

HANSON

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HANSON'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

A mustache, a glorious, thick, manly mustache.

HANSON (V.O.)
My name is Hanson; that's my first,
last, and only name.

The mustache belongs to HANSON (30's). He is a surly man,
with a face chiselled out of stone, and a hairy chest.

Hanson applies shaving lather with a badger hair brush. He
then picks up a straight-edge razor and begins working on his
face, careful to avoid the mustache.

HANSON (V.O.)
I believe manliness is a virtue, a
badge to be worn proudly.

Finished with his shave, Hanson carefully trims his mustache.

HANSON (V.O.)
The free man is the most excellent
of creatures in the known universe,
approaching even the gods in
majesty.

Hanson examines himself in the mirror, flexes his muscles.

HANSON (V.O.)
I think Aristotle said that.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

Hanson presses a button for the tenth floor. He is dressed in
tough, worn clothing, more Hemingway than Proust.

HANSON (V.O.)
I hate sissies.

Someone runs into the elevator, just before the door closes.
Slimy, thin, dressed like a Mormon, MENDLESON (20's).

HANSON (V.O.)
Moriarty.

Hanson looks over Mendleson with contempt.

HANSON (V.O.)
It might actually be Mendleson, I
don't know.

Mendleson awkwardly reaches past Hanson and hits the button
for the ninth floor.

MENDLESON
How was your weekend?

Hanson says nothing, not even acknowledging Mendleson.

HANSON (V.O.)
This little shit-stain works for
the Big-City Tribune, and he's
always scooping my stories.

INT. CITY SUN - CUBICLE FARM - DAY

Hanson sits in a cubicle, punching away slowly at a
typewriter.

There is nothing around, save for photos of Abe Lincoln,
Teddy Roosevelt, and Aristotle.

A KNOCK.

Hanson spins around in his chair to see:

LISA (20's), the exceedingly gorgeous intern.

LISA
Mr. Brighton is wondering when that
story on underground restaurants is
going to be in.

HANSON
He'll get it when it's done!

Lisa runs off.

HANSON (V.O.)
Sometimes you have to play hard to
get.

Hanson removes a file folder from his desk. He opens it up
and flips through newspaper clippings and photos. He picks up
one in particular of:

A dangerous looking Venezuelan, TICO (20's).

HANSON (V.O.)
Other times, you need to be
straight.

INT. TICO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is rundown, greasy, and in need of repair.

In a doorway to the bedroom, we see:

TWO LEGS. They JOLT to the sound of punches.

HANSON (O.S.)
Is it true?

The legs JOLT again. Silence.

Hanson walks out of the room.

The legs belong to Tico. He crawls on his belly out of the room, his face a bloody pulp.

Hanson returns and grabs Tico by the collar, dragging him over to a couch. Hanson grabs Tico by the face.

HANSON (CONT'D)
Last chance, Tico Suave.

Tico says nothing.

Hanson produces a bottle of hot sauce. He squeezes the contents into Tico's wounds.

Tico SCREAMS.

TICO
Alright! Alright! We don't have a
health permit, we photoshopped
ours!

Hanson lets go of Tico and empties the bottle of hot sauce into his own mouth. Hanson is unaffected by the spice.

HANSON (V.O.)
Hot sauce is proven to fix 96% of
all problems. Seriously, put that
shit on everything.

Hanson pulls out a notepad and scribbles on it while Tico writhes in the background.

INT. CITY SUN - CUBICLE FARM - DAY

Hanson types away, one finger at a time, at his typewriter. He rips out the page, adds it to the stack, and leaves his cubicle.

Along the way, Hanson spots Lisa. He pulls her in and kisses her passionately, then throws her to the ground.

INT. CITY SUN - BRIGHTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Hanson kicks the door open and stomps in. He throws the stack of papers at:

CHARLES BRIGHTON (40's), the chief editor.

HANSON

I am the man!

Hanson storms out.

Brighton calmly presses the conference button on his telephone, leans in.

BRIGHTON

Lisa, can you help me sort some papers please?

Brighton returns to his own paperwork, not even fazed.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

Mendleson is in the elevator, he sees someone and stops the door from closing.

MENDLESON

Which floor?

Hanson runs in, slugs Mendleson, dropping him, then rushes off before anyone can see him.

HANSON (O.S.)

Real men take the stairs!

The door fails to close because of Mendleson's limp leg.

INT. TICO'S BURRITO PARADISE - NIGHT

Hanson sits alone, munching on a burrito, and reading the newspaper. His story is on the front page:

DIRTY IMMIGRANTS MAKE DIRTY FOOD AND SELL IT TO YOU.

Hanson finishes his burrito.

HANSON

Another!

Hanson looks over his shoulder.

Tico, a bandage over the entire left side of his face, hurries up to make another burrito.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Across the street from Tico's Burrito Paradise, a man in a trench-coat, Mendleson, takes photos of Hanson eating.

INT. HANSON'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Hanson shaves with his straight-edge razor. He peers out of the washroom into his bedroom, seeing:

Lisa, half-naked, under the sheets of his bed.

Hanson smiles to himself. He continues shaving, but, nicks himself. The sight of his own blood unsettles him.

HANSON (V.O.)

You didn't see that.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

Mendleson, with a black eye, looks up and offers the middle finger before rapidly pressing the "close door" button.

Hanson is unable to get into the elevator in time.

HANSON

Sissy!

INT. CITY SUN - CUBICLE FARM - DAY

Hanson sits at his desk, attempting to light a Cuban cigar.

A KNOCK.

HANSON

Back for more?

Hanson turns around and sees:

Brighton.

 BRIGHTON
 In my office. Now.

Hanson's cigar falls out of his mouth.

INT. CITY SUN - BRIGHTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Brighton slams a newspaper down on his desk. Hanson picks it up. It's the Big-City Tribune and it's headline is:

CITY SUN EMPLOYS HYPOCRITES WHO ARE ALSO ASSHOLES.

Hanson sees the photo of himself eating at Tico's Burrito Paradise. He also sees a "continued on page 6..." He flips to page 6 and sees:

Mendleson's bruised face and a still-frame of elevator security footage showing Hanson's fist connecting with Mendleson's jaw.

 HANSON (V.O.)
 Hemingway said that courage is
 grace under pressure. I think I
 look pretty fucking cool.

Hanson spits on the newspaper.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

Lisa hands Hanson his box of photos and his typewriter.

Hanson tries to kiss Lisa, but she rushes off.

 MENDLESON (O.S.)
 Hold the door!

Hanson presses the "close door" button but Mendleson manages to get in. Hanson attempts to ignore him.

 MENDLESON (CONT'D)
 Oh, Hanson?

Hanson turns to Mendleson, rage in his eyes.

Mendleson slaps Hanson.

 MENDLESON (CONT'D)
 Third floor please?

Hanson presses the button. The door closes on them.

FADE OUT: