

TEEN WOLF
Episode #102
by
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MGM

Production #102
Episode Two

TEEN WOLF
"Episode #102"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY 1

In a stunned daze, Scott stares out to the now empty road in front of the school. Having just said goodbye to Allison. Having recognized her father as the leader of the hunters. And having realized his entire life is now an unmitigated disaster. *

A2 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - DAY A2 *

Scott slowly drops his bag in front of his locker. The gloves fall to the floor next to it. He seems to be moving in a trance. He slowly turns, back against the locker, eyes staring in shock. *

Stiles leans his head out from the corner. *

STILES
You apologize to Allison? *

SCOTT
Yeah. *

STILES
So she's giving you a second chance? *

SCOTT
Yeah. *

STILES
Then everything's good? *

SCOTT
No. *

STILES
No? *

SCOTT
Remember the hunters? Her dad is one of them. *

STILES
Her dad? *

A2

CONTINUED:

A2

SCOTT
Is one of the hunters.

STILES
Allison's father?

SCOTT
Shot me. With a crossbow.

STILES
Allison's--

SCOTT
YES. HER FATHER!

Scott snaps out of the daze and into a full on panic.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Oh my God, what am I going to do?

STILES
Okay, okay--did he recognize you?

SCOTT
No, I don't think so--

STILES
Does she know about him?

SCOTT
I--I don't know.

STILES
All right, okay, we'll figure it out. Just--just concentrate on practice. On lacrosse. Scott?

SCOTT
(nodding)
Lacrosse.

And Stiles slams the door shut as--

2

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

2

Players slam into each other during practice.

2

CONTINUED:

2

Coach Finstock tosses the ball to the first player, a kid named GREENBERG. But Jackson is on him in seconds, smashing his stick down on the poor kid's gloves, sending the ball flying out of the pocket.

*

COACH

Nicely done, Jackson. Greenberg, that was a pathetic display of amateur ability. Do a lap.

2

CONTINUED:

2

As Greenberg takes off into a run, the next Player charges. A moment later he lands on the ground with a sickening THUD.

Scott, gazing off with far too many thoughts swirling in his head, doesn't notice the other players backing up behind him.

COACH (CONT'D)

McCall, let's go!

He snaps to attention, realizing he's at the head of the line. Coach tosses the ball. Scott goes for the shot. But Jackson comes at him with a volley of SLAP CHECKS.

COACH (CONT'D)

Watch the slashing, Jackson!

As the ball is knocked out of his grasp, Scott winces in pain. He cradles his forearm where Jackson's stick came down especially hard between glove and elbow pad.

JACKSON

Still want to be first line,
McCall?

Gritting his teeth in anger, Scott looks up to reveal his brown eyes are rapidly brightening to YELLOW.

COACH

McCall, my grandmother can move
faster than that and she's dead!
Can you move faster than the
lifeless corpse of my dead
grandmother, McCall?

SCOTT

Yes, Coach!

COACH

Then do it again!

The WHISTLE BLOWS and Scott shoots forward again as Coach tosses the ball to him.

Stiles steps away from the rest of the team, noticing the change in Scott. His speed, the extraordinary agility with which he moves.

An oblivious Jackson goes for a CROSS CHECK, heading for Scott with his stick horizontal even as the smaller boy hurtles toward him with ferocious speed.

They COLLIDE like two goats locking horns. Both go down, Jackson HOLLERING as he hits the ground.

2 CONTINUED:

2

The sickening SOUND of bone dislodging from socket sends a cringe through Coach.

While everyone else runs over to check on Jackson, Stiles hurries to Scott's side.

STILES

Are you okay?

But Scott won't lift his head, won't reveal his face to Stiles underneath the helmet.

STILES (CONT'D)

Scott?

His head tilts up to reveal the sharpened teeth jutting out from his lower jaw.

SCOTT

It's happening. I can't control it.
It's happening.

Grabbing him by the shoulder pads, Stiles pulls him up.

STILES

Come on. Before anyone sees. Come,
on, come on!

As Stiles drags him off the field and toward the lockers, neither of them notice someone watching from the sidelines...

Derek Hale.

3 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

3

The door to the darkened locker room CLANGS open, Stiles dragging a hunched over Scott inside.

SCOTT

Get back.

STILES

I'm just trying to help--

SCOTT

Get away from me.

His VOICE comes out with a frighteningly demonic rasp, head snapping around as if to rip out the other boy's throat.

Stiles retreats, almost stumbling over his own feet at the sight of Scott's EYES. The sounds coming from him are painful, animalistic and frighteningly aggressive.

3

CONTINUED:

3

Turning back, Scott doubles over in pain. He tears off his lacrosse gloves to reveal his SHARPENED CLAWS.

Stiles keeps stepping away in fear, accidentally backing into a FIRE EXTINGUISHER against the wall.

THE CLANG OF METAL causes Scott to whip his head around. But it's no longer Scott under that helmet or behind those rage-filled yellow eyes.

He hurtles toward Stiles, rounding the corner of the lockers, jumping onto the wood bench and up as--

Stiles lifts the FIRE EXTINGUISHER and pulls the trigger, BLASTING CO2 from the nozzle. Scott's clawed hands come up to shield his face, PLUMES OF WHITE surrounding him.

Darting around another corner, Stiles backs against the lockers, waiting for the next attack.

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

Stiles?

Slowly, Stiles peers around the locker row to see Scott on the floor, chest heaving with each difficult breath. He pulls the helmet off to reveal--

He's back to normal. Face drenched with sweat.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What happened?

STILES

You tried to kill me.

Stiles drops the extinguisher to the floor. Still shaking and unable to conceal his anger at his friend.

3

CONTINUED:

3

STILES (CONT'D)

It's like I told you. It's the anger, your pulse rising. They're all triggers.

SCOTT

But that's lacrosse. It's a pretty violent game if you hadn't noticed.

STILES

A lot more violent if you end up killing someone. You can't play Saturday. You have to get out of the game.

SCOTT

But I'm first line.

STILES

Not anymore.

CUT TO:

*

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

4

INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT

4

An emotionally and physically exhausted Scott tosses his school bag on the floor and falls face first onto the bed. Melissa McCall looks in.

MELISSA MCCALL

Late shift again for me, but I'm taking a night off to see your first game.

SCOTT

Mom, you can't.

MELISSA MCCALL

I can and I will. One shift won't break us. Not completely. And what's wrong with your eyes?

Scott glances up in alarm.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)

You look like you haven't slept in days.

SCOTT

Oh. It's nothing. Just kind of stressed.

MELISSA MCCALL

Kind of? Nothing else? You're not on drugs or anything?

SCOTT

Right now?

MELISSA MCCALL

What do you mean *right now*? Have you ever taken drugs?

SCOTT

Have you?

A question she clearly doesn't want to answer.

MELISSA MCCALL

Get some sleep.

Car keys in hand, Melissa leaves.

Scott drags himself up from the bed and hits the mouse on his computer. The moment it WAKES, a web chat INVITATION from Stiles pops up. Scott hits ACCEPT and Stiles appears in the window.

SCOTT

What'd you find out?

STILES

It's bad. Jackson's got a separated shoulder.

SCOTT

Because of me?

STILES

Because he's a tool. It's not your fault.

SCOTT

Is he going to play?

STILES

They don't know yet. But now they're all counting on you for Saturday...

Stiles pauses mid-sentence. Then comes closer to the web cam window, squinting his eyes at it. He seems to be looking at something in Scott's room.

SCOTT

What?

A TEXT WINDOW pops up on Scott's screen. Stiles types:

It looks like--

The cursor turns into a SPINNING WHEEL, the computer momentarily hung up. Stiles's web cam image freezes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(impatient)

Looks like what?

A moment later, the cursor finally stops spinning and the rest of the text appears:

It looks like someone's behind you.

Scott stops breathing. He doesn't turn around. Staying very still, his eyes move to his OWN IMAGE in the bottom corner of the web cam window. He slowly clicks the mouse, re-sizing the window, making it larger and larger until--

He sees his own reflected face, an expression of pure fear on it. And behind him--

A STRANGE SILHOUETTE. Someone *is* standing there in the shadows of his room.

Scott spins around and Derek grabs him, yanking him away from the desk, sending the laptop clattering to the floor. Dragging him up, he slams Scott face first to the wall.

DEREK

I saw you on the field.

SCOTT

What? What are you talking--

DEREK

You shifted in front of them. If they find out what you are, they find out about me. About all of us. Then it's not just hunters after us. It's everyone.

4

CONTINUED:

4

SCOTT

But they didn't see. No one did--

DEREK

And they won't. Because if you try
to play that game Saturday...

Derek comes terrifyingly close, right next to Scott's ear.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I'll kill you myself.

He pulls Scott from the wall and sends him tumbling across
the room. When Scott looks up from the floor--

Derek is gone.

The bedroom window lies open where he must have leapt with
incredible speed, leaving Scott alone in his room.

And shaking in fear...

FADE OUT.

*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

5

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

5

Scott follows Coach into the locker room before classes.

COACH

What do you mean you can't play the game tomorrow night?

SCOTT

I mean I can't play the game tomorrow night.

COACH

You can't *wait* to play the game tomorrow night?

SCOTT

No, I can't *play* the game tomorrow night.

COACH

I'm not following.

SCOTT

I'm having some personal issues.

COACH

Like what? Is it a girl?

SCOTT

No.

COACH

Is it a guy? You know our goalie Danny is gay.

SCOTT

I know, Coach. But that's not it.

COACH

You don't think Danny's a good looking guy?

SCOTT

No, Danny's good looking. But I like girls. And that's not it anyway--

5 CONTINUED:

5

COACH

Is it drugs? Are you doing meth? My brother was hooked on meth. You should have seen what it did to his teeth, all rotted and cracked. It was disgusting. He was a mess.

SCOTT

(genuinely concerned)
What happened to him?

COACH

He got veneers. They look perfect now. Is that it? You're worried about getting hurt?

SCOTT

No. I'm just having some issues with... aggression.

COACH

Well that's exactly why you play lacrosse. Problem solved.

SCOTT

Coach. I can't play the game.

COACH

Listen, McCall. Part of playing first line is taking on the responsibility of being the first line in the game. If you can't shoulder that responsibility then you're back on the bench until you're ready.

SCOTT

If I don't play the game you're going to take me off first line?

The BELL RINGS. Coach ushers Scott to the door.

COACH

Play the game, McCall.

6 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

6

Stepping back into the corridor and into the rush of students, Scott jumps when his phone RINGS in his pocket.

He takes it out to read a text message from MOM: *Got the night off! Coming to see you play! So excited!!*

6

CONTINUED:

6

Scott breathes a sigh of frustration. His phone BUZZES again with a second text from Mom: *What does LMFAO mean?*

He's about to type back when he notices someone coming down the corridor to find him--

Allison Argent. She walks through the crowd, every teenage male eye seeming to follow her. But her perfect smile is reserved for Scott.

ALLISON

(nodding to the phone)

Hey, you busy?

SCOTT

No. It's just my Mom. She's nothing. I mean *it's* nothing. I'm never busy. For you.

ALLISON

I like the sound of that. I have to run to French class but I wanted you to know I'm coming to see you play tomorrow.

SCOTT

You are?

ALLISON

And we're all going out afterwards. You, me, Lydia, Jackson. It's going to be great. And bring Stiles too. Save me a seat at lunch. Gotta' go.

Scott barely has a chance to nod as she hurries off. But just before she disappears into the rush of students, she smiles at him again. With a quick wave, she's gone.

6 CONTINUED:

6

Scott slumps against the lockers.

SCOTT

I am so screwed.

7 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/ADJACENT CORRIDOR - DAY

7

Down the adjacent hall, Allison stops at her locker, quickly spins the combo, grabs her French book and--

Stops when she notices something strange inside. Slowly, she pulls an item out, one that shouldn't be there... Her JACKET from the party.

As she eases the locker shut, she notices how very alone she is in the corridor. She gazes down one end of the hall and then the other.

Not a soul. Not a sound. Until--

THE SECOND BELL RINGS, startling her. Breathing a short laugh at herself, she hurries off to class.

8 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/MATH CLASSROOM - DAY

8

At the chalkboard with other students solving algebra problems, Lydia whispers to Scott.

LYDIA

Why is there a rumor going around that you're not playing tomorrow?

SCOTT

Because I'm sort of... not.

LYDIA

I think you sort of are. Especially when you brutally injure my boyfriend by ramming into him.

SCOTT

He brutally injured himself ramming into me.

8

CONTINUED:

8

The MATH TEACHER steps past, eyeing their work on the board.

LYDIA

Jackson's going to play Saturday,
but he's not going to be at peak. I
prefer my boyfriend at peak
performance.

SCOTT

(wondering if she's still
talking about lacrosse)
Okay...

LYDIA

See, I date the captain of a
winning lacrosse team. If they
start off the season losing, I date
the captain of a losing lacrosse
team. I don't date losers. You
understand how that works?

SCOTT

Losing one game isn't going to kill
anyone. In fact, it might save
someone.

Lydia looks at him. Doesn't get it. Doesn't care.

LYDIA

Fine. Don't play. We'll probably
win anyway. We'll go out after like
we're planning. I'll introduce
Allison to all the other hot
players on the team.

(MORE)

8 CONTINUED:

8

LYDIA (CONT'D)

And while she gets the attention she deserves, Scott McCall can stay home surfing the net for porn.

She finishes her math problem, wipes the chalk off her hands and saunters back to her desk. Scott returns his attention to his own EQUATION on the board.

MATH TEACHER

Mr. McCall, you're not even close to solving your problem.

SCOTT

Tell me about it.

9 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

9

A locker slams shut. Scott leans his head against it, utterly weary. Stiles whips around the corner, grabbing him.

STILES

Come here, come here.

He leads Scott around the corner where they can both see down the hall to the VICE PRINCIPAL talking to Sheriff Stilinski and one his Deputies.

STILES (CONT'D)

See if you can hear them.

Scott focuses, attempting to tune in the voices.

STILINSKI

...animal attacks... just don't want the kids out... 9:30pm...

STILES

What are they saying?

Scott SHUSHES him.

STILINSKI

...institute the curfew....

SCOTT

A curfew. Because of the body.

9A INT. HIGH SCHOOL/ADJACENT CORRIDOR - DAY

9A

Scott follows a furious Stiles around the corner.

9A

CONTINUED:

9A

STILES

Seriously unbelievable. My Dad's out looking for a rabid animal while the jerkoff who actually killed the girl is just hanging out doing whatever he wants.

SCOTT

You can't exactly tell your Dad the truth about Derek.

STILES

I can do something.

SCOTT

Like what?

STILES

Like find the other half of the body.

Stiles heads into a classroom. Scott stops when he spots Allison shaking hands with an extremely good looking LAX PLAYER. Lydia wears a big smile while introducing them. And also while staring right at Scott.

Allison turns to see him approaching as Lydia and the LAX Player slip away.

SCOTT

So Lydia's introducing you to everyone?

ALLISON

Yeah, she's been so unbelievably nice. Usually the popular girls are totally evil when I move to a new place. But she's making it really easy for me.

SCOTT

I wonder why.

ALLISON

Maybe she gets how much being the New Girl can suck.

9A

CONTINUED:

9A

He's about to reply when he notices with alarm that she's carrying THE JACKET.

SCOTT

Where did you get that?

ALLISON

My jacket? It was in my locker. I think Lydia brought it back from the party. She has my combination--

SCOTT

Did she say she brought it back?
Did someone give her the jacket?

ALLISON

Like who?

SCOTT

Like Derek.

ALLISON

Your friend?

SCOTT

He's not my friend. How much did you talk to him when he drove you home?

ALLISON

Not much at all.

SCOTT

What did you say?

ALLISON

(confused)

Sorry, but I have to get to my next class. Can we talk later?

SCOTT

Allison--

ALLISON

I really have to go.

She hurries off, leaving Scott ruminating on the jacket. But then he turns, moving with focus, faster and faster--

10

OMITTED

10

10

CONTINUED:

TEEN WOLF EP#102

SALMON DRAFT

3/7/11

18.

10

11 EXT. ROAD/HALE PROPERTY - DAY

11

On his bike and pedaling at top speed, Scott charges down the road. Finally, he whips onto a driveway leading to the rundown Hale house.

SCOTT

Derek!

He lets his bike clatter to the ground, school bag with it. In a flash he's on the porch, looking in each window.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Derek!

Still no response. Scott slips around the side of the house and to the back. Then something catches his attention--

At the edge of the woods, he sees FRESH DIRT covering the ground. As if something had been dug up. *Or buried.*

But before he can approach, a sound stops him in his tracks... A HEARTBEAT. At first it's a tiny rhythm in the distance. But then it rapidly gets louder, stronger. Scott starts to back away, moving for the front of the house again and for his bike when--

Derek steps out of the woods. No sudden appearance, no theatrics. He just calmly walks out of the shadows.

Scott tries to stand strong.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Stay away from her. She doesn't know anything.

DEREK

What if she does?

Derek keeps coming, backing Scott away from the house.

11 CONTINUED:

11

DEREK (CONT'D)

You think your little buddy Stiles can Google *werewolves* and now you've got all the answers?

Reaching down to Scott's school bag, Derek picks up the LACROSSE STICK, playfully turning it over in his hands.

DEREK (CONT'D)

You don't get it yet, but I'm looking out for you. Think about what could happen. You're on the field. The aggression takes over. And you shift in front of everyone. Allison, your mother, your friends...

Derek's hand comes up and the CLAWS are out. Scott flinches back, both in fear and surprise at his display of mastery over his abilities.

DEREK (CONT'D)

And when they see you--

He rakes his claws over the net.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Everything falls apart.

The slashed threads flutter away from the head of the lacrosse stick, the net now in tatters. Derek tosses the ruined stick. Scott catches it. When he looks up--

He's alone, Derek having vanished yet again.

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

12

Stiles bursts through Scott's door and into his room.

STILES

What did you find? How did you find it? Where did you find it? And yeah, I've had a lot of Adderall.

At his desk, Scott works on something, concentrating on it with exacting focus.

SCOTT

I found something at Derek Hale's.

STILES

Are you kidding? What?

SCOTT

Something's buried there. I smelled blood.

STILES

That's awesome. I mean that's terrible. Whose blood?

SCOTT

That's what I need you to help me find out. And when we do, we're going to help your dad nail Derek for the murder. And then you're going to help me figure out how to play lacrosse without changing.

Scott stands, revealing what he's been working on so intently: his LACROSSE STICK. Now perfectly re-laced, he spins it in his hands with a look of pride.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Because there's no way I'm not playing that game.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

13

OMITTED

13

14

OMITTED

14

15 INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 15

The doors of BEACON HILLS HOSPITAL slide open. Stiles and Scott casually walk past the front desk trying not to be conspicuous in front of waiting patients, nurses and orderlies.

Stiles nods to a set of double doors and a sign pointing to MORGUE. Scott quickly pushes through the doors as Stiles heads to a WAITING AREA.

16 INT. HOSPITAL/MORGUE FREEZER ROOM - NIGHT 16

Scott steps inside the almost pitch black freezer room. He lights the display on his phone using it to search the labels on the drawer.

He locates one marked: *JANE DOE - partial. Police Evidence Do Not Tamper.*

Scott takes a breath and yanks it open.

17 INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 17

Standing outside in the corridor, Stiles looks to the waiting area and does a double take.

Lydia Martin sits in one of the chairs.

It's a moment of opportunity he simply cannot pass up. Leaving his post, he tentatively approaches her.

STILES

Hey, Lydia. You probably don't remember me, but I sit behind you in Biology. And I know you're dating Jackson and all that, but I always thought we had a kind of connection. Unspoken, of course. But I sort of think it would be cool to get to know you. Sort of.

LYDIA

Hold on. Give me a second.

Stiles looks at her, quite confused. But then she pulls out a BLUETOOTH headset that was covered by her hair.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I didn't get any of what you just said. Is it worth repeating?

17 CONTINUED:

17

STILES

Uh... No. Sorry.

As she gives an irritated sigh, Stiles takes a seat far away from her, head falling into his hand.

18 INT. HOSPITAL/MORGUE FREEZER ROOM - NIGHT

18

Scott covers his mouth while gazing down at the lower half of the body. He slowly pulls the drawer open to where the sheet finally flattens out just above the severed hip.

Removing his hand from his mouth, Scott pulls the sheet up to reveal the decayed and rotted feet. Then, unable to stand anymore, the sight or the smell, Scott covers up the body and slides the drawer shut.

19 INT. HOSPITAL/WAITING AREA - NIGHT

19

Jackson comes around the corner to find Lydia. He's massaging his shoulder.

LYDIA

Did he do it?

JACKSON

(nodding)

He said it's not a good habit to get into but one cortisone shot won't kill me.

LYDIA

You should get one right before the game too.

(off his look)

What? The pros do it all the time. You want to be a little high school amateur?

(teasing him now)

Or do you want to go pro?

She pulls him into a kiss that's all tongue.

As they walk off, Stiles watches with a jealous gaze from behind the pages of a hospital pamphlet. It's titled: *All About Your Menstrual Cycle*.

Scott yanks it out of his hands, surprising him.

SCOTT

The scent was the same.

19

CONTINUED:

19

STILES

You're sure?

Scott nods and starts off with Stiles following.

STILES (CONT'D)

So he did bury the other half of the body on his property.

SCOTT

Which means we have proof he killed the girl.

STILES

Then I say we use it.

SCOTT

How?

STILES

Tell me something first. Are you doing this because you want to stop Derek? Or because you want to play the game Saturday and he said you couldn't?

SCOTT

There were bite marks on the legs. Bite marks. And if he knows about Allison now...

STILES

Okay. Then we're going to need a shovel.

They SLAM through the EXIT DOOR and out into the night.

20

OMITTED

20

21 EXT. HALE PROPERTY/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT 21

Derek's black Dodge Challenger roars out from the long driveway leading to the dilapidated house. In its wake, Stile's Jeep slowly pulls forward.

22 EXT. HALE PROPERTY - NIGHT 22

Now carrying a shovel and pick, Scott and Stiles head for the house. But Scott pauses, glancing around.

SCOTT
Something's different.

STILES
Different how?

But Scott shakes his head. He looks back to the road, listening for any sounds.

SCOTT

Let's get this over with.

Unnerved now as well, Stiles follows him around the house to the edge of the woods. Waving him over, Scott kicks at the dirt on the ground. It's loose, gravelly.

They start digging. Piles of dirt landing on the grass nearby. They work fast, Scott pulling up his sleeves as sweat starts to drip down his forehead.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

This is taking too long.

STILES

Just keep going.

SCOTT

What if he comes back?

STILES

Then we get the hell out of here.

SCOTT

What if he catches us?

STILES

I have a plan for that.

SCOTT

Which is?

STILES

You run one way. I run the other.
Whoever he catches first? Too bad.

SCOTT

I hate that plan.

They dig faster, harder. Muscles burning, Scott keeps throwing nervous glances to the driveway.

STILES

Stop, stop, stop!

Dropping the shovel, Stiles clammers down into the hole. He feels around and finds a dark FABRIC in the dirt. Both of them now digging with their hands they finally uncover--

A BLACK BAG, DRAWSTRING tied in tight knots. Stiles digs at the knot with his fingers.

SCOTT

Hurry.

STILES

I'm trying. Did he have to tie the thing in nine hundred knots?

SCOTT

I'll do it.

Both of them claw at the drawstring, almost frantically trying to get the knot to come undone. And then finally it loosens. The black bag flutters open to reveal the body inside--

Except it's not a dead girl. *It's the body of a WOLF.* Stiles and Scott both HOLLER, jumping back.

STILES

What the hell is that?

SCOTT

It's a wolf.

STILES

I can see that. I thought you said you smelled blood? As in human blood?

SCOTT

I told you something was different.

Scott pulls back the edge of the bag to get a better look. The remains of the wolf peer through, a tangle of legs and blood-crusted fur.

STILES

This doesn't make sense.

SCOTT

We gotta' get out of here.

STILES

(nodding)

Help me cover this up.

Stiles reaches for the shovel when he notices A PURPLE FLOWER in the ground. It sticks out of the dirt as if it had only recently been planted there.

SCOTT

What's wrong?

STILES

Do you see that flower?

SCOTT

What about it?

STILES

I think it's Wolfsbane.

SCOTT

How do you know that?

STILES

Haven't you ever seen *The Wolf Man*?
Lon Chaney Jr.? Claude Rains? The
original classic werewolf movie?
(as Scott shakes his head)
You are so unprepared for this.

Stiles kneels next to the flower, gently feeling around the stem. He pulls it up, revealing that the flower has sprouted out of what appears to be a very thin but strong twine interlaced from its stem and root.

SCOTT

Don't.

(off his look)

I have this feeling it's not going
to be a good idea.

STILES

Yeah. Me too.

SCOTT

Then we're leaving?

STILES

Hell no.

22

CONTINUED:

22

While Scott takes several cautious steps back, Stiles continues unearthing the purple-flowered rope. Soil falling around his shoes, he walks in circles around the grave.

LOOKING DOWN FROM ABOVE - As Stiles continues, the Wolfsbane rope leads back to the grave in an almost perfect spiral.

Finally, at about ten yards out, Stiles reaches the end of the rope. With a pile gathered into his arms, he turns to Scott who is staring back at the grave.

SCOTT

(barely a whisper)

Stiles...

The rope slips out of Stiles's hands, falling at his feet as his eyes widen. The wolf is no longer a wolf.

It's the upper half of the girl.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

23 EXT. HALE PROPERTY - DAY 23

Morning. The Hale property is now a crime scene. Handcuffed, Derek is led into a police car by a Deputy while Scott looks on by Stiles's jeep.

Scott quickly types a TEXT into his phone: *Ok, go.*

23A INT. POLICE CAR - DAY 23A

Derek glances up from the backseat behind the cage as Stiles slips into the front passenger side.

STILES

Just so you know, I'm not afraid of you.

Derek almost smiles. Almost.

STILES (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe I am. Doesn't matter. I just want to know something. The girl you killed...

Stiles quickly glances around to see if anyone is coming.

STILES (CONT'D)

She was a werewolf. But she was a different kind, wasn't she?

He looks to Derek for confirmation. Gets none.

STILES (CONT'D)

She could turn herself into an actual wolf. I know Scott can't do that. And I think you can't either. Is that why you killed her?

DEREK

Why are you so worried about me when it's your friend who's the problem?

He comes closer to the cage, causing Stiles to pull back.

DEREK (CONT'D)

When he shifts on the field, what do you think they're going to do? Just keep cheering him on?

(MORE)

23A CONTINUED:

23A

DEREK (CONT'D)

I can't stop him from playing. But
you can. And trust me. You want to.

The passenger door swings open and--

23B EXT. HALE PROPERTY - DAY

23B

Stiles is yanked out of the car by the back of his jacket.
Sheriff Stilinski drags him over to Scott.

STILINSKI

What the hell do you think you're
doing?

STILES

Just trying to help.

STILINSKI

How about you help me understand
exactly how you came across this?

STILES

We were looking for Scott's
inhaler.

STILINSKI

Which he dropped when?

STILES

The other night.

STILINSKI

The other night when you came out
to look for the first half of the
body?

STILES

Yes.

STILINSKI

The night when you told me you were
out alone and Scott was home?

STILES

Yes.

(realizing)

No.

(realizing again)

Crap.

STILINSKI

So you lied to me?

23B

CONTINUED:

23B

STILES

That depends on how you define
lying.

STILINSKI

I define it as not telling the
truth. How do you define it?

23B CONTINUED:

23B

STILES

Reclining your body in a horizontal position?

STILINSKI

Get the hell out of here.

STILES

Absolutely.

24 INT. STILES'S JEEP - DAY

24

Stiles drives while Scott surfs the web with his phone.

SCOTT

I can't find anything about Wolfsbane being used for burial.

STILES

Keep looking. Maybe it's like a ritual. Like they bury you as a wolf. Or maybe it's like a special skill. Like something you have to learn.

SCOTT

I'll put it on my to-do list. Right underneath: *Figure out how the hell I'm playing the game tonight.*

STILES

Maybe it's different for girl werewolves--

SCOTT

Okay, stop it.

STILES

Stop what?

SCOTT

Stop saying *werewolves*. Stop enjoying this so much.

STILES

Are you okay?

Scott puts his hand to his head, rubbing his eyes. Sweat beads at his forehead. He starts blinking furiously.

24

CONTINUED:

24

SCOTT

No, I'm not okay. I'm so far from being okay...

STILES

You're going to have to accept this, Scott. Sooner or later--

SCOTT

I can't--

STILES

You have to--

SCOTT

No, I can't--I can't breathe.

He lurches up suddenly, head pulling back, mouth opening as if a knife had just stabbed right into his spine.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Pull over!

STILES

What's happening?

A SQUEALING SOUND pierces through Scott's head. A high pitched PULSATING that brings his hands to his ears.

He doubles over and finds himself looking right down at Stiles's school bag at his legs. Scott yanks it open. Inside is the WOLFSBANE twine.

SCOTT

You kept it?

STILES

What was I supposed to do with it?

Scott looks up at Stiles with eyes now BURNING YELLOW.

SCOTT

Stop the car!

25

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

25

The Jeep skids to a halt. Stiles jumps out with his school bag and tosses it as far as he can into the woods.

STILES

Okay, okay, it's gone.

But when he turns back to the Jeep, Scott's door is also open. The passenger seat empty. Stiles stands very still. Listening to the silence around him.

STILES (CONT'D)

Scott?

He snaps his head around when he hears MOVEMENT. Now very aware of his shortened breath, Stiles tries to peer around the corner of his Jeep. But then he sees--

THROUGH THE JEEP'S WINDOWS - Scott on the other side. His body a silhouette except for his EYES. Yellow and bright through the dirty windows.

Slowly, but purposefully, Scott moves left. Stiles takes a step right, trying to keep the Jeep between them.

STILES (CONT'D)

Don't do this, Scott.

Another step left. Stiles moves again. Scott angrily slams his hands into the Jeep. It ROCKS toward Stiles, tipping up.

STILES (CONT'D)

Scott!

He hits the Jeep again and again to the point where it almost seems like it's going to flip right over and crush Stiles.

STILES (CONT'D)

Stop!

Clawed hands latching onto the side of the Jeep, Scott himself launches up and--

ONTO THE ROOF.

Stiles stumbles back, falling onto his butt. He gazes up, now seeing his friend for the first time as a complete werewolf. And it scares the hell out of him.

