

**Buffy The Vampire Slayer**

**Season 8**

Episode 12

"Legacy, Part 2"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

We PUSH THROUGH the woods, moving from tree to tree as though hiding behind them. The sound of HEAVY BREATHING fills the air.

We hear the voice of Richard Acker.

RICHARD (V.O.)  
You're the Slayer. You were created  
for greatness.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

We quickly move down the empty street. There are a few cars parked on the side of the road, but nobody in sight.

LIGHTNING FLASHES.

There's a SCREAM. Another voice.

ISABELLE (V.O.)  
I'm the Slayer. This is what I was  
meant to do.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is so dark that it's hard to make out anything in the room.

BUFFY stands in the center of the room, somehow perfectly visible. She looks around.

BUFFY  
Hello? Is anybody here?

Around her, the ROOM FLASHES. She finds herself in what seems to be the distant past, and then back in her own version of the room.

RICHARD (V.O.)  
Into each generation, a Slayer is  
born. One girl in all the world. A  
chosen one. One born with the strength  
and skill to hunt the vampires. To  
stop the spread of their evil, to  
diminish their forces, and to drive  
them back to hell.

Buffy looks around again.

BUFFY  
Is that how that goes?

Buffy walks out of the living room.

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

Buffy walks into the dining room. The FLASHES CONTINUE.

Buffy tries to make out the images of the past.

BUFFY  
What is this?

She thinks about that question for a second.

BUFFY (CONT'D)  
Okay, stupid question.

She turns around and finds herself face to face with ISABELLE.  
Buffy gasps.

ISABELLE  
We are what we do.

BUFFY  
Who are you?

ISABELLE  
You know who I am.

BUFFY  
You're the Slayer from the diary.  
Isabelle.

No response.

BUFFY (CONT'D)  
I don't suppose you'd sit down and  
have nice conversation with me?

Isabelle winces in pain. Her FACE BEGINS TO MELT.

BUFFY (CONT'D)  
Guess not.

Isabelle BURSTS INTO FLAMES. She screams in pain.

Buffy looks around the room and sees a vase that is full of  
flowers and water. She grabs it, tosses out the flowers and  
pours the water on Isabelle. The fire goes out. Isabelle is  
burnt and wet, but otherwise fine.

BUFFY (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

ISABELLE  
It's not me that you should worry  
about.

BUFFY

Then who should I be worrying about?

ISABELLE

Everyone.

BUFFY

Could you be a little more specific?  
'Cause I've saved the world a few  
times now and I find that it's really  
a lot easier if I know who I'm  
supposed to be saving and who I'm  
supposed to be killing. It makes for  
a much more organized--

Buffy can't finish her sentence before...

CUT TO:

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy wakes up from her dream. She's on the couch, with an infomercial playing on the TV in front of her.

She looks around the room, but finds herself alone. She puts her head back down on the arm of the couch and thinks about the dream.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy is now sitting up on the couch, drinking a bottle of water. The TV is still on. She looks at the clock. It's 11:15 pm.

She turns off the TV and decides to head upstairs.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - BUFFY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy walks into her room, and looks at Dawn's bed. It's empty. Buffy sits on her bed, and looks at the phone on her nightstand. The answering machine that's attached to it is blinking with one message indicated. Buffy pushes the button.

DAWN (V.O.)

Hey, Buffy, it's me. Just calling to let you know that I'll be sleeping over at Shelly's tonight. Big tests make for much studying. See ya.

(beat)

Oh. Willow said she'd be late too.  
Bye.

The message ends. Buffy lays down on her bed, without getting under the covers. She slowly drifts to sleep.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Buffy finds herself on the side of a dirt road. She looks around, confused. It's a bright, sunny day. Far different than the darkness that she just left.

As she looks down at herself, she sees that SHE IS TRANSPARENT (and will be until further notice).

BUFFY

That can't be good.

She hears a CLIP-CLOP of horse feet on the dirt road, and looks up.

Isabelle and RICHARD are making their way down the dirt road in their wagon. Buffy recognizes Isabelle, but Isabelle doesn't look at her this time.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

You?

Buffy is SUDDENLY IN THE WAGON, behind the others. She can now hear what they're saying.

ISABELLE

We've been running for so long,  
Richard. Will it ever stop?

RICHARD

We knew what we would be getting  
ourselves into when we decided to go  
through with this.

ISABELLE

I know.  
(beat)  
I'm so tired. I'm tired of running.

RICHARD

I don't know what else to do.

ISABELLE

Sometimes, I have dreams that we  
have a house and children, and we're  
just like everyone else.

RICHARD

But we're not.

ISABELLE

(looks down)  
I know.

Richard sees that Isabelle is upset. He puts a hand on her  
shoulder.

RICHARD

You deserve better than this.

ISABELLE

We both do.  
(beat)  
I don't understand why we should  
have to run from the Council. Who  
put them in charge?

RICHARD

It's the way things have always  
worked.

ISABELLE

It's not right.

BUFFY

Ya-ya.

ISABELLE

Do you think that there's a chance  
for us? That all of this will end,  
and we can finally stop running?

RICHARD  
Maybe. Someday.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

The wagon is stopped near a small clearing. Isabelle and Richard are setting up camp for the night. Buffy is standing next to Isabelle, watching her prepare dinner.

BUFFY  
You can change things. You have the power.

Isabelle obviously doesn't respond.

RICHARD  
I'm going to head into town. We could use some supplies.

ISABELLE  
I need flour. Butter too, if you can afford it.

RICHARD  
I'll try.

Richard walks to Isabelle. She turns to him, and they look at each other for a moment. Finally, she hugs him. Both of them know that the other feels like crap, and all they can do to help is just hold each other.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
You know I love you, right?

She nods. Richard kisses her, and then walks away. He gets onto the wagon, and Isabelle watches as he leaves.

Once she's sure he's gone, Isabelle finds a rock to sit on, and breaks into tears.

Buffy watches Isabelle, feeling her pain. She knows that she can't do anything to help, and it's not a feeling that she likes.

Isabelle looks into the distance.

ISABELLE  
I just want it to be over. I want things to be easy.  
(beat)  
I want a home.

She sits in silence for a few more seconds.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

I gave my life for him, and I'd do it again in a second, but sometimes I just wish that things were back to the way they were. Sometimes I even wish that I was never chosen.

BUFFY

I've been there.

Buffy turns away from Isabelle and looks at the trees.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

I remember when I was a kid, trees were just pretty things growing out of the ground. Now, I look at them and see weapons. "This branch is pointy." "This branch would be good for a stake."

(beat)

It's hard to see the pretty anymore.

Buffy doesn't actually expect a response. She just keeps looking at the trees.

ISABELLE

How are we expected to live like this?

BUFFY

The question of the century. Hell, that's the question I've been asking in two different centuries.

ISABELLE

Let me know if you ever find an answer.

Buffy looks at Isabelle, shocked.

BUFFY

Did you just respond to me?

ISABELLE

Shouldn't I?

BUFFY

But I'm all see-through. Doesn't that usually mean that you can't see me?

ISABELLE

I'm not sure how to respond to that.

BUFFY

I guess this is probably one of those weird Slayer dream things, right?

Isabelle shrugs.

ISABELLE

So, is it always like this? Are we always going to be running from the Council.

BUFFY

You mean you, or just Slayers in general?

ISABELLE

In general.

BUFFY

Well, there was a few months where the Council wasn't really an issue. They kinda got blown up.

Isabelle lets that sink in.

ISABELLE

Is it wrong of me to not be upset by that?

BUFFY

It's hard to take death as seriously once you've been there yourself.

ISABELLE

You've died?

BUFFY

Yup.

(beat)

Actually, I liked it so much the first time that I went back for seconds.

ISABELLE

You died twice?

BUFFY

Yeah.

ISABELLE

(beat)

Did you have the nightmares after?

Buffy looks down, uncomfortable.

BUFFY

Yeah. More after the second time than the first.

ISABELLE

Sometimes I'd wake up, and my heart would be pounding. In my dreams, I wasn't able to do anything. I was weak.

BUFFY

(distant)  
Powerless.

ISABELLE

Yes.

BUFFY

I guess death'll make you feel that way.

Buffy sits next to Isabelle.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

So, what happened?

ISABELLE

To me?

BUFFY

Yeah. I mean, after you died and ran. How did Richard's diary end up in my house?

A CLASH OF THUNDER rips through the air. Buffy looks up, just in time to see it start raining. The RAIN PASSES THROUGH BUFFY, but soaks Isabelle.

Buffy looks down at herself.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

I guess this is the up side to not actually being here.

Isabelle lets the rain wash over her face. She feels the coolness of it on her skin.

ISABELLE

I haven't felt rain for such a long time.

BUFFY

Please, tell me.

Isabelle looks at Buffy, and smiles. She puts a hand on Buffy's shoulder.

ISABELLE

See.

A sudden energy comes over Buffy. The breath is knocked out of her. Her eyes widen.

Soon, Buffy is PULLED INTO ISABELLE'S BODY.

Once Buffy is in there, we can only see Isabelle. She looks around, and feels the rain one last time.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Isabelle is sitting on the same rock, but the scene has changed. It is sunny. She is taking in the sun, and the air around her. The calm.

Richard pulls up in the wagon, and jumps to the ground. He goes to her, carrying a sack of flour.

RICHARD

I could only get three pounds.

ISABELLE

That's fine.

She takes it from him. He sits next to her.

RICHARD

I was looking around town today.  
It's small, but charming in a rustic,  
American sort of way.

Isabelle doesn't respond.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I can't remember the last time we  
slept in a real bed.

ISABELLE

Eight months ago. The McDaniels, in  
Arizona.

RICHARD

Right. Anyway, I noticed that there  
was a boarding house, not too far  
from town. It looked nice. I thought  
we might stay there tomorrow.

Isabelle lights up.

ISABELLE

Are you joking?

RICHARD

No.

She hugs him.

ISABELLE  
A real bed! Walls.

RICHARD  
I hear they even have ceilings.

ISABELLE  
I love you.

RICHARD  
Because of the boarding house?

ISABELLE  
Because of you. You always know just  
what to do and when to do it.

Isabelle stands up and starts to walk away.

RICHARD  
Where are you going?

ISABELLE  
You do still want to eat tonight,  
don't you?

RICHARD  
I don't know.  
(beat)  
I thought we might wait until tomorrow  
and eat the complimentary roast beef  
dinner.

Isabelle's smile grows even bigger. She drops the flour, and  
dives through the air, onto Richard. They fall to the ground,  
and out of our view.

RICHARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Ow.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Isabelle and Richard are sitting at a table, along with four  
other people. MRS. HAVERTY (older woman), the owner of the  
house, sits at the head of the table.

JONATHAN and MARGRET MILLER (married couple, in their 30's)  
sit opposite Isabelle and Richard.

HARRY GREUMAN (scruffy man, in his 20's) sits on the other  
end of the table.

All are eating.

ISABELLE  
The food is wonderful, Mrs. Haverty.

MRS. HAVERTY

Thank you, dear. I'm glad you like it.

MARGRET

You must give me the recipe for these rolls.

MRS. HAVERTY

Oh, I couldn't dream of it. That recipe has been a family secret for sixty years. My mother gave it to me.

MARGRET

I understand. My mother passed down a whole book of family recipes.

MRS. HAVERTY

I suppose that most families have their traditions.

MARGRET

(to Isabelle)

Did you mother pass down any recipes?

ISABELLE

(beat)

I don't speak much with my parents.

MARGRET

That's too bad.

JONATHAN

(to Richard)

How about you, Richard?

RICHARD

(chewing)

Hmm?

JONATHAN

You're from England, right? It must be hard to keep in touch with your family.

RICHARD

Extremely.

HARRY

Bet they're not too happy 'bout you marrying a Yank.

Richard doesn't know how to respond.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(to the rest of the  
diners)

From what I hear, they don't much  
like us over there. Still sore about  
the War of Independance, I guess.

MRS. HAVERTY

Is that true?

ISABELLE

That was quite a while ago.

RICHARD

Yes, most of us have been over that  
war for quite a while now.

HARRY

If you say so.

The room falls into silence as they continue to eat. Isabelle  
keeps an eye on Harry.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - PORCH/FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Isabelle is sitting in a rocking chair on the front porch.  
She can't help but notice that Harry is in the front yard,  
talking with another MAN, but she ignores it, and just enjoys  
being in an actual chair.

Soon, Harry leaves his friend, and walks onto the porch.  
Before he can go into the house, Isabelle speaks to him.

ISABELLE

Beautiful night, isn't it?

HARRY

I suppose.

Harry is about to continue on into the house, but Isabelle  
speaks again.

ISABELLE

When I was a little girl, I used to  
love sitting outside at night.

HARRY

That's nice.

ISABELLE

It's a nice house Mrs. Haverty has  
too. I'm glad that such a warm woman  
has a place like this to call home.  
And that she opens her home to  
everyone who needs it.

Isabelle looks above the front door and sees a painted sign that reads "To All Who Need Shelter, Welcome".

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

A woman like her is sure to end up in Heaven.

HARRY

Is there a reason for this talk?

Isabelle stands up.

ISABELLE

Yes, there is.

(beat)

Mrs. Haverty opened her home to me, and I don't think I could live with myself if something bad were to happen to her.

HARRY

I'll be sure to keep an eye out for prowlers.

ISABELLE

And vampires? What about them?

Harry doesn't respond, he just looks Isabelle up and down. Scoping her out.

HARRY

Slayer.

ISABELLE

You made a mistake in coming here, Mr. Greuman.

Isabelle pulls a stake. Harry looks at it.

HARRY

I think you're the one that made the mistake.

Harry raises a hand, as though he is about to pet Isabelle on the cheek. She hits his hand away.

He VAMPS OUT.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I think I might like to keep you around. You'd get a kick out of eternal life.

ISABELLE

I don't think you're qualified to make that remark.

She raises her stake. Harry grabs her arm, keeping the stake in the air.

Isabelle knees Harry in the gut. When he doubles over, she swings around and grabs his head under her free arm. She twists it, snapping his neck. He drops to the ground, not moving.

Isabelle leans down.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)  
Goodnight, Mr. Greuman.

With that, Isabelle raises her stake, and stabs it through Harry's back. She pulls it back out, just as HARRY TURNS TO DUST.

Isabelle stands back up as Richard walks out the front door.

RICHARD  
That was very dangerous, Isabelle.

ISABELLE  
I'm the Slayer. He wasn't a very big threat.

RICHARD  
That's not what I meant.

Richard looks around.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Someone might have seen you.

ISABELLE  
I couldn't let him get away.

RICHARD  
You could have led him away from such a public area.

ISABELLE  
(beat)  
I'm sorry.

Richard softens, and puts a hand on her face.

RICHARD  
I only mean to keep you safe.

ISABELLE  
I know that.

RICHARD  
I had to watch you die once. I don't fancy the thought of seeing it happen again.

He kisses her.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Let's go inside.

They go into the house.

ANGLE ON : THE YARD

After they're gone, the man that Harry was talking to steps out of the shadows. He's been watching them.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

INT. VAMPIRE HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is big and nice. It is decorated in the finest furnishings.

The man (known as Rip from now on) that was watching Isabelle and Richard walks into the house.

Corpses are scattered around the house. Some older than others.

VAMPIRES are sitting in the chairs, drinking blood from wine glasses. Having a fun time.

In one chair, a vampire named SANDERS (30's in look. Nicely dressed) is sitting, drinking a glass of absinthe. Rip goes to him.

SANDERS

Do you bring word from Harry?

RIP

Harry is dead.

SANDERS

Yes, well... Aren't we all?

RIP

I mean, he's been staked. By the Slayer.

SANDERS

I thought the Slayer was in China.

RIP

She is.

SANDERS

Okay, now I'm confused. Explain yourself.

RIP

This Slayer is rogue. She's traveling with an Englishman.

SANDERS

So she's either got incredibly bad taste, or she's gone insane.

RIP

I heard them talking, just after she killed Harry.

SANDERS

I thought I killed Harry.

RIP

I mean, when she staked him.

SANDERS

Oh. Right. Go on.

RIP

They said something. I'm not sure how, but the Slayer has been dead, and returned to the living. She's been restored.

Sanders stands up and drops his glass. His buzz is gone.

SANDERS

Once?

RIP

Yes.

Sanders thinks.

SANDERS

This doesn't mean anything.

RIP

But--

SANDERS

Coincidence. It's bound to happen sooner or later, right?

RIP

But what if it's not?

Sanders looks Rip in the eyes.

SANDERS

That is the question, isn't it? What if it's not?

Sanders sits back down to think this through.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Isabelle is asleep in bed. Richard is watching her from a nearby chair. He's already dressed.

Isabelle begins to stir, and finally opens her eyes. She sees him, and smiles.

ISABELLE

How long have you been watching me?

RICHARD

Not long. Only an hour or so.

ISABELLE

Am I really that interesting?

RICHARD

I could watch you for days.

ISABELLE

I feel like I could sleep for days on this bed. What time is it?

RICHARD

A little after nine.

ISABELLE

So late? Why didn't you wake me?

RICHARD

You don't often get the chance to sleep late. I thought it'd be nice for you.

(beat)

Of course, I only just realized that you've missed breakfast and will have to go hungry until we find something to eat later on.

ISABELLE

Do we really have to leave this place?

RICHARD

You know that we do.

ISABELLE

I keep wishing the answer will change.

RICHARD

Perhaps someday, it will.

ISABELLE

But not today.

RICHARD

I'm sorry.

Richard stands up and walks toward the door.

ISABELLE

Richard.

He stops and looks at her.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

I love you.

He looks at her for a moment.

RICHARD

But is it worth it?

He opens the door and walks out, leaving Isabelle alone. She thinks about what he said, trying to figure out a way to make it better.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Richard is standing on the porch, looking at the world around him. Isabelle walks out of the house, dressed and ready to leave.

She walks to him and takes his hand. She leans in close and whispers in his ear.

ISABELLE

Yes.

She continues to walk off of the porch, and away from the house.

Richard feels a little better. He follows her.

INT. VAMPIRE HOUSE - DAY

Sanders is pacing back and forth as Rip sits in one of the chairs, watching him.

SANDERS

We need to stay with her. We need to watch her.

RIP

But it's day. They're probably gone by now.

SANDERS

Then we'll follow them.

RIP

How?

SANDERS

We'll find their tracks. We'll sniff them out with our keen sense of smell.

(beat)

Then again, we could just ask someone which direction they went.

RIP

They'd have a day's worth of travel on us.

SANDERS

But they'll stop at night. We can catch up.

ANOTHER VAMPIRE walks into the room, licking his fingers.  
Sanders turns to him.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

Pack our bags. We're moving on.

The vampire nods and starts to walk away.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

Oh, and take some of the valuables  
too. Maybe crack the safe.

(to Rip)

Might as well take what we can, right?

The other vampire leaves the room.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

It's a shame that we'll have to leave  
this place. It's been good to us.  
The owners of this house were very  
loved. Every time someone comes to  
see if they're alright, I can't help  
but get all worked up. The blood  
here is so different. I swear, these  
people must put butter in everything  
they eat.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Isabelle and Richard are once again in their wagon, riding  
down the road. The area is surrounded by trees.

Isabelle stares at the road, daydreaming. Richard keeps his  
mind on the journey.

EXT. WOODY AREA - DAY

Different from the wooded area we saw earlier.

Isabelle and Richard have once again stopped to set up camp.  
Isabelle is collecting her cooking gear while Richard collects  
wood for a fire.

Isabelle looks up.

ISABELLE

Do you think it'll rain tonight?

RICHARD

I don't think so.

ISABELLE

It's cloudy.

RICHARD

True. The clouds just don't seem  
heavy to me.

ISABELLE

They do to me.

Richard smiles.

RICHARD

Then I suppose we'll see who's right.

Isabelle smiles back.

ISABELLE

I guess we will.

They go back to their tasks.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Where are we?

RICHARD

I'm not sure, exactly.

ISABELLE

I don't even have a general idea.  
I've completely lost track of where  
we are, and what direction we're  
going.

RICHARD

We're somewhere in Oregon, I imagine.

ISABELLE

Oregon? That's far. We've gone across  
the entire country.

RICHARD

Yes.

ISABELLE

Do you know what month it is?

RICHARD

You've lost track of that too?

ISABELLE

No. I was just asking if you knew  
what month it was.

RICHARD

It's July, isn't it?

ISABELLE

Yes.

She sits on the back of the wagon.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

People are getting ready for  
Independance Day. Baking pies.  
Planning picnics. There's a fair  
back home.

RICHARD

Sounds like a wonderful event.

ISABELLE

It is. Old Mr. Hanson always plays  
the fiddle--

RICHARD

Violin.

ISABELLE

Fiddle. It's only a violin when he's  
playing Christmas music. The rest of  
the time, it's a fiddle.

RICHARD

Interesting.

ISABELLE

Anyway, he'd play the fiddle while  
Mr. Wiggins plays the guitar.  
Sometimes Mrs. Hanson sings, depending  
on how much she's been drinking.

RICHARD

Lovely.

ISABELLE

(English accent)  
Quite.

RICHARD

You mock me?

ISABELLE

(still with the accent)  
Mock you? Whatever do you mean? I  
haven't the slightest idea what you're  
talking about.

RICHARD

(bad American accent)  
Well then, I guess I'll just have to  
play along.

ISABELLE

Okay, that's just bad.

Richard goes to her.

RICHARD

Teach me.

ISABELLE

You're the Watcher. Aren't you supposed to be the one teaching me?

RICHARD

You be the Watcher for a while.

She kisses him.

ISABELLE

Again?

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Sanders and Rip lead a team of vampires as they make their way down the road. The two are on horseback while the others are struggling to carry bags and trunks as they travel by foot.

SANDERS

I love a night like this, don't you?

RIP

It's pretty. The moon. The stars.  
The gentle breeze.

SANDERS

Are you ever going to get to the part about us killing a lot of people?

RIP

Oh. Right.

SANDERS

If you're going to leave a small town, there's really no need to leave anyone alive, is there?

RIP

You said that earlier.

SANDERS

Did I?

RIP

Right before we killed most of the people. Remember?

SANDERS

Of course. I hardly think I can be expected to keep a clear mind on a night like this.

RIP

The moon is beautiful, isn't it?

SANDERS

Oh, move on already. I was talking about us going to kill a Slayer. Why are you so obsessed with the moon? Are you a werewolf?

RIP

No. I just--

SANDERS

Think about it. We get to kill her. Drink from her.

RIP

Not drain her.

SANDERS

I know the plan. I made the plan, remember?

(beat)

She's a very special little girl.

RIP

Full of potential.

SANDERS

I dislike that word. "Potential". It's clumsy. It's sour. I like words that roll off the tongue.

RIP

Sorry. I didn't mean to--

Sanders puts up a hand and stops his horse. Rip and the other vampires stop too.

RIP (CONT'D)

What is it?

Sanders smells the air.

SANDERS

Do you smell that?

Rip smells. He enjoys the smell.

RIP

Flowers. I love the smell of flowers on a night like this.

SANDERS

My goodness, man! Would you stop with it, already?!

RIP

Sorry.

SANDERS

I was talking about the other smell.

Rip smells again.

RIP

People?

SANDERS

People.

RIP

So?

SANDERS

Do you see any towns around here?

Rip looks around.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

No. No, there are no towns around here. Which means...

RIP

Which means that...

SANDERS

You're not following me at all, are you?

RIP

No. Sorry. I was just trying to go along with it.

SANDERS

(rolls eyes)

It means that the Slayer and her little playmate are somewhere nearby.

(beat)

They really didn't travel far, did they?

EXT. WOODY AREA - NIGHT

Isabelle and Richard are asleep on the ground. All is calm and peaceful.

There's a SNAP in the bushes. The sound of a twig breaking. Isabelle's eyes shoot open. She leans up.

Richard opens his eyes.

RICHARD

What is it?

ISABELLE

I heard a noise.

RICHARD

We're outdoors. There are many noises.

Isabelle calms down.

ISABELLE

You're right. I guess my Slayer senses make me paranoid.

She lays back down.

SANDERS (O.S.)

I wouldn't say that.

Isabelle and Richard both jump to their feet. Isabelle assumes a fighting stance. Richard doesn't know quite what to do.

Sanders calmly walks out of the bushes in human face. Isabelle and Richard keep their eyes on him.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

Judging from your poses, I assume that you're a Slayer, and he's a Watcher.

RICHARD

Judging from your words, I assume you're a vampire.

SANDERS

Clever. I like that. Almost makes one forget about the skirmishes between our countries.

ISABELLE

You'd have been smart to stay away from here.

SANDERS

Why is that?

ISABELLE

My people tend to kill your people.

SANDERS

Right. Of course.

(beat)

Let's try this another way. Instead of you killing me, how about I kill you?

ISABELLE

Call me old fashioned, but I rather like the normal way.

SANDERS

Okay. Then how about this?

The other vampires (about ten) emerge from the bushes, surrounding Isabelle and Richard.

Sanders VAMPS OUT.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

Instead of you killing me, how about I kill you?

(beat)

Damn. Did I already say that?

Sanders shrugs it off and attacks Isabelle. She spin-kicks him in the face, sending him to the ground.

The other vampires attack in full force, except for Rip. He goes to Sanders, to check on him.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

(to Rip)

Forget me, get the girl!

Rip turns around and tries to find a good time to jump into the fight. The other vampires have Isabelle and Richard working.

Richard grabs a rock, and starts fighting off vampires. Three of them go at him. He quickly finds himself overpowered. He backs himself against a tree and swings his rock. He hits one of them in the head, but the other two grab him. They hold him by the arms, and one of them bites his neck.

As Isabelle deals with the other seven vamps, she sees what's happening.

ISABELLE

Richard!

Isabelle grabs one of her attackers by the arm, and swings him around. She throws him, hitting four others and knocking them to the ground.

She tries to move toward Richard, but two others grab her arms and hold her back as the remaining vampire steps in front of her. Without taking her focus off of Richard, she jumps, kicking the vampire in front of her with both legs. He falls backward. When she lands, she pulls the other two vamps together, slamming them into each other. They drop.

Isabelle steps over them, and goes to Richard. She kicks one of the vampires off of him, and grabs the other one. She throws him back, just in time to knock down the vampires that are just getting up from the ground.

Richard falls to his knees. Isabelle kneels next to him.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

RICHARD

I'll be fine. Go. Fight.

She kisses him on the head, and stands back up. She turns around and faces the entire group of vampires with a look that would scare the crap out of any sane being.

Without looking, she reaches over, and grabs the branch of a nearby tree. She rips it off of the tree and then breaks it into two conveniently pointed stakes.

Two of the vampires run away, in opposite directions.

Sanders and Rip stand behind the remaining eight. The eight are now standing in one grouping.

Isabelle closes her eyes and takes a deep, calming breath. She opens them again, and immediately flips her way into the center of the vampire grouping. Right as she lands, she stakes three of the vampires. They TURN TO DUST.

She grabs onto another and uses him as support as she kicks another out of the way, and then throws her support vamp onto another, causing both of them to fall to the ground.

ANGLE ON : SANDERS AND RIP

They are still watching.

RIP

We should do something.

SANDERS

Right. We should. You take the left, and I'll take the right. We'll close in on her.

Rip nods and heads to the left. Sanders stays put.

ANGLE ON : ISABELLE

She stakes another vampire, which POOFS. As his (or her) cloud of dust still lingers in the air, Isabelle reaches through it to stake another vampire that is charging at her. He also POOFS.

Besides Rip and Sanders, three vampires remain.

As Rip is about to close in on Isabelle, he notices Sanders slowly start to back away. Rip stops his attack, and keeps his eye on Sanders.

Isabelle avoids a punch, and recovers with a stake to her attacker's heart.

The vampire POOFS, taking the stake with it.

The last two vampires attack at once. Isabelle jumps toward and kicks herself off of a tree, and lands a kick to one of the vampires' face. The vampire goes down.

While that vampire is out of the way, Isabelle turns her attention to her other attacker. The vampire grabs her and slams her into the tree. He punches her in the face. She doesn't flinch.

As he tries to punch again, she grabs his hand with her free hand, and stakes him with her other. The stake POOFS with the vamp.

Isabelle looks back to the last vampire on the ground. She walks to him. She notices something on his lips.

ANGLE ON : THE VAMP

There is blood on his lips and teeth. Not his own.

Isabelle looks back to Richard, who has his hand on his neck. She then turns back to the vampire. She grabs him by the neck and picks him up. She slams him back to the ground, Bam-Bam style.

He grabs her collar and pulls her down, on top of him. He tries to bite her, but she won't allow it. She struggles to get her collar free, but he won't let go.

ANGLE ON : ISABELLE

She looks around for a weapon, and sees Richard's rock nearby. She grabs it and raises it. With all of her remaining strength, she smashes the rock as hard as she can into the vampire's head. Though he is off-screen, we can HEAR THE POOF.

Isabelle falls to the ground, no longer having the vampire under her.

She stays there for a moment, and then looks around.

ISABELLE'S POV

The camp is empty, save for herself and Richard. Sanders and Rip are both gone.

Isabelle goes back to Richard and helps him up.

ISABELLE

Are you okay?

RICHARD

I'm not bleeding as much as I thought one would in this situation.

ISABELLE

That's good. I have bandages in the wagon. Let's get to it.

They walk to the wagon, which is parked just outside of their camp area. Isabelle climbs onto it, and starts looking through her bags.

Richard pulls himself onto the back of the wagon, and rests for a moment. As he rests, he looks around the dark woods.

After a moment, he notices something, hidden in the bushes.

He hops off the wagon (not in a drunk way).

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

RICHARD

I think I see something.

Richard goes into the bushes and finds what he's looking for. It's one of the trunks that the vampires were carrying. He drags it back to the wagon. It's hard to tell if he has to drag it because it's heavy, or he's weak at the moment. Either way, it's a struggle.

He gets back to the wagon, just as Isabelle is hopping down, with bandages in her hand.

ISABELLE

Let me bandage your neck.

RICHARD

One moment.

Richard tries to open the trunk, but it's locked. He looks to Isabelle.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Could you?

ISABELLE

(beat)

Fine. But then I'm bandaging your neck before you bleed to death.

She bends down and breaks the lock off of the trunk.

RICHARD

Thank you.

Richard opens the trunk. As he and Isabelle see the contents, both of their jaws drop.

ISABELLE

Is that...?

RICHARD

Yes.

ANGLE ON : THE TRUNK

It's filled with money, jewelry, and various silver and gold objects.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

By small town, I mean that it's pretty much a store and the framework for what will eventually be a town hall. It's a cloudy, rainy day.

Isabelle walks down the dirt road, by herself. She's looking around the place.

A man, WALTER (40's rugged type) comes up to her.

WALTER  
Excuse me, ma'am?

Isabelle turns to him.

ISABELLE  
Yes?

WALTER  
I noticed that you were out here by yourself, and seeing as how you don't look familiar, I was wondering if you were lost.

ISABELLE  
(smiles)  
No. I'm just taking a walk. I'm going to meet my husband soon. We're staying at the Crane house.

WALTER  
I know the Cranes. Nice people.

ISABELLE  
Yes, they are.  
(beat)  
I love this area. It's beautiful.

WALTER  
We like to think so. That's why we decided to settle here.

ISABELLE  
How many families are there?

WALTER  
Only about ten, so far. Small ones, mostly. There's an artist lady too. She lives alone. That's why it's taken us so long to build a town hall.

ISABELLE  
Nobody to work on it?

WALTER  
Nobody to fund it.

ISABELLE  
That's a shame. I'm sure the town  
will grow though.

WALTER  
Hope so.

Richard walks out of the store and over to where Isabelle  
and Walter are talking. His neck is healed by now.

RICHARD  
Hello.

ISABELLE  
Richard, I'd like you to meet a new  
friend of mine.  
(beat)  
I don't think I caught your name.

WALTER  
Walter. Walter Gimly.

Richard shakes Walter's hand.

RICHARD  
It's good to meet you, Walter.

WALTER  
You too.

RICHARD  
(to Isabelle)  
We really should get back to the  
house. I have something to tell you.

ISABELLE  
Of course.  
(to Walter)  
It was nice to meet you, Walter.

Walter nods. Richard and Isabelle walk away. Richard notices  
the way Isabelle is looking at the area.

RICHARD  
You like it here, don't you?

ISABELLE  
I do. Much more than the desert. I  
feel at home here, and I don't even  
know the name of the town.

RICHARD  
Bear River.

ISABELLE  
Oh.

RICHARD  
It was named after a local legend.

As they walk, Isabelle watches the area near town hall.

ANGLE ON : TOWN HALL

In front of the hall, a HOODED WOMAN is carrying rods of iron.

Richard notices the woman too.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
That must be the artist that I was told about in the store.

ISABELLE  
The one that lives alone.  
(beat)  
I wonder what those rods are for.

RICHARD  
The store clerk told me that she's making a lightning rod for the town hall. It's supposed to be a very beautiful design.

ISABELLE  
I hear that they're having trouble funding the town hall construction.

RICHARD  
That's a shame.

INT. CRANE HOUSE - DAY

Isabelle and Richard walk into the house. It's small, but cozy.

LUCY CRANE (30's, homely) walks in from the kitchen, holding a BABY.

LUCY  
Hello, Ackers.

ISABELLE  
Hello, Mrs. Crane.

LUCY  
I've told you to call me Lucy.  
(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

(then)  
Will you be joining us for dinner?

RICHARD  
We wouldn't miss it.

LUCY  
Lovely. It'll be ready in about an hour. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to put little Megan down for her nap.

As Lucy walks past Richard and Isabelle, Isabelle smiles and waves at the baby.

RICHARD  
Shall we sit?

ISABELLE  
We shall.

They go to a sitting area and take seats.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)  
So, what was it that you wanted to tell me?

RICHARD  
Well, while I was at the store earlier, I made a purchase.

ISABELLE  
I hardly think that's news, dear.

RICHARD  
What I mean to say is... For a while now, I've been thinking about our chances of settling down. After seeing how much you loved Mrs. Haverty's house, I haven't been able to think of much else, actually. And then we found a rather large sum of money.  
(beat)  
What I mean to say is, I've purchased a plot of land.

ISABELLE  
Are you serious?

RICHARD  
I am. I've decided that we've run long enough. We can't keep running forever, and this is as good a place as any to settle down.

A smile forms on Isabelle's lips and just keeps growing.

ISABELLE

We have a home?

RICHARD

We will once it's built. At the moment, there's only a small shack on the property. I imagine that our newfound wealth should make it possible to build quite an impressive home.

Isabelle jumps on top of Richard and hugs him. They both laugh.

ISABELLE

We're home!

RICHARD

Yes.

(beat)

I should tell you that I've also managed to be talked into making a donation to our future town hall.

ISABELLE

We have a town hall!

RICHARD

(smiles)

Yes.

EXT. OLD BEAR RIVER STREET - DAY

Another two buildings have been added to the street (though they're just being built now). The town hall has been finished, and now stands proudly.

Isabelle and Richard walk down the street, holding onto each other. Isabelle is glowing.

ISABELLE

Is today really the day?

RICHARD

You don't think we've waited long enough?

ISABELLE

I never said that. It's just hard to believe that our house is finally ready.

(beat)

And even harder to believe that I haven't even been inside yet.

RICHARD

I wanted it to be a surprise.

ISABELLE

It was surprise enough when I saw the outside. Do we really need a house that big?

RICHARD

We must think about the future. Children. Social gatherings.

ISABELLE

I hear that Walter plays the fiddle.

RICHARD

Violin.

ISABELLE

We aren't going to have this discussion again, are we?

RICHARD

There wouldn't be enough time. We have a new house to explore.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Same house, different look. Some furniture is the same, but the walls are a different color.

Isabelle walks into the house, her eyes covered by Richard's hand.

RICHARD

Are you ready?

ISABELLE

I'm ready.

RICHARD

Then take a look at your new home.

He removes his hand. She looks around the place, and tears come to her eyes.

ISABELLE

I can't believe this is mine. It's beautiful.

Richard smiles. He likes that she likes it.

RICHARD

There's more to see. The kitchen. The upstairs.

ISABELLE

I'd be happy if it was just this one room.

RICHARD

Yes, well... Let's not tell the builders that, shall we?

Isabelle turns and sees the dining room.

ISABELLE

A dining room?

RICHARD

Of course. For our dinner parties.

ISABELLE

Just think, Richard. Someday, we might be sitting at that very table with our children and grandchildren, eating Christmas dinner and laughing.

RICHARD

Or fighting.

ISABELLE

Either way. This house is our future.

She looks him in the eyes.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Richard smiles at her.

RICHARD

I want to show you something.

ISABELLE

What is it?

RICHARD

It took a long time to assemble, but I finally got everything shipped here.

He takes her hand and walks up the stairs.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Well, almost everything. The centerpiece of the room hasn't arrived yet, but I expect it shortly.

EXT. OLD BEAR RIVER STREET - NIGHT

The street is quiet now. Not a person in sight.

Sanders and Rip walk up the road, looking around. Rip carries a bag on his shoulder.

RIP

Are we sure about this?

SANDERS

We've waited months for this.

RIP

I know, but do you remember what she did to the others?

SANDERS

Actually, no. I was busy running, but I get your meaning. She's a Slayer, and they're not usually easy to kill.

RIP

So, maybe we shouldn't.

SANDERS

They're not easy to kill, but it happens. Usually when they're young. This fact leads me to believe that I have as much chance as anyone.

RIP

But--

SANDERS

Enough!

Sanders stops walking and grabs Rip by the jacket.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

I have worked months to find the Amulet of Morel Divineh. I will not stop until I've put it to good use.

Sanders pulls an amulet out of his pocket and holds it up. It's an intricately formed metal amulet, that's actually quite nice to look at. He looks closely at the amulet.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

Do you see this, Rip?

Rip nods.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

It's so beautiful, isn't it?

He puts the amulet back into his pocket.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

It'd be a shame to let such a pretty piece of metal go to waste.

(MORE)

SANDERS (CONT'D)

(beat)

That's why we must find the Slayer,  
and do our jobs. The benefits are  
well worth the risk, wouldn't you  
agree?

Rip nods again.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

Good. Then let's go kill that Slayer.

Sanders lets go of Rip and they start walking again.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Still the past version of the room.

Isabelle and Richard are hosting TEN GUESTS for dinner. Walter, and his wife, EMILY are there. As is Lucy, and her husband, THOMAS.

Richard sits at the head of the table, raising his glass of wine for a toast.

RICHARD

Dear friends, I thank you all for coming tonight. In the months since Isabelle and I arrived in Bear River, you have all helped to make it a home to us. We thank you for that.

Isabelle nods and raises her glass a bit higher.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I would also like to thank my dear wife for giving me a home. No matter where we traveled, or where we slept, I was always home when I was with her. I'm happy to finally give that feeling back to her.

The guests all raise their glasses and take sips. Richard sips as he sits.

LUCY

Lovely toast, Richard.

THOMAS

Indeed.

RICHARD

Thank you.

Isabelle takes hold of Richard's hand. He looks over at her, and they exchange looks of joy. They've come a long way.

WALTER

So where's the artist woman? I was sure she'd be here tonight. I've seen you speaking with her several times, Richard.

ISABELLE

Really? Should I be jealous?

RICHARD

Nothing to worry about, my dear.  
I've simply taken an interest in her  
work.

EMILY

Why do you call her "the artist  
woman"? Don't you know her name?

WALTER

She keeps to herself, for the most  
part. I don't actually know that  
I've ever heard it.

ISABELLE

Have you, Richard?

RICHARD

You act as though you haven't spoken  
with her too.

LUCY

Have you, Isabelle?

ISABELLE

Yes. She's a lovely young woman,  
once you get her into a conversation.  
A task which, I admit, isn't the  
easiest to accomplish. She's traveled  
nearly as much as we have.

EMILY

So, what's her name?

WALTER

Aren't artists supposed to enjoy  
hearing other people talking about  
them?

RICHARD

I think she also enjoys the level of  
anonymity that she's been able to  
keep.

ISABELLE

Something I think we can understand.  
(off the puzzled looks  
of her guests)  
To some degree.

EMILY

Are you going to tell us?

Richard thinks about it for a moment.

RICHARD

No. I don't believe I will. For two reasons. First, I think that this is something that should be left up to the artist herself.

(he grins)

And the second reason is that I rather enjoy seeing you all so puzzled over a secret that I am in on.

LUCY

You're horrible.

(to Isabelle)

Did you know that he was so horrible when you married him?

ISABELLE

Know? It was *why* I married him.

Everyone chuckles.

RICHARD

I think that now might be a good time to reveal why I've been speaking to the artist.

Richard stands up and goes into the kitchen.

ISABELLE

He's just been full of surprises lately. Last month, he gave me a silver cross with our initials inscribed.

LUCY

I wonder what he's got up his sleeve.

Richard comes back into the room with a wooden box. He sets it on the table and opens it. From the box, he reveals a lovely iron door knocker.

RICHARD

It was a housewarming gift.

Isabelle hasn't seen this before.

EMILY

It's beautiful.

ISABELLE

Did she make this?

RICHARD

Yes.

ISABELLE

I'll have to thank her when I get the chance.

RICHARD

She regrets not being able to come tonight, but she's very busy, working on her latest creation.

Isabelle takes the door knocker in her own hands and looks it over.

WALTER

Isn't that heavy?

Isabelle looks up. She lets the door knocker drop a little, acting as though she's having trouble holding it.

ISABELLE

Quite heavy. Richard, would you take it?

RICHARD

Of course.

Richard takes it, and puts it back in the box. Isabelle turns back to her friends.

ISABELLE

Shall we have more wine?

Before anyone can respond, there's a KNOCK at the front door. Isabelle and Richard look at each other.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

I wonder who that could be.

EMILY

Perhaps your artist friend has come to join us after all.

ISABELLE

I'll get it.

Isabelle gets up and goes to the front door.

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH/LAWN - NIGHT

Isabelle opens the door and looks around. Nobody is standing at the door.

ISABELLE

Hello?

RICHARD (O.S.)

Isabelle, who is it?

ISABELLE  
(calling back)  
I'm not sure. Nobody's here.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(whispered)  
Help me. Please.

Isabelle hears the voice, and doesn't know what to think.  
She steps out, onto the porch.

ISABELLE  
Is somebody out here?

Hearing no response, she starts to head back into the house.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Please. I've been attacked.

Isabelle turns and looks onto the lawn.

ISABELLE  
Who's out there?

She walks down the steps, onto the lawn and starts to look around.

Richard walks to the door and looks down at her.

RICHARD  
Isabelle, who is it?

ISABELLE  
I don't know. I heard a voice, but I  
can't find anyone.

RICHARD  
Come back inside.

Isabelle starts to walk toward the house, but suddenly stops.  
A look of realization fills her face.

ISABELLE  
Oh, God.

RICHARD  
What is it?

She starts to turn around again, but before she makes it all the way, an ARROW SHOTS THROUGH HER CHEST. Her eyes widen as she looks down at it.

After realizing what's happened, her eyes drift back up to Richard, who is standing in the doorway, unable to process what just happened.

Isabelle drops to her knees, never taking her eyes from Richard.

ISABELLE  
(pained whisper)  
Richard.

Richard finally starts to snap out of his daze.

RICHARD  
Isabelle? No. Please, God, don't do  
this to me.

He rushes down the steps, and drops to his knees next to her. They lock eyes.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
You're going to be alright. I'll  
make you better.

She weakly shakes her head.

ISABELLE  
I'm not going to be alright.

Richard starts to cry.

RICHARD  
Don't say that. You'll be fine. You'll  
be back on your feet by next week.

She puts a hand on his cheek, as her own eyes begin to tear up.

ISABELLE  
No.

RICHARD  
You can't die, Isabelle. I won't  
allow it.

She smiles.

ISABELLE  
I don't think we have a choice.

She coughs, causing blood to drip from her mouth. Richard cries harder.

RICHARD  
Please don't do this to me. Please.

ISABELLE  
I'll never leave you.

Richard kisses her one last time. As he does, Isabelle goes limp.

ANGLE ON : BUFFY AND ISABELLE

Now standing behind Richard, watching him cry over Isabelle's body. THIS ISABELLE IS TRANSPARENT, along with Buffy.

BUFFY

You died.

ISABELLE

It happens to the best of us.

(beat)

I couldn't keep my promise.

Behind them, Lucy appears at the door. She sees Richard and Isabelle's body in the yard.

LUCY

Richard? What's happened?

Richard can't respond. Lucy realizes what's happened and starts to cry. Soon, the porch fills with the other guests. After they see what's happened, some of them rush to Richard's side.

BUFFY

Which promise?

Isabelle walks around her own dead body to look at Richard.

ISABELLE

I haven't seen him since this happened.

BUFFY

Why?

Isabelle doesn't respond.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

Isabelle, what happened?

Isabelle looks up at Buffy, and then looks past her. Buffy turns around.

BUFFY'S POV

Sanders stands just off the lawn, watching everything happen. He is in VAMP FACE, holding a crossbow.

Richard looks up and sees the familiar vampire and stands up.

The vampire walk away.

Richard begins to walk in Sanders' direction.

WALTER

Richard? Where are you going?

Walter tries to grab Richard's arm, but Richard won't be stopped.

EMILY

Who did this to her?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Richard walks down the street by himself. Isabelle's blood is still on his hands. He leaves all signs of people behind and finds himself by an empty field.

SANDERS (O.S.)

What do you think you're going to do? Avenge her death?

Richard stops and turns toward the field. Sanders is waiting for him there.

RICHARD

I plan to shove a piece of wood through your chest.

SANDERS

Brave words from such an English man.

(beat)

I met a man like you once. During the war.

Sanders starts to walk toward Richard.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

I'd become a vampire, and he was an English soldier. He did manage to stab me with a knife, right before I bit out a chunk of his neck.

(beat)

I was new. I didn't know that the "chunk" method actually made the blood flow less. Still, I like to think that I did my part to win the war for my country.

Sanders gets near Richard.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

I should get a medal, don't you think? As long as it's not any kind of cross. That might ruin my celebration.

Richard punches Sanders. Sanders ROARS and returns the gesture. Richard falls to the ground.

RICHARD

You will not walk away from this.

SANDERS

Do you think you have the power to stop me?

Sanders walks to Richard and kicks him in the stomach. He bends down and picks Richard up by the collar and begins beating Richard's face.

He finally drops Richard, who falls to the ground, bloody.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

You know what's funny?

Sanders kicks Richard in the gut.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

Well, that. But something else too.  
(beat)

The sound of the arrow as it pierced your little wife's heart. Kind of a squishing sound, but not really. Maybe it was more of a "splat".

Richard starts breathing heavy. The rage is building.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

And then she falls to her knees and tries to talk as all of that sweet blood poured from her mouth. Was I the only one who just wanted to give her a big kiss?  
(beat)

Don't worry though. We have plans for your wife. As we speak, my friend is taking her body. We're going to do all kinds of fun things with it.

Sanders pats his pocket.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

You- on the other hand- we really don't need at all.

Sanders bends down and extends a hand to Richard. Richard doesn't take it. Sanders shrugs and punches Richard in the face again.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

I think I'll kill you and then pay your corpse- oops, I mean "wife" a visit.

Sanders leans down close to Richard's face.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

How does that sound?

Richard takes the opportunity. He punches Sanders in the face and then leaps to his feet.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

Wow. You Watchers really do know how to fight. Here, I always thought you just pointed at something and the Slayer killed it.

Richard goes to Sanders and throws a punch. Sanders blocks it.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

I'm still faster than you.

Richard tries to throw another punch, but it's blocked again. He throws one with his other fist. Sanders moves to block again, but Richard grabs his arm and twists it. An attempt to flip Sanders to the ground.

Instead, Sanders uses his strength to flip Richard to the ground.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

Stronger too.

From the ground, Richard kicks Sanders in the face. Sanders stumbles back. Richard gets back to his feet and goes to Sanders. He punches Sanders in the face. As he tries to knee Sanders in the gut, Sanders blocks him.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

I'll only allow so much.

Without warning, Richard kicks Sanders' legs out from under him. Sanders falls to the ground.

ANGLE ON : SANDER'S POCKET

The amulet falls out.

Richard goes to Sanders and kicks him in the face. Sanders grabs Richard's leg and tries to pull him down. Richard fights with everything he has to stay standing, but it's pointless. Sanders pulls him down and begins beating on him again.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

This...

(punch)

wears...

(punch)

thin.

Richard seems out of it now. His face is even bloodier than before. His eyebrow is split open, as are his lips. He is in bad shape. His head is limp, but his eyes are open. He's looking at something on the ground. The amulet.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

I think I'll just kill you now, before any more of that blood is wasted.

Sanders moves to bite Richard's neck. As he does, Richard pulls a small, wooden cross from his pocket and presses it against Sanders' eye. Sanders leaps back, yelling with pain.

Richard quickly stumbles to his feet, grabs the amulet and runs off.

Sanders gathers all of his strength to open his eyes and sees that Richard is gone. He ROARS and looks around. Not seeing Richard, he just starts running back toward the street.

EXT. OLD BEAR RIVER STREET - NIGHT

Richard runs up to one of the store buildings, and tries to open the door. It's locked. He moves around to the side of the building and looks at the amulet. He doesn't know what it is, but he knows that Sanders will want it back.

He looks around the town for some way to win this. Finally, he sees something.

ANGLE ON : THE ARTIST

She is once again hooded, and walking down the street. Richard looks back, to see if any vampires are in sight, and then runs toward the artist. He gets to her and cuts off her path.

RICHARD

I need your help. Take this.

He shoves the amulet into her hand.

ARTIST

Richard?

RICHARD

Listen to me. We don't have time to talk. I need you to take this and get out of here now. Hide it. Make sure that nobody ever finds it.

ARTIST

But--

RICHARD

Do it. I don't have time to explain.

The artist nods and takes the amulet. She quickly rushes off with it.

Once she's gone, Richard looks around, waiting for his attacker. He wipes blood from his brow, and looks at his hand. He has a plan.

EXT. WOODED PATH/CLIFF - NIGHT

Sanders walks along the path, smelling the air.

SANDERS

I can smell your blood, Watcher. I know where you are, and I know that you have my amulet. I want it back.

Sanders comes to a clearing. He sees Richard standing on the cliff's edge, holding something in his hand (not the amulet, obviously, but a rock that's about the same size).

SANDERS (CONT'D)

You don't want to do that.

RICHARD

Don't I?

SANDERS

I need that amulet back.

(beat)

You wouldn't want your wife's death to be for nothing, would you?

RICHARD

As opposed to her being used in whatever plan you have? I won't allow it.

SANDERS

Think about it. Her hair. Her eyes. Her sweet smell.

Richard closes his eyes, emotions rushing back to him.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

Her smile. Her laugh. Think of all of the plans that you made with her. Do you want all of that to be for nothing?

Richard opens his eyes. They are once again filled with tears.

RICHARD

(softly)

You took her from me. I won't let you use her.

Richard turns to the cliff, and looks at the water below. He closes his eyes again.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I love you.

With that, he lets go of the rock.

SANDERS

No!

Sanders runs toward the cliff. He stops, just short of it, and looks at Richard. He wants to kill Richard badly, but he doesn't have time.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

This just isn't going to be fun at all.

He dives off of the cliff, after what he believes to be his amulet.

Richard watches him until he hits the water, and then slowly walks away from the cliff and out of the shot.

ANGLE ON : BUFFY AND ISABELLE

Now near the cliff, watching Richard walk away.

ISABELLE

(blank expression)

Richard went back and found my body.  
He buried it in the woods.

(beat)

He killed himself two days later.

BUFFY

I'm sorry.

ISABELLE

How could he do that?

BUFFY

I'm sure that he missed you. He wanted to be with you.

ISABELLE

It didn't help.

BUFFY

People don't always make the right decisions when they're in pain. They don't care about the cost.

ISABELLE

It cost us eternity.

Isabelle walks away from the cliff, leaving Buffy alone. Buffy doesn't know what else to say.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - BUFFY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy's eyes shoot open. She is back in her room, in the present.

She doesn't move for a few seconds as she lets her dream process. Slowly, she sits up. She sits on her bed for another few seconds, mourning for a couple that she never really knew.

Finally, she stands up and slowly walks out of her room.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Buffy walks to the empty wall, next to the attic doorway.

She puts her hand on the molding that runs along the wall and presses down on it.

A piece of the wall moves back, revealing itself to be a doorway. Buffy looks at it for a moment, and then walks through it.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - HIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Buffy walks into the dark room. She feels around for a light switch, and finally finds it. She turns the lights on, revealing the room to her.

BUFFY'S POV

The room is filled with weapons. Stakes, knives, swords, axes, staffs, crossbows, holy water, crosses... everything that a Slayer could need. They hang on the walls, and fill cabinets (dusty, of course).

There is one part of the room that is free of weapons. A table, in the center of the room, which has an empty, wooden sword stand on it. The centerpiece of the room, which never arrived, was to be placed here.

Buffy takes in the sight of the room, feeling the spirits of those that came before her.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF SHOW