

TEEN WOLF
Episode #106
by
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11/9/10

2/27/11 Pink Draft

11/26/10 Blue Draft

11/9/10 White Draft

New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #106
Episode Six

TEEN WOLF

"Episode 106"

EP#106

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.....	JILL WAGNER
COACH.....	ORNY ADAMS
SENIOR.....	DESMOND EPPS
MR. HARRIS.....	ADAM FRISTOE
PETER HALE.....	IAN BOHEN
JENNIFER.....	DESIREE HALL
DEATON.....	SETH GILLIAM

TEEN WOLF

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Set List

INTERIORS

PARKING GARAGE
ARGENT HOME
 ALLISON'S ROOM
MELISSA'S CAR
MCCALL HOME
 SCOTT'S ROOM
HIGH SCHOOL
 CORRIDOR
 CLASSROOM
 CAFETERIA
 BOY'S BATHROOM
 LOCKER ROOM
 ECONOMICS CLASSROOM
 VICE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE
HOSPITAL
 PATIENT ROOM
ANIMAL CLINIC
 EXAMINING ROOM

EXTERIORS

ARGENT HOME
MELISSA'S CAR
HIGH SCHOOL
 FIELD
 PARKING LOT
HOSPITAL
 PARKING LOT
ROAD

NOTE:

BIOLOGY CLASSROOM CHANGED TO:
ECONOMICS CLASSROOM

TEEN WOLF
Episode #106

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT 1

Scott drags plastic bags full of groceries into a dimly lit parking garage. But after a moment of walking the rows, he pauses. With several confused glances it becomes obvious: he can't remember where he parked.

SCOTT

Crap.

Hurrying forward, he looks from car to car. Then comes to a halt, still lost. He starts back the other way when--

He stops again. Putting the bags down, he pulls out his mother's car keys. He holds them up, clicking the alarm button.

While listening for the BEEP, a plastic bottle of MILK rolls out of one of the bags. Scott moves to grab it but it slips under a car.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Dammit.

He kneels down to reach under, feeling blindly beneath the car. Then something odd happens...

The bottle *rolls back*.

Milk SPURTS onto the pavement from PUNCTURED HOLES in its side. Scott stares at the bottle as it drifts to a stop.

Visibly trembling now, he slowly rises to a standing position, turns and--

RUNS FOR IT.

Pounding the pavement, he shoots a terrified glance back to see A DARK SHAPE HURTLE OUT from behind a parked car. Loping on all fours, it's *coming right for him*.

Scott tears around the next corner. Diving into the shadows between columns, he holds still.

1

CONTINUED:

1

When he peers out, he sees nothing but parked cars. The garage lies silent except for his own POUNDING HEART. He gazes down at his chest all too aware of the THUMPING.

Closing his eyes, he tries to calm his breathing. But his heart just won't settle. Then he hears something else...

A low animal GROWL. An ominous rumble that stops him breathing. The source coming closer, moving between cars, hurtling forward as--

Scott darts of out of the shadows just ahead. Taking another corner, he glances about, an idea forming.

He leaps onto the hood of a car, bouncing up and off it. The ALARM starts blaring. He bumps another car, ricocheting off it and into--

AN SUV, its alarm howling now as well. Scott keeps hitting cars, a CACOPHONY of BEEPS and WAILING ALARMS filling the lot and masking his pounding heart.

He pulls in between two vehicles, listening. He can't hear anything now but HORNS AND SIRENS. It's working.

Until he hears a RINGING in his jacket. Scott pulls out his phone just as--

SOMETHING YANKS HIM UP right into the air, twisting him up and SLAMMING HIM ONTO THE PAVEMENT.

It's Derek. Scowling down at him with disappointment.

DEREK

You're dead.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

2

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

2

An angry Scott follows Derek through the garage.

SCOTT

What the hell was that?

DEREK

I said I was going to teach you. I didn't say when.

SCOTT

You scared the crap out of me.

Derek turns to him and takes a whiff of the air.

DEREK

Not yet.

SCOTT

Well... I was fast, right?

DEREK

Not fast enough.

SCOTT

But the car alarms. That was smart, right?

DEREK

Until your phone rang.

SCOTT

But that was... I mean... Would you just stop? Please?

Derek pauses.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What happened the other night... Stiles's dad getting hurt. It was my fault. I should have been there to do something. I need you to teach me how to control this.

DEREK

I'm what I am because of birth. You were bitten. Teaching someone who was bitten takes time. I'm not even sure I can teach you.

SCOTT

What do I have to do?

DEREK

Get rid of distractions.

Derek grabs him, pulling his PHONE out of his coat pocket. He turns it around to show the display: MISSED CALL: ALLISON.

DEREK (CONT'D)

This is why I caught you. You want me to teach you? Get rid of her.

SCOTT

What? Just because of her family?

Derek lifts the phone up to throw it--

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Woah, wait, wait--

Too late. Derek hurls the phone. Scott flinches, eyes squeezing shut as he HEARS the smash and crunch of plastic hitting cement. He turns to Derek with a furious glare.

DEREK

Getting angry? That's your first lesson. You want to learn how to control this? How to shift? You do it through anger. By tapping into a primal, animal rage. You can't do that with her around.

SCOTT

I can get angry.

DEREK

Not angry enough. This is the only way I can teach you. Can you stay away from her at least until after the full moon?

SCOTT

If that's what it takes--

DEREK

You want to live? You want to protect your friends? Yes or no?

SCOTT

Yes. If you can teach me, I can stay away from her.

3

INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT

3

Scott and Allison fall onto her bed, kissing and touching each other with every imaginable ounce of teenage desire. As she puts her lips to his neck, his hand reaches up the back of her shirt, fingers finding their way underneath her black bra strap.

ALLISON
(whispering)
Take it off.

SCOTT
You're okay with that?

ALLISON
Are you okay with it?

SCOTT
You're asking me if I'm okay with
taking your clothes off?

ALLISON
Stupid question?

SCOTT
Like world record stupid.

ALLISON
Okay, then you first.

She stops him, pulling his shirt up. Almost hyperventilating in anticipation Scott helps her lift the shirt over his head. Her fingers draw lightly down his chest making him tremble. Tracing the lines of his stomach she grasps his belt, pulling him back down to her and into a kiss.

Then slipping on top of him, she draws his hands up her lower back and underneath her shirt to her bra clasp.

But he fumbles with it, trying to unhook the clasp under her shirt as she goes at his ear. And then HIS CLAWS slip right through the soft fabric. Scott stares at them in horror.

He yanks his hand out and Allison's bra with it. But his fingers are back to normal now.

Then, bringing his lips to hers, he slides his now human fingers over her skin and up her shirt when--

SOMEONE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

Panicked, Allison darts up and off the bed.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Just a second.

Moving quickly, she pulls Scott up, tossing his shirt right into his face. She motions for him to get in the closet. As she shuts the door on him--

KATE
Allison?

ALLISON
Coming.

With Scott in the closet, Allison unlocks her door for Kate.

KATE
What's up?

ALLISON
Nothing. Just doing homework,
sending emails.

Allison sits back at her computer, typing away.

KATE
Emailing the boyfriend?

ALLISON
No. I'm emailing PETA about how my
wingnut father gunned down an
innocent mountain lion in the
school parking lot.

INSIDE THE CLOSET - Scott allows himself a slight smile.

KATE
And that wouldn't have anything to
do with being grounded and not
allowed to see Scott?

ALLISON
No.

KATE
That much of an animal lover, huh?

The typing stops. Allison turns back.

ALLISON
I'm not going to be the whining
teenager who tells her father *I
hate you, I wish you were dead.*

KATE
But?

ALLISON
I hate him and I wish he was dead.

KATE

(with a laugh)

Good. Starting to sound like a normal, angry teenager again. What are you working on? Maybe I can help.

ALLISON

A history project. And I just want to be left alone actually.

INSIDE THE CLOSET - Scott nods his agreement.

KATE

What kind of project?

ALLISON

I have to come up with a report that has some relevance to my own family history.

KATE

Specific to your family?

ALLISON

Yeah. Why? Do you have any ideas?

KATE

Type this in: La Bête du Gévaudan.

ALLISON

The Beast of Gévaudan?

Kate nods. Peering through the slats of the closet, Scott eyes Allison's computer as the search comes up.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

What is this?

KATE

An old French legend that, believe it or not, involves your family. Yes, even your boring and lame family has some cool history.

Peering through the slats, Scott catches an IMAGE on the screen. A large, four-legged creature with a long snout and absurdly sharp teeth.

Kate leans over Allison's shoulder, both of their eyes pinned to the screen.

3

3

ALLISON
(reading)
In 1766 in a province of Lozere, La
Bête killed over a hundred
people...

KATE
Almost entirely women and children.

ALLISON
Is this for real?

KATE
Very real. Mysterious animal
attacks. Just like a certain town
called Beacon Hills.

ALLISON
What was it? The animal.

KATE
No one knows. But it definitely
wasn't a mountain lion. What's it
look like to you?

INSIDE THE CLOSET - Scott keeps very still, waiting for the
answer. Knowing and dreading what it will be...

ALLISON
It looks like a wolf.

4

EXT. ARGENT HOME - NIGHT

4

Scott quietly slips down the side of the balcony to the
ground. From above, Allison gives a quick wave. He responds
with a smile, but it's half-hearted at best.

On the sidewalk, he pulls his mother's car keys from his
jacket. But then pauses, ears twitching up. He turns back.

SOMETHING MOVES in the shadows under the trees.

SCOTT
Derek?

He hears it again. A quick movement. Leaves rustling.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Okay, I know I said I would stay
away, but you broke my phone and I
had to at least tell her I wasn't
going to be answering...

4

4

He trails off as no response comes. Scott holds very still.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Derek?

In the blackness, Scott's eyes focus on a vague shape. A vague but very large shape. It blinks with GLOWING RED EYES.

Scott steps back. Then turns. *Then runs for his life.*

Behind him come the SOUNDS of something huge and powerful right on his heels. He runs, breath gasping out of him as he races for his mother's car.

5

INT./EXT. MELISSA'S CAR - NIGHT

5

Scott jumps into the car and slams the door shut. He pounds his palm down on the lock and jams the keys into the ignition. But before turning it, he stops to look up.

IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR - Those glowing EYES approach.

The dark shape of the Alpha moves slowly and deliberately around the car while Scott sits there, hand still on the ignition.

SCOTT

(barely a whisper)

What do you want?

The creature comes toward the driver's side window, its breath STEAMING the glass before Scott can get a look at it.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What do you want from me?

Something presses against the steamed window causing Scott to flinch back. It's a clawed fingertip. It begins to move, drawing something in the moisture.

Scott watches, staring through the window as the hand pulls back into the darkness. A moment later the Alpha is gone, having left a simple yet mysterious sign in the condensation.

Drawn into the steamed glass is a perfect SPIRAL...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

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

6

Scott hurries into his room, slams the door shut and locks it. Then goes to each window, locking them as well. He pulls the shades. Breathing hard, he turns around and--

SCREAMS. Derek stands right in front of him.

SCOTT

You seriously need to stop doing that.

DEREK

What happened? Did he talk to you?

SCOTT

Yeah, we had a nice conversation about the weather.

Derek stares at him, unmoving, unblinking.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

No. He didn't talk.

DEREK

Did you get anything off him? An impression?

SCOTT

What do you mean?

DEREK

Remember your other senses are heightened. Communication doesn't have to be spoken. What kind of feeling did you get from him?

SCOTT

(thinking about it)

Anger.

DEREK

Focused on you?

SCOTT

Not me. But definitely anger. I could feel it. Especially when he drew the spiral.

DEREK

The what? What did you say?

SCOTT

He drew a spiral onto my car window. In the condensation. What? You have this look like you know what it means.

DEREK

It's nothing.

Derek goes for the door, opening it.

SCOTT

Whoa, wait a second. You can't do that. You can't ask me to trust you and then just keep things to yourself.

DEREK

It doesn't mean anything.

SCOTT

You buried your sister under a spiral. What does it mean?

Derek pauses, looking as if he might actually tell him.

DEREK

You don't want to know.

Now he leaves. This time Scott lets him go. Alone again, he sits down on his bed, slowly falling back onto the sheets. Exhausted, he closes his eyes--

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

And blinks them open in the busy corridor of the school.

SCOTT

(whispering to himself)
Stay away from Allison. Stay away from Allison.

He starts to turn a corner when he spots Allison coming right toward him. Scott whirls around, going back the other way.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Must stay away from Allison...

Jackson comes out of a classroom, heading toward him. Scott spins back again.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Stay away from Jackson, stay away
from Jackson.

Lydia catches up to him.

LYDIA
Hey, Scott.

SCOTT
Oh, come on!

8 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CLASSROOM - DAY 8

Scott slips inside a classroom with a relieved breath. Glancing around, he sees Stiles. But as soon as Stiles sees him, he looks away.

SCOTT
You still not talking to me?

Stiles ignores Scott as he takes the seat behind him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Can you at least tell me if your
Dad is okay? It was just a bruise,
right? Soft tissue damage?
(still no response)
You know I feel really bad about
it?
(still nothing)
Okay, what if I told you that I'm
trying to figure this out? And that
I went to Derek for help.

STILES
If I was talking to you, I'd tell
you that you're an idiot for
trusting him. But obviously I'm not
talking to you.

The room settles for the beginning of class. Stiles opens his notebook, pen poised for note taking. Then, unable to stand it, he whips his head around.

STILES (CONT'D)
What did he say?

9 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY 9
Scott follows Stiles out of class.

STILES

He wants you to tap into your animal side and get angry? Correct me if I'm wrong, but every time you do that you try to kill someone. That someone usually being me.

SCOTT

That's what he means when he says he doesn't know if he can teach me. I have to be able to control it.

STILES

How's he going to teach you to do that?

SCOTT

I don't know. I don't think he does either.

STILES

When are you seeing him again?

SCOTT

He doesn't want me to talk about it. He told me to act normal today. To just get through the day--

STILES

When?

SCOTT

He's coming to get me at work. At the Animal Clinic.

STILES

Okay. Then that gives me until the end of the school day.

SCOTT

To do what?

STILES

To teach you myself.

Allison and Lydia talk over lunch.

LYDIA

The what of who?

ALLISON
The Beast of Gévaudan. Listen...

Allison flips through the pages of one of her books.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(reading)
A quadruped wolf-like monster prowling the Auvergne and South Dordogne areas of France during the years 1764 to 1767. La Bête killed over 100 people, becoming so infamous that the King, Louis XV, sent one of his best hunters to try to kill it.

LYDIA
Boring.

ALLISON
Even the Church eventually declared the monster a messenger of Satan.

LYDIA
Still boring.

ALLISON
Cryptozoologists believe it may have been a sub-species of hoofed predator, possibly the Mesonychid--

LYDIA
Slipping into a coma bored.

ALLISON
--while others believe it was a powerful sorcerer who could shape shift into a man-eating monster.

LYDIA
Any of this have anything to do with your family?

ALLISON
This... It is believed La Bête was finally trapped and killed by a renowned hunter who claimed his wife and four children were the first to fall prey to the creature. The hunter's name was Argent.

Lydia peers down at the book.

LYDIA

Your ancestors killed a big wolf.
So what?

ALLISON

Not just a big wolf. Look at this
picture. What's it look like to
you?

Allison flips the page in the book, turning it to reveal a drawing to Lydia. The Beast stands enshrouded in mist, a powerful monster peering out of the darkness with red eyes and sharp claws. Bodies of women and children lie at its feet, looks of pure terror frozen onto their dead faces.

Lydia stares at the macabre drawing. Gazing at it, as if hypnotized.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Lydia?

The girl blinks and then looks up at Allison with her usual expression of disdain.

LYDIA

It looks. Like a big. Wolf. See you
in History.

She gets up, leaving Allison alone and passing another table where--

Stiles sits, eating lunch. A large book stands open on the table in front of him. He peers behind it at Scott trying to eat his lunch.

STILES

I think the book is making it more
obvious. Besides she's reading.

Scott peers up over the edge of his book.

SCOTT

Do you have a plan yet?

STILES

I think so.

10

10

SCOTT

Does this mean you don't hate me
now?

STILES

No. But your crap has infiltrated
my life so I have to do something
about it. And I'm definitely a
better Yoda than Derek.

SCOTT

Okay, good. You teach me.

STILES

Yeah. I'll be your Yoda.

SCOTT

You be my Yoda.

STILES

Your Yoda, I will be.

Stiles looks at Scott, smiling.

STILES (CONT'D)

I was saying it backwards like--

SCOTT

I know.

STILES

Definitely still hate you.

The BELL RINGS signalling the end of lunch. Scott gets up
with Stiles, trying not to be seen. But Allison spots him.

ALLISON

(calling out)

Scott?

Pretending not to hear, Scott darts through the doors of the
cafeteria, moving quickly for an escape.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Scott, wait.

11

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

11

Allison comes through the doors just as Scott slips into a
nearby BOYS ROOM.

11 CONTINUED: 11

Putting her hand on the door, Allison glances around as if to push through despite it being the Boys Room. But then decides against it.

Taking a step back she heads off down the hall for class.

12 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/BOY'S BATHROOM - DAY 12

His ear to the door, Scott takes a heavy breath when he realizes Allison is gone.

SCOTT
This is not going to be easy.

13 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/FIELD - DAY 13

Stiles and Scott walk out to the field with their lacrosse equipment. At the benches, Stiles pulls out a black strap with a digital display at its center.

STILES
Put this on.

SCOTT
Isn't that one of the heart rate monitors for the track team?

STILES
Yeah, I borrowed it.

SCOTT
Stole it?

STILES
Temporarily misappropriated. Coach uses it to monitor his heart rate with his phone while he jogs. You're going to wear it the rest of the day.

*
*
*
*
*

SCOTT
Isn't that Coach's phone?

*
*

STILES
That I stole.

*
*

SCOTT
Why?

STILES
Your heart rate goes up when you go wolf, right?

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

STILES (CONT'D)

During lacrosse, when you're with
Allison, when you get angry.

(MORE)

13

CONTINUED:

13

STILES (CONT'D)

So maybe learning to control it is tied to learning to control your heart rate.

SCOTT

Like the Incredible Hulk?

STILES

Kind of like the Incredible Hulk.

SCOTT

(liking it)

I'm the Incredible Hulk.

STILES

Shut up and put the strap on.

MOMENTS LATER - Scott stands with his hands behind his back as Stiles duct tapes his wrists together.

SCOTT

This is not exactly how I planned to spend my free period.

Stiles picks up a lacrosse stick and glances down at his phone to look at the heart monitor.

STILES

Ready?

SCOTT

No.

STILES

Remember. Don't get angry.

Stiles drops a handful of lacrosse balls at his feet and picks up his lacrosse stick.

SCOTT

I'm starting to think this is a really bad--

A LACROSSE BALL soars right into Scott's leg.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Ow.

With a slight smile, Stiles picks up another ball and tosses it. This one NAILS Scott in the shoulder.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Okay, that kind of hurt.

STILES
Quiet. You should be thinking about
your heart rate. About staying
calm.

Stiles holds up his phone to show Scott's rising heart rate.

SCOTT
Okay, stay calm. Staying calm.
Staying totally calm...

A lacrosse ball WHACKS him in the KNEE.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch.

Scott staggers, nearly falling. As he attempts to right himself--

SOMEONE APPROACHES the field from a distance... Jackson. He steps underneath the bleachers, remaining hidden while watching them with a suspicious but interested eye.

Stiles twirls the lacrosse stick in his hands.

STILES
I think my aim is improving.

SCOTT
(through gritted teeth)
I wonder why.

STILES
Don't get angry.

SCOTT
I'm not getting angry--

Another ball flies, whacking Scott right in the stomach. He gasps for breath, doubling over. Then another shot nails him in the thigh.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
All right, hold on. Just stop.

But the next ball hits him right in the neck. Scott stumbles. With his hands taped behind him, he falls to his knees.

BEHIND THE BLEACHERS - Jackson comes forward, watching with a smile as Scott is brutally pummeled.

13

CONTINUED:

13

Stiles moves to pick up another ball with the lacrosse stick, but he pauses at the SOUND of gravelly RUMBLING coming towards him. A GROWL.

THEN A BEEPING SOUND catches his attention. It's the HEART RATE MONITOR on his phone. Stiles picks it up to see the numbers climbing at an alarming speed.

STILES

Scott?

He looks from his phone to see Scott kneeling on the grass. Both of his hands digging into the dirt, strands of torn duct tape around his wrists. He ripped the duct tape apart.

SCOTT

Stay back.

AT THE BLEACHERS - Jackson watches, clearly unsure of what he's seeing.

And then Scott looks up, sweat dripping down his forehead.

STILES

You started to change?

SCOTT

From anger. But it was more than that. The angrier I got, the stronger I felt.

STILES

Then it is anger. Which means Derek's right?

SCOTT

I can't be around Allison.

STILES

Why? Just because she makes you happy?

SCOTT

Because she makes me weak.

Scott slumps down, sitting on the grass. Weighted down by the sacrifice he's going to have to make...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

14 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

14

Scott and Stiles shove their lacrosse equipment back in their gym lockers.

STILES

So you stay away from her for a few days. You can do that.

SCOTT

But is it a few days or forever?

STILES

You know, this whole *women make you weak* thing is a little too Spartan Warrior for me. It's probably just part of the learning process.

SCOTT

But you've seen Derek. He's totally alone. What if I can't be around her ever again?

STILES

If you're not dead that could be a good thing.

SCOTT

I'd rather be dead.

STILES

You're not going to end up like Derek. We'll figure it out.

The BELL RINGS, signalling the end of the period.

STILES (CONT'D)

Come on, let's go.

SCOTT

Okay. Something in here smells terrible anyway.

STILES

In here? In a locker room? Why that simply makes no sense at all.

14

CONTINUED:

14

SCOTT

I mean it smells like something's rotting. Or dying...

As Scott follows Stiles out, a pale Jackson steps from between the lockers, watching them go. Circles under his eyes, lips dry and cracked, the usually handsome young man looks frighteningly sick.

Alone, he approaches the mirrors and twists around to try to view the back of his neck.

Pulling his shirt off to get a better look, he brings a hand up to the bandage. He feels at it with his fingertips. The gauze has turned a SICKENING YELLOW.

The bandage peels off and he lets it slip to the sink.

He touches the marks, fingers coming back with a strange pus on the tips. Overcome by nausea, Jackson gags, eyes squeezing shut.

Then, gripping the sink with both hands, he begins to retch, mouth opening as if to vomit. And then...

SOMETHING STARTS TO COME OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

A *clawed finger*. Then two and three. Like the claws of a crab, grasping at the air, trying to find something to hold onto while seeking their way out of Jackson's mouth as--

He whips his head up to his reflection and suddenly everything is normal again. Breathing hard and harsh gasps, Jackson looks at himself.

He feels at the nape of his neck, wiping away the excess peroxide. All he sees in the mirror now is his own face.

The frightened eyes of a teenage boy.

15

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

15

Books piled beside her, Allison sits under her locker in the corridor while reading. A few remaining students amble their way down the hall in between periods.

Allison remains transfixed by her book when one person slowly approaches and stops to look down at her.

JACKSON

What are you reading?

Allison glances up, startled.

ALLISON

Oh, hey. Just stuff for a history project.

He drops his bag and sits next to her under the lockers. Uncomfortably close to her.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

You have a free period?

JACKSON

No. I just don't feel like sitting through Chem.

ALLISON

Understandable. Um... Did you want something?

JACKSON

Actually, I wanted to talk. I feel like I've been a jerk. To you. And especially to Scott. And I want to say sorry. I'm serious.

ALLISON

Okay. I believe you're being serious. But I'm not so sure you're being sincere.

Allison turns back to her book. Jackson takes the seat beside her, not letting it go.

JACKSON

Do you know what it's like to be the best on the team? To be the star? To have your name chanted at the beginning of every game? And then some other kid comes along and everyone's looking at him instead of you? Do you know how that feels?

ALLISON

Not really, no.

JACKSON

It feels like something's been stolen from you.

(MORE)

15

CONTINUED:

15

JACKSON (CONT'D)

And you start to feel like you'd do anything to get it back.

ALLISON

Didn't you ever learn there's no *I* in *team*?

JACKSON

But there is a *me*.
(off her look)
That's a joke.

Allison gives a weak smile.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You totally hate me, don't you?

ALLISON

Not at all.

JACKSON

You promise? Because I'm not a bad guy. I just make stupid mistakes sometimes. I want to be friends. With you and Scott. Because I like you. I like you both. And I want you to like me. I want to get to know you guys better.

And he comes even closer, looking over her shoulder.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

So. What are you reading?

16

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/ECONOMICS CLASSROOM - DAY

16

A pile of books drops down on the teacher's desk as students hurry in for the start of class. COACH FINSTOCK glares up at them. He looks hung over as he drops a handful of antacids into his mouth and starts crushing them up with his teeth.

COACH

Sit down. Sit, sit, sit. Lots to cover.

Scott and Stiles take seats as the classroom fills up.

SCOTT

No, Stiles, take the seat behind me. Stiles--

But it's too late. Allison takes the empty seat behind him.

ALLISON
Hey, I haven't seen you all day.

SCOTT

Oh. Sorry? I've been super busy.

ALLISON

When are you getting a new phone? I feel like I'm totally disconnected from you.

SCOTT

Soon. Really soon.

ALLISON

I switched lab partners by the way.

SCOTT

To who?

ALLISON

To you, dummy.

SCOTT

Me? Why me? I mean--Are you sure?

ALLISON

Yeah. This way I get an excuse to bring you home to study.

SCOTT

Oh...

She looks at him, taking his reaction as disappointment.

ALLISON

You don't mind, do you?

SCOTT

I just don't want to bring your grade down.

ALLISON

Maybe I can bring your grade up. Come to my place tonight. 8:30?

SCOTT

Tonight?

ALLISON

8:30.

Coach Finstock SMACKS a book on his desk like a judge's gavel to get the class's attention.

COACH

All right, settle down. Let's start with a quick summary of last night's reading. Greenberg, put your hand down. Everybody knows you did the reading. How about... McCall?

SCOTT

Huh?

COACH

The reading, McCall.

SCOTT

Last night's reading?

COACH

No, the reading of the Gettysburg Address.

SCOTT

What?

COACH

That was sarcasm, McCall. Familiar with the concept?

SCOTT

Very.

He glances to Stiles, who smiles proudly.

COACH

You do the reading or not?

SCOTT

I think I forgot.

COACH

Okay, then. Nice work. Because it's not like you're averaging a D in this class. You do know I can't keep you on the team with a D, McCall?

He waits patiently for Scott to respond. Everyone looks at him. Someone giggles from across the room.

AT HIS DESK - Stiles hears a beeping and looks down at his phone, Scott's heart rate rising steadily.

COACH (CONT'D)

How about you summarize the previous night's reading? No? How about the night before? How about you summarize anything you've ever read? In your entire life.

Flustered, Scott blinks up at him. Stiles watches the heart rate monitor on his phone continue to rise.

SCOTT

Um... uh...

COACH

Anything at all. A blog? The back of a cereal box? The adults only warning on your favorite website.

Sweating, Scott stares blankly, not knowing how to respond.

COACH (CONT'D)

Thank you, McCall. Thank you for extinguishing every last flicker of hope I have for your generation. Next practice you start with suicide runs.

As the class laughs, Scott sinks into his seat in utter humiliation. Behind him, Allison slowly moves forward.

Across the room, Stiles looks with dismay at the heart rate monitor. *Until the numbers start dropping.* Strangely fast. He glances over to see why...

Allison has reached under Scott's desk to intertwine her fingers in his. They sit there linked while Scott's heartbeat falls to perfect calm.

All from her touch.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

17 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

17

Stiles follows Scott into the crowded hallway.

STILES

It's her.

SCOTT

What do you mean?

STILES

It's Allison. Remember what you told me about the night of the full moon? You were thinking about her. About protecting her.

SCOTT

Okay.

STILES

So remember the first lacrosse game? You said you could hear her voice out on the field.

SCOTT

Yeah. I did.

STILES

That's what brought you back so you could score. And then in the locker room, you didn't kill her. At least not like you were trying to kill me. She brings you back.

SCOTT

But it's not always true. Because literally every time I'm kissing her or touching her--

STILES

That's not the same. When you're doing that you're just another hormonal teenager thinking about sex. See, you're thinking about sex right now. Aren't you?

Gazing off with a slight smile at his lips, Scott snaps back to attention.

SCOTT

Sorry.

STILES

Now when she was holding your hand
in class, it was different. I don't
think she makes you weak. I think
she actually gives you control.
It's like she's a kind of anchor...

SCOTT
You mean because I love her.

STILES
Exactly.

Stiles pauses, noticing Scott has stopped walking, surprised at his own words.

SCOTT
Did I just say that?

STILES
You just said that.

SCOTT
I love her.

STILES
That's great. Moving on--

SCOTT
No, I do. I really do. I think I'm totally in love with her.

STILES
And that's beautiful. Before you go off and write a sonnet can we figure this out? Because you obviously can't be around her all the time.

SCOTT
Okay, what do I do?

Stiles paces. Then stops. Thinking.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You're getting an idea, aren't you?

STILES
Yeah.

SCOTT
Could this idea get me in trouble.

STILES
Maybe.

SCOTT

Is this idea going to cause me
physical pain?

STILES

Definitely.

18 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - DAY

18

Scott follows Stiles around the school to the edge of the parking lot where several large dumpsters sit concealing a FEW SENIORS. They hang out there laughing and talking while smoking.

One SENIOR climbs out of a smoke filled truck to join the others.

STILES
(to Scott)
Over here.

SCOTT
What are we doing?

STILES
You'll see. Stand right here. Do you have your keys?

Scott takes out his house keys.

STILES (CONT'D)
Hold them up. Like this. Now, whatever happens I want you to think about Allison. Find her voice like you did at the game? Got it?

Scott nods.

STILES (CONT'D)
Good. Keep holding the keys.

Stiles walks over to the Senior's truck and takes out his own car keys. Then in a quick few seconds, Stiles drags his key across the side of the Senior's truck, digging a HIDEOUS SCRATCH into the paint.

As Scott watches in horror, Stiles pockets his keys and turns to him.

STILES (CONT'D)
(to Scott)
Dude. What do you think you're doing to that truck?

The Seniors turn around to see Scott holding his car keys up.

SENIOR
What the hell?

Scott steps back as Stiles gives him a devilish smile. The Seniors are on him in a nanosecond. Scott puts up his arms trying to protect himself. But they literally start beating the ever-loving crap out of him.

Stiles eyes his phone to note the rising heart rate while Scott crumbles to the pavement under the merciless pummeling.

But then OUR POV begins moving fast--

Backtracking from the parking lot, tearing into the halls of the school, whipping through classrooms. We hear VOICES, bits of conversations, laughter, people talking on phones. And then...

ALLISON (V.O.)
Hey Mom, it's me. Just calling to let you know I'll be home late tonight. Studying with a friend. Yes, that friend. We're lab partners...

Until another voice interrupts--

MR. HARRIS
Stop! Stop right now! What do you idiots think you're doing?

BACK AT THE DUMPSTERS - Mr. Harris breaks up the fight. Scott lies on the ground, blood dripping from his nose. He slowly turns to Stiles who holds his phone up.

THE SCREEN shows a steady and normal heartbeat.

It worked...

Peter Hale sits in his wheelchair, pointed to the window. Bright sunlight warms one side of his face while his burns lie in shadow.

A hand reaches out and slowly turns the chair around. Derek sits down on the bed, pulling his uncle toward him. He tilts his head trying to match Peter's listless gaze.

DEREK
Peter?

Derek waves a hand in front of the man's eyes. He doesn't even blink.

DEREK (CONT'D)
I need your help.

Derek lifts his uncle's hands and places them on the arms of the wheelchair.

DEREK (CONT'D)
If you can hear me, I need you to give me a sign. Anything. Blink or raise a finger. Just something to point me in the right direction.

Peter stares forward, seeming almost to look through Derek.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Someone killed Laura. Your niece, Laura.

Derek comes closer.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Whoever he is, he's an Alpha now. But one without a pack. Which means he's not as strong. I can take him. But I have to find him first. Give me a sign if you know anything. Is it one of us? Did someone else survive the fire?

Still no response. No movement of any kind.

DEREK (CONT'D)
If you know anything, just blink. Raise a finger. Anything...

He waits. But his uncle simply stares.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Say something!

The words thunder out of Derek as he grips his uncles hands practically trying to shake a response out of him.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Let him go.

Derek whips his head around to see his uncle's nurse, Jennifer, standing in the door.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You think after six years of this,
yelling at him is going to get a
response?

DEREK

You have a better method?

JENNIFER

Patience. He'll respond if you give
him the time.

Derek turns to leave.

DEREK

I don't have any more time.

As Jennifer turns to watch him go, as his shoes fall lightly
on the tiled floor of the hospital corridor, neither of them
look back to notice Peter slowly and shakily raising an index
finger off the chair...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

20 EXT. HOSPITAL/PARKING LOT - DAY 20

Derek quickly heads to his Camaro in the parking lot of the hospital. Unlocking it, he reaches for the door when he notices A PIECE OF PAPER slipped under the windshield wiper.

He pulls it out, slowly unfolding it, then reading with interest. He looks up, turning back to the hospital as if trying to find someone watching him.

Then crumpling the paper in his hand, he moves quickly, faster than ever.

A second later, his car ROARS out of the lot and into the street.

21 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CLASSROOM - DAY 21

Scott and Stiles sit in the otherwise empty classroom while Mr. Harris reads the paper. Pulling a wad of tissues away from his nose, Scott turns to Harris.

SCOTT

Excuse me, sir, I know it's detention and all, but I'm supposed to be at work. And I don't want to get fired.

Harris ignores him. Scott sits quietly with Stiles. Then turns to whisper to him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You knew I would heal.

STILES

Yep.

SCOTT

So you did that to help me learn.

STILES

Yep.

SCOTT

But partially to punish me.

STILES

Yep.

SCOTT

For not being there the other day.
When your Dad got hurt.

Stiles doesn't respond this time. Just staring ahead.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You're my best friend. I don't want
you to be angry at me.

Now Stiles turns to him.

STILES

You have something, Scott. Whether
you want it or not. You can do
things other people can't. That
means you don't have a choice
anymore. It means you *have* to do
something.

SCOTT

I know. And I will.

Harris eyes them over his newspaper. Then puts it down.

MR. HARRIS

All right. Both of you. Out of
here.

They grab their things, rushing to get up.

22 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

22

Looking over paperwork, Deaton hears the CHIMES on his door
ringing.

DEATON

Scott, you're late again. I hope
this isn't getting to be a habit.

He looks up to see not Scott, but Derek entering.

DEATON (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

DEREK

I hope so. I want to know about the
animal you found with the spiral in
its side.

DEATON

Excuse me? What animal?

DEREK

Three months ago. The deer...

He unfolds the piece of paper left on his windshield. It's a report and photograph of a dead deer with A SPIRAL carved into its side.

DEREK (CONT'D)

See that mark. You remember that?

DEATON

Ah, yes. It was just a deer. And I didn't find it. They called me because they wanted to know if I'd seen anything like it.

DEREK

What did you tell them?

DEATON

I told them no.

Derek turns his head ever-so-slightly.

DEREK

Did you hear that?

DEATON

Hear what?

DEREK

The sound of your heartbeat rising.

DEATON

Excuse me?

DEREK

It's the sound of you lying.

Derek moves like a bolt of lightning, hands grabbing Deaton by the coat and dragging him forward.

Pedaling as fast as he can, Scott hurtles down the road on his bike.

SCOTT

(under his breath)

Had to break my phone...

24

INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

24

Deaton blinks his eyes open. There is a bruise and cut now under his eye. He glances around to find himself bound to a rolling chair.

DEATON

Oh God...

Derek comes out of the shadows.

DEREK

Are you protecting someone?

DEATON

Okay, all right. The key to the drug locker is in my pocket.

DEREK

I don't want drugs. I want to know why you're lying.

DEATON

I don't know what you're talking about--

Derek reaches out, grabbing him by the jacket. He lifts Deaton up, chair still attached to him. With his feet dangling below him. Derek brings him up to view Deaton's face, bruise under his eye.

DEREK

You're not healing.

DEATON

What?

DEREK

Although, an Alpha could control that.

DEATON

What are you doing to me? What do you want?

DEREK

I want to know who you are or who you're protecting.

DEATON

I swear, I don't have a clue what you're talking about--

DEREK

Then I guess I'm going to have to
make myself very, very clear.

Derek brings the man closer as--The door CLANGS open. Scott
looks in, shocked by the display in front of him.

Derek drops Deaton back to the floor.

SCOTT
What are you doing?

DEATON
Scott, get out of here--

Derek swings his fist down on Deaton's cheek. A vicious blow, knocking the man out cold.

SCOTT
Stop!

DEREK
He can keep himself from healing when conscious. But unconscious...

SCOTT
Are you out of your mind?

DEREK
You want to know what the spiral means? It's our sign for a vendetta. For revenge. It means he won't stop killing until he's satisfied.

SCOTT
You think *he's* the Alpha?

DEREK
We're about to find out.

Derek holds up his hand, claws out. But as he swipes down, a CLAWED HAND grabs him by the wrist. Whipping his head around, Derek looks at Scott--

FULLY TRANSFORMED.

With a vise-like grip on Derek's wrist, Scott opens his mouth wide, baring his fangs and letting LOOSE a VICIOUS SNARL.

Derek actually blinks in surprise. Scott lets him go. Then, with an extraordinary display of control, he transforms back...

The claws retract into his fingers. His teeth withdraw, changing shape and returning to normal. The yellow GLOW in his eyes dissolve to his normal brown.

It takes seconds, but it happens with a stunning fluidity and grace. As if it was as natural a movement as breathing.

24

CONTINUED:

24

Scott stares defiantly at a speechless Derek. For once, he's both calm and fearless.

SCOTT

Hit him again. And then you'll see
me get angry.

Derek eyes Scott, with a newfound respect. He's learning...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

25 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT 25

Scott looks over his still unconscious boss, blotting his bloody cheek with a towel.

DEREK
You have a plan?

SCOTT
Just give me one hour.

DEREK
And then what?

SCOTT
Meet me at the school. In the parking lot.

Scott tosses the bloody towel into the trash as--

26 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 26

Stiles's Jeep ROARS into the lot. He and Scott get out.

STILES
This is a terrible idea.

SCOTT
I know.

STILES
And we're still going to do it.

SCOTT
Can you think of something better?

STILES
Personally, I'm a big fan of ignoring a problem and hoping it goes away.

SCOTT
Just make sure we can get inside.

Stiles yanks out a set of BOLT CUTTERS.

A pair of headlights approach as Derek's Camaro parks in a nearby space. Derek kills the engine and steps out from behind the wheel. Scott and Stiles approach him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Where's my boss?

DEREK
In the back.

26

CONTINUED:

26

Scott and Stiles peek inside the Camaro to see Deaton BOUND, GAGGED and BLINDFOLDED.

STILES

He looks comfortable.

Scott and Stiles start for the school building.

DEREK

Where are you going?

SCOTT

You said I'm linked with the Alpha.
I'm going to see if you're right.

27

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/VICE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

27

Moonlight bleeds through the horizontal blinds, lighting the room. The door SMASHES INWARD, Scott and Stiles stumbling in.

STILES

One question: What are you going to do if the Alpha doesn't show up?

SCOTT

I don't know.

STILES

What are you going to do if the Alpha *does* show up?

SCOTT

I don't know.

STILES

Good plan.

SCOTT

You told me a wolf howls to signal its position to the rest of the pack. Right?

STILES

But if you bring him here, does that make you part of his pack?

SCOTT

I hope not.

27 CONTINUED: 27

Scott pulls the PA MICROPHONE over to his mouth. As he PRESSES THE BUTTON on the base of the mic, Stiles gives him an encouraging nod.

Scott takes a deep breath, clears his throat, leans into the microphone...

28 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 28

Derek stands in front of his car, eyes still on Deaton through the windshield. He doesn't move a muscle, poised like a cobra ready to strike. That is until he hears--

A PATHETIC HOWL ringing over the PA SYSTEM. Derek slowly turns around in shock.

DEREK

You got to be kidding me...

29 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/VICE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 29

Scott releases the button and gazes up to Stiles. His best friend holds his head in his hands.

SCOTT

Was that okay? That was a howl. Right?

STILES

Technically.

SCOTT

What did it sound like to you?

STILES

Like a cat being choked to death.

SCOTT

Well, what do I do? How am I supposed to do this?

Crossing behind the desk, Stiles takes Scott's shoulders in his hands and leans in close, eye-to-eye, full trainer mode.

STILES

You're calling the Alpha. Be a man. Be a werewolf. Not a teen wolf. A werewolf!

29 CONTINUED: 29

Scott nods, grabbing the microphone. He takes a deep breath once again and--

30 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT 30

A POWERFUL HOWL BLASTS THROUGH THE PA SPEAKERS.

Lockers rattle, desks shake. Almost as if an earthquake is rocking the entire school.

31 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 31

The howl echoes across the buildings, bellowing out from the speakers, over the trees and into the night sky.

Derek turns back, now actually impressed. But clearly not happy.

32 EXT. ARGENT HOME - NIGHT 32

Waiting outside her house, Allison clicks on her phone to check the time: 8:35.

The faint cry of Scott's howl soars to her in the wind. She glances up at the odd sound.

33 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 33

Scott and Stiles bang through the doors of the school and out into the parking lot.

DEREK

I'm going to kill the two of you myself. Are you trying to attract the entire state to this school?

SCOTT

I didn't know it would be that loud.

STILES

It was loud. And it was *awesome*.

But Scott is no longer paying attention to either of them. Instead he's looking at Derek's Camaro. The door is open. Ripped bindings lying on the pavement.

Derek steps forward, surprised.

SCOTT

What did you do with him?

DEREK

I didn't do anything...

Derek jerks forward. Blood SPURTS from his mouth as he rises up into the air, held aloft by something dark and large behind him.

SCREAMING, Stiles and Scott stagger back.

Derek's body goes flying, SLAMMING into the brick wall of the school and dropping down.

Tripping over their own feet, Scott and Stiles run for it, racing for the school.

34 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

34

Scott and Stiles yank the double doors of the school shut. Holding them closed, they look up at each other in breathless terror.

And approaching from the shadows is a huge and terrifying black shape with glowing red eyes.

TO BE CONTINUED...

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE