

TEEN WOLF
Episode #109
by
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1/20/11 Salmon Draft

1/19/11 Goldenrod Draft

1/17/11 Green Draft

1/5/11 Pink Draft

1/3/11 Blue Draft

1/2/11 White Draft

New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #109
Episode Nine

TEEN WOLF

"Episode 109"

EP#109

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

MR. HARRIS..... ADAM FRISTOE
STILINSKI..... LINDEN ASHBY
ARGENT..... JR BOURNE
KATE..... JILL WAGNER
ULRICH..... JONATHAN KALIS
DR. FENRIS..... JOHN POSEY
MELISSA MCCALL..... MELISSA PONZIO
MRS. RAMSEY..... SHARON MORRIS
DANNY..... KEAHU KAHUANUI
COACH..... ORNY ADAMS
PETER HALE..... IAN BOHEN
JENNIFER..... DESIREE HALL

TEEN WOLF

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Set List

INTERIORS

HIGH SCHOOL
 CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM
 CORRIDOR
 CLASSROOM
 CAFETERIA
 SWIMMING POOL
SHERRIFF STILINSKI'S CAR
ARGENT'S CAR
KATE'S CAR
DEREK'S CAR
HOSPITAL
 EXAMINING ROOM
 RECEPTION
 LONG TERM CARE WING
 MORGUE FREEZER ROOM
STILINKSKI HOME
 STILES'S ROOM
ARGENT HOME
 ALLISON'S ROOM
 KITCHEN
 LIVING ROOM
HALE HOUSE
STILES'S JEEP

EXTERIORS

ALLEYWAY
STREET
SIDE STREET
INDUSTRIAL SECTION
 ALLEY
 2ND ALLEY
ARGENT HOME
WOODS
LACROSSE FIELD

*

TEEN WOLF
"Episode #109"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - NIGHT 1

While the sky outside his classroom windows darkens to night, Mr. Harris finishes cleaning up chemical supplies. With the exasperated sigh of someone who clearly has not had a good day, he shuts the supply cabinet.

Harris picks up his notebook from his desk, about to put it in his briefcase, when something catches his eye--

A CRINKLED PIECE OF PAPER. He gazes at it, head tilting in confusion. Written on the paper are names and addresses. The first one is *David M. Harris*, name and address crossed off. The second is *Lionel B. Harris*. Also crossed off.

Grant S. Harris, Thomas M. Harris, and on and on until down at the bottom his eyes pause on a name that isn't crossed off: *Adrian R. Harris*.

He slowly lowers the paper from his eyes, revealing the NAME PLATE on his desk: *Prof. Adrian R. Harris*.

He glances to the open door out to the hallway. Not a sound in the darkened school.

Quickly folding up the paper, Harris stuffs it in his briefcase. Just as he's starting toward the door, he pauses. Breath held, he stands very still.

MR. HARRIS
Please, don't kill me.

Behind him, a silhouetted figure moves ever-so-slightly in the darkness. It speaks with an ODD WHISPERY VOICE.

VOICE
Do you know who wrote that list?

Harris doesn't respond. The figure starts forward.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Answer me.

1

CONTINUED:

1

MR. HARRIS

Laura--Laura Hale.

VOICE

Do you know why she was looking for
you?

Harris shakes his head. Terrified, he barely breathes.

VOICE (CONT'D)

I know why. Turn around, Adrian.
Turn around and I'll show you.

But Harris doesn't move, paralyzed with fear. STRANGE SOUNDS begin emanating from behind him as the silhouette grows larger, rising up, changing shape.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Turn around.

MR. HARRIS

No. Please.

VOICE

*Look at me. Look at what you've
done.*

Harris closes his eyes, shaking his head again and again. A TABLE FLIPS UP past him, SLAMMING AGAINST THE WALL.

MR. HARRIS

Oh, God--

But then another VOICE jolts his eyes open.

DEREK

Get down!

Harris blinks, Derek suddenly in front of him, grabbing his jacket and yanking him out of the way as--

ANOTHER TABLE goes tumbling. They both look up to see the REAR EXIT DOOR of the Chemistry room clattering against the wall, the Alpha gone.

Half on the floor, Harris clutches at Derek when--

1 CONTINUED: 1

BRIGHT LIGHTS FLOOD THROUGH THE WINDOWS. A voice comes booming from a BULLHORN.

POLICE VOICE
Hands up! This is the Sheriff's
Department. Do not move!

Derek pushes Harris off him and moves. *Fast.*

2 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 2

Feet landing on pavement, Derek runs for it. He charges down one dimly lit alleyway, tearing around the corner as--

3 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 3

TWO DEPUTY SHERIFF CARS blast out of the darkness into the street. SIRENS BLARE as their tires rip up the pavement.

4 INT. SHERIFF STILINSKI'S CAR - NIGHT 4

Stilinski expertly spins the wheel with one hand, while putting his CB radio to his lips with the other.

STILINSKI
Repeat, suspect is on foot. We're
in pursuit headed northwest--

5 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT 5

Derek runs as fast as he can, pausing only to notice HEADLIGHTS bursting out from around a corner. But this time it's not a Deputy Sheriff's car--

6 INT. ARGENT'S CAR - NIGHT 6

Argent drives, cell phone to his ear.

ARGENT
He's on foot. Just ran into the
iron works--

KATE (V.O.)
Wait, wait. Did you say on foot?

ARGENT
Yeah, into the iron works--

KATE (V.O.)
Running?

6 CONTINUED: 6

ARGENT

Yes, running. *He's on foot.*

7 INT. KATE'S CAR - NIGHT 7

Kate drives with Ulrich in the passenger seat.

ULRICH

If he's on foot--

KATE

Who the hell's driving his car?

She and Ulrich look through the windshield where two RED
TAILLIGHTS shine just ahead.

It's Derek's Camaro. And inside--

8 INT. DEREK'S CAR - NIGHT 8

Scott grips the wheel. Next to him, Stiles looks out the rear
windshield.

SCOTT

Faster?

STILES

Much faster.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

9 EXT. INDUSTRIAL SECTION/ALLEY - NIGHT 9

A pair of Deputies unleash their SEARCH DOGS sending them
darting into shadowy alleyways.

Racing around the corner, the dogs charge toward a retreating
Derek. Until he stops and spins back, SNARLING with a mouth
full of fangs.

The Deputies pause in their pursuit when the search dogs come
running back in terror, scurrying right past them as--

10 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 10

Derek's Camaro bullets down the road with Kate still in
pursuit.

11 INT. DEREK'S CAR - NIGHT 11

Stiles throws nervous glances back as Scott grips the steering wheel at ten and two, driving like a grandmother.

11 CONTINUED:

11

STILES

I don't think you're grasping the concept of the car chase.

SCOTT

If I go faster I'll kill us.

STILES

If you don't go faster--a lot faster--*they're* going to kill us!

So Scott FLOORS IT sending them careening toward a turn. But Stiles looks through the rear windshield, confused.

STILES (CONT'D)

They're gone.

He glances to the POLICE SCANNER in his lap and raises the volume.

SHERIFF STILINSKI (V.O.)

*All units, suspect is on foot
headed north, last seen on Hancock.*

12 EXT. INDUSTRIAL SECTION/2ND ALLEY - NIGHT

12

Having seemingly lost the cops, Derek backs his way into another darkened alley. But when he turns--

A BOLT FIRES THROUGH THE AIR.

Derek raises his hand at the EXPLOSIVE FLASH. Too late. He blinks rapidly, vision blurring. The FLARE blinds him, sending him stumbling back, eyes blinking in pain.

He peers up, seeing a blurred image of Argent, rapidly and expertly reloading a crossbow with a new bolt.

HE FIRES AGAIN.

Derek dives out of the way, shutting his eyes to BLACKNESS as he hears THE SECOND BOLT EXPLODE.

He reaches out, clawing the air, looking for something to grasp. But he crashes into a wall, moving about blindly as--

A BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT blazes toward him, the sound of SCREECHING TIRES behind it. The white light bisects into TWO HEADLIGHTS. His own Camaro spinning toward him.

12

CONTINUED:

12

The passenger door swings open, Scott and Stiles looking out.

STILES

Get in!

Derek pushes off the ground and hurtles forward. Tires spin across the pavement, kicking up dust as--

Argent rushes forward, crossbow at his side. Hearing SIRENS and BARKING POLICE DOGS, he retreats into the shadows.

13

INT. DEREK'S CAR - NIGHT

13

Scott whirls back to Derek.

SCOTT

What part of laying low don't you understand?

DEREK

I had him.

STILES

Who? The Alpha?

DEREK

He was right in front of me. And then the idiot police show up.

*

STILES

Hey, hey, hey, they're just doing their jobs.

DEREK

Thanks to someone who decided to make me the most wanted fugitive in the state.

SCOTT

Can we seriously get past that? Yes, I made a dumbass mistake. I get it.

STILES

How'd you find him?

*

Derek falls silent.

SCOTT

Can you try to trust us for half a second?

STILES

Both of us.

Derek levels a homicidal glare at Stiles.

STILES (CONT'D)

Or just him.

DEREK

The last I time I talked to my sister, she was close to figuring something out. She found two things. The first was a guy named Harris.

*
*

STILES

Our Chemistry teacher?

SCOTT

Why him?

DEREK

I don't know.

SCOTT

What's the second?

DEREK

Some kind of symbol.

Derek pulls out a folded up piece of paper and opens it to show him a simple photocopy. Scott takes one look and lets out a hopeless sigh.

DEREK (CONT'D)

What? You know what this is?

SCOTT

I've seen it. On a necklace.

Slowing the Camaro, Scott gazes at a drawing of the symbol for the Beast of Gévaudan.

*

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Allison's necklace.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13A INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

13A

Scott follows Stiles through the double doors into school.

SCOTT

This is going to be impossible, you know?

STILES

Just ask her if you can borrow it.

SCOTT

How?

STILES

Simple. You ask. *Hey Allison, can I borrow your necklace to see if there's something on it or in it that will lead me to an Alpha werewolf I need to kill in order to get back together with you?*

SCOTT

You're not helping.

STILES

Just talk to her.

SCOTT

She won't talk to *me*. And what if she only takes it off when she's like in the shower?

STILES

That's why you ease your way into it. Get back on her good side. Remind her of the good times. Then you ask for the necklace.

Stiles looks at Scott. Scott looks at Stiles.

STILES (CONT'D)

You're thinking about her in the shower, aren't you?

SCOTT

Yes.

13A

CONTINUED:

13A

STILES

Stay focused. Get the necklace, get the Alpha, get cured, get Allison back. In that order, got it?

SCOTT

(nodding)

Get the necklace.

Scott and Stiles split off under the florescent lights of the high school corridor--

14

INT. HOSPITAL/EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

14

Similar to the FLORESCENT MEDICAL LIGHT glowing over on Jackson who lies stomach down with his shirt off on a patient examining table. His face sits just over the edge, allowing his head to turn as the physician, a man named DR. FENRIS, swabs at the back of his neck with a cotton ball.

DR. FENRIS

What did you say it was that scratched you?

JACKSON

Just... an animal. Can you hurry this up? I'm missing first period.

DR. FENRIS

Have you had trouble sleeping lately?

JACKSON

Kind of. I've been having dreams.

DR. FENRIS

Dreams or nightmares? *

JACKSON

Nightmares. About a fire. It's this house. I can hear screaming... *

(snapping back to reality)

What's this have to do with anything? *

DR. FENRIS

Nothing, I hope.

Fenris opens a drawer. Jackson catches a glimpse of strangely shaped metallic INSTRUMENTS. *

JACKSON

What is that?

14

CONTINUED:

14

DR. FENRIS
Just taking a closer look.

Jackson HEARS the click of metal, odd MECHANICAL sounds.

JACKSON
Hey, I really don't have much time.

14

CONTINUED:

14

The Doctor's fingertips press down on the back of Jackson's head, the touch causing him to flinch.

DR. FENRIS
Hold still, please.

14

CONTINUED:

14

JACKSON

I thought you were just going to look.

*

DR. FENRIS

Yes, but *to do that*, I might have to dig a little deeper.

*

Fenris reaches back into the drawer, METAL INSTRUMENTS CLANGING AGAINST EACH OTHER.

JACKSON

What--what *are those*?

*

DR. FENRIS

Holding still, *please*.

Jackson tries to remain motionless on top of the CRINKLING PAPER underneath his skin. But then he jerks forward.

DR. FENRIS (CONT'D)

That didn't hurt, did it?

JACKSON

No. It was just cold.

DR. FENRIS

Good. Because this actually will *sting* just a little bit.

*

Fenris presses forward and Jackson FLINCHES, teeth gritting.

DR. FENRIS (CONT'D)

Holding still, *please*.

But Jackson keeps *wincing* in pain as Fenris applies a STEEL TOOL to one of the SCABS at his neck.

*

JACKSON

Hey. Hey, that hurt. A lot.

DR. FENRIS

You've got something under the skin here. Just a moment longer.

Dr. Fenris begins pulling something out of Jackson's neck...

14

CONTINUED:

14

A PURPLE FLOWER. The stem drips with BLOOD but the flower itself remains pristine, a vibrant purple. Jackson tries to get up, but the Doctor pushes him down.

JACKSON

Stop--stop--*it hurts.*

DR. FENRIS

Almost done.

The wolfsbane flower twists up out of Jackson's neck just like the twine Scott and Stiles pulled up from the grave holding Derek's sister.

PURPLE PETALS fall to the floor around Jackson as he starts crying out. As he starts SCREAMING.

DR. FENRIS (CONT'D)

Hold*ing* still--

*

Jackson finally lurches up and around to look at the Doctor. But the person holding him down is Derek, eyes GLOWING BLUE.

DEREK

Hold still.

Jackson SNAPS awake. He lies on his back on the examining table. Dr. Fenris walks in, his attention on a clipboard.

DR. FENRIS

You can put your shirt back on now. The scabs on your neck are nothing to worry about.

JACKSON

I'm *okay* for my game tonight?

*

DR. FENRIS

Absolutely. But I do need to give you an antibiotic. Have you been eating any strange herbs lately?

JACKSON

Like what?

DR. FENRIS

Well, you have aconite poisoning.

JACKSON

What the hell is aconite?

14

CONTINUED:

14

DR. FENRIS

It's a purple flower. Sometimes
called monkshood or...

He pauses, searching for the word.

JACKSON

Wolfsbane.

DR. FENRIS

Then you are familiar with it?

JACKSON

No. I have no idea how I knew that.

15

INT. HOSPITAL/RECEPTION - DAY

15

Melissa McCall stops tapping at her computer when a shadow
falls over her. Jackson looks down with a charming smile.

JACKSON

Would you mind if I look something
up on your computer real fast?

MELISSA MCCALL

I bet a handsome face like that
doesn't hear no very often.

(recognizing him)

Aren't you one of Scott's friends?

JACKSON

Yeah. Good friends, actually.

MELISSA MCCALL

Just be quick, okay?

*

She gets up, angling the monitor toward him.

Jackson types in the word: *Wolfsbane*. He taps the mouse,
clicking and clicking while images flash over his face. Eyes
flitting over the screen, he slowly begins to smile. Then, he
even laughs.

*

Melissa looks up from a few charts to see Jackson walking
away without a word. Watching him go, she steps back to the
desk and *slowly* turns the monitor so she can see it.

*

*But she doesn't find anything ON THE SCREEN, just icons and
the desktop image. Melissa looks up as Jackson walks out of
the hospital and--*

*

*

*

16

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

16

16

CONTINUED:

16

Into the crowded high school corridor. Walking with renewed purpose and confidence, Jackson heads right for Scott who is busy dialing in the combo on his locker.

JACKSON

I know what you are, McCall.

He says it so casually that it causes Scott's voice to catch in his throat.

SCOTT

Wh--what?

16

CONTINUED:

16

JACKSON

I know what you are.

He steps forward, crossing the corridor to corner Scott at his locker. Not a hint of uncertainty on his face.

SCOTT

Uh, sorry... but I have no idea what you're talking about.

JACKSON

Yeah, you do. And here's the thing. However you came to be *what you are*? You're going to get it for me too.

SCOTT

Get what for you?

JACKSON

Whatever it is. A bite? Scratch? Sniffing magic fairy dust under the moonlight? I don't care. You're going to get it for me...

Jackson leans out and points down the hall to where Allison spins the combo on her locker.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Or she's going to find out too.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

17 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

17

Stiles and Scott burst through the double doors out of one corridor and into the next. Their talk is frantic and fast.

STILES

How the hell did he find out?

SCOTT

I have no idea.

STILES

Did he say it out loud? The word.

SCOTT

What word?

STILES

(trying to whisper)

Werewolf. Did he say *I know you're a werewolf.*

SCOTT

No. But he implied it pretty freaking clearly.

STILES

Okay, maybe it's not as bad as it seems. He has no proof, right? And if he wanted to tell someone who's going to believe him anyway?

SCOTT

How about Allison's father?

STILES

Okay, it's bad. Very bad. Four alarm fire bad. Def Con 1 bad--

SCOTT

I need a cure. Right now.

STILES

He doesn't know about Allison's father, does he?

SCOTT

No, I don't think so.

17

CONTINUED:

17

STILES

Where's Derek?

SCOTT

Hiding. Like we told him. Why?

STILES

I have another idea. It might take a little time and finesse, though.

SCOTT

Remember we have the game tonight. Quarterfinals. And your first game.

STILES

I know, I know. You have a plan for Allison?

SCOTT

She's in my next class.

STILES

Get the necklace.

SCOTT

(nodding)

Get the necklace.

18

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CLASSROOM - DAY

18

The BELL RINGS as the last students hurry in. Scott sees a seat behind Allison and goes for it. But someone from the other aisle puts a leg up on it before he can sit down.

LYDIA

Try another row, sweetheart.

Scott slinks into a seat a few spaces behind Allison.

ALLISON

(to Lydia)

You didn't have to do that.

LYDIA

You need an ex-boyfriend buffer for a little while.

SCOTT

Allison...

Lydia watches him lean forward, practically falling out of his chair to whisper to Allison.

18

CONTINUED:

18

LYDIA

See what I mean?

SCOTT

Allison?

Finally, she looks back.

ALLISON

Hey. Class is beginning.

SCOTT

I know, and I'll shut up. I'm sending you some stuff I had on my phone. Thought you might want it.

Allison gives an uncomfortable nod as the English Teacher, Mrs. Ramsey, begins class.

MRS. RAMSEY

All right, I'd like to return to our discussion from yesterday with a more in depth analysis of Iago and the way in which he preyed upon Othello's jealousies...

ON HER DESK - Allison's phone vibrates with a message. She clicks on it to see Scott has sent her a PICTURE. It's a photo of the two of them holding each other.

At his desk, Scott leans forward, trying to catch her reaction. He notes the smile that comes to her face as the images vibrate onto her phone...

Holding hands. Cheeks pressed together. Scott kissing her while she snaps the shot with her free hand extended.

But then Allison sets the phone back down on the desk. When she turns around, he's stunned to see tears in her eyes, an angry glare at him.

Quickly gathering her things, she gets up right in the middle of the teacher's lecture.

19

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

19

Allison charges into the empty corridor with Scott chasing after her.

ALLISON

Why'd you send those? Are you trying to make me feel even worse for breaking up with you?

19

CONTINUED:

19

SCOTT

No. I thought you'd like them. I thought it would remind you of us--

ALLISON

Are you trying to hurt me? Get back at me?

SCOTT

No.

ALLISON

Please, don't talk to me. I need more time to get to *just friends*. Okay? Please.

Scott nods, watching her walk off.

20

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CAFETERIA - DAY

20

Stiles drops his tray on a table to join Scott for lunch.

STILES

Did you get her to give you the necklace?

SCOTT

Not exactly.

STILES

What happened?

SCOTT

She told me not to talk to her. At all.

STILES

So she's not giving you--

SCOTT

(impatiently)

No, she's not giving me the necklace.

STILES

Did you find out anything else?

SCOTT

Just that I know nothing about girls and they're totally psychotic.

STILES

Okay. I came up with a Plan B in case something like this happened.

SCOTT

What's Plan B?

STILES

Just steal the stupid thing.

SCOTT

Couldn't we try getting to Harris?

STILES

My Dad gave him a 24-hour protective detail. All we've got is the necklace. Steal it.

SCOTT

Stiles. He's watching us.

Scott follows Stiles's gaze to find Jackson through the crowd. Eating with Allison and Lydia at a table across the way. Watching their panic with obvious amusement.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Act normal.

Stiles nods, trying to act normal--an impossibility--while Scott glances to Jackson whose stare never seems to waver.

Jackson takes a bite of an apple. The CRUNCH of teeth into pulp soars toward across the room, the sound SLAMMING at Scott, causing him to wince. When he looks up again, Jackson has set down the apple now gazing at Scott with interest.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Scott?

Jackson's voice whispers toward him. Softly winding past other students, intensifying when it reaches Scott's ear.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Can you hear me?

He tries not to glance over again. Jackson pulls away from the table to whisper without Lydia, Allison and the other girls hearing him.

JACKSON (V.O.)

You can, can't you?

20

CONTINUED:

20

STILES

(noticing Scott's look)

What's wrong?

SCOTT

Jackson's talking to me. He knows I
can hear him. Look at me.

(MORE)

20

CONTINUED:

20

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Talk to me. Pretend like nothing's happening.

Scott stares down at his tray, trying to remain calm.

JACKSON (V.O.)

You trying to pretend not to hear me?

Scott throws Stiles a fake smile, nodding at him.

SCOTT

(through his teeth)

Say something. Talk to me.

STILES

I--I don't know what to say. My mind's a blank.

SCOTT

(incredulous)

Your mind's a blank? You can't think of *something* to say?

STILES

Not under this kind of pressure!
And FYI, he's not sitting with them anymore.

Scott eases his gaze toward Lydia and Allison, noticing the seat where Jackson was is now empty.

SCOTT

Where the hell is he?

JACKSON (V.O.)

Looking for me, McCall? I'm right here.

Scott resists the temptation to look around, keeping his eyes on Stiles and his lunch.

JACKSON (V.O.)

What else can you do? Can you see better? Are you stronger? More powerful? I knew there was no way you suddenly got that good at lacrosse. Which means you're actually a cheater, aren't you?

Stiles watches Scott, no idea what his friend is hearing but seeing the effect on his face, nevertheless.

JACKSON (V.O.)
Can you even play lacrosse?

SCOTT
Yes.

Scott doesn't even seem to realize he's responded.

JACKSON (V.O.)
I'll bet my new Co-Captain is going to score a bunch of shots tonight, aren't you? And while you're pretending you're not a lying cheat, I'm going to ruin your life if you don't give me what I want.

Stiles watches Scott trying not to react while digging his fork into his food.

JACKSON (V.O.)
You know what I'm going to start with? Her. I'm going to destroy any chance you have left with her.

Scott picks up his drink, takes a sip. Stiles notices his hand shaking.

JACKSON (V.O.)
And when I'm done with that...

Glancing over past the other students, Scott's eyes fall on Allison. She smiles at something Lydia and the other girls are talking about. Then catches Scott's stare.

JACKSON (V.O.)
I'm going to get her alone and I'm going to get my hands all over that tight little body...

STILES
Scott, don't listen. Don't give him that kind of power over you.

The entire cafeteria DROWNS OUT around Scott as his hands move to the plastic tray, gripping it.

JACKSON (V.O.)
I'm going to do everything you never got a chance to do. And she's going to beg for more.

20

CONTINUED:

20

Body tensing, Scott grips the tray in front of him, anger simmering inexorably to the surface.

JACKSON (V.O.)

I bet she likes to get loud. Maybe she's even a screamer. How are you going to feel, Scott... when she's screaming my name?

With a SUDDEN CRACK, Scott's tray SNAPS IN HALF, plate and drink tumbling over the table and to the floor around him.

Everyone in the cafeteria stops to look. Including Allison. And now Scott finds Jackson--

Standing alone by one of the vending machines, he stares at Scott with a mixture of hatred and desire for power, a sinister curving at his lips that's far too evil to be called an actual smile...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

21 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/SWIMMING POOL - DAY 21

Two swimmers burst through the surface of the swimming pool's lanes. Jackson and Allison look to each other as they grab onto the side of the pool.

ALLISON
You beat me again.

JACKSON
I have an unfair advantage. See these cheekbones? Aerodynamically suited for speed in the water.

She laughs, charmed by him.

ALLISON
They are pretty impressive cheekbones.

IN THE BLEACHERS ABOVE - Scott eases down the steps to Allison's black bag sitting on one of the benches. As he reaches to unzip it, he keeps an eye out to the two teens below, still in the water.

JACKSON
So you're coming to the game tonight, right?

ALLISON
I was sort of thinking no.

JACKSON
But you have to. We win this and we're into semi-finals. It's not because of Scott, right?

ALLISON
I was thinking it might be a little weird.

JACKSON
But he's fine with it. He actually asked me if you were coming. He said he hoped you *didn't* feel weird about it.

21

CONTINUED:

21

Picking up on their voices, Scott looks up.

SCOTT

I did?

ALLISON

He did?

JACKSON

Yeah. He's a good guy. You can't hate him too much. I mean it's obvious he's not mature enough yet to date someone like you.

ALLISON

Well--

JACKSON

But then, you can't blame him for trying.

AT THE BLEACHERS - With barely concealed anger, Scott watches Jackson wrap a towel around Allison's shoulders.

22

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

22

Lydia pushes past other students in the crowded hall as everyone hits their lockers for the end of day rush. Jackson looks up to see her waving her phone at him.

LYDIA

This little text? Not funny.

JACKSON

I wasn't trying to be funny. I would have put a *haha* at the end of it.

(pointing to the phone)

See? No *haha*. Just a period.

LYDIA

(reading)

Lydia, please give back my spare house key at your earliest convenience as we are no longer dating.

JACKSON

You didn't lose it, did you?

LYDIA

What the hell is this?

JACKSON

In preparation of some big changes,
I've decided to drop some of the
dead weight in my life. And you're
just about the deadest.

22

CONTINUED:

22

LYDIA

Are you breaking up with me?

JACKSON

Dumping, actually. I'm dumping you.

He shuts the locker and slings his bag over his shoulder.

LYDIA

Dumped by the Co-Captain of the
Lacrosse team.

Jackson pauses, the emphasis on *Co* cracking his confidence
ever-so-slightly.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I wonder how many *minutes* it will
take to get over that.

Jackson starts off, ignoring her--

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Oh wait... *Seconds*.

But Jackson just smiles that perfect smile and continues
walking into the darkening corridor.

23

INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES'S ROOM - DAY

23

Hurtling into his room, Stiles rips his bag off his back and
jumps to his computer. He types while simultaneously trying
to kick his chair underneath him to grab a seat.

STILINSKI (O.S.)

Stiles?

STILES

(yelling back)

Yes--

He turns around to face--

STILES (CONT'D)

Derek?

Stiles snaps his mouth shut as Derek rolls his eyes. The door
clicks open, Stilinski peering inside to find his son smiling
up at him from his seat at the desk.

STILINSKI

What did you say?

STILES

Yes, Dad?

STILINSKI

Just headed back to work. But I'm
coming tonight. Your first game.

STILES

Great.

Stiles's Dad doesn't make a move to leave.

STILINSKI

I'm so unbelievably proud of you.

STILES

So am I. Very proud. Of myself.

Stilinski turns to go. Stiles gets up to close the door.

STILINSKI

They're really going to let you
play this time?

STILES

Yes, Dad. I'm First Line.

STILINSKI

So proud.

23

CONTINUED:

23

Finally, Stiles clicks the door shut revealing Derek on the other side.

DEREK

Scott didn't get the necklace?

STILES

He's still working on it. But there's something else we can try. When we were trapped in the school that night Scott sent a text to Allison telling her to meet him there.

DEREK

So?

STILES

So it wasn't Scott.

DEREK

Can you find out who sent the text?

STILES

No. But I know someone who can.

24 INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - DAY 24

Scott slips into the dark bedroom through the window, feet gently landing on the carpet. He glances out the open door to the hallway and stealthily inches toward it.

Listening in, he doesn't hear a sound from the rest of house.

Pulling back, his eyes scan the room for the necklace. He quickly checks Allison's desk, mirror, picks up pillows, yanks open the closet, drawers, every inch of the bedroom.

But the necklace is nowhere to be found.

25 INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES'S ROOM - DAY 25

School bag over his shoulder, Danny stands in Stiles's room.

DANNY

You want me to do what?

STILES

Trace a text.

DANNY

I came here to do lab work. That's what lab partners do.

STILES

And we will. After you trace the text.

DANNY

What makes you think I know how?

STILES

I saw your arrest report.

DANNY

I... that was... I was only thirteen. The charges were dropped. No. We're doing lab work.

25

CONTINUED:

25

Danny sits down next to him at the desk. Behind them, Derek sits in a chair by the bed trying to look inconspicuous while reading a magazine.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(whispering to Stiles)
Who is he again?

STILES
My cousin... um...
(trying to come up with a
name)
Miguel.

Derek glares over the magazine's edge in disbelief. Even Stiles cringes at his own stupidity.

DANNY
Is that blood on his shirt?

Derek's T-shirt hangs torn and blackened by dried blood.

STILES
He gets horrible nosebleeds.
Miguel, I thought I told you to
just borrow one of my shirts?

Glaring with even more fury, Derek slowly puts the magazine down and gets up to open Stiles's closet.

STILES (CONT'D)
So, we both know you've got the
skills to trace that text--

DEREK
Stiles.

Stiles glances back at Derek holding a shirt.

DEREK (CONT'D)
This... no fit.

STILES
Try something else.

25

CONTINUED:

25

He turns back, but notices Danny gazing past him, eyes fixated on Derek's bare, muscular torso as he grabs another shirt. A smile creeps over Stiles's face.

STILES (CONT'D)

(to Derek)

That looks good. What do you think, Danny?

DANNY

Huh?

STILES

The shirt?

DANNY

I think--I think it's a nice shirt.

STILES

Think he should try something else?

DANNY

(having difficulty
speaking)

It's... It's not exactly his color.

Annoyed, Derek pulls off the T-shirt, exposing his perfect abs once again. As Danny's jaw drops open again, Stiles leans in to whisper in his ear.

STILES

Swing for a different team, but you still play ball, don't you?

DANNY

You're a terrible person.

STILES

So about that text...

25

CONTINUED:

25

DEREK

None of these fit.

As Derek pulls his shirt off again--

DANNY

I'll need the ISP, the phone number
and the exact time of the text.

26

INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - DAY

26

On the verge of giving up, Scott takes one more look around. His gaze lands on a corkboard by Allison's desk on which hang various items. He pulls one off the board.

It's a RECEIPT for bowling. He turns the small piece of paper around to reveal words written on the back:

First date with Scott!

With an agonized sigh, he slowly sits into the chair at her desk. And that's when he notices--

A BOOK on the desk with a SILVER CHAIN leading out from between the pages. Delicately gathering the chain in his palm, he opens the book.

Allison's necklace lies in the middle, a bookmark. As he picks it up, his eyes fall on the text in the book.

It's all about the Beast of Gévaudan. Some words are circled with a highlighter: *legend, mythic, monster*. Then two words, circled most heavily:

SCOTT

Loup garou?

With another glance up to make sure he's still alone in the house, Scott pulls out his phone and snaps a picture of the strange words.

He hits the TRANSLATE app and waits. First the language comes up: *French*. Then the translation appears one devastating letter after another...

Werewolf.

27

INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES'S ROOM - DAY

27

Danny finishes typing at Stiles's computer.

27

CONTINUED:

27

DANNY

There. The text was sent from a
computer. This one.

He points to the screen as Derek and Stiles gather around.

DEREK

Registered to that account name?

STILES

That can't be right.

The computer and network name listed on the screen:

BEACON HILLS HOSPITAL - MELISSA MCCALL.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

28 EXT. ARGENT HOME - DAY 28

Necklace in hand, Scott lands on the walkway just in front of the door. He goes for his bike at the curb when--

ARGENT

Scott?

Getting out of his parked car just around the corner of the house, Argent throws Scott a friendly smile.

29 INT. ARGENT HOME/KITCHEN - DAY 29

Scott follows Argent into the kitchen.

ARGENT

She should be back in a few minutes. She sometimes goes for a run after school.

SCOTT

That's okay, I should go. I've got a game tonight.

ARGENT

You want something to drink? I'm going to have a beer.

Argent pulls two beers from the fridge. Bewildered, Scott watches him uncap both and slide the second one over.

SCOTT

You don't need to test me anymore. Your daughter already dumped me.

ARGENT

No test. And sorry. High school romances. Burn bright. Fade fast.
(re: the beer)
Go ahead.

SCOTT

I'm good. Thanks.

ARGENT

So, I was curious about something, Scott. How do you know Derek Hale?

29

CONTINUED:

29

They connect eyes. The friendly demeanor is gone. And all
Scott can reply with is--

29

CONTINUED:

29

SCOTT

Who?

30

EXT. WOODS - DAY

30

Allison races through the trails, running less for exercise and more with purpose. She slows only when her destination is finally revealed through the trees ahead--

The Hale House.

A31

INT. HALE HOUSE - DAY

A31

Allison steps inside the dark and lonely structure. She gazes around the charred walls, peers up the stairs. Stepping into the second room, she notices something on the floor.

Kneeling to get a closer look, she finds FOUR DEEP GROOVES scratched into the floor.

Spreading her fingers out, she traces the lines, simulating for her own eyes how the grooves might have been scratched in by a human hand. Then she looks up and SCREAMS.

Kate stands under the archway.

KATE

Damn, you've got some lungs on you.

ALLISON

Did you follow me here?

KATE

Can't blame me for being concerned about my favorite niece, can you? What are you looking for?

ALLISON

I don't know. Something. Anything.

KATE

You mean answers. To lingering questions. Like...

ALLISON

Why would he want to kill us?

KATE

Well, look at this place. Imagine if your father and I were trapped in something like this. Might do some interesting things to your head, don't you think?

A31

CONTINUED:

A31

ALLISON

It wouldn't turn me into a
psychotic killer.

KATE

You don't have to be psychotic to
be a killer. You just need a
reason. And even then...

She runs a hand almost lovingly down the charred wall.

KATE (CONT'D)

Sometimes you can surprise
yourself.

She glances back at Allison with an unnerving smile.

KATE (CONT'D)

What *do* you want, Allison?

ALLISON

I want... I want to not be scared.
That night in the school, I felt so
utterly weak. Like I needed someone
to come rescue me. I hate that
feeling. I want to feel stronger
than that. I want to feel powerful.

KATE

Allison, if you can give me just a
little bit of time, be just a
little patient... I think I can
give you exactly what you want.

31

INT. ARGENT HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

31

Argent steps closer to Scott as if cornering him. Scott can't
help but retreat backwards.

ARGENT

Allison said she's seen you talking
to him. Don't you think that's a
little disconcerting, Scott? You
talking to an alleged murderer?

SCOTT

It's not like I'm not the only one
who knows him.

ARGENT

But you're the only one who's been
talking to him.

SCOTT

Why are you talking to me like I've done something wrong?

ARGENT

Have you?

(coming closer)

Scott, you don't have to be afraid of me.

BACK IN THE KITCHEN - Allison clicks the door open. She pauses at the threshold to take off her muddy running shoes when she hears her father talking to Scott.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

You get that I'm just thinking of my daughter's safety?

SCOTT

Would you believe me if I said I think about it too? That it's all I think about?

While Argent looks at him curiously, the words hold Allison frozen in the kitchen.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

When we were in the school the other night, every choice I made, every thing I did, every *single* thing, was to make sure she was safe.

Finally, Argent nods, letting all of the hostility and suspicion slip away.

ARGENT

You should go. Don't want to be late for your game.

IN THE KITCHEN - Listening to the living room door close as Scott leaves, Allison slowly rests her thought-heavy head against the wall.

32 OMITTED

32

33 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT 33

Dragging his lacrosse equipment with him, Scott hurries toward the benches. He drops everything when his cell rings.

SCOTT
(into the phone)
Did you get the picture?

34 INT. STILES'S JEEP - NIGHT 34

Stiles drives with Derek in the passenger seat.

STILES
Yes and it looks like the drawing.

DEREK
Ask him if there's something on the back of it. There's has to be something. An inscription. An opening. Something.

35

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

35

Scott covers the phone, trying to keep the rest of the team
at the benches from hearing.

35

CONTINUED:

35

SCOTT

No, the thing's flat. And no it doesn't open. There's nothing in it, on it, around it, *nothing*. And where are you? You're supposed to be here. You're First Line.

Coach steps forward, gazing about.

COACH

Where the hell is Bilinski?

36

INT. STILES'S JEEP - NIGHT

36

In the now parked Jeep, Stiles glances to the radio clock with a pained sigh.

SCOTT (V.O.)

You won't play if you're not here to start.

STILES

I know. If you see my Dad, tell him... tell him I'll be there. Just a little bit late.

He hangs up.

DEREK

You're not going to make it.

STILES

I know.

DEREK

And you didn't tell him about his mother.

STILES

Not until we find out the truth.

They both turn their attention to the building now visible through the windshield...

Beacon Hills Hospital Long Term Care.

37

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

37

Jackson takes a seat next to Scott on the benches in front of the bleachers.

JACKSON

It's a bite that does it. Isn't it?

SCOTT
(softly)
Yes.

JACKSON
Then it's easy.

SCOTT
No, it's not. I can't do it. It has
to be an Alpha.

JACKSON
Then you get him to do it.

SCOTT
I don't even know who he is. Trust
me, this whole thing is so much
more complicated than you think.
There's--there's others. Hunters.

JACKSON
What? What hunters?

SCOTT
Werewolf hunters.

JACKSON
You got to be kidding.

*
*

37

CONTINUED:

37

SCOTT

No, jerkoff. There's a whole family of them. And they carry assault rifles. You get that? *Assault rifles.*

Jackson notices Scott's glances. As if the hunters are right behind him. And then his eyes wander up the bleachers.

JACKSON

Them?

SCOTT

What? No, no, no--

JACKSON

That actually makes sense.
(off Scott's look)
Allison Argent? Oh my God, you don't get it. All this time you were with her you never once...

Scott gazes at him, still completely confused.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Her name, idiot. Do you know what Argent means in French?

He leans close, relishing the reveal.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

It means Silver.

38

INT. HOSPITAL/LONG TERM CARE WING - NIGHT

38

Phone to his ear, Stiles paces up the empty corridor.

STILES

I said I can't find her.

39

INT. STILES'S JEEP - NIGHT

39

Still in the Jeep, Derek talks to Stiles on his cell.

DEREK

Ask for Jennifer. She's been looking after my uncle.

STILES (V.O.)

Yeah well, he's not here either.

DEREK

What?

40 INT. HOSPITAL/LONG TERM CARE WING - NIGHT 40

Stiles peers through the open patient room door.

STILES

He's not here. He's gone.

Inside the patient room, Peter's wheelchair sits empty.

41 INT. STILES'S JEEP - NIGHT 41

Derek sits up in alarm.

DEREK

Get out of there. It's him. He's
the Alpha.

42 INT. HOSPITAL/LONG TERM CARE WING - NIGHT 42

Stiles slowly pulls the phone away, turning around to see--

Peter Hale. He gives the boy a friendly smile, burns
stretching hideously up one side of his face.

PETER

You must be Stiles.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

43 INT. HOSPITAL/LONG TERM CARE WING - NIGHT 43

Stiles takes a nervous step back from Peter. Then spins to find Jennifer standing on the other side of the corridor.

JENNIFER

What are you doing here? Visiting hours are over.

Stiles looks from her to Peter. Both of them approaching.

STILES

You... and him... you're the one who... and he's the... Oh, my God. I'm going to die.

But then a HAND presses to Jennifer's cheek and SLAMS her head to the wall. She crumbles to the floor to reveal Derek behind her.

PETER

That wasn't nice. She's my nurse.

DEREK

She's a psychotic bitch helping you kill people.
(to Stiles)
Get out of the way.

Derek's mouth opens, revealing sharpened fangs. He lowers into an attack pose.

STILES

Oh, damn.

Stiles presses himself up against the wall as Derek launches himself at Peter.

43

CONTINUED:

43

His uncle, however, barely seems to move. EYES FLASHING RED, he grabs Derek by the jacket, slamming him into one wall, CRACKING THE PLASTER, then SLAMMING him into the opposite side with the same result.

Hands above his head, Stiles cowers down as plaster rains over him.

Peter drops Derek down. Hand still gripping his neck, he drags the younger werewolf toward Jennifer's body.

*
*

PETER

You think I killed Laura on purpose? One of my own family?

He lets Derek slap down to the tile floor. Peter digs through his Nurse's unconscious body for her car keys.

PETER (CONT'D)

My mind--my personality--was literally burned out of me. I was being driven by pure instinct.

Derek launches himself back up. Peter responds by planting a foot right on Derek's torso, sending him tumbling back. Blood at his lips, Derek pulls his head up.

*
*
*

DEREK

You want forgiveness?

*
*

PETER

I want understanding. Do you have any idea what was happening to me in those years? Slowly healing cell by cell. Then even more slowly coming back to consciousness. Yes, becoming an Alpha--taking that from Laura--it pushed me over a plateau in the healing process. I can't help that. And I tried to tell you what was happening. I tried to warn you.

*
*
*
*
*

On his feet again, Derek goes for a last attack. But Peter easily launches him across the empty reception desk and CRASHING THROUGH THE GLASS BARRIER.

44

OMITTED

44

45 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - NIGHT

45

A desk lamp is all that lights the dark classroom. Stilinski peers out the window while a haggard and sleep-deprived Harris talks from his desk.

MR. HARRIS

It was six years ago and in my defense, it was before I'd gotten sober.

STILINSKI

I have my son's first lacrosse game to get to. How about we focus on the details.

MR. HARRIS

I met her at a bar. We had a lot of drinks. A lot. She started asking me what I do. And she kept asking questions. Do you know what that's like? To have someone actually be interested in the topic of chemistry? After staring at these vacant faces day after day--

STILINSKI

Details, please.

MR. HARRIS

Like I said, I talked. Because it's fascinating stuff. How you could melt away the lock on a bank vault. How you could dissolve a body and get away with murder.

STILINSKI

How you could start a fire and get away with arson.

Harris slowly nods.

MR. HARRIS

And a week later the Hale house
burns down.

STILINSKI

You could have said something.

MR. HARRIS

I'd be an accomplice. It would have
ended my teaching career.

STILINSKI

How old was she?

Harris snaps his mouth shut. Stilinski gives a knowing nod.

MR. HARRIS

You can appreciate how delicate the
situation was.

STILINSKI

You don't remember her name? Where
she was from?

MR. HARRIS

No. Which is exactly what Laura
Hale asked. And I'll point you in
the same direction I pointed her.

He takes out a piece of paper and quickly draws on it with a
pen. He turns the paper around.

STILINSKI

What is this?

MR. HARRIS

A necklace the girl was wearing.
That's the symbol on it. I asked
her about it. She said it was a
family thing.

Stilinski picks up the piece of paper looking at literally
the same drawing Derek showed Scott.

MR. HARRIS (CONT'D)

Find the girl wearing that
necklace. She's your arsonist.

STILINSKI

Murderer.

MR. HARRIS

Excuse me?

45

CONTINUED:

45

STILINSKI

Arson happens to buildings. This
girl's a murderer.

46

INT. HOSPITAL/MORGUE FREEZER ROOM - NIGHT

46

A bloodied Derek tumbles into the morgue room. Peter walks
in, still perfectly in control. He pauses to hear the sound
of RUSHING FEET, voices collecting to create a COMMOTION down
the hall. *

Stepping toward a round mirror, Peter extends it out to
inspect his burns in the reflection. *

PETER

I was going to wait. For dramatic
flair. But...

With the tap of his finger, he sends the circular mirror
spinning. When it finally revolves to a stop--the reflection
has changed. *Peter is fully healed.* *

46

CONTINUED:

46

PETER (CONT'D)

When you look this good, why wait?

As an EMERGENCY ALARM begins to sound throughout the Long Term Care Wing, he turns to a collapsed and beaten Derek.

PETER (CONT'D)

You have to at least give me a chance to explain. After all... we're family.

47

INT. HOSPITAL/LONG TERM CARE WING - NIGHT

47

Back to the corridor wall, a terrified Stiles inches his way around the corner and toward the Morgue Room door. But when he finally peers inside...

The room is empty. Both Derek and Peter are gone.

48

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

48

Coach comes up behind Jackson and Scott, hands on both of their shoulders.

COACH

This is what I like to see. Rivals turned to allies. There's no Me in Team, right, boys?

SCOTT

Yes, there is Coach.

COACH

Okay, smartass. How about this? There's no A in Econ if there's no win on the field. Good? Great.

He slaps both of them on the shoulders and leaves them glaring at each other.

SCOTT

What are you going to do?

JACKSON

I'm going to give you a chance to get me what I want. What's three days? Seventy-two hours? That's how long you get. Seventy-two hours.

SCOTT

What if I can't?

*
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JACKSON

Come on, [McCall](#). That's not a
winning attitude.

*

COACH

First line, let's go!

Hurrying past, Sheriff Stilinski steps onto the bleachers to find a seat. But when he glances about the team, it's his son, Stiles, he can't seem to find.

From her seat, Kate peers down at the lacrosse team gathering about the Coach. Allison points.

ALLISON

That one. That's Jackson.

KATE

Holy hotness. If I were back in high school? Or a substitute teacher...

*
*

ALLISON

You. Are sick.

*

KATE

And you should be all over that.

But then noticing something, Kate's smile falters. She leans to whisper in Argent's ear.

KATE (CONT'D)

Chris...

Scott glances up, catching Kate's VOICE.

*

KATE (CONT'D)

Remember how we were talking about a second Beta? A younger one?

(off his nod)

Can you get turned by a scratch?

ARGENT

If the claws go deep enough? Maybe.

She glances toward Jackson. Head turning, the boy reveals the CLAW MARKS still healing on the nape of his neck.

KATE

I wonder how deep those went.

Scott looks to Jackson who smiles confidently, never noticing the two hunters watching him. Sizing up their prey.

The WHISTLE BLOWS. And the game begins...

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE