

TEEN WOLF  
Episode #105  
by  
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**12/15/10 Salmon Revisions**

11/16/10 Goldenrod Draft

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MGM

Production #105  
Episode Five

**TEEN WOLF**

"Episode 105"

EP#105

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**

STILINSKI..... LINDEN ASHBY  
KATE ARGENT..... JILL WAGNER  
MR. HARRIS..... ADAM FRISTOE  
DANNY..... KEAHU KAHUANUI  
MRS. MARTIN..... SUSAN WALTERS  
LEVEQUE..... MICHAEL PETERSON  
ULRICH..... JONATHAN KALIS  
DEATON..... SETH GILLIAM  
MR. WHITTEMORE..... ROBERT PRALGO  
MRS. WHITTEMORE.....  
MS. RAMSEY..... SHARON MORRIS  
MR. MARTIN..... JEFF ROSE  
COACH FINSTOCK..... ORNY ADAMS  
MELISSA MCCALL..... MELISSA PONZIO  
ARGENT..... JR BOURNE  
MRS. ARGENT..... EADDY MAYS

**TEEN WOLF**

"Episode 105"

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Set List

INTERIORS

VIDEO STORE  
LYDIA'S CAR  
SHERIFF STILINKSKI'S CAR  
HALE HOUSE  
ARGENT HOME  
    ALLISON'S ROOM  
HIGH SCHOOL  
    CORRIDOR  
    CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM  
    BOY'S LOCKER ROOM  
    ENGLISH CLASSROOM  
    COACH'S OFFICE  
ALLISON'S CAR  
MARTIN HOME  
    LYDIA'S BEDROOM  
HALE HOUSE  
STILINSKI HOME  
    STILES'S ROOM  
ANIMAL CLINIC  
    EXAMINING ROOM

EXTERIORS

VIDEO STORE  
    PARKING LOT  
HIGH SCHOOL  
    PARKING LOT  
WOODS  
HALE HOUSE

OMMITED:

JACKSON'S CAR

(REPLACED WITH LYDIA'S CAR)

**TEEN WOLF**  
"Episode #105"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT 1

A FLORESCENT LIGHT flickers with an irritating BUZZ. Two hands reach up to twist the BULB out of its socket in the ceiling of a quiet video store.

Standing on a ladder, THE CLERK gently places the old bulb on the shelf while reaching for a new one. He screws it in, but it continues its irritating blinking.

1A EXT. VIDEO STORE/INT. LYDIA'S CAR - NIGHT 1A \*

*Lydia's car* pulls up. *Jackson* gets out in mid-conversation with Lydia, arguing with her through the open window. \*

JACKSON  
*Hoosiers* is not only the best  
basketball movie ever made, it's  
the best sports movie--

LYDIA  
No.

JACKSON  
It's got Gene Hackman and Dennis  
Hopper--

LYDIA  
No.

JACKSON  
I swear to God you'll like it.

LYDIA  
No.

JACKSON  
I'm not watching *The Notebook*  
again.

She hits the window button closing it on him with a smile behind the glass.

1B INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

1B

A fuming Jackson enters the store, searching for *The Notebook*. But going row to row and passing by the now empty ladder and replacement bulbs, he can't seem to find it.

JACKSON

Can somebody help me find *The Notebook*?

He glances around. No response. No one at the cash register.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Hello? Anybody working here?  
Anybody at all?

It seems there's not a single other person in the store. Turning back to the shelves, he begins thumbing the DVD's when he spots something...

THROUGH THE WIRE FRAME of the shelf, Jackson sees TWO SHOES on the floor, toes pointed upward.

He lets the DVD's fall back. Hand now trembling, he slowly steps left. Inching around the corner of the shelf, he sees the two shoes and now just a bit of the legs.

Someone is lying on the floor on the other side of the shelf.

Chest rising with ever shortening breathes, Jackson takes another step. And then another, finally discovering--

The Clerk lies dead on the floor. Blood everywhere.

Jackson staggers back and tumbles right into the LADDER. It goes down, wires snapping with it as--

A SPARK flies from the light fixture. With an ELECTRIC CRACKLING, all of the lights flicker and die, plunging the store into--

DARKNESS.

THE SOUND OF MOVEMENT spins Jackson around. A shelf RATTLES, DVD cases trembling as something LARGE moves behind it. Whatever it is, it's between him and the exit.

2 INT. LYDIA'S CAR - NIGHT

2

\*

In the *driver's* seat, Lydia gazes into her camera phone, pursing her lips. Then flips it around to watch the video of herself.

\*

3 INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT 3

Jackson crouches behind a shelf, trying to steady his near-hyperventilating breaths. Slowly, he peers up above the stacks of DVD's when--

ONE OF THE SHELVES ROCKS FORWARD. Like dominoes, they begin falling toward him, DVD's flying through the air.

Jackson moves to dart out of the way, but one of the shelves slams down on his back, pinning his body to the floor. As he tries to push himself up--*A shadow falls over him.*

Jackson holds still as the store becomes ominously quiet and-- SOMETHING GROWLS mere inches from the back of his head. A clawed hand reaches over the nape of his neck where--

The MARKS from when Derek punctured his skin are still visible. Yellowish and scabbed, they look infected. Jackson shudders as the tips of the Alpha's claws graze his skin, pulling back and lifting up as if preparing to strike.

4 INT. LYDIA'S CAR - NIGHT 4 \*

Lydia raises her camera phone, still recording video of herself when--

THE STORE'S PLATE GLASS WINDOW EXPLODES.

Fragments shower the lot as a BLACK SHAPE hurtles past Jackson's car.

Lydia spins around with the camera phone still clutched in her hand, her wide eyes staring off through the window.

5 EXT. VIDEO STORE/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 5

The car door clicks open and Lydia shakily steps out.

LYDIA  
Jackson...

INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

Lydia steps past DVD cases strewn across the floor.

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
*Jackson?*

Then she sees a HAND jutting out from underneath an overturned shelf. Terrified, she approaches. Slowly reaching out, her own fingers trembling--

5

JACKSON

Don't.

Lydia SHRIEKS, spinning around to see Jackson just standing there, staring out the broken window.

With an ELECTRIC CRACKLE, the LIGHTS flicker back on. Lydia looks down to a BLOOD-SOAKED carpet.

Now she starts screaming.

**MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF**

CUT TO:

6

INT. SHERIFF STILINSKI'S CAR - NIGHT

6

Sheriff Stilinski drives while Stiles searches through fast food bags.

STILINSKI

Did they forget my curly fries?

STILES

You're not supposed to eat fries.  
Especially the curly ones.

STILINSKI

I am carrying a lethal weapon. If I want the curly fries, I will have the curly fries.

STILES

If you think getting rid of contractions in your sentences makes your argument any more legitimate, you are wrong.

Before Stilinski can respond, the radio BUZZES to life.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Unit One, do you copy?

Father and son reach for the CB at the same instant, hands knocking into each other. Stilinski throws a look.

STILES

Force of habit.

STILINSKI

(into radio)  
Unit One, copy.

6 CONTINUED:

6

DISPATCH

Got a report of a possible 187.

Stiles looks up while stuffing a handful of his father's fries into his mouth. He knows exactly what a 187 is.

STILES

A murder?

7 EXT. VIDEO STORE/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

7

LIGHTS FLASHING, Stilinski's car roars into the lot, pulling up next to two other Deputy Sheriff cruisers.

8 INT. SHERIFF STILINSKI'S CAR - NIGHT

8

Stilinski turns to his son.

STILINSKI

Stay here.

He hurries out to confer with his Deputies. Stiles sits impatiently while taking in the store's shattered window, the knocked over shelves and... *Lydia and Jackson being led out.*

STILES

No. Way.

9 EXT. VIDEO STORE/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

9

Stilinski turns from a crowd of bystanders to his Deputies.

STILINSKI

Get this place locked off.

Stiles pushes his way through the crowd.

STILES

Lydia?

She doesn't seem to hear him or see him while a FEMALE DEPUTY guides her and an irate Jackson to the police cars.

JACKSON

I don't need to go to the hospital.  
I'm fine.

\*  
\*

Noticing the commotion, Stilinski heads over while leaving his other Deputies to keep the onlookers back.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Why the hell can't I just go home?

\*



STILINSKI

I'm sorry, but the EMT's tell me  
you hit your head pretty hard and  
they need to make sure you don't  
have a concussion

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JACKSON

What part of *I'm fine* are you  
failing to grasp here? I want to go  
home.

\*  
\*  
\*

STILINSKI

I understand--

JACKSON

No, you don't understand. Which  
kind of blows my mind since it  
should be a pretty basic concept  
for a minimum wage rent-a-cop like  
you. *I just want to go home!*

\*

He realizes everyone is watching, pity in their eyes.  
Including Stiles, who is clearly not happy about the rent-a-  
cop line. Until something else catches his eye.

STILES

Hey, is that a dead body?

The throng of ONLOOKERS rushes forward. Stilinski throws an  
angry glare at his son who shrinks back into the shadows.  
While all eyes focus on the video store, no one notices--

THE ROOF ABOVE - where Scott peers over the ledge. Turning  
back he slumps down as Derek comes forward.

DEREK

Starting to get it?

SCOTT

I get that he's killing people. But  
I don't get why. I mean this isn't  
standard practice, right? We don't  
just go out in the middle of the  
night murdering everyone, do we?

DEREK

No. We're predators but we don't  
have to be killers.

SCOTT

So why's he a killer?

DEREK

That's what we're going to find  
out.

9

CONTINUED:

9

They turn for the opposite edge of the roof while below them is something they would never notice: an ODD PATTERN carved into the gravel of the rooftop.

A SPIRAL...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10

INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

10

Scott follows Derek into the dark recesses of the Hale home.

SCOTT

You know, I have a life too.

DEREK

No, you don't.

SCOTT

Yes, I do. I don't care what you say about him making me his pet--

DEREK

Part of his pack.

SCOTT

*Whatever.* I have homework. I have to be at a parent/teacher conference tomorrow because I'm failing Chemistry.

DEREK

You want to do homework? Or do you want to not die? You have less than a week until the full moon. You don't kill with him? He kills you.

SCOTT

Seriously, who made up these rules?

DEREK

It's a rite of passage into his pack.

SCOTT

You know what else is a rite of passage? Graduating high school. *And you don't have to kill anyone to do it.* How come you can't find him yourself? Why don't you just sniff him out when he's human?

DEREK

Because his human scent could be entirely different. It has to be you. You have a connection with him, a link you can't understand.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

If I can teach you to control your abilities, you can find him.

SCOTT

If I help find him, can you stop him?

DEREK

Not alone. We're stronger in numbers. A pack makes the individual more powerful.

SCOTT

How am I supposed to help when I don't have a clue what I'm doing?

DEREK

I'm going to teach you. Remember what happened that first night you were shot in the arm? Right after you were hit?

SCOTT

(nodding)  
I changed back.

DEREK

And when you were hit by his car? The same thing, right? What's the common denominator?

Scott shakes his head. Derek grabs his hand, closing his fist over Scott's. BONES BREAK sending Scott SCREAMING and crumbling to his knees.

SCOTT

*What the hell's your problem?*

DEREK

It'll heal.

SCOTT

It still hurt!

DEREK

And that's what keeps you human.  
Pain.

Scott opens his hand, fingers straightening out, the sound of bones snapping back into place.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Maybe you will survive.

11

INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - DAY

11

Morning sunlight pours in through the windows. Allison grabs her bag, rushing to get out for school. Kate knocks at the open door.

KATE

So you know I feel totally horrible about my behavior the other night?

ALLISON

Totally forgotten.

KATE

Not by me. Please tell me I'm a horrid bitch.

ALLISON

You were just being protective.

KATE

A protective, horrid bitch who's giving you your birthday present early so you'll forgive her.

She holds out a wrapped present box. Allison opens it to find a NECKLACE inside with a strange pendant at the end of it.

KATE (CONT'D)

Forgiven?

ALLISON

Completely. I love it.

KATE

Family heirloom. I hate and loathe all sentimental crap, but this... Well, see the symbol in the middle of the pendant? Look it up if you want to learn a little something about your family.

ALLISON

You're going to make me work for it?

KATE

Some mysteries are worth the effort.

Kate watches her niece bring the necklace closer to her eyes, studying the intricate SYMBOL at the center of the pendant--

12

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

12

--which now hangs around her neck as she opens her locker. BALLOONS flutter out, Birthday CARD attached.

SCOTT

It's your birthday?

She turns to see Scott heading over. Then quickly tries to push the balloons back in.

ALLISON

No. I mean, yes. But don't tell anyone. I don't even know how Lydia found out.

SCOTT

Why didn't you tell me?

ALLISON

I don't want a lot of people to know. Since I'm seventeen.

SCOTT

*You're seventeen?*

ALLISON

And that's the reaction I'm trying to avoid.

SCOTT

Why? I get it. You had to repeat a year because of all the moving around, right?

She shuts the locker. Then kisses him on the lips.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What was that for?

ALLISON

For literally being the first person to ever make the correct assumption. Everyone else says "What? Were you held back? Are you stupid? Did you take the short bus?"

SCOTT

That's what you hear on your birthday?

12

CONTINUED:

12

ALLISON

All day long.

SCOTT

Then... what if we got out of here?

ALLISON

Skip class?

SCOTT

The whole day.

ALLISON

You're asking someone who's never even skipped one class to bail on an entire day.

SCOTT

See, that's perfect. If you get caught they'll go easy on you.

ALLISON

What if you get caught?

SCOTT

Let's try not to think about that.

13

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - DAY

13

Taking his seat, Stiles looks for Scott, but there's no sign of him. Mr. Harris, lights the ACETYLENE TORCH at his desk.

MR. HARRIS

Just a friendly reminder:  
Parent/Teacher conferences are  
tonight. Students below a C average  
are required to attend. I won't  
name you since the shame and self-  
disgust should be more than enough  
punishment. And has anyone seen  
Scott McCall?

No one responds. The door opens and in comes Jackson, something slightly off about him. Everyone watches. Harris crosses to him.

MR. HARRIS (CONT'D)

Jackson, if you need to leave early  
for any reason... You let me know.

The boy just glares at him, annoyed by the pity.



13

CONTINUED:

13

MR. HARRIS (CONT'D)

Everyone, start reading Chapter Nine. And Mr. Stilinski try putting the highlighter down between paragraphs. It's Chemistry. Not a coloring book.

Capping his highlighter, Stiles leans toward Danny who is sitting in front of him.

STILES

Danny? Can I ask you a question?

DANNY

No.

STILES

I'm going to anyway. Did Lydia show up in your homeroom today?

DANNY

No.

STILES

Can I ask you another question?

DANNY

Answer still *no*.

STILES

Do people know what happened to her and Jackson last night?

DANNY

He wouldn't tell me.

STILES

But you're his best friend.

(Danny shrugs)

One more question?

DANNY

*What?*

STILES

Do you find me attractive?

14

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT/INT. ALLISON'S CAR - DAY

14

Scott and Allison hurry into her car.

14

CONTINUED:

14

ALLISON

Maybe this is a bad idea. My dad would kill me if he found out.

SCOTT

You always follow your Dad's rules?

ALLISON

Not lately.

SCOTT

Good. Start the car.

ALLISON

Where are we going to go?

Scott peers in the rearview mirror to see a SCHOOL SECURITY CAR pulling up the lane.

SCOTT

I don't know. Somewhere. Anywhere.

ALLISON

Nowhere I could be seen, right? I could get detention.

SCOTT

Please, start the car.

ALLISON

Or suspended.

SCOTT

Allison. Car. Start now.

Finally, she FIRES up the engine, swerving out of the lot. With a breath, Scott leans back in his seat and relaxes.

15

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

15

Steam pours into the locker room from the showers post gym class while the boys get ready for next period.

Jackson heads from the showers to his locker. Only when he begins to pull his things out does he notice that the room is now empty.

Dripping faucets and clanging pipes accompany a thick steam billowing from the shower room.

Shutting his locker, Jackson pauses. Slowly, he gazes back to find TWO GLOWING RED EYES coming toward him through the steam.

15

CONTINUED:

15

He steps back, hand moving to his neck where the PUNCTURE MARKS from Derek are still visible.

THE GLOWING EYES come closer and closer to Jackson and just as he's about to bolt--

A STUDENT steps through the steam, revealing the two red eyes are illuminated headphones stuck in his ears. As the Student exits, Jackson lets out a relieved breath and turns back to his locker when--

DEREK ENTERS.

Jackson stumbles back, almost falling over the bench.

JACKSON

Okay, all right, I don't know where Scott is. I haven't seen him--

DEREK

I'm not here for Scott. I'm here for you. *Jackson.*

He flinches at the sound of his own name, retreating until his back hits the wall.

JACKSON

Me? Why me? I didn't do anything.

DEREK

But you saw something. Didn't you?

JACKSON

Saw what? When?

DEREK

Last night--

JACKSON

What? No. I didn't see anything, I swear.

DEREK

All I want to know is what you saw. Was it an animal? A mountain lion?

JACKSON

*I don't know.* I'm not lying. I swear to God.

DEREK

Then calm down and say it again.

15

CONTINUED:

15

JACKSON  
(confused)  
What? That I'm not lying?

DEREK  
The other part. Tell me you didn't  
see anything. Slowly.

JACKSON  
Why do you care?

DEREK  
Calm down and say the words.

Jackson takes a deep breath.

JACKSON  
I didn't see anything.

SOUND fades until all Derek can hear is the rhythmic rise and fall of JACKSON'S HEARTBEAT.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I'm not lying.

DEREK  
I know.

But Derek doesn't retreat. Instead, he takes a step closer.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
One more thing...

He puts his hand on top of Jackson's head. The boy squeezes his eyes shut as if waiting for his neck to be snapped. But Derek simply turns Jackson's head around to get a look at the INFECTED CLAW MARKS on his neck.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
You should really get that checked  
out.

Jackson lets out a gasp. His eyes flutter open. And once again...

He's alone in the locker room.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15A INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

15A

Stiles hurries down the hall with his phone to his ear. Scott picks up the line.

SCOTT (V.O.)

What?

STILES

Finally! Are you getting any of my texts?

SCOTT (V.O.)

All nine million of them.

16 INT. ALLISON'S CAR - DAY

16

Scott covers the phone, trying not to let Allison hear.

STILES (V.O.)

You have any clue what's going on? Lydia's totally M-I-A, Jackson looks like he had a time bomb inserted into his face, another random guy is dead and you need to do something about it.

SCOTT

Like what?

STILES (V.O.)

*Something.*

SCOTT

(whispering)

I'll deal with it later.

Scott powers his phone down. Then realizes they're about to miss a turn.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Left, left!

Allison slams a foot on the brake, reflexes surprisingly fast. She spins the wheel like a stunt driver and charges into the turn.

As Scott slams against his seat belt, she puts a protective hand over his chest.

16

CONTINUED:

16

ALLISON

Sorry. I just totally soccer-mommed you, didn't I?

SCOTT

No worries. We can pick up my masculinity on the way back.

She gives a laugh as they pull into--

17

EXT. WOODS - DAY

17

Streaks of sunlight peek through branches, casting shadows on a well worn trail. It's idyllic. Serene. But Allison keeps looking behind her, checking her phone. Scott notices.

SCOTT

You're so not okay with this, are you?

ALLISON

I just feel like I need an alibi.

SCOTT

If we get caught I'll say it was my fault.

ALLISON

I don't need you to take the blame for me. It was my choice too.

SCOTT

Good, 'cause I'm totally going to blame you if I get caught.

ALLISON

Oh really?

SCOTT

Hell yeah. And they'd believe me. Totally hot girl says skip the day with her? Like I'm going to say no.

ALLISON

So throw me under the bus just like that?

SCOTT

Throw, push, shove--

ALLISON

What if I decide to drag you down with me?

17

CONTINUED:

17

She grabs him by the shirt, dragging him toward her.

SCOTT

I'd just yell for help.

ALLISON

And what if I did this?

She pulls him close, kissing him on the lips.

SCOTT

I'd scream for help.

ALLISON

And if I did this?

She kisses him deeply, with feeling.

SCOTT

I'd beg for mercy.

She laughs. He takes her hand pulling her forward.

18

INT. MARTIN HOME/LYDIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

18

Lydia lies in bed, glazed eyes fixed on the ceiling. With a knock on the door, Lydia's mom, MRS. MARTIN, peeks in.

MRS. MARTIN

Sweetheart, there's a Stiles here to see you.

LYDIA

What the hell's a Stiles?

Lydia's mother turns to Stiles with an embarrassed smile.

MRS. MARTIN

She's had a little something to ease her nerves. Go right in.

Stiles slips inside the room, approaching Lydia's bed.

LYDIA

What are you doing here?

STILES

Just wanted to make sure you're okay.

LYDIA

Why?

STILES

Because I was kind of worried about you. You feeling all right?

LYDIA

I feel fffffffantastic.

Stiles glances to the PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE on the night stand.

STILES

Bet you can't say *I saw Susie sitting in a shoe shine shop* five times really fast.

LYDIA

I saw Shusie... I shaw... I saw...

Lydia's gaze drifts. Stiles sits on the bed next to her, noticing both her look and change in demeanor.

STILES

What? What did you see?

LYDIA

I saw something...

STILES

What?

LYDIA

*Something.*

STILES

Was it a mountain lion?

LYDIA

Yeah. A mountain lion.

STILES

You definitely saw a mountain lion? Or the cops told you it was a mountain lion?

LYDIA

(nodding)

A mountain lion.

Stiles grabs a TEDDY BEAR off her daybed. Holds it up.

STILES

What's this?



18

CONTINUED:

18

LYDIA

A mountain lion.

Giving up, Stiles sets the teddy bear back down.

19

EXT. WOODS - DAY

19

Allison follows Scott as they press deeper into the woods, going up steeper and steeper inclines. When they traverse another outcropping, Allison struggles with the climb.

Scott looks at her with concern. But she quickens her pace, keeping up. The two slip around a rocky corner and when Scott reaches up to climb over the crest--

ALLISON LOSES HER FOOTING.

Scott grabs her with one hand as CLAWS come out of the other, latching into the trunk of a tree. He pulls Allison slowly up and toward him.

SCOTT

You okay?

ALLISON

I think you just earned your masculinity back.

Once she's on steady ground, Scott looks at his hand. The claws are back in. *A moment of control.* When he looks back, Allison has her phone out, texting.

SCOTT

What are you doing?

ALLISON

Texting Lydia a thank you for the birthday stuff.

SCOTT

Mine's off. Yours too.

ALLISON

So we're totally disconnecting from the world?

SCOTT

You can deal for one day, right?

ALLISON

Just this text and then I'm all yours.

20

INT. MARTIN HOME/LYDIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

20

Stiles looks down at Lydia whose eyes have fluttered close.

STILES

I guess I should leave and let you  
get back to the whole post  
traumatic stress thing.

He starts to get up, but then her hand closes over his.

LYDIA

Stay.

STILES

You want me to stay? Me?

Lydia gives a nod.

LYDIA

Yes. Please, stay. Please, Jackson.

Stiles goes from elated to deflated in a nanosecond.

STILES

And we're done here.

LYDIA'S CELL PHONE BEEPS with a text message.

STILES (CONT'D)

You want that?

Lydia nods. Stiles picks up the phone, thumbs clicking on it.

STILES (CONT'D)

Uh, how do you get it to...

But he pauses, raising the phone to his eyes.

ON SCREEN: A DARK SHAPE hurtles through the store front window. Stiles hits pause. Breath caught in his throat, he zooms-in to a perfectly captured image of a nightmare.

Standing there on two feet, a dark and monstrous silhouette with GLOWING RED EYES...

The Alpha.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

21 EXT. HALE HOUSE - DAY

21

Quiet. Serene. Burnt to a crisp. Kate steps forward with two hunters behind her. The first is handsome, an experienced hunter with a disquieting stillness about him. His name is LEVEQUE. The other is ULRICH, a tightly muscled little guy in his twenties who looks like he's dying to kill something, anything.

LEVEQUE

He wants us to wait.

KATE

So I've been reminded. To death.

ULRICH

And that means we're not allowed to kill him.

KATE

But it doesn't mean we can't say hello.

22 INT. HALE HOUSE - DAY

22

A bare and very muscular torso moves up and down. It's Derek doing chin-ups from an exposed beam on the ceiling. He drops down and starts pumping out push-ups and then--

STOPS. Halfway between a push-up, with his muscles tensed, his down-turned head slowly peers up.

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

Kate calmly walks in, followed by Leveque and Ulrich. The space where Derek was just working out is now empty.

LEVEQUE

No one home?

KATE

He's here. He's just not feeling particularly hospitable.

ULRICH

Maybe he's out burying a bone in the backyard.

As he laughs at his own joke, Kate gives a withering look.

KATE

Really? A dog joke? We're going there and that's the best you've got?

He stops smiling.

KATE (CONT'D)

You want to provoke him? Try something like...

(calling out)

Too bad your sister bit it before she had her first litter.

The others nod, liking where she's going.

KATE (CONT'D)

Too bad she howled like a bitch...

She turns to the house itself.

KATE (CONT'D)

(yelling out)

*When we cut her in half.*

Derek hurtles out of the darkness with a GROWL OF RAGE.

Ulrich draws a gun, but in the blink of an eye, it's out of his hand and he's tumbling to the floor.

Kate watches with a slight smile at her lips, enjoying it.

Derek looks up with teeth fully FANGED and leaps toward Leveque. A moment later, the man's unconscious body drops to the floor, rolling to Kate's feet.

Now Derek goes for her. She stands still as if waiting to be pummeled. And then with a flick of her wrist she has something in her hands--

A TELESCOPING STUN BATON which crackles with an electric spark. She spins it up and touches it to Derek's skin as he hurtles toward her.

Derek CRASHES to the floor, muscles flinching and trembling out of control. Kate slowly walks over.

KATE (CONT'D)

Wow. This grew up in all the right places.

She walks around him, eyeing the muscles.

22

CONTINUED:

22

KATE (CONT'D)

I don't know whether to kill it. Or lick it.

As she waves the baton over his eyes, Derek stares at her with absolute hatred. Seething at her playful smile.

23

INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES'S ROOM - DAY

23

Stiles paces in his room while his cell phone is pressed to his ear.

STILES

It's me. Again. I found something and I don't know what to do and if you don't turn your phone back on I'm going to kill you. I'm too pissed off to come up with a witty description of exactly how I'm going to kill you. I'm just *going to kill you*.

He clicks off. A KNOCK makes him jump. The door clicks open.

STILINSKI

Please tell me I'm going to hear good news at the parent teacher thing tonight.

STILES

That depends on how you define good news.

STILINSKI

I define it as you getting straight A's with no behavioral issues.

STILES

We clearly have different definitions of good news.

STILINSKI

Say no more.

STILES

Dad--

His father pauses at the door.

STILES (CONT'D)

You guys find out what it was that attacked Lydia and Jackson last night?

23

CONTINUED:

23

STILINSKI

You know I can't talk about that.

STILES

But everybody's thinking mountain lion, right?

STILINSKI

It's the best we've got at the moment. We're setting traps, talking to Animal Control. You don't have to worry.

STILES

It's not that. It's... forget it.

STILINSKI

You sure?

The boy gives a nod. As his father lets the door close, Stiles reaches into his jacket and removes Lydia's phone. He brings up the VIDEO FOOTAGE.

He gazes at the picture of the Alpha on the screen.

STILES

Come on, Scott. Where the hell are you?

24

EXT. WOODS - DAY

24

Scott helps Allison across the rock near a waterfall to a better vantage point. She steps onto one, almost slipping, but he grabs her.

Then he turns to step onto another rock, slipping as well. But she grabs him. He turns to see her covering a laugh. He looks down.

His feet are ankle deep in the water. As she smiles down on him, he pulls her forward, getting her feet as well. And then pulls her into a kiss.

25

INT. HALE HOUSE - DAY

25

Derek crawls across the burned floor, trying to get his muscles to work, trying to lift himself up.

Kate nails him with the stun baton again. Derek's body arcs up and SLAMS back, collapsing against the wall.

25

CONTINUED:

25

KATE

Nine hundred thousand volts. You never were good with electricity, were you?

(with a glance around)

Or fire.

(attention back on Derek)

So I'm going to let you in on a little secret and maybe we can help each other out.

(beat)

Yes, your sister was severed into pieces and used as bait to try to catch you. Unpleasant and a little Texas Chainsaw Massacre for my tastes, but quite true. Now here's the part that might kick you in the balls... *We didn't kill her.*

25A

INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES'S ROOM - DAY

25A

Stiles holds up Lydia's phone, struggling with a decision.

ON THE DISPLAY - *Are you sure you want to delete?*

His thumb hovers over the selection. But then he sets the phone down. Then almost immediately picks it up again. And finally... He taps the button, deleting the footage.

25B

INT. HALE HOUSE - DAY

25B

Derek looks Kate in the eye, no longer struggling against his electrocuted muscles.

KATE

Think I'm lying?

DEREK

It wouldn't be the first time.

KATE

Listen to my heart and tell me if I am.

Kate comes toward him with the stun baton, ready to strike him again. She kneels over his body, straddling him without touching him.

KATE (CONT'D)

We... didn't...

Coming ever closer, the tips of her hair falling over his chest as she speaks.

KATE (CONT'D)

Kill...

And still closer, to whisper the last words in his ear--

KATE (CONT'D)

Your sister.

Derek listens, hearing only the steady rise and fall of  
Kate's HEARTBEAT.

KATE (CONT'D)

Hear that? No blips or upticks.  
Just the steady beat of the cold,  
hard truth.

Derek doesn't respond. Kate steps back.

KATE (CONT'D)

Bite marks were on your sister's  
body. What do you think it was,  
Derek?

(with utter disdain)

*A mountain lion?*

She snaps the stun baton back and slips it into her jacket.

KATE (CONT'D)

So, why aren't we helping each  
other? Just admit what you've been  
guessing the whole time. *The Alpha  
killed your sister.* Tell us who he  
is. We take care of him for you.  
Problem solved. Everybody goes home  
happy.

She waits. Derek doesn't move a muscle.

KATE (CONT'D)

Unless... you don't know who he is  
either.

Now Derek blinks. Just a fraction of a response, but enough  
to convince Kate. She smiles, turning away and pulling a gun  
from her coat.

KATE (CONT'D)

Well, guess who just became totally  
useless?

Kate spins with lightning speed FIRING shot after shot. But  
it's too late, she's firing into the shadows, as--



26 EXT. HALE HOUSE - DAY

26

Derek bursts through the door, staggering out and tumbling to the ground. He looks up with his teeth gritted, rage in his eyes. Blood covers his chest, his lips. He's been hit several times.

But worst of all, he's been humiliated. He gets up and does the only thing he can...

He runs.

27 OMITTED

27

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

28

INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

28

Deaton walks into the examining room, phone to his ear.

DEATON

Scott, it's me again. Just want to make sure everything's okay. You were supposed to be here an hour ago. Maybe you forgot. Whatever it is, just give me a call to let me know you're all right.

Deaton clicks off. Then pauses. His head tilts ever so slightly. He says the next words without turning around.

DEATON (CONT'D)

Sheriff Stilinski.

And then he looks back to give the Sheriff a smile.

STILINSKI

How'd you know it was me?

DEATON

Reflection.

He nods to a mirror on the wall. Another smile. This time slightly unnerving.

STILINSKI

I hate to bother you again, but I'm having a bitch of a time getting a consensus on what we're dealing with.

DEATON

I'm flattered you're asking for my help, but like I said before: I'm no expert.

STILINSKI

But you were pretty certain the other day about our attacker being a mountain lion.

DEATON

That's right.

STILINSKI

Let me show you something.

Stilinski pulls out a folder and opens it up.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

We got a little lucky here. The video store didn't have any cameras but there was a security camera watching another parking lot that happened to pick up a few frames. Take a look at our mountain lion...

Stilinski puts a photo down. It shows a BLURRY DARK SHAPE on all fours bounding toward Jackson's car.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

Here's another.

He puts down a second photo of the shape charging up.

DEATON

Interesting.

STILINSKI

Actually, this one is the interesting one.

He sets down a new photo. Deaton purses his lips, looking at it. *Staring* at it.

DEATON

I see what you mean.

He slowly lifts the picture up to bring it closer to his eyes. The photo shows the dark shape. Except it's now running on two legs instead of four.

STILINSKI

I've never seen a mountain lion do that.

DEATON

Can't say I have either. You've got a problem here.

STILINSKI

What am I looking at? My first instinct was a bear. But bears don't run on two legs.

DEATON

No, they drop to all fours.

28

CONTINUED:

28

A DOG IN THE BACK begins to BAY. Deaton looks back. A very different quality about him now. Nervous. He won't look Stilinski in the eye.

DEATON (CONT'D)

Like I said. You need a real expert here.

STILINSKI

Could it still be a mountain lion?

The dogs continue to howl. Deaton turns back.

DEATON

I'm sorry but I've got a sick Doberman that needs my attention.

Stilinski nods, picking up the photos.

STILINSKI

No other ideas?

DEATON

I'm sorry.

The dogs in the kennel HOWL, volume and intensity rising.

DEATON (CONT'D)

Really, I wish I could help you. I've got a sick--

STILINSKI

Dog. I hear them. And thanks. For humoring me again.

Stilinski closes the folder.

29

INT. ALLISON'S CAR - NIGHT

29

Scott and Allison get into her car. She cranks up the heat. They rub their hands in front of the heater.

ALLISON

So, being completely honest: This was kind of a perfect birthday.

SCOTT

Good. But I'd know if you were lying anyway.

ALLISON

Oh really?

SCOTT

You have a tell. You touch your  
eyebrow. Right here.

Scott touches her eyebrow gently with his thumb. She takes  
his hand in hers, keeping it at her cheek.

ALLISON

See if you can figure out if I'm  
lying now.

SCOTT

Okay...

ALLISON

I wish my parents weren't coming  
home from the teacher conferences  
so I could spend the rest of the  
day with you.

SCOTT

The rest of the day?

ALLISON

The rest of the night.

SCOTT

With me?

She nods. Now his own heart is beating fast. Until--

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Oh God. Parent teacher conferences.  
I'm supposed to be there. I'm below  
C on everything.

ALLISON

But they're going on now. Right  
now.

Jackson's parents, MR. and MRS. WHITTEMORE, sit across from  
Mr. Harris, mid-conversation.

MR. HARRIS

Jackson's a highly motivated  
student. In fact, I'd describe him  
as unusually driven.

MR. WHITTEMORE

We were hoping he might ease up on  
himself a little.

31 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

31

The HEADLIGHTS from Jackson's BMW illuminate a patch of trees near a field. A SMALL HOOP hangs from a branch.

A BEER BOTTLE slips from Jackson's hand into the grass. Using his other hand, he scoops up a ball with his lacrosse stick and FIRES it at the hoop. It soars past, a miss.

*MR. WHITTEMORE (V.O.)  
He's always been hard on himself.  
It's something we assumed was an  
effect of being adopted.*

Jackson scoops up another ball. Throws again. Misses again.

*MR. HARRIS (V.O.)  
I think I understand. He's never  
met his biological parents.*

*MR. WHITTEMORE (V.O.)  
That's right. It's the need to  
please. The over-achieving. The  
desire to make someone proud.  
Someone he's never even met.*

Balls come one after another. Some nick the outer edge, but none go through.

*MR. HARRIS (V.O.)  
Well, simply as an outside  
perspective, something certainly  
seems to have re-calibrated his  
desire for achievement several  
notches higher.*

A BEER BOTTLE flies, upending through the air, smashing into the hoop and the tree.

*MR. HARRIS (V.O.)  
Not to be too blunt about it, but  
he seems almost... obsessed.*

Gasping through clenched teeth, Jackson drops to his knees. He sits there, fists in the dirt, glaring at his failures.

32 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/ENGLISH CLASSROOM - NIGHT

32

MS. RAMSEY, English teacher, sits down with Lydia's parents.

*MS. RAMSEY  
So, let me just tell you there's  
plenty to say about Lydia.*

32

CONTINUED:

32

MR. MARTIN turns to his soon-to-be ex-wife MRS. MARTIN.

MR. MARTIN

Did I not predict this?

MRS. MARTIN

Here we go. Total nuclear meltdown  
as usual.

MR. MARTIN

(to Ms. Ramsey)

What is it? Her grades?  
Concentration issues? Erratic  
behavior?

MRS. MARTIN

I'm not the one who told her she  
had to choose who she wants to live  
with. As if that's not going to  
warp a sixteen year-old girl.

MR. MARTIN

Just tell us what the problem is.

MS. RAMSEY

Sorry, but I wasn't aware of any  
problem. At all...

33

INT. MARTIN HOME/LYDIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

33

Lydia sits at her vanity, staring blankly into the mirror.

*MS. RAMSEY (V.O.)*

*Academically, Lydia is one of the  
finest students I've ever had. AP  
classes push her GPA above a five.  
I'd actually like to have her IQ  
tested.*

*MR. MARTIN (V.O.)*

*Are you serious?*

She begins applying make-up. Smooths on foundation, blush...

*MS. RAMSEY (V.O.)*

*Absolutely. And socially, she  
displays outstanding leadership  
qualities.*

Eye shadow, eye-liner, mascara...

*MS. RAMSEY (V.O.)*

*She's a real leader.*

33

CONTINUED:

33

Once every eyelash is in place, Lydia examines her perfectly coiffed look.

*MS. RAMSEY (V.O.)*

*I'm not exaggerating when I say  
this: I think she could be a  
Senator some day.*

Lydia smiles at herself in the mirror, the mask back on.

34

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/COACH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

34

Stilinski waits as a someone rifles through papers on a desk and then finally looks up in confusion. It's COACH FINSTOCK.

COACH

Who's your daughter?

STILINSKI

Son.

COACH

Who's your son?

STILINSKI

Stiles.

COACH

Right, right, Stiles. Hold on, I  
thought Stiles was his last name.

STILINSKI

His last name is Stilinski.

COACH

You named your son Stiles  
Stilinski?

STILINSKI

No, it's just what he likes to be  
called.

COACH

What's his real name?

Stilinski taps a finger on one of the papers on Coach's desk.

COACH (CONT'D)

How do you even pronounce that?

STILINSKI

It was his mother's father's name.



34

CONTINUED:

34

COACH

You must have really loved your wife.

STILINSKI

I did.

COACH

Oh. Well. This just became incredibly awkward.

STILINSKI

Can we get on to the conference part?

COACH

Absolutely. So, Stiles. Great kid. Zero ability to focus...

35

INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES'S ROOM - NIGHT

35

Stiles sits on the floor of his room with folders and files spread out in front of him.

*COACH (V.O.)**Super smart. Never takes advantage of his talents.*

He pours through the files, one labeled: HALE HOUSE FIRE. Words on the pages: *Electrical malfunction, eight family members deceased. Arson?*

*STILINSKI (V.O.)**How do you mean?**COACH (V.O.)**For the final question on his mid-term he detailed the history of male circumcision.*

36

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/COACH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

36

Stilinski shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

STILINSKI

Well, that does have historical significance, right?

COACH

I teach economics.

37

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - NIGHT

37

Mr. Harris sits waiting for Melissa McCall who speaks into her cell phone.

MELISSA MCCALL  
(through her teeth)  
Where the hell are you? Get to the school. Now.

She clicks off and looks up with an embarrassed smile.

MR. HARRIS  
How about we get started? Lately, Scott's mind is somewhere else...  
(wryly)  
As is his body. Personally, I think it may have something to do with his home situation.

MELISSA MCCALL  
Personally, I'm not sure what you mean by *home situation*?

MR. HARRIS  
Specifically, the lack of an authority figure.

MELISSA MCCALL  
I'm the authority figure.

MR. HARRIS  
Sorry, allow me to clarify: lack of a male authority figure.

MELISSA MCCALL  
Trust me. Things are a lot better with him out of the picture.

MR. HARRIS  
Does Scott feel the same way?

MELISSA MCCALL  
Yes. I think so. I hope so.

MR. HARRIS  
Boys rarely confide in their parents, especially at this age.

MELISSA MCCALL  
Well... We don't talk quite as much as we used to.

38 INT. ALLISON'S CAR - NIGHT

38

Allison drives while noticing Scott can't seem to sit still. He keeps looking at the clock. At the speedometer. Tapping his foot.

MR. HARRIS (V.O.)

Scott is one of my most intriguing students. You can tell there's something different about him. Something *special*.

MELISSA MCCALL(V.O.)

You think so?

MR. HARRIS (V.O.)

Definitely. But he's also going through difficult changes. He just needs a little more attention. A guiding hand through this crucial stage in his development.

The lights of passing cars flash over Scott's face. One after another. In one quick moment, however, his eyes *flash* back, becoming REFLECTIVE as he turns his head up.

MS. RAMSEY (V.O.)

*Allison Argent...*

39 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/ENGLISH CLASSROOM - NIGHT

39

Mr. and Mrs. Argent sit with a concerned Ms. Ramsey.

MS. RAMSEY

An incredibly sweet girl. Very quick to adjust despite the moving around.

ARGENT

We know it's hard on her. But it's a necessary evil. I have to go where the work takes me.

MS. RAMSEY

Necessary or not, I'd be prepared for some... How do I put this...

ARGENT

Rebelliousness?

39

CONTINUED:

39

MRS. ARGENT

We appreciate your concern but we have a great relationship with our daughter. Very open and honest.

MS. RAMSEY

I'm happy to hear that. And please let her know I hope she's feeling better.

She gives a smile as the Argents share a surprised look.

ARGENT

She wasn't in class?

MS. RAMSEY

She wasn't in school. I checked with the office.

Conference over. Argent gets up, his wife following.

40

INT. ALLISON'S CAR - NIGHT

40

Allison pulls into the school parking lot. They see the crowd of PARENTS heading out.

ALLISON

I doubt it'll be as bad as you think.

One of the DOORS SLAMS open, turning several heads. It's Melissa McCall, fuming.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Your Mom?

As he slinks down in the seat--

SCOTT

I'm dead.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

41 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

41

Parents and teachers come out of the school. Amongst them are Stilinski, Mr. and Mrs. Martin and the Whittemores. The Argents, however, rush toward their car.

ARGENT

(into his cell)

Allison, answering your cell phone would make discussing the terms of your grounding far easier. I'd call me back before your punishment reaches biblical proportions.

He clicks off and turns to his wife who is also on her cell.

MRS. ARGENT

Kate hasn't heard from her either.

ARGENT

She doesn't do this.

MELISSA MCCALL (O.S.)

Um... excuse me.

They turn to see Melissa approach, having overheard.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)

You're not Allison's parents, are you? I'm Scott's mom. And I hate to say this... but he's not answering his phone either.

ARGENT

You're his mother?

MELISSA MCCALL

Funny how you said that like it was an accusation.

ARGENT

I wouldn't claim it as a source of pride since he basically kidnapped my daughter today.

MRS. ARGENT

Chris...

MELISSA MCCALL  
How do we know skipping the day  
wasn't your daughter's idea?

ACROSS THE LOT - Scott and Allison get out of her car.  
Melissa spots her son.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)

Where exactly have you been?

SCOTT

Uh... Nowhere.

MELISSA MCCALL

Nowhere meaning *not at school*?

SCOTT

Kind of.

ALLISON

(tries to explain)

It's my fault. It's my birthday and we were just--

ARGENT

Allison. In the car.

Argent and Allison's mother come through the crowd. He turns to level his gaze at Scott when--

A SCREAM erupts. Argent whips around as pandemonium breaks loose.

Scott looks up, eyes wide with fear as SOMETHING LARGE AND FAST darts through the parked cars.

People move, trying to avoid it. There's a shout, a scream. CARS swerve and HONK as a SHAPE races through the lot.

Scott's heightened senses kick in, all SOUND dropping out as he zeroes in on the SLAP OF PADDED PAWS ON CONCRETE.

ALLISON

What is that?

A CAR charges forward, hitting its BRAKES too late--

SCOTT

Allison!

He grabs her by the waist, *lifting her right off her feet* and pulling her back as if she weighed nothing. She staggers onto the pavement out of the way of the skidding car.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

*Come on!*

Her hand in his, he pulls her away and out of the crowd.

41

CONTINUED:

41

THE SHAPE darts past parents, teachers and administrators racing in all directions.

Stilinski un-clips his gun holster as a panicked parent in an SUV jerks out of a spot and SLAMS right into him.

Stilinski goes down. The SUV SCREECHES to a halt. The driver jumps out to help. Thrown by the chaos, Melissa searches for Scott.

MELISSA MCCALL

SCOTT!

He whirls around, hearing his name.

SCOTT

Mom? *Mom?*

A TEACHER bumps her, causing her to drop her cell. It skitters under a parked car. Melissa kneels down, reaching for it between the tires when she sees--

The LEGS of something large and animal-like LOPING past.

Frightened, she presses against the car and holds her breath until it passes.

Argent catches a BLUR of the four legged creature.

Moving with quick and steady strides, he hurries to his car, unlocks the passenger side and yanks the glove compartment open.

Across the lot, a mass of parents shriek. They're backed into a corner when--

A GUNSHOT rings out.

Everybody hits the pavement. Argent lowers the weapon. Slowly coming forward.

PEERING OUT FROM BEHIND A CAR - Allison watches her father. While everyone else in the parking lot seems to be a terrified mess, her father seems perfectly and utterly calm. Like he's used to this.

A breathless Scott skids out from behind an SUV to find himself at Argent's side.



Both approach the dying creature. Which is clearly no Alpha werewolf...

*It's a mountain lion.*

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE