

Script

Understatement

Allusion

Absurdity

Exaggeration/Hyperbole

Irony

Imagery

Personification

Anticlimax

Appeal to Pathos

Appeal to Logos

****Vices****

(Follies)

MENU:

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Two women are walking on a crowded street in New York City. One of them walks leisurely, as if she has no plans and is just enjoying her time outside. The other, whose current outfit, plus jewelry, costs over \$1,000,000, seems in distress as she frantically checks her phone. When she sees the other woman, her longtime friend, her face instantly lights up.

KAREN: Wow, if it isn't my dearest friend Linda Porter!

LINDA: Well, well, well, if it isn't Khloe Amethyst Richard Elizabeth Newbury.

KAREN: It is so nice to see you! How have you been?

LINDA: I've been doing fine, what about you?

KAREN: Oh, I've been doing simply splendidly. Today is my fourth anniversary with my dearest William! We had so many plans – I even reserved a table for two at Le Petit Luxe – but he canceled this morning, saying he had to do something related to work! Unbelievable that he'd put work before me. But I'd never waste a reservation at Le Petit Luxe, obviously, so I was wondering if you'd like to accompany me.

LINDA: Oh, well, sure! I've never been to Le Petit Luxe before, but it seems like it's worth trying.

KAREN: You've never been here? Well you are going to *love* this place. It's the hottest spot right now, darling. Everyone from the Kardashians to international royalty dines here.

Karen guides Linda to a glass door embellished with "Le Petit Luxe" in swirling cursive. They enter and are met with a shimmering water fountain and glass chandeliers, a skylight filtering in sunlight from above. The walls and floors are made of white quartz and the white tables were arranged in a neat circle around the water fountain.

LINDA: Well it's so... fancy. I don't think I have seen a place this extravagant

Both women sit at a table and a waiter promptly arrives handing them the drink menu.

WAITER: Welcome to Le Petit Luxe May I start you with something to drink?

Linda glances at the drink menu looking puzzled while staring at the names and descriptions of the drinks. Karen on the hand is casually flipping through the menu.

KAREN: Oh, I always start with the Dehydrated Water. (It's a very exclusive, limited-edition drink. It is practically essential for hydration.)

LINDA: *Squints at the menu, confused.* Wait, what's dehydrated water? Isn't that just water... without water?

KAREN: *Smiles knowingly.* Well, it's water, but it's dehydrated first, so it's like... more refined. *Totally* different from regular water.

WAITER: *Interrupts in a snobbish way.* It's a ****rare** product **for distinguished individuals**. Not for the common folk.**

Linda nods awkwardly

LINDA: Uh, tap water is fine for me.

WAITER: *Shocked but polite.* Ah, we don't do tap water here ma'am. But we do offer **Shaved fried boiled ice with a hint of crystalline water** if you are interested.

LINDA: Wait...what?

KAREN: *Lightly chuckles* You'll get used to it darling, you'll get used to it.

The waiter leaves with the orders then soon comes back with their drinks as well as menus for the entrees.

WAITER: Here you are ma'am, your dehydrated water. And for you, here is your Shaved fried boiled ice. I have also brought out menus so please take your time and let me know what you would like.

Karen immediately takes a sip of her drink and skims through the menu while Linda is puzzled and is observing it with a bewildered expression.

KAREN: Oh, the entrees here are simply divine. You simply must try the **Asparagu**. It is the epitome of elegance.

Linda puts her drink down

LINDA: Asparagu? Oh I think there is a typo here on the menu.

KAREN: *Gasps dramatically* A typo? **Oh, heavens no.** (It is the singular form of asparagus, darling. Singular, unique, like you're eating sophistication itself.)

LINDA: *Mutters under breath* Eating sophistication? This place is eating my patience.

WAITER: *Reappears ready to take the ladies order.* Have you decided, ladies?

KAREN: I will just take the Asparagu

WATER: Excellent choice. And for you ma'am?

LINDA: *Hesitantly* I'll... just have the Shrimp Cocktail. *Pauses.* Actually, um, could you just bring me whatever's most... normal?

WATER: *Looks slightly horrified.* We pride ourselves on being anything but normal, madam. **This is Le Petit Luxe, which provides a unique and elevated dining experience to all its honored guests. I can assure you that nothing on this menu can be described as "normal."**

LINDA: *Sighs.* Of course. Then I will just stick with the shrimp cocktail.

WAITER: I will be back with your orders very soon.

KAREN: Great, thank you!

Scene cuts to entrees being served

WAITER: For you, ma'am, your tasteful Asparagu, and for you, dear, your shrimp cocktail. Please enjoy and let me know when you're ready for your entrees.

KAREN: Thank you so much!

Karen turns to Linda who is frozen in place, staring at her shrimp cocktail.

KAREN: What's the matter, darling?

LINDA: It's... it's only the tail.

KAREN: Yes?

LINDA: Can I even eat this?

KAREN: **Well, **fine dining is all about the aesthetic****, right, the rich visual experience supplemented with an immaculate, refined taste.

Karen picks up the medium sized fork and the second smallest knife and starts cutting her Asparagu. Linda hesitantly grabs one of the three forks on her napkin and attempts to pick up and eat the shrimp tail.

KAREN: Mmm... just as good as it was when I came here with William for our third anniversary! How time flies! It seems like only yesterday he bought me those adorable DIOR ballet flats on our first date!

Karen takes a sip of her dehydrated water.

KAREN: I still have them, for sentimental purposes obviously. ****I would never be caught in public wearing shoes under \$1,000.****

Linda chokes on her shaved fried boiled ice.

KAREN: Dear, are you okay? Oh, it looks like you're done with your shrimp cocktail. Perfect! Let's look at the desserts now. I've been meaning to try the new seasonal cosmic cake. Is there anything that catches your eye, Linda?

LINDA: Um, what is the fragrance of azalea green tea parfait?

KAREN: Oh, darling, it is a delightful and innovative dessert, the only dessert I know of that **allows the diner to consume the dessert using their nose rather than mouth.** It is a truly remarkable dessert; you should try it.

LINDA: So, you basically just... smell it?

KAREN: Well, in theory, yes, but the **experience of wafting the carefully crafted scent toward yourself is far more elevated than simply smelling or even tasting such a dessert.**

LINDA: I think I'll pass. Do you have any other recommendations?

KAREN: Oh, of course! The apple crumble is delicious; it is buttery and crumbly with a distinct fresh apple taste with a hint of cinnamon, a perfect balance of sweet and tart. Would you like to try that instead of the fragrance of azalea green tea parfait?

LINDA: How would you describe the portion size of the apple crumble?

KAREN: Fairly reasonable for its price.

LINDA: **Fairly reasonable for \$35?*

KAREN: **Yes, fairly reasonable for \$35K.**

Before Linda can respond, the waiter appears behind her.

WAITER: Are you ladies ready to order dessert?

LINDA: Oh, um yeah! Sure! I'll have the apple crumble, please.

WAITER: Of course, and you, ma'am?

KAREN: I'll have the cosmic cake.

WAITER: A very fine choice. I'll be back soon with your dessert.

Once the waiter leaves, Linda turns to Karen.

LINDA: \$35K? And how much was everything else?

KAREN: Oh, not much; **I typically spend around \$300K whenever I visit with William.** I can pay for your meal today, it's no big deal.

When Linda doesn't say anything, Karen continues.

KAREN: Really, it's fine, darling. This is why I love Le Petit Luxe; the prices are very modest compared to the quality of the fine dining experience. I really hate restaurants that overcharge, demanding up to \$900K for food less innovative, less sophisticated than the food at Le Petit Luxe. It really amazes me how they can offer such astounding food at astoundingly low prices! But I digress, dear. What are your thoughts, Linda?

Before Linda can speak, the waiter appears again, holding a garnished plate with a crumb of cosmic cake, an empty plate, and, surprisingly, a regular portion of apple crumble. Linda tries to hide her excitement upon seeing a normal portion size.

The waiter sets the tiny portion of cosmic cake in front of Karen.

WAITER: Here you are madam.

The waiter then precisely flicks a crumb of the apple crumble onto the empty plate and places the plated crumb in front of Linda.

WAITER: And here is your apple crumble.

Linda can't hide her shock, and her mouth drops open.

LINDA: That's it?! A crumb of the crumble?!

WAITER *slightly impatient*: Yes, madam.

LINDA: Can I have any more?

WAITER *side eyeing Linda*: You want the whole thing? Well, if you insist, the price is \$13,125,000, as each full crumble is comprised of 375 of our reasonably sized portions.

LINDA: Oh.

Linda looks down at her single crumb.

LINDA: I'll only take this then.

WAITER: A fantastic choice.

The waiter walks away, evidently disappointed from that encounter. Karen, unfazed by Linda's shock, gracefully picks up a tiny portion of cosmic cake. Linda, on the other hand, stares at her crumb, contemplating whether or not to bother eating it.

KAREN: Mmm. Divine as always. The chef has truly outdone himself. You can really taste the cosmic energy can't you?

LINDA: (Pokes at her crumble) Uh.. sure

Linda pokes at her crumble with her fork, causing it to crumble even further into an almost invisible dust. She lets out a defeated sigh.

KAREN: Oh darling, you're missing the point! Fine dining isn't about filling up, it's about the experience, the artistry. Why, just looking at the cosmic cake transports me to the galaxy itself. Can't you feel it?

Linda glances around the room, noting the other diners equally enchanted by the portions and the sky high prices.

LINDA: (mutters) The only place I feel transported to is the land of poor financial decisions.

KAREN: Oh Linda! You have always had such a fine sense of humor! This is why I absolutely adore you.

As they get up to leave, Karen takes Linda's arm, leading her out of the restaurant with the poise of someone who owns the world.

KAREN: You know, I'm so glad we had this little catch-up session. Let's do this again soon, yes?

Linda forces a smile, glancing one last time at the restaurant's extravagant interior as they step onto the bustling New York street.

LINDA: Sure, Karen. Just... maybe somewhere with actual food next time?

Karen lets out a laugh that echoes down the street.

KAREN: Oh, Linda, you're simply priceless!

THE END