

# Where the Wild Things Are

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## Teaser

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

WHAM! A PUNCH sends a VAMPIRE reeling backwards. BUFFY launches herself on him, pelting him with blow after blow.

Then with a kick to the chest - she sends him sailing back fifteen feet where...

RILEY picks up the attack, holding the Vamp at bay. Allowing Buffy time to reload her crossbow. She takes a short moment to admire his style as he clocks the Vamp, grabbing him in a choke hold.

Finally, she raises her weapon. Riley spins the Vamp forward and away so his chest is vulnerable and Buffy FIRES.

But - SLAM! The Vamp is knocked out of harm's way.

RILEY  
What?!

Buffy and Riley are caught off-guard. The Vamp's rescuer is a DEMON WITH HORNS ALL OVER.

Buffy and Riley stand side-by-side, sweaty and breathing hard.

BUFFY  
You take fang. I'll get horny.  
(beat)  
I mean...

She glances at Riley. He whips a STAKE out of his utility belt.

The multi-horned Demon advances on Buffy, and she greets it with a stunning assault, as the Vamp lunges at Riley.

Buffy manages to slam the Demon to the ground where he stays a beat, hurt. As she retrieves a dagger...

The Vamp already at the Demon's side, grabbing his arm and helping him to his feet!

Buffy and Riley exchange a glance at this. Then quickly pick up the fight again. Which ends as Buffy stabs the Demon through the neck. He quivers, falling dead to the ground.



And in a moment of disbelief at this, the Vamp leaves himself vulnerable -  
Riley DUSTS him.

And all is suddenly quiet.

Buffy and Riley move toward each other, wiping away dirt and blood,  
straightening their clothes.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
A vampire/demon tag team. Who  
says we can't all get along?  
RILEY  
Don't recall ever seeing that before.

Riley brushes dirt off her back. Buffy reacts - feels good.

BUFFY  
'Cause it never happens. Demons hate  
vamps. They're like stripes and  
polka-dots. Major clashing.

His hand slides up her back to her hair. She looks at him.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
I probably should, uh... go tell Giles...  
about this...  
RILEY  
Right.

She moves in closer to him, losing herself in his gaze.

BUFFY  
I mean, it's the kind of thing he'd  
want to know.  
RILEY  
Mm-hmm.  
BUFFY  
Like... As soon as possible...

Their faces close, Riley nods.

RILEY  
Soon as possible.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

ON RILEY'S BED as

BUFFY and RILEY fall onto it. Irrepressible lust in control, arms and legs  
swimming all over each other.



BUFFY  
Okay, I mean it now, first thing in the  
morning we go tell Giles.

Buffy yanks Riley's shirt up over his head. His hands search up under hers.

RILEY  
First thing. Good plan.

They continue.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

## Act One

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - (NIGHT 1)

CAMERA FLOATS dreamily through the dark and empty house. We see the sitting room, fireplace, the banner area and the staircase.

Then, moving eerily around the balcony, we come to rest outside the closed door to Riley's room.

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT1)

PANNING up the bed, we find.

Riley and Buffy, asleep and snuggling, post-sex. Riley stirs, but Buffy doesn't move - not a care in the world right now.

Riley gently extricates himself from the dozing Buffy, and kisses her ear. She smiles, continuing to doze.

Sitting up at the edge of the bed, Riley picks his jeans up off the floor and steps into them as Buffy spreads out in the bed. He opens his door and steps out into...

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

Riley closes the door behind him. Takes a step towards the bathroom door when...

He hears something. An indistinct RUSTLING. But the sound is DISTANT and ECHOY and Riley can't tell where it came from.

He looks around and over the edge of the balcony.

Again we HEAR it. Riley looks behind him, up the creepy narrow staircase.

Nothing.



He walks to...

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT1)

...enters and FLICKS ON THE LIGHT. Hears ECHOEY THRASHING IN WATER. It's coming from the bathtub.

Riley yanks back the shower curtain. The bathtub is empty. Just a leaky bathtub tap. DRIP. Mildly irritated, Riley tightens the handle until the drip stops. Though satisfied the dripping has stopped, he continues to eye the tub, curiously as we hear, fading in...

Eerie tinkly MUSIC (PRE-LAP)...

EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY (DAY 2)

...which emanates from an ICE CREAM TRUCK we find parked at the curb in a residential neighborhood.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY (DAY 2)

Xander, in an ice cream vendor uniform, talks with Anya.

XANDER

Aw, c'mon, big party at Riley's house, gonna be fun. Why don't you want to go?

ANYA

You know why not. Those Initiative men make me... not comfortable.

(then)

And you don't care!

XANDER

They don't know you're an ex-demon. And we don't know that they'd care even if they did know you're an ex-demon. Which, by the way, they're not going to find out. Anyway, they'll be too busy flirting with every other girl at the party to even notice you.

Anya takes that about as wrong as one could.

ANYA

Oh. So you don't think I'm desirable enough to be flirted with, is that it?

XANDER

I'm just not gonna win here, am I?

ANYA

You don't find me attractive anymore.

XANDER

What are you talking about? I think you're gorgeous.

ANYA

Oh, really? Then why didn't we have sex last night?



Xander eyes her with a dawning realization.

XANDER

Is that what this is about? We've gone other nights without sex.

Anya

I know! Twice!

I can't believe we're breaking up.

XANDER

Breaking--? We're not! Are we?

ANYA

Oh of course we are. You've obviously grown tired of me. I've seen it happen to thousands of women over the centuries. I just never thought it would happen to me.

XANDER

Anya, there's a lot more to you and me than the sex.

(off her look)

Well, there should be. I mean, a relationship is something you have to work at... work through... together.

ANYA

I don't understand - I'm pretty. I'm young... Why didn't you take advantage of me? Is something wrong with your body?

XANDER

There's nothing wrong with my body.

ANYA

There must be. I saw that wrinkled man on TV talking about erectile dysfunction -

XANDER

(defensive)

Whoa! Hey! All systems go here. No function thing, okay? You want sex? Let's have sex. Right here, you and me, big, sweaty, sex.

A beat. Xander and Anya sense something, turn to see...

A FEW CHILDREN, standing outside the truck, holding up money in frozen shock, along with a couple of horrified looking MOTHERS.

Xander offers the children a weak smile...

GILES (PRE-LAP)

There's always been great discord between them...

INT. COMMONS - DAY (DAY 2)



The gang is gathered on the comfy chairs. GILES puzzled. WILLOW and TARA next to each other in a comfy-friendly space. Buffy and Riley are squeezed into one chair, her hand resting on his thigh.

GILES  
(to Buffy)

And yet you say that the vampire went to  
the demon's aid... The two of them  
working as a team.

BUFFY  
Everything except giving each other  
little pats on the behind.

GILES  
Extraordinarily odd. As a rule, demons  
have no empathy for species other than  
their own. In fact, most consider vampires  
abominations - mixing with human blood  
and all.

WILLOW  
So what brought these two together?

RILEY  
Not "what." Who.

GILES  
(understanding)

Adam.

BUFFY  
Think about it. Who better to bring a bunch  
of demon types together than someone  
that's made up of a bunch of demon types?

TARA  
So he's, um, bridging the gap between  
the races?

WILLOW  
Huh. Like Martin Luther King.  
(thinks a moment)

But probably a lot less eloquent... and  
with the... evil... so, different than Martin  
Luther King. Let's move on.

Giles turns back to Riley and Buffy.

GILES  
Well, I'd suggest that for the next several  
nights, you two concentrate your patrol  
in that same area. If you find any other  
peculiar pairings or groupings let me know.

RILEY  
I'll let the squad know as well. They're  
patrolling; we'll have a reserve unit out  
during the party.

GILES  
Party?

RILEY  
Tomorrow night. We're having a thing.

GILES  
At a time like this? Whose idea was that?



RILEY  
(unapologetic)  
Mine. Boys are pretty ragged. Need to  
let off steam.

GILES  
Point taken.

RILEY  
You're welcome to come...

GILES  
Much as I long for a good kegger, I have  
plans. The Espresso Pump.

TARA  
What are you doing?

GILES  
I'm... it's a meeting of grown-ups. It  
couldn't possibly be of interest to you lot.

WILLOW  
(hurt, accusing)  
You have grown-up friends?

GILES  
A few.

RILEY  
Hey, Buffy, look at the time. Don't  
you have a class?

She checks her watch.

BUFFY  
In twenty minutes.

RILEY  
Yeah but, you've got that... thing... that...

She sees his point.

BUFFY  
That we could squeeze in... before class.

They get up. Giles regards them, squinting.

RILEY  
Gotta run.  
BUFFY  
Bye.

And they're off, rushing out of the Commons.

WILLOW  
(conspiratorially)  
They're probably going back to -  
GILES  
Yes. Thank you Willow. I did actually  
attend university in the Mesozoic era.  
I remember what it's like.



INT. LOWELL HOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)

FORREST  
Didn't we just get the furnace fixed?  
It's freezing!

FORREST and GRAHAM, pass Riley's room...

GRAHAM  
I'll call in the a.m. Get somebody  
to come out and-

MMMM... PLEASURE MOANS emanate from behind Riley's door. Forrest and Graham look at each other.

FORREST  
You've gotta be kidding me when do  
those two ever come up for air?

GRAHAM  
Slaves to the rhythm.

They start down the stairs. We HOLD ON the door.

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)

There's just enough moonlight in the room to see Buffy and Riley. They're facing each other, moving under the sheets. Kissing passionately. The rest of the room around them is dark and nondescript.

Riley tugs the sheet over him as he moves on top of her. Buffy shifts under his welcome weight.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)

CLOSE ON - A NEWBORN FIRE.

We WIDEN to find Forrest and Graham approaching their fellow frat boy, MASON, as he crumples up more newspaper for kindling and stuffs it under the logs.

FORREST  
Room shoulda warmed up by now.

They arrive next to Mason.

MASON  
(re: fire)  
I've been building this thing for an hour.  
Still an icebox in here.  
GRAHAM  
Don't bother, Mason. We've got a couple  
of heat generators pumping away upstairs.





They chuckle.

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)

Buffy's hands trace Riley's spine, up to the back of his neck. Their faces are close, their breathing heavy. Bodies moving under the sheets.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)

The fire's still sputtering. Graham places two wooden chairs in front of it. Forrest takes one. Mason steps forward to stoke it some more.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)

PUSH SLOWLY IN on Riley's closed door. We can barely HEAR a few moans. And the HEADBOARD tapping the wall.

(The MUSIC will build, faster and faster to a climax...)

And -

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)

WHOOOOOSH!!

FIRE SHOOTS OUT of the fireplace with a ROAR, engulfing Mason in flames. He HOWLS in pain and terror.

GRAHAM  
GEEEZ!

Graham pushes Mason, getting him away from the fireplace, rolling him on the floor. Forrest leaps up and snatches a banner from the overhang. He envelopes Mason in a flash, extinguishing the flames.

FORREST  
Call a medic! Get help!

Graham rushes off and we PAN OVER to see...

THE FIRE

Crackling normally now as if nothing happened.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## **Act Two**

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)



Anya walks alone, still puzzled and upset by her earlier argument with Xander. In the distance ahead of her, we can see the BRONZE and HEAR MUSIC pounding out from inside.

A FIGURE leaps out from the shadows, GROWLING. Anya SCREAMS. It's SPIKE, in full VAMP-FACE. Mid-snarl, he recognizes Anya and slumps, disappointed.

SPIKE  
Oh. It's you.

He MORPHS OUT OF VAMP-FACE.

ANYA  
Spike. What are you doing? You made  
me yell really high.  
SPIKE  
(encouraged)  
Hey, yeah. I did. I scared you. Give me money.  
ANYA  
I'm not paying you for scaring me.  
SPIKE  
You're not "paying" me. I'm robbing you.  
ANYA  
Oh. Well that's just ludicrous. You can't  
hurt me because you've got a chip in your  
brain. Also, I like my money the way it is  
when it's mine.

She moves to push past him but he blocks her, GROWLING.

ANYA (cont'd)  
Now come on. You're not even bumpy  
anymore.

Spike feels his face.

SPIKE  
Oh. I was, just a minute ago. Hang on,  
get me mad again.

Anya glares at him.

ANYA  
Does that really work? Scaring people  
into giving you their money?  
SPIKE  
Yeah, it works! Keeps me in blood and  
beers. Plus, you know, funny. Watching  
the little humans quail.  
ANYA  
I'm beginning to understand why you're  
so friendless.  
SPIKE  
Look who's talking! I don't see



droopy-boy on yer arm. Did he have  
better things to do?

She glares poutingly. He smiles nastily.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

MUSIC POUNDING inside. PARTY-GOERS flow through the door.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT ( NIGHT 3)

The party's in full swing. PARTIERS stand in their little groups, shouting over the music. Some dance. Some make out on couches. Riley, Forrest and Graham stand holding beers. Riley is looking over at...

ANGLE: BUFFY

standing and talking with Willow, Tara and Xander. She looks up, catches Riley's eye, smiles.

BACK TO RILEY AND FRIENDS:

FORREST  
Are you kidding? Mason requested  
patrol tonight!  
GRAHAM  
He just didn't want the girls to see him  
with his eyebrows burned off.  
FORREST  
He's lucky that's all he lost.  
GRAHAM  
Shoulda seen it, Rye. It was weird as hell.  
RILEY  
Mm-hmm?

But Riley is looking off at Buffy again - he hasn't heard a word.

ANGLE - BUFFY, WILLOW, XANDER AND TARA

Buffy is also staring at Riley.

WILLOW  
How many little kids.  
XANDER  
I don't know. A whole herd of 'em. And  
some parents. It was pretty embarrassing,  
which, welcome to life with Anya.  
TARA  
So you don't even know if she's  
coming tonight?  
XANDER  
I'm thinking no. She was pretty mad.  
And I'm starting to wonder, is it me?  
Am I the crazy one?



BUFFY  
(absently)  
Uh-huh. Absolutely.

Xander turns to Buffy, surprised, then realizes she's looking at...

BUFFY'S POV - RILEY

He sees her too, smiles. Wants her.

ANGLE - WILLOW XANDER AND TARA.

Exchange a look. Buffy isn't hearing them.

WILLOW  
Hey Buffy, This might be a good time to  
mention that someone so not me spilled  
something purpley on your new peasant  
top that I would never borrow without  
asking. You love me?

BUFFY  
Uh-huh.  
(then)  
Huh? What about my peasant top?

WILLOW  
Nothing.

TARA  
Xander was talking about Anya.

XANDER  
It's nothing much, just feeling glad  
right now that a certain ex-demon  
doesn't have any powers.

We pre-lap:

ANYA (V.O.)  
Boy, I miss those powers.

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

SLOW MUSIC playing. The place is filled with couples, touching and  
talking intimately. Some dancing.

We FIND Anya and Spike together on a couch, Spike with a vodka, Anya  
with a beer. Relaxed now. Mid-conversation.

SPIKE  
Yeah. Tell me about it.  
ANYA  
A year and half ago I could've  
eviscerated him with my thoughts.  
Now I can barely hurt his feelings.  
Things used to be so much simpler.  
SPIKE  
You know, you take the killing for granted,



and then it's gone and you're like, I wish  
I'd appreciated it more. Stopped and  
smelled the corpses you know?

ANYA

Yeah. Now everything's so complicated.

SPIKE

Terrible thing, love is. Been there  
myself. Ended badly.

ANYA

Of course it did. It always does. I've  
seen thousands of relationships. First  
there's the love and sex. Then there's  
nothing left but the vengeance. That's  
how it works.

SPIKE

We should just go do the vengeance.  
Both of us. You go eviscerate Xander,  
I'll stake Dru. Like, a project.

ANYA

I don't know... I just can't. You can  
go do Dru though.

SPIKE

Yeah. I will.

(beat)

Maybe later.

They sip their drinks and gaze into space, not going anywhere.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Down past the elevator, across from the mirror, ROY (of Beer Bad) puts  
the moves on a girl, CHRISTY.

ROY

See, the thing they're afraid to teach  
us about is the inherent sensuality of  
language. You learn French and they  
make it all about conjugations and  
fronted vowels and no one ever talks  
about... you know...

He leans on the wall, supporting himself with one hand, trying to look  
casual.

ROY (cont'd)

The way the language tastes. The way it  
feels rolling over your tongue. I mean,  
just think about "car" versus "voiture"...

Roy EXHALES LOUDLY.

ROY (cont'd)

Whoa.



Roy looks at his hand on the wall.

CHRISTY  
Are you all right?  
ROY  
Fine.

Again, he BREATHES LOUDLY. He spreads his palm and fingers out flatter on the wall for maximum touchage.

ROY (cont'd)  
Oh my God...  
(exhales again)  
Wow.

He flushes, a little embarrassed, but mostly liking something a great deal.

CHRISTY  
You really like French.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - NEAR THE BANNERS - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

A girl with thick, long hair, Julie, absorbs a bit of Lowell House history. The green banners, the old football, etc.

ANGLE - XANDER

As he spots her. Approaches.

XANDER  
(off banner)  
Lowell House, 1962.

She turns to see him.

JULIE  
Yes?  
XANDER  
Um. Just, you know, impressing you  
with my knowledge of local history.  
Or my knowledge of reading.

She laughs.

JULIE  
You didn't even have to sound  
anything out.  
XANDER  
You should see me add short columns  
of small numbers.

Julie twirls a lock of her hair flirtatiously.



JULIE  
You're funny.  
XANDER  
Thanks... that is... funny "how  
amusing" or funny "back away and  
avoid eye contact?"  
JULIE  
Kind of both. Who are you here with?  
XANDER  
Right now I seem to be here with you.

They smile at each other.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Buffy arrives at Riley's side. He's still standing with Forrest and Graham.

BUFFY  
Riley, can we...  
(indicates the stairs to his room)  
I just... I want your opinion on... an  
essay. For a class.  
RILEY  
Oh, that essay.  
(to the guys)  
Catch you guys in a minute. Essay thing.

Forrest and Graham watch them go.

GRAHAM  
And I'm the one who got a 'D' in  
covert ops.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

We FOLLOW a guy, EVAN, down the hall near the elevator. He passes Roy and another guy standing by the "special spot" on the wall.

ROY  
Evan, c'mere. You gotta see this.  
EVAN  
(points down hall)  
I'm getting a beer.

Roy touches the air just in front of the wall, demonstrating without touching.

ROY  
First, just, just put your hand right here.  
EVAN  
Okay... somehow this is a trick, I  
know it...

Roy grabs Evan's hand and guides it to the special spot.



ROY  
Now stay... Don't move.

Evan's eyes go wide. Looks at his hand on the wall.

EVAN  
Whoa. What is that? I kinda feel...

Evan starts to BREATHE HEAVILY.

EVAN (cont'd)  
Oh my God... Oh...

Before it goes too far, Evan tears his hand away. He looks at the wall.

ROY  
Told you you'd like it. Someone call  
China. Our wall is greater.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Willow and Tara sit side-by-side on the staircase, knees touching. They're mid-conversation:

WILLOW  
Horses? Like, big, tall, teeth-that could-  
take-your-arm-off horses?  
TARA  
Sure. I learned to ride when I was a kid.  
It's fun. And, by the way, most horses  
don't like arm very much.  
WILLOW  
I had a bad birthday party pony thing  
when I was four. I look at horses, I  
just see really big ponies.  
TARA  
You should ride with me sometime.  
I guarantee safety and fun.  
WILLOW  
Well, if you promise to look after me...

Willow casually puts her hand on Tara's knee and -

TARA  
DON'T TOUCH ME!

Tara jolts away from Willow, looking at her like she's a freak. She stands up.

TARA (cont'd)  
That's d-disgusting.





Willow reacts like she's been kicked in the stomach. She stands up too, almost unconsciously reaching out to comfort Tara, but thinks twice and withdraws her hand.

WILLOW  
Tara, what's the matter?

Tara's clearly upset and confused now.

TARA  
I don't kn-kn-know.

Tara crosses her arms in front, one hand to her mouth. Shifting her weight nervously.

WILLOW  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...  
(beat)  
Are you feeling okay?  
TARA  
I'm f-fine. I just want t-to go to the  
bathr-room.

She rushes up the stairs. Willow watches her go. Baffled.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - FOYER - LATER ( NIGHT 3)

The front door swings open and Anya and Spike enter, buzzing from beer and each other's company. Spike eyes a couple GUYS passing by.

SPIKE  
Hey-I know these guys from  
somewhere.  
ANYA  
Initiative soldiers. They live here. The  
experiments happen in the lab under  
the house. That's where they kept you  
and put in your chip. Let's have fun.

Spike stares at her, appalled.

SPIKE  
What are you doing? You brought me here?  
XANDER  
Anya?!

Xander has found them. Also appalled.

XANDER (cont'd)  
What are you doing? You brought him here?  
SPIKE  
That's what I said. Only I hit the  
"here" part.



XANDER

Anya. This is crazy. We had a little fight. that just means we need to work our way through some stuff. It doesn't mean you rebound with the evil undead. And what have you been doing with him, anyway?

SPIKE

Oh, who's a puffed-up manly man? All multi-colored and possessive.

ANYA

(to Spike)

It's not very convincing is it?

SPIKE

Yeah. I get now what you said about him earlier. No follow-through.

XANDER

Hey, what a surprise, HOSTILE SEVENTEEN! Can I get you a drink, HOSTILE SEVENTEEN!?

ANYA

Xander, stop!

Spike braces for an attack. Nothing. Spike and Xander look around, but none of the guys nearby have noticed. They're just drunk or deep into their girlfriends.

SPIKE

Hmm. May be some fun to be had in the lion's den after all. You two keep scrapping,, I'll go find the liquor.

Spike takes off towards the sitting room. Xander pulls Anya away from the door.

XANDER

Anya, what are you doing with him.

ANYA

We didn't have sex, if that's what you mean. That's all I do now, not have sex.

Xander makes an effort to be calm:

XANDER

You're overreacting. We had a fight. But, see, that's okay. It's normal.

ANYA

Yes. It's part of the normal ending of a relationship right before the vengeance begins.

XANDER

Right. No. Vengeance?

ANYA

Relax. I'm not going to do it. I'm just trying to tell you that we have nothing in common aside from both liking your

penis. And now I don't even have that. So I get to say when it's done and it's done.

XANDER

Okay, you know what? You don't deserve to be the one to walk away from this. I've put up with a hell of a lot from you - much of it in the last minute - and if anyone gets to be the one to leave it's me.

ANYA

You're leaving me?

XANDER

Yes. I am.

He turns to walk away.

ANYA

Where are you going?

XANDER

To enjoy the party.

ANYA

Then I'm staying too. To... to show you how much I'm not bothered by you having fun. Because... because I'll be having more fun.

Anya turns and exits to the area under the balcony. Xander heads toward the rec room...

XANDER

(called after, angry)

I'm having fun already!

ANYA

(called after, more angry)

Me too. Whoo-hoo!

We FOLLOW Xander through the banner area to...

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - REC ROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 3)

He enters and stops to watch a game of SPIN THE BOTTLE. A circle of COLLEGE GUYS AND GIRLS sitting cross-legged on the floor. A long-necked beer bottle spinning on the floor in the center. It stops on a GUY. The group CHEERS. A GIRL stands up and the two of them kiss.

XANDER

Huh. Sometimes I just don't get the sophisticated college lifestyle.

He shakes his head, disbelieving and is about to leave when he notices Julie in the circle, smiling at him. Xander looks at her. Looks back out the door where he left Anya.

Someone scoots over to make space. As Xander takes his seat, he speaks to the guy next to him...



XANDER (cont'd)  
Gee, good thing mom's out, we'd be  
in trouble.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Spike is sitting in an antique chair, beer in hand. A beefy INITIATIVE GUY in his civvies, also with beer, sits next to him.

INITIATIVE GUY  
Hey buddy, you look familiar.

Spike looks casually away.

SPIKE  
Yeah, I get that a lot.

INT LOWELL HOUSE - REC ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Xander spins the bottle. And wouldn't ya know, it points to Julie. They rise and move together.

JULIE  
Hey Xander.  
XANDER  
Julie. Okay. This then would be the kissing.

Xander looks at the door nervously, then leans in and gives her a fast peck on the cheek. As he moves away again...

XANDER (cont'd)  
Um... very smooth cheek you have  
there. Do you exfoliate-

Julie suddenly grabs Xander by the head and presses her lips to his, kissing him really aggressively. He doesn't kiss back. In fact he struggles to get away.

XANDER (cont'd)  
Whoa...

But Julie is strong. She violently pushes him against a wall and presses up against him, kissing him harder, groping him, as if her life depended on it.

When he finally pushes her away, she stumbles back, stunned.

XANDER (cont'd)  
Julie? What?!

Her eyes are scared. She begins stroking her hair nervously.

JULIE  
I'm sorry... I didn't... Sorry...



A beat and she runs from the room. Xander wipes his mouth, stunned in her wake. Then takes off after her.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 3)

Xander exits the rec room. Moves across the foyer, looking for Julie. Looks down the hall where the wallgasm game, complete with MOANS and MUCH EXCITED CHATTER, has attracted quite an audience.

He looks around, doesn't see Julie. Then, hears some SOBBING coming from behind the door under the stairs. He KNOCKS.

XANDER  
Hi, uh... you okay?

Xander tries the door. It's locked. And there's nothing from inside but more SOBBING.

INT. ROOM UNDER THE STAIRS - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

JULIE HACKING HER HAIR OFF with a STRAIGHT RAZOR. Crying and mumbling in a little voice...

JULIE  
I'm bad... I'm bad... I'm bad...

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Willow stands at the bathroom door.

WILLOW  
Tara? It's me.

She KNOCKS -

WILLOW (cont'd)  
Tar-

The door is ajar - it opens. Willow pushes it further and enters...

WILLOW (cont'd)  
Tara?

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 3)

Willow peeks around the corner of the door.

No one is inside. She enters and closes the door behind her. Cranks on the tap and splashes water on her face. Regards her troubled expression in the mirror when she hears...



The same SPLASHING Riley heard earlier. Willow looks at the closed shower curtain. Now, there's FRANTIC THRASHING IN WATER and POUNDING and the sounds of SOMEONE DROWNING.

Willow YANKS the curtain aside, revealing...

A BOY (12), head under water in the full tub, thrashing for his life. His legs are bound together with a leather belt. His arms are pinned to his body with a belt, too.

Willow thrusts her hands into the tub to grab him, but as her hands hit the water, the image of the boy is washed away with the waves.

Willow pauses. Her heart racing, looking the tub up and down. Then slowly, she rises. Stands back up, revealing to us...

THE BOY IS STANDING BEHIND HER. He's pale, soaking wet, seriously scary and staring at Willow.

She wheels around to see him and SCREAMS...

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Willow's SCREAM ECHOES into the room.

Buffy and Riley are face to face, kissing and caressing. Only darkness around them. Buffy looks away from Riley -

RILEY  
Was that Willow?  
BUFFY  
I don't know.

Buffy turns back to him. They continue kissing.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
It doesn't matter.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Willow pushes past a couple of PARTIERS to get down the last few stairs...

WILLOW  
Tara! Xander!?

A beat, and she rushes towards the banner area...

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - REC ROOM - NIGHT ( NIGHT 3)

Xander has just entered, plenty freaked out. The game of spin the bottle is in full swing. No one is waiting to take turns anymore - a few couples are kissing at once. Much IMMATURE GIGGLING.



XANDER  
Guys, the girl, Julie, she's freaking  
out. Anyone friends with Julie?

No one responds.

ANGLE: THE SPIN-THE-BOTTLE BOTTLE

As someone spins it. The ones who aren't kissing are exclaiming childish things like, "Now ya have to kiss!" and "On the mouth!"

WILLOW (O.S.)  
Xander!

Willow has entered. She rushes up to Xander.

WILLOW  
Ghost boy, drowning in the tub. I tried  
to save him but, being a ghost  
already... well, I was way too late.

XANDER  
A ghost? What's the deal, is every frat  
on this campus haunted? And if so,  
why do people keep coming to these  
parties? 'Cause it's not the snacks.

WILLOW  
I don't know-

Tara joins them, a little hesitantly.

WILLOW (cont'd)  
Tara. How... how are you?

Tara takes Willow's arm gently, a sign she's okay. But still a little freaked  
by what happened to her.

TARA  
I'm okay, but... I don't like it here.  
This house. I think we should go.

ANGLE: THE BOTTLE

Spinning again. Only this time it speeds up... faster and faster. The  
players CHATTER grows more excited.

Xander, Willow and Tara turn just in time to see...

POP! THE BOTTLE EXPLODES, SPRAYING SHARDS of glass all over the  
players. They SCREAM.

Willow and Xander turn to each other, thinking the same thing.

WILLOW  
We need Buffy.



They grab each other and rush out of the room as it erupts into panic.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE -BALCONY - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Xander, Willow and Tara jump the last few stairs and arrive outside Riley's door.

XANDER  
(yelling)  
Buffy?  
WILLOW  
Buffy! Riley!?

Xander tries the doorknob. Locked.

THE CRACK UNDER THE DOOR

Is closing over with tiny vines, spreading like creepy fingers from under the door.

We watch as the DOOR itself FUSES into the doorframe, becoming one. Sealing off the room.

XANDER  
BUFFY!!

They POUND on the door...

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

And all we hear is very distant KNOCKING.

So distant, Buffy and Riley don't seem to hear it. They're completely absorbed in each other. Fingers and limbs entwined. They kiss, slowly, softly. Gazing into each other's eyes.

But they've grown a tiny bit pale. They're oblivious to everything else - because for them, everything else has transformed...

THE ROOM

is an eerie, empty space of BLACKNESS and NOTHINGNESS.

We PULL SLOWLY UP for an IMPOSSIBLE BIRD'S EYE BIEW of the room. Up and up, until their bed is only a tiny rectangle in the center of FRAME, surrounded by nothing.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

## Act Three





INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

IMPOSSIBLE BIRD'S EYE BIEW. The bed is tiny in a sea of nothingness. We can only HEAR their voices echoing.

RILEY  
Do you want to go back?

CLOSE - THEIR FACES

Riley on top of Buffy. Then rolling over. Buffy on top of Riley.

BUFFY  
Never.

It's like they're floating together. It's so quiet...

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Complete chaos. PARTIERS running and SHOUTING frantically. Willow and Xander pound on Riley's door.

WILLOW  
Buffy! Riley!  
XANDER  
BUFFY!

No answer. Xander tries yanking the door open. Doesn't budge. He tries to shoulder it open.

XANDER (cont'd)  
We gotta get them out of there.

As they try forcing the door open, Tara's attention is drawn to something O.S. She quietly looks out over the balcony. Above the chaos of people evacuating, there is

TARA'S POV - THE CHANDELIER

TINKLING. A moment of calm before -

SLAM! All three of them are THROWN to the floor. The entire house SHAKES VIOLENTLY, earthquake style.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

FRANTIC PARTIERS rush to get out. In the middle of the hall, like a rock in river rapids, we find Graham.

Unable to move - body paralyzed by fear. Beads of sweat are forming on his brow. Fighting his way upstream, we see Forrest.



FORREST  
Graham! Quit standing around -  
help get these people to safety!  
GRAHAM  
(babbling)  
Touch not the impure thing...  
FORREST  
What?!?  
GRAHAM  
... for ye shall perish. Find salvation  
in the cross of our lord and saviour...  
FORREST  
Right.

Forrest grabs Graham, positions him to face the mirrored elevator door.  
The green light falls over their faces.

ELEVATOR VOICE (V.O.)  
Retinal scan accepted.

The door slides open. Forrest takes a step in, trying to pull Graham with him, but he won't budge. Forrest resorts to a PUNCH to the head. Then one hard yank, and he's got Graham inside. The doors close and they're gone.

In the hall, the last straggling PARTIER runs frantically out.

Then THE SHAKING SUBSIDES - it's eerily quiet...

And Anya appears at the end closest to the foyer. She looks down the hall and sees...

A GIRL (14). Pale and thin. SCREAMING in terror as she runs straight for Anya. Anya's eyes widen - and the girl RUNS RIGHT THROUGH HER! DISAPPEARING on the other side.

Anya stands, mouth gaping open. Looking at her body that was just used as a doorway.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

HOUSE IS SHAKING again. Spike grips the arms of his chair, enjoying the ride.

SPIKE  
Well. This party's starting to  
liven up after all...

WHIP-WHIP-WHIP... Leather straps FLING out of nowhere and whip around Spike's mouth, torso, wrists and ankles, binding him to the chair.

Spike's eyes snap open. His ferocious GROWL is muffled by the strap. He cannot budge.



INT. LOWELL HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

House still SHAKING as Willow, Tara and Xander stumble down the last few stairs, clutching the banister. They meet up with Anya in the foyer.

XANDER  
Anya, we gotta get out of here.  
Come on...

He grabs her by the arm and leads her towards the door.

BOOKS FLY off nearby shelves, pummeling them from the side. They hunch over, shielding their heads.

They run out.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Spike struggles against his restraints. Finally, with a big burst of energy and a GROWL, he BUSTS OUT, tearing the straps.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Xander, Anya, Willow and Tara are almost at the door when

JULIE

appears before Xander. She's hysterical. Her scalp is a BLOODY, HACKED-UP mess with a few clumps of hair.

JULIE  
Help me... oh God, help me...

Xander barely has time to react. He just grabs both her arms, pushes her towards the door. She shuffles and stumbles up the step to the door, Xander behind her.

INT. INITIATIVE - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

There's no shaking down here. But chaos aplenty.

Forrest rushes to where TECHIES are scurrying around computer systems. Graham a step behind. They find a SCIENTIST in a lab coat.

FORREST  
We got trouble upstairs. Some kind of disembodied presence in the house.

Forrest looks over the equipment - LIGHTS FLASHING, IRREGULAR BEEPS, etc.

SCIENTIST  
We've been paging you.



FORREST  
Whatever this thing's outputting must  
have scrambled all frequencies.

SCIENTIST  
Guard Section Two. Level five  
precautions. If the cell door locking  
mechanisms malfunction, you know  
what to do.

FORREST  
Got it.

Forrest moves off, then doubles back to get Graham.

FORREST (cont'd)  
You with me?  
GRAHAM  
(head clearing)  
I'm good.  
FORREST  
Let's lock it down.

EXT. LOWELL HOUSE - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Xander, Willow, Tara, Spike and Anya stagger out of the house, together.  
A few terrified stragglers turn off in several directions.

WILLOW  
Wait! We have to go back!  
ANYA  
Why?  
XANDER  
Because Buffy and Riley are trapped.  
ANYA  
So? She's the slayer, he's a big soldier  
boy. What do they need you for?  
XANDER  
Look around, Anya. There's ghosts and  
shaking and people going all Felicity  
with their hair... We're fresh out of  
super-people and somebody's got to go  
back in there. Now who's with me?  
SPIKE  
I am.

SPIKE grinds out his cigarette and steps boldly forward.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
I know I'm not first choice for  
heroics - and Buffy's tried to kill me  
more than once - and I don't fancy a  
single one of you all - but:

Long beat while Spike thinks...



SPIKE (cont'd)  
Actually, that all sounds pretty convincing.  
(beat)  
Think Asian House is still open?

He picks up a plastic cup from the ground, wipes out the inside with his sleeve and walks off into the night.

Xander looks to Anya.

ANYA  
Xander, let's get out of here.  
XANDER  
You want to bail? Fine. I'm going back  
in there and I'm not coming out 'til I  
bring my friend with me.

He runs back through the door only to be THROWN ten feet back out by an INVISIBLE FORCE - drops on the front path. Looks up painfully.

XANDER (cont'd)  
Or it could be Watcher-Time.  
WILLOW  
We'll got to Giles'.  
TARA  
Now wait- he's not there. He was  
going to the Espresso Pump.  
WILLOW  
Right. He told us not to come. Said  
he wanted some grown-up time.

INT. ESPRESSO PUMP - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

From OFF SCREEN, we hear a LIVE ACOUSTIC GUITAR. We PAN ACROSS PATRONS sipping coffee and listening appreciatively. Just as the guitar intro finishes, we FIND THE VOCALIST as he begins singing. It is Giles.

REVERSE ANGLE:

Xander, Anya, Willow and Tara all look stunned. Their mouths may not be hanging open, but... then again maybe they are.

ANYA  
Oh...  
WILLOW  
(shock)  
...Wow...  
XANDER  
Um, could we go back to the  
haunted house? Because this is  
creeping me out.

Reverse angle: we see they're watching Giles - SINGING before a small, older, respectful audience. Back to them:



TARA  
Does he do this a lot?  
XANDER  
Sure, every day the earth rotates  
backward and the skies turn orange.  
WILLOW  
Now I remember why I used to have  
such a crush on him.  
TARA  
He is pretty good...  
ANYA  
His voice is pleasant.  
XANDER  
What?  
WILLOW  
Come on, it's a little sexy...  
XANDER  
I'm fighting total mental  
breakdown, here, Will. No more  
fuel on the fire, please.

On stage, Giles notices the Scoobies staring. His fingers go out on him and he fumbles the last, jarring chord. Song over. Scattered applause. Giles makes his way to the group.

GILES  
What are you doing here? I believe  
I stressed that you were not to  
come here.  
XANDER  
Sorry to step behind the music, but...  
WILLOW  
It's Buffy.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - NIGHT ( NIGHT 3)

The house is empty now. We can HEAR the ECHOY SCREAMS of MANY CHILDREN. But we can see no one.

Camera CREEPS EERILY through the house, as it did in Act One. We see the foyer, the stairs with its rattling banister. Up on the balcony, VINES have crept along the ceiling and have begun to stretch to the railing. We come to rest facing Riley's door which is now COVERED IN VINES.

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Riley and Buffy. Still kissing, absorbed in each other. But now they're pale. Breathing heavily out of exhaustion rather than sexual excitement. And starting to get scared.

BUFFY  
You're too far away from me.  
RILEY  
I'm right here.



BUFFY  
You have to keep touching me.

INT. UC SUNNYDALE LIBRARY - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

The library's dark and empty. Except we FIND...

In a quiet corner behind the work stations, Giles sits with Xander, Anya, Willow and Tara around a table. Books splayed on it. Willow and Tara study a thick book of news clippings.

GILES  
And when you called to Buffy and  
Riley, they didn't cry out, or respond  
in any way?

ANYA  
No. They're prob'ly dead.

XANDER  
Unless they were too busy doing it  
to answer.

GILES  
Doing what?

XANDER  
You know, for a god of acoustic  
rock you're kind of naïve.

GILES  
Well I didn't think you meant - in the  
middle of all that, do you really think  
they'd be keeping it up? Oh, for a  
different phrasing...

WILLOW  
That's the thing. People all over the  
party were starting to act weird...  
sexually.

Tara reacts quietly to that remark.

GILES  
In what ways?  
WILLOW  
(avoiding)  
You know. Ways.

GILES  
(thinks)  
It could be some form of succubi, or  
a satyr's prank. It could even be  
energy coming from the lab beneath  
Lowell fraternity.

WILLOW  
It wasn't always a frat. Look.

Willow slides over the book.

WILLOW (cont'd)  
(reads)



"Between 1949 and 1960, the Lowell ... 'Home for Children' ... housed upwards of forty adolescents: runaways, juvenile delinquents, and emotionally disturbed teenagers from the Sunnydale area.

TARA

Children? Did any of them... um... die in there?

Willow scans the article.

GILES

If there were any deaths... then perhaps we have a fairly standard haunting.

WILLOW

(shakes head 'no')

Doesn't say. It's really just about the old house director, "Genevieve Holt ... Sunnydale Children's Aid... thirty years of community service, giving disadvantaged kids the love and care they deserve."

GILES

When did she die?

WILLOW

She didn't.

INT. GENEVIEVE HOLT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Xander, Anya and Giles enter. Taking in the many crucifixes hanging on the walls. They are led by...

GENEVIEVE HOLT

A scrunched up woman of 80. In her conservative nightgown with a robe tied tightly around her. Pale skin and frizzy white do, she looks like a ghost herself.

MRS. HOLT

No, no, I don't mind at all. I was up. Early morning prayer, of course.

They follow her into the dark cramped living room that wouldn't be so cramped if it weren't for the many Virgin Mary statuettes and other religious idols. The walls are also laden with icons. A dim table lamp is the only light in the room.

MRS. HOLT (cont'd)

And I like talking about my kids. I still call them that. My kids.

GILES

I guess you were like their mother. Did everything for them.





MRS. HOLT

Oh yes. I fed them, clothed them,  
educated them in the way of the  
Lord. I was given a medal.

GILES

Yes, that's wonderful. Congratulations.  
(beat)

Um, this may seem strange, but, did  
you ever notice any... odd  
disturbances? In the house?

MRS. HOLT

I don't understand.

GILES

Like, furniture moving around... by  
itself. Objects appearing out of  
nowhere. Or, perhaps you'd think you  
saw a person one moment - but then  
they were gone? Inexplicably?

MRS. HOLT

Well, that sounds like crazy talk.

GILES

Yes, I know it does. Um... then forgive  
me for asking this but... of the children  
you cared for, were any of them ill? Or,  
did anything... happen to them?

MRS. HOLT

Some got the flu and such. No one died  
if that's what you mean. The engraving  
on the medal says how good I was with  
the children.

GILES

Yes.

MRS. HOLT

Treated them as I would have my own  
flesh and blood. Gave them hugs and  
praise when they were good. Punished  
them when they were dirty.

GILES

Kids will be kids. They like to play  
in the muck.

Mrs. Holt regards Giles like he's daft.

ANYA

You... didn't mean muddy-dirty?

MRS. HOLT

My kids didn't think I knew. But  
I did.

The group regards each other, getting creeped out.

GILES

Very, uh, perceptive of you.

MRS. HOLT

Without me, they would have been  
shut out of the Kingdom, lost to lust.

GILES  
But you "helped" them.  
MRS. HOLT  
(nods)  
The girls fell to vanity more than the  
boys. I'd see them preening like  
Jezebel, doting over their pretty hair...  
XANDER  
(gets it/angry)  
So you'd hack it off.  
MRS. HOLT  
(sternly)  
I'd remove the temptation to  
admire themselves. They were  
better for it.  
ANYA  
What about the bathtub? Something  
happened there.  
MRS. HOLT  
I performed Baptisms for the most  
unclean. Those who were tainted  
with impure thought and deed.  
GILES  
You held them under.

Mrs. Holt stands now. Shaking with anger.

MRS. HOLT  
They needed to be reborn. You  
choose to pass judgment on me?

Giles stands too, his anger as strong as hers.

GILES  
Well, someone ought to. You  
traumatized and abused these children,  
who are now, may I add, undoubtedly  
extremely disturbed adults. You ruined  
lives, Mrs. Holt. Not to mention the fact  
that what you did has now manifested  
itself as a murderous presence that  
threatens still more lives. You have a  
great deal to answer for!  
MRS. HOLT  
I refuse to listen to this when I can  
smell the sin on each and every one  
of you!  
XANDER  
Yeah! You smell sin? Well, let me  
tell you something, lady. She who  
smelt it, dealt it!  
(Off Giles' look)  
It's like what you said, but faster.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF MRS. HOLT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 3



Where Giles, Anya and Xander are gathered.

XANDER

(genuinely angry)

This totally feeds into my 'old  
people are creepy' theorem.

ANYA

I don't get it. I mean, those kids were  
tortured. But they weren't killed, so  
where are the ghosts coming from?

GILES

I don't believe there are any ghosts.

ANYA

But one ran right through me-

GILES

Not a ghost, an apparition. I think  
we're dealing with a kind of  
Poltergeist, a cluster of them in fact,  
born out of intense adolescent emotion  
and sexual energy.

ANYA

Both of which were totally pent-up  
during Mrs. Holt's reign of repression.

XANDER

So, with Buffy and Riley having, you  
know, acts of nakedness 'round the  
clock lately... Maybe they set something  
free. Like a big bursting poltergasm.

GILES

(working it out)

Yes. And now the poltergeists are  
drawing more and more of that energy  
out of them. Feeding on it. Buffy and  
Riley are powering this whole thing.

XANDER

Okay, they're the battery in the boo  
factory. So, what happens when the  
battery is drained?

GILES

(a beat)

They die.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

## Act Four

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Riley rolls off Buffy, onto his back. They're both exhausted. Pale, weak.  
Gaunt.

BUFFY

Don't...



We catch a glimpse of browning teeth between chapped lips as they speak.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
Don't stop.

Buffy pulls Riley back to her.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
Never stop touching me.

INT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Willow and Tara place three white candles on a table in the center of the room. It's been dressed with a deep red cloth. Three chairs circle it. A couple of old books lay open.

Anya watches Xander rummage through weapons in Buffy's slayer supply trunk. Selecting and rejecting mace, crossbow ...

ANYA  
What good are weapons against  
disembodied spirits, Xander?  
They've got no ass to kick.

GILES  
She's right. Just wait outside the  
house.

WILLOW  
And we'll bind the spirits long  
enough for you to get Riley and  
Buffy out of there.

XANDER  
How much time you buying us?

TARA  
Could be tricky. We're calling upon  
the communal spirit of a certain  
time and place.

(shrugs)  
I'm more comfortable with dead people.

Xander finds what he's looking for - a pair of MACHETES.

XANDER  
Let's go.

He hands one to Anya. She takes it. It's so heavy it pulls her arm out of frame.

EXT. LOWELL HOUSE - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Xander stands on the porch, gazing up at the house. We might think he is alone, until...



XANDER  
What do you feel?

Anya is at the front door, her palm pressed to it.

ANYA  
Upset. Afraid of being without  
you. And a little hungry.

XANDER  
I mean about the house.

ANYA  
Oh. Still haunted.

INT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Candles illuminate their faces from below. Giles, Willow and Tara sit around the table holding hands. Glancing at each other, awaiting a sign. Tara leads the séance.

TARA  
Give me your hands. Form a circle.  
(closes her eyes)  
Children of the past. Spirits of  
Lowell. Be guided by our light.  
Come forth and be known to us.

A pause. Nothing happens.

GILES  
How will we know when it works?

They open their eyes and we reveal, they're surrounded by...

A RING OF CHILDREN (AGED 12-17). They appear to be solid beings, but their skins is so pale it's almost grey-ish white. They have dark circles under their eyes. They stare blankly forward.

TARA  
(wide-eyed but deadpan)  
We'll know.

EXT. LOWELL HOUSE - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

The door creaks open. All by itself. With a look of renewed apprehension, Anya looks to Xander.

XANDER  
House is clean.  
ANYA  
Let's go.  
(beat)  
You first.



They enter ...

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 3)

The place is still and quiet. Littered with remnants of the abandoned party. Anya and Xander stop just inside the door.

Looking up, frightened yet fascinated by what they see.

ANGLE - THE STAIRS AND BALCONY

Are overgrown with BRAMBLING. It now extends from Riley's door, halfway down the staircase, weaving between balusters and dripping over the rail on the balcony.

They rush forward with a purpose.

XANDER  
We need to work fast. Never know  
how long before the munchkins get  
homesick.  
ANYA  
Or the human battery conks out.

Halfway up the stairs, they stop. Vines and branches too thick to squeeze through and too thorny to climb.

XANDER  
Watch your fingers.

WHACK! With ax and machete, they begin to hack through it.

INT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Mid-séance. They are still surrounded by ghost-children.

TARA  
We implore you. Be still.  
GILES  
Find it in your hearts to leave  
our friends passage.  
WILLOW  
Transform your pain. Release your  
past. And... uh... get over it.

Willow cringes, knowing that wasn't too official sounding.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Brambling covers the door to Riley's room. Anya makes a small slit in a vine after slashing with great effort. She stumbles back a step, exhausted.



XANDER  
You okay?

Insulted, Anya raises her machete and brings it down hard, slicing a branch clean in two.

It allows Xander to duck through a hole and emerge next to the door. He yanks a couple vines out of the way, and the door is clear.

As he reaches for the doorknob, a breeze blows their hair -

INT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

A GUST OF WIND blows through the room. We HEAR THE CHILDREN SCREAM (though we don't see them open their mouths). But their eyes roll back in their heads, their heads tilt back.

TARA  
Find here the serenity you seek,  
the peace you -

But the TABLE IS UP-ENDED. Their hands are ripped from each others'. The circle is broken and ...

THE CHILDREN VANISH.

The wind abruptly stops. The screaming stops. Papers settle.

GILES  
What's happened?  
TARA  
We lost them.  
WILLOW  
Xander...

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

WE HEAR CHILDREN SCREAMING (voices only, no visuals).

Xander's hand is violently wrenched off the doorknob and he's knocked backwards, landing on the floor.

ANYA  
Xander!

She moves to help him when he's YANKED across the floor by an UNSEEN FORCE. Kicking and YELLING, he's dragged through the bathroom door. Once inside, it SLAMS shut.

ANYA (cont'd)  
Xander!!



Again, she leaps forward to open the door, but she is THROWN backwards through the air. Crashing through railing, FALLING OUT OF SIGHT.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

ANGLE - BALCONY

As Anya sails over the edge, falls down and hits the coffee table hard. Railing bits fall on top of her. She's not moving.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Xander is DUNKED and held under the full bathtub by an unseen presence. He SPLASHES and POUNDS the tub walls. Panicking, he SHOUTS unintelligibly under the water and GASPS for air, but in the process, only swallows water.

XANDER'S POV - THROUGH THE WATER

A FEW CHILDREN look down on him with dead stares.

RESUME XANDER

Struggling harder to get out, to no avail. He SCREAMS.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Anya slowly stirs. Obviously in pain, but she manages to stand and steady herself. With all she has, she runs through...

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 3)

And back up the stairs, using the banister to pull her up.

ANYA

Shut up! Repressed crybabies.

Then a VINE SHOOTS STRAIGHT UP, PIERCING the palm of her hand. She SCREAMS in pain. And then in complete anger, pulls the whole length of it back out. Climbs the stairs again without touching the banister.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

Xander's close to succumbing.

HIS POV - FROM UNDER WATER

A blurry figure appears over him. Reaches in and yanks him free.

IT'S ANYA.





Xander coughs up some water and collapses in her arms.

ANYA  
Come on...

They get back up and go to -

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 3)

To get back to Riley's door, Anya and Xander must dodge heavy, THORNY VINES that SHOOT across the balcony and up and down from the floor and ceiling.

Jumping and ducking, narrowly missing death, and they finally make it back to Riley's door.

Xander and Anya go for the doorknob at the same time. They look at each other, both gripping the knob, and the other's hand. A beat, and they turn it. At the same time, shouldering it open - SLAM! One big push, it opens. Xander and Anya's eyes widen in fear and anticipation.

The CHILDREN'S SCREAMS reach a deafening pitch and are then sucked away as...

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

A Matrix-y ZOOM - and the room reappears around Buffy and Riley. They're still in bed as they RISE FAST INTO FRAME. Walls reappear. It's still dark in there, but we can see normal bedroom furniture around them.

Riley sits up, squinting at Xander and Anya. Buffy sits up too, wrapping a sheet around her. Both are exhausted.

Long awkward beat. Then:

BUFFY  
Xander! Don't you knock?

Xander and Anya regard each other, wet and dirty and exhausted.

RILEY (O.S.)  
I can't believe it really happened.

INT. ROCKET CAFÉ - DAY ( DAY 4)

Buffy, Riley, Willow, Xander and Anya sit at the Rocket Café. Debriefing.

BUFFY  
I just had no idea. It's so creepy...  
(beat)  
He was really singing?  
XANDER  
I'd say it was more like crooning.  
(to Anya)



If we grow old together? Remind  
me to skip the midlife crisis.

ANYA

Okay.

WILLOW

Come on, you know it was kinda sexy.

XANDER

Please stop saying that. I'm willing  
to offer cash incentives.

RILEY

We're just lucky no one got injured.  
No thanks to us.

WILLOW

Don't be too hard on yourself.

BUFFY

He's right, Will. If Riley and I hadn't  
gotten so... wrapped up in each other  
... none of this would have happened.

ANYA

True.

(to Riley)

Feel shame.

XANDER

My girlfriend - mistress of the  
learning plateau.

WILLOW

Really, it wasn't your fault. You were  
under the influence of powerful Magicks.

BUFFY

We were like zombies. I had no  
control over myself at all.

WILLOW

It must've been horrible.

Beat. Buffy and Riley share a brief look. Then recover.

BUFFY

Yes. Horrible.

RILEY

Uh huh.

BUFFY

Yeah.

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW

