

# HUNK

A NOVELOGUE BY  
ALEX HARRIS

## READERS KEY

Do you ever get tired of reading descriptions like, "As he sailed down the river, he passed weeping willows with branches that beckoned him to the shore?" Yes, it sounds beautiful, but sometimes you need a break, right?

A novelogue is a story told almost exclusively through dialogue, cutting to the meat of the story. Character descriptions and settings are provided, but the rest is left to your imagination. Here are some helpful guidelines:

- Characters are introduced in CAPITAL LETTERS. (ex. WES)
- Locations appear in BOLD CAPITAL LETTERS. (ex. BEDROOM) • CONT'D = Continued
- V.O. = Voice Over
- INT. = Interior
- EXT. = Exterior

## PROLOGUE

Picture a Slide-show presentation on "Famous Leading Men Since the Dawn of Humanity." Begin with Adam...

WES (V.O.)

Throughout history, some men have been more idolized than others. Alexander the Great, for instance, was the charismatic and dynamic leader of the Western world between 356 and 323 BC. He made both women--and men--swoon. Later, there was Napoleon Bonaparte. He rose to power at the end of the French Revolution and tamed a bloodthirsty public--for a while, anyway. His reign led to a new era of design and innovation throughout Europe.

Over the past century, with the exception of John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr., and Barack Obama, entertainers have become the top influencers, and none has been more successful than the teen heartthrob. From Rudolph Valentino, to Leonardo DiCaprio to...Adam Windsor (more on him later), the teen heartthrob has fostered the dreams of teenage girls everywhere. This makes him both the bane of every other mans existence, and the new model for masculinity.

I was not born a trendsetter, or a leader, but, as Shakespeare once wrote, "some have greatness thrust upon them." And, yes, "that's [also] what *she* said."

CHAPTER 1

## OUTSIDE "DYNASTIC INDUSTRIES" HEADQUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

WES HARTLEY, 24, bursts through the revolving door, and walks with purpose towards the parking lot. He is wearing khakis and a tucked-in orange polo shirt. His brown hair is carefully parted and matted to the side of his head. Following closely behind him is REGGIE CARR, 26, a tall African-American man with close-cropped hair and a confident stride. Reggie is also wearing business-casual attire, but his is more expensive.

REGGIE

Wait up, Man!

Wes stops and turns around.

WES

(Furious)

They are *not* going to find anyone better than us.

REGGIE

Profits are down. They don't want to show losses to their stock-holders.

WES

(hyperventilating)

Oh, Man. What are we going to do now?

REGGIE

You *really* need to get-a-grip. You're freaking me out. Hell, I worked here for three years. You only showed up a year ago.

WES

I knew I should have spent longer designing those swords.

REGGIE

We had a deadline.

WES

I know.

REGGIE

Maybe we should look on the bright side? Now we can relax.

WES

What about bills? I have to start looking for a job immediately. Do you know how hard it's going to be? They come out with new designers every year. I'm like a fossil. A big-eared fossil.

REGGIE

Fossils don't have ears, you know that. Ears are just cartilage, and yours are normal size. (pause) And, as far as dreams go, you could try following your second one.

WES

I don't have a second dream. Unless you mean the one I had when I was three, and I don't think "being a ninja" is a real option.

REGGIE

I'm gonna be a fry cook.

Wes stops walking.

WES

Wait, what? (pause) You're serious.

REGGIE

Don't worry. Not just any fry cook. I'm gonna work at Capt'n Moo's. The best in the business.

REGGIE

Just think. I can get paid doing something I love.

WES

You went to Stanford! Plus, fry cooks make almost no money.

REGGIE

Who can put a price on a dream?

WES

Uh, Carlos, our landlord. I'll have to find a new roommate.

REGGIE

It won't be a "forever" job. I'm not going to tell my parents about it--I'm just gonna get in, learn

(MORE)

REGGIE CONT'D  
their secret recipe, and get out.  
Stanford would be proud. Trust me.  
Fries for life! (pause) And I have  
some money saved.

WES  
Are you sure? You go through five  
Diet Coke's a day.

REGGIE  
Don't knock the Diet Coke's, Mr.  
Fritos.

WES  
Fine! We should both stop  
overspending on junk.

REGGIE  
I can't work without Coke. I tried  
to make it a tax write-off, but  
that stupid program you bought  
won't let me.

WES  
What are you doing using my tax  
program...and what about all the  
money you spend on clothes?

REGGIE  
I'm investing in my future.

WES  
Just don't sell yourself short,  
okay? Can we go now, please?

Wes and Reggie continue walking towards the parking lot when  
they hear someone kicking a dumpster. They look to the far  
end of the concourse and spot JAKE, 28, throwing a tantrum.

JAKE  
I'm trash! I'm nothing!

Jake tries to get into the bin, but Wes runs over and pulls  
him down. Reggie reluctantly follows.

WES  
This is crazy!

JAKE  
(bursting into tears)  
I've worked here five years. No one  
else can write a convincing dwarf  
(MORE)

JAKE CONT'D  
or king, or dwarf king, or talking  
unicorn. I have a degree in  
mythical linguistics. Did you know  
that? Pedich Edhellen?!

WES  
Of course it means something. I'm  
sure someone as talented as you  
will get a new job in no time.

JAKE  
No. Nobody wants this.

Jake stares down at himself, and points to his gut.

JAKE CONT'D  
I'm fat and I'm addicted to Diet  
Coke!

REGGIE  
Come on! There are far worse  
things. (Pretend cough)--Fritos.  
You should come and work with me at  
Capt'n Moo's.

Wes glares at Reggie.

JAKE  
I'm allergic to potatoes.

REGGIE  
(cringing)  
No, Man! No! You're killing me.

WES  
(to Reggie)  
Can you just stop talking?

JAKE  
No, he's right.

WES  
Maybe about the potatoes, but the  
rest of it is crazy talk. I should  
know, I was doing it just a few  
seconds ago--Reggie was more  
helpful then...

Jake wipes the tears from his eyes.

JAKE  
You've both been helpful.

Jake brings Wes and Reggie in for a group hug.

JAKE CONT'D  
Thank you.

Jake lets go, and walks away with his chin up.

WES  
(to Jake)  
You're going to do great. (pause)  
Call me if you need anything!

REGGIE  
(to Wes)  
Why can't you be this good to  
yourself?

WES  
I don't know.

THAT EVENING;

#### AT WES AND REGGIE'S APARTMENT

Wes and Reggie are seated at their kitchen table in front of their respective laptops. Wes is searching for jobs on the internet, while Reggie is filling out an application for Capt'n Moo's.

WES  
(frustrated)  
I just don't understand how there  
could be nothing?

REGGIE  
The economy sucks.

WES  
Yeah, I know. But still.

REGGIE  
Why don't you contact the Career  
Center?

WES  
I already searched their  
database. Nothing. College *really*  
seems very worthwhile right now.  
(pause) You'd think the bank would  
give me a job since I'm trying to  
(MORE)



WES CONT'D  
pay back their loans, but they're  
too busy being evil.

Reggie bites his upper lip, and thinks for a second.

REGGIE  
Maybe *you* should become evil. It  
always seems to pay well. At least  
until you get pushed into a shark  
tank, or a propeller, or fall into  
a pit of lava, or get your neck  
snapped, or awaken a curse. (pause)  
What about Jumbo Juice?!

WES  
No.

REGGIE  
I don't know what to tell you,  
Man. Maybe your expectations are  
too high.

WES  
(upset)  
Why, because I want a job I'm  
qualified for?

REGGIE  
No, because you only want the  
perfect job.

WES  
So do you. Your perfect job just  
happens to have a lower point of  
entry.

REGGIE  
Oh no! Don't jinx me, Man. I  
haven't gotten the job yet.

Wes and Reggie are silent as they go about their separate activities. Until...Wes looks up in frustration, and throws a rolled up napkin at Reggie. Reggie looks up, shocked. Wes's mood shifts, and he laughs at his emotional outburst. Reggie laughs, too.

CUT TO;

**A WINDOWLESS OFFICE - 10 AM**

ROBIN, a human resources representative, carefully looks over Wes's resume, while Wes sits patiently across from her.

The whole room is lined with shelves of action figures and limited edition vinyl toys, but the one on her desk particularly demands Wes's attention. The figure is a tan, bald, muscular ogre, with a long stuck-out tongue that seems to mock Wes specifically.

WES  
 (pointing to the figure)  
 Is that a "Limited Edition Mountain  
 Hunchback Warrior?"

ROBIN looks up.

ROBIN  
 No. Guess again?

Her eyes stay on him.

WES  
 Is it a..."Wompak Tri-Belted  
 Iron-Gnome?"

ROBIN  
 Do you see a tri-belt on him? It's  
 a "Two-eyed Mutant Cyclops"--"Gold  
 Edition." Only ten exist in the  
 whole world. (pause) You know what,  
 I don't think you're right for this  
 position, Mr. Hartley.

ROBIN hands Wes back his resume.

WES  
 Well--Wait, you have to admit that  
 it does look a lot like a Hunchback  
 Warrior.

ROBIN  
 Leave now, please.

Wes stands up.

WES  
 I went to UC Berkeley. I graduated  
 at the top of my class. This job is  
 perfect for me. (pause) I worked at  
 one of your top competitors. You  
 know "Carnage of War II?" I  
 designed Maylar, the Amazonian  
 Queen--

ROBIN

I know. I read your resume, and that was the credit I was least impressed with. She should have only had one breast for shooting purposes--I'm not sure where you did your research-- and her hips were huge.

WES

I thought the "breast" thing was a little too sadistic.

ROBIN

Do I have to call security?

Wes exits the room.

MINUTES LATER;

# INSIDE A COFFEE SHOP

Wes is waiting second in line. He eyes the barista, MOLLY, 20, a pretty girl with dark hair and red horn-rimmed glasses. When it is Wes's turn to order, he gives Molly a kind smile.

Molly doesn't smile back.

MOLLY

How can I help you?

WES

I'll have a large house-blend, please.

MOLLY

(hostile)

You mean a "Grande" or a "Venti?"

WES

a "Grande."

Wes's cell phone rings the theme song to "Super Mario Bros." Molly furrows her eyebrows, and hands him his coffee.

WES CONT'D

(to Molly)

Thanks. (into phone) Hello?

Wes takes out his wallet and hands Molly a five dollar bill.

LINDSEY

Guess?

WES

Hey, Lin.

LINDSEY, Wes's sister, is calling from her suburban home in Scarsdale, NY. She's four years older than Wes, and takes her familial responsibilities very seriously.

As she talks, she folds laundry on her floral-patterned bed.

LINDSEY

That's the way you greet the best sister in the world?

WES

It's been a long couple of days.

LINDSEY

What's wrong? Tell me.

WES

I lost my job.

LINDSEY

No. When?

WES

Last Friday.

LINDSEY

I'm so sorry. (pause) What are you going to do?

WES

I don't know? I went for an interview at MicroTech, but I didn't get it. I'm almost considering working at Jumbo Juice. Can I interest you in an extra shot...in the head.

LINDSEY

Maybe it's time to finally take up acting.

WES

No, for the thousandth time--

LINDSEY (V.O.)  
I found another one of those  
audition listings on Craigslist.

WES  
Why do you keep doing that?

LINDSEY  
When I tell my friends that you  
live in L.A., they're always like,  
"Oh, Is he an actor?" And I always  
have to say "no." I want to say  
"yes!" And, you always loved  
acting. You were so good in  
"Oliver."

WES  
That was almost ten years ago, and  
I played Orphan #4. That wasn't  
even a real part.

LINDSEY  
And yet, *you* loved it anyway.

WES  
The ad is probably fake.

LINDSEY  
No. I checked. It's legit. I'll  
email it to you.

WES  
Okay. Maybe you're right.

LINDSEY  
Just keep an open mind, okay? okay.  
Bye.

The call ends, and Wes's phone beeps in recognition of a new  
email. Wes opens the message, and follows a link to the  
Craigslist page. The page reads:

"Entertainment company seeks male lead. Should be between  
the ages of 18-26. No experience needed. Must be 5'9 or  
taller, thin, and ruggedly handsome.

If you fit this description meet us at the 'Montgomery Clift  
Actors Studio' in Downtown L.A. on 5/14."

WES  
Ruggedly handsome? Why does she do  
this to me?

**BUY NOW!**

