

TEEN WOLF

"Pilot"

by

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"Pilot"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BEACON HILLS - NIGHT 1

On the rural outskirts of a small California town called Beacon Hills, POLICE CARS and STATE TROOPER SUV's gather on a dirt road. The Officers jump out, SEARCH DOGS barking at their sides.

One by one, the Officers click on flashlights, streaks of light tearing through the shadowy woods. A desperate search begins...

2 EXT. MCCALL HOME - NIGHT 2

Not far from those dense woods, a two-story home lies hidden under a canopy of trees. A gentle wind drifts into the open window of an upstairs bedroom where--

3 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 3

TWO HANDS thread the laces on the head of a lacrosse stick. The work is slow and determined, fingers pulling each lace into a diamond mesh pattern. Instructions lie on the desk nearby.

Knotting the last loop, sixteen year-old SCOTT MCCALL stands with the re-threaded stick. Dressed in only a pair of athletic shorts, his lithe frame may still have some filling out to do but it's easy to see that he'll soon grow into a strikingly handsome young man.

Scooping a ball up from his bedroom floor, he gives the lacrosse stick a spin, testing his handiwork. A voice comes calling from outside the open door.

MELISSA MCCALL (O.S.)
(yelling to be heard)
Scott, I'm off to work. Dinner's in
the fridge!

Scott accidentally sends the ball CRASHING into a lamp.

MELISSA MCCALL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Glue's in the cabinet!

As Scott kneels to pick up the pieces, his mother, MELISSA MCCALL, peers into his room.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)

I thought you quit lacrosse.

SCOTT

I didn't quit. I just kind of never play.

MELISSA MCCALL

Have you thought about quitting?

SCOTT

Mom.

MELISSA MCCALL

Just want you to be happy. High school should be fun. You should be out chasing after girls. *

(considering this)

But not catching them. Just chasing.

SCOTT

Well, I'm not having much luck with that either.

MELISSA MCCALL

Okay, I should go before I completely destroy your self esteem. Don't worry. Sophomore year is always better. I promise.

As she leaves, Scott finishes picking up the pieces of the broken lamp. Getting ready for bed, he pumps out a few chin-ups at the bar mounted in the doorway of his closet and then brushes his teeth in the bathroom.

BUT A SOUND--an odd cracking--spins him around.

4 OMITTED 4

5 EXT. MCCALL HOME - NIGHT 5

The front door to the porch opens. Now armed with a BASEBALL BAT, Scott starts for the yard. Breath held tight, he moves cautiously off the porch steps.

THE SOUND OF MOVEMENT stops him cold.

Holding still, he white-knuckles the bat as his eyes wander up to the side of house when--

A DARK FIGURE SWOOPS DOWN causing Scott to HOLLER in terror, almost swinging the bat as an upside down face appears in front of him.

SCOTT

Stiles, what the hell are you doing?

STILES

You weren't answering your phone.

Caught in the trellis, STILES hangs in front of Scott. He continues talking upside down as if this were a perfectly normal way to have a conversation.

STILES (CONT'D)

I know it's late, but you gotta' hear this. I saw my dad leave twenty minutes ago. Dispatch called. They're bringing in every officer from the Beacon department and even State Police.

SCOTT

For what?

STILES

Two joggers found a body in the woods.

SCOTT

A dead body?

STILES

No, a body of water. Yes, dumbass, a dead body.

Reaching up to pull himself free of the trellis, he lands on his feet in front of Scott.

5 CONTINUED:

5

SCOTT

You mean like murdered?

STILES

Nobody knows yet. Just that it was a girl, probably in her twenties.

SCOTT

Hold on. If they found a body, what are they looking for now?

STILES

That's the best part. They only found *half*.

6 EXT. BEACON HILLS PRESERVE - NIGHT

6

A beat-up jeep skids to a halt in front of the gated entrance to the Beacon Hills Preserve. Stiles gets out with a flashlight in hand. Scott follows, hurrying to keep up with him as he charges into the hiking paths.

SCOTT

Are we seriously doing this?

STILES

You're the one always bitching that nothing ever happens in this town.

SCOTT

I was trying to get a good night's sleep for practice tomorrow.

STILES

Right, because sitting on the bench is such a grueling effort.

SCOTT

No, because I'm playing this year. In fact, I'm going to make first line.

STILES

That's the spirit. Everyone should have a dream. Even a pathetically unrealistic one.

SCOTT

Just out of curiosity, which half of the body are we looking for?

6

CONTINUED:

6

STILES

Huh. I didn't even think about that.

SCOTT

And what if whoever killed the girl is still out here?

STILES

Also something I didn't think about.

SCOTT

Comforting to know you've planned this out with your usual attention to detail.

Racing up the paths, Scott's breath begins to shorten.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Maybe the severe asthmatic should be the one holding the flashlight.

As they crest a hill, Stiles pauses. Below, FLASHLIGHT BEAMS scour the shadows, the police search just ahead. Unable to stand still, Stiles races forward.

STILES

Come on!

SCOTT

Stiles, wait up--

But gasping for air, Scott has to stop to take a hit from his inhaler. Stiles disappears up ahead. Then, realizing he's left Scott behind, he slows to look back when--

BARKING spins him around.

FANGED TEETH SNAP FEROCIOUSLY at him, sending him staggering away and falling right onto his ass. A SEARCH DOG yanks back against his leash just before tearing him apart.

STATE TROOPER

Stay right there!

Scott freezes. It's not him the State Trooper was yelling at, however.

Peering out from behind a tree, he sees Stiles has run right into a search party. Flashlight beams in his eyes, the boy puts his hands in the air.

DEPUTY STILINSKI (O.S.)
Hold on, hold on, this little
delinquent belongs to me.

DEPUTY STILINSKI steps into the light past the GROWLING
search dogs. Stiles shrinks under his glare.

DEPUTY STILINSKI (CONT'D)
Do you listen in on all of my phone
calls?

STILES
No... Not the boring ones.

DEPUTY STILINSKI
And where's your usual partner in
crime?

STILES
Who? Scott? Scott's home. Said he
wanted to get a good night's sleep
for the first day back at school.

DEPUTY STILINSKI
(calling out)
Scott? You out there?

Hidden in the shadows, Scott doesn't move.

DEPUTY STILINSKI (CONT'D)
(still clearly suspicious)
All right, young man, I'm taking
you back to your car and we're
going to discuss a little something
called *Invasion of Privacy*.

Watching Stiles get escorted away, Scott steps out from the
cover of the trees with an irritated sigh. Starting back, he
tries to find his way out of the woods, but with each step it
becomes increasingly difficult to see in the pitch black.

At a fork in the path, he pauses in confusion. He's about to
start off down one direction when he hears--

A RUSTLING among the trees.

Scott holds still. Breath tightening more from fear than
asthma, he reaches into his pocket for his INHALER when--

He hears an odd RUMBLING. The sound of sudden and furious
movement RISING in volume and velocity until--

6

CONTINUED:

6

HALF A DOZEN DEER CHARGE OUT OF THE DARKNESS, soaring past him with the thunderous BEAT of hooves trampling the ground.

Startled, Scott DROPS THE INHALER.

Then, once again alone in the dark, he kneels down and pulls out his cell phone to look for the inhaler.

Guiding the phone's LIGHTED DISPLAY over the ground, Scott doesn't find his inhaler but does manage to briefly illuminate--

A FACE. Dead eyes peer up from the pale, yet beautiful face of a young woman torn in half.

CRYING OUT IN SHOCK, Scott lurches up, tripping on his own feet and tumbling over the unearthed roots of a tree. Suddenly, he's propelled down a leaf-covered slope, slamming into trees, rolling head over heels and tumbling to a stop at the base.

Pushing himself up, a breathless Scott looks back up at the embankment down which he just fell.

A LOW GROWL stops him moving. Stops him breathing. *Something* crouches in the shadows right near him. *Something* very large. Scott slowly begins to turn around when--

A SHAPE HURTLES TOWARD HIM.

For the briefest instant there's a flash of razor-sharp teeth. Scott twists forward, CRYING OUT. Then, seeming to disentangle himself from the attacking animal, he scrambles back to his feet and into a panicked run.

Whipping through branches tearing at his skin and clothes, he races blindly through the forest until he crashes--

7

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

7

Out into the road. Scott whirls around to face AN ONCOMING CAR. The driver swerves, almost clipping him. HORN BLARING, the car hurtles past.

World spinning around him, dark blood sticks his tattered shirt to his back over--A DEEP AND VICIOUS LOOKING BITE.

He whips around when he hears the strangest sound...

THE HOWLING OF A WOLF.

7

CONTINUED:

7

It echoes through the hills, over the trees, across the rooftops and into the night...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7A

EXT. BEACON HILLS HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - DAY

7A

Lacrosse stick strapped to his backpack, Scott pedals into the parking lot of Beacon Hills High School among the swarm of students. Skateboarders jump steps, potheads take barely concealed tokes, girls and guys hold hands, guys and guys hold hands, yes it's California.

As Scott pulls his bike to one of the racks to lock it up--

A pristine BMW with a license plate that reads: JCKSN37, blazes into the lot and stops in the space next to the racks. Scott, still kneeling, gets bumped in the back when the driver's side door opens. *

JACKSON WHITTEMORE, exceptionally good-looking and usually oblivious to anyone not within his social or financial circle, steps out to notice that Scott hit his car by being near it. *

JACKSON

Dude. Watch the paint job.

He's completely unaware of hitting Scott as he grabs his own LACROSSE EQUIPMENT.

STUDENT (O.S.)

(calling out)

Jackson!

Hearing his favorite word, Jackson looks up and heads over to meet his friends. All good looking jocks with big smiles and expensive cars, pretty girls coming up to say hello.

Watching with that longing look of an outsider trying to figure out a way in, Scott steps away from the bike racks, slinging his backpack over his shoulder.

STILES (O.S.)

All right, let's see this thing...

8

EXT. BEACON HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

8

A SCHOOL BELL RINGS outside a brick building swarming with students. While others head for the entrance, Scott takes off his backpack and pulls his shirt up a few inches to show Stiles the BANDAGE on his lower back.

8

CONTINUED:

8

SCOTT

It was too dark to see much but I'm
pretty sure it was a wolf.

STILES

A wolf bit you? No, not a chance.

Scott slings his backpack over his shoulder again and heads toward the double door entrance of the school with Stiles.

SCOTT

I heard a wolf howling.

STILES

No, you didn't.

SCOTT

What do you mean "No, I didn't?"
How do you know what I heard?

STILES

California doesn't have wolves. Not
for the last sixty years.

SCOTT

Really?

STILES

Yes, really. There are no wolves in
California.

SCOTT

Well, if you don't believe me about
the wolf, then you're definitely
not going to believe me when I tell
you I saw the body.

STILES

You what? Are you kidding me?

SCOTT

I wish. I'm going to have
nightmares about it for a month.

STILES

That's freaking awesome. This is
seriously the best thing that's
happened to this town since...

(looking past Scott)

...since the birth of Lydia Martin
who's walking toward us right now.

A drop-dead gorgeous junior named LYDIA MARTIN strolls the
walkway like it was a fashion show runway in Milan.

8 CONTINUED:

8

STILES (CONT'D)

Hey Lydia, how are you? You look--
(as she walks right past)
...like you're going to ignore me.
(at Scott's laugh)
You're the cause of this, you know.
Dragging me down to your nerd
depths. I'm a nerd by association.
I've been Scarlet-nerded by you.

Blending into the crowd, they head into--

9 INT. BEACON HILLS HIGH SCHOOL/CLASSROOM - DAY

9

First period English. Scott takes the desk next to Stiles as the teacher, MR. CURTIS walks in.

MR. CURTIS

As you all know, there was indeed a
body found in the woods last night.
I'm sure your eager little minds
are coming up with various macabre
scenarios as to how it happened but
I've been told that the police have
a suspect in custody.

Scott looks to Stiles who shrugs, news to him as well.

MR. CURTIS (CONT'D)

Which means your undivided
attention can be given to the
syllabus outlining the semester on
your desks. Read it now. And by
read I don't mean skim.

The students begin reading. And then seemingly out of nowhere
A CELL PHONE RINGS.

Scott glances up. The other students quietly read the
syllabus. Scott appears to be the only one noticing the
RINGING. Gazing about, he can't seem to find the source until
his eyes fall on the WINDOWS of the classroom...

OUTSIDE - across the quad, Scott sees ALLISON ARGENT. Sixteen
and radiating with an innocent beauty. When she puts a cell
phone to her ear, it becomes obvious that, despite the closed
windows and the distance, this is the RINGING Scott is
somehow able to hear.

More astonishingly, Scott can hear both Allison and her
caller, their VOICES echoing with a tinny effect.

ALLISON

Mom, three calls on my first day is a little overdoing it.

MRS. ARGENT (V.O.)

Just making sure you're there okay and you've got everything you need.

But Allison digs through her bag, becoming alarmed.

ALLISON

Everything except a pen. Oh my God, I didn't actually forget a pen.

MRS. ARGENT (V.O.)

Don't panic. I'm sure you can borrow one from another student.

ALLISON

Okay, okay, I gotta' go. Love ya.

Unable to take his eyes off the extraordinary girl, Scott watches the school's PRINCIPAL join her on the steps.

PRINCIPAL

Sorry to keep you waiting.

The Principal guides her across the quad, their conversation becoming clearer to Scott with every step.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

So you were saying San Francisco isn't where you grew up?

ALLISON

No, but we stayed for more than a year which is unusual in my family. We kind of bounce around a lot because of my Dad's work.

Even when Allison and the Principal disappear from view, Scott hears the CLATTER of the building door opening, the CLICKING of their heels on the tile floor of the hall.

PRINCIPAL (O.S.)

Well, hopefully, Beacon Hills is your last stop for a while.

The door opens, causing the rest of the class to look up.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

Class, this is our new student
Allison Argent. Please do your best
to make her feel welcome.

Scott barely breathes as Allison heads for the one empty desk
left in the room. *Right behind him.*

She puts her notebook down, then glances up to see Scott
turned toward her. Holding out a PEN. With a relieved but
curious smile, she takes it from him.

ALLISON

Thanks.

Scott gives her a nod. Turning around, his gaze FOCUSES on
Stiles's desk where his friend's SUNGLASSES sit. In the
MIRRORED LENSES Scott can see Allison reflected behind him
and he can't take his eyes off her.

MR. CURTIS

Okay, let's begin with Kafka...

10	OMITTED	10
10A	OMITTED	10A
10B	OMITTED	10B
10C	INT. BEACON HILLS HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY	10C

Scott, at his locker notices Allison just down the corridor.
They connect eyes. She starts to smile, recognizing the cute
guy who gave her the pen. But then Lydia Martin swoops in
front of her.

A GIRL opens the locker next to hers and BOOKS SPILL OUT. As
Allison kneels down to help pick up the girl's books, her
eyes find Scott's.

Somehow just this look from her seems to return his hearing
to normal. She starts to smile back, recognizing him. But
then as she stands, Lydia swoops in front of her.

LYDIA

That jacket is absolutely killer.
Where did you get it?

ALLISON

My Mom was a buyer for a boutique
back in San Francisco.

10C

CONTINUED:

10C

LYDIA

You're coming with me.

Taking Allison by the arm, she guides her to a clique gathering at the end of the hall where JACKSON, Lydia's boyfriend, tries to wrap his arm around her. She shrugs him off to continue talking to Allison.

Rebecca Harlowe, better known as HARLEY comes from an adjacent hall to find Scott dialing in the combo on his own locker. He keeps stealing glances back, however.

HARLEY

Can someone tell me how New Girl is here all of five minutes and she's already hanging with Lydia's crowd?

STILES

Because she's hot. Beautiful people herd together.

Stiles steps up to open his own locker next to Scott's.

HARLEY

Is that why Lydia isn't herding with you?

STILES

Lydia's a long term project, okay? And trust me, I've got all the patience in the world for a high yield investment like her.

HARLEY

Well, I don't think New Girl's *that* pretty. Scott, you think she's pretty? Scott?

He doesn't even blink, attention consumed by Allison.

STILES

I'd take that as a *yes*.

Head cocked slightly, Scott TUNES in the conversation from the other end of the corridor, VOICES coming into focus.

ALLISON

A party?

JACKSON

Friday night.
(eyeing her)
You should come.

10C

CONTINUED:

10C

ALLISON

I can't. It's Family Night this Friday. But thanks for asking.

JACKSON

You sure? Everyone's going after the scrimmage.

ALLISON

You mean like football?

JACKSON

Football is a joke at Beacon. The sport here is Lacrosse. We won the state championship the last three years--

LYDIA

(re: Jackson)

Because of a certain team captain.

JACKSON

Every season starts with a scrimmage to decide the new first line. You ever watch Lacrosse?

ALLISON

I'm actually not sure how it's played other than--well, violently.

JACKSON

Maybe you should just come see for yourself. We have practice in a few minutes. You don't have to be anywhere, do you?

ALLISON

Well, no, I was just going--

LYDIA

Perfect. You're coming.

11

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

11

A WHISTLE BLOWS. The Lacrosse Team's Assistant Coach gathers the team on the field, Stiles and Scott lagging behind.

STILES

But if you play I'll have no one to talk to on the bench. You really gonna' do that to your best friend?

11

CONTINUED:

11

SCOTT

I can't sit out again. My whole
life is sitting on the sidelines.
This season, I make first line.

Heading for the field, he pauses to notice Lydia climbing the bleachers. And stepping right behind her... Allison.

COACH

McCall! You're in the goal.

Scott turns to COACH BOBBY FINSTOCK, a man with little comprehension of the difficulties of teenage life. He tosses Scott a bundle of goalie equipment.

SCOTT

But I've never played goal.

COACH

I know. Scoring some shots will
give the boys a confidence boost.
It's a first day back thing. Get
them energized, jazzed up.

SCOTT

What about me?

COACH

Try not to take any in the face.

Stepping into the net, Scott glances to the bleachers where Allison watches with Lydia, eyes focusing on them.

LYDIA

Him? I'm not sure who he is. Why?

ALLISON

He's in my English class.

Scott looks up, shocked to hear Allison asking about him. But with his hearing momentarily turned up, he flinches at the WHISTLE BLOW, sound RINGING through his skull.

One of the bigger players charges forward as the Assistant Coach passes the ball to him. Catching it, he whips his stick forward, HURLING the ball toward the goal.

Still reeling from the WHISTLE, Scott looks up too late to see the ball soaring toward him. IT BOUNCES RIGHT OFF HIS HELMET and into the net.

The team LAUGHS wickedly. Even the Coach snickers.

11

CONTINUED:

11

Cheeks burning under his mask, Scott steals himself for the next player. When the WHISTLE BLOWS again, he's ready. The Assistant Coach passes the ball to the player who catches it and FIRES it right at the goal.

Scott moves startlingly fast, almost an instantaneous reaction. Then he notices the player staring at him with a mixture of disappointment and surprise. Scott has the ball.

He caught it. When the next player takes the shot, Scott catches the ball again. And then again. And again. *Nothing can get past him.*

In the bleachers, Allison and Lydia sit forward.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

He seems like he's pretty good.

LYDIA

Very good.

Intrigued, Lydia keeps her gaze locked on Scott who now stands with a far more confident posture. Until he sees that Jackson is next in line. Glaring at Scott, he practically strangles the lacrosse stick with his gloves.

SCOTT

Oh God...

The Assistant Coach tosses the ball up. Jackson launches forward, catching the ball and spinning around to fire it at the goal. But Scott moves with supernatural precision.

The ball lands right in the pocket of the goalie stick.

Stiles lets out a HOLLER, jumping up on the bench. In the bleachers, Lydia stands and gives a WHOOP as well causing Jackson to throw a look at her. She returns his glare with a sly smile, a warning to step up his game.

Grinning, Scott gives the goalie stick a whirl, spinning it with a flick of his wrist and sending the ball soaring right into the pocket of the stunned Assistant Coach's stick.

12

EXT. BEACON HILLS WOODS - DAY

12

In the woods, Scott retraces his steps from last night with Stiles following behind him.

SCOTT

I don't know what it was. I mean I felt like I had all the time in the world to catch the ball.

(MORE)

12

CONTINUED:

12

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And that's not the only weird thing. I mean I can hear stuff I shouldn't be able to hear. And I can smell things.

STILES

Smell things? Like what?

SCOTT

Like the mint mojito gum in your pocket.

STILES

I don't have any...

Stiles pulls out a lint-covered piece of wrapped gum.

STILES (CONT'D)

All this started with the bite?

SCOTT

What if it's an infection? What if my body is flooding with adrenaline before I fall into shock? I knew I should have gone to the ER.

STILES

I've actually heard of this. It's a specific kind of infection.

SCOTT

Are you serious?

STILES

All the symptoms add up. I think it's called... *Lycanthropy*.

SCOTT

What's that? Is it bad? It sounds bad.

STILES

It is. But only once a month.

SCOTT

Once a month?

STILES

On the night of a full moon.

Scott looks at him. And then gets it.

SCOTT

You're an ass.

STILES

Hey, you're the one who heard a wolf howling.

SCOTT

There could be something seriously wrong with me.

STILES

I know! You're a *werewolf*!
(off his look)
Okay, obviously, I'm kidding. But if you see me in shop class melting down all the silver I can find it's because Friday's a full moon.

SCOTT

(glancing around)
I swear this was it. The body was here. The deer came running, I dropped my inhaler...

STILES

Maybe the killer moved the body.

SCOTT

If he did, I hope he left my inhaler. Those things are like eighty bucks.

Stiles taps him on the arm, bringing his attention to a FIGURE standing just a few yards away.

DEREK HALE. Nineteen and unquestionably handsome, he has a rougher look than the cleanly shaven Beacon Hills boys.

DEREK

What are you doing here?

Both Scott and Stiles are too stunned to speak at first.

DEREK (CONT'D)

This is private property.

STILES

Sorry, we didn't know.

Derek stares at Scott, barely noticing Stiles.

12

CONTINUED:

12

SCOTT

We were just looking for something.
Forget it. Sorry to bother you.

As they're turning to go, Derek tosses an OBJECT to Scott.
HIS INHALER. When he looks up, Derek is already walking away.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Come on. I have to get to work.

STILES

Dude, that was Derek Hale. You
remember, right? He's only a few
years older than us.

SCOTT

Remember what?

STILES

His family. They all burned to
death in a fire like ten years ago.
I remember the cops pulling him out
of class to tell him.

SCOTT

I wonder what he's doing back.

Scott eyes the inhaler in his hand, closing his fist over it.

13

EXT. ANIMAL CLINIC - NIGHT

13

As thunder cracks in the sky above, Scott flips a CLOSED sign
on the door.

13A

INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

13A

With a few spare bandages in his hand, Scott approaches one
of the mirrors and lifts up his shirt.

Fingertips at the edge of the bandage he braces himself. Then
RIPS it off. Sucking in a breath and shutting his eyes, he
finds himself looking at--

NOTHING. The bite has completely healed. There's not a mark
on him. He lowers his shirt, slowly turning to his own
reflection in the mirror. To a look of shock.

14

INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/CORRIDOR/CAGE ROOM - NIGHT

14

Scott backs down a corridor hauling a huge bag of kitty
litter. Setting it against the wall he takes out a set of
keys and unlocks the next door.

14

CONTINUED:

14

He barely has a foot inside the room when one of the CATS HISSES in terror. The cages filled with CATS come alive with activity--

The frightened felines suddenly bare their teeth, HISSING and clawing frenetically at the cage doors. All of them focused on Scott, their backs arched, struck with absolute terror.

Stunned, he staggers out of the room, SLAMMING the door shut.

15

INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

15

Retreating into the waiting room, Scott can still hear the pandemonium coming from inside when a HAMMERING spins him around.

Standing outside and banging on the glass door with her fist is Allison. Rain-soaked it's nevertheless easy to see that she's crying and in a visible panic.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15A INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

15A

Quickly unlocking the door, Scott lets her in as she tries to explain through tears what happened.

ALLISON

I didn't see it. I took my eyes off the road for like two seconds to switch songs on my iPod and this dog--it came out of nowhere--

SCOTT

Okay, it's all right. Do you remember where it happened so I can send out animal control to find it?

ALLISON

No. I mean yes, I know where I hit it. But the dog--

SCOTT

Right. Where is it?

ALLISON

In my car.

16 EXT. ANIMAL CLINIC/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

16

Following Allison to her car while holding an umbrella, Scott opens the hatchback to reveal an injured stray. Hackles raised, the frightened lab mix is clearly in pain. Allison reaches in to pick him up but the dog snaps at her. She flinches back, stepping right into Scott's arms.

SCOTT

You okay?

She nods, looking up at Scott behind her, his hands on her forearms, fingers lightly touching her soft skin.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

He's just frightened.

ALLISON

That makes two of us.

SCOTT

Let me see if I have better luck.

16

CONTINUED:

16

Handing her the umbrella, Scott steps toward the open door, oddly calm.

ALLISON

Careful.

As he connects eyes with the dog, something happens... SOUND drops out around him, all except for the dog's nervous PANTING. Then its harsh gasps begin to ease as some sort of primal communication occurs between them.

CLOSE ON SCOTT - for the briefest moment, his EYES take on a strangely YELLOW tint, like that of a wolf.

In response, the dog lowers its body submissively, yielding to the obviously dominant animal.

With Allison watching in amazement, Scott gathers the dog into his arms and carries him into the vet's office.

17

INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

17

Inside, Scott gently lays the injured animal down on the examining table. Allison stays back, watching him inspect the dog while petting it, doing an expert job of calming it.

SCOTT

I think his leg is broken. I've seen the doctor do plenty of splints. I could try it myself and give him a painkiller for now.

Allison steals glances at him, looking on with admiration as he works. But Scott doesn't notice, terrified to glance at the beautiful girl. When he finally does look up, he sees she's hugging herself, soaked and obviously freezing.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I have a t-shirt in my bag.

ALLISON

Oh, I don't want to trouble you.

But Scott is already reaching into his bag for the shirt. Allison takes it with a smile and steps into the hall for privacy. As she's pulling the wet shirt off, Scott catches sight of her bare back. Quickly looking away, he notices the dog staring up at him.

SCOTT

(whispering)

What? I didn't see anything.

17

CONTINUED:

17

The dog doesn't look convinced. Allison comes back into the room, now wearing his shirt and no longer shivering.

ALLISON

Thanks for doing this. I feel really stupid.

SCOTT

How come?

ALLISON

I don't know. For freaking out like a total girl.

SCOTT

You are a girl.

ALLISON

I freaked out like a girly girl. And I'm not a girly girl.

SCOTT

What kind of girl are you?

ALLISON

Tougher than that. At least I thought I was.

SCOTT

I'd be freaked out too. In fact, I'd probably cry. And not like a man. I'd cry like the girliest girl. It would be pathetic.

ALLISON

(laughing)
Yeah, right.

Scott finishes wrapping the dog's leg.

SCOTT

So it looks like he's going to live. And I'm pretty sure he'll even let you pet him if you want.

ALLISON

I don't think so.

SCOTT

Come on. You don't want him to sue. This breed is very litigious.

17

CONTINUED:

17

Allison approaches, tentatively reaching out to stroke the dog's neck. Calm now, the dog even licks her hand.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

See? He likes you.

He watches Allison. Unable to take his eyes off her.

ALLISON

(noticing his stare)

What?

SCOTT

Sorry. You have an eyelash on your cheek.

ALLISON

Oh. From the crying.

She wipes at her cheek. But the lash is still there. Scott shakes his head. She tries again. Still there. So Scott reaches with his thumb to brush the lash from her cheek.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Thanks.

He nods, hand coming down like he's not quite sure what to do with it.

A18

EXT. ANIMAL CLINIC/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A18

Scott follows Allison to her car. As she opens the door, he finally gathers his courage--

SCOTT

Um... I was wondering--I mean--is it really Family Night on Friday or do you think maybe you'd like to go to that party with me?

She throws him a curious look. How did he know she said that?

ALLISON

Family Night was a total lie.

SCOTT

So is that a *yes*? You'll go?

ALLISON

Definitely *yes*.

18 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 18

Scott falls back onto his bed, head hitting the pillow. Clearly exhausted, he nevertheless wears a huge grin on his face. His eyelids slowly close as he falls instantly asleep.

Slowly he turns over on his side, rolling over and strangely onto... A BED OF WET LEAVES, causing him to wake suddenly and discover he's no longer in bed...

19 EXT. WOODS - DAY 19

Jerking up, Scott knocks his head against something. Reaching up, he touches rock.

Now fully awake and very alarmed, Scott, clothed only his boxers, scrambles out from beneath a cave-like overhang. Glancing about in breathless shock, he discovers he's sleepwalked all the way out into the middle of the woods...

Scott staggers out of the cave-like overhang and stands in the fog-laden woods, shivering. He turns, trying to see just where he is and then...

He holds very still, breath caught.

Head cocked, he listens to the sounds around him. As his heartbeat rises, he takes a barefooted step back. Then he notices that there's not a sound of life in the woods. Until--

Something moves. In the fog. Only a few yards away.

He turns around, peering into the woods. But leaves and twisting tree branches are all that move in the breeze.

Half naked and very cold now, Scott backs away. He keeps glancing to each side as he starts to walk. Moving faster and faster, until he's jogging and then running.

Hurtling into the fog and the woods, he begins to notice--

A SHADOW. Moving through the woods. Keeping pace with him. When he starts running faster, that strange loping SILHOUETTE moves just as fast.

And then he can see its eyes--like GLOWING WHITE LIGHTS in the fog.

The thing suddenly crosses behind him, a dark shape leaping from one side of him to the next, diving out of and then back into the fog.

19

CONTINUED:

19

Running faster and faster in terror while glancing to his side to see the strange silhouette racing with him, Scott seems to not merely be running but moving with almost supernatural speed until finally--

The SHADOW slows, letting him get ahead. But Scott keeps running faster and faster, the world around him blurring until--

His feet land on a low wooded fence and suddenly he's soaring into the air and--

UNDER WATER.

Scott thrashes in freezing cold water, bursting to the surface to find himself--

19A

INT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - DAY

19A

In a pool. Gasping for breath, he twists around in the water to find the OWNER of the house holding a garden hose and staring at him.

SCOTT

Uh... Good morning.

And the Owner nods with a mystified smile.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

20

INT. BEACON HILLS HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

20

In an otherwise empty corridor, Scott--wearing his lacrosse gear--shoves his bag into his locker and slams it shut. He turns to find himself staring right at Jackson.

JACKSON

All right, little man, how about you tell me where you're getting your juice?

SCOTT

What?

JACKSON

Where. Are. You. Getting your juice?

SCOTT

(utterly bewildered)
My Mom does all the grocery shopping.

Jackson stares at him for a moment as if trying to decide whether the kid is screwing with him.

JACKSON

Listen, McCall, you're going to tell me what it is and who you're buying from. Because there's no way in hell you're kicking ass like that on the field without some sort of chemical boost.

SCOTT

(genuinely shocked)
You mean steroids? Are you on steroids?

Jackson grabs him, shoving him against the locker.

JACKSON

What the hell's going on with you, McCall?

Overwhelmed, Scott snaps, words coming out in a torrent--

20

CONTINUED:

20

SCOTT

What's going on with me? You really want to know? So would I. Because I can see, hear and smell things I shouldn't be able to see, hear or smell, do things that should be impossible, I'm sleepwalking three miles out into the middle of the woods and am pretty much convinced I'm going completely, totally out of my freaking mind.

JACKSON

You think you're funny? I know you're hiding something. I'm going to find out what it is. I don't care how long it takes.

Jackson SLAMS his fist against the locker, leaving Scott stunned as he heads out.

21

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

21

Amid the players rushing the field, a very late Stiles finds Scott in the crowd and hurries toward him.

STILES

Scott, wait up! You gotta' hear this.

SCOTT

I'm playing the first elimination, Stiles. Can't it wait?

STILES

Just hold on. I overheard my Dad on the phone. The fiber analysis came back from LA. They found animal hairs on the body from the woods.

SCOTT

Stiles, I have to go.

STILES

You're not going to believe what the animal was--

But with his helmet on, Scott rushes onto the field, leaving Stiles to say the next words to himself.

STILES (CONT'D)

It was a wolf.

21

CONTINUED:

21

OUT ON THE FIELD the Coach shouts for the players.

COACH

All right, gather round...

Scott notices Allison at the bleachers with Lydia. She gives him a wave and a smile. He holds up a hand to wave back.

COACH (CONT'D)

You got a question, McCall?

SCOTT

What?

COACH

You raised your hand.

SCOTT

Oh, no I was just--nothing. Sorry.

COACH

(to the rest of the team)

All right, you know how this goes. If you don't make the cut, you're most likely warming the bench the rest of the season. But make the cut and you play, your parents are proud, your girlfriend loves you, everything else is cream cheese. Now show me what you got!

The WHISTLE blows and the game begins.

The pace is fast and brutal. When the ball gets passed to Scott, Jackson comes right after him. Lacrosse sticks smacking down on his gloves, Scott tumbles forward and slams to the ground, kicking up dirt around him.

As the WHISTLE stops the play, Jackson looms over Scott. Glowering down at him, he grabs the ball while Scott--teeth clenched behind his mask--pushes himself up off the ground.

Coach gives the WHISTLE a SHARP BLOW. The team gathers for the next play.

Scott and Jackson find themselves staring across from each other at the draw, crouched down with their sticks and the ball between them.

COACH (CONT'D)

Set!

21

CONTINUED:

21

They tense, holding absolutely still. Then, at the WHISTLE, Scott moves with shocking speed, grabbing the ball right out from under Jackson.

AT THE BENCHES - Stiles moves to the sidelines to watch.

Scott charges the length of the field. DEFENSE lashes out with their sticks, but he parries expertly.

Jackson catches up and makes a furious stab at stealing the ball. Then with Defense converging on him--

Scott twists his lacrosse stick around, keeping the ball safely in the pocket while he literally FLIPS FORWARD, leaping right over the heads of the Defensive Players. Feet landing on the turf, he whirls around, tossing the ball in an over the shoulder shot past the goalie--

Right into the net.

The crowd in the bleachers ROARS with CHEERING, Allison on her feet along with everyone else. Everyone except Stiles.

COACH (CONT'D)

McCall, get over here!

He trots over to the Coach. All eyes are on him, including someone watching from behind a chain link fence... *Derek.*

COACH (CONT'D)

What in the name of God was that?
This is a lacrosse field. Are you trying out for the gymnastics team?

SCOTT

No, Coach.

COACH

Then what the hell was that?

SCOTT

I don't know. I was just trying to make the shot.

COACH

Well, you made the shot. And guess what? You're starting, McCall. You just made first line.

CHEERS ERUPT around him. As team members slap him on the back and knock his helmet with their gloves, a deliriously happy Scott doesn't even notice Jackson's furious stare. Or Stiles. Watching with a very worried look.

22

INT. STILES'S ROOM - NIGHT

22

Fingers click furiously over a keyboard. Eyes locked on his laptop, Stiles bounces from one web page to the next. Words and images pop up on the screen--

Wolfsbane, Silver Bullets, Lycaon, Aconite, drawings of werewolves in different forms, a PURPLE FLOWER with the word WOLFSBANE underneath.

As his room darkens under the setting sun, an increasingly panicked Stiles watches a sheet of paper come out of his printer.

THE PRINTOUT - shows a detailed wood carving of a MEDIEVAL HUNTER standing over the body of a werewolf, aiming a CROSSBOW at the creature.

He pulls the page out, staring at it with a look of escalating fear when SOMEONE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

Stiles practically leaps out of his chair. He rushes to the door, unlocking it to find Scott standing out in the hall.

STILES

Get in. You have to see this. I've been reading. Websites, books, all this information.

As Scott takes off his jacket, Stiles starts grabbing printouts from his desk.

SCOTT

How much Adderall have you had?

STILES

A lot. Doesn't matter. Just listen.

SCOTT

Is this about the body? Did they find who did it?

STILES

No, they're still questioning people. Even Derek Hale--

SCOTT

The guy from the woods--

STILES

Yeah, but that's not it.

SCOTT

What then?

STILES

Remember the joke the other day?
Not a joke anymore.

(off his look)

The wolf. The bite in the woods. I
started doing all this reading and--
Do you even know why a wolf howls?

SCOTT

Should I?

STILES

It's a signal. When a wolf is alone
it howls to signal its location to
the rest of the pack. So if you
heard it howling that mean there's
others. Maybe a whole pack of them.

SCOTT

A pack of wolves?

STILES

No. *Werewolves*.

SCOTT

You're seriously wasting my time
with this? You know, I'm picking
Allison up in an hour.

STILES

I saw you on the field, Scott. What
you did wasn't just amazing. It was
impossible.

SCOTT

So I made a good shot.

STILES

No, you made an incredible shot.
The way you moved--the speed, your
reflexes--people can't suddenly do
that overnight. And then there's
the hearing, the senses, and don't
think I haven't noticed you don't
need your inhaler anymore. You
haven't used it since that night.

SCOTT

I can't think about this now. We'll
talk tomorrow, okay?

STILES

Tomorrow? Don't you get it? The full moon is tonight.

SCOTT

What are you trying to do? I just made first line on the team. I have a date with a girl I can't believe wants to go out with me. Everything in my life is somehow perfect. Why are you trying to ruin it?

STILES

I'm trying to help. With the full moon it's going to be too hard to resist and there's no going back. You're cursed, Scott. And it's not only that the moon causes you to change, it's also when your bloodlust will be at its peak.

SCOTT

Bloodlust?

STILES

Your urge to kill.

SCOTT

I'm already starting to have an urge to kill, Stiles.

STILES

You need to hear this. The change can be caused by anger or anything that raises your pulse. And I've never seen anyone raise your pulse like Allison does. You have to call her and cancel the date.

Stiles grabs Scott's jacket, pulling the cell phone out.

SCOTT

What are you doing? Give me that.

STILES

I'm just finding her number--

SCOTT

Give it to me.

Scott yanks the phone out of Stiles's hand and SHOVES him against the wall.

22

CONTINUED:

22

Pulling back before striking him, Scott instead LASHES out at the desk chair sending it flying across the room, tossed like it weighed nothing. Then, shaking with anger, he gazes up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to do that.

He starts to help Stiles up, but his friend flinches back.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Really, I didn't mean it. I have to go. I have to get ready for the party. I'm sorry.

Grabbing his jacket, Scott hurries out.

Still shaken, Stiles gradually stands. He slowly picks up the desk chair, putting it back. But then he pauses. With a shaky hand, he turns the chair around to reveal...

CLAW MARKS. The chair's fabric slashed to ribbons.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

22A INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT

22A

Scott comes out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist when--

MELISSA MCCALL

Is this a party or a date?

Scott jumps, startled. His Mom has the car keys held out.

SCOTT

Maybe both.

He reaches for the keys, but she pulls back.

MELISSA MCCALL

And her name is?

*

SCOTT

Allison.

She hands him the keys.

MELISSA MCCALL

We don't need to have a talk do we?

SCOTT

Mom, I'm not having the safe sex talk with you.

MELISSA MCCALL

(freaked out)

I meant about keeping the tank full. Give me those back.

She reaches for the keys in alarm as something begins to happen to their VOICES. The quality starts to change. Becoming TINNY as we pull back--

22B EXT. MCCALL HOME - NIGHT 22B

Outside the house, Scott and his Mom can be HEARD talking.

SCOTT

Come on, Mom, nothing's going to happen.

22C EXT. STREET - NIGHT 22C

Then further down the street, their voices take on the same EFFECT as those that Scott could hear when he was listening in on conversations at school.

MELISSA MCCALL

You bet your ass nothing's going to happen. I am not going to be on some reality show with a sixteen year-old pregnant girl.

SCOTT

I got it, Mom.

No less than a hundred yards away but still within sight of the house, a dark figure stands next to the open door of a black Dodge Challenger, listening...

Derek Hale.

22D EXT. ALLISON'S HOUSE/INT. CAR - NIGHT 22D

Scott pulls up to the curb outside Allison's house. He keeps taking deep breaths. He pulls his inhaler out, shakes it up, looks at it and then tosses it in the back.

Finally, the front door of the house opens and Allison steps out. Looking absolutely stunning under the glow of the streetlights, she approaches the car while pushing a strand of hair from her eyes.

Suddenly realizing he's still in the car with his mouth hanging open, Scott scrambles to get out and open the door for her.

22E INT. CAR - NIGHT 22E

Driving. Scott and Allison sit in silence. Absolute and agonizing silence.

ALLISON

Is it okay if I turn on the radio?

22E

CONTINUED:

22E

SCOTT

Uh, yes. But you can't.
 (off her confused look)
 Sorry, it's broken. We've been
 meaning to get it fixed.

ALLISON

No worries. You mind if I put on
 some music anyway?

Now it's Scott's turn to give a confused look. But Allison has her phone out. She turns the volume up and puts it on speaker.

SCOTT

(surprised)
 Nice taste in music.

*

ALLISON

What? You think all girls listen to
 is Lady Gaga?

SCOTT

(under his breath)
 I listen to Lady Gaga.

She does a double take. He's serious. And she laughs.

ALLISON

So do I.

She puts her hand over his on the middle console, their fingers intertwining. Scott tries to hide his smile to play it cool. But he can't. For just a moment, everything is absolutely perfect.

22F

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

22F

Car doors open on all sides. Teenagers pour out from Range Rovers and BMW's outside the MUSIC rattled windows of Lydia Martin's house.

When Scott and Allison climb the steps to the house, the door swings open to reveal Lydia.

LYDIA

Well, if it isn't the new star
 player with my new best friend. I
 was hoping you'd come.

Scott stares at her, dumbfounded. Then, trying to be as subtle as possible, he glances behind him. No one there. Lydia is, in fact, talking to him.

22F

CONTINUED:

22F

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Bar's by the pool.

She opens the door wide for both of them. Pleasantly stunned, Scott follows Allison inside the house.

23

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

23

Teenagers jam the outside of the house by the pool. Some already drunk, some high. Scott and Allison walk through the crowd. But Scott pauses when he hears--

A DOG BARKING. A huge ROTTWEILER in the yard next door just beyond a chain link fence. And it's barking at *Derek*.

He stands behind the fire pit, staring straight at Scott. But then he shoots a look at the Rottweiler. The dog stops barking *instantly*.

Eyes locked on the animal, Derek gives an almost imperceptible nod. Tail between its legs, the Rottweiler submissively lowers to a sitting position.

Satisfied, Derek turns back to a surprised Scott.

ALLISON

You okay?

SCOTT

What? Oh... Yeah. Fine.

When he looks back, Derek is gone. Movement catches his eye and he glances up to--

THE ROOF OF THE POOL HOUSE - where a shadowy figure seems to disappear just past the chimney.

Scott steps back, trying to see if he actually did just witness Derek leaping twenty feet off the ground. But there's nothing there.

And Allison is holding her hand out to him. Letting his fear go, Scott takes her hand with a smile.

In the crowd, they start dancing. As they come closer and closer, as Allison starts to smile back at him, the usually timid Scott begins to let go.

His hands reach around her waist with the other teens pushing them closer. Bodies pressed against each other, her cheek brushes lightly against his.

23

CONTINUED:

23

Then through the crowd, Scott notices Lydia dancing with Jackson, grinding close to him, her fingers wrapped around the back of his neck.

She presses her lips to Jackson's locking him in a passionate kiss. As he eagerly kisses her back, sliding his hands down past her waist, Lydia opens her eyes.

And looks right at Scott.

Staring at him as Jackson goes at her neck. Unused to the attention of one beautiful girl, much less two, Scott finds himself dumbstruck until the bodies of the dancing teens push together to leave him alone with Allison again.

As Scott peers into her eyes, for a second it almost looks as though they're about to kiss.

Then the music begins driving faster, starting to sound almost like the quickening of a heartbeat. Scott's HEARTBEAT.

The sounds around him INTENSIFY. His fingers clench back, veins at the surface of his hands as he presses against the fabric of Allison's shirt. His upper lip pulls up momentarily to reveal a sharpened incisor.

Lights GLARING in his eyes, Scott's breathing tightens, sweat at his temples. He steps back, pulling away from her.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Sorry... I... I'll be right back.

ALLISON

Are you okay?

But he hurries past her and into the house.

24

INT. PARTY HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

24

Teeth clenched, a sudden wave of pain SLAMS Scott back against the wall, tremors shuddering through his body. Waiting in line for the bathroom, Harley notices him.

HARLEY

Scott? You all right?

But he doesn't answer, pushing through the crowd, trying to find an exit out of the house. Finally, shoving past people, he charges out the front door.

*

24A

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

24A

When Scott turns the corner, he glances up to the sky where the FULL MOON shines brilliantly in the night.

Gasps now starting to sound like animalistic growls, he reaches his mother's car. Just getting the keys from his pocket seems an almost colossal effort.

A second later, the car tears away from the curb as--

Allison comes out of Lydia's house, looking around. No idea where Scott is.

DEREK

Allison.

She turns to see Derek coming toward her.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I'm a friend of Scott's. My name's Derek.

He steps under the street light his deep black eyes, strangely hypnotic.

25

OMITTED

25

26

INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT

26

Scott stumbles into his darkened room, slamming the door shut and flipping the lock.

27

INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

27

Sweat at his brow, Scott charges into the bathroom. He flips the cold water knob on the shower, letting it pour over him. And then he notices something... HIS FINGERNAILS. Seeming to tear free, bone-like claws pushing them out from the tips.

Terrified, he stumbles out and to the mirror where he wipes away the steam to reveal rapidly growing fangs and TWO GLOWING, YELLOW EYES staring back at him.

Someone POUNDS on the door to his room.

SCOTT

Go away!

STILES (O.S.)

Scott, it's me.

27

CONTINUED:

27

Hearing the panic in his friend's voice, he pulls himself up. He unlocks the door but only allows it to open an inch.

STILES (CONT'D)

Let me in, Scott I can help--

SCOTT

No.

Eyes burning YELLOW, he stays hidden behind the door, face shrouded in darkness as Stiles tries to peer through.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Listen, you have to find Allison.

STILES

She's fine. I saw her get a ride. She's totally fine.

SCOTT

Stiles, I think I know who it is.

STILES

Just let me in and we can talk.

SCOTT

It's Derek. Derek Hale's the werewolf. He's the one who bit me. He's the one who killed the girl in the woods.

Stiles answers with shocked silence. Until--

STILES

Scott... Derek's the one who drove Allison from the party.

The weight of realization falling on him, Scott slams the door shut, locking it.

STILES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Scott! Scott, wait--

28

EXT. MCCALL HOME - NIGHT

28

Through the open bedroom window, Scott launches himself out from the second story.

THE FULL MOON looming in the sky behind him, his hands slam down on the wet pavement revealing that what we'd just seen was the reflection of his leaping figure in a puddle.

Now, Scott's crouched figure slowly draws up to reveal he's no longer struggling against the transformation.

He's given into it.

Not a hulking beast but a leaner, more human monster. Both powerfully muscular and strangely seductive with gleaming yellow eyes, incisors reformed into fangs, ears tapered to points over thickened, wilder hair and fingernails grown to razor sharp claws.

The sixteen year-old boy is gone. Scott is now a WEREWOLF, charging down the driveway and then suddenly up, leaping to the branch of one tree, hurtling to the next and then finally into the dark of the woods. In search of Allison and the danger she faces.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

28A OMITTED 28A

29 OMITTED 29

30 OMITTED 30

30A EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 30A

Down winding roads and through twisting paths, flashes of moonlight briefly illuminate the outline of a figure moving impossibly fast.

30B EXT. BEACON HILLS PRESERVE - NIGHT 30B

The tree-shrouded entrance to the Beacon Hills Preserve. Derek's black Dodge Challenger sits in the parking lot.

Scott leaps down, LANDING right on the roof of the car. He peers through the windshield to see the vehicle is empty and then leaps off--

30C EXT. ALLISON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 30C

Stiles's jeep skids to a halt just outside Allison's darkened house. A second later, he's on the steps ringing the bell.

30D EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 30D

Charging out from the shadows, Scott lands on a moonlit fallen tree. Clawed hands resting on the dead trunk, his breath comes out in steamy gasps. He crouched and silhouetted body twists around, trying to catch a scent in the air.

30E EXT. ALLISON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 30E

Stiles now pounding on the door, finally stops when lights come on inside. The door clicks open. MRS. ARGENT looks out, confused.

STILES

Hi. I'm a friend of Allison's and this is going to sound kind of crazy. Actually really crazy. Actually crazy doesn't even begin to--

30E

CONTINUED:

30E

MRS. ARGENT
(calling back inside)
Allison? It's for you!

Stiles opens his mouth to speak again but then stops, utterly shocked to see Allison coming down the stairs.

ALLISON
What's up?

As a distant HOWL can be heard, Stiles turns to the sound, a look of understanding coming over him... It's not Allison Derek was after.

It's Scott.

30F

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

30F

Racing into a clearing, Scott slows, looking up to find an unexpected and very strange sight--

A JACKET.

It's Allison's. The jacket she was wearing at the party, now used to lure him here.

Something moves in the shadows. Scott whirls around, launching himself up as--

DEREK COMES OUT OF THE SHADOWS and drags him back to the ground. They almost look like dogs grappling as they go up and then slam back down to the leaves and brush below them.

Derek holds him down, one hand wrapped around Scott's throat. He's unchanged in the full moon, except for a strange BLUE TINT to his eyes.

SCOTT
Where is she?

Scott's voice is deeper, strangely demonic.

DEREK
She's safe. From you.

SCOTT
What did you do--

DEREK
Quiet.

His VOICE comes like a knife into Scott's head, making him wince. Derek glances up to the woods around them, listening.

30F

CONTINUED:

30F

DEREK (CONT'D)

It's too late.

30F

CONTINUED:

30F

Scott's yellow eyes flick left and right as if he senses something else in the woods as well.

DEREK (CONT'D)

They're already here.

(turning back to Scott)

Run.

A second later Derek is on his feet, moving so fast he's almost a blur. Scott barely has time to react when SOMETHING COMES SOARING OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

An ARROW lands in the trunk of a nearby tree. The bolt EXPLODES with a BRILLIANT FLASH.

Scott stumbles back, yellow eyes blinking furiously. Something about the flash has perfectly compromised his vision. When he looks up, Derek is gone. In his place--

THREE FIGURES emerge from the shadows. Silhouettes at first, they approach with purpose.

They look like hunters. One carries a Remington pistol grip shotgun. Another chambers a round in a Glock 21 handgun. The third and obvious LEADER, wields a much stranger weapon--

A CROSSBOW. Steel-tipped BOLT pulled back and ready to fire.

Practically blinded, Scott can barely see a thing. Until his eyes focus on the determined face of the Leader, raising the crossbow to fire again.

Scott tries to turn and run, but the arrow SOARS, tearing through the darkness and *right into* Scott's forearm, pinning it to a tree.

SCOTT HOWLS IN PAIN.

Lowering the crossbow, the Leader allows himself the slightest of satisfied smiles.

LEADER

(to the other hunters)

Take him...

The 1st Hunter comes forward, but then A LARGE FIGURE HURTTLES UP behind him.

30F

CONTINUED:

30F

CLAWED HANDS grab the 1st Hunter by the back of his jacket and hurl him into the air, easily tossing him into the 2nd Hunter.

The Leader retreats back, calmly and quickly redrawing his crossbow as--

Derek tears out of the shadows toward Scott. In one swift motion he snaps the shaft of the arrow in Scott's arm and pulls him free.

DEREK

Go!

Scott charges forward, racing out of the clearing and back into the woods with Derek right behind him.

A SHOTGUN BLAST fires just over their heads followed by a volley of GUNFIRE.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Faster!

But Scott eventually slows and underneath his damp hair, his face has returned to normal. He's back in human form. He staggers to a stop in the woods, gasping for breath.

When he looks up, Derek steps out of the darkness to face him. He doesn't breathe hard at all, seemingly in perfect control of his abilities.

SCOTT

Who were they?

DEREK

Hunters. The kind who've been hunting us for centuries.

*
*

SCOTT

Us? You mean you. You did this to me!

DEREK

Is it that bad, Scott? That you can see better, hear more clearly, move faster than any human could ever hope? You've been given something most people would kill for. The bite is a gift.

*
*

SCOTT

I don't want it.

30F

CONTINUED:

30F

DEREK

You will. And you're going to need me if you want to learn to control it. You and me Scott. We're brothers now.

30G

EXT. ROAD - DAY

30G

The morning SUN beating down on an empty tree-shrouded road. Scott slowly wanders his way home, not even seeming to notice at first when Stiles's jeep pulls up next to him.

STILES

Scott? Are you okay? I've been driving all over looking for you.

Exhausted, Scott slowly turns to his friend.

SCOTT

You were right. About all of it.

*

30H

INT. STILES'S JEEP - DAY

30H

Stiles drives, Scott in the passenger seat with a jacket over him now.

SCOTT

You know what actually worries me most?

STILES

If you say Allison, I'm going to punch you in the head.

SCOTT

She probably hates me now.

STILES

I doubt that. But you might want to come up with a pretty amazing apology. Or just tell her the truth and revel in the awesomeness of the fact that you're a *freaking* werewolf.

*
*
*
*
*

(off his look)

Okay, bad idea. We'll get through this. If I have to, I'll chain you up myself on full moon nights and feed you live mice. I had a boa once. I can do it.

And finally, Stiles coaxes the tiniest smile out of Scott.

31 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

31

Waiting on a bench outside school, Scott jumps to his feet when he sees Allison come out the double doors.

ALLISON

What happened to you last night?
You left me stranded at the party.

SCOTT

I know and I'm sorry. I really am.
But just trust me on this... I had
a really good reason--

ALLISON

Did you get sick?

SCOTT

I definitely had an attack of
something.

ALLISON

Am I going to get an explanation?

SCOTT

For now... could you find it in
your heart to just trust me?

ALLISON

Am I going to regret this?

SCOTT

Probably.

Scott takes a steps closer to her.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

So are we agreeing on *yes* to a
second chance?

ALLISON

Definitely *yes*.

Then, just as it looks like they're about to kiss. A HORN BEEPS. An SUV pulling up to the front of the school.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

That's my Dad. I better go.

Scott nods, turning to head back. But then he pauses, head tilting up with an intake of breath. He's caught a familiar scent. Glancing back, he sees--

31

CONTINUED:

31

Allison's father. The face is instantly recognizable. It's the man with the crossbow. The LEADER of the HUNTERS.

He throws Scott a friendly smile, clearly not recognizing the boy as his prey from last night.

With the full weight of realization hitting Scott--the father of the girl he loves is also now his sworn enemy--his face clouds with dread, darkness surrounding him as--

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT