

THE WORD GOURMET

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INT. EVENING - DEN OR PARLOR

A Masterpiece Theatre-esque room full of curios, books - and wine. A well-dressed gentleman - the HOST - sits in an armchair with the classic blazer and pipe. In his other hand, he holds a book.

HOST notices the camera and puts his book down.

HOST
Hello, guests, friends. I hope you
are all enjoying your evening.

HOST stares blankly into the camera for a few seconds before continuing, slapping his hand on his knee.

HOST (SMILING)
Today, I have procured a most
promising selection to share with
you.

HOST puts down his pipe and picks up a bottle on the table next to him, inspecting the label, before looking into the camera and showing the bottle. The label reads "VARMINT."

HOST
"VARMINT." How about that! What a
lovely copage.

HOST inspects the label again, admiringly, before looking back to the camera.

HOST (cont'd)
I have high hopes for this particular
selection. Rich history. Mid-16th
century origin...peak use during the
19th century.

HOST uncorks bottle, "pours" the bottle into another snifter. Nothing comes out. HOST peers at the glass's "contents."

HOST (cont'd)
That's a fine-looking vintage indeed.

HOST takes a sip from the empty glass and rolls his new treasure around in his mouth a bit, letting it aerate, letting it settle.

HOST (cont'd)
 Varmint. Varrrrmint. How lovely.
 Mint. Mint. A light, crackling
 finish - a dirty freshness. Varrrrr.
 Varrrrrrrr. Like the purr of a furry
 woman.

CLOSE UPS OF HOST'S LIPS SMACKING, SPEAKING THE WORD IN
 VARIOUS WAYS, TONGUE LOLLING, LAPPING IT UP.

HOST (cont'd)
 (ADLIB AS DESIRED)

HOST polishes off the rest of the snifter. He releases the
 word from his mouth, as if to set free a dragon of smoke.

HOST (cont'd)
 VARRRRMINNNT. I must admit, varmint,
 that this is VARRY good.

HOST pours himself another glass, and hiccups in a way that
 sounds like "varmint." He finishes the glass in one gulp.

HOST (BLUSTER)
 VARMINT!

HOST seems to catch himself for a moment.

HOST (COLLECT SELF -> INDULGE)
 I...well, gosh my darn it. My
 friends, I must say, I can't help but
 marvel at this intimate array of
 potency and variety. It's all so
 ardently harnessed in this charmingly
 carved sacrament, this...this...

HOST pours himself yet another glass and takes a hefty sip,
 smacking his lips. He looks into the camera.

HOST (WHISPER)
 ...varmint.

HOST looks at the "contents" of the glass and begins to sway
 a bit. He leans towards the camera, at the edge of his seat,
 eyes wide.

HOST (INSIST)
 This VAR. MINT.

HOST puts the snifter on the table haphazardly - it falls to
 the ground.

CLOSEUP OF SNIFTER HITTING AND ROLLING ON THE GROUND

Apparently the snifter is just made of plastic. HOST puts his hands on the rests of the chair and pushes himself up, pinching the bridge of his nose.

HOST
 ...but I had promised I would martyr
 myself in the name of...

CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM, NOW HANDHELD.

HOST grabs the VARMINT bottle by the neck.

HOST
 ...in the name of varnished art, and
 a valorous new Parliament...

HOST brings the bottle with him as he walks away from the chair. HOST takes another swig and holds the bottle out towards the camera in an accusatory fashion.

HOST (ACCUSE)
 Who invokes fervor garbed in
 arbitrary armaments?! Your gnarled
 garments foment no argued nourishment
 par tinted winter barbs farmed of
these carled gardadens!

HOST indulges in a varmint-tinged hiccup and takes another nice long swig.

HOST (TRYING TO COMMUNICATE)
 (adlib of varmint-derived syllables)

HOST sinks down to the table before him, sputtering and varminting. HOST tries to get up a few times as he does so, but can't.

Kneeling at the table, HOST begins sobbing with varmint-flavored sobs. The wine bottle rolls into view, showing the VARMINT label to the camera.

FIN