

COCKTALES

Alternate Title: SHIFT DRINK

Written by

KT Walsh

COLD OPEN

EXT. WOODS OF KENTUCKY - DAY

A primitive HILLBILLY with a giant beard, dressed in shabby clothes stands around a tree stump. On the stump are a mixing tin, whiskey bottle, sugar bag, and a bottle of bitters. He grunts and spits, fingering the items. Hesitantly, he picks up the tin.

As Strauss' "*Also sprach Zarathustra*" plays in syncopation to the whiskey pour, then sugar, a dash of bitters, and stirring with a bar spoon. He lifts the tin to his lips. He sips, then smiles revealing several missing teeth.

He begins doing a jig as the music crescendos then fading into a banjo remix of "Cottoneye Joe."

OPENING CREDITS - (Alternate title: COCKTALES)

INT. BAR - NIGHT

HOST stands behind the bar. The episode's cast saddles up on the bar stools. The Host introduces the drink, the ingredients, and the sponsored spirit. This improv based segment is called: BAR BANTER

EXAMPLE:

THE HOST

This cocktail is very simple, base spirit, sugar, bitters, and citrus peel.

CAST MEMBER 1

Can you make mine sugar free?

THE HOST

No.

CAST MEMBER 2

Can you make it with rum, with tequila, with orange juice, with heroine, with diet Coke, with hot coco mix...

THE HOST

Traditionally, you make it with bourbon whiskey, or rye. I like Buffalo Trace Bourbon.

CAST MEMBER 1

Will I feel like a Buffalo after
drinking one?

THE HOST

Maybe after drinking three.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Camera enters the door reading 'Barbra Powers: Lady Journalist'. The sharp contrasting shadows cut through a smoke-filled room, ala film noir. BARBRA (30's) stands looking through Venetian blinds. She takes a long drag from her cigarette. She has a powerful stature with a lusty, coarse voice.

BARBRA (V.O.)

My drink was out there. I could feel it poking me like the cheap lining of penny store panty-hose. It been weeks since I got a good lead on the creator of the old-fashioned.

Barbra pulls down the blinds to look out into the street, then turns around.

BARBRA (V.O.)

Maybe this trail has gone cold, or should I say, watered down. This drink had seen more tweaks and face lifts than a Hollywood Hasbeen.

Barbra take a drag. From her desk she grabs an open file dossier. Pondering the file, she takes a sip of an Old Fashioned.

BARBRA (V.O.)

My heads swimming. I've gotta stop testing every whiskey cocktail I come across or I'm liable to be fitted for a pine box. I know they don't have my color.

Barbra flips through her rolodex. She dials a number on her rotary phone.

BARBRA

(on the phone)

Hello? I need to make an appointment right away.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

We follow Barbra as she walks down the hallway. The click clack of her heels keeps time.

BARBRA (V.O.)

I was frantic to find an answer.
I've always trusted the work of a
good sleuth. It was the only way I
could find him. I needed answers
and I needed them now.

Barbra approaches the office door. The silhouette of a man in a hat, smoking covers the window. Barbara freezes.

BARBRA V.O.

Of course I was frightened. I
didn't want to be found out. It's
not very ladylike to go to these
extremes. Perhaps I can start over
upstate after I find what I'm
looking for.

The man's silhouette moves out of the window, the words on the door become clear; Rye Guy P.I. Barbra enters.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

RYE GUY P.I. (40s) sips from a rocks glass and ponders. Barbra sits straight up and wide-eyed across his desk waiting for a reply.

BARBRA

So what-da-ya say? Can you help me,
Rye Guy?

RYE GUY

So you say you lost him, eh?

He gets up, paces the room.

BARBRA

Yes, I've followed him on my own
from three bars. But the trail's
gone cold. I'll pay whatever you
ask.

RYE GUY

So you followed him from bar to
bar, from city to city and you
don't know the recipe yourself?

BARBRA

Not very ladylike, wouldn't you say?

RYE GUY

I say this case is a broken abacus, it just doesn't add up. He added the lemon peel and you watched him stir the whole thing, the sugar, and bitters. It's the base spirit you're after. Was it Bourbon or Rye?

BARBRA

Damn you, I don't know! He kept me guessing. His jug labeled XXX.

RYE GUY

Certainly you, a seasoned drinker, could tell the difference between a bourbon and a rye.

BARBRA

It's not the spirit. Don't you see??? It's his technique!

RYE GUY

Calm down! Remember all the details. Think back. Close your eyes.

Rye steps behind Barbra and caresses her cheek. She closes her eyes and stumbles a bit. He steadies her, then leans in to talk softly in her ear.

RYE GUY (CONT'D)

He's there behind the bar. After his spoon makes the final swirl around the mixing glass he pours the stiff one over a big block of ice and hands it to you with a smile. The glass feels heavy in your hand and the moment it reaches your lips you feel the liquor dance on your tongue.

Barbra smiles at the thought, completely indulged in the moment.

RYE GUY (CONT'D)

Now think for me, does it have a vanilla, cooking spices, caramel notes? Or is it dryer, spicier?

BARBRA
It's smooth.

RYE GUY
Bourbon?

BARBRA
Rye

RYE GUY
Rye then!

BARBRA
Bourbon

RYE GUY
But you said Rye.

BARBRA
It was Bourbon! It was Rye!

RYE GUY
Get it together woman!

BARBRA
Bourbon!

BARBRA (CONT'D)

Rye!

BARBRA (CONT'D)
Bourbon!

Rye stunned at her display.

BARBRA (CONT'D)
It was a rye that drank like a
bourbon. I need to know what it
was.

Barbra tugs on Rye's lapels pulling him close.

BARBRA (CONT'D)
Some sick twisted man made me a
drink I'll never forget.

RYE GUY
Forget about it Barbara, it's
Chinatown.

BARBRA

What?

EXT. POOLSIDE 70'S PARTY - DAY

BUNNY ROGERS (20s) in a tiny bikini, climbs out of the pool. She dabs herself with towel, she walks over to a small bar cart. On a lounge chair next to the cart is RANDY GLAZE (20s), decked in a perm and mustache combo, he smiles at Bunny.

RANDY

Hey there groovy chick, I'm in the mood for something refreshing. Think you can help a dude out?

BUNNY

Sure thing stud. Tell me what you really want.

RANDY

You know, it's been a long time but, I have a jonesing for an old fashioned.

BUNNY

You're in luck cowboy. Every guy I've ever met says I've given the best old fashioned of their lives.

RANDY

Far out! What's your secret?

BUNNY

I don't mind getting really sticky.

Randy pauses and raises his eyebrow at BUNNY.

MONTAGE: Suggestive shots. Oranges being sliced, cherries being de-stemmed, pineapples being cut up. A rather graphic muddling with a flesh colored mortar, etc.

Finally, Bunny catches her breath, wipes fruit pulp off her cheek. She hands Randy a gigantic punch bowl adorned with pineapple sphere, cherry, orange and parasol. Mortified and disappointed, Randy stops in his tracks.

RANDY

But Bunny, you can't muddle fruit in an Old Fashioned, can you?

BUNNY

Relax, Randy, its the 70's, lots of
people are putting fruit in places
they don't belong.

RANDY tries feebly to drink from the side of the bowl.

EXT. PARK - DAY

LEON (Late 70's), old and crusty with a permanent scowl on
his face, sits on a park bench. Next to him is sleepy old
WALT (Late 70's).

LEON

Old Fashioned?
(Haggard chuckle)
Back in the day it was a real
whiskey drink! Now you get a tiny
thimble filled with fruit! Ya call
it an 'OLD fashioned?' You know
what else is old fashioned? Not
sleeping with a guy on the first
date! I saw the news. They start
thumbing the timber app. In my day
the wood had to wait.

Leon tugs at Walt's sleeve and gestures towards the ground to
punctuate his point.

WALT

Get a gal who can keep quiet. . .

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BAR - NIGHT (BAR BANTER CONT.)

Behind the bar, The Host stirs Old Fashioneds for the Cast Members. Improv Scene.

EXAMPLE:

The Host
Everyone can agree, you never shake
an Old Fashioned.

CAST MEMBER 1
Like a baby.

The Host
Exactly. Never shake a baby either.

CAST MEMBER 1
But can I stir my baby?

The entire group thinks on this for a moment, then nods together in agreement.

INT. BAR - DAY

E.J. Pepper (Late 30's) a southern man of considerable sensibilities and meticulous grooming, stands behind a whiskey bar in a white suit.

E.J.
Friends, today I have the distinct
pleasure of mixing you a whiskey
cocktail.

E.J. pulls out a mixing glass, with a bar spoon and a julep spoon. He then grabs a short stemmed wine glass and checks it in the light.

E.J. (CONT'D)
Whether in solitude on the veranda
or palavering at the governor's
ball, this is a perfect companion.

Setting aside the wine glass, E.J. lines up his ingredients: a whiskey bottle, sugar, bitters, and lemon.

E.J. (CONT'D)
 Start by taking out your mixing
 glass, adding sugar. It don't
 matter the color, just want that
 sweetness.

He grabs a spoonful of sugar and plunks it into the mixing
 glass.

E.J. (CONT'D)
 Soak that devil in bitters.

Grabbing the bottle of bitters, we see the sugar soaking up
 the liquid.

E.J. (CONT'D)
 Add a dash of water to loosen it
 up.

Pouring from a small pitcher, the water is added.

E.J. (CONT'D)
 A 'whine glass' worth of whiskey.
 Today I'm using Buffalo Trace.

E.J. shows the bottle, measures and pours the spirit.

E.J. (CONT'D)
 I find it ill breeding to indulge
 in more than two and a quarter
 ounces. Add in cracked ice, stir
 30-40 seconds.

Ice is added to the mixing glass, E.J. takes his spoon and
 stirs the drink around, whistling 'dixie' as he works.

E.J. (CONT'D)
 Now grab your Julep spoon. Strain
 over fresh ice.

Adding a Julep spoon to the front of the mixing glass, E.J.
 brings the stemmed glass to the front, and strains into the
 wine glass.

E.J. (CONT'D)
 Express two inches lemon peel over
 the cup. I don't often express
 myself so you will excuse me while
 I enjoy this immensely.

Grabbing the lemon and a peeler. E.J. shaves a two inch
 peel, pinches it over the glass, rims it, and drops it in.

E.J. (CONT'D)
I like to coat the rim before I
drop it in. Sip and enjoy. For
now, I am Colonel E.J. Pepper. May
your evening's be long.

E.J. gestures a toast and takes a sip.

INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

Shots of bars, drinks, shaking tins moving, etc.

V.O. ANNOUNCER
Do these three have what it takes
to be a mover and shaker behind the
bar? America's second oldest
profession is about to get a
newcomer. We'll find out who on
'AMERICA'S NEXT TOP BARTENDER!'

Flash graphic of AMERICA'S NEXT TOP BARTENDER. GUY SWIZZLE
(40s) walks on stage wearing an open collar, a fake tan, and
a permanent bright smile.

GUY
Hello America! Tonight one of these
lucky contestants wins a job behind
the bar. But first, they will be
put to the test. Will these
crafters stay cool or will they
meltdown?

Audience claps and cheers.

GUY (CONT'D)
Let's meet the trio. From Phoenix,
Arizona a recent graduate with a
Masters in Ecology, it's Lois
Buecker.

LOIS BUECKER (late 20s) comes out from stage right. Dressed
in a shirt that says "Are there any Otter questions?" with
an image of an otter wearing glasses. She gives a reluctant
wave to the crowd before stopping behind the right side of a
long bar.

LOIS
May I take your order please?

GUY
Residing in Santa Barbara, CA. He's

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)
 an aspiring 'Lucha' and drywaller,
 please welcome Juan Carlos Matija.

JUAN CARLOS (20s) comes from stage right in a bedazzled singlet, and a Lucha Libre mask. He hails the crowd with both arms raised up. Taking center position behind the long bar he points at Guy.

JUAN CARLOS
 Thank you for this opportunity.
 I'm gonna work really hard.

GUY
 We will see about that my Mexican friend. Finally, a stay at home mother of five, and the #3 contributor to Pintrest's Craft Cocktail Board, give it up for Emily Reesman.

EMILY (30s) strolls out of stage right gazing at her Ipad mini, decked out in workout clothes (fashionable fitness).

EMILY
 We gotta finish this up by 2.
 Mikey has a eye doctor appointment at 2:45 and Becky has her Oboe lesson right after so, (CLAPPING HANDS) What-da-you'll-have?

GUY
 Charming! Each of these contestants will get the chance to be
 (crowd joins in)
 AMERICA'S NEXT TOP BARTENDER!

Guy walks over to the contestants.

GUY (CONT'D)
 Contestants, today's drink is an Old Fashioned. Each of you must complete your drinks to your patron's specifications. Make it just the way they like it. Let's meet our picky patrons!

Shuffling out of stage left are three PATRONS, A college sophomore, a cougar in a cocktail dress, and a disheveled craggy old man.

GUY (CONT'D)

First up, Lois will be paired up with Valerie, a Martini guzzling divorcee and mother --if you can believe it. She's going to be a handful. Maybe a couple of handfuls.

VALERIE (50s) crosses to the other side of Lois, bends at the hips and pushes out her ample chest.

GUY (CONT'D)

For Juan Carlos we have Willy Lambert, retired from the Navy in 61' but never left the habits. He is surely the surliest, saltiest seamen in studio.

WILLY (60s) gives a stumbling salute and almost falls down.

GUY (CONT'D)

Over to JC there Willy if you could.

Finally coming to, Willy walks over to Juan Carlos and grips the bar for dear life.

WILLY

You aren't that Filipino who tried to sell me his sister, are you?

GUY

Finally for Emily it's Kody Barra, a sophomore from Clemson who enjoys 'chillin' in the sun all day and dancing with the hotties all night.'

KODY (21) get's excited and strikes the Usain Bolt pose then dances his way over to Emily.

GUY (CONT'D)

Let's get three Minutes on the clock. Bartenders, flip your jiggers. Customers, fire your orders!

Valerie steps up.

VALERIE

You know what I'm in the mood for? An old fashioned, just like Daddy used to drink.

LOIS

Bear with me here, I just need to measure the environmental impact from this drink's waste.

Willy and Juan Carlos.

WILLY

Make mine with Tequila, I'm going to a domino club and I need something to help translate all that spanish heeby geeby.

Kody and Emily.

KODY

Gimme a Vodka and something.

EMILY

There's no vodka in an old fashioned.

KODY

Don't kill my vibe, just get me vodka and something.

Willy and Juan Carlos.

JUAN CARLOS

It's not hard to learn Spanish. Much harder to learn English.

WILLY

I know God's English and the language of love. Good enough (hiccups) for me.

GUY

You can already see some contestants handling the orders and charming their picky patrons. Emily seems to be struggling a bit with her customer service.

Emily and Kody.

EMILY

Play by the rules! You order the same drink as the other two or you can get the hell out of my sight. I missed my Kundalini yoga class for this! I'd love a vodka and some inner-goddamned peace.

GUY

With only a minute remaining, it's
crunch time for our contestants.

WILLY

So, you like to dress up and play
with masks? What are you, a sissy?

JUAN CARLOS

NO! I am El Macho Baracho. Un
Mujer con mucho fuerza!

Juan Carlos pulls down his mask and jumps over the bar,
putting Willy in a headlock. The clock buzzes and the
contestants have finished.

GUY

Alright, let's see how they did.
Emily, it appears you did not make
anything.

EMILY

He ordered a Vodka and something,
not an old fashioned.

GUY

Ohh, but the old fashioned can be
made with Vodka and we never
stipulated what kind of old
fashioned the contestants would ask
for.

Juan Carlos is panting and holding a title belt.

JUAN CARLOS

Thank you having me on your show.
This man's words have tarnished my
heritage.

GUY

Impressive physical feats my friend
but, your cocktail was shaken up
amongst the hustle. Any old
fashioned that is shaken is an
automatic disqualification, I'm
sorry we are going to need the
belt.

Handing the belt over and wiping away a tear with his mask
on, Juan Carlos runs off stage. Moving to Lois we see
Valerie resting in her chair enjoying her drink.

GUY (CONT'D)

Rather impressive job Lois. It's not often you can satisfy a woman with so much experience.

LOIS

Happy to do it, Guy. It became much easier when I realized I could re-purpose everything. I dumped the ice into this planter. I took the lemon I peeled and added it to a compost heap for an herb garden. Then it was just a matter of turning the empty bottle into a flower vase.

GUY

Congratulations on becoming America's Next Top Bartender.

LOIS

Great, thank you Guy. This will help out with the 160k I owe Fanny and Freddie.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Continuing with WALT and LEON as they continue their ranting.

LEON

Calling your parents used to be old fashioned. Now I get a text from my niece every birthday. Wearing your Sunday's best was old fashioned. That means putting clothes over your arms. Stop showing us your biceps, you potato heads. AHHH what do you know? Nothing is Old fashioned anymore. Cars are cheap plastic, electric gizmos are in everyone's face and your president is black.

Tugging his sleeve again, LEON wakes WALT.

WALT

The president is pretty good, he's not on your back!

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BAR - NIGHT (BAR BANTER CONT.)

The Host and the Cast Members sip Old Fashioneds discussing the history. Improv Scene.

EXAMPLE:

THE HOST

Did you know the Old Fashioned was originally made for a Civil War General.

CAST MEMBER 2

What side?

THE HOST

The side that lost.

CAST MEMBER 1

I feel oddly racist drinking this.

THE HOST

A better consolation prize than the Confederate Flag.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

It's the early 1900s in America. Everything is dirty, everyone is crabby. WILLIAM (20s) sits at the bar with a bottle and a tiny glass. He pours himself one from the bottle and his friend FREDRICK (20s) sits down next to him in a huff. A Super Reads: *1900s Reenactment, Don't Try in Present Day*.

FREDRICK

My F#@*ing life's in shambles! I got an ache that goes from my tooth all the way to my back.

(Cough and wheezing)

And that goldbricking quack reads me the riot act! It's animals running the zoo.

WILLIAM shoots his drink.

WILLIAM

I know what he's going to tell you.
Same thing he prescribed me. Here's
what you ask for, buddy.

WILLIAM pours another two drinks then shoots them both
himself.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

A bed rising nip starts the day out
sunny. So get blotto from the get
go. Especially if you're afflicted
from the night before.

FREDRICK

Bejesus, You do that everyday, do
ya? For your pains?

WILLIAM

And to drown out the yammering from
my wife.

They share a laugh.

WILLIAM

Are you drinking with your meals?
You aren't drinking water, are you?

FREDRICK

Don't get me started on water. I
lost three brothers to water.

WILLIAM

Better off to just drink cider or
ale. And always the hard stuff with
water. And use opium for dysentery.
Ya know, Midnight oil?

FREDRICK

But what about for my cough?

WILLIAM

Heroin should do the trick.

FREDRICK

And for my tooth ache?

WILLIAM

Cocaine.

FREDRICK

Back Ache?

William pours two more.

WILLIAM

Two more of these, and three more
 Old Fashions for a good night's
 rest. Basically, you want to be
 drinking and smoking opium all day.
 Rail of cocaine if that tooth gets
 ya or whenever because it's fun to
 just get real f@*%ed up.

The men cheers.

ANNOUNCER VO

Side effects of Old Fashions
 include, drunk and disorderly,
 peeing in public, cheating on your
 spouse, kissing ugly people or
 animals, falling asleep in public,
 yelling at objects, nausea,
 spinning, vomiting, memory loss,
 falling over, falling into things,
 falling down, falling down puts you
 at risk to break bones. Also known
 as, bent, blazed, bombed, busted,
 butt-toast, crunk, faded, fit-
 shaced, juiced, hosed, loose,
 messed up, schnockered and tanked
 Please consult your doctor if it's
 been three weeks since your spouse
 left and you just noticed.

FREDRICK

I forget what I was complaining
 about. I'll drink to that.

They toast.

INT. BAR - DAY

60 Mins/Vice interview style. Two improv actors.

Camera widens from a cobwebbed photograph of a cocktail glass
 to reveal BROCK ANDERSON (30's) a blond haired reporter. He
 smirks at camera.

BROCK

Americans love getting wasted.
 Whiskey sales are in record
 numbers. It encompasses American
 culture. Immigrating to our
 country, pioneered through the
 generations, exploited by
 capitalists and growing fat on
 success.

(MORE)

BROCK (CONT'D)

The old fashioned is a whiskey cocktail that has survived prohibition, recipe disputes and pineapples. I'm Brock Anderson and this is, 'Brock on the Rocks.'

Brock turns. The camera widens to reveal HAROLD DANIELS (Late 30's).

BROCK (CONT'D)

Meet Harold Daniels, cocktail historian, hipster, eccentric barkeep.

(Beat, smiles)

Harold, the world seems to be addicted to the whiskey cocktail. Should we consider making it illegal?

Harold chuckles, dips his head and adjusts his glasses.

HAROLD

Tried it before, it didn't work.

BROCK

The old fashioned. That's a weird name for a new and hip drink.

HAROLD

Well it's not new but, it is hip. Don Draper, for instance, loves a well made old fashioned.

BROCK

I don't really follow politics.

HAROLD

(clears his throat)

Whiskey popularity is partly chemical. The brain has a similar reaction to working out or prayer. Though Americans don't seem to be addicted to the gym or church.

BROCK

So if the church made communion with the old fashioned, God would return to America?

HAROLD

. . . Maybe?

BROCK

If Jesus is responsible for
Christianity, who is responsible
for the old fashioned?

HAROLD

Most experts, like myself, think it
was crafted as a Whiskey Cocktail
to honor a civil war general. It
was served up and you got to pour
your own shot.

BROCK

So then if I was a drinker of
whiskey at that time I would say
(In a funny Voice)
"Barkeep give me a whiskey
cocktail." And shoot it like this?

Brock takes a drink beside him and shoots it.

HAROLD

Should you be drinking right now?

BROCK

They edit it out, it's fine.

HAROLD

Okay well, the bartender would give
you a glass with the ingredients
and you would pour your own
whiskey. Probably more than one.

BROCK

I usually keep it to one. Any more
and I'm liable to get opinionated.

HAROLD

People used to drink a lot more.
Life was hard and it was a cure
all. Doctors prescribed it to calm
nerves.

BROCK

Yes it does that. So I have a
question.

HAROLD

(Puzzled)

I would assume you have many.

BROCK

How did this old drink find it's
way into history?

HAROLD

The recipe found it's way to New York where it changed hands and spread from there. The first recorded recipe was in 'The Bartender's Manual of 1888' by Theodore Pruxl (PRUE).

BROCK

Get it in writing, I wish I had done that for my contract. A handshake won't pay alimony. . .

Awkward pause, BROCK gets intense for a minute then regains composure. HAROLD looks uncomfortable.

BROCK (CONT'D)

I bet that claim was hotly contested.

HAROLD

(getting angry)

Bartending is the second oldest profession. Reputation goes a long way in this respected trade. If I make a cocktail, it would irk me to see some usurper claiming it was theirs.

BROCK

I would be a little 'shaken and stirred.' Hahahaha. . .
Mmmmhaha... oh goodness. . . Can we get an old fashioned shot or two over here?!

From screen left a glass is slid on the bar into Brock's hand. He shoots it.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

DON DRAPER is sitting in his office. He get's a buzz from his ASSISTANT.

ASSISTANT O.C.

Mr. Sterling here to see you.

DON

Send him in.

ROGER STERLING walks in the door and sits down across from DON.

ROGER
DON, we got to talk about the
Whiskey account?

DON
Care for a drink?

ROGER
Yeah I'll have what you're having.

DON crosses over to the wet bar as ROGER continues.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Don, the FCC is going to spank our
little bottoms red if we put this
whiskey on television.

DON takes a pineapple and a giant cutting knife and begins slicing it into spear.

ROGER (CONT'D)
You would think an entire nation of
whiskey drinkers would happily
welcome in an ad about the product
they enjoy. Especially if it was
entertaining.

DON pulls out a can-opener and opens up a can of Coco Lopez. He shakes the contents into a blender, making an unflattering noise.

ROGER (CONT'D)
The recipes alone are worth tuning
in. If the slogan was something
wholesome and PG, we could get away
with it. How's that sound?

DON pours rum and ice into the blender and turns it on high. A lengthy ten seconds goes by then DON pours the beverage into two hurricane glasses. Arranging parasols, pineapple spears and cherries on both. Turning around he hands ROGER the drink.

DON
Roger.
(BEAT)
I'm worried that we wont be taken
seriously.

Taking the drink in hand, ROGER contemplates for a moment.

ROGER

(BEAT)

You are right Don. Maybe something
a little more, ah, old fashioned.

(sipping his drink)

Great talk.

ROGER exits, DON goes back to the wet bar.

DON

(sigh)

When is Manhattan going to start
getting coconuts?

EXT. BAR - DAY

WALT and LEON are in a bar talking about times gone.

LEON

Tell them what's old fashioned.

WALT

Hearst Castle, that's a big old
mansion.

LEON

Fashioned! What's an old fashioned?

WALT

Jackets in the Fall. Always good
fashion.

LEON

The drink! They want to know about
the drink!

WALT

Sure, I'll have what you're having.

END ACT THREE

TAG

CURTIS (40's) answers questions about the Old Fashioned from letters/tweets. He gives snarky responses that are followed by rants on bartending and stories about his days behind the bar.

EXAMPLE:

CURTIS

Here's a letter from Jack in Seattle. "What is the best time of day to have my first Old Fashioned?" Well, Jack that depends on what day of year it is. Are you celebrating St. Patrick's day and want to make a day to always forget? Or are you hanging out with Jim and Jose on a five day cruise to San Marco? In any case, you can bet that 5pm is still socially acceptable.