

TEEN WOLF
Episode #107
by
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New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

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MGM

Production #107
Episode Seven

TEEN WOLF

"Episode 107"

EP#107

Cast List

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

JANITOR.....	THOMAS BYRD
STILINSKI.....	LINDEN ASHBY
DEATON.....	SETH GILLIAM

TEEN WOLF

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Set List

INTERIORS

HIGH SCHOOL

CORRIDOR

CLASSROOM

LOCKER ROOM

BASEMENT EQUIPMENT ROOM

ADJACENT CORRIDOR

SWIMMING POOL

LOBBY

CAFETERIA

2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR

CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM

STAIRWELL

GYM

JACKSON'S CAR

EXTERIORS

HIGH SCHOOL

EXTERIOR

PARKING LOT

ARGENT HOME

ADDED:

SWIMMING POOL

LOBBY

TEEN WOLF
"Episode #107"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 1

The school doors slam shut, shaking on their hinges as Scott and Stiles grip the handlebars with everything they've got.

SCOTT
Lock it, lock it!

STILES
Do I look like I have a key?

SCOTT
Grab something--

STILES
What?

SCOTT
Anything.

While Scott clutches the handlebars, Stiles looks out the doors to the BOLT CUTTERS leaning against the wall outside.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
No.

STILES
Yes.

SCOTT
No, Stiles, don't--

But he pushes past Scott, stepping out into the cold air.

2 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT 2

Holding still, Stiles glances into the darkness. All he sees is the breath pluming from his lips. Then feet moving, he races to the side of the building where the bolt cutters lie. Grabbing them, he turns back to see--

Scott staring out the glass doors. Trying to speak. Trying to say--

2 CONTINUED:

2

SCOTT

Run.

Stiles slowly turns his head as SOMETHING lopes out of the darkness, a swiftly moving POV coming right for him.

3 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

3

Stiles charges back in with the bolt cutters. Scott grabs the other handle, the two of them fumbling to get both sides of the tool down into the bars, a makeshift lock.

When they look up again the WALKWAY leading to the doors lies empty. A few leaves tumble across the pavement.

They slowly retreat back, taking each step faster and faster until--

They're running.

4 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CLASSROOM - NIGHT

4

Scott and Stiles hurtle into a dark classroom.

STILES

The desk--the desk.

They slip around the teacher's desk and start pushing it toward the door only to flinch at the LOUD SQUEAL of metal against tile.

STILES (CONT'D)

Stop, stop!

Holding still, they speak fast.

STILES (CONT'D)

(whispering)

The door's not going to keep it out.

SCOTT

I know--

STILES

It's your boss.

SCOTT

What?

STILES

Deaton. The Alpha. Your boss.

SCOTT

No--

STILES

Yes. Murdering, psycho werewolf.

SCOTT

It can't be.

STILES

He disappears and that thing shows up ten seconds later to toss Derek twenty feet through the air. That's not convenient timing?

SCOTT

It's not him.

STILES

He killed Derek.

SCOTT

Derek's not dead. He can't be dead.

STILES

Blood *sputted* out of his mouth. That doesn't exactly qualify as a minor injury. He's dead. We're next.

SCOTT

Okay--just--what do we do?

STILES

We get to my Jeep. We get out of here. You seriously think about quitting your job. Good?

Scott nods. They turn to the windows to view the parking lot. Quietly stepping to the furthest window, they spot Stiles's Jeep sitting in the lot about twenty yards away.

Scott puts his hands on the window sill.

STILES (CONT'D)

They don't open. The school's
climate controlled.

SCOTT

Then we break it.

STILES

Which will make a lot of noise.

SCOTT

So then we run really fast.

They glance back to the Jeep. Now seeming much further away.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Really fast.

While Stiles starts looking for something to break one of the
windows, Scott comes closer to the glass.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Stiles, what's wrong with the hood
of your Jeep?

STILES

What do you mean? Nothing's wrong.

SCOTT

It's bent.

STILES

You mean dented?

SCOTT

I mean bent.

Stiles cups his eyes to the window. Oddly, the Jeep's hood
twists up toward the windshield like the top of a tin can.

STILES

What the hell happened to my--

AN EXPLOSION OF GLASS by their heads sends them SCREAMING to
the floor. Ducked under the window, they look past raised
arms to see--

SOMETHING skidding across the tile and slamming to a stop on
the opposite side of the room amid a shower of BROKEN GLASS.

It's the JEEP'S BATTERY, wires hanging off it.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

5 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CLASSROOM - NIGHT 5

Scott and Stiles sit frozen underneath the classroom window, staring at the Jeep's battery in front of them.

STILES
That's my battery.

Scott nods. Both of them gazing at it, stunned. Stiles starts to get up but Scott grabs him.

SCOTT
(whispering)
Don't.

STILES
We have to move.

SCOTT
He could be right outside.

STILES
He *is* right outside.

Scott keeps him down, hand gripping his friend's shoulder.

SCOTT
Just let me take a look.

Craning his neck to see out the window, Scott glances around the empty and dark school lot.

STILES
Anything?

Scott shakes his head.

STILES (CONT'D)
Move now?

SCOTT
(nodding)
Move now.

They get up, scrambling across the tile floor.

6 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

6

The classroom door cracks open. Scott and Stiles slip into the hall. They glance down the opposite ends of the corridor, nervously drifting forward.

SCOTT

This way.

STILES

No, no--somewhere without windows.

SCOTT

Every single room in this building has windows.

STILES

Somewhere with *less* windows.

SCOTT

(realizing)
The locker room.

7 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

7

The door opens, Scott and Stiles hurrying inside.

SCOTT

Call your Dad.

STILES

What?

SCOTT

Call. Your. Dad.

STILES

And tell him what?

SCOTT

Anything. There's a gas leak, a fire, whatever. If that thing sees the parking lot fill with police cars it'll take off.

STILES

What if it doesn't? What if it goes completely Terminator and kills every cop in sight including my Dad?

SCOTT

They have guns.

STILES

And Derek had to be shot with a
wolfsbane-laced bullet to even slow
him down. Remember that?

SCOTT

Then we have to... We have to find
a way out and run for it.

STILES

There's nothing near the school for
half a mile.

SCOTT

What about Derek's car?

STILES

(nodding)

That could work. We go out. Grab
the keys from his body. Take his
car.

SCOTT

And him.

STILES

Fine, whatever.

But as Stiles reaches for the door, Scott stops him.

STILES (CONT'D)

What?

SCOTT

I think I heard something.

STILES

Like what?

SCOTT

Quiet.

Still gripping Stiles's arm, Scott listens, nervous breath rising. Stiles moves to take his hand off the doorknob, but Scott clenches down on his arm, a signal to stop.

A SHADOW passes by the mottled glass window of the door. Mere centimeters from them.

Scott eases off Stiles's arm, slowly stepping back.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(barely audible)

Hide.

Stiles draws back into the darkness with him. They both glance around in terrified desperation.

There is nowhere to hide.

Stiles looks to Scott with pleading eyes. But Scott doesn't seem to know what to do either. So Stiles reaches for a locker door. And climbs right in.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

No, Stiles--*Stiles*.

But then a second later, Scott slips into the locker across from Stiles to hide as well.

INSIDE THE LOCKER - Scott holds still, trying to control his breathing, trying to quiet his heartbeat.

THE LOCKER ROOM DOOR OPENS.

A large, dark figure enters. AN ODD CLICKING SOUND on the concrete floor.

THROUGH THE LOCKER'S AIR VENTS - Scott watches the SHAPE pass by him. He can see Stiles through his own vent holes, eyes wide and terrified.

INSIDE THE OTHER LOCKER - Stiles puts his hand over his mouth trying to cover his breathing while--

Scott holds utterly still, just his eyes blinking rapidly in the darkness as--

The locker door yanks open, revealing--

7

CONTINUED:

7

THE JANITOR. He SCREAMS in surprise, staggering back. Before Scott can get a word out to explain, Stiles stumbles out of the opposite locker.

JANITOR

Son of a bitch!

Scott grabs him, trying to keep the terrified man on his feet.

SCOTT

Quiet--quiet!

JANITOR

Quiet, my ass. Are you two trying to kill me?

Gasping, the Janitor leans against the locker looking like he's on the verge of a heart attack.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

Both of you. Get out.

STILES

Just listen for half a second, okay?

JANITOR

No, not okay. Get the hell out of here. Right now!

8

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

8

The door slams open into the hallway, Scott and Stiles pushed out by the furious Janitor.

STILES

Just one second to explain--

JANITOR

Shut up and go.

Then, hand still on the door, the Janitor suddenly WHIPS BACK into the locker room, SWINGING the door SHUT with him.

The movement happens so quickly it leaves Scott and Stiles staring in utter confusion at the closed door. Until--

THE JANITOR'S FACE COMES SLAMMING BACK TO THE DOOR'S WINDOW.

Scott and Stiles stagger away in shock as the body of the Janitor slams forward again, rattling the door in its frame.

Scott grabs at the door, trying to get it open, trying to help the man as Stiles pulls him back.

Both of them SCREAMING, Scott and Stiles finally run for it, racing down the corridor as--

THE LOCKER ROOM DOOR wrenches off its hinges, BURSTING into the corridor and falling to the floor. The Janitor's dead body collapses down onto the door and then in one swift motion--

Is dragged back into the darkness of the locker room.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9

EXT. ARGENT HOME - NIGHT

9

Down the sidewalk from her home, Allison looks from one end of the street to the next, still waiting for Scott. Her phone RINGS and she puts it to her ear.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Lydia says we're coming to get you.

ALLISON

Please, don't. I'm sure he's on his way. He's only...

(looking at her phone)

26 minutes late.

LYDIA (V.O.)

You hear that? First it's "He's only 26 minutes late." A month later it's "he only hits me when he's drunk." Slippery slope, Allison. Slippery slope.

JACKSON (V.O.)

We're picking you up.

ALLISON

No.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Too late.

Jackson pulls up in his Porsché with Lydia. He rolls down the window. Strangely, his face has lost the paleness, a healthier glow returning to his cheeks.

JACKSON

Lydia gets what Lydia wants.

Allison glances down the road again. Still no sign of Scott.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Come on, get in. We can stop by his place and see if he's there.

Allison finally gives a reluctant sigh. But the moment she opens the door to get in the back, her phone BUZZES.

LYDIA

Is that him with the best
explanation ever of why he's half a
freaking hour late?

Allison eyes her phone with a curious gaze.

ALLISON

Not exactly.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Feet flying across the floor, Scott and Stiles race for the exit at the end of the hall. They reach the fire door handles at the same time, pushing down and shoving forward.

The doors OPEN, but only an inch, CLANGING against something behind them. Pushing again, they hear the same METALLIC CLANG. *Something* is on the other side, blocking the doors.

STILES

What the hell?

Scott peers out the open inch of the door.

SCOTT

It's a dumpster. A garbage
dumpster.

The two slowly retreat a few steps.

STILES

He pushed it in front of the doors--

SCOTT

--to trap us in.

Stiles turns, backing into the door, trying to push off from his feet and move the dumpster behind it.

STILES

Help me.

The door CLANGS against the dumpster again and again as he keeps trying to muscle it open.

SCOTT

Stiles, stop.

STILES

I'm not dying here. I'm especially
not dying in school.

SCOTT

We're not going to die.

STILES

Then what's it doing? What does it
want?

SCOTT

Me. Derek says *it's* stronger with a
pack.

*

STILES

Great. A psychotic werewolf who's
into teamwork. That's beautiful.

They retreat from the doors again, looking down the other end
of the hall. But their cautious progression comes to a halt
when Scott pauses. He turns to the wall of windows at the
side of the corridor looking out on the courtyard and
opposite side of the school.

ON THE ROOF - A figure crouches in the darkness, RED EYES
gazing directly at them.

Scott and Stiles start moving, running, nearly stumbling over
each other as--

THE ALPHA bounds from one level of the roof to the next, landing and leaping in the same instant as Scott and Stiles race ahead.

BEHIND THEM GLASS EXPLODES into the hallway, the Alpha crashing back into the school.

Scott grabs Stiles, pulling him to the adjacent stairwell.

SCOTT
Down, down!

They race into the lower level of the school, running for safety while--

11 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 11

Jackson's Porsché swerves into the lot. He gets out of the driver's side, pulling the seat up to let Allison out. They both glance at the Jeep parked a few spaces away.

JACKSON
What are they doing here anyway?

ALLISON
All I got was this...

She holds up her cell phone to show him a TEXT: *Meet me at the school - Scott.*

LYDIA
They lock the doors at night, you know.

ALLISON
That one looks open.

Allison points to the door lying open. The BOLT CUTTERS sit upright against it, carefully placed there to hold it open. Almost as if welcoming Allison into the school.

JACKSON
You don't need me to state the obvious, right?

ALLISON
That it looks like they broke into the school? No. Pretty obvious.

JACKSON
You want me to come with you?

ALLISON
(shaking her head)
It's okay.

JACKSON
Allison...

She pauses, turning back to him.

ALLISON
You have this look like you're
about to say *be careful*.

JACKSON
I am.

She gives Jackson a smile, surprising him.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
What?

ALLISON
That concerned look on you. I've
never seen it before.

JACKSON
I *am* concerned.

ALLISON
It's a good look for you.

From the Porsché, Lydia notices the moment between them. And clearly doesn't like it.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Don't worry. I'll be right back.

As she steps into the dark corridor, the BOLT CUTTERS slip, falling to the pavement... allowing the door to CLATTER SHUT.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

12 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/BASEMENT EQUIPMENT ROOM - NIGHT 12

Scott and Stiles back into the basement of the school, slipping around corners. Florescent lights flicker above them with an ELECTRIC CRACKLING.

STILES

We have to do something.

SCOTT

Like what?

STILES

Kill it. Hurt it. Inflict mental anguish on it. *Something.*

Stiles glances at the doors with mesh cage windows in them, old and dirty lockers lying open inside. Trying to think fast, eyes darting as--

A DOOR SLAMS OPEN behind them.

The two of them pull back into the darkness. Holding still, they hear a STRANGE CLICKING on the floor, claws tapping against the tile.

Stiles's eyes move from the thin corridor to where several old ADMINISTRATIVE DESKS lie stacked against the wall. Scott catches his look, seeing an idea come to fruition.

Stiles slowly--very slowly--moves his hand into his coat pocket to pull out his CAR KEYS. He brings them up. They JANGLE softly, causing both boys to flinch.

Scott glares at Stiles, eyes nearly coming out of his head. Especially when his friend rears back and--

THROWS THE KEYS.

They land right in one of the cage rooms, CLATTERING AGAINST THE WALL.

Something BLURS past, A MASSIVE SHAPE in the darkness, soaring in after the keys.

Without hesitating, Stiles jumps out of the shadows and slams the door shut behind it.

STILES (CONT'D)
Scott--get the desk--the desk!

With barely a second to comprehend the plan, Scott rushes to one of the steel desks and rams it against the closed door. Stiles slips out of the way as the door JERKS FORWARD hitting the side of the desk.

The Alpha ROARS from inside the cage room, SLAMMING into the door. But the desk wedges between it and the opposite wall.

Scott and Stiles turn to each other in a moment of pure triumph. The Alpha can't get out.

They trapped it.

13 INT. JACKSON'S CAR - NIGHT 13

Waiting behind the wheel, Jackson stares at Stiles's Jeep, studying it in the darkness.

JACKSON
You see that?

LYDIA
See what?

JACKSON
The hood on that piece of crap Jeep
looks crappier than usual.

He opens the door of the Porsché.

LYDIA
Where are you going?

JACKSON
To take a look. Stay here.

LYDIA
I'm not staying in the car.

JACKSON
Just stay in the damn--

LYDIA
Don't leave me alone in the car.

She says it with a fierceness that spins him around.

13

13

JACKSON

Fine. Don't have a meltdown.

He steps out, Lydia clicking her own door open.

14

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

14

Jackson runs his fingers over the crumpled hood with Lydia by his side.

LYDIA

Look at that. It is indeed a piece of crap. Can we get Allison and leave now?

Ignoring her, he leans closer, noting the strange grooves in the hood. *Like claw marks.* He then glances to the doors of the school. And starts toward them.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Are we getting Allison? Jackson?

15

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/BASEMENT EQUIPMENT ROOM - NIGHT

15

Stiles and Scott stand on opposite sides of the desk now wedged between the cage door and the wall. Stiles slowly motions with his hand for Scott to climb over. But Scott looks too scared to move.

A BREATH comes from inside the cage room.

Both boys turn back. They can't see it in the darkness, but the Alpha is there, trapped inside.

With a far more emphatic look, Stiles twists his head at Scott, trying to get him to climb over the desk to him.

Finally, Scott moves, awkwardly sliding over the desk as--

THE ALPHA'S HAND SLAMS UP against the mesh wire window of the door sending both Stiles and Scott flinching back. They stare at the massive hand, clawed fingers like talons fitting through the openings. It slowly pulls back, disappearing again into the shadows.

Incredibly, Stiles starts toward the cage room.

SCOTT

(a harsh whisper)
What are you doing?

STILES

I want to get a look.

SCOTT

Are you crazy?

STILES

It's trapped. It can't get out.

The cage RATTLES as if in response.

STILES (CONT'D)

(more confident now)

That's right. We got you.

SCOTT

Shut up.

STILES

No. I'm not scared of this thing.

(to the Alpha)

I'm not scared of you. Because
you're not going any--

Suddenly the Alpha LEAPS UP, SHOOTING RIGHT INTO THE CEILING.
THE PANELS BURST away, CRASHING and CLATTERING to the floor.

Scott and Stiles gaze up in horror as the ceiling panels
above them SHAKE, bending and popping up under the weight of
the creature. No longer trapped at all.

They turn to watch the panels rumble and shake above as the
Alpha makes its retreat.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Heels clicking down the hallway, Allison peeks into one
classroom after another.

ALLISON

Scott?

Her voice echoes down the corridor. Shadows bounce across the
walls as she moves toward a stairwell.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

(calling out louder)

Scott?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/ADJACENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lydia hurries after Jackson down another corridor.

LYDIA

Hold on.

She heads for the door of the GIRLS ROOM.

JACKSON

Are you kidding? You have to use
the bathroom? Now?

LYDIA

Yes, now. You have a problem with
my performing a basic biological
function?

JACKSON

I'm starting to have a problem with
all your functions.

Ignoring his comment, she pushes through the door. Arms
folded, Jackson gazes back to the empty corridor. But his
arms fall to his sides when he sees something...

A LARGE SILHOUETTED FIGURE. At the end of the corridor.
Standing there. Watching him.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

McCall?

He steps forward, trying to catch any detail of the figure at
the end of the hall. But it's an almost perfect silhouette.
And still strangely motionless.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Scott?

Then, almost as an inaudible whisper, he says another name...

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Derek?

The silhouette moves from a standing position down to all
fours. Then, almost casually, it *lopes* into the next hallway,
disappearing around the corner.

Short gasps choke their way between Jackson's lips as he
stares down the long corridor until--

THE GIRL'S ROOM DOOR slams open, sending him nearly off his
feet.

LYDIA

Did you find them?

18 OMITTED 18

18A INT. HIGH SCHOOL/SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT 18A

Walking on the tile floor between the school's two swimming pools, Allison stops when her phone begins RINGING. She pulls it out to answer.

19 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/BASEMENT EQUIPMENT ROOM - NIGHT 19

Still in the basement, Scott turns to Stiles.

SCOTT
Do you hear that?

STILES
Hear what?

SCOTT
A phone ringing.

And then the realization dawns on him.

STILES
What?

SCOTT
I know that ring. It's Allison's phone...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

20 OMITTED 20

20A INT. HIGH SCHOOL/SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT 20A

In-between the walkways of the high school's swimming pools, Allison puts her phone to her ear.

ALLISON

Hey, I can't seem to find them.
Okay, give me a second. I'll be
right there.

She clicks off and is about to put her phone away when it rings again, startling her. She gives a curious look at the display and then answers.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Stiles?

SCOTT (V.O.)

It's me. Where are you?

ALLISON

In the school looking for you. Why
weren't you at my place?

SCOTT (V.O.)

Where are you *right now*?

She flinches at the harshness of his tone.

ALLISON

On the first floor--

SCOTT (V.O.)

Where? Where are you exactly?

She starts to speak, but her voice catches in her throat. Scott's voice is so sharp, so laced with urgency that it's startled her silent.

ALLISON

The swimming--the swimming pools.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Get to the cafeteria. Go now.

ALLISON

Okay, okay, I'm going--

21 OMITTED 21

21A INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOBBY - NIGHT 21A

Allison pushes through a door and into the first floor lobby to find Scott and Stiles running toward her.

SCOTT

What are you doing? Why'd you come here?

ALLISON

Because you asked me to.

SCOTT

I asked you to?

She shows him her cell phone and the message on it: *Meet me at the school - Scott*. Allison notes their reactions.

ALLISON

Why do I get the feeling you didn't send that message?

SCOTT

Because I didn't.

STILES

(to Allison)

Did you drive here?

ALLISON

Jackson did.

SCOTT

Jackson's here too?

ALLISON

And Lydia. What's going on? Who sent this text--

Allison's PHONE RINGS again. She picks up.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Where are you?

Jackson and Lydia hurry around the corner.

LYDIA

Finally. Can we go now?

But before any of them can speak they hear an odd RUMBLING above them.

SCOTT

Run.

He spins, pushing them forward as SOMETHING BURSTS OUT OF THE CEILING PANELS behind them.

22 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CAFETERIA - NIGHT 22

The doors to the cafeteria SLAM open, five frightened teenagers rushing in.

STILES

Scott, wait--not here--not here.

But he isn't listening. Swinging the doors closed, Scott spins back to search for a way to barricade them in.

SCOTT

The vending machine. Help me push it in front of the doors.

ALLISON

What was that? Scott, what was that?

LYDIA

What happened to the ceiling?

He doesn't answer, concentrating his efforts on shoving one of the vending machines forward.

SCOTT

Just help me!

Jackson and Allison get behind it as well, sliding it against the doors. Scott's panic seems to infect them all, heightening the fear among the group.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Chairs. Stack the chairs--

STILES

Guys, hold on.

Even a frightened Lydia helps, pushing chairs forward, moving as fast as she can.

STILES (CONT'D)

Guys, wait a second. *Hello.*

Jackson and Allison grab chairs, stacking them, everyone rushing to blockade the doors. Everyone except for Stiles.

STILES (CONT'D)

Okay, nice work. Beautiful job, everyone. Now what do you think we should do about *the twenty foot wall of windows!*

Stiles shakes his hands at the field of glass to his right. Scott and the others look up. Good point.

ALLISON

Can someone please explain what's going on? I'm freaking out here and I'd at least like to know why.

Scott doesn't respond. Doesn't even look at her.

STILES

Someone killed the janitor.

LYDIA

What?

STILES

The janitor's dead.

ALLISON

(to Scott)

What's he talking about? Is this a joke?

*
*
*

But Scott shakes his head.

JACKSON

Who killed him?

*
*

LYDIA

No, no, no. This was supposed to be over. The mountain lion--

JACKSON

Don't you get it? That wasn't a mountain lion--

*

ALLISON

Who is it? What does he want?

Stiles looks to Scott for help. But his friend almost seems to be shutting down. Just shaking his head, no idea what to say while Allison and the others become more panicked.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

What's happening? *Scott?*

SCOTT

I don't know--it's just--if we go out there, he's going to kill us.

LYDIA

Us? Kill *us*?

Allison turns to Stiles, pressing him.

ALLISON

Who? Who is it?

SCOTT

Derek. It's Derek Hale.

All eyes turn back to him in shock. Especially Stiles. Scott looks almost surprised at saying it himself.

JACKSON

Derek killed the janitor?

ALLISON

You're sure?

SCOTT

(nodding)

I saw him.

LYDIA

The mountain lion--

*

SCOTT

(shaking his head)

No. Derek killed them.

*

ALLISON

All of them?

SCOTT

Starting with his own sister.

ALLISON

And the bus driver?

SCOTT

And then the guy in the video store. It's been Derek the whole time. He's in here with us. And if we don't get out... he's going to kill us too.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

23 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CAFETERIA - NIGHT

23

Jackson turns back to Stiles.

JACKSON
Call the cops.

STILES
No.

JACKSON
What do you mean *no*?

STILES
I mean no. Want to hear it in Spanish? No. Derek killed three people. We don't know what he's armed with.

JACKSON
Your Dad is armed with an entire Sheriff's Department. *Call him.*

LYDIA
I'm calling.

Lydia puts her phone to her ear.

STILES
Hold on--Lydia, just wait--

He starts forward, but Jackson shoves him back.

LYDIA
(into her phone)
Yes, we're at Beacon Hills High School. We're trapped in here and we need you to...

Lydia pauses. The others watch her expression change to one of surprise. She slowly pulls the phone away from her ear.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
She hung up on me.

ALLISON

The police hung up on you?

LYDIA

She said they got a tip warning them there would be prank calls about a break in at the high school. She said if I called again they would trace it and have me arrested.

ALLISON

Then call again.

STILES

They won't trace a cell phone. They'll send a car to your house before they send someone here.

ALLISON

(dumbfounded)

What the... What is this? Why does Derek want to kill us? Why's he killing anyone?

They all look to Scott for the answer.

SCOTT

Why are you looking at me?

LYDIA

Is he the one who sent her the text?

SCOTT

No--I mean, I don't know.

ALLISON

Is he the one who called the police?

SCOTT

I don't know.

He snaps at her, causing Allison to flinch noticeably. Behind her, Jackson can't help but smile just a little bit. Stiles gets in between them to pull Scott aside.

STILES

Okay, everybody just ease back on the throttle, all right?

He takes Scott over to the kitchen area of the cafeteria to talk to him privately.

STILES (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

First off. Throwing Derek under the bus? Nicely done.

SCOTT

I didn't know what to say. I had to say something. And if he's dead, it doesn't matter. Except if he's not...

(falling apart)

Oh God, I totally bit her head off.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

STILES

And she'll totally get over it.
Bigger things to deal with. Like
getting out of here alive.

SCOTT

But we are alive. And it could have
already killed us. It's like it's
cornering us.

STILES

What? Like it wants to eat us all
at the same time?

SCOTT

No. Derek said it wants revenge.

STILES

Against who?

SCOTT

I don't know. Allison's family?

STILES

Maybe that's what the text was
about.

(off his look)

Someone had to send it.

SCOTT

So while loping through the woods
he stops to take out his
Blackberry?

STILES

Hey, hey, hey. I'm the sarcastic
one in this friendship.

JACKSON

(calling out)

Okay, asshheads. *New* plan. Stiles
calls his useless dad and tells him
to send someone with a gun and
decent aim. We good with that?

*

*

No one speaks up to disagree.

SCOTT
(to Stiles)
He's right. Tell him the truth if
you have to. Just call him.

STILES
I'm not watching my dad get eaten
alive.

Jackson steps past the others, charging toward Stiles.

JACKSON
That's it. Give me your phone.

He spins Stiles around, grabbing for the phone in his pocket.
But in a moment of pure instinct, Stiles reels back and
CLOCKS Jackson, sending him sprawling to the floor.

Strangely, Lydia isn't the one running to help him up. It's
Allison.

ALLISON
Are you okay? Jackson?

While he's turned around, she can't see the look on his face.
And despite being punched, he's smiling, silently pleased by
the turn of events. He slowly gazes back, feigning shock and
hurt.

Seeing Allison covering her territory, Lydia seems to snap
back to life and hurries over to help.

*
*

Cradling his shaking hand, Stiles looks to Scott who is just
as surprised. Then, with the hand not trembling in pain,
Stiles reaches into his pocket and fishes out his cell phone.
As the others watch, he dials.

STILES
Dad? Hey, it's me... and it's your
voicemail. Um... I need you to call
me back. Like now. Like right now--

SOMETHING SLAMS AGAINST THE DOORS. Lydia SCREAMS, Allison
retreating to her side.

STILES (CONT'D)
(talking quickly)
We're at the school--Dad--we're at
the school--

WHAM! A stack of chairs tumble down as the barricade against the doors begins to fall. Stiles lowers the phone, backing away with the others.

Something HAMMERS at the doors. SMASHING at them, POUNDING, desperately trying to BREAK THROUGH.

THE VENDING MACHINE SLIDES FORWARD. A chair whips past Allison as if thrown like a projectile. She screams, hands coming up.

*
*

LYDIA
Oh God, oh my God--

THE HINGES at the top of the doors begin coming out of the wall, metal seeming to bend and collapse inward.

STILES
The kitchen. The door out of the
kitchen leads to the stairwell.

SCOTT
Which only goes up.

STILES
Up is better than here.

ANOTHER BOOM and the decision is made. They run for the kitchen.

24 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

24

THE STAIRWELL DOOR slams open. Scott and the others spill out into the second floor hallway. They try doors. All locked. Until Lydia finds an open one and--

25 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - NIGHT

25

They hurtle into a Chemistry room, quickly and quietly shutting the door. Scott grabs the teacher's chair and fits it under the knob as they hear--

THE STAIRWELL DOOR SLAMS OPEN.

Everyone backs away to the wall where they can't be seen at the window of the door, each holding their breath.

Jackson, Lydia, Allison, Scott and Stiles, all press to the wall in terror.

Closest to the door, Scott slowly leans out from the wall. Stiles grabs at him, trying to get him to pull back. But Scott cocks his head, listening...

He hears the CLICK of CLAWS against the tile floor. The creature coming closer and closer. The door RATTLES from the weight of its approach.

Lydia covers her mouth with her hands, trying not to shriek as a BREATH STEAMS THE WINDOW at the door. And then...

It moves on, the sound of its lumbering body dissipating. After a moment, the kids breathe. But no one moves. Eyes still on the window of the door, Scott whispers--

SCOTT

Jackson, how many people can fit in your car?

JACKSON

Five if somebody squeezes onto someone's lap.

ALLISON

Five? I barely fit into the back.

STILES

It doesn't matter. *There's no getting out without drawing attention.*

*
*
*

SCOTT

What about this?

Scott's eyes to the STEEL DOOR past the teacher's desk.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It leads to the roof. *We could go down the fire escape to the parking lot in seconds.*

*
*
*

STILES

(pointing to the door)
But that's a dead bolt.

SCOTT

The Janitor has a key.

STILES

You mean his body has it.

SCOTT

I can get it.

(a whisper to Stiles)

I can find him by scent. By blood.

STILES

Gee, that's an incredibly terrible
idea. What else you got?

SCOTT

(to the others)

I'm getting the key.

ALLISON

Are you serious?

SCOTT

It's the best plan. Someone has to
get the key if we want to get out
of here.

ALLISON

You can't go out there unarmed.

Scott grabs the teacher's POINTER from the chalkboard,
gripping it like a baseball bat. Then notices their looks.

SCOTT

It's better than nothing.

STILES

There's got to be something else--

LYDIA

There is.

Lydia nods to the CABINET full of CHEMICALS.

STILES

What? Like throw acid on him?

LYDIA

No, like a firebomb. In there is everything you need to make a self-igniting Molotov Cocktail.

STILES

Self-igniting...

LYDIA

Molotov Cocktail. What? I read it somewhere.

STILES

Well, we don't have the key to that either--

Jackson sends his foot SMASHING through the glass.

MOMENTS LATER - several bottles line the teacher's desk. Lydia pours one bottle into a mixture already in a GLASS BEAKER.

LYDIA

Jackson, hand me the sulfuric acid.

He turns each bottle, looking for the right one, then carefully hands it to Lydia.

ALLISON

No. No, this is insane. You can't do this. You can't go out there.

SCOTT

And we can't sit here waiting for
Stiles's dad to check his messages.

ALLISON

You could die. Do you get that?
He's killed three people.

SCOTT

And we're next. Someone has to do
something.

Turning, he eases the chair out from under the doorknob.

ALLISON

Scott, stop.

SCOTT

I'll be back--

ALLISON

Stop. Just stop.

She has tears in her eyes, out of fear and anger.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Remember how you told me that you'd
know whether or not I was lying?
That I have a tell? So do you.

(off his look)

You're a *terrible* liar. And you've
been lying all night.

The others listen behind her, watching with evident
discomfort as Scott almost responds with another lie but then
keeps his mouth shut.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Don't leave us.

Furthest from the group, Jackson practically has to bite his
lip to keep from smiling.

SCOTT

Lock it behind me.

But before he can turn, Allison steps forward. As the others
watch, she pulls him toward her, pressing her lips to his in
a kiss of pure pleading. Scott gently eases back and breaks
the kiss. With a look of torture on his face, he turns and--

Goes out the door. It **CLICKS** shut as--

*
*
*
*
*

26 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/STAIRWELL - NIGHT 26

The door to the darkened stairwell eases open. All too aware of his own frightened gasps, Scott steps inside and peers down...

No sign of movement. He begins taking the steps one-by-one, inching his way back to the first floor.

27 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 27

Scott steps around the corner, breathing the air in, cocking his head... and *catching* a scent.

28 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GYM - NIGHT 28

TWO DOUBLE DOORS quietly click open allowing Scott to step into the school's cavernous gymnasium. A large wide-open space, it's lit only by the emergency lights mounted over the two exits.

Clutching the MOLOTOV COCKTAIL in his hand, Scott takes a breath of the air, his head turning toward THE TELESCOPING BLEACHERS against the wall.

He makes his way over. But instead of climbing up, he steps around and UNDERNEATH the bleachers.

Through the dark recesses Scott ventures deeper and deeper. Feeling his way through the underside of the bleachers, he slowly peers up to discover *something* hanging in the shadows above.

THE JANITOR'S KEYS.

Hanging from his body which itself hangs from the metal supports crosshatching the underside of the bleachers...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

29 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - NIGHT 29

Stiles, Lydia, Jackson and Allison sit, lined up against the wall while waiting for Scott's return.

ALLISON

(whispering)

I don't get this. I don't get why
he's out there, why he left and...
I can't... I can't get my hands to
stop shaking. My hands--

*
*
*

JACKSON

It's going to be okay.

Stiles turns, hearing the whispers. He glances to Lydia who seems strangely calm. Almost like she's determined not to be frightened anymore while Jackson leans closer to Allison.

ALLISON

I can't stop shaking.

JACKSON

It's okay.

He puts his hands over hers, their fingers intertwining, trying to keep her calm while his eyes linger over her just a little too long.

30 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GYM - NIGHT 30

Scott gently sets the MOLOTOV COCKTAIL down on the floor. He reaches for one of the metal supports underneath the bleachers. Stepping gingerly up, he begins climbing, making his way toward the KEYS which hang from the Janitor's belt.

After one last step, he stretches his arm, trying to grasp at the keys when--

A CLUNKING SOUND makes him stop.

He holds still, eyes darting to the shadows. Then cocks his head to listen. But there's nothing. He reaches up again for the keys when--

ANOTHER CLUNK causes the supports to shudder. Turning back, he sees what the source of the sound is when--

THE BLEACHERS START COLLAPSING INWARD.

Someone or SOMETHING is pushing the seats in from the gym floor, causing the bleachers to telescope in on him.

With a well-aimed swipe, Scott snatches the keys off the body. He jumps back to the floor between the bleachers and the wall and hurtles for the light just beyond.

But the bleachers close in fast, threatening to crush in on him as he makes one last leap. He grabs the MOLOTOV COCKTAIL on the floor and--

Tumbles out to safety.

30A INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - NIGHT 30A

At the teacher's desk, Lydia glances at the bottles of chemicals they used to make the Molotov Cocktail.

LYDIA

Jackson, you handed me the sulfuric acid, right? It has to be sulfuric acid. It won't ignite, if it's not...

*

She looks back at him to find him glaring at her.

JACKSON

I gave you exactly what you asked for. Didn't I?

He stares at her, unblinking. An unnerving, frightening stare. Lydia looks back at the bottle.

LYDIA

Yeah. Yeah, I'm sure you did.

30B INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GYM - NIGHT 30B

Standing at the edge of the collapsed bleachers, Scott shakily raises the Molotov Cocktail.

SCOTT

Come on. Come and get me.

SOMETHING comes rushing forward as Scott hurls the cocktail and squeezes his eyes shut waiting for the fiery explosion.

30B

CONTINUED:

30B

But all he hears is breaking glass. He snaps his eyes open to see harmless chemicals spilling across the floor.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Oh damn.

SOMETHING latches around his ankle and drops him right to the floor. The KEYS tumble out of his grasp as he's hurled to the center of the gym.

A CLAWED HAND clamps down on the side of Scott's head, pushing his face to the floor. The tips of the claws poke into his cheek, threatening to draw blood as his eyes open wide.

Then the ALPHA'S SILHOUETTED PROFILE eases down toward Scott's face, sharp teeth jutting from its open mouth. It lets loose a ROAR as powerful and earth-shaking as the cry of a T-Rex.

Pinned and helpless, Scott's eyes suddenly blaze with a YELLOW GLOW as if in response to the Alpha's roar. He opens his mouth, teeth now fanged.

He's beginning to *shift*...

31

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - NIGHT

31

The others turn to hear the echoes of the bizarre sound coming from the school below. All except for Jackson who--

Falls to his knees, wincing in pain. Then he's SCREAMING. Hand clutching the back of his neck, he crumbles to the floor as the others whirl around to see him lurching in pain.

32

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GYM - NIGHT

32

Scott twists up, the Alpha no longer holding him down, no longer anywhere in sight. Eyes yellow, he cries out as he transforms into a werewolf.

But brought on this time by the howl of the Alpha, the shift is agonizing, his body wracked with spasms of pain, clawed hands pressing, almost digging into the floor.

His head whips up as the transformation completes. But something is different. Teeth bared, an animalistic pulling back of his lips, it's as if innocent Scott McCall has disappeared completely. Nowhere to be found behind the yellow eyes now searching the shadows for something...

Something to kill.

33 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - NIGHT 33

Allison and Lydia pull Jackson back to his feet.

JACKSON
I'm fine. Seriously, I'm okay.

ALLISON
That didn't sound okay at all. *

STILES
What's on the back of your neck?

He pulls away, into the shadows, so they can't see him as--

33A INT. HIGH SCHOOL/STAIRWELL - NIGHT 33A

The door SLAMS open against the wall, rattling on its hinges. Clawed hands at his sides, Scott slowly takes the steps, a hunched darkened figure.

JACKSON (V.O.)
I said I'm fine. *

Scott's head snaps around at the voice.

33B INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - NIGHT 33B

Lydia approaches Jackson.

LYDIA
It's been there for days and he won't tell me what happened--

JACKSON
As if you actually care.

33C INT. HIGH SCHOOL/2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT 33C

A shadow falls across the floor. Scott steps back into the corridor. Head turned down, his approach is slow and deliberate, eyes glaring up with a murderous stare.

33D INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - NIGHT 33D

Stiles steps in between Lydia and Jackson.

STILES

Can we not argue for half a second here?

*

ALLISON

Where's Scott? He should be back by now.

*

She doesn't see the silhouette moving in front of the door--

33E INT. HIGH SCHOOL/2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT 33E

Just outside, Scott approaches the door. He fits the Janitor's MASTER KEY into the lock while his other clawed hand comes up. His breath is ragged, almost strangled by low growls rising from the back of his throat.

Chest heaving with each gasp, eyes squeezing shut as if trying to hold the monster at bay--

Scott SNAPS the KEY off in the lock.

33F INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - NIGHT 33F

Allison sees a SILHOUETTED FACE at the door.

ALLISON

Scott?

She hurries for the door. Grabbing the knob, she twists but is unable to open it. She looks out, seeing only the back of Scott's head.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Scott? What are you doing?

Head still turned, he starts to move. *Walking away from her.*

LYDIA

Where's he going?

ALLISON

Scott!

33F

CONTINUED:

33F

She pounds on the door, yanking at the knob, SHOUTING his name until finally Lydia's voice cries out over hers.

LYDIA

Stop, stop! Do you hear that?
Listen.

SIRENS. All three of them rush the windows to look out on--
THE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - where Deputy Sheriff cars race in,
RED AND BLUE LIGHTS whirling into the darkness.

33G INT. HIGH SCHOOL/2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT 33G

As the SIRENS grow louder and louder, Scott slumps down to
the floor, shaking, forehead beaded with sweat...

But normal once again.

34 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 34

Amid a flurry of police activity in the school parking lot,
Sheriff Stilinski talks with Scott and Stiles.

STILINSKI

You're sure it was Derek Hale?

Scott nods. Stilinski turns to Stiles for confirmation.

STILES

I saw him too.

SCOTT

What about the janitor?

STILINSKI

We're still looking for him.

SCOTT

You looked under the bleachers?
Under them?

STILINSKI

There was nothing there, Scott. We
pulled out the bleachers just like
you asked.

SCOTT

I'm not making this up.

STILINSKI

And I believe you. I do.

SCOTT

No, you don't. You have that look.
Like you feel bad for me. Like you
want to believe me. But I know you
don't.

STILINSKI

I hear you. And we're going to look
over the whole school, I promise.

A voice calls out.

DEPUTY (O.S.)

Sheriff! Sheriff, we need you here.

STILINSKI

Stay. Both of you.

Stiles turns to Scott.

STILES

We survived, dude. We outlasted the
Alpha. That's still good, right?
Being alive?

Scott shakes his head, sitting down on the school steps.

SCOTT

We were in the Chemistry room and
it walked right by us. You don't
think it heard us? You don't think
it knew exactly where we were?

STILES

Then why are we still alive?

SCOTT

Because it wants me in its pack.
But I think first I have to get rid
of my old pack.

STILES

What? What old pack?

SCOTT

You. Allison. Jackson and Lydia.

STILES
(starting to understand)
The Alpha doesn't want to kill
us...

SCOTT
He wants me to do it.

And for once, Stiles doesn't know how to respond.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
That's not the worst part.

STILES
How the holy hell is that not the
worst part?

SCOTT
Because when he made me shift... I
wanted to do it. I wanted to kill
you. All of you.

As the words sink in on Stiles, Scott glances past him. A look of shock comes to his face. Stiles follows Scott past OFFICERS and CRIME SCENE TECHNICIANS to an ambulance where someone is being checked out by an EMT.

Deaton looks up.

DEATON
There you are.

SCOTT
How.. How did you...

DEATON
Get out? Not easily. And from what
they've been telling me, I'm alive
because of you.
(with a warm smile)
I think I owe you a raise.

Stilinski approaches, gently pressing Scott back.

STILINSKI
We'll let you talk to him later.
Give the EMT's a chance to check
him out.

Scott steps back with Stiles, both still looking on Deaton. But his attention is grabbed by someone else hurrying between police cars.

SCOTT
Allison?

She glances back to see him hurrying toward her.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

ALLISON
(nodding)
My dad's on his way.

SCOTT
Do you need me to do anything? Want
me to come back with you--

ALLISON
No, I don't.

The words come quickly.

SCOTT
Okay...

ALLISON

And I also don't know what happened
to you in there. I don't know what
you were thinking.

(MORE)

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Maybe you weren't. But right now...
I don't feel like I trust you.

SCOTT
I can explain.

ALLISON
I don't care--

SCOTT
Okay. Don't say anything else.
Please. Just don't say anything
yet.

ALLISON
Scott--

SCOTT
Stop. Please. Don't say anything.
Stiles's Dad is taking me home. I
gotta' make sure my Mom isn't
freaking out. And then I'm going to
get a new phone first thing in the
morning--

ALLISON
Scott--

SCOTT
I'll get a new phone and I'll give
you a call--

ALLISON
Don't.

Scott opens his mouth to speak, but the response won't come.
Just a short, agonized breath. Almost like a gasp of pain in
anticipation of the words he knows are coming...

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Don't call. Just don't.

And she turns. Walking away from him. Leaving him alone under
the flashing red and blue police lights.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE