

Death for Dessert (Film)- Flash Treatment

By

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ACT 1 - "Last Course"

PERCY, 49: I sit at this ornate dinner table staring at these other guests wondering if they know what has happened yet. This was a setup, the fattening of the goose before Christmas. We look like hostages trapped in a nice tomb with soft chairs and Swarovski crystal, but still trapped. Our fate appears to be sealed. We're all here for different reasons, but I assume our paths didn't cross by random circumstances. This event is too intricate to be random. This guest list could never have happened without thorough planning and the diabolical patience of a Sociopath. What makes a person want revenge like this? What amount of money and resources were used to make this happen?

If I were a lesser man I'd jump out of the window and take my chances on landing, but I'm sure someone who made this much effort wouldn't let a basic window ruin it. There's probably bear traps on the roof. Maybe it's fear keeping us here, like an invisible fence, while we wait for the "Jim Jones Kool Aid" to take effect.

My stomach is cramping already, dry mouth, arm tingling, rapid pulse. Stay calm... Death is in the room dammit. I should go to the bathroom and try to throw up, but that could make it worse depending on the toxin used, plus they've locked the doors I heard it. It's been an hour since anyone has come in here. What if I break the door down? Better to ask for forgiveness than permission. I don't like being the guinea pig. The guest bathroom is down the hall, the servers must have a kitchen bathroom to use. Maybe they're trapped too, accomplices to this grisly plot without realizing it, or maybe they're involved in it. Maybe they set us up. They served the food, they had to see who cooked it. I need to get one of them to talk. I may only have an hour of lucid thought left.

If I get up will they stab me? That would defeat the purpose of this elaborate skullduggery. They could have killed us an hour ago, like sheep. Someone is enjoying this. They must have cameras in here. The hospitality was a distraction, the sharp elbows are coming. The question is will we watch each other die or fight back. I'm sure, we've been poisoned, but as a doctor, I need to figure out what it is, and who did it. Maybe I can save us all before it's too late... I have to get to the kitchen.

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ACT 2 - "Bathroom Stranger"

CLAUDIA, 30: I don't understand why we are not able to leave yet. I've been here for 8 hours and no one is telling us anything. I heard the other servers talking about the agency that hired them. We all got the same piece of paper with this vague information on it about a "High Profile and discreet client". Apparently, they used four different agencies, but why? All of us hired for this big event, but none of us have worked together before, that's odd. I usually know at least one or two servers at each event. It's like they wanted us to not know each other.

The girl I met in the bathroom said she needs to go check on her sick son and they won't let her leave, told her some bullshit about the van not being back yet. This doesn't feel right. We served the last course an hour ago, now they want us to keep cleaning everything spotless. I'm a server not a maid. It's like we are getting rid of evidence. That would explain the 20 gallons of bleach in the stock room. I should have turned and left when I arrived. I've never seen a kitchen staff that doesn't talk to the servers, or servers that aren't allowed to talk to each other. I feel like I'm doing something illegal. Even the host of the dinner isn't around. Someone said his helicopter left two hour ago. I've never seen a dinner party host who doesn't eat with the guests, and then leaves early. That's rude, unless he knew something was up and needed an alibi.

I swear I heard crying in the dining room a little while ago, and people were barley drinking coffee after dinner, that's really odd. I recognize some of the guests from the news. A few of them are really rich. They can't be here against their will. Surely, they have bodyguards, or drivers, or assistants looking for them. I feel like I'm being kidnapped. What if I know too much, that means I'm collateral damage? Oh my God, this is not happening. Why would a rich person want to kidnap other rich people? I feel sick, probably from the chicken they fed us. It tasted funny.

I need to find my phone, and go home. The Catering Manager isn't even here anymore. I haven't seen him in hours. I don't even care about getting paid, I want out. I wish the Head Housekeeper would stop yelling at us in her thick accent, sounds Russian; "*Keep cleaning or no one leaves*". She seems to be in charge. Why did she lock our phones in the cabinet? I should have kept mine. I need to find the key to that cabinet. Maybe the girl from the bathroom can help. She needs to check on her son, I'm sure she'll help. I need to find her, get our phones, then call an Uber. Wait, I saw a phone in the back office earlier... I'll use that one.

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ACT 3 - "Afoot and Amiss"

PERCY: It's time Percy, get up... Force your legs to move. Anyone that tries to stop me will get the full brunt of my martial arts training to the solar plexus. Even a big man can't fight if he can't breathe. If that doesn't do it, a chair to the face works wonders. Whatever is wrong here is not going to be fixed by sitting still. Time to act, you learned that in the military. Do it... A good plan done aggressively now, is better than a great plan done cautiously later. I'm going to casually walk toward the kitchen door and ask for a cup of coffee. The poison will be surging through my veins soon, I have to keep an eye on the clock. It's been an hour, normal digestion is already taking place, toxins are surging and multiplying as I sit here. Go...

That woman standing in the hallway looks sympathetic. Excuse me Madame, can you direct me to the lavatory please? She looks startled, then points toward the kitchen and scurries off. I continue down the back hallway, I see the kitchen staff still milling about, some look distraught. Strange vibe back here. No food around, just cleaning supplies. Some workers whisper as I walk by. I can't make out what they're saying but they don't seem too relieved to see me back here. A large, stern-faced older woman in a white smock over a black tweed jacket stares as I pass by. Our eyes meet for a second, I quickly break contact and keep moving. She attempts to intercept. I see the bathroom door open just yards ahead of me. I calmly quicken my pace as muscles twitch trying to reach the door faster.

The large lady speeds up also, I hear her heels clicking on the wood floor a few feet behind me. Her pace matches mine almost step for step. The chase is afoot. Then she says it, in her thick Eastern European accent, "Sir, you can't be back here" ... I lunge for the bathroom door past a distraught female server on a nearby bench...she stares at me like she wants to say something but I quickly close and lock the door behind me... I'm in. The large woman stops outside the door. She knocks loudly. I only have a few minutes. I need to deal with this poison and figure out how to save us. She knocks again louder. Four years of medical school for a finger down the throat..

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