***The Butler Project***

**CHAPTER 1**

Scene: The Breadmaker on Baker Street. Day.

(Oh I just love the smell of fresh bread in the morning.)

It reminds me of the time when I was a child and I used to sneak out a cookie or two from this very same kitchen.

Not much has changed since then.

Except now I help my grandmother run the bakery, and I do most of the baking these days.

(Although I still get caught with my hand in the cookie jar from time to time!)

MC

“These croissants are perfect as always.”

I did learn from the best.

Grandma Irene

“[namae]?”

It’s my grandmother calling. What is it this time?

Grandma Irene

“[namae]?!”

MC

“I’m coming!”

I enter the shop to see my grandmother trying to move a huge crate of bread.

MC

“Grandma!”

MC

“I told you before. Let me do the heavy-lifting around here.”

MC

“It’s bad for your health. Just take it easy, okay?”

Grandma Irene

“Well, these breads aren’t going to stack themselves.”

MC

“I’ll take care of it. Don’t worry.”

I notice that she looks kind of pale.

MC

“Grandma, are you all right?”

Grandma Irene

“I’m fine. It’s nothing.”

MC

“I think you should rest.”

Grandma Irene

“Well, actually I did want to talk to you about something, [namae].”

MC

“What is it, Grandma? I’m listening.”

Grandma Irene

“The bakery isn’t as profitable as it used to be. And I don’t want you to feel like I am holding you back.”

Grandma Irene

“I want you to know that if a better opportunity arises for you, I will support you all the way.”

I suddenly feel sad to hear this.

(Where is this coming from?)

MC

“Grandma, you’re not thinking of closing the bakery, are you?”

Grandma Irene

“Well, the possibility did cross my mind.”

MC

“But, Grandma!”

Grandma Irene

“Let’s be realistic here, [namae]. Sooner or later, it is going to happen.”

MC

“No, I will not let that happen. I’ll do everything I can to keep this bakery running.”

MC

“It’s been in our family for generations. I practically grew up here.”

Grandma Irene

“Look, I’m just saying, your happiness is the most important.”

Grandma Irene

“If you’re given a choice to become something else, other than a baker, you are free to choose whichever makes you happy.”

MC

“Oh, Grandma, I’ll keep that in mind.”

MC

“But for now I think you should lay down in your bedroom upstairs and rest.”

MC

“I’ll take care of everything around here.”

Grandma Irene

“All right. I’m going. But I think your bread rolls are burning.”

MC

“Eek!”

I hurry back into the kitchen to try and save the bread rolls.

(Grandma Irene is acting really strange. What is this really about?)

As I set the tray down on a work table, I hear the bell on top of the door.

(Is someone coming?)

I dash back into the shop to inform them that we’re still closed.

Then I am taken off guard by what I saw.

Three men wearing black suits stand in the middle of the bakery.

MC

“I’m sorry. We’re still…”

I trail off as I realize how handsome they all looked.

The first one, with brown hair, looks like he just walked out of the pages of a fashion magazine.

The second man, tall and blond, exudes an air of royalty as if he’s come from a long line of noblemen from a far-off country.

The third guy, with a dangerous smile and jet-black hair, looks at me with a seductive glint in his eyes as he leans on the counter. (Oh my god. He could be a movie star!)

Brown Hair

“[namae] Bennett?

I don’t know whether to be confused or captivated by these guys.

(What are they doing in our bakery?)

Black Hair

“Hel-lo! You’re [namae] Bennett, right?”

(How did they know my name? Who are these people?)

Brown Hair

“[namae] Bennett, you need to come with us.”

MC

“I’m sorry. Who are you?”

Brown Hair

“Who we are is not important. We need you to come with us right now.”

I take a step back.

(Am I in trouble?)

**Choice: What do I say?**

1. *“What is this about?”*
2. *“But I’m not [namae] Bennett.”*

**1.**

Brown Hair

“You will get yours answers later.”

Brown Hair

“For now, all you need to know is that we mean you no harm and it is important that you come with us right now. “

MC

“Seriously? You expect me to accept what you just said at face value?”

MC

“That’s what a kidnapper would say to a gullible child.”

Black Hair

“Let’s just say that we’re not at liberty to discuss the nature of this call.”

Black Hair

“But it is a matter of life and death.”

MC

“You have to do better than that because I’m not coming with you.”

Brown Hair

“Ma’am, even if we tell you what this is about, you’re not going to believe us.

Brown Hair

“The right person will give you your answers if you come with us.”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

2.

Brown Hair

“Look, ma’am, we know you are [namae] Bennett.”

Brown Hair

“There’s no reason for you to lie.”

MC

“Are you the police? Am I under arrest?”

MC

“I need to see some badge.”

Black Hair

“No, little miss, we’re not the police.”

MC

“Then who are you people? And how do you know my name?”

Brown Hair

“Ma’am, even if we tell you who we are, you’re not going to believe us.”

Brown Hair

“Come with us, and you will get your answers.”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

The blond guy looks at the pocket watch in his hand.

Blond Hair

“40 minutes.”

MC

“What? What’s that supposed to mean?”

Black Hair

“It means that we are out of time!”

Black Hair

“Look, little miss, either you come with us willingly or we’ll have to take you against your will.”

(Are they being serious?)

I decide to put up a brave front.

(Whatever it is that they want, I’m not about to give it to them!)

MC

“Oh, yeah? I’d like to see you try.”

Brown Hair

“We’re wasting our time. Go!”

MC

“Aah!”

The black-haired guy lunges for me.

Before I could dodge him, he’s already got one hand clamped on my mouth and his other arm around my waist.

I struggle to break free but it’s no use.

I’m being kidnapped!

**Scene: Inside a stretch limousine, outside the bakery. Day.**

I am dragged into a limousine waiting on the curb.

Once inside, the black-guy lets me go.

The limo pulls into the road.

MC

“Let me out! Where are you taking me? Let me out!”

Black Hair

“It’s no use screaming, little miss. Not only is this vehicle bulletproof, it is also soundproof.”

MC

“Look, mister, there must be some kind of mistake here.”

MC

“I’m not rich. We don’t have money. My grandmother can’t pay your ransom.”

The brown-haired guy gets a call on his cellphone.

Brown Hair

“Talk to me.”

Brown Hair

“Good. Is the grandmother taken care of?”

Brown Hair

“Perfect.”

The brown-haired guy hangs up.

MC

“Wait, what was that? What did you do to my grandmother?”

Black Hair

“Don’t worry about her. She’s fine. Just sit tight.”

MC

“Don’t tell me to sit tight. You drag me from our bakery against my will.”

MC

“This is kidnapping!”

Brown Hair

“Your questions will be answered soon. Just be patient.”

Black Hair

“We mean you no harm.”

Blond Hair

“We have less than 30 minutes to get back to Zephyr City.”

Blond Hair

“HE will not be please if we’re late.”

The blond guy speaks with a British accent.

But I am much more curious about what he just said.

**Choice: What do I ask him?**

1. *“Who are you pertaining to? Who do you work for?”*
2. *“What’s in Zephyr City? Why are you taking me there?”*

1.

MC

“Who are you pertaining to? Who do you work for?”

Brown Hair

“You’ll find out soon enough.”

MC

“You might as well tell me now. What difference does it make?”

Black Hair

“We are under strict orders not to tell you anything so you might as well save your questions for later, little miss.”

MC

“You’re annoying. And don’t call me little miss.”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

2.

MC

“What’s in Zephyr City? Why are you taking me there?”

Black Hair

“You want answers? You’ll get your answers in Zephyr City.”

MC

“Is all this really necessary? Keeping me in the dark, I mean.”

Black Hair

“We’re just following orders.”

MC

“Well, I’m pressing charges after this.”

Brown Hair

“I think you’ll find it unnecessary once we get to Zephyr City.”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

MC

“Did you guys really think we’re going to get to Zephyr City in under 30 minutes?

MC

“It’s 3 hours away by car.”

MC

“I hope whoever mafia boss you’re working for punishes all of you for not getting there in time.”

Black Hair

“Then it’s a good thing we’re not taking this limo all the way to HQ.”

I suddenly realize that we are pulling up into a private airfield.

There’s a helicopter waiting for us!

Black Hair

“I hope you’re not afraid of flying, little miss.”

**Scene: S Group Tower, rooftop helipad. Day.**

The helicopter lands on the tallest building in Zephyr City: The S Group Tower.

(I guess they’re not working for a criminal mastermind, after all.)

(But I’m still clueless as to what this is all about.)

Black Hair

“Welcome to the S Group Tower.”

Black Hair

A few reminders before you meet our employer, or as you would like to call him, “the mafia boss.”

Brown Hair

“Number one: no, don’t call him the mafia boss.”

Blond Hair

“Number two: be courteous. Address him by using “sir”.”

MC

“Geez. What is he, a knight?”

Black Hair

“Number three: be polite. Never interrupt him when he’s speaking.”

Black Hair

That’s his pet-peeve. Remember that one.”

Blond Hair

“Number four: you are not allowed to come within 6 feet of him.”

Blond Hair

“Suffice it to say that you are not allowed to touch him.”

MC  
“Oh, I don’t plan on it.”

Blond Hair

“Very well, then. Follow me.”

I was escorted to this huge office.

An old man sits behind his desk.

Blond Hair

“Sire, I would like to present to you Miss [namae] Bennett.”

Blond Hair

“Miss Bennett, this is Brandon Seymour, CEO and Chairman Emeritus of S Group.”

MC

“With all due respect, sir, I would like to know why I’m here?”

MC

I have been taken against my will. I was practically kidnapped!

MC

What is going on here?”

The man just looks at me in scrutiny.

Brandon

“You have his eyes. And you have your mother’s fire.”

MC

“You knew my mother?”

(How would the CEO of a Fortune 500 company know a simple baker’s daughter like my mother?)

Brandon

“18 years ago, my son, Errol Seymour, had a relationship with a woman from a middle-class family.”

Brandon

“Needless to say, that given our social standing, I disapproved of the relationship and I forced them separate.”

MC

“I’m sorry, but what does it have to do with me?”

Brandon

“That woman is your mother. Amanda Bennett.”

Brandon

We didn’t know this until recently, but they had a daughter. That’s you, [namae].”

(But how?)

(It doesn’t make sense)

MC

“Seriously? So you’re telling me that I’m a millionaire’s daughter?”

Brandon

“Our family has a combined net worth of $125 billion. Technically, you’re a billionaire.”

MC

“Whoa! Shut the front door! That’s…”

I looked around the office, searching for hidden cameras.

MC

“This is a prank, right?”

Brandon

“No, this is not a prank.”

Brandon

“You’re probably confused right now, [namae].”

Brandon

“But you are, without a doubt, my son’s daughter. My granddaughter.”

(I can see in he’s eyes that he’s telling the truth.)

(This is no prank.)

(“Confused” at this point would be an understatement.)

Brandon

“Sadly, my son never knew you existed until the day he died in a car crash a few months ago.”

MC

“I don’t understand.”

MC

“My mom died a long time ago. How can you be so sure that your son is my father if he didn’t even know I existed?”

Brandon

“It was your grandmother. She reached out to me a few weeks ago.”

Brandon

“It appears that she wants a better life for you.”

(Grandma Irene?)

(Is this the reason she’s been acting weird this morning?)

Brandon

“Make no mistake, [namae]. I want the same for you as my son’s daughter.”

Brandon

“It’s time that you come home. And maybe I can correct my mistakes.”

MC

“How can you possibly right a mistake you’ve made in the past?”

Brandon

“By giving you your birthright.”

Brandon

“You would have lived the same life as your father had you been born into our family.”

Brandon

“That’s why I want you to live in my estate and become my heir.”

(Become his heir? What’s that supposed to even mean? We just met and now he wants me to live with him?)

MC

“Sir, this is all happening very fast. And as you know, I have a life on Baker Street.”

MC

“I can’t just abandon my grandmother.”

Brandon

“I have been made aware of your grandmother’s financial woes, [namae].”

Brandon

“Your bakery is in so much debt that the bank is about foreclose on it.”

Brandon

“Soon you will be living in the streets.”

MC

“What? But that’s impossible.”

MC

“The bakery’s business isn’t exactly booming. But if we are drowning in debt, then I don’t think my grandmother would keep the truth from me.”

Brandon

“Your grandmother kept a lot of things from you.”

I can’t bring myself to believe what’s happening. I don’t even know what to do.

MC

“Sir, if what you say is true, then I have every reason to go back and help my grandmother.”

Brandon

[namae], I think you haven’t even begun to comprehend what I am offering you.”

Brandon

“Becoming my heir, you can give your grandmother some financial assistance.”

I never thought that the financial problems we’ve been having were that serious.

(But is this the right solution?)

Brandon

“You have to take into consideration your grandmother’s deteriorating health in making your decision.”

Brandon

“You can make everything better for her.”

(He does have a point.)

(And right now I can’t even think of another way to help my grandmother.)

(I sure don’t want us to end up homeless.)

MC

“What do I have to do help my grandmother?”

Brandon

“Agree to become my heir and you will be afforded all the rights and privileges that comes with the Seymour name.”

MC

“Just like that?”

Brandon

“Of course, when I am ready to step down as CEO or in the event of my passing, as my heir you will succeed me as the head of S Group.”

MC  
“Okay, I don’t think I’m the best candidate to put at the helm of a multinational corporation, because I literally just burned the bread rolls this morning.”

MC

“I am not cut out for that kind of responsibility. Thank you very much.”

Brandon

“Oh, you don’t have to worry about being CEO right now. I would have to put you through business school first, of course.”

Brandon

“But before that can happen, you have to undergo protocol training.”

MC

“I’m sorry, what training?”

Brandon

“I believe Zachary here is more equipped to explain that to you in detail.”

The blond British guy steps forward.

Zachary

“Before you can move up to business school, you have to undergo special protocol training since you have not been raised in the familial traditions of the Seymour.”

Zachary

“It means that we will have to teach you about proper etiquette and social graces in order to become a lady worthy of the Seymour name.”

MC

“You mean like in finishing school?”

Zachary

“Exactly.”

MC

“So let me get this straight. All I have to do is agree to become your heir and undergo this protocol training, and in return you’re going to help my grandmother?”

Brandon

“Yes, [namae], that is correct.”

MC

“I’ll agree to all this in one condition.”

MC

“I want to have my grandmother moved to a nicer home complete with a caretaker and a nurse aide.”

Brandon

“Consider it done.”

(I can’t believe it’s that easy.)

(I guess that’s what it means to have billions of bucks.)

MC

“Oh! And I want our bakery to be remodeled, all its debts paid, and I want to hire employees to help run it.”

Brandon

“That’s not one condition, but I’ll do it. I’ll have to papers drawn up this afternoon.”

MC

“Thank you! Thank you so much!

Brandon

“But I have to warn you, your life will drastically change from now on.”

Brandon

“This life isn’t just about parties and dresses and fast cars. Being a lady is hard work.”

Brandon

“Do not disappoint me, [namae]. Your life at the Seymour Estate starts today.”

MC

“Thank you. I will do my best not to disappoint you, sir.”

Brandon

“You can call me grandfather.”

I smiled.

(He’s not so bad after all.)

Brandon

“Now I want to introduce to you to these three gentlemen.”

Brandon

“This is Stefan De Luca.”

The brown-haired guy bows his head in courtesy.

Stefan

“My lady.”

I am surprised at the formality.

Not too long ago, they were dragging me, kicking and screaming, into a limo.

(Why the sudden change?)

Brandon

“Of course, you know Zachary.”

Zachary

“Zachary Wright, at your service, my lady.”

Brandon

“And this young man right here is Bullet Anderson.”

Bullet

“Little… Ahem… My lady.”

Brandon

“These three gentlemen will be your mentors as you undergo protocol training, which begins tomorrow.”

Brandon

“But more importantly, they are also your *butlers*.”

MC

“Butlers? You mean like a servant.”

Brandon

“Yes. Their services are at your disposal 24/7. Everything you need, they will provide.”

I turn to the three gorgeous gentlemen with newfound interest.

MC

“So you guys work for me.”

Zachary

“That is correct, my lady.”

MC

“Oh, please, let’s not be so formal.”

MC

“You can call me “Boss.”

(This is going to be interesting.)

I woke up this morning as [namae] the baker.

Now I’m about to be whisked away to an estate to live as [namae] Seymour, the billionaire heiress, with these three handsome butlers at my constant beck and call.

(What sort of life awaits me at the Seymour Estate? I can’t wait to find out!)