

TEEN WOLF
Episode #306
"Motel California"
by
Christian Taylor

2/13/13 Goldenrod Draft

2/11/13 Green Draft

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1/30/13 Blue Draft

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New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #306
Episode 30

TEEN WOLF

"Episode Thirty"

EP#306

Cast List

SCOTT MCCALL..... TYLER POSEY
STILES STILINSKI..... DYLAN O'BRIEN
ALLISON ARGENT..... CRYSTAL REED
DEREK HALE..... TYLER HOECHLIN
LYDIA MARTIN..... HOLLAND RODEN

MAN (ALEXANDER ARGENT)..... RICK OTTO
COACH..... ORNY ADAMS
DANNY..... KEAHU KAHUANUI
ETHAN..... CHARLIE CARVER
JENNIFER..... HALEY WEBB
BOYD..... SINQUA WALLS
DESK CLERK..... JAYNE TAINI
ISAAC..... DANIEL SHARMAN
ARGENT..... JR BOURNE
ENNIS..... BRIAN PATRICK WADE
MELISSA..... MELISSA PONZIO
DEUCALIAN..... GIDEON EMERY
GERARD..... MICHAEL HOGAN

TEEN WOLF

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Set List

INTERIORS

MOTEL

ROOM 217

ROOM

BATHROOM

SCOTT AND STILE'S ROOM
ROOM

BATHROOM

FRONT DESK

BOYD AND ISAAC'S ROOM
ROOM

BATHROOM

ROOM 216

ETHAN AND DANNY'S ROOM
ROOM

BATHROOM

DEREK'S LOFT

ABANDONED MALL

BUS

ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY

EXTERIORS

MOTEL

MOTEL

2ND FLOOR BALCONY

VENDING MACHINE ALCOVE

1ST FLOOR

STAIRS

2ND FLOOR PASSAGEWAY

PARKING LOT

*

*

*

TEEN WOLF
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MOTEL - DAY 1

Under a twilight sky, a PICKUP TRUCK surges into the lot of an isolated and iconic 1950's motel. The sign above the office reads: *Glen Capri*.

Stepping out of the truck, a dark figure of a MAN quickly pulls a heavy BAG from the inside and slams the door shut. With a noticeable limp, he hurries to the motel office.

As the door clatters shut, a NEWSPAPER lying under the murky glass of its dispenser reveals the date: *March 5th 1977*.

2 EXT. MOTEL/2ND FLOOR BALCONY - DAY 2

The KEY for ROOM 217 shakily approaches the door. Knuckles bruised and speckled with DRIED BLOOD, the Man steadies his hand and unlocks the room.

3 INT. MOTEL/ROOM 217/BATHROOM - NIGHT 3

Standing in front of the bathroom mirror, the Man holds an unblinking stare on his own reflection, almost as if waiting for something to happen.

Slowly, he unbuttons and removes his shirt to reveal a bruised and slashed body. But then he twists around to reveal a far more alarming wound at his lower back, just above his hip--

The unmistakable BITE of an ALPHA WEREWOLF.

4 INT. MOTEL/ROOM 217 - NIGHT 4

Reaching up, the Man swiftly yanks open the blinds. A FULL MOON rises behind the clouds in the night sky.

Moving quickly, the Man kneels at his bag and pulls out a sawed-off shotgun. With mounting panic, he rifles through his pockets and dumps the contents to the floor--wallet, keys, lighter, SHOTGUN SHELLS.

He grabs the shells, fumbling them into the chamber of the gun. Raising the weapon, he cocks it and swings the barrel under his chin.

Behind him, the MOON rises. Its pale light spills in through the window, creeping over his shoulder.

A BEAD of sweat trickles down his brow as a YELLOW GLOW begins to fill his IRISES. Finger tightening around the trigger, he whispers his last words...

MAN

*Nous chassons ceux qui nous
chassent.*

5 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT 5

A SHOTGUN BLAST tears through the night as the window of ROOM 217 lights with a FLASH and then turns red.

6 INT. MOTEL/ROOM 217 - NIGHT 6

BLOOD slips down the glass, over the chipped paint of the radiator and down to where the dead man lies.

Seeping into the carpet, the blood pools under the still-smoking barrel of the shotgun, widens past the bag and finally reaches the open WALLET.

His DRIVER'S LICENSE visible, the name underneath the picture of the handsome man reads--

"Alexander Argent."

DISSOLVE TO:

7 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT 7

The view of the Glen Capri changes, exterior updating as modern cars whip past while buildings rise up to surround the still iconic but no longer isolated motel.

A SCHOOL BUS rumbles into the lot, doors swinging open. Coach and his Cross Country team disembark. An exhausted Scott and Stiles step out, followed by Allison and Lydia.

SCOTT

I've seen worse.

STILES

Where have you seen worse?

A WHISTLE BLOWS and Coach holds up a handful of ROOM KEYS in front of the gathering students.

COACH

Listen up. The Meet's been pushed to tomorrow morning. This is the closest motel with the most vacancies and least amount of good judgment in accepting a group of degenerates like yourselves. You'll be pairing up. Choose wisely.

He begins handing the keys.

COACH (CONT'D)

You and you, fine. Scott, Stiles. Ethan, Danny--behave yourselves. Allison, Lydia... Allison, Lydia?

ALLISON

Thanks Coach.

Allison grabs a key as a confused Coach looks after them. But then gets back to addressing his team.

COACH

And I'll have no sexual perversions perpetrated by you deviants. Got that? Keep your dirty little hands to your dirty little selves.

Keys taken, the team heads for their rooms while the bus moves on to park. But one person remains, still gazing up at the motel with concern--

ALLISON

Lydia?

LYDIA

I don't like this place.

ALLISON

I don't think the people who own this place like this place. It's just for a night.

LYDIA

A lot can happen in a night.

Reluctantly, she follows Allison to the motel.

8 EXT. MOTEL/2ND FLOOR BALCONY - NIGHT 8

While the other team members hurry past, Allison pauses to glance at Scott down the balcony corridor. He gives her a reassuring smile and disappears inside his room with Stiles.

Stepping into her own room, Allison drops her bag. But then notices Lydia still at the threshold, unwilling to enter.

ALLISON
You're really freaked out, aren't you?

LYDIA
I just have this feeling like coming here wasn't an accident.

ALLISON
What do you mean? Like we were supposed to come here? Like fate?

LYDIA
I don't know. Something.

Allison takes her by the hand, drawing her inside.

ALLISON
I don't believe in fate.

LYDIA
Well, maybe you should start.

As Allison draws her inside, the door slowly closes behind them to reveal the room number: 217.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

9 INT. MOTEL/SCOTT AND STILES'S ROOM - NIGHT 9

Exhausted, Scott falls back onto the bed, staring up at the slowly spinning ceiling fan. Stiles falls in next to him.

STILES
I have four.

SCOTT
Four? How could you have four suspects?

STILES
It was originally ten. Although, I might have listed Derek twice.

SCOTT
Who's your number one? Harris?

STILES

Just because he's missing doesn't mean he's dead.

SCOTT

So if he's not dead, our chemistry teacher is out secretly committing human sacrifices?

Scott and Stiles slowly turn to share a look.

STILES

Yeah, made more sense in my head.

Stiles hops off the bed, pacing nervously.

SCOTT

What if it's someone else in the school? We never thought it was Matt killing people.

STILES

Excuse me, I called that from day one.

SCOTT

Yeah, but we never *seriously* thought it was Matt.

STILES

I was serious. Quite serious. Deadly serious. No one listened.

SCOTT

Who are your other three?

STILES

Derek's sister, Cora. Nobody knows anything about her. And she's Derek's sister. Next, your boss.

SCOTT

My boss?

STILES

The whole Obi-Wan Kenobi thing? I don't buy it. And let's not forget Obi-Wan completely lied about Vader being Luke's father.

(off Scott's blank stare)

You still haven't seen Star Wars, have you?

*

9

SCOTT

I swear I'll watch it if we make it
back alive. Who's the last one?

Stiles sits down again and softly speaks the name of his
final suspect.

STILES

Lydia.

Scott glances to him, surprised.

STILES (CONT'D)

She was totally controlled by
Peter. And she had no idea.

Falling back on the bed again, Stiles's worried eyes drift to
the ceiling and the slowly spinning fan.

10

INT. DEREK'S LOFT - NIGHT

10

Images blur past--brick and stone, the sliding door--all from
the POV of someone barely holding onto consciousness.

JENNIFER

Derek--

Jennifer appears, her face coming in and out of focus.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Oh God--this is a bad, very bad
idea. I should be taking you to a
hospital--

DEREK

No... no hospital...

Slipping out of his peripheral vision, she struggles to carry
him inside. DARK BOOTS move into Derek's sight. His own feet,
gingerly stepping into the safety of his loft.

JENNIFER

Derek, I'm losing you. I can't hold
you--*Derek.*

The world turns upside down as he collapses to the floor and
a wave of darkness surges in.

11

EXT. MOTEL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

11

Boyd's reflection appears over the plexiglass of a vending
machine. He gazes over the selections of chips and candy bars
with an oddly vacant expression.

Stiles arrives behind him, smoothing out a dollar bill. He watches Boyd slowly and methodically depress each button, choosing the candy bar under number 201.

STILES

Same thing I was going to get.

The coils unwind to release the candy bar, but at the last moment, it sticks.

STILES (CONT'D)

Oh, don't worry, dude. I got a patented method for this.

Stiles reaches up for the top of the vending machine to swing it forward. But then he snaps his hands back when Boyd PUNCHES a fist RIGHT THROUGH THE PLEXIGLASS.

Shards falling aside, Boyd calmly plucks the candy bar from the steel coils. Then he turns and walks away, leaving a shocked Stiles watching after him.

12 INT. MOTEL/ROOM 217/BATHROOM - NIGHT 12

Steam fills the bathroom, the shower running. Beneath the spray, Allison pushes the water out of her hair and calls out to the partially open door.

ALLISON

Lydia, did you get new towels?

She pulls the shower curtain aside to look out.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Lydia--

Her voice catches in her throat when she sees Scott standing in the doorway.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SCOTT

Looking for you.

His demeanor is oddly calm. Tone of voice disconcertingly monotone.

ALLISON

Well, you found me. In the shower. Slightly naked, if you didn't notice.

SCOTT
So? I've seen you naked.

He steps past the door and into the bathroom. Allison pulls the shower curtain closer.

ALLISON
Okay, but you remember we're kind of not together anymore? *

SCOTT
We're still friends, right? We could just be closer friends. *

He slowly approaches, not even seeming to blink.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
How do you know this wouldn't make things better? Maybe it could even fix things between us.

He reaches up, fingers gliding over the plastic of the shower curtain's edge. But Allison grabs him by the wrist.

ALLISON
Scott.

He blinks, pulling his hand back. Then looks at her in confusion. He steps back, glancing about.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

SCOTT
Yeah, I was... I wanted to...
Sorry... I can't remember.

ALLISON
Scott--

But he's already rushing through the door, leaving a very confused Allison standing there gripping the shower curtain to her body.

13 INT. MOTEL/FRONT DESK - NIGHT

13

Dropping a stack of TOWELS onto the front desk, Lydia leans across the counter to the DESK CLERK, an older woman turned toward a TV.

LYDIA

Excuse me, but the card on the dresser says we have a non-smoking room. Yet somehow every one of our towels reeks of nicotine.

The Desk Clerk turns around revealing a permanent TRACHEOSTOMY TUBE in her throat.

DESK CLERK

Sorry about that, sweetheart.

Now trying to look at anything but the Desk Clerk's throat as she grabs the towels, Lydia's eyes dart to the walls, noticing something odd.

LYDIA

What's that? That number.

A FRAME hanging above the desk features the number "198" and nothing else. Just the number.

DESK CLERK

Oh, that's kind of an inside thing for the motel. My husband insists on keeping it up.

LYDIA

What does it mean?

DESK CLERK

It's a little morbid to be honest. You sure you want to know?

LYDIA

Tell me.

The Clerk moves closer to the counter, leaning toward Lydia.

DESK CLERK

We're not going to make the top of anyone's list when it comes to customer satisfaction.

LYDIA

Obviously.

DESK CLERK

But we are number one in California when it comes to one disturbing little detail.

(MORE)

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

Since opening, more than any other motel in California, we've had the most guest suicides.

She points to the number above her.

LYDIA

One hundred, ninety-eight.

DESK CLERK

(with a smile)

And counting.

14 INT. MOTEL/BOYD AND ISAAC'S ROOM - NIGHT 14

THE RED DIGITAL NUMBERS on an old cable box sitting atop a cheap TV blaring STATIC click to 199. Then to 200 and then 201. Both channels showing nothing but STATIC.

Remote in his hand, Isaac sits on the bed, back to the headboard. Eyes focused on the TV, he wears a strangely glazed expression while his thumb mechanically presses from one channel of static to the next.

Isaac barely blinks as he continues clicking through channels. 202... 203... 204... From static to static, the WHITE NOISE rises louder and louder and *LOUDER*.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

15 INT. DEREK'S LOFT - NIGHT 15

Trembling hands tear at Derek's blood-stained shirt, ripping it open. Jennifer blinks in shock not only at the severity of the wounds but at the VISCIOUS BLACK BLOOD seeping from them.

JENNIFER

Oh my God...

Starting to become more lucid, Derek tries to sit up.

DEREK

How... bad...

JENNIFER

To be honest the "oh my God" would be for your unbelievable physique if it weren't for the fact that you're bleeding *black blood*. I thought you were some kind of creature of the night. You're not an alien, are you?

DEREK

No... not...

His eyes flutter closed again.

JENNIFER

Derek? Oh God, you're not dying, are you? Please don't die. *Derek*.

She turns her ear to him, listening to his faint heartbeat and shallow breathing. Finally, she takes a breath of her own and lets her head fall to his bare chest.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Not exactly how I imagined our first date.

16 INT. MOTEL/ROOM 217 - NIGHT 16

Quickly getting dressed, a still wet Allison turns to Lydia.

ALLISON

(shocked)

One hundred and ninety-eight?

LYDIA

Yes. And if we're talking forty years, on average that's only about four point nine five a year which is sort of expected. But commemorating it with a framed number? Who does that? *Who?*

ALLISON

All suicides?

LYDIA

Yes. Hanging, throat cutting, pill popping, both barrels of a shotgun in the mouth *suicides*. And I don't know about you but--

She stops. Then cocks her head slightly to listen.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Did you hear that?

ALLISON

Hear what?

Lydia peers up to an AIR VENT on the wall above the headboard. She climbs up onto the bed, stepping across it to get closer.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Lydia?

She waves a hand at Allison, quieting her. Then leans in, distinctly hearing a VOICE coming through from the neighboring room.

HUSBAND (V.O.)

Which one do you want?

WIFE (V.O.)

I don't know. The smaller one I guess.

Fixated on the vent, Lydia inches closer as the VOICES gradually become clearer.

HUSBAND (V.O.)

It's okay, smaller is better. Less kick. I'll chamber the round.

The unmistakable sound of a bullet slotting into the chamber of a handgun echoes through the vent.

HUSBAND (V.O.)

All right, so--

WIFE (V.O.)

Wait, wait. When do I--I mean do you count?

HUSBAND (V.O.)

Yeah, I'll count to three.

WIFE (V.O.)

So after three or on three?

HUSBAND (V.O.)

You tell me.

WIFE (V.O.)

One, two... then pull the trigger.

Eyes widening, Lydia takes a step back on the bed.

HUSBAND (V.O.)

Ready? Okay... I love you.

WIFE (V.O.)

I love you too.

LYDIA

Oh my God--

HUSBAND (V.O.)

One, two...

GUN SHOTS BLAST through the vent, sending Lydia staggering off the bed, hands to her mouth.

ALLISON

What is it? Lydia, what happened?

LYDIA

You didn't hear that?

ALLISON

Hear what?

LYDIA

They shot each other. Two people in the other room--they just shot each other.

17 EXT. MOTEL/2ND FLOOR BALCONY - NIGHT 17

Bursting through the door, Lydia hurries to the next room. As Allison catches up behind her, she tries the knob. The door swings open and--

18 INT. MOTEL/ROOM 216 - NIGHT 18

Lydia fumbles for the light switch but it clicks uselessly under her finger.

ALLISON

Lydia.

Inching her way in, Lydia reaches about in the darkness.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Lydia, what are you doing?

A FLOOR LAMP CLICKS ON. Lydia lowers her hand and finds the room is not only empty but in a state of renovation. Plastic sheets cover the furniture. Paint cans surround a work bench on which lies a hand saw and other tools. A HEATER sits near the wall drying the paint.

LYDIA

I don't get it. It had to be here. You didn't hear them?

ALLISON

Who?

LYDIA

(confused)

It was a guy and girl. They sounded young and... they were here. I'm not lying.

ALLISON

I believe you. After everything we've been through, I believe you.

Not looking at all relieved, however, Lydia's eyes are caught by the wood paneling on the wall. She steps closer, noticing patterns in the grooves of the wood. Like faces.

Faces screaming...

19 EXT. MOTEL/VENDING MACHINE ALCOVE - NIGHT 19

A STEEL BUCKET dives into an ICE MACHINE outside the motel's office. Filling the bucket, Boyd reaches to close the lid. He pauses, however, noticing the tiny cubes as they tumble in to fill the recess.

Leaning closer, he notices a DARK SHAPE underneath the ice.

Boyd lightly brushes the cubes aside with the tips of his fingers. *Something* lies underneath the ice.

GIRL'S VOICE
(barely a whisper)
Don't...

Boyd pulls back, breath caught in his throat.

GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Don't leave me.

Boyd inches forward again. He slowly pushes away the ice trying to reveal what's underneath.

GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Why did you leave me?

The voice whispers up from the depths of the machine.

BOYD
Alicia?

Boyd digs in, ice spilling to the pavement below.

GIRL'S VOICE
You weren't supposed to leave me.

Finally, Boyd stops as he uncovers the dead face of a YOUNG GIRL in the ice. Her eyes snap open--

GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO LEAVE ME.

Boyd stumbles back in terror, letting the lid clatter shut as he turns to run. THE ICE BUCKET drops from his hand, cubes bouncing about the pavement as--

20 INT. MOTEL/BOYD AND ISAAC'S ROOM - NIGHT 20

Isaac sits up in bed, glancing about the darkness.

ISAAC
Boyd?

But he's alone in the room. Easing back down, he closes his eyes again, trying to fall back to sleep.

A THUMPING comes from above. Peering up to the ceiling, Isaac listens to HEAVY FOOTSTEPS. Someone moving hurriedly in the second floor room just above.

Isaac holds still as he hears a frighteningly familiar voice...

*LAHEY (V.O.)
Hand me the seven sixteenths
wrench.*

Isaac listens to the light CLATTER of steel tools. Until the SHEERING of metal brings a shout of rage from Lahey.

*LAHEY (V.O.)
What the hell? That was the nine
sixteenths, you moron.*

*YOUNG ISAAC (V.O.)
But I thought--I didn't--*

*LAHEY (V.O.)
You know what the difference
between a seven and a nine is,
dumbass? A stripped bolt.*

*YOUNG ISAAC (V.O.)
Sorry, I didn't--I thought it was
right. What do you want me to do?*

*LAHEY (V.O.)
I want you to shut up. God, you're
useless. I can't fix this now. I'm
not even going to be able to keep
it closed. Grab the chains.*

Breath tightening in his throat, Isaac listens to the soft footsteps. The rattle and clink of chains.

*LAHEY (V.O.)
Now get in.*

*YOUNG ISAAC (V.O.)
What?*

*LAHEY (V.O.)
Get in.*

Isaac listens intently.

LAHEY (V.O.)
*Are you not hearing me? Get in the
damn freezer.*

YOUNG ISAAC (V.O.)
But Dad--

LAHEY (V.O.)
GET IN.

Isaac turns to get off the bed, but stops when he finds himself facing the INSIDE WALL of an industrial FREEZER. He turns to the other side to face the freezer's opposite wall.

Gasping, he looks up as--THE FREEZER LID SLAMS SHUT.

21 INT. MOTEL/ROOM 217 - NIGHT 21

Allison watches Lydia quickly pack up her bag.

ALLISON
You want to leave? Like find
another motel?

LYDIA
I'll sleep on a park bench if I
have to. Something's seriously
wrong with this place and we need
to leave.

ALLISON
But they were suicides. Not
murders. And it's not like the
place is haunted, right?

LYDIA
Maybe it is. I bet that couple did
their suicide pact right in that
exact room. Maybe that's why
they're renovating it. Maybe
they've been scraping brain matter
off the wood paneling.

ALLISON
Maybe we should find out.

22 INT. MOTEL/FRONT DESK - NIGHT 22

A SIGN on the front desk reads "BACK AT 6AM". Lydia turns to Allison with a defeated shrug.

LYDIA
There goes that.

Allison looks past her to the office wall, a nervous tremor rising in her voice.

ALLISON
Lydia, didn't you say the number
was one ninety-eight?

She glances up to the number on the wall. It now reads 201. *

LYDIA
It was one ninety-eight. I swear to
God, it was one ninety-eight.

ALLISON
What's that mean? There have been
three more suicides?

LYDIA
Or three more about to happen.

They turn their frightened eyes back to the number hanging on
the wall... 201.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23 INT. ABANDONED MALL - NIGHT 23

A GLOVED HAND reaches across the broken pieces of a tiled wall inside the abandoned mall. Lowering his hand, Argent takes a step back, carefully placing his feet into position, arms reaching out as if to yank an unseen person--

FLASHBACK - Ennis SLAMS into the wall, dust and debris bursting up behind him.

Argent pivots, then kneels, finding the exact place where--

FLASHBACK - Boyd tumbles back to the floor, slashed in the chest, blood flying.

Argent focuses on the now dried blood spatter across the pavement. He carefully retreats back, finding BOOT PRINTS in the dust and dried blood. Placing himself in position of the boots, he glances up to the BURN MARKS on the wall.

Argent holds still, eyeing the dark burns on the concrete.

FLASHBACK - Arrows soar past Derek, FLASHBOLTS EXPLODING into brilliant whorls of light--

24 INT. MOTEL/SCOTT AND STILES'S ROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT 24

The bathroom light FLICKERS above Scott as he stares at his reflection in the mirror. He leans in, studying his eyes. Closer and closer until he can see the tiny striations of color within the iris.

A GLIMMER OF RED ripples within the brown. Scott jerks back from the mirror and--

His phone RINGS. Shaking off the strange moment, Scott steps out of the bathroom and picks up his cell from the night table.

SCOTT
Hey Mom, what's up?

The only reply is a subtle yet disturbing STATIC.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Mom?

MELISSA (V.O.)
Scott...

Hearing the tremor in her voice, Scott presses the phone tighter to his ear.

SCOTT
Mom, what's wrong? Mom?

MELISSA (V.O.)
I'm sorry--he just came into the house. I tried to stop him. I'm sorry--

SCOTT
Where are you? Mom, where are you?

MELISSA (V.O.)
Outside. Look outside.

Scott pulls the window blinds up. His mother, Melissa, stands in the parking lot, holding the phone to her ear. Deucalion stands next to her, CLAWED HAND wrapped around the back of her neck, like he was grabbing a dog by its scruff.

DEUCALION
Scott, can you hear me?

SCOTT
What are you doing? What do you want?

DEUCALION
Isn't it obvious? You're an Alpha now, Scott.

SCOTT
No, no I'm not. Derek could still be alive. He could be--

DEUCALION
He's dead. You know he is. So now I'm coming for you. You and everyone you love. I'm coming for all of them.

EYES GLOWING RED, Deucalion rips his hand back, sending DROPLETS OF BLOOD flying into the air as Melissa's knees buckle--

STILES
Scott?

He spins to find Stiles in the doorway of the bathroom, a toothbrush in his mouth. Scott turns back to the view of the parking lot, but there's no one there.

STILES (CONT'D)

You okay?

Scott nods, still focused on the window. A VIBRATING makes him jump. Stiles pulls out his cell phone.

A MESSAGE from Lydia appears: *Need to talk. Just you.*

Stiles slowly glances up from the odd request, noticing Scott still at the window, still staring out.

25 INT. MOTEL/ETHAN AND DANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT 25

Two pairs of BARE FEET slip across the bed spread, one accidentally kicking a backpack to the floor. Making use of only one of the beds, Ethan and Danny look up.

ETHAN

Sorry.

DANNY

It's just school books.

ETHAN

You brought homework? Should I let you get back to it?

DANNY

Hell no.

Smiling, Ethan pulls Danny's shirt off. They kiss, bodies pressing close as Ethan's hands move from Danny's shoulder's to his torso where his fingers brush against a small scar.

ETHAN

What's that?

DANNY

Oh, I've got two of them.

He pushes up, twisting his body to show a matching scar on the other side.

DANNY (CONT'D)

It was surgery to correct misshapen cartilage I was born with. I had a metal bar put in when I was fourteen. It stayed there for two years to support my sternum so my lungs and heart wouldn't be crushed.

Ethan gently touches one of the scars.

25

ETHAN

What if there was a way they could disappear?

DANNY

I don't really want them to. I like them. They make me feel like a survivor.

Ethan nods, looking into his eyes with genuine affection.

ETHAN

I hope you are.

Danny peers back at him quizzically. But then Ethan kisses him again, pulling him closer, hands moving up his back, turning him turn over on the bed.

As Danny's fingers wrap around his neck, the VERTEBRAE in Ethan's back RIPPLES up, splitting into TWO SEPARATE SPINES beneath the skin.

Ethan pulls back, a gasp in this throat.

DANNY

What? What's wrong?

ETHAN

Nothing.

He looks at his hands, fingers trembling. Danny watches him, confused, as he steps off the bed.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Just give me a second.

26

INT. MOTEL/ETHAN AND DANNY'S ROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

26

Ethan shuts the door of the bathroom, locking it. Breathing hard, he turns to the mirror, twisting around to view his back when--

SOMETHING PRESSES against the skin of his chest.

Ethan sucks in a pained gasp, looking down at his rib cage which begins to distend impossibly. And then he sees something more horrifying--

The face of his brother, Aiden, pushing through the skin. His mouth opening as if screaming his way out of Ethan's body.

27 INT. MOTEL/ETHAN AND DANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT 27

The bathroom door bursts open and Ethan rushes out with his arms around his torso. He quickly grabs his shirt and pulls it on, moving for the door.

DANNY
Ethan? You okay?

*

ETHAN
Yeah, fine. I'll be right back.

He slams through the door and--

28 EXT. MOTEL/1ST FLOOR - NIGHT 28

Out past the first floor rooms, Ethan hurries with his arms wrapped tightly around him. When he sees a group of STUDENTS, he diverts past them to the stairs, heading up to the second floor.

29 INT. MOTEL/ROOM 217 - NIGHT 29

Allison turns from the window to face Stiles and Lydia.

ALLISON
Last time I saw Scott act like that was on the full moon.

STILES
He was definitely off with me too. But actually, Boyd was really off. I watched him put his fist through the vending machine.

LYDIA
See? It's the motel. We either need to get out of here right now...

Yanking open the night table drawer, she pulls out the room's copy of the Bible.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Or someone needs to learn how to do an exorcism A-SAP before all the werewolves go crazy and kill us.

STILES
Hold on. What if it's not just the motel? The number in the office went up by three, right?

ALLISON
You mean like three sacrifices? *

STILES
What if this time it's three
werewolves?

ALLISON
Scott, Isaac and Boyd.

STILES
Maybe we were meant to come here.

LYDIA
Exactly. So can we get the hell out
of here now?

Stiles doesn't respond, eyes caught by the Bible.

STILES
Let me see that.

He takes the book from her hands. With Allison and Lydia watching, he carefully pulls a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING out from between the pages.

ALLISON
What is that?

STILES
(reading)
*28 Year-Old Man Hangs Self at
Infamous Glen Capri.*

He turns a few pages in the Bible and finds another CLIPPING. Then another. Pulling them out one-by-one, he discovers seven in all and places each on the room's small cafe table.

LYDIA
Look at these two. They both
mention room 217. These are
probably all the suicides that
happened in this room. *

ALLISON
So if there's a Bible in every
room...

LYDIA
There could be articles in all of
the rooms.

STILES

That's just beautiful. Most places leave a mint on the pillow. This one leaves a record of all of the horrible deaths that occurred.

LYDIA

What if the room next door has the one about the couple?

*
*

Without another word, the three of them go for the door.

30 EXT. MOTEL/2ND FLOOR BALCONY - NIGHT 30

With Allison and Lydia behind him, Stiles twists the knob on Room 216 but the door won't budge.

LYDIA

It wasn't locked before.

ALLISON

Forget it. We need to get Scott, Isaac and Boyd and get them out of here.

Stiles nods, starting away. Lydia, however, holds still when she hears a surge of ELECTRICITY and the odd sound of BUZZING coming from behind the door.

LYDIA

I'm not the only one who heard that, am I?

ALLISON

It sounds like someone turned the hand saw on.

STILES

Hand saw?

31 INT. MOTEL/ROOM 216 - NIGHT 31

The door bursts open, its flimsy lock snapping apart. Stiles stumbles in and looks up to find Ethan raising the buzzing HAND SAW to his abdomen.

STILES

Ethan, don't--

Stiles starts forward to stop him, but it's Lydia who thinks the fastest. She grabs the power cord and yanks it from the wall.

Stiles seizes Ethan by the arms and manages to wrestle the still spinning saw out of his hands. Slamming to the floor, however, Stiles comes face-to-face with the blade, mere millimeters from its razor sharp teeth as it jerks to a stop.

Undeterred, Ethan opens his hands, CLAWS unsheathed. But Allison latches onto one hand while Stiles grabs the other, both trying to keep Ethan from literally gutting himself.

The twin yanks them back, all three tumbling to the floor. Ethan SLAMS into the WALL HEATER and instantly SNAPS his hands away as if touching a burning pot. He whirls on Stiles.

ETHAN

What the hell? What are you doing?

Stiles, Allison and Lydia, all breathless and frightened, look back at him, noticing the immediate change in his demeanor.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

What happened?

He glances about in utter confusion.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

What just happened?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

32 INT. DEREK'S LOFT - NIGHT

32

Bruised and blood-crusted hands pushing against his bed, Derek struggles to rise. But Jennifer hurries over to ease him back.

JENNIFER

You sure you want to do that?

DEREK

I need to find the others. They think I'm dead.

JENNIFER

Maybe that's a good thing.

(off his look)

I'm an English teacher, remember? You know how many characters in literature use a false death to their advantage? Ever read *Les Mis*? *Tale of Two Cities*? *Romeo and Juliet*?

DEREK

They need to know.

JENNIFER

You have any idea how bad you look? You're like one giant open wound. I'm not entirely sure you aren't really dead. You also don't have any bandages or any kind of first aid anywhere. I looked.

DEREK

I usually don't need them.

JENNIFER

Then how do we fix you up?

DEREK

Time.

Finally, weariness seems to press him back down.

DEREK (CONT'D)

You shouldn't be here.

JENNIFER

Why's that?

DEREK

You don't know me. You don't know anything about me.

JENNIFER

Maybe I've got a feeling about you.

DEREK

Then it shouldn't be a good one. Everyone around me... everyone gets hurt.

JENNIFER

I've been hurt before.

DEREK

Not like this.

She doesn't retreat from his stare, however. Instead, she comes closer. Timid--even a little frightened--she softly and cautiously presses her lips to his.

Derek barely responds at first. As if he doesn't even remember how to kiss someone. But then--despite his injuries, the bruises, the cuts on his body--he pulls Jennifer to him and begins to kiss her back.

INT. MOTEL/BOYD AND ISAAC'S ROOM - NIGHT

Room key gripped in his hand, Boyd sits on the edge of the bed, a strangely far off look in his eyes.

THE CLOCK RADIO CLICKS ON and he snaps his head around to it. Light STATIC surges from the small speaker. Boyd presses the power button, turning it off.

It clicks back on by itself. No static this time. Just an airy silence. Boyd reaches to turn it off again--

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Do you remember what time it was when you last saw her?

YOUNG BOYD (V.O.)

I don't know. I can't remember.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Sometimes it helps to put yourself right back in the moment. Try to see yourself there.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Imagine you're seeing Alicia
skating on the ice rink. Plenty of
other people around. And then what?*

YOUNG BOYD (V.O.)
(struggling)
*And then she was just... she was
just gone.*

Boyd hits the POWER BUTTON. But the moment he pulls his
trembling hand away from the clock radio, it TURNS BACK ON.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
And what were you doing?

YOUNG BOYD (V.O.)
*I told you. I was watching her. I
didn't want to skate anymore. I was
tired. And I swear I was watching
her.*

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
*It's all right, Vernon. We're just
trying to piece together what
happened--*

Boyd grabs the clock radio and yanks it up. The cord snaps
away from the wall. Even unplugged, it turns back on yet
again with an electric CRACKLE.

YOUNG BOYD (V.O.)
*Is she dead? Is it my fault? Is she
dead--*

Boyd SLAMS the radio to the floor, SMASHING IT to pieces.

34 EXT. MOTEL/STAIRS - NIGHT 34

Ethan hurries down the stairs to the first floor with Stiles,
Lydia and Allison trying to keep up.

ETHAN
*Didn't you hear what I just said? I
don't remember how I got there or
what I was doing.*

STILES
*Hey, you could be a little more
helpful, you know? We did just save
your life.*

ETHAN
And you probably shouldn't have.

They watch him step into his room, door slamming shut.

LYDIA
What now?

ALLISON
I'll find Scott. You guys grab
Isaac and Boyd. The best we can do
is get them out of this place.

She quickly hurries back up the stairs while Lydia notices
Stiles's eyes on her.

LYDIA
What? Why are you looking at me
like that?

STILES
I wasn't looking--

LYDIA
Stiles.

STILES
Okay, I didn't want to say it. But
we've kind of been through
something like this before. A lot
like this.

LYDIA
What do you mean? When?

STILES
Your birthday party. The night you
poisoned everyone with wolfsbane.

35 INT. MOTEL/FRONT DESK - NIGHT 35

A shadow appears on the floor of the motel's office. Slowly
approaching the bullet-proof glass Boyd looks in past the
front desk, searching for something...

Next to a cabinet and shelves sits a large and quite heavy-
looking SAFE.

36 EXT. MOTEL/2ND FLOOR BALCONY - NIGHT 36

Stepping quickly down the balcony, Allison reaches Scott and
Stiles's room. When she knocks on the door, it drifts open.

ALLISON
Scott? Are you in here? Scott?

37

EXT. MOTEL/1ST FLOOR - NIGHT

37

Stiles follows Lydia, trying to catch up with her.

STILES

Lydia, I didn't mean you're trying to kill people. I meant that maybe you're somehow involved in getting people to kill themselves. Which now that I've said it aloud sounds just as bad and yes, I will stop talking now.

No longer listening to him, Lydia pauses at a SEWER GRATE near her feet. A strange sound emanating from beneath it.

A BABY CRYING.

LYDIA

Stiles? Do you hear that?

Fearful, Stiles shakes his head.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Stop. Please, just stop.

The baby's cries turn to insistent SHRIEKS.

MOTHER (V.O.)

What do you want? I don't know what you want?

Stiles watches Lydia slowly kneel at the grate, eyes locked on it.

STILES

Lydia? What do you hear?

LYDIA

A baby crying. Its mother--she can't get it to stop crying. And I hear... I hear water running.

Eyes widening as she listens intently, Lydia's breath catches in her throat.

STILES

Lydia?

LYDIA

Oh my God, she's drowning it. The baby. She's drowning the baby.

Lydia shoots back to her feet, whirling to face Stiles.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Someone's drowning.

38 INT. MOTEL/BOYD AND ISAAC'S ROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT 38

Water plunges from the faucet of an almost full bathtub. Boyd's reflection comes into view. He reaches down, twisting the knob to stop the flow.

Bare feet stepping into the water, Boyd calmly lifts the motel safe up, carrying it into the tub with him. Carefully, he lies back, letting the weight of the safe push down on his chest.

Lips and nose sinking beneath the surface, Boyd stares blankly up at the ceiling. And begins to drown...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

39

INT. ABANDONED MALL - NIGHT

39

Argent steps out of the shadows of the abandoned mall with his phone to his ear.

ARGENT

You want me to come pick you up? I don't mind a late night drive.

ALLISON (V.O.)

No, it's okay, Dad. We're at a motel.

ARGENT

The school paid for that?

ALLISON (V.O.)

Yeah. It's not great but it's just for a night.

ARGENT

What's it called?

ALLISON (V.O.)

Ah... The Glen Capri.

Argent holds still, the name of the motel giving him pause.

ALLISON (V.O.)

Do you know it?

ARGENT

It sounds familiar. Listen, I'm going to jump in the car and come get you guys.

ALLISON (V.O.)

No, Dad, it's seriously okay.

ARGENT

Allison, if there's something you feel like you can't tell me...

ALLISON (V.O.)

You don't think I'm lying, do you?

ARGENT

No. Not at all. I just want you to know that you can talk to me.

(MORE)

ARGENT (CONT'D)
We don't have to keep anything from
each other.

ALLISON (V.O.)
(softly)
I know.

ARGENT
Okay.

Clicking off, Argent lowers the phone and looks out from the exact same vantage point where Allison fired the flashbolt arrows. Standing in the very same place she stood.

40 INT. MOTEL/BOYD AND ISAAC'S ROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT 40

Through the open bathroom, Stiles and Lydia can be seen rushing into the motel room, racing to Boyd's rescue.

The safe half covers his body, keeping him completely submerged. Stiles dives his hand into the water, searching about for the drain.

STILES
He blocked it--he blocked the drain
with something. I can't get to it.

LYDIA
What do we do?

STILES
Help me.

Stiles reaches around the safe. Lydia grabs a side, struggling to help.

STILES (CONT'D)
It's too heavy--it's too heavy!

LYDIA
Is he dead? How long can a werewolf
stay underwater?

STILES
You think I know?

Unable to even budge the safe an inch, they let go. Stiles steps back and his hand hits the hot radiator behind him. He yanks it away and then does a doubletake.

STILES (CONT'D)
The heater--Ethan came out of it
when he touched the heater.

40

LYDIA

What?

STILES

Heat--heat does it. We gotta' burn him. We need fire, heat, something--

LYDIA

He's *under* water.

STILES

I'm aware of that!

LYDIA

Wait--the bus--on the bus there'll be emergency road flares. They've got their own oxidizers. They can burn underwater.

*

STILES

Are you serious?

*

LYDIA

Yes. Go!

Spinning around, Stiles hurtles out of the bathroom and out of the motel room while--

41 EXT. MOTEL/2ND FLOOR PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT 41

Allison hurries around a corner, nearly running into TWO STUDENTS.

ALLISON

Either of you seen Scott McCall?

A slow response of head shakes and shrugs sends her to the next door, while below--

42 EXT. MOTEL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 42

Stiles runs to the bus in the lot. Yanking open the rear door, he finds a ROADSIDE EMERGENCY BAG containing THREE ROAD FLARES. He grabs two of them and slams the door shut again.

43 INT. MOTEL/BOYD AND ISAAC'S ROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT 43

Lydia backs out of the bathroom, glancing to the open door.

LYDIA

Come on, come on.

She quiets, hand coming to her mouth to cover the sound of her own breathing. Hearing SOMEONE ELSE BREATHING.

Ever-so-slowly, Lydia kneels to look under the bed and GASPS when she sees--

ISAAC. Curled up in a fetal position, he stares right back at her with wide terror-stricken eyes.

Lydia staggers back to her feet and spins around just as Stiles hurtles into the room.

STILES

I got one.

Charging into the bathroom, he yanks the cap off and--*nothing happens*. Frantic, he spins back to Lydia.

STILES (CONT'D)

What do I--how do I do this?

LYDIA

The cap. It's like a match--the cap lights it!

Stiles twists the flare around and sees the coarse burgundy surface of the cap is indeed just like a match. He rubs it against the end of the flare, trying to light it.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Stiles--

STILES

I'm TRYING.

The flare IGNITES and Stiles shoves it into the bathtub, BURNING BOYD.

THE SAFE TILTS UP as Boyd lurches out of the water, gasping for air. Eyes darting about as if just now realizing where he is, he grabs hold of the safe and lifts it up.

With a METALLIC THUD, the safe drops back onto the floor of the bathroom in front of Lydia and Stiles. Breathless, they look up from the safe to Boyd now standing in the bathtub, dripping wet and pulling in deep breaths.

BOYD

(a whisper)
She's gone...

STILES

What?

43

BOYD

My sister. She's gone...

His back gently presses to the tile wall behind him and he slumps down.

In the main room, underneath the bed, a terrified Isaac watches Stiles kneel down to peer in at him.

STILES

Hey, Isaac. Got something here for ya'.

Stiles uncaps the second flare, LIGHTS IT, and whips it right toward him.

44

EXT. MOTEL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

44

Stiles and Lydia rush down to the first floor to meet with Allison.

ALLISON

I can't find him anywhere.

STILES

It's happening to him too, isn't it?

LYDIA

It has to be.

(to Stiles)

Didn't you say there was another flare in the bus?

STILES

Yeah, I'll get it.

Just as he's starting off, however, they all hear the unmistakable SPARKING of an already LIT FLARE.

All eyes turn to find Scott standing just past the parked cars and holding the flare in one hand. Strangely, he's dripping wet. Literally soaked all over. But the trail of liquid leading to a tell-tale ORANGE CONTAINER nearby tells them it's not water.

It's gasoline.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

45 EXT. MOTEL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 45

Friends surrounding him as he holds the lit flare, Scott barely seems to notice Allison call his name.

ALLISON

Scott?

In an odd trance-like haze, Scott slowly meets her eyes.

SCOTT

(a whisper)

There's no hope.

ALLISON

What do you mean? Scott? There's always hope.

SCOTT

Not for me. Not for Derek.

46 INT. DEREK'S LOFT - NIGHT 46

Sheets wrapped around their bodies, Derek pulls Jennifer onto him, their lips barely parting to catch a breath. Her hands touch his bruised shoulders. As her fingers move down the curve of his biceps, the bruises DISAPPEAR.

47 EXT. MOTEL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 47

Scott raises the sparking flare while Allison, Stiles and Lydia watch, helpless to stop him.

ALLISON

But Derek wasn't your fault. You know it wasn't.

Staring at the sparks jumping off the edge of the flare, Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT

Every time I try to fight back, it just gets worse. People keep getting hurt. And the harder I try to protect everyone, the more people get hurt, the more people get killed.

ALLISON
That's not true.

SCOTT
It is.

STILES
Scott, this isn't you. This is
someone in your head telling you to
do this.

SCOTT
What if it's not? What if it is
just me? What if doing this is
actually the best thing I could do
for everyone else?

48 INT. DEREK'S LOFT - NIGHT 48

With his lips on Jennifer's neck, Derek never seems to notice
that the cuts and wounds on his back continue to slowly but
surely disappear.

Their bodies push together, their embrace pulling tighter,
more and more urgent.

49 EXT. MOTEL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 49

With the flare lowering dangerously close to the pool of
gasoline, Scott turns to Stiles.

SCOTT
All of it started that night. The
night I was bitten. Remember what
it was like before that? You and
me? We were nothing. We weren't
popular. We weren't good at
lacrosse. We weren't important. We
were no one.
(softly)
Maybe I should be no one again. No
one at all.

Stiles takes a step forward, an odd calm replacing the panic.

STILES
But you are someone. You're my best
friend. You're my brother.

He looks down at the line of gasoline leading toward the pool
in which Scott stands.

STILES (CONT'D)

So, I guess you're going to have to
take me with you.

And Stiles steps into the line of gasoline.

50 INT. DEREK'S LOFT - NIGHT 50

Jennifer and Derek fall back onto the bed. Her hand runs
across his chest while the wounds over his body complete
their healing.

51 EXT. MOTEL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 51

One careful but deliberate step at a time, Stiles approaches
Scott. He reaches out. Scott's fingers tighten around the
flare. But Stiles gently grasps it and slowly pulls it from
his hand.

As the others breathe in relief, Stiles tosses the sparking
flare aside.

Lydia watches it tumble across the pavement. Until a strange
GUST OF WIND sends it rolling back, right toward the pool of
gasoline.

LYDIA

NO!

Darting forward, she pushes Scott and Stiles to the ground as
a FIREBALL ERUPTS behind them.

Flames flickering toward the sky, Lydia spots something
within the black smoke. Something appearing out of the
darkness, almost right out of hell--

A FACE with severe lacerations scarring the ashen skin, as if
it had been slashed over and over by claws. Its round eyes
focused on Lydia, the creature bares rotted teeth at her with
a hate-filled SHRIEK.

And then VANISHES into the shadows.

DISSOLVE TO:

52 INT. BUS - DAY 52

With the bright sunlight streaming in through its windows,
the door of the bus yanks open and Coach steps inside
followed by the Cross Country Team.

Everyone pauses, however, to notice something odd...

Scott, Stiles, Lydia, Allison, Isaac and Boyd, all begin to wake up in the seats, clearly having spent the rest of the night on the bus.

COACH

I don't want to know. I really don't. But, in case you missed the announcement, the Meet's canceled. We're headed home. Pack it in.

While the team quickly fills the bus, Scott looks up to see Ethan approach.

ETHAN

I don't know what happened last night, but I know you probably saved my life.

STILES

Actually, *I* saved your life. But doesn't matter really. Minor detail.

ETHAN

So, I'm going to give you something... We're pretty sure Derek's still alive.

Scott and Stiles share a look of surprise.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

But he killed one of ours. That means one of two things can happen. Either he joins our pack--

SCOTT

And kills his own.

ETHAN

Or Kali goes after him. And we kill him. That's the way it works.

STILES

Your little code of ethics is kind of barbaric FYI.

Ethan gives a final nod and steps past Allison and Lydia's seat. Noticing something, Lydia stands.

LYDIA

Coach, can I see your whistle for a second?

Before he can respond, Lydia reaches for the whistle just below his neck. When she lifts it a stain of PURPLE DUST is revealed on his shirt.

COACH
I want that back.

As he turns, Lydia puts her hand over the whistle's air vent and gives it a short breath. With Stiles and the others watching, she turns her palm up to show a bit of PURPLE DUST.

LYDIA
Wolfsbane.

STILES
Every time Coach blew the whistle in the bus--Scott, Isaac, Boyd--

LYDIA
And Ethan.

SCOTT
We all inhaled it.

ALLISON
You were all poisoned by it.

STILES
That's how the Darach got into their heads. That's how he did it.

Grabbing the whistle out of Lydia's hand, he tosses it right out the open window. Then turns back to see Coach glaring at him.

STILES (CONT'D)
I'll buy you a new one.

The door to a patient room clicks open and Argent cautiously steps inside. A silhouetted figure sits in a wheelchair by the sunlit window.

VOICE

Twice in a month. Should I be
flattered?

Argent turns the wheelchair around to reveal his father,
Gerard. Not dead. But the mountain ash combined with the
Alpha bite has left him strangely disabled, a constant stream
of black blood dripping from his nose which he periodically
dabs at with a handkerchief.

ARGENT

In 1977, my uncle, Alexander
Argent, checked into the Glen Capri
Motel for a one night stay. In room
217, he used a shotgun to blow out
the back of his skull. The autopsy
report noted an unusual looking
animal bite in his side.

GERARD

If you've already got all the
information, what do you want from
me?

ARGENT

I want to know the Alpha that bit
him. I want his name.

Gerard looks up, black blood seeping through his teeth.

GERARD

Deucalion.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE