

BREWS BROTHERS

Pilot

Written By

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CLOSE ON:

A beautiful unfiltered beer, as it's poured into a wizen glass at a perfect forty-five degree angle.

MAN (V.O.)

Beer... mankind at its best. A wise man said, "Beer makes you feel the way you ought to feel without beer." I couldn't agree more. First one's on the house.

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WE PULL OUT TO REVEAL we're in--

INT. RODMAN'S BREWING CO. - TAP ROOM

An old auto repair shop turned into a no frills tap room: a few tables and chairs, a dartboard and a bar with more beer handles than stools.

The voice belongs to an affable burly dude with a shaved head, **WILHELM** (late 20's, owner/brewmaster), who serves the beer to a MALE CUSTOMER (40).

MALE CUSTOMER

Actually, I was looking for the Accomodator.

WILHELM

The Accommodator? We brew nine different beers, my friend, from Belgian geuzes and saisons to Bavarian doppelbocks and stouts. But we don't have anything called the Accomodator.

MALE CUSTOMER

It's not a beer, it's a dildo.

WILHELM

Why does everyone think we're a porn shop?! This is a brewery.

*

He points to a sign above the taps that reads 'XXXtreme Rodman's, Van Nuys, CA'.

MALE CUSTOMER

It's Van Nuys and you spelled extreme with triple x's.

WILHELM

Rodman's my last name and my beer is extreme.

MALE CUSTOMER
 (takes a sip)
 It's good. What is it?

WILHELM
 One of my most drinkable ales. I
 call it the 'Rod Guzzler'.
 (realizing)
 Oh. Ohhh.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: **'BREWS BROTHERS'**

INT. TAP ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The bar is empty except for a couple CUSTOMERS at a table. A nearby waitress, **SARAH** (attractive with no effort and wise beyond her 25 years), hands them each a pint.

SARAH
 Here you go, two Weizenbocks.
 Anything else?

CUSTOMER #1
 (flirty)
 You can let us buy you one.

Sarah grabs their beers and downs them back-to-back at college fraternity speed.

CUSTOMER #2
 Whoa.

SARAH
 Time for another round.

Sarah walks over to the bar. She speaks to Wilhelm...

SARAH
 Two more Weizenbocks.

...who's not there.

SARAH
 Damn it.

She heads to the back of the bar, which flows right into the--

INT. BREWERY - CONTINUOUS

--complete with several casts and kegs, a large mash tun (where the grist is soaked and heated), a brew kettle and open and closed fermentation tanks.

Wilhelm's giving a tour to the customer from earlier, who's definitely been over-served.

MALE CUSTOMER

This beer is amazing. If you sold dildos and fetish wear like you advertised, you'd have a home run--
(reads name tag)
Wilhelm.

WILHELM

I'm seriously considering it; and by the way, it's Vilhelm. Real name's Will, but legally changed it to Wilhelm in honor of the Bavarian Duke responsible for the *Reinheitsgebot*.
(off his clueless look)
The Beer Purity Law of 1516.

SARAH

As opposed to the more recent German purity law of 1934.
(then)
Any chance you could serve some beer to actual paying customers up front?

WILHELM

You got it, Sarah. Right after he tries my lambic!
(to customer)
Lambics are traditional Belgian sours--

Frustrated, Sarah heads back to the tap room.

WILHELM

--I got one of the original recipes from these Trappist monks I lived with in Belgium. The Zenne Valley's got nothing on my wild yeasts. *Mein hefe ist sehr geil!* They're sick!

*

*

MALE CUSTOMER

You lived with monks?

WILHELM

Loved them to death, but they're a dirty, dirty bunch.

MALE CUSTOMER

Really?

WILHELM

Think what kind of stink-monster you'd be if you took impressing the other sex off the table.

(MORE)

WILHELM (cont'd)
 Their fraternity would be kicked
 off any campus.

CHUY(40's), Luis Guzman-type, rolls a keg nearby.

WILHELM
 Chuy! Meet...
 (looks at customer)
 ...this guy. Chuy's my handyman and
 apprentice. He used to work at the
 auto body shop next door, but was
 looking for a career change.

CHUY
 I like beer. Hey, boss, tonight I'm
 throwing a... tasting party for my
 soccer buds.
 (pats keg)
 Mind if I take home a little
 research? You said it was crap beer
 anyway.

WILHELM
 No, I said it was craft beer. This
 is a craft brewery.
 (then)
 Take whatever you want, but before
 you go, will you look at the
 bathroom sink? There's no water.

CHUY
 Already done. Put some hand
 sanitizer out. Only employees have
 to wash their hands and the sink in
 the back works so we're good.

As Chuy rolls out the keg--

WILHELM
 Great guy.

--Sarah crosses back in from the tap room.

SARAH
 Stop letting Chuy take booze!

WILHELM
 It's research. He's learning his
 craft. How do you think I learned?
 (finishes beer)
 Might have learned too much today.

SARAH
 You make great beer. You suck at
 everything else.

WILHELM

I found a good location.

SARAH

We're in shitty Van Nuys--

WILHELM

You take that back! Van Nuys is the most beautiful neighborhood in greater Los Angeles.

SARAH

Okay, we're in beautiful Van Nuys next to an auto body shop, a porn shop and an auto body shop that sells porn.

He pours himself another beer, scoops the head out of his glass and uses it to give himself a HEAD BEARD.

WILHELM

LeBron James or Abe Lincoln?

SARAH

(can't help but smile)
Colonel Sanders. You're lucky. Most of the time waitresses are trying to steal from you, I actually want to help.

WILHELM

Everything's gonna work out - that distributor's coming today. He likes our beer *wir sind prima!* We're golden, baby! Don't be a buzzkill.

SARAH

I see how much you drink. Nothing can kill your buzz. Even your dog is day drunk.

Angle on: a black Belgian Sheepdog as he wobbles over to a dog bowl attached to a small cask and tap.

WILHELM

Friar Lucas, don't let her talk to you like that. Go ahead, have another.

The dog noses the tap and a little beer pours into his bowl. He laps it up. Sarah lovingly pets Friar Lucas.

SARAH

At least your cute, Friar. Drunk but cute.

(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)
 (then, noticing)
 What the hell's this?

She gestures to a sign that reads "Take a Growler Leave a Growler", with an arrow pointing to the back door.

WILHELM
 My latest genius promotion.

He holds up a growler(64 ounce jug).

WILHELM
 You take a growler home with you,
 then you get another one for free
 next time you come back. It's gonna
 catch on like wildfire.

SARAH
 (points to the back alley,
 disgusted)
 I think it already has.

Through a window, WE SEE A HOMELESS MAN CROUCHED DOWN in the back alley doing his business.

WILHELM
 What?! No! Stop! Wrong kind of
 growler!! Wrong kind of growler!!!

EXT. BREWERY - BACK ALLEY - SECONDS LATER

Wilhelm runs up to the squatting homeless man.

WILHELM
 You can't do that here!

HOMELESS MAN
 (as he's pooping)
 Sign says I can. By the way, "Take
 a growler" and "Leave a growler"
 mean the same thing.

WILHELM
 Not for my kind of growlers. Get
 out of here.

As he approaches the man, he steps in something and grimaces.

HOMELESS MAN
 (grunts)
 See? I'm taking a growler here and
 this morning I left a growler
 there. Same thing!

INT. BREWERY/TAP ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wilhelm carries his shoes as he walks out the homeless man.

WILHELM

Look buddy, I'll make you a deal.
I'll give you my shoes, but you
can't take any more growlers here.

HOMELESS MAN

But can I leave a growler?

WILHELM

Raus jetzt!
(off blank look)
It means get outta here!

The homeless man leaves with the shoes. Wilhelm wipes off his hands when he hears a voice from the tap room.

MAN (O.S.)

...the hops are timid and there's a
meek earthiness vying for
attention...

It's **ADAM**(30). A wiry Williamsburg hipster-type with audacious facial hair and a gargantuan ego. He lectures Sarah and Chuy on the beer he's tasting. Adam spots a shocked Wilhelm out of the corner of his eye and proceeds.

ADAM

...I'm also sensing a delicate
bouquet of pine with citrus
notes... clementines...
(takes a sip)
No. Blood oranges. Most likely a
Tarocco varietal from Sicily.

CHUY

(to Sarah)
He's good.

ADAM

If the brewmaster remembered he was
making a beer instead of a fruit
juice, he might actually have
something.

(raises glass, to Wilhelm)
The beer, and its brewmaster,
smells like - as you would say...
scheisse. But lucky for you, I'm
here to help.

*
*

WILHELM

(suspicious)
Hi, Adam. Nice to see you, too.

CHUY
Who is this guy?

WILHELM
My brother.

Suddenly, Wilhelm sucker punches Adam.

CUT TO:

INT. WILHELM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Particle board dividers make a small room off the brewery. Bills and brewery notes are piled up on a desk supported by two kegs. Sarah and Chuy huddle up with Wilhelm.

CHUY
I didn't know you had a brother.

WILHELM
I haven't seen Oxy in a long time.

SARAH
Cute nickname. Unless it's short for Oxycontin... okay, it's not that cute.

CHUY
I can get you Oxy.

WILHELM
It's short for oxidation. Oxidation ruins beer and Adam ruins everything. We used to be so close...

CUT TO:

EXT. RODMAN FAMILY HOP FARM - FLASHBACK

Over the following we see an aerial view of rustic Yakima Valley Washington, followed by a **TEN YEAR OLD WILHELM** and a **TWELVE YEAR OLD ADAM** happily running through a hop yard.

WILHELM (V.O.)
Adam and I lived in a foster home in Seattle until we were adopted by some farmers in beautiful Yakima Valley. As you know, that's where seventy percent of American hops are grown.

SARAH (V.O.)
Nobody knows that and nobody cares. I'm actually angry that I know now.

WILHELM (V.O.)
Pipe down, I'm painting a picture.

INT. BARN - FLASHBACK

Young Wilhelm and Young Adam sneak into an abandoned barn. *
(Note: When the kids speak, we hear the adults' voices.) *

WILHELM (V.O.) *
Adam snuck me my first beer and I *
thought it was horrible. *

Young Adam pulls a can of beer out of his overalls and hands it to Wilhelm, who takes a swig and immediately spits it out.

WILHELM (V.O.) *
That's when he said-- *

Adam agrees, holds up the can with a fiery purpose. *

YOUNG ADAM (ADULT ADAM VOICE) *
(determined)
We can make it better.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. BARN - FLASHBACK - LATER

A group of **KIDS** with baseball gloves and a ball look around. *

BASEBALL KID
Aw man, where's our bat?

WE MOVE INTO THE BARN. As goats and chickens mill about, Young Wilhelm and Young Adam have set up a makeshift home brewery. Young Wilhelm uses a baseball bat to stir a kiddie pool filled with malted barley and hot water. Young Adam checks the temperature with a children's thermometer.

WILHELM (V.O.)
Everything was great. We were gonna
be the best beer-making duo ever...
until that one fateful beer
contest.

CUT TO:

EXT. YAKIMA VALLEY FAIRGROUNDS - FLASHBACK - LATER

A large banner reads "Yakima Valley Beer Contest". *

Adult contestants and judges look on as a **TEEN WILHELM** and a **TEEN ADAM** scream at each other at their tasting booth.

WILHELM (V.O.) *
Adam was like-- *

YOUNG ADAM (ADULT ADAM VOICE) *
My lambic's finally ready. We're *
using it. *

WILHELM (ADULT WILHELM VOICE) *
No! America's not ready for sours! *
Besides, this is an IPA contest! *

YOUNG ADAM (ADULT ADAM VOICE) *
We'll force them to be ready for *
sours! *

WILHELM (V.O.) *
So I gave in. *

SARAH (V.O.) *
And you didn't win? *

WILHELM (V.O.) *
No, we won. *

CUT TO:

EXT. YAKIMA VALLEY FAIRGROUNDS - FLASHBACK - A LITTLE LATER

A beaming Teen Wilhelm and Teen Adam are up on stage receiving their beer medals and ceramic pretzel from a judge.

WILHELM (V.O.) *
Even though we couldn't collect the *
prize money 'cause we were *
underage, we were thrilled. *
Until...

Teen Adam sniffs the air, he turns his attention to the winning beer. He picks up the cup suspiciously and gives it a taste. Suddenly, it's as if all the life was taken out of him. He stares daggers at his brother.

WILHELM (V.O.) *
Adam caught me. I switched beers *
and used mine when he wasn't *
looking. He was pissed-- *

YOUNG ADAM (ADULT ADAM VOICE) *
I will never work with you again. *
Traitor!! *

Teen Adam throws down his medal and sucker punches Teen Wilhelm.

They wrestle like only brothers can, getting tangled in the banner and taking it down with them. In the mayhem, a table gets overturned and A BEER FLIES INTO THE LENS.

WIPE TO:

INT. WILHELM'S OFFICE - BACK TO PRESENT

Wilhelm, Sarah and Chuy as they were.

CHUY

And now you're the one who loves making lambics.

SARAH

And the world's still not ready.

WILHELM

Even back then Adam couldn't give a damn about anyone's palate other than his own. I mean, he makes damn good beer-- it's just everything else that comes with it.

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*
*

SARAH

Well, we could use all the help we can get.

CHUY

You got me, boss.

SARAH

You haven't learned one thing since you got here except how to drink beer.

CHUY

(defensive)

Hey, I knew how to drink beer way before I met Wilhelm.

SARAH

And you don't fix anything! The sink's still broken--

(cutting Chuy off)

--I will hurt you if you say 'hand sanitizer'. And the toilet doesn't flush.

CHUY

It's fixed. You just have to put something in it. Like a shoe.

WILHELM

I have to put my shoe in the toilet every time I want it to flush?

CHUY
That's what I do.

SARAH
(turns back to Wilhelm)
Whatever you think about your
brother, we could really use the
help.

WILHELM
I don't know. *

SARAH *
You always say we're doing fine, *
but come on, there's barely any *
customers and on the Untappd app *
we're like the least popular *
brewery in LA. If he makes amazing *
beer, why not give him a shot? *

Wilhelm begrudgingly goes along.

WILHELM
(sighs)
Okay, but it's not gonna end well.

INT. TAP ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The trio's rejoined Adam at the bar, who's nursing his sucker-
punched face with an ice pack. *

WILHELM *
(takes a deep breath)
So... I talked it over with my team
and we decided to let you join us.
Under the following conditions--

ADAM
(interrupting)
I agree. First condition, you've
got to change the way you're
marketing this place.

SARAH
Thank you! That's exactly what we
need to do.

Adam starts walking around the room like he owns the place.

ADAM
Get rid of the dartboard and the
tables and chairs.

CHUY
Pool table and beer pong here we
come!

ADAM

I want an empty room. Where people can meditate about the beer. Customers can observe how I prepare the grist for the mash tun, and if I feel they've respected my process, I'll allow them to purchase a growler. Two if they can identify the type of barley I used.

SARAH

(to Wilhelm)

Oh God, he's worse than you.

WILHELM

If anything, we need to liven this place up! I want Rodman's to be the perfect hang.

ADAM

What you need is the perfect beer. Everything else is a waste of time. Although it wouldn't hurt if your crew made themselves more presentable.

(to Chuy)

Perhaps tuck in your shirt?

(to Sarah)

Put up your hair?

SARAH

Sure thing.

Sarah pulls up her hair REVEALING A MANGLED CAULIFLOWER EAR.

ADAM

(averts eyes, repulsed)

Ahh! Put it down, put it down! What happened to you?!

SARAH

It's just cauliflower ear.

WILHELM

Sarah used to be a professional MMA fighter.

SARAH

I had to retire after I got injured. My doctor said I have a twenty-five percent chance of dying if I get back in the cage.

ADAM

But if you work here you have a hundred percent chance of wasting your life.

She puts her hair back down as two FEMALE CUSTOMERS approach. *

FEMALE CUSTOMER
Could I get a Stella?

WILHELM
We only serve our own beer here,
but I'd be happy to find you
something just like it.

ADAM
You actually want to drink a
Stella? Stella is the least
original beer on the planet. And
that makes you the least original
person on the planet.
(kindly, to other customer)
And for you, the friend of this ape
in wedges, what can I get you my
dear?

FEMALE CUSTOMER #2
I don't know... do you have
something like a Bud Light? *
*

Adam snorts and spits out a loogie at the customer's feet.

ADAM
(re: loogie)
Lap that up. It'll taste better.

The frightened customers leave quickly.

WILHELM
Oxy strikes again.

SARAH
What are you doing?! *

ADAM
We're better off without them. They
don't even like beer. American
lagers are just flavored water.

WILHELM
You can't turn people away! Beer's
supposed to be about bringing
people together. This is exactly
why I didn't want you around. *
*
*

ADAM
Please, you need me.

WILHELM
NEIN! I never needed you! I did
everything on my own.
(MORE)

WILHELM (cont'd)

While you ran off to Oregon State
at fourteen to get your stupid beer
degree--

ADAM

(correcting)

Masters in agricultural chemistry
and zymurgy.

WILHELM

--I had to learn beer-making the
hard way. On the streets... and
outdoor plazas of Europe. Do you
know how many beer gardens I had to
drink my way through before
perfecting my craft?

ADAM

What craft is that exactly?
Sleeping in your own sick and
catching super gonorrhoea from a
youth hostel toilet seat?

WILHELM

So you do follow me on Instagram.

SARAH

Can you guys kiss and make up
already? It's gonna be hard enough
to keep this place afloat without
the fighting.

ADAM

Ha! I knew this Coachella outhouse
was in trouble. How bad is it?

WILHELM

We're fine. Business has never been
better. Right, Chuy?

CHUY

Yeah. We get a lot of foot traffic.
A ton of people coming into use the
ATM, and some people looking for
videos featuring A to M.

WILHELM

What Chuy means is we have a policy
of not turning customers away. We
serve everyone-- regardless of beer
preference, race or religion. It's
the German way!

SARAH

Oh, I don't think that's right.

Another PATRON walks up to the bar.

PATRON
I'll have whatever you recommend.

WILHELM
Excellent.
(pointedly to Adam, re:
patron)
Like I said, never better.
(to patron)
Let me pull my Rodman's Stiff Stout
for you.

Wilhelm quickly pours him a beer.

SARAH
And he still has no idea why people
are in here looking for dildos.

WILHELM
Here you go, sir.

PATRON
Thank you.
(takes a sip)
Now that's tasty. Are you Wilhelm
Rodman?

WILHELM
It's Vilhelm.

The patron hands Wilhelm a large envelope.

PATRON
I'm so sorry Vilhelm, my mistake.
Anyway, you're three months behind
on your rent. Pay up or you're
getting evicted.
(takes another sip)
This is really good.

ADAM
It's not. And I would have evicted
him sooner.
(to Wilhelm)
What's German for 'you're fucked'?

INT. TAP ROOM - LATER

*

Wilhelm enters from the back as Sarah and Chuy wipe down
tables.

*

WILHELM
Good thinking to close down early.
Don't need any distractions while I
come up with a game plan.

SARAH

We didn't close. There aren't any customers.

ADAM (O.S.)

It's a tragedy really...

Adam meticulously examines the beer taps and jots down notes in a leather journal.

ADAM

...that I won't even get a chance to use my brilliance to turn this place around.

WILHELM

We're not dead yet. When that distributor comes by, we've just got to wow him.

ADAM

Oh. Then you need me to create one of my masterpieces 'cause he'll think your beer is just the chemical used to clean out the keg lines.

WILHELM

There's no time. He'll be here soon. You can help me and Chuy pick out which of my beers to serve, but that's it.

(to Chuy)

Don't make the wort today. I just want to focus on blowing this guy away with the perfect flight. Got a favorite?

CHUY

You could run down to Angel City and grab a couple kegs.

ADAM

Well played, sir, well played. Now this is someone I can work with.

WILHELM

Who Chuy? He just got started.

ADAM

And yet he already knows a competitor's beer is better to consume than one of your hefe-*scheissens*.

WILHELM

That's not even real German.

*
*

ADAM
Neither are you-- Vilhelm.

Just then, we HEAR the sound of car crash.

EXT. BREWERY - MOMENTS LATER

Wilhelm and Adam walk out to find a beat-up food truck slammed into a parked car. The truck is emblazoned with the words 'KIDS MENU' and inside are **BECKY** and **ELVIS** (late 20's), a Steampunk-wearing, inseparable, organic foodie couple with strong anti-establishment convictions. Steam Powered Giraffe's 'Brass Goggles' blares from the stereo as they pop their heads out the order window like Siamese twins, wearing hairnets and matching chef shirts.

BECKY
Sorry about that.

ELVIS
It's hard to park when you're digitally stimulating each other.

WILHELM
What's up? This is my brother, Adam. Adam-- Becky and Elvis.

BECKY
You guys don't look like brothers at all.

WILHELM/ADAM
Danke./Thanks.

WILHELM
We are, but only cause we were adopted by the same family.

Becky and Elvis ring a bell inside the truck and finish each other's sentences as they yell to potential customers.

ELVIS
Kids Menu is open for business!

BECKY
Corn dogs, mac n' cheese, chicken fingers, you name it. All organic and locally sourced.

ADAM
And adults actually consume this?

ELVIS
Hell yeah. Everyone loves eating off the kids menu.

BECKY

But restaurants make it off limits
for grownups.

ELVIS

For us, nothing's off limits.

They kiss aggressively.

WILHELM

(uncomfortable)

Clearly. I don't know how you guys
do it. Work together, live
together, not share deodorant
together. Don't you ever get sick
of each other?

BECKY

Never.

ELVIS

It's been ten months and we haven't
spent more than an hour apart.

ADAM

What about when you go to the
bathroom?

BECKY

What about it?

Becky and Elvis turn around and walk back into the bowels of
the truck, revealing they're NAKED FROM THE WAIST DOWN.

WILHELM

I've got to get back to work. Adam,
you too, if you're working here.

Adam follows, but turns back to steal one more glance at
Becky. And for the first time we see him look at another
human being without disgust.

INT. TAP ROOM - LATER

The pub has a few CUSTOMERS. Adam sits at the bar, struggling
to keep silent as a customer chats with Wilhelm.

CUSTOMER

Can I get a lemon with my beer?

Wilhelm motions to Adam to keep quiet.

WILHELM

A lemon for your dark stout? Of
course, you can.

*

Adam's heard enough and picks up a whole lemon.

ADAM

Here. Open up your anus and--

Wilhelm sprays Adam with a water-spritzer, then plops in a lemon wedge with a smile. Just then, a man carrying a notepad, **COLE**, walks up to the bar.

COLE

Cole Harris, Valley Craft Distributors. Heard you're brewing some quality stuff here.

WILHELM

(shakes hand)
Wilhelm Rodman, Brewmaster.

ADAM

(can't help himself)
Adam Rodman. Head Brewmaster.

Adam forces his hand into Wilhelm and Cole's handshake, making it an awkward three-way handshake. They all pull away.

WILHELM

Beer runs in the family. Let me give you a tour.

COLE

I'd rather just get to the beer. *

WILHELM

Absolutely. Prepare to be dazzled.

As Wilhelm preps the beer flight, Cole sits down at the bar and opens his notebook. Adam sits next to him and pulls out a pen and his own notebook.

ADAM

What restaurants will be serving my beer selection?

COLE

I cover a ton of places, but I know The Local Peasant and Tippy Cow have an open tap for a local brew. *

Adam quickly jots down some notes.

ADAM

In these establishments, what kind of savory appetizers do they serve?

COLE

Uh... I'm a big fan of the short rib poutine and the other's got the best blue cheese fried olives--

ADAM

Hmmm... I'm afraid that's not going to work. *

Adam shakes his head as he takes more notes.

COLE

Wait a minute, are you interviewing me?

ADAM

If I'm going to allow you to serve my beer, you're going to have to make some changes.

WILHELM

(loud whisper)
Adam enough!!

ADAM

(sincere) *
What? I'm trying to help. My beer *
is exceptional. But who knows about
the restaurants? Anyone can fake a
Yelp review. Their food could be,
as Wilhelm would say, *scheisse*.
That's German for--

COLE

--I know what it is! I think we're done here.

As Cole storms out, Adam looks around the bar for the next interviewee.

ADAM

He was not very collaborative... *
(re: an uneasy Wilhelm) *
Relax, I'm sure the next *
distributor will be better. *

WILHELM

There isn't a next one! *

Wilhelm chases after Cole. Sarah forcefully grabs Adam by his shirt.

SARAH

(loud whisper, furious) *
I thought you were going to make
things better. I never should have
tracked you down!

ADAM

I never should have accepted your offer. You have anger issues. Have you thought about going back in to fighting? I like your odds.

*
*
*
*
*

Wilhelm pops his head back in.

WILHELM

Do you know where he parked?

*

SARAH

I'll find him.

*
*

Sarah runs out after Cole. Wilhelm approaches Adam.

WILHELM

What the hell, Oxy?! He was interviewing us!

ADAM

Hey, I'm protecting the brand.

WILHELM

No, you're messing up everything like you always do! Just get out.

ADAM

Gladly.

He starts to go, then stops.

WILHELM

What?

ADAM

(beat)

I have nowhere else to go.

WILHELM

You said you were killing it in Portland.

ADAM

I was... until I got in a fight with the local brewers.

WILHELM

They're like a hundred breweries there.

ADAM

Eighty-four. But most of them I don't consider true breweries since what they make tastes like the cadaver of a garbage man.

WILHELM

Did you tell them that?

ADAM

Yes. It was a beer expo. I had the mic. Things went poorly.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORTLAND PARK - DAY - FLASHBACK

A large banner reads "ZWICKELMANIA PORTLAND BEER FEST". Adam, mic in hand, lectures an endless sea of OREGON BREWERS and BEER LOVERS.

ADAM (V.O.)

I also had a disagreement with their loose definitions of 'stout' and the fact that they were letting IPAs into the competition.

WILHELM (V.O.)

People love IPAs.

ADAM (V.O.)

Well, I do not. People are wrong.

ADAM

(into mic)

IPAs are what people drink when they've run out of ideas or had none to begin with.

The crowd groans and Adam gets pelted with beer cups.

ADAM (V.O.)

So to protest how lax their guidelines were, I submitted a beer that had a hallucinogen in it.

(proudly)

Peyote Pale Ale.

WILHELM (V.O.)

You tried to drug them all?

ADAM (V.O.)

That's the difference between you and me, Will. You try, I succeed.

EXT. PORTLAND PARK - FLASHBACK - LATER

Psychedelic Shamanic music plays as the tripped-out Beer Festival crowd starts to take off their clothes. In their hallucinogenic state, they see Adam transform into a BUFFALO.

BUFFALO ADAM
 (smug)
 How's that for an IPA?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAP ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

Adam has that same smug look.

ADAM
 And that's why I can't legally brew
 in Portland anymore.
 (quieter)
 Or be in Portland.
 (even quieter)
 Or Oregon.

INT. WILHELM'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Wilhelm and Adam walk into a small bedroom connected to the brewery. Outside of a futon it looks more like a storage room for all things beer. Vines of hops hang from the ceiling like Christmas lights. A chair made out of six packs and bags of barley forming a makeshift beanbag round out the decor.

ADAM
 (smells vines)
 Columbus?

WILHELM
 Simcoe. From back home.
 (beat, then)
 I can't believe I'm saying this...
 I guess we can try working together
 again.

*
 *
 *
 *

ADAM
 (re: room)
 Thank you. And this place'll do.

*
 *

WILHELM
 What? No, this is my bedroom.

ADAM
 You live where you work. I respect
 your commitment. If I'm going to
 turn this place around, I'll have
 to live where I work, too.

WILHELM
 Get your own place.

*
 *

ADAM
It's not like we haven't lived in
the same room together.

*
*
*

WILHELM
But we were kids and--

*
*

Adam sits on the futon.

*

WILHELM
That's my bed.

*

He lays down on the bed and rests his eyes.

*

ADAM
Shh...

WILHELM
Seriously, I masturbate a lot.

ADAM
Oh, Wilhelm, it's just like you to
mistake quantity for quality.
You're the Coors Light of jacking
off. I, however, edge myself to
ecstasy for thirty days, till I
gush like a shaken bottle-
conditioned saison. For the record,
this is Day Nine. Fermentation is
just beginning.

WILHELM
Great, you've even ruined
masturbating for me.

Sarah and Chuy barge in.

SARAH
You're welcome. I convinced that
distributor guy to come back in a
couple weeks on two conditions.
(points to Adam)
He's not allowed to talk. And I
promised you'd make a new beer for
him.

WILHELM
Thanks, you're a savior.

Adam slowly opens his eyes and gets up over the following:

ADAM
What to brew, what to brew...
lagers take too long, not that I've
made one since I was in diapers.
Perhaps a *rauch* porter.

As Wilhelm and Adam excitedly go back and forth, we follow them into the--

INT. BREWERY

--as they continue debating.

WILHELM
Smoked ale is too risky. A märzen?

ADAM
This time of year?

WILHELM
You're right. Let's use some of these dank hops and make something everyone's into like a hazy IPA. *

ADAM
That's exactly why we shouldn't brew one! *

CHUY
I miss the days when people drank beer to get drunk.

ADAM
Fine. I'll make something hoppy.
(groans)
I've been in LA for a day and I'm already selling out.

WILHELM
Hold up. I'm used to making them. I should do it.

Adam gets in Wilhelm's face even though he's a foot shorter.

ADAM
You? You really think you can brew a better batch, Wilhelm the Lessor?

WILHELM
Don't you look up your nose at me. Absolutely.

ADAM
Just like the time you thought you could milk a goat faster?

WILHELM
Mine was male and I still almost beat you!

ADAM

You certainly squeezed out a couple ounces of something.

WILHELM

It's on. May the best beer win.

INT. BREWERY - LATER

As the two beer gurus get to work, WE INTERCUT WITH SHOTS OF BEER PRODUCTION. It's like a *Beer Chef's Table*.

--a rush of water as it cleans the tubes attached to the large steel lauter tun.

--the malting process where barley is soaked in water.

--*THE BLACK KEYS' LO/HI* (Wilhelm's theme) blasts as Wilhelm *
downs a beer and gets to work. (Note: Wilhelm's theme will *
play in the background of his beer-making scenes.) He picks *
up some grist, smells it, then tosses it in the mash tun. He *
picks up some more grist, tosses it and misses the mash tun *
completely. As he scoops up the grist from the floor and *
drops it in... *

--*MOZART'S VIOLIN CONCERTO NO. 3* (Adam's theme) plays as Adam *
delicately unrolls a velvet jewelry felt, revealing several *
small vials of herbs and essences. He opens a vial, inhales *
the aroma, then jots down some notes in his leather journal *
as Sarah and Chuy observe nearby. (Note: Adam's theme will *
play during his beer-making scenes.) *

SARAH

They're so different... and yet, so *
stupidly similar. It's like they *
have Asperger's for beer. *

CHUY

Beers-pergers.

TIME LAPSE:

--the barley as it germinates in large vats.

--kilning, where the green malt dries in a separate vessel.

DISSOLVE TO: *

INT. BREWERY - LATER

CLOSE ON: a small cup of beer as it's poured into FRIAR LUCAS' DOG BOWL. Wilhelm lies on the floor next to Friar Lucas, who sniffs the bowl then turns down the drink.

WILHELM
You're right. We can do better.

INT. BREWERY - LATER

Sarah finds Adam near the kilning vessel weeding through the dried green malt and tasting some.

SARAH
How'd you guys get so into this?
Your parents must have been drunks.

Adam offers her some malt. She passes.

ADAM
Hardly. Mother and Father were holy
rollers. They never drank. We just
grew and sold hops to the sinners.
Everything was a sin. Dancing.
Baseball. TV... except for Jay
Leno.
(thinks, then chuckles)
Jay-walking.

He jots down some more notes in his journal.

SARAH
Do you have any other hobbies?

ADAM
You mean like collecting steins?

INT. WILHELM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam lies on the futon while Wilhelm uncomfortably lies on
the bags of barley beanbag. *

ADAM
Day Fifteen.
(to crotch)
Down, boy. You're only halfway. *

INT. BREWERY - LATER

Sarah stands near Adam, who's carefully weighing hops on a
brewing scale. Chuy's in the background watching a soccer
game on his phone while hosing down the lauter tun.

ADAM
Chuy, to cut the hoppiness, I'd
like to use burnt tobacco leaf and
the Malagasy dung beetle from
Madagascar.

CHUY

I've got a couple cigarillos in my truck and a DVD of *Madagascar 2*.

ADAM

What a horrible idea. And I bet you suggested it to snap me out of creating something so mundane. Genius! Instead... we'll use squid ink! Thank you for saving me from myself.

(then, curious, to Sarah)

Any idea what failure he's making?

INT. BREWERY - LATER

Wilhelm is at a kettle holding a large bucket of hops and using the **same baseball bat from the earlier barn flashback** to stir his brew. Sarah makes her way over to him, sporting a full HEAD BEARD. *

SARAH

(re: head beard)

Now this is LeBron. Your turn. *

WILHELM

Sorry, can't right now. *

SARAH

Never seen you like this. Keep it up. *

Wilhelm puts the bat down and tosses a handful of hops into the kettle. A beat, then he dumps in the rest. *

WILHELM

Don't judge me. *

SARAH

I'm not. Your brother's technique is just... different.

Wilhelm picks up his baseball bat and goes back to stirring. *

WILHELM

It's how the monks taught me. We do everything by feel mixed in with some centuries old recipes. *

The bat slips out of his hands and disappears into the full vessel. *

SARAH

(re: bat)

Is that part of the recipe? *

Without missing a beat, he grabs another bat nearby and keeps stirring. *

WILHELM *

Okay, this batch is all by feel. *

(sotto, curious) *

What's Adam brewing? Is he really making an IPA?

INT. BREWERY - LATER *

Adam takes a sip of beer from a small sampler glass then jots down some notes in his journal. Chuy crosses by. *

CHUY *

I'm hungry. *

ADAM *

Yes, I too have that fire. That irrepressible urge to make the perfect beer. It's good to find a kindred spirit, Chuy. *

Angle on: Chuy, scrounging around for something to eat. He finds a half-eaten bag of chips on a shelf and devours them. *

INT. WILHELM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam rests on the futon while Wilhelm unsuccessfully attempts to sleep on the makeshift beanbag. *

ADAM

Day Twenty-six. The cask is almost ready.

WILHELM

For God's sake, finish already.

ADAM *

Patience, Will. But I wouldn't make any sudden movements. If this futon jiggles even in the slightest, it'll be like Pompeii in here. *

INT. BREWERY - LATER

The brothers survey their adjoining open fermentation tanks. The ale yeast makes a thick pillowy foam (called a kräusen) at the top of each vessel.

ADAM

(scoffs)

You call that a kräusen? You sure you're not making a lager?

WILHELM

Quit looking over here, Oxy! It's
my batch.

*

Wilhelm grabs a handful of foam and flings it at Adam's face.

ADAM

I'm not looking. I'm blinded by the
stench. If I were you, I'd start
milling again, this batch is
ruined.

Adam retaliates, flinging more foam, which hits both Wilhelm
and Sarah in the face.

Frustrated, Wilhelm lunges at Adam. They wrestle like they
did when they were teens over the following:

WILHELM

I know what I'm doing!

ADAM

That's been disproven again and
again.

They roll around until Wilhelm gets the upper hand and
straddles Adam.

Angle on: Sarah and Chuy watching.

*

CHUY

My money's on the tiny one. He's
feisty.

SARAH

(re: fighting)

Ooh, not a bad Knee Slicer. Follow
that up with a Peruvian Necktie and
he'll have to tap out.

Back on: the brothers wrestling.

WILHELM

You're just nervous 'cause you know
my beer's gonna be better.

ADAM

Never!

Adam yanks out a tube connected to one of the tanks and
SPRAYS BEER AT WILHELM'S FACE, allowing him to escape and
switch positions. Now Adam strangles Wilhelm.

ADAM

Give up?

WILHELM
 (as he's being choked)
 NEIN! Friar Lucas! Attack!

Friar Lucas hustles over and furiously humps Adam's leg.

ADAM
 Friar Lucas, no! I'm very sensitive
 right now.

SARAH
 (re: humping)
 He gets this way after he's had a
 few.

Adam tries to peel Friar Lucas off him, then groans, stiffens
 and finally relaxes.

ADAM
 And we're back to Day One.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BREWERY - DAYS LATER

At a picnic table Becky and Elvis serve Adam and Wilhelm food
 in exchange for a growler. Friar Lucas is nearby.

ELVIS
 Good luck with the distributor
 today.

ADAM
 (flirty)
 I am loving the chicken fingers...
 (oddly pronouncing)
 Rebecc-kay.

BECKY
 It's Becky. Glad you like'em. Free
 range and cruelty free always
 tastes better. Elvis and I cut her
 head off first thing this morning.

WILHELM
 (re: chicken fingers)
 I'm done. Here you go, Friar.

As Becky and Elvis head back to their truck holding hands,
 Wilhelm feeds the chicken fingers to his dog.

WILHELM
 That doesn't bother you?

ADAM
I'm sure she decapitated it in the
most enchanting way.

Adam checks out Becky as she goes.

WILHELM
(realizes)
Moron. You've got zero chance with
Becky. She and Elvis are like one
person. *

ADAM
Ah, Will. I wouldn't expect you to
understand chemistry. Unless
somehow you managed to get a PHD
and masters.

Adam saunters over to Becky who's now grinding against Elvis
as they aggressively make out against the side of the truck.

ADAM
Could I have a little more barbecue
sauce?

Without taking her mouth off Elvis she hands him a packet.

ADAM
(winks)
Thank you, my dear.

Adam holds up the sauce packet to Wilhelm, feeling pretty
good about himself.

ADAM
Chemistry... She almost smells of
sex.

WILHELM
That's cause she's in the middle of
having it with her boyfriend.

Sarah calls them back to the bar.

SARAH
The distributor's on his way!

INT. TAP ROOM - LATER

WE FOLLOW BEER as it makes its way through various pumps and
hoses and into a tap at the bar.

Cole, the distributor from earlier, sits at the bar with two
half pints in front of him. The beers are similar in color.
Wilhelm, Adam, Sarah and Chuy anxiously look on.

WILHELM

Two brand new IPAs to choose from
and zero questions about the menu
from my brother.

COLE

Let's keep it that way.

Cole takes a sip from the first glass. Then he takes a sip of
the other beer. He takes a sip of the first beer again. CLOSE
ON: a nervous Wilhelm, Adam, Sarah and Chuy, who suddenly
SCREAMS.

REVEAL: Chuy's watching a soccer game on his phone.

CHUY

GOOOAAAAL! Chivas scores!!

A beat then:

COLE

(re: second beer)

This one's great.

(re: first beer)

But this one's even better. I love
it!

Wilhelm hugs Chuy and Sarah then turns to Adam.

WILHELM

Congrats. It was your beer.

ADAM

Of course, it was.

Adam grabs a glass of the winning beer. Just like the contest
when they were teens, he suspiciously takes a sip and
grimaces.

ADAM

(concerned)

This isn't mine.

Wilhelm pretends to celebrate with Adam, but really strong-
arms him off to the side.

WILHELM

I know it's not your beer. I
switched them at the last second so
you wouldn't lose your shit when my
beer won.

ADAM

Oh no.

WILHELM

Don't mess this up for me. You promised you wouldn't say anything.

ADAM

We have a bigger problem.

(sotto)

I pissed in your beer.

WILHELM

What the hell would you do that for?!

ADAM

Please. Your "beer" was piss-water anyway. I just made the metaphor reality.

WILHELM

Bullshit! You pissed in it to ruin it 'cause you knew it was better!

Angle on: Cole as he takes another sip of the 'winning' beer.

COLE

It's so good! I want to get it in as many restaurants as possible. Let's start with six kegs!

Wilhelm and Adam give him an enthusiastic thumbs up as Cole downs the rest of his beer.

WILHELM

How are we going to do this?

ADAM

I don't know. You're an imbecile and I don't have that much piss.

Off Wilhelm and Adam's conundrum, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW