

TEEN WOLF
Episode #103
by
Jeff Vlaming

10/18/10 Green Draft

10/6/10 Pink Draft

9/18/10 Blue Draft

9/16/10 White Draft

New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #103
Episode Three

TEEN WOLF

“”

EP#103

Cast List

SCOTT MCCALL..... TYLER POSEY
STILES STILINSKI..... DYLAN O'BRIEN
DEREK HALE..... TYLER HOECHLIN
ALLISON ARGENT..... CRYSTAL REED
LYDIA MARTIN..... HOLLAND RODEN
JACKSON HOLLANDER..... COLTON HAYNES

STUDENT.....
SECOND STUDENT.....
THIRD STUDENT.....
MR. HARRIS.....
HARLEY.....
TEAMMATE.....
DANNY (GOALIE).....
DEATON.....
STILINKSKI.....
MELISSA.....
BUS DRIVER (GARY MEYERS).....
OFFICER.....
MR. ARGENT.....
FIRST HUNTER.....

OMMITED:

CHEMISTRY STUDENT (REPLACED BY HARLEY) 10/18
OFFICER (REPLACED BY DEPUTY) 10/18

ADDED:

HARLEY 10/18
DEPUTY 10/18

TEEN WOLF

""

EP#103

Set List

INTERIORS

SCHOOL BUS
HIGH SCHOOL
CORRIDOR
ADJACENT CORRIDOR
CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM
CAFETERIA
ANIMAL CLINIC
EXAMINING ROOM
HOSPITAL
FRONT DESK
CORRIDOR
ROOM 137
NURSES STATION
HALE HOUSE
INTERIOR
BASEMENT
STILES'S JEEP
MCCALL HOME
SCOTT'S BEDROOM
HALLWAY
ARGENT HOME
ALLISON'S ROOM
BOWLING ALLEY
ALLEY
LOBBY

EXTERIORS

HIGH SCHOOL
PARKING LOT
HALE PROPERTY
ROAD
BEACON HILLS POLICE IMPOUND LOT
OUTSIDE THE FENCE (OMMITTED)
INSIDE THE FENCE (OMMITTED)
GAS STATION
ARGENT HOME
WOODS

TEEN WOLF
"Episode #103"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 1

The school grounds lie dark and deserted. Under the moonlight, two long SHADOWS approach, stretching across the pavement toward a SCHOOL BUS. Scott and Allison appear, hand in hand. *

ALLISON
Where are you taking me?

SCOTT
Somewhere we can be alone.

ALLISON
We are alone.

SCOTT
Somewhere we can be *more* alone.

Giving her a playful smile, he pries the door of the bus open and holds it for her. Slowly, she steps inside.

2 INT. SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT 2

Scott leads Allison into the aisle and toward the rear of the bus. He takes the last seat by the back window. She sits down as well. *In the seat across from him.* He throws her a look as if to say "Oh really?" But she's not moving.

So Scott slips into the seat with her. She turns to him and in the next moment, they're kissing, his lips over hers in the back of the dark, empty school bus.

His hands descend to her thighs, pulling her up to his own body. Allison's fingers slide over the nape of his neck, her back arching up, body pushing into his.

SCOTT'S HANDS grasp at her, fingernails turning to CLAWS which rake her jacket, tearing at the fabric. He jerks back suddenly, eyes squeezed shut.

ALLISON
(breathless)
What? What's wrong?

2

CONTINUED:

2

Trying to keep her from seeing his eyes, he pulls up out of the seat.

SCOTT

Get away.

ALLISON

Scott?

His eyes open wide revealing them to be a seething YELLOW.

SCOTT

Get away from me!

Shocked, Allison pulls back. In a flash, she's out of the seat, trying not to turn and look even as--

A LOW GROWL comes from behind her. She rushes down the aisle as fast as she can when--

SCOTT'S CLAWED HAND snags her ankle and WHAM! Allison goes down hard, eyes wide in terror.

Hands now around both ankles, Scott drags her back, her fingernails scraping the floor. But then she twists around and kicks out--

HEELS landing on the creature behind her. Staggering back from the blow, Scott ROARS in fury, rattling the bus. Now grown to a MONSTROUS black shape his eyes burn a vicious BLOOD RED.

He charges, massive clawed hands RIPPING UP THE BUS SEATS as--

Allison reaches the door, pushing out. But she's stuck. She tries to jam her way out, finally getting through, door slamming open as--

3

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - DAY

3

Stiles slams his Jeep door shut, slinging his school bag over his shoulder.

STILES

And then what? You killed her?

Scott follows him from his Jeep toward the school.

SCOTT

I don't know. I woke up. I was sweating like crazy and I couldn't breathe. I've never had a dream where I woke up like that.

STILES

I have. But it usually ends a little differently.

SCOTT

A: I meant I've never had a dream that felt that real. And B: never give me that much detail about you in bed ever again.

STILES

Noted. But I'm going to take a guess here--

SCOTT

I know. You think it has something to do with me going out with Allison tomorrow. Like I'm afraid I'm going to lose control and rip her throat out. *

STILES

No, of course not.
(off his look)
Yeah, that's totally it.

Scott nods, head slung low.

STILES (CONT'D)

It's going to be okay. Personally, I think you're handling this pretty fricking amazingly. It's not like there's a *Lycanthropy for Beginners Class* you can take. *

SCOTT

Not a class. But maybe a teacher.

STILES

Who? Derek? You forgetting the part where we got him tossed in jail? *

SCOTT

I know, but all of it--chasing her, *dragging her back onto the bus*--it felt so real. *

STILES

How real?

SCOTT

Like it actually happened.

3

CONTINUED:

3

STILES

I think it did...

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT - POLICE TAPE cordons off one of the SCHOOL BUSES. Sheriff Stilinski and his Deputies oversee a Lab Tech examining the rear bus door hanging from its hinges. *

And worse... there's BLOOD on it.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

4

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

4

Scott and Stiles search the corridor for Allison.

STILES

She's probably fine--

SCOTT

She's not answering my texts.

Scott keeps glancing at his own phone, hoping for a response.

STILES

You know, it could be a coincidence.

(considering it)

A seriously amazing coincidence. *

SCOTT

Just help me find her.

A hand comes down on Scott's back. He nearly leaps off his feet. But it's just another STUDENT.

STUDENT

Great game, McCall.

SCOTT

What? Oh. Thanks.

A 2ND STUDENT stops Scott.

2ND STUDENT

Dude, you rocked that game.

A 3RD STUDENT approaches with hand held up for a high five.

3RD STUDENT

McCall!

4 CONTINUED:

4

The accolades keep coming. Stiles notices, genuinely surprised by the attention Scott is getting.

But Scott's only distracted, desperately searching for Allison, glancing from every and any female face. Starting to panic, he pushes past, leaving Stiles behind.

5 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/ADJACENT CORRIDOR - DAY

5

Around a corner, breath so heavy he's almost gasping, Scott backs himself against one of the lockers. Anxiety rising to anger, he raises his hands, fingers clenching together.

He whirls around, SMASHING a fist into one of the lockers.

THE LOCKER DOOR crumples like aluminum foil, swinging down off its hinges. Strangely reminiscent of the bus door.

As the contents of the locker spill out, a shocked Scott backs away. Retreating around the next corner, HE CRASHES RIGHT INTO SOMEONE.

Allison. Her books tumble from her arms to the floor.

ALLISON

Oh my God.

(then with a laugh)

You scared the hell out of me.

SCOTT

You're okay.

ALLISON

Once my heart starts beating again.

He kneels to help pick up the books. She notices his stare.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

(with a shy smile)

What?

SCOTT

Nothing. Just happy to see you.

So close they might almost kiss, Allison is about to respond when a VOICE comes over the PA system.

PRINCIPAL (OVER PA)

Attention, students. This is your Principal...

Everyone stops to listen, hoping to hear school is canceled.

5

CONTINUED:

5

PRINCIPAL (OVER PA) (CONT'D)

...I know you're all wondering about the vandalism that occurred to one of our buses last night. While the police work to determine what happened... classes will proceed as scheduled. Thank you.

GROANS erupt through the hall.

ALLISON

(to Scott)

Save me a seat at lunch?

He gives a nod and watches her walk off. With a relieved breath, he starts down the hall, but then pauses to see--

Jackson at his locker. THE SAME EXACT LOCKER Scott punched and left hanging off its hinges.

JACKSON

What the hell?

Jackson notices a guilty-looking Scott staring at him.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

What are you looking at, asswipe?

Scott shakes his head as if to say nothing. Then hurries past. Jackson grabs his locker door and begins trying to bend it back into place.

6

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASS - DAY

6

The teacher, MR. HARRIS, stands at the board writing down chemical interactions while Scott and Stiles whisper to each from their seats.

SCOTT

Maybe it was my blood on the door?

*

STILES

Could be animal blood. Like maybe you caught a rabbit or something?

*

SCOTT

And did what?

STILES

I don't know. Ate it.

SCOTT

Raw?

*

STILES

No, you stopped to bake it in a little werewolf oven. How should I know? You're the one who can't remember anything.

MR. HARRIS

Mr. Stilinski, if that's your idea of a hushed whisper you might want to pull the earphones out once in a while. I think you and Mr. McCall would benefit from a little distance. Yes?

He points to two empty **seats** on either side of the classroom. Scott and Stiles stand and cross to their new seats. Scott's desk is right in front of--

*

Jackson. Scott sits, very aware of Jackson's eyes on his back.

MR. HARRIS (CONT'D)

Let me know if the separation anxiety gets to be too much.

As he turns back to the board, **Harley gazes up from her seat.**

*

HARLEY

Hey look! They found something!

*

Everyone turns to a STUDENT pointing out the window.

6

CONTINUED:

6

HARLEY (CONT'D)

*

They found a body!

In one motion the class bolts to the window to see for themselves. Even Mr. Harris.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW - AN AMBULANCE sits parked by the woods. TWO EMT'S emerge from the foliage, pushing a gurney. Strapped to it is a MAN'S BODY.

SCOTT

(to Stiles)

That's not a rabbit.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW - The gurney rolls toward the ambulance when suddenly the body atop it LURCHES UP.

THE ENTIRE CLASSROOM SCREAMS.

As the EMT's ease the victim down, Scott steps back from the others. Stunned. Devastated. Stiles slowly approaches.

STILES

This is good. He's not dead. He got up. A dead guy can't do that.

SCOTT

Stiles... I did that.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CAFETERIA - DAY

7

Lunch trays in hand, Stiles and Scott head to an open table in the cafeteria.

STILES

Dreams aren't memories.

SCOTT

Then it wasn't a dream. *Something* happened last night. And I can't remember what.

They sit down at a table together with their trays.

STILES

How are you so sure Derek has all the answers?

SCOTT

(leaning in to whisper)
Because on the full moon he wasn't changed. He was in total control. And I'm running around in the night attacking some totally innocent guy.

STILES

You don't know that.

SCOTT

I don't *not* know it.
(thinking on the possibilities)
I can't go out with Allison. I have to cancel.

STILES

No, you don't. You can't cancel your entire life. We'll figure this out.

Lydia sits down next to him with her tray.

LYDIA

Figure what out?

SCOTT

Uh... Homework. Just homework.

7

CONTINUED:

7

Stiles pauses with a French Fry held just at his lips. Lydia is sitting with them. Voluntarily. He leans over to whisper to Scott.

7

CONTINUED:

7

STILES

Why is she sitting with us?

Scott shrugs. Then Allison comes over and he removes his backpack from the seat he was saving for her.

ALLISON

Thanks.

Stiles still holds that French Fry, watching with increasing surprise as Lydia's GIRLFRIENDS, one of Jackson's lacrosse TEAMMATES and DANNY THE GOALIE sit down with them as well.

Glancing to the pretty girl now on his left Stiles gives her a big smile. She smiles back. Then he looks to Danny on his right. Gives him a smile too. Danny looks at him as if to say "In your dreams."

Finally, Stiles starts eating that French Fry, quite pleased to see that the popular table has come to them.

Until Jackson comes over. He glares at his Teammate.

JACKSON

Get up.

TEAMMATE

How come you never ask Danny to get up?

DANNY

Because I don't stare at his girlfriend's coin slot.

The Teammate grabs his tray and gets up. Jackson sits down next to Lydia and Danny. But his glare fixates on Scott. Not at all happy this kid has somehow infiltrated his crew. *

DANNY (CONT'D)

So they're saying it's an animal attack. Probably a cougar.

JACKSON

I heard mountain lion.

LYDIA

A cougar is a mountain lion.

She glances up to see she's corrected her boyfriend.

7

CONTINUED:

7

LYDIA (CONT'D)
 (playing dumb)
 Isn't it?

JACKSON
 Who cares? The guy's probably some
 homeless tweaker who's gonna' die
 anyway.

STILES
 Actually, I just found out who he
 is.

The others turn to Stiles to see him looking at his phone.

STILES (CONT'D)
 Check this out.

Everyone crowds around to watch a NEWS REPORT on the display.
 Only Lydia stays where she is, utterly indifferent.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 --identified the victim of the
 possible animal attack as Garrison
 Meyers--

SCOTT
 I know that guy. I used to take the
 bus back when I lived at my Dad's
 place. He was the driver.

*
 *
 *

LYDIA
 Can we talk about something
 slightly more fun, please? Like
 where we're going tomorrow night?

Allison and Scott whip their heads around to Lydia.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
 You said you and Scott were hanging
 out tomorrow, right?

Alarm bells going off in Scott's mind, he glances over to see
 Stiles emphatically shaking his head NO!

7

CONTINUED:

7

ALLISON

We were thinking of...
(turning to Scott)
What were we going to do?

SCOTT

We hadn't decided.

LYDIA

Well, I'm not sitting at home
watching lacrosse videos again. If
the four of us are hanging out
let's pick something fun.

SCOTT

(tasting the bitter words)
Hanging out? The four of us?

JACKSON

When the hell were you going to
tell me about this?

SCOTT

(to Allison)
You want to hang out? The four of
us? You and me? And them?

ALLISON

Sure. Sounds fun.

*

Scott looks to Stiles who continues shaking his head.

JACKSON

You know what else sounds fun?
Stabbing myself in the face with
this fork.

LYDIA

Oh, come on, Jackson. How about
bowling? You love to bowl.

*

JACKSON

Yeah, but with actual competition.

ALLISON

How do you know we're not
competition?
(to Scott)
You can bowl, right?

SCOTT

Sort of--

7

CONTINUED:

7

JACKSON

Sort of? Or yes?

SCOTT

(now glaring back)

Yes. In fact...

As Stiles buries his head in his hands--

7 CONTINUED:

7

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'm a great bowler.

8 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

8

Scott slams his head against his locker.

STILES
You're a terrible bowler!

SCOTT
I know! I'm such an idiot.

STILES
It was like watching a car wreck.
First it turns into the group date.
Then out of nowhere comes that
phrase--

SCOTT
Hanging out.

STILES
You don't hang out with a hot girl.
It's death. Once it's *hanging out*,
you might as well be her gay best
friend. You and Danny can start
hanging out.

SCOTT
How is this happening? I either
nearly killed a bus driver. Or I
didn't.

STILES
I don't think Danny likes me.

SCOTT
I ask Allison on a date. But now
we're hanging out.

STILES
Am I not attractive to gay guys?

SCOTT
I made first line. But the team
captain wants to destroy me. And
now?
(eyeing a wall clock)
Now I'm going to be late for work.

8 CONTINUED:

8

He yanks his bag out of his locker and tears off down the hall, leaving Stiles behind.

9 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

9

Scott rushes in to find DR. ALAN DEATON at work in the examining room of the animal clinic.

SCOTT

Sorry, sorry!

DEATON

You're all of two minutes late.

SCOTT

Just don't want you to think I'm slacking.

DEATON

Scott, I guarantee you're the least slacking kid in this town.

But Scott is no longer listening. Instead, he gazes past the dutch door into the reception area, frozen in fear.

9

CONTINUED:

9

Sheriff Stilinski approaches, his pitch black aviator sunglasses concealing all emotion and intent. *It's happening. They're coming to arrest Scott.*

But when the lower half of the dutch door opens, a German Shepherd limps in.

DEATON (CONT'D)

Looks like somebody's ready to get that cast off.

Scott gazes down at the police dog, a cast on its front leg.

STILINSKI

Staying out of trouble, Scott?

Able to breathe again, he manages a nod to the Sheriff.

Moments later while Deaton attends to the dog, Stilinski pulls out a DIGITAL CAMERA to show him photos. *

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

Just have a look. Sacramento can't seem to determine the animal. *

DEATON

I'm not exactly an expert...

(taking a look)

Huh. Interesting. This guy was attacked in a bus?

Scott approaches, craning his neck to see but he catches only glimpses of RAGGED WOUNDS.

STILINSKI

We did find wolf hairs on Laura Hale's body. *

SCOTT

A wolf? *

Deaton and Stilinski turn to Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I mean... I think I read somewhere that there haven't been wolves in California in like sixty years.

DEATON

True enough. But wolves are highly migratory. They could have wandered in from another state driven by impulse or a strong enough memory.

*
*

SCOTT

Wolves have memories?

He comes closer, trying to get another look at the camera's LCD screen, but it's constantly just out of his view.

DEATON

Longer term memories, yes. If associated with a primal drive.

(to Stilinski)

See this one here. Those are claw marks. A wolf would've gone for the throat or the spinal cord with its teeth.

STILINSKI

So probably a mountain lion?

DEATON

I don't know. A wolf could chase down its prey and hobble it, tearing at the ankles.

SCOTT

The ankles?

FLASHBACK - In Scott's dream he grabs Allison by the ankles, dragging her down.

DEATON

And then the throat.

With an unnerving smile, Deaton hands the camera back to Stilinski.

11 INT. HOSPITAL/FRONT DESK - DAY 11

Melissa McCall looks up from behind the front desk as Scott enters holding a plastic bag.

MELISSA MCCALL

Is my son *actually* bringing me dinner? *

SCOTT

I thought you wouldn't mind skipping the cafeteria tonight.

MELISSA MCCALL

You are the most thoughtful, loving... conniving little con artist, you are so not getting the car tomorrow night.

SCOTT

Mom--

MELISSA MCCALL

There's a curfew. No car. But I will take that.

She grabs the plastic bag and hurries off from the front desk. Defeated, Scott turns to go. But then he looks back. The only other person in the lobby is the RN tapping away on her computer.

