

The Hand Model
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INT. OFFICE - DAY

A HAND MODEL (25), tall and handsome, and with EXCELLENT hands is sitting by a desk, with his suited AGENT (30) in front of him. On the right of the table is a computer. By the sides of the walls are closed cabinets. On the walls are photos of hands in various poses, e.g. giving thumbs up, peace signs, and 'ok' signs.

AGENT

Hello. Do you know why I've brought you, here?

HAND MODEL

No...

AGENT

It's about your hands. You have some of the nicest hands in the world, you do know that, don't you?

HAND MODEL

Thank you...

AGENT

Your hands will be your fortune. NEVER forget that.

HAND MODEL

I won't.

AGENT

Listen. I want to make clear that you must be VERY careful not to even scratch them. Do you understand me?

HAND MODEL

Got it, got it! Jeez.

AGENT

Is there any part of your routine that could harm your hands?

HAND MODEL

I guess I could burn them if I don't wear oven mitts. But I do wear them.

AGENT

Good, good, good. And do you have any upcoming events that I should know about?

HAND MODEL

I'm running a marathon, tomorrow...

AGENT
Of course, of course. Now...
remember...

HAND MODEL
Don't fall over?

AGENT
You read my mind.

HAND MODEL
Can I back to the studio, now? These
hands won't photograph themselves.

AGENT
Of course. But there's another reason
I brought you, here.

HAND MODEL
And that is?

The AGENT opens a drawer on the desk and pulls out a sheet
of paper, and a tray with black ink on it.

AGENT
I want you to cover your hand in ink
and then press your hand on a sheet
of paper for me.

HAND MODEL
Um...

AGENT
Please.

HAND MODEL
But I'm about to get it photographed.

AGENT
Don't worry about that. Just wash it
it, the ink will come right off. Well
it will gradually... Just copy your
damn hand.

The HAND MODEL does so.

AGENT
Wonderful. Now you can go.

The MODEL nods his head, stands up and opens the room's
door.

AGENT
And good luck with race.

The MODEL does a beautiful thumbs up then leaves.

EXT. MARATHON START LINE - DAY

The weather is sunny and the skies are blue. The MODEL is standing at the front and middle of the pack and hundreds of ATHLETES are behind him. On the sides of the road are countless cheering FANS. A MAN just ahead of the line points a gun to the sky and fires. The race begins and everyone starts running.

HAND MODEL
 (internal monologue)
 This is it! This is what I've been
 preparing for, the whole year! I feel
 so alive!

The MODEL manages to stay ahead as some ATHLETES unintentionally nudge him. The MODEL turns his head backwards.

HAND MODEL
 I'm warning you! If you push me over,
 I will have you killed!

The MODEL wipes his head and carries on. He notices a discarded plastic bottle on the road not far in front of him.

HAND MODEL
 (to himself)
 Jeez, a hazard already?...

The MODEL jumps over the bottle and continues running. A WOMAN in the distance is seen jumping up and down in the CROWD.

WOMAN
 Nice hands! Woooo!

The MODEL shakes his head in disbelief and carries on. Now just metres away, she puts her hand out.

WOMAN
 Hi five!

HAND MODEL
 No! It's too dangerous!

The WOMAN smiles crazily.

WOMAN
 Hi five!!

HAND MODEL
Don't scratch me!

The MODEL runs past the LADY. Another ATHLETE manages to overtake the MODEL for the first time. He then positions himself straight in front of him.

HAND MODEL
No!

The same ATHLETE turns to the MODEL, still running.

ATHLETE
Powned!

Still focused on him, the ATHLETE trips over his own feet and crashes to the ground.

HAND MODEL
Argh!

The MODEL jumps over the ATHLETE, carries on legging it and wipes his forehead a second time.

HAND MODEL
(to himself)
Jeez, what am I going have to jump over next??

Another FAN is seen in the distance getting closer. He too jumps up and down with excitement.

FAN
Hey! I know you! I have pictures of your hands in my room!

HAND MODEL
Oh God.

FAN
Let me see those thumbs!

HAND MODEL
(sighing)
Sure thing...

The MODEL gives a nervous thumbs up. Soon enough, the FAN is mere meters away. Then spitting distance. The FAN lunges forwards to the MODEL and tries to punch him. The MODEL dodges the attack and keeps running. He then looks back to the FAN.

HAND MODEL
What was that for???

FAN
Just a fan. Bye!

The MODEL shakes his head and carries on, still leading the race.

HAND MODEL
Moron.

Now the MODEL sees a pothole in the centre of the road, not so far away. Behind that, is a pothole on the left, and behind that is a pothole on the right.

HAND MODEL
Oh no.

ATHLETES on both his sides begin to overtake him, forcing him to stay in the middle of the lane.

HAND MODEL
Well... This is it, then.

The MODEL trips over the nearest pothole. Everything goes in slow motion. He dives head first towards the ground with his hands by his sides. He then raises his arms behind his back. The MAN's body is in a kind of semi-circle shape.

HAND MODEL
(internal monologue)
I MUST save my hands...

The MODEL closes his eyes.

HAND MODEL
Noooooooo!!!!

He raises his arms further behind him in a clearly uncomfortable position.

HAND MODEL
(internal monologue)
I can do this...

He then slams to the ground, without harming his precious paws. Success! All WITNESSES drop their jaws open.

HAND MODEL
Ow! Now I must put my hands
underneath my stomach so they don't
get trampled on...

The MODEL does get trampled on and protects his livelihood, as the OBSERVERS shout things like 'Your hands! Please save them!'

HAND MODEL
Worst day ever...