

HI THERE, HELLO

WRITTEN BY ROSS

ROUGH DRAFT OPENING

INT. MAGGIE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

MAGGIE emerges from the bedroom holding two WINE FLUTES in her hands. She is dressed in understated, sexy wear. Business sexy if there is a such a thing.

She places the flutes on the table and studies them. After a few seconds of this, she is pleased at their placement.

She turns to head into the bedroom when a KNOCK at the front door stops her in her tracks. Understanding her guest has arrived, Maggie releases a smile that widens by the second.

Maggie slightly shimmies her body in anticipation before heading towards the sound of the knock. She opens the door and a young man stands on the other side. This is HANDEL SPRIGGS. Handsome, athletic, model like and confused.

MAGGIE

Hi there, Hello.

HANDEL

Good morning. *Maggie Sprewell?*

MAGGIE

That is me in the flesh. And you must be Handel Spriggs?

HANDEL

Guilty as charged

MAGGIE

Come on in.

Maggie turns and walks back into the room. With a little bit of hesitation, Handel follows.

Maggie reaches the sofa and turns back to Handel. She notices his hesitation.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Is there something wrong?

HANDEL

Uh no, I just didn't expect the meeting to be at a private residence.

MAGGIE

Oh yeah. I like meetings in this manner to have a comfortable edge to them. I hope its not a problem?

HANDEL
 (unconvincing)
 No. Not at all.

MAGGIE
 (smiles)
 Then have a seat.

Maggie motions for HANDEL to sit on the sofa while Maggie takes a seat on the loveseat.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 So tell me a little bit about yourself?

HANDEL
 Well..I am from Washington. Moved here to LA three years ago to pursue my secondary dream as a model slash actor after injury.

MAGGIE
 Injury?

HANDEL
 I played football in college. Had a catastrophic knee injury that sidelined me for good. Sports was my first love.

MAGGIE
 Ahh I am sorry to hear that.

HANDEL
 Hey, its life. The beauty of this gift of living is that you can pivot. Modeling is a natural pivot for me. Acting is the challenge. ***I want to conquer them both.***

MAGGIE
 And here we are.

HANDEL
Here we are. Now tell me about you. What made you want to be a manager?

Maggie thinks.

MAGGIE
 Getting what I want. This career path is a way of getting things that I have desired for a long time.

HANDEL
 Success you mean?

MAGGIE

Success comes in different forms.
Financially, creatively...sometimes in
the name of revenge.

HANDEL

Ahh, seems like you building this
foundation was the answer to being
scorned.

MAGGIE

Something like that.

HANDEL

Well I have to say, I am honored that you
reviewed my profile and thought I could
be the face of your launch.

MAGGIE

Well you have the goods. Besides I read
your bio. It paints a picture of a humble
man looking to conquer the world. I like
that. I love that type of fire.

HANDEL

Well I definitely have that.

MAGGIE

Go ahead and take a look at the Mission
Statement. See if it aligns with what you
seek.

Handel joyfully picks up a paper booklet on a nearby
table and begins reading. Maggie smiles.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

In the meantime why don't I pour us a
glass of champagne so we can celebrate
the read and ultimate signing.

HANDEL

I don't drink.

MAGGIE

Oh come on..Its just Champagne. This
could be a life changing moment. Let's
celebrate.

Handel smiles

HANDEL

Ok you're right.

MAGGIE

Perfect.

Maggie unleashes a sly look before standing, picking up a bottle of champagne and pouring it into both flutes. She hands a glass to Handel who is already in the midst of reading the Mission Statement. They toast.

Handel starts sipping as Maggie takes a seat on the loveseat, all while studying Handel. She seems pleased when he takes his first sip. She then takes a sip of her own.

HANDEL

(looks up from the
manuscript)

This is actually really good.

Maggie smiles and takes another sip.

TIME CUT TO:

LATER

Handel is finishing up the manuscript. His flute is practically empty. He locks eyes with Maggie. He is delighted.

HANDEL

This was amazing to read. Very detailed
and extraordinarily ambitious.

MAGGIE

Thank you.

HANDEL

(earnest)

I would be honored to be a part of this.
As a matter of fact...

Handel has a dizzy flash that hits him right in the eyes. He pauses to catch his bearings.

MAGGIE

Are you ok?

HANDEL

(a beat)

Yeah. I don't know. I got a little dizzy.
Maybe it was just the alcohol I haven't
had it for a while.

MAGGIE

Yeah.. maybe just the alcohol.

Maggie takes a slow sip keeping her eyes locked on Handel.

HANDEL

(slightly disoriented)

Anyway I was saying...this uh..this...

Handel is having trouble.

HANDEL (CONT'D)

This mission statement is....

Handel then drops the flute.

MAGGIE

Are you sure you are ok?

HANDEL

I don't know. I just need a moment

Handel leans back onto the sofa trying to grab ahold to his center. Maggie sits down her flute. She then grabs a Scrunchie out of her pocket. She quickly and frantically ties her hair into a pineapple ponytail. She then locks in on Handel, her whole good-vibe mood changing.

MAGGIE

Do I look familiar with my hair like this?

Handel confused, focuses on Maggie.

HANDEL

No..

Maggie then takes her hands and makes her face look lopsided, the mood in her being drifting darker,

MAGGIE

What about this? Do I look familiar now?

Things go insane next.