

TEEN WOLF
Episode #104
by
Daniel Sinclair
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New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #104
Episode Four

TEEN WOLF

"Episode 104"

EP#104

Cast List

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

KATE ARGENT.....	JILL WAGNER
MR. ARGENT.....	JR BOURNE
MRS. ARGENT.....	EADDY MAYS
PETER HALE.....	IAN BOHEN
NIGHT NURSE.....	DESIREE HALL

TEEN WOLF

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Set List

INTERIORS

CAR

MCCALL HOME

SCOTT'S ROOM

ARGENT HOME

FOYER

GUEST ROOM

ALLISON'S ROOM

GARAGE

DINING ROOM

HALLWAY

HIGH SCHOOL

HISTORY CLASSROOM

CORRIDOR

ADJACENT CORRIDOR

STAIRS

STILES'S JEEP

ANIMAL CLINIC

EXAMINING ROOM

HOSPITAL

CORRIDOR

PATIENT ROOM

OMITTED:

ARGENT HOME

BASEMENT

EXTERIORS

ROAD

DARK ALLEYWAY

HIGH SCHOOL

PARKING LOT

ARGENT HOME

TEEN WOLF
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 1

Dark. Quiet. Empty. Until the sound of a CAR ENGINE RUMBLES in and a PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS appear on the horizon.

2 INT. CAR - NIGHT 2

A DEEJAY talks rapid fire on the radio.

DEEJAY (V.O.)

In other news local authorities
remain perplexed by the animal
attacks plaguing Beacon Hills--

KATE, the beautiful twenty-something driving, clicks to another station. MUSIC BLASTING through the speakers, she drums the wheel to the beat as--

A LIGHT THUMP catches her attention. She puts her foot on the brake and slows to a stop in the road. Turning off the radio, she glances in the rear view mirror.

The road behind her lies empty. Nothing at all.

Kate cranks the radio again and hits the gas. But an unease has crept over her. And with good reason...

THROUGH THE REAR WINDSHIELD BEHIND HER - TWO GLOWING RED EYES appear in the darkness.

While Kate nods her head to the music, those RED EYES surge ever closer, approaching as if to attack. But instead they disappear into the shadows like lights clicking off.

THROUGH THE PASSENGER WINDOW - Trees flit by, deep woods flanking the right side of the car where--

THE RED EYES appear again. A dark shape keeping pace with the vehicle. As if sensing something watching her, Kate glances out the window. Almost in the same instant, the eyes vanish again.

Kate's gaze lingers too long. She doesn't see she's coming up too fast on a RED LIGHT. Finally turning to look, she SLAMS on the brakes, SCREAMING to a stop.

KATE

Nice, Kate. Nice driving.

She snaps the radio off, then waits in silence for the light to change. The seconds tick by. She nervously taps a finger on the wheel, eyes glancing about.

Finally, the light changes to GREEN. Kate starts to lift her foot off the brake when--

A LOUD THUMP ON THE ROOF OF THE CAR startles her. Her eyes go up as she sucks in a breath. But no other sound follows while her gaze wanders down from the roof to--

THE PASSENGER WINDOW - where inky black shapes move among the dark woods. Impossible to tell if it's just trees and foliage in the shadows. Or something else...

Kate leans closer to the passenger window, squinting to see if something is out there while behind her--

THE DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW EXPLODES INTO THE CAR.

Kate SCREAMS as a CLAWED HAND GRABS AT HER from the roof. Digging into her jacket, it drags her up toward the shattered window as she struggles against it--

KATE (CONT'D)

No, no--

Her hand reaches behind her seat, fingers grasping at something as the Alpha tries to pull her out. Kate finally grabs the object--

A MOSSBERG PISTOL GRIP SHOTGUN.

She whips it up and pulls the trigger, BLASTING A HOLE through the roof of her car.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The passenger door of the car SLAMS open. Kate rolls out to a crouched stance, shotgun primed. The move is fluid and fast. Kate is no ordinary young woman--

She's a HUNTER.

But there's nothing on the roof of the car now. No sign of movement. Kate spins, shotgun aimed.

KATE

Come on...

She raises the shotgun and FIRES a shot into the sky.

KATE (CONT'D)
COME ON!

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

4 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 4

Scott lies awake under the covers. Unable to sleep, tossing and turning when--

BOOM.

He bolts upright. The sound is like a thunderclap in the distance. Turning to the window by his bed, he listens. Then just as he's about to lie back down again--

BOOM.

This time, with his hearing attuned, the sound is far more distinct. It's a SHOTGUN BLAST. Scrambling out of bed, Scott grabs the nearest pair of jeans as--

5 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 5

Crunching broken glass beneath her shoes, Kate tosses her shotgun inside the trunk of her semi-destroyed car.

From a BLACK BAG, she produces a RIFLE WITH A SCOPE and loads it with BULLETS FROM A BLUE STEEL CASE.

Then, with the weapon slung over her shoulder, she clicks on a MAGLITE. Sweeping the beam over the pavement, she finds--

DROPS OF BLOOD.

Kate pulls her phone out and starts thumbing a text.

6 INT. ARGENT HOME/FOYER - NIGHT 6

Charging out from the hall with a dark bag, Argent hurries for the front door.

ALLISON
What's going on?

Allison looks down from the second floor stairs.

ARGENT
Your aunt, Kate, just texted. I'm heading out to pick her up.

ALLISON

It's two in the morning. Everything okay?

ARGENT

Yeah. She's just having a little car trouble.

ALLISON

Not serious, is it?

ARGENT

No. Just a flat.

*
*
*
*

7 EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 7

WOLF POV - *Moving at breakneck speed behind a series of industrial buildings. Hugging corners. Jumping atop a large dumpster. Then up onto...*

8 EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING/ROOF - NIGHT 8

The rooftop. Derek, in human form and the source of the POV, kneels down to inspect BLOOD in the loose gravel. Movement catches his eye--

A DARK SILHOUETTE just ahead. The Alpha pauses to turn its RED EYES toward Derek. But only for a moment. The black shape spins and charges off.

Derek launches himself up, running after it. Picking up speed, he LEAPS from the edge of the roof across the alleyway, gliding through the air as--

BANG! GUNFIRE from the alley below sends him CRASHING to the gravel floor and tumbling to a stop.

9 EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 9

Kate peers out from behind the rifle scope, lips curled into a smile. She loves this stuff.

HEADLIGHTS appear around the corner. A BLACK SUV pulls up beside her, Argent behind the wheel.

ARGENT

Get in.

KATE

What? Not even a "Hello, nice to see you?"

ARGENT

At the moment all I've got is
*"Please put the assault rifle away
before someone notices."*

KATE

That's the brother I love.

Kate crosses to the passenger side to join him.

10 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 10

The halo of a street light showcases Kate's damaged car. Argent's SUV skids to a stop. He and Kate get out.

KATE

I know there are two. And one of them just attacked me.

As they head for her car, their VOICES change, words carrying past the road and into the woods...

ARGENT (V.O.)

One of them is going to lead us to the other. He can't do that if he's dead.

KATE (V.O.)

And I can't help kill either of them if one of them kills me first.

HIDING BEHIND A TREE and with his back to it, Scott uses his augmented HEARING to listen in.

ARGENT (V.O.)

How long will it take?

KATE (V.O.)

I'd give him 48 hours. If that.

11 EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 11

Derek slips down the side of a building to the pavement. Leaning back against the brick, he inspects the gunshot wound on his left arm.

It isn't healing.

But that's not the strangest part. Because it isn't just blood seeping from the wound. Slim tendrils of SMOKE waft out from a bizarrely GLOWING wound.

This was no ordinary bullet...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. ARGENT HOME/GUEST ROOM - DAY 12

Early morning. A SCREAM pierces the house. But it's a shriek of delight as Allison nearly tackles Kate with a hug. Argent calls out from another room--

ARGENT (O.S.)

Allison!

She lets Kate go, both of them laughing, ecstatic to see each other. Kate has been unpacking her things, bags everywhere.

KATE

Okay, I don't see you for a year and you turn into a freaking runway model? Look at you. I hate you.

ALLISON

I haven't even showered yet.

KATE

You're a knockout. I hope you have boys knocking each other's teeth out for your attention.

ALLISON

I sort of have one.

KATE

You should sort of have a million.

ALLISON

Need any help unpacking?

Allison reaches for one of the bags, a LARGE BLACK ONE. But Kate grabs her wrist. It's quick. Startling.

KATE

Not that one.

Allison pulls her hand away, rubbing at her wrist.

KATE (CONT'D)

See what I mean? You turn out beautiful and I grow up with a Kung-Fu death grip. Sorry to be so rough.

12

CONTINUED:

12

ALLISON

No worries. Everything okay with
your car?

*
*

As Kate moves into the guest bathroom--

*

KATE

Yeah. Just needed a jump start.

*

Allison glances up with a curious look as the door closes.

*

13

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

13

Knees bouncing nervously underneath his desk, Scott watches the TEACHER return GRADED TESTS, coming closer and closer. Behind him, Stiles leans forward to whisper.

STILES

If Derek's not the Alpha--if he's
not the one who bit you--who did?

SCOTT

I don't know.

Stiles sits back, thinking. He leans forward again.

STILES

Did the Alpha kill the bus driver?

SCOTT

I don't know.

Stiles flops back. Leans forward again.

STILES

Does Allison's dad know about the
Alpha?

SCOTT

I DON'T KNOW.

Scott slinks down in his seat when he realizes everyone is staring at him. The Teacher finally drops his test on his desk. He turns it over to see a big D- and a message:

Not like you! What's happening? See me after class.

Stiles peers over his shoulder at the grade.

STILES

Dude, you need to study more.

Scott puts his head in hands, overwhelmed.

13

CONTINUED:

13

STILES (CONT'D)

And that was a joke. It's one test.
You need help studying?

SCOTT

I'm studying with Allison at her
house after school.

STILES

That's my boy.

SCOTT

We're just studying.

STILES

No, you're not.

SCOTT

No, I'm not?

STILES

Not if I'm forced to live
vicariously through you. If you go
to her house and squander that
colossal opportunity I'll have you
professionally de-balled. Got it?

SCOTT

Yes. If you stop with the
questions.

STILES

Done. No more talk of Alphas or
Derek. Especially Derek.

14

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

14

A crowd of colorful sneakers passes through the hall,
students rushing to class. As the hallway clears of people, a
dark figure steps in...

Derek. Pale, with black circles under his eyes, bloody
bandages can be seen underneath his jacket sleeve.

A remaining student or two gaze at him. He pays no attention,
moving with focus toward one teenager still at his locker--

Jackson turns to see Derek coming right for him. He takes an
involuntary step back.

DEREK

Where's Scott McCall?

JACKSON

Why should I tell you?

DEREK

Because I asked you politely. And I only do that once.

JACKSON

Okay, tough guy. How about I help you if you tell me what you're selling him?

Derek throws him a confused look.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

What is it? Dianabol? HGH?

DEREK

(realizing)

Steroids.

JACKSON

No, Girl Scout Cookies. What do you think I'm talking about? And by the way, whatever else you're selling? I'd stop sampling the merchandise. You look wrecked.

Derek sizes Jackson up, practically smelling the desperate need for power on him.

DEREK

I'll find him myself.

He turns to go, but Jackson grabs him by the shoulder.

JACKSON

Hey, we're not done--

Derek GRABS HIM by the NECK. Jackson tries to pry his fingers off but he's too strong. He gasps, choking until finally--

Derek seems to realize what he's doing and releases him. Jackson doubles over, sucking in air. While the boy is bent forward, Derek notices--

PUNCTURES ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK from the CLAWS coming out of Derek's fingertips. He stares at them in alarm.

Still gasping, Jackson looks up to see Derek disappear around the corner. The boy reaches to the back of his neck, fingertips coming away bloody.

15 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/ADJACENT CORRIDOR - DAY 15

Derek slumps against the lockers. Weakened and losing control, he closes his eyes to try a new tactic. He listens...

SOUNDS filter into his head. Teenagers gossiping, teachers lecturing, cell phone buttons clicking, and then--

LYDIA (V.O.)
Scott's coming over? Tonight?

ALLISON (V.O.)
We're just studying together.

16 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/STAIRS - DAY 16

Lydia and Allison come down the stairs, heading for their next class.

LYDIA
Just studying never ends with just studying. It's like getting into a hot tub. Somebody eventually cops a feel.

ALLISON
So what are you saying?

LYDIA
I'm saying make sure he covers up.
(off her look)
Hello, Snow White, I'm talking about a condom.

ALLISON
Are you kidding? After one date?

LYDIA
Well, don't be a total prude. You have to give him a little taste.

ALLISON
How much is a little taste?

LYDIA
Oh God. You really like him, don't you?

ALLISON
Well, there's just something different about him.
(MORE)

16

16

ALLISON (CONT'D)

When I first got here I had this plan: no boyfriends until college. I move too often. But when I met him, he was different. I can't explain it.

LYDIA

I can. It's your brain flooding with phenylethylamine.

ALLISON

What?

LYDIA

I'll tell you what to do. When's he coming over?

ALLISON

Right after school.

Down the hall, a crowd parts to reveal Derek. He gazes up to a clock on the wall: 2:30pm. As the bell RINGS and students pour out of the classroom, Derek slips out an exit.

17

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - DAY

17

Students rush the parking lot, racing for their cars at the end of the day. Stiles hops into his Jeep. He pulls out, swinging around for the exit when--

Derek steps right in front of him. Stiles SLAMS on the brakes. All of the cars behind him SQUEAL to a stop as well, a near pile-up in the school lot.

FROM THE BIKE RACK - Scott peers up having heard the sudden brake stops. And then he sees why.

SCOTT

No. Not now. Not here.

He starts running over just as Derek collapses right in front of the Jeep. Stiles jumps out of the driver's side.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(to Derek)

What are you doing here? Get up.

STILES

Dude, he's not looking too good.

DEREK

(struggling to speak)

I was shot.

Derek tries to push himself up while Scott and Stiles kneel down to him.

SCOTT
Why aren't you healing?

DEREK
I can't. It was a different kind of bullet--

STILES
A silver bullet?

DEREK
No, you idiot--

SCOTT
(realizing)
Wait a second. That's what she meant when she said 48 hours.

DEREK
What? Who said 48 hours?

SCOTT
The one who shot you--

Derek sucks in a breath, a wave of pain rolls through him. His EYES FLICKER BLUE.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
What are you doing? Stop that.

DEREK
That's what I'm trying to tell you.
I can't.

Scott grabs him, struggling to keep him from falling to the pavement. Other students take notice. HORNS start BEEPING behind Stiles's car.

SCOTT
Get up. Derek, *get up.*

But he's grounded, seemingly powerless as witnesses come closer and closer...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - DAY

18

HORNS BLARE. An impatient Jackson gets out of his BMW, leaving Lydia in the passenger seat. Allison gets out of her own car to see what's causing the gridlock.

AT STILES'S JEEP - Scott tries to pull Derek up.

SCOTT

Help me put him in your car.

STILES

Him? My Jeep? No way.

SCOTT

Stiles!

Reluctantly, he helps Scott lift Derek to his feet. Coming up the row of cars, both Jackson and Allison see Scott and Stiles pushing Derek into the Jeep.

But as he slumps down in the passenger seat, Derek latches onto Scott's arm, not letting him go.

DEREK

I need you to find the same kind of bullet. I have to know what they used.

SCOTT

How am I supposed to do that?

DEREK

She's an Argent. She's with them--

SCOTT

Why should I help you?

DEREK

Because you need me.

Stiles slams the door shut on his side. People now SHOUT from their cars for him to get out of the way.

SCOTT

Fine, fine. I'll try.

(to Stiles)

Get him out of here.

STILES

I hate you for this.

Scott pushes the door shut on Derek allowing Stiles to pull away. He turns back just as Allison approaches.

ALLISON

What was he doing here?

SCOTT

Uh... Stiles is giving him a ride.
It's a long story. I'll tell you at
your house. Okay?

ALLISON

I thought you said you weren't
friends with him.

SCOTT

I'm not. Not really. We're still
studying together, right? Meet at
your place?

ALLISON

(still unnerved)
Yeah. I'll see you there.

Rushing back to his bike, Scott notices Jackson staring suspiciously at him. Until Lydia approaches.

LYDIA

Who was that?

JACKSON

No one.

LYDIA

(intrigued)
He definitely looked like *someone*.
And what's on your neck?

Jackson feels at the cuts from Derek's claws.

JACKSON

Nothing. It's just a scratch.

Scott skids his bike to a halt, dust flying up. Allison steps out of her car in the driveway looking at him. He gasps for breath, obviously having pedaled like crazy to get there.

ALLISON

How did you... You got here the same time I did.

SCOTT

Uh... I took a short cut. A really short... short cut.

ALLISON

What's going on with you today? You're acting all kinds of bizarre.

SCOTT

I know. I think I'm just stressed about classes. I'm not doing as good this year.

ALLISON

Not doing as well.

SCOTT

Exactly.

ALLISON

Maybe we should start with English.

Smiling to let him know it's a joke, she unlocks the front door. Scott takes a nervous pause at the threshold.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Nobody's going to be home for hours.

With a nod, he slowly follows her inside.

The door to Allison's room clicks open. Scott steps in, glancing around. There's nothing on the walls, no books on the shelves. Just furniture and MOVING BOXES.

ALLISON

I'm still unpacking.

SCOTT

Haven't you been here for over a month?

ALLISON

I'm taking my time.

Still nervous, Scott sits down on the bed and opens his bag, yanking books out.

SCOTT

I know you wanted to start with
History so I brought the study
sheets from...

He pauses, realizing Allison is standing over him.

ALLISON

Let's start with something else.

Scott nods. Her hands gently come to his neck as she eases
down to press her lips against his. The kiss is soft at
first. But then Scott pulls her closer. And closer...

She falls back onto the bed allowing him to slip on top of
her. Then kissing her harder, his hands GRASP at her, fingers
dragging at her shirt. When they come up again, his nails
SHARPEN into CLAWS. Realizing it, he pulls away.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Scott clenches his hands into fists to cover his fingers,
pushing them into the bed covers.

SCOTT

Nothing. I just don't want to make
you feel like you have to do
something you don't want to do.

ALLISON

I'm not doing anything I don't want
to do. Are you?

SCOTT

You're seriously asking that
question?

As she smiles and rises up to kiss him again, Scott's PHONE
RINGS. He doesn't move, keeping his hands balled into fists.

ALLISON

Are you going to answer it?

SCOTT

It's probably just Stiles.

The phone keeps RINGING.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It'll go to voicemail.
(as it continues to RING)
Eventually.

Allison reaches to grab the phone out of his jacket herself. Scott instinctively lifts his hand to stop her.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Wait--

But his fingers are back to normal. As he breathes a sigh of relief, Allison hands him the phone. It BEEPS with a text:

Stiles: *Did you find it yet?*

21 INT. STILES'S JEEP - DAY

21

While driving, Stiles glances to his phone when Scott texts back: *Need more time.*

In the passenger seat, Derek slumps down, cradling his arm as he deals with the pain.

STILES

Try to not to bleed out on my seats, okay? We're almost there.

DEREK

Almost where?

STILES

Your house.

DEREK

No. You can't take me there.

STILES

I can't take you to your house?

DEREK

Not when I can't protect myself.

Stiles hits the BRAKES, skidding to a stop.

STILES

What happens if Scott doesn't find your magic bullet? Are you dying?

DEREK

Not yet. I have a last resort.

STILES

What do you mean? What last resort?

Derek exposes his gunshot wound. It's stopped bleeding, but THE VEINS surrounding it climb from his forearm like vines, creeping toward his inner-elbow.

STILES (CONT'D)
What is that? Is that contagious?
Maybe you should just get out.

DEREK
(weakly)
Start the car. Now.

STILES
I don't think you should be giving
orders the way you look. In fact, I
think if I wanted to, I could
probably drag your werewolf ass out
to the middle of the road and leave
you for dead.

DEREK
Start the car or I'm going to rip
your throat out with my teeth.

Derek stares at him. Stiles starts the car.

22 INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - DAY 22

THE DISPLAY on Scott's phone goes black.

SCOTT
There. It's off. Sorry about that.

He pauses, noticing something in one of the open boxes by the
bed. He slowly pulls out a photograph: Argent with Kate.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Who's this?

ALLISON
That's my Dad's sister, Kate.
Except she's more like my sister.
She just got here last night.

SCOTT
Last night?

ALLISON
Yeah, she had some car trouble. *

SCOTT
What kind of car trouble? *

ALLISON
Just... car trouble. *

SCOTT
She looks familiar.

ALLISON
She actually used to live in Beacon
Hills. Maybe you saw her once.

He pulls a few other photos from the box. All black and white attempts at artistic photography.

SCOTT
Did you take all of these?

ALLISON
Back when I thought I could be a
photographer.

SCOTT
They're good.

ALLISON
No, they're not. I stopped when I
realized I was terrible at it. The
framing's off, bad lighting.
Believe me. Not good.

Scott peers into another box and finds WATER COLOR PAINTINGS.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
That's when I tried painting.
Terrible at that too.

Another box holds several JOURNALS.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
That was the year of the attempt at
poetry. Terrible doesn't even come
close to describing that.

SCOTT
What *are* you good at?

ALLISON
I'll show you if you promise not to
laugh...

23 INT. ARGENT HOME/GARAGE - DAY 23

The door to the garage opens. Allison flips the LIGHTS ON and steps in with Scott following past parked SUV's. His eyes fall over the various stacked boxes, searching for something that might help Derek.

From a shelf, Allison takes a wood case and clicks it open. When she turns around she's AIMING A COMPOUND BOW at him. Scott ducks to the floor, hands coming up to shield himself.

SCOTT
What the hell is that?

ALLISON

It's a compound bow. And I'm pretty sure it requires an arrow to be harmful.

SCOTT

That's what you're good at? Archery?

ALLISON

I was nationally ranked when I was competing. And you said you wouldn't laugh.

SCOTT

Trust me. I'm not laughing.

She slips the bow back into its case.

ALLISON

I gave it up. My dad wanted me to keep going. He thought maybe I could go to the Olympics. But I just didn't like it enough.

As she moves to put the case back, Scott's eyes fall on something else, jaw dropping to the floor.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Oh, I guess I should explain...

BEHIND A CAGED WALL - hang SHOTGUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, REVOLVERS, firearms of all kinds as well as TACTICAL KNIVES. Scott gazes at the veritable armory, looking like he's going to throw up.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We're not some kind of separatist gun nut family. My dad sells firearms to law enforcement.

SCOTT

Oh. That's... That's good.

As in good cover. He glances at the shelves underneath the guns where BULLET cases sit. Stacks and stacks of them, all sitting behind a cage.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Are you planning on joining the family business?

ALLISON

You tell me...

She draws him toward her, backing him against the cage.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Would I look hot with a gun?

SCOTT

Hotter without.

He leans in to kiss her as THE DOOR CLATTERS OPEN. Allison yanks Scott behind a PARKED SUV to hide.

Argent walks in, carrying a large box while Scott and Allison crouch in the shadows. She pulls him close, both of them trying not to breathe as her father passes mere feet from them to set the box down.

KATE (O.S.)

(from inside the house)

Chris, don't expect the women to do all the heavy lifting out here. Get your ass out of the fifties and come help with the groceries.

ARGENT

(calling back)

Be right there.

Argent peers around the SUV to Scott and Allison.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

You two mind helping?

They stare innocently out from behind the SUV.

ALLISON

Sure.

SCOTT

No problem.

ARGENT

Great.

Without another word, Argent heads back upstairs. Following, Scott and Allison share a worried look.

Scott retrieves the last grocery bag from the trunk of the car in the driveway and extends it to Argent.

His cell phone VIBRATES in his pocket. He checks the TEXT MESSAGE: *Derek not looking good.*

Turning to the house with the realization he has to find
someway back in, Scott looks to Allison.

SCOTT
Do you want to keep studying?

ARGENT
I think she'll concentrate better
on her own.

He turns a fatherly glare on Allison.

SCOTT
Okay. Guess I'll see you later?

ARGENT
At school.

SCOTT
Right.

Scott starts back down the driveway for his bike.

ALLISON
Scott, hold on--

ARGENT
(to Scott)
You. On your bike.
(to Allison)
You. Inside.

Allison reluctantly turns to the door with her father. Scott
looks on, desperate. There's no getting back in. No getting
the bullet. No saving Derek.

Until Kate comes out from the garage.

KATE
Chris, really? They were making out
in the garage. Not shooting amateur
porn.
(to Scott)
You, with the adorable brown eyes.
Drop the bike. You're staying for
dinner.

Argent shoots Kate a look. But then relents.

ARGENT
(to Scott)
Do you like steak?

Scott gives a quick nod. Argent holds the door open for him.

SCOTT
You don't mind?

ARGENT
Actually, no. It'll give us a
chance to get to know each other.

And he smiles that exceptionally unnerving smile as he guides Scott inside and shuts the door.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

25 INT. ARGENT HOME/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

25

Scott helps Allison set the table.

ALLISON

He doesn't hate you. He's just protective.

SCOTT

He hates me.

ALLISON

I wouldn't call it hate.

SCOTT

Intense dislike?

ALLISON

That's closer to it.

SCOTT

Should I just not say anything?

ALLISON

No, I want you to say stuff. Just don't say anything stupid.

(off his look)

Not that you're going to. Just be the amazingly charming, sweet guy you always are. Be yourself. He'll like you if you're confident.

SCOTT

Do I look confident?

ALLISON

You will when you stop sweating.

SCOTT

Oh God.

Scott wipes his forehead with his palm.

ALLISON

You'll be great. I'm not worried.

As she turns toward the kitchen, her face reveals she's not at all worried. She's terrified.

Scott sits by Allison's side, nervously glancing at Argent Kate and Mrs. Argent. They eat. Quietly. Scott's phone VIBRATES. It's Stiles calling again. He hits IGNORE.

MRS. ARGENT

You want something to drink other than water, Scott?

SCOTT

I'm good. Thanks.

ARGENT

We could get you a beer.

SCOTT

No, thank you.

ARGENT

Shot of tequila?

ALLISON

Really, Dad?

ARGENT

You don't drink, Scott?

SCOTT

I'm not old enough to.

MRS. ARGENT

That doesn't seem to stop many teenagers.

SCOTT

No, but it should.

KATE

Good answer. Total lie, but well played, Scott. You may yet survive the night.

He smiles back at Kate, silently thanking God for her.

ARGENT

You ever smoke pot?

KATE

Okay, changing the channel to something a little less conservative...

(to Scott)

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

Allison says you're on the lacrosse team. I don't know much about it. How do you play?

SCOTT

You know hockey? It's kind of like that only on grass instead of ice.

ARGENT

Hockey on grass is called field hockey.

SCOTT

Oh. Oh, yeah.

ALLISON

(helping him out)

So it's like field hockey except the sticks have nets.

SCOTT

Exactly.

Scott's phone VIBRATES. He pulls it out to look at it under the table. It's a TEXT from Stiles: *Call me!!*

KATE

Can you slap check like hockey?

SCOTT

Yeah. But only the gloves or stick.

KATE

Sounds violent. I like it.

ALLISON

Scott's amazing too. Dad was at the first game with me. Wasn't he good?

Everyone turns to Argent for his assessment of Scott.

ARGENT

He was fine.

ALLISON

He scored the last shot. The winning shot.

ARGENT

True. But he didn't score at all until the last few minutes.

ALLISON
His first shot *ripped* through the
goalie's net. It was incredible.

Kate watches father and daughter with a slight smile. Seeming
to enjoy the confrontation.

ARGENT
I think the goalie probably had a
defective stick. But yeah, Scott
played well.

Allison slams her glass down on the table. Scott notices her
HEART pounding with his augmented hearing.

SCOTT
You know, on second thought, I'll
take that shot of tequila.

Everyone turns to Scott. A moment of awkward silence. And
then Kate laughs. Argent reluctantly cracks a smile.

Scott reaches under the table for Allison's hand. As his
fingers intertwine with hers she finally softens.

ARGENT
(to Scott)
You were kidding, right?

26 INT. STILES'S JEEP - NIGHT 26

Stiles talks to Scott on the phone in the parked jeep.

27 STILES
What am I supposed to do with him? 27

27 INT. ARGENT HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT 27

Scott keeps his distance from the dining room.

SCOTT
(into the phone)
Take him somewhere. Anywhere.

28 INT. STILES'S JEEP - NIGHT 28

Stiles glances to Derek slumped in the passenger seat. He's
breathing hard, eyes squeezed shut from pain.

STILES
By the way, he's starting to smell.

28

28

SCOTT (V.O.)

Like what?

STILES

Like *death*.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Okay. Take him to the animal clinic.

STILES

What about your boss?

SCOTT (V.O.)

He's gone by now. There's a spare key in a box behind the dumpster in the back.

STILES

(to Derek)

You're not going to believe where he's telling me to take you.

Derek grabs the phone out of his hand.

DEREK

Did you find it?

29

INT. ARGENT HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT

29

Scott stops in the hallway, pulling back into the shadows to make sure he's alone.

SCOTT

How the hell am I supposed to find one bullet? They have a million. This house is the freaking Walmart of guns.

DEREK (V.O.)

You don't find it, I'm dead.

SCOTT

I'm starting to think that wouldn't be such a bad thing.

DEREK (V.O.)

Then think about this... the Alpha called you out against your will. He's going to do it again. And next time you either kill with him or you get killed. You need me. Find the bullet.

29

Derek hangs up. Scott slowly lowers the phone. He turns for the door, opening it to the garage. Peering inside, he steps forward when--

KATE (O.S.)

Lost?

Scott whips around to find Kate at the end of the hallway.

SCOTT

Just trying to find the bathroom.

KATE

Does that look like a bathroom?

Scott peers into the dark garage. It sure doesn't.

KATE (CONT'D)

(pointing behind her)

Use the one in the guest room.

30

INT. ARGENT HOME/GUEST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

30

Scott heads for the bathroom door. He puts his hand on the knob about to turn it when--

He stops. Then blinks. Something has caught his attention. He takes his hand off the knob and turns around.

Scott glances around the room, breathing in. There's a familiar scent here. Slowly, he kneels down and reaches under the bed.

Carefully, he pulls Kate's BLACK BAG out from underneath the bed. The HAIR on his arm STANDS UP as if electrified.

Scott unzips the bag to find a layer of clothes. And underneath that: A STEEL CASE. He unclasps the metal case.

INSIDE - ROWS OF POINTED BULLETS sit packed in custom foam. One of the slots is empty. Scott grabs a bullet and holds it up in front of his eyes--which respond by glowing yellow.

He's found the bullet.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

31 INT. ARGENT HOME/GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 31

Scott gazes over the BULLET CASE. On the back is an ENGRAVED IMAGE OF A FLOWER. He runs his finger over it and then gets an idea. He pulls out his phone and hits the GOOGLE GOGGLES app. He snaps a picture of the IMAGE as--

The door to the guest room clicks open. Scott whips the phone behind his back. It's Allison.

ALLISON

What are you doing?

SCOTT

Just using the bathroom. And now I'm done. So... I'm going back. To the other room.

He heads past her, out the door while peering down at his phone. The results rapidly come up on the display. Three words with which he's clearly unfamiliar...

32 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT 32

Stiles looks up from a text message.

STILES

Does *northern blue monkshood* mean anything to you?

Propped against the wall, Derek gradually opens his eyes.

DEREK

It's a rare form of Wolfsbane. He has to bring me the bullet.

STILES

Why?

DEREK

Because without it, I'm dead.

33 INT. ARGENT HOME/DINING ROOM - NIGHT 33

Slipping the bullet into his pocket, Scott returns to the dining room.

SCOTT

I should get going. Thanks again
for dinner.

KATE

Stay for dessert. I want to hear
more about you. Sit down.

Scott reluctantly sits back down at the table. His phone
VIBRATES again.

MRS. ARGENT

Allison was saying you work for a
veterinarian.

ALLISON

I told them how you put the cast on
the dog I hit.

Scott glances at Stiles's text: *Need to get here now!!!*

ARGENT

What's your boss think of the
animal attacks? Any theories?

SCOTT

Everybody's saying mountain lion.

KATE

That would have to be a pretty
large mountain lion.

MRS. ARGENT

What do you think, Scott?

SCOTT

I wouldn't really know. We get
mostly dogs and cats at the clinic.
Nothing that vicious.

ARGENT

Never had to deal with a rabid dog?

Scott shakes his head.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

I grew up with a lot of dogs. I saw
one get rabies from a bat. It was
transferred through the bite. Sad,
but kind of fascinating. People
think a rabid dog just suddenly
goes mad. It's actually a lot more
gradual.

(MORE)

ARGENT (CONT'D)

The first stage is subtle changes
in behavior. They're restless,
morose.

The room becomes quiet and oddly still while Argent speaks.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

It's the second stage that everyone
knows. The "furious phase." That's
when they attack. And we're talking
any moving object. Did you know a
caged, rabid dog will break its own
teeth trying to chew through the
bars? It'll even rear back and snap
its own spine. Can you imagine the
amount of force it takes to do
that?

Scott shakes his head.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

It's a complete character reversal.
This harmless animal turns into a
perfectly vicious killer. And it
all starts with one bite.

Scott slowly looks from Argent to Kate. She seems almost as
if she's trying to contain a smile, enjoying the description
of the animal's downfall and demise.

ALLISON

But it died, didn't it?

MRS. ARGENT

Well, yes. Your grandfather shot
it.

ALLISON

Because he wanted to put it out of
its misery.

ARGENT

Because it was too dangerous.
Something that out-of-control is
better off dead.

Derek clicks on a light and slowly pulls his shirt off to
reveal the gunshot wound is now far worse. VEINS branch out
from open sores while the rest of his arm has turned a
SICKENING YELLOW.

STILES

Well, that doesn't look like anything some Echinacea and a good night's sleep couldn't take care of.

DEREK

When the infection reaches my heart, it'll kill me.

STILES

Positivity just isn't in your vocabulary, is it?

Derek starts pulling drawers open looking for something.

DEREK

If he doesn't get here with the bullet in time... last resort.

STILES

Which is?

Derek stops at a drawer, finding what he needs. He pulls out an ELECTRIC BONE SAW.

DEREK

You're going to cut off my arm.

35 INT. ARGENT HOME/FOYER - NIGHT

35

Allison escorts Scott to the front door.

ALLISON

I'm so incredibly sorry.

SCOTT

For what?

ALLISON

For that being the worst, most horribly awkward dinner ever in the history of horribly awkward dinners.

SCOTT

It wasn't the worst. There was the dinner where my parents told me they were getting divorced. This is a close second.

This earns a laugh. She grabs the lapel of his jacket and pulls him in for a kiss. But Scott slowly pulls back.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Your Dad is watching.

Argent looks out from the dining room.

ALLISON
Good.

And she kisses him on the lips. Stepping back Scott reaches for the door as--

KATE
One second, guys.

Kate comes through the dining room, passing Argent.

ALLISON
What is it?

KATE
I have to ask Scott something.

SCOTT
Me?

KATE
You.

SCOTT
Um. Okay...

KATE
What did you take from my bag?

SCOTT
What?

KATE
My bag. What did you take from it?
You need me to repeat the question
or enunciate any more clearly?

She stares at him, perfectly calm.

ARGENT
What are you talking about?

KATE
My bag was open in the guest room.
It was zipped shut when I left it.
Scott came in to use the bathroom.
He left. My bag was open.

ALLISON

He didn't take anything.

KATE

Something was taken from my bag.
And I hate to be the accuser,
Scott, because I do like those
adorable brown eyes. I don't know
if you're a Klepto, curious, or
just stupid, but answer the
question. *What did you take?*

Swallowing noticeably, Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT

Nothing. I swear.

KATE

You don't mind proving it, do you?

ALLISON

Are you serious?

KATE

(to Scott)

How about you show us what's in
your pockets.

ALLISON

Dad?

But Argent doesn't interfere.

KATE

Come on, Scott. Prove me wrong.

Scott slowly reaches into his pockets.

ALLISON

I'll prove you wrong. It wasn't
Scott going through your bag. It
was me.

All eyes turn to Allison.

KATE

You?

ALLISON

Me.

She reaches into her own pocket, pulls out, and confidently
holds up--

A CONDOM. The room goes silent, jaws agape. Everyone looks from one person to another in complete shock. Argent especially is sorting through some deeply complex emotions.

36 EXT. ARGENT HOME - NIGHT 36

Scott shuts the door behind him and heads for his bike with a glazed and utterly stunned look on his face.

Hearing MUFFLED ARGUING through the closed door, he mounts his bike. Then, as if only now realizing what was on Allison's mind when she was rifling through Kate's bag, the corners of his mouth start to curl upward.

A moment later, as he's pedaling away, he starts smiling. Grinning.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

37 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

37

Derek hands the bone saw to Stiles. Then begins tying a TOURNIQUET around the infected arm.

STILES

What if you bleed to death?

DEREK

It'll heal. If it works.

STILES

I don't know if I can do this.

DEREK

Why not?

STILES

Because of the cutting through flesh, the sawing of bone, and especially the blood.

DEREK

You faint at the sight of blood?

STILES

No. But I might at the sight of a chopped off arm.

DEREK

How about this: Either you cut off my arm or I rip off your head.

STILES

I'm not buying your threats anymore.

Derek grabs him by the collar.

STILES (CONT'D)

Okay, bought, sold, I'll do it, I'll do it.

Derek releases him, but not because he wanted to. He starts gasping, choking and coughing. Hunching over, he opens his mouth as if to throw up. But instead of vomit, an inky BLACK LIQUID is choked out, spilling across the floor.

STILES (CONT'D)

Holy God, what the hell is that?

DEREK

My body... trying... to heal.

STILES

It's not doing a very good job.

Kneeling on the floor, Derek looks up with glowing blue eyes.

DEREK

Now... You have to do this now.

Dragging himself up, he puts his infected arm on the examining table.

STILES

Oh God...

Placing the edge of the blade against Derek's skin, just above the furthest-reaching infected vein, Stiles takes a deep breath. He squeezes his eyes shut. And just as he's about to pull the trigger--

SCOTT (O.S.)

(from another room)

Stiles?

Scott bursts through the door, shocked to see Stiles preparing to saw off Derek's arm.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

STILES

You just prevented a lifetime of nightmares.

DEREK

Did you get it?

Scott holds up the bullet. Derek grabs it, raises it up to look at it in the light.

STILES

What are you going to do?

DEREK

I'm going to... I'm going...

He falls. Collapsing right to the floor. The bullet drops and goes rolling. Scott darts after it.

SCOTT

No, no, no--

The bullet drops through a METAL GRATE and into a DRAIN. Kneeling down, Scott digs his fingers into the grate, but he can't reach the bullet.

Across the room, Stiles tries to wake Derek.

STILES

Derek? Derek, wake up! Scott, what the hell are we going to do?

SCOTT

I don't know--the bullet--I can't reach it--

STILES

He's not waking up!

UNDER THE GRATE - The bullet lies just out of Scott's grasp. The tips of his finger and thumb graze the metal, but can't get around it.

STILES (CONT'D)

I think he's dying. I think he's dead.

SCOTT

Just hold on!

Scott squeezes his eyes shut, pushing further down. With his teeth clenched, something happens...

His fingernails begin to SHARPEN, extending to CLAWS. It gives him just enough reach to pluck the bullet out. Scott leaps to his feet.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I got it!

Stiles looks down at Derek.

STILES

Please don't kill me for this.

He punches Derek RIGHT IN THE FACE. As Stiles staggers back, cradling his hand, Derek's eyes flutter open.

DEREK

Give it to me.

Scott tosses Derek the bullet as he struggles to his feet. Derek cracks the tip open and pulls out a LIGHTER from his pocket. He holds the FLAME to the contents inside.

SPARKS FLY as bits of wolfsbane light aflame. He palms the smoldering ashes and grinds it into his gunshot wound, wincing as he does so.

Derek drops back to his knees on the floor. He opens his mouth, revealing his sharpened fangs.

Stiles and Scott step back. Down the hall, the dogs BARK, building to a frenzy as they rattle the cages.

Derek tilts his head back and... SCREAMS.

It's an ear-piercing, earth shattering howl of agony. And then he tumbles back, sweat-soaked skin hitting the cold cement floor. His arm falls to his side. In seconds, the open sores close, wounds healing, returning to normal.

Scott and Stiles share a incredulous look.

STILES

That. Was. Awesome.

Derek's eyes blink open. Slowly, he pushes himself back up from the floor. Catching his breath, he stands upright.

SCOTT

Are you okay?

DEREK

Except for the agonizing pain.

STILES

I'm guessing the ability to use sarcasm is a sign of good health.

Derek grabs his shirt, pulling it back on.

SCOTT

We saved your life. That means you're going to leave us alone. You got that? And if you don't I go back to Allison's dad and tell him everything--

DEREK

You're going to trust them? You think they can help you?

SCOTT

Why not? They're a lot freaking nicer than you are.

DEREK

I can show you exactly how nice they are.

SCOTT

What do you mean?

38 INT. BEACON HILLS HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 38

A sign on the wall of the dark corridor reads: LONG-TERM CARE. Scott follows Derek past it while throwing glances back to see if they're still alone in the hall.

SCOTT

What are we doing here?

But Derek doesn't answer, just continuing toward a room at the end of the hall.

39 INT. BEACON HILLS HOSPITAL/PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT 39

Derek ushers Scott into the dark hospital room, quietly closing the door behind them. He pulls the curtain back from the window to let in the MOONLIGHT which reveals--

A MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR sitting nearby. Only one side of his body can be seen, a blank, catatonic expression on his face.

SCOTT

Who is he?

DEREK

My uncle. Peter Hale.

SCOTT

Is he... like you? A werewolf?

DEREK

He was. Now he's barely even human.

Grabbing the arm of the chair, he pulls PETER HALE around. As the man's head lolls to the side, Scott sees--

SEVERE BURN SCARS on the other side of his body. Darkened flesh twists across his face, down his neck and arm.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Six years ago my sister and I were at school when my house caught fire. Eleven people were trapped inside. He was the only survivor.

SCOTT

How are you so sure they set the fire?

DEREK

They're the only ones who knew about us.

SCOTT

Then they had a reason.

DEREK

Like what? What justifies this? They say they'll only kill an adult and only with absolute proof. But there were members of my family who were perfectly ordinary in that fire. This is what they do.

He turns Peter's face to Scott so he can see it perfectly in the light.

DEREK (CONT'D)

It's what Allison will do.

Derek pauses, sensing something. He takes a step back as the door opens, a NIGHT NURSE, named JENNIFER, looking in.

JENNIFER

What are you doing? How did you get in here?

She retreats from the door as if to yell for security. But then stops when she sees Derek in the light from the window.

DEREK

We were leaving.

JENNIFER

Wait. Are you a relative?

He doesn't answer, heading past her. Not knowing what else to do, Scott follows. SHE looks after them, curious.

Allison steps outside, putting her cell phone to her ear.

ALLISON

It's me. Thought maybe I'd catch you before you went to sleep.

40

She steps away from the house, trying to be quiet.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I wanted to say sorry again. For
tonight. Call me.

Allison hangs up. Then notices Kate's car in the driveway. In perfect condition. No sign of any damage whatsoever. Allison is about to turn back when--

Something crunches under her foot. She looks down and sees a piece of BROKEN GLASS. *

Glancing to the car, she approaches. At the edge of the driver's side window a PIECE OF GLASS reflects the light. *

Allison takes her index finger and drags it over the rubber window guard at the edge of the door. Several small crystalline BITS OF GLASS tumble one by one to the pavement of the driveway.

Kate's car trouble appears to have required more than a jump start. Much more...

41 INT. ARGENT HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

41

Argent watches Kate pace in front of the fireplace. She playfully flicks a LIGHTER.

KATE
The one that attacked me was big.
It had width and power. The one I
shot was lean and fast--

ARGENT
That would be Derek Hale.

KATE
Are we sure?

ARGENT
Mostly.

Kate twists the PILOT VALVE at the fireplace. Gas begins to HISS out. But she doesn't light it yet.

KATE
And we're sure it's just the two of
them?

ARGENT
Not yet. But if Derek's alive,
he'll lead us to the Alpha...

KATE

Take the pack leader. Then take the
pack.

The gas valve on the fireplace continues to HISS. Kate hasn't
yet struck the match.

ARGENT
And we do it according to the code.

KATE
(tired of it)
You and the code.

ARGENT
It's there for a reason.

KATE
Of course...

She finally lights the match and tosses it into the fireplace, turning the hissing gas into a FIREBALL.

KATE (CONT'D)
I always play by the rules.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE