

BOOK'D

"Pilot"

Written by

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EST. RAVENSWOOD SUBURB, CHICAGO - NIGHT

Rows of brownstones sit along the quiet, tree-lined street. A large Crown Victoria sedan circa 1983 pulls into a spot at the curb.

INT. HARRY'S SEDAN - NIGHT

HARRY BUKOWSKI (60s) sits low in the driver's seat, an old camera with a telephoto lens in his lap. Next to him is TOMÁS "TOMMY" ZABEK (50s), a thin wisp of a man in a plaid suit, and a crew-cut worthy of an Apollo astronaut on his square-jawed head. Tommy sips from a small bottle of apple juice.

HARRY

You and your apple juice.

TOMMY

An apple a day keeps the methheads away.

HARRY

For someone with the bladder of a mouse, you drink way too much on a stakeout.

TOMMY

And don't forget, the metabolism of a Viagrafied mongoose.

HARRY

The weird thing is, in the 20 years we were partners, I never actually saw you take a bathroom break.

TOMMY

I have a system. All I do is-

HARRY

I don't wanna know.

Harry notices movement in front of the brownstone across the street.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Here we go.

Harry raises his camera and focuses on a pretty, young woman as she exits the brownstone. An older guy (30s) follows, then pulls her into his arms for a goodnight kiss.

Harry snaps a few photos.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Gotcha, scumbag.

REVEAL Tommy with a pair of massive binoculars up to his face.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You sure you can see them?

TOMMY
Oh yeah, boss. Right down to his mood ring. (BEAT) Aw jeez.

Harry continues to snap photos.

HARRY
What?

TOMMY
It's red.

HARRY
What does that mean?

TOMMY
You don't wanna know.

HARRY
Son-of-a-

Harry furiously snaps photos as the young woman escapes the man's clutches and skips down the steps to the sidewalk.

A LYFT drives up to the young woman and she gets in.

TOMMY
Do we stick with pervo, or follow the girl?

HARRY
The girl, obviously. Buckle-up.

TOMMY
Gimme a sec.

Tommy reaches down between his legs and pulls out a bottle of apple juice. He rolls the window down and dumps the contents into the gutter.

HARRY
For chris'sake, Tommy. *That's* your system?

TOMMY

It works, don't it? When's the last time I left you hanging during a stakeout?

HARRY

Yeah, yeah.

TOMMY

I always got your back, Harry

HARRY

I know.

Tommy reaches down to the floor and retrieves another bottle of apple juice. He takes a swig, then thinks about it for a moment, holds the bottle up to the light.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What now?

TOMMY

(shrugs)

Nothin'.

He takes a huge gulp, then smells the bottle. Harry grimaces, throws the car into gear and drives off.

EST. BUKOWSKI FAMILY HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

A modest, two story home in a working-class neighborhood.

INT. BUKOWSKI FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

All the lights are off, not a sound, until the JANGLE of keys at the front door. Whoever is at the door drops the keys with a whispered "Damn!"

The key finds the lock and the door slowly, carefully swings open.

The silhouette of a girl enters and just as carefully closes the door. She turns to creep toward the staircase when the living room lights flash on.

The girl from Harry's stakeout freezes in place, hoping she can't be seen.

HARRY

(O.C.)

Busted.

DARLENE BUKOWSKI (17), dressed for a night at a club, turns to see her dad in his beat-up recliner, camera in his lap, whiskey bottle and a glass on the table next to him. His small dog, MILES O'BRIEN, sits at attention on one of the chair arms.

DARLENE

Before you say anything, Roxy totally forgot her library card, and we had to go back and get it from her roommate, and then they didn't have the one history book I needed to do my project and we had to go across town to the other library and then Roxy's ex works there so we had to go to a book store but they were closing so I figured I would just come back home but it took for-eeeeeeever to get a LYFT and that's why I'm just a little bit late please don't be mad.

Harry's fingers tap on the camera.

HARRY

I didn't know they had a library in Ravenswood.

DARLENE

It's a branch?

HARRY

Darlene Rose Bukowski, don't lie to me. I have it all right here (pats the camera) and as soon as I can go to the drug store and get it developed and printed, you're in a lot of trouble young lady.

DARLENE

Can you get doubles?

HARRY

Dammit, Darlene, you know how dangerous it is on the streets.

DARLENE

Can you not be a cop for two seconds? You're retired, and it's not what you think.

HARRY

Well, I *think* you're using some old perv for money and gifts. Your mother would have cried herself to sleep after hitting you over the head with a crockpot, and you know how much she loved that thing.

DARLENE

I prefer to remember mom as the forgiving type.

TABITHA

(O.C.)

She loved the juicer.

Harry and Darlene turn to the stairs and see TABITHA BUKOWSKI (12), thick black framed glasses on her face, a copy of "The Wizard Of Earthsea" in her hand.

DARLENE

Quiet, nerd.

HARRY

Stow it, Darlene. (to Tabitha) What are you doing up?

DARLENE

(to Tabitha)

Don't you have a volcano to make for the science fair or something?

TABITHA

Well, this year i've been tracking your menstrual cycle in comparison to that of the yellow baboon.

DARLENE

Dad, I think she just called me a slut.

HARRY

Tabitha, don't call your sister a slut (BEAT) unless you can prove it scientifically. I have some photos you might be able to use.

DARLENE

Just because mom's gone, you think you can gang up on me. It's not fair.

Darlene storms off up to her room.

The front door opens and in walks RHONDA "RONNIE" BUKOWSKI (25). She wears the uniform of a police trainee. She looks from Harry to Tabitha.

RONNIE

What now?

HARRY

Your sister was slut shaming your other sister.

RONNIE

So, a typical Friday. Why can't we do meatloaf night, or taco night?

TABITHA

Meat is murder, Ronnie.

HARRY

Delicious murder, slathered in garlic butter.

RONNIE

Mmmmm, now I want the veal parm from Bruna's.

HARRY

Ohhhh the veal parm, so good.

Harry and Ronnie start to make the sounds of food orgasm.

Tabitha plugs her ears.

TABITHA

NopeNopeNopeNopeNope.

She retreats upstairs to her bedroom.

HARRY

That was mean, we should respect her choices.

RONNIE

How can I respect her choices when she's never had an Angry Bird?

HARRY

Or an Italian beef sandwich.

RONNIE

Or a freakin' Superdawg!

Once again, they are seemingly crippled by orgasmic food moans. Harry practically melts in his chair.

From upstairs...

TABITHA & DARLENE
SHUT! UP!

RONNIE
Welp, now I'm hungry. What's open
this late?

HARRY
I know the perfect place.

Harry attempts to get out of his chair and fails miserably.
Ronnie lends a hand to help him but he shrugs it off.

HARRY (CONT'D (CONT'D)
I got it, I got it.

He fails again.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I don't got it.

Ronnie grabs his hand and pulls him out of the chair.

RONNIE
If we all move out, you might get
trapped and die in that chair.

HARRY
Miles'll take care of me, won't you
boy?

Miles, cradled in Harry's arm, stares at Harry and licks his
lips.

RONNIE
Yeah, he's gonna eat you someday.

INT. DONA NATY'S TACOS - NIGHT

Harry and Ronnie sit at a table inside the divey Mexican
restaurant, trays of tacos in front of them.

More FOOD MOANS as they take huge bites out of their tacos.

RONNIE
How did you find this place?

HARRY
Your mom found it. Took me here on
our second date.

Harry scans the restaurant every few seconds, a habit from his days of being a police detective. He notices a SKETCHY DUDE loitering near a trendy, drunk couple at a back table. The woman's designer purse is slung over the back of her chair.

RONNIE

Where'd you go on the first date?

HARRY

The Tortoise.

RONNIE

(with a massive bite in
her mouth)

Whoa, did you at least wear a tie?

HARRY

Of course, the one your grandmother
got me for my senior prom.

RONNIE

Oh jeez, the green one with the-

RONNIE & HARRY

-little palm trees and the hula
girls.

HARRY

At least you can spill guacamole on
it and no one would notice.

Sketchy Dude bumps into the couple's table and spills the woman's drink. While the couple is distracted, Sketchy Dude snags her purse and makes a beeline for the front door.

Harry's witnessed the whole thing and, as Sketchy Dude walks past him, sticks out his leg. Sketchy Dude trips and falls forward. He lands face-first on the floor, and drops the purse.

The restaurant manager and the couple run over. A pair of employees sit on Sketchy Dude's back.

MANAGER

Another crime solved by "Hardcase"
Harry. Tacos are on the house.

HARRY

Thanks, Roberto. All in a day's
work.

Harry clearly enjoys the praise. He hands the woman her purse and tips his imaginary cowboy hat.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Here you go, ma'am. Safe and sound.

Ronnie rolls her eyes.

WOMAN
Thank you, officer.

HARRY
Retired, but still in service to
the public.

The woman examines her designer purse. She makes a face.

WOMAN
Oh no, it's scuffed. Look, Tanner,
it's scuffed.

Her long-suffering boyfriend takes a look.

TANNER
We'll get you a new one.

WOMAN
But I got this in a cute little
shop in Paris.

TANNER
Then I guess we're going to Paris.

She squeals in delight.

WOMAN
I'll start packing! Now, where is
the hand sanitizer, I need a gallon
of it immediately.

Harry leans in and whispers to Tanner as the woman exits.

HARRY
Who picked this place to eat?

TANNER
I did. Used to be my grandfather's
favorite hangout. He and his
buddies would meet every Sunday and
swap war stories.

HARRY
Find someone who thinks that's
something special.

Tanner shrugs, then exits. Roberto hands Harry a brown paper
bag, grease soaking the bottom.

ROBERTO
For the hero.

HARRY
That's too kind, Roberto.

RONNIE
Let's go, Hardcase. Don't want to
be late for the news conference.

HARRY
How does my hair look?

Ronnie starts snapping flash photos of Harry with her
cellphone.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(to an imaginary crowd)
No, please, just doing my job.

EST. BUKOWSKI HOME - MORNING

Dawn breaks on the homestead. A paperboy tosses a newspaper
onto the front porch. A raccoon scurries over and steals it.

INT. BUKOWSKI HOME - CONTINUOUS

The Bukowski's sit around the breakfast table. Tabitha serves
everyone a hearty meal of pancakes and faux bacon. Harry gets
a plate of scrambled egg whites, squares of tofu, and a big
glass of prune juice. Tabitha dumps a colorful cereal into a
bowl and pours almond milk over it.

The girls dig in. Harry stares at his plate.

HARRY
What's this?

TABITHA
Your new diet.

Harry sucks in his belly and pats it.

HARRY
I could single-handedly bring back
American steel manufacturing with
my abs.

RONNIE
Big Daddy Don Garlitts called, he
wants his spare tire back.

DARLENE

Yeah, Dad, like those tires on the back of drag race cars.

RONNIE

I just said that, *Duh-lene*.

Harry exhales as his belly extends like a jaundiced bullfrog.

HARRY

I need real food, fuel for my busy day.

TABITHA

Pounding beers at the Vic' does not require the bio-chemical and physical reaction one gets from food high in salt, carbs and saturated fat.

HARRY

If the guys smell tofu on my breath, I'll never hear the end of it.

DARLENE

Exactly how close are you getting to your friends?

All three girls stare at Harry.

HARRY

Shut up, you know what I mean. There's a hierarchy, and I need to maintain my status as a legend. The other cops respect me. It's how I keep tabs on what's going on in the city.

RONNIE

You mean, it's how you snoop on the "Scary Houdini" investigation.

TABITHA

We hear you rifling through the files late at night.

DARLENE

It sounds like a bat orgy in the basement.

Now it's Darlene's turn to get stared at.

RONNIE

Ew... and, she's right. You're obsessed with it. The case is in good hands.

HARRY

Ha! Sgt. Moleneux? He couldn't find a stolen car if he was driving it.

RONNIE

Captain Moleneux.

Harry spits out his tofu.

HARRY

That hack? *Great.* First tofu, now this. My day couldn't possibly get any worse.

RONNIE

Well...

INT. QUEEN VICTORIA PUB - CONTINUOUS

A British-style pub filled with off-duty cops gathered around ANDRE MOLINEUX (40s). They sing "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow", beers held aloft.

Harry stands just outside the circle, pouting like a five-year-old who's lost his favorite comic book.

LATER...

Harry sidles up to the bar and taps his beer against Andre's.

HARRY

Congrats, Cap.

ANDRE

Harry! How you doing? How are the girls? I'm hearing good things about Ronette. A chip off the ol' block.

HARRY

Yeah, she's doing fine. So, about the Scary Houdini case.

ANDRE

Lemme stop you right there. You know I can't talk about it, especially now.

Andre looks around to make sure no one is eavesdropping.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

The trouble I could get into if anyone found out I gave you copies of the case files.

HARRY

My case files.

ANDRE

The *department's* case files. Consider any debt I had with you to be paid off.

HARRY

Oh really? It's because of me no one caught you when we raided that S&M parlor. You still had the dog collar on.

ANDRE

Shhhh! Christ, Harry. Alright. What do you want to know?

HARRY

Anything. Everything. I haven't seen an update in months.

ANDRE

He's gone underground, or moved away, or died. Either way, we haven't heard a peep from him in over a year. It's officially a cold case, Harry. Leave it alone.

HARRY

Any colder than that nipple ring you were sporting at Sir Whips-A-Lot?

ANDRE

Dammit, Harry.

HARRY

And I know you're full of shit. You found another body.

ANDRE

How in the actual... who's feeding you info?

HARRY

A little birdie told me. Someone who appreciates my sacrifice.

Harry pats himself on the hip.

ANDRE

The FBI had taken the case from you, not the department. No one told you to go into that tenement on your own.

HARRY

How'd I know the son-of-a-bitch would have the place booby trapped?

Harry almost loses it, barely able to keep his voice down.

HARRY

Three years, Andre. I wasn't about to let the Feds take it all from me.

ANDRE

And what did it get you? A busted hip, early retirement, and he still got away.

Harry can't get the words out. Andre takes pity and writes a name and number on a cocktail napkin. It reads: **Anthony, 312-555-0302, ext. 240**

ANDRE (CONT'D)

He's got the case, now.

HARRY

Tony "Baloney"? He makes Fox Mulder look like James Randi.

ANDRE

And he's probably the only cop willing to work with you.

HARRY

What does *that* mean?

ANDRE

Listen, you're a legend. But this obsession has some people thinking you've...

HARRY

Lost it?

ANDRE

And no one understands better than me. After your wife and everything.

Harry downs the rest of his beer in one gulp.

HARRY

No, you don't understand, and if you weren't such a pencil-pushing coward, you'd give me every damn case file there is and let me hunt down that piece of sh-

BARTENDER

Another one, Harry?

Andre sets his hand over Harry's empty beer mug. Harry stares him down.

ANDRE

He's done.

HARRY

I haven't even started.

BARTENDER

So, you want another one?

They turn to the bartender.

ANDRE

No!

HARRY

Yes!

HARRY

Next time you're hogtied to a pommel horse, call someone else.

Harry storms out.

EST. BUKOWSKI HOME - DAY

A raccoon runs across the porch with a newspaper in its mouth, Harry stumbles after.

INT. BUKOWSKI HOME - CONTINUOUS

Harry walks in with a shredded newspaper.

HARRY

Tabitha? Darlene?

He hears whispering and stifled giggles from the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Harry sees Tabitha at the computer, Darlene looks over her shoulder.

HARRY (CONT'D)
That better not be porn.

TABITHA & DARLENE
Ewww!

HARRY
Or one of those chatrooms, I've heard about those. You know how many innocent girls get kidnapped by creeps on the internet?

TABITHA
Yes, Dad, we've heard you recite the F.B.I. statistics.

DARLENE
Female Body Inspectors?

HARRY
Where the hell did you hear that?

DARLENE
Some guy at the park who was giving away free condoms.

The expletives start to pile up in Harry's mouth, but he can't quite get them out.

TABITHA
Simmer down, dad. She's kidding. And this isn't a chatroom, it's a dating site.

HARRY
Whoa, you're waaaay too young to be dating. Besides, it's full of creeps-

TABITHA & DARLENE
-who'd want to kidnap us.

HARRY
You joke, but we all know what happened to Sally Biffers.

DARLENE

Uh, yeah, she became a model and lives in Europe.

HARRY

That's what they want you to believe. More likely, she was tagged, bagged and shipped off to some sex circus in Dubai.

DARLENE

Is that a cautionary tale, or a sales pitch?

HARRY

Not funny, Darlene. Now what's all this about a dating site?

Harry leans in to get a better look. He squints as he reads off the screen.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Lonesome Loves, "you're not a loser, you're just lonely." (sotto) What the hell.

TABITHA

We've created a profile for you.

HARRY

That's my retirement photo.

DARLENE

Women love a man in uniform.

TABITHA

Which is why we also used the one from the Halloween party you and mom threw last year.

HARRY

And women like a man in a Magnum P.I. costume?

DARLENE

Your legs look great in those short-shorts.

HARRY

No one is going to look at that and want to date me. You're wasting your time. Why don't you delete it and save us all-

A DING! from the dating site.

TABITHA

We have our first victim. Let's see. Valentina Smirnov, 31, loves fish tacos, walks on the beach, Ted Nugent cosplay, and big game hunting. Says she's currently in Kiev but is looking to relocate.

HARRY

What? No way. I bet it's one of those Russian robot things. First they'll ask for my phone number, then they trick me into buying "European" underwear or voting for Trump.

TABITHA

Didn't you vote for Reagan?

HARRY

Exactly.

The girls stare at Harry, incredulity spreads on their faces.

Another DING!

TABITHA

Sandra Demarco. 51 years young, loves salsa dancing, antique shops, fishing, and a damn fine ribeye.

HARRY

She thinks ribeyes grow on trees. I can't afford that.

DARLENE

She sounds exactly like you.

HARRY

No interest, this isn't for me. I'm fine where I am.

DARLENE

You mope around the house all day, watch TV, agonize over the Scary Houdini case, go to the Vic' where they clearly don't want you.

HARRY

Thanks for sugarcoating it.

DARLENE

Well, you need to get on with your life. Mom would want you to.

Harry turns to walk away.

HARRY

Your mom was my last dance partner. I'm sorry girls, I want no part of your plan to-

DING!

TABITHA

She sent you a message.

Harry quickly leans in and squints to read the message.

HARRY

"Hi there. I love a man in tiny shorts and a fake mustache. Maybe we could meet for coffee sometime."

DARLENE

Dude, you're in!

Darlene holds up her hand for a high-five, Harry ignores her.

HARRY

What should i do?

TABITHA

Uh, meet her for coffee?

DARLENE

Duh.

Tabitha starts typing.

TABITHA

Aaaaaaand, send!

They all wait expectantly.

DING!

TABITHA (CONT'D)

"How 'bout Vessel Coffeewerks, tomorrow, 10am?"

Harry starts to pace, wrings his hands.

HARRY

Aw jeez, I don't know.

Tabitha types.

TABITHA
Aaaand, send!

HARRY
Dammit, Tabitha.

DING!

TABITHA
"See you tomorrow."

HARRY
I gotta get a haircut.

Harry dials a number on his cellphone.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Chewie? Can you fit me in tomorrow morning? (BEAT) Yes, I'm still alive!

EST. CHEWIE'S CHOPS - DAY

An old school barber shop with "Since 1976" on the vintage signage, and a Harley "chopper" motorcycle out front.

INT. CHEWIE'S CHOPS - CONTINUOUS

Harry sits in a barber chair as CHUY "CHEWIE" CAMILLO (60s) attends to his hair. Afro-Cuban leaks from an old stereo, vintage black-n-white photos of haircut styles plaster the walls, while long out-of-date mens' magazines are fanned out on a table in front of a mid-Century modern couch.

JOE "THE PICK" MANCUSSO (50s) lounges on the couch, peruses a magazine called "Fanny Fellow".

CHEWIE
High and tight, the usual?

HARRY
How 'bout...

Harry scans the vintage hair styles. He finds one and points at it.

CHEWIE
The Flo-Glow?

HARRY
Next to that.

CHEWIE
The Burt Hurt?

HARRY
Under that.

CHEWIE
Rodeo Candy?

HARRY
Come on, *that* one.

CHEWIE
Ah, the Colonel Austin. Very popular with the Cuban baseball players. I used to call it the Bionic Glam, until Lee Majors dumped Farrah, ese pedazo de mierda.

Chewie and Joe spit on the floor in unison.

HARRY
I need something nice and neat.
Gotta hot date.

CHEWIE
Coño, who did you find willing to date a crusty old cop like you?

HARRY
For starters, I'm hoping you can make me less crusty, and two, my girls set me up on a dating site. Lonesome Loves.

Joe mouths the slogan along with Chewie's recitation.

CHEWIE
"You're not a loser, you're just lonely."

HARRY
Ah, so you know of what I speak.

CHEWIE
Joe calls it his happy hunting ground.

Joe flashes a crooked smile, his gold tooth winks under the fluorescent lights.

HARRY

(sotto)

Nope. That's not creepy at all.

CHEWIE

What do you think Madeline would say about it?

HARRY

My girls assure me she wants me to be happy and meet new people.

CHEWIE

But what do you think?

Joe looks up from his girlie magazine.

HARRY

I think you know what she'd think. She'd track her down, throw her into the trunk of her car, and dump the poor woman into the river.

CHEWIE

If she was lucky. But your girls are right, Harry. It's time, don't you think?

HARRY

My life ain't so bad, and I know how to make a mean tuna casserole-for-one.

CHEWIE

Come on, Harry. If Ronnie is ok with it, that's gotta be a good sign.

HARRY

Well...

CHEWIE

She doesn't know?

HARRY

It all happened so fast, I haven't had a chance to tell her.

CHEWIE

Coño, Harry.

Joe shakes his head as he unfolds a centerfold.

HARRY

Fortunately, self-sabotage is my go-to seduction technique. I'll probably tell my date about the time I found the dead body in the freezer at Alejandro's.

CHEWIE

Dios mio! We just ordered lunch from there.

Joe is in mid-bite of a taco. He stares at Harry and Chewie, they stare back. Joe shrugs his shoulders and continues eating.

CHEWIE (CONT'D)

Stay away from tales of dismemberment and you should be ok.

HARRY

You almost done?

Chewie uses the trimmer on Harry's neck.

CHEWIE

All... most... Done!

When Chewie stands back to admire his work, he frowns at something.

CHEWIE (CONT'D)

Oh boy.

HARRY

What?

CHEWIE

It's nothing.

HARRY

Lemme see!

CHEWIE

Hold on.

Chewie barely touches Harry's neck with the trimmer.

CHEWIE (CONT'D)

There, good as new.

HARRY

Why do I still come here?

CHEWIE
Because I haven't charged you for
20 years. (BEAT) And, of course, I
never will.

Chewie and Harry exchange a look, an understanding.

CHEWIE (CONT'D)
You always sit with your back
against a wall, anyway.

HARRY
That way I can see them coming.

Chewie releases Harry from the smock and brushes the excess
hair from his shoulders.

CHEWIE
The drug cartel hit squad, or the
old lady who poisoned her husband?

Harry leaves a tip.

HARRY
You never know.

Chewie sweeps up as Harry exits.

CHEWIE
There goes Harry, off to solve the
case of the desperate widower.

Joe SNORTS a laugh and takes a huge bite out of his taco.

EST. VESSEL COFFEEWERKS - DAY

A trendy coffee house in midtown.

INT. VESSEL COFFEEWERKS - CONTINUOUS

Harry sits at a two-seat table at the back of the very busy
coffee shop. He sips a black coffee, a donut rests nearby.

Old jazz music drifts from the speakers.

HARRY
(sotto)
Miles Davis, Sonny Rollins, 1954...
um, Kenny Clarke drums, Horace on
piano, and...

Harry closes his eyes, tries to remember... and when he does, his eyes snap open.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Percy Heath!

SANDRA DEMARCO (51) stands in front of Harry's table, coffee and plate of avocado toast in her hands.

SANDRA
It's Sandra.

HARRY
Excuse me?

SANDRA
Sandra, not Percy. Although, you wouldn't believe how many people say I remind them of their uncle Percy.

Harry continues to stare, a mix of embarrassment and confusion on his face.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Harry, right?

HARRY
Yeah. How did you... oh, Sandra, from Lonesome Loves.

SANDRA
Bingo.

HARRY
So, how are you?

She's still standing, and looks from Harry to the chair... Harry to the chair.

SANDRA
I'm great.

She sets her coffee mug on the table, then starts to eat her avocado toast, still standing.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
(with food in her mouth)
Nice weather we're having, huh?

HARRY
If you say so.

A hipster walks up with his girlfriend.

HIPSTER
Are you guys leaving?

HARRY
Does it look like we're leaving?

Harry gives Sandra the "get a load of this guy" look. The hipster looks at her, then the chair, then Harry.

It takes a full second for Harry to realize...

HARRY (CONT'D)
Aw jeez, I'm sorry.

He hurries around to her chair and pulls it out for her.

HIPSTER
Get woke, bro.

Harry reaches for a non-existent gun on his hip.

HARRY
Beat it, hippie.

They walk away, Harry takes his seat.

SANDRA
Did you reach for a gun?

HARRY
Taser. Force of habit.

SANDRA
Oh right, you were a cop.

HARRY
Detective.

SANDRA
Oh, sorry.

HARRY
No biggie, I'm not precious about it.

A waiter, CARDAMON (23) stops by.

CARDAMON
Another coffee, sir?

Harry lays his open wallet on the table, his police ID clearly visible.

HARRY
Coffee. Black, hold the bean
sprouts.

CARDAMON
We don't put bean sprouts in our
coffee.

HARRY
You put 'em in everything else.

CARDAMON
Black coffee for the gentleman, and
for you?

SANDRA
I'm set.

CARDAMON
Very good.

The waiter enters the order into his tablet.

HARRY
You don't write anything down?

CARDAMON
It's all very hi-tech here, sir.

HARRY
And what if there's another Y2K?

CARDAMON
The Korean pop group?

HARRY
Aw jeez.

The waiter leaves to fetch Harry's coffee.

Sandra notices a photo of Harry's wife next to the police ID.
A tiny, wooden cross sits on top of her photo.

SANDRA
She's beautiful.

HARRY
I'm pretty sure that was a guy.

SANDRA
No. (touches the wallet) Her. Your
profile didn't mention you were
divorced.

HARRY
Widower.

SANDRA
I'm sorry, Harry.

HARRY
My kids set up the profile. I guess they thought my personality was bad enough.

Sandra's genuine laugh softens Harry a bit.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I mean, they know me better than anyone, well, almost anyone.

Harry grabs the wallet and puts it in his back pocket.

There's a moment of awkward silence, and then, Sandra suddenly looks surprised, possibly mildly terrified.

Harry stares back at her with a playful grin.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Feel that?

Sandra is frozen in her chair.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You know what that is?

She looks down toward her left foot. What she sees causes her head to snap back and stare at Harry.

SANDRA
What is that on your ankle, and why are you rubbing it on me?

HARRY
My back-up. You never know whose gonna come in that door.

Harry pulls his pantleg up to reveal a pistol in an ankle holster. Sandra blanches.

SANDRA
Oh my god, that's a gun.

HARRY
Micro Desert Eagle 380. Never leave home without it.

Sandra stares at it, then checks her forehead.

SANDRA
I don't feel so good.

Harry, finally sensing his mistake, drops his pantleg over the gun.

HARRY
Dammit, I'm sorry. Madeline used to get a kick out it.

Sandra gathers her things to leave.

SANDRA
Listen, Harry. You seem like a, uh, nice guy, but, guns kind of freak me out.

HARRY
They're nothing to be afraid of. We could go to the gun range and I'll show you-

SANDRA
No! No. I think it's best we say goodbye. Take care, Harry.

Sandra exits.

HARRY
(sotto)
Smooth move, Ex-lax.

He looks up and sees a couple of hipsters leaving the store next door, vinyl records tucked under their arms. He notices the sign above the breezeway, written in retro script is: **BIBLIOTECHNO**. There seems to be a combination book and record store connected to the coffee shop.

INT. BIBLIOTECHNO - CONTINUOUS

Harry winds his way through the book stacks, finally making it to the area with vinyl records. The store seems to have an extensive collection of new and used jazz, indie, classical albums and film soundtracks. He flips through them, next to the hipster and girlfriend from the coffee shop.

Harry looks up at the records displayed on the wall.

HARRY
(sotto)
Miles, Coltrane, Monk, Brubeck.

The young man taps Harry on the shoulder.

HIPSTER
I need to get a gift for my
grandpa. What would you suggest?

HARRY
How 'bout a haircut that doesn't
look like an electrified alpaca.

HIPSTER
Huh?

HARRY
Here, give him this.

Harry hands the kid a copy of Jimmy Smith's "Root Down".

HARRY (CONT'D)
The Beastie Boys sampled this.

HIPSTER
Who?

Harry reaches for his taser. A hand rests on top of his.

HANNAH
(O.C.)
Easy, sheriff.

Harry turns to see HANNAH VERMILLION (40s). He is clearly enraptured.

HARRY
Force of habit.

HANNAH
I know, you caused a bit of a stir
in the coffee shop. (to the
hipster) Your grandad will love
that record, perfect choice.

HIPSTER
Right on.

The hipster and girlfriend exit. Hannah flips through records, holding some up at random.

HANNAH
Producer?

HARRY
Huh?

HANNAH
Who produced this record?

HARRY

Uh, Rudy... Van Gelder.

Another album.

HANNAH

Keys?

HARRY

That's gotta be, Ahmad Jamal.

One more.

HANNAH

Year?

HARRY

Nineteen fifty-four. No, fifty-six.

Hannah slides the records back into the bin.

HANNAH

A-plus, uh...

HARRY

Name's Harry, Harry Bukowski.

HANNAH

You know your stuff, Harry. I'm Hannah.

HARRY

Good to meet you. Do you often hang around record stores giving strange men tests about jazz?

HANNAH

You're not *that* strange.

HARRY

My daughters would disagree.

HANNAH

You know, if you need to get out of the house once in a while, I'm looking for someone knowledgeable to curate our record section.

HARRY

No offense, but I don't think I have the temperament, plus, I'm right in the middle of a big project and my kids are a full-time job as it is, so...

HANNAH

Free coffee and records.

HARRY

I won't wear a nametag, and I'm allowed to be mean.

HANNAH

Deal.

They smile and shake hands.

FADE OUT.

THE END.