

Buffy The Vampire Slayer

Season 8

Episode 8

"Legacy, Part 1"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

DAWN and SHELLY walk into the house, carrying their backpacks. Dawn looks around.

DAWN

Hello?

(beat)

Willow? Xander? Anyone?

She looks back to Shelly.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Guess they're not here.

They head toward the kitchen.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Dawn enters the kitchen, with Shelly close behind.

DAWN

Soda?

SHELLY

Sure. Got diet?

DAWN

Think so.

She goes to the fridge and grabs two sodas, tossing one to Shelly. As she takes a sip, Dawn notices a crumpled piece of paper on the counter, and picks it up. It's Willow's note.

She reads it.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Why are people constantly going out of town when I'm in school? You'd think they could at least wait and say goodbye.

SHELLY

Someone left?

DAWN

Willow went to help Buffy with something in Florida.

SHELLY

Wow. Sounds kinda cool. Your sister's job must be really neat.

DAWN

Yeah, but do they ever need my help on these big vacation trips?

SHELLY

Didn't you say that you spent most of the summer in Europe?

DAWN

Well... Yeah. You do know that you're supposed to be on my side, right?

SHELLY

Sorry.

Dawn leads the way out of the kitchen, back to the dining room. Shelly follows.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

DAWN

(calling out)
Xander? You home?
(beat)
Or in this state, at least?

She pulls up a chair and sits down. Shelly sits next to her. Dawn notices that Willow's laptop is gone.

DAWN (CONT'D)

I guess we won't be using the computer to help research our paper.

SHELLY

I have one at home. My mom's. I'll see if she'll let me use it tonight.

DAWN

Wanna go there now?

SHELLY

Now wouldn't be a good time. She plays one of those internet role playing games all day. She won't be off of the computer until my dad comes home and they get into their nightly fight.

DAWN

I know how that goes. I was a kid when my parents got divorced.

SHELLY

I don't think it's that bad. The computer just makes her kinda cranky. Willow ever get like that?

DAWN
(ponders a beat)
I'll just leave that at "yuh-huh".

Shelly looks around the room and notices the boxes that Xander pulled out of the basement, lined against the wall.

She sets down her soda and goes to them.

SHELLY
What's this stuff?

DAWN
Just some things we found in the basement. We're trying to sort out what goes back to the city and what stays with the house.

SHELLY
Find anything interesting?

DAWN
There was a pretty bottle, but it kinda shattered into a million pieces.

SHELLY
So much for making your fortune selling it on Ebay. Can I look?

DAWN
Yeah. If you find any incriminating daguerreotypes, pass them this way.

SHELLY
Okay, I don't know what that means.

DAWN
It's like a picture, but old.

SHELLY
Oh.

Shelly opens a box and starts going through the things inside. It's just old papers and files.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
This one's all boring stuff.

DAWN
Probably city. Check another one.

Shelly opens another box and looks through it.

SHELLY
Much cooler. This has a bunch of old stuff.

She pulls out a necklace and looks at it.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
This probably belonged to the woman
who first lived here.

She sets it down and keeps looking.

DAWN
A lot of things I wouldn't mind asking
those people about this place.

SHELLY
Like what?

DAWN
(beat)
Y'know... Why there's no Chinese
restaurant. Stuff like that.

Shelly's not really listening anymore. She smiles and pulls
out a leather-bound book.

SHELLY
Check this out.

She opens it and looks at the first page. She laughs.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
Speaking of the weird role playing
games.

Dawn gets up and walks over to where Shelly is.

DAWN
What?

SHELLY
Look at the title. I guess the guy
must have been writing a book or
something.

Dawn picks up the book and looks at what's written on the
first page.

ANGLE ON : THE BOOK

The first page reads "THE DIARY OF RICHARD ACKER, WATCHER"

DAWN
(barely a whisper)
The Diary Of Richard Acker... Watcher.

Dawn runs her hand over the writing, trying to understand
what this is doing here.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Dawn and Shelly are sitting at the table now. Shelly's looking over a few more knickknacks that she found in the box, while Dawn is still looking at the book.

SHELLY

"Richard Acker, Watcher". Sounds like the guy was trying to be the James Bond of his day or something.

DAWN

(blankly)
Yeah.

Shelly puts down whatever she's playing with and looks at Dawn with a smile.

SHELLY

Let's read it.

DAWN

What?

SHELLY

It'll be cool. We'll get a first hand account at what would-be writers were like in the day.

DAWN

I don't know if we should.

SHELLY

I don't think he'd mind. Even if he would, he's been dead for quite a while now. It's not like he could do anything to us.

DAWN

You never know.

Dawn thinks about it.

SHELLY

C'mon.

Finally, Dawn decides.

DAWN

Fine.

She opens to the first page of actual writing, and begins to read.

DAWN (CONT'D)

September 4, 1898.

(beat)

"I have arrived in America, on my way to Morristown, New Jersey, where I will take over the training of Isabelle Baker. Though this will be my first time training a potential Slayer on my own, I feel fully confident that I am up to the task.

(beat)

Following the death of her previous Watcher, I expect to be met with resistance at first, however I don't predict it will last long."

SHELLY

Sounds English.

Dawn doesn't pay attention. She just keeps reading.

DAWN

"Isabelle's last Watcher, Mrs. Magdeline Winters had worked with the girl for several years..."

DISOLVE TO:

INT. BAKER BARN - DAY

We find ISABELLE, AGE 7, and her father, PETER (early 30's) together. Peter is milking a cow, and Isabelle is standing nearby, watching.

DAWN (V.O.)

...since the girl was seven years old. It had taken the Council that long to locate the girl..."

As Dawn continues to talk, the VOICE SLOWLY CHANGES to that of Richard Acker. An Englishman.

RICHARD (V.O.)

...being that she was in America, and was only the fourth such case. The girl resided at the same farm that I will soon travel to, with her parents, Peter and Morgan Baker. None of them were aware at just how special Isabelle would be."

There's a KNOCK on the barn door. Isabelle and Peter both look up. They see MRS. WINTERS (40's, very proper, also English) standing at the door, holding a bag.

Words appear on the screen. They read : "MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY, 1889"

MRS. WINTERS

Excuse me. Is this the Baker farm?

PETER

I should hope so. 'Else I'm milking
the wrong cow.

Isabelle laughs. Mrs. Winters steps in, and extends a hand.

MRS. WINTERS

My name is Mrs. Winters. I'm here to
talk to you about your daughter.

PETER

Sorry. We don't have money for any
fancy schools or teachers.

MRS. WINTERS

I'm not trying to get your money, I
assure you.

Mrs. Winters hesitates. She doesn't want to say more around
Isabelle.

MRS. WINTERS (CONT'D)

I was wondering if I might speak
with you and your wife. In private.

PETER

She do something wrong?

ISABELLE, AGE 7

I didn't, Daddy. I promise.

MRS. WINTERS

No. I'm sure she's a wonderful girl.
I simply need to discuss some rather
important matters with you.

Peter looks back at Isabelle, then looks at Mrs. Winters.

PETER

Okay.

(to Isabelle)

Go play on your swing, sweetie. We're
gonna be in the house, talking.

INT. BAKER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Mrs. Winters and MORGAN BAKER (late 20's, plain) are sitting
at the kitchen table, while Peter is pacing behind his wife.

PETER

Are you joking?

MRS. WINTERS

I assure you, I'm most serious.

Morgan laughs.

MORGAN

Vampires? Ma'am, I'm sorry, but I think you should be locked away somewhere.

MRS. WINTERS

I know how strange this must sound to you--

PETER

That's putting it lightly.

MRS. WINTERS

But there's more.

PETER

About Isabelle?

MRS. WINTERS

Your daughter has a potentially extraordinary future.

MORGAN

You're not going to tell us that our daughter is a vampire?

MRS. WINTERS

Certainly not. What I'm trying to tell you is that... In each generation, there is one girl in the entire world that possesses the ability to fight these creatures.

PETER

And Issy is that girl?

MRS. WINTERS

Potentially. There are a number of girls all over the world that may be selected to be the Slayer. Your daughter just happens to be one of those girls with that potential.

MORGAN

Slayer?

PETER

Why don't you just choose some other girl and leave us alone?

MRS. WINTERS

It doesn't work like that. We don't choose the Slayer, we simply train them. Guide them.

MORGAN

Teach them to be the best possible
Slayer that they can be, if they are
chosen.

ANGLE ON : THE WINDOW

Young Isabelle is standing at the window, watching the adults
discuss her.

PETER (O.S.)

So what do you want from us?

MRS. WINTERS (O.S.)

I want you to allow me to train your
daughter. To prepare her for what
she may someday face.

MORGAN (O.S.)

Train her how?

INT. BAKER BARN - NIGHT

The barn has changed a little since we last saw it. Training
equipment has been set up. Throwing knives, swords, axes,
and other weapons now hang on the walls.

ISABELLE (now 17 years old) steps into view. She begins to
punch a hay-stuffed dummy.

Mrs. Winters (ten years older) watches her from nearby.

MRS. WINTERS

Stay focused, Isabelle. Don't let
your mind stray.

ISABELLE

I'm not.

Words appear on the screen : "TEN YEARS LATER"

MRS. WINTERS

You're not putting enough force behind
your punches. If you were fighting
an actual vampire, this would be
akin to kindly asking him to stake
himself.

ISABELLE

I'm doing my best.

MRS. WINTERS

I've seen your best. This is not it.

Isabelle pulls a stake from behind her back and stabs it
into the dummy's chest. She turns to Mrs. Winters.

ISABELLE

See? Dead.

MRS. WINTERS

You're distracted.

ISABELLE

I'm not distracted.

MRS. WINTERS

You're thinking of your parents.

ISABELLE

Is that such a bad thing?

MRS. WINTERS

It could get you killed.

ISABELLE

I'm just wondering when they'll be home. They've been gone for months.

MRS. WINTERS

Your grandfather is very sick. Your parents will be home once the situation has resolved itself.

ISABELLE

Meaning, when he dies.

MRS. WINTERS

I didn't say that.

ISABELLE

You mean that.

MRS. WINTERS

I'd prefer you didn't presume to tell me what I mean.

ISABELLE

But you're always talking about death. It's what you normally mean.

MRS. WINTERS

I'm simply trying to prepare you for what's to come. A Slayer must be prepared to kill her enemy.

ISABELLE

See? I told you. You always mean death.

(beat)

I don't get what all the training is for anyway. I haven't been called to be a Slayer for ten years. Maybe it's just not going to happen to me.

MRS. WINTERS

Until I am told otherwise, we'll
continue our training.

ISABELLE

Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Winters looks at a watch, which is pinned to her shirt.

MRS. WINTERS

It's getting late. We should eat.

ISABELLE

I'll start dinner.

MRS. WINTERS

Thank you. I'll be in shortly.

Isabelle leaves the barn, headed for the house. Once she's gone, Mrs. Winters picks up a lantern and starts to gather some of the training materials.

As she bends down to pick up a knife, she pauses. Without picking up the knife, she straightens up again, and takes a deep, strained breath. She tries to make her way to a chair, but stumbles before she reaches it.

She drops the lantern, causing a fire to start on the barn floor. Right near some hay.

She doesn't do anything about the fire. She's too busy clutching her chest. Finally, she drops to the ground.

EXT. BAKER HOUSE - DAY

In the background, we can see the barn. It's burned to the ground. It hasn't been rebuilt in the month that has passed.

RICHARD ACKER (20's, good looking, well dressed) makes his way up to the house, carrying a bag.

He knocks on the door, still looking around at the area. Soon, Isabelle comes and opens it. She looks at him.

ISABELLE

(softly)

Are you a Watcher?

RICHARD

I am.

ISABELLE

You're here to replace Mrs. Winters.

RICHARD

I'd never presume--

ISABELLE

But you are, right? You're my new
Watcher.

RICHARD

Yes.

ISABELLE

You're young.

RICHARD

I assure you, I'm quite capable.

ISABELLE

I guess we won't have to worry about
heart attacks anytime soon.

Richard doesn't know how to respond.

RICHARD

I understand that you were close to
Mrs. Winters.

ISABELLE

As close as anyone could be, I guess.
She wasn't the warmest person. I
guess it's a Watcher thing.

RICHARD

Most think that it's best to keep it
professional.

ISABELLE

What do you think?

RICHARD

I think that there's a healthy balance
to be kept. One needn't be too closed
off.

Isabelle just nods. There's a long pause. Richard's not sure
what comes next.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Are your parents home? I'd like to
meet them.

ISABELLE

They're out of town. My grandpa's
sick.

RICHARD

Oh. I'm sorry to hear that.

ISABELLE

He's been sick for a while.

(MORE)

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

I got a letter last week, from Ohio.
They say he's doing better.

RICHARD

That's good.

ISABELLE

My grandpa lives in Vermont.

RICHARD

Oh.

Richard is once again lacking words.

ISABELLE

I guess it's hard to have a potential
Slayer for a daughter sometimes.

RICHARD

I'm sure there's a good reason.

ISABELLE

Yeah. Maybe they just needed to get
away for a while.

Richard looks at his watch.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Come on in. I'll set you up in Mrs.
Winters' old room.

RICHARD

I don't want to impose.

ISABELLE

I think it's your job to impose.

He enters the house. She closes the door behind him.

INT. BAKER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Isabelle and Richard are sitting at the table, eating dinner.

ISABELLE

Sorry. I'm not much of a cook. Never
could pick up on it.

RICHARD

Actually, I quite enjoy it.

ISABELLE

I never knew they let madmen into
the Council.

RICHARD

It reminds me of my mother's cooking.

ISABELLE

Did she like to kill people?

RICHARD

She's a Watcher, like myself. She never had much time for cooking, so when she did, it usually turned out very similar to this.

ISABELLE

So who did the cooking?

RICHARD

Mercy, our cook.

ISABELLE

Oh. The Council pays well.

RICHARD

They fancy the finer points in life.

ISABELLE

You won't find those out here.

RICHARD

I imagine.

ISABELLE

So what else can you tell me about your childhood?

RICHARD

I don't think there's much to tell, really. I led a very normal childhood. I went to boarding school from the age of eight. Which isn't to say that my parents didn't participate in my youth. They were teachers.

ISABELLE

Really? What did they teach?

RICHARD

My mother taught demonology. My father, weapons handling.

ISABELLE

And you call this normal?

Richard smiles. There's a pause as Isabelle's mind gets back to business.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

So, when do we start training?

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. BAKER HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Isabelle is practicing her flips, as Richard watches. He's testing her to see where she needs work. He writes his findings on a piece of paper.

RICHARD (V.O.)

Over the course of the next week, tests were conducted to help me better judge the amount of work that the girl would need. I found that her previous Watcher had done a remarkable job. For one without the powers of the Slayer, this girl possessed a great amount of skill. Something which would soon be needed.

ISABELLE

How many more flips do I need to do?

RICHARD

Not many more.

ISABELLE

Good.

Isabelle does a flip, landing near Richard.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Because I'm getting a little dizzy.

RICHARD

Then we'll move on to weapons. How far along were you in your training, before Mrs. Winters passed away?

ISABELLE

I don't know. Far, I guess.

RICHARD

What weapon?

ISABELLE

Well, I have the stake down. I've worked with swords since I was ten. Throwing knives since I was eleven. The ax since I was twelve.

(beat)

Learned to use a gun when I was nine.

RICHARD

A gun?

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

One doesn't usually find that particular weapon on a Slayer's training roster.

ISABELLE

Mrs. Winters didn't teach me. Daddy did.

RICHARD

Oh. Well, I'm afraid that a gun doesn't come in very handy where demons are concerned.

ISABELLE

Can't hurt to know how.

RICHARD

True enough. Have you used a crossbow?

ISABELLE

Yeah.

RICHARD

Do you know of any weapons that you haven't used yet?

ISABELLE

Mrs. Winters told me about these throwing star things in Asia. I haven't seen one of those.

RICHARD

Yes, well... I don't have one either.

ISABELLE

So I guess I've got them all.

RICHARD

I suppose you do. Which means that we'll need to work on their usage. A Slayer must make the weapon a part of her body. It must move like a part of her very being. You--

Before he can finish the sentence, a MAN'S VOICE can be heard yelling in the distance.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Do you honestly think you can get away with this?!

Isabelle and Richard look into the distance.

ISABELLE

That's Willy Newman, and Jess Harlow.

RICHARD
What are they doing?

ANGLE ON : THE MEN

WILLY NEWMAN (the man we heard) and JESS HARLOW are both in their 20's. Strong men. At first, they're a good fifteen feet away from each other. Soon, however, Jess charges at Willy and dives on top of him.

JESS
You son of a bitch! You don't deserve a girl like her!

ISABELLE
(to Richard)
I haven't got a clue. They're supposed to be best friends.

Jess pulls out a revolver and aims it at Willy.

RICHARD
I can't say that's very friendly at all.

Isabelle and Richard run toward Jess and Willy.

ISABELLE
(shouting)
Jess! Put down the gun!

JESS
(shouting back)
After what he did to me?

ISABELLE
Is it worth killing him over?

JESS
That's why I'm killing him.

ISABELLE
Think about this, Jess. Do you want to be a murderer.

JESS
Not really.

ISABELLE
Do you want to go to jail?

JESS
No.

ISABELLE
Then why are you doing this?

JESS

He looked at my Jenny.

Isabelle and Richard finally get to Jess and Willy.

RICHARD

All of this because the man looked
at your wife?

ISABELLE

(to Richard)
He's not married.
(to Jess)
Who's Jenny?

JESS

A girl I saw in town. Real pretty.

WILLY

You don't own her. You're not even
courting her.

JESS

You knew I liked her.

WILLY

You like half the girls you see.
Hell, you even had a thing for
Isabelle here, before the rumors
started around town.

ISABELLE

Rumors?

RICHARD

Might we put the gun away, gentlemen?
I'm sure we can talk this through.

WILLY

(to Isabelle)
Who's he?

ISABELLE

A friend of mine. A very smart friend.
You should both listen to him.

WILLY

Tell that to Jess. He's the one with
the gun pointed at my head.

RICHARD

Jess, you don't sound like the sort
of fellow who would kill someone.

JESS

I'm not. Usually.

ISABELLE

So why now?

JESS

Because I'm really upset with him.

ISABELLE

So you're going to kill your best friend over a girl that neither of you have ever even spoken to?

JESS

(beat)

Yeah.

Isabelle rolls her eyes. She looks to Richard.

ISABELLE

Wanna see how well I've trained?

Quickly, she kicks Jess' arm. The GUN GOES OFF, but misses everyone (unless there happens to be a very unlucky person that we can't see down the road). Isabelle elbows Jess in the gut, grabs his hand, and twists. The gun drops to the ground.

JESS

Ow!

WILLY

How'd you do that?

Isabelle pushes Jess to the ground. She and Richard look at him.

ISABELLE

You'll be glad I didn't let you kill him.

JESS

I wouldn't count on it.

ISABELLE

Trust me. Once you cool off a little, you'll be best friends again.

WILLY

I seriously doubt that.

Isabelle and Richard turn and see that Willy has picked up the gun and is aiming it at Jess.

RICHARD

Bloody hell.

Isabelle tries to stop Willy, but isn't fast enough. He shoots the gun, killing Jess.

ISABELLE

No!

Isabelle grabs Willy's arm and tries to get the gun away from him. The gun goes off again as they fight. Isabelle falls to the ground.

RICHARD

Isabelle!

Willy falls to the ground too. Not from being shot, but because of something else.

Richard rushes to Isabelle and helps her sit up.

ISABELLE

I'm okay. It's just a scratch.

Richard looks at her arm and sees that it's bleeding.

RICHARD

We need to get you to a doctor.

Isabelle looks over at Willy.

ISABELLE

Hold on.

Richard looks over and sees that Willy is on the ground. He's confused. Tears running down his face.

A BLUE CLOUD rises out of him.

RICHARD

What is that?

A RED CLOUD rises out of Jess' body. The two clouds fly toward each other. They seem to battle a little in the air, twirling around each other before finally flying off into the distance.

Isabelle looks at Willy. He is looking at Jess, in shock.

INT. BAKER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Richard is pouring a cup of tea for Isabelle. Her arm is bandaged.

ISABELLE

Something wasn't right there. Those men have been friends since they were children.

RICHARD

What do you suspect?

ISABELLE

You're the Watcher. You tell me.

RICHARD

It would require more research than I'm prepared to do at the moment.

ISABELLE

You have to have some idea. You took all of those demonology classes from your father.

RICHARD

Mother.

ISABELLE

My point stands.

Richard thinks for a moment.

RICHARD

We'd have to look at all possible angles.

ISABELLE

Okay, so?

RICHARD

A spell, perhaps. Some kind of possession.

ISABELLE

These things are real?

RICHARD

You should know that.

ISABELLE

I thought it was just vampires.

RICHARD

There's much more out there. I'm surprised that Mrs. Winters never taught you about them.

ISABELLE

She focused more on the "vampire Slayer" aspect.

RICHARD

If we're going to truly figure out this problem, we'll need to research it more.

ISABELLE

How?

RICHARD

By taking a trip.
(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

There's a museum located in New York. They have a collection of books that might be helpful to us.

ISABELLE

So you're going to New York?

RICHARD

We are, yes.

ISABELLE

We? Shouldn't someone stay here, incase this happens again?

RICHARD

And how do you plan to stop this from happening again if you don't know what we're facing?

ISABELLE

I just thought I'd figure it out somehow.

RICHARD

Yes, well... As sound as that philosophy is, I say that you're coming with me.

INT. MUSEUM - BACK OFFICE - DAY

Isabelle and Richard are shown into the office by a MUSEUM WORKER.

RICHARD

(to the museum worker)

Thank you. I think we can find our way from here.

The worker nods and leaves them alone.

ISABELLE

Find our way? I think we're already here.

She gestures to the many bookcases that line the walls. All filled with old looking books.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Where do we begin?

RICHARD

If they have it, I'd like to find a copy of the Morharder Letters. He wrote quite a bit about spiritual entities and the like.

ISABELLE

I imagine he was quite popular at social gatherings.

RICHARD

(pointing)

You can look along that wall. I'll start on the opposite side. Look for anything that might be of some use.

They head to their sides of the room. Isabelle pulls out a book and looks through it.

ISABELLE

You know, we could always call for the *actual* Slayer.

RICHARD

And it would take her a little over a month and a half to get here.

(beat)

That's after she got our request, of course.

ISABELLE

Oh. In that case, I guess we can deal with it ourselves.

DISOLVE TO:

INT. MUSEUM - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

It's not the same night. We can tell by the fact that they're wearing different clothes and look like they're about to pass out from exhaustion.

RICHARD (V.O.)

Over the course of the next several days, we read through the books that were stored in the back room of the museum. Though we made some progress, the job was not as fast-paced as Isabelle would have expected after her years of training. I fear that our lack of rest had managed to get to both of us, and the result was not one which I believe the Watcher's Council would smile upon.

ISABELLE

My eyes are about to leave their sockets and attack me with sharp rods if I don't stop reading.

RICHARD

We haven't found what we need yet.

ISABELLE

I need a rest. I'm not even sure that my legs work anymore.

RICHARD

Once we've found the source of our problem, we can rest. Until then, who knows what is happening in Morristown without us? People could be dying.

Isabelle closes her book.

ISABELLE

I don't think I'll be much help to them if I can't see straight. I'm going for a walk.

RICHARD

I didn't give you permission to leave. As your Watcher--

ISABELLE

If you want to stop me, then try it. I'd rather you didn't.

Isabelle walks out of the office. Richard thinks for a moment, and then follows her.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

Isabelle walks out of the museum and starts to walk down the street. It's cold, so she is wearing a heavy jacket.

Richard rushes after her.

RICHARD

Isabelle!

ISABELLE

You came to stop me?

RICHARD

Well, no. Actually, I thought you might be right. We could both use a rest.

ISABELLE

Wow. I actually won an argument with a Watcher. This has to be a special occasion for potential Slayers all over the world.

RICHARD

You merely stated your case, and I came to agree. You don't have to get carried away with it.

ISABELLE

Fine. I'll be a gracious winner and stop gloating.

RICHARD

I think we passed "gracious" quite a while ago.

ISABELLE

You haven't known me long enough to know that this is gracious for me.

As they continue to walk, they both take in the view of the city around them.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

It's amazing isn't it? All of these buildings standing where it was once just empty land.

RICHARD

Says quite a bit for man. I'm not sure it says very good things, but it says quite a bit.

ISABELLE

You don't like the city?

RICHARD

It's fine, I suppose. As cities go. I've just come to prefer the quiet comfort of less populated areas.

ISABELLE

Must come from all of your years sharing a dorm with all those other Watcher children.

RICHARD

Perhaps.

Isabelle sees a GROUP OF CHILDREN playing in the street. She watches them.

ISABELLE

Do you ever regret it?

RICHARD

What's that?

ISABELLE

Becoming a Watcher. Do you regret it?

RICHARD

I didn't have much choice in the matter.

ISABELLE

But if you could choose to change things, do you think you'd ever just want to be a normal child?

RICHARD

Normal is different for each person. To those children in the street, their lives might be as abnormal as yours is to you.

ISABELLE

Unless those children have been in training to become the one girl in all the world who is capable of stopping the powers of Hell from taking over the planet, I think it's safe to say that my life is slightly less normal.

RICHARD

You have a point.

ISABELLE

(beat)

When I was a little girl, before Mrs. Winters came, I would play in the snow. I'd build a snowman. I'd wait until the pond was frozen over and I'd slide around on the ice. It was perfect.

RICHARD

But that changed.

ISABELLE

Mrs. Winters would take me out onto the ice and we'd practice combat procedures for winter.

(then, with an English accent)

"You must be prepared for all situations, Isabelle."

RICHARD

That's how Watchers are trained to think.

ISABELLE

I know, but since then, I haven't been able to look at the ice without thinking of how I'd fight on it. The only snowmen I build anymore are for target practice.

RICHARD

You're not a child anymore.

ISABELLE

I wish I was. The whole world looks different now. The colors even seem different than when I was a girl.

(beat)

I remember waking up late on a spring morning, and eating my breakfast outside as a cool breeze blew past. The sun was shining, the birds were singing. It was perfect. I didn't have anything to think about that day, except going to play with my friends. Now, no matter how hard I try, I can't have a moment like that. They don't exist anymore.

RICHARD

As an adult, it's harder to clear your mind and see nothing but the beauty of the world.

ISABELLE

Sometimes, I imagine that Heaven is that feeling I used to have as a child. That peace.

Richard looks at the ground. Isabelle notices this.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

You've never experienced that, have you?

RICHARD

I was a child once.

ISABELLE

But not like I was. You were raised to be a Watcher from birth. Your whole life has been about demons and fighting techniques. Have you ever had a moment of pure peace?

RICHARD

I'm sure I must have.

ISABELLE

Do you remember it?

RICHARD

(beat)

No.

ISABELLE

I'm sorry.

She stops walking. He stops when he realizes that she's not moving anymore. She turns and looks him in the eyes.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

I hope you feel it someday. Everyone deserves to have that.

He can see that she honestly means that. As much as he wants to continue walking, he can't pull himself out of the warmth in her eyes.

RICHARD

(weakly)

Thank you.

Still, he doesn't look away. Nor does she. It's as if they're seeing something for the first time.

Finally, he leans in and kisses her. At first, she pulls back, but before long, she's kissing him too.

After a beat, he quickly pulls back. A look of regret on his face.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I can't.

ISABELLE

What?

RICHARD

This. This isn't allowed. It's not right.

ISABELLE

Why?

RICHARD

Because. You're my student. I shouldn't be kissing you.

ISABELLE

What good reason is there for that?

RICHARD

The Council forbids it.

ISABELLE

I said, *good* reason.

RICHARD

You should know that the Council has rules against this sort of thing.

ISABELLE

Somehow, it never came up with my last Watcher.

RICHARD

Would you be serious for a moment?
We have to resolve this matter.

ISABELLE

If you regret what happened, then
there's nothing to resolve.

(beat)

Do you?

He looks at her.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Do you regret it?

He can't answer. Finally, he just walks away. Toward the
museum.

RICHARD

I expect you back in one hour.

And with that said, he is gone.

Isabelle stands alone, processing what's happened. Finally,
the frustration builds in her mind until she can't take it
anymore. She kicks a nearby street lamp post.

As she kicks it, the post breaks into two, and falls over.

Isabelle looks around, wondering if anyone saw what happened.
As she tries to play it cool, a realization comes over her.

She is the Slayer.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MUSEUM - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Richard is sitting at a table, staring into space. A book is opened in front of him, but he couldn't focus on it if his life depended on it.

Isabelle rushes into the office.

ISABELLE

Richard.

He looks up at her and sees urgency in her eyes.

RICHARD

What's wrong? Has something happened?

ISABELLE

Yes, something's happened. I can't think straight. I can't begin to process what's happened.

RICHARD

Tell me. What's wrong?

She looks at him.

ISABELLE

I've been called.

RICHARD

By whom?

ISABELLE

"By whom?" I'm the Slayer, Richard. I've been called to duty.

RICHARD

What? When?

ISABELLE

Just after you left.

RICHARD

How do you know?

ISABELLE

Trust me. A girl can tell these things.

A thought comes over Isabelle. Suddenly, she is sad. She takes a seat.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

She's dead, isn't she? The last
Slayer?

RICHARD

That's how it works. One Slayer dies
and another is activated.

Isabelle thinks about this for a moment.

ISABELLE

Do you know who she was?

RICHARD

I know little about her.

ISABELLE

What do you know?

RICHARD

I know that she had a reputation for
being extraordinary.

ISABELLE

That's it? This girl gives her whole
life to saving the world, and all we
know is that she was extraordinary?

RICHARD

The Council will make a record of
her. Publish her Watcher's Diary.
She'll not be forgotten.

ISABELLE

I guess. Will we know how she died?

RICHARD

I don't know.

Isabelle lets this settle a bit in her head. Finally, she
pulls a book closer to her, and opens it.

ISABELLE

We have work to do.

As she gets back to work, Richard watches her. He never
expected a Slayer to have this reaction to their activation.
Something he finds very interesting.

He looks back to his book and gets back to his research.

RICHARD (V.O.)

As I watched her return to her work,
I could see from the look on her
face that she was still caught in
the idea of one girl dying in order

(MORE)

RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 to give her this power, which she'd
 been waiting for her entire life.
 Almost as though she felt a sense of
 guilt over taking the power. I knew
 that I would have to work on helping
 her through this, but we had work to
 do.

(beat)
 We continued to research the demon
 entities until finally, our searching
 paid off.

DAWN (V.O.)
 Blah, blah, blah.

FLASH TO:

EXT. MORRISTOWN STREET - DAY

Snow falling. Kids playing. A WOMAN chasing her HUSBAND with
 a meat cleaver.

Isabelle chasing the woman

FLASH TO:

INT. ANGRY WOMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Isabelle talking with the woman. We CAN'T HEAR THIS.

DAWN (V.O.)
 Boring, boring, boring.

FLASH TO:

INT. ANGRY WOMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

More talking. BLUE CLOUD leaves the woman's body.

DAWN (V.O.)
 Dirakon and Mokratet. Yadda, yadda,
 yadda.

FLASH TO:

EXT. MORRISTOWN FIELD - NIGHT

Richard stands in the field, yelling something that WE CAN'T
 HEAR. He holds two glass bottles. The RED AND BLUE CLOUDS
 are pulled into the bottles. Richard seals them. These are,
 of course, the same bottles that we saw in "Opposing Forces".

DAWN (V.O.)
Probably could have used that a couple weeks ago.

FLASH TO:

EXT. BAKER HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Isabelle and Richard, training. Hard work.

DAWN (V.O.)
Yawn, yawn, yawn.

FLASH TO:

INT. BAKER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

DAWN (V.O.)
Ah-ha! Good part.

Isabelle and Richard are sitting at the table, eating dinner. They're both very silent.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Though we'd managed to work together since our incident in New York, there remained an odd sense of distance between us. We tried not to speak of what happened, and put it behind us, but that only served to make our situation more awkward.

Isabelle looks up at Richard.

ISABELLE
This is insane.

RICHARD
What?

ISABELLE
"What?" This. Us. Sitting here as though we're trying to ignore a giant dancing demon in the room.

RICHARD
Dancing demon? Don't you think that's a little far fetched?

ISABELLE
It's a figure of speech, and you know it. We can't keep ignoring the fact that it happened. We kissed.

RICHARD
I'm aware of what happened.

ISABELLE
The kiss?

RICHARD
Yes.

ISABELLE
Say it.

RICHARD
What?

ISABELLE
Say it. I want to hear you say it.
We kissed.

RICHARD
I am perfectly capable of saying--

ISABELLE
Then do it.

RICHARD
We... We...

ISABELLE
C'mon. You can do it. One more word.

RICHARD
Kissed! We kissed! There, are you
happy now? I said it.

ISABELLE
It's about time.
(beat)
So what do you think we should do
about it?

RICHARD
I think we have other matters to
think about at the moment. You've
been activated, unless you've
forgotten.

ISABELLE
What's that got to do with it?

RICHARD
We have more to deal with now.

ISABELLE
What? I wake up. I take care of
animals. I train. I read. I cook and
eat. It's surprisingly similar to my
life before I was called, only now I
have to walk around town holding a
stake before I can go to bed.

RICHARD

At some point, you'll be expected to travel. To seek out the vampires.

ISABELLE

At some point, yes. Right now, I'm just sitting here, wondering why things have to be so strange between us.

RICHARD

I agree. We should put it behind us. There's no need for things to be awkward.

ISABELLE

I don't want to put it behind us.

RICHARD

Which is why it's still awkward.

ISABELLE

Why? Why can't we just be like any other couple?

Richard looks at Isabelle, wondering how she could think such a thing.

RICHARD

Do you know what would happen to us if we attempted to pursue a relationship?

ISABELLE

From the look on your face, I'm guessing that the words "Happily ever after" aren't in the answer.

RICHARD

The Council would have both of our heads on a platter. I would probably be assigned to some remote part of the world, where my only contact with the rest of civilization would be with a small tribe of cannibals. You'd be assigned a new Watcher who would be given the duty of teaching you every detail of proper Slayer conduct in the most uncomfortable and sometimes quite humiliating ways possible. I assure you, neither of us would live happily ever after.

ISABELLE

So what are we supposed to do?

RICHARD

Nothing. That's my point.

ISABELLE

Do you honestly believe that will work? We can't simply ignore that there's something between us.

Richard says nothing.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Try telling me that you don't feel it.

He looks down.

RICHARD

I don't.

ISABELLE

Say that while looking in my eyes.

He looks away from her, but she forces him to look her in the eyes.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Say it.

He can't. The more he looks into her eyes, the more he can't deny it.

RICHARD

I can't.

ISABELLE

Because you know it's true?

RICHARD

It doesn't matter. Don't you see that no matter how we feel toward each other, we can't ever act upon those feelings?

ISABELLE

I would rather pursue those feelings and deal with the Council's wrath than deny them and spend the rest of my life knowing that we never even tried.

(beat)

There has to be a way. We could run. The Council wouldn't even know where we were.

RICHARD

They'd know. They have specialists that can track the Slayer.

ISABELLE

And what if they find us? What can they do to me? I am the Slayer. If they try to get between us, I'll...

RICHARD

You'll what? Kill them?

ISABELLE

I didn't say that.

RICHARD

There is no way for us to do this. If we run, they'll find us. No matter what we did, they would make us pay for it.

ISABELLE

There has to be a way. We can't just give up. We have to think.

Richard runs his hands through his hair, trying to think.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

I can't let this happen. I can't lose the only thing in my life that's felt normal since the day I found out that I had a calling.

(beat)

I need you. I need you to keep me sane.

Richard looks at her, and gently touches her cheek. Trying to tell her that he feels the same way.

Suddenly, his eyes light up. He rushes out of the room.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

She follows him.

INT. BAKER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Richard goes to a leather bag that is sitting on a chair.

ISABELLE

Richard, answer me. What are you doing?

RICHARD

I think I have an idea.

ISABELLE

What?

RICHARD

Let me check something.

He pulls out a notebook and thumbs through it's pages. Finally, he sees what he's looking for.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Ah-ha.

ISABELLE

Did you find it?

RICHARD

I believe so.

ISABELLE

Well, can you tell me now?

Richard walks to her, holding the book. He shows it to her and points to the page.

RICHARD

See this?

ISABELLE

It's a name and a town.

RICHARD

Yes. I copied it while we were in New York. I saw while we were researching.

ISABELLE

Who is it?

RICHARD

He's a very powerful man. I believe that he might be able to help us.

Richard thinks for a moment. He's suddenly very serious. More so than usual.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

But this won't be easy. This could get very dangerous.

ISABELLE

What do you mean? Tell me what you're thinking.

Richard looks at her.

RICHARD (V.O.)

And so I explained my plan to her.

(MORE)

RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As I looked into my beloved's eyes,
I told her my plan and the risks
that it would entail. After hearing
me through, she decided that she
agreed with me, and that if this was
the only way we could be together,
then we must go through with it.

(beat)

And so, the next morning, we set out
once again. This time, to find the
man who would end Isabelle's life.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. BAKER HOUSE - DAY

Isabelle and Richard are packing up a wagon, preparing for a long trip. Isabelle looks back at the house, taking a mental picture.

Richard goes to her.

RICHARD

You know we can't ever come back.

ISABELLE

I know.

RICHARD

Will you miss it?

ISABELLE

I already miss what it once was to me, but I won't miss what it's become.

She looks over at the burnt barn.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

I've already lost everything that I loved about this place.

He lets her take a moment to reflect, then Richard puts a hand on her shoulder.

RICHARD

We should go.

They walk to, and get into (or would it be onto?) the wagon.

ISABELLE

Are we sure this man can help us?

RICHARD

I'm not sure of anything at this point. I just think that if this is to be done right, we'll need him, or someone like him, to help us do it.

ISABELLE

Couldn't you do it alone?

RICHARD

I wouldn't try. I've heard rumors of these practices, but I don't know nearly enough about them to attempt this on my own.

Richard gets the horses moving. Isabelle looks back at the house and the barn, remembering all that she once held dear.

ISABELLE

I just hope this works.

She turns to Richard and looks at him warmly.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

And we can truly begin a new life together.

INT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

The wagon rolls into the town. Some time has passed since they left Morristown. They've done quite a bit of traveling.

There aren't many buildings there, only the basics, and- of course- a bar. Isabelle looks around at the buildings.

ISABELLE

Are you sure this is the right town?

RICHARD

As sure as I can be.

ISABELLE

I expected it to be different somehow. Bigger.

RICHARD

We don't want bigger. The Watcher's Council has officers in every major city. We must stay as hidden as we possibly can.

ISABELLE

I know. This just seems so small.

Richard pulls the wagon to the side of the street and gets out. He helps Isabelle to the ground too. She stretches.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

At least we're finally out of that wagon. One more day and I might have saved us the trouble of finding... What's his name?

RICHARD

Harrold Tinsdale.

Richard sees a WOMAN walking nearby. He goes to her.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Do you know where I might find a Harold Tinsdale?

WOMAN
(shaking head)
I'm sorry.

She continues walking. Richard looks around and sees a MAN across the street. He walks over to the man.

RICHARD
Excuse me, sir. Do you happen to know a Mr. Harold Tinsdale?

MAN
Never heard of him.

RICHARD
Thank you.

Richard returns to Isabelle.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
You'd think that in a town this small, people would know each other.

ISABELLE
Maybe we're in the wrong place?

RICHARD
Maybe.

Richard looks around and sees the bar.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I think I'll go in there and ask around.

ISABELLE
You want me to come?

RICHARD
You should probably wait outside. I don't know what type of people would be in a bar at this time of day.

ISABELLE
Are you forgetting that I'm the Slayer? I don't think they'll be hurting me in the near future.

RICHARD
If it's all the same... I'd rather not draw attention to ourselves.

ISABELLE
Fine. I'll wait here.

RICHARD
I won't be long.

Richard walks toward the bar.

INT. BAR - DAY

Richard walks into the bar and looks around. There aren't many people in this dirty place, but there are a few PEOPLE. There's a BAR TENDER behind the bar and a DRUNK MAN (mid 40's) sitting at it. There are a few other men around the bar. Mostly off in their own worlds.

Richard walks to the bar and takes a seat. The bar tender walks to him. He looks at Richard's nice clothes.

BAR TENDER

Don't see your kind in here very often.

RICHARD

I'm not from around here.

BAR TENDER

I figured. What'll it be?

RICHARD

Actually, I'm not here to drink.

BAR TENDER

We don't have much by way of food.

RICHARD

I'm not here to eat either. I'm looking for a man.

BAR TENDER

What man?

RICHARD

His name is Harold Tinsdale.

The bar tender thinks for a moment.

BAR TENDER

Never heard of him.

RICHARD

Are you sure?

BAR TENDER

I know most folks around here.

RICHARD

It's really very important that I find him.

BAR TENDER

Listen, pal, I'm sorry I can't help you, but I've never heard of him.

RICHARD
Of course. I'm sorry.

Richard stops and thinks.

The drunk man at the bar stands up and runs out of the bar.

BAR TENDER
Hey! Get back here! You didn't pay!

Richard and the bar tender both head for the door.

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Richard and the bar tender exit the bar. They find Isabelle, holding the drunk man by the collar. She smiles at them.

ISABELLE
You two lose something?

BAR TENDER
How?

Isabelle lets go of the drunk man.

ISABELLE
He's drunk. Wasn't much of a fight.

The bar tender goes to the drunk man.

BAR TENDER
What do you mean, running out like that, Larry? You didn't pay.

When the drunk man speaks, it's with such a slur that one can hardly tell that he has an English accent.

DRUNK MAN
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.

The drunk man pulls out some money and hands it to the bar tender. The bar tender takes it.

BAR TENDER
Okay then.

He nods to Isabelle and Richard, then heads back into the bar.

Richard looks at the drunk man.

RICHARD
You ran.

DRUNK MAN
I just wanted to leave.

RICHARD

You ran when I mentioned the name,
Harold Tinsdale.

DRUNK MAN

I did not.

RICHARD

I think you are Harold.

The drunk man looks up at him. He is Harold (which is how I'll refer to him from now on).

HAROLD

I am not.

RICHARD

You are.

Harold gives it up.

HAROLD

What are you going to do with me?

He starts to cry.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I left the Council. I left her behind.
You can't take anything else from
me.

RICHARD

I'm not here on behalf of the Council.

Richard looks to Isabelle.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

This is Isabelle. She's the Slayer.

Harold looks at Isabelle. When he sees her, he starts to cry harder. It pains him to see a Slayer.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We know about you. We know what
happened.

HAROLD

If you're not from the Council, why
are you here?

RICHARD

Because we need your help.

HAROLD

What can I do? I'm not part of that
world anymore.

RICHARD

We need your help, not as a Watcher,
but as a doctor.

Harold looks up at Richard.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We need help avoiding the Council's
tracking methods.

HAROLD

You can't escape them. They know
where the Slayer is.

RICHARD

Exactly my point. We need you to
create a new Slayer.

HAROLD

There can't be another. Not until
your girl dies.

Richard looks Harold in the eyes.

RICHARD

Yes. That's why we're here.

Harold is catching on. He looks back to Isabelle, then to
Richard again.

HAROLD

You want me to kill her?

RICHARD

And bring her back.

HAROLD

I can't. I won't do that. I'm a
doctor.

RICHARD

You're the only one that we can trust
with this. We have no other options.

HAROLD

I won't do it. I took an oath.

ISABELLE

Please.

Harold looks at Isabelle.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

We need your help. This is the only
way for us.

HAROLD

(beat)
I'm sorry.

Harold starts to walk away.

RICHARD

You loved her.

Harold stops.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You loved her, and they wouldn't have it. You never even had the chance to see if she felt the same about you. They forced you into exile. They forced you to give up your chance at happiness.

HAROLD

I just wanted to see if she loved me.

RICHARD

And because of them, you'll never have the chance to find out.

Harold looks down.

ISABELLE

Please help us.

Harold looks up at the two of them. He thinks for a moment. Finally, he nods.

HAROLD

I'll help you.

INT. HAROLD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Isabelle is sitting on the bed. Harold is sitting in a nearby chair. He's sober now... or getting there.

Richard walks into the room with a cup of coffee. He gives it to Harold. Harold sips.

HAROLD

You know the risk of doing something like this, right?

ISABELLE

Of course.

RICHARD

If there were any way around this, we'd take it. We just don't have any other options.

HAROLD

If anyone ever found out about this,
I'd lose my license.

RICHARD

We won't tell anyone.

HAROLD

If the Council ever found out about
this, they'd have us all killed.
(to Isabelle)
Well, at least the two of us who
aren't Slayers.

RICHARD

We're hoping that the Council won't
ever find out. We plan to run from
them. We want to find a place where
they'll never find us.

HAROLD

(chuckles)
Good luck. It would appear that they
always know where we are.

Isabelle and Richard exchange a look.

RICHARD

That's a problem that we'll have to
figure out another time. First things
first...

HAROLD

We can do this in the morning.

RICHARD

No. If they are tracking Isabelle,
then we must act quickly. Before
they realize what's happening. If we
can throw them off, we have a chance
of making this work.

HAROLD

You want me to do this tonight?

RICHARD

Please.

Harold thinks about it.

HAROLD

This is insanity.

ISABELLE

Welcome to our world.

Harold thinks a bit more.

HAROLD

Fine. Fetch me my bag.

Richard goes out of the room. Isabelle looks at Harold.

ISABELLE

Thank you for helping us.

HAROLD

I don't know that I could live with myself if I didn't.

(beat)

Are you really sure you want to do this?

ISABELLE

I'm sure that I want to be with Richard. If this is the only way for us to be together, then I'm sure that I want this.

HAROLD

And you realize that I might not be able to pull this off?

ISABELLE

We have to try. I would rather die trying to live than suffer every day for the rest of my life.

HAROLD

(rolls eyes)

Kids. It's all story books with you.

ISABELLE

I'm not a kid. I haven't been a kid for a very long time. I just happen to believe that some things are worth dying for.

Harold is about to respond when Richard comes back into the room with a doctor's bag. He sets it on the bed.

HAROLD

This is insane.

RICHARD

You're not backing out?

HAROLD

No. I never said that.

RICHARD

Good. What do you need us to do?

HAROLD

It's not terribly complex. I kill the girl. There isn't a lot of preparation.

ISABELLE

Should I lay back?

HAROLD

Unless you'd prefer to die sitting up.

ISABELLE

I think I'll lay back. Seems more proper somehow.

RICHARD

This is possibly the oddest discussion I've ever taken part in.

Isabelle lays back. Harold takes a moment to think.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Is something wrong?

HAROLD

I'm just trying to figure this all out. Give me a moment.

ANGLE ON : RICHARD

As he watches Harold and Isabelle. A helpless expression comes over him.

RICHARD (V.O.)

There was nothing for me to do but stand by and wait.

EXT. HAROLD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We can see the light on in the bedroom, but nothing else of what is inside the house.

RICHARD (V.O.)

Soon, Harold began the work that we'd asked him to do for us. I watched helplessly as my Isabelle was put to sleep, and as he stopped her heart. It seemed like an eternity between the time she closed her eyes and the moment she stopped breathing. Every breath that she took before the horrible act echoed through my head and resonated into my very soul.

(MORE)

RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Though that night is now behind me,
I still feel pained when I think of
those sounds. As they haunt me when
I try to sleep at night.

(beat)

Finally, his job was complete. Harold
had succeeded in killing Isabelle,
and took on the task of reviving
her. A concept that some years before
would have been laughed at by most
who weren't aware of an ancient
practice which was only just now
being recognized once again.

INT. HAROLD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harold is leaning over Isabelle's now-dead body on the bed.
Richard is watching with a pained expression on his face.

Harold begins performing CPR on Isabelle. First the chest
compressions, and then breathing into her mouth.

HAROLD

(to self)

Please let this work. God, please
let this work.

Richard can't stand doing nothing, but he doesn't know what
else to do. He's shifting his weight, as though waiting to
jump into action, but there is no action for him to take on.
He must simply watch.

Harold continues the CPR. He's getting more and more worried.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

It's not working.

RICHARD

What?

HAROLD

I said, it's not working.

RICHARD

Do something.

HAROLD

I'm doing all that I can.

RICHARD

Do more!

Harold breaths into Isabelle's mouth once again, with no
response.

HAROLD

We're running out of time.

Harold once again performs chest compressions.

RICHARD

What do you mean?

HAROLD

I mean that if she doesn't wake up soon, she won't wake up at all.

Richard doesn't know how to respond. All he can do is go to the side of the bed and take Isabelle's hand.

RICHARD

Come back.

Harold breaths into Isabelle's mouth once again. Finally, she takes a breath.

Harold checks for a pulse. He lets out a sigh of relief.

HAROLD

She's alive.

Richard smiles.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

She'll need rest, but she's alive.

Harold moves away from Isabelle and plops into a chair. Richard stays near her, holding her hand.

RICHARD (V.O.)

As I write this, I realize that it must be my last entry into this diary, for I am no longer a Watcher and all that I write about, they must never know. As I sit in the dark, watching Isabelle rest, thoughts of what awaits us enter my head. Soon, we'll be on the move once again, trying to find a new home that will provide us with the protection we'll require. We'll have a short amount of time before the Watcher's Council will expect to hear from me regarding the death of Isabelle. After that, they will be searching.

His voice FADES INTO DAWN'S.

DAWN (V.O.)

I know that as long as we're together, we will be stronger than we could

(MORE)

DAWN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
ever be alone, but I must still fear
what will happen if we're ever
discovered.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dawn is sitting at the table, alone now. Empty soda cans are on the table in front of her. Shelly has gone home.

She stares at the last page in the diary.

DAWN
(reading)
Richard Acker. Former Watcher.

She closes the book and rubs her eyes. Finally she looks at her watch and stands up. She walks out of the room, leaving the diary on the table.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF SHOW