Demetri the Committed

Written by

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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.

Demetri fails to acknowledge him.

WORTHINGTON (O.S.) Louwer, do you hear me?

IMMEDIATE CUT TO:

INT. CAPITAL TEE'S - GRAPHIC DESIGN OFFICE - DAY - REAL TIME

A small fashion design shop for t-shirts. Several hang on the walls with various logos from comedic to serious, some accompanied by drawings.

Two artists/writers, dressed in casual attire, sit at small desks, busy designing more logos, both by hand and on computers. Trashcans are overrun with wadded up sketches each tosses away fairly frequently.

Off to the side, Demetri is frozen with a broom in his hands, daydreaming.

Worthington stands at the doorway to his office, a scary look on his face.

WORTHINGTON

Louwer!

Demetri jumps at the voice

WORTHINGTON Didn't I give you enough jobs to do?

DEMETRI

No, sir... I mean yes, sir.

WORTHINGTON Get that floor swept, then get me a cup of coffee.

He ducks into his office and closes the door hard.

Demetri sweeps, even though there doesn't appear to be any dirt on the floor. He goes through the motions.

DEMETRI (V.O.) That's me, Demetri Louwer... a walking doormat. Pretty pathetic, huh?

Demetri grabs a full trashcan, leaves the room for a moment, then returns with the empty trashcan and places it in its spot. He continues sweeping.

> DEMETRI (V.O.) That was about to change.

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.