

Cookie
Puma

①

LUCIOUS

Nice to meet you, Officer Carter,
and if she does anything wrong,
I'll be the first to tell you.

Agent Carter laughs.

AGENT CARTER

Thank you for the autograph, Mr.
Lyon, my son will treasure it.

As Lucious leaves, Agent Carter crumples the autograph in a
ball and tosses it in the trash. She pulls out a printout.

CARTER

Dwayne Robinson, a/k/a Puma. Here's
where you'll find him. Annandale on
Hudson, about two hours north of
the city. He runs a horse ranch for
troubled teenagers.

Cookie stares at her, really confused.

36 EXT. GOODWILL HOUSE - HORSE RANCH - DAY (D3)

36

WIDE. A large horse ranch with riding ring and stables. A
dozen YOUNG MEN work the ranch, some groom horses, others
pile horse manure. Everyone is working.

Escorted by a WOMAN in riding clothes, Cookie trudges across
the ranch in her high heels trying to avoid horse shit. *

A MAN overseeing the kids holds a horse's reigns, he spots
Cookie, stunned. He hands the reigns off and hurries to her.

PUMA

Cookie?

COOKIE

Puma?

PUMA runs to Cookie, picks her up and spins her. She laughs
with delight. The other boys in their mid to late teens, are
all confused: Puma? *Who's calling him Puma?*

37 INT. GOODWILL HOUSE - RIDING ARENA - A LITTLE LATER

37

Cookie and Puma sit on the sofa, drinking sodas. They watch a
few kids riding in the arena through a glass window. Puma's
intriguing to look at, he has beautiful eyes.

PUMA

They all know me as Dwayne. I don't
use Puma anymore.

(gazes at her)

(MORE)



PUMA (CONT'D)
Damn, you look good woman. You
spend seventeen years at a spa?

Cookie laughs, puts her hand on his.

COOKIE
You're still the same old charmer.

PUMA
Never did me much good with you.

He holds her hand. If her gesture was friendly, his is
romantic. *

PUMA (CONT'D) *
You still wear too much makeup *
Cookie. You don't need to with them *
pretty eyes. *

She smiles, enjoying the feeling. He takes it as an *
invitation, reaches for her. She starts to let him. Then she
doesn't.

COOKIE
I'm sorry.
(equivocating)
I mean, I want to, don't get me
wrong-- but I ain't sayin' you can *
just get it, either. *

PUMA
Well, I'm right here whenever
you're ready.

COOKIE
I didn't mean it like-- I'ma go.

She stands. He holds onto her hand, not letting her go.

PUMA
I know you didn't come all the way
out here just so you could turn me
down again twenty years later.

COOKIE
Nah. I came cause you're still the
best songwriter I ever knew. I
wanted to see if I could get a song
from you.

PUMA
I'm out of the game Cookie.
Besides, I'm not exactly feeling
generous towards Lucious.

(3)

COOKIE

It's not for Lucious. It's for my son Jamal. Puma, he's dope. Talented like Lucious. But with a heart.

*

PUMA

I'd love to help you, really I would, but all I'm doing anymore is trying to save those boys you saw out there from getting in the kind of mess we all got in.

COOKIE

I heard about your brother. I'm sorry.

PUMA

I lost a lot of people. Some of them to bullets, some of them to dope. Tupac, Biggie, you--

COOKIE

I lost a lot too. Lost my boys for too long. One of them I don't know if I'll ever get back.

PUMA

Lucious is a sonofabitch for letting you go down for him. If you was my woman, that never would have happened.

*
*

COOKIE

Yeah, I know.

He finally lets go of her hand. She backs away.

COOKIE (CONT'D)

You fine ass chocolate drop.

*

She turns, starts away.

PUMA

Ready to be cooked in your oven... anytime.

*
*

Cookie smiles. Keeps walking... out the door.

38

EXT. GOODWILL HOUSE - HORSE RANCH - AFTERNOON (D3)

38

Cookie is walking back across the garden to her car.

PUMA (O.C.)

Cookie, wait!

(4)

PUMA (CONT'D)

I still keep all my old demos, I just can't seem to let them go.

(hands her the envelope)

Maybe this can work for your son. Nobody ever recorded it. It's the song I wrote for you. Remember?

She stares at the envelope, remembers it well. *

39

INT. JAMAL'S LOFT - DAY (D3)

39

Cookie and Jamal are listening to the demo from Puma. (SONG #1 - UP ALL NIGHT - V.2) Cookie is bopping along to the song. Jamal rolls his eyes. *

JAMAL

No offense, Ma, but this is played out. It's old school. *

COOKIE

I know it's old school, but there's something there. Listen. *

She rewinds and plays back.

COOKIE (CONT'D)

You hear that riff? Now play it.

Reluctantly, Jamal plunks out the riff on his piano.

COOKIE (CONT'D)

That's a dope riff. Don't matter if they wrote it yesterday or fifty years ago. *

Jamal slowly nods. *

JAMAL

It's kinda cool. *

COOKIE

I know it is. *

(then) *

Now here comes the hook. I remember this. I always thought it was a great hook. Are you listening?

PRELAP:

LUCIOUS (O.C.)

I'm listening.