaking his head.

ALAN

(mutters)

Temps...

As he heads back over to his desk, we cut to:

2

INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - BASEMENT ARCHIVE. NIGHT.

2

We're down in the plainly-painted walls of the basement, looking up at a door at the top of a small flight of stairs as Ellen nudges it open and walks through. The pile of folders is smaller now, but she's still got a lot of filing ahead of her.

Snapping her gum, she strolls along a short corridor before she reaches a long, long line of bland filing cabinets. Ellen checks the topmost folder on the pile, then with a disgruntled look starts to wander along the cabinets, looking for the right one.

She opens a drawer and stuffs the folder awkwardly inside, but it jams when she tries to close it again.

After a few attempts to shove it closed, she gives up with a sigh and drops the folders onto the floor.

Reaching into her blazer, she fishes out a crumpled packet of cigarettes and a lighter, and takes a grateful drag, breathing out the smoke into the air.

She's about to grab the folders again when she hears a faint CRUNCHING sound from somewhere behind her. Ellen slowly turns round, frowning.

ELLEN

Hello?

The sound continues, and Ellen, curious, starts to head towards it.

She turns a corner and finds herself in a darker part of the basement, a storage area filled with heaps of old, musty cardboard boxes.

Ellen scans the area for a few beats before she catches one of the boxes MOVING slightly. She takes a step closer.

ELLEN (cont'd)

Is there someone down here? 'Cause, you know, if there is, you oughta stop hiding 'cause you're kinda freaking me out a little...

The movement suddenly STOPS, and Ellen blinks. She waits a beat, but her curiosity gets the better of her, and she starts to pace forward again.

Ellen crouches down at the base of one of the towers of old boxes, and notices a strange, dark substance is smeared across it, spread across the wall and off into the darkness beyond.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She reaches out a hand to it - then grimaces, bringing her hand back and finding it coated in some kind of GREEN GOO.

ELLEN (cont'd)
Oh, gross!

Ellen quickly wipes her hand clean on one of the boxes. She hears a faint CHITTERING noise and jumps to her feet. Her eyes flick round as she tries to locate the source.

ELLEN (cont'd)
(calling out)
Okay, there'd better not be any
rats down here!
(beat; rolls eyes)
Yeah, because that'll scare them
off...

She takes a step backwards - then hears the chattering sound again, this time coming from directly overhead, somewhere in the heating pipes criss-crossing the ceiling.

She freezes, and slowly turns to look above her...

And we're looking down on her, as whatever she sees makes her SHRIEK in alarm!

Ellen starts to run, but whatever's looking at her is too fast, dropping down from the ceiling and landing on her head, and as she SCREAMS again, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE. NIGHT. 3

BAM! The main entrance doors to the hospital's reception are kicked open, and in charges BUFFY, holding the still unconscious and bleeding ANDREW in her arms.

Rushing in after her is XANDER, followed by KANE. BUFFY races up to the main desk as the nurse behind it looks up and hops to her feet.

BUFFY

You have to help me, he's hurt his head and we can't wake him up!

NURSE

Alright, alright, I'll get the doctors over, don't panic.

The nurse grabs her phone and puts a call out for some doctors, and in a moment a DOCTOR comes running over - tall, male, dark hair.

Buffy and the nurse help lay Andrew down on a gurney, which the doctor starts pushing along, deeper into the hospital. He grabs a small flashlight and lifts Andrew's eyelids, checking his pupils.

DOCTOR

What happened?

BUFFY

We were, uh, just sitting at home, and then this car crashed through the side of our house!

The Doc glances at Buffy - she's still sporting her cuts and bruises from the encounter with the Caretaker, which seems to add to her story.

DOCTOR

Alright, we'll take care of him, you should get back over to reception and let the nurses take care of those cuts.

BUFFY

Huh? Oh, no, I'm fine, I heal fast.

DOCTOR

What's his name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

Andrew, his name's Andrew. I'm
Buffy.

The Doc listens at Andrew's chest with his stethoscope, then
peers at the gash on the side of his head.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Part of the wall fell on him, when
the, uh, car hit us.

The Doctor glances at Buffy for a moment, then nods. They've
reached the swing doors that lead into the main exam room
area.

DOCTOR

Alright, Buffy, we've got it now.
I'll come out and see you when I
have some news.

Buffy stops following the Doc as he and the Nurse push
through the swing doors and disappear from view.

Xander catches up as a lost-looking Buffy watches Andrew's
gurney get wheeled off into an exam room.

XANDER

What did they say? Is he going to
be okay?

Buffy turns to Xander, tears starting to show in her eyes,
and Xander knows now's the time to reach out and just hold
her.

Buffy lets out a little sob, before she looks up and sees
Kane standing a few feet away. Rage takes over as Buffy
pushes away from Xander and marches up to Kane.

KANE

Now, Buffy, I know you're upset,
but I'm sure-

Buffy SHOVES Kane hard in the chest, and he stumbles
backwards. The various staff and patients around them stop
and watch, while one of the nurses grabs a phone to call for
security.

BUFFY

This is all your fault! Don't talk
to me about 'being upset,' you did
this!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KANE

I have medical facilities and some of the best private doctors in the country, you should have let me take care of this!

BUFFY

No, forget it! I don't want anything to do with you, and I don't want you coming anywhere near me!

(cold)

If anything happens to Andrew, I'm coming after you.

Kane stares her down for a beat - then GRINS and starts to chuckle. Buffy doesn't look too happy about this as Xander steps over, trying to break things up.

XANDER

Alright, Buffy, come on. I think we've seen enough mindless violence for one night.

BUFFY

I'm not moving until he tells me what he thinks is so damn funny!

KANE

How am I supposed to avoid you every day, Buffy? Did you forget that you work for me?

A beat. She had forgotten. Buffy tries to think up a suitable comeback line.

BUFFY

Yeah, well... Just...

With a glare at Kane, she stomps past him and plants herself on a seat in the reception area.

Xander leans in to talk to Kane as he spots two burly security guards watching them from across the room.

XANDER

Little word of advice, from someone who knows Buffy better than you ever will - do not get on her bad side.

Xander walks away and sits with Buffy, who still looks ten shades of furious, and Kane watches for a moment before taking his phone out of his jacket, dialling a number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KANE

It's Kane. Looks like the target
was neutralised, but...
(glances at Buffy)
Our operation's security may have
been compromised. I'll be in touch.

He hangs up, then with a last look at Buffy, walks off
screen.

4

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

4

The door is unlocked and opened, and GILES steps in,
supporting JACKSON with his free arm.

JACKSON

Giles, I'm telling you, I'm fine,
it was just a scratch!

GILES

Scratch or not, you're not going
anywhere until I take a look at
that arm.

JACKSON

Don't tell me, basic medical
training part of the Watcher
package deal, right?

Giles helps Jackson down onto the sofa as ANYA and a dazed-
looking WILLOW enter.

GILES

When you've spent a few years
helping to patch up wounded
Slayers, one does tend to pick up a
few tricks.

ANYA

Giles, what's going to happen to my
house? Are those men in the tank
just leaving that hole in my wall,
or are you going to go back over
there and fix it?

GILES

(exasperated)

I can't solve every problem by
myself, Anya! I need to make sure
Jackson and Willow are comfortable,
then check with Buffy at the
hospital about Andrew's condition.

Anya takes a seat on the sofa, looking grumpy as Giles
hurries into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANYA
(calls after Giles)
Well, fine. But don't expect me to
do any running around, just because
monkey boy Andrew happened to save
my life!

Anya looks up to see Jackson throwing a bemused look at her.
She shrugs.

ANYA (cont'd)
I mean it!

Willow flops onto the last free space on the sofa, blinking
rapidly. Jackson leans over to her.

JACKSON
Hey, are you okay?

WILLOW
(groggy)
I got him...
(giggles)
I got him! At least, I think I got
him... Did you see me get him?

JACKSON
The Caretaker? I saw you do
something to him, you made some
kind of portal that sucked him
away, but God knows where you sent
him! Don't you have any idea at
all?

Willow shakes her head, then lies on her side, curling up
into a little ball.

WILLOW
I'm sleepy now...

Willow's out like a light in a moment as Giles re-enters.

GILES
(re: Willow)
Is she...

Jackson looks down at the sleeping Willow.

JACKSON
Relax, she's just sleeping. I'm
guessing those spells she was
throwing at the Caretaker took a
lot out of her, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Giles crouches by Willow, pressing a concerned hand to her forehead. Faint traces of dark veins can just be seen on her cheek.

GILES

It may have been more traumatic for her than we realise... We'll just have to see how she feels after some rest.

Giles stands before Jackson, bandages in one hand.

GILES (cont'd)

Alright, let's get you taken care of, then I can call Buffy.

Jackson nods and takes off his jacket, revealing a bloody mark on his arm where he was clipped by a stray bullet.

He seems unaffected by the injury, but the surprised look on Giles' face tells us by rights, Jackson should be in a lot more pain right now.

5 INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION. NIGHT.

5

Buffy leans against Xander's shoulder for comfort as he tenderly strokes the side of her head.

BUFFY

Xander?

XANDER

Yep?

BUFFY

What happened tonight? I kinda went into auto pilot when we got to the library, next thing I know, Andrew's on the ground and the Caretaker's gone...

XANDER

Well, looking at things from an ESPN action replay perspective, we fought the bad guy while Willow tried to zap him, but her first two spells didn't work.

Buffy sits up, realising something.

BUFFY

Willow! Is she okay?

XANDER

She's fine, she's with Giles, so are Anya and Jackson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY
(agitated)
Jackson! He was shot, he got hurt,
I'd better-

XANDER
You'd better stay right here till
that doctor comes back and tells us
that Andrew's gonna be okay!

Buffy hesitates - then nods, settling back down.

BUFFY
Willow got the Caretaker, didn't
she? I mean, we all saw him get
sucked away, right?

XANDER
Yes, although right now, I'm trying
not to think about that tank-sized
hole in my wall and the mess that
it made of my living room.

BUFFY
(cringes)
I'm sorry, Xander. At least Anya's
okay.

XANDER
Yeah, all things considered, better
to just have thousands of dollars
worth of damage to my new house,
then... Well, you know.

BUFFY
(nods)
Where's Kane?

XANDER
He took off, he's probably got a
few more houses to drive through
tonight so I don't think he wanted
to miss his quota.

Buffy manages a brief laugh, then glances back towards the
exam rooms and spots something. She sits up as the Doctor
appears, walking back towards them.

DOCTOR
Buffy, right?

BUFFY
(stands)
Yeah, that's me. Is Andrew okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR

(beat)

I'm afraid I don't have good news for you. Andrew's suffered a severe blow to the head, which, while it doesn't seem to have fractured his skull or caused any real damage, has left him in a comatose state.

XANDER

(stands)

Andrew's in a coma?

Buffy throws an agitated look back to Xander, before we cut back to:

6

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

6

Giles is in the background, on the phone in the kitchen, as Jackson, his wound now bandaged up, watches Anya flicking through the TV channels.

JACKSON

Takes a lot to bother you, doesn't it?

ANYA

What do you mean?

JACKSON

Well, most people I know, if an armoured car smashed through their house, followed by a powerful demon getting banished right in the middle of their living room... They'd be kinda upset.

ANYA

(matter-of-fact)

I've seen worse. Ooh, 'Survivor'!

Jackson grins, bemused, as Giles walks back into the living room, frowning.

JACKSON

Did you speak to Buffy?

GILES

No, she must not be able to hear her phone. I did get Marie, however, she's coming round to keep an eye on Willow for me.

Giles scoops up his jacket and steps towards the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON
Are you going back out?

GILES
I'm going to drive over to the
hospital, it'll be easier than
trying to call.

JACKSON
Okay, good, I'll sit tight.

Giles nods and opens the door, still looking at Jackson - and fails to spot the TEENAGE GIRL standing on the doorstep, just about to knock! She's about nineteen and black with long, dark hair that looks like it needs a wash. Her clothes are faded and dirty.

GILES
You should be able to contact me if
you need to, and Marie has a spare
set of keys so she can-

TEENAGE GIRL
Uh, hello?

Giles blinks and turns round, seeing the girl at last.

GILES
Oh! Ah, hello, may I help you?

TEENAGE GIRL
Yeah, I'm looking for Jackson Shaw?
I tried his house already but he
wasn't in, but his neighbour said
he spends a lot of time round here,
so...

Jackson stands, and as he sees the girl, his jaw drops.

JACKSON
Shanna?

The girl, SHANNA, nods at him.

SHANNA
Hey.

Giles looks from Shanna to Jackson, confused.

GILES
I'm sorry - who is this?

JACKSON
Giles, meet Shanna Shaw.
(beat)
My little sister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Giles looks back at Shanna, who GRINS at him.

There's a beat as Anya stands up and peers across, taking in Jackson's look of shock, before shaking her head.

ANYA
Nope, still not bothered.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

7

Back on scene as Shanna strolls casually into the front room, and a surprised Giles pushes the door closed again.

SHANNA

(looking round)

Nice place. This where your girlfriend lives?

JACKSON

Shanna-

SHANNA

(sees Anya)

Is that her?

(blinks)

Holy crap, she's pregnant! You been knocking girls up and not telling me, Jackie?

ANYA

No, I've never had sex with him. Buffy has, though, lots of times.

SHANNA

(raises eyebrow)

'Buffy'?

(to Jackson)

Sounds like a bad pornstar's name! Is that who you've been getting your rocks off with?

JACKSON

Shanna, listen-

But Shanna isn't listening, strolling round and flopping onto the sofa, taking Jackson's place. She scoops up the TV remote and flips the channel, much to Anya's annoyance.

ANYA

Hey! You just change that right back, you annoying little girl, before I get your brother to spank you!

SHANNA

(chuckles)

Yeah, like he could!

Anya looks at Giles to do something, but Giles looks a little lost by everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

Uh, Shanna, this really isn't the best time for you to visit, we're in the middle of-

SHANNA

(interrupts)

So, Jacks, you gonna tell 'em where I've been?

JACKSON

How can I? I don't even know where you've been the last few years, you ran out the day after they put mom away!

Giles SIGHS and rubs his eyes - he can almost see the can opening and the worms spilling everywhere.

GILES

Jackson, I have to leave, can I trust you to deal with... things, at least until Marie arrives?

Jackson hasn't taken his eyes off Shanna, who nudges the sleeping Willow to make some more room on the sofa.

JACKSON

I've got it.

Giles nods and heads out through the door, as Anya calls after him.

ANYA

Giles, wait! Don't just leave me here with this girl, she looks like a crack addict! What if she murders us all? Giles!

But Giles is already gone. Anya scowls and stomps back over to her seat, glaring at Shanna.

8

INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION. NIGHT.

8

Buffy and Xander look up from their seats as Giles dashes into reception, heading straight for the desk.

GILES

Ah, hello, I'm looking for three people who would have come in a while back, a young man with a head injury, and-

BUFFY

Giles!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Giles turns as Buffy rushes up to him and throws her arms round him in a grateful hug. Giles coughs, Buffy's Slayer strength squeezing the air out of him.

She releases him and steps back as Xander walks over.

GILES

Where's Andrew? Is he-

XANDER

He's through there, we left him with the doctors, you know, it seemed like the thing to do, this being a hospital and all.

GILES

Is he alright?

Buffy shakes her head, tearful again, and Giles holds her as Xander takes a deep breath.

XANDER

They said the blow to his head put him in a coma.

GILES

(shocked)

My word... Are you two both uninjured?

XANDER

I'm good.

BUFFY

Me too... My arm kinda stings, but it's nothing.

Buffy steps back from Giles, wiping her eyes.

BUFFY (cont'd)

I never realised... Until I saw them wheeling him away, I never realised before, but if anything happens to Andrew, I'll-

XANDER

It'll be okay. He's gonna get looked after, and besides, Andrew's tough.

(beat)

For a nerd, anyway.

BUFFY

Is Jackson okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Giles hesitates, not sure how to explain what just happened back at Buffy's house.

GILES

Yes, about that... Jackson's fine, but something rather unexpected happened just as I was on my way out.

Buffy blinks, not sure what he could mean, as we cut to:

9

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

9

Buffy and Jackson are in the kitchen.

BUFFY

Your sister?

JACKSON

She just showed up, right after we got back here. I don't know where she's been the last two years, but she's here now.

BUFFY

You told me she was, and I quote, a 'self-harming drug addict'! Why would she just turn up here?

JACKSON

I don't know, she won't tell me. She's just sitting on your sofa, baiting Anya by fighting over the remote control with her.

BUFFY

Boy, she's got a lot to learn, huh?

Jackson nods as the two peer back out through the kitchen door and into the living room.

Anya makes a grab for the remote, but Shanna cackles as she holds it just out of Anya's reach.

BUFFY (cont'd)

I guess you'd better take her back to yours, we all need some rest after tonight.

JACKSON

Yeah, I guess so... Are you okay?

BUFFY

I'll be better once people stop asking me that! How's your arm?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

Sore.

Buffy thinks for a moment, choosing her words.

BUFFY

Jackson, when you got shot, did you feel anything... Weird?

JACKSON

Apart from a moment of searing pain, then a numb feeling and near unconsciousness?

BUFFY

You know what I mean.

JACKSON

Uh, actually, no. What are you trying to say?

BUFFY

(pauses)

When you got hit, I felt, or at least, I think I felt-

She's interrupted as MARIE pops her head into the kitchen.

MARIE

Sorry to interrupt, you two, but I think you'd better get your sister out of here, Jackson. She's pushing Anya up to Def Con One in there, and I'm starting to fear for my safety!

JACKSON

(nods)

We're on our way.

Marie exits, and Jackson turns back to Buffy.

JACKSON

Guess I'd better go. What were you trying to say to me?

Buffy looks back at him - then shakes her head, leaving the thought for another day.

BUFFY

Never mind, it can wait. Call me, okay?

JACKSON

You bet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jackson heads back into the living room, leaving Buffy with her thoughts for a moment.

10

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

10

Jackson marches into the living room and snatches the TV remote away from Shanna.

SHANNA

Hey!

JACKSON

Get up. We're going back to my place before you cause an international incident.

SHANNA

(shrugs)

Suits me, this place feels weird anyway. Did someone die in here?

Jackson glares sternly at her, and she gets the message, standing and heading back over to the door. Jackson nods once to Buffy as he ushers Shanna out of the house, and Anya breaks the silence after a beat.

ANYA

Well! I'm glad she's gone. She smelt like that dead dog Xander found outside our house last week.

MARIE

That was Jackson's sister, was it?

BUFFY

In the flesh.

MARIE

I see.

(beat)

I'm with Anya, she was a little... odorous.

BUFFY

(sighs; tired)

Go grab some air freshener or something, I'm too tired to think about anything else tonight. I'm going to bed.

Buffy turns and trudges up the stairs, leaving a concerned looking Marie watching after her.

11 INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - OFFICES. DAY. 11

Buffy walks into frame - it's the next morning and she's back at work, dressed smartly.

She spots Kane on the other side of her floor, talking to some other counsellors, and for a second their eyes meet, before Buffy breaks the stare and walks on, heading into her office.

12 INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - BASEMENT ARCHIVE. DAY. 12

We're down in the basement where Ellen was attacked the previous evening, and with a scrape and some tuneless WHISTLING, the building's caretaker, an elderly man called GLEN, walks into frame, pushing a mop and bucket along.

He mops the floor for a few beats before he spots something over by the piles of old boxes, and he hobbles over for a closer look.

His eyes bulge as he sees something on the floor, out of view, and he quickly turns and dashes towards an emergency phone mounted on the wall, grabbing the receiver and dialling an extension number.

GLEN

Hello? Hello! It's Glen, down in the basement, send somebody down here right away! There's been some kind of accident!

As Glen speak, we look slowly down towards the floor - and there's the lower half of the unfortunate Ellen's body sticking out from behind some of the boxes, her upper body obscured from view. She isn't moving.

13 INT. CLEVELAND PD - JACKSON'S OFFICE. DAY. 13

Jackson sits behind his desk, rubbing his sore arm, before DAN throws open the door to his office and steps inside.

JACKSON

Hey, Dan.

DAN

We've got a call, come on.

Jackson stands, wincing as he shrugs on his jacket.

DAN (cont'd)

You alright?

JACKSON

Yeah, just hurt my arm last night. Nothing major.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jackson brushes past Dan on his way out.

14 INT. CLEVELAND PD - CORRIDOR. DAY.

14

We follow the two detectives as they walk along.

JACKSON
So what's the case?

DAN
Death in the workplace. Figured
you'd want to be in on this one.

JACKSON
Why?

DAN
It's at your ex's place again. Some
temp was found dead in the basement
of Charleston and Smithe this
morning by the caretaker, and
reports from the scene say they
can't tell what killed her.
(shrugs)
Figured that was your kind of case,
you know?

JACKSON
(sarcastic)
How thoughtful of you.

They turn a corner and walk off screen.

15 INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - BASEMENT ARCHIVE. DAY.

15

Jackson and Dan walk down the steps and into the basement,
Glen following after them.

DAN
So you were just doing your morning
rounds when you found the deceased,
right?

GLEN
That's right, I was just mopping
up, and there she was. Damndest
thing I ever saw!

They pass two uniform cops and duck beneath some lines of
yellow crime scene tape as they meet the forensics guy,
BERMAN.

He takes a photo of Ellen's body as Dan leans over to take a
look. Jackson hangs back to speak to Glen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

You haven't disturbed the body at all, have you?

GLEN

No, no, I called for help right away, I never touched her.

JACKSON

Okay, thanks, Glen. Just stay where we can find you in case we need to ask you anything else, alright?

Glen nods and walks away. Dan grimaces as he examines the body, while Jackson makes a few notes.

DAN

What the hell happened to her head?

BERMAN

I can't identify the cause of death, or what caused the wounds, so until I get her back on a slab to take a closer look, I'm gonna go with 'Beats me.'

DAN

No, I mean, where is her head?

Jackson frowns and steps over - and there's a brief shot of the rest of Ellen's body. Her head is indeed missing.

Jackson steps back, and Dan joins him.

DAN (cont'd)

What is it with this place? First we find a serial killer hiding out here who almost takes out your girlfriend, then this chick does a 'Sleepy Hollow' and loses her head!

JACKSON

One, she's not my girlfriend any more, two, I wish I knew. Come on, let's go talk to the boss, see if we can find out when she was down here and why.

The two detectives walk off screen as we cut to:

16

INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - OFFICES. DAY.

16

Buffy pokes her head out of her office door, looking around as people hurry past her. Something's obviously going on, and as she steps out into the main office floor, she spots Dan talking to Kane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jackson spots her and heads over.

BUFFY
What's going on?

JACKSON
Dead girl in the basement.

BUFFY
Huh?

JACKSON
One of your temps, seems like
something jumped her last night,
the caretaker found her body this
morning.

BUFFY
Something?

JACKSON
(nods)
Looks like a non-human kind of
thing to me, but, you know, I have
to keep those kinds of theories to
myself.

BUFFY
Uh-huh.
(nods towards Kane)
What about Kane?

JACKSON
Dan's asking him the usual
questions, we're probably gonna
need to take a lot of statements.

BUFFY
Well, it sure wouldn't be the first
time something crazy happened here,
I'm beginning to think this place
has its own...

Buffy trails off as a thought hits her.

BUFFY (cont'd)
We found this town's Hellmouth in
the police station, right?

JACKSON
Yeah, but I thought that was still
sealed?

BUFFY
But what if...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACKSON

(catches on)

What if it's not the only Hellmouth
in Cleveland?

BUFFY

Exactly. We could have-

VOICE (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, can I have
your attention please!

Buffy and Jackson look round.

Office workers are backing away in alarm as a team of
biohazard-suited men have appeared at the entrance to the
office floor, one in a blue hazmat suit stepping forward to
address the startled workers.

MAN IN HAZMAT SUIT

I'm afraid this building has fallen
victim to an infestation, it could
be highly contagious so until we
can isolate and eradicate the
problem, we're going to have to
quarantine these offices! Nobody
leaves, nobody gets in.

There's a murmur of alarm from the office workers.

MAN IN HAZMAT SUIT (cont'd)

I'm sorry for any inconvenience,
but it's for your own safety.
Please return to your desks, we'll
update you as we make progress.

Buffy throws a shocked look at Jackson as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

17 INT. HOSPITAL - WARD. DAY.

17

We're inside a quiet wing of the hospital, various patients filling the rows of beds as JODY steps into frame, glancing around the floor until he spots a nurse on duty.

JODY

Uh, excuse me, I'm looking for Andrew Wells, I was told he was up here?

She checks her chart and nods, then leads Jody over to one of the beds. Giles is already there, reading a paperback which he puts down as Jody arrives.

GILES

Ah, Jody! Hello, glad you could make it.

Jody's eyes are fixed on Andrew - he's sleeping, an IV drip in one arm and the cut on his head cleaned and bandaged.

JODY

How... How is he?

GILES

Stable, but still comatose, as I'm sure you know. It's just a matter of time now as his body recovers.

Jody sits down on the chair next to the bed and takes Andrew's hand, squeezing it tightly.

JODY

Can he hear us?

GILES

Possibly. It can't hurt to try talking to him. I'm just going to get a drink, would you like anything?

JODY

No, no, I'm fine, thanks.

Giles nods and walks away, leaving a crestfallen Jody.

JODY (cont'd)

Oh, Andrew... Looks like you were really listening when I said all that stuff about being a hero the other day, weren't you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JODY(cont'd)

I guess I missed the part where I
should've said 'and heroes always
try not to get knocked into comas
when they save the day...'

Jody tries to smile but looks closer to tears instead.

JODY (cont'd)

I don't know if you can hear me,
but if you can, I want you to know
I'm not moving until you wake up. I
just wanna know that you're okay,
so when you do wake up, I'm gonna
be right here.

We pull back from Jody as he stares at Andrew's sleeping
form, before we cut to:

18

INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - OFFICES. DAY.

18

Buffy tries to speak to the various biohazard men as they
march around the floor, waving clicking radiation detectors
across surfaces and any workers who stray too close, but she
isn't having any luck.

BUFFY

Hello? Hey! Can you hear me in
there? What's going on? What's
'infesting' this place? Hello!

Kane steps into frame and gently pulls Buffy to one side, out
of the way. She angrily shrugs his hand away.

KANE

Now isn't the time for a
confrontation, Buffy, I'd recommend
you lay low while these people do
what they're here for.

BUFFY

Sorry, I'm not the laying low type.
I want to know what's going on
here, Kane!

Kane glances round, making sure there are no biohazard suits
nearby.

KANE

I'm as surprised by all this as you
are, Buffy, but I'm working on it.

BUFFY

(sarcastic)

Oh, good, because I'd hate to think
that you weren't.

(snaps)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY(cont'd)

Don't blow me off by being all
cryptic, Kane, give me an answer!

KANE

Well, it's not a leap of logic to
assume that the death in the
basement is connected to all this.
And I think we both know that there
are plenty of things in this world
that could be classed as a
'biological hazard.'

BUFFY

You think we have a demon in the
building?

KANE

As I said, I'm working on it. I
suggest you sit tight in your
office until we get to the bottom
of this.

Kane starts to walk away, but Buffy grabs hold of him.

BUFFY

Hey! Did you miss the part where I
said I don't do laying low?

There's a beat - then Kane SMILES and nods.

KANE

Alright, why don't you use your
detective friend over there and get
back down into the basement, see if
you can find some kind of trail. My
guess is whatever killed that girl
is still in the building, so as
long as you can stay out of the way
of the environmental agents, you
may be able to find it.

Kane heads off, and Buffy allows herself a satisfied nod
before she spots Jackson and beckons him over.

JACKSON

What?

BUFFY

I've got a plan, but I'm going to
need your help for it. Are you in?

JACKSON

You know I am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY

We've got to head down into the basement, but it's going to be tricky getting past those guys in the biohazard suits unless we have a good reason.

JACKSON

What did you have in mind?

Buffy grins, and we cut to:

19

INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - CORRIDOR. DAY.

19

Jackson and Buffy walk out of the office floor entrance, running almost immediately into a man in a hazmat suit, who raises his hand to stop them.

HAZMAT SUIT

Sorry, folks, you're gonna have to stay on this floor, we haven't secured the rest of the building yet.

JACKSON

Don't worry, we're not going anywhere, but I need to get down to the foyer to make a call, the phone lines aren't working up here.

HAZMAT SUIT

What for?

Buffy raises her hands - and she's HANDCUFFED. She winks flirtatiously at Hazmat Suit.

BUFFY

I've been a naughty little girl, so this nice police officer here's going to go and call my daddy.

Hazmat Suit glances at Jackson, who flashes his police ID at him. A beat, then Hazmat Suit nods and steps from in front of the lift.

HAZMAT SUIT

Alright, but be quick about it, and do not try to leave the building under any circumstances, is that clear?

JACKSON

Crystal.

Jackson takes Buffy's arm and leads her into the elevator. She manages a quick wave at Hazmat Suit as the doors close.

20

INT. ELEVATOR. DAY.

20

Jackson unlocks the cuffs as Buffy looks round the inside of the elevator.

JACKSON

Alright, now what?

BUFFY

Now, we wait for this thing to hit the ground floor, and then...

As the numbered buttons blink to show their descent, and the elevator is halfway between the first floor and the lobby, Buffy hits the 'Stop' button, and the lift clunks to a halt. Buffy smiles at Jackson and points to the ceiling.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Now we just climb out of here and use the lift shaft access ladder to get into the basement!

JACKSON

(grins)

Outstanding.

As Jackson reaches up to pop open the hatch in the lift's ceiling, we cut to:

21

INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - BASEMENT ARCHIVE. DAY.

21

We're looking down one of the plain basement corridors, and the sound of feet clanging their way down a metal ladder reverberates around us, before a small panel in the wall POPS open, and first Buffy, then Jackson step out.

BUFFY

Come on, we won't have long before that guy upstairs gets suspicious.

She hurries off, and Jackson closes the panel and follows. They round a corner and arrive at Ellen's final resting place, the duo ducking under the crime scene tape.

Buffy crouches by Ellen's body, grimacing at the sight.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Yikes. Not a good way to go.

Jackson breaks out his torch, picking out the green goo Ellen discovered earlier in the gloom.

He follows it, seeing that it trails off and up towards the pipes in the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

Whatever did this, looks like it
left us some pretty clear markers
as to where it went.

Buffy follows Jackson's torch beam as it stops at an air vent
- the trail of goo leads inside, and Buffy sighs.

BUFFY

Great. More air vents. I'm starting
to know how Bruce Willis felt in
'Die Hard.'

JACKSON

Come on, I'll give you a boost.

BUFFY

(grins)

First time for everything.

She smirks at Jackson as he helps lift her up towards the
vent, where she yanks the front panel away. He passes the
torch up to her and steps back.

JACKSON

I'm too big to fit in there, but
I'll follow you best I can, okay?

BUFFY

Got it. See you on the other side,
I guess!

Buffy starts to shuffle along the air vent as Jackson rounds
a corner, trying to stay close to the ventilation pipes.

22

INT. AIR VENTS. DAY.

22

Buffy pushes on through the dark ventilation shafts, shining
the torch out as she follows the trail of slime.

Buffy takes a few turns before she pauses - and that familiar
CHITTERING sound we heard earlier echoes down the air vent
towards her.

BUFFY

Oh, great...

She shuffles on, the noises getting louder and now seeming to
come from several sides as the air vent branches off four
ways in front of her.

The trail goes left, so she follows, before coming to another
grille that opens into a storeroom.

23 INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - STOREROOM. DAY.

23

Buffy KICKS the vent panel open and slides down into the storeroom, sweeping the torch round and finding her target at last.

In one corner of the room is a small nest, on top of which is a cluster of EGGS, each one the size of a football and coated with the green goo that led Buffy here.

Buffy moves in for a closer look, seeing that several of the eggs have hatched already, and she frowns as she lifts up chunks of their shells.

A noise behind her makes her spin round, and she catches some movement behind a set of shelves, filled with cleaning equipment.

Narrowing her eyes, Buffy edges forward carefully, swinging the torch round.

She stops, not seeing anything - and then, with a CRASH, the top most shelf comes away from the wall, and with a YELP, Buffy is hit by an assortment of cans and containers which batter her to the floor.

She shoves them off and tries to get up, just in time to catch the storeroom door closing.

BUFFY
Oh, no, you don't!

She leaps up and flings the door open.

24 INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - CORRIDOR. DAY.

24

The corridor is brighter than the storeroom, so Buffy clicks the torch off, glancing at the floor and noticing something. She crouches down for a closer look.

A set of tiny FOOTPRINTS start at the door and disappear round a corner, and with renewed determination, Buffy follows them off screen.

We stay on the corridor for a beat before Jackson jogs into frame, seeing the open storeroom door and stepping inside.

JACKSON
Buffy? Buffy!

He re-emerges, looking up and down the corridor.

JACKSON (cont'd)
Damn it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He starts off again - but takes a different turn at the end of the corridor, running in the opposite direction.

25 INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - BOARD ROOM. DAY. 25

Buffy BURSTS into an empty conference room, still following the footsteps, her eyes darting around.

A scuffling from the other side of the room catches her attention, but Buffy plays it smart, acting like she hasn't heard anything.

She starts to close the door and leave the room - before suddenly LUNGING back inside.

There's a HISS from somewhere on the floor, and Buffy's eyes boggle at what she sees: A small DEMON, cat-like but standing on its hind legs, about a foot tall, SNARLS back at her, its mouth full of razor sharp fangs.

Buffy holds the torch like it was a stake, ready to attack.

BUFFY
Alright, just one of you. No
problem. Come and get me, you
little...

She trails off as she hears a chorus of HISSES coming from all around her.

As Buffy watches, a dozen more of the demons pad slowly into view, emerging from hiding places all round the board room.

Buffy backs up, suddenly less confident, as he pack of growling creatures advances on her.

BUFFY (cont'd)
Okay.
(gulps)
Not so good.

As the closest demon HISSES and LEAPS towards her, we SMASH CUT to:

26 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - WILLOW'S ROOM. DAY. 26

Willow is fast asleep in her bed. The door opens and Xander steps in with a glass of water, smiling down on his sleeping friend as he sits on the edge of the bed.

XANDER
Look at you. Who'd have thought
this innocent little face just sent
a Big Bad to his doom last night,
huh? It's almost like-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW
(jolting awake)
Buffy!!

Xander SHOUTS and falls back off the bed, spilling the water, as Willow sits bolt upright, wide awake in a flash, her eyes wide with alarm.

XANDER
What in the sweet name of Aguilera
was that?

WILLOW
Xander? Where am I?

XANDER
Home, you're at Buffy's. And I'm
wet.

WILLOW
Buffy... Buffy! Where is she?

XANDER
At work, why? What's wrong?

WILLOW
Xander, you've got to get over
there right away, she's in trouble!
She's hurt!

Xander nods, not needing a deeper explanation, as he stands and rushes out of the room, leaving Willow breathing heavily, trying to regain her composure.

27 INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - CORRIDOR. DAY.

27

Jackson jogs back along one of the building's corridors, ducking back round a corner as two men in hazmat suits walk past up ahead.

When they're gone, he carries on, turning another corner and finding himself just outside the board room we last saw Buffy in. He passes it, but hears a SCRAPING sound and freezes.

Turning slowly round, he sees the door to the board room slowly push a little way open.

He reaches for his gun, drawing it and pacing slowly forwards, clicking off the safety and aiming at the door.

He's just a few steps away when the door suddenly FLIES open - and out staggers Buffy, cut and bleeding from several bad cuts and gashes. Jackson lowers his gun and dashes over.

JACKSON
Buffy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY
(dazed)
Too many... of them...

And with that, she wilts away, Jackson catching her before she hits the floor.

From his panicked expression as he looks over her injuries and tries to cradle her body, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28 INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - BOARD ROOM. DAY. 28

Buffy is laid out on top of the long table in the middle of the room, curled round in the recovery position as Jackson carries on tearing strips from the curtains and using them as makeshift bandages for her wounds.

He grabs his cell phone and rapidly dials a number.

29 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. DAY. 29

Willow, still a little unsteady on her feet, is tying up her shoes as Xander answers the phone.

XANDER

Hello?

JACKSON

(filtered; through phone)

Xander? It's Jackson, you need-

XANDER

(interrupts)

To get to Buffy's place right away, yeah, we know. Willow's got some kind of built-in wicca panic button whenever one of us gets badly hurt, and Buffy's light just started flashing. We're on our way over.

JACKSON

Watch yourselves, there's some kind of demon running loose round this place, and a squad of environmental agency guys have got the building quarantined.

XANDER

Really? Shucks, that kind of makes things more difficult, maybe we can-

Willow SNATCHES the phone out of Xander's hand.

WILLOW

Jackson? It's Willow, sit tight, we'll be there right away.

Xander blinks as Willow SLAMS the phone down.

XANDER

Would it have killed you to just got my attention instead?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

Too slow. Come on, Xander, stand over here next to me.

XANDER

Uh, not that I don't mind, but shouldn't we get moving? Buffy's offices are way across town, we're gonna need to-

WILLOW

There's no time! Trust me.

Xander steps closer to Willow, who closes her eyes and wraps an arm round him.

Xander looks a little awkward for a beat, before the duo are suddenly engulfed in a bright WHITE LIGHT.

XANDER

What the-

With a blur of light and colour, Xander and Willow VANISH.

30

EXT. STREET - OPPOSITE CHARLESTON & SMITHE. DAY.

30

And with the same blur of light, Willow and Xander materialise across the street from the offices, thankfully out of sight of any passers by.

Willow steps away and looks across the street as Xander shudders, trying to clear his head.

XANDER

Willow? Please tell me we didn't just beam over here...

WILLOW

Emergency, Xander, Buffy's hurt.

XANDER

How did you do that?

WILLOW

Magic. Don't tell Giles. Come on!

Willow starts to dart across the road, and Xander shakes his head to clear it, following her.

There are three large trucks with 'Environmental Agency' stamped on their side, and a barricade running round the Charleston & Smithe offices that has already attracted a small crowd.

Willow heads round to the back of the building, spotting a side entrance patrolled by two men in hazmat suits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Xander catches up, breathless, looking over to the door.

XANDER

Now what? We can't exactly walk
past those guys, so unless you're
going to Jedi mind trick them, we
may need-

Willow raises a hand and aims it at the hazmat suits, and
Xander shuts up.

She makes a gesture with her fingers, and the two men in
suits both stop and look over to the right - away from Willow
and Xander.

Willow pats him on the arm and slips under the barricade.

WILLOW

Come on!

Xander blinks then follows, glancing at the suited men who
seem oblivious to the duo.

XANDER

You might as well have made them
say 'these aren't the droids we're
looking for' if you really wanted
to make an impression, Will..

Willow pushes the door open and yanks Xander inside.

31 INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - CORRIDOR. DAY.

31

Willow leads, seeming to know where she's going as Xander
tries to keep up with her.

XANDER

Uh, Willow?

WILLOW

Ssh! There's more people in here,
and I don't think I can distract
them all, so try and stay quiet.

Willow's a woman on a mission, and Xander dutifully keeps
quiet, although with a concerned glance at Willow.

32 INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - BOARD ROOM. DAY.

32

Jackson looks up as the door opens, double taking as Willow
and Xander step inside.

JACKSON

Willow? But how did-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

I know, I've been asking that myself. She seemed to know what she was doing, so I left her to it!

Willow looks over Buffy, who is still out cold.

WILLOW

We need to get her out of here... These bites and scratches could be infected or poisoned.

JACKSON

Any ideas? We're kinda stuck in here unless you know a quicker way out.

Willow looks back at Buffy, bites her lip and nods.

WILLOW

I might be able to get us all out at once, but...

XANDER

Hey, if it's too risky, we'll think of something else, I think you've done more than enough magic for one day!

Willow thinks for a moment, then with a determined look stands by Buffy and beckons Jackson over.

WILLOW

I can do it. Come on.

Jackson glances at Xander, who shrugs, and then goes to stand next to Buffy. Willow pulls Xander over and makes them all link arms.

WILLOW (cont'd)

Okay, no promises, everyone close their eyes and think of Buffy's place.

JACKSON

I don't get it, what are we-

Jackson is cut off as the group are caught up in another swirl of white light, and with a FIZZING sound, they disappear, leaving nothing but a few patches of Buffy's blood on the table.

We dissolve from the empty board room to:

33

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - BUFFY'S ROOM. EVENING.

33

We're close up on Buffy, the small cuts on her face already starting to heal as she wakes up, shifting round in her bed and stretching.

She notices Jackson sitting on the edge of her bed, and she smiles over at him.

BUFFY

Hey there.

JACKSON

(smiles back)

Hey, yourself. We got you home, you were cut up pretty bad. I brought Shanna over here, I didn't want to leave her on her own for too long in case she wasn't there when I got back. What happened to you?

BUFFY

I got jumped by a pack of whatever those little critters were, and...

(beat; frowns)

Wait, how did you get me home?

JACKSON

Willow did. Xander says she used spells to get over to the offices and sneak past the environment guys, then another spell to zap us all back here.

Buffy sits up, looking concerned, wincing a little.

BUFFY

She did?

JACKSON

I know, I thought it was pretty weird too. Xander says she's been sitting out in the garden since we got back, says she looks kinda burned out.

BUFFY

She shouldn't be using that much magic. She knows that, she can't let herself-

JACKSON

(interrupts)

She saved you, Buffy. I think the situation excuses what she did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buffy looks back at him, then sighs and nods, wincing again at a pain in her belly.

JACKSON (cont'd)
You okay?

BUFFY
Yeah, I've just got a pain in my-

She pulls the covers back - and Jackson jumps off the bed in horror as he sees what's on her exposed belly.

A large, green BOIL the size of an egg sticks out from beneath her t-shirt, and within it we can just about make out something moving...

BUFFY (cont'd)
(frantic; yells)
Giles!!

As Buffy looks down in horror at the thing growing on her stomach, we SMASH CUT to:

34 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - BUFFY'S ROOM. NEXT. 34

The room is full - Giles, Marie, Xander, Jackson and even Shanna surround the bed as Buffy writhes in pain.

MARIE
It looks like some kind of egg sac,
maybe even a hatchling of some
sort!

XANDER
A what?!?

GILES
Something from the attack on Buffy,
whatever did it must have implanted
her with something, left an embryo
of some sort incubating in her
system!

Jackson tries to hold Buffy down as she thrashes on the bed. The boil in her stomach is much larger now, and Buffy moans in pain.

JACKSON
Who gives a crap what it is, get it
off her!

XANDER
Get me a kitchen knife or
something, I'll-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIE

No! Xander, it could be toxic to her if we just remove it, we need to identify it first.

JACKSON

Screw identifying the thing, kill it!

GILES

(trying to stay calm)
Alright, alright, let's think.
Buffy, what kinds of creatures attacked you?

BUFFY

(in extreme pain)
I don't know... They were too fast!

GILES

Buffy, it's extremely important, you have to try and remember!

BUFFY

They were... small, as big as cats... stood on both legs...

Giles tries to think as Xander helplessly looks from Buffy to Giles, and back. Shanna remains quiet, watching Buffy.

XANDER

Come on, Giles, what do we do?

GILES

I-I'm not sure, it could be a pashwar demon, in which case the pain will pass when it hatches and we can safely kill it, or it could be a-

SHANNA

It's a turac demon.

Everyone in the room slowly turns to look at Shanna, who shrugs and points at Buffy's stomach.

SHANNA

What? It is!

GILES

And how on Earth would you know that?

SHANNA

Oh, I dunno, maybe 'cause I've seen 'em before?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARIE

What?

JACKSON

Shanna, quit playing around!

SHANNA

I'm not! I'm telling you, it's a turac demon, you're gonna have to get it off her or it'll kill her when it hatches.

Giles looks back at Buffy, who moans again, still in severe pain. Giles closes his eyes and nods.

GILES

She's right.

XANDER

Wait a minute-

GILES

She's right, it's a turac demon, I can see it now. We need to, ah, safely remove the creature or it'll rupture Buffy's stomach when it hatches.

JACKSON

So how do we do that? Do we need a knife, or-

Jackson freezes as Shanna suddenly STABS a kitchen knife down into Buffy's stomach.

She hits the boil dead on, and with one quick yank she pulls the tiny demon free from it.

Buffy calms down almost immediately, her breathing slowing as she turns to look at Shanna.

Shanna studies the small, writhing demon on the end of the knife, before dropping it to the floor and STAMPING on it.

SHANNA

There. Dead.

She turns and calmly exits, leaving everyone in stunned silence.

XANDER

Okay, what just happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GILES

I think it's safe to say there's
more to your sister than meets the
eye, Jackson...

Jackson can't answer, his gaze flicking from the departing
Shanna to the wounded Buffy and back. We cut from the bedroom
to:

35

INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - KANE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

35

PLOP. One of the demons that attacked Buffy is dropped onto
Kane's desk with a wet squelch, very dead.

Kane looks up - the leader of the squad of hazmat suits
stands before him, his suit rolled down to his waist.

KANE

What is it?

SQUAD LEADER

Turac demon. We found four nests
around the building, another few
days and this whole place would
have been swarming with them.

KANE

I'm glad you caught the rest of
them in time! I managed to trick
the Summers girl into finding their
first nest, but I think she left
not long after that. If your men
managed to find and contain the
rest, then that's a job well done.

SQUAD LEADER

Not a problem, sir, that's what you
pay us for.

Kane nods, looking down at the dead demon again.

KANE

You're sure everybody bought your
cover as environmental agency
workers?

SQUAD LEADER

Yes, sir, absolutely.

KANE

Alright, good. Get your reports
done and then you and your men can
get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Squad Leader salutes, then turns and leaves. We stay on Kane for a moment as he studies the demon, before we cut back over to:

36

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - BUFFY'S ROOM. EVENING.

36

Buffy sits up in bed, one lamp on leaving the room quite dim. She's deep in thought, one hand pressed against the wound on her stomach.

She looks up as the door opens - it's Willow. She smiles and sits on the edge of Buff's bed.

WILLOW

Hey.

BUFFY

Please don't ask me if I'm alright, I've heard that way too many times today already.

WILLOW

(smiles)

Okay, I won't.

BUFFY

I can ask you, though. Xander said you crashed out after your little 'Bewitched' trip earlier.

WILLOW

Yeah... Look, Buffy, about that, I just wanted to-

BUFFY

Willow, it's cool. You did what you had to, I understand. Seems it made you tired, not evil, so that's a good thing, right? Willow nods, still looking guilty.

WILLOW

I just... I never knew it could be so easy to just use magic freely like that again, you know? It kinda scared me.

BUFFY

Well, I wouldn't be here now if you hadn't saved me in time, so this time I'm prepared to let it slide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

What if it happens again, Buffy?
What if there's another emergency,
and I just start poppin' spells all
over the place? What if I get too
comfortable using magic as the
answer to everything again?

BUFFY

Not gonna happen. I know you, Will.
You've learned from what happened.
You'll be okay.

Willow nods, trying to look convinced, and she reaches down
for something beside the bed.

WILLOW

There was one other thing,
though...

BUFFY

What? If it's the mess that thing
left on the carpet when Shanna
stepped on it, trust me, I don't
wanna know.

Willow grins - and lifts up a small cake with a single candle
stuck in it. She reaches into her pocket for a box of matches
to light it, before handing it across to a surprised Buffy.

WILLOW

Did you think we'd forgotten?

BUFFY

I... I mean, I just didn't have
time to-

Willow smiles, and Buffy shuts up, gazing at her little cake
like it was plated with gold.

WILLOW

Happy birthday, Buffy. The others
are all waiting downstairs, we've
got you a few things, but it can
wait till you're feeling better.
Make a wish, I'll see you later!

Buffy smiles, looking like Christmas just rolled round again.
Willow leans across the bed to hug her, then stands and
leaves the room.

Buffy smiles happily down at the little cake, almost glowing
with the warm fuzzies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She leans forward and BLOWS OUT the candle, and as she does,
we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW