

TEEN WOLF

Episode #309

"The Girl Who Knew Too Much"

by

Jeff Davis

3/22/13 Green Draft

3/22/13 Pink Draft

3/21/13 Blue Draft

3/18/13 White Draft

New Remote Productions, Inc.

MTV Networks

Lost Marbles Productions

MGM

Production #309
Episode 33

TEEN WOLF

"Episode Thirty-Three"

EP#309

Cast List

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

DEPUTY GRAEME..... MIEKO HILLMAN
DANNY..... KEAHU KAHUANUI
STILINSKI..... LINDEN ASHBY
ARGENT..... JR BOURNE
ISAAC..... DANIEL SHARMAN
JENNIFER..... HALEY WEBB
AIDEN..... MAX CARVER
ETHAN..... CHARLIE CARVER
CORA..... ADELAIDE KANE
COACH..... ORNY ADAMS
MORRELL..... BIANCA LAWSON
MELISSA..... MELISSA PONZIO

TEEN WOLF

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Set List

INTERIORS

HIGH SCHOOL
CORRIDOR
LOCKER ROOM CORRIDOR
LOCKER ROOM
ENGLISH CLASS
COACH'S OFFICE
STAIRWELL
GUIDANCE OFFICE
HISTORY CLASS
CLASSROOM
CORRIDOR
RECITAL HALL
ARGENT APARTMENT
ALLISON'S ROOM
ARGENT'S OFFICE
STILES'S JEEP
STILINSKI'S HOME
STILES'S ROOM
POWER STATION
HOSPITAL
RECEPTION
CORRIDOR
PATIENT ROOM
MORGUE
ALLISON'S CAR

EXTERIORS

HIGH SCHOOL
PARKING LOT
TUNNEL
QUAD
WALKWAY
POWER STATION
GATE

*

*

OMMITTED:

INT. WAREHOUSE
EXT. WAREHOUSE/LOADING DOCK

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 1

The double doors CLANG open and Deputy Tara Graeme rushes into the shadowy, eerily quiet school corridor. With one hand on her shoulder mic and the other on her sidearm, she slows. Breath held, she hears an unexpected sound...

MUSIC. The whisper of STRINGS and BRASS, a classical melody weaving its way through the corridor. With a nervous glance back, Graeme takes a tentative step forward.

2 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT 2

Inching down the stairs, Graeme pauses when the music abruptly stops. She cocks her head, listening close. Leaning forward as--

A DOOR SLAMS OPEN. Several STUDENTS pour into the corridor, each carrying musical instrument cases. Graeme stops Danny.

DEPUTY GRAEME

What are you guys doing here so late?

DANNY

Practice for a recital tomorrow night. Why? Something wrong?

DEPUTY GRAEME

You haven't seen anyone that shouldn't be around here, have you? Anyone or anything suspicious?

Danny shakes his head. Then notices Graeme's hand at the holster of her gun.

DANNY

There is something wrong, isn't there?

DEPUTY GRAEME

Someone made a 9-1-1 call. All of you need to leave now.

(MORE)

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1A.

2

CONTINUED:

2

DEPUTY GRAEME (CONT'D)

You see anyone else? Tell them the
same thing.

Danny nods and quickly follows the others to the exit. Turning to the empty corridor, Graeme presses the button on her shoulder mic.

DEPUTY GRAEME (CONT'D)
Dispatch, this is Unit 10, do you copy?

STATIC simmers back at her. She presses the button again.

DEPUTY GRAEME (CONT'D)
Dispatch, do you copy?

Graeme holds still, listening to the static diminish to a soft white noise. Ear turned to her shoulder, she begins to hear something else coming through the mic's speaker...

VOICES. A strange, rhythmic chanting. Louder and louder, it rises from a quiet hum almost to a scream--

STATIC BLARES from the mic. Startled, Graeme flips the switch, turning it off. A DOOR CLANGS behind her and she whirls around, gun drawn.

Down the hall, the second door to the locker room stands open. TWO FEET in black shoes lie just outside the threshold. Slowly and terrifyingly, *the feet are dragged the rest of the way into the room.*

Frozen by fear, Graeme tries to keep the gun steady while the locker room door quietly drifts shut.

3 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 3

Stepping through the door, Graeme whips the gun about the darkened room. One of the showers can be heard running, STEAM gently drifting out to the lockers.

DEPUTY GRAEME
(calling out)
This is Deputy Graeme with the Sheriff's Department. Step out with your hands in the air.

She waits. No response.

DEPUTY GRAEME (CONT'D)
This is the Sheriff's Department.
Come out NOW.

Fingers tightening around the gun, Graeme spins around the corner and finds--

A BODY sitting propped against the tile wall just underneath a shower lever. *The body is her.* Garrote around her neck.

Eyes widening at the sight of her own murder, Graeme begins to gasp. Then choke. The gun drops to the floor. A WIRE now tightens around her own neck as she turns to look at the scarred face of the Darach behind her.

Graeme staggers forward. She hits the shower wall and begins to slide. Her hand wraps around the shower lever, but all she manages to do is to turn the water on, creating the same tableau that she first witnessed--

Dying in exactly the same position as she saw herself.

4 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 4

Tires burning up the pavement, Scott races his motocross bike to a stop in the school's parking lot. He yanks his helmet off just as Stiles's Jeep soars in beside him.

STILES
Where is she?

ALLISON (O.S.)
Over here!

They spot Allison coming out of the shadows with Lydia.

SCOTT
What happened?

ALLISON
I don't know. I just got here.

STILES
Lydia?

LYDIA
It's the same thing--same as the pool. I got into my car, heading somewhere totally different, then ended up here. And you told me to call when there's a dead body.

STILES
You found a dead body?

LYDIA

Not yet.

STILES

What do you mean *not yet*? You're supposed to call after you find the dead body. *After*.

LYDIA

Oh, no. I'm not doing that again. You find the dead body from now on.

STILES

How are we supposed to find the dead body? You're the one who's always finding the dead body.

SCOTT

Guys... I found the dead body.

Scott looks past them to the BEACON HILLS HIGH SCHOOL SIGN atop which Deputy Graeme lies. Garrote around her neck. Blood streaming down the stone and brick.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: TEEN WOLF

Peering around a corner, Stiles watches Stilinski confer with DEPUTIES and PLAINCLOTHES OFFICERS. With a last note jotted down, Stilinski gives the group a nod and then notices his son watching.

Stiles tries to slip away, but Stilinski stops him before he can get too far.

STILINSKI

Hey. Back it up. I know what you're thinking. I know you've got all these ideas about patterns and people dying in threes--

STILES

Murdered, Dad. Sacrificed actually.

STILINSKI

Whatever you want to call it. I still don't want you worrying.

(MORE)

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

I've got half the state, including FBI, coming in on this. They're not getting away with killing one of our own.

STILES

They killed Tara, Dad. She used to help me with my math homework when I had to wait at the station for you.

THE BELL RINGS, both of them left awkwardly searching for something to say. But all Stilinski can think of is--

STILINSKI

Get to class, okay?

With a nod, Stiles slips into the rush of students, hardly seeming to notice Scott stepping in at his side.

SCOTT

Why's it feel like something's changing? Like all this is just getting worse?

STILES

You mean like time's running out.

Scott gives a worried nod.

SCOTT

We need to figure out who's doing this.

STILES

Lydia said she saw a slashed up face. I don't know about you but I haven't met anyone lately with massive open wounds all over their face.

SCOTT

Yeah, but I think this thing gets in your head. Like it can make you see whatever it wants you to see.

STILES

What if it's just another kind of
shape-shifter?

SCOTT

Then it could be anyone.

Pausing at the door to the building, Stiles throws a last
glance back to find his father and the Deputies leaving.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You okay?

STILES

No, dude, I'm not. And you're
right. Time's running out.

He steps in, leaving Scott at the door, shaken by his tone.

INT. ARGENT APARTMENT/ALLISON'S ROOM - DAY

Cheek to her pillow, Allison lies in bed, a distant look in
her eyes. Argent takes a seat on the edge beside her.

ARGENT

I heard about the recital tonight.
The thing to honor the losses at
school.

ALLISON

Not losses, Dad. Murders.

ARGENT

Sorry. Guess I don't need to soften
the blow for you. But your friends
will be there, right?

ALLISON

I guess.

ARGENT

Want me to take you?

ALLISON

I don't think I'm up for it.

ARGENT

Okay. I get it.

He rises to leave, but holds still a moment, watching her.

ARGENT (CONT'D)

Take as many days as you need.
School can wait.

Finally, he steps out and eases the door shut. Allison listens closely, hearing him leave the apartment, then throws back the covers to reveal she's fully dressed.

At her closet, she grabs a dark jacket and clicks open a case containing her CHINESE RING KNIVES. She takes two and hurries back to her dresser to get her keys when--

She stops. Listening. Her eyes move to the open balcony window. Finger slipping through the ring of a dagger, she silently approaches the window and--

YANKS Isaac inside, SLAMMING him to the floor. Stunned, he peers up at the sharp tip of the dagger at his throat.

ALLISON

What do you think you're doing?

ISAAC

You didn't show up to school.

ALLISON

Did Scott send you? Is he checking up on me?

ISAAC

Maybe he's just worried about you.

ALLISON

I can take care of myself.

ISAAC

I've noticed. More than once.

Twirling the knife into her palm, Allison helps him back to his feet while--

Jennifer Blake walks the aisle between desks as she lectures.

JENNIFER

Idioms, analogies, metaphors and similes. All tools for the writer to tell their story.

She pauses at Lydia's desk, noticing her drawing a picture of a LEAFLESS TREE in her notebook.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Lydia, I wasn't aware you had so many hidden talents.

LYDIA

You and every guy I've ever dated.

JENNIFER

And that was an idiom by the way.

Unimpressed, Lydia goes back to drawing.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Idioms are something of a secret to the people who know the language or culture.

She passes by Stiles and Scott, but not before giving them a knowing glance. The recognition of the secret they share.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

They're phrases that only make sense if you know key words. Saying "jump the gun" is meaningful only if you know about the starting gun in a race. Or a phrase like "seeing the whole board."

STILES

In chess.

JENNIFER

That's right, Stiles. Do you play?

STILES

My father does.

JENNIFER

Now when does an idiom become a cliché?

As hands go up in the classroom, Scott leans over to whisper to Stiles.

SCOTT

I think I can get to Ethan. I'm pretty sure I can make him talk.

STILES
What do you want to do that for?

SCOTT

The Emissaries are Druids, right?
So what if the Darach was an
Emissary to the Alphas?

STILES

First of all, I can't believe we've
gotten to the point where a
sentence like "what if the Darach
was an Emissary to the Alphas"
actually makes sense to me. Second,
there's a huge problem with getting
to Ethan.

SCOTT

What's that?

STILES

Going through Aiden.

8 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

8

At their lockers, Aiden whispers a terse warning to his
brother, Ethan.

AIDEN

The whole thing with Danny. It
needs to stop.

ETHAN

What whole thing?

AIDEN

You know what I mean.

ETHAN

He's harmless. And Lydia's the one
we're supposed to worry about.

AIDEN

Then why are you still talking to
Danny?

ETHAN

What's the difference?

AIDEN

What do you think we're doing here?
You remember we're not actual high
school students, right? We're here
to eliminate a threat. Not hold
hands and pass notes in class.

ETHAN

And now we know he's harmless.
Threat eliminated.

AIDEN

You're starting to like him.

ETHAN

So what?

AIDEN

So if Deucalion asked you, would
you kill him?

ETHAN

If Deucalion asked you, would you
kill *me*?

For a moment, Aiden looks as though he's actually considering
it. But then he just smiles.

AIDEN

Stop talking to Danny. Or I'm going
rip the flesh off his face. And eat
it.

He SLAMS Ethan's locker closed.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Stiles leans over to whisper to Scott.

STILES

Since he's been back in school
they're always together. How are we
supposed to separate them again?

Scott thinks for a moment. Then both of them turn to look at
Lydia sitting behind them. She glances up from her drawing.

LYDIA

(with a sigh)

What now?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/COACH'S OFFICE - DAY

Lips pressed to Aiden's, Lydia pushes him back on Coach's
desk. Her fingers grasp at his shirt to pull it up, but she
pauses when she notices his expression.

LYDIA

What's that look for?

AIDEN

Nothing. Just kind of surprised.
You've barely talked to me since...

LYDIA

Since what? Since you killed Boyd?

AIDEN

I told you that was Kali. I didn't
have a choice.

LYDIA

So you just do what they say? I
thought you were all Alphas.

AIDEN

Yeah, well, it's not as democratic
as it sounds. And if you're
thinking I should be all filled
with remorse, try to remember Derek
killed Ennis.

LYDIA

So it's his turn to kill someone
now? Is that it?

AIDEN

Maybe. Maybe like the time he and
Boyd tried to kill you?

LYDIA

How do you know about that?
(pulling back from him)
I never told you that.

Before he can answer, something SLAMS against the door to the locker room. They snap their eyes over to see a HAND behind the opaque glass.

A CLAW digs into the window, scratching out a symbol with three quick swipes. And just as abruptly, the hand disappears from view.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/STAIRWELL - DAY 11

While other students drift through the hall below, Scott and Stiles corner Ethan in the stairwell.

ETHAN

You want to know about Emissaries?

SCOTT

We want to know about *your* Emissaries.

ETHAN

Why are you even talking to me? I helped kill your friend. How do you know I'm not going to kill another one?

STILES

Is he looking at me? You threatening me? You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to break off an extra large branch of mountain ash, wrap it in wolfsbane, roll it in mistletoe and shove it right up your freaking--

SCOTT

Stiles. We get it.
(to Ethan)
We're talking to you because I know you didn't want to kill Boyd. And I think if something like that happened now, you wouldn't do it again.

ETHAN

You don't know what we owe them. Especially Deucalion.

STILES

What's that mean?

STILES
(enjoying it)
Bitches.

SCOTT
Stiles, please shut up.
(to Ethan)
What happened?

ETHAN
Our pack--they were killers. People
talk about us as monsters. They're
the ones who gave us the
reputation. And our Alpha was the
worst of them.

STILES
Why didn't you just fight back?
Form Voltron Wolf and kick all
their asses?

ETHAN
We couldn't. We didn't know how to
control it back then.

SCOTT
Deucalion taught you.

ETHAN
And then we fought. We took on the
whole pack, one-by-one. By the time
we got to our Alpha, he was begging
for his life. We tore him apart.
Literally.

STILES
Well, that was a heartwarming
story.

SCOTT
What about your Emissary?

Ethan shakes his head with regret.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Then they're all dead? Kali and
Ennis's too?

ETHAN

All except for Deucalion's.

STILES

You mean Morrell?

Before he can confirm it, Ethan flinches. A look of pain on his face, his hand moves to his chest.

SCOTT

What's wrong? Are you hurt?

ETHAN

Not me. My brother.

14 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

14

Cora whips her CLAWS BACK, blood at Aiden's chest where she's slashed him. But the twin looks up with a furious glare, barely fazed.

She tries to step in for another attack, but he moves too fast. Hands latching onto her, Aiden lifts Cora off her feet and flings her across the room.

LYDIA

Aiden, stop!

EYES RED, he ignores her and grabs a BARBELL PLATE from a weight rack. When Cora rises to face him, he SLAMS the plate right across her cheek, sending her tumbling to the floor past Lydia.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

STOP!

Aiden swings the weight up again, but--Scott and Ethan grab him, YANKING HIM BACK. The barbell plate clatters to the floor as Stiles takes a protective step in front of Cora.

ETHAN

Aiden, you can't do this!

AIDEN

She came at me.

ETHAN

It doesn't matter. Kali gave Derek till the next full moon. You can't touch him or her.

ISAAC

Not as comforting as if he was
dead, but fine. Back to your Dad.
Druid or not Druid?

ALLISON

He knows a lot about them. Maybe
enough to learn some of their
tricks. And then there's the map.

Raising the BLACKLIGHT, Allison clicks it on and shines the
purple light across the map on Argent's desk.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

See the marks? Five more bodies to
be found. But it doesn't say who
the five bodies are.

Isaac gazes over the map. Then takes a step back.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

ISAAC

Something I learned from my Dad.
You have to take a step back. Look
at the whole picture. Sometimes you
see something you don't notice up
close where all you're looking at
are the details.

Allison steps back with him. He glances over at her, noticing
her shoulder touching his. The slightest connection between
their bodies--

ALLISON

Look at that. You see that?

He snaps his eyes back to the map.

ISAAC

See what?

She pushes the edge of the map forward to reveal a CURVED
LINE carved into the desk. Together they grab the edges of
the map and lift it up, setting it aside to reveal a familiar
symbol on the desk.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

What is that?

ALLISON

A Five Fold Knot. It's a Celtic
symbol.

She starts to move toward it when Isaac grabs her hand, the
one still holding the blacklight. Gently, he moves it and her
hand toward the surface of the desk.

WORDS glow under the blacklight. One word in the center of
each of the five circles in the knot.

ISAAC

Virgins...

ALLISON

Warriors...

ISAAC

Healers...

ALLISON

Philosophers...

And in the center circle--

ISAAC

Guardians.

Isaac meets Allison's frightened gaze, both of them seeming
to understand the implication. Argent may indeed be the
killer...

The Darach.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

16 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

16

At one of the mirrors, Cora wipes the blood from her forehead, gazing at her reflection with a mixture of disgust and anger. Scott, Stiles and Lydia cautiously approach.

SCOTT

Are you okay?

LYDIA

She doesn't look okay.

CORA

I'll heal.

The moment she steps away from the sink, however, Cora staggers. Scott and Stiles move to catch her, but she manages to grab the sink and steady herself.

CORA (CONT'D)

I said I'm fine.

LYDIA

Sweetheart, I can see brain matter coming out of your head. Not fine.

STILES

You know how suicidally crazy that was? What do you think you're doing going after them?

CORA

I did it for Boyd. None of you were doing anything.

SCOTT

We're trying.

CORA

You're *failing*. All of you. You're a bunch of stupid teenagers running around thinking you can stop people from getting killed. But all you do is show up late. All you really do is find the bodies.

As another drop of BLOOD slips down her temple, Cora brushes past them and pushes out the door.

STILES

She's definitely a Hale.

(to Scott)

I'll make sure she gets home.

He goes after her. Lydia looks to Scott and he gives her a nod to go as well. While she leaves, Scott turns back to the office door and the spiral in the window.

The door SLAMS open, startling him. Coach hurries out shaking out vitamins from a bottle.

COACH

What's wrong with you?

SCOTT

I think two more people are going to be killed, and I don't think I'm going to be able to stop it.

COACH

We all got issues. Talk it over with the Guidance Counselor.

As Coach grabs a half empty bottle of water from an open locker, Scott slowly looks up.

SCOTT

I think I will.

17

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/TUNNEL - DAY

17

Hurrying into the tunnel connecting the school grounds to the athletic field, Jennifer slows as a SILHOUETTE appears out of the shadows. She takes a cautious step back. But then--

Derek steps into the light. With a relieved breath, Jennifer rushes to him, kissing him.

JENNIFER

Where the hell have you been? And don't say you just needed to be alone for a while because that's the single worst excuse ever.

(looking in his eyes)

Oh God, I'm sorry. You really did need to be alone, didn't you?

DEREK

I'm here now. And you were safe. Trust me.

JENNIFER

I haven't felt safe. Partially because the evil twins are walking around school like nothing happened.

DEREK

They're not going to hurt you.

A strong breeze whips across the ground, swirling leaves into the tunnel. Shivering, Jennifer pulls closer to Derek. But THE BELL RINGS for the next class, interrupting them.

JENNIFER

I swear to God, some days I want to take a sledgehammer to that bell.

DEREK

Why don't you just come back with me?

JENNIFER

I can't. I've got three classes left and I put this recital together tonight. I organized it to honor the losses at school and--and it sounds really stupid now, doesn't it?

DEREK

No. It sounds perfect.

JENNIFER

What are you going to do? I mean where are you going to be?

DEREK

Waiting for you.

She nods and kisses him again, holding her lips to his for a long moment. Finally, she pulls away and Derek watches her hurry back to the school. As the wind hurtles through the tunnel again, however, even he can't help but shiver.

18 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY 18

Past an open door marked GUIDANCE COUNSELOR, Morrell packs up her files as someone walks in.

MORRELL

Sorry, but I don't remember having any more appointments...

She turns to find Scott seated in front of her desk.

SCOTT

You sure? Because I could use a little guidance right now.

Morrell slowly pushes the door closed.

19 INT. STILES'S JEEP - DAY 19

With a reluctant Cora riding shotgun, Stiles drives, both of them listening to Allison over SPEAKERPHONE.

STILES

Philosophers?

ALLISON (V.O.)

And Guardians. Which after last night has to mean something like Law Enforcement, right?

INT. ARGENT APARTMENT/ARGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Isaac listens in as Allison talks on her phone.

ALLISON

Stiles, you have to tell your Dad. Tell him whatever you need to, but get him to believe.

INT. STILES'S JEEP - DAY

Cora watches Stiles's fearful look, his hesitancy.

STILES

What about Scott?

ALLISON (V.O.)

He's not answering. I'll keep trying. But Stiles, tell him. Tell your Dad. *Warn him.*

CONTINUED:

STILES

Okay, okay--I know.

Allison hangs up and Stiles hits the button to end the call.

CORA

What are you going to do?

CONTINUED:

STILES

I'm going to tell him the truth.
And I'm going to need your help.

As he pushes down on the accelerator--

20

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

20

Morrell and Scott sit across the desk from each other, the intensity of their stares matched only by the quiet aggression in their voices.

MORRELL

Why are you bothering with me,
Scott? When you know the clock is
ticking? When you know someone else
is about to be taken?

SCOTT

By you?

MORRELL

You think I'd sacrifice my own
brother's life?

SCOTT

You didn't seem that close to me.

MORRELL

We've had our differences. Not
enough to make me want to kill him.

SCOTT

So who do you want to kill?

MORRELL

Come on, Scott. Shouldn't you leave
the interrogations to someone like
Stilinski?

SCOTT

Are you the one killing people?

MORRELL

Are you listening to my heartbeat?

She leans forward and whispers her answer.

MORRELL (CONT'D)

No. I'm not the one killing people.

Scott holds still, listening. Then, with a frustrated breath, he starts to get up.

MORRELL (CONT'D)

The truth is, I'm all that stands between Deucalion and the lives of your friends. I've been the one pulling the leash taut when they're salivating for a bite.

SCOTT

What do you mean?

MORRELL

He wants a True Alpha in his pack. He thinks it's you. And a little distraction like a few human sacrifices isn't going to dissuade him from the prize.

SCOTT

I'm not an Alpha.

MORRELL

But you're well on your way, aren't you?

Scott stands, calm facade disappearing as he approaches the desk as if to attack. Morrell rises to face him.

SCOTT

Then what's he waiting for? What's he want me to do?

MORRELL

He wants to make a killer out of you. That's what he does.

SCOTT

But I can't be a True Alpha if I kill someone, right?

MORRELL

Exactly. You want the psychologist's perspective? He's an obsessive who both desires you and is threatened by you. If the obsessive can't have the object of his desire, he'll choose to destroy it instead. You'll either willingly become part of his pack or he'll make a killer out of you, destroying your potential to be a True Alpha.

SCOTT

Neither of those is ever going to happen.

MORRELL

Don't be so sure. You're playing his game. And while you're trying to figure out what to do next, he's thinking ten moves ahead, with checkmate already in sight.

21 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY 21

The door bursts open into the corridor and Scott hurries out. As students pass by, he stands there, trying to catch his breath while the weight of Morrell's warning looks like it might literally push him to his knees and crush him against the floor.

22 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/HISTORY CLASS/CORRIDOR - DAY 22

CHALK swipes quickly across the board. A History teacher named MR. WESTOVER transcribes headlines from his notes for the next day's class.

Pausing to look at the text of an open book, Westover steps away from the board. Then turns back with a shocked gasp.

Lowering the chalk, Westover stares at the board. All of his notes have vanished, replaced by one strange image...

A FIVE FOLD CELTIC KNOT.

The chalk slips from his fingers. It rolls across the floor, right out the open door and into the corridor.

It finally stops, hitting a girl's shoe. Slowly bending down, Lydia picks up the chalk. Eyes strangely unfocused, she walks into the now empty classroom.

She raises the piece of chalk to the Five Fold Knot and in the same circle in which Allison discovered the word PHILOSOPHERS, Lydia writes the number 2.

And then she starts SCREAMING.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

23

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/HISTORY CLASS - DAY

23

SCHOOL OFFICIALS and SECURITY surround a distraught Lydia while Aiden holds a comforting arm around her. She looks to Jennifer for help.

LYDIA

I don't get why no one's calling the police.

JENNIFER

They're going to make an announcement over the PA--

LYDIA

That's not going to do anything. I told you he's gone, like the others. *Taken.*

JENNIFER

Okay, we're just trying to understand. All we know is that Mr. Westover didn't show up for class.

LYDIA

And the last time that happened was Mr. Harris. Anyone heard from him lately?

At the door, Scott and Ethan push past other students looking in. Lydia pulls away from Aiden and heads to the chalk board.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

He's gone and he's going to be the second murder.

She points to the number TWO in the circle.

JENNIFER

But, Lydia, you wrote that number.

LYDIA

Okay, fine. I'm psychic.

JENNIFER

You're psychic?

LYDIA
I'm *something*.

She looks at the faces in frustration, getting only sympathetic stares. Behind them, Ethan turns to Scott.

ETHAN
A Deputy and a teacher? What's the pattern?

SCOTT
I don't know.

His eyes focus on the board where the Five Fold symbol remains scrawled in chalk.

24 INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES'S ROOM - DAY

24

Sitting at Stiles's desk, Stilinski gives a polite smile to Cora who sits on the bed. She smiles back while Stiles paces in between them. He stops short and spins around as if to talk. Then sputters out a breath and shakes his head.

STILINSKI
Stiles--

STILES
I'm just trying to figure out how to start.

STILINSKI
I don't have this kind of time.

STILES
Okay, okay.

He goes to a shelf and grabs a box. Setting it on the desk, he pulls out chess pieces and a board.

STILES (CONT'D)
For the last year you've had cases you couldn't figure out, right? The murders involving Kate Argent. Matt killing the guys who drowned him. And the murders now. It's like you've been playing a losing game.

STILINSKI

Stiles, the last thing I need now is a job performance review from my own son.

STILES

That's just it. The reason you're losing the game is because you've never been able to see the whole board.

Stiles unfolds the chess board on the desk.

STILES (CONT'D)

I need to show you the whole board.

25

INT. ARGENT APARTMENT/ARGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

25

Sitting in her father's chair, Allison stares at a text message from SCOTT on her phone: *Mr. Westover missing.*

ALLISON

I have to stop him.

ISAAC

Is that really a good idea? I mean if your Dad's actually doing it--

ALLISON

If? Look at this. He knows everything. He planned everything.

She stands and pulls the map back over the Five Fold Symbol. Then hands the blacklight to Isaac.

ISAAC

What are you doing?

ALLISON

If Mr. Westover was taken from the school there's got to be another point on the telluric current.

ISAAC

You mean where he'll be sacrificed?

From her pocket she unfolds a copy of Danny's map. Isaac steps in at her side, fingers tracing along the map, both of them quickly searching every detail of it.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
There. That mark's new.

ALLISON
Then that's where he is.

Allison takes a picture of the map with her phone and folds up the telluric map.

ISAAC
I'm going with you.

ALLISON
It's my father. It's not like he's going to kill me too.

ISAAC
Would you have said the same thing about Gerard?

Now she pauses.

ALLISON
I'll drive.

26

INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES'S ROOM - DAY

26

Stilinski slowly drags his hands down his weary face. He looks on the numerous chess pieces placed across the board. Each one has a COLORED POST-IT with a name on it from the Hales to the Argents.

STILINSKI
Scott and Derek are werewolves?

STILES
Yes.

STILINSKI
Kate Argent was a werewolf--

STILES
Hunter.

CORA
Along with Allison and her father.

STILINSKI
(trying to remember)
Deaton, the veterinarian, is a
Kanima?

STILES
No. He's a Druid. We think.

STILINSKI
Who was the Kanima?

STILES
Jackson.

STILINSKI
I thought Jackson was a werewolf.

STILES
He was the Kanima first. Then Derek
and Peter killed him and he came
back to life as a werewolf.

STILINSKI
Who's the Darach?

CORA
We don't know yet.

STILINSKI
But the Darach was killed by
werewolves.

STILES
Slashed up and left for dead.

CORA
We think.

STILINSKI
Why was Jackson a Kanima?

STILES
Because sometimes the shape you
take reflects the person you are.

STILINSKI
What kind of shape does an
incredibly confused, getting
angrier by the minute father take?

STILES

That would be more of an expression. Like the one you're currently wearing.

STILINSKI

Yeah.

With a frustrated breath, he gets up to leave.

STILES

Dad, I can prove it.

Stilinski throws a wary look back. Stiles gestures to Cora.

STILES (CONT'D)

She's one of them. A werewolf.

STILINSKI

Stiles, I've had enough.

STILES

Just hold on, Dad.

(to Cora)

You ready?

Cora nods. As she rises to her feet, Stiles turns back to his father with a confident smile.

STILES (CONT'D)

Watch this.

Behind him, Cora collapses to the floor. Seeing his father's look, Stiles turns around. They both rush to her. Stilinski finds BLOOD dripping from her hairline. He puts his ear to her chest to listen to her heart, and then looks up.

STILINSKI

Call an ambulance.

27

EXT. POWER STATION/GATE/INT. ALLISON'S CAR - NIGHT

27

Allison's car pulls up to the open gate of a isolated POWER STATION. She and Isaac spot Argent's SUV parked close to the building.

ISAAC

Your Dad's?

Allison nods.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

You really don't think we should call Scott?

ALLISON

Stay behind me. And stay quiet.

Pulling out a ring knife, she opens the door.

ISAAC

This is so not going to end well.

Reluctantly, he gets out to follow.

28

INT. POWER STATION - NIGHT

28

A shaft of light bleeds into the darkened interior of the station. Allison steps in with Isaac behind her.

ISAAC

F-Y-I, if your Dad tries to kill me, I'm going to defend myself.

ALLISON

If he tries to kill you, you'll be dead.

ISAAC

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

Allison continues on, trying to see into the vast space when Isaac GRABS her. She looks back into his fearful eyes.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I smell blood.

ALLISON

Where? What direction?

ISAAC

I don't know. I'm not that good at this yet. I think it's--

He stops short, listening to a distant SHUFFLING. Allison pulls away from him, moving quickly.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Allison--Allison, wait.

She stops, but not because of Isaac. Ahead, she spots a FIGURE tied to a column, struggling against bindings.

Knife in her hand, Allison darts forward, racing to the victim. Isaac's eyes GLOW in the darkness, focusing on the wire pulled taught against the victim's neck and--

THE FACE OF THE DARACH right behind him.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Allison, don't!

She stops, glancing back at the sound of his terrified call.

ARGENT (O.S.)
GET DOWN!

Allison and Isaac duck as Argent bursts out of the darkness, FIRING a gun at the ashen face of the creature. Shells dropping to the floor, he keeps pulling the trigger.

The Darach, clothed in black, hurtles into the darkness, appearing to almost be swallowed up by the shadows.

Yanking the empty clip out and reloading, Argent shouts to Allison and Isaac.

ARGENT (CONT'D)
Help him!

They both charge to the victim even while ducking and flinching as Argent FIRES more shots.

In the FLASHES of GUNFIRE, Allison and Isaac both slow to a stop when the victim's body crumbles, slumped against the column, BLOOD pooling at his feet.

ISAAC
It's Mr. Westover.

Rushing to them, Argent sees the looks on their faces and doesn't need to ask.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
He's dead.
(to Argent)
It's our History Teacher.

ALLISON
We were wrong. It's not Guardians
as in Law Enforcement...

Scott turns, phone pressed to his ear.

SCOTT
It's Philosophers as in teachers.

30 INT. HOSPITAL/RECEPTION - NIGHT 30

Stepping away from the reception desk, Stiles listens closely.

SCOTT (V.O.)
Allison and her father just found Mr. Westover.

STILES
It makes sense. Tara wasn't just a cop. Before joining the department she taught middle school. *

SCOTT (V.O.)
Then the last one's going to be another teacher.

STILES
But there's dozens of them. And they're all headed home.

31 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/WALKWAY/QUAD - NIGHT 31

Scott looks over the walkway to the quad below.

SCOTT
No. No, they're not. They're all going to the recital.

Wind whipping through the trees, students and teachers hurry toward the recital hall, passing by--

Jennifer Blake. Arms hugging herself in the cold, she looks about. Nervous, frightened, and most of all... vulnerable.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

32 INT. POWER STATION - NIGHT

32

Argent collects the empty shells while Allison and Isaac step away from the body of the teacher.

ALLISON

You've been tracking the killer on your own the whole time?

ARGENT

And I was *this* close. I could've caught him if the two of you...

He stops, closing his fist over the empty shells.

ALLISON

So it's my fault? That you lied to me for the last two months?

ARGENT

You want to tally up the lies, Allison? I'm not sure you're going to come out ahead on that one.

ISAAC

Just a thought. Maybe right now isn't the best time for a family meeting. There's still one more teacher.

ARGENT

(nodding)
The recital.

ALLISON

Guess we're going after all.

33 INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

33

Following Stilinski down the corridor, Stiles's hushed voice rises louder and louder as he tries to get the man to stop.

STILES

What'd you see at the bank when Scott was trying to save Deaton?

STILINSKI

Nothing.

STILES

You saw him healing after trying to cross the mountain ash.

STILINSKI

I don't know what I saw.

STILES

You saw something you can't explain.

STILINSKI

I've seen a lot of things in this town I can't explain. That doesn't mean they're real. Another body was just found. That's real. That's the lead I'm following.

STILES

Another teacher's going to die if you don't listen to me.

STILINSKI

I am listening.

His voice thunders through the corridor, surprising hospital workers and nurses.

STILES

You just don't believe.

Stilinski turns, but Stiles makes him pause one last time.

STILES (CONT'D)

Mom would've believed me.

Stilinski closes his eyes as if he'd just been punched. He looks back, but only in time to watch his son walking away.

34

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/RECITAL HALL - NIGHT

34

The discordant strains of an orchestra preparing for a concert fill the hall. Both STUDENTS and TEACHERS take their place in front of music stands, a combined effort.

Jennifer helps direct people to seats, saying hellos, shaking hands and giving hugs like a host at a benefit.

Among the other musicians, Danny impatiently waits for Ethan to knot his tie for him.

DANNY

I know how to tie my own tie.

ETHAN

You know how to do it badly. Now it's perfect.

He straightens the knotted tie. Then smooths out Danny's hair. Checks his sport coat. Pops a mint into his mouth. Then looks on him with pride.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Still nervous?

DANNY

All good.

*
*

He grabs his instrument case and turns to take his place with the others.

*

ETHAN

Listen, if anything happens... find me. Okay? Find me first.

Bewildered, Danny nods. Ethan steps away and notices his brother, Aiden, watching. Not pleased.

AT THE BACK - a worried Scott glances about the faces, trying to find a suspect within the crowd. He sees the twins. Morrell. Then Coach.

COACH

McCall, take a seat. It's not going to be that bad.

But instead of taking a seat, Scott slowly retreats back and finds himself standing next to Lydia.

SCOTT

I thought you were going home.

LYDIA

I can't. I don't know why I'm the one who keeps finding the bodies, but maybe if I stopped trying to fight it, I'd find them before it happens. Maybe with enough time for someone like you to do something about it.

SCOTT

You get me the time and I'll do
something about it. I swear to God
I will.

Looking in his eyes, Lydia takes Scott's hand and gives it a
gentle squeeze. The music swells as the concert begins.

35 INT. HOSPITAL/PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

35

Cora stirs, slowly waking. Her eyes flutter open, fingers
tightening around a hand holding hers.

CORA

Derek...

DEREK

I'm here.

He moves closer to the bed, his free hand brushing the
strands of hair from her forehead.

CORA

(with difficulty)

What's happening... to me.

35

CONTINUED:

35

DEREK

I don't know. But I'm not leaving.
Okay? Not again.

Her breathing labored, she closes her eyes again as Derek leans down to gently kiss her forehead.

36

INT. HOSPITAL/RECEPTION - NIGHT

36

Doors clattering open, EMT's roll a gurney in past Stilinski who leans over the reception desk to talk to Melissa.

STILINSKI

The records would be over ten years old. I just need to look over a few files.

MELISSA

If this is about the murders, you'd need a court order for that. Or someone like me who's willing to bend the rules for a handsome face. Give me the details and I'll see what I can do.

She slides a pen and pad over and Stilinski begins writing.

37

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

37

Argent's SUV races into the school lot. Doors flying open, he, Allison and Isaac hurry out. But while Allison and Isaac race toward the recital hall, Argent pauses.

He looks up as a powerful gust of wind blasts about them, shaking the trees and tearing leaves from branches. Unnerved, he turns to follow them to the recital hall.

38

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/RECITAL HALL - NIGHT

38

The CONDUCTOR whips his wand furiously up and down, guiding the players through a classical piece.

Lydia looks at her phone to see a message from AIDEN: *Need to see you right now.*

She glances into the audience to find him. He turns at his seat and gives her a nod. Lydia's phone buzzes again with a new message: *Life or death!*

LYDIA
It better be.

She heads for the exit doors, not noticing as Argent, Allison and Isaac come in. But Scott does see them. As he shares a look with Allison, Isaac takes a guilty step back, trying to distance himself.

39 INT. HOSPITAL/MORGUE - NIGHT 39

Under a single light in the hospital's morgue, Melissa flips through files to show Stilinski what she found.

MELISSA
There was a patient just like you described. Slash marks all over the body. The doctors thought it had to be an animal. But there's something else. Something that happened at the same time that's even stranger...

40 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/RECITAL HALL - NIGHT 40

From his seat, Ethan glances back to see Stiles hurry in to meet with Scott. He watches them whisper to each other, searching the crowd, but looking hopeless.

Turning back to view the concert, Ethan notices Aiden fidgeting, hands searching his pockets.

ETHAN
What's up?

AIDEN
Nothing. Just think I might have lost my phone.

41 INT. HOSPITAL/MORGUE - NIGHT 41

Stilinski focuses on the report.

STILINSKI
Birds...

MELISSA

Hundreds of them. While the patient was in the OR struggling to hold on, hundreds of birds flew into the walls, the windows. Like they were committing some kind of mass suicide.

STILINSKI

Or like they were sacrificing themselves.

MELISSA

For what?

STILINSKI

Not what. Who.

42

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/ENGLISH CLASS - NIGHT

42

Lydia steps into the empty room. She pauses, hearing the MUSIC from the recital hall drifting in. A familiar CHANT begins to rise. The same chilling refrain she heard from the Music Teacher's recording.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

You recognize it, don't you?

Lydia whirls about to face Jennifer. She holds a simple, wooden stick with a wire on it.

A GARROTE.

As Lydia opens her mouth to scream, Jennifer swings the garrote, BASHING it into the back of her head.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

43 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/QUAD - NIGHT 43

Rushing out to the dimly lit school grounds, Scott and Stiles search the shadows.

STILES

Lydia?

SCOTT

Lydia!

Turning, Scott reveals his eyes GLOWING. He sees in WOLF VISION, scouring the darkened corners of the school's quad.

STILES

Anything?

Scott shakes his head. Stiles checks his phone again.

STILES (CONT'D)

She's not answering texts. What do we do? Scott?

Breathless, Scott looks about, unable to answer.

44 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/RECITAL HALL - NIGHT 44

Moving through the crowd at the back of the hall, Allison begins to notice the strange singing from the choir. So does Morrell, sitting up in her seat, visibly disturbed as the chanting rises and rises.

45 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/ENGLISH CLASS - NIGHT 45

Lydia comes out of a blurry haze to discover she's being hauled up into the teacher's chair. Her hand reaches for the back of her head where BLOOD mats her hair down.

LYDIA

What are you... doing...

JENNIFER

What's necessary. I'm still surprised none of you seem to get that. You call them sacrifices but you're not understanding the word. It's derived from the Latin sacrificium.

(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

An offering to a deity. A sacred rite. A necessary evil.

LYDIA

Stop...

JENNIFER

I wish I could. But you don't know the Alphas like I do.

LYDIA

Please stop...

JENNIFER

But you, Lydia, you're not a sacrifice. You're just a girl who knows too much. Actually, a girl who *knew* too much.

Just as the wire of the garrote swings over her neck, Lydia raises her hand into the loop. It closes against her palm.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Lydia, don't--

But with every last bit of strength she has, Lydia SCREAMS.

46 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/QUAD - NIGHT 46

The SOUND pierces the night, nearly sending Scott to his knees.

47 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/RECITAL HALL - NIGHT 47

At the back of the hall, Isaac flinches, hands moving to his ears. In the audience, both Ethan and Aiden have the same pained reaction.

48 INT. HOSPITAL/PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT 48

By Cora's side, Derek jerks back, eyes widening as Lydia's SCREAM hits him even at this distance.

49 INT. HIGH SCHOOL/ENGLISH CLASS - NIGHT 49

Lydia's hand falls away allowing the wire to tighten around her throat. Through tears, she peers back at Jennifer looking on her in proud astonishment.

JENNIFER

Unbelievable. You have no idea what you are, do you? The wailing woman, a Banshee, right before my eyes. You're just like me, Lydia. *Look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it.*

She binds Lydia's hands with tape at the back of the chair.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Too bad, though. And too late.

She spins the garrote, tightening the wire. From her pocket, she removes a frighteningly sharp KNIFE.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

One last Philosopher...

Jennifer closes her eyes.

50

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/RECITAL HALL - NIGHT

50

Horns blaring, violins shrieking, people begin to wince in the crowd, covering their ears. The piano completely veers off from the rest of the piece and the sudden sound of WIRES SNAPPING stops the other players.

Danny lowers his horn, turning to watch the TEACHER at the piano fall back off the bench, BLOOD POURING FROM HER THROAT, slashed by an errant piano wire.

SCREAMS erupt from the audience, people rising in shock.

Allison starts forward even as the crowd begins to rush in her direction, people racing out in panic. Musicians and singers scatter, pushing past Danny.

ARGENT

Allison!

She doesn't look back, racing to help. Isaac follows Argent, all three converging on the teacher who now lies still. WHITE BERRIES gurgle up from her open mouth.

ALLISON

Mistletoe.

51

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/ENGLISH CLASS - NIGHT

51

Jennifer opens her eyes and looks down on Lydia. She brings the knife's edge toward her throat.

STILINSKI (O.S.)

Drop it.

Gun aimed, Stilinski stands just inside the door.

Reacting with a slight smile, Jennifer FLINGS THE KNIFE. The blade lands in Stilinski's arm causing him to FIRE wildly.

The gun drops, clattering in front of Scott's feet. He looks up with fangs bared. *Fully transformed*. Stilinski's eyes widen as he watches Scott launch toward Jennifer.

She moves fast and with sudden strength. Ducking his claw swipes and grabbing him, she sends Scott HURLING off his feet and SMASHING through desks all the way to the back of the room.

Stiles rushes to the door. But with the slightest push of Jennifer's hand, the teacher's desk SLIDES across the floor and slams into the door, locking Stiles out.

He watches through the window pane as Jennifer slowly approaches his father. But Stilinski picks up the gun with his other hand and aims it.

STILINSKI (CONT'D)

There was a girl. Years ago, we found her in the woods. Her face and body slashed apart. It was you, wasn't it?

JENNIFER

And like the good detective you put it all together, didn't you? Maybe I should've started with Philosophers. With knowledge and strategy.

She continues her approach. He FIRES. A perfect shot to her leg, meant to incapacitate. Both the wound and blood disappear almost instantly.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Healers.

She charges forward, yanking the gun out of his hand and SLAMMING him up against the wall.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Warriors.

Ripping his Sheriff's badge from his shirt, she CRUSHES it in her hand.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Guardians.

Finally, she draws close as if to kiss him.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
(a whisper)
Virgins...

Now she does kiss him, pressing her lips to his. When she pulls back, her face is the torn, teeth rotted visage of the Darach, mouth opening to SHRIEK IN FURY as--

The teacher's desk pitches forward and Stiles stumbles in. Desks clatter away from the back of the room, revealing a bloodied Scott rising to his feet while Lydia still sits bound to the chair.

STILES
Dad?

Wind whips in from the open EXIT door, revealing the answer. Both Jennifer and Stilinski are gone.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE