

THE HANK EFFECT
by
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EXT. FLOYD'S HOUSE - MORNING

1

Up drives HANK (30) -- J.C.-Penney-model good looks, dressed sharp for work. He SINGS along to a SKA CD.

HANK
(singing)
You-don't-know, but I'm lov-in'-you
AL-WAYS...

He FROWNS at his watch, but doesn't miss a beat...

HANK (CONT'D)
(singing)
Now Floyd-is-late, and I got-to-get
BAY-GULLS...

...and HONKS in rhythm. Then he pulls out a DAILY PLANNER.

Out comes FLOYD (28), office good-old-boy, in need of a haircut and shave. He HURRIES for the car, but...

Two ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMEN pass on the sidewalk. He slows...

FLOYD
Gooood mornin', ladies...

The women LAUGH awkwardly.

HANK (O.S.)
Today, Floyd!

2

INT. BAGEL SHOP - MORNING

2

They open the door onto a VERY LONG LINE. Hank makes a face.

FLOYD
Come on, you're gonna live.

They join the line, and slo-o-owly move up...

FLOYD (CONT'D)
You get way too caught up in
triflin' details.

HANK
I'm a programmer. My *job* is
triflin' details.

FLOYD
They're just distractions ...
(looking down)
Ooh, Indyweek...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Floyd's POV of the local independent newspaper -- on the cover is a SKA BAND with the headline "ROCKEFELLERS BACK." He picks one up.

HANK

There's a good piece on the
Rockefellers in the front...

FLOYD

Oh really?

DELIBERATELY, Floyd flips to the BACK of the paper.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

All I care about is the personals.
'Women Seeking Women' is like
direct deposit for the spank bank.

HANK

Wow, don't need to know that...

FLOYD

Sorry, princess. Maybe 'Missed
Connections' is more your speed.
(reading, fake-sexy voice)
'Tuesday at Whole Foods. You -
yellow shirt and great smile. Me -
plaid skirt and boots. Sparks?'

Hank SMILES, and he happens to have a great smile.

HANK

That's why these are ridiculous.
The odds of whoever it was actually
reading this... And *I* was in Whole
Foods on Tuesday.

FLOYD

Yeah, I bet every nerd in the world
gets his hummus there at lunch...
How about: 'Nearly bumped into you
at the Grounds Central bathroom
last Friday. Too shy to ask your
name. Want to know mine?'

HANK

That's weird. I was at Grounds
Central on Friday.

BEAT. They look at each other. Floyd returns to the paper.

FLOYD

Um. You went to the Critical Stop
show on Saturday, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HANK

Yeah.

FLOYD

Do you remember a...

(reading)

'shy redhead in Army of Darkness T-shirt'?

HANK

I dunno, I've been so focused on this project at work...

FLOYD

Dude! Too focused for a REDHEAD?

They're finally at the register. The HOT COUNTER GIRL beams at them, and Hank all but SHUTS DOWN with shyness.

HOT COUNTER GIRL

What can I get for you?

HANK

Uh... Um...

FLOYD

We'll take two of your Dirty Dozen.

HOT COUNTER GIRL

That's a lot of dirty.

Hank responds with the MOST AWKWARD LAUGH IN THE WORLD.

FLOYD

Monday, bagel shop, you laughed like a sea lion.

3 INT. OFFICE, CHERYL'S CUBE - LATER

3

Pretty, petite brunette CHERYL (28) faces off against plain, serious DEBRA (30) over STEAMING COFFEE MUGS. They CLINK.

CHERYL

On three... One... Two...

They CHUG the scalding coffee. Debra flinches first and YELLS with pain.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Pay up...

Debra pays her a FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beyond the cube wall, past COWORKERS going to the meeting, Hank and Floyd RUN through the frame with huge bagel bags.

Floyd reappears.

FLOYD
Gooood mornin', Cheryl...

HANK (O.S.)
Come on!

4 INT. OFFICE, CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 4

We get only a peek as our heroes leap back and the Coworkers ATTACK the bagels like INSANE STARVING WOLVERINES.

5 INT. OFFICE, CHERYL'S CUBE - LATER 5

Floyd PLUNKS a bagel down on Cheryl's desk. She keeps working, her back to him.

FLOYD
Saved ya one.

CHERYL
Thanks.

Floyd stares a moment.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
For the last time, I *like* my
resolution this low...

FLOYD
I need you to ask out Hank.

She hides her interest.

CHERYL
Hank? Why?

FLOYD
For science. It's very important.

CHERYL
I'll... catch up with him at lunch.

FLOYD
No, do it now, while he's working.

CHERYL
Ugh. Floyd, what are you up to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLOYD

I'm tellin' you, it's for science.
But if you're not a real scientist,
that's cool. A lot of women go to
college to get their M. R. S.
degree.

Oh no he didn't. Cheryl shoots her a SLO-O-OW BURN...

6

INT. OFFICE, HANK'S CUBE - LATER

6

Cheryl leans over Hank's wall. He's totally immersed in his code, LOUDLY TYPING through the whole conversation.

CHERYL

Mornin', Hank...

HANK

Mornin'.

CHERYL

I was thinking about doing the new
sushi place for lunch. You up for
it?

HANK

Up for it, down for it, you know I
love it sweet, pink and raw, but
unfortunately I have to concentrate
on this...

CHERYL

I thought the new version doesn't
go out until next week...

HANK

Naw, but these bugs are tricky. I
gotta use my mouth on this one --
it takes forever, but it's the only
way to do it right, and she'll
thank me when I'm done, so...

CLACKETY-CLACK. Cheryl watches, amazed... And kinda aroused.

CHERYL

OK. Talk to you later then.

HANK

Yeah, later.

She walks away, in SHOCK. In an instant, Floyd appears at her elbow, WALKING her back to her cube.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLOYD
So that was fun.

CHERYL
What the hell was...?

FLOYD
(interrupting)
I need you to do it again.

CHERYL
What?

FLOYD
After he fixes this bug. At lunch.

CHERYL'S CUBE - CONTINUOUS

Cheryl sits, getting pissed. Debra watches them come in.

CHERYL
Why, Floyd?

FLOYD
FOR SCIENCE. Look, Cheryl... You
are the hottest woman in statistics
and research... Sorry, Debra...

Debra shoots him a look of RAW CONTEMPT.

FLOYD (CONT'D)
So aren't you as curious as I am
why he didn't pee himself over you?

Tempted...

FLOYD (CONT'D)
Bet you five dollars.

7 INT. OFFICE, BREAK ROOM - LATER

7

Hank nukes up his lunch, CALM, SMILING. Cheryl SLIDES up...

CHERYL
Hi.

...And he goes deer in headlights.

HANK
Uh...

CHERYL
Are you going to the Rockefellers
show this Saturday?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK
Guh fliggit...

Cheryl SMILES. This is the reaction she's used to.

CHERYL
Because I'd love to go. Would you
take me?

HANK
Hozza whibby. Whuggit... Yes,
please... I mean, yes...

Floyd BURSTS in.

FLOYD
Okay, good. Enough. Both of you,
conference room. Now.

HANK
What?

FLOYD
He said yes, right?

HANK
(to Cheryl)
This was a set-up?

	FLOYD		CHERYL
Yes.		No.	

CHERYL
Conference room, you say?

She walks ahead. Once she's out of earshot...

HANK
Not cool, Floyd.

FLOYD
Dude, she's worked here two years.
Don't sit on your coat and complain
that you're cold.

8 INT. OFFICE, CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

8

Floyd lectures as Hank sits next to him on a TALL STOOL like
a medical specimen.

FLOYD
...so his logical left cerebral
hemisphere is overly developed.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLOYD (CONT'D)

This is ideal for programming -- hence our subject's profession -- but highly detrimental for interacting with the opposite sex. Because the stress of an attractive female in his environment puts his left brain in overdrive -- what should he say? Is he funny? Is his breath okay? But when his left brain is *occupied*, by, say, a bug in his code, the creative processes of the right brain are free to play.

(beat)

And Hank's right brain is a PUSSY. MAGNET.

CHERYL

Nice.

FLOYD

No offense. But with his right brain, he's ONE slick with the ladies and TWO doesn't care how they react. And indifference is the difference.

CHERYL

I don't see the point of this...

FLOYD

(building excitement)

The POINT? It is our obligation to the world of men to figure out how this works! I build the hardware. Hank writes the code, and you'll study the results.

HANK

I'm not...

FLOYD

(interrupting)

FOR SCIENCE!

CHERYL

On company time?

FLOYD

YES. DUH.

9

BEGIN MONTAGE

9

- Before a panel of male Coworkers, Floyd shows a picture of a HOT WOMAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Each Coworker writes a NUMBER on a yellow legal pad and shows Floyd what he's written. Floyd looks aside to Cheryl, who carefully writes the results.

- Hank at his computer. The HOT WOMAN flashes on one side of his screen, and a block of code appears on the other. There's a PLASTIC CUFF on his wrist with wires trailing to the USB port. Some Coworkers look in, curious.

Floyd dabs Hank's forehead and feeds him Mountain Dew through a straw.

- Cheryl examines a spreadsheet, concerned. Debra pulls out a list of numbers and POINTS to a mistake. Cheryl corrects it in the computer, and the two HIGH-FIVE and CHEST-BUMP.

END MONTAGE

10 INT. OFFICE, CONFERENCE ROOM - ANOTHER DAY 10

Cheryl brings up a PowerPoint presentation. Entering, Floyd and Hank find binders in their chairs. Behind them, Debra and all the Coworkers file in.

Here's the FIRST SLIDE -- "The Hank Effect: The Science of Not Paying Attention."

11 INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME 11

The floor is EMPTY. Somewhere, a phone RINGS incessantly.

12 INT. OFFICE, CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER 12

Cheryl stands in front of a graph of VERY MESSY data points.

CHERYL

Once variations in environment were accounted for, the data took the expected shape...

She shows tighter points on a SINUSOIDAL GRAPH. She points to the near-linear portion in the middle.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

It is in this area that the interaction between attraction and distraction has the optimal effect. If we look at a graph of the indifference differential...

She shows a BELL CURVE and points to the peak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERYL (CONT'D)

We can determine exactly what Hank has to think about in order to talk to a hot chick.

FLOYD

What is your recommendation?

CHERYL

A field test. Immediately.

Everyone STARES.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

IMMEDIATELY!

EXT. GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON

Floyd, Cheryl and Debra HURRY to hide behind the potatoes as Hank approaches the HOTTEST WOMAN IN THE FILM.

Debra has a pair of bird-watching binoculars. As they settle in, Floyd and Debra realize they're way too close to each other, and SHIFT APART, uncomfortable.

In front of them, Hank takes a BREATH.

HANK

(to himself)

Recursion requires a call to itself and a completion case...

He sidles up to HOTTEST WOMAN IN THE FILM at the APPLE STAND. She keeps picking up apples and putting them down, unsatisfied.

Hank points to one sitting by itself.

HANK (CONT'D)

Pick this one.

HOTTEST WOMAN IN THE FILM

Oh yeah?

HANK

Definitely. I know a good apple when I see one.

She picks it up. Looks pretty good...

HANK (CONT'D)

It's the ones that stand out that never seem to get noticed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WHAMMO. She SMILES at him, amazed.

HANK (CONT'D)
(putting out his hand)
Hi, I'm Hank.

HOTTEST WOMAN IN THE FILM
I'm Amber.

Watching, Floyd and Debra HIGH-FIVE. Cheryl forces a smile.

13 EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - LATER 13

Floyd CLAPS Hank on the shoulder and gives Debra a SQUEEZE.
Cheryl lurks behind, unhappy.

FLOYD
Oh, man, we're going to make so
much money offa this...

CHERYL
So, uh... You gonna call her?

HANK
I dunno... But Saturday we're still
on for the Rockefellers, right?

CHERYL
You don't have to...

HANK
I wouldn't miss it.

14 INT. INDIE ROCK BAR - NIGHT 14

The crowd bubbles with anticipation. Near the front, Hank
NUDGES Cheryl.

HANK
If I never said... Thank you for
all your help... with stuff.

CHERYL
Of course. For science.

The Rockefellers come out -- two-tone, skinny ties. The crowd
EXPLODES as they rip into the CATCHIEST SKA SONG EVER.

Everybody starts DANCING but Cheryl.

HANK
You don't dance?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERYL

Oh... No... It's embarrassing...

HANK

Come on... Nobody's watching...

She tries -- and she's off-beat, awkward, and HORRIBLE.

The Rockefellers' LEAD SINGER notices and CRINGES.

Hank FROWNS. Then he gets an idea...

HANK (CONT'D)

How's your new project going?

CHERYL

The project? Oh, I guess... it's interesting, but it's going to be a real bear. We've got these crazy outliers that might qualify as quirks, but it's...

As she speaks, she starts to DANCE BETTER! She stops mid-sentence in AMAZEMENT.

Hank moves in to dance with her...

HANK

...for N less than array length...

And she moves to dance with him...

CHERYL

...for p-values less than point oh five...

And they whirl around the floor like professional dancers.

He TURNS her, and she SPINS around into his arms.

Thrilled, she KISSES him. He KISSES right back.

They separate, GRINNING like fools, and dance away.

In the back of the bar, watching, Floyd and Debra CLINK beer bottles. They throw back their beers, chuck their bottles, and start MAKING OUT like hyenas.

And the band plays on...

END