Scott breathes in, head tilting up... *He's caught a scent.* With a glance back to the RN, he steps away from the desk...

12 INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR - DAY 12

Letting the scent guide him, Scott walks down the oddly quiet hospital corridor.

12 CONTINUED: 12

He stops at ROOM 137, finding the door ajar. He brings an unsteady hand up and eases it open.

13 INT. HOSPITAL/ROOM 137 - DAY 13

Scott steps inside. Breath held tight, all he hears are the BEEPS of monitors behind a closed curtain.

He inches closer. Then, with a glance back at the open door, he slowly draws the curtain aside to reveal--

GARY MEYERS, THE BUS DRIVER. He lies unconscious in the hospital bed connected to an IV bottle and a series of MONITORS. BANDAGES cover his neck and chest.

With a nervous swallow, Scott approaches, trying to get a closer look at the man's wounds when--HIS EYES FLUTTER OPEN.

SCOTT

Mr. Meyers?

The man's breathing becomes harsher, gasps at his lips.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

His hand LATCHES around Scott's wrist. The boy jumps and tries to pull back. But the grip only tightens.

THE HEART RATE MONITOR starts going CRAZY. The Driver's breath quickens, almost hyperventilating as his eyes widen.

All because of Scott. He yanks himself free just as the RN and Melissa rush in.

MELISSA MCCALL

What are you doing in here?

SCOTT

Nothing I was--I was just--

MELISSA MCCALL

Get out. Go!

He backs away as they attend to the shaking and terrified Driver. But the man's eyes are still locked on Scott, while the monitors BLEAT their SHRILL ALARMS.

14

EXT. HALE PROPERTY - DAY

14

A BEACON HILLS DEPUTY SHERIFF CRUISER pulls up to the end of the driveway, engine turning off. In the backseat a GERMAN SHEPHERD pants, tongue lolling out of its mouth. *

THE DEPUTY gets out while speaking into his radio. *

DEPUTY *

Looks pretty deserted. Does he want me to take a look inside?

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Unit Sixteen, it's county property. Order is to make sure it's vacant.

DEPUTY *

I don't think anybody's home.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

For the love of God, Sixteen, go inside and see if anyone's there.

DEPUTY *

(begrudgingly)

Copy that.

The Deputy holds a nervous stare on the dilapidated house. He glances around, noticing how utterly alone he is. Gathering his nerve, he starts toward the house. Then he abruptly stops. *

His eyes flit left and right as if he heard something. Unlatching the clip on his gun, he starts off again.

INSIDE THE CRUISER - the German Shepherd puts its nose to the cracked window. It cocks its head toward--

THE WINDOW OF THE HOUSE - where Derek stands. His eyes begin to fill with a BLUE GLOW, like florescent liquid pouring into his irises.

14

CONTINUED:

14

As the Deputy cautiously approaches the house, a BARK makes him flinch. He throws an irritated glance back at his German Shepherd and waves a hand at it. *

BUT INSIDE THE CRUISER - the dog starts WHINING, pacing in the rear seat. It lets loose a flurry of BARKING. *

DEPUTY (CONT'D) *

Hey, what is it, boy? *

The barking turns panicky, the dog desperately trying to get out of the car.

DEPUTY (CONT'D) *

What the hell...

The dog's WHINES turn to YIPS, STRANGLED CRIES.

DEPUTY (CONT'D) *

Okay, I'm coming, I'm coming!

Now just as panicked, the Deputy jumps in, realizing the best thing to do is just get out of there. Which he does. The Cruiser tears off, KICKING UP DIRT down the road. *

THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE HOUSE - Derek allows himself a subtle but satisfied smile. Until he notices someone standing amid the settling dust...

Scott. He doesn't move to approach, however. Instead, he just speaks...

SCOTT

I know you can hear me.

Derek's ears twitch as he picks up Scott's voice.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I need your help.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15

INT. HALE HOUSE - DAY

15

Scott steps inside. The house is a disaster. Walls blackened by smoke and flame, rippled, buckling hardwood floors ruined by water.

SCOTT

Nice place.

Derek stares at him. Waiting.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Okay. I know I was part of you getting arrested. And that we basically announced you being here to the hunters. And I also don't know what happened with your sister...

He looks at Derek to see if he's going to fill in the blanks. He doesn't. So Scott keeps going.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

But I think I did something last night. I had this dream about... someone. But *someone else* got hurt. And it turns out that part of the dream might have actually happened.

DEREK

You think you attacked the Driver.

SCOTT

How do you know everything? Are you constantly keeping an eye on me? Did you see what I did last night?

DEREK

No.

SCOTT

Then can you at least tell me the truth? Am I going to hurt someone?

DEREK

Yes.

15

CONTINUED:

15

Scott flinches at the abruptness of the answer.

SCOTT

Could I kill someone?

DEREK

Yes.

SCOTT

Am I going to kill someone?

DEREK

Probably.

Scott's knees look like they're about to buckle. He leans back against the wall, exhausted by worry.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I can show you how to remember. How to control the shift. Even on a full moon. But it's not going to come for free.

SCOTT

What do you want?

DEREK

You'll find out. But for now, I'll give you what you want. Go back to the bus. Go inside. See it, feel it. Let your senses--sight, smell, touch--let them remember for you.

SCOTT

That's it? Just go back?

DEREK

You want to remember what happened?

15

CONTINUED:

15

SCOTT

I just want to know if I hurt him.

DEREK

You want to know if you'll hurt
her.

Scott looks away, answering with his silence.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Do it. If you were there, you'll
remember.

16

EXT. ROAD/INT. STILES'S JEEP - NIGHT

16

Scott rounds the bottom of the driveway and crosses to Stiles waiting in his Jeep. He gets in the passenger side.

STILES

So what did he teach you? How to
roll over? Beg? Give him your paw?

But Scott doesn't react, not even cracking a smile.

STILES (CONT'D)

Did he tell you how to remember?
(off Scott's nod)
And you think we can trust him?
(another nod)
So let's do it.

SCOTT

But what if I remember that I
actually did attack him? And what
if he dies?

STILES

You didn't. And he won't. I
promise.

