

TEEN WOLF

Episode #205

by

Nick Antosca & Ned Vizzini

12/24/11 Blue Draft

12/14/11 White Draft

New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #205
Episode Seventeen

TEEN WOLF

"Episode Seventeen"

EP#205

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

DANNY..... KEAHU KAHUANUI
ERICA..... GAGE GOLIGHTLY
ISAAC..... DANIEL SHARMAN
STILINSKI..... LINDEN ASHBY
COACH..... ORNY ADAMS
HARRIS..... ADAM FRISTOE
MS. MORRELL.....
MATT..... STEPHEN LUNSFORD
BOYD..... SINQUA WALLS

TEEN WOLF

"Episode Seventeen"

EP#205

Set List

INTERIORS

HIGH SCHOOL
 LOCKER ROOM
 CLASSROOM
 CORRIDOR
 ECONOMICS CLASS
 CHEMISTRY CLASS
 COACH'S OFFICE
 GUIDANCE OFFICE
 LIBRARY
ABANDONED RAIL STATION
SHERIFF'S STATION
 STILINSKI'S OFFICE
STILES'S JEEP
MCCALL HOME
 FOYER
 SCOTT'S ROOM
 LIVING ROOM
 HALLWAY
 SCOTT'S BATHROOM

EXTERIORS

LACROSSE FIELD
MCCALL HOME
ROAD

TEEN WOLF
Episode #205

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 1

Lying on a weightlifting bench, Jackson stares up with steel-eyed focus. He grips a bar with two plates on each side and lifts it off the rack. Tendons in his neck stretched taut, he pushes out three reps.

JACKSON

More.

Another two plates go on the bar with a heavy CLUNK.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

More.

A reluctant pause. Two more plates slide on. Jackson takes a breath and pushes up. Only two reps this time. HANDS dart in to grasp the bar. His spotter, Danny, guides the weight back onto the rack.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

I said--don't help me.

DANNY

Don't help you as in don't spot you? Or don't help you as in let the bar crush your throat?

Jackson glares at the reddened palms of his hands.

JACKSON

I should be able to do twice that.

DANNY

On the surface of the moon, maybe.

Removing the two extra plates, Danny turns to go.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'm hitting the shower. If I come back and you're lying dead under a pile of weight, I'm taking the Porsche.

As Danny steps away, Jackson lies back on the bench.

1 CONTINUED:

1

When he grips the bar again, something odd happens... SOUNDS drift toward him, rising into pristine focus.

A DROP of water. The WHIR of a FAN. Something METALLIC JANGLES. And then the ROAR of the SHOWER causes him to flinch.

Jackson shakes his head and the sounds quiet to a whisper. He * returns his attention to the bar.

He pumps out a rep. The second hits his chest, slowing on the return up. Eyes squeezed shut with effort, he does not see--

A FEMALE HAND slip under the bar and guide it back onto the rack as if it weighed nothing. Bracelets on the wrist JANGLE * SOFTLY, the same noise Jackson heard a moment ago.

JACKSON

Thanks.

Erica leans over the bar.

ERICA

Any time.

Jackson blinks, barely having a moment to react, when Erica's hand STRIKES down to grab him.

2 INT. ABANDONED RAIL STATION - NIGHT

2

Jackson TUMBLES across the floor of the station. As he rolls to a stop, Isaac drags him to his feet to face Derek.

DEREK

What happened to you on the night of the full moon?

JACKSON

What? Nothing. Nothing happened.

DEREK

You're lying.

Derek begins slipping on a pair of BLACK GLOVES.

JACKSON

Woah, wait a second. I can prove it. I taped myself.

ISAAC

You taped yourself?

JACKSON

Yes. It was the full moon. And maybe while you were curled up in a corner having an existential crisis about turning into a monster, I was preparing for the so-called "gift" your big, bad Alpha promised me. And what did I get? *Nothing*. You want proof? Let me get the video.

DEREK

I've got a better idea.

With gloved hands, Derek holds up a SHARD OF MIRRORED GLASS. The same broken glass in which the Kanima saw its reflection by the swimming pool.

JACKSON

(nervous)

What is that?

Derek tilts the shard, letting a drop of CLEAR, VISCOUS LIQUID slide menacingly across it.

DEREK

You know, Jackson, you've always been kind of a snake.

Isaac grabs Jackson, pinning his arms behind him as Erica yanks his head back, forcing his mouth open.

DEREK (CONT'D)

And everyone knows a snake can't be poisoned by its own venom.

A DROP slides down the glass, clinging to the edge. Derek tilts the glass and let's the venom DRIP RIGHT INTO JACKSON'S MOUTH.

Erica shoves his jaw closed as he struggles and writhes against Isaac. Until finally, they let him go, retreating to Derek's side.

Jackson staggers back, spitting and wiping at his mouth. Then glares up at them with a mixture of fear and hatred.

The three wolves tense, preparing for the worst. But Jackson simply blinks, swaying to the side as if dizzy. And then--

He falls. Knees buckling, he crumbles to the floor.

His body stiffens, muscles paralyzing, until all he can do is lie there, staring up with wide, terrified eyes.

2 CONTINUED:

2

Derek's disappointed face comes into view.

DEREK (CONT'D)

You're still a snake, Jackson. Just not the one we're looking for.

As Derek walks away, Isaac takes his place, kneeling down.

ISAAC

But you're going to do one more thing for us. Actually... for *me*.

3 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/STILINSKI'S OFFICE - DAY

3

Jackson sits across from Sheriff Stilinski who appears to be trying to keep himself from exploding in anger.

STILINSKI

So now you're saying you didn't see Isaac arguing with his father before the murder?

JACKSON

Not... exactly.

STILINSKI

Not exactly or no? Because when it comes to the law there's a pretty large divide between not exactly and no. If *not exactly* were sitting in this chair, *no* would be somewhere in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Drowning. Along with my career. So which is it? *Not exactly or no?*

JACKSON

(cringing)

No?

Stilinski slumps back down in his chair.

STILINSKI

Ah, crap.

4 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CLASSROOM - DAY

4

Stiles slips in between other students entering for the start of class and grabs a seat next to Scott.

4 CONTINUED:

4

STILES

I just talked to my Dad who just talked to Jackson and I've got bad news. Terrible, horrible, very bad news.

SCOTT

I think I already know.

He nods to the back of the room where Isaac now sits. Back in school. A slight but sinister smile at his lips.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

*

5 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

5

Hurrying down the corridor for their next class, Stiles whispers to Scott.

STILES

I only found one thing online called **the** Kanima. **A** werejaguar from South America that goes after murderers.

*

SCOTT

That thing wasn't a jaguar.

STILES

And I'm not exactly a murderer.

SCOTT

But you did see it kill someone. Which is probably why it tried to kill you. And probably still wants to kill you. And probably won't stop until you're dead.

STILES

You know, some days I really begin to question our friendship.

They disappear down the hall as LOCKERS slam SHUT. Nearby, Jackson winces at each CLANG of METAL while talking to Danny.

DANNY

Took forever but I found a program that can recover your video. I'll run it in my free period this afternoon.

*

5 CONTINUED:

5

JACKSON

Just let me know when it's done.

As Danny steps away, the sound of METALLIC CLICKING catches Jackson's attention.

Ahead, he notices students stepping aside, getting out of the way of two oddly intimidating teenagers--Erica and Isaac.

Jackson spots Erica's bracelets, the metallic clicking he keeps hearing. When she and Isaac pause at a locker, their WHISPERS hit Jackson like tiny pinpricks. Wincing with each word, he's able to catch only phrases here and there.

ISAAC

If it's Lydia--

ERICA

--during Chemistry--will she--

ISAAC

--he wants us to--

The BELL RINGS, sending Jackson's hands up to cover his ears as his mouth opens to cry out--

6 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/ECONOMICS CLASS - DAY

6

Dropping into a seat right behind Scott and Stiles for the beginning of class, Jackson leans forward.

JACKSON

Hey, testicle left and right...

Scott and Stiles look up.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

What the hell's a Kanima?

They spin back to Jackson in panic. But before they can respond Coach SLAMS a book against his desk.

COACH

Listen up. Quick warning before we begin our review. Some of you--like McCall--might want to form study groups since tomorrow's midterm is so profoundly difficult I'm not even sure I could pass it. All right, I need a volunteer at the board to answer the first question.

Hands go up around the boys as they continue their surreptitious conversation.

JACKSON

Paralyzed. From the neck down. You have any idea what that feels like?

STILES

I'm familiar with the sensation.

SCOTT

Wait, why would Derek test you? Why would he think it's you?

JACKSON

How should I know?

STILES

Do they think it's Lydia?

JACKSON

(whispering too loud)

All I heard was her name. And something about Chemistry.

COACH

Jackson, you have something you want to share with the class?

JACKSON

Just an undying admiration for my Coach.

COACH

That's very kind of you. Now shut the hell up.

Scott pulls Stiles forward and away from Jackson.

SCOTT

How do we know it's not her?

STILES

Because I looked into the eyes of that thing and I saw pure evil. When I look into Lydia's eyes I see fifty percent evil. Maybe sixty. No more than forty on a good day.

SCOTT

That's not a very good argument.

STILES

I'm aware of that. But I swear,
it's not her. It can't be. Lydia's
fine.

Sitting quietly at her seat in the back, Lydia certainly appears fine. However, when she glances up from her notes--

The student writing at the board is no longer a student. It's a MAN IN A LONG, BLACK LEATHER COAT.

Unnerved, Lydia leans sideways to see the man's face. The moment she's about to catch a glimpse, however, he takes a step to the right, remaining concealed.

He continues writing, pressing the chalk to the board with rapid and violent strokes, covering it in STRANGE EQUATIONS that connect by ARROWS and curve around to form--

A SPIRAL.

But even more disturbing is that EVERY STUDENT in class now has their head turned toward Lydia. All of them staring blankly RIGHT AT HER.

The Man stops writing. Chalk hovering at the board. His hand drifts down to his side and he slowly turns to face Lydia, revealing his identity.

PETER HALE.

Handsome and burn-free, he stares at her with curiosity. Oddly, it's now just the two of them, Lydia and Peter, in an empty classroom.

He starts walking, STRIDING toward her. Then grabs a desk and tosses it out of his way. It flips up, SMASHING against the wall. Another desk goes FLYING.

Lydia scrambles out of her chair, retreating against the wall as Peter closes in. He CRUSHES SOMETHING in his fist and then stops.

Opening his fingers, Peter reveals a handful of CHALK DUST. He blows the powder into Lydia's eyes turning her world a BLINDING WHITE.

COACH (V.O.)

Lydia?

The glare recedes and Lydia finds herself standing at the board, chalk in hand. She glances back to the class, everyone watching her.

6

CONTINUED:

6

Even the cute Junior she met the other day who gives a sympathetic smile.

COACH

Okay then. Anyone else want to try answering? In English?

Lydia turns back to the board where she's written one strange word over and over... *EMPLEHENOEMOS*

SCOTT

(to Stiles)

What is that? Greek?

*
*

STILES

Actually... it is English.

*

Stiles has used his phone to take a picture of the word. With the touch of a button he flips the photo horizontally to reveal the MESSAGE Lydia has written over and over on the board...

SOMEONEHELPME

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASS - DAY 7

Scott and Stiles rush in for the beginning of Chemistry Labs.

SCOTT

(whispering)

Derek wouldn't kill her without proof.

STILES

So then he tests her like Jackson, right? But when and where?

SCOTT

(looking past him)

I think here and now.

Scott eyes the door where Isaac and Erica enter. Seeming almost to glide in, they catch everyone's attention. Even Mr. Harris glances up from his desk.

The only one who doesn't seem to notice is Lydia. As she settles in her seat--

Scott and Stiles swoop in, dragging their chairs over to sit on either side of her like bodyguards. Lydia throws a curious glance at the two of them.

Nearby, Allison eyes Scott with a questioning look. He gives a quick shake of his head, unable to explain. *

Harris shuts the door and turns to address the class.

HARRIS

Einstein once said "Two things are infinite: the universe and human stupidity. And I'm not sure about the universe." I myself have encountered infinite stupidity...

He pauses at Stiles's desk for a not-so-subtle punctuation.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

So to combat the plague of ignorance in my class, you're going to combine efforts through a round of group experiments. Let's see if two heads are indeed better than one.

(MORE)

7

CONTINUED:

7

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Or in Mr. Stilinski's case, less than one. Erica, take the first station. You'll start with...

Every male hand in the class SHOOTS UP.

*

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I didn't ask for volunteers. Put your hormonal little hands down.

The hands drift down with disappointed grumbles as Harris aims a pen at Scott.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Start with Mr. McCall.

A nervous Allison watches Erica smile, pleased at the pairing.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

All right. Next two...

MOMENTS LATER, the clinking of glass vials and clatter of metallic instruments fill the room as the students complete various steps of each experiment.

Scott whispers to Erica by his side.

SCOTT

Whatever you're thinking of doing, wait. Give me a chance to talk to Derek.

ERICA

Why don't you talk to me instead?

She moves closer, breathing him in. Scott flinches back as she catches a familiar scent.

ERICA (CONT'D)

That's funny. In school you guys act like you're broken up. But she's all over you.

SCOTT

I don't know what you're talking about.

ERICA

If I were Allison, I'd be wanting you--wanting *it*--all of the time.

She moves her hand to his thigh, fingers inching up and up.

7

CONTINUED:

7

AT ANOTHER LAB STATION - Lydia turns to Allison.

LYDIA

Never? You never get jealous?

ALLISON

Why would I?

LYDIA

Because that thing happening over there?

She points to Erica's hand slowly rising up Scott's thigh underneath the table.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

That requires some jealousy.

*

Allison watches the display briefly. Only when she looks away does Scott swat Erica's hand off his leg.

*

SCOTT

You're not my type.

ERICA

I'm exactly your type.

*

Her eyes flare YELLOW for a brief second. Scott opens his mouth to respond, but--

Harris hits a BELL on his desk.

HARRIS

Switch.

The students split up, rotating to new lab stations. But Allison stays by Lydia's side, whispering to her.

*

ALLISON

Listen to me, okay? Don't talk to Erica or Isaac.

LYDIA

Why?

ALLISON

Just don't. Trust me, all right?

HARRIS

Girls, let's go. Next station.

Allison reluctantly steps away from Lydia while Stiles notices just how alone she looks in the middle of the room.

7

CONTINUED:

7

Until she turns and finds herself standing at the next station with Scott.

Stiles breathes in relief and **returns** to his own experiment. *With Isaac*. As the taller boy hands him the compounds to mix, Stiles whispers a quiet threat. *

STILES

If you harm one perfect, strawberry-blond hair on her head, I'm going to turn your little werewolf ass into a fur coat and give it to her as a birthday present.

ISAAC

Really? Because I've never actually been to her big invite-only birthday party. I did ask her out once, though.

STILES

This sounds like the beginning of a heartfelt story. I'll pass, thanks.

ISAAC

It was first day of freshman year-- *

STILES

And you thought everything was going to be different in high school. But she said no. *

ISAAC

That's right. She even laughed and told me to try again when the bike I rode to school had an engine, not a chain. *

STILES

Unrequited love's **a bitch**. Maybe you should write about it in English. Channel that negative energy. *

ISAAC

I was thinking I'd channel it into killing her.

(looking Stiles in the eye)
I'm not very good at writing.

Harris slams his palm onto the BELL.

7

CONTINUED:

7

HARRIS

And switch.

The next lab stations form: Allison and Erica. Stiles and Scott. Lydia and Isaac.

7

CONTINUED:

7

Stiles and Scott watch Isaac take his place next to Lydia. Neither of them knowing what to do. Stiles starts forward but A WOOD POINTER SMACKS down on the table.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

If you want to test my patience,
Mr. Stilinski, I guarantee it will
be a failing grade.

While Stiles backs off, at the station behind them, Allison turns to Erica. *

ALLISON

What are you going to do to her?

ERICA

Don't you think the better question
is: What's she going to do to us?

Catching their whispers, Scott glances back at Allison. Erica notices the looks between them.

ERICA (CONT'D)

I have to say, you guys are cute
together. But you know, I've always
had this feeling like I'm a little
psychic. And I just don't think
you're going to last. *

ALLISON

You think you can hurt me by
sliding your hand up his thigh?

ERICA

Would you like it better if it were
your thigh?

Erica's CLAWED FINGERS glide across Allison's leg, pressing into her jeans and causing her to wince. Allison grabs her wrist, but Erica's claws go deeper, PUNCTURING the fabric.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Let's do it. Girl fight in Labs.
It'll be hot.

But just as Allison's grip tightens, Harris hits the BELL.

HARRIS

Time. If you catalyzed the reaction
correctly you should now be looking
at a crystal. *

7

CONTINUED:

7

Stiles and Scott gaze down at a pathetic molten glob of chemical detritus **bearing** no resemblance to a crystal. *

At the same time, Isaac **watches** Lydia **raise** a beautifully formed CLUSTER OF CRYSTALS between her fingers. *

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Now, the part of this last experiment I'm sure you'll all enjoy. You can eat it.

While other students bite into the sugary experiment, Isaac **allows himself** a smile of anticipation as Lydia slowly **brings** the CRYSTAL to her lips. *

Scott's amplified vision kicks in, eyes focusing on the crystal between Lydia's fingertips. He spots a tiny CLEAR DROP OF LIQUID glistening on the edge. *Venom* from the Kanima.

Scott stands, knocking his chair to the floor.

SCOTT

Lydia--

But he's too late. Lydia swallows the crystal.

LYDIA

What?

Realizing his shout has turned every head, Scott backs down.

SCOTT

Um... Nothing.

Which is exactly the problem. Isaac and Erica watch Lydia closely, **waiting patiently** as *nothing* happens to her. *

A defeated Stiles slowly sinks into his seat while Scott notices Isaac give a nod toward the window. Following his look, Scott sees--

Derek. Standing outside. Watching from a distance and receiving the confirmation he's been waiting for.

Lydia is the Kanima.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

8 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM/COACH'S OFFICE - DAY 8

Slipping inside Coach's dimly lit office, Scott flips the lock on the door and turns to Stiles and Allison.

SCOTT

Derek's outside. Waiting for her.

ALLISON

You mean waiting to kill her?

SCOTT

If he thinks she's the Kanima?
Then, yeah. Especially after what
happened in the pool.

STILES

But it's not her.

SCOTT

She didn't pass the test, Stiles.
Nothing happened. *

STILES

It can't be her.

ALLISON

It doesn't matter. Derek thinks
it's her. So either **we** convince him
he's wrong or we figure out how to
protect her. *

SCOTT

I don't think he'd do anything
here. Not during school. *

ALLISON

What about after school?

Scott gives a nod, the implication clear: after school Lydia is vulnerable. *

ALLISON (CONT'D)

What if we can prove Derek's wrong?

STILES

By three o'clock?

ALLISON

There could be something in the Bestiary.

*

STILES

You mean the nine hundred page book written in Archaic Latin that none of us can read? Good luck with that.

ALLISON

Actually, I think I know someone who might be able to translate it.

SCOTT

I could talk to Derek. *Maybe* convince him to give us a chance to prove it's not her.

*

*

He and Allison look to Stiles who reluctantly *nods*.

*

SCOTT (CONT'D)

All right. *But* if anything happens you guys let me handle it.

*

*

ALLISON

What does that mean?

SCOTT

It means you can't heal like I do. I don't want you getting hurt.

Allison puts her bag on Coach's desk and unzips it. She pulls out a black item with a pistol grip on it. With a snap of her wrist, the sides fly out and lock into place to reveal a collapsible and quite deadly CROSSBOW.

ALLISON

I can protect myself.

Brandishing it in her hands for the two wide-eyed boys, she sets the crossbow down. But Scott still doesn't look convinced.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

What? Did something else happen?

Scott struggles in silence, both friends watching him.

SCOTT

I just don't want anyone getting hurt. If something goes wrong, you call me, okay?

(MORE)

8 CONTINUED: 8

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I don't care if your Dad finds out. *
Call, text, yell, scream, whatever.
I'll hear you and I'll find you. As
fast as I can.

Allison nods, *looking on* him with concern. *

SCOTT (CONT'D)
We've got until three.

He turns for the door, but hears an odd SNAPPING SOUND. He spins back, hand whipping up just in time to catch a CROSSBOW DART.

Stiles lowers the crossbow with a guilty smile on his face.

STILES
Sensitive trigger on this thing...

9 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY 9

The abstract black shapes of a RORSCHACH INKBLOT come into focus. Ms. Morrell holds up the card in front of Lydia. The shape on it looks peculiarly like a WOLF.

LYDIA
(bored)
Butterfly.

Morrell holds up the next card. This one looks almost *exactly* like a wolf.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Butterfly.

Morrell flips through several more.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Butterfly. Butterfly. Butterfly.

Morrell lifts up one last card. She flips it over to reveal - Peter Hale's BURNED FACE.

MS. MORRELL
Lydia?

Breath momentarily caught, Lydia blinks and looks to Morrell.

LYDIA
Danaus plexippus.

MS. MORRELL
Let me guess. Scientific name for--

9

CONTINUED:

9

LYDIA

Butterfly.

Morrell lays the cards down, seeing that she isn't getting anywhere.

MS. MORRELL

Lydia, what's it going to take to get you to open up?

*

LYDIA

I don't know what you're talking about. I'm as honest and open as a person can be.

They stare at each other. A stand still. Morrell turns the last Rorschach over in her hand.

MS. MORRELL

Huh. I would have said wolf.

10

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LIBRARY - DAY

10

Past the book stacks, Jackson sits with Danny at the computer stations. Matt slips in beside them, his battered camera wired to a hard drive.

MATT

So who do you know that can get into your house?

*

JACKSON

You mean like break in?

MATT

Or someone who has a key. Who also knows how to edit two hours out of a tape and knows how to loop it.

DANNY

I could do it. I write my own software, and I know your mom forgets to lock the kitchen door.

MATT

I could do it too, considering it's my camera.

*

(turning to Danny)

Actually, we could have done it together.

Danny gives a nervous laugh.

10

CONTINUED:

10

MATT (CONT'D)

All right, I gotta' run to my next class. But I'll be back after to help if you still want it.

DANNY

Definitely.

Grabbing his stuff, Matt gets up to leave. Danny notices Jackson giving him a bemused smile.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What?

JACKSON

Got a little crush going on there?

DANNY

No. Shut up. Doesn't matter anyway.

JACKSON

Why's that?

*

DANNY

Because, if you didn't notice, he's completely obsessed with Allison. So... whatever. Anyway, this thing should take a couple of hours.

JACKSON

But you can't tell me who did the editing?

DANNY

Is there anyone else you know who can get into your house?

*

The door to the library CLATTERS open. Jackson glances up to see the answer to Danny's question saunter in.

Lydia. With a protective Stiles right behind her, she never notices Jackson's cold stare.

*

JACKSON

Yeah. Actually, I do.

11

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

11

Ms. Morrell studies a printout of the Kanima page from the Bestiary on her desk. Allison gauges her confused look as she tries to translate it.

MS. MORRELL

Do you mind me asking where you got this? A book?

ALLISON

Family heirloom.

MS. MORRELL

Interesting family. I'm pretty familiar with most romance languages but this looks a little out of my reach.

ALLISON

Can you give it a shot?

Morrell begins to translate.

MS. MORRELL

Can-i-mah. Do I have that right?

Allison nods.

MS. MORRELL (CONT'D)

Like the wolf... its power is greatest at the moon's peak. Huh. Sounds like a werewolf.

*

Allison gives a nervous laugh.

MS. MORRELL (CONT'D)

Hhmm. There are some words here I don't recognize.

*

ALLISON

Just try. Please?

MS. MORRELL

Could I maybe hold onto it for a bit--

ALLISON

Now is better. Please.

Morrell nods and begins again.

MS. MORRELL

Like the wolf, the Kanima is a social creature. But where the wolf seeks a pack, the Kanima seeks... a *friend*.

11 CONTINUED:

11

ALLISON
A friend? What does that mean?

MS. MORRELL
Maybe it's lonely?

Allison gazes down on the page.

ALLISON
Sounds like a teenager.

12 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

12

Walking slowly but with determination, Scott steps past the bleachers, heading for the middle of the field. The newly muscular and newly confident Boyd turns to face him, a challenge in his eyes.

SCOTT
I need to talk to Derek.

BOYD
Talk to me.

SCOTT
I don't want to fight.

BOYD
Good. 'Cause I'm twice the size of
you. *

SCOTT
True. *

As Boyd approaches, Scott's gaze goes up and up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
(nervous)
Really, really true. But you know
what I think?

He lowers himself to a fighting stance.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'm twice as fast.

Hands pushing off the ground, Scott lunges forward.

Boyd swipes out, but Scott easily dodges the blow. Grabbing onto Boyd's large frame to use it against him, Scott flips up and kicks out--

Sending Boyd's muscular body CRASHING to the ground. *

12

CONTINUED:

12

Breathless, Scott lands back on his feet and meets Derek's eyes. He seems to have appeared out of nowhere.

*
*

DEREK

She failed the test.

SCOTT

Which doesn't prove anything.
Lydia's different.

*

DEREK

I know. At night she turns into a
homicidal, walking snake.

*

SCOTT

I'm not going to let you kill her.

DEREK

Who said I was going to do it?

Realization dawning on him, Scott turns back to the school and the girl he left vulnerable to two other werewolves.

*

13

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

13

Isaac and Erica stride down the empty corridor with malevolent purpose.

Isaac snaps his fingers out to reveal frighteningly sharp CLAWS. Hand rising, he drags the tips across a bank of lockers sending a HIGH PITCHED SCREAM OF TEARING METAL ricocheting across the walls of the corridor.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

14

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

14

Scott starts back for the school but Boyd grabs him, shoving him to the ground in front of Derek.

DEREK

I don't know why you think you have to protect everyone now, Scott. But even so, Lydia's killed people. She's going to do it again. Next time it's going to be one of us.

*

SCOTT

What if you're wrong?

DEREK

She was bitten by an Alpha. It's her.

*

*

SCOTT

You saw that thing up close. You know it's not like us.

DEREK

But it is. We're all shapeshifters. You don't know what you're dealing with. I only know because of my sister. It happens rarely. And it happens for a reason.

*

*

SCOTT

What reason?

DEREK

Sometimes the shape you take reflects the person you are.

Derek pulls him back to his feet, looking him in the eye.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Even Stiles calls her cold-blooded.

SCOTT

What if she's immune? What if she's got something inside her that made her immune to the bite? And it's also why she didn't get paralyzed?

Boyd glances to Derek. Noticing his Alpha's hesitation.

14 CONTINUED:

14

DEREK

No one's immune. I've never heard
of it or seen it. It's never...
It's never happened.

Scott watches him carefully, noticing his pause.

*

SCOTT

Then what about Jackson?

15 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

15

Rounding a corner with Erica by his side, Isaac pauses to
catch the scent in the air. A small intake of breath and he's
got it. He turns his focus to a door that reads LIBRARY.

*

*

16 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

16

The bomb drops exactly the way Scott was hoping. Derek
doesn't respond. Gaining confidence, Scott inches toward him.

SCOTT

That's why you tested him, isn't
it? Because you gave him what he
wanted. *Didn't you?*

DEREK

Scott--

SCOTT

Peter said the bite either kills
you or turns you. *You probably were
hoping it would kill him. But
nothing happened. Right? And you
have no idea why, do you?*

*

*

*

*

DEREK

No.

*

SCOTT

*Well, I've got a theory. Lydia's
immune and somehow she passed it on
to Jackson. You know I'm right.*

*

*

DEREK

No.

*

*

SCOTT

You can't do this.

*

16

CONTINUED:

16

DEREK

I can't let her live. You should
have known that.

*

SCOTT

I was hoping I could convince you.
But then... I wasn't counting on
it.

*

Derek blinks, the realization of something wrong sending his
now uncertain gaze back to the school. Boyd looks at him,
questioningly.

DEREK

Go.

As Boyd turns to run for school, Derek spins back to find
Scott has used his moment of surprise--

*

He's gone.

17

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LIBRARY - DAY

17

Tapping away at the keyboard, Danny works at his computer
while waiting for Jackson's video to finish. Sitting next to
him, Matt scrolls through PHOTOS on **the** tablet.

*

MATT

This is so bizarre.

DANNY

What?

MATT

My camera's having some kind of
glitch slash meltdown. Check this
out.

*

Matt shows him the tablet. He thumbs through LACROSSE PHOTOS.

DANNY

It's lens flare.

*

MATT

But it's only happening with one
player. McCall.

*

*

Danny studies the photo on the tablet more closely. It's a
picture of Scott on the lacrosse field. But his face is
obscured by TWO STRANGE YELLOW BURSTS OF LIGHT.

17 CONTINUED: 17

Matt moves to scroll through the next picture as--

The library doors **BURST** open. Isaac and Erica step in, ready to tear Lydia to shreds. *But Lydia is gone.* *

Only Danny and Matt remain in the otherwise empty library. Isaac **grabs** Matt, **dragging him** right over the computer table. *

ISAAC

Where is she?

18 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY 18

Stiles, Allison and Jackson rush a bewildered Lydia down the corridor.

LYDIA

If we're doing a study group, why didn't we just stay in the library?

STILES

Because we're meeting up with someone else.

LYDIA

Why didn't they just meet us in the library?

STILES

That would've been a great idea. Too late. *

LYDIA

Okay, **hold on**-- *

Jackson grabs her by the arm with authority.

JACKSON

Lydia, shut up and walk.

19 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY 19

Isaac and Erica tear out of the library in pursuit. Eyes **burning** with murderous intent, they take off in opposite directions down the corridor. *

20 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - DAY 20

Barrelling down the hall outside the locker room, Scott slides to a halt when he hears--

20

CONTINUED:

20

COACH

McCall!

At the door, Coach holds up a set of LACROSSE PADS.

COACH (CONT'D)

I'm going to require an explanation
for these.

Eyes focusing, Scott sees the pads are ripped. Nearly
shredded by something. Or more likely--

By *someone*.

21

INT. STILES'S JEEP - DAY

21

Gripping the wheel of his Jeep, Stiles floors it through the
school parking lot. Allison rides shotgun while Jackson sits
in the back with a still very confused Lydia.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

22 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - DAY 22

Lifting the torn lacrosse pads to the light to get a better look, Scott barely listens to Coach lecturing him.

COACH

You know there are certain responsibilities to being a captain of the lacrosse team.

SCOTT

Co-Captain.

COACH

Okay, partial responsibilities.

SCOTT

Where did you find these?

COACH

Under the bleachers. Somebody has to pay for them, you know.

Scott examines the lining of the shredded pads. When he presses the torn fabric together, the two halves of the tag form the owner's last name: MAHEALANI.

SCOTT

They're Danny's.

COACH

Great. Mystery solved. So either you tell Danny to take care of his equipment or I'm going to make you take care of his equipment. You really want to be taking care of Danny's equipment all the time?

SCOTT

That depends. Are we still talking about lacrosse pads?

COACH

Get out of my face, McCall.

23 EXT. MCCALL HOME/FOYER - DAY 23

Stiles helps Lydia out of the Jeep to join Allison and Jackson at the steps to the McCall home.

*
*

23

CONTINUED:

23

LYDIA

If we're studying at Scott's house,
where is Scott?

STILES

Meeting us here. I think. I hope.

Allison throws him a look. He gives a shrug as they hurry to
the door. While he digs for a key, Allison whispers to
Jackson. *

ALLISON

Thanks for doing this.

JACKSON

I need to talk to her anyway.

Allison nods, but eyes him a moment longer, something
unsettling about his darkening expression. The door swings
open--

24

INT. MCCALL HOME/FOYER - DAY

24

And SLAMS shut. Stiles locks it. Then flips the deadbolt.
Then latches the chain. He turns to a suspicious Lydia. *

STILES

There's been a few break-ins around
the neighborhood. *

Clutching their bookbags they all stare at the door. Then
Stiles wedges a dining room chair underneath the knob. Lydia
looks at him in disbelief.

STILES (CONT'D)

And a murder. It was bad.

As he retreats from the door, Allison gives Jackson a nod to
the stairs.

JACKSON

Lydia, follow me. I need to talk to
you for a minute. *

LYDIA

(under her breath)
Seriously, what is going on with
everyone?

While she follows Jackson up the stairs to the second floor-- *

25 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY 25

Scott fights the student traffic hurrying to the exits at the end of the school day. Carrying Danny's pads, he passes right by Matt. *

MATT
Hey, McCall!

Scott spins back as Matt SNAPS a picture of him.

MATT (CONT'D)
Thanks!

He smiles and waves at a confused Scott. Then peers down at the camera's LCD, gazing with curiosity at the photo of Scott, face obscured by TWO YELLOW BURSTS OF LIGHT just over his eyes. *

26 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - DAY 26 *

Jackson closes the door of Scott's room. While Lydia waits for him, his eyes squeeze shut, hand reaching up to his temple as if a migraine were hitting him. *

LYDIA
You okay?

Jackson nods, turning to face her.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
So...

JACKSON
So. You never gave me back my key.

LYDIA
What? Your key? That's what you wanted to talk about? *

JACKSON
Why didn't you give it back?

LYDIA
Are you kidding? I'm attacked by some lunatic who bites me--a lunatic, who by the way, still hasn't been caught. I spend two days freaked out of my mind walking around the woods naked. *

(MORE)

26 CONTINUED: 26

LYDIA (CONT'D)
My friends are acting like total
nutcases and you **expect me to** be
worried about a stupid key? *

JACKSON
Do you have it or not? *

LYDIA
Not.

Jackson's head **cocks** to the side. The sound of Lydia's
heartbeat **hits his ear as his** eyes focus on the tiny bit of
nervous PERSPIRATION at her temple. *

JACKSON
You just lied to me.

27 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LIBRARY - DAY 27

Alone in the library, Danny glances to the screen where the
video of Jackson continues rendering. A message underneath
the window reads: *RESTORING DATA 60%...* *

He **looks** up when Scott drops his pads on the table. Confused,
Danny **examines** the numerous tears. *

DANNY
Dude. What'd you do to my pads?

SCOTT
Me? You're the one who was wearing
them.

DANNY
No, I wasn't.

SCOTT
What?

DANNY
I was in goal, remember? Different
pads.

SCOTT
Then who was wearing these?

DANNY
Someone who owes me a new set of
pads.

Scott's PHONE RINGS, interrupting them. On the display it
says: STILES. But when he answers--

27 CONTINUED:

27

ALLISON (V.O.)

It's me.

Stepping away, Scott covers the phone with his hand.

*

SCOTT

What's wrong?

28 INT. MCCALL HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

28

Back to the wall **beside** the living room window, Allison grips **Stiles's** phone in one hand, crossbow in the other.

*

*

ALLISON (V.O.)

You need to get here now.

On the other side of the window, Stiles peers out to the street outside where--

FOUR SILHOUETTED FIGURES stand. Derek and his pack.

ALLISON (V.O.)

Right now.

29 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LIBRARY - DAY

29

Scott backs away from the computer stations.

*

SCOTT

(on the phone)

I'm on my way. Leaving now.

While Scott hurries out, Danny--still **looking over** his **lacrosse** pads--never notices **what transpires on his** COMPUTER SCREEN.

*

*

*

IN THE RESTORED VIDEO - Jackson slowly sits straight up in bed, almost as if pulled by an unseen string. With a robotic stiffness, he swivels his head to face the camera, revealing a blank but distinctly ominous stare.

*

Ominous because his eyes are now GLOWING.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

30 INT. MCCALL HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 30

Sun almost set, Allison and Stiles **throw** cautious glances at Derek and his pack outside the window. **With** the hand not holding the crossbow, Allison pulls out her phone. *

STILES

What are you doing?

ALLISON

I think... I think I have to call my Dad.

STILES

But if he finds you here. **You** and Scott-- *

ALLISON

I know. But what **are we** supposed to do? They're not here to scare us. They're here to kill Lydia. *

Breath tightening with anxiety, Stiles looks at the phone in Allison's hand. Neither of them knowing what to do.

31 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 31

Jackson **calmly approaches** Lydia, closing in on her. *

JACKSON

Where's my key, **Lydia**? *

She hesitates.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

It was you, wasn't it? You edited the tape.

LYDIA

What tape?

JACKSON

The night of the full moon. The recording. You came in to my house. Into my room. You saw what was happening to me. So you took the tape from the camera and you edited out the most important part. I don't know why. *

(MORE)

31

CONTINUED:

31

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Maybe you wanted to take that from
me. My *moment*. Like you take
everything. Or maybe you thought
you were protecting me. But it was
you. *Wasn't it?*

*
*
*
*
*

Lydia just looks at him, utterly bewildered. Jackson falters,
certainty disappearing. Her confusion appears genuine.

*
*

LYDIA

I don't know what you're talking
about but if you need it so badly,
fine.

*
*
*

And to his surprise, she reaches into the front of her shirt
and draws up her necklace. Jackson's KEY hangs from the end
of it.

*

31

CONTINUED:

31

Lydia carefully unclasps the necklace and silently sets the key in the palm of his hand.

Gazing down on it, his lips part to speak, but he has no response. When he peers up, he notices her eyes are glistening as she tries to hold back tears.

*

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I hate you. I hate you so much.

JACKSON

No, you don't.

LYDIA

I should.

In a rare moment of empathy, Jackson brings his hand up to touch her cheek.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Don't.

But he does. And her face seems to drift into his hand, toward his touch. His thumb pushes away the tear at her eye, **moving** down her soft cheek, bringing her face closer, and then finally, bringing her lips to his.

*

They kiss.

Softly at first. Then with more and more urgency. They pull each other closer, bodies drawn together as Jackson presses her against the wall.

Lydia's hands reach to his back, fingers digging into his shirt, pulling the fabric down to reveal--

THE NAPE of Jackson's neck where something strange begins happening to the skin. It *ripples* up, darkening, flesh seeming to harden, surface becoming reflective.

Beginning to change. *Changing shape.*

32

INT. MCCALL HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

32

Stiles **looks down at the crossbow in Allison's hands.**

*

STILES

I got an idea. Just shoot one of them.

ALLISON

Are you serious?

STILES

We told Scott we could protect ourselves. So let's do it. Or at least give it a shot, right?

Trying to be brave, Allison gives a nod.

STILES (CONT'D)

They don't think we're going to fight. If one of them gets hit, I **guarantee** they'll back off. So shoot one of them.

*

ALLISON

Which one?

STILES

Derek. Shoot him. **Preferably in the head.**

*

*

ALLISON

If Scott was able to catch an arrow, Derek definitely can.

STILES

Fine. Shoot one of the other three.

ALLISON

You mean two.

STILES

I mean *three*.

Stiles glances out the window to the street **to find** only Erica and Boyd **now flanking** Derek.

*

*

STILES (CONT'D)

Where the hell's Isaac?

*

Allison sees him first. REFLECTED in the living room window right behind them.

*

*

Isaac grabs Stiles, lifting him off his feet and--TOSSING HIM clear across the room.

*

Allison raises the crossbow **to shoot**. But Isaac moves too fast, knocking the weapon up so that the dart **FIRES** harmlessly **into** the ceiling.

*

*

*

Grabbing a handful of her coat, he lifts Allison up and sends her flying. As she **SMACKS** painfully to the wood floor--

33 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 33

Lydia breaks off the kiss.

LYDIA
What was that?

She steps toward the door, turning away from Jackson. She doesn't see his hands come up to his head, mouth opening in a silent cry of agony as-- *

THE TRANSFORMATION takes hold. *

34 INT. MCCALL HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT 34

Lydia steps into the hallway. Behind her, in Scott's room, Jackson pitches forward and drops to all fours. *

Unaware, Lydia moves down the hall, inching toward the stairs. A CRASH comes from below, stopping her. *

LYDIA
Allison? Stiles? What's happening?

A breathless Allison appears at the stairs.

ALLISON
Get back! Someone's trying to break in. Go!

35 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 35

Lydia rushes back into the room and slams the door shut. When she spins around, Jackson is no longer there. The window lies open.

LYDIA
Jackson?

36 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 36

Pushing open the door, Lydia peers into the empty bathroom. Another CRASH from downstairs startles her into a SCREAM. *

She yanks the bathroom door closed and locks it while pulling her phone out of her pocket. She quickly dials 911. *

LYDIA
(into the phone)
Yes, I--I need the police.

37 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 37

Allison backs into Scott's room and kicks the door shut. Hands shaky, she nocks another dart into the crossbow. Then glances to the empty bedroom, the closed bathroom door and--

THE WINDOW, where a CLEAR, VISCOUS LIQUID drips from the claw-marked open sill.

ALLISON

It's here... Stiles, it's here!

*
*

38 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 38

Pressed into a corner of the bathroom, a terrified Lydia grips her phone in both hands. She listens, waiting for a sound. Waiting for--

39 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT 39

Scott's bedroom door CRASHES inward. YELLOW EYES emerge from the darkened hallway. Erica steps in to face Allison aiming the crossbow.

*

ERICA

This might make me sound like kind of a bitch, but I've always wondered what it feels like to steal someone's boyfriend.

*

She steps forward. Allison's finger tenses over the trigger.

*

ERICA (CONT'D)

I bet it's a pretty sick rush of power. I think I'm going to try it with Scott. And you know what? I don't think it's going to be that hard. Because why would he be waiting around to steal ten minutes with you when he could have me any time he wants? Any time. All of the time.

*

*

Lips pressed tight, Allison doesn't respond. Instead, she pulls the trigger. THE CROSSBOW FIRES.

Erica whips back as if slapped. But then she slowly turns back to reveal the DART gripped in her hand.

ERICA (CONT'D)

You didn't really think that would work, did you?

39

CONTINUED:

39

ALLISON

Actually, yeah.

Confused, Erica lowers the dart **and** opens her hand to see the Kanima's VENOM covering the shaft. **Venom which** now sticks to the fingers of her hand. *

The dart slowly falls to the floor.

With a look of pure hate, Erica uses the last bit of strength she has to charge toward Allison. But with only her first step, she goes down--

Collapsing to the floor with a CRY OF ANGER, the paralysis **begins to** take hold. **As she struggles to move,** Allison casually kneels down to look her in the eye. *

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I thought you were psychic. *Bitch.*

40

EXT. MCCALL HOME - NIGHT

40

Standing **by** his side, Boyd waits for Derek to **enter** the fight. From inside, they hear CRASHING. Furniture SPLINTERING. And then-- *

A **POWERFUL** ROAR. *

As the house goes silent, Boyd throws Derek an uncertain glance. But **the Alpha** looks oddly pleased. *

The front door FLIES open. Isaac HURTLES OUT and lands with a thud on the grass. Erica's PARALYZED BODY tumbles to the grass next to him. *

Eyes burning with a furious YELLOW GLOW, Scott McCall steps **confidently** over the threshold. Stiles and Allison follow, remaining on the porch as Scott **strides** down the steps. *

DEREK

I think I'm finally getting why you keep refusing me, Scott. You're not an Omega. You're already an Alpha. Of your own pack. *

Stiles and Allison glance to each other, realizing who Derek is talking about. *

DEREK (CONT'D)

But you know you can't beat me. *

40

CONTINUED:

40

SCOTT

I can hold you off until the police
get here.

*

Derek cocks his head, listening. The faint SOUND of a SIREN
approaching. And then something else... an odd SCURRYING. The
CLICKING of sharp claws.

*

Scott hears it too. All eyes **follow theirs**, everyone glancing
up to see--

*

40

CONTINUED:

40

A sinewy, jet black body perched on the roof of the McCall home, glowing eyes peering down at them. *

THE KANIMA. *

Thin lips curling back to expose a double row of teeth, it opens its jaws and unleashes an INHUMAN SHRIEK. Everyone takes a step back as-- *

The creature darts across the roof and leaps off. In a flash it's escaped to the other side of the house, disappearing into the darkness. *

Derek turns to Boyd and nods to Isaac and Erica.

DEREK

Get them out of here.

As he retreats back to race off in pursuit, the front door clicks open. Lydia steps out. *

LYDIA

Would someone please tell me...
what... the hell... is going on?

Shocked, Derek stares at the innocent girl he nearly had killed. But he's not the only one surprised. *

Stiles, Scott and Allison all turn to the open door of the house, peering in with the knowledge that one of their friends is still unaccounted for... *

SCOTT

(a whisper)
Jackson.

41

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

41

Just beyond the glow of a STREET LIGHT, a car sits parked on the side of the road. An ordinary vehicle with one distinguishing detail. A bumper sticker that reads-- *

"Imagination is more important than knowledge" - Einstein. *

A SHADOW approaches. Tail flicking into the light, the Kanima inches toward its next victim.

Behind the closed window, THE DRIVER is a mere silhouette and completely oblivious to the creature approaching on all fours. *

Reaching the car door the Kanima begins to rise, hand moving up as if to strike. *

41

CONTINUED:

41

But instead of punching through the glass, the creature lays its reptilian **fingers** gently against the window. *

Inside, the Driver's hand comes up to do the same. Two hands on either side of the glass. One human. One not.

The Kanima blinks, eyes GLOWING BRIGHTER for a brief second. **A** connection made. *

Pulling its claws from the window, it twists around, breaking into a run as if set on an urgent mission. *

The car's engine ROARS to life. With a SQUEAL of tire against pavement, the vehicle bullets into the darkness until all that's left-- *

Is an empty road.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE