

TEEN WOLF
Episode #208
by
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New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #208
Episode Twenty

TEEN WOLF

"Episode Twenty"

EP#208

Cast List

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

MATT..... STEPHEN LUNSFORD
STILINSKI..... LINDEN ASHBY
PROMOTER.....
EMT (from 206).....
ARGENT..... JR BOURNE
ISAAC..... DANIEL SHARMAN
DEATON..... SETH GILLIAM
COACH..... ORNY ADAMS
DANNY..... KEAHU KAHUANUI
VICTORIA ARGENT..... EADDY MAYS
GERARD..... MICHAEL HOGAN
ERICA..... GAGE GOLIGHTLY
BOYD..... SINQUA WALLS
HARRIS..... ADAM FRISTOE
MR. WHITTEMORE..... ROBERT PRALGO
MR. MORRELL..... BIANCA LAWSON

TEEN WOLF

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Set List

INTERIORS

HIGH SCHOOL
CORRIDOR
CLASSROOM
LOCKER ROOM
CHEMISTRY CLASS
JACKSON'S PORSCHE
BEACON HILLS SUPPLY
CORRIDOR
ADJACENT CORRIDOR
STAIRWELL
MAIN ROOM
ANTECHAMBER
ROOM
BACKSTAGE
SHERIFF'S STATION
STILINSKI'S OFFICE
HOSPITAL
CORRIDOR
AUTOPSY ROOM
ANIMAL CLINIC
WAITING AREA
EXAMINING ROOM
ARGENT HOME
BASEMENT

EXTERIORS

BEACON HILLS SUPPLY
EXTERIOR
PARKING
ALLEY
HIGH SCHOOL
PARKING LOT
STILINSKI HOME
PORCH

TEEN WOLF
Episode #208

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY 1

A NOTE slips out from the top vent of a locker in the busy corridor. Jackson slowly unfolds the piece of paper to read an unseen message scrawled on it. As he crumples up the note--

2 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CLASSROOM - DAY 2

A phone VIBRATES across the top of a desk. Jackson snatches it up to look at the screen. Then begins thumbing a reply.

3 INT. JACKSON'S PORSCHE - DAY 3

Slipping into his car, Jackson brings up the navigation system and starts inputting an address, copying it from the text on his phone. The open car door CHIMES as--

4 EXT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY - NIGHT 4

The Porsche ROARS out of the darkness, HEADLIGHTS falling over the paint-chipped walls of an old warehouse.

Jackson steps out and removes his phone from his pocket. With the click of his thumb, detailed instructions appear in a text message - *Take NW door. Left to stairs. Down 2 flights.*

5 INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 5

Pushing through a door, Jackson steps into an almost pitch black corridor. Eerily quiet, except for the creak of floorboards beneath his feet.

He starts walking. When he rounds a corner, he pauses, hearing VOICES. Like whispers drifting toward him. He starts forward again, reaching up in the darkness to push open a door into--

6 INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/ADJACENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT 6

A crowded corridor. A lineup of TEENS and TWENTY-SOMETHINGS glance momentarily back at Jackson. None particularly surprised to see him, they return to impatient chatting.

Inching around, Jackson peers ahead to see the line ends at an old WOOD-SLATTED ELEVATOR.

6 CONTINUED:

6

Dark figures quickly trade CASH for TICKETS through the slats. Two teenage girls step from the head of the line and hurry off past--

Matt. Nervously staring at Jackson.

MATT

Hey... Jackson. You're not going to punch me again, are you?

Jackson cocks his head as if confused. Almost like he doesn't even recognize Matt.

MATT (CONT'D)

You want to go ahead of me?

Jackson nods. Matt steps aside and lets him in. Breathing in relief, he notices someone else behind the crowd.

Scott. Except he's not stepping into line. He's watching. Keeping his eyes on Jackson.

Matt throws him a questioning glance, but Scott shakes his head, a surreptitious request to act normal. Finally, Matt looks forward again while Scott pulls back into the shadows, into the darkness where--

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

7

A DESK LAMP clicks on. Under the glow, Sheriff Stilinski pulls off the wrapper from a burger. But when he takes a bite, he nearly chokes on it.

STILINSKI

What the hell is this?

Food in his cheek, he glares across the desk at Stiles.

STILES

It's a turkey burger.

STILINSKI

I asked for a hamburger.

STILES

Turkey's healthier.

STILINSKI

Why are you trying to ruin my life?

STILES

I'm trying to *extend* your life. Now eat it and tell me what you found.

STILINSKI

I'm not sharing confidential police work with a teenager.

STILES

Is it on the board behind you?

Stiles leans toward the papers and photos pinned to a board behind Stilinski's desk.

STILINSKI

Don't look at that. Avert your eyes.

STILES

What are those arrows pointing to the pictures?

STILINSKI

All right, okay--I found one thing. Will you stop if I tell you?

(off Stiles's nod)

The mechanic and the couple who were murdered all had something in common.

STILES

All three?

STILINSKI

All three. And you know what I always say. One's an incident. Two's a coincidence.

STILES

Three's a pattern.

STILINSKI

The mechanic, the husband, the wife. All the same age. All twenty-four.

STILES

(thinking about it)

But what about Mr. Lahey? Isaac's dad wasn't anywhere near twenty-four.

STILINSKI

That's what made me think either Lahey's murder wasn't connected or the ages had to be coincidence.

7

CONTINUED:

7

Stilinski opens a file marked LAHEY to show him.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

Until I found this...

He pushes the file over to show a picture of a YOUNG MAN in army fatigues.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

Isaac Lahey had an older brother named Victor.

STILES

(reading)

Died in combat.

STILINSKI

If he was still alive today, guess how old he would be?

STILES

Twenty-four.

8

INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

8

Still focused on Jackson, Scott slips into the line.

SCOTT

Matt. Hey, Matt. How much are the tickets?

MATT

Seventy-five.

SCOTT

Holy... um, okay. Can I borrow some money?

MATT

How much?

SCOTT

Seventy-five?

Ahead, Jackson inches toward the front of the line. He leans out, trying to see the ticket seller behind the wood slats. But is able to catch only glimpses of faces.

9

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

9

Faces of the Kanima victims--Sean, Jessica, the Mechanic and Lahey--stare back at Stiles from Stilinski's wall.

STILES

What if same age means same class?

Stiles focuses on the photo of the Mechanic wearing a Beacon Hills Lacrosse jersey.

STILES (CONT'D)

Did you think of that?

STILINSKI

Well... I would have. Lahey's file came in to me only two hours ago.

STILES

Two hours, Dad? Someone could be dying.

STILINSKI

I'm aware of that, thank you!

Moments later - HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOKS and PACKED TRANSCRIPT FOLDERS drop down onto the desk. Stiles flips one open while Stilinski quickly pours over transcripts and paperwork.

STILES

This is it. Class of 2006. They all went to Beacon Hills.

Stilinski holds up another page.

STILINSKI

Including Isaac's brother.

STILES

So what if they all knew each other? Two of them got married. Maybe they all hung out?

STILINSKI

They could've had the same classes...

Stilinski trails off, stopping on a TRANSCRIPT PAGE.

STILES

What?

STILINSKI

Same teacher.

Stiles moves to his side to look at the page.

STILES

All of them were in *his* class?

STILINSKI

All four. I'm not sure how Lahey fits in, but this--this is definitely a pattern.

The transcript is for a class titled *Intermediate Chemistry* with MR. ADRIAN HARRIS. Pictured at the top of the page, his disdainful eyes peer out through black-rimmed glasses.

STILES

(a whisper)

Harris.

Stilinski moves quickly, yanking the desk phone off its hook.

STILINSKI

Grab the one for 2006. These names. We need faces for them.

STILES

Which ones?

STILINSKI

All of the names in the Chemistry class. If the killer isn't done killing...

STILES

(realizing)

One of them's next.

Stiles snaps up the 2006 yearbook. Pages flipping forward, black and white high school photos rise into focus. The faces of young men and girls. One smiling girl in particular--

THE PROMOTER of the underground show. Flanked by TWO BODYGUARDS in the elevator, she's now 24, far tougher and wiser looking than her high school picture.

PROMOTER

Next! Let's go, you little tweakers.

One hand full of cash, the other with a dwindling supply of tickets, she peers through the wood slats at Jackson.

PROMOTER (CONT'D)

How many?

10

CONTINUED:

10

Jackson responds by slowly raising a single finger. Unnerved, the Promoter slides one TICKET through the slats. Jackson reaches up with his money and--

Briefly *touches hands* with the Promoter as ticket and twenties are exchanged.

Scott peers out from the line to see the exchange and to notice the disturbed look on the Promoter's face as she retreats back a step behind the wood-slats.

PROMOTER (CONT'D)
(to her bodyguards)
Done for tonight.

Under a chorus of sighs from those in line who didn't get tickets, the elevator's MOTOR sputters into action.

From below, Jackson watches the Promoter rise in the elevator. Eyes fixed on her with the calculation and coldness of a predator staring down its next prey.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

11

INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

11

Dark-clothed figures move urgently down the hospital corridor. Leading them is the same EMT who was at the aftermath of the attack at the night club.

He glances back to Argent and Allison. Then motions for both to follow around a corner.

12

INT. HOSPITAL/AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

12

The door clicks open and the EMT pulls his keys out of the lock. Argent gives him a nod and shuts the door behind him. Alone, he and Allison face steel tables with two sheet-covered BODIES lying on them.

ARGENT
This one...

He pulls up the toe tag to read from it.

ARGENT (CONT'D)
Sean. Sean was killed by this thing
Gerard says is a kind of
shapeshifter that hasn't been
around for centuries.

ALLISON

The thing you shot outside the club
the other night.

ARGENT

A South American legend we know of
calls it the Kanima.

Allison nods, trying to seem as if it's a word she's heard
for the first time. Argent watches her closely, gauging the
reaction. Then moves to the second body.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

This one... Jessica. She was
smothered to death after giving
birth. The police think it was done
by someone else. We think it's a
person who controls the other
shapeshifter. That means two
killers, Allison. One human. One
not.

ALLISON

What happened to the baby?

ARGENT

Social services is trying to find
next-of-kin. It was a girl, by the
way.

He steps around the body, fingers skirting the edge of the
sheet as if threatening to tear it off.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

You know the question I had when
Gerard first told me about our
family? *Why us?* He quoted me
Winston Churchill: *The price of
greatness is responsibility.*

His gloved hand grips the sheet. Allison tenses for the
reveal of the body. But instead, Argent straightens the
sheet, gently smoothing it out.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

Personally, I think it's more about
knowledge. What we know--the truth
we know about the world--*that* makes
us responsible. For a young couple.
Their newborn daughter. Anyone who
doesn't have the power to defend
themselves. Are you starting to get
it?

12

CONTINUED:

12

ALLISON

I get that this isn't a lecture.
It's an interrogation. Am I right?

ARGENT

That depends on what you know.
Gerard showed me the library. The
cameras didn't catch everything,
but do you really think a little
high school fight can explain that
amount of damage?

ALLISON

Does he... Does he know about
Scott?

ARGENT

No. But he suspects. We understand
you're trying to protect your
friends. But people are dying. A
child was orphaned. What you know
makes you responsible.

Argent yanks the sheet from Jessica's body. Allison holds
still as she looks, trying not to react.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

It makes you responsible for this.

And finally, Allison meets his eyes.

ALLISON

What do you want me to tell you?

ARGENT

Anything you know. Anything that
can lead us to answering the one
question that might mean
everything...

He steps forward, leveling a glare on her she rarely sees as
he emphasizes each word.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

Who controls the Kanima?

13

INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/WAITING AREA - NIGHT

13

THE DEAD BOLT clicks back on the front door. Scott steps
aside to let Derek and Isaac in.

SCOTT

What's he doing here?

13

CONTINUED:

13

DEREK

I need him.

SCOTT

I don't trust him.

ISAAC

He doesn't trust you either.

DEREK

And Derek doesn't care. Now where's
the vet and is he going to help us
or not?

DEATON (O.S.)

That depends.

They turn to see Deaton watching them from just beyond the
examining room.

DEATON (CONT'D)

Your friend Jackson. Are we
planning to kill him? Or save him?

SCOTT

Save him.

DEREK AND ISAAC

Kill him.

SCOTT

(with a glare at them)

Save him.

(reassuring Deaton)

Save him.

14

INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

14

Deaton unlocks a drawer to reveal dozens of GLASS JARS,
different grains and petals inside.

Most interesting to Derek's eyes are the Celtic symbols on
each jar's lid - a TRIQUETA, an AWEN, TARANIS WHEEL and
others. Isaac reaches for a jar but Derek grabs him by the
wrist.

DEREK

Watch what you touch.

Deaton takes one jar with the symbol of a SHIELD KNOT on it
and views the contents inside.

ISAAC

What are you? Some kind of witch?

DEATON

No, I'm a veterinarian. But I do have experience treating an unusually wide variety of animal.

He places the jar back with a look of dissatisfaction.

DEATON (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, I'm not sure if anything here is going to be an effective defense against a paralytic toxin.

DEREK

We're open to suggestions.

ISAAC

How about an effective *offense*?

DEREK

We tried.

(to Deaton)

I nearly ripped its head off and Argent emptied an entire clip into it. The thing just gets back up. If anything, I think it's getting stronger.

DEATON

Has it shown any weaknesses?

DEREK

One. It's either afraid of water or it can't swim.

DEATON

Does that go for Jackson as well?

SCOTT

No. He's a perfect swimmer.

Deaton thinks a moment. Then removes a new item from the drawer. A old, scratched steel PENDANT.

DEATON

Essentially you're trying to catch two people. A puppet and puppeteer.

He places the odd piece on the table. It's the symbol of CERNUNNOS, a horned God seated in a meditative position. He's encircled by a snake which he grasps at the throat in his right hand.

DEATON (CONT'D)

One killed the husband. But the other had to take care of the wife. Do we know why?

SCOTT

I don't think Jackson could do it. His mother died pregnant too. She might have been murdered. I think he couldn't let the same thing happen to someone else.

ISAAC

How do you know it's not part of the rules? The Kanima kills murderers. If Jackson killed the wife, the baby would have died too.

SCOTT

Then doesn't that mean your father was a murderer?

ISAAC

Wouldn't surprise me if he was.

DEREK

But the Bestiary said if the bond's strong enough, it'll kill whoever the Master wants it to.

DEATON

Hold on. The book says they're bonded. What if the fear of water isn't coming from Jackson, but from the person controlling him?

He pulls another jar from the drawer, this one filled with a gray ash. The symbol on it is for ROWAN. Deaton unscrews the lid and begins lightly pouring out the contents around the amulet with Cernunnos on it.

DEATON (CONT'D)

That could mean the same properties that affect a creature like the Kanima will also affect its human Master.

ISAAC

And that means what?

SCOTT

It means we can catch them.

14

CONTINUED:

14

He looks down to the circle of MOUNTAIN ASH formed around Cernunnos and his Snake.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Both of them.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

15 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - DAY

15

With Scott riding shotgun, Stiles pulls his Jeep into the parking lot amid students hurrying for first period.

SCOTT

There's got to be some other way to get tickets, right?

STILES

It's a secret show. There's only one way. And it's a *secret*.

At the bike racks, Matt notices them getting out of the Jeep. Snapping his bike lock in place, he hurries to catch up.

MATT

Hey, either of you know why nobody's getting suspended for what happened the other day?

STILES

Forget about it. Nobody got hurt.

MATT

I got a concussion.

STILES

Nobody got seriously hurt.

MATT

I was in the ER for six hours.

STILES

You really want the truth, Matt? Your little bump on the head is about this high on our list of problems right now.

While Stiles holds his hand as low as his arm will reach, Scott steps in to give a more sincere response.

SCOTT

Are you okay?

MATT

Yeah. Fine now. And I saw you didn't get tickets last night either.

15

CONTINUED:

15

SCOTT

You know if they're still selling?

MATT

No. I managed to find two online.
You should keep trying. Sounds like
everyone's going to be there.

FIRST BELL RINGS and Matt heads off.

STILES

You sure about this?

SCOTT

Last time, whoever's controlling
Jackson had to kill someone because
he couldn't finish the job. So what
do you think he's going to do this
time?

STILES

Be there to make sure it happens.

16

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

16

Coach steps out of his office to address the tired players
stripping off lacrosse gear after practice.

COACH

Can anyone tell me where the hell
Jackson is or why he missed morning
practice? Jackson, your Co-Captain.
Nice hair. Flawless cheek bones.

At their lockers, Stiles whispers to Scott.

STILES

I thought you were keeping an eye
on him.

SCOTT

I can't watch him night and day.

COACH

Anyone at all? Stilinski?

STILES

Sorry Coach, I haven't seen him
since the last time I saw him.

COACH

(slightly confused)
When was that?

STILES

The last time I saw him? It was definitely the time I saw him last.

COACH

(bewildered)

Stilinski... I really don't like you. Danny, tell Jackson no missing practice when championships are coming up.

DANNY

Sure, Coach.

Danny turns back to Scott for a hushed conversation.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Sorry, but I only got two tickets for myself.

Stiles leans out from behind Scott.

STILES

Do you have a date yet?

DANNY

I'm working on it.

STILES

How about you give the tickets to us and devote yourself to a life of abstinence?

Before Danny can respond, an impatient Isaac grabs Scott and Stiles, yanking them away by their pads.

ISAAC

How do you two losers even survive?

SCOTT

What are we supposed to do? No one's selling.

Looking past them, Isaac spots TWO FRESHMAN walking in for gym class.

ISAAC

Wait here.

Scott and Stiles watch him walk off. Then flinch back at the sound of bodies SLAMMING AGAINST LOCKERS. Repeatedly. Stiles and Scott watch helplessly, looks of sympathetic agony on their faces.

16

CONTINUED:

16

STILES

Oh, that looks painful. That's
just... yeah, that's not right.

Isaac returns to hand them TWO TICKETS. Stiles stares past in muted shock while Scott levels a displeased glare on Isaac.

ISAAC

Enjoy the show.

As he pushes through the locker room door--

17

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CHEMISTRY CLASS - DAY

17

A nervous Allison turns around in the dark and empty Chemistry classroom. Waiting. Pacing. The door clicks open and she spins back to see Scott slipping inside.

ALLISON

Sorry, I know you said we can't
talk like this anymore.

SCOTT

What happened?

She speaks fast, trying to choose words carefully.

ALLISON

Last night, my Dad and I--he knows
about the last two murders--he
knows there were two killers. He
and Gerard...

She trails off, struggling with telling him everything.

SCOTT

Okay, that's not that bad. If he
knows, fine. I'm actually more
worried about your mom.

ALLISON

What do you mean?

SCOTT

Remember how I got pulled out of
detention to go to the office? She
was the one I talked to. She was
asking these questions about us.
Really specific questions. And
there were pencils being sharpened.

ALLISON

Pencils?

SCOTT

Just trust me. It was bad. We need to do something. Like even be seen with other people.

ALLISON

You mean be seen dating?

SCOTT

Yeah. Maybe more.
(off her look)
What?

ALLISON

Well, I'm not sure how it happened or how I said yes, but I'm actually supposed to hang out with Matt.

SCOTT

That's great. It's perfect. Go out with him.

ALLISON

Seriously?

SCOTT

Yeah. Make a big deal of it in front of your Mom. Even kiss him if you have to.

ALLISON

Kiss him? You sure about that?

SCOTT

Totally.

ALLISON

Like *really* kiss him?

SCOTT

Well, what's *really* kiss him?

ALLISON

Like this.

Allison pulls him closer to demonstrate. Lips opening to his, body pushing into his. She leaves him momentarily breathless.

SCOTT

Yeah, not like that.

She smiles. But it fades quickly.

17

CONTINUED:

17

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What is it?

ALLISON

Nothing. I better go.

Scott nods. She starts toward the door. Both seeming to want to say something else, neither able to find the words. Until Scott remembers to whisper three important ones:

SCOTT

I love you.

She pauses. Her response comes quickly. Too quickly.

ALLISON

You too.

Turning again, she slips into the rush of students. A troubled Scott waits for a moment and then falls into the crowd as well, letting the door close behind him.

If either of them had turned around to look at the door to the adjoining room, they might have spotted a FACE at its center window.

Allison's mother, Victoria, who does not look pleased. Not pleased at all.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18

INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

18

Deaton holds up a VIAL of CLEAR LIQUID to the light. Scott and Stiles step forward for a closer look.

SCOTT

Ketamine?

DEATON

Same thing we use on the dogs. Just a higher dosage.

Deaton hands Scott the vial and a HYPODERMIC.

DEATON (CONT'D)

If you can get close enough to Jackson, it should slow him down enough to buy you some time.

STILES

Ketamine for the Kanima.
(off their looks)
Yeah, that wasn't funny.

Deaton places a glass JAR in front of Stiles filled with gray ash. The symbol on the top of the jar is for Rowan.

DEATON

This is a sample of what you'll use to create the barrier. Now, this part is for you, Stiles. And only you.

STILES

That sounds like a lot of pressure. Could we find a slightly less pressure-filled task for me?

Deaton pours a touch of the ash into his hand to show him.

DEATON

It's from a mountain ash tree which is believed by many cultures to protect against the supernatural. This office is lined with mountain ash wood which makes it difficult for someone like Scott to cause me any trouble.

STILES

So I spread this around the whole building and neither Jackson or whoever's controlling him won't be able to cross it?

DEATON

(nodding)

They'll be trapped.

SCOTT

That doesn't sound too hard.

DEATON

That's not all there is. Think of it like gunpowder. It's just powder until a spark ignites it. You need to be that spark, Stiles.

STILES

If you mean light myself on fire, I'm not sure I'm up for that.

DEATON

Let me try a different analogy. I used to play golf. What's interesting about the best golfers is they never swing without first imagining where they want the ball to go. They see it in their mind. And their mind takes over. It can be pretty extraordinary what the force of your own will can accomplish.

STILES

Force of will.

DEATON

If this is going to work, Stiles, you have to believe it.

Stiles nods. Then lowers his worried eyes to the jar on the table with its simple yet mysterious symbol for Rowan.

Gerard and Argent gather with SEVERAL HUNTERS in the basement, which serves as their armory and mission control. Allison watches the men arm up like a SWAT TEAM preparing for a dangerous assault.

Argent RACKS A SHOTGUN, gathering their attention.

ARGENT

All right. The concert's in a warehouse just inside the industrial sector. Allison has learned that Jackson Whittemore will be there and is very likely seeking his next target out of the crowd. Since we still have little clue as to just how strong he is, we need to remain extremely cautious.

He glances to Gerard who nods in agreement while casually swallowing a handful of capsules from a PILL BOX.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

When Allison has Jackson's location and determines him to be at the optimal point where we can take him down, she'll signal me. Optimal meaning as far away from the crowd as possible. There will be no collateral damage tonight.

(to Allison)

Go ahead.

All eyes on her, Allison steps back and heads for the stairs. When Gerard hears the door click shut, he looks to Argent.

GERARD

As willing a participant as she seems, your young protégé there also appears to be under the impression that we're planning a trap.

ARGENT

True. But she doesn't need to know anymore than that.

From the table full of weapons, Gerard pulls a TACTICAL SWITCHBLADE KNIFE.

GERARD

For the rest of us then, let me make it perfectly clear. You don't trap a creature this dangerous.

Thumbing the button, the black blade springs up before his eyes.

GERARD (CONT'D)

You kill it.

20

EXT. STILINSKI HOME/PORCH - NIGHT

20

Charging down the steps from the house, Stiles nearly collides with Stilinski returning home.

STILES

Can't talk, gotta' run.

He heads for his Jeep. But as Stilinski starts up the steps with his coat in his hands, Stiles skids back into view.

STILES (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

STILINSKI

Nothing. What do you mean?

STILES

You don't have your gun. You always have your gun.

He points to the lack of sidearm underneath Stilinski's coat.

STILINSKI

Yeah. I left it at the station.
With my badge.

STILES

What?

STILINSKI

It's all right. We can talk about it later.

STILES

Dad.

STILINSKI

It's nothing to worry about--

STILES

Dad.

STILINSKI

It's been decided that the son of the Sheriff stealing police property and getting a restraining order against him from one of Beacon Hills's most respected attorneys doesn't exactly reflect well on the county.

20

CONTINUED:

20

STILES

They fired you?

STILINSKI

Leave of Absence. It's temporary.

STILES

Did they say it was temporary?

STILINSKI

Actually, no. But it's fine. Don't worry about it. We're going to be fine.

STILES

Dad... Why aren't you angry at me?

Stilinski looks at the coat in his hands as if the answer might lie somewhere in its folds.

STILINSKI

I don't know. Maybe right now I just don't want to feel any worse than I already do by having to yell at my son.

He turns, heading for the door while leaving a guilt-ridden Stiles standing alone at edge of the steps.

21

EXT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY - NIGHT

21

Allison's car slides into a space outside the warehouse. She and Matt step out while other cars drift in.

MATT

Sorry I couldn't drive. My Dad usually lends me the car.

ALLISON

No problem. I'm used to it. I mean I was.

MATT

You mean Scott.

She nods. An awkward moment that becomes even more awkward as he holds out his hand for her. She reluctantly takes it. As they disappear into the building--

Stiles's Jeep swings around the corner and skids to a halt. He and Scott jump out and move to the back of the Jeep where TWO LARGE BAGS OF ASH lie.

21 CONTINUED:

21

SCOTT

You okay?

STILES

Yeah, why?

SCOTT

You didn't say a thing the whole way here.

STILES

I'm fine. Grab the other bag.

SCOTT

I can't. Remember, Deaton said you have to do it alone.

STILES

This plan is starting to suck.

But Scott doesn't hear him. Head turned up, he catches a scent. Then begins to back away.

SCOTT

(to himself)

No... Not here. Not now.

Bag of ash in his arms, Stiles watches Scott racing for the entrance to the building.

STILES

Scott? Scott what am I supposed to...

(yelling out)

Plan now officially sucks. It sucks!

22 INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

22

A crowd surges into the corridor, hurriedly turning one corner after another toward the muffled BEAT of HOUSE MUSIC.

Among them, Isaac's cold-blooded eyes provide a stark contrast to the excited young faces.

Following just behind, an increasingly less confident Erica throws nervous glances about as the crowd pushes down into--

23 INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/STAIRWELL - NIGHT

23

An old, winding stairwell. The concert-goers charge down with rising excitement.

23 CONTINUED:

23

The BEAT shakes the walls, pounding harder and harder as they reach the last step, bodies disappearing into almost complete darkness.

Hands dart up, grasping at DIRTY PLASTIC SHEETS hanging from the ceiling, pushing through as--

24 INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

24

THE MUSIC HITS LIKE A CLAP OF THUNDER. Beats slamming down and almost seeming to lift the dancing bodies off the floor.

A FIELD OF LASERS descend over the bodies in the packed main room. The most devoted fans push up against a CAGED DJ BOOTH.

Watching from behind security gates, the Promoter nods her head to the frenetic beat while all too unaware of someone else in the crowd--

Jackson.

Everything about him seems different. Calm and calculated, he moves like a snake. Slow turns of the head. Unblinking stare. A group of girls pass by, enveloping him in the crowd while--

Matt and Allison step into view. She smiles at him, trying to act normal. But then a look of alarm crosses her face when she finds Scott staring at her from the shadows.

ALLISON

Matt, give me a second. Okay?

He barely nods before she's off, hurrying toward Scott.

SCOTT

What are you doing?

ALLISON

You told me to go out with him.

SCOTT

But not *here*. You don't get it--we have a plan.

ALLISON

You have a plan? But my father and Gerard--they're coming.

SCOTT

Here? What did you tell them?

ALLISON

I told them...

SCOTT

Allison?

ALLISON

I had to tell them.

SCOTT

(realizing)

They know it's Jackson.

ALLISON

People are dying, Scott. What am I supposed to do?

SCOTT

You're supposed to trust me.

ALLISON

I trust you more than anyone.

SCOTT

We had a plan.

ALLISON

So do they.

SCOTT

(shaking his head)

This isn't going to work.

ALLISON

What do you want to me do? I'll fix it. Scott, please, tell me.

SCOTT

Stay out of the way.

ALLISON

Scott--

SCOTT

Just stay out of the way!

He turns, rushing past people drinking and dancing, every one of them blissfully unaware of the danger around them. And equally unaware of a miserable, frightened Allison Argent, pushing back tears at her eyes.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

25 EXT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY - NIGHT 25

Doors open on each side of TWO BLACK SUVs. Argent's men step out and fall into line behind him. They pass by Gerard who stands between the HEADLIGHTS on one vehicle.

GERARD
Careful, gentlemen.

He glances up past the roof of the building where ominous clouds gather above.

GERARD (CONT'D)
Something wicked this way comes.

26 INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 26

While the DJ brings his audience to new sonic highs, off in the shadows among plastic sheets and mesh cages, Scott hands the ampule of Ketamine to Isaac.

ISAAC
Why me?

SCOTT
Because I've got to see if I can get Argent to not completely ruin the plan.

Scott holds up the syringe for him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You have to do it intravenous. That means into a vein. Intramuscular's not going to work fast enough. When you find him, you take the cap off and stick the needle in the ampule.

ISAAC
And pull up to fill the syringe?

SCOTT
Right. Then turn the needle around and push on the plunger just a tiny bit to force the air out. Find a vein and go for it.

He hands Isaac the syringe.

26

CONTINUED:

26

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And be careful.

ISAAC

I doubt I'm going to even slightly hurt him.

SCOTT

I meant you. Don't you get hurt.

Isaac looks at him as if he can't quite understand why he would care. But Scott doesn't wait to notice. With a few steps, he disappears into the crowd, hurrying for the exit.

27

EXT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY - NIGHT

27

Turning the corner of the building, Argent and his men head for the entrance. But they pause when TWO SILHOUETTES appear standing just ahead of them.

Derek and Boyd step into the light.

ARGENT

Derek. Back off.

DEREK

Back off? That's all you've got? I was kind of hoping for a little more hard-edged tough guy talk from the veteran werewolf hunter.

ARGENT

(with a smile)

Okay, then. How about... Didn't anyone ever tell you not to bring claws to a gunfight?

A CHORUS OF METAL KA-CHUNKS and CLANGS fill the air as shotguns and handguns come up. Boyd leans over to Derek.

BOYD

That one sounded pretty good.

28

INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

28

Eyes sweeping the crowd, Jackson searches for the Promoter. Strangely entranced by the music, his head nods to the beat. Like a cobra mesmerized by a snake charmer.

Fingers brush against his arm. He turns to find Erica dancing near him. Moving closer, she brings her body to his, dancing with him.

28

CONTINUED:

28

Her fingers lightly guide his hands to her hips.

Grinding her body against his, she appears to have stolen his attention, music and movement hypnotizing him as they come closer and closer.

Isaac slips in behind Erica, his closed hand turning to reveal the uncapped SYRINGE, its point GLINTING in the light.

As their three bodies press tightly together under the pounding music, Isaac inches the syringe closer, preparing to strike.

But then Jackson's head snaps up. CLAWS OUT, he jams his hands in, one DIGGING into Erica's back, the other CUTTING right into Isaac's stomach.

The music buries Isaac and Erica's CRIES OF PAIN while Jackson jerks them closer to him. The pupils disappear from his eyes, replaced by a WHITE GLOW. His voice drops to an echoed, almost otherworldly rasp.

JACKSON

He belongs... to me.

Ripping his claws out, Jackson lets them go. Injured and bloody, Erica and Isaac stagger back.

THE SYRINGE slips out of Isaac's weakened grip and drops to the floor, rolling right into the crowd.

29

EXT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY - NIGHT

29

A HAIL OF SOUND-SUPPRESSED BULLETS PUNCTURES the side of the building as Boyd pushes up the arms of a gun-wielding Hunter.

Derek flips past them and kicks out, sending another Hunter soaring across the pavement.

BULLET CLIPS falling to the ground, Argent slips around a corner to reload.

Fangs out for blood, Boyd's eyes flare YELLOW as he launches toward a downed Hunter for the kill--

But is DRAGGED BACK to the pavement by Derek who snaps his head around to SNARL at him, sending his beta scrambling back.

When Derek turns again, PINS FIRE FROM A TASER INTO HIS RIGHT SIDE with a burst of BLUE ELECTRICITY.

29 CONTINUED: 29

Another pair of PINS catch him on his left side, sending him to his knees. He cries out in pain while--

30 EXT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/PARKING - NIGHT 30

On the parking side of the building, Gerard cautiously approaches the wall to discover something on the ground.

A thin line of GRAY ASH.

He kneels down to inspect it, fingers reaching out. But just before touching it, he pauses. Hand hovering just near the ash, he slowly draws back.

Stepping into a retreat, he turns and quickly hurries off.

31 INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 31

Navigating the crowd with renewed urgency, Jackson finally spots the Promoter.

She stands off to the side of the stage just behind a row of metal security barricades.

Sights set, he begins pushing people aside to get to her.

32 EXT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY - NIGHT 32

Inching around the building, Stiles carefully spreads a thin line of mountain ash on the ground from the plastic bag. But then he pauses, lifting the plastic bag up to see there's only a handful left inside.

He whirls around. Over twenty yards away lies the other end of the ash barrier. Stiles glances at the handful left in the bag.

STILES

No...

He doesn't have enough to complete the barrier. Not nearly enough.

33 INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 33

Pressing a hand to his still healing torso, Isaac scrambles to find the hypodermic.

It rolls between high tops, past sneakers and through boots. Struggling to keep his sights on it, Isaac reaches out to grab it only to get bumped aside.

Just nearby, Jackson inches closer to the Promoter.

33

CONTINUED:

33

She keeps her position at the edge of the stage just beyond a security barricade. Never seeming to notice Jackson coming at her. Never seeing--

THE NEEDLE PLUNGE INTO HIS NECK.

Isaac jams the syringe in and presses the plunger down with his thumb. With a shocked GASP, Jackson fall into Isaac's arms.

Dropping the needle to hold him up, Isaac looks to Erica with a triumphant smile. *It worked.*

34

EXT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/ALLEY - NIGHT

34

Scott slams out a door of the warehouse to finds himself in a deserted alleyway. Just as he's reaching into his pocket for his phone, HEADLIGHTS BLIND HIM.

Tires BURNING UP the pavement, a BLACK SUV charges toward Scott and SLAMS RIGHT INTO HIM.

Scott's body LAUNCHES into the air. With a bone-smacking CRASH, he tumbles across the pavement and lies still.

The door to the SUV clicks open. And Victoria Argent casually steps out to view her handiwork with a particularly pleased smile.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

35 EXT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY - NIGHT

35

With the last bit of mountain ash clutched in his hand, a panicked Stiles shouts at Scott through his phone.

STILES

Scott, pick up. Pick up now. I've still got like two hundred feet to cover and I'm out. So get your wolf ass over here and help me because I don't know what to do. I'm out here alone and I'm hearing gunfire and werewolves and I'm standing like an idiot with a handful of magic fairy dust and realizing I don't have *enough*.

He hangs up, pocketing the phone while looking helplessly at the pile of ash in his hand.

STILES (CONT'D)

Okay, he said believe. Need to believe. Believe, Stiles. Picture it. Imagine it working. Imagine...

He stops talking, noticing a car lined up with others. It has a bumper sticker that reads:

Imagination is more important than knowledge. - Einstein

Strangely calm now, Stiles looks back down to the ash in his palm. With a breath, he slowly turns his palm and begins walking, letting the last of the ash drift down--

Where it connects with the other end of the barrier.

Stunned, Stiles whirls around to find that somehow with no more than a few steps and a handful of ash, he's crossed over twenty yards and connected the two lines of ash.

The barrier is complete.

36 INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT

36

Slowly drifting back to consciousness, Scott notices he's lying on a concrete floor. The BEAT of the music can still be heard, but distant.

36

CONTINUED:

36

Victoria peers down to find Scott waking up. On a crate in front of her is a conical-shaped DIGITAL VAPORIZER.

VICTORIA

I'm sure you recognize this device.

Blinking away his blurred vision, Scott tries to focus on it.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

When we smoked pot it was in a rolled up piece of paper. These days it seems like all you kids get a free digital vaporizer with your medicinal marijuana card.

She takes out a VIAL, crushed PURPLE LEAVES inside it.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Here's the unfortunate truth, though. Just because you call it an herb, doesn't make it healthy.

Victoria carefully empties the contents of the vial into the top of the vaporizer.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

This type of wolfsbane is one of my favorites, actually. Lovely smell. You probably won't like it, however.

Victoria hits the start button and the vaporizer begins to hum softly as a soft cloud puffs out of it.

SCOTT

What... what are you... doing?

VICTORIA

(laughing)

What am I doing? Isn't it obvious? I'm killing you.

37

INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/ROOM - NIGHT

37

In a small supply room, Erica and Isaac prop Jackson in a chair. The door swings open and Stiles whips inside, surprising them.

STILES

Just me, just me. Is he okay?

Turning back to Jackson, Isaac flicks open his hand to reveal CLAWS at his fingertips.

37

CONTINUED:

37

ISAAC

Let's find out.

He slashes down. But without moving his head or even opening his eyes, Jackson's hand instantly wraps around Isaac's, catching him by the wrist in mid-strike.

Breath held, Erica and Stiles watch, waiting for the worst. But Jackson's hand slowly relaxes and lets go of Isaac. Everyone breathes.

STILES

Let's not try anything like that again, okay?

ISAAC

I thought the Ketamine was supposed to put him out?

STILES

Apparently this is all we get. So let's hope whoever's controlling him decided to show up tonight.

JACKSON

I'm here.

The three of them turn to look at Jackson. Head hanging to the side, his lips move.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Right here with you.

38

INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT

38

Victoria adjusts the vaporizer, aiming it more clearly at Scott.

VICTORIA

It's going to look like an accident. Like you had an asthma attack and couldn't get to your inhaler in time.

As the vapor begins to drift over Scott, he moves, as if trying to lift himself back to his feet.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Your school records show a pretty severe case of asthma. Since you haven't been carrying your inhaler anymore, it's easy to see how something like this could occur.

38

CONTINUED:

38

SCOTT

Stop...

Writhing up, his mouth falls open to reveal fangs.

VICTORIA

Too late. Looks like it's working.

Scott's eyes now turned a brilliant yellow, the transformation appears to be happening slowly but surely.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

It'll be hard for your mother, I know. I'll be sure to bring her a cake or something.

SCOTT

Allison...

VICTORIA

(nodding)

Hard for Allison too. But I think this is easier than her seeing you eventually get shot in the head by her own father. Really, it's all for the best.

Scott's clawed hands SCRAPE against the cement floor as he looks up to show he's now fully transformed. Pushing himself up from the floor, it looks as though he might actually get to his feet.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Ah, ah.

Victoria digs a heel into his back and shoves him down to the floor with a smile.

39

INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

39

Allison dances with Matt in the middle of the crowd. He watches her while she lets her eyes wander from one face to the next, trying to spot Jackson.

MATT

Want to move closer to the DJ?

She nods and he takes her hand to pull her further into the crowd. With her free hand she hits SEND on a text to her father that reads: *I can't find him.*

When she looks up from the phone, she almost SLAMS right into Mr. Harris. She blinks, shocked to see him.

39 CONTINUED:

39

He's in a leather jacket, no glasses, while also holding the hand of a very pretty and rather young-looking BLONDE.

HARRIS

She's twenty-one.

Allison slowly nods. Harris yanks the girl away.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I told you I'd see a student here.

40 EXT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY - NIGHT

40

Argent's phone LIGHTS UP in his pocket, VIBRATING as he drags one of his Hunters behind a dumpster for cover. Breathing hard, he glances at Allison's text while a few yards away--

Derek, also breathless, eases a bloodied Boyd against the side of the building.

BOYD

Think I stopped healing.

DEREK

(shaking his head)

Bullets. Laced with wolfsbane. You have to go. Take the car.

BOYD

What about you?

DEREK

I need to find Scott. Go.

Keys in hand, Boyd begins to back away. Derek turns around, allowing a flash of pain to fall over his face as his Beta retreats behind him.

41 INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/ROOM - NIGHT

41

Stiles cautiously approaches the seated Jackson.

STILES

Jackson? Is that you?

JACKSON

Us. We're all here.

Stiles throws a look to Erica and Isaac. They both shake their heads at him, bewildered.

STILES

Are you the one killing people?

41

CONTINUED:

41

JACKSON

We're the ones killing *murderers*.

STILES

So everyone you've killed so far--

JACKSON

Deserved it.

STILES

We have a little rule book that says that you only kill murderers. Ever break the rules?

JACKSON

Anything can break if enough pressure is applied.

STILES

(to the others)

That doesn't sound good for us.

(to Jackson)

So the people you're killing are all murderers?

JACKSON

All. Each. Every one.

STILES

Who did they murder?

JACKSON

Me.

STILES

What? What do you mean *you*?

JACKSON

They murdered *me*.

Stiles looks to the others questioningly. But both Isaac and Erica now appear suddenly fearful. Stiles turns around to see Jackson's head now stands straight, eyes open and glowing.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

They murdered me. *And they won't do it again.*

42

INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

42

Allison and Matt step out to join the crowd hanging at the outskirts of the dancing.

42

CONTINUED:

42

MATT

You're not having a good time.

ALLISON

Sorry.

MATT

What's wrong?

ALLISON

Ever feel like you have the best intentions but you're just making one mistake after another?

MATT

No. Unlike the rest of humanity I'm perfect.

Allison smiles at the joke. And Matt kisses her. She lurches back, breaking away from him with a look of surprise.

MATT (CONT'D)

Oh God. That was the worst mistake ever. I'm so totally sorry.

ALLISON

No, it's okay. I mean, it's not okay, but... I need to make a call.

She moves quickly, rushing, almost running to get away from him. Distraught, all he can do is watch her disappear.

43

INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/ROOM - NIGHT

43

Stiles, Erica and Isaac cautiously inch back from Jackson while scales rapidly begin forming on his arms, skin changing texture right before their eyes.

STILES

Somebody please give him more Ketamine. Please, do it now.

ISAAC

We don't have anymore.

Isaac raises the ampule to show it's completely empty. And Jackson is now on his feet, mouth opening to reveal two rows of razor sharp teeth.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

44 INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/ROOM - NIGHT 44

Half in, half out of the transformation, Jackson's head snaps about, SCALES rippling up his neck. Eyes locked on the sight, Stiles's hand comes up to push at the others.

STILES

Out, out, go--

45 INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 45

The door SLAMS open and shuts just as quickly. Isaac, Erica and Stiles outside of the room now.

STILES

Find something to block the door--

But it's the wall next to the door that EXPLODES OUTWARD. Jackson crashes through and is gone before the splinters hit the floor.

46 INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 46

The Promoter cups her hands and shouts up to the DJ booth.

PROMOTER

Five minutes!

The DJ waves his hand dismissively at her while she returns to packing up sound equipment. Latching a steel case, she lifts it up and--

CLAWS GO RIGHT INTO HER THROAT.

Mouth open, eyes wide in terror she gazes at the snarling Kanima as blood pours over her lips.

The clawed hand rips back and the Promoter drops to the floor. Her body jerks in dying spasms while the fast-paced BEAT of the music begins to change, pounding drums becoming the one-two thump of a HEARTBEAT.

A beat that slows. And eventually stops.

47 INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT 47

Scott lurches onto his back, sucking in a pained gasp while Victoria watches with amusement, almost relishing his last moments.

47

CONTINUED:

47

VICTORIA

Alpha, Beta... But what are you Scott? *Omega*. Don't you know the lone wolf never survives without a pack? I remember hearing the cry of an Omega once. It's a miserable sound. The howl of a lone wolf.

Scott's eyes fall closed as his breathing slows to a deathly gasp. But then the words of his best friend drift up from his memory to remind him of something crucial.

STILES (V.O.)

Do you even know why a wolf howls?

Strength seems to surge back into Scott's clawed hands as they push up against the floor.

STILES (V.O.)

It's a signal. When a wolf's alone it howls to signal its location to the rest of the pack.

Alarmed, Victoria rises, noticing his eyes blinking open.

SCOTT

I'm not...

VICTORIA

What? What's that?

SCOTT

I'm not... alone.

Scott's eyes flare with a YELLOW GLOW as he pushes himself up, mouth opening wide. And with his last breath--HE HOWLS.

48

EXT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY - NIGHT

48

Concert over, people begin streaming out the door, heading for their cars. Stiles races from the crowd. His eyes immediately land on Derek approaching.

STILES

Jackson's still inside. We lost him but...

He notices Isaac and Erica paused on the warehouse side of the ash, looking frightened. *They can't cross.*

STILES (CONT'D)

(astonished)

It's working.

48

CONTINUED:

48

But then a sound rises above the chatter of the crowd, soaring into Derek's super hearing. A HOWLING.

DEREK

Scott.

Without even thinking, Derek bolts for the warehouse. But his boots stop right in front of the ASH BARRIER. He can't move.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Stiles! Stiles, break the barrier!

STILES

Are you kidding? It's working. For the first time ever one of our plans is actually working!

DEREK

Scott's dying.

STILES

What? How do you know--

DEREK

I just know! Break the barrier. *Do it now.*

His voice THUNDERS at him. Nearly shaken off his feet, Stiles hurries toward the ash line. He kneels in front of it, brings his hand up with the palm out, and swings down.

49

INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT

49

Lying still as the wolfsbane vapor fills the room, Scott's eyes turn from YELLOW to BROWN and slowly close.

SCOTT

Allison...

Unable to open his eyes, he tries to make his lips move.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Please... please tell her... I'm sorry.

As Scott stops breathing--the door BURSTS OPEN.

Derek CRASHES in, eyes darting across the room. Scott on the floor. The vaporizer. But no Victoria.

Because she's behind him. Raising up a TACTICAL KNIFE, she plunges it right into his back. Derek's eyes FLARE RED as he ROARS in pain.

49

CONTINUED:

49

With an animal ferocity of her own, Victoria rips the knife out, preparing to stab again. But Derek spins to defend himself, teeth and claws SLASHING out.

Victoria staggers off him, knife clattering to the floor. Their bodies move fast, impossible to tell what's happening.

Gasping for his own life, Derek finds Scott on the cement floor and--with his last bit of strength--he lifts him up.

Victoria is gone. The music stopped, replaced by a new sound rising in the distance... POLICE SIRENS.

50

EXT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY - NIGHT

50

A back door opens. Allison hurries out, glancing around. Hearing SIRENS she turns and SCREAMS.

GERARD

It's just me.

Gerard reaches for her, pulling her away from the building.

GERARD (CONT'D)

We better get you out of here.

ALLISON

(distraught)

It didn't work. None of it worked.

With a smile, he puts a protective arm around her.

GERARD

I wouldn't say that. In fact, I'd say the prognosis isn't nearly as dire as it seems.

(eyeing the ash barrier)

Not nearly.

51

INT. BEACON HILLS SUPPLY/BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

51

Sheriff's Deputies surround the backstage. Behind the security gates, the DJ's crew and other witnesses look on the BODY OF THE PROMOTER. Face down in a pool of blood.

The shoe of one civilian carefully steps around the blood. Former Sheriff, Stilinski. He does not go unnoticed by the District Attorney and Jackson's father, Mr. Whittemore.

MR. WHITTEMORE

Really think it's a good idea being here?

51 CONTINUED:

51

STILINSKI

You going to ask me to leave?

MR. WHITTEMORE

What do you want, Stilinski?

The former Sheriff unfolds a piece of paper from his coat.

STILINSKI

Her name.

Whittemore looks at him for a moment, then gives in.

MR. WHITTEMORE

It was Kara. Kara Simmons.

Stilinski peers down at the list of names for Mr. Harris's 2006 Intermediate Chemistry.

STILINSKI

(a whisper to himself)

She's not here.

Crumpling the paper in his hands he peers up at Kara Simmons's body and the mystery surrounding it.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

She's not on the list.

52 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

52

Deaton pulls a syringe out of Scott's arm and eases him back onto the table. Scott's weary eyes close and he passes out.

Slumped on the floor against the brick wall, Derek wheezes with difficulty.

DEREK

Thank you.

Still gasping, Derek closes his own eyes. Deaton drops the syringe into a safety bin and steps out of the examining room.

53 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/WAITING AREA - NIGHT

53

In the moonlit front of the clinic, Deaton moves for his desk but then pauses when he notices someone seated in the waiting area, half in shadow.

MS. MORRELL

I can't decide if I admire your sentimentality. Or despise it.

DEATON

If I want your opinion I'll make an appointment with the Guidance office.

MS. MORRELL

From the state of things I think you could use a little guidance. Are you really going to leave all of this up to a couple of kids?

DEATON

They're more capable than you think.

MS. MORRELL

And are you going to tell them what's coming?

Eyes on the examining room, he shakes his head.

DEATON

They've got enough to worry about.

Boots crushing gravel beneath him, Argent rushes around the corner of the building and into the dimly lit alleyway. Gun in hand, he searches the shadows and then sees her.

Victoria pushes herself off the side of the building and starts toward him.

VICTORIA

Chris...

Stepping into the light, she pulls a hand from her shoulder to reveal the aftermath of her confrontation with Derek. The imprints in the blood are unmistakable. It's a bite mark.

The bite of an Alpha.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE