

TEEN WOLF
Episode #203
by
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New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #203
Episode 15

TEEN WOLF

"Episode Fifteen"

EP#203

Cast List

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

BENNETT.....	AKEEM SMITH
ARGENT.....	JR BOURNE
COACH.....	ORNY ADAMS
ERICA.....	GAGE GOLIGHTLY
MELISSA MCCALL.....	MELISSA PONZIO
MATT.....	STEPHEN LUNSFORD
BOYD.....	SINQUA WALLS
DEATON.....	SETH GILLIAM
VICTORIA.....	EADDY MAYS

TEEN WOLF

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Set List

INTERIORS

HALE HOUSE
HIGH SCHOOL
GYM
LOCKER ROOM
BIOLOGY CLASS
CORRIDOR
GIRL'S BATHROOM
LOBBY
CAFETERIA
HOSPITAL
EMERGENCY ROOM
CORRIDOR
MORGUE
PATIENT ROOM
ANIMAL CLINIC
EXAMINING ROOM
WAITING AREA
ARGENT HOME
ALLISON'S ROOM
KITCHEN
ICE RINK
RINK
CORRIDOR
JACKSON'S CAR

EXTERIORS

GAS STATION
HALE HOUSE
HIGH SCHOOL
PARKING LOT
BOYD'S HOUSE
ALLEY WAY
LACROSSE FIELD

TEEN WOLF
Episode #203

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT 1

Allison pulls into a 24 hour gas station. She gets out, leaving her KEYS in the ignition. While filling the tank, she glances around to notice the only other customer--

A guy in his twenties, climbing onto a motorcycle. He flashes a flirtatious smile, pulls on his helmet and tears into the road.

Allison turns back, waiting for the gas to finish pumping when THE LIGHTS over the station CLICK OUT with an ELECTRIC CRACKLE.

Startled, she glances about, finding herself still alone. Not a sound, other than her own nervous swallow.

Moving quickly, she puts the pump back and gets into her car. When she reaches up, however--

The keys are no longer in the ignition.

Allison checks her pockets, under her seat. Becoming more and more anxious, she gets out to look around the car.

The JINGLE of KEYS spins her around.

Breath held, she searches the shadows. Then hears it again. Keys CLICKING against each other. But from a different direction.

Eyes darting from shadow to shadow, she searches for movement. When she turns again--

SOMEONE YANKS A HOOD OVER HER HEAD. Allison SCREAMS as her world turns black.

2 INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT 2

Darkness. And then the hood is yanked off. A gag around her mouth, Allison blinks, finding herself tied to a chair in a familiar place: *the Hale House*. Then she sees something even more frightening--

2

CONTINUED:

2

HER FATHER. Gagged and bound to a chair right next to her. Argent breathes hard through his nose, trying to keep calm.

A VOICE whispers out of the shadows.

VOICE (O.S.)
Ever wonder what happens if a
hunter gets bitten, Allison?

She whips her head around, trying to locate the voice.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ever wonder what happens if you get
bitten?

She watches her father struggling against his bindings, head pulling toward his knees.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What do you think your father would
do?

Muscles straining, Argent angles his shoulders forward.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What do you think he'd have to do?

Veins at his temples looking about to burst, Argent keeps pulling forward, *bending* the back of the chair.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
When all it would take *to change*
everything is one bite.

*
*

With a VICIOUS CRACK, the chair holding Argent snaps in half. He falls to the floor amid the pieces.

Astonished, Allison watches him whip his feet through his bound hands. In seconds, the bindings fall to the floor and Argent rises to his feet.

He slowly turns to Allison and *smiles at her*.

TWO MEN appear behind him. One is a HUNTER and the other is the handsome motorcyclist from the gas station, a man named BENNETT. He hands Argent a cell phone.

Allison watches her father press a button on the phone.

VOICE (CONT'D)
One bite.

*

Argent clicks it off.

ARGENT

And everything changes.

While she glares at him, he unties her gag.

ALLISON

(furious)

Is this how we're going to do
father-daughter talks from now on?

ARGENT

No. This is how we're going to
train you.

The glare subsides. Now she's ready to listen. Argent turns to Bennett who hands him something unseen.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

Do you know why we use arrows?

ALLISON

They can't heal until it's taken
out.

Argent holds up a BROKEN ARROW. The same one Allison used to take down a Hunter.

ARGENT

Look familiar?

ALLISON

You were going to kill him.

ARGENT

That's right. And if we find Isaac
on another full moon, we *will* kill
him. That's the hard choice we
make. *But* it wasn't my choice.

*

*

ALLISON

(confused)

Gerard?

ARGENT

No. You see, our family has a
surprisingly progressive tradition.
Knowing wars and violence are
typically started by men, we place
the final decisions--the hard ones--
with the women.

*

He steps around her, moving to her bound wrists.

2 CONTINUED:

2

ARGENT (CONT'D)

Our sons are trained to be
soldiers. Our daughters are trained
to be leaders.

Instead of untying her, he places the arrow shaft with the
tip pointed up in her hands.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

And training starts now.
(to Bennett)
Time her.

Argent and the other Hunter disappear into the shadows,
leaving the house.

Bennett holds up his phone for Allison. THE DISPLAY shows a
TIMER now counting the seconds.

Gripping the arrowhead, Allison twists it around to start
sawing against her bindings.

3 EXT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

3

The front door swings open. An exhausted Allison steps out
while massaging her wrists.

Leaning against her car parked nearby, Bennett clicks the
timer on his phone.

BENNETT

Congrats.

ALLISON

For what? It took me two and a half
hours.

BENNETT

Took me three when I did it.

He flashes that flirtatious smile again. She can't help but
smile back.

Watching her drive off, Bennett turns around to the house
where his motorcycle is parked to the side. But when he
starts forward, his leg catches on something.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

What the...

He glances down to see something that looks like a vine
wrapped around his ankle. He kicks forward, pulling at it.

3

CONTINUED:

3

It pulls back.

Bennett goes off his feet, SLAMMING down to the leaves and dirt. He reaches out, trying to crawl forward when a--

A CLAWED HAND whips out, slashing across the nape of his neck.

Bennett scrambles to his feet, hand at his neck. When he pulls it away, it's not blood that he sees, however.

It's a strange, sticky CLEAR substance.

Yanking a gun from his jacket, he turns about, looking into the darkness to find his attacker.

He does not see the strange CLAWED HAND held out, silhouetted in the darkness. The sharp tips appear oddly translucent. Even stranger is the fluid that drips like venom from the frighteningly sharp tips.

Turning, the gun trembles in Bennett's hand. Then falls right out of his grasp.

Bennett looks at his hand as if he doesn't recognize it. Fingers struggling to clench, he can no longer make a fist. His knees buckle and he falls again.

Lurching onto his stomach as his body rapidly paralyzes, he looks out through blurred vision to see--

A STRANGE SILHOUETTE. A creature on all fours with glowing reptilian eyes, its tail whipping up and around.

It approaches with an odd grace to its movement. Claws digging into the ground, it rushes forward, coming right at Bennett.

Coming in for the kill.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

4

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GYM - DAY

4

Below a brilliantly glowing bank of high bay lights, a ROCK CLIMBING WALL looms over the gym class. Safety lines at their waists, Scott and Allison climb side-by-side, whispering to each other as they move from one hand hold to the next.

SCOTT

It had a tail. I don't have a tail.

ALLISON

Maybe you just haven't grown it yet.

SCOTT

I'm not growing a tail. Ever.

She pauses, waiting for him to reach her level.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Are you slowing down for me?

ALLISON

I was waiting for you.

SCOTT

Waiting for me to catch up?

ALLISON

(with a smile)

You looked like you were struggling.

SCOTT

Maybe I was admiring the view.

ALLISON

Oh really? Try admiring from afar.

She yanks herself up, faster and faster, until she reaches the top with a gasp. Breathless, she turns to see--

Scott is already there. Smiling victoriously. Charmed, but slightly annoyed, Allison *kicks out* his foothold. The safety line whips loose and Scott PLUMMETS.

Just before he lands, his descent halts. But then he DROPS again. Scott hits the mat with a loud SLAP. Holding the safety line, Coach allows himself a malicious laugh.

COACH

McCall, I don't know why, but your pain gives me a special kind of joy.

(to the class)

All right, next two. Stilinski. Erica. Let's go.

Stiles steps alongside ERICA REYES, a girl whose nerves look as frayed as her hair. While Stiles ascends with enviable speed, Erica slowly drags her out-of-shape body up.

4

CONTINUED:

4

Below them, Scott and Allison try to keep their distance among the other students. Neither of them notice Jackson at the back, a dark and distant look in his eyes.

As Stiles lands back down on the mats, everyone else looks up to Erica. Pinned on the wall, she's not moving.

COACH (CONT'D)

Erica? You okay? Dizzy? Vertigo?

Next in line, Lydia gives an audible sigh. *

LYDIA

Vertigo's a dysfunction of the vestibular system of the inner ear. She's just freaking out.

COACH

Erica! *

ERICA

(calling down to him) *
I'm fine. *

ALLISON

Coach, maybe it's not safe. You know she's epileptic.

COACH

She is? Why the hell doesn't anyone tell me these things? Erica, you're good. Push off. I'll ease you down.

But now she won't move at all, eyes squeezing shut in fear. Scott steps forward to help. *

COACH (CONT'D)

Erica, just let go!

Closing her eyes, Erica finally pushes off. She swings out, hands grasping desperately for the safety line. Coach grapples with the cord, managing to ease her down. When her feet hit the mat, she slowly turns to face the stares. They gaze on her with that horrible pity in their eyes.

COACH (CONT'D)

That's it, Erica. Shake it off.

A few kids snicker, sending her slinking back into the crowd. As she passes him, Scott gives an empathetic smile.

Lydia steps in for her turn. Grasping a hand hold, she peers up at the wall and above it where the large high bay lights--

4

CONTINUED:

4

CLICK OFF.

Down below, the gym now lies dark, quiet and empty. Until a shadow stretches across the mats. Slowly approaching the wall again, Erica gazes up at it with determination.

5 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - DAY 5

Coach SMACKS a locker with his clipboard.

COACH

Listen up. Anyone sees Isaac Lahey,
you immediately tell the Principal,
get a teacher or you call me.
Except for you Greenberg. I don't
want you calling me for anything.
I'm not kidding. Don't call.

Scott and Stiles share a look.

SCOTT

Isaac...

STILES

Derek's problem now.

They head to their lockers, stepping away to reveal Jackson,
who clearly heard their exchange while--

6 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GYM - DAY 6

Erica inches up the climbing wall, intent on conquering it.
With no safety line, she struggles up and up.

7 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - DAY 7

Changing back into school clothes, Stiles whispers to Scott.

STILES

What do you mean tonight's not a
good idea?

As Stiles begins to pull his shirt off, Scott swings his
locker open, concealing him.

SCOTT

I don't know. With Isaac missing
and that thing we saw last night?
It just doesn't feel right.

*
*

Scott closes the locker to reveal Stiles in a new shirt.

STILES

No. You're not backing out. You
know why? Because you and Allison
are obviously having quite a good
time together. You know who else
wants to have a good time? Stiles.
(MORE)

*

7 CONTINUED:

7

STILES (CONT'D)

Stiles wants to have a good time many, many times. Several times in a row, in several different positions. Are you even listening to me?

*

But Scott's focus is elsewhere. He looks down at his hand to see it *trembling*.

8 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GYM - DAY

8

Nearly at the top of the wall, Erica begins to smile. But when she reaches for the next hand hold, she begins blinking rapidly.

A TREMOR shudders through her stiffening body. Hands releasing their grip, her eyes roll back and she falls, diving head first toward the floor as--

SOMETHING surges underneath her, moving with astonishing speed. Arms out, Scott catches her just before she hits.

As Erica's body convulses against him, Scott lowers her to the mats. The doors of the gym clang open, other students pouring in to see what's happening.

Stiles is the first to Scott's aid. However, he clearly doesn't know what to do. But Allison does.

ALLISON

Put her on her side.

She helps turn Erica. Then looks to Scott.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

How did you know?

SCOTT

I felt it.

He looks back to Erica, who clutches his hand through each and every convulsion.

9 INT. HOSPITAL/EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

9

A BRIGHT LIGHT shines down. Now wearing a hospital gown, Erica blinks as Melissa McCall pulls a pen light away. Blue curtains separate her from the numerous patients in the busy emergency room.

9 CONTINUED:

9

MELISSA

It's been a while since we saw you,
Erica. You were being so good about
your medication.

ERICA

Are you going to tell my Mom?

MELISSA

I swear I don't want to. But
there's this team of lawyers in the
back who would break my legs and I
don't know if you've seen my legs,
but for a girl my age they're still
pretty hot.

*
*
*

This coaxes a smile from Erica. Melissa gently smooths back
the girl's unkempt hair.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

The doctor will be over in a few,
okay?

As she steps away, Erica lies back, allowing her eyes to
close. She doesn't notice when TWO HANDS take hold of the
gurney, pushing it out of the emergency room.

10 INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR - DAY

10

Erica opens her eyes, watching the empty white-walled
corridor go by. She turns to look up at who's pushing her,
but A HAND comes down to keep her face forward.

VOICE (O.S.)

Lie still.

The gurney wheels through two double doors.

11 INT. HOSPITAL/MORGUE - DAY

11

Erica sits up, seeing her reflection in the metallic surface
of the morgue drawers. She spins to find Derek casually
holding up a PILL BOTTLE to read from the label.

DEREK

Side-effects may include: anxiety,
weight gain, acne, ulcerative
colitis--that's a rough one.

*

ERICA

Who are you?

11

CONTINUED:

11

He walks around to the front of the gurney to face her.

DEREK

Let's just say we have a mutual friend.

Erica throws a nervous glance back to the door.

DEREK (CONT'D)

You get a warning right before you have a seizure, don't you?

He moves closer, his fingers skirting the bedside. She gazes into his eyes, seeing odd flecks of BRILLIANT RED in the otherwise dark irises. *

ERICA

It's... It's called an aura. It's a metallic taste in my mouth. *

DEREK

You don't have to lie, Erica. What's it really taste like? *

ERICA

(a whisper)

It tastes like... like blood. *

Now she can't seem to look away from him, everything around his extraordinarily handsome face seeming to blur. *

DEREK

What if I told you all of this could go away? *

Derek reaches his left hand down to her bare ankle. She flinches at his touch, but doesn't scream or protest. *

DEREK (CONT'D)

The symptoms. *

He glides his right hand to the calf of her other leg.

DEREK (CONT'D)

The side effects. *

Grasping the girl, he pulls her toward him. She sucks in a breath, both of fear and anticipation.

DEREK (CONT'D)

All of it.

11

CONTINUED:

11

Hands at her thighs, he pulls her even closer to where she's almost straddling him.

DEREK (CONT'D)

And what if all those things not
only went away, but everything else
got better?

*

Eyes locked on his, Erica struggles to speak the next word.

*

ERICA

How?

DEREK

Let me show you...

He leans in--and as she stops breathing--his eyes begin to burn with an insidious RED GLOW.

*

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY

12

A video on the origins of penicillin plays in front of the bored class. At his desk, Jackson pays little attention.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A small exposure to an otherwise deadly virus can actually prevent the effects of the infection from spreading. This is called vaccination...

Matt leans over to Jackson.

MATT

Dude. What the hell did you do to my camera?

JACKSON

Huh?

MATT

The lens is cracked.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So by creating an immunity, your body is primed to fight off the infection. From meningitis, to rabies from an animal *bite*--

Jackson glances back to the video.

MATT

Did you drop it? You know how expensive this *thing* is?

*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The foreign body is fought off--

MATT

Jackson--

JACKSON

Just send me a bill.

NARRATOR

Meaning the subject is now *immune*.

12 CONTINUED:

12

The word ECHOES toward Jackson, landing on him with the weight of understanding. He slowly turns back to see--

Lydia. At her desk, dutifully paying attention to the video.

13 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

13

The bell RINGS sending students rushing out of class. Jackson goes right for Lydia, grabbing her by the arm.

JACKSON

What the hell's wrong with you?

LYDIA

What?

He tries to pull up the side of her shirt to see the still healing bite, but she slaps him away.

JACKSON

Show it to me.

LYDIA

Are you out of your mind?

He starts toward her with barely restrained rage. Frightened, she backs into a locker.

JACKSON

Nothing happened to you. It's like--
it's like you're immune.

LYDIA

I don't have a clue what you're talking about.

JACKSON

It's you. Whatever it is--blood, saliva, whatever soul-killing substance is running through your veins--you did this to me. You ruined it for me.

She gazes at him in bewildered shock.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You ruin *everything*.

Still shaking with anger, he finally backs away, leaving her alone at the locker, breathless and frightened.

14 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GIRL'S BATHROOM - DAY 14

Lydia huddles inside a stall, trying to stop the flow of tears. Forcing the sobs down, she blots her eyes with a handful of toilet paper. Then she sees something odd...

A PAIR OF BARE FEET. Just outside the stall, they're oddly dirty and clearly male.

LYDIA

Hello? This is the Girl's Room.

No response. Lydia reaches her hand up to the lock on the stall door. She pauses, gazing at the two feet. Just standing there. As if waiting for her to--

Lydia yanks the door open. But no one is there. Just an empty bathroom.

15 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY 15

The door clicks open and Lydia steps into the deserted hallway. She turns, catching a glimpse of a DARK FIGURE rounding the corner at the end of the corridor.

She sees him from behind and only for a moment, but she spots the bare feet. Stepping around the corner, Lydia catches another glimpse and this time, he looks oddly like--

Peter Hale.

As the figure continues down the hall, Lydia follows from a distance.

16 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOBBY - DAY 16

Turning the corner into the lobby, Lydia pauses when she sees the bare-footed man standing in front of one of the trophy cases, his hand pressed against the glass.

After a moment, the figure peels his hand away and walks off. Lydia follows, but when she looks down the other hall, *no one is there.*

Walking back to the trophy case, she sees the handprint fading away to reveal an old BASKETBALL TROPHY.

The name on the plate reads: *Peter Hale.*

17 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CAFETERIA - DAY 17

Stiles whips through the cafeteria to one large table solely occupied by one large student: BOYD.

STILES

You got the keys?

Boyd pulls out a set of KEYS from his pocket and holds them up. As Stiles reaches out, Boyd closes his fist over them.

BOYD

This isn't a favor. It's a transaction.

STILES

Right. Absolutely.

Stiles slides a twenty dollar bill across the table.

BOYD

I said fifty.

STILES

Really? I could have sworn you said twenty. I have a really good verbal memory. There was a distinctive *twuh* sound. As in *twenty*.

BOYD

I said *fifty*. Which has a *fuh* sound. Hear the difference? If you can't, I could demonstrate some other words with a *fuh* sound.

STILES

No, I think I'm recalling it now. But maybe I got it confused with *forty*?

He puts another twenty on the table. Boyd doesn't even blink.

STILES (CONT'D)

Come on, dude. Have you seen the piece of crap **Jeep** I drive?

*

BOYD

You seen the piece of crap bus I take?

Finally, Stiles drops another ten on the table. Boyd turns his hand over, keys now held in his palm for Stiles to take.

He steps away from Boyd's lone table and rushes back to another where Scott sits.

STILES

Got 'em. I'll pick you up tonight
after work and we'll meet at the
rink. Cool?

*

But Scott doesn't seem to hear him. Focusing on the sounds around him, the multitude of heartbeats, his eyes gravitate to the cafeteria doors.

Stiles follows his gaze to the doors which slowly push open. The din and noise quiets around them.

The ENTIRE CAFETERIA seems to turn their heads almost simultaneously as--

Long, toned legs step through the threshold. A figure passes through the crowd, catching every eye.

The flash of a bare midriff sends jaws dropping--guys and girls--as the stunning figure approaches the counter.

A HAND reaches out to the selections of fruit. A red apple is chosen and a dollar drops in front of the Cashier. Even she looks awestruck.

At the table next to Scott's, Lydia turns around.

LYDIA

What. The holy hell. Is that?

*

Scott rises to get a better look.

SCOTT

That's Erica.

Turning from the cashier, Erica lets the stares fall on her. Hair flowing back from now flawless skin, she takes a delicate bite of the apple and heads for the cafeteria doors.

Wide-eyes following her as she leaves, only one person is not astonished by Erica's new appearance.

Jackson.

Teeth clenched, he stares after her with a palpable rage. Knowing there's only one way this transformation could have happened.

Scott moves for the exit to follow Erica with Stiles right on his heels.

18

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - DAY

18

The doors clatter open to the parking lot. Scott and Stiles rush out of the school just in time to see a very disturbing sight--

Erica sliding into the passenger seat of a black Camaro.

Behind the wheel, Derek locks eyes with Scott. With a slight smile turning the corners of his lips, he hits the gas, FLOORING it out of the lot.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19

INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

19

Under the sound of BARKING DOGS in the back of the clinic, Scott absentmindedly cleans around medical supplies. He picks up a jar as he wipes the counter underneath it and barely notices as it slips right out of his hand.

The CRASH spins him around.

With a sigh, he bends down to clean up the pieces. Then notices his boss, Dr. Deaton, kneeling to help.

DEATON

Why do I get the feeling you've got a lot on your mind?

SCOTT

Sorry. It just kind of slipped through my fingers.

(to himself)

Everything's slipping through my fingers.

DEATON

Now that sounds like a far too world-weary thing for a teenager to say.

SCOTT

Sorry.

DEATON

You might want to try a different perspective. This is actually just entropy at work.

Wiping the shattered pieces into a dustpan, Deaton holds it up for Scott to take a look.

DEATON (CONT'D)

And this is actually more the way of the universe than *that*.

(he nods to the unbroken jars on the counter)

But it doesn't necessarily mean it's falling apart. It's just changing *shape*.

Scott meets his enigmatic gaze.

SCOTT

For better or worse?

DEATON

(with a smile)

Exactly.

He dumps the glass fragments into the trash and turns to go.

SCOTT

Hey Doc? Are we ever going to talk about...

Deaton leans in with an inquisitive raise of his eyebrows.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

That thing... that we never kind of had a chance to talk about?

DEATON

(nodding)

Ah, yes. We never did talk about it, did we? Now is definitely a good time.

SCOTT

(relieved)

Thank God.

DEATON

What do you think? Two dollars?

SCOTT

Two dollars?

DEATON

You're right. Two fifty more an hour. I think that's a pretty good raise. Agreed?

SCOTT

Wait, that's not exactly what I...

(thinking about it)

Two fifty more an hour?

DEATON

Done. Don't forget to clean out the cat cages.

He gives Scott a pat on the shoulder and leaves him to the rest of the cleanup.

20

INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT

20

Allison grabs her coat while Lydia waits on the bed for her. A knock comes at her open door.

ARGENT
Headed out?

ALLISON
Studying.

Lydia gives Argent a smile and wave. He casually pulls Allison closer to the door.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Just studying, Dad.

ARGENT
I get it. But you need to remember
what happened.

*

ALLISON
You want me to stop being friends
with her?

ARGENT
Actually, we want the opposite. I
know how this might sound, but we
need you to keep an eye on her.

ALLISON
You want me to spy on her?

ARGENT
We want you to look out for your
friend. To make sure everything's
okay with her.

They glance to Lydia who snaps a picture of herself with her phone and then turns it around to admire it.

ALLISON
She seems okay to me.

21

INT. ICE RINK - NIGHT

21

A door swings open and Stiles pulls the key that he got from Boyd out of the lock. As Allison, Lydia and Scott step inside, Stiles hits the LIGHTS revealing an empty ice rink.

Allison smiles at Lydia. She shrugs, stepping in with her.

21

CONTINUED:

21

Moments later, Stiles and Lydia sit side-by-side putting on their skates. Stiles notices Lydia shivering. He digs into his bag and holds up an ORANGE SCARF for her.

LYDIA

I'm wearing blue. Orange and blue?
Not a good combination.

STILES

(crushed)

It's the colors of the Mets.

As she shrugs, he digs into his bag again and holds up a Reese's peanut butter cup. This she takes. *

STILES (CONT'D)

Okay, orange and blue. Maybe not the best. But sometimes other things you wouldn't think would be a good combination actually end up working. Even turning out to be kind of a perfect combination. Like two people. Together. Who you never thought would be together. Ever. *

LYDIA

I can see it.

STILES

(stunned)

You can?

LYDIA

Yeah. They're cute together.

Lydia nods to Scott and Allison nearby. Scott ties the laces of her skates while she laughs at something he said.

STILES

Oh. Them.

LYDIA

Cute.

STILES

(through his teeth)

Adorable.

Allison stands on her skates as Scott finishes tying his own.

ALLISON

Since you've never skated before maybe I should give you a few pointers.

SCOTT

Allison. Not that this is news to you or anything, but remember the whole werewolf thing? Super strength, speed, reflexes?

*
*

ALLISON

So a little ice skating should be no problem?

SCOTT

Yep.

Laces tied, he stands up on the skates.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

See? No problem at--

Scott whips out of a view. Allison winces at the painful SMACK of bone against ice.

SCOTT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Maybe one or two helpful hints.

Laughing, she grabs his hand and pulls him up.

Slivers of ice kick up toward them as Lydia hurtles past. Displaying a superior level of skill, she spins, whipping around as Stiles tries to keep up.

Watching her, Stiles slows with a look of surprise. Lydia is, in fact, amazing. Soaring by him, she toe picks into a double flip jump and--

Lands *perfectly*.

For the first time in a long time, Lydia begins to smile. Losing herself in the moment, in the speed and effortlessness of ice skating. Finally, she slows to meet Stiles.

LYDIA

Well? Come on.

She holds her hand out for him. He takes it, skating with her past Allison, who backs her way across the ice.

ALLISON

You got it. You got it.

21

CONTINUED:

21

Scott clunks forward on his skates, trying to reach her like a baby taking its first steps. Until he falls face first.

Allison helps him up and they try again. He starts moving, going faster and faster.

SCOTT

I think I got it now--

But with the next skate forward, he lurches to the side and goes down again. Wobbling back up to his feet, he tries again.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Okay, now I think I'm starting to get the hang of--

He goes down again. Allison pulls him back up. *

ALLISON

You looked like you hit your head that time.

SCOTT

What's *that* Coach? *

ALLISON

Definitely hit your head. *

SCOTT

Did we win?

Lydia spins past them, kicking ice into the air. She pauses, however, when something catches her eye...

Just by her skate, she finds a single PURPLE FLOWER PETAL lying on the ice. She reaches down to pick it up, staring at it with curiosity.

22

INT. ICE RINK/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

22

In the corridor outside the rink, Scott and Allison have discovered a photo booth. Behind the curtain, they laugh under the camera flashes.

With an electric whir, the machine spits out the roll of pictures. When Allison holds them up, she gives a confused look.

22

CONTINUED:

22

SCOTT

What's wrong?

She shows him the pictures. Each one shows BRILLIANT YELLOW HALOS over Scott's face.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(realizing)

My eyes. The flash triggers them.

The only picture not affected is the last one where Scott's eyes are closed, Allison kissing him gently on the cheek. *

ALLISON

This one's normal.

She glances up, realizing the word she used.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I mean--that's not what I meant.

SCOTT

It's okay.

He gently takes the photo strip from her and tears off this last photo for her.

ALLISON

Thanks.

23

INT. ICE RINK - NIGHT

23

Holding the purple petal between her fingers, Lydia skates forward, eyes on the ice.

A few feet away, she finds another petal. She slowly skates toward it and then to another, discovering a trail of the petals leading to an impossible sight...

A PURPLE WOLFSBANE FLOWER growing right out of the ice.

Shocked, she stares at it for a moment. When she bends down to examine the flower, she notices a strange SHADOW just beside it. Something beneath the frosty glaze on the ice. Lydia wipes away the frost to see--

PETER HALE.

Underneath the ice, eyes wide in fear, he opens his mouth to scream.

23 CONTINUED: 23

But it's Lydia who SCREAMS, a terrified SHRIEK piercing the arena.

24 INT. ICE RINK/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 24

Scott and Allison look up at the sound of screaming. A second later, they're racing toward the entrance to the rink where--

25 INT. ICE RINK - NIGHT 25

Out on the ice, Stiles cradles Lydia in his arms. He looks up to Allison and Scott as Lydia continues her terrified SHRIEKING.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

26

Catching her reflection in a small mirror hanging inside her locker, Erica smiles at herself, loving her new look. But then her smile fades. She takes in a breath, sensing a familiar scent. She turns around.

Scott stands in front of her, a dead serious look in his eyes.

SCOTT

Two's not enough for Derek. I know he needs at least three. So who's next?

ERICA

Why's there have to be a next when we've already got you?

She approaches, meeting him in the middle of the corridor.

SCOTT

Who's next?

ERICA

You know, I never knew what I looked like during a seizure until someone took a video of me once and put it online.

SCOTT

I don't care.

ERICA

It happened during class. I started seizing at my desk. Everyone's saying they should put something in my mouth until some genius reads the card on my key ring which tells you not to because it could break my teeth.

SCOTT

Erica--

ERICA

Know what happens next? I piss myself.

26 CONTINUED:

26

Now Scott is listening.

ERICA (CONT'D)

And everyone starts laughing. You know, the only good thing about seizures was that I never remembered them. Until some brilliant jerkoff has to go put a camera in everybody's phone.

*

*

She comes closer. Scott backs into the wall. She puts her hands up, trapping him.

ERICA (CONT'D)

But look at me now.

Scott, however, looks past her to Allison who watches them.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Oh, that's right. You only have eyes for her.

Grabbing her wrists, he pulls her hands from the wall, pushing her back. Roughly. Which she seems to like.

When he turns again, however, Allison is gone.

27 INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - DAY

27

Sunlight shines through the bedroom window over a pair of jeans lying on the floor. Victoria Argent pauses, picks them up and folds them neatly on Allison's bed.

Glancing around, she notices something on the desk.

A small piece of paper sticks out from the middle of one of the school books. Victoria eases the book open and finds a NOTE between the pages. It reads:

Because I love you.

28 INT. ARGENT HOME/KITCHEN - DAY

28

Calmly entering the kitchen, Victoria walks over to the counter and draws a particularly sharp KNIFE from the wood block.

She gazes at the blade and then, almost casually, *slices it right across her forearm.*

With barely a reaction, she holds up her forearm to the light, watching the blood drip down her skin.

29

INT. HOSPITAL/PATIENT ROOM - DAY

29

Gauze pressed to the wound, Melissa McCall glances up to Victoria.

VICTORIA

This is so embarrassing.

MELISSA

Not at all. I've seen far worse come through these doors. We keep a pair of bolt cutters in the back. Trust me, you don't want to know what they're for.

VICTORIA

Let me guess. Something to do with men and their egos?

MELISSA

Boys will be boys.

VICTORIA

Trust me, I know. I was a teacher for years at an all boy's private school.

*
*
*
*

Melissa takes out a needle and a topical anesthetic.

*

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Oh, I don't need an anesthetic.

MELISSA

Are you serious?

Victoria nods to the needle. So Melissa goes for it. Victoria doesn't even flinch when the point goes in.

*

VICTORIA

Speaking of boys, how's Scott doing?

MELISSA MCCALL

Scott? He's--you know--like any other teenager.

VICTORIA

I'm sure he was pretty devastated by the whole break-up.

MELISSA

I guess. He has been a little odd lately.

(MORE)

29

CONTINUED:

29

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Well, he's kind of always odd. But he doesn't seem all that...

VICTORIA

Heart-broken?

MELISSA

Maybe he just hides it well.

VICTORIA

Teenagers are often quite good at hiding things, aren't they?

*

Victoria smiles as Melissa stitches up the cut.

30

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CAFETERIA - DAY

30

Allison approaches, sitting down at the table behind Scott's. They face away from each other, but manage to speak discreetly.

SCOTT

I know how it looked, but she came up to me.

ALLISON

I'm not jealous.

SCOTT

You're not?

ALLISON

She's with Derek now, isn't she? Like Isaac.

His silence answers the question. Unable to look at each other, they continue their secret conversation.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

You can't get caught in the middle of this. Don't you feel what's happening? My grandfather coming here. Derek turning Isaac and Erica. It's like battle lines are being drawn.

SCOTT

I know.

ALLISON

There's always crossfire.

SCOTT

What **am I supposed to** do? I can't just stand by. And I can't pretend to be normal.

*

ALLISON

I don't want you to be normal. I want you to be *alive*.

Voice cracking as the worry begins to really hit her, she gets up to leave. Scott moves to follow her. But Stiles darts in to grab him.

STILES

Scott, **you** see that?

*

Stiles nods to an empty table.

SCOTT

What? It's an empty table.

STILES

Yeah, but whose empty table?

Scott looks again, realizing that he's been pointed to Derek's next target...

SCOTT

Boyd.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

31 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

31

Scott and Stiles hurry for the school exit.

SCOTT

I'll go to the ice rink and see if I can find him there. If he's not at his house, you call me. Got it?

But Stiles pauses at the door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What?

STILES

Maybe we should let him. Boyd. You said Derek's giving them a choice, right?

SCOTT

We can't.

STILES

Dude, you have to admit, Erica looks pretty good. The word *sensational* comes to mind.

SCOTT

How good do you think she's going to look with a wolfsbane bullet through her head?

STILES

I'm just saying maybe this one isn't your responsibility.

SCOTT

They all are. You know this thing's going to get out of control. That makes me responsible.

STILES

Okay. I'm with you. And I have to say this new heroism thing is making me very attracted to you.

SCOTT

(smiling)

Shut up.

31 CONTINUED:

31

STILES

You want to try making out for a second? See what it feels--

*

Scott shoves him out the door.

32 EXT. HALE HOUSE - DAY

32

Out of the gray mist hovering over the woods, Jackson slowly approaches the Hale House. He glances up at the windows, seeing only shards of broken glass.

Taking the steps slowly, he reaches the porch, almost at the door. But then, head held low, he speaks softly...

JACKSON

Derek. I know you can hear me. You owe me an explanation. I want to know why it didn't work. I want to know what I'm supposed to do. You owe me.

But no response comes. Jackson reaches a tremulous hand to the door knob.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Screw it.

He kicks open the door.

33 INT. HALE HOUSE - DAY

33

TWO MEN spin around with guns aimed at Jackson's forehead.

JACKSON

Holy--

ARGENT

Wait.

Argent steps out of the living room. Behind him is an even stranger sight--

Bennett's body lies on a charred table, dead eyes staring out with a look of terror in them.

JACKSON

What did you--

ARGENT

It wasn't us.

He motions to the others to back off.

33

CONTINUED:

33

JACKSON

What happened to him?

*

Jackson starts to approach the body for a better look, but Argent puts a hand on him, pressing him back.

*

*

ARGENT

That's a good question. I've got one of my own: What are you doing here?

*

*

JACKSON

Nothing. I was... nothing.

ARGENT

Jackson, I hope you're not still pursuing something you shouldn't be. Because I don't want to be forced to *pursue* you.

*

Jackson gives a nervous nod.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

Stay out of this. You've got so much good in your life. You're smart. Good-looking. You're captain of the lacrosse team.

JACKSON

Co-Captain.

Argent gives a sympathetic smile. Backing away, Jackson turns to leave.

34

EXT. BOYD'S HOUSE - DAY

34

Stiles's Jeep skids to a halt at the curb. He jumps out and rushes to the front porch of Boyd's home where he rings the bell. Then knocks. Then rings the bell again.

Stepping to the side, he peers in through the windows.

STILES

Boyd? Boyd!

Stiles hops down from the porch and heads through a side-gate toward the rear of the house. Before he reaches the back door, the gate SLAMS shut turning him around to face--

STILES (CONT'D)

Erica.

Hands clasped behind her back, she smiles mischievously.

ERICA

What are you doing, Stiles?

STILES

Looking for... um...

ERICA

Boyd?

STILES

Yeah. Yes.

ERICA

I don't think he's here.

STILES

Yeah. Probably not.

Stiles keeps his eyes locked on hers.

ERICA

You know what you're doing right now that's kind of funny? You're looking me right in the eyes.

STILES

That's funny?

ERICA

Yeah. Because it's that kind of look where you're trying not to look anywhere *other* than my eyes. But you want to, don't you?
(spelling it out)
You want a nice, long, hard look.

Unblinking, Stiles nervously shakes his head.

STILES

Not really, *no*.

*

She draws closer as Stiles backs away.

ERICA

So it's just my eyes?

STILES

You have beautiful eyes.

ERICA

I have beautiful *everything*.

34 CONTINUED:

34

STILES

And a newfound self-confidence.
Congratulations. I should get
going.

ERICA

You're not going anywhere.

STILES

Why not?

ERICA

Because you're having car trouble.

Erica holds up the STARTER to Stiles's Jeep, wires dangling off it. With a smile, she swings a fist up to his cheek, knocking him out.

35 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/WAITING AREA - NIGHT

35

A SECURITY ALARM blares throughout the clinic. Dogs howl in the background, being driven crazy by the noise.

The front door clatters open and Deaton rushes inside to type a code on the keypad. The bleating alarm stops. He glances about. Everything in the front seems fine.

36 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

36

IN THE EXAMINING ROOM - he finds something else. Bennett's body lying on the steel table.

Argent leans casually against the counter in front of the X-RAY light boxes.

ARGENT

I was wondering if I could get your
medical opinion on what killed this
man.

DEATON

I don't know if you saw the sign
out there but this is just an
Animal Clinic.

ARGENT

I'm aware of that. I'm also aware
you're not just a vet.

37

INT. ICE RINK - NIGHT

37

With only a single light above illuminating the rink, Boyd fires up the ice resurfacer. Spinning the wheel, he turns it around and then stops.

Scott walks across the ice toward him.

SCOTT

Boyd!

But the boy looks away, turning the wheel again. He sets off on the resurfacer.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(calling out)

I just want to talk.

Boyd ignores him, slowly cleaning the ice.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Come on, Boyd, please.

But he won't even glance back as Scott follows behind.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Did Derek tell you everything? And I'm not just talking about going out-of-control on full moons. I mean *everything*.

Finally, Boyd eases down on the brake, slowing to a stop.

BOYD

He told me about the hunters.

SCOTT

And that's not enough for you to say no?

Boyd gives a shrug. Gazing down at the ice, he can see the shadow--almost a reflection--of his own large frame.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Whatever he promised you, it's not worth it. Whatever you want, there's other ways to get it.

Boyd turns off the machine.

BOYD

I just want to not eat lunch alone every day.

SCOTT

I know what it feels like.

BOYD

No, you don't.

SCOTT

I do. Not as bad you, but a few weeks ago, I broke up with my girlfriend and I didn't want to have to see her in the cafeteria. So I sat in the hall and ate alone for the day. But the thing is, it actually felt worse. Not just like I didn't have a girlfriend. But like I didn't have anyone.

*
*
*
*
*

Boyd nods.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I swear, though. If you want friends, you can do better than Derek.

*
*

DEREK (O.S.)

That hurts, Scott.

Derek stands at the entrance to the rink, Isaac and Erica right behind him.

DEREK (CONT'D)

But I'll try not to take it personally.

Isaac and Erica move onto the ice, flanking Scott like attack dogs preparing for the kill.

DEREK (CONT'D)

If you're going to review me, at least take a consensus. Erica, how's life been for you since we met?

ERICA

In a word? Transformative.

She opens her mouth to reveal growing fangs. Scott takes a cautious step back.

DEREK

Isaac?

*

37

CONTINUED:

37

ISAAC

I'm a little bummed about being a fugitive, but other than that? I'm great.

*
*

Scott holds his hands up in a placating gesture, taking another step back as Isaac and Erica circle him.

SCOTT

Okay, hold on. This isn't exactly a fair fight.

DEREK

Then go home, Scott.

But instead of another step back, Scott goes down, a CLAWED HAND CRACKING into the ice. From a crouched pose, he snaps his head up to reveal himself transformed into a werewolf.

SCOTT

I meant fair for them.

Baring his fangs, Scott ROARS and launches himself up for the attack.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

38

INT. ICE RINK - NIGHT

38

Isaac SMASHES down onto the ice and goes sliding across it. Launching himself back onto his feet, he snarls through his fangs.

Erica hurtles across the rink toward Scott. But with acrobatic precision, Scott digs his claws into the ice and kicks out at her, sending her flipping into the air.

Derek watches the wolves circle and fight, silently pleased by the vicious attacks they launch on each other.

SCOTT

Don't you get it? He's not doing this for you. He's just adding to his own power. It's all about him.

Laid out on the ice, an injured Erica and Isaac glance to each other, now no longer nearly as confident.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You feel like he's giving you some kind of gift, when all he's really done is turn you into a bunch of guard dogs.

*

DEREK

It's true. It is about power.

*

Derek walks across the ice and with each step he seems to grow. Eyes turning a BRILLIANT RED, fangs snapping out from his gums, claws unsheathing from fingertips.

Scott scrambles into a retreat, but Derek moves like lightning. He grabs him by the back of his jacket.

The two wolves go up, SNARLING AND SNAPPING at each other's throats. But Derek is the Alpha. *And he proves it.*

He slashes Scott's side with his claws and then with the full weight of his power behind him, lifts him up over his head and SLAMS him down onto the ice.

SHARDS and CHUNKS fly up around the boy. Blood at his lips, Scott is down for the count.

Teeth clenched, Derek looks down at him with pity and slowly backs away.

38 CONTINUED:

38

Pushing himself up, Scott blinks away the blur to see Boyd now standing over him.

SCOTT

You don't want it. You don't want to be like them.

BOYD

You're right. I want to be like you.

Boyd lifts up his shirt to reveal a blood crusted WOUND at his side. *He's already been bitten.*

Scott slowly rests his head back down on the ice, watching the canted view of not two but *three* new werewolves walking away with their Alpha.

39 EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

39

A lone dumpster sits in the dimly lit alley. SUDDEN BANGING and pounding comes from inside, accompanied by MUFFLED GRIPES.

The LID clatters open and arms fly over the edge as a gasping Stiles, covered in garbage, pulls himself out.

STILES

Bitch.

40 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

40

The back gate slides up and Scott staggers inside the darkened Clinic. He leans against the waiting area's gated border to take a look at the GASH in his side.

SCOTT

Why are you not healing?

DEATON (O.S.)

Because it's from an Alpha.

Deaton steps out of the shadows. Past him, Bennett's body lies on the examination table.

DEATON (CONT'D)

I think maybe we better have that talk now.

41 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

41

Under the glow of his PORSCHE HEADLIGHTS, Jackson peers down at a grouping of lacrosse balls on the grass.

41 CONTINUED:

41

A glazed over look in his eyes, he scoops up a ball with his lacrosse stick.

Turning with sudden speed, he fires the lacrosse ball at a HOOP TARGET. It goes right through, a perfect shot. Jackson picks up another ball. Then another and another, launching them as hard as he can at the target.

Interestingly, *every single ball* makes it through. However, gripped in a breathless fury, Jackson doesn't seem to even notice his stunning success rate.

Even when he finishes, tossing the lacrosse equipment into the trunk of the Porsche, his focus seems elsewhere.

42 INT. JACKSON'S CAR - NIGHT

42

Jackson slumps into the driver's side and turns the car on. But when he puts his foot to the pedal, the wheels spin, back tires kicking up mud.

He shifts to DRIVE, trying to move forward instead. Still nothing. The engine REVS louder and louder.

JACKSON

Come on!

SLAMMING the steering wheel with his fists, he gets out.

43 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

43

Gripping the bumper, Jackson tries to push the car. Straining angrily, his feet slip and he goes down, landing face-first in the mud.

Rising in absolute fury, Jackson grabs the rear of the car and *lifts it right off the ground*.

The car SLAMS back down, out of the mud.

Gasping, Jackson looks at his hands in astonishment. Then, fingers slowly curling into fists, he gives a breathless laugh, smiling at the display of strength.

Strength that can only be *supernatural*.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE