

TEEN WOLF
Episode #211
by
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New Remote Productions, Inc.

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MGM

Production #211
Episode Twenty-Three

TEEN WOLF

"Episode Twenty-Three"

EP#211

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

STILINSKI.....	LINDEN ASHBY
MORRELL.....	BIANCA LAWSON
GERARD.....	MICHAEL HOGAN
MELISSA.....	MELISSA PONZIO
ERICA.....	GAGE GOLIGHTLY
BOYD.....	SINQUA WALLS
DEATON.....	SETH GILLIAM
ISAAC.....	DANIEL SHARMAN
PETER.....	IAN BOHEN
DANNY.....	KEAHU KAHUANUI
COACH.....	ORNY ADAMS
ARGENT.....	JR BOURNE

TEEN WOLF

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Set List

INTERIORS

HIGH SCHOOL
GUIDANCE OFFICE
LOCKER ROOM
MCCALL HOME
SCOTT'S ROOM
ROOM
HALLWAY
ALLISON'S CAR
ARGENT HOME
BASEMENT
WHITTEMORE HOME
JACKSON'S ROOM
MARTIN HOME
HALE HOUSE
ANIMAL CLINIC
EXAMINING ROOM

EXTERIORS

WOODS
EXTERIOR
CREEK
LACROSSE FIELD

*

OMMITTED:
ABANDONED RAIL STATION
TRAIN
STATION

TEEN WOLF
Episode #211

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY 1

Fingers wrap through and around the worn threads in the net of a LACROSSE STICK. Backpack at his feet, an unusually pensive Stiles absentmindedly tightens the knots on the head of the stick.

STILES

You know, when you're drowning, you don't actually inhale until right before you're about to black out. It's called *voluntary apnea*.

2 EXT. WOODS/CREEK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 2

Gloved hands taking hold of Matt, Gerard shoves his head into the creek water.

3 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY 3

Stiles pulls a knot on the lacrosse stick tighter and tighter.

STILES

It's like no matter how much you're freaking out, the instinct to not let water in is so strong, you won't open your mouth until you feel like your head's exploding.

4 EXT. WOODS/CREEK - DAY 4

Deputies string POLICE TAPE around the site of Matt's drowning while Stilinski watches a CORONER zip up a BODY BAG.

STILES (V.O.)

But when you finally do let it in, that's when it stops hurting. It's not scary anymore. It's actually kind of peaceful.

MORRELL (V.O.)

Are you saying you hope Matt felt some peace in his last moments?

*

5 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

5

Stiles glances up to Ms. Morrell.

STILES

I don't feel sorry for him.

MORRELL

Can you feel sorry for the nine year-old Matt who drowned?

STILES

Just because a bunch of dumbasses dragged him into a pool when he couldn't swim doesn't mean he's allowed to kill them off one-by-one. And, by the way, my dad said they found pictures of Allison on his computer. Not just her. Matt Photoshopped himself into them. Stuff like them holding hands and kissing. Like he'd built this whole fake relationship. So drowning might have sent him off the rails, but the dude was definitely riding the crazy train.

6 EXT. WOODS/CREEK - DAY

6

As the body bag is lifted up to be taken away, Stilinski kneels to look out over the water.

MORRELL (V.O.)

One positive thing came out of it, though. Right?

The REFLECTION of something metallic and shiny glints off the water. Stilinski turns to find a hand holding out his SHERIFF'S BADGE. With a soft smile of pride, he takes it.

7 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

7

Stiles's eyes focus on the threads of the lacrosse stick.

STILES

Yeah, but it still feels like there's something wrong between us. Like there's this tension whenever we talk. Same thing with Scott.

MORRELL

Have you talked to him since that night?

7 CONTINUED:

7

STILES

Not really. He's got his own problems to deal with...

8 INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM/HALLWAY - DAY

8

Pulling a new hoodie out of a Macy's shopping bag, Scott slips it on and then grabs his backpack. When he steps into the hallway, he hears a door CLICK closed.

SCOTT

Mom?

Approaching her door, he leans in to listen. Unable to see her standing on the other side, he can still hear the BEATING of her heart.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Mom? We're going to have to talk about this eventually.

Melissa puts her hand on the knob. But can't seem to turn it.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Okay. I'm going. Love you.

He holds still, hand at the door, fingers lightly touching it as if trying to make some kind of contact with his mother.

Finally, he turns to leave while Melissa gently rests her cheek against the door, listening to his receding FOOTSTEPS.

9 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

9

Morrell cocks her head, trying to gauge Stiles's reactions through the netting of the lacrosse stick.

STILES

No, I'm pretty sure he hasn't talked to Allison either. But that's more her choice, I think.

10 INT. ALLISON'S CAR - NIGHT

10

Allison shuts off the ignition. Then pauses before getting out. Hesitantly, she breathes on the window, steaming it up to reveal a message from Scott: 12pm.

Beneath it he's written one word in caps: PLEASE.

Gathering her sleeve into her fist, Allison reluctantly wipes away the message. From the look on her face, it's clear she has no plan to meet him.

10 CONTINUED: 10

STILES (V.O.)
Her mom dying hit her really hard.
But I guess it kind of brought her
and her dad closer.

11 INT. ARGENT HOME/BASEMENT - DAY 11

Surrounded by weapons in the basement, Allison watches Argent use a RED MARKER to cross off a section on a MAP OF BEACON HILLS. Several other areas are already crossed out.

Underneath the red slashes lies one location yet to be eliminated: BEACON HILLS RAIL DEPOT.

STILES (V.O.)
Jackson?

12 INT. WHITTEMORE HOME/JACKSON'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 12

In the darkness, Jackson sits on the edge of his bed.

STILES (V.O.)
He hasn't really been himself
lately.

Hands red, BLOOD drips from his claws.

STILES (V.O.)
Thing is, right now, Lydia's the
one who seems the most normal.

13 INT. MARTIN HOME - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 13

At her birthday party, Lydia is all smiles while handing out drinks.

MORRELL (V.O.)
And what about you, Stiles?

14 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY 14

Morrell watches Stiles closely from behind her desk.

MORRELL
Feeling any anxiety about the
championship game tomorrow night?

Stiles looks up. He has one of the threads on the lacrosse stick clenched between his teeth.

STILES
(through his teeth)
Why would you ask that?

Realizing what he's doing, he sets the lacrosse stick down.

STILES (CONT'D)

I never actually play. But hey, since one teammate is dead and the other missing, who knows?

MORRELL

You mean, Isaac? One of the three runaways. You haven't heard from any of them, have you?

Stiles ignores the question, focusing on Morrell's desk.

STILES

How come you're not taking notes?

MORRELL

I do my notes after the session.

STILES

Your memory's that good?

MORRELL

How about we get back to you?

Stiles hesitates, eyeing her with suspicion.

MORRELL (CONT'D)

Stiles?

STILES

I'm fine. Except for the not sleeping. The jumpiness. And this constant, overwhelming, crushing fear that something incredibly terrible is going to happen.

MORRELL

It's called hyper-vigilance. The persistent feeling of being under threat.

STILES

It's not just a feeling. It's like I'm about to have a panic attack. Like I can't even breathe.

MORRELL

Like you're drowning?

Stiles slowly nods.

MORRELL (CONT'D)

So if you're drowning and you're keeping your mouth closed up until that last moment, what if you choose to not open your mouth? To not let the water in?

STILES

You do anyway. It's a reflex.

MORRELL

But if you can hold off until the reflex kicks in, then you have more time, right?

*

STILES

Not *much* time.

MORRELL

But more time to fight your way to the surface?

STILES

I guess.

MORRELL

More time to be rescued?

STILES

More time to be in agonizing pain. Remember the part where you feel like your head's exploding?

MORRELL

If it means survival, isn't a little agony worth it?

STILES

What if it just gets worse? What if it's agony now and hell later on?

MORRELL

Then think about something Winston Churchill once said: If you're going through hell... *keep going*.

Meeting Morrell's resolute stare, Stiles nods in understanding.

Steam billows out of the bathroom as Scott steps out of the shower and wraps himself in a towel.

15

CONTINUED:

15

He reaches up to the mirror to wipe away the steam. But then pauses, turning his head to listen. All he hears, however, is the TRICKLE of water.

Scott swipes at the mirror to reveal his face. Running a hand through his hair, he turns around and steps out of the bathroom to find--

A PAIR OF FEET hanging several inches off the floor.

Melissa stares down at him in terror, fingers grasping at the TAIL wrapped around her neck which holds her almost a foot off the floor.

Perched in the corner between the ceiling and the walls above, the Kanima stares defiantly at Scott.

Only few a feet away, Gerard sits in the reclining chair, seeming perfectly at home.

GERARD

As you can see, Scott, there have been some interesting developments lately. I think we should catch up.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

16

INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT

16

Scott's fist snaps open to reveal his CLAWS unsheathed.

GERARD

Come on, Scott, let's be realistic about who has the upper hand here.

The Kanima's tail tightens around Melissa's neck.

SCOTT

Let her go.

GERARD

Can't do that. But... Let her live? That's up to you.

SCOTT

What do you want?

GERARD

I want to talk. You haven't been answering your phone.

SCOTT

Let her go and we can talk about whatever you want.

Gerard stands and walks to Melissa who continues gasping for breath, hands clutching at the tail around her neck.

GERARD

I want the same thing I've always wanted. I want Derek and his pack.

SCOTT

You've got them all in hiding. How should I know where they are?

GERARD

I think with the proper motivation you could draw them out. And if you hadn't noticed I now have a fairly impressive means by which to motivate people.

He gives an almost prideful glance at the creature.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Why do you think I'm able to control him? You know the myth, Scott. The Kanima is a weapon of vengeance.

SCOTT

(realizing)

This is about Kate?

GERARD

I didn't just come here to bury my daughter. I came to avenge her.

The Kanima whips its tail free of Melissa's neck, letting her drop to the floor. Scott rushes to her side as she coughs for air. When he looks up again, he glimpses the Kanima's tail disappearing out the top of the doorway, Gerard following.

Alone with his mother, Scott finds her still breathless, but also looking back at him with frightened eyes.

SCOTT

Are you okay?

MELISSA

(shaking her head)

I don't know what's happening.

(MORE)

16

CONTINUED:

16

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I don't know what that thing was or even what you are, but whatever he wants, just give it to him.

SCOTT

Mom--it's not that easy.

MELISSA

Do what he wants. Just give him what he wants.

SCOTT

(softly)

I don't know if I can.

17

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

17

Backpacks slung over their shoulders, Erica and Boyd hurry through the woods. Boyd grabs Erica by the arm, stopping her.

ERICA

Derek said to be back before the sun comes up.

BOYD

I thought I heard something.

ERICA

If we're doing the *I thought I heard something* thing we shouldn't be stopping. We should be running.

BOYD

Listen.

Erica holds still, watching Boyd's eyes wander over through the trees. Then they both hear it. A HOWLING.

ERICA

Was that a coyote?

Boyd shakes his head.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Wolf?

BOYD

Can't be. There are no wolves in California.

ERICA

But there *are* werewolves.

BOYD

Didn't sound like Derek.

ERICA

Maybe it was--

But she stops as the HOWLING rises again. Louder and closer. Both she and Boyd slowly turn about, trying to discern its position.

Another wolf begins HOWLING. Then another joins in. And another and another, until--

An astonished Boyd and Erica find themselves listening to a CHORUS of WOLVES, their plaintive cries rising and falling, soaring up and into the woods.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18 INT. HALE HOUSE - DAY 18 *

An old and burned BOOK drops to the floor. Derek grabs another from a shelf inside the Hale House, desperately searching and discarding book after book. He pauses. Then turns to find Erica and Boyd by the stairwell. *

DEREK *

You decided. *

Erica nods. *

DEREK (CONT'D)

When?

ERICA

Tonight.

BOYD *

Everyone's going to be at the game. We figured it was the best time.

ERICA

It's not like we want to.

DEREK

What do you want?

ERICA

Since I just turned sixteen a month ago, I wouldn't mind getting my license. I can't do that if I'm dead, you know.

DEREK

I told you there was a price.

BOYD

You didn't tell us it was going to be like this.

DEREK

But I did tell you how to survive. You do it as a pack. And you're only a pack with an Alpha.

BOYD

We know.

18 CONTINUED: 18

Derek lowers a book and turns his gaze on Boyd. Despite his size, Boyd can't hold Derek's stare for long. And it's the turning away that makes Derek understand. *

DEREK
You're going to look for another pack.

They confirm it with their silence.

DEREK (CONT'D)
How are you even going to find one?

BOYD
We think we already did.

19 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - DAY 19

A TINY DROP OF LIQUID slips off the tip of a NEEDLE. Deaton sets the automatic syringe on a tray by the examining table where a sick DOG lies.

The front door CHIMES, catching his attention.

DEATON
Would you mind seeing who that is?

Scott glances up from the counter where he operates a MEDICATION CAPSULE FILLING MACHINE.

Deaton notices the dog on the table WHIMPERING. In the back, other DOGS can be heard BARKING louder and louder, as if responding to the new presence in the clinic.

Deaton glances to Scott who shares his uneasy look. They slowly move to peer out to the waiting room where--

Isaac gazes down on the GATE made from mountain ash, afraid to approach it.

DEATON (CONT'D)
It's all right, Isaac. We're open.

20 INT. HALE HOUSE - DAY 20 *

Derek listens with skepticism to Erica's explanation.

ERICA
And all of a sudden we hear this howling. It was unbelievable.

BOYD

There must have been a dozen of them.

ERICA

Maybe more.

DEREK

Or maybe only two. You know what the Beau Geste effect is? If they modulate their howls with a rapid shift in tone, two wolves can sound like twenty.

Erica and Boyd look to each other, both uncertain now.

ERICA

It doesn't matter. There's another pack out there. There's got to be. We've made up our minds.

BOYD

We lost, Derek. It's over. We're leaving.

DEREK

You're *running*. And once you start, you don't stop. You'll always be running.

Derek returns to searching the books and doesn't bother to look back as Erica takes Boyd's hand to lead him out. *

When their footsteps have faded, Derek lets his weary eyes close with a regret-filled sigh. But then--HIS EYES SNAP OPEN. *

Grabbing a PIECE OF BROKEN GLASS, Derek whips around, tossing the shard like a throwing knife and-- *

Peter Hale catches it just before it goes into his throat. *

PETER

I was hoping for a slightly warmer welcome than that. But...

He turns the shard of glass around, tip facing up. *

PETER (CONT'D)

Point taken.

21

INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

21

Isaac watches Scott gently hold the dog still on the examining table while Deaton administers a shot from the automatic syringe.

Leaning forward, Isaac crinkles up his nose in disgust.

ISAAC

Why does it smell like that?

Scott and Deaton share a smile.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

What?

DEATON

Scott said almost the exact same thing to me a few months ago. One day he could somehow tell which animals were getting better and which were not.

ISAAC

(eyeing the dog)

He's not getting better, is he?

Deaton shakes his head. The dog WHINES softly.

DEATON

Osteosarcoma.

ISAAC

Cancer?

DEATON

It's a very distinct scent, isn't it? Come here.

Scott gives Isaac a nod as if to say it'll be okay.

DEATON (CONT'D)

I think you're pretty aware of what your new abilities can do for you. But have you ever wondered what they can do for others? Give me your hand.

Isaac cautiously holds his hand out for Deaton. The vet takes it and gently places it on the dying animal.

21

CONTINUED:

21

Hesitant, Isaac pets the dog. Almost immediately, the animal stops whining. Its breathing slows, body calming as Isaac strokes the back of its head.

DEATON (CONT'D)

You know petting a dog releases serotonin in our brains? In the dog's brain the primary chemical is oxytocin. But that's when a human pets it. Someone like you or Scott can have a different effect.

Then, with widening eyes, Isaac pauses to raise his free hand. The VEINS on it have darkened considerably. Teeth clenched in pain, Isaac squeezes his hand into a fist and watches it return to normal.

Astonished, he peers down at the dog which rests far more easily now while affectionately nuzzling Isaac's other hand.

ISAAC

What was that?

SCOTT

You took some of his pain.

DEATON

Just a little bit. But sometimes a little can make quite a difference.

When Isaac looks up again, his eyes are glistening.

SCOTT

It's okay. First time he showed me, I cried too.

Then Isaac does something he rarely ever does. He laughs.

22

INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

22

*

Derek watches Peter approach.

*

PETER

Kind of a situation you've got here, Derek. I mean I'm out of commission a few weeks and suddenly there's lizard people, geriatric psychopaths and you're cooking up werewolves out of every self-esteem deprived adolescent in town.

DEREK

What do you want?

22

CONTINUED:

22

PETER

I want to help. You're my nephew.
The only family I have left. You
know, there's a lot I could teach
you. Can we just talk?

DEREK

Okay. Let's talk.

Peter SOARS out of the room and CRASHES brutally to the
floor.

*
*

PETER

I guess we should start with
communication skills.

*
*
*

23

OMITTED

23

*

24

INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

24

*

While cleaning up the capsule filling machine, Scott listens
to Isaac explain his situation.

ISAAC

They're leaving tonight.

SCOTT

So how come you're telling me?

ISAAC

I'm not telling you. I'm *asking*.
Asking for advice. Do you think I
should go?

SCOTT

Why are you asking me?

ISAAC

Because I trust you. And you're the
only one who seems like he's always
trying to do the right thing.

SCOTT

I usually have no idea what I'm
doing. Actually, I *always* have no
idea what I'm doing.

ISAAC

How about you just tell me what
you're going to do now?

SCOTT

I'm not going anywhere if that's what you mean. I have too many people who need me.

ISAAC

I guess I'm lucky then. I don't have anyone.

He steps back, moving to leave.

SCOTT

So you're going to go with them?

ISAAC

(nodding)

Yeah, I guess so. Good luck on the game tonight by the way.

SCOTT

Thanks, but I'm not going either.

Isaac turns back.

ISAAC

You weren't at practice the other day, were you?

SCOTT

No, I skipped it. Why?

ISAAC

Then you didn't hear?

SCOTT

Hear what?

ISAAC

Jackson was there.

SCOTT

What do you mean *there*? Like practicing with the team? Like normal?

ISAAC

Like nothing's happened.

SCOTT

But then does that mean--the game? Tonight?

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CONTINUED: 24

ISAAC
Yeah... He's playing.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

25 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT 25

The field lies dark, quiet and empty. Until one-by-one the STADIUM LIGHTS burst on, the GAME CLOCK resets to zero and an excited crowd begins filling the bleachers.

26 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 26

Amid the players hurrying to get ready for the game, Jackson quietly pulls his pads on. His movements are slow and strangely purposeful.

DANNY

You okay, dude?

JACKSON

I'm perfect.

DANNY

Well, we all knew that. But are you okay? You didn't text me back all week. I'm getting kind of worried about you. *Jackson.*

He blinks at the sound of his name, looking at the lacrosse stick in his hands as if not quite sure how it got there. Then a kind of brief understanding seems to come to him.

JACKSON

(quietly)

Stay in the goal tonight, Danny. Don't come out. And if you see me coming toward you... Run the other way. As fast as you can.

His last words echo *across the room* to another locker where Scott uses his elevated hearing to listen in on the unsettling exchange.

While pulling his pads on, he doesn't notice his mother, Melissa, peering in at the door. She glances about, trying to find him among the other players. But then Coach BANGS his clipboard against a locker.

COACH

Good morning.

The team quiets. Melissa glances up, confused since it's clearly nighttime.

COACH (CONT'D)

In less than an hour, aircraft from here will join others from around the world and you will be launching the largest aerial battle in the history of mankind.

Melissa blinks, now very confused.

COACH (CONT'D)

Mankind. That word should have new meaning for all of us today. We can't be consumed by our petty differences anymore. We will be united in our common interests.

Melissa glances around to see if anyone else is confused.

COACH (CONT'D)

Perhaps it's fate that today is the fourth of July--

MELISSA

(to herself)

What?

COACH

And you will once again be fighting for our freedom. Not from tyranny, oppression, or persecution, but from annihilation.

The team CHEERS. Melissa leans over to the nearest player, Stiles, and whispers to him as Coach continues.

MELISSA

What the hell is he talking about it?

STILES

He does this every year.

COACH

We're fighting for our right to live. To exist.

MELISSA

Is this--

STILES

Yeah. It's the speech from *Independence Day*.

COACH

And should we win the day, the 4th of July will no longer be known as an American holiday, but as the day when the world declared: We will not go quietly into the night!

STILES

It's Coach's favorite movie.

COACH

We will not vanish without a fight!

MELISSA

He doesn't know any sports speeches?

STILES

I don't think he cares.

COACH

We're going to live on! We're going to survive! Today, we celebrate our Independence Day!

The team EXPLODES IN CHEERS. Melissa sees her chance to grab Scott's attention. But just as she starts forward, Stiles puts a hand on her arm, stopping her.

GERARD

Well spoken, Coach.

Gerard steps in, gently clapping his hands.

GERARD (CONT'D)

I might have chosen something with a little more historical value but there's no denying your passion. And while I haven't been here long, there's no denying my pride in having a winning team for this school. I know you'll all be brilliant tonight, even with only one Co-Captain leading you.

Scott blinks in surprise. He looks to Coach who noticeably averts his gaze.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Now, I'm your principal, but also a fan. So don't think I'm content to watch you merely beat this team. Get out there and *murder* them.

26

CONTINUED:

26

COACH

You heard the man! Asses on the field!

With a flurry of CHEERS, the team charges out. As he moves to follow, Gerard aims a baleful smile at Scott. He turns to face Coach.

SCOTT

Are you benching me?

COACH

It's not my decision.

SCOTT

But I have to play.

COACH

McCall, you're failing three classes. Academics come first.

*
*

SCOTT

Coach, you don't get it. You *have* to let me play.

COACH

Not tonight, McCall. Tonight you're on the bench.

27

INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

27

*

Peter SLAMS back against a wall. GASPING, he staggers forward, nearly crumbling to his knees.

*

PETER

Okay, I probably deserved that.

Derek punches him right in the face, sending him sprawling across the floor.

PETER (CONT'D)

Now we're bordering on excessive.

Lifting him up, Derek slams him against the stairs.

*

PETER (CONT'D)

All right, can we hit pause on the rampant brutality for a second? I mean, you don't actually think I want to be Alpha again, do you? Obviously, it wasn't my finest role considering it ended in my death.

27

CONTINUED:

27

Derek pulls his fist back to hit him again.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay, fine. Do it. Hit me. Hit me all you want. I can tell it's cathartic. You're getting out the rage, the self-loathing, all of the anger that comes with total and complete failure. I may be the one taking a beating, but you've already been beaten. So go ahead and hit me if it makes you feel better. After all, I did say I wanted to help.

Lips bloody, Peter bravely lifts his chin for the next hit. But Derek slowly lowers his fist and lets him go.

DEREK

You can't help me.

28

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

28

Scott sits next to Stiles on the bench as the crowd fills the bleachers, moments from the game beginning.

SCOTT

Your Dad coming?

STILES

Already here.

Stiles nods to the bleachers behind them where Sheriff Stilinski takes a seat next to Melissa.

SCOTT

You seen Allison?

STILES

No. You seen Lydia?

SCOTT

Not yet.

STILES

You know what's going on?

SCOTT

Not yet.

STILES

It's going to be bad, isn't it?
People screaming, running for their
lives, blood, killing, maiming kind
of bad?

SCOTT

Looks like it.

*

STILES

Scott...

Helmet in his hands, Stiles can't seem to look at his friend.

STILES (CONT'D)

The other night. Seeing my dad get
hit by Matt while I'm lying there
and I can't even move. It just... I
want to help. But I can't do the
things you can. I can't...

SCOTT

It's okay.

Scott turns to him with a gentle understanding. Stiles looks
back, an uncharacteristic hopelessness in his eyes.

*

*

STILES

We're losing, dude.

COACH

What are you talking about? Game
hasn't even started. Now put on
your helmet and get out there.
You're in for Greenberg.

STILES

What? What happened to Greenberg?

COACH

He sucks. You suck slightly less.

STILES

I'm playing? On the field? With the
team?

COACH

Unless you'd prefer to play with
yourself.

STILES

Already did that today. Twice.

COACH

Then get the hell out there!

Stiles looks to Scott who gives his friend a nod of encouragement.

IN THE BLEACHERS - Melissa notices Stilinski slowly rising.

STILINSKI

Why's my son running onto the field?

MELISSA

Because he's on the team?

STILINSKI

He is. He's on the team. He's on the field. *My son's on the field!*

The crowd on the bleachers all look up at Stilinski. With a huge smile on his face, he quietly sits back down. Even Scott can't help but smile. Until a VOICE finds its way into his hearing...

GERARD (V.O.)

Scott? Can you hear me? *

He turns, scanning the bleachers, trying to locate Gerard. *

GERARD (V.O.)

Ah, you can. Good. Then listen closely. Because the game's about to get interesting...

A preternatural quiet grips the woods. Until the LIGHTS of an ALL TERRAIN VEHICLE part the shadows. ENGINES ROARING, two ATV's loaded with Argent's hunters burst through the trees.

The ATV driving Allison and Argent slows to a stop, engine lowering to an idle. Argent turns to his daughter.

ARGENT

Play it again.

Allison raises a REMOTE and clicks a button on it, Argent glances to the SPEAKER attached to the front of the ATV.

With a high-powered clarity, a HOWL soars from the speaker and into the woods. The sound quickly becomes a chorus of WOLVES.

29

CONTINUED:

29

Not far from the ATV's, two utterly terrified teenagers hide under a cover of trees. Erica's hand slips into Boyd's for comfort as--

The HOWLS rise, louder and louder.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

30

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

30

Gerard's SILVER PILL BOX reflects the stadium lights as he turns it over in his hand. He stands at the edge of the field surveying the two teams lining up.

GERARD

Let's put a real clock on this game, Scott.

Sitting on the bench just a few yards away, Scott keeps his eyes forward, unwilling to glance at Gerard.

GERARD (CONT'D)

I'll give you until the last thirty seconds. When that scoreboard clock begins counting down from thirty, if you haven't given me Derek, Jackson is going to kill someone.

ON THE FIELD - Jackson lowers for the face-off.

GERARD (CONT'D)

So tell me who's going to die tonight, Scott? Should it be your mother who so bravely came out to support you?

IN THE BLEACHERS - an anxious Melissa glances about the crowd.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Or the Sheriff? Your best friend's father?

Nervous for his son, Stilinski can barely sit still.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Or how about the pretty little red-head who managed to survive the bite of an Alpha?

Arriving just in time, Lydia takes a seat next to Melissa, giving her a smile.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Maybe one of these innocent teenagers with their whole life ahead of them?

30

CONTINUED:

30

Danny holds his position at goal while Stiles nervously bounces in place just ahead of him.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Or should I do everyone a favor and kill that ridiculous Coach?

Gerard gives a polite nod to Coach as the man hurtles past him, nervously pacing the sidelines.

GERARD (CONT'D)

It's up to you, Scott. But you are going to help me take Derek down.

Anger rising with each breath, Scott looks like he might explode off the bench.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Because if you don't...

THE REF raises the whistle to his lips.

GERARD (CONT'D)

I'll have Jackson rip someone's head off right in the middle of the field and drench everyone you love and care about in blood.

THE WHISTLE BLOWS. The game begins.

31

INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

31

*

Glancing at his reflection in one of the mirrors, Peter blots his bloody lip while a cautious Derek watches him.

*

*

PETER

See? Prime example right here. I'm not healing as fast. Coming back from the dead isn't easy, you know. I'm not as strong. I need a pack. I need an Alpha like you. I need you just as much as you need me.

DEREK

Why would I want help from a total psycho?

PETER

First of all, I'm not a total psycho. And by the way, you're the one who slashed my throat wide open. But we're all works in progress, right?

31

CONTINUED:

31

He cautiously approaches Derek, inching closer and closer.

PETER (CONT'D)

We need each other. And sometimes
when you need help, you turn to
people you never expected to...

32

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

32

Lydia gazes out on the field watching Stiles glance up in shock as the BALL lands right in the pocket of his lacrosse stick.

STILES

Oh God.

Before he can even turn around, a PLAYER rams into him. The sound of CRUNCHING PADS brings audible groans from the crowd.

MELISSA

He's probably just getting warmed
up.

At the next WHISTLE BLOW, Stiles races for the ball, slapping helplessly at it while OPPOSING PLAYERS converge on him.

Another VICIOUS CRUNCH sets the crowd flinching back.

LYDIA

He's just a little nervous. Plenty
of time to turn it around.

Another WHISTLE BLOW. Stiles tries to catch a pass, but the ball BOUNCES right off his helmet.

Melissa and Lydia look at each other, neither able to come up with a new excuse. They turn to Stilinski, but he has his head buried in his hands.

AT THE BENCHES - Scott rises to his feet, eyes on the scoreboard to see Beacon Hills down by several points.

COACH

Sit down, McCall.

SCOTT

But Coach, we're dying out there.

COACH

I'm aware of that. *Now sit.*

Reluctantly, Scott eases back onto the bench just as a hand reaches in to grab a helmet. He looks up in surprise at--

32

CONTINUED:

32

Isaac. In his uniform, lacrosse stick gripped in a glove.

SCOTT

You came to help.

ISAAC

I came to win.

From the sidelines Gerard spots Isaac and Scott. The two boys glance defiantly back at him, noticing that Gerard does not look pleased by the surprise entrance.

Not pleased at all.

33

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

33

Erica and Boyd charge through the shadows, darting past trees and kicking up brush and leaves as they try to escape.

But the ROAR of the ATV ENGINES bears down on them, closing in. HEADLIGHTS whip across the trees, cutting through the shadows just as--

ARGENT

There!

Argent aims a MAGLITE on the two running teenagers. But the driver of the ATV is forced to slow as a throng of trees looms ahead of them.

Allison grabs the opportunity. When the ATV looks about to stop, she jumps off.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

Allison, wait--

But she's already hitting the ground, rolling with her BOW pressed outward. She spins over the leaves and brush and rises gracefully into a shooting stance.

String pulled back, Allison lets an arrow fire.

Ahead, Erica can't help but turn as she hears the sound of something cutting through the air. She jolts back with a CRY as the arrow goes into her leg and sends her tumbling to the ground.

With a pained look she turns to see Boyd standing there in fearful shock.

ERICA

Run!

He steps back, looking somehow small and terrified.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Go!

Boyd begins retreating back, swallowed up by the darkness as a BEAM OF LIGHT finds Erica, trapping her in its cold GLARE.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

34

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

34

Pulling his helmet on, Isaac turns to Scott.

ISAAC

You got a plan yet?

SCOTT

Right now it's pretty much just keep Jackson from killing someone.

ISAAC

That might be easier if you're in the game. We have to make it so Coach has no choice but to play you.

SCOTT

How do we do that? He's got a bench full of guys he can use before he ever puts me on the field.

Isaac and Scott look over the players on the bench. Then slowly turn to each other as if both coming to the same idea.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Can you do it without putting anyone in the hospital?

ISAAC

I can try.

OUT ON THE FIELD - The Ref blows the WHISTLE and Isaac races past to take his position.

Lowered for the face-off, Jackson turns an icy gaze on him. But Isaac just winks back at him, eliciting a curious look from Jackson.

THE WHISTLE BLOWS and the ball drops. In the crash of players, Isaac knocks a shoulder into a fellow Beacon Hills TEAMMATE and sends him CRASHING to the dirt.

COACH

Ramirez! You're in.

One of the three players on the bench gets up to race onto the field while the injured TEAMMATE is helped past Scott.

34

CONTINUED:

34

With another WHISTLE BLOW and another BRUTAL CRASH, a 2ND TEAMMATE comes rolling toward Coach's feet. Bewildered, he turns back to the bench again.

COACH (CONT'D)

Murphy. You're in.

(to the field)

Lahey, what the hell's your problem?

Isaac glances back at Coach and holds his hands up in apology.

35

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

35

Out of the smoke and fog, Allison walks calmly toward her prey. With a cry of pain, Erica SNAPS the end of the arrow off and staggers back to her feet.

But Allison already has another arrow nocked. She FIRES.

A HAND WHIPS OUT, catching the arrow just before it can hit Erica. She gazes up at Boyd in front of her with a mixture of relief and fear because--

Allison FIRES again.

Boyd isn't fast enough this time. The arrow goes right into his stomach. He opens his mouth, SNARLING through fangs.

Allison replies with another arrow.

This one takes him in the thigh. But Boyd just SNARLS again. He starts forward, charging toward Allison. Then snaps back as another arrow goes right into him. And then another. And another.

ERICA

Stop!

But looking frightfully cold, Allison already has a new arrow drawn back.

36

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

36

Bodies CRASH into each other on the field. Among several downed players, Isaac also hits the ground.

Rolling to his feet, Jackson glances back, lips pulled together in a devious smile. *Because Isaac isn't getting up.*

Coach starts onto the field, but Scott hurries past, racing to Isaac's side.

36

CONTINUED:

36

ISAAC

(whispering)

It's not broken. But I can't move
it. I think Jackson nicked me. I
can feel it spreading.

While other players crowd around, Scott glances back to the
sidelines at Gerard whose VOICE comes whispering into his
ear.

GERARD

You want to play chess, Scott? Then
you better be willing to sacrifice
your own pawns.

Scott notices Jackson watching as Isaac is pulled onto a
stretcher.

COACH

McCall!

He turns and just barely catches his helmet thrown to him by
Coach.

COACH (CONT'D)

Either you're in or we forfeit.

With a nod, Scott pulls the helmet on. And a moment later,
he's down at a face-off with the opposing player.

The WHISTLE BLOWS and Scott charges for the ball.

37

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

37

On her feet, Erica limps forward, trying to reach Boyd as
Allison aims an arrow at him.

ERICA

Don't. Allison, please.

Without a hint of emotion, Allison lets her fingers part,
releasing the arrow when--

A GUN FIRES.

The arrow lands harmlessly in the ground. Allison looks to
the bow in her hands, grazed by a particularly well-aimed
bullet.

Lowering his gun, Argent approaches with two hunters behind
him. But Boyd grabs their attention again as he takes a step
forward.

37 CONTINUED: 37

Allison instantly has a tactical knife in her hand. But it wasn't a step Boyd was taking. It was a stumble. Slowly, he begins to fall as--

38 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT 38

Scott glances from the ball in the pocket of his lacrosse net and then to the remarkably sized player known as the Abomination racing toward him.

Eyes barely having a second to widen in fear, Scott's feet leave the ground. The ball bounces off into the grass. As Scott goes down--

39 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 39

Boyd hits the ground, a flurry of leaves and dust spinning up around him.

40 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT 40

Grass and dirt kick up into the air as Stiles tumbles painfully across the field, knocked down by an opposing player.

41 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 41

Erica slumps to her knees, clutching the wound in her leg while--

42 INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT 42 *

Derek sits on the stairs, head low as he peers up at Peter giving his most empathetic smile. *

GERARD (V.O.)

Don't you know what you're really bargaining for, Scott?

43 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT 43

Pushing himself up off the ground, Scott glances to the sidelines, trying to find Gerard.

GERARD (V.O.)

Haven't you guessed what the real offer on the table is?

Vision blurred, Scott blinks, halos of light bouncing in front of his eyes while a pitiless Jackson gazes at him from across the field.

43

CONTINUED:

43

GERARD (V.O.)

It's Allison. It's always been Allison.

Pulling himself to his feet, Scott looks about.

GERARD (V.O.)

You give me Derek. And I'll let you have Allison.

But he can't seem to find Gerard anywhere. Then his eyes land on the scoreboard. TEN MINUTES left. The clock continues to count down.

44

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

44

Allison drops her bow into the back of the ATV while Argent approaches.

ALLISON

You owe me a new bow.

ARGENT

And you owe me an explanation.

ALLISON

For what? I caught them. Me.

She pulls out her PHONE to make a call, barely paying attention to him.

ARGENT

Caught came very close to *kill*. And that's not the way we do this.

ALLISON

Maybe it's not the way *you* do it. I think my way worked out pretty well.

ARGENT

Allison--

But she holds up a finger as she presses the phone to her ear.

ALLISON

(into the phone)

Grandpa, it's me. We got our two runaways. Call us back.

She hangs up and looks at Argent. But his eyes stay on the phone in her hand.

44 CONTINUED:

44

ALLISON (CONT'D)

What?

ARGENT

It's just the first time I've heard
you call him that.

45 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

45

The stretcher that carried Isaac clatters to the floor. Half paralyzed, the boy tries to crawl his way to the door, hands digging at the cement floor.

Behind him, an amused HUNTER watches him struggle to escape while a SECOND hands Gerard the sheathed LONG SWORD used to bisect the Omega.

GERARD

It was a good effort, Isaac. It
was.

He slowly unsheathes the sword, eyeing its frighteningly sharp edge as it glints in the moonlight.

GERARD (CONT'D)

This would be so much more poetic
if it were halftime.

Gerard pulls the sword back, preparing to swing.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

46 INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

46 *

Peter closes in on Derek, dropping the sardonic tone for urgency.

PETER

You tried to build your pack. You tried to prepare for the worst. But you weren't ready. And because of it, Gerard's winning. Now he's taking his time. Toying with Scott. Going after your wolves one-by-one. Relishing his victory.

DEREK

How about you tell me something I don't know?

PETER

I'm going to. And it'll prove why you should trust me. Why you need to trust me. Because I'm going to tell you how to stop Jackson.

Derek looks up. Now Peter has his full attention.

DEREK

What do you mean? How to kill him?

PETER

Actually... how to save him.

47 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

47

Sword raised, with his hunters behind him, Gerard approaches Isaac who manages to pull himself to his feet. Back to a locker, the boy turns to face them, defiance in his eyes. And then...

Isaac gives him the slightest of smiles. And for a brief moment, Gerard's confident veneer cracks ever-so-slightly.

Slowly, he turns back to his hunters. Neither of whom notice the GLOWING-EYED Scott McCall rising behind them.

48 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

48

Minutes counting down on the clock, the ball flies loose from the opposing team.

48

CONTINUED:

48

COACH

Where the hell's McCall? Where's
McCall!

With the star player nowhere to be found, another hurtles in toward the ball. Stiles. Snatching the ball from the ground, he spins back.

COACH (CONT'D)

Stilinski!

He glances about for someone to pass to while Coach screams at him from the sidelines.

COACH (CONT'D)

Shoot it. Shoot the ball! Shoot it
you idiot!

IN THE BLEACHERS - A terrified Sheriff Stilinski watches through his fingers.

STILINSKI

Oh crap...

Lydia begins to rise, hopeful.

LYDIA

Shoot it.

Then, with the crowd cheering, Coach screaming, and opposing players hurtling toward him, Stiles turns and FIRES the ball at the goal.

The world goes quiet. For a brief second, all that can be heard is the sound of a lacrosse ball hitting the net of a goal.

And then the world EXPLODES back to normal as the bleachers erupt with CHEERING. Stilinski launches to his feet in disbelief.

Mouth hanging open, Stiles can't help but begin to smile.

STILES

I scored a goal? I scored a goal. *I
scored a goal!*

49

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

49

The First Hunter flies across the locker room, SMASHING INTO THE TILE WALL OF THE SHOWER.

49

CONTINUED:

49

The Second SLAMS DOWN onto one of the wood benches, SPLITTING IT IN HALF.

Clawed hand on the back of the hunter, a still human Scott snaps his head up with fangs bared. He sees Isaac slumped against a locker. But Gerard is gone.

SCOTT

Where is he?

50

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

50

Clock ticking down, Stiles has the ball again, racing for the goal as Coach runs along the sidelines SCREAMING in support.

And incredibly, Stiles shoots and SCORES AGAIN. The crowd leaps up again, Stilinski hollering for his son in the bleachers as--

51

INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

51

*

Derek now listens closely to Peter.

*

PETER

There's a myth that you can cure a werewolf simply by calling out its Christian name.

DEREK

And that's just a myth.

PETER

But sometimes myths and legends bear a hint of truth. Our name is a symbol of who we are. The Kanima has no identity. Which is why it doesn't seek a pack.

DEREK

It seeks a master.

PETER

Who else grows up with no pack? No identity.

DEREK

An orphan.

PETER

Like Jackson. And right now, his identity is disappearing underneath a reptilian skin. You have to bring him back.

51 CONTINUED:

51

DEREK

How?

PETER

Through his heart. How else?

DEREK

If you didn't notice, Jackson doesn't have much of a heart to begin with.

PETER

Not true. He'd probably never admit it, but there is one person. One young lady with whom Jackson shared a real bond. One person who could reach him. Who could save him.

DEREK

(a whisper)

Lydia.

52 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

52

Rising in the stands, Lydia cheers for Stiles as he gallantly scores another goal, sealing the win for Beacon Hills.

53 INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

53

*

Peter stares Derek dead in the eyes, speaking with greater and greater urgency.

*

PETER

Your best ally has always been anger, Derek. But the thing you lack most is a heart. It's why you've always known you need Scott more than anyone. And even someone as burned and dead on the inside as me knows better than to underestimate the simple but undeniable power of human love.

54 EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

54

World moving in a slow, dream-like quality, Stiles turns to find Lydia watching him from the stands. Her gentle and perfect smile now reserved for him. Finally, for him.

The scoreboard reads Beacon Hills ahead by one. And only THIRTY SECONDS LEFT.

Scott hurries to the sidelines, eyes on the clock.

He spots Jackson still on the field. Then loses him behind the moving players.

TEN SECONDS left. The Ref slowly raises the whistle to his lips.

TWO LACROSSE GLOVES fall to the grass. Jackson's hands now exposed, CLAWS at the tips of his fingers, murder in his eyes.

Scott spins, trying to find Jackson or even his intended target as--

THE SCOREBOARD CLOCK hits ZERO and the crowd goes ballistic. Stilinski jumps to his feet, yanking Melissa into a hug. On the field, Stiles grins as his teammates rally around him, the hero of the game. *

Confused, Scott looks on the scoreboard clock.

SCOTT
(to himself)
Nothing happened. Nothing...

But then, one-by-one, the STADIUM LIGHTS CLICK OFF, plunging the entire field into darkness. And in that sudden darkness--

Someone SCREAMS.

To be continued...

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE