

TEEN WOLF

Pilot Presentation Script

by  
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"Pilot"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACON HILLS - NIGHT

On the rural outskirts of a small California town called Beacon Hills, POLICE OFFICERS and STATE TROOPERS gather on a dirt road. At their sides, SEARCH DOGS bark and whine, pulling their leashes taut.

One by one, the Officers click on flashlights and then glance to the LEAD OFFICER for his signal. Finally, he gives a nod. Seconds later, a dozen streaks of light tear through the shadowy woods.

A desperate search begun...

EXT. MCCALL HOME - NIGHT

Not far from those dense woods, a two-story home lies hidden under a canopy of trees. A gentle wind drifts into the open window of an upstairs bedroom where--

INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT

TWO HANDS thread the laces on the head of a lacrosse stick. The work is fast and precise, fingers pulling each lace into a diamond mesh pattern. Knotting the last loop, sixteen year-old SCOTT MCCALL stands with the re-threaded stick.

Dressed in only a pair of athletic shorts, his lithe frame may still have some filling out to do but it's easy to see that he'll soon grow into a strikingly handsome young man with deep black eyes designed to melt the hearts of hopeful young girls.

Scooping a ball up from his bedroom floor, he gives the lacrosse stick a spin, testing his handiwork.

A moment later, the re-threaded stick lands next to a school backpack while--

Scott pumps out a few chin-ups at the bar mounted in the doorway of his closet.

Then, toothbrush in his mouth, he reaches for the window sill to pull it down. But he stops when he hears a SOUND. He cocks his ear to listen again. Under the whispering wind, he hears MOVEMENT... A STRANGE SHUFFLING NOISE.

INT. MCCALL HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Scott silently slips into the hallway and peers into another bedroom. His mother, MELISSA McCALL, late thirties, both remarkably strong and remarkably beautiful, sleeps over the covers of the bed, fully clothed as if she'd just passed out after having walked in. Scott eases her door shut as--

EXT. MCCALL HOME - NIGHT

The glass door to the porch slides open. Now armed with a BASEBALL BAT, Scott starts for the yard. Breath held tight, he moves cautiously off the porch steps.

THE SOUND OF MOVEMENT stops him cold.

Holding still, he peers left and right as he white-knuckles the bat, ready to swing. When his eyes wander up to the side of house he sees--

A DARK FIGURE climbing the vine-wrapped TRELLIS. Before Scott even knows what's happening, the figure BREAKS free and comes HURLING toward him.

Scott HOLLERS in terror as an upside down face appears in front of him. He almost swings the bat before realizing who it is.

SCOTT

Stiles, what the hell are you doing?

STILES

You weren't answering your phone.

Feet caught in the trellis, STILES hangs in front of Scott. A sixteen year-old with boundless energy, he continues talking upside down as if this were a perfectly normal way to have a conversation.

STILES (CONT'D)

I know it's late, but you gotta' hear this. I saw my dad leave twenty minutes ago. Dispatch called. They're bringing in every officer from the Beacon department and even State Police.

SCOTT

For what?

STILES

Two joggers found a body in the woods.

SCOTT

A dead body?

STILES

No, a body of water. Yes, dumbass, a dead body.

Reaching up to pull himself free of the trellis, he lands on his feet in front of Scott.

SCOTT

You mean like murdered?

STILES

Nobody knows yet. Just that it was a girl, probably in her twenties.

SCOTT

Hold on. If they found a body, what are they looking for now?

STILES

That's the best part. They only found *half*.

EXT. BEACON HILLS PRESERVE - NIGHT

A beat-up jeep skids to a halt just beyond the heavily wooded entrance to the Beacon Hills Preserve. Stiles gets out with a flashlight in hand. Scott follows, hurrying to keep up with him as he charges into the hiking paths.

SCOTT

Are we seriously doing this?

STILES

You're the one always bitching that nothing ever happens in this town. Besides, it's our last night of summer freedom.

SCOTT

I was trying to get a good night's sleep for practice tomorrow.

STILES

Right, because sitting on the bench is such a grueling effort.

SCOTT

No, because I'm playing this year.  
In fact, I'm going to make starting  
lineup.

STILES

That's the spirit. Everyone should  
have a dream. Even a pathetically  
unrealistic one.

SCOTT

Just out of curiosity, which half  
of the body are we looking for?

STILES

Huh. I didn't even think about  
that.

SCOTT

And what if whoever killed the girl  
is still out here?

STILES

Also something I didn't think  
about.

SCOTT

Comforting to know you've planned  
this out with your usual attention  
to detail.

Racing up the paths, Scott's breath begins to shorten.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Maybe the severe asthmatic should  
be the one holding the flashlight.

Stiles slows, but not because of Scott. Outside a clearing,  
YELLOW POLICE TAPE marks off a perimeter under FLOODLIGHTS.

Grinning, Stiles looks to Scott who can't help but smile  
back. Crouching low, they circle the crime scene looking for  
the best vantage point. But they freeze at the sound of a  
ZIPPER being pulled up on a BODY BAG. TWO BARE FEET are  
momentarily visible as the zipper pulls closed and OFFICERS  
lift the body bag up into the Medical Examiner's van.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Is that the second half of the  
body?

STILES

No, they would have called off the search. Come on.

He and Scott retreat from the perimeter back into the dark of the woods. As they crest a hill, Stiles pauses. Below, FLASHLIGHT BEAMS scour the shadows, the police search just ahead. Unable to stand still, Stiles races forward.

SCOTT

Stiles, wait up!

But quickly running out of air, Scott pulls his inhaler from his jacket. While he pauses to take a hit from it, Stiles disappears up ahead. Then, realizing he's left Scott behind, he slows to look back when--

BARKING spins him around.

FANGED TEETH SNAP FEROCIOUSLY at him, sending him staggering away and falling right onto his ass. SEARCH DOGS yank back against their leashes just before tearing him apart.

STATE TROOPER

Stay right there!

Scott freezes. It's not him the State Trooper was yelling at, however. Peering out from behind a tree, he sees Stiles has run right into a search party. Flashlight beams in his eyes, the boy puts his hands in the air as large, threatening figures hurry forward.

DEPUTY STILINSKI (O.S.)

Hold on, hold on, this little delinquent belongs to me.

DEPUTY STILINSKI steps into the light past the GROWLING search dogs. Stiles shrinks under his glare.

DEPUTY STILINSKI (CONT'D)

Do you listen in on all of my phone calls?

STILES

No... Not the boring ones.

DEPUTY STILINSKI

And where's your usual partner in crime?

STILES

Who? Scott? Scott's home. Said he wanted to get a good night's sleep for the first day back at school.

DEPUTY STILINSKI

(calling out)

Scott? You out there?

Hidden in the shadows, Scott doesn't move.

DEPUTY STILINSKI (CONT'D)

(still clearly suspicious)

All right, young man, I'm taking you back to your car and we're going to discuss a little something called *Invasion of Privacy*.

Watching Stiles get escorted away, Scott steps out from the cover of the trees with an irritated sigh.

Starting back, he tries to find his way out of the woods, but with each step it becomes increasingly difficult to see in the pitch black.

At a fork in the path, he pauses in confusion. He's about to start off down one direction when he hears--

A RUSTLING among the trees.

Scott holds still. Breath tightening more from fear than asthma, he reaches into his pocket for his INHALER when--

He hears an odd RUMBLING. The sound of sudden and furious movement RISING in volume and velocity until--

HALF A DOZEN DEER CHARGE OUT OF THE DARKNESS, soaring past him with the thunderous BEAT of hooves trampling the ground.

Startled, Scott DROPS THE INHALER.

Then, once again alone in the dark, he kneels down to the leaf-covered ground to search for the inhaler. Pulling out his cell phone, he LIGHTS the display.

Guiding the phone's LIGHT over the ground, Scott doesn't find his inhaler but does manage to briefly illuminate--

A FACE.

Dead eyes peer up from the pale, yet beautiful face of a young woman torn in half.

CRYING OUT IN SHOCK, Scott lurches up, tripping on his own feet and tumbling over the unearthed roots of a tree. Suddenly, he's propelled down a leaf-covered slope, rolling head over heels right into--

A CREEK BED.

Pushing himself up from the icy water, a breathless Scott looks up at the embankment down which he just fell. He's about to stand when--

A LOW GROWL stops him moving. Stops him breathing. *Something* crouches in the shadows right near him. *Something* very large.

Scott slowly begins to turn around when--A SHAPE HURTLES TOWARD HIM.

For the briefest instant there's a flash of razor-sharp teeth. Scott twists forward, CRYING OUT. Then, seeming to disentangle himself from the attacking animal, he scrambles back to his feet and into a panicked run.

Whipping through branches tearing at his skin and clothes, he races blindly through the forest until he reaches--

A BARBED WIRE FENCE.

With barely a second to coordinate his effort, Scott lurches over the wire, shirt catching and tearing across the barbs.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Crashing out of the woods and into the road, Scott whirls around to face AN ONCOMING CAR. The driver swerves, almost clipping him. HORN BLARING, the car hurtles past.

Breathless, Scott backs away from the woods. With the world spinning around him, dark blood sticks his tattered shirt to his back over--A DEEP AND VICIOUS LOOKING BITE.

Struggling for calm, he whips around when he hears the strangest sound.

THE HOWLING OF A WOLF.

It echoes through the hills, over the trees, across the rooftops and into the night...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. BEACON HILLS HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

A SCHOOL BELL RINGS in the crowded hallway. At their lockers, Scott takes off his backpack and pulls his shirt up a few inches to show Stiles the BANDAGE on his lower back.

SCOTT

It was too dark to see much but I'm pretty sure it was a wolf.

STILES

A wolf bit you? No, not a chance.

SCOTT

I heard a wolf howling.

STILES

No, you didn't.

SCOTT

What do you mean "No, I didn't?"  
How do you know what I heard?

STILES

California doesn't have wolves. Not for the last sixty years.

SCOTT

Really?

STILES

Yes, really. There are no wolves in California.

SCOTT

Well, if you don't believe me about the wolf, then you're definitely not going to believe me when I tell you I saw the body.

STILES

You what? Are you kidding me?

SCOTT

I wish. I'm going to have nightmares about it for a month.

STILES

That's freaking awesome. This is seriously the best thing that's happened to this town since...

(looking past Scott)

...since the birth of Lydia Sayers who's walking toward us right now.

A drop-dead gorgeous junior named LYDIA SAYERS walks the corridor like it was a fashion show runway in Milan.

STILES (CONT'D)

Hey Lydia, how are you? You look--

She walks right past.

STILES (CONT'D)

...like you're going to ignore me.

(at Scott's laugh)

You're the cause of this, you know. Dragging me down to your nerd depths. I'm a nerd by association. I've been Scarlet-nerded by you.

Blending into the crowd, they head into--

INT. BEACON HILLS HIGH SCHOOL/CLASSROOM - DAY

First period English. Scott takes the desk next to Stiles as the teacher, MR. CURTIS walks in.

MR. CURTIS

As you all know by now, there was indeed a body found in the woods last night. I'm sure your eager little minds are coming up with all sorts of macabre scenarios as to how it happened but I've been told that the police have a suspect in custody.

Scott looks to Stiles who shrugs, news to him as well.

MR. CURTIS (CONT'D)

A vagrant with a long history of psychiatric disorders was discovered camping out in the woods near where the body was found. Which means your undivided attention can be given to the syllabus outlining the semester on your desks. Read it now. And by read I don't mean skim.

THE SOUND of paper pages flipping RUMBLES toward Scott as students start reading. It's strangely loud, causing his ears to twitch. Especially when--

A CELL PHONE RINGS.

He glances up. The other students quietly read the syllabus. Scott appears to be the only one noticing the RINGING. Gazing about, he can't seem to find the source until his eyes fall on the WINDOWS of the classroom...

OUTSIDE - across the quad, Scott sees ALLISON ARGENT. Sixteen and radiating with an innocent beauty. When she puts a cell phone to her ear, it becomes obvious that, despite the closed windows and the distance, this is the RINGING Scott is somehow able to hear.

More astonishingly, Scott can hear both Allison and her caller, their VOICES echoing with a tinny effect.

ALLISON

*Mom, three calls on my first day is a little overdoing it.*

MRS. ARGENT (V.O.)

*Just making sure you're there okay and you've got everything you need.*

But Allison digs through her bag, becoming alarmed.

ALLISON

*Everything except a pen. Oh my God, I didn't actually forget a pen.*

MRS. ARGENT (V.O.)

*Don't panic. I'm sure you can borrow one from another student.*

ALLISON

*Okay, okay, I gotta' go. Love ya.*

Unable to take his eyes off the extraordinary girl, Scott watches the school's PRINCIPAL join her on the steps.

PRINCIPAL

*Sorry to keep you waiting.*

The Principal guides her across the quad, their conversation becoming clearer to Scott with every step.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

*So you were saying San Francisco isn't where you grew up?*

ALLISON

*No, but we stayed for more than a year which is unusual in my family. We kind of bounce around a lot because of my Dad's work.*

Even when Allison and the Principal disappear from view, Scott hears the CLATTER of the building door opening, the CLICKING of their heels on the tile floor of the hall.

PRINCIPAL (O.S.)

*Well, hopefully, Beacon Hills is your last stop for a while.*

The door opens, causing the rest of the class to look up.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

Class, this is our new student Allison Argent. Please do your best to make her feel welcome.

Scott barely breathes as Allison heads for the one empty desk left in the room. *Right behind him.*

She puts her notebook down, then glances up to see Scott turned toward her. Holding out a PEN. With a relieved but curious smile, she takes it from him.

ALLISON

Thanks.

Scott gives her a nod. Turning around, his gaze FOCUSES on Stiles's desk where his friend's SUNGLASSES sit. In the MIRRORED LENSES Scott can see Allison reflected behind him and he can't take his eyes off her.

MR. CURTIS

Okay, let's begin with Kafka...

INT. BEACON HILLS HIGH SCHOOL/CAFETERIA - DAY

Silence. Then the doors of the cafeteria push open. As Scott steps in, the cacophony of high school lunch period SLAMS into him. Every sound assaults him with pin-drop clarity.

STILES

You all right?

Overwhelmed, Scott doesn't even hear Stiles. His hands come up to his ears to cover them--

He sees ALLISON across the room, paying for her food.

The CASHIER breaks a roll of quarters, but the coins spill to the floor. Scott hears each one PLINK against the tile.

Allison immediately kneels to help the embarrassed Cashier, giving a good-hearted smile to the grateful woman while the other students just stand by waiting impatiently.

Then Allison notices Scott and they connect eyes. Somehow just this look from her seems to return his hearing to normal. She starts to smile back, recognizing him. But then Lydia Sayers swoops in front of her.

LYDIA

That jacket is absolutely killer.  
Where did you get it?

ALLISON

My Mom was a buyer for a boutique  
back in San Francisco.

LYDIA

You're sitting with me.

Taking Allison by the arm, she guides her to the popular table. JACKSON, Lydia's boyfriend, pulls her toward his lap, but she brushes him off, still talking to Allison.

A few tables away, Scott sits with Stiles and their friend Rebecca Harlowe, better known as HARLEY.

HARLEY

Can somebody tell me how New Girl  
is here all of five minutes and  
she's already at Lydia's table?

STILES

Because she's hot. Beautiful people  
herd together.

HARLEY

Is that why Lydia isn't herding  
with you?

STILES

Lydia's a long term project, okay?  
And trust me, I've got all the  
patience in the world for a high  
yield investment like her.

HARLEY

Well, I don't think New Girl's *that*  
pretty. Scott, you think she's  
pretty? Scott?

He doesn't even blink, attention consumed by Allison.

STILES

I'd take that as a yes.

Head cocked slightly, Scott TUNES in the conversation across the room, VOICES coming into focus.

ALLISON

A party?

SENIOR

Friday night. We could go together.

ALLISON

I can't. It's Family Night this Friday. But thanks for asking.

SENIOR

You sure? Everyone's going after the scrimmage game.

ALLISON

You mean like football?

JACKSON

Football is a joke at Beacon. The sport here is Lacrosse. We won the state championship the last three years--

LYDIA

(re: Jackson)

Because of a certain team captain.

JACKSON

Every season starts with a scrimmage to decide the new first string. You ever watch Lacrosse?

ALLISON

I'm actually not sure how it's played other than--well, violently.

Stiles notices Scott watching Lydia's table intently. Not merely staring, but seeming to listen.

JACKSON

Maybe you should just come see for yourself. We have practice today. You don't have to be anywhere right after school, do you?

ALLISON

*Well, no--*

LYDIA

*Perfect. You're coming.*

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

A WHISTLE BLOWS. The Lacrosse Team's Assistant Coach gathers the team on the field, Stiles and Scott lagging behind.

STILES

Just think about this. If you play I'll have no one to talk to on the bench. You really gonna' do that to your best friend?

SCOTT

I can't sit out again. My whole life is sitting on the sidelines. This season, I make first string.

Heading for the field, he pauses to notice Lydia climbing the bleachers. And stepping right behind her... Allison.

COACH

McCall! You're in the goal.

Scott trots over to the COACH, a man with little comprehension of the difficulties of teenage life.

SCOTT

But I've never played goal.

COACH

I know. Scoring some shots will give the boys a confidence boost. It's a first day back thing. Get them energized, jazzed up.

SCOTT

What about me?

COACH

Try not to take any in the face.

Stepping into the net, Scott glances to the bleachers where Allison watches with Lydia, eyes focusing on them.

LYDIA

*Him? I'm not sure who he is. Why?*

ALLISON  
*He's in my English class.*

Scott looks up, shocked to hear Allison asking about him. But with his hearing momentarily turned up, he flinches at the WHISTLE BLOW, sound RINGING through his skull.

One of the bigger players charges forward as the Assistant Coach passes the ball to him. Catching it, he whips his stick forward, HURLING the ball toward the goal.

Still reeling from the WHISTLE, Scott looks up too late to see the ball soaring toward him. IT BOUNCES RIGHT OFF HIS HELMET and into the net.

The team LAUGHS wickedly. Even the Coach snickers.

Cheeks burning under his mask, Scott steals himself for the next player. When the WHISTLE BLOWS again, he's ready. The Assistant Coach passes the ball to the player who catches it and FIRES it right at the goal.

Scott moves startingly fast, almost an instantaneous reaction. Then he notices the player staring at him with a mixture of disappointment and surprise. Scott has the ball.

*He caught it.* When the next player takes the shot, Scott catches the ball again. And then again. And again. *Nothing can get past him.*

In the bleachers, Allison and Lydia sit forward.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
He seems like he's pretty good.

LYDIA  
*Very good.*

Intrigued, Lydia keeps her gaze locked on Scott who now stands with a far more confident posture. Until Jackson pushes to the head of the line. Glaring at Scott, he practically strangles the lacrosse stick with his gloves.

SCOTT  
Oh God...

The Assistant Coach tosses the ball up. Jackson launches forward, catching the ball and spinning around to fire it at the goal. But Scott moves with supernatural precision.

*The ball lands right in the pocket of the goalie stick.*

Stiles lets out a HOLLER, jumping up on the bench. In the bleachers, Lydia stands and gives a WHOOP as well causing Jackson to throw a look at her. She returns his glare with a sly smile, a warning to step up his game.

Grinning, Scott gives the goalie stick a whirl, spinning it with a flick of his wrist and sending the ball soaring right into the pocket of the stunned Assistant Coach's stick.

EXT. BEACON HILLS WOODS - DAY

In the woods, Scott retraces his steps from last night with Stiles following behind him.

SCOTT

I don't know what it was. I mean I felt like I had all the time in the world to catch the ball. And that's not the only weird thing. I mean I can hear stuff I shouldn't be able to hear. And I can smell things.

STILES

Smell things? Like what?

SCOTT

Like the mint mojito gum in your pocket.

STILES

I don't have any...

Stiles pulls out a lint-covered piece of wrapped gum.

STILES (CONT'D)

All this started with the bite?

SCOTT

What if it's an infection? What if my body is flooding with adrenaline before I fall into shock? I knew I should have gone to the ER.

STILES

I've actually heard of this. It's a specific kind of infection.

SCOTT

Are you serious?

STILES

All the symptoms add up. I think it's called... *Lycanthropy*.

SCOTT  
What's that? Is it bad? It sounds  
bad.

STILES  
It is. But only once a month.

SCOTT  
Once a month?

STILES  
On the night of a full moon.

Scott looks at him. And then gets it.

SCOTT  
You're an ass.

STILES  
Hey, you're the one who heard a  
wolf howling.

SCOTT  
There could be something seriously  
wrong with me.

STILES  
I know! You're a *werewolf*!  
(off his look)  
Okay, obviously, I'm kidding. But  
if you see me in shop class melting  
down all the silver I can find it's  
because Friday's a full moon.

SCOTT  
(glancing around)  
I swear this was it. The body was  
here. The deer came running, I  
dropped my inhaler...

STILES  
Maybe the killer moved the body.

SCOTT  
If he did, I hope he left my  
inhaler. Those things are like  
eighty bucks.

Stiles taps him on the arm, bringing his attention to a  
FIGURE standing just a few yards away.

DEREK HALE. Nineteen and unquestionably handsome, he has a  
rougher look than the cleanly shaven Beacon Hills boys.

DEREK

What are you doing here?

Both Scott and Stiles are too stunned to speak at first.

DEREK (CONT'D)

This is private property.

STILES

Sorry, we didn't know.

Derek stares at Scott, barely noticing Stiles.

SCOTT

We were just looking for something.  
Forget it. Sorry to bother you.

As they're turning to go, Derek tosses an OBJECT to Scott.  
HIS INHALER. When he looks up, Derek is already walking away.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Come on. I have to get to work.

STILES

Dude, that was Derek Hale. You  
remember, right? He's only a few  
years older than us.

SCOTT

Remember what?

STILES

His family. They all burned to  
death in a fire like ten years ago.  
I remember the cops pulling him out  
of class to tell him.

SCOTT

I wonder what he's doing back.

Scott eyes the inhaler in his hand, closing his fist over it.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BEACON HILLS ANIMAL CLINIC - DAY

Inside the town's lone veterinary clinic, Scott flips the sign on the door to CLOSED and then grabs a few packages off the reception desk.

INT. BEACON HILLS ANIMAL CLINIC/CORRIDOR/CAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The door to a storage room opens into the corridor. Scott backs out, hauling a huge bag of kitty litter. Setting it against the wall he takes out a set of keys and unlocks the next door. But just before pulling it open--

He pauses, hand gripping the doorknob as he listens to the utterly silent clinic. And then he hears it... RAIN. The pattering of drops on the roof.

Scott twists the knob and opens the door. He barely has a foot inside the room when the cages filled with CATS come alive with activity--

The frightened felines suddenly bare their teeth, HISSING and clawing frenetically at the cage doors. All of them focused on Scott, their backs arched, struck with absolute terror.

Stunned, he staggers out of the room, SLAMMING the door shut.

INT. BEACON HILLS ANIMAL CLINIC/WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Retreating into the waiting room, Scott can still hear the pandemonium coming from inside when a HAMMERING spins him around.

Standing outside and banging on the glass door with her fist is Allison. Rain-soaked it's nevertheless easy to see that she's crying and in a visible panic.

Quickly unlocking the door, Scott lets her in as she tries to explain through tears what happened.

ALLISON

I didn't see it. I took my eyes off the road for like two seconds to switch songs on my iPod and this dog--it came out of nowhere--

SCOTT

Okay, it's all right. Do you remember where it happened so I can send out animal control to find it?

ALLISON

No. I mean yes, I know where I hit it. But the dog--

SCOTT

Right. Where is it?

ALLISON

In my car.

EXT. BEACON HILLS ANIMAL CLINIC/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Following Allison to her car under the now drizzling rain, Scott opens the back seat door to reveal an injured stray. Hackles raised, the frightened lab mix is clearly in pain. Allison reaches in to pick him up but the dog snaps at her. She flinches back, stepping right into Scott's arms.

SCOTT

You okay?

She nods, looking up at Scott behind her, his hands on her forearms, fingers lightly touching her soft skin.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

He's just frightened.

ALLISON

That makes two of us.

SCOTT

Let me see if I have better luck.

Letting her go, Scott steps toward the open door, oddly calm.

ALLISON

Careful.

As he connects eyes with the dog, something happens... SOUND drops out around him, all except for the dog's nervous PANTING. Then its harsh gasps begin to ease as some sort of primal communication occurs between them.

CLOSE ON SCOTT - for the briefest moment, his EYES take on a strangely YELLOW tint, like that of a wolf.

In response, the dog lowers its body submissively, yielding to the obviously dominant animal.

With Allison watching in amazement, Scott gathers the dog into his arms and carries him into the vet's office.

INT. BEACON HILLS ANIMAL CLINIC/EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

Inside, Scott gently lays the injured animal down on the examining table. Allison stays back, watching him inspect the dog while petting it, doing an expert job of calming it.

SCOTT

I think his leg is broken. I can splint it now myself, give him a painkiller and then let the doctor take a look in the morning.

Allison steals glances at him, looking on with admiration as he works. But Scott doesn't notice, terrified to glance at the beautiful girl. When he finally does look up, he sees she's hugging herself, soaked and obviously freezing.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I have a t-shirt in my bag.

ALLISON

Oh, I don't want to trouble you.

But Scott is already reaching into his bag for the shirt. Allison takes it with a smile. When she steps into the hall for privacy, Scott can't help but notice her REFLECTION in a wall mirror. As she's pulling the wet shirt off, he catches sight of her bare back. Looking away, Scott notices the dog staring up at him.

SCOTT

(whispering)

What? I didn't see anything.

The dog doesn't look convinced. Allison comes back into the room, now wearing his shirt and no longer shivering.

ALLISON

Thanks for doing this. I feel really stupid.

SCOTT

How come?

ALLISON

I don't know. For freaking out like a total girl.

SCOTT

You are a girl.

ALLISON  
I freaked out like a girly girl.  
And I'm not a girly girl.

SCOTT  
What kind of girl are you?

ALLISON  
Tougher than that. At least I  
thought I was.

SCOTT  
I'd be freaked out too. In fact,  
I'd probably cry. And not like a  
man. I'd cry like the girliest  
girl. It would be pathetic.

ALLISON  
(laughing)  
Yeah, right.

Scott finishes wrapping the dog's leg.

SCOTT  
So it looks like he's going to  
live. And I'm pretty sure he'll  
even let you pet him if you want.

ALLISON  
I don't think so.

SCOTT  
Come on. You don't want him to sue.  
This breed is very litigious.

Allison approaches, tentatively reaching out to stroke the  
dog's neck. Calm now, the dog even licks her hand.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
See? He likes you.

He watches Allison. Unable to take his eyes off her.

ALLISON  
(noticing his stare)  
What?

SCOTT  
Sorry. You have an eyelash on your  
cheek.

ALLISON  
Oh. From the crying.

She wipes at her cheek. But the lash is still there. Scott shakes his head. She tries again. Still there. So Scott reaches with his thumb to brush the lash from her cheek.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Thanks.

He nods, hand coming down like he's not quite sure what to do with it.

SCOTT

Um... I was wondering--I mean--is it really Family Night on Friday or do you think maybe you'd like to go to that party with me?

She throws him a curious look. How did he know she said that?

ALLISON

Family Night was a total lie.

SCOTT

So is that a yes? You'll go?

ALLISON

Definitely *yes*.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Tearing down the road on his bike, a huge smile nearly splits Scott's face in half. He's ecstatic. Jubilant. But not for long...

He slows. Smile fading, something has caught his attention. He eases to a stop on the rain-slick road and holds still. Turning his head up, he takes a quick whiff of the air.

Slowly, he turns around to find dark woods surrounding him on all sides. The road completely empty. Strangely quiet.

THEN THE SOUND OF MOVEMENT catches his ear.

He turns, peering into the woods. Nothing. He starts pedaling again, glancing to each side of him as he picks up speed.

Then he notices a SHADOW. Moving through the woods. Keeping pace with him. When he starts pedaling faster, that strange loping SILHOUETTE moves just as fast.

Pedaling harder and harder, Scott pushes the bike to its limits, steel chain threatening to come off.

The SHADOW slows, letting him get ahead. Not at all relieved, Scott keeps going, looking back to see--

SOMETHING LARGE AND FAST crossing the road just a few yards behind him, diving into the dark of the woods.

Now on the other side of the road and driving Scott's panic higher and higher, it keeps pace with him once again until--

It disappears. A breathless Scott gives a last glance back to the woods on both sides and then forward where--

A TRUCK VEERS OUT IN FRONT OF HIM.

An eighteen wheeler coming from a side road. Scott hits the brakes, the truck LOOMING before him. Bike CRASHING against the hood of the cab, it flips up and smacks down on the road, metal SCRAPING pavement as it CLATTERS to a stop.

The TRUCK DRIVER jumps out, glancing around in panic. But there's no body on the ground. So he finally peers up where--

*Scott stands on top of the truck.*

Perched right on the cab. Eyes wide, he looks down, terrified but also strangely exhilarated.

DRIVER

What the hell?

Breathless, Scott is too stunned to even answer.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

Amid the players rushing the field, a very late Stiles finds Scott in the crowd and hurries toward him.

STILES

Scott, wait up! You gotta' hear this.

SCOTT

I'm playing the first elimination, Stiles. Can't it wait?

STILES

Just hold on. I overheard my Dad on the phone. The fiber analysis report came back from LA and they found animal hairs on the body from the woods.

SCOTT

Stiles, I have to go.

STILES

You're not going to believe what the animal was--

But with his helmet on, Scott disappears in the crowd of other players rushing the field, leaving Stiles to say the next words to himself.

STILES (CONT'D)

It was a wolf.

OUT ON THE FIELD the Coach shouts for the players.

COACH

All right, gather round...

Scott glances to the bleachers where students and parents sit to watch the special scrimmage. He spots Allison next to Lydia. She gives him a quick wave and a smile. He holds up a hand to wave back.

COACH (CONT'D)

You got a question, McCall?

SCOTT

What?

COACH

You raised your hand.

SCOTT

Oh, no I was just--nothing. Sorry.

COACH

(to the rest of the team)

All right, you know how this goes. If you don't make the cut, you're most likely warming the bench the rest of the season. But make first string and you play, your parents are proud, your girlfriend loves you, everything else is cream cheese. Now show me what you got.

The WHISTLE blows and the game begins.

The pace is fast and brutal. When the ball gets passed to Scott, Jackson comes right after him. Lacrosse sticks smacking down on his gloves, Scott tumbles forward and slams to the ground, kicking up dirt around him.

The WHISTLE stops the play.

Jackson stands over Scott, glowering down at him as he picks the ball up with a gloved hand. Teeth clenched behind his mask, Scott pushes himself up off the ground.

Coach gives the WHISTLE a SHARP BLOW, starting the next play.

Scott and Jackson find themselves staring across from each other at the draw, crouched down with their sticks waiting for the Assistant Coach to drop the ball.

At the WHISTLE, Scott moves with shocking speed, grabbing the ball right out from under Jackson.

AT THE BENCHES - Stiles stands, slowly moving to the sidelines to watch.

Scott charges the length of the field. DEFENSE lashes out with their sticks, but he parries expertly.

Jackson catches up and makes a furious stab at stealing the ball. Then with Defense converging on him--

Scott twists his lacrosse stick around, keeping the ball safely in the pocket while he literally FLIPS FORWARD, leaping right over the heads of the Defensive Players. Feet landing on the turf, he whirls around, tossing the ball in an over the shoulder shot past the goalie--

*Right into the net.*

The crowd in the bleachers ROARS with CHEERING, Allison on her feet along with everyone else. Everyone except Stiles.

COACH (CONT'D)  
McCall, get over here!

He trots over to the Coach, all eyes on him.

COACH (CONT'D)  
What in the name of God was that?  
This is a lacrosse field. Are you  
trying out for the gymnastics team?

SCOTT  
No, Coach.

COACH  
Then what the hell was that?

SCOTT  
I don't know. I was just trying to  
make the shot.

COACH  
Well, you made the shot. And guess  
what? You just made starting  
lineup.

CHEERS ERUPT around him. As team members slap him on the back and knock his helmet with their gloves, a deliriously happy Scott doesn't even notice Jackson's furious stare.

Or Stiles. Watching with a very worried look.

INT. STILES'S ROOM - NIGHT

Fingers click furiously over a keyboard. Eyes locked onto his computer screen, Stiles bounces from one web page to the next. Words and images pop up on the screen, flashing across his face--

*Wolfsbane, Silver Bullets, Lycaon, Aconite*, drawings of werewolves in different forms, one mostly human, another a massive fur-covered creature and yet another appearing as a normal wolf. Image after image, page after page while...

THROUGH THE WINDOW OUTSIDE - the sun can be seen setting on Beacon Hills. A FULL MOON beginning to rise.

As his room darkens, an increasingly panicked Stiles watches a sheet of paper come out of his printer - a detailed wood carving of a MEDIEVAL HUNTER standing over the body of a werewolf, aiming a CROSSBOW at the creature.

He pulls the page out, staring at it with a look of escalating fear when--

SOMEONE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

Stiles practically leaps out of his chair. He rushes to the door, unlocking it to find Scott standing out in the hall.

STILES

Get in. You have to see this. I've been reading. Websites, books, all this information.

As Scott takes off his jacket, Stiles starts grabbing printouts from his desk, pulling his computer screen around, dozens of open web pages on it.

SCOTT

How much Adderral have you had today?

STILES

A lot. Doesn't matter. Just listen.

SCOTT

Is this about the body? Did they find who did it?

STILES

No, they're still questioning people. Even Derek Hale--

SCOTT

The guy from the woods--

STILES

Yeah, but that's not it.

SCOTT

What then?

STILES

Remember the joke the other day? Not a joke anymore.

(off his look)

The wolf. The bite in the woods. I started doing all this reading and-- Do you even know why a wolf howls?

SCOTT

Should I?

STILES

It's a signal. When a wolf is alone it howls to signal its location to the rest of the pack. So if you heard it howling that mean there's others. Maybe a whole pack of them.

SCOTT

A pack of wolves?

STILES

No. *Werewolves.*

SCOTT

You're seriously wasting my time with this? You know, I'm picking Allison up in an hour.

STILES

I saw you on the field, Scott. What you did wasn't just amazing. It was impossible.

SCOTT

So I made a good shot.

STILES

No, you made an incredible shot. The way you moved--the speed, your reflexes--people can't suddenly do that overnight. And then there's the hearing, the senses, and don't think I haven't noticed you don't need your inhaler anymore. You haven't used it since that night.

SCOTT

I can't think about this now. We'll talk tomorrow, okay?

STILES

Tomorrow? Don't you get it? The full moon is tonight.

SCOTT

What are you trying to do? I just made starting lineup. I have a date with a girl I can't believe actually wants to go out with me.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Everything in my life is somehow perfect. Why are you trying to ruin it?

STILES

I'm trying to help. With the full moon it's going to be too hard to resist and there's no going back. You're cursed, Scott. And it's not only that the moon causes you to change, it's also when your bloodlust will be at its peak.

SCOTT

Bloodlust?

STILES

Your urge to kill.

SCOTT

I'm already starting to have an urge to kill, Stiles.

STILES

You need to hear this. The change can be caused by anger or anything that raises your pulse. And I've never seen anyone raise your pulse like Allison does. You have to cancel your date. You have to call her.

Stiles grabs Scott's jacket, pulling the cell phone out.

SCOTT

What are you doing? Give me that.

STILES

I'm just finding her number--

SCOTT

*Give it to me.*

Stiles looks up to see Scott's eyes flash YELLOW for a brief second. His voice low and guttural, he yanks the phone out of Stiles's hand and SHOVES him against the wall.

Pulling back before striking him, Scott instead LASHES out at the desk chair sending it flying across the room, tossed like it weighed nothing. Then, shaking with anger, he gazes up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to do that.

He starts to help Stiles up, but his friend flinches back.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Really, I didn't mean  
it. I have to go. I have to get  
ready for the party. I'm sorry.

Grabbing his jacket, Scott hurries out.

Still shaken, Stiles gradually stands. He slowly picks up the  
desk chair, putting it back. But then he pauses. With a shaky  
hand, he turns the chair around to reveal...

CLAW MARKS. The chair's fabric slashed to ribbons.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Towel around his waist, Scott yanks his closet door open and starts tossing clothes onto his bed.

MELISSA MCCALL  
Big date?

SCOTT  
Mom, a little privacy please?

MELISSA MCCALL  
Hold on, what do we have here...

She approaches, feeling his chin with her thumb.

MELISSA MCCALL (CONT'D)  
I think it might be time for you to start shaving.

Something begins to happen to their VOICES. The quality starts to change. Becoming TINNY as we pull back--

EXT. MCCALL HOME - NIGHT

Outside the house, Scott and his Mom can be heard talking.

SCOTT  
*I don't even have a razor.*

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Then further down the street, their voices take on the same EFFECT as those that Scott could hear when he was listening in on conversations at school and the police station.

MELISSA MCCALL  
*You better borrow one of mine. I'll go get it. Stay right here.*

No less than a hundred yards away but still within the line of sight of the house, someone stands beside a black Dodge Challenger, listening in on the conversation... Derek Hale.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

In the backyard of a dimly lit house, Scott and Allison stand awkwardly among a crowd of a drunk and high teenagers. Scott peers down at the table with the booze.

SCOTT  
So what do you drink?

ALLISON  
Um... I don't know.

SCOTT  
Me either, actually. Maybe we  
should try beer? Wait here, I'll  
hit the keg.

ALLISON  
Perfect.

Near a blazing fire pit, Scott fills up two cups at the crowded keg when a SOUND catches his attention.

A DOG BARKING. A huge ROTTWEILER in the yard next door just beyond a chain link fence. And it's barking at Derek.

He stands behind the fire pit, staring straight at Scott. But then he shoots a look at the Rottweiler. The dog stops barking *instantly*.

Eyes locked on the animal, Derek gives an almost imperceptible nod. Tail between its legs, the Rottweiler submissively lowers to a sitting position.

Satisfied, Derek turns back to Scott who grips the two overflowing cups in his hands. And for the briefest second, Derek's EYES FLASH YELLOW.

PARTY-GOER  
Dude, you done?

A stunned Scott hands off the keg tap to the Party-Goer. When he looks back to the fire pit--

Derek is gone.

Scott turns, glancing to the other teens in the yard, to the chain link fence and then up to--

THE ROOF - where a shadowy figure seems to disappear just past the chimney.

Scott steps back, trying to see if he actually did just witness Derek leaping twenty feet off the ground. But there's nothing there.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Handing a cup to Allison, Scott keeps throwing nervous glances back at the outside porch of the house. He takes a gulp of the beer and then COUGHS, nearly spitting it out.

SCOTT

That tastes terrible.

Allison laughs at him, covering her mouth with her hand.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Now I see what they mean about an acquired taste.

ALLISON

I've actually never been drunk. I usually go to these parties and just stand there with a Diet Coke.

SCOTT

Stiles and I got drunk on Tequila one night. The next morning I felt like I had a flamethrower pointed at my forehead.

ALLISON

Okay, since neither of us is any good at drinking, how are you at dancing?

SCOTT

Much better. Infinitely better.

Under the driving pulse of techno, Scott takes her hand, pulling her into the crowd of dancing teenagers. Then as they begin moving, as Allison starts to smile back at him, the usually timid Scott begins to let go.

His hands reach around her waist with the other teens pushing them closer. Bodies pressed against each other, her cheek brushes lightly against his.

Then through the crowd, Scott notices Lydia dancing with Jackson, grinding close to him, her fingers wrapped around the back of his neck.

She presses her lips to Jackson's locking him in a passionate kiss. As he eagerly kisses her back, sliding his hands down past her waist, Lydia opens her eyes.

*And looks right at Scott.*

Staring at him as she kisses Jackson. Unused to the attention of one beautiful girl, much less two, Scott finds himself dumbstruck until the bodies of the dancing teens push together to leave him alone with Allison again.

As Scott peers into her eyes, for a second it almost looks as though they're about to kiss.

Then the thumping beat of the music begins driving faster, starting to sound almost like the quickening of a heartbeat. Scott's HEARTBEAT.

The sounds around him INTENSIFY. His fingers clench back, veins at the surface of his hands as he presses against the fabric of Allison's shirt. His upper lip pulls up momentarily to reveal a sharpened incisor.

Lights GLARING in his eyes, Scott takes a hard swallow as his breathing tightens, sweat beading his temples. He loses the beat of the music, stepping back and pulling away.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Sorry. I have to... I have to use the bathroom.

ALLISON

Are you okay?

But he hurries past her and into the hallway.

INT. PARTY HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Teeth clenched, a sudden wave of pain SLAMS Scott back against the wall, tremors shuddering through his body.

Waiting in line for the bathroom, Harley notices him against the wall, his arms wrapped around his stomach.

HARLEY

Scott? You all right?

But he doesn't answer, pushing through the crowd, trying to find an exit out of the house. But one door leads to two teens making out on a bed. Another to a smoke filled room crowded with stoners. He can't seem to find a way out.

Gasps sounding more like animalistic growls, he crashes through the kitchen, shoving past people to the open door and out to the backyard.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Harley finds Stiles near the fire-pit outside.

HARLEY

Hey, I just saw Scott leave. I think he had too much to drink.

STILES

What? What do you mean?

But before she can answer, a PANICKED PARTY-GOER charges in from the back door.

PANICKED PARTY-GOER

Cops are here!

Suddenly everyone is moving, darting for an escape.

INT. MCCALL HOME/SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Scott stumbles into his room, slamming the door shut. But even as he's turning the lock, another wave of pain wracks his body. He falls back, hitting his dresser and catching his reflection in the mirror above where--

TWO GLOWING, YELLOW EYES stare back at him.

Crouched on the floor, breathing hard and with sweat streaming down his forehead, Scott squeezes his eyes shut trying to push back the animal inside when someone POUNDS on the door.

SCOTT

*Go away!*

STILES (O.S.)

Scott, it's me.

Hearing the panic in his friend's voice, he pulls himself up. He unlocks the door but only allows it to open an inch.

STILES (CONT'D)

Let me in, Scott I can help--

SCOTT

*No.*

Eyes still burning YELLOW, he stays hidden behind the door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

*Listen, you have to find Allison. Take her home--*

STILES

*She's fine. I saw her get a ride. She's totally fine.*

SCOTT  
*Stiles, I think I know who it is.*

STILES  
 Just let me in and we can talk.

SCOTT  
*It's Derek. Derek Hale's the  
 werewolf. He's the one who bit me.  
 He's the one who killed the girl in  
 the woods.*

Scott listens. But there's nothing but shocked silence from the other side of the door. Until--

STILES  
 Scott... Derek's the one who drove  
 Allison from the party.

EXT. MCCALL HOME - NIGHT

Bedroom window thrown open, Scott launches himself out from the second story fifteen feet up. When his feet hit the pavement, his crouched figure slowly draws up to reveal he's no longer struggling against the transformation.

*He's given into it.*

Not the hulking beast of most werewolf horror films, this is a leaner, more human monster. Both powerfully muscular and strangely seductive with gleaming yellow eyes, incisors reformed into fangs, ears tapered to points over thickened, wilder hair and fingernails grown to razor sharp claws.

The sixteen year-old boy is gone. Scott is now a WEREWOLF, charging down the driveway and into the darkness in search of Allison and the danger she faces.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT PRESENTATION