

TEEN WOLF  
Episode #110  
by  
Jeff Vlaming

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MGM

Production #110  
Episode Ten

**TEEN WOLF**

"Episode 110"

EP#110

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**

BRIAN..... ADAM ROSENBERG  
DANNY..... KEAHU KAHUANUI  
PETER..... IAN BOHEN  
LAURA HALE..... HALEY MURPHY  
KATE..... JILL WAGNER  
ARGENT..... JR BOURNE  
STILINKSKI..... LINDEN ASHBY  
MELISSA MCCALL..... MELISSA PONZIO  
DEATON..... SETH GILLIAM

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Set List

INTERIORS

HIGH SCHOOL

LOCKER ROOM CORRIDOR

LOCKER ROOM

HALE HOUSE

HOSPITAL

PATIENT ROOM

ARGENT HOME

ALLISON'S ROOM

GARAGE

JACKSON'S PORSCHE

STILINSKI HOME

KITCHEN

MCCALL HOME

SCOTT'S ROOM

FOYER

PETER'S CAR

ANIMAL CLINIC

ABANDONED BASEMENT

EXTERIORS

LACROSSE FIELD

WOODS

HALE PROPERTY

ROADSIDE

PARKING LOT

STREET

**TEEN WOLF**  
"Episode #110"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT 1

A GLEAMING WHITE LIGHT floods the night sky. As the brilliant glow focuses into a bank of SPOTLIGHTS over the lacrosse field, a CHANT rises up.

CROWD  
State! State! State!

Fists reach into the light, pumping in unison. Amidst the rush of fans crowding the team at the benches, only one face doesn't seem ecstatic over the win: Scott McCall.

2 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT 2

Doors burst open and the still chanting crowd fills the hallway. Scott pushes through, searching for--

SCOTT  
Stiles? Has anyone seen Stiles?

He turns and unexpectedly find himself facing Allison. Pressed together in the mob, they look at each other for an awkward second. Scott opens his mouth to speak and--

BRIAN  
State! State! State!

His teammate, Brian, screams between them. They both stare blankly at him in annoyance until he finally decides to chant in someone else's face.

ALLISON  
You were pretty awesome out there.

SCOTT  
Thanks, you too. I mean--that's not what I meant.

ALLISON  
No, I did some pretty awesome cheering. You can thank me.

SCOTT  
You did?

ALLISON

Totally. I went from "Go, Team, Go" to "Defense, Defense" without a breath. I brought my A game.

The commotion seems to fade around them as Scott can't help but smile at her effort charm him. Until Brian pops back in between--

BRIAN

State! State! State!

Scott shoots a murderous glare at him. Brian shrinks away, allowing Scott to return his attention to Allison. But she's down the hall now, Argent with his arm around her shoulder, gently guiding her out with the rest of the dissipating crowd.

Gazing after them, Scott doesn't notice Jackson stepping up to whisper in his ear.

JACKSON

That's heartbreaking, man. I bet it's been a lot of sleepless nights, huh? You. Your hand. A box of tissues--

\*  
\*

Eyes narrowing, Scott resists responding to the taunts.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You know what, though, McCall? I actually sympathize. Which is why I'm going to make this mutually beneficial. You get me what I want? I'll help you get her back.

SCOTT

What?

JACKSON

Three days makes it just in time for the winter formal. Think about you taking her instead of me. And think about all the things you'll be able to do to get her out of some tight little dress by the end of the night. See how this could work out for all of us?

He backs away, letting the words sink in.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Three days, McCall.

3

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

3

Stepping out of the steam-filled shower, a deeply troubled Scott pulls a towel around his waist. He passes by Danny who changes into his street clothes at his locker.

DANNY

By the way, McCall. Apology accepted.

SCOTT

Um. I didn't apologize.

DANNY

Every time you got the ball tonight you passed it to me.

SCOTT

You scored every time I passed to you.

DANNY

(with a nod)

Apology accepted.

Bag slung over his shoulder, Danny heads out. Noticing he's the only one left in the locker room, Scott quickly starts to get dressed. But he's barely zipped up his jeans when--

He HEARS FOOTSTEPS.

SCOTT

Danny?

No response. Scott peers around the corner, then breathes in relief when he sees Derek.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Thank God. Where the hell have you been? Do you have any idea what's been going on?

He stops when he notices Derek's odd demeanor. Then slowly turns to find SOMEONE standing silhouetted in the darkness.

A hand reaches into one of the open lockers to withdraw a LACROSSE STICK.

PETER

I don't really get lacrosse. When I was in high school, we played basketball. That's a real sport.

(MORE)

3

CONTINUED:

3

PETER (CONT'D)

But, I read somewhere that lacrosse comes from Native American tribes and that they sometimes played it to resolve conflicts. Am I right about that?

He raises the stick. Breath held, Scott waits for him to snap it in half or send it smashing against the lockers. But Peter just carefully sets it down again.

PETER (CONT'D)

I've got a little conflict of my own to resolve, Scott. But I need your help to do it.

SCOTT

I'm not helping you kill people.

PETER

I don't want to kill all of them. Just the responsible ones. Which doesn't have to include...

He looks to Derek for help remembering the name.

DEREK

Allison.

SCOTT

You--You're on his side now? Did you forget the part where he killed your sister?

DEREK

It was a mistake.

SCOTT

*What?*

DEREK

It happens.

Scott gazes at him in disbelief while Peter steps closer.

PETER

I think you're getting the wrong impression of us, Scott. We really just want to help you reach your potential.

SCOTT

By killing my friends.

3

CONTINUED:

3

PETER

Sometimes the people closest to you  
can be the ones holding you back  
the most.

SCOTT

If they're holding me back from  
becoming a psychotic nutjob like  
you, I'm okay with that.

Cornering him, Peter slowly lifts a hand to his face.

PETER

Maybe you could try seeing things  
from my perspective?

His hand moves like a cobra striking, latching onto Scott.  
Fingernails rapidly extending to CLAWS, they sink right into  
the back of the boy's neck.

For a brief second, Scott's eyes FLASH YELLOW. Then Peter  
yanks his hand back, letting him tumble to the floor.  
Blinking furiously, strange IMAGES FLASH into Scott's head--

4

*INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK*

4

*A dark room fills with black smoke, men and women trying to  
cover their mouths, coughing and screaming as--*

*Reddick and Unger, visible through a dirty basement window,  
toss liquid from five gallon jugs onto the house. They douse  
the windows, their images BLURRING as--*

*Hands desperately grab for a door, trying to push it open  
while black, roiling smoke covers everything--*

5

*INT. HOSPITAL/PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK*

5

*Nurses gently lay Peter back onto a hospital bed. One  
undamaged eye blinks out from a face covered in white gauze  
bandages.*

*Light seeps over his face, the brilliant white glow from a  
FULL MOON.*

*A now un-banded Peter sits up in bed, the moon almost  
seeming to pull at him, drawing him up to his feet. At the  
door stands his nurse, Jennifer, watching in astonishment as--*

6

*EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK*

6

*Someone steps through the woods, boots crushing leaves  
underneath her. LAURA HALE looks through the shadows to see--*



6 CONTINUED: 6

*A STRANGE FIGURE in a hospital robe standing between the trees. He turns around to reveal one half of his face is covered in horrible burns.*

LAURA HALE

*Peter?*

*She steps toward him, reaching for him while he gazes back at her almost in a trance. And then he opens his mouth revealing razor-sharp FANGS as--*

7 EXT. HALE PROPERTY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 7

*Spiraling down from the night sky, we find Scott and Stiles circling a grave where Laura's body has been unearthed. They gaze into the pit itself, through the pitch black dirt and--*

8 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 8

*Down through a ceiling into the locker room where Scott lies on the floor, eyes snapping open as he GASPS for air.*

CUT TO:

**Main Title: TEEN WOLF**

9 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 9

*Stiles slams through the door, tearing around the corner to find a weary Scott slumped on a bench.*

STILES

Dude. We have a huge problem.

SCOTT

Trust me, I know.

10 INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT 10

*Slivers of moonlight stretch across the dark room to Allison's bed where she lies wide awake on her stomach, completely and utterly unable to get to sleep.*

*The moment she lets her eyes close a shadow falls over her back. Scott eases up behind her, gently moving her hair aside to softly kiss the nape of her neck when--*

*Allison turns over, rolling to her side, once again alone in her room. Until fingers begin tracing lightly up her arm. Next to her, Scott draws his hand up over her shoulder and--*

*Allison turns again, this time onto her back. She squeezes her eyes closed, trying to shut him out of her imagination.*

10

CONTINUED:

10

But a moment later, Scott slips on top of her again, softly touching his lips to her neck, then to the edge of her chin making his way to her lips. She rises to meet his kiss and--

Sits up in the dark, alone and exasperated. Her fingers move to her neck where she imagined him touching her and then...

She feels around her throat as if something is missing. Something like a necklace.

Standing, she crosses to her desk to find the book that was holding her necklace lies empty.

She clicks on the light and begins searching her room, pulling open drawers and looking under pillows, moving more and more frantically. But it's nowhere to be found.

11

INT. ARGENT HOME/GARAGE - NIGHT

11

Allison opens her car door and slips behind the wheel. She feels around the seats, checks the glove compartment. Still nothing.

THE GARAGE DOOR begins RUMBLING open, surprising her. She yanks the car door closed and slides down out of view.

Argent and Kate step out of the SUV in mid-conversation.

KATE

All I'm saying is firing those things so close by is bound to attract attention.

Argent holds up what looks like small pieces of SCRAP METAL.

ARGENT

These things have saved my life more than once.

He tosses them in the trash can next to a workbench.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

And I know how to be inconspicuous when I need to.

KATE

This from a man who's preferred weapon is a crossbow.

Kate sets a bag into a large drawer and locks it. She stays paused at the workbench, however, as Argent opens the door.

KATE (CONT'D)

These extra skills are something you could start teaching your daughter, you know.

ARGENT

Not yet.

KATE

Ever?

ARGENT

Not. Yet.

Her lingering at the workbench causes Argent to crane his neck, trying to see what she's doing.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

You coming?

He's about to step back to her when she turns with a smile and follows him inside the house.

When the door eases closed behind them, Allison waits a moment, then slips out of her car.

AT THE TRASH CAN she delicately extracts one of the items her father tossed in.

It's a METAL CASING, blown out, surface blackened. Allison turns it over in her hand, no idea what it is. Until she looks over at the workbench where Kate lingered.

Lying right in the middle of it is a cone-shaped FLASH BOLT. Allison matches the spent casing up to compare it to an unused bolt.

They're the same.

Slowly holding the conical FLASH BOLT up to her eyes, she never notices that the door to the kitchen is actually still slightly ajar.

Standing in the darkness beyond it, Kate watches, clearly pleased to see her niece picking up the clues on the path of discovery to which she's so carefully guiding her.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. JACKSON'S PORSCHE - DAY 12

Jackson roars down a desolate stretch of road with HEAVY METAL MUSIC pumped so loud through the speakers that it literally rattles the windows. Too loud for him to hear the engine SPUTTER.

Speed dropping precipitously, he taps the brakes, then grips the wheel with both hands as it tries to yank from his grasp.

13 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY 13

The Porsche coasts onto the grass and lumbers to a dead stop. Jackson turns the key several times, but all he hears from the engine is a useless CLICKING.

Stepping out of the car, he SLAMS the door shut.

JACKSON

Son of a bitch.

He walks around to the rear of the car where the engine is located, but slows his pace when--

He notices the odd quiet and isolation. No houses in sight. No other cars on the road.

Now somewhat nervous, he opens the rear engine compartment. But like most people he just stares at the engine, dumbfounded. Reaching to close it, he hears the sound of another VEHICLE approaching.

A familiar SUV pulls to the shoulder of the road just behind his Porsche. Argent steps out and offers a friendly smile. \*

ARGENT

Car trouble?

14 EXT. WOODS - DAY 14

Through a mist-shrouded trail, a shivering Lydia reluctantly follows Allison into the woods.

LYDIA

Allison, when you said you need to stop for an errand before we went shopping, a five mile hike in the woods wasn't what I was expecting.

ALLISON

It won't take long.

LYDIA

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

ALLISON

You'll see.

Allison shifts a heavy black bag on her shoulder as she trudges up the path.

LYDIA

You know, the human body only has to drop to 95 degrees to be hypothermic.

ALLISON

Before I forget, I wanted to ask you if you're okay with something.

LYDIA

I'll say yes to anything if it includes getting out of here.

ALLISON

Jackson asked me to go to the winter formal with him.

Lydia blinks. Any real reaction remains imperceptible.

LYDIA

Did he?

ALLISON

Just as friends. But I wanted to see if you were okay with it first.

Any emotional reaction still imperceptible, Lydia smiles.

LYDIA

Sure. As long it's just friends.

ALLISON

Well, yeah. It's not like I'm going to take him under the bleachers during lacrosse practice and start making out with him.

Now it's perceptible.

14 CONTINUED: 14

LYDIA  
Oh. Um. About that...

Allison drops the bag and unzips it.

ALLISON  
We should be good here. It's  
isolated enough.

Inside the bag she reveals a BOW and QUIVER of ARROWS. Lydia looks down at it. Looks around to see the two of them are indeed completely isolated. Then gives a nervous LAUGH.

15 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY 15

Argent takes a look at the engine at the rear of Jackson's Porsche.

JACKSON  
It's really okay. I can call for a  
tow truck.

ARGENT  
I know a few things about cars.  
Might be something simple.

JACKSON  
I don't know. This is a pretty  
expensive car and there's all that  
warranty crap they pull if you do  
your own repairs, right?

ARGENT  
I won't tell if you won't.

Jackson gazes up at Argent's unnerving smile, clearly not sure how to respond.

ARGENT (CONT'D)  
It's Jackson, right? Come here.  
I'll show you what to look for.

He reaches out, hand moving to the middle of Jackson's back to press him forward. But then, with clear calculation, Argent's hand glides up to the back of the boy's neck.

ARGENT (CONT'D)  
Oh, I'm sorry.

He pulls his hand away.

JACKSON  
What?

ARGENT

Your neck. Did you hurt yourself?

Jackson's hand reaches to the still-healing CLAW MARKS.

JACKSON

No. I mean--It's just a scratch.

ARGENT

It looks like more than a scratch.

A CAR WHIPS PAST, causing Jackson to jump nervously.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

Have you seen a doctor about it?

JACKSON

Yeah, he said it's nothing.

ARGENT

You might want a second opinion.  
*Nothing* isn't exactly how I'd  
describe it. How'd it happen?

JACKSON

Seriously, don't worry about it.

ARGENT

They kind of look like claw marks.

Jackson turns away from him so he can't see them anymore.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

JACKSON

I think I should probably just call  
a tow truck.

He reaches into his pocket for his cell phone.

ARGENT

Any reason you're so reluctant to  
tell me what it was that did that?

Argent keeps the friendly smile up, even while pressing  
relentlessly for an answer.

JACKSON

No.

ARGENT  
(as gently as can be)  
Then... what was it?

He opens his mouth to respond when--

A JEEP BLASTS INTO VIEW, skidding to a halt in the road next to them. Scott and Stiles peer out.

SCOTT  
Everything okay?

ARGENT  
Hey, Scott. Your friend here is having a little car trouble. We were just taking a look.

SCOTT  
There's a shop down the street. I'm sure they have a tow truck.

STILES  
Want a ride?

Jackson gazes at Scott and Stiles. Then meets Argent's unblinking stare once again.

STILES (CONT'D)  
Come on, Jackson. You're way too pretty to stand out here alone.

He whips his head back to Stiles. Gives a weak laugh.

SCOTT  
(spelling it out)  
Get in.

He slowly nods. Scott clicks open the door for him. But then Argent SLAMS the rear engine compartment of the Porsche CLOSED.

ARGENT  
Hold on boys.

He reaches in to grab the key in the ignition slot and gives it a twist. The ENGINE ROARS to life.

ARGENT (CONT'D)  
(to Jackson)  
Told you I knew a few things about cars.



16

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

16

Stiles's Jeep and Jackson's Porsche roar into a strip mall parking lot. Stiles barely has the Jeep stopped when Scott leaps out, heading right for Jackson.

JACKSON

What? Are you following me now?

SCOTT

Yes, you stupid, freaking idiot!  
You almost gave away everything  
back there.

JACKSON

What are you talking about?

SCOTT

He thinks you're the second Beta.

JACKSON

What?

SCOTT

He thinks you're me!

Scott HAMMERS a fist down on the hood of Stiles's Jeep.

STILES

Dude. My Jeep.

SCOTT

I could hear your heart beating a  
mile away. Literally. Now he knows  
something's wrong and now I have to  
keep an eye on your stupid ass so  
he doesn't kill you too.

Scott balls up his fist again as if to punch him. But he turns to the Jeep's hood again. Stiles's gently guides him back.

STILES

How about we step away from  
Stiles's Jeep?

JACKSON

(to Scott)

This is your problem. Not mine. I  
didn't say anything. Which means  
you're the one who's going to get  
me killed. It's your fault.

Jackson shoves Scott back against the Jeep.

STILES

Please stop hitting my Jeep.

But Scott shoves Jackson back. Then, just before they finally come to blows, Stiles darts between them.

STILES (CONT'D)

All right, stop it!

SCOTT

If they come after you, I can't protect you. I can't protect any of you.

For the briefest second, his eyes fall on Stiles as well.

STILES

Why you looking at me?

But Scott just refocuses on Jackson.

JACKSON

Now you have to do it. Get me what I want and I'll be fine protecting myself.

SCOTT

No, you won't. Just trust me. All it does is make things worse.

JACKSON

Right. You can hear anything you want and run faster than humanly possible. Sounds like a real hardship.

SCOTT

Yes, I can run really fast now. Except half the time I'm running away from people trying to kill me. And I can hear things. Like my girlfriend telling people she doesn't trust me anymore just before breaking up with me. I'm not lying. It ruins your life.

JACKSON

It ruined *your* life. You got all the power in the world and you didn't know what to do with it.

16 CONTINUED: 16

Jackson pulls his keys out, moving for his car.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
You know what it's actually like,  
McCall? It's like you turned  
sixteen and somebody bought you a  
Porsche when they should have  
started you out with a nice little  
Honda.

Opening the door to his car, he gives a last look back.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Me? I drive a Porsche.

Slamming the door closed, he sends the car TEARING out of the  
lot, kicking up DUST at the boys as they look after him.

17 EXT. WOODS - DAY 17

Lydia watches Allison take a normal arrow and twist off the  
BULLET POINT. She replaces it with the conical FLASH BOLT  
left to her by Kate.

LYDIA  
What does that do?

ALLISON  
We're about to find out.

She takes a firing position in front of a TARGET pegged to a  
tree in the distance. Setting the arrow just under the sight,  
she expertly pulls back on the nocking point of the  
bowstring.

Lydia tenses up as Allison aims. Then lets the bolt SOAR. It  
EXPLODES AGAINST THE TREE with a BRILLIANT FLASH, strange  
WHORLS OF LIGHT spinning into the air.

LYDIA  
What the hell was that?

Lowering the bow, Allison gazes at the SMOKING, SCORCHED  
TARGET on the tree and shakes her head.

ALLISON  
I don't know.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18

EXT. WOODS - DAY

18

Lydia hugs herself in the cold while Allison comes back to her with the charred target in hand.

LYDIA

Well, that was fun. Any other lethal weapons you want to try out?

But Allison stops. Cocking her head, she listens to the woods around them. A moment later, they both hear it. MOVEMENT through the brush and leaves.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

What was that?

ALLISON

Quiet.

But now there's nothing. Not a sound.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Hold this.

She hands the bow to Lydia.

LYDIA

What? Why?

ALLISON

I thought I heard something.

LYDIA

So what if you heard something?

ALLISON

So I want to go find out what that something is. Don't worry, it's probably nothing.

LYDIA

What if nothing *is* something and that something is something dangerous?

ALLISON

(nodding to the bow)  
Shoot it.

Without another word, Allison takes off, leaving Lydia to look utterly ridiculous while grasping at the weapon with her mittens.

LYDIA  
(pathetically)  
Allison?

VENTURING OFF THE TRAIL - Allison moves quickly but quietly.

SOMETHING slips through the brush just near her. She stops at the sound. Then retreats a step, pulling back against a tree. Breath held, she slowly steps away and--

SPINS back with the TASER X26 in her hands. She FIRES it, TWIN PRONGS SOARING through the air and landing on--

Scott.

He jerks back and falls to the ground with the STRANGLED CRY of someone being pummeled with 50 thousand volts of electricity.

ALLISON  
Scott?

Rushing over, she attempts to pull out the prongs, but he's still convulsing with spasms.

SCOTT  
(in agony)  
Finger--trigger--finger.

Allison notices she still has her finger on the trigger, still sending an electric charge into his shuddering body.

ALLISON  
Oh!

She opens her hand, dropping the weapon to the ground. Finally, Scott breathes, his body relaxing into the leaves.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
I'm so, so, so sorry.

SCOTT  
My fault. Totally my fault.

ALLISON  
Are you okay?

SCOTT  
Yeah. F-f-f-fine.

He SHUDDERS from the remaining charge still snapping at his muscles.

ALLISON

I didn't know it was you. If I knew it was you...

SCOTT

You still would've pulled the trigger?

ALLISON

(with a smile)

No, of course not. Seriously, I'm sorry.

He plucks the prongs out of his shirt and skin, wincing in pain. Then, helping gather up the wires and the Taser, he's about to hand it back to her when--

His body has another UNCONTROLLABLE CONVULSION. The Taser launches right out of his grasp. Allison manages to catch it, glancing back to him with an unsure smile.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

You're sure you're okay?

SCOTT

I think so.

ALLISON

What were you doing anyway? Were you following us?

SCOTT

No. Not at all. Your Dad told me you run this trail sometimes. I was kind of just hoping to catch you alone.

ALLISON

By following me?

SCOTT

Well. Yeah.

ALLISON

What for?

Scott reaches into his jacket pocket and delicately pulls out her NECKLACE.

SCOTT

I found this at school.

With a relieved breath, Allison takes the necklace.

ALLISON

Oh, thank God. I was starting to think it had been stolen.

SCOTT

No, nope, just lost. Definitely not stolen. By anyone.

He watches her slip the pendant around her neck and pull her hair through the chain. When she looks up at him again, he remembers to breathe.

ALLISON

Thank you for finding this. And for bringing it.

SCOTT

You don't think I'm a total stalker, do you?

ALLISON

No, you're just weird. Like you always are.

She slips her arms around him to hug him. He holds her back, holding just a little too long.

Allison finally breaks away. Trying not to look back, she hurries off, leaving Scott in the woods. Alone again.

BACK ON THE TRAIL - Lydia glances up in relief. She's been trying to load and nock an arrow, but clearly has no idea what she's doing.

LYDIA

What was it?

ALLISON

Nothing.

LYDIA

Good. Let's go. My fingers are completely numb from the cold and look at you--your eyes are tearing up all over the place.

With a hand wiping the tears at her eyes, Allison grabs the bag and bow, following Lydia back down the trail.

19

INT. STILINSKI HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT

19

Sheriff Stilinski pours over a stack of CASE FILES on the kitchen table.

Stiles tears past, yanks something out of the fridge and disappears back out of the kitchen so quickly you can barely see him.

A moment later, he slowly wanders back over.

STILES

Whatcha' doing?

STILINSKI

Work.

STILES

Anything I can help with?

STILINSKI

Pouring me an ounce of whiskey would be nice.

Setting a BOTTLE and a GLASS on the table, Stiles tries to get a glance at the files.

STILES

Any leads?

STILINSKI

You know I can't discuss that with you.

Stiles tilts the bottle of whiskey to pour.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

Not too much.

Pausing, Stiles glances from his father to the case files. Then to the bottle in his own hand. A devious plan forming...

STILES

There ya go, Dad.

Eyes still on the files, Stilinski lifts up the glass to sip, not noticing that it's almost COMPLETELY FULL.

When he sets it back down it's EMPTY, paperwork now spread haphazardly all over the table.



STILINSKI

(starting to slur)

You know, Derek Hale would be a whole Hale of a lot... Hale of a lot?

STILES

*Hell* of a lot?

STILINSKI

(nodding)

Hell. Yessss. He'd be a whole hell of a lot easier to catch if we had an actual picture of him.

STILES

How do you not have a picture of him?

He lays down photos in front of Stiles.

STILINSKI

It's the weirdest thing. Every time we tried to do his mugshot it was like two laser beams were pointing at the camera.

The photos show attempts at taking Derek's mugshot thwarted by LARGE WHITE GLOW SPOTS with suspicious BLUE FLARES around them. Derek obviously flashed his glowing eyes every time they snapped a shot.

STILES

Nice.

STILINSKI

Good God, that ounce hit me really hard. And I've told you way too much. You repeat any of this...

STILES

You know I won't say anything, Dad.

He picks the bottle up again.

STILES (CONT'D)

You want another? Just a little?

STILINSKI

Absolutely not. Not a drop. Maybe a drop. Just a little.

Stiles sets the bottle back and tries not to look at the gigantic glass of whiskey he just poured. But Stilinski is talking again.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

See, the thing is they're connected. All of them. The school bus driver who died? He was an insurance investigator assigned to the Hale fire.

Stiles reads from the file.

STILES

Terminated under suspicion of fraud.

STILINSKI

Exactly.

STILES

Who else?

STILINSKI

That video store clerk who got his throat slashed? Convicted felon. History of arson.

STILES

What about the other two? The guys who were killed in the woods.

STILINSKI

Priors all over their records. Including...

STILES

Arson?

Stilinski nods.

STILES (CONT'D)

So maybe they all had something to do with the fire?

He picks up the bottle again.

STILINSKI

No. No more.

STILES

You work hard. You deserve it.

19

CONTINUED:

19

STILINSKI

I'm going to have a hangover.

STILES

You're going to have a good night's sleep.

He pours the glass full.

STILES (CONT'D)

(to himself)

And I'm going to have an eternity in the lowest circle of hell.

20

INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT

20

Scott hurries in, dropping his school bag on his bed and locking the door behind him. He puts his phone to his ear, pacing the room while listening to voicemails.

DEATON (V.O.)

Scott, it's Dr. Deaton. Getting a little concerned about how much work you've been missing. Please give a call when you--

SCOTT

Dammit.

He clicks to the next message.

TEACHER (V.O.)

Scott, this is Mr. Thorn from school. I noticed your paper wasn't among those handed in today. If you need an extension, the best I can do is another 48 hours--

SCOTT

Son of a...

He clicks to the next message as a KNOCK comes at the door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Not now, Mom!

But the KNOCK hits again. Scott clicks off his phone and yanks the door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I said not now!

But it's not his mother at the bedroom door. It's Allison.

ALLISON  
Sorry. Your mom let me in.

He stares at her on the threshold of his room, no idea what to say.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
Can we talk?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

21 INT. STILINSKI HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT

21

Stiles takes the empty glass out of his drunk father's hand before it drops through his flimsy grasp.

STILINSKI

There's just so many questions.

STILES

Like?

STILINSKI

If Derek was going to kill everyone involved with the fire, why start with his own sister who had nothing to do with it?

STILES

Good question.

STILINSKI

And why make it all look like some animal did it?

STILES

Also a good question.

STILINSKI

Which is the other weird thing. When that cougar ended up in the school parking lot I checked with Animal Control. Incidences of wild animal reports? Up seventy percent in the last few months. It's like they're all going crazy running out of the woods.

STILES

(quietly)

Or something's scaring them out.

Stiles looks over the files and then starts cleaning them up, shoving them back in their folders.

STILINSKI

You know, I miss talking to you. It's like we never have time--

STILES  
Gotta' make a phone call, Dad. Be  
right back.

STILINSKI  
I do. I miss it.

Stiles gets up, pulling his phone from his pocket.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)  
I miss your mother.

Glancing back, Stiles takes the phone from his ear.

STILES  
What'd you say?

But Stilinski just reaches for the bottle to pour another  
drink. As he lifts it up, however, Stiles puts his hand  
around it, gently setting it down.

STILINSKI  
(appreciatively)  
Thanks.

22 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 22

Scott and Allison sit on the edge of his bed, not talking. Or  
even looking at each other. Finally, Scott turns to her.

SCOTT  
Did you want me to say something  
first?

ALLISON  
No.

SCOTT  
Okay.

He turns back, satisfied with that answer for the moment.  
Allison still doesn't say anything.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Do you want me to leave you alone  
for a few minutes?

ALLISON  
Why would I want that?

SCOTT

I don't know. It's just that you came in and asked if we could talk and we've been sitting here for like ten minutes and you haven't said anything and it's starting to freak me out.

ALLISON

(with a laugh)

Sorry. It's a little hard to start. I didn't want to bother you with this. I called Jackson, but he's not answering his phone.

SCOTT

(worried)

He's not?

ALLISON

I don't know if he's the best person to talk to anyway. I feel like sometimes he tries to pretend he's listening, but that he's actually just waiting for me to stop talking so that he can start again.

SCOTT

That sounds about right.

ALLISON

And I definitely can't talk to Lydia about this. It's going to sound ridiculous. I guess I don't want you to laugh at me.

SCOTT

I would never laugh at you.

She glances at him and nods, seeming to believe him. Then, gathering her nerve, she tries to start.

ALLISON

It's about my family.

SCOTT

Okay.

ALLISON

A little while ago I caught them in a lie. It was really small.

(MORE)

ALLISON (CONT'D)

When my aunt, Kate, arrived, she had car trouble. My Dad said it was a flat tire. But my aunt said she needed a jump start.

SCOTT

Maybe it was just a little miscommunication.

ALLISON

That's what I thought. But then I found glass on her car. Like the window had been smashed in.

Scott nods slowly. Trying not to react.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

And then I've been overhearing these strange conversations.

Scott shifts next to her, knowing exactly where this is going but unable to stop her.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

And I think some of it has to with Derek.

SCOTT

Are you sure?

ALLISON

Yeah. And this is where it's going to really start sounding unbelievable. And you have to promise not to laugh or look at me like I'm crazy. Because I think... I think...

MELISSA MCCALL

Scott! Coming home late tonight!

The door swings open. Scott and Allison both jump to their feet. Almost like they've been caught at something. But Melissa smiles in at them until Scott notices that she's in heels and a very flattering dress.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)

What's wrong? The hair? Makeup?

SCOTT

No. Nothing. You look beautiful.



ALLISON

You look amazing.

SCOTT

(nodding)

Amazing.

(suddenly suspicious)

Why do you look amazing?

MELISSA MCCALL

Because, amazingly, I'm having dinner for once with a member of the male gender who's above the age of sixteen.

SCOTT

Who?

MELISSA MCCALL

A medical rep who came into the hospital today. We just started talking. Next thing I know I'm saying yes to dinner. And then hating myself for skipping the gym last week.

SCOTT

What medical rep?

Scott glances up as the DOORBELL RINGS.

MELISSA MCCALL

That medical rep. Oh God, I'm not done yet. I'm not ready.

She races out of the room while yelling back to Scott.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)

Get the door. Talk to him. Be nice!

Scott looks to Allison.

SCOTT

One minute, okay?

She nods.

Charging into the foyer, Scott approaches the door, hand reaching out to the knob. But then, just as he's about to grasp it, he slows, his hand hovering over the knob.

The DOORBELL RINGS again, making him flinch.

MELISSA MCCALL  
Scott! Get the door!

But he stands there paralyzed, eyes locked on the knob, hand beginning to tremble. He takes a step back.

THE DOORBELL RINGS again.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)  
Scott, for the love of God!

The KNOB slowly turns on its own. Scott reaches for the deadbolt to lock the door. But just as he's about to grasp it THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN TO REVEAL--

Nothing. The porch lies empty. Scott turns back to see his mother glance out from around the corner.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? Aren't you going to invite him in?

Scott whirls back to find Peter Hale standing right outside the house.

PETER  
Hello there.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

24

INT. MCCALL HOME/FOYER - NIGHT

24

Scott stares in disbelief at Peter Hale standing across the threshold from him. Melissa peers out from around the corner.

MELISSA MCCALL

Be back in half a minute.

As she disappears into the house, Scott grabs the knob again, moving to yank it closed. But Peter puts a hand on the door.

PETER

Really? Slam the door in my face?  
Come on, Scott, take a second to  
think that through.

SCOTT

I'll tell her.

PETER

That I used to be a catatonic  
invalid with burns covering half of  
my face? Good luck with that.

SCOTT

You hurt her... you even touch  
her...

PETER

Scott, if I can interrupt your  
listing of the Top Five Most  
Impotent Sounding Threats for just  
a moment, try to remember I've been  
in a coma for six years. You don't  
think I'd like to have dinner with  
a beautiful woman?

Melissa calls out from inside the house.

MELISSA MCCALL (O.S.)

Half a second, sorry!

Peter inches toward Scott.

PETER

Or maybe you think I've come up  
with an idea.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Like how it might be easier to convince you to be part of the pack if your mother was too? Or maybe even your friend Stiles?

Peter keeps slowly pressing Scott into the foyer.

PETER (CONT'D)

You need to understand how much more powerful we are together. You, me, Derek. Did you know one of the most successful military operations in World War II were the German U-Boat attacks? Know what they called them? Wolf Packs. Did you know that? Or are you failing History too?

SCOTT

I know the Germans lost the war.

Peter smiles at Scott's jab, enjoying it.

PETER

Most people would argue that as a failure of leadership. Trust me, we don't have that problem here.

Pulling her coat on, Melissa hurries back out to join them.

MELISSA MCCALL

Ready. Sorry again.

SCOTT

Mom--

She glares back at him with a "please don't ruin this for me" expression.

MELISSA MCCALL

(through her teeth)

Yes, sweetheart?

Peter waits patiently, watching Scott as well.

SCOTT

Have a good time.

Thundering HEAVY METAL blasts from an iPod sitting docked in a speaker. Just a few feet beyond the rattling lockers, Jackson pushes a barbell up on a bench press.

25

CONTINUED:

25

Racking it, he immediately gets up and grabs two dumbbells for hammer curls. Pushing himself as hard as he can, he grits his teeth on the last rep. Muscles straining through his tank top, he struggles to get the dumbbell up to his chest.

The MUSIC stops. Jackson blinks, the weight coming down. He drops both dumbbells to the floor.

JACKSON

What the hell, dude?

No response comes. He leans back, trying to see around the locker to his iPod speaker and whoever turned it off.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Hey--

He stops, seeing a tall figure in a black leather jacket standing over the iPod speaker.

DEREK

I like your taste in music.

Jackson holds still, sweat rolling down his forehead.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I haven't heard this one in a long time.

Derek presses PLAY. When he turns around he finds Jackson holding a lacrosse stick like a bat, ready to defend himself.

MUSIC hammering through the locker room, Derek slowly approaches.

JACKSON

I'm not scared of you.

DEREK

Yeah, you are. I don't think you've had a day in your life where you weren't scared of something. But you won't be scared anymore. Not when you're one of us.

Jackson lowers the lacrosse stick. A smile at his lips.

26

INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT

26

Scott tries to explain as quickly as he can to Allison.

26

CONTINUED:

26

SCOTT

If you just stay, I swear, I'll be right back. I just have to--I wouldn't do this if it wasn't totally, incredibly important.

ALLISON

It's all right.

SCOTT

No. I want to talk to you. There's actually nothing I want to do more right now. Can you please stay? Please. I'll be right back.

Allison reluctantly nods, sitting back down on the bed.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Thank you.

A moment later, she's watching him race out the door.

27

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

27

Derek follows Jackson out of the locker room. The second they turn the corner and step out of sight, however, someone else slips out of the shadows and into view...

Kate. Watching with interest as the two of them leave.

28

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT

28

Peter drives, steering Melissa down darker and darker roads. She glances out the window with a confused look.

PETER

Everything okay?

MELISSA MCCALL

I feel like we passed our turn for the restaurant.

PETER

How about I pull over and you map it again on your phone?

Peter eases the car off to the side of the road as Melissa takes out her phone. But while tapping her thumbs on the screen, she looks up to find him staring at her.

MELISSA MCCALL

What?

PETER

I was just noticing you have the most incredible skin. Flawless.

MELISSA MCCALL

That's sort of a new one for me.

PETER

Do you mind?

He reaches slowly toward her, fingers brushing her cheek. She can't help but tremble ever-so-slightly as he touches her. Her phone slips out of her hand, dropping to the passenger side floor.

MELISSA MCCALL

Sorry.

She reaches for the phone while Peter looks on her, his EYES slowly beginning to burn with a glassy RED GLOW as--

A CAR SLAMS RIGHT INTO THEM, sending them both jerking forward. Melissa SCREAMS in surprise.

Head snapped forward, Peter looks back up to reveal his eyes are back to normal. They both glance to the rear window to see who hit them.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me?

Melissa gets out of the passenger side and looks on the vehicle that hit them with pure, unadulterated fury.

MELISSA MCCALL

Stiles?

He gets out of the Jeep and feigns surprise.

STILES

Mrs. McCall? Wow. This is crazy.  
Talk about a coincidence.

Peter Hale steps out from the driver's side, approaching the rear of his now damaged car with an amused smile.

PETER

(under his breath)  
Nicely done, Scott.

29

CONTINUED:

29

Down the street, past the lineup of cars and frustrated drivers, Scott appears from behind an SUV. He's breathless from running, sweat on his forehead.

Peter's VOICE changes as Scott picks it up with his enhanced hearing.

*PETER (CONT'D)*

*Nicely done.*

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE



ACT SIX

FADE IN:

30

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

30

Stiles and Melissa look over the damage to the cars as witnesses gather.

STILES

I don't know what happened. You guys came out of nowhere.

MELISSA MCCALL

Came out of nowhere? We were parked on the side of the road.

STILES

How crazy is that? We should call the police, do an accident report.

PETER

I don't think that's necessary.

STILES

You sure? I'm feeling a little whiplash.

MELISSA MCCALL

You have whiplash? You hit us.

STILES

Something's definitely wrong with my neck.

MELISSA MCCALL

Something will be when I'm strangling it with my bare hands.

Neither of them notice Peter stepping away, his gaze wandering to the shadows.

PETER

I know you're there. And I'm impressed. Too bad most teenagers aren't as smart. Kind of like that friend of yours on the lacrosse team, Jackson. The one who thinks he knows all about us.

Down the street, Scott's tired gasps stop, breath now held tight in the grip of fear.

30

CONTINUED:

30

PETER (CONT'D)

You know how they say knowledge is power? Not in his case.

Realization dawning on him, Scott slowly steps back. Then turns on his heels to run for it. Hurling off the road, he races not for his own life. But for Jackson's.

31

EXT. HALE PROPERTY - NIGHT

31

Jackson walks just ahead of Derek. His excited anticipation, however, seems to **lessen** with every step forward.

\*

JACKSON

This is it? This place?

DEREK

Go ahead.

JACKSON

It's safe to go in? I don't want rafters falling on my head.

Jackson takes a hard swallow, then inches his way up the steps. He glances back yet again. But Derek simply nods him onward.

Reaching for the doorknob, Jackson pauses to notice just how badly his hand trembles.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

What... What's in here?

DEREK

Everything you want. Just go in.

Hand on the knob, Jackson turns it and slowly pushes the door open. He doesn't step in yet, trying to peer into the darkness. But he can't seem to make anything out inside.

A creak of a floorboard makes him flinch. Derek steps up behind him, his voice soft. Friendly.

DEREK (CONT'D)

It's going to be all right. Trust me.

Finally, Jackson steps over the threshold.

32

INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

32

Jackson walks deeper into the charred house. Apprehension turns to confusion as he gazes about.

JACKSON

This house...

He's so entranced by the staircase and rooms before him, he doesn't see Derek's fingers spread, CLAWS out.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

This is the same house.

Derek abruptly stops.

DEREK

What did you say?

JACKSON

I dreamt about this place.

He steps into what was once the living room, now blackened and empty. His hand drifts to the SCRATCHES on the back of his neck as he speaks.

\*  
\*

JACKSON (CONT'D)

I remember the couch. That lamp. I remember... everything.

DEREK

You've been here?

JACKSON

No. Never. I dreamt it.

Hands lightly touching the furniture, he stops. Then slowly turns back around, eyes meeting Derek's.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

There's no one else here.

DEREK

No.

JACKSON

And no one else coming.

DEREK

No.

Lower lip beginning to tremble, Jackson bites it back. But when he looks up he can't hide the fear.

JACKSON

Please, don't. I'll shut up. I won't say anything ever again.

Derek starts forward. But he seems to be having trouble holding Jackson's gaze as if his resolve is weakening.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

I'll leave Scott alone. Please don't do this. Oh my God, please.

Jackson begins backing toward the entrance. He doesn't see the stairs behind him and stumbles into them.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Come on, please don't. I don't deserve this. I don't deserve it.

DEREK

I think you do. Because wouldn't there be someone trying to save you? Look around, Jackson. There's no one. No one cares that you drive an expensive car. No one cares about your perfect hair. And no one cares that you're Captain of the lacrosse team.

SCOTT

Excuse me.

Derek's head snaps up to see Scott perched at the top of the stairs.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Co-Captain.

He LAUNCHES himself down the stairs, TRANSFORMING in mid-flight, SNARLING through sharpening fangs and dragging Derek to the floor right in front of a stunned Jackson.

Rolling to his feet, Scott takes a protective stance in front of Jackson who looks on him in his transformed state with a mixture of fear and awe.

Derek looks up, now also transformed and baring his fangs.

DEREK

Move.

SCOTT

No.

DEREK

Fine. I'll kill you too.

32

CONTINUED:

32

Jackson cowers back in the shadows, moving to the side of the stairs as the two werewolves circle each other until--

They both stop, both seeming to sense something. They hear it. A strange WHISTLING SOUND. Something SOARING through the air.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Cover your eyes--

A FLASH BOLT blasts inside the house and explodes with a BLINDING LIGHT.

It's followed by a volley of GUNSHOTS. Jackson SCREAMS out as both Scott and Derek take hits.

Scott tumbles to the FLOOR hollering in pain. As he rolls over onto his back he looks at his stomach in terror. SMOKE WAFTS UP from the wound. He's been hit with a wolfsbane bullet.

He blinks up at Derek who has taken cover behind a column.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Go.

Then, without another word, Derek spins into a new round of GUNFIRE and goes right out the door to face the hunters himself.

33

EXT. HALE PROPERTY - NIGHT

33

Jackson runs for his life, charging blindly into the darkness. He never looks back to see Scott stumbling after him.

34

INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT

34

Sitting there in Scott's room, still waiting and ever patient, Allison checks the time on her cell phone.

35

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

35

Still running, still trying to escape deeper into the woods, Scott finally tumbles to his knees. He lurches up, BLACK LIQUID at his lips. His body trying to heal itself. Trying and failing.

Crawling forward, he pushes himself up from the leaves and dirt making one last attempt to get back to his feet.

But then he falls forward again. Rolling slowly onto his back, the world above starts to blur.

35 CONTINUED: 35

SCOTT  
Allison...

Darkness begins to creep in on his peripheral vision.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
(barely a whisper)  
Allison...

36 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 36

Finally, Allison stands, pulling her jacket back on. Slowly, reluctantly, she walks out the door.

37 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 37

Scott's eyes continue to blink as he fights to stay conscious. But then he sees something above him. The DARK SILHOUETTE of a man gazing down at him.

Limbs weak, Scott reaches up. But his eyelids flutter and the world goes dark around him. When he opens his eyes again, trees are moving past him.

SCOTT  
Stop...

Whoever carries him speaks, his VOICE DISTANT and WHISPERY.

VOICE  
It's all right, Scott. You're going  
to be all right.

FADE TO BLACK:

38 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC - NIGHT 38

Scott jolts awake. He squints, blinded by the FLORESCENT LIGHT blazing down on him. Then hears the CLINK of METAL.

Nearby, a BULLET SLUG now lies at the bottom of a steel tin. His boss, Dr. Deaton, steps over to smile down at him.

DEATON  
I wouldn't try to get up just yet.

SCOTT  
(weakly)  
Am I...

38

CONTINUED:

38

DEATON

You're fine. And I've given you something that should speed up the healing process.

SCOTT

But... you're a vet.

DEATON

Very true. And ninety percent of the time I'm mostly treating cats and dogs.

SCOTT

Mostly?

Deaton turns to him with a knowing smile.

DEATON

Mostly.

39

INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT - NIGHT

39

A time-worn heavy steel door swings open into a damp corridor marked with more disgusting dirt and grime than a New York subway tunnel. Kate steps inside, followed by a very hesitant Allison.

ALLISON

What is this place?

KATE

Let's start with basics. You know how every family has its secrets?

Kate yanks open another door.

KATE (CONT'D)

Ours are a little different.

Allison gazes past her to where Derek stands shackled to a grid of pipes, his head bent low. When he raises his eyes, they're GLOWING an ice-cold blue.

Fully transformed and chained up like a dog, Derek opens his mouth wide and ROARS THROUGH HIS FANGS at the two female Argents.

Kate looks back to her terrified niece with the disturbed grin of a pure sadist.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Isn't he beautiful?

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE