

TEEN WOLF
Episode #108
by
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1/20/11 Goldenrod Draft

1/5/11 Green Draft

1/3/11 Pink Draft

12/29/10 Blue Draft

12/13/10 White Draft

New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #108
Episode Eight

TEEN WOLF

"Episode 108"

EP#108

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

REDDICK..... HAJJI GOLIGHTLY
UNGER..... JONATHAN KLEITMAN
MELISSA MCCALL..... MELISSA PONZIO
ARGENT..... JR BOURNE
KATE..... JILL WAGNER
STILINSKI..... LINDEN ASHBY
MR. HARRIS..... ADAM FRISTOE
TYHURST.....
ULRICH..... JONATHAN KALIS
MRS. ARGENT..... EADDY MAYS
COACH..... ORNY ADAMS
BRIAN..... ADAM ROSENBURG
DANNY..... KEAHU KAHUANUI

TEEN WOLF

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Set List

INTERIORS

MCCALL HOME
 SCOTT'S ROOM
 HALLWAY
ARGENT'S CAR
HIGH SCHOOL
 CORRIDOR
 ADJACENT CORRIDOR
 EXAM ROOM
 LOCKER ROOM
 CAFETERIA
ARGENT HOME
 GARAGE
 ALLISON'S ROOM
SPORTS STORE
JACKSON'S CAR
STILES'S JEEP
WHITTEMORE HOME/GARAGE

EXTERIORS

BEACON HILLS PRESERVE
 WOODS
 PARKING LOT
HIGH SCHOOL
 PARKING LOT
LACROSSE FIELD
MCCALL HOME
PARKING LOT
WOODS
ROAD

OMITTED:

ECONOMICS CLASSROOM
JACKSON'S ROOM

ADDED:

EXAM ROOM

TEEN WOLF
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BEACON HILLS PRESERVE/WOODS - NIGHT 1

Under the light of an almost full moon, Scott follows Stiles down a dark path through the woods.

SCOTT

Can you at least tell me what we're doing out here?

STILES

When your best friend gets dumped--

SCOTT

I didn't get dumped. We're taking a break.

STILES

When your best friend gets told by his girlfriend that they're taking a break...

1

CONTINUED:

1

Stiles pulls out a bottle of JACK DANIELS from his backpack.

STILES (CONT'D)

You get your best friend drunk.

He holds up the bottle of Jack with a big smile. When he sets it down on a rock...

It's HALF EMPTY. No telling how much time has passed, but long enough for Stiles to have gotten completely wasted. The two friends keep warm around a STEEL TRASH CAN with A FIRE BLAZING inside.

STILES (CONT'D)

Dude, she's one girl. There are plenty more girls in the sea.

SCOTT

Fish in the sea.

STILES

What? Why you talking about fish?
I'm talking about girls. Especially ones with strawberry blonde hair, green eyes, five foot three...

SCOTT

Like Lydia?

STILES

Exactly. How did you know I was talking about... What was I talking about?

(eyeing Scott)

You don't look happy. Drink.

SCOTT

I don't want anymore.

STILES

You're not drunk?

SCOTT

I'm not anything.

Scott stares into the fire, the glow from the flames flickering over his face.

STILES

Maybe it's like not needing your
inhaler anymore. Maybe you can't
get drunk.

(thinking about it)

Am I drunk?

SCOTT
You're wasted.

STILES
Yeaaahhh.

He holds his hand out for a fist bump. Gets nothing in return.

STILES (CONT'D)
Dude, I know it feels bad. But you gotta' remember. As much as being broken up hurts... being alone is even worse. Wait a minute. That didn't come out right. I need another drink.

He reaches for the bottle again, but A HAND grabs it first. Stiles steps back, looking up in surprise at--

TWO TWENTY-SOMETHINGS. The larger is REDDICK, an unfortunate combination of muscle and antisocial behavior. His friend is a troll named UNGER.

REDDICK
Well, look at the little bitches getting their drink on.

Stiles steps away as Unger laughs with an obnoxious tittering. Scott keeps his gaze leveled on Reddick.

SCOTT
Give it back.

REDDICK
What's that, little man?

UNGER
I think he wants a drink.

SCOTT
I want the bottle.

Scott doesn't move. Doesn't even blink. Not a trace of fear on him. Unger laughs again.

STILES

Scott, let's just go.

Scott's voice has an unnerving calm to it.

SCOTT

You brought me here to get me
drunk, Stiles.

(still staring at Reddick)
I'm not drunk yet.

1

CONTINUED:

1

Uneasy, Reddick challenges him by taking a shot. When he lowers the bottle, he eyes Scott with a satisfied smile. But it fades when Scott finally stands. His approach is calm. Deliberate.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Give me the bottle.

Reddick looks to Unger. But his friend is no longer laughing. Something unnerving about Scott's total calm. Then, as Reddick raises the bottle to take another sip--

Scott steps closer and his eyes change, BURNING with a sickly YELLOW GLOW.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Give me. The bottle. Of Jack.

Staring into Scott's yellow eyes, Reddick slowly and shakily holds the bottle out.

Just a few feet away, Stiles notices Scott's right hand, CLAWS EXTENDED. His fingers tense as if preparing to swipe at Reddick's jugular.

STILES

Scott.

Hand snapping forward, Scott grabs the bottle of Jack out of Reddick's hand and turns, LAUNCHING IT through the air. IT SMASHES against a tree, EXPLODING into a million shards.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

2

EXT. BEACON HILLS PRESERVE/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

2

Shoes snapping twigs underfoot, Scott heads into the preserve parking lot with Stiles at his heels.

STILES

Please tell me that was because of
the breakup. Or better yet, because
tomorrow's the full moon.

Scott pauses at the Jeep to help Stiles in to the passenger
side. Stiles falls back onto the seat, on the verge of
passing out.

STILES (CONT'D)

Going home now. Yeah?

2 CONTINUED:

2

But Scott, keeps a hand on the door. His eyes gazing back to the dark woods where--

2A EXT. BEACON HILLS PRESERVE/WOODS - NIGHT

2A

Reddick and Unger hurry down a trail.

UNGER

How about we just go?

REDDICK

How about you just shut up?

Reddick pauses to light a joint, hunching over to shield the lighter in the wind. But the spark won't catch.

UNGER

Come on, dude. I'm freezing my junk off out here.

Reddick finally gets a FLAME when--SOMETHING YANKS HIM BACK INTO THE DARKNESS.

As the LIGHTER drops to the ground, a slack-jawed Unger glances up to the blackness in front of him. Breathless, he takes a step back. Then another and another, until he turns and--

SOMETHING GRABS HIS ANKLE.

Unger flips forward, face smacking into the dirt. Something DRAGS him back through the woods. He grabs for the ground, fingers slipping over exposed roots, digging at the dirt.

UNGER (CONT'D)

Help! Help me!

A dazed Reddick gazes up from the ground to see Unger being dragged past. He reaches for him, grabbing at his wrist. But just as he grabs hold--

Unger slips through his fingers, dragged back and then LIFTED RIGHT UP OFF THE GROUND.

Arms flailing as he rises into the air, his body swings about. He tries to grab at branches, but they rip out of his grasp as someone or *something* carries him back down the trail.

2A

Blinking in terror, Unger looks forward in an UPSIDE DOWN VIEW to see where he's being taken--

Exactly where he came from. To the rocks and to the TRASH CAN where the FIRE still burns.

UNGER (CONT'D)
No--no--no!

Coming closer and closer to the trash can, Unger is lifted higher, up and over the flames. Hands pulling back from the incinerating heat, he writhes about, SCREAMING as he tries to struggle free when--

HE HURTLES DOWN INTO THE FIRE, shoved face first into the flames. The screaming stops. Snuffed out.

GLOWING EMBERS gently burst up, fluttering into the black night sky above.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

3 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - DAY

3

The ALARM CLOCK goes off, RADIO BLARING ON. Underneath the covers, Scott stares at the clock, not moving to turn it off.

DEEJAY (V.O.)

First up in local news on this beautiful Monday morning, Beacon Hills High School is back open after being closed Thursday and Friday. Police search continues for alleged killer Derek Hale--

Melissa charges in and SLAMS a hand onto the alarm clock radio, turning it off.

MELISSA MCCALL

We should probably set this to buzzer.

3

CONTINUED:

3

She leans down to get a look at Scott's glazed stare.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)

You alive in there?

SCOTT

No.

MELISSA MCCALL

Not ready to go back to school?

SCOTT

No.

MELISSA MCCALL

Want to stay home another day?

SCOTT

No.

MELISSA MCCALL

Want a brand new car?

(off his look)

Me too.

Scott finally gets out of bed, heading for the bathroom.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)

This isn't just about what happened
at the school, is it? It's Allison,
right? You want to talk about it?

He stops at the bathroom door, back to his mother.

SCOTT

Not with you.

MELISSA MCCALL

Hey, I've been through a few
breakups myself. Disastrous ones
actually.

Scott turns around with an icy glare.

SCOTT

I don't care about your breakups.
And I'm getting her back.

He slams the door shut, conversation over.

4

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - DAY

4

DEPUTY SHERIFF cruisers sit interspersed between student cars as the school day begins. PLASTIC and POLICE TAPE cover one of the busted classroom windows. Argent's SUV pulls into the lot and pauses at the curb.

5 INT. ARGENT'S CAR - DAY

5

With Kate riding shotgun, Argent peers out from behind the wheel at the school. In the backseat, Allison tries to open the door but the CHILD SAFETY LOCK is on.

ALLISON

Dad, if you're going to insist on driving me to school, you at least have to let me out of the car.

Argent keeps his suspicious gaze leveled at the building.

ARGENT

Kate, what's your opinion on home schooling?

KATE

I'm more a learning by doing kind of girl.

ALLISON

Kate, what's your opinion on over-protective Dads who keep ruining their daughter's lives?

Kate answers by reaching over Argent to UNLOCK the door for Allison.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Argent watches Allison disappear into the crowd of students.

KATE

Chris...

ARGENT

Don't. Your look communicates it perfectly. Yes, I underestimated the danger. Yes, we should've acted sooner. Yes, I should've listened to you. Anything else? Or does that cover it?

KATE

All I was going to say was you need to stop for gas.

She points to the needle hovering over E.

KATE (CONT'D)

But yeah, that about covers it.

6 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

6

Allison heads with Lydia to class.

ALLISON

It's just weird. Everyone's talking about what happened the other night. And nobody knows it was us.

LYDIA

Thank you protection of minors.

ALLISON

Lydia... Do you think I made the wrong decision?

LYDIA

About that jacket with that shirt? Absolutely.

ALLISON

You know what I mean.

LYDIA

Hello, Scott locked us in a classroom and left us for dead. He's lucky we're not pressing charges or making him pay our therapy bills.

ALLISON

Your parents talking about sending you to see someone too?

LYDIA

Sweetheart, I've had a psychiatrist since I was six.

She rifles through her bag.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Here, try this. Start with half a pill.

She drops a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE into Allison's hand, leaving her staring at it mystified while she heads to class.

6A INT. HIGH SCHOOL/ADJACENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

6A

THE SECOND BELL RINGS as Stiles peers down the hall to find his father, Sheriff Stilinski, step out of the school's administrative offices with two other Deputies. He spots Stiles and holds up a "one minute" finger to the others.

STILINSKI

Don't you have a test to get to?

STILES

What's going on? Did you find Derek yet?

STILINSKI

We're working on it. Go take your test. Go.

STILES

Dad, listen...

(struggling with what to say)

This is important. You need to be careful tonight. Especially tonight.

STILINSKI

I'm always careful.

STILES

Dad, you've never dealt with this kind of thing before. At least not like this.

STILINSKI

I know. Which is why I brought in people who have. State Detectives.

He nods back to a group of men in SUITS talking to school administrators. One of them, a man named TYHURST, looks back to Stiles with a smile.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

Now go.

With a nod, Stiles turns and hurries for the stairs.

7 OMITTED 7
7A INT. HIGH SCHOOL/EXAM ROOM - DAY 7A

Scott follows the other students into the exam room. The moment he steps in, however, he spots Allison already seated. She gives him a brief glance, then focuses her eyes down, clearly trying very hard not to look at him.

Scott walks between the rows, heading toward her. Moving with determination.

SCOTT

Allison--

MR. HARRIS

Mr. McCall, please take a seat.

With a nod, he turns away and takes a seat near Stiles while Mr. Harris places a stack of Blue Exam Books at the first desk of each row. The students begin handing them back.

MR. HARRIS (CONT'D)

You have forty-five minutes to complete the test. Twenty-five percent of your grade can be earned right now by simply putting your full name on the cover. However, as happens every year, one of you will inexplicably fail to put your name on the cover and I'll be left yet again questioning my decision to ever become a teacher. So let's get the disappointment over with. Begin.

The students flip open their test books to start the exam.

Scott focuses on the first question: *An increase in imports of consumer goods is most likely to have been caused by a...*

He moves to write down a choice when he hears a sound so loud and excruciating it causes him to flinch--

A PENCIL ERASER dragging across a sheet of paper with an irritating SCRAPE.

Scott turns back to his test. But then hears another student COUGHING, a tight hacking from the back of her throat.

Senses heightened, Scott can't help but focus in on the nervousness around him. He looks back to the test.

The next question: *Why would a girl that pretty go out with a loser like you?*

Scott gazes at the question, eyes blinking. Then looks over to Allison who is busily filling in her own test.

When Scott turns back the question on his sheet has changed to: *Which one of the following statements about price mechanism is correct?*

Rubbing his eyes with his fingers, he marks down the answer with his pen. Then looks at the next question:

When the moon is full tonight will you kill: A: All of your friends? B: Some of your friends? C: Most of your friends?

Scott slams his pencil back down on the desk, squeezing his eyes shut. But with his eyelids closed, his heightened HEARING begins to pick up the HEARTBEATS around him.

As the thumping becomes louder and louder, a CELL PHONE VIBRATES on a desk. Someone pulls their chair forward, METAL SCRAPING over the floor--

Scott darts up from his seat, grabbing his bag.

MR. HARRIS (CONT'D)
Mr. McCall?

Stiles watches him slam through the door. Then gets up to race after him. Allison and the other students look up, following Harris's curious gaze.

8 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY 8

Stiles rushes into the empty corridor.

STILES
Scott?

8

CONTINUED:

8

He turns back the other direction. No sign of Scott, but his BACKPACK lies in the middle of the hall. Stiles approaches, picking it up.

STILES (CONT'D)

Scott?

He keeps moving, searching the strangely quiet hall until, finally, he pulls out his cell phone and dials. He puts it to his ear, listening to it ring. But then he pulls it away when he realizes...

He can also hear it ringing all the way down the hall.

9

OMITTED

9

10

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

10

Stiles steps into the locker room, the RING NOW LOUDER. When it stops, he listens in. One of the SHOWERS is on.

Scott's jacket and shirt lie on the floor. Stiles slowly steps past them and further into the locker room to find Scott kneeling underneath one of the showers, water spraying onto his torso.

His back rises with each troubled breath. He slowly looks up at Stiles.

SCOTT

Stiles, I can't...

STILES

What's happening? Are you changing?

SCOTT

No... I can't... *I can't breathe.*

Watching him struggle with each gasp, Stiles quickly drops Scott's bag to the floor, unzips it and begins rifling inside. Finding the item he's looking for, he turns back to Scott who has crawled out from the spray of water to lean against the tile wall.

STILES

Use this.

He hands Scott's INHALER to him. A breathless Scott looks down at it, confused.

STILES (CONT'D)

Do it.

Shaking up the inhaler, Scott takes a hit and holds it in. Then finally, he breathes.

SCOTT

I... I was having an asthma attack?

STILES

No, you were having a panic attack. But thinking you were having an asthma attack stopped the panic attack.

SCOTT

How did you know to do that?

STILES

I used to get them after my mom
died. Not fun, huh?

SCOTT

(nodding)

I looked at her and it was like
someone hit me in the ribs with a
hammer.

*

STILES

Yeah, it's called heartbreak.
There's **like** two billion songs
written about it.

*

SCOTT

I can't stop thinking about her.

*

STILES

Well, think about this: her dad's a
werewolf hunter. You're a werewolf.
It was bound to become an issue.

(off Scott's look)

Okay, that wasn't helpful.

(MORE)

STILES (CONT'D)

But yes, you got dumped. And it's supposed to suck.

SCOTT

It was more than that. It was like I could feel everything in there. Everyone else's emotions.

STILES

It's got to be the full moon. So we lock you in your room later like we planned. That way the Alpha, who is your boss, can't get to you either.

SCOTT

He's *not* the Alpha. And I think we need to do more than lock me in my room.

STILES

What? You mean because if you get out you could get caught by hunters?

SCOTT

No. Because if I get out... I think I might kill someone.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

11 INT. ARGENT HOME/GARAGE - DAY

11

Argent lays out a topographical map of Beacon Hills in the garage. Kate and Ulrich and a third hunter gather around.

KATE

Another night of kicking through leaves in the woods?

ARGENT

I prefer to think of it as another night trying to keep innocent people from being killed. A list which now includes my daughter.

TYHURST
How do we know it won't try going
after her again?

They turn to the other hunter, Tyhurst, the State Detective brought in by Stilinski.

KATE
It won't go after Allison.

She says it almost to herself, an odd certainty in her voice.

ARGENT
It won't have any target at all.
Not on a full moon.

ULRICH
How come?

ARGENT
Because, my young protégé, an Alpha is like any other werewolf on a full moon. It still struggles under its sway. Which means tonight is our best chance to catch it. When it's unfocused.

KATE
What if it had a reason to stay focused?

ARGENT
You know something we don't?

KATE
I just don't like surprises. You're the expert. You tell me.

A moment of tension. Ulrich breaks it.

ULRICH
What about Derek?

KATE
He's smarter than that. He won't be
out tonight.
(glancing to Tyhurst)
Especially with cops everywhere.

ARGENT
But if for some reason he is--

A SOUND stops him. The door to the kitchen creaking open.
Mrs. Argent stands with a plate held in her hands.

MRS. ARGENT
If he is... you find him, you kill
him, you cut him in half.

She holds up the plate.

MRS. ARGENT (CONT'D)
Anyone want a cookie?

12 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CAFETERIA - DAY 12

Allison pulls a plastic-wrapped chocolate chip cookie from a
brown paper bag during lunch. She smiles at the sticky note
attached with a smiley face on it and the words: *Love Mom*.

Jackson sits down to join her as she takes a bite.

JACKSON
(motioning to her)
You got something on your...

She looks up, chocolate on her lip.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Here, let me.

He reaches over and with his thumb, gently wipes the
chocolate off her lip.

ALLISON
Thanks.

JACKSON

No problem.

ALLISON

You want the bite?

JACKSON

What?

He glances up. But she just holds out the cookie.

ALLISON

You want a bite?

JACKSON

Oh. Um, no. Thanks.

He unconsciously slides a hand over the back of his neck.

ALLISON

You doing okay? I mean since the other night?

JACKSON

Better than I thought I would be. You still thinking about everything that happened?

ALLISON

Mostly about Scott. I haven't talked to him.

JACKSON

Probably a good idea.

She glances at Jackson, his expression held still as if he's trying to keep something back. *

ALLISON

You don't think I made a mistake, do you?

JACKSON

No. I don't...

Jackson's VOICE begins to travel...

13

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

13

Outside the cafeteria. Down the long corridor. All the way to where Scott sits against the wall with his lunch in front of him, listening with heightened senses.

JACKSON (V.O.)

In fact...

Scott softly taps the back of his head against the wall.

JACKSON (V.O.)

I think he got...

Scott hits the wall a little harder. Then a lot harder.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Exactly...

Teeth clenched, Scott snaps his head back--

JACKSON (V.O.)

What he deserves.

THE PLASTER CRUSHES behind Scott, his rage-filled eyes not even blinking as CRACKS snake up into the wall around him...

14 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

14

Coach blows the WHISTLE in the locker room as his players change for practice.

COACH

All right, listen up.

Jackson turns from his locker. He spots Stiles and Scott across the way. Staring off, Scott looks strangely distant. *

COACH (CONT'D)

Due to the recent pink eye outbreak--thank you Greenberg--the following **players** have made First Line on a probationary basis. Emphasis on probationary. *

Stiles steps forward, eagerly waiting to hear his name.

COACH (CONT'D)

Rodriguez, Taylor and...

Stiles steps up on the bench, hands clenched into fists.

COACH (CONT'D)

Oh, for the love of crap. I can't read my own writing. What is that? An S?

Stiles nods emphatically.

COACH (CONT'D)

No. No, I think it's a B. Yeah, that's definitely a B.

Stiles slumps down.

COACH (CONT'D)

So that's Rodriguez, Taylor and Bilinski.

Stiles jumps back up, HOLLERING in triumph.

COACH (CONT'D)

Bilinski, shut up.

14

TEEN WOLF "Episode 108"
CONTINUED:

GOLDENROD DRAFT

1/20/11

18A.

14

STILES
Yes sir!

SCOTT

Stiles--

STILES

(under his breath)

It's Biles. Call me Biles or I
swear to God I'll kill you.

COACH

One more thing. From here on out
we're switching to Co-Captains.
Congrats, McCall.

JACKSON

What?

The room goes dead silent. All eyes on Scott.

COACH

Jackson, this takes nothing away
from you. It's about combining
separate strengths into one unit.
Your unit and McCall's unit. Making
one big unit.

(to Scott)

McCall, it's you and Jackson now.

Teammates slap Scott on the back, congratulating him. He
looks to Stiles, his friend grinning at him.

COACH (CONT'D)

All right, asses on the field!

As the team files out, Stiles puts his arm around Scott who
looks oddly bewildered by the news.

STILES

Can you believe this? You're a
Captain. I'm First Line. I'm First
freaking Line!

Heading out, neither of them notice several other not-so-pleased team members gathering around Jackson, including one particular ass-kisser named BRIAN.

*
*
*

BRIAN

Don't think we're going to let this go. He's not going to be much of a Co-Captain in traction.

DANNY

Yeah, because it's not like he scores more than anyone else.

JACKSON

Is that the opinion of my *best* friend?

DANNY

Your best friend's opinion is: Who the hell cares who's Captain? He's a good player. And you need to seriously get a grip. Let it go.

Frustrated, he walks past them as the other LAX Players turn to Jackson.

BRIAN

Don't worry, dude. We got it covered.

*

15 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY 15

Scott and Stiles head onto the lacrosse field for practice.

STILES

Are you not freaking out? I'm freaking out.

SCOTT

What's the point? It's just a stupid title. And I could practically smell the jealousy in there.

*

STILES
You smelled jealousy?

SCOTT
It's like the full moon's turned
everything up to ten. *

STILES
Can you pick up on stuff like
desire?

SCOTT
What *do you mean desire?* *

STILES
Sexual desire?

SCOTT
Sexual desire.

STILES
Yes. Sexual desire. Lust. Passion.
Arousal.

SCOTT
You mean from Lydia?

STILES
No, in a general broad sense, can
you determine sexual desire?

SCOTT
From Lydia to you?

STILES

Fine, yes, from Lydia to me. I have to know if I have a chance with her. I've been obsessing over this girl since the third grade.

SCOTT

Why don't you just ask her?

STILES

Because you asking saves me from utterly crushing humiliation. So go over, ask if she likes me, see if her heartbeat rises, pheromones come out. Anything. *Please.*

*

*

SCOTT

Fine.

Scott shoves his lacrosse stick to Stiles, glances around and spots Lydia nearby in the bleachers. He starts off.

STILES

I love you, you're my best friend in the whole world.

Scott throws an ice-cold glare at him. Then turns for the bleachers where Lydia talks to several girlfriends.

SCOTT

Lydia?

She glances down at him with a smile.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Can I talk to you for a second?

LYDIA

Of course.

She steps down, following him away from the crowd. He leads her under the bleachers, into the shadows. *

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Is it about the other night? You need someone to talk to?

SCOTT

I just need to ask you something.

She steps closer, waiting as Scott struggles with the words. *

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Does Allison still like me?

Her step closer becomes a step back. She takes an audible and disappointed breath.

LYDIA

Of course, she still likes you.

SCOTT

Really?

LYDIA

She'll always like you. As friends. Just friends.

SCOTT

Just friends.

Lydia nods. Scott puts a shaky hand on the underside of the bleachers. Almost as if he needs to hold himself up.

LYDIA

If you ask me--and of course, no one asks me--she made a big mistake. I'm talking lifetime regret. Ask me how I know that.

SCOTT

How?

LYDIA

Because I know you locked us in there to protect us. Because I know that when a guy risks his life for you, you should be grateful.

Scott lifts his eyes to hers, a new and distinctly sinister quality to his gaze. His lower teeth just visible between his lips, it's an animal-like expression.

SCOTT

Are you grateful?

He slides his hand off the bench, coming closer.

LYDIA

I think you'd be pretty surprised at just how grateful I am. To be honest, Scott...

Her hand comes up, brushing against his shirt, fingers lightly touching his chest.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I have so much gratitude, I'm not sure how to express all of it.

Her lips come close to his as her voice turns to a whisper. *

LYDIA (CONT'D)

But I could try...

Lydia kisses him. His mouth opens to hers, as she rakes fingers down his chest. He gropes back at her, pulling her into him, hands clawing at her. There's nothing sensual about it. *

Almost like he could go from kissing her to tearing out her throat without even blinking.

BACK ON THE FIELD - Stiles nervously chews at the laces on his lacrosse stick. He whirls around when Scott comes walking back to join the practice.

STILES
Hey. What happened?

Scott turns back, Stiles's request seemingly forgotten.

SCOTT
What?

STILES
What do you mean *what*? Did you ask her? Did she say anything? Did she say she liked me? *Imply* she liked me? *

SCOTT
Yeah. Yeah, she likes you. In fact, she's totally into you.

As Scott turns away, an elated Stiles never notices the ever darkening expression falling over his best friend's face.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

16

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

16

Coach blows the WHISTLE sending the first OFFENSIVE PLAYER into a drill. Scott and Stiles wait in line for their turn.

STILES

Are you okay, dude?

Scott doesn't answer, gloves twisting around his stick.

STILES (CONT'D)

I know we had good news and all that, but it's seven hours left till the full moon--

The WHISTLE blows for the next play. Scott's turn.

Coach tosses the ball and Scott goes for it. Moving fast, twisting his stick to keep the ball in tight--

TWO PLAYERS COLLIDE with Scott, ramming into him with unwarranted brutality. He tumbles to the ground, stick clattering away from him.

COACH

(laughing)

I guess some people don't appreciate your new status, McCall.

Behind the lineup of other players, Stiles looks out to see Scott snap right back up to his feet in an acrobatic kip up.

COACH (CONT'D)

Next!

But before another player can step forward, Scott whips his lacrosse stick in front of him. Teeth bared underneath his helmet, he steps to the head of the line again.

COACH (CONT'D)

That's the spirit. Earn it, McCall!
Earn it!

He sends the ball bouncing to the ground. Scott grabs it and shoots forward at the TWO LONG STICK DEFENDERS. He smashes through them like a BATTERING RAM.

Playing goal, Danny comes forward to stop the offensive attack but--

Scott whips around and shoves his elbow into Danny's helmet, sending him TUMBLING THROUGH THE AIR.

Danny goes down with a strangled cry of PAIN. He hits the ground hard, helmet snapping into the dirt.

Coach BLOWS the whistle as other players start forward. Jackson shoves past everyone, alarmed for his friend.

AT THE BLEACHERS - Lydia stands up.

LYDIA
Was that Danny?

Stepping down, she hurries ONTO THE FIELD where Stiles pulls Scott away from the gathering crowd.

STILES
What the hell's wrong with you? You just took Danny down. *

SCOTT
So what? He's twice the size of me. *

STILES
So everyone likes Danny. Which means everyone's going to hate you. *

SCOTT
I don't care.

They turn back to see Danny slowly sitting up as an EMT rushes in. The cracked front plate of his helmet is removed to reveal BLOOD running out of his nose.

Scott's head snaps back as he takes in the scent of BLOOD. The corners of his lips curl upward in a smile that's more than slightly evil.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
(noticing Stiles's look)
What?

He shoves past, heading for the school. Stiles turns his attention back to the crowd around Danny.

Lydia steps to Jackson's side.

LYDIA
Is he okay?

JACKSON
It looks like he's just got a
bloody...

He trails off, staring at her.

LYDIA
What?

JACKSON
Your lipstick.

Whipping out a compact she glances at the reflection to see her lipstick slightly smeared.

LYDIA
Oh. Wonder how that happened.

Jackson watches her fix the smear with her thumb.

JACKSON
Yeah. I wonder...

He doesn't notice that someone else has overheard the conversation...

Stiles. His eyes on Lydia.

17 INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - DAY 17

Kate stands just behind Allison who holds a concentrated gaze on something in front of her.

KATE
Now, remember. No telling your
father about this. He'd kill me.

Allison nods, raising her arms to reveal she's holding a TASER X26 stun gun.

KATE (CONT'D)
And what would our hapless victim's
name be?

Allison aims the gun at an innocent looking TEDDY BEAR.

ALLISON
Mr. Bear.

KATE

Your teddy bear's name is Mr. Bear?
That's the worst teddy bear name
ever.

ALLISON

I was five.

KATE

Well, shoot your unimaginatively
named bear and put it out of its
misery.

Allison FIRES the Taser. TWO STEEL PRONGS snare the plush fur
of Mr. Bear with an ELECTRIC CRACKLING.

KATE (CONT'D)

That's what I'm talking about. Now
if you had that the other night...

She notices Allison shakily lowering the Taser. The smile is
gone from her face. Tears at her eyes.

KATE (CONT'D)

Hey, what's up? I thought you
wanted to learn this.

She sits with Allison on the bed putting an arm around her.

ALLISON

I just don't know what happened.

KATE

With Scott? Listen, my gorgeous
young niece, you're going to break
hearts left and right. He's lucky
to have gotten the little taste of
Allison Argent's world that he got.

ALLISON

But it felt so right with him. And
then he started acting so strange.
Now I don't know what to believe.

KATE

He's a guy. Don't believe anything.

ALLISON

It's just the whole thing with
Derek Hale the other night and
Scott saying he didn't know him,
but then I saw them together--

KATE

Woah, wait a second. Back up.

She pulls her arm from Allison's shoulder, far more serious.

KATE (CONT'D)

Scott knows Derek? Alleged killer
Derek? Are they friends?

ALLISON

No. Not really. At least that's
what he said.

KATE

How about you tell me everything
Scott said about Derek.

ALLISON

What do you mean by everything?

KATE

I mean *everything*.

Stiles's Jeep roars into the driveway of the McCall home as
Melissa steps out the door on her way to work.

MELISSA MCCALL

Hey, Stiles. Scott's not home yet.
You want me to unlock the door?

STILES

I had a key made.

MELISSA MCCALL

That doesn't surprise me. Worries
me. Doesn't surprise me.

He opens his trunk and pulls out his bag letting it drop to the ground with a HEAVY, METALLIC CLUNK. They both gaze down at the bag for an awkward moment.

STILES
Uh. School project.

MELISSA MCCALL
Stiles. He's okay, right?

STILES
Who? Scott? Yeah. Totally.

MELISSA MCCALL
He doesn't talk to me that much anymore. Not like we used to.

STILES
He's had a rough week.

MELISSA MCCALL
Yeah. I get it. Okay, be careful tonight. Full moon, you know.

Stiles whirls back as Melissa gets in her car.

STILES
What?

MELISSA MCCALL
There's a full moon tonight. You should see how the ER gets. All the nutjobs come out.

STILES
Oh. Right.

MELISSA MCCALL
You know, it's how they came up with the word *lunatic*.

Stiles nods as Melissa yanks the door of her car shut.

19 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 19

Stiles steps into the bedroom from the hall, dragging the bag with him. He jumps when he sees Scott standing by the bed.

STILES

Dude. You scared the hell out of me.

Scott doesn't answer. Just stares at Stiles and the bag.

STILES (CONT'D)

Your mom said you weren't home yet.

SCOTT

I came through the window.

His voice strangely calm, he almost seems like he's in a trance.

STILES

Okay. Well, let's get this set up. Check out what I bought...

He hauls the bag up onto the bed. But Scott doesn't move to look. Doesn't even blink.

SCOTT

I'm fine, Stiles. I'm just going to lock the door. Go to sleep early.

STILES

You sure about that? Because you've got this serial killer look going on. And I'm hoping it's just the full moon taking effect because it's starting to freak me out.

SCOTT

I'm fine. You should go now.

STILES

All right, I'll leave. If you take a look in the bag and let me show you what I bought and maybe you use it and maybe you don't. Sound good?

Scott stares at him. Then finally, he goes to the bed and unzips the bag. Inside are lengths of CHAIN.

SCOTT

You think I'm going to let you put these on? Chain me up? Like a dog?

STILES

Actually... no.

And Stiles yanks something out of his jacket pocket. He moves fast as Scott turns in surprise. But he reacts too late.

With a CLICK Stiles locks one end of a pair of HANDCUFFS around Scott's wrist and then hauls him down to the floor to latch the other end to the RADIATOR by his bed.

Scott lashes out as Stiles scrambles back.

SCOTT

What the hell are you doing?

STILES

Protecting you from yourself.

Scott stops yanking at the handcuff, gazing at Stiles with absolute hatred. But Stiles glares back with his own anger.

STILES (CONT'D)

And giving you some payback. For making out with Lydia.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

19A INT. SPORTS STORE - NIGHT

19A

Allison walks the aisle of a small sports store, eyes wandering the shelves until she finds what she's looking for... THE ARCHERY SECTION.

While checking the price on one of the fiber optic sights, she glances up to notice someone on the opposite side of the shelf smiling at her.

JACKSON

What are you doing here?

ALLISON

Just thinking I might get back into something I haven't done for a while. What about you?

He holds up a LACROSSE HELMET.

JACKSON

For Danny. McCall bashed him pretty hard on the field.

She nods. A moment of awkward silence.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Why do I get the feeling you could use someone to talk to?

ALLISON

Is it that obvious?

JACKSON

Maybe because I'm kind of feeling the same way.

And she smiles, exactly what she was hoping to hear.

20 OMITTED

20

20A INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT

20A

Stiles comes back into Scott's room to find him still struggling against the handcuffs. Stiles holds up an uncapped BOTTLE OF WATER.

STILES

I brought you some water.

He pours the bottle into a DOG BOWL and gently sets it down on the floor next to the bed.

21 INT. MCCALL HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT 21

As Stiles steps out of the bedroom, the dog bowl FLIPS into the air, soaring past and bouncing off the wall.

SCOTT
(yelling from the room)
I'm going to kill you!

Stiles pauses at the threshold, trying to resist the urge. But then he whirls back, anger pouring out of him.

STILES
You kissed her. The one girl... And for the last three hours I've been telling myself it's just the full moon, he doesn't know what he's doing, he'll be totally normal tomorrow. He probably won't even remember being a complete scumbag, total bastard, sonofabitch, unbelievable piece of crap--

SCOTT
She kissed me.

STILES
What?

SCOTT
I didn't kiss her. She kissed me.

21

CONTINUED:

21

Stiles steps away, not wanting to look him in the eye. He puts his back to the hallway wall just outside the door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

She kissed me. And she would have done a lot more. You should have seen the way she had her hands all over me. She would have done *anything* I wanted.

Stiles slides down the wall to a sitting position, hands on his head, trying not to listen.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Anything!

22

INT. JACKSON'S CAR - NIGHT

22

Jackson and Allison sit in his car in the parking lot of the sports store.

ALLISON

If I tell you something, will you promise not to laugh?

JACKSON

I'd never laugh at you.

*

She hesitates. Then goes for it.

ALLISON

I don't think it was Derek in the school.

She waits for his reaction. His reply is even more surprising, however.

JACKSON
Neither do I.

23 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 23

Yanking at the HANDCUFFS, Scott grits his teeth, trying to pull himself free. He finally pauses, gasping from exertion.

SCOTT
Stiles, please let me out. It's the full moon. I swear. You know I wouldn't do any of this on purpose.

He holds still, waiting for a response.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Please let me out, Stiles. It's starting to hurt. It's not like the first time...

24 INT. MCCALL HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT 24

Stiles sits in the hall, head in his hands. Clearly trying not to be swayed.

SCOTT (O.S.)
Come on, Stiles. It hurts. I can't take this. It's the full moon, it's Allison breaking up with me. And I know it's not *taking a break*. She broke up with me. And it's killing me. I feel so completely hopeless. Please, just let me out.

STILES
(softly)
I can't.

25 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 25

Scott snaps up, SCREAMING in rage at the door. He yanks at the handcuffs again and again until his wrist is BLOODY. But then he stops when--

Moonlight floods the room. As it slowly seeps across the bed and reaches his body, his back arches abruptly, head tilted up in a CRY of pain.

25A INT. JACKSON'S CAR - NIGHT 25A

Jackson leans closer to Allison in his car.

25A

25A

JACKSON

Is there something else?

(off her hesitation)

Just because you can't trust Scott,
doesn't mean you can't trust
anyone.

*

ALLISON

But that's the thing. There are
people lying to me, people closer
to me than Scott.

JACKSON

Who?

ALLISON

My father. And it's not like I
don't realize my family isn't
exactly the most normal on the
block. Not every teenage girl comes
home to a garage full of Glocks and
AK 47's.

*
*
*
*
*
*

JACKSON

But?

*
*

ALLISON

I just have this weird feeling my
Dad knows more about what happened
at the school than we do.

*
*
*

26

INT. MCCALL HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT

26

Stiles slowly gets to his feet, listening through the door to
the transformation happening inside the room.

26

CONTINUED:

26

As PAINED GASPS turn to WILD THRASHING, Stiles backs away, uncertain what to do.

STILES

Scott? Are you okay?

He inches closer to Scott's door, the thrashing becoming louder and louder. Stile braces himself, then swings the bedroom door open to reveal--

27

INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

27

The handcuffs lie twisted and broken on the floor, bent out of shape like they were made from plastic.

Past the bed, a breeze rustles through the open window. Scott is gone...

28

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

28

Something moves with alarming speed through the woods, whipping past trees, soaring into frame--

Scott, transformed into a werewolf. His eyes GLOWING YELLOW, face an expression of pure animal rage, arms straining with powerful lunges forward. He charges into the darkness--

Into the night.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

29 EXT. MCCALL HOME - NIGHT 29

Stiles barrels out the front door of the McCall home. He charges into his Jeep and fires up the engine.

30 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 30

Moving fast. A discolored and strange POV racing past trees, smashing through foliage, faster and faster--

31 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 31

Scott leaps up out of the darkness, landing on the roof of an empty car in the parking lot.

Ragged breath pluming out from between his fangs, he gazes past the other vehicles parked outside the sports store, eyes landing on Jackson's Porsché.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - Allison and Jackson can be seen talking inside. A seemingly innocent conversation. Until--

Scott BLINKS. And the perspective changes.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - The talking becomes heated groping and kissing. Jackson all over Allison's neck as her palm presses to the window. His hands go up her shirt, urging the small of her back to arch toward him.

32 INT. JACKSON'S CAR - NIGHT 32

Inside the car, however, Allison and Jackson are still just talking.

ALLISON

But did you see him?

JACKSON

I saw someone standing in the hall.
It might have been Derek. But I
couldn't see any features. It was
just this kind of black shape.

33 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 33

Scott's low growls heighten as he watches them, his yellow eyes blinking rapidly. For a moment he sees them just talking. But then his perspective changes again--

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - Jackson slides on top of Allison as he pulls her closer to him with his other hand, their kissing becoming more and more passionate.

34 INT. JACKSON'S CAR - NIGHT 34

Jackson shifts closer to Allison, voice lowering to an uneasy whisper.

JACKSON

This is where it gets hard to explain. The guy... or whatever he was... He got down on all fours. And then just took off.

*

ALLISON

On all fours? Like hands and knees?

JACKSON

No. Hands and feet. Like an animal. He moved like an animal.

ALLISON

So how do you know it wasn't an animal?

*

JACKSON

Because when it was standing, it looked like a guy. Like a man.

ALLISON

Then... what was it?

35 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 35

With a last inhuman snarl, Scott hurtles off the roof of the car, pouncing down onto the parking lot.

35 CONTINUED: 35

His clawed hands rake across the black pavement as he shoots forward, loping at higher and higher speeds.

Then, bounding up into the air, he lands right on top of Jackson's car.

36 INT. JACKSON'S CAR - NIGHT 36

The car SHAKES as something SLAMS on top of it, Allison and Jackson both looking up in surprise as--

37 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 37

On top of the car, Scott reaches up with a clawed hand to strike down and--

SOMETHING FLIES OUT OF THE DARKNESS toppling him to the ground.

The shadowy figure flips forward, landing on his feet. It's Derek. In werewolf form, baring his fangs at Scott. And very much alive...

38 INT. JACKSON'S CAR - NIGHT 38

Jackson and Allison spin around, trying to see through the fogged up windows.

ALLISON
What was that?

*

Allison reaches for the door--

JACKSON
Don't!

*

He pulls her back, clearly more frightened than she is.

*

39 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 39

Tumbling through foliage, Scott tries to fight Derek off, but the older werewolf is far more powerful. He pounds him back into the woods, dragging him into the shadows.

DEREK
Scott--

But the boy still thrashes out, trying to fight him off.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Stop. Scott, stop.

Derek pushes down on him and SNARLS with an unbridled ferocity. Then, in the blink of an eye, he's human again. Scott gazes at him as if not recognizing him.

SCOTT
Derek? You're alive. *

Then he sees his hands. The claws. The realization of what he's done falls over him. *

SCOTT (CONT'D)
What's happening to me?

DEREK *

Exactly what he wants to happen.

40 INT. STILES'S JEEP - NIGHT 40

Stiles tears around the corner and SLAMS on the brakes. He spots several SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT SQUAD CARS parked next to an AMBULANCE just by the side of the road.

STILES
No... no...

41 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 41

Jumping out of his jeep, Stiles frantically searches for his dad amongst the officers.

STILES
Hey, where's my Dad? Sheriff
Stilinski? Where's the Sheriff?
Where's Stilinski?

But then a GURNEY is rolled out of the woods. Stiles looks on it, terrified. He rushes forward as voices shout for him to stop. When he gets to the gurney, the body he sees--

Is not his father. It's Unger. The twenty-something with Reddick who grabbed their bottle of Jack when Stiles was trying to get Scott drunk.

His body is BURNED, a HORRIBLY CHARRED CORPSE.

STILINSKI
Stiles?

He whirls around to find his father coming out of the dark of the woods.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing out
here?

But Stiles can't answer. He just crumbles into his father's arms, near tears and utterly beaten by the day. No idea what to say or what his son's been through, Stilinski simply hugs him back.

Neither of them notice the SUV pulling up nearby.

41A INT. ARGENT'S CAR - NIGHT 41A

Argent peers out from behind the wheel, Kate riding shotgun.

ARGENT
That one's Stiles? *

KATE
Another friend of Allison's.

ARGENT
You going to tell me about that
talk you had with her?

KATE
Tell me something first. That night
you came across the two *Betas*? One
of them was smaller, right? Was he
just smaller? Or could he have been
younger too? *

ARGENT
You have an idea who it might be?

KATE
I'm working on a theory.

41B INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 41B

Derek helps an exhausted Scott to his bed. The room is a disaster from his temporary imprisonment.

SCOTT
Wait.

Derek looks back from the door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I can't do this. I can't be this
and be with Allison. I need you to
tell me the truth. Is there a cure?

41B

CONTINUED:

41B

DEREK

For someone who was bitten? I've heard of one. But I don't know if it's true.

SCOTT

What is it?

DEREK

You kill the one who bit you.

SCOTT

Kill the Alpha.

His head falls at the weight of the task. But Derek steps forward again, peering down at him.

DEREK

You help me find him, Scott? And I'll help you kill him.

Outside Scott's open window, the full moon still burns brightly in the sky...

41C

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

41C

And underneath that moon, somewhere high up on a the rocky face of a steep hill, the Alpha kneels down. Moonlight washing over its muscular and hulking body--

The creature TRANSFORMS. Rapidly shifting back, its monstrous features reverting back into the naked torso of a man.

An ordinary man.

42

INT. WHITTEMORE HOME/GARAGE - NIGHT

42

A shaky and bewildered Jackson pulls his car into the garage and gets out. But as he's closing the driver's side door, he pauses...

He spots something under the light. Something on his car... He goes over to it and examines the rear windshield. Something is stuck between where the glass and the roof meet.

He plucks it out and raises it to the light.

It's a CLAW...

A LIGHT clicks on under a worktable. Jackson places the claw down under the soft glow.

42

CONTINUED:

42

Next to it, he places a LACROSSE GLOVE he picked up on the field after the end of the first game. The name written in bold black letters on it: MCCALL.

Jackson pauses, as if deciding whether he actually wants to make the connection. But then he picks up the glove in one hand, the claw in the other, and slowly brings them together.

Just as the claw is about to fit into one of the fingertip perforations we--

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE

43

OMITTED

43