

TEEN WOLF
Episode #210
by
Jeff Davis

3/20/12 Goldenrod Draft

3/16/12 Green Draft

3/14/12 Pink Draft

3/14/12 Blue Draft

3/12/12 White Draft (Partial)

New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #210
Episode Twenty-Two

TEEN WOLF

"Episode Twenty-Two"

EP#210

Set List

INTERIORS

MATT'S CAR
STILINSKI HOME
 STILES'S ROOM
SHERIFF'S STATION
 FRONT DESK
 STILINSKI'S OFFICE
 CELL BLOCK
 DETECTIVE OFFICE
 BULLPEN
 ADJACENT OFFICE
 WITNESS ROOM
 INTEROGATION ROOM
 REAR CORRIDOR
 CORRIDOR
 FILES ROOM
MCCALL HOME
 HALLWAY
WHITE ROOM
HALE HOUSE
ARGENT HOME
 ALLISON'S ROOM
 BASEMENT
AUTO MECHANIC'S GARAGE (EF)

EXTERIORS

WHITTEMORE HOME
 HOME (EF)
 STREET (EF)
ALLEY (EF)
BEACON HILLS CEMETARY (?)
LACROSSE FIELD (EF)
SHERIFF'S STATION
 STREET
 BACK ALLEY
WOODS
 CREEK

(EF) - EXISTING FOOTAGE

TEEN WOLF

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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

MATT..... STEPHEN LUNSFORD
LAHEY..... JOHN W SHIPP
STILINSKI..... LINDEN ASHBY
NIGHT OFFICER.....
MELISSA..... MELISSA PONZIO
DEATON..... SETH GILLIAM
GERARD..... MICHAEL HOGAN
ARGENT..... JR BOURNE
PETER HALE..... IAN BOHEN

2

CONTINUED:

2

A window pops up on the screen with the words: CONNECTED and is quickly replaced with the exact image being recorded on the camera inside Jackson's room.

The streaming video on Matt's phone shows Jackson in his boxers positioning the camera toward his bed.

MATT

Sonofabitch. I knew you were lying.

Still alone, Jackson eases onto the bed. Curious, Matt waits for something to happen. But it appears Jackson is simply recording himself falling asleep.

As the time code on the screen races forward, as Jackson turns over and drifts off to sleep, Matt's own eyelids close.

With a blink, he snaps awake.

ON THE SCREEN - Jackson sits up in bed. With a robotic stiffness, he turns to face the camera, eyes beginning to GLOW.

MATT (CONT'D)

What the hell...

Lurching off the bed, Jackson's head whips back, mouth falling open to reveal a set of double-rowed teeth. His hands hit the floor, body twisting, limbs wrenching.

Matt sits up, gripping the phone while his gaze remains fixed on the screen. But Jackson disappears from view. Breath held, Matt brings the phone closer, searching the frame when--

A SNARLING JACKSON whips in front of the screen, half transformed. Launching up, he charges right past it.

SOMETHING HITS THE PAVEMENT OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

Matt turns to the driver's side window just quick enough to see a SHADOW hurtle past. Hand darting to the door console, he locks himself in.

3

EXT. WHITTEMORE HOME/STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

3

Claws click across the pavement while inside the car, a frantic Matt twists around to see out the windows. He pauses, eyes widening as he gets a clear look.

4

INT. MATT'S CAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

4

A pair of GLOWING EYES approach. Mesmerized, Matt's breathing slows to normal, as if he's no longer afraid.

4

CONTINUED:

4

He eases toward the driver's side, approaching the window as the Kanima comes nearer. Almost by instinct, Matt slowly raises his hand, fingers splayed.

The Kanima reaches up as well, claws landing on the window just as Matt's fingers connect with the glass.

LAHEY'S FACE flashes before Matt. Dripping wet, he SHOUTS something urgently, furiously, but there's no sound.

Matt blinks and another silent vision hits him.

5

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

5

Staggering into a terrified retreat, Lahey spins around, rushing for his car as SOMETHING bounds toward him.

Jumping inside, Lahey yanks the door closed. But with a METALLIC WRENCHING, the door rips right off its hinges. Lahey SHRIEKS, a high-pitched scream as--

6

INT. MATT'S CAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

6

Matt tears his hand from the window. Breathless, he looks about to find he's alone, the creature gone.

Resting back in the driver's seat, Matt begins to smile. A smile like that of a child who's found a new toy.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

7

INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES'S ROOM - NIGHT

7

A CLASS PHOTO of Matt comes into focus within the pages of a yearbook. Gathered around the desk where the book lies, Stiles and Scott wait for Stilinski's reaction.

STILINSKI
Matthew Daehler?

*

STILES
Yes.

STILINSKI
This kid's the real killer?

STILES
Yes.

7

CONTINUED:

7

STILINSKI

No.

STILES

Yes.

STILINSKI

No.

STILES

Dad, everyone knows the police look for ways to connect victims in a murder. All he had to do was go through their transcripts and find out which class they all attended.

STILINSKI

Except for the rave promoter, Kara. She wasn't in Harris's class.

STILES

Oh yeah, that's right. So I guess they're dropping the charges against him?

Father and son glare at each other. Stilinski gives in.

STILINSKI

No, they're not dropping the charges. Which doesn't prove anything. Scott, you believe this?

SCOTT

It's not easy to explain how we know, but if you can just trust us. We know it's Matt.

STILES

He took Harris's car. He knew if the cops found tire tracks at one of the murders and that if enough of the victims were in Harris's class, he'd be arrested.

STILINSKI

Fine. I'll allow the remote possibility. But give me a motive. Why would this kid want most of the 2006 swim team and its coach dead?

STILES

Isn't it obvious? Our swim team sucks! They haven't won in years.

(MORE)

7

CONTINUED:

7

STILES (CONT'D)

(off their looks)

Okay, we don't exactly have a motive yet. But then again, does Harris?

Scott and Stiles watch Stilinski wrestle with the question, eyes fixed on the picture of Matt in front of him.

STILINSKI

What do you want me to do?

SCOTT

We need to look at the rest of the evidence.

STILINSKI

That's all back at the station. Where I no longer work.

STILES

Trust me, they'll let you in.

STILINSKI

Trust *you*?

STILES

Trust... Scott?

STILINSKI

Scott I trust.

8

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/FRONT DESK - NIGHT

8

The Night Officer raises a wary eye when the door clicks open. With Stiles and Scott behind him, Stilinski approaches the desk.

NIGHT OFFICER

It's two in the morning.

STILINSKI

Believe me, I wouldn't be here if it wasn't extremely important.

Stiles pulls Scott aside to whisper to him.

STILES

We look at the hospital stuff first, okay?

SCOTT

Why?

8

CONTINUED:

8

STILES

Because all of the murders were committed by Jackson except for one, remember?

SCOTT

The pregnant girl. Jessica.

STILES

Since Matt had to kill her himself, someone at the hospital could have seen him.

STILINSKI

Boys.

Stilinski waves them over as the Night Officer buzzes the door open.

9

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

9

With Stiles and Scott peering over his shoulder, Stilinski clicks through SECURITY FOOTAGE on his screen.

STILINSKI

I don't know, guys. Look at this. There was a six car pile-up that night. The hospital was jammed.

STILES

Just keep going. He'd have to pass one of the cameras on that floor to get to Jessica. He's got to be on the footage somewhere--

SCOTT

Hold on, stop. Did you see that? Scroll back.

Stilinski moves the footage back and then pauses on the image of a YOUNG MAN walking down the corridor.

STILES

That's him. That's Matt.

STILINSKI

All I see is the back of someone's head.

STILES

Matt's head. I sit behind him in History. He has a very distinct cranium.

9

CONTINUED:

9

STILINSKI

Are you crazy?

STILES

Fine, then look at his jacket. How many people wear black leather jackets?

STILINSKI

Millions. Literally.

SCOTT

Can you scroll forward? There has to be a shot of him coming at one of the cameras, right?

Stilinski keeps the footage going.

STILES

Stop, stop, stop! There he is again.

STILINSKI

You mean there's the back of his head again.

STILES

But look. He's talking to someone.

Scott leans in for a clearer view.

SCOTT

He's talking to my mom.

10

INT. MCCALL HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT

10

Melissa pauses in the hallway with her phone to her ear.

MELISSA

Scott, you know how many people I deal with in a day?

SCOTT (V.O.)

This one's sixteen. He's got dark hair, looks like a normal teenager--

STILES (V.O.)

(yelling to be heard)
Tell her he looks evil.

MELISSA

Scott, I already talked to the police about this.

10

CONTINUED:

10

SCOTT (V.O.)

Okay, one sec'. I'm going to send you a picture of him.

11

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

11

Stiles flips open the yearbook to Matt's picture. Scott quickly snaps a photo with his phone and hits SEND.

SCOTT

You get it?

MELISSA (V.O.)

Yeah.

SCOTT

You recognize him? Did you see him?

MELISSA (V.O.)

(concerned)

Yeah, I did. I remember I stopped him because he was tracking mud into the hall.

Scott turns to Stilinski and Stiles.

STILINSKI

We have shoe prints alongside the tire tracks at the trailer site.

STILES

If they match that puts Matt at the scene of three murders. The trailer, the hospital and the rave.

Stilinski looks up from his computer screen.

STILINSKI

Actually, four. A credit card receipt for an oil change was signed by Matt at the garage where the mechanic was killed.

STILES

When?

STILINSKI

A few hours before you got there.

STILES

Dad, if one's an incident, two's a coincidence, three's a pattern, what's four?

11

CONTINUED:

11

STILINSKI

Enough to get a warrant. Scott, ask your Mom how fast she can be here.

SCOTT

Now?

STILINSKI

Right now. An official ID will get me a search warrant. Stiles, tell the front desk to let Scott's mom in when she gets here.

Scott brings the phone to his ear again as Stiles goes for the door.

12

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/FRONT DESK - NIGHT

12

Stepping into the lobby, Stiles discovers the front desk deserted, Night Officer gone. He glances about, but the station appears empty.

STILES

Hello?

Moving to the side of the desk, he swings the gate open to get behind it where--

The Night Officer lies on the floor dead, BLOODY SLASHES ripped across the front of her uniform. Stiles's eyes move to the empty holster at her side, seeing her GUN is missing. But a moment later, he finds it--

Gripped in Matt's hand, barrel aimed right at Stiles's head.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 INT. WHITE ROOM - NIGHT 13

A HIGH PITCHED SOUND drifts in through a bright, almost blinding white haze. Derek looks about with glazed eyes, everything around him glowing a pristine white.

DEATON (V.O.)
Derek... Derek, can you hear me?

He doesn't respond, barely lucid under the ethereal glow. The HIGH PITCHED SOUND hits again.

Derek blinks, head snapping to the side as if he'd been slapped. The SOUND becomes louder and louder. A single ear-splitting NOTE, sending his hands to his ears as--

14 INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT 14

Derek jolts awake with a sharp breath. He blinks up at Dr. Deaton in front of him.

DEATON
Can you hear me? I need you to answer, Derek. We don't have much time. *Derek.*

DEREK
(barely able to speak)
That sound. What was...

With a sly smile, Deaton holds up a common DOG WHISTLE.

Annoyed, Derek attempts to stand. But he wobbles, nearly toppling back to the floor as Deaton grabs him.

DEATON
You're going to be weak for several hours. You have aconite poisoning and you also had a good bit of the power drawn out of you.

Clutching to Deaton's arm, Derek's gaze moves to the broken FLOORBOARDS and the hole in the floor of the house.

DEREK
It actually happened.

DEATON

Don't worry. You're still an Alpha.
But, as usual, not a particularly
competent one.

Derek shrugs free of his grip.

DEREK

Where is he?

DEATON

I wish I could tell you.

DEREK

Then how about you tell me what
you're doing here and why you're
helping me?

DEATON

Helping your family actually used
to be a pretty important part of my
life. Helping you was a promise I
made to your mother.

Derek looks back at him with surprise. Dropping the arrogant
vener, he reaches for the wall to steady himself.

DEREK

You're the one my sister talked
about.

DEATON

So you do know a little bit.

DEREK

She said you're a kind of advisor.

DEATON

She was right. And I have some
advice you need to listen to very
closely right now.

Deaton crosses to the broken floorboards to peer into the
underground grave.

DEATON (CONT'D)

What Peter managed to do doesn't
come without a price. He'll be
physically weak. So he'll rely on
the strength of his intelligence.
His cunning. He's going to come at
you, Derek.

(MORE)

14

CONTINUED:

14

DEATON (CONT'D)

He'll try to twist his way into your head, preying on your insecurities and especially your vanity. He'll tell you he's the only way you can stop Gerard. Do not trust him.

DEREK

I don't trust anyone.

DEATON

I know. If you did, you might be the Alpha you like to think you are. And, unfortunately, the one person you *should* trust doesn't trust you at all.

DEREK

(to himself)

Scott.

DEATON

He's with Stilinski right now. You need to find him. Find him as fast as you can. I've known Gerard for a long time. He always has a plan. And something tells me...

Deaton looks Derek in the eyes to be perfectly clear.

DEATON (CONT'D)

It's going exactly the way he wants it to.

15

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

15

Scott pockets his phone and turns to Stilinski.

SCOTT

She's on her way here. Sheriff?

Noticing Stilinski isn't paying attention, Scott follows his stare to the open door where Matt presses the Night Officer's gun into Stiles's back.

A surreal moment of quiet occurs. Until Stilinski breaks it by speaking as calmly as he can.

STILINSKI

Matt, whatever's going on, I guarantee there's a solution that doesn't involve a gun.

15

CONTINUED:

15

MATT

Funny you say that. Because I don't think you're aware of just how right you are.

Scott's hand eases inside his coat pocket.

STILINSKI

I know you don't want to hurt people.

MATT

Actually, I want to hurt a lot of people. You three weren't on my list but I could be persuaded. One way is to try calling someone with your phone in your pocket like McCall's doing. That could definitely get someone hurt.

Matt stares at Scott until he pulls his phone out and sets it down on the desk.

MATT (CONT'D)

Everyone.

Stilinski and Stiles take out their cell phones as well.

16

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

16

A HANDCUFF LOCKS around Stilinski's wrist, one of the cuff's attached to the wall outside the holding cells.

MATT

Tighter.

Stiles glares at Matt who keeps the gun pointed at him while Scott looks on.

STILINSKI

Do what he says.

Stiles reluctantly tightens the handcuff.

Matt motions for them to move toward the corridor. But as Stiles steps back, he can't seem to turn from his father's fearful eyes. Until Matt shoves him forward.

17

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

17

*

Scott and Stiles walk back to the **front of the station**, Matt behind them. The sound of **HARSH BREATHING** makes them pause.

*

17 CONTINUED: 17

Scott glances down the adjacent hall in time to see a PARALYZED DEPUTY dragged back into a room by a human but clawed hand. Matt jams the gun into Scott's back, pushing him onward.

SCOTT
You going to kill everyone in here?

MATT
No. That's what Jackson's for. All
I have to do is think about killing
them. He does the rest.

*
*
*

18 INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT 18

The door to Allison's room eases open. Gerard gives a soft knock. When no response comes, he enters to find Allison lying in bed on her side. She stares out blankly, looking utterly lost.

GERARD
Sweetheart?

ALLISON
I don't want to talk.

GERARD
I understand. I'm not sure there's
anything I can say. I won't pretend
to know what you're going through.

ALLISON
Then leave.

GERARD
Of course. I just wanted to give
you something from your mother.
Partly because I couldn't help
noticing that things had been kind
of difficult between the two of
you. But it can wait.

Gerard starts to leave as Allison sits up.

ALLISON
What? What is it?

GERARD
Really, it can wait, sweetheart.
Get some rest.

ALLISON
What is it?

Gerard turns back with a heavy sigh.

GERARD
I shouldn't have brought it up.

ALLISON
Tell me.

Gerard gives a reluctant nod.

GERARD
As you know, your mother wrote a
suicide note to explain away our
difficult situation to the police.

Gerard pulls an ENVELOPE from his coat pocket.

GERARD (CONT'D)
She wrote this note to explain it
to you.

Allison reaches for it, but Gerard pulls it back.

GERARD (CONT'D)
If I give this to you, you have to
destroy it immediately. You burn
it. Promise?

ALLISON
Yes.

She waits for Gerard to hand over the envelope, but he still
hesitates.

GERARD
I want you to know she asked me to
read it first. I told her I
shouldn't. That it was private
between the two of you. But she
wanted my thoughts. As I said
before, I don't know what you're
going through. I wasn't close to my
own mother.

(MORE)

18

CONTINUED:

18

GERARD (CONT'D)

But reading this made me sorry that I hadn't tried to be. Because if this were my mother, if these words were written for me, I don't know how I'd sit still until someone paid for her death. Any shred of pity I'd have for Derek and his pack would be burned out by a white hot desire for retribution. For the kind of blood and destruction that would have Derek and his wolves howling not for mercy but for their own sweet deaths.

He sets the envelope in her hands and turns for the door. As Allison RIPS the seal--

19

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

19

A PAPER SHREDDER ROARS under a heavy workload. With the gun leveled on them, Matt watches Scott and Stiles destroy all of the evidence in Stilinski's office.

Stiles taps out a command on the computer and looks up when it BEEPS a confirmation.

STILES

Deleted.

At the shredder, Scott raises the empty file folders.

STILES (CONT'D)

And we're done. So, Matt, since all the people you brutally murdered deserved it because they killed you first--whatever that means--I think we're pretty much good here. Right? I'll get my dad and we'll go. You continue with the vengeance thing. Enjoy the Kanima.

The roar of a CAR ENGINE interrupts them. Matt holds still, listening to the sound of a car pulling up to the curb.

MATT

Sounds like your mom's here, McCall.

SCOTT

Matt, don't do this. When she comes to the door, I'll just tell her to leave, okay? I'll say we didn't find anything. Please.

19 CONTINUED: 19

But Matt shakes his head, waving him and Stiles over to Stilinski's open door. Scott hesitates at the sound of the front entrance CLATTERING OPEN.

MATT

If you don't move right now, I'm going to kill Stiles first. Then your mom.

20 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/DETECTIVE OFFICES - NIGHT 20

Stepping outside Stilinski's office, Scott and Stiles approach the door that leads to the front desk lobby with Matt behind them.

MATT

Open it.

SCOTT

Matt, please.

Pressing the gun to Stiles's back, Matt glares at Scott. *

MATT

Open the door.

Scott puts his hand on the knob and turns it. The door slowly clicks open allowing the boys to peer out to the front desk. It's not Melissa standing in the lobby, however-- *

It's Derek.

SCOTT

Oh, thank God.

But Derek sinks to his knees and drops forward, SLAMMING down on the linoleum floor. Paralyzed yet again by--

Jackson. Standing right behind him.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT 21

A FLAME FLICKERS up from the edge of Victoria's note. Allison sets it down on a ceramic candle base and watches the paper smolder to ash. Behind it she notices a FRAMED PHOTO.

It's a picture of her and Lydia, laughing at something off camera. Two ordinary teenage girls having fun.

As the flames die down, Allison takes the photo and drops it right into the garbage can by her desk. Then she grabs another picture and throws that out as well.

She begins moving quickly. Grabbing books, CD's, magazines, jewelry, florescent bracelets. Anything that somehow spells teenage girl.

With the garbage full, she begins tossing items on her bed's comforter. Brightly colored clothes. High heels. She gathers up the full comforter and drags it off the bed.

Tearing through her room, she empties it of anything and everything that doesn't fit her newfound purpose.

Finally, with the room stripped to bare essentials--a bed, clothes, only the most necessary furniture--Allison places a STEEL BOX on her empty desk.

She opens the lid, revealing ARROW TIPS inside. Flash bolts and variously shaped points. Allison pulls a TIP out and begins screwing it onto the black shaft of a crossbow bolt. She grabs another and another. Arming herself.

Like she's preparing to go to war.

22 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/DETECTIVE OFFICES - NIGHT 22

Derek falls back onto the floor of the office with a painful smack. Seething, he stares up at Jackson who looks down on him, head cocked like a curious animal. Past him, Scott and Stiles watch helplessly while Matt keeps the gun on them.

DEREK

This is the one in control? This kid?

MATT

Well, Derek, not everyone's lucky enough to be a big bad werewolf.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

(to the others)

Yeah, that's right. I've learned a few things lately. Werewolves, hunters, Kanimas. It's like a frickin' Halloween party every full moon. Except for you Stiles. What the hell do you turn into?

STILES

Abominable Snowman. But it's mostly a winter time thing. Seasonal.

Not amused, Matt nods to Jackson. Before Stiles can utter a word of protest, Jackson LASHES out with a claw at the nape of his neck.

Scott moves to protect him, but Jackson raises the same clawed hand to his face. Eyes on the sharp tips dripping with paralytic toxin, Scott stands down while--

*

Hand on his neck, Stiles staggers back, limbs going rigid.

STILES (CONT'D)

Bitch.

He goes down, falling directly onto Derek with his head landing right on his chest.

DEREK

Get him off me.

Matt kneels down so that he can look Derek in the eyes.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Get him off me.

MATT

I don't know, Derek. I think you two make a pretty good pair. It must kind of suck, though, to have all that power taken away with one little cut to the back of the neck? I bet you're not used to feeling this helpless.

DEREK

I've still got teeth. Why don't you come a little closer and we find out how helpless I am.

Before Matt can respond, HEADLIGHTS FLASH over the office windows. Another car pulling up to the curb.

MATT
(to Scott)
Is that her?

Scott turns to the window. His look of despair confirms it.

MATT (CONT'D)
Do what I say and I won't hurt her.
I won't even let Jackson near her.

STILES
Scott, don't trust him.

With a sudden brutality, Matt kicks Stiles off Derek and then sets the sole of his shoe on Stiles's throat.

MATT
This work better for you? *

Stiles chokes as Matt presses down on his windpipe.

SCOTT
Stop, *just stop*.

MATT
Then do what I tell you to.

SCOTT
Okay, all right.

Matt pulls his foot off Stiles's throat, tears rolling down the boy's cheeks as he coughs and sputters for air.

Turning to Jackson, Matt motions to Stilinski's office.

MATT
Put them in there.
(to Scott)
You. With me.

The front door opens allowing moonlight to spill into the lobby. Melissa steps inside the quiet, darkened station.

SCOTT (O.S.)
Mom?

She whirls at his voice, spotting him in the dimly lit corridor to the left of the front desk.

MELISSA
You scared me. Where is everyone?

23 CONTINUED: 23

She starts forward but pauses when Matt steps out from the adjacent hall with a gun pointed directly at Scott.

SCOTT
Mom, just do what he says. He promised he wouldn't hurt you.

MATT
He's right.

Then, almost casually, Matt FIRES the gun at Scott. Melissa SHRIEKS in horror as her son collapses back. Shocked, Scott peers up at Matt who gives a simple shrug.

MATT (CONT'D)
I didn't say I wouldn't hurt you.

Rushing for her son, Melissa doesn't even notice Matt aiming the gun at her.

MATT (CONT'D)
Get back. Get back!

SCOTT
Mom, stop--*Mom*.

Melissa pulls back as Scott sags against the wall with his hand clutching his BLOODY stomach. *

24 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/CELL BLOCK - NIGHT 24

A mere few yards away, Stilinski shouts from the cell block, pulling desperately at the handcuff around his wrist.

STILINSKI
Scott! Stiles? What happened?

25 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/FRONT DESK - NIGHT 25

Matt aims the gun at Melissa while desperate shouts come from all sides.

MATT
I said *get back*.

MELISSA
Oh God, Scott--

SCOTT
Mom, do it--*please, Mom*.

Suppressing every maternal instinct she has, a frantic Melissa retreats back from him.

25

CONTINUED:

25

MATT

Get up, McCall.

STILINSKI (O.S.)

Matt! Matt, listen to me--

MATT

Shut up! *Everyone shut the hell up.*
(to Scott)
Now get up or I shoot her next.

Hand on his bloody stomach, Scott struggles to his feet.

26

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

26

Melissa backs into the empty holding cell, tears slipping down her cheeks. The cell door CLANGS SHUT and Matt locks it. On his feet, Stilinski stretches the wall handcuff taut.

MELISSA

He needs a doctor.

MATT

You think so?

STILINSKI

Listen you little piece of--

SCOTT

It's all right--I'm okay.

MELISSA

You're *not* okay.

SCOTT

It doesn't hurt.

MELISSA

That's adrenaline. Please, you have to let me look at the wound and help stop the bleeding.

Matt actually laughs, turning an amused look on Scott.

MATT

They have no idea, do they?

MELISSA

Please, just let me--

MATT

Shut up, shut up, *shut up.*

26 CONTINUED: 26

Melissa flinches back as Matt SCREAMS at her.

MATT (CONT'D)

You keep talking and the next
bullet goes in his head. Back to
the front, McCall. Let's go.

All Melissa and Stilinski can do is watch as Matt waves the
wounded Scott out of the cell block.

27 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/DETECTIVE OFFICES - NIGHT 27

With Jackson standing guard over Derek and Stiles inside
Stilinski's office, Matt shoves Scott ahead of him.

SCOTT

The evidence is gone. Why don't you
just go?

MATT

You think the evidence mattered
that much? I want the book.

SCOTT

What? What book?

MATT

The Bestiary. And not just a few
pages. I want the whole thing.

SCOTT

But I don't have that. It's
Gerard's. And what do you want it
for anyway?

MATT

I want answers.

SCOTT

To what?

MATT

To this.

Matt pulls up his shirt to reveal an unexpected development
forming over the skin on his side...

SCALES. Exactly like those on the body of the Kanima.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28

INT. ARGENT HOME/BASEMENT - NIGHT

28

In the weapon-filled basement, Allison hands her phone to Argent to read a text message.

ARGENT

He wants the Bestiary?

ALLISON

But it's not from Scott. He wouldn't text me. And he definitely wouldn't mention Derek.

Argent shows Gerard the message.

GERARD

The Sheriff's Station?

ARGENT

If Derek's really there, I doubt it's willingly.

ALLISON

You think Jackson's there too?

ARGENT

Maybe. Maybe him and the one controlling him.

Argent pulls a BLUEPRINT of the station from a drawer and unfolds it onto the large table in front of them.

GERARD

How many do they keep on in a night shift?

ARGENT

Since budget cuts, four at the most. My guess would be they're either dead or paralyzed by now.

GERARD

This might be just the confluence of events we've been hoping for.

ARGENT

Confluence or conflagration?

GERARD
I'm open to both.

ALLISON
So what do we do?

GERARD
Maybe you should tell us. That
authority falls to you now.

ARGENT
Not at her age.

GERARD
She's almost eighteen. She knows
there's a difference between
revenge and retribution. Don't you,
Allison? Make the decision from a
vantage point of strategy over
emotion and we'll follow your lead.

ALLISON
I want Derek dead.

ARGENT
What about Scott?

Allison hesitates at the mention of his name.

ALLISON
Scott didn't force my mother to
kill herself.

ARGENT
But he's not exactly an innocent
bystander either. You can't pick
and choose--

ALLISON
But I can prioritize. And the
priority right now is Derek.

ARGENT
And the others? Derek's pack?

ALLISON
If they try to protect him, then we
kill them.

With an ice-cold gaze she echoes Gerard's own words.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
All of them.

29

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

29

Stiles and Derek lie on the floor of the office while Jackson stands watch at the door. He barely moves, glancing back only briefly to make sure his captives are still immobile.

STILES

(whispering)

You know what's happening to Matt?

DEREK

I know the book isn't going to help him. You can't just break the rules. Not like this.

STILES

What do you mean?

DEREK

The universe balances things out. It always does.

STILES

Because he's using Jackson to kill people who don't deserve it?

DEREK

And killing people himself.

STILES

So if Matt breaks the rules of the Kanima, he becomes a Kanima?

DEREK

Balance.

STILES

You think he'd believe us if we told him?

DEREK

Not likely.

STILES

He's going to kill all of us when he gets the book, isn't he?

DEREK

Yeah.

STILES

So what do we do? Just lie here and wait to die?

29

CONTINUED:

29

DEREK

Unless I can figure out some way to push the toxin out of my body faster. Like triggering the healing process.

Derek glances to Stiles, a surreptitious look. Stiles peers down to see BLOOD spreading across the floor. Hands at his sides, Derek's CLAWS dig into his own thighs.

30

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/BULLPEN - NIGHT

30

Removing his hand from his stomach with a pained breath, Scott surveys his bloody wound while Matt watches.

MATT

You know why I feel sorry for you, McCall? Because right now you're thinking: *How am I going to explain this when it heals?* And the sad part is you don't get how incredible it is that you are healing. You know what happens to everyone else when they get shot? *They die.*

SCOTT

Is that what happened to you?

Matt looks away, unwilling to answer.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You drowned. Didn't you?

Matt's eyes blink and a silent FLASHBACK appears. A view underwater where limbs thrash about. Someone drowning.

MATT

He shouldn't have let them drink.

Matt's head twitches to the side and he blinks again seeing BODIES UNDERWATER, legs kicking.

SCOTT

Who? *Matt, who do you mean?*

*

MATT

Lahey. He shouldn't have let them *drink.*

*

*

SCOTT

Who was drinking?

MATT

The swim team. Who do you think, idiot? I didn't know what was happening. I didn't know they'd just won state and Lahey's letting his favorites come over to have a few drinks to celebrate. Who cares if they're only seventeen, right?

*
*

SCOTT

You were at Isaac's?

MATT

He had this first edition Spider-Man--or--what was it? Batman? We were going to trade. But I walk in and there's music and one of the guys--Sean--he's pulling Jessica into the pool. Bennett gets dragged in--

*
*

SCOTT

Bennett? The hunter?

*
*

MATT

(nodding)

And then Camden, Isaac's jarhead brother, grabs me. He thinks it's funny.

*
*
*
*
*

SCOTT

They threw you in?

Matt sucks in a breath between his teeth, blinking again as he FLASHES BACK, underwater, arms flailing.

MATT

I yell that I can't swim, but nobody hears. I swallow water and my head goes under. Nobody notices. I see bodies underwater. Jessica's got her hand down Sean's board shorts. Tucker's grabbing Kara. *While I'm drowning.* And they're laughing. *While I'm dying.* And then *all of a sudden* I'm lying by the side of the pool, Lahey's face right above me--

*
*

Frantic and urgent, a dripping wet Lahey shouts.

LAHEY

You tell no one. This--this is your fault. You don't know how to swim? What stupid, little--

MATT

Bastard doesn't know how to swim?

LAHEY

You say NOTHING. You tell no one. NO ONE.

Matt peers out the windows of the station, a distant look in his eyes while recounting the memories to Scott.

31

CONTINUED:

31

MATT

And I didn't. I'd see them at school. None of them would look at me. I'd wake up at night, gasping for air. My parents thought I was asthmatic. They even got me an inhaler. They didn't know every time I closed my eyes, I was drowning. *And you know how they say there's a bright light when you die? Well, I didn't see anything. Everything was just dark. Just darkness.* But then comes the Argent's funeral. And everything changes...

*
*
*
*
*

32

EXT. BEACON HILLS CEMETERY - DAY - FLASHBACK

32

Argent leads his family to the grave site while Matt aims his camera at Allison.

MATT (V.O.)

I was getting some photos. Working on my portfolio.

All of the pictures are of Allison. One after another.

MATT (V.O.)

Then, purely by accident, Lahey shows up in one of the pictures.

Lahey turns and with the sound of a SHUTTER CLICK he becomes a STILL FRAME, hateful eyes behind wire-rimmed glasses.

MATT (V.O.)

I look down at the screen on my camera and I feel this unbelievable rage. All I can think about, all I can imagine, was seeing him dead. And the next day...

33

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY - FLASHBACK

33

Stilinski and his men approach the field to talk to Isaac.

MATT (V.O.)

He actually was dead.

34

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/BULLPEN - NIGHT

34

Matt gives a soft laugh at the memory.

MATT
Einstein's right. Imagination is
more important than knowledge.
(MORE)

34

CONTINUED:

34

MATT (CONT'D)

It was like the Gods had answered my prayers. Like something out of Greek mythology. The Furies coming down to punish Orestes.

(off Scott's look)

You have no idea what I'm talking about, do you?

SCOTT

Was he the guy who stabbed out his eyes?

MATT

That's Oedipus, you dumbass. The Furies are deities of vengeance. Their eyes dripped blood and they had snakes for hair. If there was a crime committed and it went unpunished, the Furies did the punishing.

Matt glances across the hall, past the front desk to the open door where Jackson stands waiting, watching.

MATT (CONT'D)

Jackson is my Fury.

35

INT. MATT'S CAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

35

Matt eases toward the driver's side, approaching the window as the Kanima comes nearer. Almost by instinct, Matt slowly raises his hand, fingers splayed.

MATT (V.O.)

When I saw him the next night it was like this bond was cemented between us. I knew he killed Lahey for me. And I knew he'd do it again.

The Kanima reaches up as well, claws landing on the window just as Matt's fingers connect with the glass.

MATT (V.O.)

So I went to the garage where Tucker worked.

36

INT. AUTO MECHANIC'S GARAGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

36

Stiles notices the picture of the Mechanic in a Beacon Hills lacrosse uniform in the office adjacent to the garage.

36

CONTINUED:

36

MATT (V.O.)

I paid for an oil change. He didn't even recognize me. When he wasn't looking I took a shot of him with my camera. A few hours later, he was dead.

Stiles's Jeep lowers onto the Mechanic crushing him as--

37

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/BULLPEN - NIGHT

37

Matt shakes his head with a wistful smile.

MATT

So I took more pictures.

PHOTOS appear with the sound of SHUTTER CLICKS. Sean, Jessica, Kara.

MATT (CONT'D)

All I had to do was take their picture. And Jackson would take their life.

38

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

38

While Jackson stands guard a few feet away, Stiles whispers to Derek.

STILES

So is that hypothetical situation we talked about getting any less hypothetical?

Perspiration at his brow, Derek uses every bit of strength he has to push his claws further in, digging at his own skin.

DEREK

I think so. I can move my toes now.

STILES

Um, dude... I can move my toes now.

Derek glances at Stiles and then to his bloody, clawed jeans with a look of profound dismay. And then--

38 CONTINUED: 38

THE LIGHTS CLICK OUT. The already dark station succumbs to almost pitch black.

39 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/CELL BLOCK - NIGHT 39

Stilinski and Melissa peer up at the lights.

MELISSA
What's happening?

40 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/BULLPEN - NIGHT 40

Gun raised, Matt listens to the LIGHTS BUZZ as they dim to complete darkness. He glances to Scott who looks equally surprised by the outage.

MATT
What is this?

HEADLIGHTS blaze into the bullpen, flooding it with a brilliant glow. HIGH BEAMS from what must be several SUV's.

MATT (CONT'D)
What are they doing? What's happening?

The answer comes with an EXPLOSION as the bullpen WINDOWS BURST INWARD, millions of fragments showering down on them.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

41 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/BULLPEN - NIGHT 41

Arms above his head to shield himself from falling debris, Scott ducks down under a HAIL OF GUNFIRE blasting through the bullpen.

42 EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION/STREET - NIGHT 42

Outside the station, a pleased Gerard looks past TWO HUNTERS as they lower their weapons.

GERARD

Shakespeare wrote that "love is a
smoke made with the fume of sighs."
Let's give them some love.

43 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/BULLPEN - NIGHT 43

Disoriented, Matt blinks under the emergency lights, focusing his eyes long enough to see--

A SMOKE BOMB fly in. The moment it hits the floor, a BLINDING FLARE lights the room and SMOKE begins pouring out of its spinning body.

44 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/DETECTIVE OFFICES - NIGHT 44

With smoke filling the lobby and surging into the Detective Offices, Jackson abandons his position at the door to Stilinski's Office and--

SCOTT BURSTS OUT OF A WALL OF SMOKE, grabbing Jackson by the shirt. He spins, SLAMMING him through the door and crashing back out to the lobby. *

With a triumphant breath, Scott turns back to Stilinski's Office where Derek struggles to pull himself up with one hand while pushing Stiles forward with the other. *

DEREK

Take him. Go!

In the FLASH and FLARE of emergency lights, Scott pulls Stiles to his feet, turning just as--

Jackson rises back up, fangs bared, eyes BURNING BRIGHT and worst of all--CLAWS DRIPPING WITH VENOM.

He comes SLASHING FORWARD as Scott drags Stiles back--

45 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/ADJACENT OFFICE - NIGHT 45
Into the next office where Scott SLAMS the door shut, locking it, only to see Jackson SMASH through a moment later as-- *

46 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/WITNESS ROOM - NIGHT 46
Scott drags Stiles into the next room, another door WHIPPING SHUT and locking. But a snarling Jackson BARRELS through this one as well until finally-- *

47 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 47
Scott and a barely mobile Stiles tumble into the interrogation room, steel door closing just as Jackson SLAMS INTO IT. Scott flips the dead bolt and--
Nothing. Both of them gasping, they listen. But all they hear are PANICKED SHOUTS from Melissa and Stilinski in the cell block just nearby. *

STILES
What's happening?

SCOTT
I don't know.

48 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/REAR CORRIDOR - NIGHT 48
At the rear of the station, a door quietly clicks open. THREE DARK SILHOUETTES enter, guns held at the ready.
Gripping her crossbow, Allison follows behind Argent. With a quick glance back, he motions for her and the Hunter behind her to continue following around the corner.

49 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/STILINSKI'S OFFICE - NIGHT 49
Clawed hand pushing up on the desk, Derek drags himself to his feet. Each breath a struggle, he begins to rise, fighting the paralysis with every ounce of strength and will he's got, until finally-- *

Derek snaps his head up with a SNARL. Transformed into a werewolf, his eyes BLAZE a furious RED.

50 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/CELL BLOCK - NIGHT 50
Hands wrapped around the bars, a terrified Melissa tries to peer out to the corridor.

MELISSA
Scott? Scott!

50 CONTINUED: 50

At the same time, BLOOD on his wrist, Stilinski desperately tries to pull free of the handcuff.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

What the hell's going on out there?

With a CRY of frustration, Stilinski puts a foot up on the wall, trying now to pull the handcuff from its bolt.

51 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 51

Under a shroud of a darkness, Jackson slowly peers up as a sickening yellow GLOW fills his eyes. Head wrenching from side-to-side, he begins to complete his transformation into the Kanima.

52 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 52

With Stiles resting against a wall, Scott begins to stand.

SCOTT

(a whisper)

Don't move.

The paralyzed Stiles looks at him, incredulous.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You know what I mean.

As quietly as possible, he slips out the other door of the interrogation room.

53 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/REAR CORRIDOR - NIGHT 53

Dark-clad bodies move stealthily down the corridor. Argent pauses, raising a hand to stop their approach. He cocks his head, listening to what sounds like CLAWS clicking across the cement floor. *

Argent spins and FIRES, lighting the corridor with MUZZLE FLASHES as the Kanima hurtles toward them.

With a SHRIEK of pain, it CRASHES into a wall. But almost instantly, the creature is back on its feet. *

ARGENT

Move, move!

The Hunter is not fast enough. The Kanima's claws LACERATE his throat with two quick swipes. Blood falls to the floor as the man crumbles.

Allison retreats back into another corridor where--

54

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

54

Scott whirls around to find Allison turning the crossbow on him. She almost pulls the trigger before recognizing his face. He gazes at her, shocked both to find her in the station and to see her armed for battle.

SCOTT

Allison?

ALLISON

Where's Derek?

SCOTT

What--What are you doing?

ALLISON

If you're not going to tell me,
then get out of the way.

SCOTT

Allison--

ALLISON

Where is he?

Scott flinches back, stunned by the flash of anger.

SCOTT

What happened?

He moves to touch her, as if to comfort her, but she pulls the crossbow up, using the weapon to maintain their distance.

ALLISON

Scott, you need to stay away from
me right now. You need to go. You
need to just... just stay out of my
way.

Frightened by the look in her eyes, Scott watches her retreat back into the shadows. When her face turns from the light, the darkness seems to literally swallow her up.

55

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/FILES ROOM - NIGHT

55

With quick, tactical movements, Argent navigates the dark corners of the file room and spots Allison at the other end. He signals to her to move to the open rows of shelves.

Argent turns into the first row, swinging his gun in to fire. But the row is empty.

55

CONTINUED:

55

Allison turns into the row closest to her, swinging the crossbow to aim between the shelves. Empty as well.

Argent moves to the next to find it empty. But then pauses, as if feeling eyes on him.

BEHIND HIM - the Kanima sits perched on the ledge of a shelf. Argent turns, but not fast enough.

The creature launches off the shelf, SLAMMING him forward. As Argent's gun clatters to the floor--

Allison FIRES the crossbow.

The Kanima's head ROCKS violently back. *It's a direct hit.* The BOLT sticks right out of the middle of the creature's head. But then its clawed hand rises up to grasp the BLACK SHAFT of the bolt.

Slowly and methodically, the Kanima pulls the crossbow bolt right out of its head.

Allison watches in horror as the wound closes on the creature's forehead. As the bolt drops to the floor and the Kanima begins to approach--

*
*

Allison runs for it.

56

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/BULLPEN - NIGHT

56

Struggling to load a new bolt into the crossbow, Allison drops it, abandoning it for a TACTICAL KNIFE instead. As she rolls to the floor--

The Kanima leaps out of the darkness and lands on one of the desks. It peers about the bullpen, searching for its prey.

UNDERNEATH A DESK - Allison expertly flips the knife around in her hand to defend herself.

Trying to control her fearful breathing, she focuses on the quiet sounds around her. Then spots an approaching shadow.

*

The Kanima slams down onto the desk under which Allison hides. But she's prepared for it. Knees to her chest, she pushes up on the desk with the soles of her feet.

THE DESK FLIPS UP, sending the creature tumbling. Allison comes at it with the tactical knife, slashing at the creature as it dodges the blade in near misses until--

THE KNIFE sinks right into its body.

But at the same time, the Kanima wraps a hand around Allison's throat. She digs the knife in, but the creature barely seems fazed, cocking its head to the side to peer on her with a kind of curiosity. *

And then it whips its hand away.

Allison reaches for the back of her neck where *its* claw slashed into her skin. *

She staggers back, pulling the knife out of the creature with her. The weapon falls first. Then, finally, Allison sinks to the floor as well, paralyzed. *

While her peripheral vision begins to blur, she remains able to focus on Matt's face as he lowers to meet her eyes. He pushes the hair from her cheek with a delicate touch.

MATT

You should have given me a chance.
Because you know how I told you I
wasn't the guy who would say
something like *If I can't have her,
no one can?* Well, it wasn't totally
true. Because, Allison, if I can't
have you... *NO ONE CAN.*

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

57 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/BULLPEN - NIGHT 57

Allison glares back up at Matt, almost daring him with her eyes. Until a CLATTERING grabs his attention. Night Officer's gun gripped in his hand, he stands. With the Kanima following at his side, he leaves her lying paralyzed in the dark.

Breathing hard, Allison almost screams when a hand reaches for her. But it's only her father, Argent. He puts a finger to his mouth warning her to be silent as he begins to lift her up.

58 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/CELL BLOCK - NIGHT 58

With Melissa watching from behind the bars of her cell, Stilinski gives one last herculean effort and yanks up on the bolt attaching the handcuff to the wall.

It breaks free. Stunned, he actually smiles in triumph.

MELISSA

Sheriff--

He turns around just in time to see Matt swinging the butt of the gun down on his head.

59 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 59

Clawing his way into the corridor, a still paralyzed Stiles looks up in shock as his father tumbles to the floor. *

Legs desperately kicking out, Stiles tries to get his muscles to move, *tries to* find a way to stand and protect his father. *
But all he can do is watch the man's eyes flutter closed.

60 EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION/STREET - NIGHT 60

With the sounds of fighting inside dying down, Gerard slips out from between the SUV's for a closer look. A FIT OF COUGHING seizes him momentarily and he reaches into his pocket for his pills.

Swallowing a handful, he pauses to notice a SHADOW in the alley at the side of the station.

60

CONTINUED:

60

SOMEONE stands in the darkness watching. Gerard squints his eyes to focus, but the figure is gone.

61

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

61

Matt turns from the unconscious Stilinski to face Melissa at the bars of her cell.

MELISSA

Matt, listen to me, please. My son is shot. There's been gunfire. I don't know what's happening but you have to let me see Scott.

To her utter astonishment, Matt laughs.

MATT

How totally clueless are you people? You have no idea what's really going on, do you?

But then Melissa's eyes widen. And it looks like she's beginning to get a clue. Matt turns to see who's grabbed her attention--

Derek. Standing at the **right side** entrance to the cell block. Fangs bared, claws out, he looks ready to tear someone apart. *

But a HISS draws his eyes. The Kanima stands in the opposite doorway, fully prepared to protect its master.

SHRIEKING in defiance, **the Kanima** charges. Derek **moves fast**, clawed hands **reaching up to grab the creature and SLAM it down** to the floor. *
*
*

But the Kanima flips back up, moving with uncanny agility, bouncing from wall-to-wall, grabbing onto the bars of the cell and swinging up to move with lightning speed while--

62

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

62

A furious Matt retreats back into the shadowy corridor. Hands feeling along the walls, he finds a door and pushes it open as--

63

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

63

The Kanima grabs Derek and sends him CRASHING back. It spins, baring its fangs at Melissa as it LEAPS RIGHT ONTO THE BARS OF THE CELL.

Melissa screams in terror as the creature leans in, mouth opening to--

*
*

GASP. It SHRIEKS in pain as it suddenly yanks back off the bars and brutally SLAMS down into the floor underneath--

Scott. Transformed into a werewolf, he gazes up to his mother as she sees his face. The eyes, the creased brow, the fangs. His secret, his true nature. And the look on Melissa's own face is pure horror.

*

A SNARL comes from beneath Scott, the Kanima scrambling up. It moves defensively as Derek flips back onto his own feet. The three of them locked in an acrobatic fight until the Kanima slips free, charging into the darkness to escape.

*
*
*
*

Scott gives a last look at his mother who backs into the shadows of the cell. Finally, he turns to pursue Derek and the Kanima.

*
*

64

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

64

Hurtling into a dark corridor, a now human Scott STUMBLES right into Gerard.

SCOTT

What are you doing here? It wasn't supposed to happen like this.

*

GERARD

Trust me, I'm aware of that.

SCOTT

I did everything you asked me to. I'm part of Derek's pack. I've given you all the information you wanted. I told you it was Matt controlling Jackson--

GERARD

And leave him to us. Go back. Help your friends. Leave Matt and Jackson to me. Deal with your mother. Go.

*

Scott nods. Gerard releases him. But then Scott lifts up his pill box.

64

CONTINUED:

64

SCOTT

You dropped this.

Trying to suppress a tight, wheezing COUGH, Gerard nods and takes the pill box.

GERARD

Go.

Finally, Scott turns, rushing around a corner too fast to see someone in the darkness who has heard and felt every word of betrayal...

Derek.

65

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION/BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

65

Slamming out of an exit into the alley, Matt glances back only once and then goes right for the fence.

Grabbing onto the chain links, he yanks himself up and over, running for the woods. And for his life.

66

EXT. WOODS/CREEK - NIGHT

66

Matt splashes through a creek, stumbling to his knees. Wet and dirty, he scrambles up the hill and over the crest just as--

HEADLIGHTS TURN ON, flaring at him with a shocking brilliance. Matt stumbles back under the glare.

MATT

Hello?

Squinting up, he barely has a chance to focus when Gerard appears right in front of him. With a sudden and violent SHOVE, he sends Matt HURTLING back.

Tumbling and tripping over his feet, Matt splashes into the creek, head CRACKING against a rock.

Dazed, he tries to push himself up. With blood running into his eyes, he doesn't seem to notice Gerard as the man steps over him.

Gloved hands taking hold of the boy, Gerard shoves Matt's face into the water.

Flailing, Matt struggles, grasping at Gerard's coat sleeves, trying to wrest free. But Gerard is too strong. He pushes Matt's head further into the dark water, until finally--

Matt lies still.

While Gerard eases back up, shaking the water from his hands and sleeves, SOMEONE WATCHES from the shadows. The same person Gerard spotted in the alley next to the Sheriff's Station...

Peter Hale.

He looks almost amused at the horrific murder. But what happens next changes his expression entirely.

Gerard turns around to see the Kanima down on all fours in the creek with him.

GERARD
No longer afraid of the water?

The creature begins a slow, cautious approach.

GERARD (CONT'D)
You don't have to be afraid of
anything, my friend.

Pulling off his glove, Gerard holds his hand up, palm out.

GERARD (CONT'D)
Especially me.

Drawing nearer, the Kanima raises a claw. While Peter watches from the shadows, man and monster approach each other as if to shake hands.

And just as Gerard and the Kanima's open palms are about to touch, a connection about to be made--

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE