

Cousin Sal Goes To A Homebrew Convention

Cousin Sal starts off by explaining that homebrew and micro-breweries are big business nowadays. At least as big as an industry can be that's run by boring and pretentious alcoholics. He walks the floor and visits a lot of the booths, sampling the beers. He carries a white rhino horn to drink out of, because "When I go beer pompous, I go endangered species beer pompous". He insults the brewers by making faces and pretentiously saying things like "This beer is about as subtle as a kick in the crotch with steel-toed boots, and not in the good way.", "It has the suggestive aroma of a bus driver's seat with just a flutter of Target-brand dog shampoo.", and "This would pair well with Cheez Whiz", as he sprays Cheez Whiz on top of the beer and drinks/eats it.

He makes his way over to his own booth, where he has his own beer on display. In flashback, we see that he's just rebottled Miller Lite with a new hipster-looking label. His brew table has rusty tubs, dirty bottles, and for some reason, rolls and rolls of hospital gauze on it. In the background, there's a Health Inspection sign with an "F". He says that it means "F'ing awesome". His beer's name is "Sal's Vation". When someone says that's a clever play on "Salvation", he says no, it's because he salivates into every bottle. In flashback, he takes a swig out of every bottle, spits the beer back into it, then the flashback continues with the same rebottling film flashback as before.

As he talks up his beer, he constantly badmouths the guy's beer one booth over. "You see that guy over there? He won't admit it, but he ferments his beer using carnival donkey crap. Oh excuse me" (now yelling over towards the other beer guy), "I mean Artisan Burro Dung".

At the end of the night, he awards himself an "F'ing Awesome" trophy, and as he walks by his nearby nemesis, he hands him a trophy of a donkey crapping into a beer bottle.