SCOTT

What if I go to sleep some night
and it's you I end up going after?
How are you going to feel if I kill
you, Stiles?

STILES

I'd prefer not to feel anything. I
have a very low tolerance for pain.

Scott finally gives him a weary smile.

16

CONTINUED:

16

STILES (CONT'D)

You're not a killer. But you are a
douche for making me sit in the
 car.

*

Stiles starts the Jeep, pulling out.

17

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

17

*

Stiles's Jeep pulls up to the chain link fence surrounding
 the high school parking lot. Scott gets out of the passenger
 side, approaching the fence, his eyes focused on--

*

*

*

THE SCHOOL BUS parked on the far side of the lot, *YELLOW*
POLICE TAPE draped around it.

*

*

Scott starts climbing the fence, but pauses when Stiles moves
 to follow.

*

*

SCOTT

Just me. Someone needs to keep
 watch.

STILES

How come I'm always the guy keeping
 watch?

*

SCOTT

Because there's only two of us.

STILES

Why's it starting to feel like your
 Batman and I'm Robin? I don't want
 to be Robin all the time.

*

*

*

SCOTT

Nobody's Batman or Robin any of the
 time.

*

*

*

STILES

Not even some of the time?

*

*

SCOTT

(through gritted teeth)
 Just stay here.

*

*

*

17 CONTINUED: 17

Stiles watches Scott climb the fence and leap down to the pavement on the other side.

18 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 18 *

Approaching the bus--and whatever memories it might hold inside--Scott pauses to look at the damaged door. He holds still, drawing in a breath and closing his eyes--

19 INT. SCOTT'S BEDROOM/FLASHBACK - NIGHT 19

Asleep in bed, Scott stirs. A distant HOWL heard through the open window. His eyes SNAP OPEN. And they're GLOWING YELLOW.

Scott rises from his bed. When he turns, he's not quite human, but not entirely werewolf either. A strange in-between state...

20 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 20 *

Scott snaps his eyes open. *It's working.* He reaches the front door of the bus, steels himself and steps in.

21 INT. SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT 21

Scott slowly moves down the aisle, hand gliding along the vinyl backs of the vacant seats. DARK SPATTERS OF BLOOD blot the windows. Looking down to the floor of the bus--

He sees the image from his dream - *Allison being dragged down the aisle.*

21

CONTINUED:

21

But now it's the real victim - *the Bus Driver being hauled back, screaming.*

Scott grips the seats, the memories of what really happened flooding in--

In semi-werewolf state, Scott rushes the rear of the bus as the Driver cries out in terror. A CLAWED HAND SLASHES at Scott. He tumbles back, blood at his chest.

BACK IN THE PRESENT - Scott looks at the spatters of blood around him. *His blood.*

A BEEPING HORN snaps his head around just as a FLASHLIGHT blasts through the bus windows.

*

*

SECURITY GUARD (V.O.)

*

You in the bus. Stay where you are!

*

But Scott tears through the aisle, out the door--

22

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

22

*

--and hits the ground running. Behind him, A SECURITY GUARD comes charging out of the school with a flashlight.

*

*

Scott *races for* the fence as the FLASHLIGHT BEAM catches him. The chain link comes up fast. *But instead of climbing, he* launches himself off the pavement and flips head over heels right over the fence.

*

*

*

FROM BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THE JEEP - A wide-eyed Stiles watches Scott land on the pavement like an Olympic gymnast.

*

SCOTT

Go! Go!

23

INT. STILES'S JEEP - NIGHT

23

With Scott slamming the door shut, Stiles floors it.

STILES

Did it work? You remember?

*

SCOTT

(nodding and breathless)
I was there last night. And the
blood--a lot of it was mine.

STILES

So you *did* attack him?

SCOTT

No. I saw glowing eyes in the bus.
But they weren't mine. It was
Derek.

STILES

What about the driver?

*
*

SCOTT

I think I was actually trying to
protect him from Derek.

*
*

STILES

Wait--what? Why would Derek help
you remember that *he* attacked the
Driver?

SCOTT

That's what I don't get--

STILES

(thinking)
Hold on. It's got to be a pack
thing.

SCOTT

What do you mean?

STILES

Like an initiation. You do the kill
together.

SCOTT

Because ripping someone's throat
out is a real bonding experience.

STILES

But you didn't do it. Which means
you're not a killer. And it also
means--

SCOTT

(relieved)
I can go out with Allison.

23

CONTINUED:

23

STILES

I was going to say it means you
won't kill me.

SCOTT

Oh. Yeah. That too.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

24 INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT 24

Allison holds a sweater up to her mirror. Then turns to Lydia who lounges on the bed.

LYDIA

Pass.

Allison grabs a very California shirt.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Pasadena.

She grabs a Spanish looking shirt.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Paso doble. Pass, pass, pass on all of it. God, Allison. Respect for your taste? Dwindling by the second.

Lydia gets up and yanks something black out of the closet.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

This.

The bedroom door swings opens unannounced. It's Argent, pulling on his jacket.

ALLISON

Dad, *hello?*

ARGENT

Right. Sorry, completely forgot to knock.

LYDIA

Hi, Mr. Argent.

Lydia slides her leg up on the bed, striking a model-like pose. To her annoyance, Argent doesn't notice.

ALLISON

Dad? Need something?

ARGENT

Just wanted to tell you that you'll be staying in tonight.

ALLISON

What? I'm going out with my friends tonight.

ARGENT

Not when some animal out there is attacking people.

ALLISON

Dad--

ARGENT

It's out of my hands. There's a curfew. No one's allowed out past ten P.M..

Allison points to his jacket.

ALLISON

You're going out.

ARGENT

I'm over eighteen. No more arguing.

He shuts the door behind him.

LYDIA

Aren't we Daddy's Little Girl?

ALLISON

Sometimes. But not tonight.

*

She opens her bedroom window. Lydia watches, intrigued, as Allison slips out onto the roof. She skids to the edge, but before falling off, LAUNCHES herself.

*

Allison catches a nearby tree branch and then releases herself, doing a back flip right onto the lawn below. She looks up to Lydia.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Eight years gymnastics, emphasis in uneven bars. You coming?

Lydia stops staring in astonishment and nods to the door.

24 CONTINUED: 24

LYDIA
I'll take the stairs.

24A OMITTED 24A

25 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT 25

A low key place with a dozen lanes, moderately crowded. Lydia and Jackson sit at a lane, putting on their bowling shoes while Scott and Allison try to select a ball. Allison hefts one after another, testing their weight.

SCOTT
You look like you know what you're doing.

ALLISON
Used to bowl with my Dad. When was the last time you bowled?

SCOTT
At a birthday party...
(as she steps away)
When I was eight.

LYDIA
Me first. Jackson?

He steps up behind her, helping her position herself with a bright pink ball. She gets a few pins down in both tries.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
I'm so bad at this.

*

Allison goes next. Moving with grace and fluidity, she sends the ball FLYING down the lane. The pins tumbles. *All of them.*

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Somebody brought their A game.

Scott claps for her as she comes walking back with a proud smile on her face. She sits next to him while he gives her a nervous nod. Trying to be casual, he wipes the sweat off his forehead.

25

CONTINUED:

25

Jackson steps up and easily nails a strike. Lydia cheers wildly as he struts back, eyes glaring at Scott.

JACKSON

You're up, McCall.

Scott takes a heavy breath and grabs a bowling ball.

ALLISON

You can do it, Scott.

Looking like he's going to throw up, Scott takes tentative steps toward the line.

Jackson watches, practically salivating in anticipation of Scott's failure.

Charging up, Scott releases the ball in quite possibly the ugliest looking bowling toss ever seen by human eyes.

The ball barely goes a few feet before clunking into the gutter. He closes his eyes in agony at the evil LAUGHTER behind him.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Jackson? Mind shutting up?

JACKSON

Sorry, I'm just flashing back to the words "I'm a great bowler."

ALLISON

Maybe he needs a little warm-up.

JACKSON

Maybe he needs the kiddie bumpers.

Lydia laughs now as well. AT THE RETURN, the ball snaps up to Scott's hands.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Come on, McCall. Lydia at least knocked a few pins in. You want me to come up and guide you too.

LYDIA

Don't be mean, Jackson.

Scott steps up again, hands on the ball like he's trying to crush it. He glares down the lane, focusing on the pins.

ALLISON

Just aim for the middle.

JACKSON

How about just aim for anything except the gutter.

25

CONTINUED:

25

ALLISON

Let him concentrate.

SCOTT

(to Allison)

Thanks.

As Scott turns back to the lane, sound FADES AWAY. Brow creased in anger, he takes a breath and launches the ball.

IT SOARS DOWN THE LANE.

Allison leans forward with sudden hope as Scott holds his breath tight in anticipation and--

THE BALL CLUNKS right into the gutter. No pins. Plenty of humiliation. Behind him, Jackson snickers again.

Miserable, Scott slumps down at the bench. Allison gives him a pat on the leg.

ALLISON

Don't worry. We only just started.

Scott almost laughs. Only just started a night of hell.

26

OMITTED

26

26 CONTINUED: 26

27 OMITTED 27

28 OMITTED 28

28A EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT 28A

Derek gets out of his Dodge under the dimly lit overhang. As he puts the pump in the tank of his car--

A DARK SUV eases up as if to stop at the opposite tank. But then instead stops right in front of Derek's car.

ANOTHER SUV pulls in right behind him. Two dark vehicles now blocking him in. Derek looks to the doors of the SUV's. TWO HUNTERS step out of one vehicle.

And Argent steps out of the other.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

29

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

29

Scott stands with the bowling ball held, eyes focused on the lane. Allison comes to the edge of her seat. She starts to get up, then sits back down. But then she can't help it.

ALLISON

Scott.

She hurries over to him while Jackson practically falls out of his seat from impatience.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

You're thinking about it too much.

SCOTT

I know, I'm sorry. I'm ruining this.

ALLISON

No, not at all.

(re: Jackson)

But I wouldn't mind shutting him up. Just clear your head. Think about something else.

SCOTT

Like what?

ALLISON

Anything.

(getting an idea)

Think about me.

Then almost as an after-thought:

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Naked.

She darts back to her seat as Scott nearly drops the ball out of his hands. He looks back to see her giving him a perfectly innocent smile.

When he turns back to the lane his eyes flick YELLOW for a brief second as his anxiety completely disappears and his heightened abilities seem to kick in.

SCOTT'S POV: his gaze zeroes in with sudden focus on the lines of the alley.

29

CONTINUED:

29

Scott winds up and lets the ball fly. The ball rockets down the lane with almost shocking speed.

Pins go flying. *A perfect strike.*

Scott turns to the others with a look of astonishment. Allison cheers, clapping her hands.

LYDIA
(to Allison)
What did you say to him?

ALLISON
I just gave him something to think about.

Jackson reluctantly types in the new score as--

30

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

30

THE NUMBERS on the gas pump tick up and up.

Noting the two men behind him and Argent ahead with almost casual interest, Derek doesn't say a word. Just waits.

He does notice one of the Hunters behind him, holding a SHOTGUN tightly to his leg.

CLUNK. The gas pump stops. Moving slowly yet deliberately, Derek puts the pump back and twists the cap back on his tank.

ARGENT
Nice ride.

*
*

Argent approaches, looking over the Dodge.

ARGENT (CONT'D)
Black cars, though. Very hard to keep clean. I would definitely suggest a little more maintenance.

*
*
*

He grabs a squeegee from the hanging bucket. Then *covers the windshield with water. Actually cleaning it for him.*

*
*

ARGENT (CONT'D)
If you have something *this* nice, you want to take care of it, *right?*

*
*

Argent methodically squeegees the water off of the windshield while Derek simply watches the bizarre display.

30

CONTINUED:

30

ARGENT (CONT'D)

Personally, I'm very protective of the things I love. But that's something I learned from my family. And you don't have much of that these days, do you?

Argent pulls the squeegee back one last time.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

There we go. You can actually look through the windshield now. See how that makes everything so much clearer?

*

Argent sets the squeegee back, noticing Derek's hands have curled into fists. Exactly what he wanted. But Derek slowly relaxes his hands, unwilling to be provoked.

DEREK

You forgot to check the oil.

Argent looks back. And smiles. Liking Derek's confidence.

ARGENT

(to one of the Hunters)

Check the man's oil.

The 1st Hunter takes the butt of his shotgun and SLAMS IT THROUGH A SIDE WINDOW, GLASS EXPLODING over the seat. Derek doesn't even flinch.

1ST HUNTER

Looks good to me.

ARGENT

(to Derek)

Drive safely.

They get back into their SUV's, quickly pulling away while Derek looks on.

31

OMITTED

31

32

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

32

A bowling ball soars down the lane sending every pin
TUMBLING. Now grinning, Scott turns back, hopping down to the
seating at their lane.

ALLISON

That's seriously amazing. Jackson,
how many strikes is that?

JACKSON

Six.
(through his teeth)
In a row.

SCOTT

Something just clicked, I guess.

ALLISON

Maybe it's natural talent.

Lydia watches Scott with renewed interest. Jackson reaches for her, but she brushes him off.

LYDIA

I could use a little natural
talent. You mind helping me out
this time, Scott?

SCOTT

No, you're good. Go for it.

Pink ball in her hands, Lydia purses her lips together.

LYDIA

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

JACKSON

I'll help--

LYDIA

How about I try one on my own.

Jackson backs off as Lydia winds up and lets the ball fly...
And nailing a perfect strike.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I think I'm getting the hang of it.

Allison leans down to Lydia.

ALLISON

That was sort of perfect form.

LYDIA

Was it?

ALLISON

Maybe you should stop pretending to suck just for his benefit.

LYDIA

Trust me, I do a lot of sucking just for his benefit.

Slumped in his seat, Jackson looks utterly miserable.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Jackson.

JACKSON

What?

Lydia comes over, sitting next to him as Allison bowls.

LYDIA

I don't like your look.

JACKSON

I don't care.

LYDIA

Can you attempt to have a good time, please?

JACKSON

Can you not invite me out with your lame friends?

LYDIA

Okay then. Try not to hurt your wrist out there. You're going to need it tonight.

JACKSON

At least I've got a tight grip.

*

Gritting her teeth in fury, Lydia steps up to the monitor.

32

CONTINUED:

32

LYDIA

Let's start a new game. I'll go first.

A second later she sends every pin flying in another strike. Allison, Scott and Jackson look on in amazement.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Looks like some of that natural talent rubbed off.

33

INT. BOWLING ALLEY/LOBBY - NIGHT

33

Scott and Jackson pull off their bowling shoes next to each other to put on their own sneakers.

SCOTT

Listen. I know we both didn't want to be here. But the thing is we don't have to hate each other.

JACKSON

I don't hate you.

SCOTT

You don't?

JACKSON

I just don't believe you. You've got everyone thinking everything's fine and normal about you. But I know there's something off. You cheated tonight.

SCOTT

How do you cheat at bowling?

33

CONTINUED:

33

JACKSON

I don't know. But you did. And I don't know if it's steroids or something weirder. I'm guessing weirder since it's pretty obvious you're a freak. So don't think for a second I've given up on finding out what your little secret is.

SCOTT

I don't have any secrets.

JACKSON

Yeah, you do. And here's the other thing. I don't know why, but I *think* whatever it is you're hiding, you don't want *her* to know about it either.

*
*
*

Returning her bowling shoes, Allison glances back at Scott with a smile.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Especially her.

34

OMITTED

34

35

INT. HOSPITAL/ROOM 137 - NIGHT

35

A LIGHT PULSES in the otherwise dark room. Specifically the one measuring a heartbeat on a monitor screen.

WE PULL BACK, moving from the bank of monitors, past the IV tree to GARY MEYERS lying in his hospital bed. His breathing is shallow and even in this dim light, he doesn't look good.

CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING around the bed to REVEAL someone standing in the shadows over the injured man. The Figure steps forward and we see it's--

Derek. He makes no threatening motions. Rather, he just stares down at the man until Meyer's eyelids flutter. They open, sensing the presence in the room. He looks around until he sees Derek over him. He blinks to focus.

DEREK

What do you remember? Look at me.
Do you remember anything?

The injured man sees Derek's face... but unlike seeing Scott, the man doesn't freak out. Still, there's a spark of recognition in his eyes. He WHISPERS a single word:

35

CONTINUED:

35

BUS DRIVER

Hale...

DEREK

What?

BUS DRIVER

I know you...

DEREK

(surprised)

How do you know my name?

BUS DRIVER

I'm sorry...

DEREK

How do you know me?

BUS DRIVER

I'm sorry.

36

INT. HOSPITAL/NURSES STATION - NIGHT

36

Melissa McCall collects her purse and sweater, preparing to leave for the night. She waves to the RN at her desk.

MELISSA MCCALL

I'm outta' here. There's a DVR at home full of unwatched TV waiting to remind me how ridiculously single I am. Later.

But before she can leave, her eyes fall on a row of MONITORS. She puts down her purse.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)

Rose, call a code. Room 137.

Melissa runs down the dim hospital hallway as a VOICE comes over the PA.

HOSPITAL PA (O.S.)

Dr. Blue, room 137. Dr. Blue, room 137...

37

INT. HOSPITAL/ROOM 137 - NIGHT

37

Melissa rushes into the room and yanks the curtain back revealing--

*
*

37

CONTINUED:

37

The motionless Bus Driver. Past his OPEN EYES, past the EKG screen and the FLATLINE pulsing across it...

*

...the room is otherwise empty. Derek is gone.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

38 EXT. ARGENT HOME - NIGHT

38

Scott and Allison walk up the Argent driveway, hand in hand. They pause on her steps.

SCOTT

So. Do you think we could...
(hating the words)
...hang out again?

ALLISON

Definitely. But I have to admit something. I'm not big on group dates. Next time how about just you and me?

SCOTT

I think I could totally handle more of just you and me.

ALLISON

Great.

And she kisses him quickly on the lips.

SCOTT

Allison?

She turns back and he pulls her into a real kiss. Hands around her waist, bringing her close.

ALLISON

And I think I could handle more of *that*.

He lets her go and crosses to his bike which leans against the rear of the Argent garage. Allison waves to him as he mounts the bike and starts off. Neither of them see--

Argent watching from THE LIVING ROOM WINDOW.

MELISSA MCCALL (V.O.)

Scott...

39 INT. MCCALL HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT

39

An exhausted Melissa McCall turns the corner of the hall and heads to her room.

39

CONTINUED:

39

MELISSA MCCALL
 (calling out)
 Scott, I'm going to sleep.

She peers into his room. It's empty. Obviously not pleased, she turns to the hallway when a SOUND SPINS her back around to--

39A

INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT

39A

The darkened room where a FIGURE tumbles in through Scott's open window onto his bed. It's Stiles. He looks up and--

Melissa nearly swings a BAT right into his skull. Stiles screams, hands thrown into the air.

MELISSA MCCALL
 Stiles, what the hell are you doing?

STILES
 What am *I* doing? Do either of you even play baseball?

THE LIGHT CLICKS ON and Scott walks in.

MELISSA MCCALL
 Can you please tell your friend to use the front door.

SCOTT
 But we lock the front door. He wouldn't be able to get in.

MELISSA MCCALL
 Exactly. And, by the way, do either of you care that there's a police-enforced curfew?

SCOTT AND STILES
 No.

MELISSA MCCALL
 Okay then. That's about all the parenting I can take for one night. I'm going to sleep.

As she leaves, Scott notices Stiles's expression is far more serious than expected.

SCOTT
 What?

*
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *

39A

CONTINUED:

39A

STILES

My Dad left for the hospital
fifteen minutes ago. The Bus
Driver. They said he succumbed to
his wounds.

*
*

SCOTT

Succumbed?

*
*

STILES

Scott... he's dead.

*
*

40 OMITTED 40

41 EXT. HALE PROPERTY - NIGHT 41

The Hale house looms ominously, tattooed with ragged shadows of the overgrown trees around it.

42

INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

42

The front door SLAMS OPEN. Scott stands in the frame, just a silhouette.

SCOTT

Derek. I know you're here. And I know what you did.

No reply comes from the dark shell of a house. Scott enters, letting the door shut behind him. Head cocked, he listens. Derek's calm voice comes out of the darkness--

DEREK (V.O.)

I didn't do anything.

SCOTT

You killed him.

DEREK (V.O.)

He died.

SCOTT

Like your sister died?

DEREK (V.O.)

My sister was missing. I came here to find her.

SCOTT

You found her--

DEREK (V.O.)

I found her in pieces and being used as bait to catch me.

*

SCOTT

I think you killed them both. And I'm going to tell everyone. Starting with the Sheriff--

DEREK HURTLES OUT OF THE DARKNESS. He moves like a blur, sending Scott SMASHING into the wall.

Scott hits the wall hard, cracking the plaster and falling to the floor. He gets to his hands and knees, pulse rising, his chest heaving...

42

CONTINUED:

42

And when he looks up, his eyes are YELLOW, his teeth grown to fangs. The combination of rage and fear have caused the shift. *Scott is a werewolf.*

He launches himself at the still-human Derek. They collide with a bone-rattling THUD.

Scott's attack is relentless and brutal. The second Derek manages to tear him off, Scott is back on him, claws ripping, teeth gnashing.

They stumble and spin until both SMASH through--

A BURNT DOOR, splinters exploding into the air as they tumble down the stairs into--

43

INT. HALE HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

43

The rotted and black basement. Scott SPLASHES down into a water-logged floor. He pulls himself up, twisting around on his back and seeing Derek through a MOTTLED GLASS PARTITION.

BEHIND THE GLASS - Derek's eyes begin to GLOW an ice cold BLUE. His body twists violently, head snapping back as he TRANSFORMS, seeming to grow bigger, the mottled glass giving a distorted glimpse of his metamorphosis.

Frightened, Scott backs away as--

Derek steps out from behind the glass. Far more monstrous, more terrifying and clearly more powerful than Scott.

Scrambling to his feet, Scott tries to run as--

Derek grabs him by the nape of his neck, drags him up and literally SLAMS him right back down into the water.

Scott SPLASHES up, trying to fight back. But Derek swings a CLAWED HAND out SLASHING through Scott's shirt and sending blood flying.

Scott falls back. And when he comes up out of the water again, he's returned to normal. Gasping, choking on water, he twists around, arms shielding his face as--

DEREK ROARS, seeming to shake the entire house with his furious cry.

43

CONTINUED:

43

Scott shuts his eyes, literally waiting to die. But when he opens them again--

Derek has stepped back. Breathing hard, he's reigned in the animal rage, now back to normal as well.

DEREK

I didn't kill him. Neither of us did. It's not your fault and it's not mine.

Scott slowly stands, beaten and dripping wet. But his eyes remain defiant.

SCOTT

This... this is *all* your fault. You ruined my life.

DEREK

No, I didn't.

*

SCOTT

You're the one who bit me.

DEREK

No, I'm not.

SCOTT

What?

DEREK

I'm not the one who bit you.

Scott gazes at him. Derek doesn't blink. No sign whatsoever that he's lying. Scott's hand comes up to his chest where Derek slashed him...

And the memory comes to him--

44

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT/SCHOOL BUS - FLASHBACK

44

SCOTT'S WOLF POV: charging through the dark lot, toward the school bus... through the open door... flying down the aisle, headed for the back of the bus.

Pressed against the rear door, the Bus Driver pleads for his life.

And between the man and Scott's POV looms his ATTACKER silhouetted against the bus windows but clearly animal-like, the low ceiling making its large size appear that much more huge.

44

CONTINUED:

44

Then the black shape slowly turns to look back at Scott with GLOWING RED EYES.

A CLAWED HAND SLASHES OUT at Scott. He tumbles back in the bus, blood at his chest.

45

INT. HALE HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

45

Scott slowly pulls his hand away from his chest in disbelief...

45

CONTINUED:

45

SCOTT

There's another.

DEREK

It's called an Alpha. The most dangerous of our kind. You and I, we're Betas. This thing... it's more powerful, more animal than either of us. My sister came here looking for him, trying to stop him. Now I'm trying to find him. And I don't think I can do it without you.

*

SCOTT

Why me?

DEREK

Because he turned you. You're part of his pack. It's you, Scott.

Suddenly we're moving past them, out of the house--

46

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

46

--into the yard, hurtling into the shadows, through trees, across branches and deadfalls--

DEREK (V.O.)

You're the one he wants.

In the darkness, two malevolent RED EYES blink open.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE