## TAL

	COBB This isn't a taxi cab. It's an official police vehicle.
	JODD Are you saying I'm a prisoner? I'm under arrest back here?
·	You're under our escort.
-	Not anymore. Pull over.
Boulet los	es patience, pulls over, unlocks doors.
EXT. DRIVE-THRU DAIQUIRI PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS	
Jodi yets	out, on her cell phone.
	(into phone) Louisiana New Orleans connect me to Yellow Cab, please.  (beat) Hi, I'm at a drive-thru daiquiri shop Is that right?
	COBB What do you think you're doing?
	I'm going to that murder. My deadline is in three days, and I'm gonna finish this article with or without you.
	Oh, I know you will.
ž.	What the hell is that supposed to mean?
	COBB Hey. Ten-twelve. Don't give her a quote.
	Right, yeah. Don't give me anything. Even though I came all the way down here to-

(MORE)

CONT'D)

(frustrated, straightforward)
Do you know the reason the Harald commissioned this article? Market research. Reader survey showed that New Yorkers were interested in New Orleans. Imagine the editor's surprise...

BOULET

Everyone's interested in New Orleans-

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.

COBB

They're wrong.

Prove it. JODI

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.

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

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.
(MORE)

Pith

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· 25.

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.

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

END