

TEEN WOLF

"Brewing"

Written by

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"BREWING"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A WOMAN dressed in a long black jacket enters the basement. A black hood masks her face as the soles of her shoes TAP down each step of the old wooden staircase.

She reaches the dirt floor and walks over to an alter centered in the room. With precision, she carefully places a bowl to the middle of the table.

The windows are painted with a thin layer of black letting in only a slight glow. Candles are arranged at each corner of the room and one in the center on the alter.

She rises her head, the hood hides everything but her mouth, and takes in a deep relaxing breath. The woman walks over to the shelves with miscellaneous placed artifacts.

Her finger scans the shelves. She picks up four items. She calmly walks back and carefully places the items down on the edge of the table behind her. She picks up the first bottle inhales another deep breath.

WITCH

Oun otch coons zuk mock.

She tips the bottle and drips the liquid into the bowl. She picks up each item and mixes them inside the pot.

WITCH (CONT'D)

(louder)

Oun otch coons zuk mock.

She snaps a bone in half and drops it inside.

WITCH (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Oun otch coons zuk mock.

A smog begins to overflow the bowl and leak out onto the alter. A sneer grows on her lips.

She turns and picks up a CANTEEN and a ladle from the table behind her. Facing the bowl again; she uses a ladle to carefully scoop the potion into the CANTEEN.

INT. POLICE STATION/SHERIFF STILINSKI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SHERIFF STILINSKI sits at his messy office desk with papers scatter sporadically covering every inch. He slides over a folder and glances down at the clock.

ON THE CLOCK

9:57 P.M.

BACK TO STILINSKI'S OFFICE

He stretches and rubs his face. He looks at his desk and starts to shove the papers into random folders.

He stands up and carries the folders over to the cabinet and drops them into a drawer. He shuts the drawer and a picture falls and shatters next to his feet.

He mumbles under his breath as he squats down and picks up the frame. He turns it over.

ON THE FRAME

Broken glass covers a picture of STILES in his lacrosse Uniform.

BACK TO STILINSKI'S OFFICE

He places it down back on the cabinet and pushes the glass over with his foot. He picks up his jacket and CANTEEN then leaves the office.

INT. POLICE STATION/LOBBY - NIGHT

Sheriff locks his office door and walks across the lobby. HELENA, 37, a sweet-faced thick woman sits quietly behind the spotless front desk. She types vigorously at the computer.

SHERIFF STILINSKI
Night Helena.

HELENA
Good night sweetie. And don't you
come back tonight.

Sheriff chuckles then exits.

EXT. POLICE STATION/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sheriff emerges from the police station. He wraps his jacket around him. He shivers as he quickly moves his way to the only car in the parking lot.

He glances over his shoulder a few times. He stops halfway to his car and watches the horizon.

He looks from the station along the parameter of the parking lot then back to the station. The crickets CHIRP in the distance setting in an eerie silence.

He looks around skeptically, but continues to his car. He puts the CANTEEN on the roof as he searches for his keys.

SHERIFF STILINSKI

Shoot.

He briskly jogs back to the station.

INT. POLICE STATION/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

He walks past Helena and unlocks his office. Helena looks up and smiles.

SHERIFF STILINSKI (O.C.)

Don't say a word.

Her smile grows bigger and resumes her work. Sheriff retraces his steps back out of the station.

EXT. POLICE STATION/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sheriff hastily walks across the parking lot. He scans his surroundings again. He unlocks his car with the remote as he reaches up to get the canteen, but it's not there.

He looks over to the hood of the car. He peers down at it confused and he picks it up. He drops his tired body inside the driver seat and shuts the door.

INT. STILINSKI HOME - NIGHT

Sheriff SLUGGISHLY enters his kitchen. The counter tops and table resembles the mess on his work desk. He places the canteen down on the table and starts emptying his pockets.

He sits down and puts his head into his hands. He glances through his fingers and reaches for the canteen.

STILES storms through the door. Sweat drips from his body soaking his lacrosse uniform. His chest heaves as he bends over trying to catch his breath.

He snatches the canteen from his father's hands and chugs it. The sheriff tries to stop him.

SHERIFF STILINSKI
Jesus Stiles!

Stiles backs up just out of his reach. He puts his index finger up and finishes the drink. He gasps for air. He starts GAGGING and covers his mouth.

STILES
What the--
(Gags again)
What the hell was that?

Sheriff smiles slyly. He gets up from his chair. Walks up to his son.

SHERIFF STILINSKI
It was coffee.
(he wraps his arm around
Stiles' shoulders.)
A week ago. It's probably old and
sour. The cream probably already
curdled.

Stiles face turns sickening.

SHERIFF STILINSKI (CONT'D)
Did you taste the chunks?

Stiles heaves trying to hold back the throw up. Sheriff laughs.

SHERIFF STILINSKI (CONT'D)
Don't be a baby it was just water.

Stiles relaxes a bit.

His dad laughs harder as he leaves the room.

STILES
Not funny. Not funny at all.
Between you and Scott I'm not gonna
to make it til' Friday.

SHERIFF STILINSKI (O.C.)
So how's practice going?

Montage - Scott training Stiles for Lacrosse.

-- Stiles stands in front of a goal. SCOTT whips the ball at him and it hits him in the gut. He buckles over in pain.

-- Stiles does suicide runs back and forth while Scott talks to KIRA. He keels over in the background.

-- Stiles handles the Lacrosse stick flipping the ball back and forth. He smiles proudly at himself. Scott tackles him from out of nowhere.

-- Stiles rolls onto his back trying to catch his breath. Scott stands over him.

SCOTT

Again?

-- Stiles whimpers and rolls over.

END OF MONTAGE.

STILES

(not reassuring)

Pretty good. Yeah.

He glances down at the brief case.

STILES (CONT'D)

Anything on Parish?

Sheriff untucks his shirt from his pants and gets comfortable.

SHERIFF STILINSKI

If I say no, will you go quietly?

Stiles shrugs. Sheriff closes his eyes and groans.

SHERIFF STILINSKI (CONT'D)

I don't know. Just like I don't know half the stuff that goes on in this town. There's nothing about burning victims coming back alive not burned in any databases that I can get into.

STILES

If you just let me-

Sheriff points at Stiles.

SHERIFF STILINSKI

No.

Stiles tries to talk again.

SHERIFF STILINSKI (CONT'D)

Stiles, I said no. You and your friends try to find something out on that end. I'll look on mine. I can't have a fugitive hacker for a son on top of everything.

Sheriff leaves the room. Leaving Stiles alone with the brief case. Stiles eyes the brief case, biting his lip, loosing an inner battle, he reaches for it.

SHERIFF STILINSKI (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Don't even think about it.

Stiles curses under his breath in defeat then retreats to his bedroom.

INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stiles tosses and turns in his bed. He WRITHES back and forth. He LAUNCHES himself out of bed and stumbles to the bathroom.

INT. STILINSKI HOME/STILES' BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He tries to keep from throwing up, but he collapses to his knees. He succumbs to the inevitable and HEAVES into the porcelain chair.

He gazes down as he flushes the toilet and sees it is covered in black liquid. He slumps back against the wall and rubs his palms on his eyes. He grips his stomach and shouts out in agony.

He pulls himself up to the sink. He runs the water and leans forward to splash the water on his face.

He freezes mid splash and looks up at his reflection in the mirror. His eyes are blood-shot red. He leans closer watching his eyes fade to black.

He JERKS backwards, but his reflection doesn't mock him. REFLECTION STILES stands up in confidence and laughs manically.

REFLECTION STILES

Pathetic human boy. You think you can play with the big boys? You can't even play Lacrosse.

Reflection Stiles laughs again then reaches out of the mirror grabbing Stiles' neck.

EXT. BEACON HILLS PRESERVE - DAY

Stiles lies comatose in the preserve; BLANKETED by the overgrown grass. CRIMSON RED LIQUID surrounds him. His eyes open, but the sun quickly blinds him.

He sits up and rubs his face. He rapidly blinks trying to adjust to the light. He looks down at his hands seeing them stained red.

He gasps and tries to wipe them off on his clothes, but his pajama pants and tee-shirt are covered too. He looks around lost and begins to freak out as he attempts to get the blood off of him.

Stiles takes in short breaths and he begins to calm down. He searches his body and the ground around him for his phone. He stops cold and glances around petrified.

INT. MARTIN HOME/LYDIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

The once pink and princess toned room is matured now. Lydia's girly knickknacks are replaced with picture frames of her friends.

The walls freshly painted a pastel turquoise. Decorative paintings tacked perfectly on them. The sunlight shines through the blinds and lace curtain. LYDIA stretches in bed.

She throws back the white comforter. She's wearing a tank top and booty shorts. She grabs her towel and strolls into the adjoining bathroom.

INT. MARTIN HOME/LYDIA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She starts the shower and HOOKS the towel over the shower door. She undresses and steps under the steamy water.

Lydia stands under the steam allowing time to fully wake up as the water soaked her strawberry blond hair.

A BLACK SHADOW flashes by the foggy shower door. Lydia flinches and begins to HUM NERVOUSLY as she rinses the shampoo out of her hair.

She opens the door slowly and sees something that makes her uneasy. She steps out of the shower dripping wet. She looks up at the words drawn on the mirror.

ON THE MIRROR

It's cast on the weak.

BACK TO LYDIA'S BATHROOM

She rolls her eyes.

LYDIA
Ugh, and it starts.

She wipes it away.

EXT. BEACON HILLS HIGH SCHOOL/LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

SCOTT waits patiently in his lacrosse uniform on the vacant field. Nonchalantly he flips the ball around with his lacrosse stick. He peers down at his phone.

He looks up and cocks his head. A few second later a school bus pulls up and kids begin to flood the front of the school.

He examines the parking lot as the teenagers fill it up. He SEARCHES for something and is unsatisfied when he doesn't see it.

He glances over at the Beacon Hills High School and sighs in frustration. As he stands up he grabs his backpack and jogs to the front of the school.

EXT. BEACON HILLS HIGH SCHOOL/FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Scott gets to the front of the school just as two team members of the lacrosse team.

LACROSSE TEAM MEMBER
Ya actually gonna play some games
this year, McCall?

Scott smiles and whips the ball at the LACROSSE TEAM PLAYER. He turns his back and the ball strikes him. The kid laughs and races up the front school steps.

Scott surveys the crowd again. He looks over at the school sign seeing the faint Hale family crest; then back up the doors.

He searches the crowd of teenagers; they walk randomly around the school property.

Scott smiles as he notices a group of freshman who walk nervously off the school buses. He walks confidently up the stairs and through the doors.

INT. BEACON HILLS HIGH SCHOOL/CORRIDOR - DAY

Scott rounds the crowded hallways still searching every face. He spots Lydia standing in front of her open locker fixing her lip gloss.

She smiles and silently waves to LIAM and MASON as they walk by and disappear into a nearby classroom. Scott approaches Lydia.

SCOTT

Hey have you seen Stiles?

LYDIA

Well, good morning to you too, Scott. My weekend was nice and quiet how was yours?

SCOTT

Sorry. But Stiles was supposed to meet me this morning.

He looks around antsy.

LYDIA

Look, I'm not the keeper of Stiles. He probably over slept. How late were you two practicing yesterday any ways?

Realization falls overs Scott's countenance.

SCOTT

Yeah, you're probably right.

Lydia responds with an '*I told you so*' look then shuts her locker and walks away. Kira walks up behind Scott.

KIRA

Hey.

SCOTT

Hey.

KIRA

Where's Stiles?

SCOTT

I don't know he was suppose to meet me for a morning Lacrosse meet.

Kira shrugs.

KIRA
Probably, still sleeping.

SCOTT
Where's Malia?

KIRA
Where do you think?

She looks up seeing Lydia.

KIRA (CONT'D)
I'll see ya later I gotta get to
class.

Kira walks up to Lydia. They walk to the end of the hall and turn the corner.

Scott scans the hall again for Stiles. The bell rings. Scott, RELUCTANTLY, walks into the same classroom Mason and Liam entered.

INT. HALE VOLT - DAY

Malia sits in the center of papers. She bites her lip as she scans through the notebook. She turns the page and continues reading.

The once organized volt, is now trashed. Malia takes a deep breath to try to relax. She lays down in the mess and closes her eyes.

She QUICKLY opens them. Her eyes flash over to a row of shelves. She gets up and races over to a journal tossed on top of one of the boxes. She thumbs through the pages and pauses.

MALIA
Her eyes are as black as coal, but
I was not scared. I welcomed her
with all my heart not knowing she
was the one who'd rip it out in the
end. Her beautiful copper hair
curled to perfection. As she walked
by I can smell the desert flowers
on her skin.

Malia pauses in awe then goes back to reading the passage in the journal.

She looks at the plain brown cover with the thin rope tie hanging loosely between her fingers. She flips to the cover