

TEEN WOLF
Episode #212
by
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New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #212
Episode Twenty-Four

TEEN WOLF

"Episode Twenty-Four"

EP#212

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

MELISSA MCCALL..... MELISSA MCCALL
STILINSKI..... LINDEN ASHBY
COACH..... ORNY ADAMS
ISAAC..... DANIEL SHARMAN
ERICA..... GAGE GOLIGHTLY
BOYD..... SINQUA WALLS
AMBULANCE DRIVER (WOMAN).....
PETER..... IAN BOHEN
GERARD..... MICHAEL HOGAN
ARGENT..... JR BOURNE

TEEN WOLF

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Set List

INTERIORS

ARGENT HOME
 BASEMENT
 ALLISON'S ROOM
 GUEST ROOM
HIGH SCHOOL
 LOCKER ROOM
HOSPITAL
 MORGUE ROOM
STILINSKI HOME
 STILES'S ROOM
HALE HOUSE
METAL WORKS
SHERIFF'S STATION
 CORRIDOR
ANIMAL CLINIC
 EXAMINING ROOM
WHITTEMORE HOME
 JACKSON'S ROOM

EXTERIORS

LACROSSE FIELD
HIGH SCHOOL
 PARKING LOT
HOSPITAL
 PARKING LOT
METAL WORKS
WOODS
HALE HOUSE

TEEN WOLF
Episode #212

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - NIGHT

1

Lit only by the blueish glow from the crescent moon in the night sky, Scott McCall blinks, trying to see in the darkness. All he can hear is his own nervous gasping until--

SILHOUETTED BODIES flit by, bringing SOUND hurtling back. People hurry off the bleachers, players rushing from the field. Scott blinks and all is SILENT again. He searches with his hearing, focusing on familiar voices.

MELISSA (V.O.)

Scott! Scott, where are you?

STILINSKI (V.O.)

Everyone listen--listen to me!

COACH (V.O.)

Back off, just get back--

A PLAYER accidentally runs into a FAN charging off the bleachers. The crash of bodies and shouts of panicked parents BLASTS back at Scott in full volume.

He spins toward the field. When he blinks again, his eyes are GLOWING, the blue light from the moon replaced by the yellow of his werewolf eyes.

Now seeing with heightened vision, he glances from one person to the next, finding neither Jackson or Gerard.

Eyes simmering back to normal, Scott spots a crowd gathering on the field and races ahead, almost knocking into his mother.

SCOTT

Are you okay?

MELISSA

I'm fine--I'm fine. But someone's hurt. Someone on the field.

With an ELECTRIC CRACKLE, the STADIUM LIGHTS burst back on, blazing to life one-by-one.

1

CONTINUED:

1

Field once again illuminated, both the Beacon Hills team and their opponents are revealed gathered around a fallen player.

VOICE

He's not moving--

2ND VOICE

--someone call an ambulance.

COACH

All right, get back, get back!

With Coach pulling his frightened players aside, Scott and Melissa reach the body to discover--

It's Jackson.

Scott stops in his tracks, shocked at the sight. Lydia hurtles past him, pushing aside lacrosse players twice her size.

LYDIA

Jackson? What's happening--What happened?

COACH

Can we get a medic over here!

Melissa kneels by Jackson's side and takes his wrist to feel for a pulse. Then puts her ear to his chest. A quiet comes over the waiting crowd.

MELISSA

He's not breathing. No pulse.

LYDIA

Oh God--there's blood--there's blood on him.

While Melissa locates punctures and tears on Jackson's jersey, Isaac appears at Scott's side.

SCOTT

Look.

Isaac follows Scott's eyes to see BLOOD on the tips of Jackson's fingers, perfectly matching the puncture wounds.

ISAAC

He did it to himself?

SIRENS rising in the distance, Melissa begins CPR chest compressions.

1

CONTINUED:

1

Helpless, Coach can only watch while a tear-stained Lydia kneels next to her former boyfriend.

MELISSA

Hold his head tilted up, okay?

Lydia nods and gently puts her hands under Jackson's head. His mouth lies open, still not breathing as Melissa tries to get his heart started.

A few feet away, Sheriff Stilinski turns from the scene, glancing through the crowd.

STILINSKI

Where's Stiles? Where's my son?

With rising fear, he looks to Scott, Isaac and the other players, none of whom can seem to answer.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

Where's Stiles? *Where the hell's my son?*

2

INT. ARGENT HOME/BASEMENT - NIGHT

2

The basement door opens and a dark-clothed HUNTER guides Stiles down the stairs by twisting his arm behind his back.

STILES

Ow, ow, ow--

With a shove, the hunter sends Stiles tumbling down the last steps. Despite his lacrosse pads, he CRASHES painfully to the concrete floor.

STILES (CONT'D)

Ow.

The door above slams shut, plunging the room into darkness. Stiles reaches up, trying to feel along the wall when he hears--

BREATHING.

He holds still, listening close. The breaths come urgent. Tight, frightened gasps. *And it's more than one person.*

Hand on the wall, Stiles pushes himself to his feet. He finds a dark cord and grasps hold of it. He follows it with his fingers up to a switch and--

A LAMP CLICKS ON.

2

CONTINUED:

2

Boyd and Erica sit propped against the wall, bound and gagged. They stare back at Stiles, bloodied and weak, eyes filled with fear, pain and worst of all... hopelessness.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

3

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

3

Under the FLASH OF RED AND BLUE lights, Melissa watches two EMT's lift the BODY BAG containing Jackson into the back of an ambulance.

A CLEAR, VISCOUS LIQUID drips from the edge of the bag, just catching Melissa's eye. Before she can do anything, however, the AMBULANCE DRIVER slams the doors shut.

AMBULANCE DRIVER

Thanks for your help, but we can take it from here.

MELISSA

You know, I'm going to have to give a statement. Why don't I just ride with you?

AMBULANCE DRIVER

Uh, I think that would be--

MELISSA

Perfect, great.

Melissa jumps into the passenger side of the ambulance. The confused Driver shrugs and gets in.

4

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

4

DEPUTIES finish questioning players while Stilinski talks with Isaac and Scott, both of whom are now changed out of their uniforms. Flipping the pages of his note pad, Stilinski's hands are noticeably shaky.

STILINSKI

I have to meet the medical examiner and figure out what happened with Jackson, but I've got an A-P-B out for Stiles. His Jeep's still in the parking lot, which means... well, I don't know what it means. If he answers his phone or email or if either of you see him--

ISAAC

We'll call you.

STILINSKI

Guys, after everything that's happened lately...

SCOTT

He probably just got freaked out by the attention or something. We'll find him.

Stilinski nods, but doesn't look encouraged. He motions for his men to follow and the locker room begins clearing out.

An unusually distraught Coach approaches Scott. He can't seem to stop turning his whistle over and over with his fingers.

COACH

McCall, we need you on the team, okay? You know I can't put you back on the field next season unless your grades are up.

SCOTT

I know, Coach.

COACH

I mean I yell and scream a lot but it's not like I hate you guys. Well, I kind of hate Greenberg, but that's different. I'm just saying we need you. Get your grades up, okay? Get back on the team.

SCOTT

I will.

Still gripping the whistle, Coach heads for the door. Isaac and Scott anxiously wait for his FOOTSTEPS to fade.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Is that everyone?

ISAAC

I think so--

The sound of METAL RIPPING off hinges turns Isaac around. A locker door CLATTERS to the floor as Scott rifles through the inside, pulling out one of Stiles's SHIRTS.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

You're going to find him by scent?

4

CONTINUED:

4

SCOTT

We both are. Here, smell this...

Scott holds out one of Stiles's SHOES.

ISAAC

Why do you get his shirt and I get a shoe?

But Scott doesn't answer. Past Isaac, Derek stands at the other end of the room.

DEREK

We need to talk.

Peter rounds the corner of the locker cages.

PETER

All of us.

SCOTT

Holy shhhh---

5

INT. ARGENT HOME/BASEMENT - NIGHT

5

Stiles holds a finger to his lips.

STILES

Shhhhh.

But as he reaches for the BLACK BINDINGS around Erica's hands, both she and Boyd continue making muffled protests beneath their gags.

Stiles grabs the binding and--A BLUE SPARK OF ELECTRICITY LIGHTS the room. Stiles leaps up, snatching his hand away with a YELP.

GERARD (O.S.)

They were trying to warn you it's electrified.

Gerard casually steps down the stairs into the basement.

STILES

What are you doing with them?

GERARD

At the moment, just keeping them comfortable. There's no point in torturing them. They won't give Derek up. The instinct to protect their Alpha is too strong.

STILES

Okay... What are you going to do with me?

GERARD

I'm not going to kill you if that's what you're thinking.

STILES

Good. Because Scott can find me. He knows my scent. It's pungent. It's more like a stench. He could find me even if I was buried at the bottom of a sewer, covered in fecal matter, urine and pure human filth.

GERARD

You have a knack for creating a vivid picture, Mr. Stilinski. Let me paint one of my own. Scott McCall finds his best friend bloodied and beaten to a pulp. How's that sound?

STILES

I'd kind of prefer a nice still life or landscape.

Gerard closes the distance between them.

STILES (CONT'D)

All right, what are you? Ninety? I bet I could kick your ass up and down this room--

Gerard STRIKES him. Fast and shockingly brutal, the blow sends Stiles to the floor.

Boyd and Erica watch helplessly as Stiles turns to look up. With almost a look of pity, Gerard grabs Stiles by his lacrosse shirt and drags him up.

STILES (CONT'D)

Okay, wait, wait--

But Gerard strikes him again. And *again*.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

6

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

6

Isaac behind him, Scott keeps a cautious gaze on Peter and Derek at the other end of the locker room.

SCOTT

What the hell is this?

DEREK

You know, I thought the same thing when I saw you talking to Gerard at the Sheriff's Station.

SCOTT

Okay, hold on. He threatened to kill my mom. And I needed to get close to him. What was I supposed to do?

PETER

I'm going to have to side with Scott on this one. Have you seen his mother? Gorgeous.

DEREK

Shut up.

SCOTT

Shut up.

PETER (CONT'D)

Just an observation.

ISAAC

(to Scott)

Who is he?

SCOTT

Derek's uncle. A little while back, he tried to kill all of us so we set him on fire and Derek slashed his throat.

ISAAC

Good to know.

SCOTT

How is he alive?

PETER

Long, complicated story. Wolfsbane, full moon, it's a whole thing.

6

CONTINUED:

6

DEREK

The short version is he knows how to stop Jackson. And maybe how to save him.

ISAAC

That should really help now. Since he's dead.

DEREK

What?

SCOTT

Jackson's dead. It happened on the field.

ISAAC

And it looks like he did it himself.

Derek and Peter share a look. Neither seem relieved.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Why's nobody taking this as good news?

PETER

Because if Jackson's dead, there's no way it just happened. Gerard wanted it to happen.

DEREK

But why?

PETER

Exactly what we need to find out. And something tells me the window of opportunity is closing. Quickly.

7

INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT

7

Outside the hall, Argent reaches to knock at the open door when he sees Gerard and Allison inside, talking quietly. Noticing his son, Gerard gives a smile and whispers one last thing into Allison's ear.

ARGENT

I saw the lights flicker.

GERARD

Probably just one of our guests getting comfortable downstairs.

(to Allison)

(MORE)

7

CONTINUED:

7

GERARD (CONT'D)

Get some sleep if you can. I have a feeling the next twenty-four hours are going to be eventful.

As he turns, Argent moves just slightly enough to block his way out the door.

ARGENT

You going to tell me what happened at the game?

GERARD

Didn't you hear? We won.

ARGENT

I meant Jackson.

GERARD

So did I.

Argent lets him move past. Now alone with Allison, he approaches, watching her unload the crossbow, darts and her ring knife.

ALLISON

You need something?

ARGENT

I want you to step aside and let us handle this.

ALLISON

You're kidding, right?

ARGENT

One of your friends is dead.

ALLISON

Because of Derek. And how do you think Jackson became that thing in the first place? It's all because of Derek. Kate, Mom, Jackson--

ARGENT

And what about Scott? What if he dies too?

ALLISON

Since when do you care about Scott?

ARGENT

I care about you.

7

7

ALLISON

Really, Dad? If you're going to quote from the list of Top Five Things a Parent Should Say to Their Child Every Day, how about starting with "I'm proud of you." After all, I'm doing exactly what you wanted.

ARGENT

(eyeing the open door)
You're doing what he wants. We all are.

Allison heads to the closet to change out of her clothes.

ALLISON

I'm tired and all I want to do is pass out, okay?

ARGENT

Fine.

ALLISON

Don't forget. You owe me a new bow.

A LOUD SNAPPING SOUND turns her head.

ARGENT

And a new crossbow.

Allison's knife in hand, he's used it to sever the weapon's string. He sets the broken crossbow down on her desk.

With Allison's furious gaze on his back, Argent strides out of the room.

8

INT. HOSPITAL/MORGUE ROOM - NIGHT

8

*

A curtain yanks aside to reveal a BODY BAG lying on a gurney in the dark room. Melissa throws a quick glance behind her to make sure she's alone and then cautiously approaches.

A CLEAR DROP of what appears to be the Kanima's VENOM seeps from the edge of the BODY BAG and down off the gurney to collect in a thick puddle on the floor.

Kneeling down, Melissa hesitantly dabs the tip of a pen at the venom. Strangely, it appears to be hardening. Solidifying.

Rising, Melissa reaches for the zipper of the body bag. Then pauses, hand hovering.

*

MELISSA
(whispering to herself)
Oh God, are we really doing this?
(with a nod)
We're doing this.

She grasps the zipper and begins to slowly draw it down, opening the body bag.

9 INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES'S ROOM - NIGHT 9

Phone to his ear, Stilinski rifles through the mess of his son's room.

STILINSKI
Yeah, I'm not finding any kind of clue here. If he shows up at the hospital... Okay, thanks.

He hangs up with a heavy sigh.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)
Stiles, where the hell are you?

STILES
Right here.

Stilinski spins around to find his son at the door. Cheek bruised. Lip bloodied.

STILES (CONT'D)
Dad, it's okay--

STILINSKI
Who did it?

Stilinski is on him immediately, turning his face left and right to get a better look.

STILES
It's okay. It was a couple of guys from the other team--they were pissed about losing. I was mouthing off. Next thing I know...

STILINSKI
Who was it?

STILES
I don't know--I didn't really see them.

STILINSKI
I want descriptions.

STILES
Dad, it's okay. It's not that bad.

STILINSKI
I'm calling that school. I'm going
to personally pistol whip those
little bastards--

STILES
(almost yelling)
Dad, it's okay.

Stilinski quiets under the desperate plea from Stiles who appears more emotionally than physically beaten. Pushing aside his anger, Stilinski gently pulls his son into his arms.

10 INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT 10 *

A PHONE BUZZES. Scott yanks it out of his pocket and breathes in relief at the text message.

SCOTT
They found Stiles.

Derek and Isaac glance back only for a moment while Peter approaches the staircase.

DEREK
I told you I looked everywhere.

PETER
But you didn't look here.

Fingers reaching carefully along the base of one of the wood steps, Peter snaps up a panel, freeing it.

While Derek, Isaac and Scott look on, Peter reaches inside the staircase, feeling for something hidden underneath the steps. He pulls out a large and dusty LEATHER CASE.

DEREK
What is that? A book?

PETER
No, it's a laptop.

He flips the case open to reveal a MacBook Pro.

10

CONTINUED:

10

PETER (CONT'D)

What century are you living in?

Scott's PHONE BUZZES again and he pulls it out of his pocket as Peter starts booting up the computer.

PETER (CONT'D)

In the few days after I came out of the coma I started transferring everything we had. Fortunately, the Argent's aren't the only ones who keep records.

Stepping away from them, Scott puts the phone to his ear.

SCOTT

Mom, I can't talk right now.

11

INT. HOSPITAL/MORGUE ROOM - NIGHT

11

Hand covering her cell phone, Melissa whispers urgently.

MELISSA

Yeah, well, I'm so freaked out I can barely talk either.

SCOTT (V.O.)

What's wrong?

MELISSA

Something. Definitely something. I don't know what. But I think you're going to want to see it for yourself.

She turns back to view the now open body bag.

Inside, Jackson lies almost entirely encased in VENOM seeping from his CLAWS. Transparent and hardening, it appears to be forming some kind of protective shell around him. Almost like... a COCOON.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

12 INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES'S ROOM - NIGHT 12

Head buried under his pillow, Stiles rolls over when he hears a KNOCK at his door.

STILES

Dad, I said I'm fine.

But the KNOCK comes again. Dragging himself out of bed, Stiles swings the door open to reveal Lydia standing outside his room.

LYDIA

Hi. Your father let me in.

STILES

He did? Of course, he did. That's good. That's great. Come in.

LYDIA

What happened to your...

She nods to his lip and cheek.

STILES

Oh, nothing. Don't worry about it. I'm fine. Totally fine. How are you doing?

She meets his eyes and now he notices just how utterly distraught she is.

LYDIA

They won't let me see him. I was supposed to give him something. He kept asking for it back.

She opens her hand to reveal she's holding Jackson's HOUSE KEY still attached to a necklace chain. She looks up, tears filling her eyes again.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

But they won't let me see him.

13 INT. HOSPITAL/MORGUE ROOM - NIGHT 13

Under a DIM FLORESCENT LIGHT, Melissa, Scott and Isaac crowd around, all of them focused on the mysterious sight below.

13

CONTINUED:

13

SCOTT

What's happening to him?

MELISSA

I thought you were going to tell me. Is it bad?

ISAAC

Doesn't look good.

All three lean in for a closer look at the chrysalis rapidly forming over Jackson's body. Lying perfectly still, Jackson doesn't move. Doesn't even breathe. Until--

His head SHUDDERS violently. Everyone SCREAMS, jumping back. A strange GURGLING emanates from inside the bag. A wet wheezing sound.

SCOTT

Zip it back up. Mom, zip it.

MELISSA

Okay, okay--

Melissa yanks the zipper but it gets stuck. Jackson's mouth begins to open, revealing the Kanima's FANGS.

SCOTT

Mom, zip. Zip, Mom, zip--

Finally she yanks it closed. In the silence, the three of them stare down at the body bag, waiting.

MELISSA

What now?

14

INT. ARGENT HOME/BASEMENT - NIGHT

14

*

Argent's fingers tap casually over the CONTROL BOX that regulates the current feeding into Erica and Boyd's electrified bindings.

ARGENT

You know, my family's done this for a long time. Long enough to learn things like how a certain level of electric current can keep you from transforming.

His fingers move to the DIAL, turning it up ever-so-slightly.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

At another level you can't heal.

14

CONTINUED:

14

Erica and Boyd tense, waiting for the current to hit them.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

A few amps higher and no heightened strength. With that kind of scientific accuracy it makes you wonder where the line between the natural and the supernatural really exists.

Fingers still on the dial...

ARGENT (CONT'D)

It's when lines like that blur, you sometimes find yourself surprised by which side you end up on.

As Boyd and Erica look in both surprise and relief, Argent slowly turns the dial, lowering the current to ZERO.

15

INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES'S ROOM - NIGHT

15

Sitting at the desk, Lydia wipes at her tears with her hand until Stiles rushes over with a handful of toilet paper.

STILES

Sorry, didn't have any tissues.

LYDIA

It's fine. God, I'm such a mess.

She takes the toilet paper and blots her eyes. Stiles's phone BUZZES on his desk. Lydia glances at it.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

You have seventeen missed messages from Scott.

STILES

I know.

LYDIA

Are you ignoring him?

STILES

No. Not really.

Gaze drifting from the phone, Lydia notices something else.

LYDIA

Why do you have women's jewelry?

She picks up a handful of NECKLACES and BRACELETS.

15

CONTINUED:

15

STILES

Oh, that's nothing. Just stuff I bought. For your birthday.

LYDIA

For me?

STILES

Yeah, I kind of didn't know what to get you. So I got a bunch of stuff. A lot of stuff. I was going to return whatever I didn't give you.

Lydia points to a BOX on the other side of the room.

LYDIA

Is that a plasma TV?

STILES

That I'm definitely returning.

Stiles's phone BUZZES again. Irritated, Lydia grabs it.

STILES (CONT'D)

Lydia, don't--

He pauses, noticing her expression as she sees the text.

LYDIA

I think you're going to want to read this.

16

INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

16

Peter glances up from the laptop to Derek who is on the phone with Scott.

DEREK

They say he's in some kind of transparent casing made from the venom coming out of his claws.

PETER

That sounds sufficiently terrifying.

Peter clicks as fast as he can, scrolling through the text.

DEREK

They're also saying he's starting to move.

16

CONTINUED:

16

PETER

Okay, I think I found something.
Apparently what we've seen of
Jackson so far is just the Kanima's
Beta shape.

DEREK

Meaning what? It can turn into
something bigger?

PETER

Bigger and badder.

Derek peers over Peter's shoulder. The glow of the computer
screen lights both of their bewildered faces.

DEREK

He's turning into that?

PETER

Yeah.

DEREK

That has wings.

PETER

I see that.

17

INT. HOSPITAL/MORGUE ROOM - NIGHT

17

Phone to his ear, Scott watches the body bag begin to move.

DEREK (V.O.)

Bring him to us.

SCOTT

Not sure we have time for that.

18

INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

18

Peter waves Derek back toward the computer.

PETER

Look at this. Someone actually did
an animation of it. Maybe it's a
little less frightening than we--

A HIDEOUS SCREAMING comes from the laptop.

PETER (CONT'D)

Nope, not at all.

Peter slams the laptop closed.

18

CONTINUED:

18

PETER (CONT'D)
We'll meet them halfway.

DEREK
(into the phone)
Scott, get him out of there. Go--

19

INT. HOSPITAL/MORGUE ROOM - NIGHT

19

*

As Jackson's claws begin to push up at the body bag from inside, Derek's VOICE hammers at Scott.

DEREK (V.O.)
Go now!

20

INT. ARGENT HOME/GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

20

Gerard's eyes SNAP open. Head resting on a pillow in bed, he stares at the ceiling as if seeing something faraway. When he blinks--

21

INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT

21

A LIGHT clicks on. Allison looks up from her bed to see Gerard at the door.

GERARD
Wake up, sweetheart. It's starting.

22

EXT. HOSPITAL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

22

Between the rows of cars, TWO PAIRS OF FEET move quickly. One pair stepping forward, one stepping back.

SCOTT
Hold on, hold on.

Gripping an end of the body bag, Isaac pauses. Scott glances around, then nods.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Okay, go.

They quickly pass another row and reach Melissa's car. Setting his end of the body bag down, Scott yanks out the car keys and opens the driver's side door.

Reaching in, he pulls the latch for the trunk. Leaving the keys in the door, they move to the back and slip the body bag inside.

Isaac SLAMS the trunk closed and moves for the passenger door. But then he looks up to find Scott paused in confusion.

ISAAC

What?

SCOTT

The keys...

They're no longer in the driver's side door lock. Instead,
they hang from someone's fist...

Argent.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

23

INT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

23

Derek moves for the door, but Peter places a hand on his arm.

PETER

We need Lydia.

DEREK

What do you think she's going to be able to do? Jackson could rip her in half just by looking at her.

PETER

Physical strength isn't everything, Derek. You know why we call them the weaker sex? Because it annoys us that they're so much stronger emotionally.

DEREK

There's no time--

PETER

Exactly the problem. We're rushing. Moving too fast. And while everyone knows a moving target is easier to hit, here we are racing right into Gerard's cross hairs.

DEREK

If I have the chance to kill Jackson, I'm taking it.

He shrugs him off, grabbing the door knob as--

24

EXT. HOSPITAL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

24

Argent flips the keys into the palm of his hand. A nervous Isaac watches while Scott cocks his head, listening for other sounds. But he doesn't hear anything.

SCOTT

You're alone.

ARGENT

(with a pained smile)
More than you know.

SCOTT

Then what do you want?

ARGENT

We don't have much in common,
Scott. But at the moment we do have
a common enemy.

SCOTT

(eyeing the trunk of the
car)

That's why I'm trying to get him
out of here.

ARGENT

I didn't mean Jackson.

Isaac and Scott share a confused look. But then Scott
realizes--

SCOTT

Gerard.

Stiles sets his phone back on the desk, face down as if not
wanting to even glance at the messages.

STILES

How much do you even know about
this?

LYDIA

Just... pieces. Half of it's like a
dream.

STILES

Well, guess what? The other half's
a freaking nightmare.

LYDIA

I don't care. I can help him.

STILES

See that's the problem. You don't
care if you get hurt. But you know
how I'll feel? I'll be devastated.
And if you die? I'll literally go
out of my mind. See, death doesn't
happen to you. It happens to
everyone around you.

(MORE)

25

CONTINUED:

25

STILES (CONT'D)

To all the people left standing
there at your funeral trying to
figure out how to get on with their
lives without you in it.

He points to the bruise on his cheek and the split lip.

STILES (CONT'D)

You actually think this was meant
to hurt *me*?

His intensity frightens her, causing her to flinch back.

STILES (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

LYDIA

It's okay. I think I get it. I'll
find them myself.

She moves for the door.

STILES

Lydia, wait.

But she's already into the hall. Already gone.

26

EXT. HOSPITAL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

26

Isaac and Scott look on the trunk of Melissa's car with
growing fear. But Argent still holds the keys.

ARGENT

Gerard's twisted his way into
Allison's head. In the same way he
did with Kate. I'm losing her. And
I know you're losing her too.

SCOTT

You're right. So can you trust me
to fix it? For just a little while.

Argent slowly nods.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Then are you going to give me the
keys?

ARGENT

No. My car's faster.

Moments later, his SUV HEADLIGHTS BLAST ON, tires screeching
as the vehicle hurtles forward.

27

INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES'S ROOM - NIGHT

27

Stilinski sets an ice pack on Stiles's desk.

STILINSKI

She left, huh?

STILES

Yeah.

STILINSKI

So is there... anything there?

STILES

No. She's in love with someone else.

STILINSKI

Okay, I'll let you get to sleep. And I know getting beat up and the stuff with Jackson has you pretty shaken. But be happy about one thing. That game... you were amazing.

STILES

Thanks, Dad.

STILINSKI

I mean it. You know, it was pretty much over. But then you got the ball and started running. It was incredible. I could literally feel the crowd around me responding, their hearts beating faster. You scored and the tide just turned. Then you scored again and again. You weren't just the MVP of the game, you saved it from the brink of disaster. You were a hero.

STILES

I'm not a hero.

STILINSKI

You were last night.

STILES

(quietly)

I'm not a hero.

28

EXT. METAL WORKS - NIGHT

28

HEADLIGHTS blaze over a collection of warehouses in a metal works yard. Argent's SUV turns in and comes to a stop.

Scott and Isaac quickly get out with Argent following. They open the back and pull the body bag from the SUV.

ISAAC

I think he stopped moving.

They gently set the body on the pavement and glance around.

ARGENT

Where's Derek?

Scott turns, listening. He hears him before he sees him. Hands and feet POUNDING the pavement. Argent, Isaac and Scott turn to see a FIGURE loping toward them.

Moving with grace and speed, Derek leaps up as if to attack. But then flips back down right to his feet with a low GROWL and a flash of his RED EYES.

From the CORNER OF A BUILDING, Peter rolls his own eyes.

PETER

Somebody certainly enjoys making an entrance.

Derek focuses his gaze on Argent.

ARGENT

I'm here for Jackson. Not you.

DEREK

Somehow, I don't find that very comforting.

Maintaining a distance, Peter skirts the edges of the warehouse, coming closer as Derek approaches the body bag.

SCOTT

Where are they?

DEREK

Who?

SCOTT

Peter and Lydia?

Derek kneels down by the body bag and begins to slowly unzip it to reveal Jackson.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Okay, hold on a second. You said you knew how to save him.

DEREK

We're past that.

SCOTT

What about Lydia--

DEREK

Think about it, Scott. Gerard controls him now. He's made Jackson his personal guard dog. And he put all this in motion so that Jackson could become even bigger and more powerful.

ARGENT

No...

The others turn to a very concerned looking Argent.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

He wouldn't do that. If Jackson's a dog, then he's turning rabid. And my father wouldn't let a rabid dog live.

GERARD (O.S.)

Of course not.

Gerard steps out of the shadows.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Something that dangerous, that out-of-control... is better off dead.

A HAND springs up from the body bag, CLAWS digging into Derek's chest. As he spits blood, ROARING in agony, a partially transformed Jackson stands, lifting Derek right over his head like he weighed nothing.

Argent and Scott race to get out of the way as Derek goes flying past them, SLAMMING BRUTALLY into a steel wall.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

29

INT. METAL WORKS - NIGHT

29

Scott slowly retreats from Gerard.

GERARD

Well done to the last, Scott. Like the concerned friend you are, you brought Jackson to Derek to save him. You just didn't realize you were also bringing Derek to me.

ARROWS SOAR past Gerard. Scott blinks, glancing back to see Isaac fall, hit in the leg and stomach.

SCOTT

Allison--

But he only catches a glimpse of her before she slips around a corner and into the shadows.

Argent yanks his gun from its holster, FIRING round after round at the Kanima as it springs up. The creature takes a hit, but manages to slip around the SUV.

Clip dropping to the pavement, Argent reloads and BLOWS THE WINDOWS out of the SUV, trying to hit the creature.

Gerard watches, almost amused.

Before Argent can pull the trigger again, the Kanima's tail snakes out, WRAPPING around the barrel of the gun. A second later the weapon flies into the air and--

Argent goes down, knocked across the pavement.

The Kanima spins around to face Derek, back on his feet and now a full werewolf. His SNARL of RAGE is joined by two others--

Scott and Isaac. Also transformed.

The three wolves circle the Kanima. One after another they launch their attack. Vicious bites, claws raking across scaled skin.

But they're far out-matched.

Even as Derek launches off the ground for a last assault--the Kanima ducks down and slashes his torso to ribbons.

Crashing to the ground amid a SPRAY OF BLOOD DROPLETS, Derek sinks, unable to rise again.

Isaac charges to defend his Alpha when Allison slips in front of him with the ring knife. The slashes come with blinding speed. Knife circling up and around, Allison steps back allowing Isaac to collapse in front of her.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Allison, stop!

But she doesn't hear him. Steadily approaching Derek. Raising the knife as the Alpha looks up at her, preparing to defend himself.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Allison!

Before Scott can reach her--A hand grabs her just as she swings the knife.

The hand of the Kanima.

From his hiding spot, Peter looks out, unwilling to join the fray, but watching with curiosity.

GERARD
Not yet, sweetheart.

The others stare in shock as the Kanima forces Allison to drop the knife.

ALLISON
(to Gerard)
What are you doing?

SCOTT
He's doing what he came here to do.

Gerard meets Scott's eyes, seeing recognition in them.

GERARD
Then you know?

ALLISON
(to Gerard)
What's he talking about?

Gerard ignores her, eyes focused on Scott.

GERARD
It was that night outside the
hospital, wasn't it?
(MORE)

GERARD (CONT'D)

When I threatened your mother? I
knew I saw something in your eyes.
You could smell it, couldn't you?

Isaac makes the connection.

ISAAC

He's dying.

A regretful smile at his lips, Gerard gives the boy a nod.

GERARD

I am. I have been for a while now.
Unfortunately, science doesn't have
a cure for cancer yet.

His gaze falls on Derek.

GERARD (CONT'D)

But the supernatural does.

Allison lurches forward trying to free herself. But Gerard
gives the slightest nod and the Kanima wraps its hand around
her neck, CLAWS pressed against the flesh under her chin.

Pushing himself up from the floor, Argent looks at his father
with unbridled hatred.

ARGENT

You monster.

GERARD

Not yet.

He turns to Scott, the only werewolf still standing.

ALLISON

What are you doing?

Gerard eyes Scott, waiting expectantly. The Kanima's claws
dig deeper into Allison's throat.

ARGENT

You'd kill her too?

GERARD

When it comes to survival? I'd kill
my own son. Scott?

In weary defeat, Scott slowly approaches Derek.

DEREK

Don't. You know he's going to kill me right after.

But Scott doesn't seem to hear him.

DEREK (CONT'D)

He'll become an Alpha.

GERARD

It's true. But I think he knows that already. Don't you, Scott?

Hauling the weakened Derek up to his feet, Scott looks almost hypnotized by his own regrettable actions.

GERARD (CONT'D)

He knows the ultimate prize is Allison. Do this small task for me and they can be together. You're the part that doesn't fit, Derek. And if you haven't learned yet, there's just no competing with young love.

Allison's tears run over the Kanima's claws at her own throat while she watches Scott drag Derek up.

DEREK

Scott, stop. Don't--*Scott!*

Digging his claws into the back of Derek's neck, Scott forces him to open his mouth and reveal his fangs.

SCOTT

I'm sorry. But I have to.

Approaching them, a frighteningly calm Gerard begins to roll up his sleeve. Scott holds Derek in position as Gerard carefully places his arm between the Alpha's teeth.

Gerard gives a nod and Scott shoves Derek's head forward, sending his teeth sinking into the pale flesh of the man's arm. Derek's eyes FLARE WITH A BRILLIANT RED. As Gerard tears free, the Alpha collapses back. *

With an amused laugh, Gerard holds up his bloody arm for the others to see. But the looks of horror in Argent and Allison's eyes turn to puzzlement.

29

CONTINUED:

29

Even at his distance, Peter notes something unusual.

PETER

What the...

Seeing their faces, Gerard lowers his arm. BLACK BLOOD seeps over the red. Dripping off his forearm to the concrete floor at his feet.

GERARD

What...

Derek's eyes widen as Gerard coughs, BLACK BLOOD appearing at his lips.

GERARD (CONT'D)

What is this? What did you do?

SCOTT

Everyone kept telling me Gerard always has a plan. Well...

Scott raises his eyes to reveal a now confident, even triumphant gaze.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I had a plan too.

Gerard yanks his SILVER PILL BOX from his pocket.

GERARD

No... no...

He pours several capsules into his hand, some spilling to the floor around him--

30

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

30

Scott holds out Gerard's pill box.

SCOTT

You dropped this.

31

INT. METAL WORKS - NIGHT

31

BLACK BLOOD now running from his nose, Gerard raises a handful of the CAPSULES and crushes them in his hand. The capsules burst into a puff of GRAY ASH--

GERARD

Mountain ash.

32 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 32

With Scott by his side, Deaton pours the gray ash from the bottle marked with the ROWAN symbol into the CAPSULE FILLING MACHINE, carefully filling a dozen of Gerard's pills.

33 INT. METAL WORKS - NIGHT 33

Scott steps back as Gerard sinks to his knees, lurching in agony. Black blood pours from his nose, from his tear ducts, ears, even around his fingernails. Spilling to the floor as--

Head thrown back, Gerard SHRIEKS in pain as he spits up a streaming fountain of BLACK BLOOD.

The others retreat in terror, scrambling away from the macabre display.

Only Scott watches unblinking, knowing and expecting the effect. Derek peers at him with a mixture of shock and most surprisingly, respect.

DEREK

Why didn't you tell me?

SCOTT

Because you might be an Alpha. But you're not mine.

He steps forward as if to help Gerard up. But with the blood still dripping from his lips, the senior Argent raises his hate-filled eyes and looks to the Kanima.

GERARD

Kill them.

Veins pulling taut at his neck, he shouts with every last bit of strength he has.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Kill them all!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

34 INT. METAL WORKS - NIGHT

34

Gerard collapses down as just a few feet away--Allison wrests the Kanima's hand free from her neck and pushes off. But with its other claw, the creature sends her sprawling.

It whirls about to face Scott for the attack when--

The roar of a VEHICLE'S ENGINE fills the warehouse. The Kanima spins at the sound of BRAKES SQUEALING and HURTLES BACK, tossed right off its feet by--

A blue Jeep.

Eyes squeezed shut, Stiles looks up from the wheel and turns to the others.

STILES

Did I get him?

Scott almost laughs. But then the Kanima LEAPS onto the hood of the Jeep hand swinging a clawed hand up with a shriek.

LYDIA

Jackson!

The creature pauses, blinking in confusion. The passenger side door of the Jeep creaks open and Lydia steps out. Lit by the headlights of the SUV she almost glows in the darkness.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Jackson?

Her hands come up. The Kanima pulls back as if to strike her down. But then she opens her hand to show what's held in her palm...

Jackson's key.

The creature blinks as it looks on the key and--

35 INT. WHITTEMORE HOME/JACKSON'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 35

Lips parting from a deep kiss, Jackson and Lydia lie back in his bed. She tries to curl up next to him but he reaches for something on the night table.

He turns back to her with the HOUSE KEY in his hand.

JACKSON

Here. It's for the front door.

LYDIA

A key to the house? Already?

JACKSON

What? It's not a wedding ring.

LYDIA

So you're just making me a more accessible late night booty call?

JACKSON

Late night. Late morning. Late afternoon.

She laughs, now able to curl up against him. Pressing the key into her palm, she allows herself a smile. Unseen behind her, the look in Jackson's eyes is the same.

Neither willing to say it or let the other see it, they're both, nevertheless, perfectly and utterly in love.

The Kanima's eyes blink back to HUMAN EYES, the eyes of Jackson, now half transformed again.

Lydia gives him one last look of regret, as if knowing what's about to happen.

Jackson slowly turns to face Derek who is now standing once again. Jackson lowers his clawed hands, lowering his defenses. Purposefully making himself vulnerable to attack.

Derek grabs the moment and strikes, DIGGING his claws into Jackson's ribcage.

Seeing his chance, Peter rushes out and guts Jackson from the back. As the wolf hands tear back, Jackson staggers forward and--

Lydia takes hold of him before he can fall. Struggling to keep him up, she slowly guides him to his knees.

Red blood--human blood--on his torso, Jackson looks on her with his own eyes, seeming to recognize her. Then he whispers a question.

JACKSON

Do you... still...

He can't seem to find the strength or breath to finish. Lydia, however, knows what he was asking.

LYDIA

I do. I still love you.

Finally, Jackson's eyes close and his head gently rests on her shoulder.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I still love you.

The others watch silently as she holds Jackson there. Only when his hand opens and releases the key to the ground does she finally let him lie.

As gently as he can, Stiles takes Lydia's arm and helps her up. She turns into him, trying to find comfort in his arms.

ALLISON

Where's Gerard?

Argent looks over. The others follow Allison's eyes to a pool of black blood and the faint trace of footsteps. He's gone.

ARGENT

I doubt he's far.

Now human, Derek helps Isaac back to his feet. Finally, they begin moving, an exhausted group of people turning to go.

But then the SOUND OF CLAWS scratching cement catches their attention. Lydia turns first to see--

Jackson's hands moving. Claws at his fingertips, they scratch at the pavement as life begins to tremble its way back into his body, wounds already beginning to heal on his torso.

Head lifting up, he sucks in a breath as if coming up for air after diving into water.

Scott, Derek and Peter brace themselves for a new attack. But something different happens.

When Jackson opens his eyes, they begin to glow. No longer slitted and reptilian, they burn an intense BLUE. His mouth draws open to reveal FANGS growing. Not two rows, but pairs of uppers and lowers.

As he pushes up to his knees, strands of hair appear at his cheeks, growing toward the ears which now taper out to points.

36

CONTINUED:

36

With the others watching in silent awe, Jackson finally stands. And finally becomes... a WEREWOLF.

A PRIMAL ROAR fills the metal works as Jackson cries out at the night like a bird spreading its wings for the first time.

His eyes dim back to normal, claws retracting. He lowers his head and breathlessly looks to the others. Somehow alive. They stare back at him, incredulous.

Finally Lydia runs into his arms. Scott and the others breathe in relief. Except for Stiles.

SCOTT

What?

STILES

He scratched my Jeep.

37

INT. ARGENT HOME/ALLISON'S ROOM - NIGHT

37

The first whisper of sunrise begins to spill into Allison's room. Fingers intertwined, she and Scott sit on the edge of her bed in silence.

ALLISON

I'm sorry.

SCOTT

You don't have to say sorry.

ALLISON

I do. I have to. For what I did
What I said. For everything. And
especially for what I have to do
now.

Disentangling her fingers from his, she looks into his eyes.

SCOTT

It's okay.

ALLISON

No, it's not.

SCOTT

It is.

ALLISON

Scott, I'm trying to break up with
you.

SCOTT

I know. And it's okay.

ALLISON

How is that okay?

SCOTT

Because I can wait.

ALLISON

I'm not making you wait for me. I can't do that.

SCOTT

You don't have to. Because I know we're going to be together. We're meant to be together.

ALLISON

Scott...

SCOTT

It's okay.

She looks in his eyes, finding no trace of uncertainty.

ALLISON

There's no such thing as fate.

SCOTT

(with a smile)

There's no such thing as werewolves.

Tears slipping down her cheeks, Allison actually breathes a small laugh. Scott gently brushes her tears away and then presses his lips softly to hers. A short, but sweet kiss. Allison breaks it, pulling back and opening her eyes to look at him.

Finally, Scott rises from the bed and turns for the door where he sees Argent waiting.

As he passes by, Allison's father gives him the slightest of nods. The closest to a *thank you* Argent can manage at the moment.

Scott gives a last look back to watch Argent sit next to Allison on the edge of the bed. He puts his arm around her and she gently rests his head on his shoulder, glancing up to find the doorway empty.

Scott is gone.

38

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

38

Racing through the woods, breathless and frightened, Erica notices Boyd beginning to slow down.

BOYD
(breathless)
Wait... wait up...

Erica stops in the middle of a clearing, waiting for Boyd to catch up to her. She puts a hand on his arm.

ERICA
You okay?

BOYD
Just need to...

He trails off. Both of them, slowly looking up to find they're not alone.

A WOMAN dressed in black stands at the opposite edge of the clearing. Stepping into the light, she's immediately recognizable as the Ambulance Driver who allowed Melissa to ride along to the hospital.

Erica and Boyd look on her, confused. Especially since she does not seem at all surprised to see them.

WOMAN
Lost?

Erica and Boyd begin to slowly back up. But behind them--

A SILHOUETTED FIGURE steps out from between the trees, black shoes that don't look like they belong anywhere near the woods crush leaves underneath.

A second SILHOUETTE emerges. And then a third, a fourth and fifth surrounding the frightened Boyd and Erica.

They stand there, dark-clothed monoliths, terrifying in their stillness and quiet. And then--

A FIST snaps open to reveal CLAWS on the right hand of one of the strangers. His left hand snaps open as well with the same result.

A CHORUS OF UNSHEATHING rises through the clearing as one hand after another snaps open to reveal sharpened claws. A display of power that culminates with sudden SNARLING and GROWLING.

38

CONTINUED:

38

As the fearsome ROARS of nearly half a dozen WEREWOLVES rises into the night--

39

EXT. HALE HOUSE - DAY

39

Daylight bleeds through the trees spilling down on the lonely and burned Hale House.

PETER

You haven't told them everything yet, have you?

Derek shakes his head.

ISAAC

(to Peter)

What do you mean?

PETER

Why do you think Derek was so quick to build a pack? So eager to strengthen his number and power? When there's a new Alpha, people take notice.

ISAAC

People like who?

(to Derek)

What is this? What's it mean?

He turns to the door of the house where someone has carefully painted in black the triple headed symbol known as a TRISKELE. But different than the one tattooed to Derek's back. Sharper, more aggressive.

DEREK

It's their symbol. And it means they're coming.

ISAAC

Who?

DEREK

Alphas.

ISAAC

More than one?

DEREK

A pack of them.

39

CONTINUED:

39

PETER

An Alpha pack. And they're not coming. They're already here.

The three of them turn to eye the jagged TRISKELE on the door while through the woods, somewhere not far off--

40

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

40

An old blue Jeep rumbles to a stop between the bleachers on an empty field. Scott and Stiles jump out and begin pulling lacrosse gear from the back.

STILES

You really think she's going to come back to you?

SCOTT

I know she is. What about you and Lydia?

STILES

The ten year plan for making Lydia fall in love with me might have had to stretch to fifteen, but the plan remains in motion.

SCOTT

Why don't you just ask her out?

STILES

Why don't you just get into goal and help me make captain like you promised?

Stiles drops a bag full of lacrosse balls onto the grass while Scott takes his position at goal.

SCOTT

You know what I just realized? I'm right back where I started.

STILES

What do you mean?

SCOTT

I mean no lacrosse. No popularity. No girlfriend. Nothing.

STILES

Dude. You still got me.

SCOTT
I had you before.

STILES
And you've *still* got me. Life
fulfilled.

Ball in the pocket of his lacrosse stick, Stiles takes a shooting stance.

STILES (CONT'D)
Now remember. No wolf powers.

SCOTT
Got it.

STILES
No super-fast reflexes, super eye-
sight, hearing, none of that crap.

SCOTT
Okay.

Stiles winds back, but pauses again.

STILES
You promise?

SCOTT
Will you just take a shot already!

Finally, with every bit of strength and concentration he can muster, Stiles sends the ball flying.

The world goes BLACK and is immediately followed by the distinct sound of a BALL being caught in the net of a lacrosse stick.

*STILES (V.O.)
I said no wolf powers!*

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE