Script

Personal advices,

“The Urban Legend of Gourmet Cuisine – Have You Heard of It?”

It’s said to be a mythical restaurant, one that doesn’t exist. Sweet as nectar, alluring as youth itself. Some say… and others whisper… But where could it possibly be?

A fly buzzes along with the narrator’s voice, slipping into a sewer pipe. A rat turns its head, interrupting the narration:

“You smell that too, don’t you?”

A faint, orange wisp of smoke drifts lazily around the corner. The rat “locks eyes” with the mysterious smoke, then begins following its trail. It leads him to a source: a narrow crack between piles of black garbage bags, almost entirely sealing off an entrance.

The tantalizing orange aroma draws the rat inward. Despite the suffocating crush of garbage bags and the tight squeeze, it manages to force its way through.

“Unbelievable!” The rat freezes in awe at what lies ahead. The camera pans out in a wide shot to reveal a dimly lit room, its only illumination seemingly coming from the magical glow of the orange smoke. The smoke, now with long, leg-like wisps, leisurely floats back toward a bubbling pot before spiraling up to the ceiling.

In one corner, freezers and refrigerators sit eerily quiet, while in the center, a massive shadow moves with purpose. Curiosity drives the rat to climb the garbage bag “walls,” stumbling toward a shelf stacked with cans. As it ascends, it brushes past a bustling swarm of bugs, ants, snakes, and other rats, each preoccupied with its mysterious tasks. From this vantage point, the rat gazes down at the cramped, greasy, and damp chaos below.

The circular figure of the head chef moves toward a refrigerator, opening it to reveal a cockroach dormitory. The roaches are herded out of their “quarters,” scrambling into formation, but some unlucky stragglers are swiftly grabbed by the chef, ready to be transformed into secret seasonings.

One unfortunate cockroach, crushed underfoot in the commotion, is reduced to a sticky mess. A clever sous-chef, blowing a whistle, summons another replacement from the scuttling lineup.

Emerging from the swirling orange haze, the chef steps out, the march-like music growing faint and distorted. Casually squeezing through the garbage-choked tunnel, the chef arrives at the edge of the sewer.

By the water’s edge stands a meticulously organized metal rack, neatly labeled: Chicken, Beef, Pork, Fish. One by one, the chef inspects the bins, revealing vacuum-packed dead rats in each. Satisfied, the chef picks up a package labeled Chicken and returns to the chaotic kitchen.

Upon opening the packaging, the “chicken” rats jerk back to life, zombie-like. The sous-chefs, with the composure of morticians, powder their bodies in a coat of flour and batter. Expressionless, they watch the rats gleefully leap into boiling oil.

he dinner-show spectacle comes to a close. The chef, cackling with satisfaction, yanks on a rickety ventilation fan. The machine roars to life, devouring the orange smoke with a ravenous hum. As the smoke vanishes, so does the march. Without the haze, the insects and rodents seem drained, their energy and spirits sapped. The once-lively dance and frenzy fade, leaving the roaches to shuffle back to their dormitory in exhaustion.

Under the city’s night sky, the crisp click of a meal box opening resounds. Somewhere high among the skyscrapers, the march begins anew, and the orange haze swirls back to life.