



Basic Juice Article **Trois Vin Vignettes**

by: *Beau Jarvis*

Dear Readers,

Valentine's Day isn't about wine. It's about love. Of course, you might wish to add wine and enhance cupid's holiday. In honor of this legendarily romantic day, I present "Trois Vin Vignettes." Or "Three Wine Scenes." Enjoy.

Red is the Color

Starring: *Argyle Pinot Noir Reserve*, '02 (\$28) – Willamette Valley, Oregon

The scene: A quiet evening at home, Nina Simone's "Black is the color" plays softly in the background

Mike: I'm home.

Samantha: (bounding down the stairs) Happy Valentine's Day lover!

Mike: Thanks babe. Too bad my hair isn't black like Nina's lover; otherwise you could serenade me.

Samantha: I adore your red hair. (sings) Red is the color of my true love's hair.

Mike: Keep singing. I'll have a sip of your wine. (sniffs wine) Wow, this smells like black cherries. Mmm. It hits the spot.

Samantha: Are you sure it doesn't smell like red cherries?

Mike: (playfully) I do declare Monsieur; it appears as if you're flirting with me.

Samantha: (singing) Red is the color.. (whispers) And would that be so wrong?

Samantha takes Mike's hand

Samantha: Follow me

The two glide up the staircase.

Fade to black. Or perhaps red...

Nights in White Satin

Starring: *Trimbach Pinot Gris*, '01 (\$11) – Alsace, France

The scene: A classy, dimly lit restaurant; on Valentine's Day

Deb: (sips last bit of wine in glass) This wine was wonderful. What do you call it again?

Anna: It's Pinot Gris, which is what the French call Pinot Grigio. Incidentally, the Pinot Gris grape is genetically identical to Pinot Noir. And... (Deb interrupts)

Deb: Sweetie, I love the fact that you're mind is a virtual encyclopedia. I really do. But let's save that energy for dancing. What do you think?

Anna: I'm not in the mood for dancing. Let's go home.

Deb: (lightly nagging) But it's Valentine's Day, you don't have to work tomorrow, and flannel sheets aren't my idea of romance. Come on. Let's go dancing – It will be fun.

Anna: (unfolds something and places it on the table) I would rather expend my energy on this.

Deb: What's this? (picks up white satin pillowcase) Why are you carrying a pillowcase?

Anna: (devilishly) No more flannel sheets.

Deb: Check please!

Fade to white satin.

Pop. Pop. Pop.

Starring: *Bouvet Rosé Brut Vin Mousseaux* (bubbly), NV (\$15) – Loire Valley, France

The scene: A ski lodge tucked away in the woods, the sun is setting after a long day of skiing

Erin: Oh lord! Why did we take that last run? My legs are completely shot.

Steph: We didn't wipe out. You should be proud.

Erin: Yes - proud and pooped. I don't think I'll be able to keep my eyes open past 8:30.

Steph: You just need to relax. I drew a bath for you. Why don't you hop in the tub and soak.

Erin: (enters the bathroom) When did you draw a bath? And what about the bubbles?

Where did they come from?

Steph: (playfully) You always take an hour getting your ski boots off. I did it while you were wrestling with your left boot. Come on; get in.

Erin: (in the tub and covered in bubbles) I always like putting my ear next to the bubbles so I can hear them pop. Steph? Steph, where did you go?

Steph: I'm just building a fire. Be with you in a second.

Erin: Where did you get all this energy? I don't think I could even walk right now.

Steph: (turns off lights; followed by a loud popping sound) Want a sip?

Erin: (takes glass) You are amazing. I love you. (sips wine) Ahhh; and I love this bubbly.

Steph: Scooch forward, I'm getting in.

(glasses clink)

Erin: Happy Valentine's day Steph.

Steph: (leans close to Erin's ear and whispers) Cheers.

Fade to crackling fire

Perhaps the red, the white, and the bubbly weren't the stars of these vignettes. However, they were most definitely supporting actors. Add some "vin" to your Valentine's Day Vignette. Cheers.

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