

TEEN WOLF  
Episode #111  
by  
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New Remote Productions, Inc.

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Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #111  
Episode Eleven

**TEEN WOLF**

"Episode 111"

EP#111

Cast List

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

KATE..... JILL WAGNER  
STILINSKI..... LINDEN ASHBY  
DEATON..... SETH GILLIAM  
PETER..... IAN BOHEN  
MELISSA MCCALL..... MELISSA PONZIO  
MARCUS.....  
COACH..... ORNY ADAMS  
ARGENT..... JR BOURNE  
DANNY..... KEAHU KAHUANUI  
TYHURST..... ADAM CIESIELSKI

REMOVED:  
SECURITY GUARD

**TEEN WOLF**

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Set List

INTERIORS

ABANDONED BASEMENT

BASEMENT

CORRIDOR

ALLISON'S CAR

ARGENT HOME

ALLISON'S ROOM

ANIMAL CLINIC

EXAMINING ROOM

MCCALL HOME

SCOTT'S ROOM

MELLISSA MCCALL'S CAR

HIGH SCHOOL

LOCKER ROOM

CORRIDOR

GYM

MALL

MACY'S DEPARTMENT STORE

MACY'S DEPARTMENT STORE

JUNIOR'S SECTION

JACKSON'S PORSCHE

EXTERIORS

ARGENT HOME

ROOM

HIGH SCHOOL

PARKING LOT

WOODS

LACROSSE FIELD

**TEEN WOLF**  
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT - NIGHT 1

A BLUE CURRENT of ELECTRICITY snakes through a grid of rusted pipes, twisting up around spliced wires and rippling down to gold-plated NEEDLES that pierce the skin of Derek's torso.

His body arcs up, the ELECTRICAL CHARGE pulling his muscles into painful contractions while--

2 INT. ALLISON'S CAR - NIGHT 2

Pedal to the floor, Allison pushes her car past SIXTY, driving far too fast down suburban roads. The moment she blinks, she's--

3 INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT - NIGHT 3

Back in the dimly-lit basement, watching Kate dial down the current at a control board. THE STATIC BUZZ fades allowing Derek to collapse back against the restraints. Still transformed, he gasps weakly.

Barely breathing herself, Allison keeps her distance.

ALLISON  
What is he?

KATE  
I think you already know the answer to that.

Allison shakes her head.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Sure you do. Maybe you don't want to say it because it gets a little too real when you hear it out loud? Shape-shifter. Lycan. Werewolf. Whatever. To me he's just another dumb animal.

ALLISON  
What are you doing to him? Is that going to kill him?

3

CONTINUED:

3

KATE

Oh, kiddo, don't get all ethical on me. **The electric charge just keeps him friendly.**

\*  
\*

She pushes Derek's chin up, then pulls his lips back like a vet might with a dog to inspect its gums.

KATE (CONT'D)

See these? Canines. Also known as fangs. Made for the rending and tearing of flesh. Not something you find on cute, leaf-eating herbivores.

Gripping his chin, Kate fearlessly pulls Derek closer.

KATE (CONT'D)

You know, there was an ancient breed of gray wolves whose teeth could crush bone? How hot is that?

ALLISON

This is a joke to you.

KATE

Sweetheart, werewolves are running around in the world. Everything's a joke to me. How else do you think I stay sane?

She casually drops Derek's head, letting his chin fall to his chest as--

4

INT. ALLISON'S CAR - NIGHT

4

Allison snaps her head up. Hurtling too fast toward the RED BRAKE LIGHTS of the cars ahead, she swerves into the next lane and--

5

INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

5

Down a dark corridor, Allison follows Kate.

ALLISON

**So was** it him in the school? And all of the animal attacks?

\*

KATE

There's three of them. **Another** young one like **him**, called a Beta. The third is the Alpha.

\*  
\*

5 CONTINUED:

5

ALLISON

What's an Alpha?

KATE

The pack leader. Bigger. Stronger.  
Nastier. Those are the real ugly  
motherfu--

6 INT. ALLISON'S CAR - NIGHT

6

THE ENGINE ROARS as Allison whips around a turn. She doesn't see a POLICE CAR burst out of the shadows behind her, LIGHTS coming on while--

7 INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

7

FLORESCENT BULBS flicker across the ceiling of the corridor where Kate leads Allison out.

ALLISON

When were they going to tell me?

KATE

They still haven't decided *if*  
they're going to tell you.

ALLISON

Why not?

KATE

Let's just say if you react badly  
when you find out, not good.

ALLISON

What do you mean *not good*?

KATE

They don't think you can handle it.  
They see a frightened little girl  
who's going to run crying into a  
corner when she hears the truth.

ALLISON

What do you see?

KATE

Natural talent. Potential.

ALLISON

Well, what am I supposed to do now?

7

CONTINUED:

7

KATE

Go to school, do your homework, go to the formal Friday night. Be a normal teenage girl who doesn't know anything. And trust me to get everything ready for the next part.

ALLISON

The next part? What's the next part?

KATE

You're going to help me catch the second Beta.

\*

8

INT. ALLISON'S CAR - NIGHT

8

SIRENS BLARING behind her car, Allison looks into the rear view mirror at the RED and BLUE FLASHING LIGHTS.

ALLISON

Oh, come on, not now.

She quickly pulls to the side of the road and parks.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Stupid, stupid, stupid.

Grabbing her license and registration, she rolls down the window. A FLASHLIGHT BEAM flares in on her and--

*Derek SNAPS out with his teeth.*

Allison flinches, squinting in the beam of light. When it moves, she finds herself peering up at Sheriff Stilinski.

STILINSKI

Allison? Are you all right?

ALLISON

Yeah. I'm sorry I was going so fast. I didn't realize... I...

But as she stammers, the teenage year-old girl begins to surface. Practically strangling the steering wheel with her hands, she can't fight what's about to happen.

STILINSKI

Oh no.

She bursts into tears.

8

CONTINUED:

8

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

Okay. All right. You weren't going that fast. It was only 75. In a 25. In a construction zone.

ALLISON

Oh God, I'm not crying to get out of the ticket. Please don't think I'm like that.

STILINSKI

It's okay. Perfectly okay.

ALLISON

No, please. Write me the ticket. You have to give me a ticket.

STILINSKI

I don't think that would help--

ALLISON

This is humiliating. I swear I'm not like this.

STILINSKI

I understand--

ALLISON

This isn't me. *It's not me.*

She SLAMS her hands against the wheel. Then, wiping the tears away, she glances up with an embarrassed smile.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I'm okay. Really, I am.

STILINSKI

Do I still have to give you a ticket?

9

INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT

9

A BLACK BAG drops onto the bed. Allison unzips it to reveal the separated parts of her COMPOUND BOW.

With steady hands and precise movements, she begins piecing it together. Snapping the optical sight into place, she yanks back on the bowstring. Aiming right at--

CUT TO:

**Main Title: TEEN WOLF**



10

INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

10 \*

Scott snaps awake, sitting up on the steel table in the examining room. His feet land on the concrete floor as Deaton steps out from around the corner.

DEATON

Welcome back to the land of the  
conscious. You doing okay?

Scott answers by swaying back, looking as if he might pass out. Deaton takes his arm, keeping him from falling.

DEATON (CONT'D)

Maybe you should sit down.

A CHIME RINGS through the Clinic, causing them both to look up. They hear a SLIGHT CREAK, the front door opening and then easing shut.

Deaton cocks his head to listen. Scott's grip on his arm begins to tighten, fear renewing his strength.

DEATON (CONT'D)

Hello?

No response comes. Scott pulls at Deaton, trying to draw him back. But the man remains perfectly calm.

DEATON (CONT'D)

(calling out)

I'm sorry, but we're closed.

From around the corner comes the slightest sound of FOOTFALLS.

Deaton starts forward, but Scott digs into his sleeve. Gently, Deaton pries his fingers off and gives a reassuring smile. He steps toward--

THE FRONT OF THE OFFICE - where Peter Hale stands just inside the door.

PETER

Hi there. I'm here to pick up.

DEATON

Sorry, I'm not sure I remember you  
dropping off.

PETER

This one wandered in on its own.

DEATON

Even if he did, I'm afraid I can't help you. We're closed.

IN THE EXAMINING ROOM - Scott hides in a corner against the brick wall. He listens, breath held as Peter keeps pushing.

PETER

I think you could make an exception this one time, don't you?

DEATON

I'm sorry, that's not going to be possible. Maybe you could come back during regular hours.

Peter loses the smile. He steps toward Deaton.

PETER

You have something of mine. I'm here to collect it.

DEATON

Like I said... We're closed.

Peter stops at the gated border between the waiting area and the office used to keep animals out. Confident veneer cracking slightly, he tries to approach the gate again, but it's almost like an invisible barrier presses him back.

Hand coming up, he traces the tips of his fingers across the two-inch wood surface of the gate.

PETER

Made from mountain ash? Right? That's an old one.

In the blink of an eye, Peter's hand wraps around one of the CHAIRS in the waiting area. He yanks it up and sends HURLING over the border to SMASH AGAINST THE WALL.

It tumbles to the floor beside Deaton. MOVEMENT comes from the back of the Clinic. Peter glances past him to the sound.

DEATON

Let me be as clear as possible. We. Are. Closed.

Calm returning, Peter finally gives a polite nod and moves for the door. But with his hand on the knob, he pauses to whisper...

10

CONTINUED:

10

PETER

There **are** other people who can help  
me get what I want, Scott.

\*

IN THE BACK - Scott presses against the brick wall, listening  
to Peter's voice with his heightened hearing.

*PETER (CONT'D)*

*More innocent. And far more  
vulnerable.*

\*

The door clicks closed with a GENTLE CHIME and Scott slumps  
down against the wall, knowing exactly who Peter was talking  
about...

SCOTT

(a whisper)

Allison.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 11

Stiles watches Scott frantically search his room.

SCOTT  
Call it again.

STILES  
It's not here.

Tossing blankets, pillows, lacrosse equipment, Scott tears through the place.

STILES (CONT'D)  
So you lost your phone. Get a new one.

SCOTT  
I can't afford a new one. And I can't do this alone. We have to find Derek.

STILES  
Okay, A, you're not alone. You have me. And B, didn't you tell me Derek walked right into gunfire?

SCOTT  
(shaking his head)  
Argent's plan was use him to get the Alpha. They won't kill him.

STILES  
Then let them do what they're planning. They use Derek to get Peter, problem solved.

SCOTT  
Not if Peter's going after Allison to find Derek. I can't protect her myself. Which means I need to find Derek first. *Just help me.*

Stiles reluctantly gets up to join the search.

STILES  
You know, you probably lost it when you two were fighting. Remember?  
(MORE)

\*

11

CONTINUED:

11

STILES (CONT'D)

When he was trying to kill you?  
When you interrupted him trying to  
kill Jackson? Starting to see a  
pattern of violent behavior here?  
No? Maybe it's just me.

SCOTT

He wasn't going to kill anyone. And  
I'm not letting him die.

STILES

Could you at least think about  
letting him die?

But before Scott can respond, he HEARS something. The sound  
of a car ENGINE RUMBLING.

STILES (CONT'D)

What?

SCOTT

My Mom's home.

12

INT. MELISSA MCCALL'S CAR - NIGHT

12

Clicking off the engine in the parked car, Melissa holds her  
cell phone to her ear waiting for the other line to pick up.

VOICE

*Please leave a message after the  
tone.*

The voice is so quick Melissa stumbles after the BEEP sounds.

MELISSA MCCALL

Oh. Hi. It's me. Melissa. McCall.  
Giving you... a call. That always  
sounds so awkward when I say it.  
Because of my last name. McCall.  
Yeah, so...

13

INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT

13

Scott listens in, cringing as it gets worse and worse.

MELISSA MCCALL (V.O.)

*Wondering if you wanted to  
reschedule dinner. Or lunch.  
Doesn't have to be dinner. Lunch is  
good. Or coffee. If you drink  
coffee. Maybe you drink tea. Maybe  
we could just go for drinks?*

(MORE)

- 13 CONTINUED: 13
- MELISSA MCCALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*I think I'll need a few after this  
profoundly embarrassing message.  
So, if you're not totally freaked  
out by this disastrous call, feel  
free to give me... a call.*
- 14 INT. MELISSA MCCALL'S CAR - NIGHT 14
- Hitting END on her phone, Melissa sits there for a long,  
horrible moment.
- 15 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 15
- Stiles tries to read Scott's expression.
- STILES  
Is she okay?
- Scott shakes his head no, still listening.
- STILES (CONT'D)  
What's she doing now?
- SCOTT  
Crying.
- 16 INT. MELISSA MCCALL'S CAR - NIGHT 16
- Melissa wipes the tears at her eyes even as new ones slip  
down her cheeks, crying quietly in her car.
- 17 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 17
- Scott slumps down on his bed in utter misery.
- STILES  
Scott. You can't protect everyone.
- SCOTT  
But I have to.
- He doesn't see Stiles's pensive expression. CELL PHONE in his  
hands, Stiles turns it over and over, the kind of mindless  
action someone takes when they're struggling with a thought.  
Or with a *secret*.
- 18 INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT - NIGHT 18
- Picking up Derek's jacket, Kate searches the pockets. She  
pulls out his wallet and begins thumbing through it.

KATE

Come on, he killed your sister.  
Either you're not telling me  
because you want to kill him  
yourself...

Derek weakly pulls his head up. Returned to normal, his face is pale, body dripping wet.

KATE (CONT'D)

Or for some twisted reason, you're  
protecting him.

In the wallet, Kate finds a LICENSE which shows a typically angry Derek glaring at the DMV camera. She holds it up to compare against the scowling Derek in front of her.

KATE (CONT'D)

Look at that sour face. I bet you  
used to get a lot of people coming  
up to you saying *smile. Derek, why  
don't you smile more often?* Don't  
you want to just punch those people  
in the throat?

DEREK

I can think of one person.

KATE

Promise? Because if you're going to  
be that much fun, I'll let you go  
and have at it.

She picks up his phone, scrolling through it.

KATE (CONT'D)

Nothing, nothing, nothing. I hate  
this detective crap. I want the  
Alpha or the Beta. Just give me one  
or the other.

DEREK

Are you going to torture me or talk  
me to death?

KATE

I don't want to torture you. I want  
to catch up. Remember all the fun  
we had together?

DEREK

Like the time you burned my family  
alive?

18

CONTINUED:

18

KATE

I was thinking more of all the crazy hot sex we had. But the fire thing? That was pretty fun too.

**Furious,** Derek yanks against his restraints. \*

KATE (CONT'D)

God, I love how much you hate me.

Grabbing him by the belt, she pulls him toward her. Derek tries to keep away from her, his stomach flexing back.

KATE (CONT'D)

Remember how this felt?

She yanks him forward again and casually let's her tongue slide up his abs to his sternum.

Derek snaps out, as if trying to take her head off. **The pins** in the sides of his body CRACKLE with BLUE SPARKS OF ELECTRICITY. \*

KATE (CONT'D)

I mean it, though. I don't want to torture you.

(glancing back)

But he does.

MARCUS, a very large man who would cause most people to cross the street if he approached, steps out of the shadows.

Showing no hint of emotion, Kate walks out. Behind her, Marcus **cracks his knuckles in anticipation.** \*

19

INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT

19

Covers twisted over her body, Allison sleeps fitfully. She tosses and turns while outside her window--

20

EXT. ARGENT HOME/ROOF - NIGHT

20

Scott sits on the roof under the light of the moon, keeping vigil over the house. He's clearly been there a long time, however. His heavy eyelids flutter as he fights off sleep.

Head nodding forward, he snaps it up, blinking. Shaking off the tiredness, he takes a breath and continues his watch.

But a moment later, his head sinks down again. As his chin hits his chest, Scott falls asleep. *And falls right off the roof.*



A MUFFLED CRASH comes from below.

Ow. SCOTT (O.S.)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

21

The BELL RINGS, sending the boys in the locker room hurrying out of their gym clothes to get back to class. Coach barrels through with Scott trying to catch him.

SCOTT

What do you mean I can't go to the formal?

COACH

McCall, you're failing my class and two others. They told me to cut you from the team. I said I'd sooner cut off my one remaining testicle than my best player.

SCOTT

So the compromise is I can't go to the dance? Then I quit the team.

COACH

No, you don't. And if you show up at that dance I'll personally haul you out by your teeth.

Coach slams the door of his office shut.

MOMENTS LATER AT ANOTHER LOCKER - An incredulous Jackson turns to Scott and Stiles. They speak in hushed whispers, trying not to be heard by others.

JACKSON

You want me to take her to the formal?

SCOTT

I don't want you to. I need you to.

JACKSON

Screw you.  
(to Stiles)  
Screw you too.  
(to both of them)  
In fact, screw each other.

STILES

He saved your life.

JACKSON

He left me for dead.

SCOTT

I got shot for you.

JACKSON

Oh yeah? Show me the bullet wound.

SCOTT

You know it healed.

\*

JACKSON

Convenient.

SCOTT

Then do it for Allison. She's in serious danger. I'm talking around-the-clock danger and someone has to keep an eye on her at the dance.

JACKSON

Try her Dad. He's the one equipped to actually handle this.

SCOTT

How am I supposed to do that and keep him from finding out about me?

JACKSON

Not my problem.

He moves to leave but Scott blocks him.

SCOTT

You're her friend too. You are. All that time you spent with her just to get me? You can't tell me you didn't get to know her and like her. It's Allison. It's *impossible* to not like her. You can't tell me you don't care if she gets hurt.

JACKSON

What if I get hurt?

SCOTT

Then it's worth it.

JACKSON

Not to me.

Jackson shoves him out of the way. Stiles turns to Scott.

21

CONTINUED:

21

STILES

I don't want to say I told you so... Because it's not strong enough. How about: I'm always right, you should listen to whatever I say and never disagree, ever, ever, ever.

SCOTT

I'm not done.

Stepping around the corner in the now empty locker room, he finds Jackson reaching for the door to the hall.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

One more thing...

Jackson turns around as Scott's eyes FLARE YELLOW, teeth lengthening into razor-sharp FANGS.

22

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM CORRIDOR - DAY

22

A TERRIFYING ROAR rattles the door while Jackson's vague silhouette slams back against the opaque glass window.

23

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

23

Allison closes her locker to reveal a smiling, sweat-laced Jackson standing right next to her.

JACKSON

So what time should I pick you up tomorrow?

She gazes at his somewhat crazed appearance with concern.

ALLISON

Are you okay?

JACKSON

Yeah. Great. Really excited to go to the formal. With you. As friends. Just friends.

DOWN AROUND THE CORNER - Stiles and Scott watch the two of them chat, making plans for the dance.

STILES

Don't worry, I'll be there too.

SCOTT

I'm still going.

STILES

Is that really a good idea? Do you even have a date?

SCOTT

Not yet.

STILES

Do you have a suit?

SCOTT

Not yet.

STILES

A ticket to the formal? A ride?

SCOTT

No and no.

STILES

So you're riding your bike to a dance you're not allowed to go to, without a suit, a date or a way in, with werewolves and werewolf hunters all out to kick your werewolf ass?

SCOTT

(determined)

Yeah. You going to help me?

STILES

(with pride)

Hell, yes.

The hall fills, crowding with students while--

Shoppers rush the corridor of a mall. Allison follows Lydia into a Macy's Department Store entrance.

ALLISON

Nothing's wrong. I have a lot on my mind.

LYDIA

You could smile at least. Ever hear the saying: Never frown. Someone could be falling in love with your smile.

(off her glare)

(MORE)

24

CONTINUED:

24

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Smile, Allison. I'm buying you a dress.

ALLISON

I'll admit, as far as apologies go, that's more than I expected.

LYDIA

Excellent.

ALLISON

But not as much as I'm going to ask.

LYDIA

(alarmed)

What? What's that supposed to mean?

ALLISON

It means you're going to cancel on whatever dumb, roided up jock you said yes to and go with someone else.

LYDIA

Who?

ALLISON

Him.

She points down the aisle to Stiles standing at a perfume counter. He sprays a bottle in his face and reacts with a VIOLENT SNEEZE.

A horror-struck Lydia turns to Allison.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Don't frown, Lydia. Someone could be falling in love with your smile.

They turn to see Stiles waving. Then sneezing. Violently.

25

INT. MACY'S DEPARTMENT STORE/JUNIOR'S SECTION - DAY

25

Lydia places a dress on a stack held in Stiles's arms.

STILES

You're going to try all of these on? Is this a 24-hour Macy's?

He glances to Allison for help, but she's already at another section. Thumbing through the racks, she pulls a dress.

PETER (O.S.)  
That's not your color.

Allison glances up, caught off guard by the handsome stranger peering over the racks.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Sorry if that was intrusive. But considering your skin tone, I'd go lighter.

ALLISON  
Because I'm pale?

PETER  
Fair. You can't call skin like yours pale. Not skin that perfect.

ALLISON  
(suspicious of the compliment)  
Oh-kay.

PETER  
Trust me, I have a unique perspective on the subject.

As he approaches, something FLICKERS in his eyes. Either a reflection of the store's lights. Or something stranger.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Would you mind?

He reaches for her hand. Before she can even move, he has his fingers around her palm, delicately drawing her hand up.

PETER (CONT'D)  
See? Much better.

He presses a lighter fabric from the rack to her hand.

PETER (CONT'D)  
You're not here alone, are you?

He inches closer. Allison takes an instinctive step back.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Friends looking for dresses too?

Allison nods. He keeps coming toward her.

PETER (CONT'D)  
High school dance?

25

CONTINUED:

25

ALLISON  
 (barely a whisper)  
 Formal.

For a brief second, Peter's eyes REFLECT the light, like an animal's eyes bouncing back moonlight in the dark. *But then--*

VOICE OVER PA  
*Attention shoppers. To the owner of  
 a blue Mazda, license plate...*

*Allison blinks, snapping back to reality.*

ALLISON  
 Did she say blue Mazda?

VOICE OVER PA  
*...5-U-N-I-7-6-8. Your car is being  
 towed.*

ALLISON  
*What? That's--that's my car.*

*Peter watches the suddenly frantic teenager race around the racks and go running for the exit. Blinking in momentary confusion, Peter allows himself a smile.*

PETER  
 (whispering)  
 I have to say I continue to be  
 impressed by your ingenuity, Scott.

*Around a corner and down another aisle, Scott hides in the shadows, listening and then slumping back against the wall as the weight of Peter's next words bear down on him...*

*PETER (CONT'D)*  
*Just remember: You can't be  
 everywhere all of the time.*

26

INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT - DAY

26

In the pitch black, a cell phone display LIGHTS UP revealing Kate while she listens to a voicemail.



ARGENT (V.O.)

It's me. I'm getting tired of leaving messages. I want to know where you are. Call me. Now.

Pocketing her phone, Kate returns to the control box.

KATE

Unfortunately, Derek, if you're not going to talk, looks like I'm going to have to kill you. So... Say hi to your sister for me.

She starts to turn up the dial, but pauses.

KATE (CONT'D)

You did tell her about me, right? The truth about the fire?

She watches his face for a reaction. He won't look at her.

KATE (CONT'D)

Or did you? Did you ever tell anyone?

Derek closes his eyes, trying to shut her out.

KATE (CONT'D)

Oh sweetie, that's a lot of guilt to keep buried. It's not all your fault. You got tricked by a pretty face. It happens. Handsome young werewolf mistakenly falls in love with super hot girl who comes from family that kills werewolves. Is that ironic? I'm reluctant to say *ironic* because I know most people don't use the word correctly. Is it ironic that you're inadvertently helping me take down the rest of the pack again? Maybe it's just funny. Or just history repeating itself.

Hand on the dial of the control box, ready to turn the current up, she instead pauses. Finger tapping at the dial.

KATE (CONT'D)

(to herself)  
History repeating...

She flips the dial back down and approaches Derek.

KATE (CONT'D)

It's not Jackson, is it? He's got a little scratch on the back of his neck, but he's not in love with Allison.

Kate comes closer, lips almost touching his.

KATE (CONT'D)

Not like Scott.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

27

INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT

27

A GARMENT BAG unzips to reveal a black sport coat. Melissa looks it over while Scott rushes in and out of his bathroom, hurrying to get ready.

MELISSA MCCALL

This is really nice. How did you afford...

(noticing something)

Oh.

Numerous tears on the inside of the coat have been painstakingly repaired with DUCT TAPE.

SCOTT

It's not going to work, is it?

MELISSA MCCALL

No, it's fine. No one will notice.

(under her breath)

No one legally blind.

SCOTT

I heard that.

He comes out of the bathroom, having finished tying his tie.

MELISSA MCCALL

Well, let's try it on.

He quickly pulls on the jacket.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)

Actually, I think it looks pretty--

And then he turns around.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)

Oh boy.

There is a *huge tear* in the middle of his butt. Scott spins back in alarm.

SCOTT

I don't have time for this. I can't buy new ones. What am I going to do?

MELISSA MCCALL

Okay, don't panic. Take them off.  
Pants off now!

She rushes out. As the pants drop onto the bed, Melissa charges back in with a sewing kit and has a needle threaded in seconds. Scott looks over her shoulder, watching her sew as fast as humanly possibly.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)

Is the girl coming here? You know I need the car tonight.

SCOTT

I'm going stag.

She pauses in her sewing to look at him.

MELISSA MCCALL

You're going alone?

SCOTT

Stag. There's a difference. Sort of.

MELISSA MCCALL

I'm just surprised there are no other girls besides Allison you could have asked.

SCOTT

Mom, there are no other girls besides Allison.

MELISSA MCCALL

You really feel that way?

SCOTT

Mom, please keep sewing.

MELISSA MCCALL

You've got time for one question.  
Do you really feel that way?

SCOTT

I can't help it. Every time I look at her I get this hollow feeling in my chest. It's like--like someone literally took a shovel and dug a hole in me. It's the worst feeling I've ever had in my life. I didn't even know you could actually feel this bad.

MELISSA MCCALL

I know. Everyone knows eventually.  
But it does go away.

SCOTT

I don't want it to.

MELISSA MCCALL

Have you told her how you feel?

SCOTT

She knows.

Melissa SLAPS her palm against Scott's forehead. He gazes back, stunned.

MELISSA MCCALL

*She knows?* Listen dumbass, I'm going to let you in on a secret most men don't have a clue about. Women love words.

SCOTT

Huh?

MELISSA MCCALL

Tell her how you feel. Say it. Say it again. Say it differently. Then learn how to say it better. Then learn how to sing it. Write it in a poem, in a card attached to flowers, carve it into a tree, in cement on a sidewalk or tattoo it on your arm--

SCOTT

Really?

MELISSA MCCALL

No.

She ties off the thread and hands him the pants to put on.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)

Tell her the truth. Tell her anything and everything you want.

SCOTT

Everything?

MELISSA MCCALL

*Everything.* But when you do? I'd keep this buttoned.

27 CONTINUED: 27

She pulls his sport coat closed to cover the duct tape.

28 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 28

Cars pour into the school parking lot flooding with teenagers in formal dresses, suits and ties. The dance has begun.

29 INT. JACKSON'S PORSCHE - NIGHT 29 \*

In his parked car, Jackson leans back, chugging from an unlabeled bottle. Allison watches from the passenger seat with an expression that could only be translated as *yeesh*.

Finally, he lowers the bottle and offers it to her.

ALLISON  
I'm good, thanks.

JACKSON  
You want to do tonight sober?

ALLISON  
I wouldn't mind remembering some of it.

JACKSON  
I wouldn't mind forgetting all of it.

He reaches for the door.

ALLISON  
Hey, do you know if Scott's coming?

JACKSON  
I know he's not allowed to.  
(off her look)  
Academic probation.

Not noticing her disappointment, he gets out. Allison pulls down the visor for a last look in the mirror.

ALLISON  
(to herself)  
Normal teenage girl. You can do this. Smile, Allison. Someone could be falling in love with your...

She pauses, peering through the windshield. A group of students head for the TICKETS TABLE at the entrance while--

ABOVE THEM - a handsomely dressed Scott darts across the rooftop, clearly on his way to sneaking inside.

29

CONTINUED:

29

A wide-eyed Allison can't help it... She smiles.

30

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

30

Stiles helps Lydia out of his Jeep as Jackson and Allison approach.

LYDIA

Jackson. You look handsome.

JACKSON

Obviously. *It's Hugo Boss.*

\*

He takes Allison in his arm, leading her to the entrance while Lydia fumes.

LYDIA

I don't care. I don't need compliments. I'm not falling prey to society's desire to turn girls into emotionally insecure neurotics who pull up their dresses at the first flattering remark.

STILES

I think you look beautiful.

LYDIA

(lighting up)  
Really?

31

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GYM - NIGHT

31

BOOMING MUSIC shakes a stack of amplifiers around a DeeJay. Scott stealthily keeps to the shadows while the rest of his class falls under the glow of multi-colored SPOTLIGHTS.

Searching the faces, he finds his friends gathering by the tables. Jackson talks with Danny and his BOYFRIEND while spiking red drink cups from his bottle of vodka.

Letting his gaze wander, Scott spots Coach chatting up another teacher. Then he sees--

*Peter.* Right in the middle of the dance floor. But then bodies converge in front of him, teenagers surging to the start of a favorite song.

*And Peter is gone.* Scott blinks, not sure now if he was actually there. All he sees are smiling classmates, everyone having a good time. Everyone except--

Allison. She stands uncomfortably next to Jackson while Stiles and Lydia slump miserably at a table nearby.

ALLISON

(turning to Jackson)

Do you want to dance?

JACKSON

Do I have to?

ALLISON

Not the response I was expecting.

But no. Guess not.

Jackson takes another shot from his drink. Wincing at the strength of it, he looks down into the cup. Then over to the extraordinarily beautiful Allison.

Finally, he tosses the still quite full red cup into the trash and holds out his hand to Allison.

At the table, Stiles sits up to watch them head to the dance floor. He turns to Lydia.

STILES

You want to dance?

LYDIA

Pass.

STILES

You sure?

LYDIA

Quite.

STILES

Let me try that again. Lydia, get off your ass and dance with me.

LYDIA

Interesting tactic. I'm going to stick with *no*.

STILES

Get up. You're going to dance with me. I don't care that you made out with my best friend for some twisted power thing. I've had a crush on you since the third grade and I know somewhere inside that cold, lifeless exterior there's an actual human soul.

(MORE)



31

CONTINUED:

31

STILES (CONT'D)

And I'm also pretty sure I'm the only guy who knows how smart you really are and that when you're done pretending to be a nitwit you'll eventually go off and write some mathematical theorem that wins you a Nobel Prize.

Taking a deep breath, Lydia finally stands.

LYDIA

Fields Medal.

STILES

What?

LYDIA

Nobel doesn't have a prize for mathematics. The Fields Medal is the one I'll be winning.

She holds out her hand to him. Blinking in astonishment, Stiles takes it. And now, with a stupid-happy grin on his face, leads her to the dance floor.

Neither of them notice Scott standing in the shadows nearby. Having overheard the exchange, he's smiling with pride in his best friend. Until--

He connects eyes with Coach.

SCOTT

Oh, damn.

Scott darts out of his spot.

COACH

McCall! I see you.

Pushing through a wave students, Coach heads right for him even as Scott rushes into the jammed dance floor.

Fast moving bodies jostling him, Coach gets an elbow into the chest. It slows him only momentarily while Scott continues evading. But then the worst happens... *A slow song comes on.*

The floor begins clearing, the uncoupled heading back to tables while the coupled clasp hands to slow dance.

Jackson looks at Allison with a shrug. No slow dancing for him. So she follows him off while--

31

CONTINUED:

31

Scott spins back to see Coach closing in. Then, turning around again, Scott spots salvation in one person: Danny.

SCOTT

Dance with me.

Scott grabs him.

DANNY

What? No.

SCOTT

Danny, please. Dance with me. *Right now.*

He puts his arms around Danny, yanking him into an awkward embrace.

COACH

McCall, what the hell do you think you're doing?

EVERY COUPLE around them pauses to notice Coach charging forward as if to chastise a gay couple for dancing with each other in public.

COACH (CONT'D)

You're not supposed to...  
(starting to realize)  
You shouldn't be... um...

He looks from one hostile glare to the next. Scott pulls a bewildered Danny closer to him.

SCOTT

(innocently)  
Yes, Coach?

The teens bear down on Coach, eyeing him with pure hostility.

COACH

Okay, hold on...

Even the DeeJay leans over his booth to stare. The entire room now frighteningly quiet and still.

COACH (CONT'D)

(sweating)  
I was... I mean, I *wasn't*... I'm  
not... You guys don't think I'm...

From the periphery, Allison watches, hand covering her mouth, trying not to laugh as Coach finally steps back in retreat.

31

CONTINUED:

31

COACH (CONT'D)  
 (to a crowd of students)  
 What the hell are you looking at  
 Greenberg?

As he wanders off, utterly embarrassed, Scott breathes in relief and turns back to Danny.

SCOTT  
 Thanks, dude. I owe you.

He lets the bewildered Danny go. Turning around, Danny faces his BOYFRIEND who has returned to the floor with two filled drink cups, eyeing him with a rather displeased look.

Danny gives a sheepish smile as--

Allison turns to an approaching Scott. She falls perfectly under the rays of the spotlights as if the moment had been timed. Before Scott can even open his mouth--

ALLISON  
 Yes. I'd love to dance with you.

32

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

32

Stumbling outside, Jackson twists the cap off the bottle of Vodka to take a last shot. But it's empty. Pissed, he hurls it to the parking lot, paying no attention to where it flies.

He hears the CRASH of breaking glass.

Gazing to the direction of the sound, he spots a car now covered in broken glass from the shattered bottle. *His own Porsche.*

\*

Jackson let's loose a STRANGLED CRY OF FRUSTRATION.

But then FLASHES OF RED grab his attention. His eyes snap toward the woods beyond the parking lot. Stepping past cars, he peers into the darkness and sees it again.

TWO PINPOINTS OF RED LIGHT in the darkness. Like glowing red eyes...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

33

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GYM - NIGHT

33

RED SPOTLIGHTS flash over Scott dancing with Allison. He can't stop looking at her.

ALLISON  
(self-conscious)  
What?

SCOTT  
It's just hard not to look at you.

He turns his glance to the floor. But she leans in, her cheek brushing his, lips to his ear.

ALLISON  
(whispering)  
I like it when you look at me.

Relaxing, he lets his hands close more tightly around her.

SCOTT  
I remember this one time, I was holding you and you fell asleep in my arms. I was watching you. I thought to myself I could stay like this for hours. Or maybe forever. And then... you started drooling and it got kind of disgusting.

Allison laughs, almost tripping over her feet as they dance.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Then my arm fell asleep with your head on it and the pins and needles started to hurt and I pushed your head, but the drool was getting on my hand--

ALLISON  
Okay, shut up.

SCOTT  
Sorry. I like hearing you laugh. And I kind of love **the way you** smile.

\*

Allison looks up, stunned to hear those last words.

33

CONTINUED:

33

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Allison. I need to tell you something...

34

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/WOODS - NIGHT

34

Tearing down a dark path, slapping away the branches at his face, Jackson searches desperately for the Alpha.

JACKSON

Come on. Do it. I know you're here.

He spins around, eyes blinking, unable to adjust to the darkness. All he can see are shadows and--

*Movement.* Vague and undefined. Something is out there.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Come on. Come and get me.

FLASHES OF RED. He spins, racing for the glowing eyes. But he trips on a tree root and goes sprawling into the dirt and leaves, his perfect suit muddied.

Dragging himself up, he lurches forward pathetically.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

*Come on!*

(desperate)

I want to be like you. I want to be one of you. Please.

But then those flashes of red light become BEAMS OF RED. *Laser sightings* attached to the barrels of guns.

Argent steps out of the shadows with Tyhurst behind him. He kneels down to look at the boy.

ARGENT

Unfortunately, Jackson, I don't think I can give you what you want. But I have a feeling you might be able to help me.

He reaches out a hand to help the boy back to his feet.

35

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GYM - NIGHT

35

Lydia steps away from Stiles.

STILES

You okay?

35

CONTINUED:

35

LYDIA

Just need to take a break.

STILES

You mean you need to find Jackson.

She nods, a moment of vulnerability breaking through.

STILES (CONT'D)

I get it.

He guides her off the dance floor past Scott and Allison.

SCOTT

Remember when we were talking the other night in my room?

ALLISON

You don't need to apologize. Stiles told me about the car accident.

SCOTT

No, it's not that. It's about Derek. About all of the things you were trying to tell me.

She takes a noticeable misstep in the dance, feet clumsily struggling to sync up again with his movement.

ALLISON

That was--forget about that. I don't know what I was talking about.

SCOTT

I do. And I believe you.

ALLISON

No, no, you don't have to. I know things now. It's all different now. Just trust me.

36

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

36

Argent walks Jackson back to the parking lot, a fatherly arm around his shoulder.

JACKSON

You promise? You won't hurt him?

ARGENT

Of course not. He's just a kid.

36

CONTINUED:

36

But Jackson lingers, guilt and regret, two very unfamiliar emotions to him, somehow surfacing to give him pause.

JACKSON

What are you going to do?

ARGENT

I'm going to take care of it. Go back to the dance, Jackson. Be with your friends. Be a normal teenager.

Jackson backs away from him, heading inside as--

Just a few yards past them, Lydia steps out another door. Hugging herself in the cold, she glances around the quiet parking lot. She spots the broken pieces of glass on the Porsche, then starts down the steps. \*

LYDIA

(calling out)

Jackson?

37

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GYM - NIGHT

37

Allison and Scott stop dancing, the conversation bringing them to a halt.

SCOTT

You weren't wrong--

ALLISON

Yes, I was. The stuff I was saying was crazy.

SCOTT

Allison, please let me talk.

But the moment she stops to listen, the tempo of the music ratchets up. A THUNDERING BEAT pounds in around them, the dance floor crowding again.

Unable to be heard, unable to explain, Scott looks at her, desperate to tell her the truth. But then he takes her in his arms and kisses her instead.

She slowly pulls away to look at him.

ALLISON

Why did you do that?

He says the next words simply and honestly.

37

CONTINUED:

37

SCOTT

Because I love you.

And while the world around them flashes by, Allison's hands move slowly up from his shoulders, her fingertips to his cheeks. Looking into his dark eyes, she gently guides his lips back to hers.

For one moment, completely unaware of everything and everyone around them, they kiss softly and perfectly in the middle of the dance floor.

38

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

38

Wandering past the parking lot and toward the almost pitch black lacrosse field, Lydia spots a FIGURE moving in the darkness.

LYDIA

Jackson?

She hurries forward, but the figure moves as well, disappearing into the blackness.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Jackson? Hey!

39

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GYM - NIGHT

39

But Jackson is nowhere near the lacrosse field, instead wandering back into the dance, a shocked, even perplexed, look on his face.

Stiles grabs him by the arm.

STILES

Where the hell have you been? Did Lydia find you?

In a daze, Jackson shakes his head.

STILES (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

JACKSON

I was out behind the school. I was...

STILES

(alarmed)

What happened? What did you do?



40

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

40

Stumbling in her heels, Lydia finds herself in the middle of the lacrosse field. She gazes out, struggling to see in the darkness.

LYDIA

Jackson? Is that you?

Turning around, she seems to be all alone, out in the middle of the field. But then she pauses.

SOMEONE walks toward her. Stepping right out of the darkness, walking with calm and purpose.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

(softly)

Jackson?

But it's not him. Lydia slowly retreats back as the stranger approaches.

STILES

Lydia!

She whips around, seeing Stiles racing toward her.

STILES (CONT'D)

Run! Lydia, run!

But strangely breathless, she simply turns back to see Peter Hale calmly approaching. Taking a single step back, she seems unable to look away from Peter as--

His mouth opens *impossibly wide*, jaw protruding out as monstrous fangs appear between his lips and--

Lydia screams.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

41 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 41

Scott's back slams against a locker, Allison pressing against him. Softly and gently have given way to teenage hormones. They go at it like they're kissing and groping each other for the first time.

Allison breaks away momentarily, but their faces still touch, cheek-to-cheek, nose-to-nose.

ALLISON

Are we going too fast? Should we try to first work on being friends again?

SCOTT

Can we do that after we get back together?

ALLISON

(breathless)

Yeah. Totally.

And they start kissing again as--

42 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT 42

Lydia drops to the grass in the lacrosse field, unconscious, the side of her dress covered with BLOOD.

Stiles races to her, but Peter lunges forward with an arm reaching over body. Clawed hand to the ground in front of her, he's like an animal claiming its kill.

Stiles stares in shock at the blood dripping from the man's jaws.

PETER

Stiles--

STILES

Don't kill her. Please.

PETER

Of course. Just tell me how to find Derek.

STILES

What?

PETER

Tell me how to find Derek Hale.

STILES

I--I don't know that. How would I know?

PETER

Because you're the smart one, aren't you? And because I can smell it on you. Deception has a particularly acrid scent, Stiles. So how about you tell me the truth before I rip her apart.

STILES

I don't know. I swear to God, I don't.

Hand to the back of Lydia's neck, Peter lifts her up, closer and closer to his teeth. Frightened tears welling at his eyes, Stiles can't pull his gaze from Lydia's bloody dress.

STILES (CONT'D)

Please, please stop.

PETER

*Tell me.*

Peter's VOICE surges from his lips with a DEMONIC RASP.

STILES

Okay, okay. I think--I think he knew--

PETER

*Knew what?*

STILES

Derek--knew he was going to be caught.

PETER

By the Argents?

Stiles nods.

PETER (CONT'D)

And?

STILES

When they got shot, him and Scott-- I think he took Scott's phone.

42

CONTINUED:

42

PETER

Why?

STILES

They all have GPS now. If Derek  
still has it, if it's still on...

He meets Peter's eyes.

STILES (CONT'D)

You can find him.

43

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

43

The door to the school clatters open, Scott and Allison  
stumbling out, unable to keep their lips from each other. \*

ALLISON

This way.

Taking him by the lapels of his coat, she pulls him off the  
steps. They kiss again and again, moving away from the school  
until Scott finally breaks away to gasp out a few words.

SCOTT

Where are we going?

ALLISON

Somewhere we can be alone.

Scott stops. Hands still holding his, Allison nearly trips  
over her dress from the abrupt halt.

SCOTT

Alone where?

ALLISON

Over here.

She pulls him in between two of the parked buses, not  
noticing his disturbed expression.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

You okay?

SCOTT

Just a little weird déjà vu.

ALLISON

Come on.

Hands intertwined in his, she keeps pulling him closer to the bus. Almost magnetically drawn to her, each time she kisses him, he finds himself moving forward another step.

SCOTT

You sure this is a good idea?

She steps closer, whispering in his ear.

ALLISON

In a minute, you're going to think it's a great idea.

SCOTT

I really hate when you say things like that.

She laughs, enjoying his agonized response while pulling him ever closer to the door of the bus.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

We should go back to the dance.

His eyes glance to the shadows in the parking lot, searching for movement even as--

She pulls open the door and hurries inside. He watches her through the windows, stepping past the seats, smiling down at him.

All other worries forgotten, he watches her playfully urge him onto the bus with a guiding finger.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Screw it.

Finally, he turns to head for the door to the bus. But--

TIRES SCREECH across the pavement, a truck grinding to a halt just between the buses. Tyhurst sits in the driver's seat, engine REVVING with a threatening growl.

Scott steps back. Then spins around to see an SUV skidding to a stop at the other end.

Argent looks out from behind the wheel, staring right at Scott. The two trucks trapping him in between the buses.

THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE BUS - Allison gazes down, utterly confused as the ENGINES of both vehicles SPIN LOUDER.

Behind the wheel of the SUV, Argent doesn't reveal an ounce of emotion even as he drives his foot into the pedal, FLOORING THE VEHICLE right toward Scott.

Tyhurst does the same. Wheels spinning on the pavement, the TRUCK BULLETS forward.

Allison SCREAMS as the two vehicles SMASH into each other. When she opens her eyes, she sees an impossible sight...

One foot on the hood of Tyhurst's truck, the other on Argent's SUV, Scott stands there, having jumped up just in time.

But his sudden display of supernatural reflexes has resulted in an unfortunate side effect...

*He's transformed.*

With YELLOW EYES and FANGS still growing to their full length between his lips, Scott turns his gaze from Argent's look of satisfaction to--

Allison.

Stunned and terrified as she realizes the boy she loves is also the enemy she fears.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE