

Demetri the Committed

Written by

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BLACKNESS

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hi...

MAN (O.S.)

... my name...

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)

... is Paula...

MAN #2

... and I have...

WOMAN #3

... a problem.

A light suddenly turns on.

Inside an undisclosed room, DEMETRI LOUWER (25), a man bursting with hidden ambition, but easily controlled by those around him, is seated in a chair on a small platform. A bright spotlight beaming on him from above causes him to squint.

DEMETRI

Hi, my name is Demetri and I have a problem.

HANK WORTHINGTON (50s), stern business type, springs up from a chair.

WORTHINGTON

You sure do!

PULL BACK to reveal many other PEOPLE, a couple dozen, seated around Worthington. One-by-one, they jump out of his or her seat with an unusual weapon in hand - pitchfork, baseball bat, shovel, nunchucks, spear, etc. A lynch mob in the making.

PEOPLE

You suck! What's the matter with you? Get him! You deserve an old fashion whippin`! You're scum!

The group slowly approaches--

Demetri. He stands, his shocked eyes focused on the group closing in.

Worthington now leads the charge.

WORTHINGTON

Louwer.

As Demetri passes by the desks, JOHNSON (20s), a sly scumbag willing to do whatever he can to get ahead, crumples a paper he was working on and tosses it at his full trashcan. The crumpled paper bounces off and lands on the floor.

DEMETRI (V.O.)

This is Johnson, "ass kisser" with a capital A. I don't even know why I ever talked to him. Maybe I was just extremely lonely.

Demetri stops by Johnson's side.

DEMETRI

I've been working on this design we could use for the upcoming line.

He removes a sketch from his pocket and hands it to--

Johnson, who looks it over, very intrigued by what he sees. In the shape of a capital T, "capital" forms the top part while the stem consists of several "T's". Some of the letters appear to stand out further than others. A hypnotic effect.

JOHNSON

Nice.

Demetri beams with pride.

DEMETRI (V.O.)

I was very good at designing T-shirt logos, better than anyone in my shop. But I never seemed to get the recognition I deserved.

Worthington leaves his office. He spots Demetri chatting with Johnson and straightens.

WORTHINGTON

Louwer!

Demetri whirls to him in a panicked frenzy, knocking off papers and sketching pencils from Johnson's desk.

DEMETRI (V.O.)

My boss, Mr. Worthington, always had this effect on me. A very scary man.

He hurries to pick up the dropped supplies in an awkward manner and slaps them on the desk.

DEMETRI (V.O.)

He was one of the reasons why I never succeeded here. There were many more.

Johnson stares at the mess covering his desk in astonishment.

Demetri stands at attention before his boss.

DEMETRI

Sir?

WORTHINGTON

Why are you in here bothering the artists? Where's my coffee?

DEMETRI

I was just--

Johnson springs to his feet, Demetri's sketch in his hand.

JOHNSON

He was just commenting on my new design, Mr. Worthington.

He hands the paper to his boss.

Demetri just stands there, unable to believe what he sees.

DEMETRI (V.O.)

This was another reason why I never seemed to get ahead. People were always taking credit for MY designs. You think I'd learn by now, wouldn't you? I think I was just too afraid of confrontation.

Worthington looks at the design without reaction at first, then nods his approval.

WORTHINGTON

This is some of your best work, Johnson.

Demetri's jaw drops.

JOHNSON

Thank you, sir.

Worthington hands back the paper to him.

WORTHINGTON

Get this into the computer immediately. I want 500 shirts with
(MORE)

WORTHINGTON (CONT'D)
this design ready to ship by next
week.

JOHNSON
I'll have it done in three days.

Worthington pats his back.

WORTHINGTON
Excellent.

Johnson passes Demetri a smirk as he takes the paper over to
an office printer/scanner and prepares it for scanning.

WORTHINGTON
Louwer, you could learn a lot from
Johnson. Initiative. That's what
you lack. Now get me that coffee,
cream and one sugar.

He enters his office and closes the door.

Demetri glares at Johnson. If looks could kill.

But Johnson just laughs it off. He's not one to be
intimidated easily.

JOHNSON
Something wrong, Louwer?

DEMETRI (V.O.)
Yeah, you have shit all over your
nose.

Demetri steps closer.

DEMETRI
You stole MY design.

JOHNSON
I didn't see you give it to me. Did
you, Michaels?

MICHAELS passes a quick look in his direction as he works on
his computer.

MICHAELS
Nope. Didn't see a thing.

JOHNSON
(to Demetri)
See? No stealing here.