

TEEN WOLF
Episode #112
by
Jeff Davis

2/23/11 Green Draft

2/22/11 Pink Draft

2/21/11 Blue Draft

2/17/11 White Draft

New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #112
Episode Twelve

TEEN WOLF

"Episode 112"

EP#112

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

PETER.....	IAN BOHEN
ARGENT.....	JR BOURNE
KATE.....	JILL WAGNER
MRS. ARGENT.....	EADDY MAYS
STILINSKI.....	LINDEN ASHBY
MARCUS.....	

TEEN WOLF

"Episode 112"

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Set List

INTERIORS

STILES'S JEEP
ARGENT HOME
 LIVING ROOM
 ALLISON'S ROOM
 KITCHEN
PARKING GARAGE
ANIMAL CLINIC
 EXAMINING ROOM
KATE'S CAR
HOSPITAL
 ICU
 CORRIDOR
 MORGUE
ABANDONED BASEMENT
UNDERGROUND TUNNEL
HALE HOUSE

EXTERIORS

HIGH SCHOOL
 PARKING LOT
LACROSSE FIELD
WOODS
 WOODS
 HILLTOP
ARGENT HOME
 EXTERIOR
 ROOF OUTSIDE ALLISON'S ROOM
HALE HOUSE

NOTE:

PATIENT ROOM CHANGED TO MORGUE

TEEN WOLF
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 1

TWO YELLOW EYES blink in slow motion, lids gradually closing, lashes delicately brushing together and then pulling apart.

Cold breath pluming out from behind his fangs, Scott glances from Tyhurst in one truck to Argent in the other. Then to the confused and frightened face behind the windows of the bus--

Allison. Unable to take her eyes off him.

The pulsing BEAT of DANCE MUSIC drifts out through the walls of the school, rising up, gaining in tempo, thumping faster and faster until--

Argent's door opens and the CLICK of metal sends NORMAL SOUND AND TIME exploding back into Scott's ears.

With no other choice, he leaps up, all eyes following him. Landing on top of the bus, he bounds over it and disappears into the darkness while--

2 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT 2

In the middle of the shadowy lacrosse field, a terrified Stiles looks up from Lydia's unconscious and bloodied body to Peter crouched over her.

STILES

No. We can't just leave her here.

PETER

You're coming with me, Stiles. You don't have a choice.

STILES

Then kill me. I don't care.

Peter eyes him, head craning forward as if to determine Stiles's conviction by scent or heartbeat.

PETER

(with a satisfied nod)
Call your friend. Tell Jackson where she is. That's all you get.

2 CONTINUED: 2

With a trembling hand, Stiles pulls his phone from his coat.

3 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 3

Allison steps out of the bus, movements slow and deliberate. Her heels click down onto the pavement, hand slipping away from the door as her knees buckle.

Just before she can fall, Argent is there with an arm around her. She blinks up at him as if not recognizing him.

ARGENT

It's all right. You're okay.

But looking into his eyes, she slowly shakes her head as if to respond that she's not okay. Not at all okay.

4 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 4

Racing through the woods, Scott runs faster than humanly possible. Sport coat tossing to the leaves, he reverts back to human form with each desperate bound and leap.

5 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 5

Tyhurst backs his truck out from between the buses while Argent quickly guides Allison toward his own vehicle. She doesn't cry, doesn't say a word.

ARGENT

Come on. We need to get you out of here.

Allison gets in and he SLAMS the passenger side door shut.

6 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 6

Tumbling through leaves and brush, Scott comes crashing to a halt. Gasping, he pulls himself up.

With each blink of his eyes, the IMAGE OF ALLISON AT THE WINDOW flashes before him. The look on her face as she sees him, the truth dawning on her.

Hands digging into the dirt, every muscle in his body tenses up in pure agony. Head tilting to the sky, Scott opens his mouth to cry out--

7 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 7

SCREAMS BURST over the parking lot of the school. Girls point in terror and heads snap around to look at the nightmarish sight stepping out of the woods.

JACKSON
Somebody help me! Help me!

Jackson races between the cars with Lydia in his arms, her dress in tatters and saturated in blood. His SHOUTS for help become louder and more urgent, even reaching the ears of--

8 INT. STILES'S JEEP - NIGHT 8

Peter. Who turns only slightly at the WHISPER OF A SCREAM through the window of Stiles's Jeep. He glances back to the worried boy driving beside him.

PETER
Oh, don't feel so bad. If she lives she'll turn into a werewolf. She'll be incredibly powerful.

STILES
And once a month she'll go out of her freaking mind and try to tear me apart.

PETER
Actually, considering she's a woman... twice a month.

Stiles throws him a glare of pure hatred and pushes the pedal to the floor.

CUT TO:

Main Title: TEEN WOLF

9 INT. ARGENT HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 9

A LAMP HURTLES across the room, SMASHING into the fireplace. Argent clenches his fists, trying not to grab something else. Kate watches him seethe, clearly enjoying it.

KATE
Feel better?

ARGENT
Don't push me, Kate.

KATE
I thought that was a pretty healthy display of aggression, actually.

ARGENT
You told her.

KATE

She found out.

ARGENT

Don't think I don't know about the little clues you've been leaving. Starting with that necklace. She knows because you wanted her to.

KATE

Because she *needs* to. From what I hear, Scott's brown eyes were glowing a distinct shade of yellow tonight. Correct?

Argent studies Kate's expression, almost like he's trying to read the motives underneath.

ARGENT

Why did you come back here? You hate this town. I had a network of names I could have called on a lot closer than you. But you called first.

KATE

You don't want my help now?

ARGENT

I'm not sure I know who you're helping.

KATE

(spelling it out)

I came here to catch an Alpha. Remember? The one killing people at random?

Calmer now, Argent begins to pick up the pieces of the lamp.

ARGENT

Not at random.

KATE

What? What do you mean?

ARGENT

Tyhurst said Sheriff Stilinski has been able to connect every murder to the Hale fire.

Argent notices her reaction. The subtle movements of the eyes, suggestive of quick thinking and rapid calculations.

KATE

Then that's even more reason for her to know. They always blamed us for the fire. It's got to be Derek and some other relative. And I guarantee they're circling around to us as their last targets.

ARGENT

I know. Which is why you're taking Allison out of here tonight.

KATE

That's a particularly "not open for discussion" tone of voice.

ARGENT

You're going to drive her to the house in Washington and stay there until I call.

KATE

Are you kidding me? Bench your star player in the last quarter?

Argent dumps the pieces of the lamp back to the floor. He rises, getting in Kate's face and looking like he might almost hit her. And she almost looks like she might *like* it.

ARGENT

Get your things. I want the two of you on the road within the hour.

Finally, Kate turns away. Argent is left watching her go until his uneasy gaze falls to his hand by his side...

Clenched into a fist.

Still in her formal dress, Allison sits on her bed, watching her mother pack a bag for her.

MRS. ARGENT

I'm not sure how long you'll be.
Want me to grab anything specific?
Sweetheart?

Allison's listless stare falls on the open dresser drawer.

ALLISON

I just saw my ex-boyfriend turn into a werewolf.

MRS. ARGENT

How about I pick out a few things myself?

A PHONE RINGS. Allison and her mother both look at the dresser where her CELL PHONE lies. Allison jumps up to get it, but her mother grabs it first and ends the call.

ALLISON

Who was it? Was it Scott?

MRS. ARGENT

No. Someone named Jackson.

Allison watches her mother pocket the phone.

ALLISON

What are you going to do to him?

MRS. ARGENT

It depends. We have a sort of moral code we follow. Especially when they're that young.

ALLISON

But Scott didn't kill anyone. He couldn't have.

MRS. ARGENT

This is really part of a longer conversation with your father.

ALLISON

I want to know now. *Right now.*

Mrs. Argent turns from the bag with a look that's both motherly yet oddly frightening.

MRS. ARGENT

What you want right now doesn't matter. What you *need* is to stay quiet. Think of it like you just found out your father secretly works for the government. Of course, he couldn't tell you, but you understand because he's spent his whole life making the world safer. You're catching a glimpse of something you're not quite ready to see. And there are others outside of this family, not ready for you to see it. Staying quiet is the best protection. Do you understand?

Allison gives a nod, both frightened and curious.

MRS. ARGENT (CONT'D)

Say it.

She flinches as the sharpness of her mother's words.

ALLISON

I understand.

MRS. ARGENT

That's my girl. Now pick out a few warm jackets. It'll probably be cold up there.

11 EXT. ARGENT HOME - NIGHT 11

With Allison in the passenger seat, Kate fires up the engine of her car. Argent approaches from the walkway to see them off. He bends down to the open window on Allison's side, but Kate leans over to talk first.

KATE

You know you can't do this without me. You're not going to find him on your own.

Ignoring her, Argent leans down to speak to Allison at the open window.

ARGENT

We're going to talk about everything. I promise. Call me when you get there.

He retreats a few paces to watch Kate peels out of the driveway. His wife steps up behind him.

MRS. ARGENT

Is she right? Can you find the Alpha?

ARGENT

No. But Scott McCall can. And I know how to find *him*.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT 12

Stiles's Jeep skids to a halt in an otherwise quiet underground parking garage. The brake lights click off, red glow fading as Peter exits from the passenger side.

Yanking Stiles out of the driver's seat, he drags him down the row of cars to one in particular. Reaching into the tailpipe, Peter finds a hidden set of KEYS.

He hits a BUTTON and pops the TRUNK.

STILES

Whose car is this?

PETER

It belonged to my nurse.

STILES

What happened to your--oh my God.

Peter lifts up a pale and very dead female arm to get to a LAPTOP BAG underneath it. He hands the bag to a slack-jawed Stiles. Glancing back to the Nurse's partially covered body inside, he shrugs.

PETER

I got better.

He slams the trunk shut.

13 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT 13

Under the glow of a florescent bulb, Scott sits on the floor in the back of the Animal Clinic, his only refuge. Knees pulled to his chest, he puts his head in his hands.

Sounds FILTER to him, bits and pieces of the previous few hours coming back to him--

*MELISSA MCCALL (V.O.)**Tell her how you feel. Say it. Say it again--*

Scott shakes his head, trying to snap out of the memory.

*MELISSA MCCALL (V.O.)**Tell her everything.*

13

CONTINUED:

13

*SCOTT (V.O.)
Everything?*

He runs his fingers through his hair. Then interlocks them at the back of his neck. Shifting from one physical display of anxiety to the next.

14

INT. KATE'S CAR - NIGHT

14

While Kate drives, Allison gently rests her head against the passenger side window, absorbed in her own memories.

*ALLISON (V.O.)
Why did you do that?*

*SCOTT (V.O.)
Because I love you.*

She closes her eyes, trying not to think about him. But when she opens them--

She sees Scott standing on the two trucks as a werewolf, gazing up at her with yellow eyes.

15

INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

15

Squeezing his eyes shut, Scott's clenched fists rise to his lips as if he's trying not to shout in frustration.

BARKING and frantic MOVEMENT come from the dog cages in the back, Scott's agitation seeming to affect them. One begins to HOWL plaintively, a lonely and miserable sound.

But it's a sound that slowly pulls Scott's head up, an idea beginning to take shape.

The BARKS of the other dogs begin to subside until all he can hear is that one animal HOWLING, calling out for attention.

Calling for a *response*.

16

INT. KATE'S CAR - NIGHT

16

A TRUCK ROARS past Kate's car, snapping Allison's eyes open. She sits up in the passenger seat to notice something.

*ALLISON
Did we pass the highway ramp?*

*KATE
I think we did.*

ALLISON
Are we going to turn back?

Kate gives a soft laugh.

KATE
Now that's a fitting choice of
words.

She pushes down on the pedal, driving faster and *faster*.

17 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT 17

Unzipping the laptop bag, Peter pulls out a MACBOOK PRO and places it on the trunk in front of Stiles.

STILES
Good luck getting a signal down
here.

But Peter hands him a small black device labeled AT&T Mifi.

STILES (CONT'D)
Mifi? And you're a Mac guy. Does
that go for all werewolves or just
a personal preference?

PETER
Turn it on and get it connected.

Stiles hits the button under the MiFi label. A RED flash begins to turn GREEN.

STILES
You're really killing the whole
werewolf mystique, you know.

A BLUE WiFi signal lights up on the side and he flips the device over to find the SSID and WIFI Key on the back. Typing them in, he waits for it to connect.

STILES (CONT'D)

You're still going to need Scott's
username and password. And sorry,
but I don't know them.

PETER

You know both.

STILES

No. I don't.

PETER

Even if I couldn't hear your
heartbeat, I'd still be able to
tell you're lying.

STILES

Dude, I swear I don't know--

Peter grabs the back of his neck, guiding his head closer to
him so that he can be heard clearly in the boy's ear.

PETER

I can be very persuasive, Stiles.
Don't make me have to persuade you.

Stiles gives a frightened nod. When his hands return to the
keyboard again, they're shaking. He starts typing, fingers
tapping against the keyboard as--

Shoes pound the tile floor of the hospital. Jackson bullets
around the corner past a sign reading: INTENSIVE CARE UNIT.
He's closely followed by two deputies escorting him.

From between a group of plainclothes officers, Stilinski
notices Jackson pushing through.

JACKSON

Where's Lydia? Where is she?

Stilinski's usually kind and gentle demeanor vanishes.
Grabbing Jackson by the coat, he yanks him against a wall.

STILINSKI

What the hell happened to that
girl?

Jackson shakes his head, stammering out a response.

JACKSON

I--I don't know--I went out looking for her--

STILINSKI

And what? You wandered into the middle of a field and just found her like that? *What happened?*

JACKSON

It's not my fault.

STILINSKI

She's your girlfriend--

JACKSON

No, she's not. I didn't go with her to the formal.

STILINSKI

Then who did?

JACKSON

Stiles.

STILINSKI

What?

JACKSON

She went with Stiles.

Stilinski lets him go. Worry takes the strength out of his voice.

STILINSKI

(to his deputies)
Somebody find my son.

An application called WHERE'S MY PHONE PRO appears on the laptop screen. Stiles pauses at the keyboard, agonizing over what he's about to do.

STILES

What happens when you find Derek?

PETER

Don't think, Stiles. Just type.

STILES

You're going to kill people, aren't you?

PETER

Only the responsible ones.

STILES

If I do this, will you leave Scott out of it?

PETER

Do you know why wolves hunt in packs? Because their favored prey are too large to be brought down by one wolf alone. I need Derek and Scott. Both of them.

STILES

He's not going to help you.

PETER

He will if it saves Allison. And you're going to help me, because it'll save Scott.

STILES

What do you mean?

PETER

When they catch him, you really think they're going to let him live? Especially after having been that close to one of their own?

Peter guides Stiles's hands back to the keyboard.

PETER (CONT'D)

All the power is in your hands now. It's your choice. Are you going to save his life? Your best friend, whom you know so well, you even have his username and password.

Peter nods to the computer. Finally and with terrible reluctance, Stiles begins typing.

PETER (CONT'D)

His username is *Allison*?

Stiles types in the password.

PETER (CONT'D)

His password is also *Allison*?

STILES

Still want him in your pack?

20 EXT. WOODS/HILLTOP - NIGHT 20

Under the moonlight, a shadow falls over a rock precipice that offers a vantage point looking down over Beacon Hills.

Shivering in the cold, Scott steps out to gaze over his hometown. He approaches the edge and kneels down.

Placing his hands on the ground he closes his eyes, preparing to do something utterly desperate.

SCOTT
(to himself)
Please let this work.

He tilts his head down and draws in a deep breath, back arching up. His ears begins to grow, tapering into points. Fangs appear just over his lower lip. When he finally gazes up with yellow eyes--

He's transformed.

A werewolf once again, every muscle in his body tenses as he opens his mouth wide and lets loose a powerful HOWL into the night.

The sound rises up past the woods of Beacon Hills, sending a flock of BIRDS scattering from the trees.

21 INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT - NIGHT 21

Weak, but still very much alive, a chained Derek trembles visibly when Scott's faint and distant call for help finally reaches his ears.

Struggling to lift his head, his eyes snap open to reveal the faintest of a blue light around the irises. Starting to glow brighter and brighter...

22 EXT. WOODS/HILLTOP - NIGHT 22

On his hands and knees, Scott gasps for air, back heaving with each intake. He looks out to the town, waiting for a response.

But he hears nothing.

Pulling himself to his feet, he steps to the edge and concentrates. Trying to grab a hint of a response.

Still nothing.

22

CONTINUED:

22

Finally, he retreats back from the edge in a moment of hopeless defeat. Turning away, he starts heading for the trail and--

He stops. Ears twitching up, he holds his breath and slowly cocks his head. A SOUND whispers through the wind, hurtling toward him--

The sound of Derek *howling* a reply.

23

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

23

Moving with superhuman speed, Scott runs, propelled through the woods, racing to follow Derek's call.

24

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

24

Stiles stares at a GPS map on the laptop screen in confusion.

STILES

That's where they're keeping him?
At his own house?

Stiles pulls away from the computer to reveal the STREET VIEW image of the charred Hale house. But Peter shakes his head.

PETER

Not at it. *Under* it.

STILES

What's under it?

PETER

The tunnel and basement I used to escape during the fire. I know exactly where it is.

His head snaps to the side. Ears picking up the tiniest sound in the distance. The faint almost imperceptible sound of Scott *howling*.

PETER (CONT'D)

And I'm not the only one...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

25 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 25

Scott runs. Breath gasping out of him, he races as fast as a human can. And then faster and faster until suddenly, his body arcs downward and he's no longer running, but loping at an incredible speed.

26 INT. HOSPITAL/ICU - NIGHT 26

Worried teens looking very out of place in their formal wear gather in the waiting area outside the ICU. Heads turn to notice someone slowly approaching. Talking fades to whispers when they each catch a glimpse of--

Allison.

Slowly approaching the crowd, she notices Jackson talking to several officers.

Allison pushes through. All she can HEAR is her own breathing. People talk to her but no words come out of their mouths.

She approaches the windows of the ICU and peers in. Lydia lies in the hospital bed. Blood seeps through the bandages.

Allison puts her hand to the window. As soon as her fingertips touch the glass--

SOUND RUSHES BACK. The roar of the hospital surrounds her.

VOICE

Miss, I'm sorry but you can't be here...

Allison nods and steps back, turning away and--

27 INT. KATE'S CAR - NIGHT 27

Slipping into the passenger seat, Allison shuts the door. Kate leans in to gauge the look of shock on her face.

27

27

KATE

You getting it now? It's what they do. And they can't help it.

ALLISON

All of them?

KATE

Yes, Allison. Even Scott.

28

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

28

Peter tosses the laptop bag into the backseat of the car. But with his hand on the door, his head cocks to the side, ears picking up something in the distance.

Stiles notices the odd look on Peter and then glances about as if he might actually catch the sound as well.

But only Peter hears Derek's faint and far off return howl. Shutting the door, he looks back to Stiles.

PETER

Give me your car keys.

Stiles hands them over.

STILES

Careful, she grinds in second.

Peter crushes the keys in his bare hand and then hands them back in a tangled metallic mess. He turns for the driver's side of his nurse's car.

STILES (CONT'D)

You're not going to kill me?

PETER

Don't you understand yet? I'm not the bad guy here.

STILES

You turn into a giant monster with fangs and red eyes and you're not the bad guy?

PETER

I like you, Stiles. And since you helped me I'll give you something in return. Do you want me to bite you?

STILES

What?

PETER

Do you want the bite? If you don't die--and you could--you'll become like us.

STILES

Like you.

PETER

Yes. A werewolf. Do you need me to draw you a picture?

He takes Stiles's wrist, causing the boy to flinch back.

PETER (CONT'D)

That first night in the woods, I took Scott because I needed a new pack. It could easily have been you.

He turns Stiles's shaking hand around so that the palm is facing him.

PETER (CONT'D)

You'd be every bit as powerful as Scott. No more standing by his side watching him become stronger and quicker, more popular. Watching him get the girl.

He draws Stiles's hand closer to him.

PETER (CONT'D)

You'll be equals. Or maybe more. Maybe for once in your life, you'll exceed expectations.

Peter opens his mouth, exposing his fangs. He slowly guides Stiles's trembling hand up and toward his teeth.

PETER (CONT'D)

Yes. Or no?

For a moment, Stiles stares at his open palm and truly struggles with the decision. But then he pulls back, hand slipping out of Peter's grasp.

STILES

I don't want to be like you.

28

28

PETER

You know what I heard just then?
Your heart beating slightly faster
over the words *I don't want*. You
can believe you're telling me the
truth. But you are lying to
yourself.

Peter turns for the car and a moment later, he's pulling out of the space, racing for the exit to the parking garage and leaving Stiles standing there alone, watching and wondering.

29

EXT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

29

The burned and seemingly abandoned Hale house lies in almost perfect silence in the darkness. Until a teenager's shoes arrive crushing leaves underfoot.

Scott peers out from behind a tree, trying to let his senses guide him. He steps toward the house to approach.

But he pauses.

And then it's like he's almost magnetically pulled to the left. Moving further and further from the house, he enters the woods, finding a trail and then something else--

A MINE SHAFT ENTRANCE. Branches and brush cover the opening leading down into absolute darkness.

30

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

30

Scott feels his way through the pitch black, but he's barely able to glimpse more than a few feet ahead.

He stumbles, splashing into WATER. It drips from above as well, dampening his hair.

He continues inching forward, one hand feeling his way along torn sheets of plastic covering a stone wall.

31

INT. HOSPITAL/ICU - NIGHT

31

Stiles rushes in to find the group of classmates keeping vigil for Lydia. Gasping for breath from running, he slows his pace. Everyone looks up at him, all clearly worried.

STILINSKI

There he is.

Stilinski turns from a doctor and hurries down the hall to his son.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

It's a good thing we're in a hospital. Because I'm going to kill you.

STILES

(still breathing hard)

I had to run here. My Jeep--the keys--lost my keys.

His gasps slow, however, as he notices the intensive care unit behind his father and Jackson listening in to their conversation nearby.

STILES (CONT'D)

Lydia--

STILINSKI

They don't know. Partially because they don't know what happened. She lost blood, but there's something else going on with her.

STILES

What do you mean?

STILINSKI

They're saying it's like some kind of allergic reaction. Her body is just going into shock.

Stilinski notices Stiles's look as he processes the effects of the Alpha's bite.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

Did you see anything at all? Any idea who or what attacked her?

Stiles looks up at his father and suffers a long moment of hesitation, looking as if he's dying to tell the truth. But all he can do is shake his head no.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

What about Scott?

STILES

What about him?

STILINSKI

Did he see anything?

STILES

Wait. He's not here?

Stiles glances to Jackson who shrugs, no idea where Scott is either.

STILINSKI
I've been calling him, but there's
no response.

STILES
(realizing)
You won't get one.

32 INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT - NIGHT 32

Scott's cell phone sits by Derek's jacket on the table in the dark basement. Hanging from the restraints, Derek breathes slow and tired breaths. His head lifts when he hears--

FOOTSTEPS approaching. Someone wanders out of the darkness. But it's not Scott. It's Marcus.

MARCUS
Ready to have a little more fun?

Derek lowers his head again, preparing for another beating.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
To be honest, though, my knuckles
are kind of hurting. So I brought a
little help.

He holds up a BASEBALL BAT.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
I gotta' warn you, though. I used
to play in college.

Marcus rears back and swings. But Derek CATCHES the bat with his hand which is now freed from the chains.

As Marcus looks on with wide eyes, the basement fills with sound of wood CRACKING and SNAPPING apart.

Pieces of the bat crumble to the floor around Marcus's feet.

DEREK
I brought a little help too.

Marcus's eyes flick over to Scott who steps out of the shadows. When Marcus looks back to Derek--

A FIST comes hurtling right at his face.

Body soaring across the room, Marcus tumbles brutally to a stop on the floor.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33 INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

33

Stiles follows his father down the corridor, battering him with questions.

STILINSKI

Go back and stay with your friends.

STILES

Dad, tell me. You know it has something to do with Derek.

STILINSKI

I thought you two barely knew him.

STILES

(admitting)

We might know him a little better than that.

STILINSKI

You do realize I'm elected to this job?

STILES

And if I help you figure this out you'll get re-elected, right? Dad? Come on.

Finally, Stilinski stops.

STILINSKI

That girl in there has nothing to do with a six year-old arson case.

He starts to walk away--

STILES

When did you decide it was definitely arson?

And Stilinski stops, realizing his mistake.

STILINSKI

We have a key witness. And I'm not telling you who. But yeah, we know it was arson. And that it was probably organized by a young woman.

STILES
What young woman?

STILINSKI
We don't know--

Stilinski's CELL PHONE begins RINGING.

STILES
Was she young then or young now?

STILINSKI
Probably in her late twenties now.
And I have to take this call.

His phone keeps RINGING.

STILES
You don't know her name?

STILINSKI
No, but she had this--she had a
very distinctive--what do you call
it?

The RINGING seems to get LOUDER and LOUDER.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)
Pendant.

STILES
A what?

STILINSKI
Stiles, I have to answer.

STILES
A what? What was it?

STILINSKI
A necklace.

And finally Stilinski puts the phone to his ear. He walks away, not seeing the look on Stiles's face. A look of realization.

Derek reaches for the other restraint to free himself. The bolts at his wrists, however, have to be held at both ends making it impossible for him to unlock it with one hand.

DEREK
Scott, help me with this.

SCOTT
No.

DEREK
What do you mean *no*?

Derek pulls forward causing Scott to take a few paces back.

SCOTT
Not until you tell me how to stop Peter.

DEREK
You want to talk about this now?

SCOTT
He's going after Allison and her family. He's going to kill them.

DEREK
So what?

SCOTT
So tell me how to stop him.

DEREK
You can't.

Derek struggles against his restraints, but he's not strong enough to break free.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Listen, I don't know when Kate's coming back. Get me out of this now.

SCOTT
Promise you'll help me.

DEREK
You want me to risk my life for your *girlfriend*? For your stupid teenage crush that means nothing?

The words spit out of him with a ferocity that can't simply be about Scott and Allison.

DEREK (CONT'D)
You're not in love. You're sixteen
years old and you're a kid.

Scott lowers his eyes and actually nods.

SCOTT
Maybe you're right. But I know
something you don't.

He pulls out a piece of crinkled paper from his pocket.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Peter said he didn't know what he
was doing when he killed your
sister.

Scott slowly unfolds the piece of paper.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
He lied.

Derek watches as Scott holds up the photo of a DEER WITH A
SPIRAL ON IT. The same one he brought to Deaton.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Remember this?

35 INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

35

Jackson catches up to Stiles as he heads back down the
hospital corridor.

JACKSON
Where are you going?

STILES
To find Scott.

JACKSON
You don't have a car.

STILES
I'm aware of that, thank you.

JACKSON
I'll drive.

STILES
Just because you feel guilty all of
a sudden doesn't make it okay. Half
of this is your fault.

JACKSON

I have a car. You don't. Do you
want my help or not?

Stiles finally stops and looks at him, hating that he does in
fact need Jackson's help.

STILES

Did you bring the Porsche?

JACKSON

Yeah.

STILES

Good. I'm driving.

They turn to start down the hall again. But three men come
around the corner to stop them--

Argent and two HUNTERS.

ARGENT

Boys.

He looks on them with a friendly smile.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

I was wondering if you could tell
me where Scott McCall is.

STILES

Scott? Haven't seen him since the
dance. Jackson? You?

Jackson looks at Argent, mouth gaping open. Stiles watches
him desperately trying to choke out a response.

STILES (CONT'D)

Oh, for the love of--

Stiles and Jackson CRASH into the morgue room, SLAMMING
across the floor. They roll to a stop practically on top of
each other, both groaning in pain.

Argent steps in with the two hunters and clicks the door shut
behind him. Both hunters now have guns in their hands.

ARGENT

Let's try this again. Where is
Scott McCall?

37 INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT - NIGHT

37

Derek stares at the picture of the deer with the spiral carved into its side.

SCOTT

This is what brought your sister back to Beacon Hills, right?

DEREK

Where did you get that?

SCOTT

My boss told me three months ago someone came into the Clinic asking for a copy of this picture. You want to know who it was? Peter's nurse. They brought your sister here so Peter could kill her and become an Alpha. And that's why you're going to help me.

Derek sinks against the restraints, the weight of realization falling physically over him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Say you'll help me and I'll unlock your other--

But Scott is cut off by a sudden WRENCHING SOUND as Derek breaks free of the wrist cuff and drops down to the floor.

Scott watches him stand, pulling himself back up by the sheer strength of anger.

DEREK

I'll help you.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

38

INT. HOSPITAL/MORGUE - NIGHT

38

Argent yanks Stiles up by his sport coat and SLAMS him against the wall of the morgue. The other two hunters hold a terrified Jackson to the side.

ARGENT

Let me ask you something, Stiles.
Have you ever seen a rabid dog?

STILES

No, but I'll put it on my to-do-
list if you let me go.

ARGENT

I have. And there's only one thing
I've ever been able to compare it
to. Seeing a friend of mine turn on
the night of a full moon. Do you
want to know what happened?

STILES

Not really, no offense to your
storytelling skills.

ARGENT

He tried to kill me and I was
forced to shoot him in the head.
But even while he lay dying, he was
still trying to claw his way toward
me. Still trying to kill me like it
was the most important thing he
could do with his last breath. Can
you imagine that?

STILES

No, but it sounds like you could be
more selective with your
friendships.

Argent pulls him closer, about to take his head off.

ARGENT

Did Scott try to kill you on the
last full moon? Did you have to
lock him up?

Stiles glances to Jackson who watches him, waiting for the
response as well.

STILES

Yeah, I did. Handcuffed him. Would you prefer I put him in a basement and burn the house down around him?

Argent gives a knowing smile.

ARGENT

Sorry to dispel a popular rumor, but we never did that.

STILES

Oh, right. Derek said you had some kind of code. I guess no one ever breaks it.

ARGENT

Never.

STILES

What if someone did?

ARGENT

Someone like who?

STILES

Your sister.

Now he's got Argent's attention.

Scott pulls Derek out of the mine shaft entrance. With his leather jacket on him now, Derek is still weakened, moving slowly, breathing hard. His hand goes to the marks in his side where the electrode pins were placed.

DEREK

Hold on. Something doesn't feel right.

SCOTT

What do you mean?

DEREK

I mean *something doesn't feel right*. Getting out of there was... I don't know. Kind of like it was--

SCOTT

Don't say *too easy*. People say *too easy* and then bad things happen.

But Derek keeps throwing nervous glances to the strangely quiet woods.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You think finding you was easy?
Getting away from Allison's Dad?
None of this has been easy. So if
for two seconds something is going
right, can we not question it? Can
we just shut up and thank God we
have the tiniest bit of luck for
once?

DEREK

Yeah, okay. You're right.

They start forward again when they hear the sudden sound of SOMETHING SOARING THROUGH THE AIR. Derek snaps his head up with a pained gasp.

An ARROW sticks through his jacket under his collar bone.

Time seems to slow down as he shoves Scott away from him, trying to push him out of the line of fire.

Scott's eyes focus with incredible speed and accuracy to a ridge just up the hill where a DARK SILHOUETTE pulls back the drawstring on a black COMPOUND BOW.

KATE

Now the leg.

One eye shut as she aims, Allison nocks the arrow, pulls it back and lets it fly.

Derek CRIES OUT when the second arrow goes through his leg and sends him crashing to the ground.

A stunned Scott flinches as if the arrow had hit him instead.

KATE (CONT'D)

The flash bolt. *Now*.

In a mere second, Allison has the new arrow with a conical-shaped FLASH BOLT attached to the end nocked in the center of the drawstring.

DEREK

Your eyes--Scott!

But the boy only stares in shock as the girl he loves aims the next arrow. He doesn't even raise his hands to protect himself as--

The FLASH BOLT EXPLODES into the tree next to him. The WHITE HOT FLARE blinds him sending him staggering back.

Hitting the leaves and dirt, the world around him burns with iridescent flares. Then, impossibly, Derek is on his feet. He grabs Scott, dragging him toward the house.

PAST THEM, Allison follows Kate down the ridge toward the two retreating young men.

KATE

See? Natural talent.

The bow at her side, Allison's eyes are locked on Scott as he and Derek reach the yard just in front of the house. Derek collapses, broken arrow shafts still jutting out of him.

DEREK

Scott, go!

But Scott's own eyes flutter, still unable to see anything. Just a silhouetted figure coming toward him.

SCOTT

Allison, I can explain.

ALLISON

Stop lying. For once, stop lying.

SCOTT

I was trying to tell you the truth at the formal. I was going to tell you everything. Because everything I said, everything I did--

ALLISON

Was to protect me?

SCOTT

Yes.

ALLISON

I don't believe you.

KATE

Thank God. Now shoot him before I have to shoot *myself*.

Allison throws her a look of surprise.

ALLISON

You said we were going to catch them.

KATE

And we did that. Now we're going to kill them.

Kate withdraws a Glock from her jacket and chambers a round. She approaches Derek and with a casualness that is utterly terrifying, FIRES a round right into him.

Allison gasps as Derek's body drops back to the ground.

KATE (CONT'D)

See? It's not that hard.

She looks up at Allison. And the teenage girl seems to now finally see her favorite aunt for who she really is. A pure and unrepentant sociopath.

KATE (CONT'D)

Okay, I know that look. That's the *you're going to have to do this yourself* look.

She turns the gun on Scott, aiming at his head.

ALLISON

What are you doing? Kate?

Vision returned, Scott peers down the barrel of the gun.

KATE

Love those brown eyes.

She begins to pull back on the trigger.

ARGENT

Kate.

Argent steps out of the shadows. He holds a gun as well. But aimed at his sister.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

I know what you did. Put the gun down.

Kate's eyes slip momentarily to the house. Both Allison and Argent notice it.

KATE

I did what I was asked to do.

ARGENT

No one asked you to murder innocent people. There were children in that house. Ones who were human. Look at what you're doing now. You're pointing a gun at a sixteen year-old boy *with* no proof he's *spilled human blood*. We go by the code: *Nous chassons ceux qui nous chassent.*

*
*

ALLISON

(to herself)

We hunt the ones who hunt us.

ARGENT

Now put the gun down...

He raises his own weapon.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

Before I put you down.

Seething, but unable to do anything else, Kate finally begins to lower the gun. And as she lowers it, Argent notices something behind her.

The door to the Hale house CREAKING open.

The wind whistles around them. Derek and Scott both look up. At the exact same time, their eyes begin GLOWING. A response to the presence of their pack leader.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

Allison, get back.

ALLISON

(a whisper)

What is it?

Scott peers into the darkness beyond the door.

SCOTT

It's the Alpha...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

40

EXT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

40

Argent's eyes whip from shadow to shadow as Kate steps near him. He glances to his daughter.

ARGENT

Get out of here. Run.

Something BLURS PAST him. His gun clatters to the ground. An instant later his body falls next to it, unconscious.

Allison SCREAMS. But then knocks backward, a BLUR hurtling in front of her, knocking her compound bow right out of her hands and across the yard.

Scott darts forward, but his feet lift off the ground. In a flash, he's tumbling to the leaves with a PAINED CRY.

Kate whips her gun around, eyes searching.

KATE

Come on...

She FIRES into the shadows.

KATE (CONT'D)

Come on!

She spins as Peter appears right next to her, grabbing her wrist. Gun FIRING round after round, he simply twists her arm up with his superior strength.

Kate screams as Peter BREAKS her arm. Pulling the weapon out of her hand he lifts her off her feet and drags her back toward the house.

ALLISON

No--

She runs forward, charging up the steps and into the house after them.

41

INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

41

Allison stops short inside, glancing about in the darkness. Breath held, she steps past the stairwell to find--

Peter holding Kate in front of him by the fireplace in the charred living room. His fingers press to her throat, right at her larynx.

PETER
She's beautiful, Kate. She looks like you. Probably not as damaged. So I'm going to give you a chance to save her. Apologize. Say your sorry for decimating my family. For leaving me burned and broken for six years. Say it and I'll let her live.

Allison and Kate connect eyes.

KATE
I'm... I'm sorry.

Peter nods. Then presses his fingers tighter into Kate's throat. And with the sound of tearing flesh, his CLAWS PROTRACT, sticking right into Kate's neck.

Allison SHRIEKS as Peter pulls his hand away covered in blood. Kate's body falls-- *

And as she falls, IMAGES flash into her mind, given to her in the same way Peter gave pieces of his life to Scott and how Jackson culled bits of Derek's experiences. *

And every image she sees is a face screaming out through black smoke and fire. *

Kate falls dead to the floor. *

PETER
I don't know about you, Allison. But that apology? It just didn't sound very sincere.

Claws out, he starts toward her. FABRIC TEARING under his expanding body, the black coat falls away. Pants ripping at the seams as the skin darkens underneath. Until finally-- *

Allison stares up in horror at a seven foot CREATURE standing in front of her. But the Alpha pauses when he hears A GROWL. Turning, he finds--

Scott slowly rising from the darkness, lifting his head to reveal he's transformed.

Another GROWL sends the red eyes turning to Derek who, stepping into the light, is also shifted and ready to attack.

The two werewolves circle the Alpha, crouching low, moving in synchronicity. And for the first time, Derek and Scott seem like part of the same pack.

They launch into the air, attacking in the same instant. But Peter is prepared. He sends Derek hurtling into one wall and Scott into the next.

Allison falls back, debris flying, wood splintering. She moves for the door, crawling outside of the house as--

Derek and Scott both land back on their feet in an instant. They attack again and again, but Peter pounds them back each time until--

Derek falls, blood spitting from his lips while Peter grabs Scott by the back of his neck, pulling him up like a puppy and then THROWING HIM OFF HIS FEET.

42 EXT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT 42

SMASHING THROUGH the wall of the house, Scott tumbles back across the yard. When he rolls to a stop, he gazes up to see...

The Alpha coming out of the side of the house. He spots Allison trying to wake her father, to get back to consciousness. But then--

LIGHTS BLAZE over the Alpha. The two headlights on Jackson's Porsche as he BEEPS the horn from the driver's seat.

The creature whips its head around just in time to see--

Stiles rear back and--with all of his strength--he hurls *something* right at the Alpha. But the creature catches it, the object landing perfectly in its palm. And that object is a glass beaker filled with liquid--

A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL. Resting harmlessly in its hand.

STILES

Oh damn.

But a shout rises from his side. *

SCOTT

Allison!

She looks up to see Scott throwing her COMPOUND BOW toward her. She catches it. *

The Alpha glances from the beaker in confusion to Allison who quickly and expertly nocks an arrow. *

Realizing what's happening, the Alpha turns to throw the Molotov Cocktail just as the arrow flies.

But Allison's aim is perfect. The beaker SHATTERS in the Alpha's hand, arrow SMASHING right through the glass.

The chemicals splash over its claws and fingers, mixing together in a dangerous interaction--

FLAMES IGNITE across its hand.

Taking his cue, Jackson steps forward and throws a second beaker. This one explodes across the Alpha's torso, bursting instantly into FLAMES.

The creature lets loose a horrifying SHRIEK, writhing and twisting as FIRE ENGULFS ITS BODY.

Scott pushes himself back on the ground, watching the figure burn in front of the very house where he survived the first fire.

Until finally, the shrieking subsides and Peter drops to the wet leaves underneath him, rolling to a stop as the fire dissipates to black smoke.

Both Stiles and Jackson step back as--

Scott turns his eyes to Allison, surprised to see her slowly coming toward him. Approaching without fear. Still hurt and weak, Scott tries to back away.

But Allison kneels down, a hand held out to him. Scott turns his head away, trying to keep his altered face in shadow, not wanting her to see him up close as a werewolf. As a monster.

But Allison gently reaches up, her fingertips touching Scott's cheeks. He silently blinks at her with his yellow eyes. Then she slowly brings her lips to his and kisses him.

Eyes closing on the world around him, Scott kisses her back, softly and sweetly.

As their lips finally part, the two teenagers pulling back to look at each other, Scott blinks in realization that he's transformed back to normal. As if her kiss alone was able to make him human.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Why did you do that?

She says the next words simply and honestly.

ALLISON

Because I love you.

Past them, a now conscious Argent watches the scene. Scott notices him. But before he can say anything, he spots someone else--

Derek standing over Peter's still smoking body. He's put out the rest of the flames with his jacket which he's laid over Peter, still alive.

Scott pulls away from Allison, suddenly realizing what's about to happen.

SCOTT

Wait. You said the cure comes from the one who bit you.

Derek hesitates. Staring down at Peter, knowing what he's about to do to Scott.

*
*

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You do this and I'm dead. Her father, her family... What am I supposed to do?

*
*
*

Derek's CLAWED HAND rises up, framed perfectly by the moon in
the sky.

*

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Don't!

But Derek SLASHES DOWN, severing Peter's throat and sealing his own fate. He slowly turns back to Scott to reveal his eyes are glowing RED.

DEREK

I'm the Alpha now.

And all Scott can do is watch as Derek disappears into the shadows.

43 INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT 43

The pitch black breaks up under the glow of FLASHLIGHT BEAMS waving over the floor. Deputies hurry to catch up to one person who kneels over a body--

Stilinski. A disturbed look in his eyes, he slowly reaches down to Kate's body before him and lifts something up from around her chest.

THE NECKLACE.

The same one she gave to Allison. The same one Harris told him the arsonist would be wearing. Stilinski stares at it, feeling over the symbol for the Beast of Gevaudan with his thumb. Wondering...

44 INT. HOSPITAL/PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT 44

The door to a darkened patient room CREAKS open. Two heads peer in. Stiles and Scott. They slip inside and pull into the shadows as an ORDERLY PASSES by down the hall.

SCOTT

(whispering)

Shut the door.

Stiles nods and puts his hand on the door. He slowly starts to push it with the gentlest touch possible. But the DOOR SQUEALS, almost absurdly loud.

Stiles pauses, glancing to Scott who cringes behind him.

Even more gently, Stiles starts to push the door closed again. It SQUEALS again. Then, *even more carefully*, Stiles tries again. But the slower he pushes, the LOUDER the SQUEAL until it's almost a SHRIEK OF METAL SCRAPING AGAINST METAL.

With Scott practically writhing in frustration, Stiles finally clicks the door closed.

STILES

What?

Moving quietly in the dark room, they ease past a curtain to find Lydia asleep on her side in the hospital bed. Difficult breathes escape from her lips as the two boys approach.

STILES (CONT'D)

Do it.

SCOTT

You do it.

STILES

I can't. I'm too worried.

With a cautious glance around the curtain, Scott slowly lifts the bandage off Lydia's side to get a look at the wound. But fear turns to confusion as he gets a clear look.

STILES (CONT'D)

What? Is it healed? Completely?

SCOTT

No. Not at all.

The wound is bloody and scabbed. It looks perfectly normal.

STILES

I don't get it. The doctors said she was going to be fine.

SCOTT

But the bite's not healing like it did with me. Which means she's not a werewolf.

STILES

Then what the hell is she?

Scott shakes his head as they both gaze down at Lydia, sleeping fitfully, eyes moving faster and faster beneath closed lids.

Mrs. Argent sets the phone down delicately, a look of concern in her eyes. *

*

MRS. ARGENT

They'll be here in two days. *

*

*

Argent *nods and* sets a glass of whiskey on the counter next to a newspaper. Kate is pictured. The headline: *Woman Tied to Six Year-Old Arson Case Behind Beacon Hills Murders?* *

ARGENT
We shouldn't have done it. That stupid necklace.

Mrs. Argent takes the paper and tosses it in the trash.

MRS. ARGENT
The police would have put it
together eventually. And don't
think she's taking a fall for
something she didn't do.

*

ARGENT
We're going to be pariahs in this
town.

MRS. ARGENT
We can handle it.

ARGENT
What about Allison?

MRS. ARGENT
She'll learn.
(she looks up)
What about Scott?

*

*

ARGENT
(eyeing the phone)
I'm not the only one he has to
worry about now.

*

*

*

*

Beyond them and up the stairs, the rest of the house lies
strangely quiet.

46 INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT 46

Past the door, the room is dimly lit by the desk lamp. The
bed lies empty. But the window is open...

47 EXT. ARGENT HOME/ROOF OUTSIDE ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT 47

Under an almost full moon hanging in a perfectly clear night
sky, Allison sits on the roof, gently resting her head back
against Scott's shoulder.

Their cheeks touch softly together as she glances up at him
with a smile. Just the two of them out there on the roof,
they hold each other for one perfect moment.

But a moment in secret.

48 INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT 48

The door to the Hale house clicks open. Stepping inside, a
nervous Jackson peers about in the darkness. When he speaks
it's hardly a whisper.

JACKSON
Derek?

He looks into the damaged living room, eyes wandering to the stairs and the balcony above. And then he stops breathing.

Silhouetted in the darkness, Derek stands motionless.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
I... I helped. I helped save you.

Derek doesn't reply, standing perfectly still.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
You got what you want.

Jackson approaches the stairs, a shaky hand reaching out to the newel post.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Now it's my turn. Now I get what I want.

Derek steps out of the shadows and into the light to reveal something rarely seen on his face...

A smile.

But there's nothing friendly about it. His expression is pure malice as his lips part to reveal lower and upper fangs growing to razor sharp points.

With a single blink, his eyes turn a BRILLIANT RED and Derek launches himself from the top of the stairs, hurtling down.

Jackson gazes up in the terror of uncertainty, knowing he's about to be bitten, but not knowing whether it's to transform...

Or to kill.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE