

TEEN WOLF  
Episode #202  
by  
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New Remote Productions, Inc.

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MGM

Production #202  
Episode Fourteen

**TEEN WOLF**

"Episode Fourteen"

EP#202

Cast List

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

ISAAC..... DANIEL SHARMAN  
LAHEY..... JOHN W SHIPP  
PRINCIPAL..... CHRISTIAN TAYLOR  
ARGENT..... JR BOURNE  
VICTORIA ARGENT..... EADDY MAYS  
COACH FINSTOCK..... ORNY ADAMS  
MATT..... STEPHEN LUNSFORD  
DANNY..... KEAHU KAHUANUI  
STILINSKI..... LINDEN ASHBY  
MR. HARRIS..... ADAM FRISTOE  
GERARD ARGENT..... MICHAEL HOGAN  
HUNTER (NO LINES).....  
NIGHT OFFICER..... NOREE VICTORIA  
MRS. WHITTEMORE..... VIRGINIA HOPKINS

**TEEN WOLF**

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Set List

INTERIORS

LAHEY HOME  
    KITCHEN  
    LIVING ROOM  
    BASEMENT  
LAHEY'S SUV  
ALLISON'S CAR  
ARGENT'S SUV  
ABANDONED RAIL                    \*  
HIGH SCHOOL  
    LOCKER ROOM  
    CORRIDOR  
    CHEMISTRY CLASS  
    PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE WAITING AREA  
    PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE  
ARGENT HOME  
    GUEST ROOM                        \*  
    ALLISON'S ROOM  
    HALLWAY  
WHITTEMORE HOME  
    JACKSON'S ROOM  
HUNTER'S SUV  
STILES'S JEEP  
SHERIFF'S STATION  
    HOLDING CELL BLOCK  
    FRONT DESK  
    STILINSKI'S OFFICE

EXTERIORS

LAHEY HOME  
ALLEY  
ARGENT HOME  
BEACON HILLS  
    LOOKOUT POINT  
HIGH SCHOOL  
PARKING LOT  
LACROSSE FIELD  
WHITTEMORE HOME  
ROAD  
SHERIFF'S STATION  
    PARKING LOT

\*SUBWAY STATION CHANGED TO  
ABANDONED RAIL

\*ARGENT'S OFFICE CHANGED TO GUEST  
ROOM

**TEEN WOLF**  
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1

INT. LAHEY HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT

1

The CLINK and CLATTER of silverware fills the strangely hollow, lonely house. Across a small table in the dimly lit kitchen, Mr. Lahey and his son, Isaac, quietly eat dinner.

ISAAC

So far it's an A in French and a B minus in Econ.

LAHEY

What about Chemistry?

ISAAC

Not sure yet. Mid-terms are in a few days so it could go up.

LAHEY

What's it at now?

ISAAC

The grade? I don't know.

LAHEY

You just said it could go up.

ISAAC

I meant like... generally.

Lahey peers over his wire-rimmed glasses at Isaac.

LAHEY

You're not lying to me, are you?

ISAAC

No.

LAHEY

Then what's the grade?

ISAAC

I just told you I don't know.

Isaac notices the knife twisting around and around in his father's hand.

1

CONTINUED:

1

LAHEY

You want to take this conversation downstairs?

Isaac shakes his head.

LAHEY (CONT'D)

What's the grade?

ISAAC

The semester's only half over.

LAHEY

Isaac?

ISAAC

There's plenty of time--

LAHEY

*Isaac.*

ISAAC

It's a D.

Lahey stops twisting the knife. Then, to Isaac's surprise, he gently sets it down.

LAHEY

All right, I'm not angry. But you know I have to punish you. I have my responsibility as a parent. So how about we start with something simple. You do the dishes and clean the kitchen. Okay?

Isaac gives a wary nod, unsure about getting off so easy.

LAHEY (CONT'D)

Good. Because I want to see this place spotless.

With a strange calm, Lahey picks up his glass and HURLS it to the floor, SHATTERING it over the linoleum.

LAHEY (CONT'D)

This *entire* kitchen.

He swipes a plate off the table. Isaac flinches as it SMASHES into pieces against the cabinets.

LAHEY (CONT'D)

Absolutely...

1

CONTINUED:

1

Another glass FLIES past Isaac and EXPLODES against the refrigerator.

LAHEY (CONT'D)

*Spotless.*

Cowering, Isaac raises his head to reveal BLOOD dripping down the side of his cheek. With a shaky hand, he carefully extracts a SHARD of glass from just below his eye.

LAHEY (CONT'D)

That's your fault. Not mine.

Isaac gazes at the shard between his bloody fingertips. Breathing hard, he turns an angry gaze on his father.

ISAAC

You could've blinded me.

LAHEY

Shut up. It's a scratch. It's barely...

Lahey trails off, staring at Isaac. Watching THE DRIP OF BLOOD on the boy's cheek literally REVERSE its flow. As if being sucked back into the open cut.

Isaac brings his hand to his face, seeming to sense what's happening. In mere seconds, the broken skin on his cheek RESEALS, leaving only the vaguest traces of blood.

The cut is *gone*. Healed.

Isaac stands, knocking the chair to the floor. Only when he moves for the door does Lahey blink back to reality.

LAHEY (CONT'D)

Isaac!

2

EXT. LAHEY HOME - NIGHT

2

Front door slamming open, Lahey rushes down the steps to the yard in time to see Isaac tear into the street on his bike.

LAHEY

Isaac!

Turning for his SUV, Lahey fumbles for his keys, while never noticing the person across the street... Jackson.

Beside the large trash bins at the end of the driveway to his own house, he watches Lahey's SUV swerve into the road.

2 CONTINUED: 2

JACKSON

Freaks.

Shoving a plastic bag full of black blood-soaked tissues into the bin, Jackson slams the trash lid shut.

3 INT. LAHEY'S SUV - NIGHT 3

Lahey speeds down the dark road as RAINDROPS begin pelting the windshield. Slowing, he spins into a U-turn and whips back the other way.

Taking turn after turn, he hurtles down darker and darker roads until finally--he slams on the BRAKES.

Through the windshield wipers, he spots Isaac's BIKE lying in a dark alley.

4 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 4

Lahey steps out of his SUV and into the rain. He makes a cautious approach toward the bike.

LAHEY

Isaac?

He squints through his glasses as they begin to FOG. When he pulls them off, he's able to see--

A FIGURE.

Standing in the middle of the alley. Blurry to his eyes, but clearly a person.

LAHEY (CONT'D)

Isaac?

The figure doesn't move. Lahey wipes his glasses on his shirt. But the moment he slips them on again, the figure disappears. All Lahey sees now is an empty alley.

LAHEY (CONT'D)

Okay, that's enough. Let's go!

Rain still falling, Lahey can barely see through his fogged lenses. He yanks the glasses off to wipe them clean again.

LAHEY (CONT'D)

Come on, grab your bike and let's go!

When he glances back up, he sees the blurry figure has returned. But it's now SEVERAL FEET CLOSER.

4

CONTINUED:

4

Rain dripping over his face, Lahey tries to make out the details of the person.

LAHEY (CONT'D)

Isaac?

With a trembling hand, he holds his glasses up to squint through the lenses.

But now there's nothing there. Confused, Lahey glances above the lenses, seeing only a milky blur. Then, holding the glasses out, he slowly lowers them...

THE FIGURE *is* still there. It's just now on ALL FOURS. And it's creeping stealthily forward.

Stepping back, Lahey pulls the glasses closer to his eyes, fitting them over his nose and--

Now he sees it.

LAHEY (CONT'D)

Holy...

He staggers into a terrified retreat, spinning around and rushing for his SUV as--

SOMETHING MOVES with alarming speed, bounding towards him. Just as Lahey is about to slam the door shut, the THING grabs it from the other side, pulling back.

Lahey gropes for a tighter hold, trying to pull the door closed. It's a desperate, frantic tug-of-war that ends with a METALLIC WRENCHING.

THE DOOR tears right off its hinges. WHIPPING into the air, it SLAMS against the alley wall and clatters to the ground.

Lahey SHRIEKS, a high-pitched scream that abruptly cuts short. BLOOD spatters over the cement. It's quickly dissolved by the soft patter of rain from above where--

THE NEARLY FULL MOON shines brightly through ominous storm clouds.

CUT TO:

**MAIN TITLES: TEEN WOLF**

5

EXT. ARGENT HOME - NIGHT

5

Allison slips out the front door of her home. With a cautious glance back, she hurries to her car parked in the driveway.



6 INT. ALLISON'S CAR - NIGHT 6

Easing the driver's side door closed, Allison carefully breathes onto the window. The glass fogs up, revealing a word written by fingerprint...

*Midnight.*

7 EXT. BEACON HILLS/LOOKOUT POINT - NIGHT 7

A BEAM OF LIGHT cuts through the darkness. Using her phone as a flashlight, Allison wanders out of the woods and into the clearing overlooking the town.

Her breath catches when the light reflects off a PAIR OF EYES like those of an animal. But it's only Scott.

ALLISON

Hey--

Scott goes for her phone, covering the display with his hand.

SCOTT

What are you doing?

ALLISON

Trying to find you.

SCOTT

Did anyone see you leave?

ALLISON

No. No one. I was careful.

But Scott keeps glancing past her until she takes his cheek with her hand, turning his eyes to hers.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

What's wrong? Is it the full moon tomorrow night?

SCOTT

No, not that. I just need to ask you some things.

(tentative)

About your family. Actually, your grandfather.

7

CONTINUED:

7

ALLISON

Okay. But I don't really know him. He's kind of just a guy who sends a check every year for my birthday.

SCOTT

Does he know about me? About us?

ALLISON

No. My dad didn't tell him a thing. Trust me, it wouldn't be good for anyone if he did.

(searching his face)

What is it? Did something happen?

SCOTT

We just need to be a lot more careful now. This can work. But only if we're careful.

ALLISON

They're not going to split us apart.

SCOTT

Not us...

Pulling him closer, Allison calms him as only she can do. With a kiss. Cheeks touching, lips brushing against lips, they speak between kisses.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You're totally sure no one followed you?

ALLISON

Totally, absolutely, one hundred million percent sure. My parents are out anyway.

SCOTT

Out?

ALLISON

Yeah. It's date night.

8

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

8

The slide of a Desert Eagle RACKS back as a round is chambered. Lowering the gun to his side, Argent eyes a car sitting in a parking space marked *Principal*.

8 CONTINUED:

8

The doors of the high school clatter open. Briefcase in hand, the weary PRINCIPAL steps out. Pulling his keys from his coat, he notices Argent standing in front of his car.

PRINCIPAL

Can I help you?

ARGENT

I hope so. As a concerned parent, I was wondering how long it's been since your last performance review.

TWO HUNTERS clearly chosen for their size join Argent.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

We were wondering.

9 INT. ARGENT'S SUV - NIGHT

9

The door whips shut. Sitting in the back, flanked by the hunters, the bewildered Principal gazes at Victoria Argent.

VICTORIA

Are you aware that there's been an alarming drop in test scores and academic achievement over the past few semesters?

PRINCIPAL

Excuse me?

VICTORIA

It's led the parents of Beacon Hills to the unfortunate conclusion that you may no longer be suited to the position of school Principal.

PRINCIPAL

(incredulous)

You can't *fire* me.

VICTORIA

True. But we can torture you.

Victoria raises a telescoping STUN BATON. She clicks it on sending BLUE WISPS OF ELECTRICITY snaking up its sides.

10 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

10

Argent stands outside the SUV, perfectly stoic as an ELECTRIC CRACKLE comes from inside. Followed by a pathetic YELP.

11 INT. ABANDONED RAIL STATION - NIGHT

11

Isaac charges down the station steps to the platform. Breathless, he spins around, searching the shadows.

ISAAC

Derek? Derek!

His voice comes echoing out, no telling where he is.

DEREK (O.S.)

What's wrong?

ISAAC

My dad. I think--I think he's dead.

A pair of GLOWING RED EYES drift out of the darkness. When he steps into the light, however, Derek's eyes are normal again.

DEREK

What did you do?

ISAAC

That's the thing... It wasn't me.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

12

Scott follows Stiles into the locker room for early morning lacrosse practice.

SCOTT

I'm serious. It's not like the last full moon. I don't feel the same.

STILES

Does that include the urge to maim and kill people? Like me?

SCOTT

I swear I don't have an urge to maim and kill you.

STILES

You know, you say that now and then the moon goes up and out come the fangs and the claws and there's howling and screaming and running and it's all just way too stressful. So, yeah. Still locking you up.

SCOTT

Fine. But I do think I'm more in control now. Especially since things are good with Allison.

STILES

I'm aware of how good things are with Allison.

SCOTT

(with a mischievous smile)  
They're really good.

STILES

I know.

SCOTT

I mean like *really*--

STILES

I get it.

(MORE)

STILES (CONT'D)

Now shut the hell up before I have  
an urge to maim and kill myself.

SCOTT

Well, do you have something better  
than a pair of handcuffs this time?

STILES

Much better.

Stiles opens his locker. But before he can reach in, HEAVY-DUTY CHAINS begin falling out. Everyone in the locker room turns at the METALLIC CLATTERING.

Scott and Stiles look down at the growing pile on the floor. Jackson glances over with a look of abject contempt.

Even Coach steps next to Stiles to watch the chains continue tumbling out. Pile rising higher and higher, until finally, the last link clatters down.

COACH

Part of me wants to ask. The other  
part says knowing will be more  
disturbing than anything I can  
imagine. So I'm going to walk away  
now.

STILES

Wise choice, Coach.

As the locker room goes back to normal, Stiles and Scott kneel to pick up the chains.

But Scott pauses, drawing a sharp breath. His eyes FLARE briefly with a YELLOW GLOW. SOUND dissipates as he scans the faces in the locker room, Jackson, Danny, everyone.

STILES (CONT'D)

You okay? Scott?

SCOTT

There's another. In here. Right  
now.

STILES

Another what?

SCOTT

Another werewolf.

Past them, through the crowd, one person puts on his lacrosse gear while trying to pretend all is normal... Isaac.

13 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - DAY 13

Allison and Lydia hurry to the school entrance for the start of classes.

ALLISON

You really don't remember anything?

LYDIA

They called it a fugue state. Which is basically a way of saying "We have no idea why you can't remember running around the woods naked for two days." Personally, I don't care. I lost nine pounds.

Allison pauses at the door to the school.

ALLISON

You ready for this?

LYDIA

Please. It's not like my aunt was a serial killer.

Leaving Allison slightly stung, Lydia yanks open the door.

14 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY 14

Allison and Lydia step into the student-filled corridor. When the door CLANGS SHUT, every single eye turns to focus on Lydia as the crowd hushes to a dead silence.

ALLISON

Maybe it's the nine pounds.

After a few agonizingly awkward seconds, Lydia whips her hair around. And owns it. She and Allison walk through the crowd, heads held high.

15 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY 15

At the benches with the rest of the team preparing for practice, Scott whispers to Stiles.

SCOTT

It was kind of like a scent. But I couldn't tell who.

STILES

What if you could get him one-on-one?

Scott nods. Stiles glances around, eyes landing on Danny.

STILES (CONT'D)

I think I got an idea.

He gets up, moving down the benches to Danny while passing Jackson who sits next to Matt.

MATT

You need a digital camera?

JACKSON

Yeah. Something that can record in low light and all night long.

MATT

What are you recording?

JACKSON

Something in low light. All night long. You got a camera or not?

MATT

You got a hundred bucks?

JACKSON

I drive a Porsche. What do you think?

MATT

I think your parents have a hundred bucks.

JACKSON

Just get me the camera.

Stiles rushes past them with an armful of GOALIE PADS. He dumps them on Scott's lap.

STILES

I told Coach you're switching with Danny.

SCOTT

But I hate playing goal.

STILES

Remember the part where I said I had a plan? *This* is the plan.



SCOTT

Oh.

(still confused)

What's the plan?

STILES

I seriously don't know how you  
survive without me.

He pulls Scott closer to explain as Coach BLOWS the WHISTLE.

COACH

Let's go! Line it up!

The team lines up for an attack drill where one long stick  
DEFENDER covers the goal.

Pulling his helmet on, Scott starts toward the goal. But he  
stops when he reaches the Defender. Then, as casually as he  
can, he leans over and takes a DEEP BREATH IN.

The bewildered Defender turns to Scott. He gives the Defender  
an awkward smile, then steps into goal.

SCOTT

(to himself)

Okay, here we go...

Coach BLOWS THE WHISTLE and tosses a ball to the first player  
in line. The Defender braces for the attack when--

Scott races right past him, SLAMMING INTO THE PLAYER. They  
both CRASH to the ground, lacrosse ball bouncing away.

Helping the player to his feet, Scott pulls him close to take  
a few quick SNIFFS. Then with a look of disappointment, lets  
him go.

The confused player hurries past an even more confused Coach.

COACH

McCall, usually the goalie stays  
somewhere within the vicinity of  
the actual goal.

SCOTT

Sorry, Coach!

As Scott hurries back to position, Coach BLOWS the WHISTLE,  
this time tossing the ball to Matt.

But once again, Scott comes flying out of the goal past the Defender and VICIOUSLY SLAMS Matt right to the ground.

Stunned, Matt tries to disentangle himself from Scott who hangs onto him long enough to grab a quick whiff.

MATT

What the hell, dude?

SCOTT

Sorry. My bad.

Cringing, Stiles leans out of the lineup. Scott shakes his head at him. It's not Matt either.

COACH

McCall! The position is Goal Keeper. Not Goal Abandoner. *Keeper*. As in keep your stupid ass in the goal!

SCOTT

Sorry, Coach!

Another WHISTLE BLOW. The Defender starts forward only to see Scott go SOARING PAST in a blur.

Another WHISTLE BLOW. The Defender now just stands there, lacrosse stick propped on the ground as Scott hurtles by, crashing into another player.

Mystified, Coach turns to Stiles.

COACH

Stilinski, what the hell's wrong with your friend?

STILES

Well, he's failing two classes, he's a little socially awkward and his jawline is sort of uneven.

COACH

Interesting.

THE WHISTLE BLOWS and the ball goes to Danny. But he barely has it in his net when--

Scott BRUTALLY CRASHES into him. Literally on top of Danny, he leans in and takes a few quick SNIFFS at him.

DANNY

It's Armani.

SCOTT

Huh?

DANNY

My after shave. Armani.

SCOTT

Oh. It's nice.

IN THE LINEUP - Isaac keeps his head down, drawing nervous breaths between his teeth. Just behind him, Stiles begins to notice the boy's odd demeanor.

COACH

McCall! You come out of that goal again and you'll be doing suicide runs until you die. You'll be the first ever suicide run to actually end in suicide. Got it?

SCOTT

Yes, Coach!

Now quite worried, Scott notices Jackson at the head of line, watching him with curiosity.

Whistle between his teeth, Coach prepares to pass a ball to Jackson when the boy lowers his stick to the ground.

JACKSON

Coach, my shoulder's hurting. I'm going to sit this one out.

Scott and Stiles share a nervous look. Jackson steps out of line, never taking his suspicious gaze off Scott.

COACH

Next!

The player now at head of the line steps forward, helmet turning up to reveal--

Isaac.

Scott cocks his head as if already sensing something different. Teeth clenched and gasping tight breaths, Isaac looks strangely animal, almost feral.

THE WHISTLE BLOWS. Coach tosses the ball to Isaac. He catches it without even looking and CHARGES forward.

The Defender darts in with vicious slaps at Isaac's stick. But the boy spins and parries around him with ease.

15

CONTINUED:

15

Scott comes out of the goal to meet him. They COLLIDE BRUTALLY, the sound of plastic gear CRACKING like thunder.

Hitting the ground, Isaac and Scott look up to find themselves face-to-face. Staring at each other with GLOWING YELLOW EYES.

*Both of them.*

Coach BLOWS THE WHISTLE, snapping them back to the present. Eyes dimming to normal, Scott notices the other players now looking away to the edge of the field where--

SHERIFF STILINSKI and TWO DEPUTIES approach from the school.

ISAAC  
(a whisper)  
Don't tell them.

Scott turns to Isaac. Eyes having returned to normal, he now looks like any other frightened teenager all too aware of the serious trouble he's in.

ISAAC (CONT'D)  
Please, don't tell them.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

16

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

16

Gathered at the benches, the players whisper about what's going on with Isaac who remains on the field talking to Stilinski, his Deputies and Coach.

Off to the side, Stiles and Scott huddle together.

STILES

Can you hear them?

Nodding, Scott focuses in on Stilinski's voice.

STILINSKI

*Your father's body was found last night in his car. I'm terribly sorry. And as hard as this is, we unfortunately need to ask you some difficult questions.*

SCOTT

His father's dead.

STILES

Are you kidding?

They watch a shell-shocked Isaac give an oddly restrained reaction to the news.

SCOTT

(still listening)

They think he was murdered.

Stiles watches Stilinski and his Deputies begin guiding Isaac off the field.

STILES

Did they say he's a suspect?

SCOTT

I don't think so. Why?

STILES

Because they can lock him in a holding cell for 24 hours.

SCOTT

You mean like over night?

16

CONTINUED:

16

STILES

During the full moon.

SCOTT

How good are the holding cells at holding people?

STILES

People? Good. Werewolves? Probably not so good.

SCOTT

Stiles. Remember how I said I don't have an urge to maim and kill?

STILES

Yeah.

SCOTT

(nodding to Isaac)

He does.

At the entrance to the school, Isaac gives a final, fearful glance back as the doors CLANG shut.

17

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASS - DAY

17

While Mr. Harris writes notes on the chalkboard, Scott leans over to speak to Stiles in a hushed whisper.

SCOTT

But why would Derek pick Isaac?

STILES

Peter told me if the bite doesn't turn you it'll kill you. Maybe teenagers have a better chance of surviving.

SCOTT

Doesn't being a teenager mean your dad won't hold him?

STILES

Not if they have solid evidence. Or... a witness.

This last thought sends him scanning the faces in the room.

STILES (CONT'D)

Where the hell's Jackson?

Scott shakes his head. Stiles reaches for Danny.

17

CONTINUED:

17

STILES (CONT'D)

Danny? Where's Jackson?

DANNY

In the Principal's Office talking to your dad.

STILES

What? Why?

DANNY

Maybe because he lives right across the street from Isaac.

Stiles and Scott share a look.

SCOTT

*Witness.*

STILES

We need to get to the Principal's Office.

SCOTT

How?

AT THE BOARD - Mr. Harris lowers the chalk, finished transcribing his notes.

MR. HARRIS

Okay, everyone please turn to page--

A WAD OF WET PAPER SMACKS him in the back of the head. He spins around to glare at the class.

MR. HARRIS (CONT'D)

Who the hell did that?

Scott and Stiles point to each other.

18

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE WAITING AREA - DAY 18

Sitting on the bench outside the Principal's Office, Stiles peers over Scott's shoulder as he listens into the conversation happening behind the closed door.

STILINSKI (O.S.)

How often have you witnessed them fighting?

19

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY 19

Stilinski takes notes as Jackson responds.

19

CONTINUED:

19

JACKSON

All the time. You think Isaac got that black eye from lacrosse? We wear helmets.

STILINSKI

You knew Isaac's father was hitting him?

JACKSON

Hitting him? He was kicking the crap out of him.

STILINSKI

Have you ever said anything to anyone? Your parents? A teacher?

JACKSON

No. It's not my problem.

STILINSKI

Of course not. Funny how the kids getting beaten up are always the ones who least deserve it.

JACKSON

Yeah.  
(thinking about it)  
Wait--what?

STILINSKI

I think we're done here.

20

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE WAITING AREA - DAY

20

Scott turns his eyes to the floor as Jackson steps out with Stilinski following.

STILINSKI

Hey there, Scott.

Scott gives a friendly wave. Next to him, Stiles not so subtly covers his face with a magazine.

GERARD

Boys...

Recognizing the voice, Scott whips around to see Allison's grandfather, Gerard, standing in the doorway of the Principal's Office.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Come on in.



21 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY 21

Hurrying down the corridor, Jackson slows when he sees Lydia approaching. He glances about for an escape.

LYDIA  
Jackson?

Trapped, he turns back to face her.

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
Hi. I wanted to... well...

JACKSON  
Oh God. Lydia, I don't have time for an awkward *whatever* with you. What do you need, want, require? What?

LYDIA  
I need to tell you something. Something important.

22 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY 22

Gerard looks over Scott and Stiles's student files.

GERARD  
Scott McCall. Academically not the most accomplished, but I see you've become quite a star athlete. Mr. Stilinski. Perfect grades but little to no extracurriculars. Maybe you should try lacrosse.

STILES  
Actually, I'm already--

GERARD  
Hold on. *McCall*. You're the Scott who was dating my granddaughter.

Scott blinks, holding still as if caught in headlights.

SCOTT  
We were dating. But we're not anymore. Not dating. Or doing anything. With each other. At all.

GERARD  
Relax, Scott. You look like you're about to crack a cyanide pill between your teeth.

SCOTT

It was kind of a hard breakup.

GERARD

Well, that's too bad. You seem like a pretty nice kid to me. Maybe you could come over for dinner sometime. I'm a very good cook.

SCOTT

Dinner?

GERARD

Yes. *Dinner*. Who knows, maybe we can re-spark that romance. Listen guys, yes, I'm the Principal but I really don't want you to think of me as the enemy.

STILES

Is that so?

Scott knocks his knee into Stiles's to get him to shut up.

GERARD

I plan to be outside of my office as much possible. I want to be visible, accessible. Always keeping an eye on my students. Like an older brother keeping a protective eye on his sibling.

STILES

We'll just call you Big Brother.

GERARD

Clever, Mr. Stilinski. I think I'm going to like you. I'm not that strict, though. However, being that it's my first day, I do need to support my teachers. Unfortunately, someone's going to have to take the fall and stay for detention.

Scott looks to Stiles. Gerard looks to Stiles. Then with a sigh, Stiles realizes both of them are looking at him.

Lydia tries to get Jackson's attention while he grabs items from his locker.

LYDIA

It's just that we haven't really talked since that night. And, well... Jackson, look at me for half a second.

Slamming his locker shut, Jackson finally turns.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

They said if you hadn't found me and carried me back I could have died. So I wanted... I wanted to thank you.

Jackson eyes her suspiciously.

JACKSON

We're not getting back together.

LYDIA

What?

JACKSON

And just because I kept you from bleeding out on a field once don't expect me to come running every time you start screaming.

LYDIA

I never said--

JACKSON

I'm not responsible for you.

She flinches back as he almost spits out these last words.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

But I'll give you one piece of advice. If I were you, I'd stay home tonight.

He starts to walk away, but Lydia calls after him.

LYDIA

What do you mean? What's tonight?

He turns back with an ominous smile.

JACKSON

It's a full moon.

24 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - DAY

24

The doors of the school SLAM open. Scott charges down the steps and into the parking lot to find he's too late.

The Deputy Sheriff cars are already pulling away. But then he spots Isaac in the back of one car. They connect eyes for only a moment. And then he's gone.

Defeated, Scott slowly steps back, turning for the school when--

A BLACK CAMARO skids to a halt in front of him. Derek looks out from behind the wheel.

DEREK

Get in.

SCOTT

Are you serious? *You* did that.  
That's your fault.

DEREK

I know. Now get in and help me.

SCOTT

I've got a better idea. I'm going to call a lawyer. Because a lawyer might actually have a chance of getting him out of there before the moon goes up.

DEREK

Not when they do a real search of the house.

SCOTT

What do you mean?

DEREK

Whatever Jackson said to the cops?  
What's in the house is worse. A lot worse...

The passenger door swings open.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Now get in.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

25 INT. ARGENT HOME/GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 25 \*

As night begins to fall outside, Argent follows Gerard into the *guest room*. \*

GERARD

I'm not interested in whether they locked up a sixteen year-old kid. I'm interested in what's going to happen to that sixteen year-old when the moon hits its peak tonight. Do we have proof?

At the *bureau*, Gerard opens the lid of a SEVEN DAY MEDICATION CASE. He dry swallows a handful of pills. \*

ARGENT

Is the next step killing him?

GERARD

The next step is eliminating the threat. Do we have proof?

ARGENT

I haven't been in history class in a while but I'm pretty sure straight up genocide hasn't worked out too often.

GERARD

Do we have proof or not?

ARGENT

Not irrefutable. But not insignificant either. The driver's side door of Lahey's SUV was pried off.

GERARD

Pried off?

ARGENT

(considering it)  
*Ripped* off.

Gerard allows himself a slight smile at exactly the detail he was hoping to hear. But at the same time, in the room directly above them...

26 INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT 26

Allison presses her ear to the floor, listening in. And her reaction to the news is decidedly different.

27 EXT. WHITTEMORE HOME - NIGHT 27

Standing outside Jackson's front door, Matt grips a CAMERA BAG with both hands, unwilling to hand it over.

MATT

I'm starting to feel a little weird about this.

JACKSON

No, what you're feeling is a hundred dollars richer.

He fits a wad of TWENTIES into Matt's shirt pocket.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Now give me the camera and go buy yourself another fancy lens or light meter or whatever gives you photography geeks a hard-on.

He reaches for the camera, but Matt pulls back.

MATT

This doesn't have anything to do with Allison, does it?

(off his look)

I saw you guys at the dance. I thought you were sort of, you know, together.

JACKSON

You got a little thing for Allison, Matt? A little crush?

MATT

No.

JACKSON

But you think I'm going to waste my time by doing something as unbelievably ordinary as making a sex tape? Like some fame-whoring nitwit on a reality show?

MATT

Well, then what are you doing?

27 CONTINUED: 27

JACKSON

Documenting history. My history.  
And I want to be able to see it  
happening. All of it.

He snatches the camera out of Matt's hands.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You'll get it back tomorrow.

Jackson slams the door closed. After a moment, Matt steps back and heads down the walkway to his car. He briefly looks up to Isaac's house across the street, noticing the front door blocked off with YELLOW POLICE TAPE.

One thing he does not notice, however, is the BLACK CAMARO parked down the street.

28 INT. LAHEY HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 28

With the first beams of moonlight beginning to flood in through the windows, Derek leads Scott into the dark house.

SCOTT

If Isaac didn't kill his father,  
who did?

DEREK

I don't know yet.

SCOTT

Then how do you know he's telling  
the truth?

DEREK

Because I trust my senses. And it's  
a combination of them. Not just  
your sense of smell.

SCOTT

You saw the lacrosse thing today?

DEREK

Yeah.

SCOTT

Did it look that bad?

DEREK

Yeah.

Scott sighs in embarrassment.

28

CONTINUED:

28

DEREK (CONT'D)

You want to learn? Let's start  
now...

Derek opens a door next to the kitchen. He clicks on the  
light revealing steps leading down to Lahey's basement.

SCOTT

What's down there?

DEREK

Motive.

29

INT. ARGENT HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT

29

With her back pressed to the wall at the edge of the hallway,  
Allison holds very still. Listening, waiting for the right  
moment. Waiting for--

FOOTSTEPS. The click of boots across the wood floor. At the  
just the right moment, Allison darts out from around the  
corner, almost colliding with--

A HUNTER. Having just stepped out of Gerard's guest room. \*

ALLISON

Sorry.

The Hunter gives a tight-lipped smile. Allison glances him  
over, noticing something odd. The Hunter wears a SHERIFF  
DEPUTY'S UNIFORM under his coat.

He also carries a small WOOD CASE which he quickly drops into  
the pocket of his coat as he slips by her.

ARGENT

Allison?

She turns to the open door of the guest room to find Gerard  
and Argent peering out at her. \*

GERARD

Come in. We'd like to talk you.

ALLISON

I'm supposed to go study with  
Lydia. I really don't have time--

ARGENT

Actually, that's who we want to  
talk about.



30

INT. LAHEY HOME/BASEMENT - NIGHT

30

The door clicks open to the basement of Isaac's home. Light spills down the steps to a dank concrete-floored space cluttered with boxes piled almost to the ceiling.

SCOTT

What am I looking for?

DEREK

You'll find it.

Scott slowly steps down, stairs CREAKING underneath him. Moving into the darker recesses of the basement, he reaches out, feeling over the boxes, the musty wall.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Follow your senses.

Breath tightening, Scott glances back but he can no longer see Derek. He just hears his voice whispering toward him.

SCOTT

(a whisper)

What happened down here?

DEREK

The kind of thing that leaves an impression.

Scott continues forward, past strange antiques, a torn stuffed animal peeking out of a box. A plastic clown's mask.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Can you feel it?

Swallowing nervously, Scott nods.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Think about how the sound of screaming can leave tiny impressions in the wood. Sweat left from fear. Saline from tears. In the walls, the floor...

Scott peers down, then kneels, hands feeling over the floor where he discovers several SCRATCHES in the cement.

SCOTT

Claw marks?

DEREK  
(correcting him)  
Fingernails.

Scott connects his own fingertips to the marks on the floor. Drawing his hand back, he moves with the direction of the marks. Inching back around a support beam, retreating into the darkness where--

A LARGE FREEZER sits in the shadows. A small, open PADLOCK hangs from its hinge.

Scott slowly gets up, moving to the freezer. He reaches out to put his hands on the lid as--

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Open it.

Derek now stands right behind him, causing Scott to catch his breath. Then, gathering his nerve, he pushes the lid open.

He peers in to find the same desperate SCRATCH MARKS on the inside. Dried blood in the grooves. And not just a few marks.

They're everywhere.

31 INT. STILES'S JEEP - NIGHT 31

Phone pressed to his ear, Stiles drives far too fast while talking to Allison.

STILES  
Harris literally just let me out of detention. Literally. And he had my phone the whole time.

ALLISON (V.O.)  
Well, we need to do something right now.

32 INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT 32

Keeping an eye on her closed bedroom door, Allison whispers into the phone.

ALLISON  
They were asking me all these questions about Lydia and how she was bitten by Peter. And then they sent this guy out--

STILES (V.O.)  
What guy?

32

CONTINUED:

32

ALLISON

He was dressed as a Sheriff's  
Deputy.

STILES (V.O.)

They're sending him to the station.  
For Isaac.

ALLISON

He was also carrying this box and  
there was something on it. Like a  
carving.

STILES (V.O.)

What was it?

ALLISON

Hold on. It's in one of the books.  
I'm taking a picture.

Hearing FOOTSTEPS outside her door, Allison pauses. Then with  
her phone she begins snapping pictures of an image in a book  
on her desk.

33

INT. STILES'S JEEP - NIGHT

33

Stiles pulls his phone from his ear to look at the picture  
that pops up on the display.

ALLISON (V.O.)

Did you get it?

On his phone is a picture of a very familiar looking FLOWER.

STILES

Wolfsbane.

ALLISON (V.O.)

What does it mean?

STILES

It means they're gonna' kill him.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

34 EXT. LAHEY HOME - NIGHT 34

Clouds push rapidly across the darkening sky as the FULL MOON rises inexorably higher, growing brighter and brighter.

35 INT. LAHEY HOME/BASEMENT - NIGHT 35

Scott lets the freezer lid fall shut.

SCOTT

This is why he said yes to you.

DEREK

Everyone wants power. Some of us have better reasons. That padlock won't keep him in now.

SCOTT

Neither will a holding cell.

DEREK

Exactly. So either you and Stiles help me get Isaac out quietly, or I get him out myself not-so-quietly.

SCOTT

If we help you, then you have to stop. You can't just go around turning people into werewolves.

DEREK

I can if they're willing.

SCOTT

Did you tell Isaac about the Argents? About being hunted?

DEREK

Yes. And he still asked.

SCOTT

Well, then he's an idiot.

DEREK

And you're the idiot dating Argent's daughter.

Scott looks up in surprise.

35

CONTINUED:

35

DEREK (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know your little secret.  
And if I know, how long do you  
think it's going to take them to  
find out? Gerard in the school. Her  
father just waiting for an excuse  
to put a bullet in your head. You  
saw what happens to an Omega. With  
me, you learn how to use all of  
your senses. With me, you learn  
control.

Derek grabs him by the wrist, turning Scott's hand around to  
reveal the CLAWS beginning to grow.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Even on a full moon.

Scott pulls out of Derek's grasp.

SCOTT

If I'm with you, I lose her.

DEREK

You're going to lose her anyway.  
You know you will.

He turns to go.

SCOTT

Wait. I'm not part of your pack.  
But I want him out. He's my  
responsibility too.

DEREK

Why? Because he's one of us?

SCOTT

Because he's innocent.

36

INT. WHITTEMORE HOME/JACKSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

36

A BLURRED IMAGE comes into focus. It's a view of a neatly  
made bed. Jackson steps into frame and peers into the lens.  
Then steps out to make another adjustment.

Perched on a tripod, Matt's camera now offers a perfect view  
of the bed.

36

CONTINUED:

36

With MUSIC blaring from his computer speakers, Jackson steps in front of a full length mirror to gaze at himself. He flexes his muscles. Gives a satisfied smile.

Holding out his hands, he turns his fingers inward eyeing the nails as if imagining what his claws will look like.

Coming closer to the mirror, he bares his teeth. Then playfully growls at himself.

Laughing, he steps away and falls back onto his bed. Still smiling, it's almost like he's preparing to lose his virginity.

ON HIS COMPUTER a web page displays the full moon and the time it will hit its peak.

Past his desk, the camera stands on its tripod, RED LIGHT blinking as it records the image of Jackson lying peacefully in bed. Slowly falling asleep...

37

INT. HUNTER'S SUV - NIGHT

37

The Hunter dressed as a Sheriff's Deputy speeds down the road. Making a turn, he slows to a halt at a STOP SIGN.

As he's about to hit the gas, he hears an odd THUNK from outside. Pausing to listen, he holds very still as--

THUNK. It happens again. Bewildered, he rolls down the window to discover an even more alarming sound.

The HISSING of AIR escaping his tires.

38

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

38

Stepping out of the SUV, the Hunter walks around to the front passenger-side tire to discover a bizarre sight.

There is an ARROW sticking out of the tire.

Incredulous, he looks to rear tire, which also has an arrow sticking out of it. Both tires are rapidly deflating.

He turns, looking around to the shadows when--

AN ARROW SOARS out of the darkness and goes right into his leg. The Hunter CRIES out in pain and staggers to his knees.

SEVERAL YARDS AWAY - Allison lowers a bow. Breathless, she eyes her handiwork with satisfaction. But when the Hunter whips his head up to her direction, she ducks back into the shadows.

38 CONTINUED: 38

Gritting his teeth, the Hunter snaps the arrow shaft from his thigh.

39 INT. STILES'S JEEP - NIGHT 39

Stiles grabs his RINGING phone.

STILES  
Did you slow him down?

ALLISON (V.O.)  
You could say that.

STILES  
Okay. I'm headed to the station.

ALLISON (V.O.)  
Where's Scott?

STILES  
Isaac's.

ALLISON (V.O.)  
Does he have a plan?

STILES  
Yeah. But not a very good one. And unfortunately, we don't have time to come up with anything better.

Stiles peers up through his windshield where he can just glimpse the FULL MOON.

40 INT. LAHEY HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 40

The front door clicks open. Nervous, Allison steps inside.

ALLISON  
Scott?

She inches further into the dark house, revealing that she's carrying Stiles's GYM BAG.

41 INT. LAHEY HOME/BASEMENT - NIGHT 41

Feet falling lightly on the steps, Allison cautiously descends the stairs.

ALLISON  
Scott?

SCOTT  
*Here.*

41

CONTINUED:

41

She flinches at the sound of his voice. It's gravelly, deeper. Still unable to see him, she nervously sets down Stiles's gym, a metallic CLATTERING coming from inside.

ALLISON

Are you sure we have to do this?

She unzips the bag, revealing the HEAVY CHAINS inside.

A shadow falls over her, Scott stepping out of the darkness. Eyes glowing. Teeth sharpening to fangs. The transformation taking effect.

SCOTT

Yes.

Head low, the darkly sinister look on his face is enough to convince her.

ALLISON

Where?

Scott turns his eyes to the open freezer.

42

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/HOLDING CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

42

Down a long corridor, a simple steel door with a small wire-mesh window RATTLES ever-so-slightly.

A dark face slowly inches up to look out that small window. Features shrouded in shadow, Isaac's eyes begin to glow YELLOW.

Glowing brighter and *brighter*.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE



ACT SIX

FADE IN:

43 INT. LAHEY HOME/BASEMENT - NIGHT 43

Scott slowly lies back in the open freezer. Peering over him, well aware of the scratch marks inside, Allison clearly doesn't want to.

SCOTT

It's okay.

ALLISON

No, it's not. This isn't right.

SCOTT

I promise it won't always be like this. I'm learning to control it. But right now, I don't know what's going to happen or what I'm going to do. Please. I don't want to hurt you.

With her hand still on the lid, Allison leans down and gently presses her lips to his. When he opens his eyes, they've returned to normal. But only for a moment. As they FLARE back with a yellow glow--

Allison shuts the freezer. Heaving the chains up, she begins wrapping them around.

44 EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 44

Stiles and Derek approach the station. Through the windows they can see the Night Officer sitting behind the front desk.

STILES

The keys to every cell are in a password-protected lock box in my father's office.

DEREK

How are you getting in the lock box?

STILES

My father's got two passwords. My birthday and my Mom's birthday. The problem is getting past the front desk.

DEREK  
I'll distract her.

STILES

Woah, woah, you? You can't go in there.

DEREK

I was exonerated.

STILES

You're still a person of interest.

DEREK

An innocent person.

STILES

You? Yeah, right.

DEREK

You're not getting in there without me.

STILES

Okay. What's your plan?

DEREK

To distract her.

STILES

How? By punching her in the face?

DEREK

By talking to her.

STILES

Oh, obviously. Because when I think of diverting conversation or stimulating banter I think of Derek Hale.

Derek glares at him.

STILES (CONT'D)

At least give me a sample. What are you going to open with?

Derek continues to glare.

STILES (CONT'D)

Dead silence. That should work beautifully. Any other ideas?

DEREK

I'm thinking about punching you in the face.

45 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/FRONT DESK - NIGHT 45

The bored Night Officer types at her computer, barely even glancing up as Derek walks in. For a brief second it looks like Derek might actually not have a clue what to say.

Realizing someone is there, the Night Officer lets out a deep sigh.

NIGHT OFFICER

How can I help--  
(she looks up)  
--you.

As she gazes into his eyes, utterly mesmerized, Derek offers a charming smile.

Watching from around the corner, Stiles throws his hands up in defeat. Then hurries for the open corridor.

46 INT. LAHEY HOME/BASEMENT - NIGHT 46

Eyes held shut inside the freezer, Scott listens to Allison pull the chains taut. Breathing becoming more and more labored, Scott opens his eyes. Their glow turns the interior of the freezer a dim yellow.

ALLISON

It's done. It's locked.

SCOTT

Go.

ALLISON

Scott--

SCOTT

*Just go.*

47 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/STILINSKI'S OFFICE - NIGHT 47

Stiles slips into the darkened office and goes for the lock box on the wall. He quickly types in a series of numbers. Then gives a self-satisfied smile when the box pops open. Reaching up, the smile disappears from his face.

The keys are gone.

48 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/HOLDING CELL BLOCK - NIGHT 48

A DROP OF BLOOD appears on the tile floor of the corridor. And then another. And another.

48

CONTINUED:

48

Limping, but determined, the Hunter dressed as a Sheriff's Deputy moves quickly. In one hand he holds a SET OF KEYS, exactly the ones Stiles was looking for.

With the other hand, he pulls out the wood case from his pocket and clicks it open. Inside is a SYRINGE filled with a darkly ominous liquid.

Rounding another corner, he spots the holding cells when-- Stiles whips out from the adjacent corridor and almost collides into him.

STILES

Oh, hey. Sorry. I was just looking for my...

He pauses, noticing BLOOD on the Hunter's pant leg. Looking up, he connects eyes with the man. Stiles turns to run, but the Hunter grabs him, hand slipping over his mouth before he can shout for help.

49

INT. LAHEY HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT

49

Allison closes the door of the basement. Nerves rattled, she hugs herself as she backs away into the kitchen. She draws in a deep breath and then...

Pauses. Listening. She's still breathing hard, nervous breaths. But then, holding still, she puts a hand over her mouth.

She's no longer breathing. BUT SOMETHING ELSE IS.

Allison spins around to see a BLACK SHAPE standing in the living room, silhouetted by the windows. Its EYES GLOWING.

She SCREAMS.

50

INT. LAHEY HOME/BASEMENT - NIGHT

50

Inside the freezer, Scott snaps his eyes open.

SCOTT

*Allison!*

51

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/HOLDING CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

51

Stiles tries to wrestle free of the Hunter, but he's vastly out matched. The only thing he can do is reach out with a free hand and grab--

THE FIRE ALARM.

52 INT. LAHEY HOME/BASEMENT - NIGHT 52

Transformed, Scott smashes at the inside of the freezer with his fists. Pounding and pounding while on the outside--

The CHAINS pull taut, seeming almost to stretch.

Hands pressed to the lid inside, Scott bares his fangs, ROARING with both rage and fear as--

One of the LINKS begins to separate. And then SNAPS APART.

53 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/HOLDING CELL BLOCK - NIGHT 53

ALARM blaring through the station, RED EMERGENCY LIGHTS flashing above, the Hunter shoves Stiles to the floor.

Syringe in hand, he turns to Isaac's holding cell to find the door ALREADY OPEN.

The Hunter spins around to face Isaac, now a fully transformed werewolf. Fangs bared, he lunges at the Hunter.

Scrambling back, Stiles tries to stay out of the way of swiping claws and a stabbing syringe.

Bodies smash from wall-to-wall until finally, Isaac CRACKS the Hunter's skull into the drywall, knocking him unconscious.

The syringe falls from his hand, rolling away. And then a BLACK BOOT stops it, CRUSHING it underneath the sole.

Derek looks up. His eyes are glowing RED.

But Isaac's murderous gaze fixes on Stiles. He lunges forward when Derek steps in front of the new werewolf and ROARS with a ferocity and power that practically shakes the building.

Isaac drops down, cowering back with his arms over his head. When he slowly pulls them away, he's transformed back to human. Now just a teenager again, confused and frightened.

Amazed, Stiles looks to Derek.

STILES

How'd you do that?

Eyes dimming back to normal, Derek turns to Stiles.

DEREK

I'm the Alpha.

54 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 54

Stilinski hits a button on a pad silencing the ALARM. Then with other Deputies following quickly behind him, he turns the corner to find--

54A INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/HOLDING CELL BLOCK - NIGHT 54A

His son, Stiles. Standing in front of the open holding cell, the unconscious Hunter lying next to him.

STILES

Uh... he did it.

55 INT. LAHEY HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT 55

Allison retreats into the kitchen. She yanks a butcher knife out of the block and grips it with a trembling hand.

THE BLACK SHAPE from the other room approaches, BREATH rising as it closes in on her.

Brandishing the knife, Allison pushes away her fear and actually steps forward.

ALLISON

Come on. *Come on!*

The basement DOOR SMASHES INWARD, exploding into splinters as Scott lunges into the kitchen. Knife in hand, Allison slips back as--

Fangs bared, Scott rolls in front of her and springs to his feet in a protective stance.

A BLACK SHAPE darts up the wall and then onto the ceiling.

Scott and Allison look up, staring in shock at--

A TAIL. Leathery and sharp, it whips about. Even more frightening is the creature to which it's attached. Stuck on the ceiling with talon-like fingers, it snaps its head down revealing for one brief flash--

A REPTILIAN FACE. With a mouthful of razor-sharp teeth, it SHRIEKS at them with an ear-piercing SCREECH.

55 CONTINUED: 55

Then moving with lightning speed, it darts across the ceiling and slips out the door into the night.

Gasping, Allison turns to Scott.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
What the hell was that?

Breathless, he shakes his head.

SCOTT  
I don't know.

56 INT. WHITTEMORE HOME/JACKSON'S ROOM - DAY 56

Jackson's eyes snap open. Lying in bed, the morning sunlight pours over him through the open window.

He springs up, hand feeling over his torso, inspecting for any kind of change. Getting up, he glances at himself in the full length mirror. He's the same.

He goes for the camera. Pulling it free of the tripod, he starts hitting buttons.

Breath held tight, Jackson watches the video on the LCD screen. He pushes down, fast forwarding. From the look on his face something is clearly wrong with the recording.

JACKSON  
No, no, no...

With a CRY OF RAGE, Jackson SLAMS the camera down. A moment later, the door swings open. Panicked, Mrs. Whittemore looks in on her son.

MRS. WHITTEMORE  
Jackson? What is it? What happened?

Jackson slowly raises his head, teeth clenched in anger.

JACKSON  
Nothing happened. *Nothing at all.*

ON THE LCD - Jackson can be seen lying in bed. An innocent smile on his face, he sleeps soundly and peacefully.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE