

DANTE

INT. DANTE'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

A lavish party is in full swing at a luxurious penthouse, with guests dressed in upscale attire. DANTE, a flamboyant conman, holds court, wearing a white suit and a sparkling diamond necklace. The room is filled with laughter and music.

DANTE

(boisterous)

Welcome, darlings, to the party of the century! Tonight, we shall indulge in the finest pleasures and forget all our troubles.

A WAITER enters, carrying a tray of champagne glasses. He offers the drinks to two partygoers, SARA and GABRIEL.

WAITER

(smiling)

Champagne, ma'am? Sir?

SARA

(to Gabriel)

I can't believe we're at Dante's party. I've heard he's the most interesting, wealthiest, socialite in town.

GABRIEL

I know, it's lucky we know Ruth Bader Ginsberg, or he never would have thought we were cool enough.

As Sara and Gabriel laugh, Dante overhears the conversation and approaches them.

DANTE

My ears are burning! Is someone talking about me?

SARA

(smiling)

We were just saying how lucky we are to be here, thanks to our connection with Ruth Bader Ginsburg.

DANTE

(trying to impress)

Ah, yes, Ruth. She and I go way back. Did you know that she was an expert juggler in her free time? Incredible woman.

Gabriel raises an eyebrow, amused by Dante's false claim.

GABRIEL  
(sarcastic)  
Really? Juggling? That's  
fascinating. We never knew that  
about her.

SARA  
(suppressing a smile)  
Yes, very impressive.

Dante, realizing that his attempt to show off has backfired,  
tries to change the subject.

DANTE  
(nervously, then shouting to the party)  
Dont go anywhere, I have an  
announcement to make!

GABRIEL  
Ruth BaderGinsberg doesnt juggle

SARAH looks at him, shocked.

DANTE  
Prepare yourselves for a night you  
will never forget! Tonight, we have  
a special treat: the world-renowned,  
minimalist modern dancer, SOLEIL!

The guests applaud excitedly as SOLEIL, an eccentric dancer  
dressed in avant-garde attire, takes the stage. She begins a  
bizarre, yet mesmerizing dance routine.

PHYSICAL HUMOR

The guests have mixed reactions to Soleil's performance. Some  
are captivated, while others are confused.

GABRIEL  
(whispering to Sara)  
I don't get it. Is this supposed to  
be funny?

SARA  
(whispering back)  
It's art, Gabriel. You don't have to  
"get" it.

As the dance comes to an end, the guests give Soleil a round  
of applause. Dante takes the stage, holding a stack of  
envelopes.

DANTE  
(sincerely)  
Wasn't that just extraordinary? Now,  
as a token of appreciation for  
Soleil's stunning performance, I'd  
like to kindly ask each of you for a  
small donation. Just a mere \$500 per  
person.

The guests exchange puzzled glances, as they had not been  
informed about the donation beforehand.

SARA  
(whispering to Gabriel)  
Isn't that a bit excessive?

GABRIEL  
(whispering back)  
Classic Dante. Trying to pull a fast  
one.

Dante begins to hand out the envelopes, but the guests are  
hesitant to contribute.

GUEST 1  
(doubtful)  
I'm not sure about this...

GUEST 2  
(confused)  
Yeah, I thought this was a free  
event.

As the guests begin to grumble, Dante tries to save face.

DANTE  
(smiling nervously)  
Oh, my dear friends, it seems there  
has been a misunderstanding. The  
donation is, of course, optional. I  
simply thought we could express our  
gratitude to Soleil.

Just then, Soleil reappears on stage, looking hurt and  
betrayed.

SOLEIL  
(sadly)  
Dante, I thought we agreed that my  
performance was a gift to your  
guests. I didn't want to charge  
anyone.

DANTE  
(caught off guard)  
Ah, yes. My apologies, Soleil. I...  
I must have misunderstood.

Sara and Gabriel exchange knowing glances.

SARA  
(smirking)  
Seems like Dante's con just  
backfired.

GABRIEL  
(chuckling)  
Yeah, he really stepped in it this  
time.

The guests, now aware of Dante's attempted deception, enjoy the rest of the evening with a newfound sense of camaraderie, occasionally throwing bemused glances at their flamboyant host.