

TEEN WOLF
Episode #209
by
Jeff Davis

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New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #209
Episode Twenty-One

TEEN WOLF

"Episode Twenty-One"

EP#209

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

PETER..... IAN BOHEN
ARGENT..... JR BOURNE
VICTORIA..... EADDY MAYS
GERARD..... MICHAEL HOGAN
MATT..... STEPHEN LUNSFORD
ISAAC..... DANIEL SHARMAN
BOYD..... SINQUA WALLS
ERICA..... GAGE GOLIGHTLY
STILINSKI..... LINDEN ASHBY
DRAG QUEEN.....
KID.....
MOTHER.....
FATHER.....
DANIELLE.....

TEEN WOLF

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Set List

INTERIORS

MARTIN HOME
 LYDIA'S BATHROOM
 LYDIA'S ROOM
 STAIRWELL/FOYER
 LIVING ROOM
 FOYER
 BEDROOM
 GUEST HOUSE
ARGENT HOME
 BASEMENT
 ALLISON'S ROOM
ABANDONED RAIL STATION
 STATION
 TRAIN
ALLISON'S CAR
STILINSKI HOME
 STILES'S ROOM
HALE HOUSE

EXTERIORS

LACROSSE FIELD
SUBURBAN STREET
MARTIN HOME
 EXTERIOR
 POOL
 STREET

TEEN WOLF
Episode #209

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. MARTIN HOME/LYDIA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 1

PLUMES OF STEAM billow up under the white noise of a shower spray. Eyes closed, Lydia stands underneath the water, letting it pummel her neck and shoulders.

She blinks her eyes open when another sound drifts in. VOICES. Distant, but rising.

Confused, Lydia turns off the water, listening to what sounds like the muted ROAR of a CROWD. With a shaky hand, she grasps the shower curtain and draws it back to reveal an impossible sight just beyond it--

THE HIGH SCHOOL LACROSSE FIELD where dozens of fans in the bleachers cheer and holler for their Beacon Hills team.

2 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT 2

Lydia blinks, gazing on the crowd while completely alone in the field. Peering down, she discovers she's now wearing her WINTER FORMAL DRESS.

The crowd CHEERS as if a goal had been scored despite Lydia remaining the only one on the field.

Amid the excited crowd, one TEENAGE GIRL can be seen SHRIEKING. Silent, terrified screams. No one seems to pay any attention, their smiling faces offering a bizarre contrast.

Coach sits at the benches among his players. Helmets pulled low, they sit like gladiators ready for the attack.

Then, as if sensing another presence, Lydia begins to turn.

A SILHOUETTE walks out from between the LIGHTS. With a steady and purposeful gait, Peter Hale rapidly crosses the field toward Lydia.

Retreating back, she spins to run when a HAND grabs her. Lydia opens her mouth to scream, but the crowd's CHEERS drown her out.

Fangs distended, Peter ruthlessly drags her to the ground. She struggles forward, digging at the grass.

2

CONTINUED:

2

In the bleachers, a spectator raises a SIGN that reads: *We Love You Lydia!*

Another SIGN rises next to it: *Everyone Loves Lydia!*

Among them, the Teenage Girl continues her frantic, silent SCREAMING, fingers clawing at her neck as if she were literally on fire.

Lydia struggles, trying to free herself from Peter's grasp while the CHEERING is rapidly overtaken by horrifying SNARLS. The snapping and thrashing of teeth. VICIOUS GROWLS rising to an ear-shattering crescendo as--

3

INT. MARTIN HOME/LYDIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

3

Lydia snaps her head up with a shocked gasp. Clutching sheets and blankets in her hands, she finds herself in bed.

For a moment, her body eases, settling with a relieved breath. Until she draws back the sheets to find CLUMPS OF DIRT from the lacrosse field all over the bed.

LYDIA

Leave me alone.

PETER

Unfortunately, I can't.

On the bed behind her, he whispers into her ear.

PETER (CONT'D)

At least not yet.

She doesn't turn around, too frightened to look at him.

LYDIA

Are you real?

PETER

Interestingly, that question could also be answered with *not yet*.

As she closes her eyes, his clawed fingers glide lovingly up her bare arms to her shoulders.

PETER (CONT'D)

I promise things will get back to normal. All you have to do, Lydia, is every single thing I ask.

His claws dig into her skin causing her to snap her eyes open.

4

INT. MARTIN HOME/STAIRWELL/FOYER - NIGHT

4

Finding herself at the top of the stairs, Lydia nearly stumbles into a fall. She grabs the banister to steady herself. But then Peter takes her arm, pulling her down.

PETER

Timing is key here, Lydia. Crucial, really.

He yanks her roughly down the last steps while she glances back noticing odd drips of BLACK BLOOD seeping horizontally across the wall.

PETER (CONT'D)

It all needs to happen by the next full moon. Do you know what they call the full moon in March, Lydia? The Worm Moon.

Lydia looks down to see her bare feet surrounded by WORMS.

PETER (CONT'D)

They call it that because it was the last moon of winter and the worms would crawl out of the earth as it thawed.

Lydia gazes up at Peter. Now caked in dirt, dozens of glistening EARTH WORMS crawl over him, between his clothes, through his hair.

PETER (CONT'D)

Kind of has the feel of a rebirth, doesn't it?

He puts a gentle hand at her lower back, urging her forward.

5

INT. MARTIN HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

5

Lydia steps into the living room with Peter who is perfectly clean once again. They stop at a window looking out on the house's back patio and pool where a PARTY is in full swing.

LYDIA

But the full moon is on Wednesday. That's my birthday.

PETER

Exactly. And Lydia's birthday is always the party of the year, isn't it? Everyone wants to be invited to Lydia's party.

5

CONTINUED:

5

Within the crowd, Lydia spots herself cheerfully handing out drinks in plastic cups.

PETER (CONT'D)

So we're going to have to make it a very special party.

LYDIA

What if I don't?

The view outside changes instantly. The party guests now lie on the ground, dead and *bloodied*. A BODY floats in the pool.

PETER

I think it's best if we just make a plan and stick to it. That way no one gets hurt.

Peter looks from Lydia to the party guests outside who now stand, silently staring at Lydia with blank, lifeless eyes.

Arm around her, Peter guides Lydia away from the window.

LYDIA

Why me?

PETER

Because Lydia Martin is not only beautiful, not only incredibly intelligent, she's also immune.

LYDIA

Immune to what?

PETER

That's right. No one's told you yet, have they? I bet you've felt like the last to know for a long time. That doesn't feel good, does it?

Lydia shakes her head.

PETER (CONT'D)

Then you deserve to know everything. And it's probably better if I just show you.

Lydia glances up behind her to see what he means. But Peter is gone. She's alone in the living room. Except, she's not entirely alone...

Chest rising with each breath, Lydia turns to the window.

5 CONTINUED:

5

Outside, within the dark shadows, TWO GLOWING RED EYES drift into focus. As Lydia's own eyes widen in terror, a snarling, fanged monstrosity emerges, the face of the former Alpha.

With a piercing SNARL, it launches up and SMASHES RIGHT THROUGH THE WINDOW--

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

6 INT. ARGENT HOME/BASEMENT - NIGHT

6

A MEDICAL KIT snaps open. Argent quickly grabs alcohol swabs and gauze while Victoria slumps into a chair. They begin cleaning and dressing the bite on her shoulder.

ARGENT

It's not that deep.

Argent notices Gerard standing by the stairs, watching.

VICTORIA

It's all right. I can clean it myself.

She takes the gauze and alcohol from him. Letting her be, Argent eases away from her and toward Gerard.

ARGENT

It's not that bad. We don't know.
We *can't* know. Not for sure.

GERARD

It's a bite from an Alpha.

Gerard keeps a calm stare on his distraught son.

ARGENT

She's my wife--Allison's mother.

GERARD

And I'm the cold-hearted patriarch holding his family to its commitments. We all have our roles. Just don't expect me to play poisoned King to a Hamlet of a son. Not with a full moon coming.

ARGENT

If that's your way of warning me to not be indecisive, I wasn't aware the code allowed for a choice.

6

CONTINUED:

6

Gerard pulls Argent toward the stairs and out of earshot.

GERARD

She'll do what she has to and
you'll help her.

ARGENT

And what about Allison? How I am
supposed to get her through this?
We just buried Kate.

GERARD

Then tell me how long is long
enough? When exactly do you think
Allison will be emotionally
prepared enough to handle the death
of her mother?

ARGENT

She deserves longer than a day.

GERARD

Or maybe she's lucky to have that.

ARGENT

She can't lose her too.

GERARD

You're getting your tenses mixed
up. Your wife is already dead. That
thing over there is just a cocoon
waiting to hatch.

Gerard starts up the stairs while Argent turns back to see
Victoria at the table, diligently yet pointlessly bandaging
her wound.

7

INT. ABANDONED RAIL STATION/TRAIN - NIGHT

7

Clicking on a hanging work light, Derek lumbers into the
train with an equally weary Scott in tow.

DEREK

I'm saying we need a new plan. Or
next time one of us is going to be
too hurt to heal.

SCOTT

I get it. We can't save Jackson.

DEREK

We can't seem to kill him either.
I've seen a lot of things, Scott.

(MORE)

7

CONTINUED:

7

DEREK (CONT'D)

I've never seen *anything* like this. And every new moon is just going to make him stronger and bond him closer to whoever's controlling him.

SCOTT

Then how do we stop them?

DEREK

I don't know. I don't even know if we can.

SCOTT

Maybe we let the Argents handle it.

DEREK

(shaking his head)

I'm the one who turned him. It's my fault.

SCOTT

But you didn't turn him into this. That happened because of something in his past, right?

DEREK

That's a legend in a book. It's not that simple.

SCOTT

What do you mean? What are you not telling me?

DEREK

Why do you always think I'm keeping something from you?

SCOTT

Because you always are keeping something from me.

DEREK

Maybe I do it to protect you.

SCOTT

Doesn't being part of your pack mean no more secrets?

Derek slumps into one of the seats, resting his weary head.

7 CONTINUED:

7

DEREK

Go home, Scott. Sleep and heal.
Make sure your friends are safe.
The full moon's coming. And with
the way things are going, I've got
a feeling... it's going to be a
rough one.

8 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

8

Allison's car glides to a stop at a curb underneath the glow
of a streetlight.

9 INT. ALLISON'S CAR - NIGHT

9

Matt reaches for the door to get out the passenger side, but
pauses, turning to Allison.

MATT

About that really, incredibly bad
idea I had...

ALLISON

You mean the kiss?

MATT

That's the one.

ALLISON

Don't worry about it.

MATT

For real?

ALLISON

Definitely.

MATT

So are you and Scott still together
or what?

ALLISON

Not... really.

MATT

I hate not reallys. You never know
what to do with a not really.

ALLISON

Sorry. Would you understand if I
said it's complicated?

MATT

Not really. But I'll try.

He gives her a smile, placing his hand over hers. A gesture of friendship. He gets out and shuts the door.

Allison thumbs the LOCK BUTTON and settles back with a worried sigh. Her eyes fall on the driver's side window. Leaning in, she lightly breathes on the glass.

It steams up, but there's no secret message from Scott.

Disappointed, Allison reaches for the gear shift. But then she notices Matt's BAG lying in front of the passenger seat. When she pulls it up by the strap, his DIGITAL CAMERA falls into the seat.

Allison picks up the camera to put it back in the bag. Her thumb accidentally hits a button and the LCD screen BRIGHTENS.

With a smile, she peers over a superb image of a BEACON HILLS LACROSSE GAME. Stadium lights arcing out over the players.

Allison clicks to the next picture. Another brilliant shot. But the next one is a picture of Scott, his eyes GLOWING. Allison sits up, alarmed. She clicks to another picture of Scott. Same thing. And then the next--

A picture of her.

The picture is a candid, obviously taken when she wasn't looking.

She clicks to the next. Another one of her. Becoming even more unnerved, she hits the button again. Yet another picture of her, this one taken during school.

Heart beginning to pound in her ears, she keeps clicking. One photo after another. Dozens of them. Possibly *hundreds*.

KNUCKLES RAP against the window.

Allison jumps, nearly dropping the camera. Matt looks in from the passenger-side with a somewhat disconcerting smile. He mouths "open the window" and points.

Allison hesitates.

A METAL THUNK comes from outside as Matt tries the door handle. He points again. Still smiling.

Finally, Allison hits the window button, lowering it.

MATT (CONT'D)

Forgot my bag.

ALLISON

Yeah.

Allison keeps her finger on the window button as Matt reaches in, scooping his camera into his bag. Hands wrapped around the strap, he doesn't pull out his arm just yet.

MATT

Some good pics in there, you think?

ALLISON

(nodding)

Yeah. I noticed the lacrosse ones. They're amazing. You're really talented. I was really impressed.

MATT

There's a good candid of you in there too.

ALLISON

Really?

Finger still held on the button, she waits for Matt to pull his arm out.

MATT

You want to see some others? I mean this tiny screen doesn't really do them justice. I could show you some on my computer.

ALLISON

I'd totally like that. But maybe another night.

MATT

Come up. Just for a few minutes.

ALLISON

It's kind of late.

MATT

It's the weekend.

ALLISON

I know, but--

MATT

And it's spring break. You don't have anything to do tomorrow, do you?

ALLISON

I should really get going.

MATT

You sure?

Allison glances down to see his hand wrapped around the strap of the bag, clenched tightly into a fist.

ALLISON

I'm sure.

Finally, Matt pulls his bag out. Allison doesn't even bother to raise the window. She shifts to DRIVE and guns it.

Gripping his bag in one hand, camera in the other, Matt stares after Allison's car.

And he's no longer smiling.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10

INT. ABANDONED RAIL STATION - DAY

10

Derek pulls a length of chain out of his family's trunk. Isaac kneels beside him, noticing the spirals repeated on the inside.

ISAAC

What is that symbol anyway?

BOYD

It's a triskele.

Boyd steps in to help Derek with the chains while Erica watches from the door of the train.

BOYD (CONT'D)

The three spirals mean different things to different cultures.

DEREK

You know what it means to me?

BOYD

Alpha, Beta, Omega.

DEREK

(impressed)

That's right. It's a spiral to remind us we can always rise to one or fall back to another. Betas can become Alphas. But Alphas can fall to Beta. Or even Omega.

ISAAC

Like Scott?

DEREK

Scott's with us.

ISAAC

Then where's he now?

DEREK

Looking for Jackson. But he won't have it easy tonight either. None of us will...

Gripping handfuls of chains, he stands and turns to them.

10

CONTINUED:

10

DEREK (CONT'D)

There's a price for this kind of power. You get the ability to heal. But tonight you'll have an urge to kill anything you can get your hands on. You get stronger physically. But when the moon rises, instinct will override rationality. You've got fangs and claws to protect you. But tonight all you'll want to do is use them to tear something apart.

ERICA

Good thing I had my period last week.

The others turn to see her flash a smirk. Boyd laughs. Derek even cracks a smile. But only for a moment. He raises a steel HEAD BAND with SHARP PINS that screw into the wearer's skull.

DEREK

This one's for you.

He tosses it forward as--

11

INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - DAY

11

The door to Allison's room swings open to reveal an unusually perky Lydia raising two handfuls of bags from Macy's.

LYDIA

Clear your schedule. This could take a while.

She brushes past Allison and drops the bags full of clothes on the bed.

ALLISON

How many outfits do you plan on wearing tonight?

LYDIA

It's my birthday party. I'm thinking host dress, evening wear, then after hours casual.

While she begins laying out clothes on the bed, Allison gently broaches a worrisome subject.

ALLISON

I noticed you didn't send out any invites.

LYDIA

It's the biggest party of the year,
Allison. Everyone knows.

ALLISON

I'm just wondering if maybe this
year things might be... different.

LYDIA

(bewildered)

Why would anything be different?

ALLISON

You know, things have been a little
off lately. Things and people.
Especially people. Like Jackson.

LYDIA

What do you care about Jackson?

ALLISON

Do you know if he's coming?

LYDIA

Everyone's coming.

Her response is oddly sinister. Breaking into a smile again,
Lydia models a dress in front of a mirror.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

This one's Material Girl. I love
it. On me. Not you. This is for
you.

She yanks another item out of the bag.

ALLISON

No one's seen him since last night
and I heard his parents are getting
really worried. So if you know
where he is--

LYDIA

This is definitely your color.
Although, honestly, Allison, you
have to start spray-tanning. You're
starting to look goth and I don't
even know if it's called goth
anymore. It's just pale and pasty
and not good.

A KNOCK comes at the door. Victoria stands at the threshold.

11

CONTINUED:

11

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Argent, what do you think of this one?

VICTORIA

It's lovely. Allison, can I grab you for a moment to talk? Just the two of us.

ALLISON

Can we do it later?

She gestures to the mountain of clothes unloaded on the bed.

VICTORIA

To be honest, sooner is better.

Victoria's hand moves to her shoulder, absentmindedly touching the bandage underneath.

LYDIA

Party starts at 10.

VICTORIA

You'll be around before then?

ALLISON

I think so.

SPOTS OF BLOOD appear through the fabric at Victoria's shoulder. She scratches at it, not noticing the stain.

VICTORIA

You think so?

ALLISON

I don't know.

Victoria gives a nod as Allison returns her attention to Lydia. Blood at her shoulder, perspiration on her brow, Victoria starts to leave. But then gives a last look back.

Allison pulls on a jacket, eliciting a nod of approval from Lydia. They look for once like ordinary teenage girls.

An unusually sincere smile finds its way to Victoria's lips. Until she retreats back to the door, stepping out of the warm light of the bedroom. And into darkness.

12

INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES'S ROOM - DAY

12

Stiles whips open one of the BEACON HILLS HIGH SCHOOL yearbooks at his desk, thumbing through the pages.

Stilinski passes by the bedroom door. Then steps back into view to notice Stiles pouring over documents.

STILINSKI
Whatcha' doing?

STILES
Homework.

Stilinski gives a nod and steps back out of sight. But a moment later, he peers in again.

STILINSKI
It's spring break.

Coming into the room, he finds Stiles going through case documents. The Beacon Hills 2006 Yearbook lies open with RED X's marked over class photos.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)
What do you think you're doing?

STILES
Satisfying my own curiosity.

Stilinski shuts the yearbook.

STILINSKI
It's over. We brought Harris in this morning for questioning. I mean *they* brought him in.

STILES
And?

STILINSKI
And they're working on a warrant to arrest him for the murders.

STILES
For all of them?

STILINSKI
Enough of them.

STILES
With what proof?

STILINSKI
Remember the couple killed at the trailer? Tire tracks nearby match Harris's car.

STILES

That's not enough.

Stiles opens the yearbook again. But Stilinski shuts it.

STILINSKI

The same car was seen at the hospital where the pregnant wife was killed. It's got a bumper sticker on it. Some quote from Einstein.

STILES

What quote?

STILINSKI

Something like *Imagination is better than knowledge.*

Stiles slumps back into his chair.

STILES

I saw the same car at the rave. Parked outside.

STILINSKI

That means you're a witness. You're going to have to give a statement.

STILES

But the concert promoter, Kara, wasn't in Harris's class. And what does Mr. Lahey have to do with Harris?

STILINSKI

It doesn't matter. The tire tracks put Harris at the site of *three* murders. That's damning evidence.

STILES

It's not enough.

He yanks open the yearbook again, flipping through pages.

STILINSKI

I thought you hated this guy?

STILES

I don't hate him. He hates me. And if he did kill them, then yeah, lock the psycho up. But there's something missing. There has to be.

12

CONTINUED:

12

Stilinski puts his hand on the yearbook, keeping Stiles from turning the pages any further.

STILINSKI

You don't have to solve this for me.

STILES

I have to do something.

Stilinski moves to close the yearbook once and for all, but then pauses. Hand held on a page, he leans forward.

STILES (CONT'D)

What?

Stiles peers over his hand to see the yearbook opened to the section showing the PHOTOS OF ATHLETIC TEAMS.

STILINSKI

Look at the swim team.

Pictured in speedos and one-piece suits are the Mens and Women's Beacon Hills Swim Teams. Jessica, Sean, the Mechanic, the Promoter. Even Camden Lahey's name appears in the list.

STILES

Dad. The coach...

Stilinski squints to get a clearer look. The now deceased man standing behind his team is unmistakable. Mr. Lahey.

STILES (CONT'D)

It's Isaac's dad.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

13 EXT. MARTIN HOME - NIGHT 13

Parking at the curb, Allison steps out of her car. Dressed for the party and carrying a small, wrapped present, she takes a breath, psyching herself up.

ALLISON

For Lydia.

Forcing a smile, she starts up the long driveway to the Martin home. Her pace slows, however, under the eerie quiet.

Set at the top of a hill, the house looms in front of her, darkly ominous. Taking each step more and more slowly--

LAUGHTER makes her jump. TWO GUESTS hurry past as Allison breathes with relief. Hearing MUSIC from inside the now normal looking home, she hurries up the driveway to join the party.

14 INT. MARTIN HOME/FOYER - NIGHT 14

THE DOORBELL RINGS throughout the house while a hand delicately picks up a tray of drink-filled plastic cups. Swinging the tray around, Lydia opens the door.

A GIGANTIC BIRTHDAY PRESENT with two legs behind it stands before her. Struggling to hold up the massive box, Stiles peers out from behind it.

STILES

Happy birthday!

Lydia opens the door wider. Stiles tries to get in with the present. But it's far too big to get through the door frame.

STILES (CONT'D)

Um, okay... maybe if I just...

Pushing the box forward, he begins to shove it in. The wrapping paper tears at the sides, box crumpling until finally, Stiles manages to ram it through.

The partially wrecked present drops to the floor, but Lydia is already hurrying off into the house.

LYDIA

(calling back)

Don't forget to try the punch!

14

CONTINUED:

14

Scott steps in beside Stiles and follows him through the house to the glass doors leading out to the patio and pool.

STILES

You see Jackson?

SCOTT

No. You see Allison?

STILES

No. But we should tell her what we found.

SCOTT

I'm still kind of not sure what we found.

STILES

We figured out it's something to do with water. The fact that all the victims were on the swim team. The way the Kanima reacted around the pool.

SCOTT

So whoever's controlling the Kanima really hates the swim team?

STILES

Hated the swim team. Specifically, the 2006 team. So it could be another teacher, a student back then. Who are we missing? What haven't we thought of?

SCOTT

Right now, all I can think of is getting through tonight.

Scott opens the glass door and steps out to the patio where--

15

EXT. MARTIN HOME/POOL - NIGHT

15

STEAM rises off a heated pool lined by Greek columns in front of a large guest house. On a table sits an impressively elaborate looking PUNCH BOWL positioned as the grand centerpiece of the party.

Stepping out from between the columns, Allison makes a wary approach toward Scott and Stiles.

ALLISON

Jackson's not here.

STILES

No one's here.

Stiles motions to the four other party guests milling about.

SCOTT

Maybe it's just early?

STILES

Or maybe no one's coming because Lydia's turned into the town whack job.

ALLISON

(to Scott)

Should you even be here?

She nods to the sky and the MOON rising behind the clouds.

SCOTT

I'll be okay.

Allison turns her attention back to Lydia who hands a drink to the last of her party guests. She glances about to see who else needs a drink. But there's no one.

ALLISON

We have to do something. We've completely ignored her for the last two weeks.

SCOTT

She's completely ignored Stiles for the last ten years.

STILES

I prefer to see it as me not having been on her radar, you know?

SCOTT

We don't owe her a party.

ALLISON

How about a chance to get back to normal?

SCOTT

Normal?

ALLISON

Yes, normal. She wouldn't be the town whack job if it wasn't for us.

15

CONTINUED:

15

The sight of Lydia standing alone underneath an arch of brightly colored balloons while trying to maintain her faltering smile finally breaks Scott's resistance.

SCOTT

I guess I could use my Co-Captain status to get the lacrosse team here.

He pulls out his phone. Stiles does the same.

STILES

I think I also know some people who can get this thing going. Like really going.

ALLISON

Who?

STILES

I met them the other night. Let's just say they know how to party.

16

INT. MARTIN HOME/FOYER - NIGHT

16

THE DOORBELL RINGS. As a hand reaches out for the knob, the house falls to perfect silence.

The door slowly clicks open to reveal the TWO DRAG QUEENS that were fondly attentive to Stiles in the gay club. Behind them, dozens of teens and twenty-somethings, straight and gay alike, wait patiently to get in.

LYDIA

And you are?

DRAG QUEEN

We're here for the party.

Lydia sizes her up. Then, surprisingly, pushes the door open.

LYDIA

Well, come on in.

A CHEER erupts and the crowd rushes the house.

17

INT. ABANDONED RAIL STATION/TRAIN - NIGHT

17

THE CLATTER of chains drowns out Erica and Boyd's nervous breaths as Isaac helps Derek lock them down. Manacles around his wrists and ankles, Boyd watches Derek fit the steel band onto Erica's head.

17

CONTINUED:

17

BOYD

What happens if we break free?

DEREK

You won't.

BOYD

But what if?

DEREK

Then you'll do anything you can to get out of here. You'll probably try to kill me. Then you might try to kill each other. Then you'll try to kill anything else with a heartbeat.

Derek motions to Isaac.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I need you to hold her for me.

Slipping behind Erica, Isaac wraps his arms around her.

ISAAC

How come she gets the head band?

DEREK

Because she'll be able to withstand more pain of the two of you. But I've got an extra if you want one.

ISAAC

I'll pass.

DEREK

(to Erica)

You ready?

Trying to look fearless, Erica nods. Derek turns one of the pins. She winces in pain as it goes into her skull. As Derek turns the pin again--

18

INT. ABANDONED RAIL STATION - NIGHT

18

Erica's SHRIEK soars out of the train and throughout the abandoned station. Screaming mixed with animal howls of agony, the sounds nearly shake the walls.

19

EXT. MARTIN HOME/POOL - NIGHT

19

MUSIC VIBRATES the plastic cups around the punch bowl. Hands dart in to grab drinks. The party is now in full swing.

The only ones not having fun appear to be Stiles, Scott and a distant Allison who can't help glancing at them from across the pool.

Eyes on the rising MOON, Scott takes a deep, meditative breath while Stiles sips from a cup of Lydia's punch.

STILES

So you going to apologize to Allison or what?

SCOTT

Why should I apologize?

STILES

Because you're the guy. It's what we do.

SCOTT

But I didn't do anything wrong.

STILES

Then you should definitely apologize. Any time a guy thinks he didn't do anything wrong, he *definitely* did something wrong.

SCOTT

I'm not apologizing.

STILES

Is that the full moon talking?

SCOTT

(admitting)
Probably. Why do you care anyway?

STILES

Because something has to go right. If you hadn't noticed we're getting our asses royally kicked. People are dying and we can't stop it. I got my Dad fired. You're going to be held back in school. I'm in love with a nutjob. And if--on top of all of that--I've got to watch you lose Allison to a stalker like Matt, I'm going to stab myself in the face.

SCOTT

Please, don't stab yourself in the face.

STILES

Why not?

SCOTT

Because Jackson's here.

Stiles whips his gaze back to the main house to see Jackson calmly entering the party alone, eyeing the crowd with a look of pure malevolence.

A tray of drinks rises toward him. He peers from it to a smiling Lydia, who seems oddly back to her old, confident self.

LYDIA

Glad you could make it.

Watching from across the pool, Scott and Stiles hold still, waiting for the worst.

But Jackson simply plucks one of the drinks from the tray and takes a sip.

Satisfied, Lydia turns away. She passes the elaborate glass PUNCH BOWL centerpiece. Inside, the murky liquid swirls down the wide neck of the bowl all the way to the bottom where crushed and wrinkled FLOWER PETALS drift about.

The distinctly purple petals of WOLFSBANE.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

20 INT. ABANDONED RAIL STATION/TRAIN - NIGHT 20

The train shudders with the CLANKING of chains against bolts, Boyd and Erica beginning to respond to the full moon. A few seats down, Derek hurries to finish securing Isaac. Teeth clenched, the boy's chest heaves with each breath.

ISAAC

How do you not feel this?

DEREK

I feel every second of it.

ISAAC

So how do you control it?

DEREK

You find an anchor. You think about something meaningful. You bind yourself to it. And it keeps the human side in control.

ISAAC

What is it for you?

DEREK

Anger. But it doesn't have to be that for everyone.

ISAAC

You mean Scott?

Derek nods and locks the last chain to a bolt on the floor.

DEREK

That should do it--

But when he yanks it up to test it, the bolt comes right out of the floor with a puff of dust. Derek and Isaac share a nervous look. Then both glance to the other end of the train car where--

TWO SETS of GLOWING EYES stare ominously back. Erica and Boyd beginning to transform.

21 INT. ARGENT HOME/BASEMENT - NIGHT 21

Under the dim light in the basement, Victoria clicks open a black case. Positioned in foam are different types of KNIVES.

Argent opens another case with BOTTLES OF PILLS. But then sees Victoria has already selected a simple CHEF'S KNIFE.

VICTORIA

You really think I'd do this using prescription pills?

ARGENT

According to gender statistics, most women...

(with a smile)

But you're not *most women*.

Victoria nods, thumbing the sharp edge of the knife.

VICTORIA

I'll go up and write the letter.

She heads for the stairs while Argent turns back to Gerard who has been watching from a corner.

GERARD

Allison will feel the ground shifting beneath her feet time and again in her life. It's our job to teach her how to keep standing.

ARGENT

The ground isn't shifting. It's crumbling.

GERARD

Would it be easier for her to see her mother after the full moon?

ARGENT

It'd be easier if she could get through a semester of high school without facing another death.

GERARD

You want easy? Change your last name. Otherwise, go up there and help your wife die with dignity.

Peering over the case of knives, he begins to close the lid.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Because if she doesn't fall on her sword, one of us is going to have to run her through.

As the case snaps shut--

22

EXT. MARTIN HOME/POOL - NIGHT

22

Lydia whirls through the crowd, smiling brilliantly while a strange, bacchanalian atmosphere descends over the party. People dancing close, couples making out. Everyone drinking now, Lydia hands a cup to someone who hasn't tried the punch--

Matt.

Raising the plastic cup to his lips, he pauses, finding Allison. Catching his eye, she slips behind a group of people, disappearing from view as fast as she can.

Disappointed, Matt tosses the full drink into the trash and moves into the crowd while--

Scott steps back, eyes locked on Jackson standing near the guest house, alone.

Breath tightening, Scott glances to his fingers. No claws yet. Before he can lower his hand, a drink is placed inside his open palm by a smiling Lydia.

SCOTT

I can't drink tonight.

LYDIA

Are you driving?

SCOTT

No.

LYDIA

Are you working early?

SCOTT

No.

LYDIA

Are you incredibly lame?

SCOTT

I hope not.

LYDIA

Then drink it. I worked on this thing for hours. There's no alcohol in it. Just have a sip. One sip.

About to protest, Scott notices Allison talking to Matt by the door to the main house. Eyes darkening, Scott watches her nod, acquiescing to some request of Matt's.

22

CONTINUED:

22

As she follows Matt inside the main house, Scott raises the cup, seeming to not even think about it. Lydia waiting expectantly beside him, Scott finally drinks.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

It's good, right?

SCOTT

Actually, yeah. Really good.

With a few quick gulps, he finishes it.

23

INT. MARTIN HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

23

Allison steps into a bedroom with Matt. She takes a last sip of Lydia's punch, sets the empty cup down and turns to him.

ALLISON

You get two minutes.

Matt moves to close the door. But Allison gives him a look.

MATT

Right, okay. So, I know I took some pictures of you I should've told you about. But try to look at it another way. Is it really that bad? That I think you're beautiful? That I think you should be the subject of a perfect photograph?

Allison keeps her eyes on the door. People pass by, stepping around an odd figure in DARK CLOTHES and BLACK BOOTS.

ALLISON

Matt, some of those pictures--I don't even know how you took them.

MATT

With a telephoto lens. Come on. Photographers call them candid.

ALLISON

And police officers call it stalking.

For a brief second Allison sees the figure in black again, a CROSSBOW held low. But in the flash of bodies passing, the figure is gone.

MATT

So I'm a stalker now? Is that it? You think my bedroom is wall-papered with photos of you? You think I'm the kind of guy who's going to say something like *If I can't have her, no one can?* Well, get over yourself. There's another pretty girl walking in the room every five minutes.

ALLISON

Then all you'll need to do is wait here another three. Good luck.

MATT

Allison, hold on--

He grabs her arm. Allison whips around, kicking Matt's feet out from under him. With a CRY of PAIN, he SLAMS to the carpet, arm pinned behind his back.

Stunned by her own reaction, Allison backs away.

MATT (CONT'D)

What the hell's wrong with you?

ALLISON

I'm--I'm sorry.

Stepping out the door, she pushes past the onlookers who stare in at Matt.

Allison charges down the stairs and into the crowded living room. A FIGURE IN BLACK moves between the party guests. Black boots stepping across the carpet.

Allison sees a CROSSBOW held low .

ALLISON

No. No, not here.

Bodies part as the crossbow rises, Allison glancing about for Scott, desperate to warn him.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Scott!

But the crossbow FIRES. Except the BOLT goes right into Allison. Stunned, she looks down at the arrow in her stomach. Then gazes up to the approaching figure...

24

CONTINUED:

24

None other than *herself*. Dressed in black, outfitted not for a party but for a night hunt in the woods. Loading a new bolt, Hunter Allison raises the crossbow again.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Look at you. Yelling for help.
Always yelling for help. Pathetic.
I can't tell you how much I've been
looking forward to this.

She FIRES the crossbow. Allison snaps her head up, back hitting the wall as the pulsing BEAT of the music hammers her back to reality.

Hands on her stomach, there's nothing there. No crossbow bolt, no blood.

Still dizzy and distraught, she turns, moving for the front door, charging out of the house and away from the nightmare.

25

EXT. MARTIN HOME/POOL - NIGHT

25

Scott takes a hard swallow, blinking as the bright lights over the pool begin to halo and blur.

STILES

You all right?

SCOTT

It's not the moon. It's different.

Scott starts for the main house with Stiles following. But Stiles pauses at the sound of a VOICE.

VOICE

Why am I wearing black? What are
you an idiot?

Turning around, Stiles looks through the parting crowd to see his father at the drinks table. He wears a black suit and holds a bottle of whiskey in one hand while grabbing a KID in a backwards baseball hat.

STILINSKI

I just came from a funeral. You
know they wear black at funerals?

KID

Dude, sorry. It was just a
question.

Stilinski turns to the crowd. But he only releases his grip on the Kid when he discovers Stiles watching as well.

25

CONTINUED:

25

STILINSKI

This is you. All you.

He raises the bottle of whiskey to point with it.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

Every day she lay there in the hospital slowly dying, you know what I thought? How the hell am I supposed to raise this stupid kid on my own? This hyper-active, little bastard who keeps ruining my life. This is all you, *Stiles*.

He spits the name out, as if merely speaking it disgusted him.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

You killed your mother. And now?
Now you're killing me.

Stilinski launches the bottle, HURLING it across the pool. Stiles throws his arms up to shield his face. But nothing hits him. Blinking in shock, he looks about the party.

As steam rises into the air from the pool, Stiles slumps down against a brick column, utterly shaken.

26

INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT

26

Argent discovers the door to Allison's room ajar. Victoria sits on the bed, a photograph of her and Allison in her hands.

VICTORIA

I didn't get a chance to talk to her. So I think I want to do it here. Where I can be with her. But I need your help.

Argent shuts the door and sits down on the bed beside her.

ARGENT

Tell me what you want me to do.

27

EXT. MARTIN HOME/POOL - NIGHT

27

The beat of the music slows, switching to a trance-like feel as Jackson lowers an EMPTY PLASTIC CUP. He let's it slip from his hand to the ground and then gazes about with confusion at the party. As if he had no idea how he'd gotten there.

Over the pulsing music, he hears a WOMAN'S VOICE.

27

CONTINUED:

27

MOTHER

His name is Jackson. We're looking for Jackson Whittemore.

Two adults address the inattentive crowd, a MOTHER and FATHER. Jackson can only see their backs, however.

FATHER

Has anyone seen Jackson? We're his parents.

LYDIA

Mr. Whittemore?

FATHER

No. We're his real parents.

JACKSON

No... No.

MOTHER

Can someone tell him we're here?

FATHER

Tell him it's his *real* parents.

JACKSON

I don't have *real* parents.

Jackson reaches up to grab them, but stops, strangely fearful. The crowd quiets. Everyone staring. Finally, the Mother and Father turn around to reveal their faces.

Except they have no faces. No eyes, nose or mouth. Just a complete blank.

Jackson stumbles back as they seem to peer at him. And then his own hand comes up to his face.

Except now Jackson has no eyes, nose or mouth either. In a sudden panic, his hands come up to tear the flat, featureless skin from his skull as--

Jackson yanks his hands away. Gasping, he looks up to discover everything is back to normal. But not for everyone...

28

INT. MARTIN HOME/GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

28

Blinking rapidly, Scott reaches out for something to steady himself in the guest house. His hand closes around the banister to the stairs.

28

CONTINUED:

28

The music from outside gradually fades, replaced by the SOUNDS of KISSING. Soft moans and urgent breathes.

Scott's glazed eyes drift up to the top of the stairs where a daybed sits underneath a large set of windows.

Allison leans back on the daybed, Jackson straddling her as he kisses her neck. His lips move to hers and she kisses him back, mouth opening to his.

Starting forward, Scott blinks.

It's no longer Jackson kissing Allison. It's the Kanima. Its scaled, wet lips pressing to hers, double-rowed teeth digging into her cheek as she moans. Claws drawing her closer and closer, they stop. Both of them turning to look down at Scott who--

Opens his mouth with a SNARL, fangs appearing, eyes GLOWING. But just as suddenly, he whips his head to the side and is back to normal.

Now there is nothing and no one on the daybed.

SCOTT
(realizing)
Lydia...

29

EXT. MARTIN HOME/POOL - NIGHT

29

Scott barrels out of the guest house, looking about. But all he sees are the glossy eyes of drugged partiers, some laughing, others gazing about in a dazed fear.

SCOTT
Where's Lydia? *Where's Lydia?*

30

EXT. MARTIN HOME/STREET - NIGHT

30

Lights flicker and flash inside the Martin Home while Lydia casually walks down the driveway. A pair of CAR KEYS twirling in her hand, she wears an almost mischievous smile.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

31 INT. ABANDONED RAIL STATION/TRAIN - NIGHT 31

The train shakes and vibrates, dust popping into the air amid ferocious SNARLS. Erica's mouth snaps open, fangs protruding. Despite the steel band, her head whips back in a frenzy.

Chains rattling, Boyd grits his teeth in agony as his ears stretch into points.

Past him, a ferocious Isaac yanks his hands against his chains, stretching them taut.

32 INT. ABANDONED RAIL STATION - NIGHT 32

With the SOUND of BENDING METAL piercing the air, an increasingly uneasy Derek puts his phone to his ear.

DEREK

Scott, call me back. I think I'm going to need some help here.

He hangs up and pockets the phone. From inside the train comes an alarming sound. Not metal bending. But BREAKING.

Derek snaps his fists open to reveal CLAWS, preparing to defend himself.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Definitely going to need to some help.

33 INT. ABANDONED RAIL STATION/TRAIN - NIGHT 33

Stepping inside the train, Derek peers from one ravenous werewolf to the next, all of them now completely transformed.

Then, as predicted, Erica breaks free first.

CHAINS clattering to the floor, she's on her feet instantly and charging Derek. She swipes a claw through the air, but he ducks it easily and--

WITH A SPLINTERING CRACK, Isaac tears free of his manacles. He spins, snarling as a full wolf. Derek starts to move, but Isaac is too fast.

He launches right out of the window to escape.

33

CONTINUED:

33

DEREK

Isaac!

But Boyd drags Derek back, free now as well.

34

EXT. MARTIN HOME/POOL - NIGHT

34

Still slumped against a column by the pool, Stiles won't even look at Scott who tries to force a bottle of water on him.

SCOTT

Drink the water. Stiles, drink it. Something's happening and I need you to sober up right now. Stiles, come on.

A girl named DANIELLE, who has been smart enough to stick with soda, approaches.

DANIELLE

What do you think you're doing? You want to sober him up fast? That's not the way to do it.

SCOTT

You can do better?

DANIELLE

I can do best.

Danielle grabs Stiles, pulls him to his knees and dunks his head right into the pool. She yanks him up wide-eyed and spitting chlorinated water.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

How do you feel?

STILES

Like I might have to revisit my policy on hitting a girl.

DANIELLE

(to Scott)

He's sober.

35

INT. ABANDONED RAIL STATION - NIGHT

35

Claw marks on his skin, tears all over his shirt, Derek fights Erica and Boyd, trying to pummel them back as they try to battle their way free.

35

CONTINUED:

35

Managing to latch another manacle around Erica's ankle, Derek turns as Boyd starts up. Erica's claws dug into him, Derek can't get up fast enough.

Boyd is about to escape like Isaac. But then just as he rushes toward the opening at the head of the train.

SOMEONE SLAMS HIM BACK DOWN, flat onto the floor.

Derek looks up in astonishment. It's Isaac. Clawed hand over Boyd's chest, he peers back at Derek, seemingly in control.

36

INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT

36

Victoria directs the point of the knife toward her heart, but Argent stays her hands.

VICTORIA

I can feel it. It's happening.

Argent keeps his hands over hers, unwilling to let go yet.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

You know what to do? You know what to tell people, right? You're going to have to tell them I had a history of depression. Promise me.

ARGENT

I will. Even though I've never seen you depressed once in twenty years.

VICTORIA

Allison needs to say it too.

ARGENT

But I won't let her believe it.

VICTORIA

She's going to hear things. People will say I was weak.

ARGENT

Then I'll remind her you were stronger than the rest of us.

VICTORIA

They'll say I took the easy way out.

ARGENT

And I'll tell her it was the hardest thing you ever did.

36

CONTINUED:

36

VICTORIA

They'll ask how I could do this to my family.

ARGENT

She'll know you did it for us.

MOONLIGHT spills in through the window causing Victoria's breathing to become shallow.

VICTORIA

I can't do it myself.

Argent hesitates, his own eyes glistening.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Chris... Help me.

Both of their hands gripped tightly around the hilt of the blade, the MOONLIGHT reaches the bed, rising up the side. Victoria's head tilts back, her eyes GLOWING YELLOW.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Now.

Together, they push the knife in. Victoria's hands squeeze over Argent's. And then relax. The GLOW in her eyes fades.

Under the soft light of the moon, her head gently falls onto his shoulder while his arms wrap around her. Holding her up.

37

INT. ABANDONED RAIL STATION/TRAIN - NIGHT

37

With the still feral Erica and Boyd locked back up, Isaac sits down to allow Derek to chain him as well.

DEREK

You sure? I think you could be okay now.

But Isaac holds his hands up for Derek to cuff them. He obliges.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I guess you found an anchor.

ISAAC

(nodding)

My father.

DEREK

Your father locked you in a freezer in the basement to punish you.

37

CONTINUED:

37

ISAAC

He didn't used to.

Derek meets his eyes with a look of understanding. And then locks the chains down.

38

INT. ABANDONED RAIL STATION - NIGHT

38

Weary and beaten, Derek steps out of the train for a moment to be alone. But catching a scent, he turns around as--

Lydia steps out of the shadows. She raises her hand and blows a PURPLE DUST from her palm into Derek's face.

Staggering back, he gasps, coughing and sputtering as he inhales the dust. Eyelids fluttering, Derek sways and then falls, SLAMMING right to the floor.

Unconscious at Lydia's feet.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

39 INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT 39

Allison fumbles for the light switch and steps into her room. Dropping her jacket onto a chair, she moves to the bed to lie down when she notices something.

A LETTER sits on the bed spread. She picks it up, unfolds it and begins to read.

A SILHOUETTE appears at the door. Allison lowers the letter.

ALLISON

If this is some kind of training thing you better tell me right now.

She searches Argent's face. But there's no sign of deception. Just an exhausted look of defeat.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

This is true?

ARGENT

Yes.

Her fist closes on the letter, crumpling it, fingernails tearing through it as her voice cracks with both pain and anger.

ALLISON

Then how about you tell me what really happened.

40 EXT. MARTIN HOME/POOL - NIGHT 40

In the drunken crowd, someone SCREAMS. Scott whirls around. But it's just a girl being pushed into the pool. Stiles hurries to his side.

STILES

I can't find her. And dude, everyone--anyone who drank that crap. They're freaking out.

SCOTT

I can see that.

MORE SHRIEKS amid splashes as people jump and push others into the pool.

40

CONTINUED:

40

STILES

What the hell do we do?

SCOTT

I don't know, but--

A PANICKED VOICE interrupts him, turning them both around.

VOICE

Stop! Don't--don't--

Scott and Stiles move to see someone get pushed in. The body SPLASH is followed immediately by a desperate thrashing in the water. It's Matt.

MATT

I can't--I can't swim!

The music fades. Scott and Stiles stare, paralyzed, as Jackson calmly reaches a powerful hand into the pool to drag Matt.

Soaked shoes hitting the cement tile, Matt pulls himself up. Shivering, teeth clenched in fury, he raises his eyes to face the quiet stares.

He moves slowly. Drops of pool water falling from his wet clothes as he walks through the parting crowd.

He turns only once to connect eyes with Stiles and Scott.

A SOUND breaks the quiet. The SHORT BURST of a police siren, followed by the RINGING of the doorbell.

VOICE

Cops are here!

And suddenly everyone is moving. Racing for the gated exits, shoving into the house, taking Scott and Stiles with them as both Matt and Jackson disappear in the rush.

41

EXT. MARTIN HOME/STREET - NIGHT

41

People pour into the street hurrying for their cars.

Scott steps off the curb. Glancing among the retreating party guests, his eyes fall on a figure standing at a distance from the house.

Dripping wet, Matt directs an ice-cold glare on Scott, a look of pure hatred and rage.

41

CONTINUED:

41

THE KANIMA inches out from behind a car on all fours. It settles beside Matt, TAIL snaking around his leg, like the way a child would grasp at its mother's skirt.

Scott peers at the two of them with his breath trapped in his throat. Kanima and Master. Puppet and puppeteer.

TEENAGERS rush past, obscuring his view. When he steps aside to look again, Matt and the creature are gone.

42

INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

42

Derek blinks back the blurry haze, slowly returning to consciousness. Eyes drifting left and right, he notices that he's moving. Or more correctly, being dragged.

DEREK

(weakly)

Stop...

But Lydia only tightens her grip on the sleeves of his jacket as she hauls him further into the Hale House.

Above him, Derek sees a bizarre sight. A HOLE in the charred remains of the roof. Positioned around this hole are SHARDS OF MIRROR.

SEVERAL DIFFERENT SHARDS lie attached to the walls, strategically placed. Vines of WOLFSBANE have grown around the mirrors, snaking down the wall and toward the floor.

Derek manages to turn his head to see the Wolfsbane collects into a HOLE IN THE FLOORBOARDS. An AX lies amid splinters of wood where Lydia must have chopped out the floor.

Eyes blinking rapidly in alarm, Derek tries to struggle free.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Lydia... stop...

Paying no attention to his protests, Lydia draws him toward the hole, pushing him onto his side at the broken floorboards.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Lydia... you don't... You don't know what you're doing.

Yanking his arm, she positions it down into the darkness.

BELOW THE FLOORBOARDS - the Wolfsbane vines reach toward Peter Hale's body. Eyes closed, his hand twists up toward the floor of the house as if reaching up to grasp something.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Lydia...

Glancing up, Derek sees the FULL MOON through the roof's opening, slowly but inexorably moving into position while Lydia struggles to push Derek's arm further into the ground.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Lydia, *stop*.

But Derek's limp hand slides into Peter's open palm as--THE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON strikes the first mirror. It bounces to the next and the next, filling the dark room with a momentary but BRILLIANT GLOW.

THE PURPLE FLOWERS along the Wolfsbane vine flutter in the wind as if a kind of magic had taken over the room.

The moonlight falls over Derek's prostrate body, bouncing down into the open hole of the floor and with a shocking suddenness--

PETER'S HAND WRAPS AROUND DEREK'S, claws sinking into the new Alpha's flesh.

Derek opens his mouth to scream, eyes BURNING WITH A RED GLOW as he ROARS in pain.

Beneath the floorboards, Peter's eyes snap open, a sickly YELLOW GLOW simmering around the death black irises.

HANDS SMASH THROUGH THE FLOORBOARDS, cracking and splintering in an EXPLOSION of dust and black dirt as Peter Hale BURSTS out of his shallow grave.

Derek pulls back while behind him Lydia gazes on with a mixture of fear and awe.

Caked in black dirt and debris, Peter slowly rises up to stand in front of them. The burns are gone. The red eyes of an Alpha replaced by a greenish yellow, he slowly focuses on Derek and Lydia.

PETER

I heard there was a party. Don't worry... I invited myself.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE