

HANK

Written by

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EXT. MOUNTAIN HOME - EVENING

Two full grown male black bears, RICO and LEFTY, approach a sizeable home in the woods above the north end of Lake Tahoe.

Rico, who walks with quite the swagger, carries a backpack as Lefty tries desperately to look as cool as his brother.

Rico, in a New York accent, lets Lefty know how he feels.

RICO

You look like you're trying to
digest some broken freakin' glass
over there.

Lefty, who tries to hide his Wisconsin sounding voice by copying his brother's inflection.

LEFTY

Hey, you know me I'm just tryin' to
make some 'walkin' around' money
over here.

RICO

Give it up. You're either street or
you're not. No woman is gonna buy
that shit from you. I'm sure you'll
find a nice girl that likes to
forage for berries and fuck around
with the little ant hills. Me? I'm
goin' international. Nobody can
stop me.

LEFTY

(normal voice)
Last I checked, there were no,
uh... streets in the woods?

RICO

Jesus, with this guy. So, listen
this is the place. Word is, they
have a freezer the size of a
swimming pool, stocked full of
salmon, straight from the Copper
river.

LEFTY

Okay, well that's interesting, but
we're not grizzly bears.

RICO

(mocking)
'Okay, well that's interesting...'

Rico smacks Lefty upside the head.

RICO (CONT'D)
Stay focused.

Rico sits on his rear end and takes off his backpack, removes a bear suit and a video camera.

He tosses the suit to Lefty.

RICO (CONT'D)
I'm not being relegated to rut
through dumpsters the rest of my
life, like this fat fucker.

He points to the bear suit.

LEFTY
Like it or not, Hank sets the rules
in these uh... woods.

RICO
Hank is out of touch with what the
young bears need. He doesn't want
to ruffle any feathers. Dude used
to be a beast. Now he's a circus
freak.

LEFTY
Well, he does have a uh... point
about the Department of Wildlife.
If they get too many complaints,
they'll move us out of here.

RICO
The freaking Department of Wildlife
Management? Those guys are like the
keystone cops, with their goofy
hats. Can't tell their asshole from
their eyeball.

LEFTY
Well, you don't have to be a smart
fella to shoot a tranquilizer,
dontcha know.

Rico aggressively hands Lefty the suit.

RICO
Are we doin' this?

LEFTY
Oooh, yeah.

Lefty puts on the bear suit while Rico gets his camera ready.

When Lefty is finished, the bear suit makes him twice his actual size.

RICO
Unbelievable. How does that
butterball live with himself?

LEFTY
I've been working on my movements,
to uh... make it more believable.

Lefty goes through a series of cartoonish behaviors,
signaling what Hank would look like while robbing a house of
food.

RICO
I don't know what you just did, but
don't do it again. Just go in there
and make mincemeat of the place.
You gotta sell it. Once the public
gets wind of everybody's favorite
bear moonlighting as an asshole --
it's over for him. We'll be the new
kings on the street.

LEFTY
Ah, okay, but again with the
street?

RICO
Go!

Rico shoves Lefty, and Lefty runs toward the front door and
breaks it open.

Rico is recording.

RICO (CONT'D)
That's good shit. Keep it up.

Lefty stops.

LEFTY
Question... who is recording this
video in this ah... scenario? Like
if the real owners of this house
see this video, they ah... might
wonder who was videotaping a bear
in their house, dontcha think?

RICO

No, I dontcha think! Neither does anybody else. People see a bear on a bender and they just retweet that shit without thinking. Any more questions about your motivation, Brando?

LEFTY

No, I'm good.

Lefty begins to terrorize the house, breaking glass and turning over tables --

INT. BAR BASEMENT - NIGHT

The real HANK, a colossal collection of fur and folds, sits in a tiny bean bag watching a soccer match, while he eats a slice of pizza and drinks a bottle of beer.

He is surrounded by cases of liquor.

An elderly man with a handlebar moustache, IVAN, approaches.

IVAN

I got a couple of douchebags acting a fool upstairs.

HANK

Sure thing. Send them out in the alley and I'll scare the shit out of them.

IVAN

Thanks, Hank.

Ivan hesitates.

HANK

What is it?

IVAN

You might want to turn on the news.

Hank changes the channel and up comes a story about 'Hank the Tank,' ravaging the homes of locals around North Lake Tahoe.

ANNOUNCER

Hank the Tank, seen here breaking down a front door and tipping over a freezer full of food --

Hank sees the video of what looks to be himself.

HANK

Oh, shit. Ivan, that's not me.

IVAN

I've never seen another bear with you're uh, stature my friend.

HANK

This is a set up. I know who this is.

ANNOUNCER

Hank is said to have broken into 28 homes in recent days. He has been reported to sleep in the basement of Ivan's bar and live on a diet of garbage, but it seems he has grown tired of living on leftovers --

IVAN

I think you better go. Maybe think about hibernation?

HANK

I understand. I appreciate the hospitality.

IVAN

Just until things calm down.

EXT. IVAN'S BAR - NIGHT

Hank squeezes out of the basement window into the alley and waits for the two unruly patrons to stagger into reach. He leaps out of the shadows and lets out a terrifying roar.

One man runs and the other falls on his back. Hank straddles him and explodes drool and a thundering blast of sound in his face.

The man goes white with shock and fear.

Hank thinks he may have gone too far, so he steps off the man and walks away.

After a moment he looks back at the man, who is still frozen in place.

HANK

Go on, git!

The man shifts his eyes from side to side trying to process what has happened and Hank speaking English. Finally, he makes his way on to his feet, before lurching away.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Hank approaches a large hole underneath the roots of a pine tree.

Lefty has the Hank suit in front of him and is rehearsing what he might say to Hank in person.

LEFTY

(bad New York accent)
I wasn't ever afraid of yoos! I was just biding my time over here! Now you see what happens when you get old and slow. You don't think so good anymore. I'm the brains of the operation. I'm taking this shit internat--

Hank clears his throat.

Lefty wheels around to see Hank looming over him.

LEFTY (CONT'D)

Ooookay, Hank, I was just a doing a little play acting dontcha know?

Hank holds out his paw and motions for Lefty to give him the suit.

Lefty doesn't so much as blink before handing the suit to Hank.

HANK

I'm gonna need you to head south for awhile until I sort this shit out.

LEFTY

Okay, what were we thinking? Like six months?

Hank growls.

LEFTY (CONT'D)

Okay then. Five years it is. Give my uhh regards to my brother. But maybe don't hurt him. But it was his idea. All of it. I didn't mind going through the human trash.

(MORE)

LEFTY (CONT'D)
Not much nutrition mind you, but
vast quantities. You can find him
at the resort pool.

Hank motions with his head for Lefty to get on his way.

LEFTY (CONT'D)
Alrighty then.

Lefty leaps out of his den and begins walking away.

HANK
I said south!

Lefty quickly corrects his course.

LEFTY
So sorry. My inner compass must be
off from all the carbs.

Hank grunts.

LEFTY (CONT'D)
But in all honesty, Hank, you might
look for a salad once in awhile.

Lefty moves on and Hank feels the folds along his gigantic belly.

EXT. RESORT POOL - NIGHT

The pool is closed and the lights are off, but Rico is floating on his back and sipping from a champagne bottle.

RICO
Now, this is the life I deserve.

Hank approaches, wearing the Hank bear suit which is nearly bursting at the seams. The zipper can be seen on one side.

HANK
(in his best Lefty accent)
I've been doing some thinking,
dontcha know.

RICO
You swallow a cannonball? What's
with the deep voice?

Hank clears his throat and adjusts his register.

HANK

Why should we ahhh stop now? I got a big score for us uptown.

RICO

I told you, leave the planning to me.

HANK

They got the mother load. Run eh ahhh catering business out of their house. Three industrial size walk in coolers full of the fanciest cheeses and what not.

RICO

And you know they're gone?

HANK

I do, but I brought insurance.

Hank pulls out two pistols.

Rico gets out of the pool and walks over to Hank. He stares him in the eyes for a long beat.

RICO

We're freaking bears. What do we need guns for?

HANK

(in his own voice)
In case you're clumsy ass trips the alarm.

RICO

You feeling okay? This is some alpha male shit right here? You know there's only room for one of those in this family.

Hank clears his throat again.

HANK

I know you're not the insecure type.

Hank hands Rico a gun and he takes it.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Hank and Rico approach the first story of a largely unlit home, made out of giant logs.

HANK
If things go south, don't hesitate,
eh?

Rico eyeballs Hank suspiciously.

RICO
Hey, Lefty.

HANK
Uh huh?

RICO
What was our mother's favorite
wildflower when we was young?

HANK
That would be the uhhh, jeez that's
easy, that's the uhhh, Lupine?

RICO
You actually remember that shit?

HANK
Oh, yeah purple flowers were her
favorite dontcha know?

Rico pulls out his camera.

HANK (CONT'D)
No cameras this time. Just pure
unadulterated chaos.

RICO
Unbelievable, this guy. Okay, well
you lead the way, tough guy.

Hank charges at the garage door and plows straight through
it, leaving a Hank shape hole in the door.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Rico finds an open door that leads to a walk-in cooler. He
sees Hank inside gorging on cans of tomato sauce that he has
broken open.

RICO
Maybe leave a little for you're --

Headlights are seen pulling up in the driveway.

RICO (CONT'D)
 Jesus, I thought you said this
 place was clean.

HANK
 Stay here. I'll check it out.

Hank wipes off his chin and walks toward the hole in the garage.

An OFFICER from Wildlife management appears in the hole with his gun raised.

Hank freezes.

The officer shoots a tranquilizer dart and hits Hank in the neck.

Hank spins around in a circle a few times before hitting the ground.

Rico panics. He pulls out the gun that Hank gave him and fires.

The officer is struck in the chest and falls to the ground.

He is bleeding heavily from the wound.

Hank stands up and shakes off the cobwebs.

HANK (CONT'D)
 What the hell did you do?

RICO
 He shot you. He was gonna tranq' me next. You know what happens? You wake up in the Cincinnati Zoo or some shit. How are you still standing?

Hank pulls the dart from the shoulder of the suit.

HANK
 Must have been the suit that saved me.

Rico walks over to the officer.

RICO
 Jesus. This guy's gonna die. What are we gonna do?

HANK
 We?

RICO
This was you're big idea.

HANK
I didn't shoot anybody.

RICO
They don't transfer you to the zoo
for killing people! They just put
you down right where you stand. I
can't go out like that. I'm too
young...

Hank nods at the hole in the garage.

HANK
Simmer down. This was Hank.

Rico turns to look at the hole.

RICO
Jesus Christ. You're a freak. You
want to pin a murder on Hank?

HANK
It's either him or you. I'll buy us
some time and bury the body but you
gotta go west to California. I'll
find you when it cools down.

RICO
Whatever you say. I owe you big
time.

HANK
When we meet up again... I'm
running things.

RICO
Of course, of course!

HANK
Get the fuck out of here, eh? Don't
even think about turning around
until you hit the coast.

Hank charges at Rico. Rico turns and scampers away.

Hank looks down at the lifeless body.

HANK (CONT'D)
I'm gonna need you to stay in
character while I carry you into
the woods, in case he decides to
stop and watch.

We finally see the officers face, it's Ivan, the bar owner.

IVAN
(whispering)
Of course you are. What do I get
out of this again?

HANK
Security.

IVAN
Right.

HANK
Tell the owner of this house I'll
let him wrestle me at his kids
birthday party. He'll be a hero.

IVAN
Think you're friend will stay away?

HANK
We'll just have to wait and see.

IVAN
How'd you know about the flowers?

HANK
I'll fill you in sometime.

IVAN
Jesus Christ! You knew their
mother? I gotta hear this --

Hank throws Ivan on his back and walks out into the woods.

Just then, three Police cars pulls into the driveway with
their lights flashing.

They shine their lights on Hank, who freezes.

HANK
Jesus Christ. What now?

A voice come over a loudspeaker:

COP

Hank, put the man on the ground and we won't have to kill you. I've made a deal to have you relocated, due to your status as a local legend.

HANK

(to Ivan)
Stay cool. I've got this.

Ivan begins waving his arms wildly.

IVAN

I'm okay! Don't shoot.

HANK

Okay, I think we have different ideas about what cool means.

Hank sets Ivan on the ground.

IVAN

You know where to find me if you make it back this way.

Ivan runs off.

An officer steps out of a vehicle and points a tranquilizer gun at Hank... squeezes.

Hank feels the dart hit his neck.

He begins to wheel around, trying to get the dart out of his neck and falls up against a tree.

Just then, he sees Lefty standing in the shadows.

LEFTY

Like I said, I'm the brains of the operation. Safe travels, Hank.

Hank goes down in a heap.

HANK

