

**TEEN WOLF**

3x01 "The Alpha Pack"

**Written by**  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACON HILLS - WOODS - NIGHT

Dark trees stand tall within the shadowy woodland area. The wildlife rustles from the wind, making the most eerie of noises as we slowly move forward through a rocky path.

JUMP TO:

Two sets of legs, running down the path with a fearful haste. We hear rapid breathing coming from above, but we stay locked on the pair of legs.

Pull upward and back to reveal another pair of figures chasing them. But they are different. For one, they are on all fours, taking the appearance of wolves. Growling as they run after the legged pair. Eyes red with blood thirst and fury.

BACK on the two being chased, as we go to an aerial view of the woods. The two duck down behind a clearing in the woods, hoping to hide from their predators.

We see them clearly for the first time and reveal them as...

Peter Hale and Isaac Lahey.

ISAAC  
(out of breath)  
Did we lose them?

PETER  
Quiet.

Isaac's breath is heavy. Too heavy. Peter puts his hand against his chest, ordering him to calm down. The two sit as still as they can, as we pan upward to reveal the wolves just now approaching them.

They are out of sight, but definitely not out of sensing range, as the wolves decide to split up.

One goes to the left to another part of the woods, while the other approaches Peter and Isaac's hiding spot, slowly.

Nose in the air, sniffing out the area, the wolf growls ferociously. He howls, as he quickly approaches the two, and raises one of his arms out, claws shining in the moonlight when he is suddenly grabbed by an unknown figure and tossed to the ground.

Peter and Isaac stand to see the wolf being caught off guard by Derek. Derek's eyes turn ruby red and his growls ferociously at the wolf.

Derek and the other alpha werewolf have a stand off as the wolf slowly starts toward him. But he stops as Peter and Isaac stand beside Derek. Their eyes glow a bright yellow and their faces transform into their wolf form.

The alpha werewolf looks at both of them, we can see the anger in it's eyes.

Moments pass before the alpha werewolf slowly starts in the other direction. He latches onto a tree and jumps out of view into the woods.

Derek and his pack relax.

ISAAC  
Why did it run away?

PETER  
Why do you think? We're bad ass.

ISAAC  
We scared him?

DEREK  
We didn't scare him. He was testing us.

PETER  
Us? More like you, alpha dog.

Derek's face tenses up, and he knows Peter is right.

PETER (CONT'D)  
We'd better get outta here before it comes back with a friend.

ISAAC  
Good call.

Isaac and Peter make off the other way, while Derek just stands there, looking in the direction the other Alpha went.

We move swiftly in that direction, through the dark, crowded woods to meet up with the sound of hard, quick steps pounding against the ground, dry leaves cracking at their feet.

We hear a group of howls, crying out in the distance. The Alpha Pack is here.

PULL UP to reveal a clear shot of the FULL MOON, as bright as ever. Off that image, and the continued howls, we...

BLACKOUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BEACON HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

The bright sun blazes down on the field, during what seems to be a practice game, as there is little to no one in the stands. At the blow of a whistle, the began has begun.

We see players running down the field, after one person heading toward the goal. He goes to lunge the ball to score when...

BAM!! He's tackled from the side, straight unto the dirt. We then follow a montage of the same play occurring over, and over again. Attempt after attempt of trying to score, fails. A whistle is heard again, and we stop on the player, laid out on the floor.

The entire lacrosse team gathers around him.

COACH FINSTOCK (O.S.)  
Out of the way! Get out of the way!!

Finstock pushes his way through the crowd, and looks down at the boy.

COACH FINSTOCK (CONT'D)  
Stilinski!? Are you breathing?

The player on the ground is revealed to be Stiles. He struggles to take his helmet off, but finally does.

STILES  
Aye, coach.

COACH FINSTOCK  
Excellent.

Finstock quickly shoves the whistle back in his mouth, and blows hard.

COACH FINSTOCK (CONT'D)  
Let's go again, people!

The coach, as well as the rest of the team walk away, leaving Stiles in his pain. He lets out of slow grunt before a figure approaches him.

STILES POV

Scott McCall stands over him, with a wide grin.

SCOTT  
Are you okay?

STILES  
Eh, depends on how you define  
"okay."

Scott chuckles, then reaches his arm down to help Stiles up.

STILES (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna sit this one out, Coach!

Cut over to the coach, who doesn't even notice him. Scott and Stiles over to the bleaches.

SCOTT  
I think you're getting better.

STILES  
Right!? I got knocked on my ass a  
grand total of twelve times,  
instead of my previous fourteen.  
I'm making progress... not much,  
but it's being made.

(Beat)  
Hey, maybe we could go over some of  
those moves again.

SCOTT  
I can't. I've got a class,  
remember?

STILES  
Right, summer school. Good thing  
it's your last week.

(Beat)  
Maybe I'll ask Danny to help me  
out.

SCOTT  
I thought Danny hated you.

STILES  
Hey, we've bonded. I even caught  
him laughing at one of my jokes the  
other day. Well, it was more of a  
gruff smirk, but there's definitely  
something there.

SCOTT  
Whatever you say. Oh, and it's not  
summer school. It's a recovery  
program.

STILES

Scott. Will you be in class?

SCOTT

Yes...

STILES

And is the time of year not  
"summer."

SCOTT

Well, no.

STILES

Alright, just checking. But hey, at  
least you don't have to repeat the  
tenth grade.

SCOTT

Thank god.

STILES

I don't know. It wouldn't have been  
that bad. I mean, you'd be older  
than anyone else in your class.  
Chicks dig older guys.

SCOTT

Speaking of, have you heard  
anything from Lydia?

STILES

Does the voice message after  
calling her thirty-eight times in  
the past week count?

SCOTT

Probably not.

STILES

Then no. She's probably off having  
the time of her life with Jackson,  
who, by the way, needs to get his  
werewolf ass in gear for the next  
full moon.

(Beat)

Oh my god. There was a full moon  
last night. What if he ate her!?  
I'd kill him! Well, I'd do that  
anyway, but that would give me a  
motive --

SCOTT

I don't think Jackson would hurt her, Stiles. She's safe.

STILES

How can you be so sure? Have you forgotten how much of a particular kind of female hygiene product he can be?

SCOTT

I couldn't hurt Allison. I loved her too much.

Stiles' face drops a tad.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Sorry.

STILES sighs in sexual frustration.

STILES

No, it's fine. I shouldn't beat myself up over it. She's happy. That should be all that matters.

SCOTT

You really mean that?

STILES

No, but that's my story, and I'm stickin' to it.

Scott laughs, as the two buddies leave the lacrosse field.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTIN RESIDENTS - LYDIA'S ROOM - DAY

Lydia and Jackson lay under the royal blue covers on her bed, snuggled together like nobody's business. Lydia maneuvers her way closer to Jackson, resting her head on his chest, as he grins in elation.