

"THE HOST"

by

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FADE IN:

**INT. CHURCH - MORNING**

An USHER passes a basket around. PARISHIONERS make their routine monetary donations.

A meager-looking MAN seated by himself opens his wallet -- nothing but lint. Behind him, a HUSBAND and WIFE converse quietly.

WIFE

I sure hope they remember the gluten free host. My stomach was in knots last time.

HUSBAND

Do you really think it makes that much difference?

WIFE

I can't have any gluten! None!

The husband rolls his eyes. The meager-looking man in front of them discretely eavesdrops.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Can you believe those gluten free hosts cost six dollars and fifty cents?! Six fifty! Each!

The eavesdropping man's eyes widen. The basket stops in front of him. He smiles apologetically at the usher and shakes his head 'no.'

HUSBAND

Who told you that?

WIFE

Cathy Silverman.

HUSBAND

She's not even catholic!

WIFE

(dismissively)

I bet that's why they're always tryin' to pull a fast one on me.

The husband shakes his head. The eavesdropping man grins widely.

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

A pan across the kitchen counter reveals an array of baking supplies and an open bag of GLUTEN FREE FLOUR. Pull back to reveal the meager-looking man from church wearing an apron and covered in flour.

The man neatly pours his holy batter into some makeshift molds, then carefully places little crosses into the batter.

A timer DINGS! The man opens the oven and pulls out a tray of gluten free hosts. He carefully pops out the crosses with a knife, removes a host from the pan, holds it up to the sky. He beams with pride!

**INT. PRIEST'S OFFICE - DAY**

A PRIEST sits at his desk tending to some administrative duties. A KNOCK at the door. The Priest furrows his brows, looks at his watch, heads to the door.

PRIEST  
(Irish brogue)  
You're a wee bit early there Rose,  
aren't ya'?

He opens the door. The man, dressed in a dusty vintage suit stands outside holding a box in one hand and a sign in the other. The sign reads: "Gluten free hosts - now only \$6.49." The price "\$6.50" is crossed out with thick black ink.

The priest looks the man up and down in sheer disbelief as the man flashes his best salesman smile.

The priest sighs, then:

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Aye, you know I can't resist a good  
sale.  
(hands the man cash)  
Put 'em wit da rest.

The man, shocked by his good fortune, looks around. He sees a table filled will neatly stacked labeled boxes.

The labels read: "Artisanal Hosts \$7.00," "Non-GMO Hosts \$6.75," "Organic Hosts \$6.00," "Locally Sourced Hosts \$8.50," "Low Carb Hosts \$9.00,"...

FADE OUT.