

INT. PENTHOUSE APT/ BEDROOM - DAY

A posh Neiman-Marcus style penthouse apartment. A clock-radio playing a sad love song flashes 6:00. COOKIE CASHWELL, a cute, 40-something brunette pulls back her comforter, picks up a match book from the bedside table and closes her eyes.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Smoky, mahogany-walled conference room. Several obnoxious businessmen smoke cigars and ignore Cookie as they pour drinks from one of several crystal decanters on a huge mahogany table. Cookie slips into the media closet unseen with one of the other liquor decanters.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/ MEDIA CLOSET- NIGHT

Cookie fumbles in the pitch-dark closet.

COOKIE
Ahhh...perfect.

Cookie strikes a match, drops the stopper on the floor and sniffs the decanter.

COOKIE (CONT'D)
Mmmm...brandy!

Cookie takes a sip of brandy, slides down the wall of filing cabinets and sits on the floor. Gazing at the matchbook, Cookie blows out the match just before it burns her finger.

COOKIE (CONT'D)
I don't recall this room. Wonder
what's in here?

INT. PENTHOUSE APT/ BEDROOM - DAY

Cookie opens her eyes, tosses the matchbook aside and crawls out of bed. She does four windmills and admires her awesome figure in the floor-length mirror. She checks the circles under her eyes, grabs a towel, heads into the bathroom, starts the shower and sings along with the clock-radio.

COOKIE [OS]

"...I've been waiting...for someone new...to make me feel alive...yeah, waiting..."

Prestigious awards and photos of Cookie with entrepreneurs, politicians and celebrities surround a simple photograph of an older, handsome gentleman with Cookie in her graduation gown at MIT. Below the photos, on a small table, the phone rings. Cookie turns off the shower.

COOKIE [VO]

"You have reached the voice mail of Cookie Cashwell. I'm sorry I am away. After the beep, please leave a detailed message and your contact information and I will return your call as promptly as possible. Have a great day!"

The metal-on-metal screech of the shower curtain opening preempts an elderly man clearing his graveled voice on the answering machine.

WILLIAM BARRINGTON, III [VO]

Catherine... as I am sure you know, this is your father's attorney, William Barrington, III, and I am sorry to inform you of your father's passing by phone. But with the circumstances...<beat> I need you to contact me right away Catherine. We must go over the paperwork. This has to be taken care of immediately.

Cookie sticks her head out of the bathroom door.

WILLIAM BARRINGTON, III [VO] (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry for your loss Catherine. Your father was a great man, a trusted business partner, and a loyal friend. Up until..well, considering what happened...

Cookie embraces the MIT photograph, melts to the floor and sobs.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING/ LOBBY - DAY

An hour passes on the gold clock in the lobby. The elevator opens. Cookie steps out in a very smart, tight-skirted, gray business suit and black heels. She stops at the glass door, checks her reflection and adjusts her tight bun. Cookie takes a deep breath, forces a smile, holds her shoulders up and walks out the door.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Two workers on ladders remove a huge, tired Christmas wreath from the apartment building. Cookie walks under the ladders. A gold ornament just misses her and shatters on the ground.

COOKIE

Taxi!!

Cookie frantically waves her arms as two taxis speed by. Cookie checks her watch. As another taxi approaches, she steps off the curb and breaks a heel in the gutter.

COOKIE CONT'D)

Oh, not today!

The taxi whizzes by. Cookie tears up. She picks up her broken heel and sticks it in her suit pocket. She steps up onto the sidewalk and bobs up and down in a circle for a moment. Cookie wipes her eyes, checks her watch and glances up at her penthouse apartment.

COOKIE

If I go back upstairs...

INT. PENTHOUSE APT/ HUGE SHOE CLOSET - DAY

Cookie goes through hundreds of boxes of shoes.

COOKIE [VO]

...change shoes...and by the time
I'm back down...poof!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Cookie looks at her watch.

COOKIE
 ...An hour! Gone!

Cookie looks straight up.

COOKIE (CONT'D)
 Why today?

Cookie takes a deep breath and sits on the curb. Hundreds of pedestrians pass by. She opens her briefcase, grabs a pair of black sneakers and slips them on. A taxi stops in front of her. Cookie jumps to her feet. A man jumps in the taxi and it speeds off. Cookie yells.

COOKIE (CONT'D)
 Don't you see me standing right here?

Cookie checks her reflection, forces another smile and turns to join the other pedestrians scurrying down the crowded sidewalk, almost instantly becoming lost in the massive sea of gray business suits.

EXT. BAKERY/ "MUFFINSTOP" - DAY

Cookie makes good time in her sneakers. Umbrellas pop open. Cookie notices it is starting to rain.

Cookie sees a cute cafe sign, "MUFFINSTOP", wrapped in colored Christmas lights. She checks her watch and ducks inside.

INT. BAKERY/ "MUFFINSTOP" - DAY

A very busy, yet generic muffin bakery. Easily managing several customers, CHIP KUTTER(40s) a pudgy, charming, bearded man, hums and dances around. He puts on a clean white apron. His bright-blue smiling eyes sparkle. He patiently helps MRS. BRAKE(88) a sweet, thin, feeble, gray-haired lady.

CHIP
 Cranberry Walnut! Excellent choice!
 These are my current favorite.
 Gluten-free, made fresh this
 morning! Lots of walnuts! Put your
 teeth in for these Mrs. Brake!

Mrs. Brake smiles, then holds her hand to cover her mouth. Chip tucks several muffins in a traditional waxy, white paper bag, and hands it to Mrs. Brake. Cookie waves her arm, trying to get Chip's attention. They don't see Cookie.

CHIP (CONT'D)

As always, it is a delight to see you Mrs. Brake! Tell Mr. Brake to feel better soon!... OK, who was next?

Mrs. Brake takes her muffins and disappears behind the crowd. Cookie pushes her way to the front of the line and calls out just as Chip slips into the kitchen.

COOKIE

I'm sorry...could I just get a bag for my head? It's pouring out there!

Cookie waves as Chip reappears with two more trays of fresh muffins. Chip leans into the display case and begins stacking them neatly. Cookie smells the delicious lemon aroma.

COOKIE (CONT'D)

Mmmmmmm.....Excuse me, I only need a bag...but I'll be happy to buy some of those lemon poppy seed muffins. Cookie reaches for her wallet. Chip continues filling the case. Cookie checks her watch again, turns to the door and sees the rain coming down hard.

CHIP [VO]

Be right with you. Almost done!

COOKIE

Oh thank you so much! I didn't think you even saw me standing here. Could I get a bag?

Chip pops up and starts dancing and singing to the radio.

CHIP

(singing)

"Sugar!...do do do do do do...
awww...honey honey! do do do do do
do..."

Chip dances around with a folded white "MUFFINSTOP" pastry box.

CHIP (CONT'D)
 "You are my candy girl..."

Chip pops the box open.

COOKIE
 Or...a box...

Cookie reaches for the box. Chip spins around, ducks into the case and begins to fill it full of poppy seed muffins.

CHIP
 (singing)
 "...and you got me wanting you!"

Cookie's blackberry beeps as Chip pops back up with the box full of muffins. He looks over to Cookie. She is focused on her phone.

CHIP (CONT'D)
 Will a dozen do ya?...

Cookie is distracted by her phone. Chip waits a few seconds as he juggles three muffins.

CHIP (CONT'D)
 Or...maybe you need a little more time?..

Chip politely and cheerfully looks at MR. WHEELER, a shabbily dressed, but happy customer.

CHIP (CONT'D)
 While the pretty lady makes up her mind...How does poppy seed sound for you today MR. WHEELER? Just happen to have a dozen right here! Cookie looks back up as Chip cheerily gives the box of muffins to Mr. Wheeler.

CHIP (CONT'D)
 Who's next?

COOKIE
 Oh god! Am I invisible?

All the customers smirk at Cookie then turn back around and ignore her. Cookie tears up. She grabs a free newspaper, holds the thin one-sheet over her head and runs out into the rain.

EXT. BAKERY/ "MUFFINSTOP" - DAY

Cookie runs down the busy sidewalk. The pounding rain shreds the thin newspaper in her hair. She dodges cars, bumps into pedestrians and splashes through huge puddles. She almost trips over a discarded Christmas tree.

She slows her pace and notices the rain splashing mud onto the bottom of the huge gold letters planted at the foot of the mirrored skyscraper before her. Cookie looks straight up as she grabs the silver handle and swings open one of the two towering, double-glass doors leading into the grand lobby.

INT. FORTUNE 500 COMPANY/ LOBBY ELEVATORS - DAY

A puddle forms on the gorgeous inlay marble floor at Cookie's feet. The gold elevator doors open. Several executives are laughing it up.

BOB

...and I promise you our stock is
going to fall faster than this
elevator if that old bastard leaves
it to...

The executives look up at Cookie, stop mid sentence, and quickly exit the elevator. One Snooty Lady slips and almost falls in the puddle of water. She turns back and sneers at Cookie as the elevator closes.

INT. FORTUNE 500 COMPANY/ ELEVATOR - DAY

Cookie picks the shredded newspaper out of her hair. The "ES" button goes dark. Cookie loses her balance, holds her hand over her mouth, and heaves as the elevator door opens. Cookie runs down the hall.

INT. FORTUNE 500 COMPANY/ BATHROOM - DAY

Cookie rushes into the bathroom, leans against the closed door and catches her breath. She hears high heels approaching, dodges into the first stall and stealthily raises her feet from the floor. The Snooty Lady walks in and puts on her lipstick. In the mirror she notices a puddle forming on the floor under the first stall.

SNOOTY LADY

You can hide in there if you want
to honey! You don't even know what
you're running from!

The Snooty Lady blots her lipstick on a tissue and drops it on the floor. She checks her smirk in the mirror and walks out. Cookie sees the tissue fall to the floor. Cookie has a deeply emotional cry. She comes out of the stall, squints at her red, puffy eyes in the mirror, takes down her bun and shakes the wet newspaper from her hair.

She accidentally turns on the faucet, full force. Water sprays all over her already-soaked jacket. Cookie takes it off, and shakes it. The broken heel falls to the floor.

Cookie smiles. She picks up the heel and wedges it under the bathroom door. She quickly removes her skirt and blouse. Immediately, a colleague, BOB, tries to get in the unisex bathroom. In her bra and panties, she leans on the bathroom door and listens.

BOB [OS]

Does anybody know...is the rest
room out of order?.. Why doesn't
maintenance put a sign on the door?

As the voice fades, Cookie turns to the hand dryer and begins to dry her clothes. Another knock, same voice.

BOB [OS] (CONT'D)

Is someone in there?

Cookie closes her eyes and waits a few seconds. The voice fades. Cookie starts singing softly and opens her eyes.

COOKIE

(singing softly)
"you are my candy girl..."

Cookie finishes drying her clothes, blow dries her hair and gets dressed. She puts her hair back in a bun, smiles, and removes the heel lodged under the door.

INT. FORTUNE 500 COMPANY/ HALLWAY - DAY

Cookie bursts out of the bathroom and bumps into Bob, squirming and holding his legs together.

BOB

Is there something going on in there?

COOKIE

Yes, didn't maintenance tell you? They were working on the hand dryers. Check them out.

Cookie scoots past Bob and scurries down the hallway as he rushes into the bathroom.

INT. FORTUNE 500 COMPANY/ BATHROOM - DAY

Bob squirms into the bathroom, stopping briefly to touch the hand dryer. He immediately jerks his hand back.

BOB

Owww!.....

A wet spot forms on his slacks. Bob looks at his pants in the mirror.

BOB (CONT'D)

Awww...

INT. FORTUNE 500 COMPANY/ HALLWAY - DAY

Cookie's tennis shoes squeak loudly on the waxed marble floor. Cookie stumbles onto several colleagues. They all stop and stare. She abruptly changes her walk to a calm and confident one.

COOKIE

Good morning. Beautiful day isn't it?

Everyone peers out at the window at the rain, then back at Cookie inquisitively.

COOKIE (CONT'D)

I mean if you like rain. I just love the rain.

Cookie darts into the carpeted executive suite.

INT. FORTUNE 500 company/ EXECUTIVE SUITE - DAY

Cookie rushes past a long row of empty cubicles. She grabs a handful of M&M's from a colleague's desk. She stops at the last cubicle and stealthily peaks over at TRACY, (30) a cute, plump, young lady with a boxy haircut, wearing a pink chiffon blouse.

Tracy takes off her glasses and begins cutting out big pink paper hearts. Cookie skillfully tosses M&M's, one at a time, behind Tracy's head. As Tracy leans down to pick up an M&M, Cookie artfully whisks by.

COOKIE (CONT'D)

No calls, Tracy!

Cookie disappears behind her closed office door. Tracy pops up just in time to see the paper hearts flapping in the wind.

Tracy looks down at the phone. Cookie's line lights up. Tracy holds up a stack of messages for her. Cookie, now on the phone, closes the blinds. Tracy answers her phone on the first ring.

TRACY

Catherine Cashwell's office.

Tracy gazes over at the closed blinds.

TRACY (CONT'D)

They are all in a conference meeting sir, and I'm afraid she can't speak with you at the present moment, but I will give her the message right away.

Tracy slowly stands up with a post-it note in her hand. Potato chips crumbs fall from her gray, accordion-pleated skirt. She stares at Cookie's blinds shut tight, then slowly sits back down and begins eating the M&M's she picked up off the floor, one at a time.

INT. FORTUNE 500 COMPANY/ COOKIE'S OFFICE- DAY

Cookie presses a button on her phone and hangs up the receiver.

COOKIE

I am putting you on speaker phone.