

HOOVER

INT. MERCEDES VAN - NIGHT

F.J. HOOVER (40s, soft-spoken) sits alone in the driver's seat, waiting.

FEATHERSTONE (30s, no-nonsense) climbs into the van's passenger seat. She takes off her blonde WIG and settles in.

Start →

F.J. HOOVER
Was the intel right?

FEATHERSTONE
(impressed)
Whatever Custer's got, it's for real.

F.J. HOOVER
(awed)
Sweet Moses.

Beat. Featherstone looks at him.

FEATHERSTONE
Sweet Moses?

F.J. HOOVER
What? It's an expression.

FEATHERSTONE
What's wrong with 'Jesus,' Hoover?

F.J. HOOVER
Nothing. That's the point.

Featherstone sighs and takes out her phone. Begins to write an email.

FEATHERSTONE
We're kicking Custer up to Samson Unit.

F.J. HOOVER
Really? Wow. Never had a case land on that desk.

FEATHERSTONE
(sarcastic)
Congratulations.

Hoover frowns. But tries to move on--

F.J. HOOVER
So what's the Samson protocol?

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KLANS

FEATHERSTONE
The same as our current protocol.
Await further instruction.

He drives on. Looks back at Featherstone, who heeds him no mind. Something's weighing on him--

F.J. HOOVER
(finally)
Guess we're stuck in New Orleans
til then.

Featherstone's still nose-deep in phone. Unresponsive.

F.J. HOOVER (CONT'D)
I mean, as far as cities to be
stuck in go, there are worst ones
out there, right?

Featherstone does not even feign interest.

F.J. HOOVER (CONT'D)
Thought I might try gumbo tonight.

He looks longingly at her. She's inches from him, yet miles away. He decides to seize the day.

F.J. HOOVER (CONT'D)
Would you... like to... join me?

Type-type-type. Featherstone doesn't even look up.

F.J. HOOVER (CONT'D)
Featherstone?
(then, serious)
Featherstone!

She THRUSTS her phone down.

FEATHERSTONE
Jesus Christ Hoover, WHAT??

Beat.

F.J. HOOVER
I might try gumbo tonight.

She sighs and goes back to her email.

FEATHERSTONE
Big day for you, then.

Hoover slumps in his seat.

/End

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