25 CONTINUED:

25

Arms outstretched, Scott lets loose an ANGUISHED ROAR, howling up at the sky.

Stiles twists forward across the pavement and scrambles back into the Jeep through the passenger side. He knocks the gear shift into DRIVE and manages to get a foot on the GAS PEDAL.

As Scott's footsteps pound across the roof, Stiles FLOORS IT. Spinning around to look out the window, he sees--

THE SILHOUETTE OF SCOTT landing in the middle of the road.

Stiles hits the BRAKES, skidding to a halt at a safe distance. When he looks back again--

A shadow disappears into the woods, Scott racing for the cover of darkness.

26 OMITTED

26

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

27 INT. STILES'S JEEP - DAY

27

Stiles takes corners far too fast, charging down the street in his Jeep. He puts his cell phone to his ear.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Stiles, you know you can't call the dispatch line when I'm on duty.

STILES

All I need to know is if you've gotten any odd calls.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Odd how?

STILES

Like an odd person or... dog-like individual... roaming the streets?

DISPATCH (V.O.)

I'm hanging up on you now.

STILES

No, wait, wait--

But the line dies. With a sigh of frustration, Stiles drops the cell phone onto the passenger seat on top of--

PRINTOUTS from his most recent werewolf research. One in particular is a drawing of a ferocious werewolf, a beautiful young woman fainting in its arms.

28 EXT. ARGENT HOME/INT. ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT

28

Through the open second-floor bedroom window, Allison can be seen sitting down at her desk with an open box. She pulls out a simple UNFRAMED PHOTO, looking at the words on the back:

Philly Girls 4eva. We'll miss you!

She turns the photo back around, smiling at the picture of her with her friends from her last home. Then she slips it into the corner of her mirror while never noticing--

THE FIGURE perched in the tree just a few feet from her window... Scott, still a werewolf.

In the shadows under the setting sun, his breathing becomes more hollow and ragged as Allison comes to the window.

Scott moves forward, creeping out of the darkness as if in another second he could leap into her room and--

Allison pulls the window shut, the glass revealing a sudden REFLECTION to Scott.

Himself. The face of a monster staring back at him.

Scott retreats back into the shadows, frightened by his own appearance. He jumps down from his perch on the tree, darting away from the house and into the street just as--

HEADLIGHTS appear. A car SCREECHES to a halt. Scott SLAMS into the hood, rolling over it and toppling to the pavement. Argent hops out of the driver's side.

ARGENT

Oh my God...

He has his phone out, already dialing 9-1-1 as he crouches over Scott. But the boy's hand comes up, gripping the man's arm. When Argent looks down at him, he's back to normal.

SCOTT

I'm okay.

ALLISON (O.S.)

Dad? What the hell are you doing?

Allison comes rushing out the front door to Scott.

ARGENT

He came out of nowhere--

ALLISON

Are you trying to kill him?

Scott glances up at the ironic question.

ARGENT

Of course not. He ran out into the street--

SCOTT

I'm sorry. It's my fault.

ALLISON

Are you okay?

She kneels over him, tenderly brushing dirt from the road off his brow. Argent looks on, a different kind of concern on his face now as Scott and Allison gaze into each other's eyes.

SCOTT

I'm fine. I swear.

(to Argent)

I'm sorry I hit your car. I was just coming to say hi.

Allison helps him to his feet.

ARGENT

You're sure you're okay?

SCOTT

Yeah, completely. I should go. I've got a lacrosse game to get to. You're still coming? Right?

ALLISON

Of course, I'm coming.

Her hands linger on him as Argent peers in between them.

ARGENT

We both are.

Scott and Allison turn to him, each with a look of surprise. This is news to both of them. And neither seems to like it.

30

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

30

Pulling his locker open, Scott notices Jackson whispering to another player. He tries to use his hearing to listen in...

But the SLAMMING of lockers masks Jackson's VOICE and instead causes Scott to wince in pain. As the sound subsides into a slightly unbearable RING--

The player gives a nod and then heads out while Jackson moves to whisper in the ear of another team member.

Stiles wanders into the locker room, pulling his own uniform over his pads. He notices Scott on the bench. Then takes a breath and approaches.

SCOTT

You going to try to convince me not to play?

STILES

I just hope you know what you're doing.

SCOTT

If I don't play I lose first line.
And Allison.

STILES

Allison's not going anywhere. And
it's one game which you don't have
to play--

SCOTT

I want to play. I want to be on the
team, I want to go out with
Allison. I want a semi-freaking
normal life. Do you get that?

Stiles goes quiet. Then gives an understanding nod.

STILES

I get it.

Scott grabs his gear, Stiles following him out.

STILES (CONT'D)

Just try not to worry too much
while you're out there, all right?
And try not to get angry.

SCOTT

Got it.

STILES

Or stressed.

SCOTT

Got it.

30 CONTINUED:

30

STILES

And don't worry about Allison being there. Don't think about her father trying to kill you. Or Derek trying to kill you. Or the girl he killed. Or that you might kill someone. If a hunter doesn't kill you first.

(off Scott's look)

I'll shut up now.

31 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

31

Scott walks out onto the field, Stiles following. With an anxious breath, he turns to--

THE BLEACHERS - where Melissa McCall stands up waving. She made it. Then Allison and her father, Mr. Argent, appear, walking up to find a good seat.

SCOTT

Oh God...

And then Lydia walks down the bleachers past her.

LYDIA

Scott.

She snakes two fingers into his chest plate and pulls him very, very close.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I just want you to remember one thing for tonight...

SCOTT

Winning isn't everything?

LYDIA

Nobody likes a loser.

Scott nods and turns back to the field with a heavy sigh.
Coach passes by him on the way to Jackson.

COACH

How's the shoulder?

JACKSON

Fine.

COACH

Does it hurt?

JACKSON

No.

COACH

If I punched it really hard, would
it hurt?

JACKSON

Maybe.

COACH

If I took a ball-peen hammer...
Forget that. I don't know where I
was going with that. Just do your
best and if you feel any pain, any
discomfort whatsoever...

JACKSON

Just keep playing?

COACH

That's my boy.

The WHISTLE BLOWS sending Jackson, Scott and the team
charging off the bench and on to the field.

Stiles remains with the other bench warmers, nervously
chewing the fingers of his gloves.

ON THE LACROSSE FIELD - Scott walks out to take his position.
He pulls his helmet down and briefly closes his eyes.

SCOTT

(a whispered prayer)
Please, let this go okay.

Glaring at him from underneath his own helmet, Jackson walks
confidently on to the field. Then turns his back to Scott.

31

CONTINUED:

31

AT THE BENCHES - Stilinski taps Stiles on the shoulder.

STILINSKI

Hey kiddo. Any chance you'll be seeing some action tonight?

STILES

Action? Definite possibility.

ON THE FIELD - Jackson moves to face the opposing team member at the draw. The Ref places the ball on the grass. Sound drops out around Scott. Just his uneasy breath and his always POUNDING HEART.

SCOTT

Please... please...

The Ref slowly brings the whistle to his lips. Jackson tightens his grip on his stick, teeth clenched down on his mouth guard as--

THE WHISTLE BLOWS.

Jackson scoops up the ball before the opposing player even has a chance to blink.

Scott moves fast, darting around the others, getting open for a pass as quickly as he can but--

Jackson tosses the ball to another teammate.

SLAP CHECKS come down hard on Beacon Hills and the ball rolls across the grass, loose for anyone to grab.

Scott hurries forward to take it, but Jackson is there first. It's almost like he's stealing the ball from Scott.

Whipping his stick around, Jackson hurls a shot toward the opposing goal. *The ball hits the net.*

The crowd on the bleachers CHEERS, shouts for Jackson erupting among them.

COACH

That's it Jackson! Get fired up!

FROM THE FIELD - Scott sees Lydia whisper in Allison's ear.

31

CONTINUED:

31

AT THE BLEACHERS - The two girls reach down and pick up a piece of POSTER BOARD raising it high above their heads.

The poster reads: *We luv u Jackson!*

FROM THE BENCH - Stiles gazes up to see Lydia and Allison with the poster over their heads.

STILES

Brutal.

ON THE FIELD - a fuming Scott stares at it in disbelief.

STILES (CONT'D)

This is not going to be good.

THE WHISTLE BLOWS AGAIN - But as fast as Scott moves, the ball never seems to find its way into his pocket. He keeps trying, one play after another.

FROM THE BLEACHERS - The disappointment on Melissa McCall's face comes like a punctuation mark to every missed pass, every missed opportunity.

But then as Scott adjusts his helmet, he hears something, VOICES coming into his head. Jackson talks to DANNY, the goalie.

JACKSON

Only to me.

DANNY

But what if he's open?

Scott holds still, head cocked while finally hearing what Jackson has been whispering to the other players.

JACKSON

Who's the captain, Danny? You or me?

DANNY

Jackson, come on, dude. I just want to win.

JACKSON

We'll win.

DANNY

But--

31

CONTINUED:

31

JACKSON

What did I say? What. Did. I. Say?

DANNY

Don't pass to McCall.

Jackson raps him on the helmet and gets moving to his position right past--

Scott. Standing with his gloves twisting around the stick, he looks like he's about to snap it into little pieces.

When the WHISTLE BLOWS again, he looks up and through his helmet we can see--

His eyes turning yellow.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

32

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

32

At the start of the next quarter, the Ref comes walking past the players with the ball but pauses when A STRANGE NOISE comes from behind him.

Scott McCall stands hunched-over, face masked in shadow under his helmet.

REF

You okay, kid?

Scott nods very slowly, not seeing that Jackson is also looking back as the Opposing Player approaches for the draw.

REF (CONT'D)

Set!

Both teams prepare for the draw. But strange NOISES can now be heard on the field. Low growling. Animalistic gasps. Scott's body seems to rise with each breath, as if he's about to launch off the ground to attack.

Unnerved, the other players take tentative steps back.

IN THE BLEACHERS - Even the crowd begins to lean forward.

ARGENT

Which one is Scott again?

LYDIA

(answering for Allison)

Number Eleven. Otherwise known as the one who hasn't caught a single pass the entire game.

ALLISON

I hope he's okay.

LYDIA

I hope we're okay. We need to win.

Lydia pulls up the sign again and flips it over.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Allison? Little help here?

She reluctantly helps Lydia hold up the sign. The backside reads: JACKSON IS #1!!

Head turned to the stands, Scott sees it. And that does it. He breathes a furious SNARL between his teeth as--A CRACK snakes its way up the side of his helmet.

JACKSON
What the hell we waiting for?

The Ref blows the WHISTLE. The sound tears across the field, going off like a FIRE ALARM in Scott's head.

Jackson and the Opposing Player grapple for the BALL, sending it flying up into the air where--

Scott leaps up, snatching it with uncanny precision. The crowd issues a WHOA in response as he lands and charges back down the field right past--

Jackson, whose uniform billows up in Scott's wake.

With a sudden WOOSH, the ball goes flying. Right past the goalie and *into the net*.

ON THE BLEACHERS - both Melissa and Allison jump up, HOLLERING. Lydia is knocked in the shoulder. Only mildly, but her look is one of pure annoyance.

ON THE SIDELINES - Stiles follows Coach, clutching one of his gloves in his hand, chewing the index finger.

COACH
To McCall! *Pass to McCall!*

A furious Jackson turns to his teammates. One of them shrugs, pointing to the scoreboard. Beacon is down by one now, a mere minute left on the clock.

REF

Set!

SCOTT'S POV - shaky, wavering. Like that of a killer. The other team takes a few frightened steps back as if sensing they're on the field with something very, very dangerous.

The WHISTLE BLOWS and Scott's off again.

He moves for the ball but it's captured by the other team. Scott goes for a slap check. The opposing player is so freaked out he just tosses the ball to Scott.

COACH

Did the opposing team just deliberately pass the ball to us?

STILES

I believe so, Coach.

COACH

Interesting. Helpful, but interesting.

Charging past the other players like a lightning bolt, Scott FIRES ON THE NET. The Goalie twists, lacrosse stick coming up to make the catch. But--

THE BALL TEARS RIGHT THROUGH THE POCKET OF HIS STICK.

Fans in the bleachers CHEER as the ball hits the net. The Goalie lowers his stick to see the busted pocket.

Scott backs away as both Coaches surround the REF, shouting and arguing with TWENTY SECONDS left on the clock.

REF

Goal!

The Beacon Hills crowd cheers, the game now tied. While the opposing team changes up goalie sticks, Jackson looks back to Scott who keeps his head down.

CLOSE ON - Scott breathing hard, mouth full of fangs, eyes yellow. Trying desperately not to let anyone see him.

REF (CONT'D)

Set!

Jackson reluctantly takes his position for the draw.

OPPOSING PLAYER

What the hell's up with your
teammate, dude? What's he on?

JACKSON

I don't know. Yet.

THE WHISTLE blows and both Jackson and the Opposing Player go for the ball which tumbles out of their grasp. Jackson SLAPS down trying to grab it.

The ball spins into the air as--

Scott WHIPS past, grabbing it right in the middle of its flight again. He charges for the goal and something happens--

His eyes BURN brighter, yellow tint turning to a YELLOW GLOW, the pure animal taking over. With the other players closing in on him, he falters, as if not knowing where to go.

STILES

Scott, no...

And for a moment it's almost as if Scott is no longer charging at the goal, but charging toward the closest player, charging toward prey.

Until out of the chaos of sound, one VOICE comes through--

ALLISON

Come on, Scott. You can do it.

He blinks, the glow in his eyes simmering back down, Allison's voice pulling him from the brink of animal fury.

Then, as the opposing team advances, Scott shoots on the goal. And despite the Goalie's desperate dive--

THE BALL HITS THE NET.

CHEERING THUNDERS around him. Breathing hard, Scott takes a few steps back.

32 CONTINUED:

32

Everyone is coming toward him, people jumping off the bench to congratulate him. His mother, Allison and Lydia stepping down as well. And worst of all... Argent.

Retreating back, Scott yanks one of his gloves off to reveal the CLAWS at the tips of his fingers.

SCOTT

No, no...

Allison hurries onto the field. All she can see is a swarm of lacrosse players in the same uniform. They each pull their helmets off but none of them is Scott.

Stiles collapses onto the bench, still a nervous wreck. Behind him, his Dad gets off his cell phone. Stiles notices.

STILES

Dad? What's wrong?

33 INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

33

Scott slams through the door of the locker room. He comes to the MIRROR, pulling the helmet off to look at his face.

He's still a werewolf. Still a monster.

Crying out in frustration, he sends a clawed fist into the mirror, SHATTERING IT. Millions of fragments rain down below him, reflections of his face fracturing into pieces.

As one shard of mirrored glass wobbles to a standstill on the floor, the locker room door swings open again.

ALLISON

Scott?

She steps in, but pauses when SCOTT'S LACROSSE HELMET rolls eerily to a stop in front of her on the floor.

She approaches. Turns the corner. But stops again at the sound of GLASS CRUNCHING beneath her shoes. She glances around at the shards.

Then, just as she looks up, a SHADOW slips across the floor. She doesn't notice it. Or THE DARK SHAPE above her on the top of the lockers moving stealthily back.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Scott, are you here?

She steps around a corner to face an empty aisle of lockers. Retreating back, she stops when she hears an odd SHUFFLING.

Pressing her back to one of the lockers, she's now clearly frightened. She swallows visibly and--

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(almost a whisper)
Scott?

Reaching up with her fingers she touches the steel lockers and slowly steps around to find--

Scott. But his back is to her and she can't see his face.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Hey. Are you okay? Scott?

He doesn't move. Just the rise and fall of his torso as he draws deep breaths. Allison keeps approaching, reaching a hand up and out when--

He turns around. And is back to normal.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
You scared me. Are you all right?

SCOTT
Sorry. Just felt really light-headed for a sec'.

ALLISON
Maybe it's the adrenaline. You were pretty amazing out there.

SCOTT
Thanks. And sorry for acting completely weird today.

ALLISON
It's okay. I can handle weird.

SCOTT

To be totally honest you make me
kind of nervous.

ALLISON

I do?

SCOTT

Kind of really nervous. I just want
to make sure I get my second
chance.

ALLISON

You already have it. I'm just
waiting for you to take it.

SCOTT

Maybe I need to learn to take more
chances.

ALLISON

Maybe you do.

And then he does. By kissing her. Stepping toward her, he presses his lips softly against hers. Surprised, she holds still at first. But then moves into him, kissing him back. And for a brief second, Scott's life is utterly and totally perfect.

Until Stiles rushes in to find him. He skids to a halt, though, when he sees them together.

But while hanging back, he can't help but watch as Scott and Allison pull away from the kiss, smiling at each other with the kind of sweetness known to first love.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I need to get back to my Dad.

Scott nods. And with that perfect smile she steps away.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Hi, Stiles.

Stiles gives a nod as she passes by and then turns to Scott.

SCOTT

I kissed her.

STILES

I saw.

SCOTT

She kissed me.

STILES

I saw that too.

Scott nods, practically drunk with happiness.

STILES (CONT'D)

It's pretty good, huh?

SCOTT

I don't know how but I controlled it. I pulled it back. Maybe I can do this. Maybe it's not that bad.

STILES

Yeah. We should talk later then.

Stiles turns to go, but Scott catches up to him.

SCOTT

What?

STILES

(reluctantly)

The medical examiner looked at the other half of the body we found.

SCOTT

And?

STILES

I'll keep it simple. Medical Examiner determines killer of girl to be animal not human. Derek is human not animal. Derek not killer. Derek let out of jail.

SCOTT

Are you kidding?

STILES

No, and here's the bigger kick in the ass. My Dad ID'd the dead girl. Both halves. Her name was Laura Hale.

SCOTT

Hale?

33 CONTINUED:

33

STILES

Derek's sister.

And as the realization of a much more complicated mystery hits Scott, he doesn't seem to notice that he's missing one of his lacrosse gloves.

34 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

34

Alone on the field, and still fuming, Jackson's eyes focus on something left in the grass...

Scott's LACROSSE GLOVE.

Slowly, he picks it up, noticing odd tears at the fingertips. They're perforations. Like holes were poked through with something sharp and jagged.

Jackson turns to find someone watching him from the sidelines...

Derek.

With a strange smile, he gives the mystified boy a nod as if to say hello. And then Derek turns, walking away from the field, striding right into camera--

INTO BLACK.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE