

TEEN WOLF  
Episode #201  
by  
Jeff Davis

**11/23/11 Goldenrod Draft**

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10/4/11 Blue Draft

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New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #201  
Episode Thirteen

**TEEN WOLF**

"Episode Thirteen"

EP#201

Cast List

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

ARGENT..... JR BOURNE  
MR. MARTIN..... JEFF ROSE  
MELISSA MCCALL..... MELISSA PONZIO  
VICTORIA ARGENT..... EADDY MAYS  
STILINSKI..... LINDEN ASHBY  
ISAAC LAHEY.....  
MR. LAHEY.....  
HOMELESS MAN.....  
COACH FINSTOCK..... ORNY ADAMS  
MR. HARRIS..... ADAM FRISTOE  
DANNY..... KEAHU KAHUANUI  
MATT.....  
STUDENT.....  
STUDENT 2.....  
REPORTER.....  
REPORTER 2.....  
GERARD.....

OMMITED:  
STUDENT 3

**TEEN WOLF**

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Set List

INTERIORS

MCCALL CAR  
ARGENT HOME  
    ALLISON'S ROOM  
HOSPITAL  
    WAITING ROOM  
    LYDIA'S PATIENT ROOM  
    CORRIDOR  
STILES'S JEEP  
HIGH SCHOOL  
    LOCKER ROOM  
    CHEMISTRY CLASS  
    BOY'S ROOM  
    CORRIDOR  
STILINSKI'S CAR  
WHITTEMORE HOME  
    JACKSON'S ROOM  
ABANDONED RAIL STATION

\*

EXTERIORS

BEACON HILLS  
    EXTERIOR  
    LOOKOUT POINT  
ALLEYWAY  
SUBURBAN HOME  
SUBURBAN STREET  
WOODS  
    EXTERIOR  
    DIRT ROAD  
    CREEK  
    HIGH ABOVE  
ARGENT HOME  
    EXTERIOR  
    ROOF  
BEACON HILLS CEMETARY  
HIGH SCHOOL  
    PARKING LOT  
ROADSIDE

**TEEN WOLF**  
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BEACON HILLS - NIGHT 1

Beneath the nearly full moon, down past the winter-bare branches of Beacon Hills's woods, not a blade of grass stirs in the peculiar quiet. Until...

DEER BURST out of the darkness.

Hooves pounding leaves to dust, the frightened animals scatter to reveal A DARK FIGURE behind them, moving with a speed that can only be described as supernatural.

Charging out of the woods and into shadowy streets, the figure races faster and faster--

2 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 2

Down through the dark, puddle-strewn alleys of the town's industrial sector--

3 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT 3

Into a suburban backyard where a BARKING DOG races out, snapping against its chain and then--

4 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT 4

Bounding toward the street, looking as if to collide with oncoming cars. But then a FOOT touches down on the roof of a truck.

*Time slows* as the figure launches into the moonlight to reveal--

SCOTT MCCALL. Werewolf. But not entirely a wolf tonight.

Untransformed, he lopes on bare hands, seemingly racing for his life. But when his palms push off the ground, he blinks and in a BRILLIANT WHITE FLASH--

*He sees himself. Somewhere in daylight. Kissing Allison Argent. Lips moving from her mouth to her neck.*

Scott's feet hit the ground, yanking him back to the present. But with another blink, he flashes again to the past.

5 INT. MCCALL CAR - DAY - FLASHBACK 5

*Pressed tightly inside the car, Allison draws Scott closer. Hands pulling her shirt up, they kiss ever more urgently as--*

*GLASS EXPLODES inside the car, raining down on them. Allison screams as something YANKS Scott through the window.*

6 EXT. WOODS/DIRT ROAD - DAY - FLASHBACK 6

*SLAMMING to the pavement, Scott barely has a moment to gasp when a hand wraps around his throat.*

*It's ARGENT, Allison's father, nearly strangling him with one hand while the other aims the barrel of a Desert Eagle at his head. Choking, Scott blinks--*

7 EXT. BEACON HILLS - NIGHT 7

*Back to the present, where he charges forward while the memory of Allison's frightened protests ricochet through his mind.*

*ALLISON (V.O.)  
No--don't--don't!*

8 EXT. WOODS/DIRT ROAD - DAY - FLASHBACK 8

*Allison tries to pull her father back.*

*ALLISON  
You can't. He saved our lives. Your life. You can't do this.*

*She pushes herself between Scott and the gun.*

\*

*ALLISON (CONT'D)  
If you kill him, you kill me. Do you get it?*

*But Argent's grip on Scott's throat only seems to tighten.*

*ALLISON (CONT'D)  
Let him go and--I'll do whatever you want. I'll be what you want. And--and I won't see him again. I promise. I won't even look at him. Ever again.*

*Finally withdrawing the gun, Argent releases Scott.*

*ARGENT  
Never again.*

9 EXT. BEACON HILLS - NIGHT 9

Blinking back to the present, Scott bounds off the roof of a garage and soars right through--

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

Allison's bedroom window. Tumbling across the floor, Scott rolls to a breathless stop at her feet. He peers up at her with a sly grin.

SCOTT  
How long we got?

ALLISON  
They'll be gone an hour. \*

And not a second later, they're falling lip-locked onto her bed, tearing at each other's clothes with the carelessness of a teenage couple far too much in love.

**MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF**

11 INT. HOSPITAL/WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 11

A helium-filled balloon with a Get Well message on it hangs gently in the air. The hand grasping the string belongs to Stiles who slumps on a waiting room couch, *passed out*. \*

STILES  
(talking in his sleep)  
Yeah... just like that. No, you first. *Me first?*

Scott's mother, Melissa McCall, watches Stiles with an amused smile. Then turns back to an open room where-- \*

12 INT. HOSPITAL/LYDIA'S PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT 12

A bleary-eyed Lydia struggles out of bed. Her father steps over to assist her. \*

MR. MARTIN  
You want help getting in the shower? \*

LYDIA  
Maybe if I was four and still taking bubble baths.

MR. MARTIN  
Right. I'll just wait outside where it's slightly less sarcastic.

13 INT. HOSPITAL/WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 13

Closing Lydia's door behind him, Mr. Martin notices Stiles in the waiting room and turns to Melissa.

MR. MARTIN  
He's been here all night?

MELISSA  
He's been here all weekend.

A CLEANING LADY bends down to empty a trash can near Stiles.

STILES  
(still talking in his  
sleep)  
You... you're dirty.

The Cleaning Lady pops up with a bewildered look.

14 INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT 14

Scott and Allison collide with her dresser, sending a LAMP  
CRASHING to the floor amid their clothes. \*

SCOTT  
Sorry. \*

She laughs, kissing him as they fall back to the bed. Covers  
twisting around them, Allison's hands reach down his lower  
back, pulling him closer as her bare legs slide up,  
intertwining with his when-- \*

They slip right off the side of the bed, tumbling to the  
floor. \*

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
That was your fault. \*

Allison laughs again. But then Scott pauses, glancing up. \*

SCOTT (CONT'D) \*  
Do the right side brakes on your  
Dad's SUV squeal a little bit?

ALLISON  
Yeah.

SCOTT  
Then we're dead.

Allison hears the ROAR of a car pulling into the driveway.  
Scott leaps up, grabbing his clothes. \*

ALLISON  
Oh my God, hurry, hurry.

They scramble furiously to gather any evidence of his being  
there when the bedroom door SWINGS OPEN.

Victoria Argent steps in. Allison innocently looks up from  
her bed where she casually reads a book. Alone.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
If you don't trust me enough to let  
me have a lock on my door, the  
least you could do is knock.

VICTORIA  
Did I interrupt something?

ALLISON  
Just my studying. My life. My  
happiness. My will to live. \*

She glances nervously at the broken lamp beside her dresser  
as Victoria holds up a BLACK DRESS in dry cleaning plastic. \*

VICTORIA  
I picked up your dress for the  
funeral tomorrow.

ALLISON  
You can just leave it on the--

Her mother yanks the closet doors open. Finding nothing  
unusual, she hangs the dress while past her-- \*

Scott crouches on the roof outside the open bedroom window.



ALLISON  
Can I get back to my studying now?  
Or would you like to do a full body  
cavity search?

Victoria heads for the open window.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
*Mom.*

She peers out while mere inches away, Scott holds still.  
Finally, Victoria SLAMS the window shut.

16 INT. HOSPITAL/LYDIA'S PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT 16

Lydia yanks the shower curtain open and turns on the water.  
Slipping off the hospital gown, she steps in under the  
steaming spray.

While gently gliding her fingers over the still healing BITE \*  
in her side, she does not notice-- \*

WATER gathering in the tub at her feet as if the drain were  
clogged. Strangely murky and rising steadily.

17 INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 17

Outside Lydia's room, both her father and Melissa have  
stepped away.

Down the corridor, Stiles drops change into a VENDING  
MACHINE. Selecting a candy bar, he waits for it to come \*  
tumbling down. But, of course, it gets stuck.

STILES  
Seriously?

He taps on the plexiglass window of the machine. The candy  
bar doesn't budge. So he gives the glass a SMACK. Nothing. He \*  
pounds on it with a fist. Still nothing.

18 INT. HOSPITAL/LYDIA'S PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT 18

Under the shower's spray, Lydia closes her eyes, unaware that \*  
far too much water gathers in the tub, rising over her feet  
and then to her ankles.

19 INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 19

Stiles spreads his legs for maximum leverage and awkwardly \*  
grips the sides of the vending machine to shake the candy bar  
loose.

STILES  
Son-of-a-freaking...

Muttering in irrational fury, he rocks the machine **back** and **forth**. Just as the candy bar is almost slipping free-- \*

The entire vending machine lurches forward and SLAMS down onto the floor with a THUNDERING CRASH.

Stiles freezes. He stares down at the very heavy machine now laying on its face right in front of him.

20 INT. HOSPITAL/LYDIA'S PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT 20

Having heard the crash, Lydia pulls her head out from the shower. Hearing nothing else, she finally notices the water in the tub has risen past her ankles. \*

With an irritated **sigh**, she kicks a toe at the drain. But the water keeps rising. \*

Kneeling down, Lydia reaches **into the dirty water** with her fingers **and** slowly pulls up a thin clump of sinewy BLACK HAIR. \*

Gagging in disgust as the strands wrap around her fingers, she keeps pulling, digging. Then just as it seems she's grasped the extent of it... \*

There appears to be more in the drain. *Much more.*

Grasping thick tufts of dirt-caked hair, she keeps pulling, water darkening to black as an impossible sight rises up from the depths-- \*

THE HEAD OF A WOLF.

Its dead eyes gaze up **at** Lydia **who** lets loose a torrent **of** SCREAMING. \*

21 INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 21

Stiles snaps his attention from the vending machine when he hears the panicked SHRIEKING. He scrambles over the downed machine, launching himself down the hall.

STILES  
Lydia? Lydia!

22 INT. HOSPITAL/LYDIA'S PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT 22

Stiles races into the room with Melissa and Mr. Martin rushing right behind him.

MELISSA

What the hell was that?

They gather at the open bathroom door to find the empty shower still running, water flowing off the side of the tub. \*

Window up, the curtains flutter. But there's no sign of Lydia. \*

*She's gone.*

23 EXT. ARGENT HOME - NIGHT 23

Still on the roof outside listening to Allison and her mother, Scott's head snaps up when another SOUND comes hurtling through the wind.

A SCREAM. One he recognizes immediately.

SCOTT

(a whisper)

Lydia...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

24 EXT. WOODS/CREEK - NIGHT 24

THE MOON. Two, maybe three days from being full. Strangely, the image of the glowing sphere ripples as if made out of liquid.

Then *the reflection* breaks apart and Jackson Whittemore bursts up from the freezing cold water of a creek. \*

*He sucks* in gulps of air as he splashes about. Shirt ripped, it hangs in tatters from his pale body. \*

Then he seems to remember something. Hand moving to his side, he twists around to feel the skin at his lower back.

*It's there.* A gaping, bloody wound. An Alpha Werewolf's bite.

Water dripping from his moon-glistened torso, he rises to his feet for a better look at the jagged tear in his skin. *He gazes* on it with a kind of reverence, and then... \*

The beginnings of a smile.

25 INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 25

Melissa and Mr. Martin follow Sheriff Stilinski and a DEPUTY down the corridor. \*

STILINSKI  
Naked? As in nude?

MELISSA  
Pretty sure they mean the same thing, but yes. Far as we know, she left here clothing-optional.

STILINSKI  
You checked the whole hospital?

MELISSA  
Every last corner.

STILINSKI  
No one suspicious? No sign of abduction?

MELISSA  
Nothing. She just took off.

Stilinski comes to a halt to write in his note pad.

STILINSKI

All right, let's get an A-P-B out  
for a sixteen year-old red-head.  
Any other descriptors?

He looks to Mr. Martin for more, but it's Stiles who answers.

STILES

She's five-foot-three, green eyes,  
fair-skinned and her hair is  
actually strawberry blonde.

Everyone turns to look at Stiles.

STILINSKI

What are you still doing here?

STILES

Providing moral support?

STILINSKI

How about you provide your ass back  
home where you should be?

STILES

I can do that too.

He retreats back, slipping around a confused cluster of  
HOSPITAL WORKERS staring at a downed VENDING MACHINE.

26 INT. STILES'S JEEP - NIGHT 26

In the hospital parking lot, Stiles jumps behind the wheel of  
his Jeep. Scott sits up in the passenger seat as Stiles hands  
him Lydia's HOSPITAL GOWN.

SCOTT

This is the one she was just  
wearing?

Stiles slowly nods. Scott follows his worried gaze to spots  
of DRIED BLOOD on the fabric. Blood from Lydia's bite.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm not going to let anyone hurt  
her. Not again.

\*

STILES

Just shove the thing in your face  
and let's find her.

Scott raises the gown to his nose to catch Lydia's scent as Stiles clicks on the HEADLIGHTS to reveal--

Allison. She startles both of them as she rushes to the passenger side of the Jeep.

SCOTT  
(a hushed whisper)  
What are you doing? Someone's going to see us--

ALLISON  
I don't care. She's my best friend. And we need to find her before they do.

SCOTT  
I can find her before the cops.

ALLISON  
How about before my father does?

STILES  
He knows?

ALLISON  
I just saw him and three other guys leave my house in two SUV's.

SCOTT  
A search party.

ALLISON  
More like a hunting party.

Stiles and Scott share a look. The door clicks open.

SCOTT  
Get in.

27 INT. STILES'S JEEP - NIGHT 27

Pedal to the floor, Stiles drives while Allison sits in the middle between him and Scott.

STILES  
If she's turning would they actually kill her?

ALLISON  
I don't know. They haven't been telling me anything.  
(MORE)

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
All they say is we'll talk after  
Kate's funeral when the others get  
here.

STILES  
What others?

ALLISON  
They won't tell me that either.

STILES  
Okay, your family has some serious  
communication issues to work on.  
Scott? We going the right way?

They both turn to Scott who has his head out the Jeep window,  
air blasting in his face.

SCOTT  
(yelling in the wind)  
Take the next right!

28 EXT. BEACON HILLS CEMETERY - NIGHT 28

Beyond a wrought iron gate in the small Beacon Hills  
Cemetery, a newly planted headstone reads: *Katherine Argent*.

A BACKHOE LOADER eases past. With a HYDRAULIC HISS, it drops  
a pile of dirt next to the grave.

Operating the loader from the center of the glass-encased cab  
is a sixteen year-old named ISAAC LAHEY. Headphones jammed in  
his ears, hard crunching guitars pound through his head while  
he works.

With the grave digging nearly complete, he reaches for the  
gear shift and glances in the REAR VIEW MIRROR to back up.

But then pauses to give a weary look at his BLACK EYE.

Glancing away with more than a little shame at his own  
reflection, Isaac shifts to REVERSE.

The loader backs up. But just as it's rolling to a stop,  
SOMETHING appears in the glass of the cab.

A SILHOUETTED FIGURE crouches in between two nearby  
headstones. It blinks with GLOWING YELLOW EYES.

INSIDE THE CAB - Isaac shuts off the ignition and removes his  
headphones. In the quiet, he holds still, as if feeling  
something watching him... \*

Turning to his right, his eyes jump from headstone to headstone. Nothing there.

He slowly lets his gaze wander over the cemetery while the only sound in the cab seems to be his ever-shortening breath.

And then he sees something...

ILLUMINATED BY THE LOADER'S HEADLIGHTS, he spots a HAND over the top of the gravestone. Its fingers taper into animal-like CLAWS.

ISAAC  
What the hell...

As he leans forward to get a better look, the hand slips away from the grave. There's a flash of black behind the stone. A dark figure moves lightning quick through the shadows.

HEADED RIGHT FOR HIM.

It launches forward in a bounding lope. *Moving incredibly fast.*

Isaac goes for the ignition to turn the loader back on. But not quickly enough.

SOMETHING BARRELS right into the loader, sending it tipping up on its tires. The machine SLAMS DOWN on its side right over the open grave.

The door to the cab clatters open, dropping Isaac into the grave with a TERRIFIED CRY.

He hits the bottom with a painful thud. Then rolls over to look up at the backhoe loader covering the grave.

SOMETHING LEAPS ONTO IT, rattling the machine. But then bounds off just as quickly.

Isaac tries to hold his breath, tries to halt his frightened gasps. Pulling himself back against the dirt wall of the grave, he listens.

Strange, animal-like sounds come from nearby. A stream of feral growls. Becoming more and more urgent.

Gathering his courage, Isaac rises up, looking past the edge to see--

AT A NEARBY GRAVE - A hunched over figure quickly digs and tears at the earth, pulling up a just buried CASKET.



Isaac flinches at the thing's HIGH PITCHED, URGENT SHRIEKS. Pulling back into the darkness, he hears the CRACKING and SMASHING of WOOD, sounds of rending and tearing. Until the sounds abruptly--

STOP.

Holding still, Isaac hears another GROWL. But this one's an earth-shaking ROAR and clearly not the same animal.

It's followed by the sound of quick movement. The first creature racing away in terrified retreat, its breathless WHIMPERS giving way to silence again.

Then the backhoe loader begins to RISE. Incredibly, the entire machine lifts up off the grave and tips back down onto its tires, right side up.

BLACK BOOTS walk slowly, purposefully around the grave.

Cowering in the dark, Isaac finally raises his head to gaze up at the powerful and intimidating figure of DEREK HALE standing at the edge.

DEREK  
Need a hand?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

29

EXT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

29

Under an eerie quiet, Scott, Allison and Stiles approach the rotted and burned Hale House. Yellow police tape stretches across the windows and door.

STILES

She came here? You're sure?

SCOTT

This is where the scent leads.

STILES

But has Lydia ever been here?

ALLISON

Not with me.

(to Scott)

Maybe she came here on instinct.  
Like she was looking for Derek.

SCOTT

You mean looking for an Alpha.

ALLISON

Wolves need a pack, right?

SCOTT

Not all of them.

ALLISON

But would she be drawn to an Alpha?  
Is that an instinct? To be part of  
a pack?

Scott gives a reluctant nod.

SCOTT

We're stronger in a pack.

ALLISON

Like strength in numbers?

SCOTT

No. Like literally stronger.  
Faster. Better. In every way.

ALLISON

Is it the same for an Alpha?

\*  
\*

SCOTT  
(nodding)  
It'll make Derek stronger too.

\*  
\*  
\*

Before Allison can ask anything else, Stiles waves them over.

STILES

Hey, look at this. You see this?

He kneels in front of a THIN WIRE stretched between two trees. \*

STILES (CONT'D)

I think it's a tripwire.

He pulls back on the wire, triggering the mechanism. They each glance up at THE SOUND OF SOMETHING SLICING THROUGH THE AIR. Behind Stiles and Allison--

Scott is YANKED off his feet.

SCOTT

Stiles...

They turn around to see Scott hanging off the ground, his ankles bound by tight cord.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Next time you see a tripwire? *Don't trip it.*

STILES

Noted.

He and Allison approach to help Scott down.

SCOTT

Wait.

They pause, holding still. Scott focuses on the SOUNDS around them. He hears FOOTSTEPS. Moving fast.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Someone's coming. Hide.  
(when they don't move)  
Go!

Stiles pulls a reluctant Allison into the shadows. Just as they slip behind a tree--

FIGURES appear, moving stealthily through the mist. A face comes into focus. Upside down in Scott's perspective, but unmistakable.

Argent. TWO ARMED HUNTERS flanking him, Allison's father approaches his trapped prey.

ARGENT

Scott.

SCOTT  
Mr. Argent.

ARGENT  
How are you doing?

SCOTT  
Good. You know. Hanging out.

A mere few yards away, Allison and Stiles stand behind a tree, pressed shoulder-to-shoulder.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
(eyeing the trap he's in)  
This one of yours?

Argent doesn't answer.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
It's nice. Good design. Very  
constricting.

Argent eyes him, unamused. Behind him, the other Hunters fan out, inching closer to Stiles and Allison.

ARGENT  
What are you doing out here, Scott?

SCOTT  
Looking for my friend.

ARGENT  
(nodding)  
That's right. Lydia's in your  
little group, isn't she? Part of  
your clique? Is that the word you  
use? Or is there another way to put  
it? Part of your *pack*? \*

SCOTT  
Actually, *clique* sounds about right  
to me.

ARGENT  
I hope so. Because I know she's a  
friend of Allison's. And one  
special circumstance, such as  
yourself? One I can handle. But not  
two. \*

Scott holds the man's gaze, trying to stay tough. \*

ARGENT (CONT'D)

Scott, do you know what a  
hemisporrectomy is?

\*  
\*  
\*

SCOTT

I have a feeling I don't want to.

\*  
\*

ARGENT

It's the medical term for  
amputating someone at the waist.  
Cutting them in half. It takes an  
enormous amount of strength to cut  
through tissue and bone like that.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Argent slowly draws a finger across Scott's stomach.

\*

ARGENT (CONT'D)

Let's hope a demonstration never  
becomes necessary.

\*  
\*  
\*

The sound of BARKING DOGS catches their attention. In the distance, FLASHLIGHT BEAMS cut through the dark. A police search heading their way. \*

Argent backs away and gives a nod to his men. Scott watches them disappear into the woods. When they're at a safe distance, Allison and Stiles slip back out of the darkness. \*

ALLISON  
You okay?

SCOTT  
Just another life-threatening conversation with your dad.

ALLISON  
Stiles, help me with this.

But they pause when they hear the sound of CLAWS UNSHEATHING. The cord above Scott SNAPS up into the air as other pieces fall limply to the ground.

Scott drops to his feet, rising up and RETRACTING HIS CLAWS with the confidence of a werewolf well on the way to mastering his abilities.

SCOTT  
Thanks. But I think I got it.

Stiles and Allison glance to each other, impressed as Scott turns to go.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
You coming?

His friends hurry to catch up while just behind them, the light of POLICE FLASHLIGHT BEAMS gather to become--

30

EXT. BEACON HILLS CEMETERY - DAY

30

The brilliant glow of SUNLIGHT shining down on a ransacked grave. Smashed pieces of a casket lie amid clumps of dirt, barely concealing the remains of a just buried corpse.

ISAAC

It's Lahey. Isaac Lahey.

Sheriff Stilinski looks up from his note pad to Isaac and his father, MR. LAHEY who peers over his wire-rimmed GLASSES with suspicious eyes.

STILINSKI

You work for your father, Isaac?

LAHEY

When he's not in school. Which is where he needs to be in twenty minutes.

STILINSKI

I understand, but I've got a missing girl and this is where our K9 unit led us. She's got no clothes and if she's still out here tonight when the temperature really drops...

ISAAC

Sorry, but I didn't see anything.

LAHEY

Trust me, if he'd seen a naked girl outside of a computer screen, he'd remember it.

Lahey laughs derisively while Isaac stares at the ground. Stilinski notices the bruise under the boy's eye.

STILINSKI

Isaac, how did you get that black eye?

ISAAC

School.

STILINSKI

A school fight?

Lahey glares at Isaac, waiting for his answer. Stilinski, however, keeps his eyes on the father, gauging his reaction.



ISAAC

Lacrosse.

STILINSKI

For Beacon Hills? My son plays for the team. Well, he's on the team but he doesn't technically play. Not yet anyway.

For a brief moment, Isaac gazes past Stilinski to notice--

Derek Hale. Watching and listening just beyond the cemetery's wrought iron gate.

Stilinski notices he's lost Isaac's attention. But when he follows the boy's gaze, Derek is gone.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

Something wrong, Isaac?

ISAAC

I was just remembering I actually have a morning practice to get to.

STILINSKI

Okay, one more thing. Have you guys had many grave robberies here?

ISAAC

A few. But they usually just take stuff like jewelry.

STILINSKI

What did this one take?

ISAAC

Her liver.

Stilinski does a double-take from his note pad. Then slowly turns back to the open grave in front of him, peering down...

Past the smashed wood of the casket he can just glimpse the torn fabric of a dress and the decaying insides of an old woman's body. A body ripped to shreds by someone...

Or some *thing*.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

31 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - DAY

31

Distraught and exhausted, Scott and Stiles head to the school's main entrance.

SCOTT

She ate the liver?

STILES

I didn't say she ate it. I said it was missing. And if she did? So what? It's the most nutritious part of the body.

SCOTT

I never ate anyone's liver.

STILES

Oh right, because when it comes to werewolves you're a real model of self-control.

But then Stiles stops, turning back to him.

STILES (CONT'D)

Hold on. You're the test case for this. We should be going over what happened to you.

SCOTT

What do you mean?

STILES

I mean what was going through your head when you were turning? What were you drawn to?

SCOTT

Allison.

STILES

Nothing else?

SCOTT

Nothing else mattered. But that's good, right? The night Lydia was bit, she was with you.

STILES

Yeah. But she was looking for Jackson.

They both turn when they hear the familiar growl of a PORSCHE CARRERA tearing into the parking lot.

A HOMELESS MAN rifling through a school trash can looks up as the Porsche whips into the space in front of him.

Aviators still on, Jackson steps out with his backpack and lacrosse stick.

HOMELESS MAN

Nice car.

With an exasperated sigh, Jackson pulls out his wallet.

JACKSON

Here's a dollar. Go find another parking lot to die in.

Turning for the school, Jackson points a thumb at the Homeless Man and calls out--

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Security?

32 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - DAY 32

Isaac hurries in to join the team changing for early morning lacrosse practice. Coach steps out of his office.

COACH

Listen up. Police are asking for help on a missing child advisory. Sick girl. Roaming around. Totally naked. Now it's supposed to get below forty degrees tonight. I don't know about you, but the last time it was that cold and I was running around naked, I lost a testicle to exposure. I don't want that same thing happening to some innocent girl.

He turns to pin a SIGN UP SHEET on the wall.

COACH (CONT'D)

Police are organizing search parties for tonight. Find the girl and you get an automatic A in my classes.

As students rush to sign up, the crowd parts to reveal Scott and Stiles cornering Jackson at his locker.

JACKSON

If Lydia wants to take a naked hike in the woods, why should I care?

SCOTT

Because we have a pretty good idea that she might be... you know... *turning*.

JACKSON

Turning?

SCOTT

Yeah. *Turning*.

JACKSON

Into?

STILES

A unicorn. What do you think, dumbass?

JACKSON

I think if Lydia's *turning* then she's not the one who's going to need help.

SCOTT

What do you mean?

JACKSON

You got it backwards, McCall. When I was with Lydia, you should have seen the scratch marks she left on me. What do you think she's going to do with a set of real claws?

Shaking his head at them, he pushes past to join the others.

Pop quiz in Chemistry class. Scott gazes down at the multiple choice questions while Stiles leans over to whisper to him

STILES

It causes me severe mental anguish to say this, but he's right.

SCOTT

I know.

STILES

What if the next body part she  
steals is from someone who's still  
alive?

Mr. Harris looks up from his desk.

MR. HARRIS

This is a pop quiz, Mr. Stilinski.  
If I hear your voice again I may be  
tempted to give you detention for  
the rest of your high school  
career.

STILES

Can you do that?

MR. HARRIS

There it is again. Your voice.  
Triggering the only impulse I've  
ever had to strike a student.  
Repeatedly and violently. I'll see  
you at three for detention.

Stiles turns to Scott, opening his mouth in shock.

MR. HARRIS (CONT'D)

You too, Mr. McCall?

SCOTT

No, sir.

Nearby, Jackson smirks at them. Then turns back to his own  
test where he notices--

A BLACK SPOT on the sheet of paper. It looks like pen ink. He  
touches it with his finger, smearing it. And then another  
SPOT appears.

His best friend, Danny, taps him.

DANNY

Dude. Your nose.

Lifting his head up, Jackson touches underneath his nose,  
just above the lip. He pulls his fingers away to find a  
strange black fluid on the tips.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

But the black liquid drips from his nose over his lip. The  
same exact black blood that Derek and Scott once bled.

34 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/BOY'S ROOM - DAY

34

Locking himself in one of the stalls, he grabs a stream of toilet paper, trying to staunch the flow.

In mere moments, however, the paper is soaked. Dropping it into the toilet, he grabs another handful. Then does it again, and again.

A KNOCK on the stall door.

JACKSON

I'm fine, Danny. Go back to class.

But he keeps pulling tissue paper, almost the entire roll as the toilet itself begins to fill.

A HAND POUNDS on the stall door. More urgent.

\*

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Just give me a second.

Frantic, Jackson keeps wiping at the blood. Flushing the toilet, he grabs more and more paper as SOMEONE HAMMERS on the door.

\*

JACKSON (CONT'D)

I said give me a freaking second, all right?

With a METALLIC CRUNCH the lock SNAPS and the door whips open. A powerful hand yanks Jackson out of the stall, pressing him up against the bathroom sinks.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Derek?

He gazes at Derek Hale, astonished. The blood is now clear of Jackson's face, skin rubbed raw by tissue paper. Derek glances to the stall. Nothing there as well.

DEREK

You're looking pale, Jackson. You feeling okay?

JACKSON

Never better.

He shrugs free of Derek's grip.

DEREK

If something's wrong, I need to know. You're with me now.

JACKSON

With you? Me? With you?  
(sputtering with laughter)  
What am I, your little pet? I mean  
just because you gave me--  
(mockingly)  
*The bite.* You think I'm part of  
your wolf pack? Sorry, but to be  
honest, when I look at you I don't  
exactly see outstanding leadership  
qualities.

\*  
\*

DEREK

Is that so?

JACKSON

I've got my own agenda. Which  
doesn't involve running around the  
woods at night howling at the moon  
with you and McCall. So how about  
you just back the...

Jackson notices Derek's eyes have turned to the mirror. He follows his gaze and in the reflection, Jackson sees a drip of inky BLACK BLOOD slipping out of his ear down his neck.

Derek grabs him by the chin, pulling his face to the side to get a better look. Then he grabs one of Jackson's hands to see the BLACK STAINS on his fingers.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

What is it? What's happening?

DEREK

Your body's fighting the bite.

JACKSON

Why?

Equally disturbed by the sight, Derek looks him in the eye.

DEREK

I don't know.

Jackson puts a hand to his ear. It comes away dripping with the strange black liquid.

JACKSON

What is it?

But Derek just backs away, slowly shaking his head. As he inches toward the door, the shadows seem to envelope him.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
What does it mean?

Jackson looks up from his hands as the blood drips again from his nose, into his mouth, BLACKENING his teeth.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
*What does it mean?*

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR



ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

35

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

35

Under the CLANG of the end of day BELL, Allison takes her plastic-covered black funeral dress from her locker. Then notices something wedged into one of the locker's vents. \*

A NOTE. She pulls it out, unfolding it to find a short but meaningful message: *Because I love you.* \*

DOWN THE CORRIDOR - Scott watches her read the note. Clearly pleased by the reaction it draws, he retreats back around the corner so as not to be seen by any witnesses.

When Allison closes her locker, a handsome teenager named MATT smiles at her. His own locker next to hers, he slides an expensive professional digital CAMERA back into its case.

MATT

Nice dress.

ALLISON

Um. Thanks.

He's still smiling. Noticeably flirtatious. But then VOICES turn Allison's head. Girls across the corridor. \*

STUDENT

Not her sister. It was her aunt. \*  
The one who murdered all those \*  
people. \*

2ND STUDENT

You mean the crazy bitch who \*  
murdered all those people. \*

Laughter and cruel whispers drift toward Allison. She tries not to look up while gathering her things. \*

STUDENT

The fire, all those animal attacks? \*  
Her aunt. \*

2ND STUDENT

Are you kidding? I sit next to her \*  
in English. \*

STUDENT  
Find a new seat.

Allison SLAMS her locker closed, silencing them. But only for a moment. Titters of suppressed laughter send Allison hurrying down the corridor, almost breaking into a run.

UNTIL SOMEONE GRABS HER, pulling her into--

36 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CLASSROOM - DAY 36

A dark classroom. Allison spins around to face Scott.

SCOTT  
What's wrong?

ALLISON  
How did you know?

SCOTT  
I could hear your heartbeat. What is it?

ALLISON  
(crumbling)  
I--I can't do this. I can't go to the funeral. Everyone's going to be watching. They're going to be cameras there. I can't--

SCOTT  
You can. You'll be fine.

Allison shakes her head, trying to hold back the tears.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
It's going to be okay. We're going to find Lydia and it's all going to be good. Think about it. No Peter, no psycho werewolf killings, and your dad and me--well, it's a work in a progress.

She almost smiles as tears slip down her cheeks.

ALLISON  
I can't go and be like this.

SCOTT  
Aren't you supposed to cry at funerals?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ALLISON  
For her?

\*

SCOTT

It doesn't matter. I mean, maybe you're crying for you, right? You lost someone. So Kate wasn't totally who you thought she was. You still lost her, right?

(as she nods)

You're going to be fine. I'll make sure. I'll... I'll be there.

ALLISON

What?

SCOTT

I'll figure it out. I'll be there. Not right next to you. But I'll be there. Okay?

ALLISON

Okay.

SCOTT

You go first.

Scott opens the door. As Allison steps out she lets her hand rest over his on the edge of the door. Their fingers intertwine for the briefest moment.

When they break apart, Scott closes the door, leaning against it as if pressed back by worry. He glances up at the CLOCK which reads--

3:59. Below the clock, Mr. Harris grades papers while Stiles sits at a desk trying to will the clock hands to move faster. Finally, the hour hand hits 4 and Stiles jumps up.

MR. HARRIS

Sit.

STILES

But it's been an hour.

MR. HARRIS

My detention runs an hour and a half.

STILES

You can't do that.

MR. HARRIS

Oh, but I can. You see, *Stiles*...

Harris says his name with barely concealed hatred as he approaches to look down on him.

MR. HARRIS (CONT'D)

Since your father was so judicious in his dealings with me, I've decided to make you my personal project for the rest of the semester. You're going to benefit from all the best that strict discipline has to offer. Now *sit down* before I decide to keep you here all night.

Stiles slowly slumps back down in his seat.

38 EXT. BEACON HILLS CEMETERY - DAY 38

Stilinski's Deputies work to keep onlookers, reporters and people with cameras behind A-Frame barricades. At the same time, Argent attempts to lead his family to the funeral site.

REPORTER

Mr. Argent! Mr. Argent, do you believe your sister was guilty?

2ND REPORTER

Can we get a few words? Mrs. Argent, just a few words?

Argent puts his arm around Allison as TV REPORTERS hurry over with cameras. She glances about, looking for Scott amid the faces.

ARGENT

I knew this was a bad idea.

VICTORIA

Well, it wasn't my idea.

ARGENT

I tried to tell him, but he insisted on making a point of it.

ALLISON

Tell who?

VICTORIA

If he insisted, then he can deal with it when he gets here.

ALLISON

When who gets here?

VICTORIA  
Just sit down, sweetheart.

Someone with a camera manages to slip between two barricades. It's Matt, the kid from school who complimented Allison's dress.

Snapping pictures, he doesn't see THE HAND reach up to grab the lens. The camera comes right out of Matt's grasp and into the hands of an older, rather menacing looking well-dressed man named GERARD.

Matt turns to see THREE OTHER WELL-DRESSED MEN also standing around him. Practically surrounding him.

GERARD  
This looks expensive.

MATT  
Nine hundred dollars.

With a click, the MEMORY CARD slips out of a slot in the camera and into Gerard's hand.

GERARD  
How expensive is this?

He SNAPS the memory card in half. Then with a smile, he drops the camera back into Matt's hands.

While Allison watches, the older man walks over to Argent and puts his arms around him in a warm embrace.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
Christopher.

ARGENT  
Gerard.

Victoria receives a kiss and then he turns to Allison.

GERARD  
Do you remember me?

His intimidating presence takes the voice out of her. All she can do is nod while her eyes gaze past him to-- \*

BEHIND A GRAVESTONE - where Scott peers up. Stiles slips in next to him. \*

STILES  
Who the hell's that?

Gerard turns his eyes to them sending both boys dropping back behind the gravestone to hide.

SCOTT  
Definitely an Argent.

AT THE GRAVESITE - Gerard returns his focus to Allison.

GERARD  
Considering I haven't seen you since you were three, I suppose I can't assume you'd call me Grandpa. So call me Gerard if it feels comfortable for the time being.

He leans in with a bright, yet oddly insincere smile.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
But I'd prefer Grandpa.

HIDDEN BEHIND THE GRAVESTONE - Scott connects eyes with Allison again and gives her a wave. She offers her best smile. Scott turns back to Stiles. \*

STILES  
Maybe they're just here for the funeral. Maybe they're in the non-hunting part of the family. They could be non-hunting Argents, right?

SCOTT  
I know what they are. They're reinforcements.

Then, out of nowhere, a PAIR OF HANDS yanks them up.

STILINSKI  
The two of you. Unbelievable.

Furious, he drags them away from the funeral proceedings and to his patrol car.

39 INT. STILINSKI'S CAR - DAY 39

Scott and Stiles sit in the back while Sheriff Stilinski talks with a panicked DEPUTY over the radio.

STILINSKI  
I don't think I copied that. You said 415-Adam?

STILES  
(whispering to Scott)  
Disturbance in a car.

DEPUTY (V.O.)  
They were taking a heart attack  
victim--D-O-A. But on the way to  
the hospital something hit them.

STILINSKI  
Hit the ambulance?

DEPUTY (V.O.)  
Copy. I'm--I'm standing in front of  
it now. Something got in the back.

Scott and Stiles glance at each other, both now listening  
intently.

DEPUTY (V.O.)  
There's blood everywhere. *And I*  
mean, *everywhere.*

\*

STILINSKI  
Copy that, Unit Four. What's your  
twenty?

DEPUTY (V.O.)  
Route five and Post. I swear, I've  
never seen anything like this.

STILINSKI  
I'm on my way.

Stilinski drops the radio back.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)  
As for you two--

But his backseat doors lie wide open. *Both Stiles and Scott*  
are long gone.

\*

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE



ACT SIX

FADE IN:

40

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

40

Shrouded by trees, Stiles's Jeep sits on a dirt path. A few yards ahead, Scott and Stiles keep low to the ground as they approach flashing RED and BLUE LIGHTS.

\*

Peering out through the branches, they spot the AMBULANCE on the opposite side of the road. Moving from tree to tree, Scott and Stiles slowly catch a view of the blood-spattered interior.

A seriously freaked out AMBULANCE DRIVER appears to be trying to explain what happened to an equally freaked out DEPUTY.

STILES

(also disturbed)

What the hell's Lydia doing?

\*

SCOTT

I don't know.

STILES

What kept you from doing that? Was it Allison?

SCOTT

I hope so.

STILES

Do you--Do you need to get closer?

Scott closes his eyes for a brief second. He pulls in a deep breath and then shakes his head.

SCOTT

No. I got it.

STILES

Okay, just... I need you to find her, all right? Please, just find her.

\*

\*

With a nod, Scott backs away. Catching the scent in the air, he begins to run.

41

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

41

Pounding the earth beneath his feet, Scott's eyes start to burn with a YELLOW GLOW.

Propelling himself through the darkness, the transformation begins to take hold.

His ears taper to points. Hair rises on his cheeks. Teeth form into fangs. \*

Racing so fast, the world around him blurs out of focus. He goes down to lope on all fours. No longer just a teenager-- \*

But a werewolf.

42 EXT. WOODS/HIGH ABOVE - NIGHT 42

From the treetops above, Scott can be seen, a lone, dark figure moving incredibly fast. Leaping over fallen trees, darting around thick pines.

SOMETHING appears in frame just ahead of him. Another loping creature. And from its form, clearly HUMAN. \*

As Scott gains ground, catching up to the second werewolf, he leaps forward and--

43 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 43

Launching off the side of a tree, Scott soars up.

SCOTT

*Lydia!*

He lashes out at the dark figure ahead and both of them go tumbling to the forest floor.

Crashing and rolling to a stop through the leaves and brush, Scott instantly leaps back to his feet as--

The dark figure charges toward him.

Barely able to see in the darkness, Scott, nevertheless, moves with uncanny speed. Claws out, he pushes up, sending the other werewolf right over his head.

The monster crashes to the ground in a flurry of dust and leaves. When it twists around to bare its teeth, Scott gets a surprise.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You're not Lydia.

This werewolf, in fact, isn't even female. Dark clothes ragged and dirty, the creature has a feral quality. Sickly, even pathetic.

It scrambles back in fear as Scott steps forward. Passing through a shadow, he transforms back to his human self.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

Using Scott's moment of confusion, it retreats with a hiss and darts into the shadows.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Wait--

But the creature is already moving. And moving fast.

44 EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT 44

The RED AND BLUE LIGHTS on the ambulance continue flashing. But the perspective is from the woods. Moving slowly, shakily, as if being drawn to the light.

It approaches to see not only the Driver but several Deputies, Stilinski and Stiles. All trying to make sense of the bloodied interior of the vehicle.

A pale, dirty HAND pulls down a branch to get past. Stiles is the first to notice the shivering girl in the woods. \*

STILES  
Lydia?

The voice sounds far away at first. But when the call comes again, the name crystallizes, hitting the girl like a shock.

STILES (CONT'D)  
*Lydia?*

Arms covering herself, she blinks. With brush and tree leaves barely concealing her lower half, she finds herself looking at Stilinski, his Deputies, the Driver and a very wide-eyed Stiles.

Lydia stares at them in confusion. They stare back. Everyone staring uncomfortably. Finally, Lydia throws up her arms, revealing her frustration... among other things.

LYDIA  
Well? Anyone going to get me a coat?

Grasping for his father's jacket as his knees go weak, Stiles collapses out of frame.

45

EXT. WOODS/CREEK - NIGHT

45

Charging out of the darkness, Scott SPLASHES through the creek where Jackson first woke. He spots the second werewolf going up the bank.

SCOTT

Wait! Stop!

As the creature crests the hill it never notices--

THE TRIPWIRE.

CORD WHIPS THROUGH THE AIR. Yelping, the werewolf's head snaps around in yellow-eyed terror as he goes up, hands lassoed above him. \*

When Scott starts forward to help him, TWO HANDS grab him by his jacket and yank him back. Lifted right off his feet, Scott goes flying. \*

HE SLAMS INTO A TREE. Then falls, slumping into the dirt as TWO GLOWING RED EYES seep out from the shadows.

Derek pulls him to his feet, dragging him back into the cover of the woods.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What are you doing? I can help him.

DEREK

They're already here-- \*

SCOTT

I can help him-- \*

DEREK

*Quiet.*

Scott stops struggling. He hears movement. BOOTS crushing leaves. Then he sees them...

THE HUNTERS arrive, bursting through the mist to find their prey caught and hanging helplessly. \*

Argent approaches with several men behind him. One in particular takes his time: his father, Gerard.

Argent withdraws a STUN BATON. With a sharp flick of his wrist it telescopes out, CRACKLING with BLUE BOLTS of ELECTRICITY.

The trapped werewolf SNARLS in fear as--

Argent whips the baton up and connects the tip to its body. A BLUE FLASH briefly LIGHTS the woods as the werewolf's CRY turns to a very human SCREAM.

In the blink of an eye, the wolf is transformed back into a man. One immediately familiar to Scott...

It's the Homeless Man who was rifling through the trash at school. The one who told Jackson he had a nice car.

ARGENT  
Who are you?

The Homeless Man simply sputters in fear.

ARGENT (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here?

HOMELESS MAN  
Nothing--Nothing, I swear.

ARGENT  
You're not from here, are you? Are you?

Terrified, the Homeless Man shakes his head.

HOMELESS MAN  
No. No, I came--I came looking for the Alpha.

Argent and Gerard share a look.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)  
I heard rumors, I heard there was-- I heard he was here. That's all. I didn't do anything. I didn't hurt anyone. No one living. He wasn't alive in the ambulance. He wasn't, I swear.

Gerard turns to the other hunters.

GERARD  
Gentlemen, come a little closer and have a look at a rare sight.  
(to Argent)  
(MORE)

GERARD (CONT'D)  
Want to tell them what we've  
caught?

ARGENT  
An Omega.

GERARD  
The lone wolf.

Gerard approaches another Hunter and pulls something from the man's backpack.

FROM THE SHADOWS NEARBY - Scott focuses on the object which appears to be some kind of sheathed LONG SWORD.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
Possibly kicked out of his own  
pack. Or the survivor of a pack  
that was hunted down. Maybe even  
murdered.

Gerard removes a razor-sharp BLADE from the scabbard.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
Possibly alone by his own choice.  
Certainly not a wise choice.

\*

IN THE SHADOWS - Derek's grip on Scott tightens as Gerard's words land with a heavy weight on him.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
Because, as I'm about to  
demonstrate...

Gerard lifts the blade with both hands.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
An Omega rarely survives on its  
own.

With one swift and startlingly powerful movement, Gerard whips the blade around. *Right across the torso of the Homeless Man.*

Scott LURCHES forward. With every ounce of his strength, Derek pulls him back, arms wrapped around Scott as he gasps at the shocking display of violence.

The lower half of the Homeless Man's body falls to the ground.

Feet digging into the dirt and leaves, Scott tries to wrest himself free of Derek.

SCOTT  
No--No.

DEREK  
(a tight whisper)  
Look. Look at them. You see what they do? This is why you need me. Why we need each other. The only way to fight them is *together*.

Finally, Scott's own body goes slack as Derek holds him still in the shadows.

SCOTT  
What is this? What are they doing?

Derek gazes past him with his own rising anger.

DEREK  
Declaring war.

They aren't the only horrified witnesses, though. Trying to keep his calm, Argent steps toward his father.

ARGENT  
We have a code.

GERARD  
Not when they murder my daughter. \*

He stabs the blade into the ground.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
No code. Not anymore. From now on, any and every one of these things is just a body waiting to be cut in half. Are you listening?

The wind seems to take Gerard's VOICE out of the woods and into the town of Beacon Hills where-- \*

46 INT. WHITTEMORE HOME/JACKSON'S ROOM - NIGHT 46

A shivering, sickly Jackson turns over in bed. He pulls a tissue from his nose, dripping with BLACK BLOOD. \*

GERARD (V.O.)  
Because I don't care if it's wounded and weak...

The tissue falls to a pile on the floor, a veritable mountain of them soaked with the strange black fluid.

GERARD (V.O.)  
Or if it's seemingly harmless...

47 EXT. BEACON HILLS LOOKOUT POINT - NIGHT 47

A troubled Scott gathers Allison into his arms as they sit together on a rock face overlooking the light-dappled town.

GERARD (V.O.)  
Begging for its life with a promise  
that it would never, ever hurt  
anyone...

48 INT. ABANDONED RAIL STATION - NIGHT 48 \*

A nervous Isaac steps into a dark and decrepit underground railway station that has been long since abandoned. \*

GERARD (V.O.)  
Or if it's some desperate, lost  
soul with no idea what he's getting  
into...

Isaac raises a flashlight beam to illuminate Derek Hale.

49 EXT. WOODS/CREEK - NIGHT 49

Gerard lands a cold-blooded gaze on his men and his son.

GERARD  
We find them. We kill them.

He slams the blade back into its scabbard.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
*We kill them all.* \*

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE