

JODI (CONT'D)

(frustrated,
straightforward)

Do you know the reason the Herald
commissioned this article? Market
research. Reader survey showed
that New Yorkers were interested in
New Orleans. Imagine the editor's
surprise...

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BOULET

Everyone's interested in New
Orleans-

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JODI

Let me finish. They see you as a
sideshow. The lawless, promiscuous
murder capital of the country. A
drunk, corrupt, alligator-lovin'-
bead-throwin'-welfare-town that is
never coming back.

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COBB

They're wrong.

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JODI

Prove it.

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BOULET

Look, it's nothing personal. It's
not your fault your paper needs to
compete with TV news, gossip blogs,
infotainment. It ain't enough to
just tell the story anymore, you
gotta sell it. Spice it up. I do
understand. But you'll understand
if we don't wanna play the game.
Because we been burned before.

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Jodie stares at Boulet for a long beat. Closes her phone.

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JODI

You're right. It is a game. And I
don't wanna play it, either.

(beat)

Look, I shouldn't tell you this,
but that is the story my editor
wants. The lurid tale. He likes
to pigeonhole. Smug idiot still
sees me as a fashion reporter, and
I haven't worked that beat in two
years. Screw him. I'm a real
journalist and I want the real
story. I want your story.

AP:TB

(MORE)

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JODI (CONT'D)

I know you've been burned before,
but I am not like that.

(to Cobb)

Don't let a bad bunch spoil a good
apple. So to speak.

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Cobb looks at Boulet, who has the slightest trace of a smile
in his eyes. He's impressed.

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END