

STRANGE BREW

“Pilot”

Written by

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ACT ONE

SCENE A

INT. BURT'S OFFICE - DAY  
(Ted, Burt)

WE'RE IN THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF BURT'S BREWING COMPANY IN BOULDER, COLORADO. BURT SITS AT HIS DESK. HE IS MID 50'S, FIT, COMFORTABLE IN HIS REPUBLICAN SKIN. HE SITS ACROSS FROM TED FORREST, OUR HERO, THE PRESIDENT OF A MULTI-GENERATIONAL BREWING COMPANY THAT BEARS HIS NAME. ONCE A WEATHERED OUTDOORSMEN, THE LAST TEN YEARS HAS TURNED HIM INTO A WITHERED INDOORSMEN. TODAY FINDS TED IN A BAD MOOD. MOST DAYS FIND TED IN A BAD MOOD. THINK THOMAS HAYDEN CHURCH. BURT HOLDS OUT A CANDY DISH.

BURT

Lemon drop?

TED

Nope.

BURT

Have a lemon drop.

TED

Don't want one.

BURT

It's a good way to start a meeting.

TED

You know what I've always found to be a good way to start a meeting?  
Starting the meeting.

BURT

You sure? They've got vitamin C. I buy them at the farmers market over on Boulder Canyon from this Mexican girl with one arm. She told me she squeezes the lemons herself so I figure it must take her twice as long to make 'em. She likes to flirt with me, but she's a big girl and you know the arm, I can't --

TED

Just give me the lemon drop and tell me why I'm here!

BURT

You know Ted, you're always in a bad mood.

TED

I'm not in a bad mood, Burt.

BURT

You don't seem happy.

TED

(FLAT) I'm happy.

BURT

How happy?

TED

(LONG LONG BEAT) Six.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BURT

Six?! On what, the Dick Cheney scale?  
You're no six. You're a point four.  
I'm an eight. I smile. I'm buoyant.  
You hear how I talk? There's a tone.  
My sentences go up at the end. I'd be  
a nine but I had too much rice last  
night so I didn't take a good --

TED

Why am I here, Burt?

BURT

(SIGHS, THEN) I just... it's been too  
long. I don't want to be the bad guy  
anymore. I want to find away for us  
to be... friends. I care about you,  
Ted.

TED TRIES TO ABSORB WHAT BURT HAS JUST SAID. BURT BREAKS  
INTO A HEARTY LAUGH.

BURT (CONT'D)

Dammit, I thought I could keep a  
straight face. (THEN, SWALLOWING HARD)  
Ooh, ow, I just swallowed that lemon  
drop. Ow, that really hurts.

TED

Now I'm a seven.

BURT

**This is** why I called: **your** company's  
in debt. I'll get you out of the hole  
in exchange for a small piece of the  
business.

\*

TED

The brewery is not in debt. I don't  
know where you get that idea from.

\*

BURT

We have the same barber, Ted.

TED

Mario told you that?

BURT

I'm not saying he did and I'm not  
saying he didn't. I'm just saying we  
have the same barber... and he did.

TED

I can't believe Mario would gossip  
about me like that. I wouldn't expect  
that from... (REALIZING) a chatty,  
effeminate man at a hair salon.

BURT

I also know you stopped caring about  
this business a long time ago.

\*

TED

That's just not true, Burt.

BURT

Your mouth says, "no," but your dentist said something else.

TED

Isn't that against the law? \*

BURT

Only if it's medical information. Dr. Thomas just told me something personal. It's not like she said, "Oh, Ted Forrest has a larger-than-normal tongue." \*

TED

I do have a larger-than-normal tongue. \*

BURT

I know, she told me.

TED

This is not right.

BURT

Look, we live in a small town. People talk. It doesn't matter how I found out. It's what I can do now to make it better.

TED

You're not buying me out. \*

BURT

I'm not trying to buy you out, Ted. I make beer. It's what I know.

(MORE)

BURT (CONT'D)

I'm making an investment in another beer company in the hopes of turning a profit.

TED

What's the catch?

BURT

No catch. I just want you to get rid of some of the dead weight.

TED

What do you mean by "dead weight?"

BURT

Your kids.

TED

Go to hell, Burt. This meeting is over.

BURT

I'm just telling it like is, Ted. Your kids are not equipped to take over Forrest Ale after you leave.

TED

You don't know anything about them or me.

\*

BURT

I know that you hate your job. I know your wife hates sobriety.

(MORE)

BURT (CONT'D)

I know that your daughter hates your wife, and I know that your twin boys are so out of it, they can't tell if it's raining or Tuesday. You could use my help, Ted.

\*

TED

Let me remind you of something, Burt. Forrest Ale is a family business. That means it stays in the family. And as far as I'm concerned, our business is the best of its kind.

BURT

Well, it's not. We have better marketing, better distribution, bigger market share... Let's face it, Burt's Brew is a better company.

TED

Except for one thing.

BURT

What's that?

TED

(BRIGHTLY) We make better beer, you jackass. See how I went up at the end?

\*

\*

\*

HE EXITS. AS WE:

\*

CUT TO

\*



ACT ONESCENE B

INT. FORREST HOUSE - DAY  
(Ted, Janie, Michael)

JANIE FORREST. A TAUT, ANXIOUS, ATTRACTIVE WOMAN PACES IN THE LARGE KITCHEN OF "THE CABIN." IS WALKING DOWN THE HALLWAY OF HER WELL-APPOINTED AND WELL-WORN HOME OF THREE GENERATIONS OF FORRESTS. SHE'S YELLING TO ANYONE WHO WILL LISTEN.

JANIE

Where are my prayer beads?! I can't meditate if I don't have my g-damn prayer beads! Can somebody answer me please?! Or should I just start drinking again?! Is that what everybody wants? Mom to be drunk again? (BEAT) Hello! Am I talking to myself!? (TO HERSELF) I am talking to myself. (THEN, NOTICING) There are my beads.

MICHAEL FORREST SITS AT THE KITCHEN TABLE EATING A SANDWICH. HE'S AN INCREDIBLY HANDSOME, ALL-AMERICAN 15-YEAR-OLD WHO IS WEARING HIS HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL UNIFORM. JANIE ENTERS.

JANIE (CONT'D)

Michael, you better hurry. You don't want to be late for practice.

MICHAEL

Practice is not for another hour.

JANIE

Oh, okay... fine. Take your time.

SHE SITS DOWN AT THE TABLE AND STARES AT HIM FOR A BEAT,  
THEN:

JANIE (CONT'D)

Sweetheart, I need you to get out.  
Mommy's got to medicate. "Medicate?"  
I meant meditate. Mommy's got to  
meditate. Not medicate. I wish...

MICHAEL

You know every time you meditate you  
have a panic attack.

JANIE

You know every time you judge me I die  
a little. Now get out of my house.

HE GRABS HIS SANDWICH AND THROWS A LARGE SPORTS BAG OVER HIS  
SHOULDER. HE KISSES HIS MOM GOOD-BYE AND AS HE TURNS, A CD  
DROPS OUT OF HIS BAG. SHE PICKS IT UP.

JANIE (CONT'D)

Ooh, honey you dropped this. (OFF CD)  
"Lady Gaga"?

MICHAEL

(NERVOUS) It's not mine. It's, ah...  
It's a friend's. I'm just holding it.

JANIE

Okay. Well, make sure she gets it  
back.

MICHAEL

See you later.

HE GRABS IT AND HUSTLES TO THE FRONT DOOR. AS HE OPENS THE  
DOOR, TED ENTERS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey, Dad.

TED

Oh, hey, ah....

MICHAEL

Michael.

TED

I know.

MICHAEL EXITS.

JANIE

What are you doing here? You're not  
supposed to be here.

\*  
\*

TED

And yet here I am, so we both lose?

\*

JANIE

\*

And with that, Eeyore entered the  
room.

\*  
\*

TED

\*

I forgot my briefcase.

\*

JANIE

\*

Shock. You're in a bad mood.

\*

TED

\*

You're in a bad mood.

\*

JANIE

Yeah. I'm a sober woman living in a  
brewery. Eighty-eight days ago I  
stopped drinking and swearing.

\*

(MORE)

JANIE (CONT'D)

The two things that defined who I was  
for my entire adult life. That's why  
I'm *in a bad mood*. Cheese and effing  
crackers, Ted. *What's your excuse?*

TED

*I'm married to that woman.*

JANIE

*Not nice!*

TED

*You're right, I'm sorry. I didn't  
mean it. It's just... you hung a  
curve ball and I had to take a swing  
at it.*

JANIE

*Yes, I'm a little edgy these days, but  
you have to admit it's much better now  
that I stopped drinking. Right? (OFF  
HIS SILENCE) This is where you talk.*

TED

*Of course it's better. Much better.  
(THEN) I mean, there are a couple of  
things I miss...*

JANIE

*Like what?*

TED

*Just... you know... sex and fun.*

JANIE

That's not true. I still want to  
have... fun.

TED CROSSES TO PICK UP HIS BRIEFCASE, THEN:

TED

Janie, do you think the kids have the  
potential to run the company one day?

JANIE

Why?

TED

Eh, no reason. (THEN CROSSING TO  
EXIT) Time to make the donuts...

JANIE

Ted, you know, in my group they have  
an expression when you're having a bad  
day, or a bad week, or a bad ten years  
in your case. "Fake it til you make  
it."

TED

Hmmm. It rhymes.

JANIE

It does honey, you're right. But the  
point of it is, even if you're not  
happy, pretend like you are and  
eventually it will become the truth.

TED

Fake it til you make it, huh?

JANIE

Fake it til you make it, Ted. (THEN)  
so how we doin'?

TED

Great. Couldn't be better. I'm a  
whirlygig of ebullience.

JANIE

Take me seriously. (THEN) How we  
doin'?

TED

(FLAT) Fair.

JANIE

Fake it, better. Come on, buddy, put  
your back into it. How we doin'?

TED

(BRIGHTLY) Fair!

JANIE

Well look at that. You've practically  
got sunshine shooting out of your ass,  
I mean, tushy.

TED ALMOST SMILES AND EXITS. JANIE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM.

JANIE (CONT'D)

Oh, flick a duck, where are those  
prayer beads?

CUT TO:

SCENE C

INT. FORREST BREWERY - A LITTLE LATER  
(Ted, Kyle, Clay, Lewis)

WE'RE ON THE FLOOR OF THE BREWERY. EVERYTHING IS MADE OF STAINLESS STEEL. GIGANTIC FERMENTATION TANKS TOWER OVER THE ROOM. IT'S LIKE THE ENGINE ROOM OF A SHIP. STEAM ESCAPING FROM PIPES, MACHINE SOUNDS, ETC. THE ROOM IS MANNED BY KYLE AND CLAY FORREST, THE 22-YEAR-OLD FRATERNAL TWINS OF JANIE AND TED. THEY WEAR LAB COATS WITH SHORTS AND HIKING BOOTS. KYLE IS THE ALPHA TWIN WHICH JUST MEANS HE SAYS DUMB THINGS LOUDER. KYLE IS ON TOP OF A LADDER CHECKING THE CONTENTS OF A BREW. CLAY, THE SWEETER, GENTLER ONE, IS DOWN BELOW FLIPPING THROUGH A TRADE MAGAZINE.

CLAY

Hey, Kyle, I was thinking... you know how every brewery uses really hot blondes to sell their beer? If Dad ever let us advertise, I think we should um... use girls that, I don't know, are kind of a little chubby with dark hair and maybe have something ah... missing, but were really nice and smiled at me at the farmers market.

KYLE

(RE: TANK) Dude, we have a problem.

CLAY

It's not a problem, Kyle. It's what I like. Her name is Carmen and I'm asking her out. I don't care if she has one arm.

KYLE

No, dude, I'm talking about up here.  
We have a problem. Remember that  
stray cat we've been feeding, that Dad  
told us to get rid of?

CLAY

Yeah, I haven't seen her today.

KYLE

That's cause she's dead, Kyle.

CLAY

How do you know?

KYLE

I'm looking at her right now.

CLAY

Oh my god, the cat is in the vat?

KYLE

Cat in the vat, dude.

CLAY

Poor Miss Mittens! I hope she wasn't  
scared.

KYLE

She wasn't scared, she was hammered.  
Don't feel bad, Bro. It's a good  
death. It's how I want to go.



CLAY

(REALIZING) Wait! That beer is supposed to be bottled and shipped by the end of the day. What are we going to do!?

KYLE

Well you can start by calming down.

CLAY

You calm down.

KYLE

Calm down, Clay.

CLAY

No, you calm down, Kyle.

KYLE

I am calm.

CLAY

So am I.

KYLE

Hey, calm down!

CLAY

I am calm!!!

LESTER LEWIS III, THE AFRICAN AMERICAN BREWMASTER OF FORREST ALE ENTERS. HE'S THE THIRD GENERATION OF LEWIS' TO BE BREWMASTER AT FORREST ALE. AS TOM HAGEN WAS TO THE CORLEONE FAMILY, LESTER LEWIS IS TO THE FORREST FAMILY - IN IT, BUT NOT TRULY ONE OF THEM. BUT WHERE TOM WAS GRATEFUL, LESTER IS DISGUSTED.

LEWIS

Gentleman, am I getting my ale at  
three o'clock?

CLAY

(ABOUT TO CONFESS) Um, actually --

KYLE

It's not your ale, Lester, okay? If  
it was, it would be called Lewis Ale.  
But it's called Forrest Ale which is  
our name.

LEWIS

That's true. But if it was mine, I  
wouldn't call it "Lewis Ale."

KYLE

What would you call it?

LEWIS

I would call it, "I-don't-get-note."

KYLE

What?

LEWIS

"I-don't-get-note."

KYLE

(SOUNDS LIKE "I DON'T GET NO TAIL")

"I don't get note-ale?"

LEWIS

Yep. But I'd say it faster.

KYLE

(FASTER, BUT STILL NOT HEARING HIMSELF) I don't get no tail. I don't get no tail. (THEN) Why?

LEWIS

'Cause you're ugly and stupid. Now get me my beer at three.

LESTER EXITS. THE BOYS ARE SILENT FOR A BEAT TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S JUST HAPPENED TO THEM, THEN:

CLAY

Who's telling Dad about the beer?

KYLE

No one.

DURING THE FOLLOWING THEY ARE TOTALLY UNAWARE THAT THEY SOUND LIKE A "DR. SEUSS" PASSAGE.

CLAY

But Kyle, there's a cat in the vat.

KYLE

It's going to shipping and that is that!

CLAY

Let's talk about this...

KYLE

I don't want to chat. If we wait any longer the beer will go flat.

CLAY

It could be worse, it could be a rat.

KYLE

Exactly, let's do it. Now hand me my  
hat.

CLAY HANDS KYLE HIS BASEBALL CAP. THE BOYS CROSS TO ONE OF  
THE LARGE TANKS. THEY ARE ABOUT TO START THE MACHINE BUT  
KYLE SAYS:

KYLE (CONT'D)

You don't think this is going to taste  
like cat do you?

CLAY

I don't know, I've never tasted cat.

KYLE LAUGHS.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Why are you laughing?

KYLE

(SUGGESTIVE) "You've never tasted  
cat?"

CLAY

No.

KYLE

You sure? What's another word for  
cat?

CLAY

Kitty?

KYLE

Another one.

CLAY

Kitten?

KYLE

Another one, starting with a "P".  
You've never tasted...

CLAY

Persian!

KYLE

No, you moron! Forget it. You ruined  
the joke.

TED WALKS UP TO HIS SONS HOLDING A BOTTLE OF BURT'S BREW.

TED

(UPBEAT) Hey, boys. How's it goin'?

\*

KYLE

\*

Good. Why are you so happy?

\*

CLAY

\*

Uh-oh. Did Mom fall off the wagon?

\*

TED

\*

No, she didn't fall off -- (THEN) I'm  
just... I'm tryin' something.

\*

\*

KYLE

\*

What's with the Burt's, Dad?!

\*

TED

Oh, you know, making sure we're  
still... the best.

\*

CLAY

Can I try it?

TED

Sure.

KYLE

Give me a hit of that too.

THEY CROSS TO A TASTING TABLE, POP OPEN THE BEER AND POUR THREE SAMPLES. BEFORE THEY TASTE THE BEER, THEY EXAMINE THE COLOR, ETC. IT BECOMES APPARENT WHILE THEY ARE INEPT AT EVERYTHING ELSE, THEY ARE BEER SAVANTS.

TED

They've changed it, haven't they?

CLAY

Yeah, it's gotten very hop heavy.

KYLE

The finish is a little more bitter.

CLAY

There's a slight nuttiness in there.

KYLE

And the mouth feel is a little sharper. Not as silky.

CLAY

The malt notes are more whiskey-like.

TED

So... what do we think?

KYLE/CLAY

It sucks.

KYLE

Unless their customers like the taste of foot.

CLAY

Dipped in ass.

KYLE

(TO CLAY) Good one.

TED

So we're still the best. (THEN) Let me ask you guys something. Do you feel like you could run this company when the time comes?

KYLE

(COCKY) Psst. Hells yeah.

TED

I'm talking about everything - sales, distribution, personnel, the whole business.

KYLE

We could do all that crap.

TED

Clay?

CLAY

N-n-n-n-n-yes.

TED

Good. Good. (SATISFIED, THEN) Okay. Yeah. Anyway, I'll see you at dinner. (RE: BEER) Now, get this stuff out.

TED EXITS.

KYLE

Dude, you know what that was? That was Dad telling us that pretty soon you and I are going to be running this place.

CLAY

Why?

KYLE

We're good at what we do.

CLAY

I guess you're right.

KYLE

Of course I am. We're the best at this. Now let's fish that dead cat out of the beer so we can get it into bottles and out to the customers.

CLAY

Puma!

KYLE

What? Oh. Yeah, Clay. It's really funny that you've never tasted Puma.

THEY CROSS OFF AS WE:

CUT TO:



ACT ONE

\*

SCENE D

INT. TED'S OUTER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER  
(Ted, Lizzy, Lester)

LIZZY FORREST IS A BEAUTIFUL, HIGHLY-INTELLIGENT, HIGHLY-UNDERACHIEVING YOUNG WOMAN OF 24. SHE IS HER FATHER'S SECRETARY. WITH PHONE CRADLED IN HER NECK SHE CUTS HER EX-BOYFRIEND OUT OF ONE PHOTO AFTER ANOTHER WHILE CARRYING ON THE FOLLOWING CONVERSATION.

LIZZY

(INTO PHONE) Dr. Broder, I'm telling you, I'm in pain. Isn't that good enough? If you were in pain I'd believe you. (THEN) Look, I'm sure you have patients who pop pills to alleviate the spirit-sucking boredom of their desk jobs --

DURING THE REST OF THE SPEECH LIZZY REACHES ACROSS FROM HER DESK TO POUR A CUP OF COFFEE. SHE'S REMARKABLY NIMBLE. EVEN USES HER EXTRA FOOT TO SLAM THE MINI-FRIDGE DOOR.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

-- or to escape the emotional pain of bad choices they made in their lives, but I can assure you, I'm not one of them. I really hurt. I can't get out of bed, I can't walk. I can barely move.

ON THAT SHE SKY HOOKS A GIANT BALL OF CRUMPLED UP PHOTOGRAPHS ACROSS THE ROOM AND SINKS IT INTO AN OFFICE TRASH CAN. ANOTHER LINE STARTS TO RING.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Doctor, can you hold on  
one sec? (PRESSES A BUTTON, FLAT)  
Ted Forrest's office... No, ma'am  
brewers yeast can not give you a yeast  
infection. But if that's what you  
want, my ex-boyfriend can give you  
one, would you like his number?  
Hello? (PRESSES LINE ONE) Dr. Broder?  
(HE'S GONE) Dammit!

TED ENTERS ON HIS WAY TO HIS OFFICE.

TED

Hey, Lizzy. How's it going?

LIZZY

Great. Couldn't be better. I'm a  
whirligig of ebullience. \*

TED \*

Honey... (MEANINGFULLY) do you like  
working here?

LIZZY

(BEAT, THEN) Where ya going with this?

TED

I'm just checking in to see how you're  
doing.

LIZZY

As your secretary or your daughter?

TED

Daughter, of course.

LIZZY

Well, to this day, I don't understand why you stay married to that woman - my "birth mother" as we call her. And living at home at twenty-four doesn't exactly scream "winner." And you know, I'm still really upset about Todd and the way he --

TED

-- how about as my secretary?

LIZZY

Fine, whatever. What are you doing?

TED

Nothing, nothing... I just... I want you to know I think you're an incredible woman, Lizzy. You're smart, you're talented and I know that you're capable of running this place one day. Don't you agree?

LIZZY

I guess. I mean, I'm also capable of snorting a line of ants. But would I want to...?

TED

Okay, well... that's not a "no." Keep up the good the work. I have faith in you Elizabeth Forrest.

LIZZY GIVES HER DAD A TEPID, IRONIC THUMBS UP, AND ADDS A WINK AND A CLICK FOR GOOD MEASURE. TED CROSSES INTO HIS OFFICE. BEFORE HE SHUTS THE DOOR, HE TURNS BACK TO LIZZY.

TED (CONT'D)

Hey, I know it probably seems like I'm in a bad mood a lot of the time, but I just want you to know... I'm working on it.

LIZZY

You never seem like you're in a bad mood.

TED

See... this is why you're my favorite.

HE CLOSES THE DOOR TO HIS OFFICE. AFTER A FEW BEATS, LESTER APPROACHES HER DESK.

LESTER`

Lizzy...

LIZZY, WHO LOVES LESTER, DECIDES TO PLAY A CHARACTER TO WASTE HIS TIME.

LIZZY

(AS SOUTHERN BELLE) Why, Lester you shouldn't sneak up on a girl like that.

LESTER

(ROLLING HIS EYES) Shipping report.

LIZZY

(HANDING HIM A FILE) You see, I was taken aback by your elemental sexuality and dark (AIR QUOTES) "otherness."

LESTER

(OFF REPORT) The shipment for Southwest Beverage is leaving today, not tomorrow. Make sure they know that.

LIZZY

But what's to become of us?

LESTER

Got that? Southwest Beverage. Today, not tomorrow.

LIZZY

(AS HERSELF) You're no fun anymore.

LESTER

Don't get me wrong. Nobody likes playing southern-belle-frightened-by-yet-attracted-to-black-man-at-the-general-store more than I do, but I have to get home.

LIZZY

Why?

LESTER

Andre had his wisdom teeth pulled and  
I want to go check up on him.

LIZZY

Ouch.

LESTER

Yeah, he's pretty out of it. They got  
him on all these pain meds. Poor guy.

LIZZY

(EXCITED) Yeah. Poor, poor Andre.

LESTER

I'm off. Call Southwest Beverage now.  
If they don't know the truck is coming  
it'll sit on the loading dock all  
night and the beer will go bad.

LESTER EXITS. LIZZY GOES TO HER ROLODEX AND LOOKS UP A  
NUMBER. SHE DIALS.

LIZZY

(INTO PHONE) Andre, hi. It's Lizzy.  
Who wants me to bring him a milkshake  
later?

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE E

INT. FORREST HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT  
(Ted, Janie, Lizzy, Michael, Kyle, Clay)

IT'S DINNER TIME AT THE FORREST HOUSE. JANIE IS MAKING IT ALL HAPPEN. HER FOUR CHILDREN ARE SPREAD OUT ON A LARGE COMFORTABLE COUCH WATCHING TV. JANIE IS GROWING INCREASINGLY ANNOYED WITH THEIR LACK OF ASSISTANCE AND SHOWS HER DISGUST BY GETTING LOUDER AND LOUDER WITH HER PREPARATIONS. THE KIDS ARE TOTALLY UNFAZED.

KYLE

(OFF TV) Nicole's the hottest one.

She's totally going to win. You like her, Mikey?

MICHAEL, STILL IN HIS BASEBALL UNIFORM SITS VERY CLOSE TO HIS SISTER, LIZZY.

MICHAEL

She's pretty, but her outfits are kinda stupid.

KYLE

Her outfits? What the hell does that have to do with anything?

JANIE

(CARRYING A HEAVY TRAY) It's okay, guys. Sit there. I don't need any help. I understand you're in a weakened condition because you're recently sober. I want to be sensitive to that.

THE KIDS DON'T EVEN LOOK IN HER DIRECTION. THEY CONTINUE TALKING TO THE TELEVISION.

CLAY

They're all too skinny. Why do models  
have to be so skinny?

LIZZY

You like a big girl, don't ya, Clay?

KYLE

Only if she has one arm and a gold  
tooth.

CLAY

Shut up, Kyle.

KYLE

Calm down, Clay. No one cares that  
you like a hefty Latina who can't  
clap.

TED ENTERS HOLDING A PLAYGIRL.

TED

Who put the Playgirl Magazine behind  
my toilet?

KYLE

Mom?

JANIE

You're rude! Ted, hit him.

TED SMACKS KYLE ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD WITH THE MAGAZINE.

TED

(I NEVER GET LAID) Trust me, it wasn't  
your mother.



JANIE

(TO TED) Nice.

CLAY

It wasn't me.

KYLE

Lizzy?

LIZZY

I don't think so.

KYLE

You sure you weren't in mom's bathroom  
twiddling the bean?

LIZZY

You're a very elegant man, Kyle.

JANIE

Well if it's not yours, then whose is  
it?

AT THAT MOMENT, THE FAMILY TURNS TOWARDS MICHAEL. LIZZY  
NOTICES HER BROTHER STARTING TO PANIC & QUICKLY JUMPS IN.

LIZZY

Fine, it's mine. Sue me. I wanted to  
see Levi's johnson.

JANIE

Lizzy, I'll thank you to leave your  
smut in your own room. (SOTTO, TO TED)  
Don't throw that out. (SHOUTING)  
Dinner!

EVERYBODY GETS UP AND CROSSES TO THE DINING TABLE. LIZZY  
LEANS INTO HER BABY BROTHER AND SPEAKS SOFTLY.

LIZZY

Next time, find a better place to hide  
your stash.

SHE GIVES MICHAEL A SWEET, SAFE SMILE. HE GIVES HER A "THANK  
YOU" LOOK.

ANGLE ON:

EVERYONE IS NOW AT THE TABLE. THERE IS BEER IN FRONT OF  
EVERYONE EXCEPT JANIE AND MICHAEL. TED LIFTS A BOTTLE OF  
FORREST ALE. WHEN HE DOES THIS HE INITIATES A SMALL RITUAL  
THAT STARTS EVERY MEAL. IT IS DONE WITH THE EASE AND "UN-  
THINKING-NESS" OF A FAMILY THAT HAS PRACTICED IT SINCE BEFORE  
THEY CAN REMEMBER. IT GOES LIKE THIS: EACH GRABS HIS OR HER  
BOTTLE OF ALE, LIFTS IT IN THE AIR AND THEN BRINGS IT DOWN,  
TAPPING THE BOTTOM OF THE BOTTLE ON THE TABLE THREE TIMES.  
EACH NAME GETS A TAP.

ALL

John. Jacob. Forrest.

THEN, THEY SIMULTANEOUSLY PUT THEIR BOTTLE INTO A CENTERPIECE  
WHICH IS A CUSTOM-MADE SIX PRONGED BOTTLE OPENER/FAMILY  
HEIRLOOM AND POP OFF THEIR CAPS.

AND THIS IS HOW THE FORREST FAMILY SAYS "GRACE."

JANIE

How was everyone's day?

TED

I had an interesting day today. I had  
a meeting this morning --

JANIE

(TO LIZZY) What's with the look?

LIZZY

Nothing. You obviously got your hair  
done today. It's pretty.

JANIE

(SKEPTICAL) Thank you?

LIZZY

What do they call that 'do? "Wife of an astronaut?"

JANIE

Ted, do you hear her?! It's always a kiss and a punch with this child. (TO LIZZY, THRU GRITTED TEETH, MEAN) How did you get so mean?

TED

Come on, Liz.

LIZZY

What? I like it. It's like... one giant poof for mankind.

JANIE

Keep it up, Elizabeth! Just keep it up! I can be plenty mean, too. You'll see. I can be a bitch on *you know what*... I mean, a *you know what* on wheels. (THEN, TO TED) I'm sorry, Honey, you were saying. (TO KIDS) Clay, that's too much. Michael, take some salad.

TED

Well... I had a meeting this morning that really made me think about how amazing it is that we've been able to keep this business going through three generations, and pretty soon --

THE PHONE RINGS.

MICHAEL

I'll get it.

MICHAEL CROSSES OVER TO THE PHONE AND ANSWERS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Hello? Sure, hang on just a second... (PUTS HAND OVER THE RECEIVER) Dad, it's Lester. He said it's important.

TED

(TO EVERYONE) Hold on.

TED CROSSES TO THE PHONE. MICHAEL SITS BACK AT THE TABLE.

KYLE

Hey, Mikey how was practice?

MICHAEL

Good. I threw a ninety one mile-an-hour fastball today.

KYLE

That's amazing, buddy. You know your brother Clay here wants to plow a fatty with one arm.

CLAY

Why Kyle?

ANGLE ON: TED ON THE PHONE IN THE KITCHEN, CONCERNED.

TED

(INTO PHONE) Lester, I don't understand how a flea collar gets into a bottle of beer...

ANGLE ON: THE TABLE.

LIZZY

(TO JANIE) I'm sorry about the hair comment.

JANIE

Thank you.

LIZZY

You're welcome. (THEN) So what can you tell me about this blouse-coat-dress?

JANIE

Don't.

ANGLE ON: TED, STILL ON THE PHONE.

TED

(INTO PHONE) What do you mean it's just sitting on the loading dock. Why didn't we call? Oh, okay.

TED LOOKS AT HIS FAMILY AND GIVES THEM A LONG HARD LOOK, THEN INTO PHONE.

TED (CONT'D)

Lester, do me a favor. Call Burt.

Tell him to meet me at my office first  
thing in the morning.

TED STARTS TO EXIT TO HIS BEDROOM.

JANIE

What's wrong?

TED

I'm in a bad mood.

JANIE

I thought we talked about this.

TED

Sorry, Janie. Something's you just  
can't fake.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

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SCENE HINT. TED'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

(Ted, Lester (O.C.), Burt)

WE'RE IN TED'S OFFICE. HE'S TALKING TO BURT.

TED

...could we use the infusion of cash?  
Sure. But the real reason I'm doing  
this is because I don't want to limit  
my kids. You and I had to take over  
our dads' business. I don't want to  
do that to my children. They have big  
dreams. Lizzy is very curious about  
...magazines. Clay has expressed an  
interest in working with the needy -  
particularly amputees. And who am I  
to say no?

BURT

I see. And it has nothing to with the  
fact that they almost shipped out a  
batch of ale that had a dead cat  
floating in it? What are you calling  
that variety, "Dead Pussy Lager?"

TED

How did you...?

BURT

The vet. (THEN) Do we have a deal?

TED

(SIGHS, THEN) Fine. Wire the money  
and I'll... I'll tell my kids.

BURT

Fire your kids and I'll wire the  
money.

TED

Burt, do you hear what you're asking  
me to do?

BURT

Face it, Ted. You hate the business.  
This gets you one step closer to where  
you've always wanted to be -- out.

TED

I don't know, I don't know. Look, let  
me talk to my Brewmaster, Lester  
Lewis. He works really closely with  
the kids. He may not like this at  
all.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR WE HEAR LESTER, WHO'S CLEARLY  
BEEN LISTENING THE ENTIRE TIME.

LESTER (O.C.)

I'll survive. Take the money.

OFF TED'S LOOK, WE:

DISSOLVE TO:



ACT TWO

SCENE J

INT. TED'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY  
(Ted, Lizzy, Kyle, Clay)

THE FORREST CHILDREN (EXCEPT FOR MICHAEL) ARE SITTING IN THEIR FATHER'S OFFICE.

LIZZY

Do you have any idea why Dad wants to see us?

CLAY

I think Kyle and I are in trouble because we --

KYLE

Shh, dude, come on, she doesn't need to know anything about the dead-buh cat-buh.

CLAY

It's-buh just-buh Lizzy-buh.

KYLE

Still-buh.

LIZZY

If only I could understand your impossibly esoteric twin language.

CLAY

It's not as hard as you think. You just --

KYLE

Don't-buh tell-buh her-buh.

LIZZY

(TO HERSELF) Schmucks-buh.

CLAY

(LAUGHING) If you only knew what you  
just called us.

TED ENTERS.

TED

Kids.

THEY AD-LIB "HEY DAD."

TED (CONT'D)

This is not an easy thing to do as a  
businessman, let alone a father...

KYLE

Dad, I know where you're going with  
this, and I also know in a situation  
like this it's really important to be  
brave and mature and take  
responsibility for the mistake that's  
been made. So... Clay, you got  
something you want to say to Dad?

CLAY

What?! Kyle's the one that made us  
bottle the brew. I said we should  
dump the tank as soon as he told me  
Miss Mittens was floating in there.

KYLE

(FEIGNING SHOCK) What?! There was a cat in there and you let it go to shipping?! Our name is on that bottle, Brah. Where's your pride?

TED

Enough. Both of you. I know about the cat.

LIZZY

(TO TED) Can you believe these two?

TED

(TO LIZZY) And I know that you forgot to call Southwest Beverage yesterday and an entire shipment went bad on a loading dock in Arizona!

\*

LIZZY

I can explain.

TED

Go ahead.

LIZZY

Umm... (THEN, TO BROTHERS) Little-buh help-buh...

TED

It doesn't matter. Face it, Liz, your head is not in this job.

\*

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

You're rude on the phone, You have no motivation... Frankly, you're a bad employee.

KYLE

(SMALL, HIGH-PITCHED, SOTTO) Ha ha.

TED

You're all bad employees, and that's why I'm firing you.

KYLE

What?

LIZZY

Dad, come on...

CLAY

We're your kids.

TED

That's right, and you will always be my kids, but you will no longer be my employees. Pack your desks and go home. It's over.

SHOCKED, THE KIDS GET UP AND START TO LEAVE HIS OFFICE.

TED (CONT'D)

(CALLING OFF) Oh, Mom called.

Dinner's at six. She made spaghetti.

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE KINT. FORREST HOUSE - DINNER TIME

(Ted, Janie, Lizzy, Michael, Kyle, Clay)

THE ENTIRE FAMILY IS AT THE DINING TABLE. THEY DO A TOTALLY LIFELESS VERSION OF THE FAMILY TOAST.

ALL

(FLAT AND DEPRESSED) John. Jacob.

Forrest.

THEY START DINNER. IT'S STILTED AND QUIET. AFTER A BEAT.

TED

Look, I know everybody is upset about what happened at work today, but that was work. Now we're at home at our dinner table and we're going to talk about things that families talk about at their dinner tables. Understood?

THEY AD-LIB A QUASI ASSENT.

LIZZY

He's right. Let's talk about what families talk about. (TO KYLE) Kyle, how was your day?

KYLE

Really bad.

LIZZY

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Why?

KYLE

My dickhead boss fired me today.

LIZZY

That sucks. He sounds like a real  
jackass.

KYLE

Word.

CLAY

I'm not hungry. (THEN TO TED, RE:  
KYLE AND LIZZY) You know they were  
talking about you, right?

JANIE

He knows, Clay.

LIZZY, KYLE AND CLAY GET UP FROM THE TABLE AND START TO  
LEAVE.

LIZZY

Michael, get up.

MICHAEL

I'm eating.

LIZZY

Come on, I want to show you something  
in the closet.

MICHAEL

What?

STANDING WHERE ONLY MICHAEL CAN SEE SHE POINTS TO HIM AND  
MOUTHS THE WORD "YOU." HE SHOOTS UP FROM HIS CHAIR AND  
FOLLOWS HIS BROTHERS AND SISTER OUT OF THE DINING ROOM,  
LEAVING TED AND JANIE ALONE.

TED

What?

JANIE

Nothing. I'm staying out of it.

TED

Good.

JANIE

How could you fire your own children?

TED

If I don't fire them, Burt doesn't  
invest, and if Burt doesn't invest we  
don't get out of debt, and if we don't  
get out of debt, there goes everything  
- the house, the I.R.A., the jeep...

\*

\*

\*

JANIE

We'll be fine.

\*

TED

No more QVC.

JANIE

(BEAT) Maybe you did the right thing.

TED

I hate Burt for making me do it, but  
is he wrong? I mean, Lizzy and Clay  
and Kyle...they just don't care. When  
I was their age, I could do everyone's  
job on the floor of that brewery  
better than the people who were doing  
it. Why can't they? Why don't they  
work harder?

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

Why don't they take more pride in their family business? I mean, have they learned nothing from me? (OFF HER LOOK) What?

JANIE

They've learned everything from you. That's the problem.

TED

What are you saying?

JANIE

Face it, Ted. You haven't cared about this business for years.

TED

Oh, please --

JANIE

No, it's true! You used to love it. You used to be so focused on it, so caring. It was the first thing you thought about when you woke up and the last thing you thought about when you went to bed. It was your world. Then...things changed. And you lost interest. You got bored by it. And that took its toll.

\*

(MORE)



JANIE (CONT'D)

It started going downhill and before  
long it was drinking Chardonnay for  
breakfast and watching Maury Povich in  
my pajamas. You checked-out melon  
farmer!

TED

Um, are we talking about you or the  
brewery or the kids...?

JANIE

Yes!

TED

What do you mean, "things changed"?  
What changed?

JANIE

You know what I'm talking about.

TED

When my father died?

JANIE

Your father did the one thing you're  
not supposed to do in a family  
business - he pitted his sons against  
each other. And when he died, you and  
your brother almost destroyed the  
business and each other. So your  
brother left.

(MORE)

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JANIE (CONT'D)

That's put you in a bad mood and  
you've been in a bad mood ever since.

TED

Maybe, but it doesn't change the fact  
that the kids are --

JANIE

Ted, you don't know what the kids are.

TED

What the hell does that mean?

JANIE

Why is Lizzy your secretary?

TED

It's a good way to learn things.

JANIE

It's a good way to learn how to answer  
the phone. As nasty as she is, she's  
a very smart woman, and you are  
squandering her abilities.

TED

I'm not squandering her --

JANIE

'Cause let me tell you something Ted  
Forrest. You let the talents of an  
intelligent, creative woman go to  
waste like that and she can go a  
little nutsy koo-koo on you!

TED

Are we talking about Lizzy or you?

JANIE

Yes! (THEN) And the boys... Remember when they didn't get enough oxygen at birth, and we were worried that they might be a little stupid?

TED

Yeah...?

JANIE

We were right! But when it comes to their taste buds, they're gifted. Is it the gift I would have wished for? Not so much. A financial wiz and a heart surgeon might have been nice, but you play the hand you're dealt. Point is, they should not be on the factory floor operating heavy equipment. They should be in the lab tasting beer.

TED

I hear what you're saying, but I still think... I mean, there's no excuse for laziness or --

JANIE

There's nothing to say. Just care. \*

If you want your kids to be better,  
then show them how to be better!

Lead! Or don't, and let Burt buy us  
out. Just know that whatever you do,  
that's your legacy. The choice is  
yours, Ted.

TED

I love you, Janie. \*

JANIE

Ted, you don't have to -- \*

TED

I mean it. I really love you. (THEN) \*

You make me want to be a... slightly \*

less grumpy man. \*

JANIE

Okay, that's something. \*

TED

Wanna fool around? \*

JANIE

Really? It's been a while. I may be \*

a little rusty. \*

TED

It's okay. You'll just... make it \*

till you fake it. \*

JANIE

\*

I think you have that backwards.

\*

TED

\*

If only that were true.

\*

THEY HEAD OFF TO THEIR BEDROOM AS WE:

\*

FADE TO BLACK.

\*

ACT TWOSCENE L

INT. BURT'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING  
(Ted, Burt)

BURT IS AT HIS DESK. TED IS TALKING TO HIM.

BURT

What do you mean you re-hired the kids? I told you firing them was a condition of the deal.

TED

Then I guess we have no deal.

BURT

You're making a huge mistake, Ted. With all due respect, your kids are...

TED

What? Losers? Boneheads? Underachievers?

BURT

I was just going to say, "not that interested in beer", but if you want to go with boneheads...

TED

Yeah, they might be boneheads, but they're my boneheads, and you know what else? It's my fault they're that way.

BURT

I'm just saying, I don't know if they have what it takes...

TED

Well, you're wrong. They're very capable. They just need a good leader. And from now I'm going to be that leader.

BURT

Ted, I --

TED

This conversation is over. And I'd appreciate if you kept your opinions to yourself. There's nothing you can tell me about my kids that I don't know already.

BURT

Oh really, well Dr. Broder told me that Lizzy --

TED

Stop gossiping about my kids, Burt! How'd you like it if I gossiped about your kids?

BURT

You'd have nothing to say.

TED

Oh, wouldn't I? Because I happened to be at the high school for a baseball game last week when I overheard a group of students talking about the president of a local beer company whose son happens to be a homosexual! What do you think about that?

BURT

My son is married. To a woman.

TED

Burt Jr. got married?! I can't believe you didn't invite us to the wedding.

BURT

Mom said you'd never come.

TED

Well, she was wrong. I would've liked to have seen my nephew get married.  
(WITH FEELING) Because in spite of our differences, Burt, I've always been impressed with your children and had a great deal of respect for you as a husband and a father.

BURT TRIES TO ABSORB WHAT TED HAS JUST SAID. TED BREAKS INTO A HEARTY LAUGH.



TED (CONT'D)

You're right, it is hard to keep a  
straight face. See you around,  
brother.

TED EXITS AS WE:

END OF SHOW