

"Always do sober what you said you'd do drunk. That will teach you to keep your mouth shut." -Ernest Hemingway

FADE IN:

We are watching an old black-and-white newsreel film. Along with the scratches, trapped hairs and jittery frames, we see the words, "The History of Beer," followed by a traditional sounding narrator.

NARRATOR

In the year 1620, a group of 102 Pilgrims boarded a ship called the Mayflower in a quest to form a new colony.

The Mayflower sails across the ocean. On the ship, we see Pilgrims dancing, eating and drinking beer out of wooden mugs.

One Pilgrim falls near the edge of the ship while others rush to his aid and pat him on the back.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Soon, the journey began to take a toll on its passengers. Time was running out...and so was the beer.

The Mayflower pulls into Plymouth Rock. A few Pilgrims stumble off. One of the first things they remove is a barrel of beer.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Upon close inspection of the Mayflower's log, it is revealed that the Pilgrims quickly chose Plymouth Rock as not to waste any more beer looking for another spot.

A loud belch is heard as we fade into the countryside of England.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

In medieval England times, beer was commonly served with breakfast.

We are shown the kitchen of an English family. A mother and father are seated at the ends of the table, with a son and daughter in between.

They are eating eggs and toast and each have a sparkling glass of beer to wash it down.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
And before 1850, beer wasn't sold  
in bottles.

A townsman hands the bartender a bucket, who begins to fill  
it with beer.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
If you wanted take-out, you had to  
bring a bucket or pot to the local  
tavern, have it filled and  
carefully walk it home.

Outside the bar, the townsman struggles to keep the  
overflowed bucket from spilling beer onto the sidewalk.

Suddenly, from out of an alley, a thief runs out and snatches  
the bucket.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
But the most important moment in  
beer history happened when a young  
Lance Logger visited the famous  
Schmitz Beer Brewery at the age of  
seven.

As we see the outside of the brewery, the black-and-white  
newsreel breaks and color returns to the screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHMITZ BEER BREWERY - DAY

It is a beautiful summer day. The parking lot is full and a  
long line of people wait to get inside the building.

INT. SCHMITZ BEER BREWERY - DAY

Seven-year-old LANCE LOGGER is carried on the shoulders of  
his father, the disheveled and beer-bellied LESTER LOGGER.

They are on a tour of the brewery with about ten other  
people.

We can barely hear the guide as Lester seems to be giving his  
son his own tour.

Lester points to one of the many huge vats of beer.

LESTER  
This is where the magic happens.

LANCE  
Can you swim in the beer Daddy?

LESTER  
If nobody was watching, I'd go for  
a dip. That right there is a hot  
tub from heaven.

Lance climbs down from Lester's shoulders as he laughs.

LESTER (CONT'D)  
I'm getting thirsty just thinking  
about it.

Lester rubs his beer gut as Lance peers over the ledge.

Lance stares at the vat of beer, entranced by its golden  
bubbles. It's almost as if the beer calls out his name.

BEER  
Lance...Lance...Lance...

Lance checks to see if anyone is looking. His father switches  
his attention to the tour guide. Would anyone notice if...

LANCE  
Cannonball!

Lester and the rest of the tour look over, but it is too  
late. They are all splashed with beer from Lance's sudden  
jump into the vat.

Lester licks the foam from around his mouth, then suddenly  
realizes that Lance has jumped into the pool of beer.

LESTER  
Lance!

Within seconds, an alarm is sounded. Lester and the rest of  
the tourists surround the railing.

Lance flops around in the suds of beer. He swallows a  
mouthful. His arms flail as he sinks to the bottom of the  
vat.

LESTER (CONT'D)  
Lance! I'm coming in!

Lester holds his nose and struggles to get his huge body over  
the railing. The tour guide tries to stop him, but fails.

As Lester falls into the vat, the tourists back up. The  
splash is enormous.

Just as Lester enters the vat, a team of security officers rush the area. An inner tube with the Schmitz logo is thrown into the vat.

Lance twitches and kicks his legs. Bubbles cling to his body and absorb into his skin. The suds of beer violently swarm him like a bad chemical reaction.

Lance's skin turns a tint of yellow. His eyes and mouth are wide open.

Steam rises from the vat.

Lester swims to the bottom and pulls Lance to the top. Two security guards jump in and assist in the rescue.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Lance lies unconscious on a bed. Various tubes are hooked into his arm. His mother, MARY, joins Lester by his side.

A fifty-year-old man, SEYMOUR SCHMITZ, stands by the bed.

SEYMOUR

I feel terrible. Nothing like this has ever happened at my brewery. My thoughts and prayers are with him.

Lance slowly opens his mouth real wide. Lester begins to notice and stands up toward the bed.

LESTER

Lance?

Lance's mouth stays wide open.

LESTER (CONT'D)

Mary! Look!

Mary takes notice and joins Lester at the bedside. She puts her arm around her husband, then suddenly...

Lance lets out a raw, piercing beer belch. Lester is shocked and taken aback. Mary waves her hand to clear the air.

Seymour Schmitz smiles ear to ear.

LESTER (CONT'D)

He's okay!

They hug and cry.

A NURSE hears the commotion and rushes in.

NURSE

I could hear that one all the way  
down the hall!

Lance opens his eyes.