

BOOK'D

Webseries Season One

"The Basement Tapes"

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## EPISODE ONE - "WELCOME HOME, HARRY"

EST. BUKOWSKI HOME - NIGHT

A modest two-story home in a working-class neighborhood. An old Crown Victoria sits in the driveway.

INT. BUKOWSKI HOME, BASEMENT

The finished basement holds the ephemera of a retired homicide detective. Boxes filled with file folders of old cases, plastic baggies with evidence, photo albums with crime scene pics.

One wall is covered in newspaper clippings from a year ago, about the search for a serial killer named "Scary Houdini". A few detail other cases Harry solved, and one clipping features an obituary for a beautiful Spanish woman "Madelaine Bukowski".

Another wall is packed with books and vinyl records.

This could be the fever dream of a conspiracy theorist, instead, it's the refuge of the man who presently sits on a couch, files laid out on a coffee table in front, a tumbler of bourbon at the ready.

He's in boxer shorts and a button-down Guayabera like Cuban men wear in Miami.

This is HARRY "HARDCASE" BUKOWSKI (40s), ex-NYPD detective, now retired but still obsessed about the "one that got away".

He looks at a newspaper clipping with the headline: "SCARY HOUDINI ELUDES HARDCASE", another reads, "DETECTIVE INJURED, KILLER ESCAPES".

Harry winces as he massages his thigh wear a noticeable scar runs from under his boxers to his knee. He finishes his drink as Coltrane plays a ballad from the turntable.

A KNOCK at the basement door.

HARRY

Aw jeez. (yells) Hold on, Tommy!

He throws on a pair of pants.

HARRY

Okay!

The door opens and TOMÁS "TOMMY" ZABEK (50s) comes down the stairs, one hand over his eyes.

TOMMY

Are you decent?

Tommy's a thin wisp of a man in a plaid suit, a crew-cut on his square-jawed head worthy of an Apollo astronaut.

He holds a thermos in one hand, a plastic grocery bag in the other.

TOMMY

Hey, Harry. Figured you might need a refill.

HARRY

Is that your world famous Atomic Blaster?

TOMMY

The same. And considering aliens are most assuredly among us, and have undoubtedly tried this signature cocktail at my bar, I'd say it's Universe Famous. Galaxy Famous at the very least.

HARRY

How is Tommy's Lounge these days? A retired cop opening a bar. Whatever gave you that unique and not-at-all cliched idea?

TOMMY

Har har. You'd know if you ever came in.

HARRY

Oh, I know. That's why I don't come in. You know the Crown Vic is my place.

TOMMY

Ex-cop at a cop bar. That's original. Are they sick of you asking about cases, yet?

HARRY

They appreciate my insight. Plus, your bathrooms are a menace.

TOMMY

I fixed the toilets. They no longer  
flush upwards.

HARRY

I had to throw those pants away. My  
*favorite* pants.

TOMMY

I'd buy you a new pair but it's  
hard to find boot-cut relaxed fit  
white jeans outside of an Italian  
first communion party store.

Tommy slumps into a well-worn lounge chair at the end of the  
coffee table.

Out of the bag comes a pair of tall tiki cups, cocktail  
umbrellas, and a small jar of maraschino cherries.

He shakes the thermos over his shoulder, then pours the neon-  
blue drink into the cups. Harry cringes when he sees the  
color.

Tommy adds a cherrie to each, then umbrellas, slides one over  
to Harry, holds his up for a toast.

TOMMY

To Madelaine.

HARRY

To Madelaine.

They toast toward the obit clipping, underneath is a photo of  
Harry and his family: wife Madelaine, daughters Tabitha (12),  
Darlene (17), and Ronette in her police academy uniform (22).

Harry goes to take a sip and the umbrella pokes him in the  
eye. He GRUMBLES and throws it away.

Tommy takes one of the file folders, opens it to a sketch  
artist's drawing of a handsome man with short hair, a small  
scar under the right eyebrow.

TOMMY

You think he's still out there?

HARRY

I do.

Harry rubs his leg.

TOMMY

The damp isn't good for your leg.

HARRY  
It's a reminder.

Tommy spots the pillow and crumpled blanket jammed into the end of the couch.

TOMMY  
To move out of your basement?

Harry shoots him the "you know what I mean" look.

HARRY  
My job isn't done, still my case.

TOMMY  
According to your gold watch and the pension that keeps you in the lap of...

Tommy looks around the basement.

TOMMY  
...conspiracy theorist luxury, you're officially retired. There's no such thing as "my case" anymore.

HARRY  
I'm the only person to have ever seen his face.

TOMMY  
Yeah, and I'm looking at the description you gave. You could have just said, "a young Bob Crane". All that's missing is the military cap at a jaunty angle.

Harry grabs the file.

HARRY  
Jesus, he *does* look him. Wonder if there's a familial connection.

Harry chugs the cocktail, gets up, a slight limp sends him to a stack of file boxes, he starts to rummage through them.

HARRY  
I think there was a DNA profile somewhere. We could never find a match in the database, but I wonder if a Crane descendent ever signed up for one of those genealogy tests.

TOMMY

You think Scary Houdini is a relative of Colonel Hogan.

HARRY

It's how they caught the Golden State Killer.

Tommy goes over to Harry, puts his hand on his friend's shoulder.

TOMMY

Harry.

Harry hangs his head. His hands clench into fists, crumple paper.

HARRY

Everything bad that has happened is *his* fault.

TOMMY

You can't blame that haircut on him.

HARRY

You know what I mean. Madelaine-

TOMMY

Died from cancer. Nothing to do with any of your cases. It comes for criminals like Scary, and for angels like your Madelaine. Raising three girls by yourself is... well, I can't even imagine. I have a hard enough time with my cats.

HARRY

The girls have been my rock. I see Madelaine in their faces. Most of the time it consoles me, sometimes it tears me up and I hide down here. I don't want them to see me like that.

TOMMY

What they don't want to see if you in boxers with meatball stains on them. Listen, I get it. You're Hardcase Harry, the badass detective that caught the Valley Butcher. Took down the Mid-town Mauler. That kidnap ring in Chinatown was no match for you.

HARRY

Us.

TOMMY

Sure, I did my part.

They return to their seats.

HARRY

If I lose it, who's going to be there for them?

TOMMY

I wouldn't worry. Ronnie's almost out of the police academy. Tabitha is a friggin genius, and Darlene... well, she can take of herself. I've seen her work a butterfly knife like a Filipino hitman.

HARRY

It's all she wanted for Christmas.

TOMMY

It's what every teenage terror wants from Santa.

Harry manages a smile.

HARRY

They are pretty great. Wish I could take all the credit.

Tommy pours more Atomic Blaster.

TOMMY

To your girls.

HARRY

To my girls.

TOMMY

And to the hope that Scary Houdini dove headfirst into the East River in a pair of concrete loafers.

They CLINK cups, take a hearty swig. Tommy sticks his tongue out to show it has turned blue.

HARRY

I see your date with Smurfette went well.

Tommy looks confused, tries to look at his tongue by sticking it out, his eyes roll down.

TOMMY  
Oh! Ha! I get it.

HARRY  
You sure?

TOMMY  
No.

Someone KNOCKS THREE TIMES on the basement door.

HARRY  
You know what that means.

HARRY  
Time for some tacos.

TOMMY  
Someone's at the door?

HARRY  
Ronnie brings home a big, greasy  
sack of Alejandro's tacos after her  
late shift. Shall we?

Harry gets up, Tommy follows.

They walk up the stairs.

Tommy suddenly lets lose a BELLY LAUGH.

HARRY  
What?

TOMMY  
Smurfette.

Harry shakes his head as he opens the door.

HARRY  
Turbo Tommy, always one step ahead.

TOMMY  
(happy)  
They really called me Turbo Tommy?

HARRY  
Sure buddy, sure.

Tommy leaves, Harry reaches back and hits the lights, closes the door. Cut to black.



**EPISODE TWO - "SAVING ROLL"**

EST. BUKOWSKI HOME - NIGHT

A modest two-story home in a working-class neighborhood. An old Crown Victoria sits in the driveway.

INT. BUKOWSKI HOME, BASEMENT

Harry kneels on the floor, surrounded by short stacks of records.

He seems to be sifting through them from a larger stack.

He flips a record over and reads the back.

HARRY

Let's see, 1965. You go... here.

He places it on top of one of the short stacks.

He grabs another.

HARRY

You, I'm going to listen to.

He goes to the turntable and sets it up. The first strains of Lenny White's "Prince of the Sea" hit his ears.

He stares at the photo of his wife Madelaine.

HARRY

One of your favorites. A little too proggy for me, but the way you'd dance to it. I learned to love it.

Behind him, in the center of the record stacks, Madelaine fades in. Her ghost twirls and sways in place.

A KNOCK at the basement door.

He turns just as Madelaine disappears.

Tommy enters, descends to his spot on the lounge chair, sets his bag of cocktail paraphernalia on the coffee table.

TOMMY

I got somethin' good for you tonight. My bartender came up with this. The hipsters can't get enough of it.

HARRY  
Is it liquified avocado toast  
served in a pair of capri pants?

TOMMY  
I don't know what those things are,  
and it worries me that you do.

He pours a peach-colored drink from a chilled shaker, opens a  
freezer bag and takes out what looks to be tiny popsicles.

HARRY  
What in the hell is all that?

TOMMY  
This, my friendly neighborhood  
philistine, is an Orange Julius.

HARRY  
Don't you mean an Arthur's Orange?

TOMMY  
Here, taste it.

Harry takes a glass and sips.

His eyes go wide.

HARRY  
That tastes exactly like an  
Arthur's Orange. What's in it?

TOMMY  
That is a proprietary recipe that I  
couldn't possibly reveal at this t-

Harry takes another gulp.

HARRY  
Orange juice, obviously.

TOMMY  
Sure, but-

HARRY  
Is that... Sprite?

Tommy frowns.

TOMMY  
Lucky guess. But you'll never-

HARRY  
Spiced rum.

TOMMY

Always have to play detective.  
Don't tell anyone.

HARRY

These little orange-creamsicle pops  
are a nice touch.

Harry finishes it, holds out his empty glass.

HARRY

Don't be stingy.

TOMMY

Why don't you just make it  
yourself? You apparently know the  
secret recipe.

Tommy sees something sticking out of one of the boxes.

He goes over and grabs a paper-clipped stack of graph paper.  
Each has a carefully mapped-out dungeon with tunnels, rooms  
and icons to indicate monsters and treasure.

TOMMY

You kept these?

Harry pours more cocktail for himself.

HARRY

Madelaine kept everything. She was  
going to catalogue my childhood,  
but...

TOMMY

I don't think I even have these  
anymore.

He looks at one with "Property Of Tommy" at the top, the  
handwritten title "THE HUNT FOR MR. DARK" underneath.

TOMMY

I remember this one. Jesus.

He returns to his lounge chair, Harry takes the couch.

TOMMY

The treehouse. That's where I drew  
these.

HARRY

Right. We spent the Summer looking  
for Wayne Joseph Burke. The  
Manhasset Maniac.

TOMMY

Mr. Dark.

We ZOOM into the graph paper map, into a square room with a creature made from black scratches, red slits for eyes.

Tommy gets the chills and sets the papers down, finishes his cocktail in one chug.

TOMMY

What were we thinking?

HARRY

We were thinking about Ritchie's mom.

TOMMY

She was never the same after Mr. Dark's visit.

Harry pours Tommy another drink.

HARRY

So many hours, looking through the telescope, searching the canal behind my house.

TOMMY

I still can't believe you went out there. All you saw was a bicycle.

HARRY

I figured he was keeping to the canal to get around undetected. The bicycle was an easily-hidden getaway vehicle.

The record has come to the end, the needle continues to ride the last groove with a repeating, dusty CLICK.

Harry rubs his leg.

TOMMY

He almost got you. You made it back to the treehouse just in time, and then your dad comes out to see if we want anything for dinner. Christ we were lucky. I was scared shitless. Couldn't move. When he found the walkie-talkie you dropped, his voice...

Tommy is clearly reliving a very bad memory. He stares blankly.

HARRY

You never told me what he said to you.

Tommy hesitates. Then shakes off the heebie-jeebies and takes a big swig from his drink.

TOMMY

Our first adventure together, eh Harry?

Tommy refills Harry's cup.

HARRY

Yeah, it was. We've had plenty more.

Tommy grabs the graph paper.

TOMMY

You still have your dice?

HARRY

Somewhere, probably.

TOMMY

Let's play, I'll be dungeon master, as usual. You can be... how 'bout Ritchie, the valiant elf bard, avenging his family from Mr. Dark, the evil wizard.

Harry smiles softly.

HARRY

That sounds good, Tommy.

Harry flips the record.

Over his shoulder, Harry hears...

TOMMY (O.S.)

I'll tell you... someday.

Tommy digs around for the dice, pulls a small, velvet drawstring bag from one of the boxes, upends it and pours the RPG dice onto his palm.

His eyes unfocus, drift up to an old newspaper clipping with a photo of two boys, the headline reads: "FRIENDS FOIL MANIAC".

FADE OUT.

**EPISODE THREE - "I KNOW NUH-THINK"**

EST. BUKOWSKI HOME - NIGHT

A modest two-story home in a working-class neighborhood. An old Crown Victoria sits in the driveway.

INT. BUKOWSKI HOME, BASEMENT

Harry flips an album, sets the needle, Pat Metheny's "Watercolors" plays.

He kisses his fingers, touches them to the photo of his wife.

Madelaine's ghost wraps her arms around his neck from behind.

Harry closes his eyes, lets out a heavy sigh, turns and leaves the apparition to fade away.

File folders, photos and documents cover the coffee table.

He slumps onto the couch, stares at the wall of clippings.

One in particular demands his attention: "SCARY HOUDINI STRIKES AGAIN!"

The basement door opens, Tommy makes his way down.

HARRY

You're late.

TOMMY

Impossible. My tabby always takes a dump at exactly 5:15pm, like a Swiss clock... that poops.

HARRY

Is it still using the toilet?

TOMMY

She is still using the toilet, yes. Hops on up, perfect balance, right on target like a laser-guided bunker buster.

HARRY

She has much better aim than you do, believe me. Shock and Ewww.

Tommy sits in the lounge, opens his grocery bag, sets up the latest cocktail.

HARRY

What are you subjecting me to this evening?

TOMMY

You're gonna love this one. It's called, Shirley Temple Of Low Men.

HARRY

As in, The Crowded House record?

TOMMY

The same. I know how much you love that one.

HARRY

Madelaine and I played it on repeat when we took that road trip to Zion. Before the girls were born.

Tommy assembles the pink cocktails, places a maraschino cherry on top of each.

TOMMY

Not long before. Wasn't she percolating with Ronette?

HARRY

Yeah, she had terrible nausea on the way back. One pregnancy test later...

They lift their drinks.

TOMMY

Hello Ronnie!

HARRY

Hello Ronnie.

Tommy notices a photo on the table, grabs it, sees it's a headshot of Bob Crane.

TOMMY

Where'd you get this?

HARRY

Tabitha printed it out. Figure I can show it instead of the sketch. I added the scar.

TOMMY

So you want people to think you're in a weird sex cult with a fetish for cutting-edge video technology?

HARRY  
I'll show the sketch first.

TOMMY  
Oh, that makes it better. Just in  
case "have you seen this serial  
killer" doesn't creep them out.

Harry grabs a copy of the artist's sketch of Scary Houdini.

HARRY  
Now that I think about it, he looks  
more like Hugh Jackman.

TOMMY  
Ya think?

HARRY  
Yeah. Doesn't it?

TOMMY  
More like Harrison Ford in American  
Graffiti. Can you add a cowboy hat,  
and move the scar to his chin?

Harry swipes the pics out of Tommy's hands, slides them into  
a folder.

HARRY  
Shut up and drink your cocktail.  
And for your information, I was  
thinking more Apocalypse Now  
Harrison.

TOMMY  
Ok, Siskel, it's your "case".

Tommy downs his drink.

TOMMY  
These are good.

HARRY  
They're ok.

Tommy notices Harry's already finished his, the cherry gone.

TOMMY  
So you don't want another-

Harry holds out his glass.

HARRY  
Didn't say that. More cherries.



Tommy pours another.

TOMMY

I can see it now. You sitting like a lonely old man in a cafe, staring at people, creeping them out until the manager has to come over and ask if you need help. Pretty soon, I get a call to come pick you up because you keep showing people a photo of Wolverine and asking "Have you seen this man?".

HARRY

Do they still give cops free coffee?

TOMMY

The ones still on the job and not definitely retired?

Tommy gives Harry the "hold on a minute" look.

TOMMY

You're gonna flash your old badge.

HARRY

How dare you, I would never do such a thing.

TOMMY

I've seen you do it for a discount at the dollar store.

HARRY

Tommy?

TOMMY

Harry?

HARRY

Shut up.

Tommy smiles, sips on his cocktail.

Three KNOCKS at the door, followed by Harry's eldest daughter RONETTE "RONNIE" BUKOWSKI (26) descent on the stairs.

She's in her police trainee sweatsuit, large bag of greasy tacos in one hand, a bag with a record inside.

HARRY

We would've come up.

RONNIE  
I figured this time I'd come to  
you.

HARRY  
You know my rule.

TOMMY  
No food in the basement.

RONNIE  
No food in the office.

Harry clears a spot on the coffee table.

HARRY  
Bad enough I have to feed you kids,  
I don't want to open a buffet for  
the mice.

Tommy lifts his feet off the carpet.

TOMMY  
Mice?

HARRY  
I haven't seen one in ages.

TOMMY  
Next time, I'll bring my tabby.

Ronnie sits next to Harry, distributes the tacos.

She hands the record bag to Harry.

RONNIE  
You owe me fifteen bucks.

HARRY  
I'll take it off your tab. How was  
the academy?

RONNIE  
Good. Self-defense training all  
week. Made a few dudes cry.

HARRY  
That's my girl.

Ronnie sees the artist's sketch.

RONNIE  
Why do you have an artist's sketch  
of Ryan Gosling?

HARRY  
Who's that?

TOMMY  
He's handsome

RONNIE  
You know. He was in that movie I  
gave you. Drive.

HARRY  
Right, that was good. Very neo-  
noir.

TOMMY  
That'll be even better. "Excuse me,  
ma'am. Have you seen Ryan Gosling?  
I think he's a serial killer".

Huh? RONNIE

HARRY  
Nothing.

He stuffs the sketch back into the folder.

Harry pulls out a copy of Elis Regina's "Elis '72", rubs the edge on his leg to open the plastic wrap, sniffs at the vinyl.

HARRY  
Mmmmm, fresh vinyl.

TOMMY  
I thought you liked all the snap  
crackle and pop.

HARRY  
Not when it ruins the moment. A  
little analog hiss and crackle is  
fine. It's what enhances the  
experience.

Harry takes it to the turntable, sets it down and lowers the needle on the track "Águas de Março".

He looks back at his daughter on the couch, smiles.

Madelaine's ghost is next to her, head on Ronnie's shoulder.

FADE OUT.

**EPISODE FOUR - "TOOL DADDY"**

EST. BUKOWSKI HOME - NIGHT

A modest two-story home in a working-class neighborhood. An old Crown Victoria sits in the driveway.

INT. BUKOWSKI HOME, BASEMENT

Tommy stands at one of the towers of file boxes, flips through a photo album.

Each page features Bukowski family photo: holidays, vacations, graduations.

He stops and stares at a photo of Harry and him at a New Years Eve party at Harry's house.

He lifts the plastic, peels the photo off, looks at the back and sees: "Harry & Tommy, 2005"

The basement door opens, FOOTSTEPS down the stairs.

HARRY (O.S.)

All out of the good stuff, but I  
found some beers at the back of the  
fridge.

Tommy stuffs the photo in his pocket, closes the album and slides it back into the pile.

He walks back to his lounge chair as Harry arrives and takes his place on the couch, slides a beer over to Tommy.

TOMMY

Yeah, sorry. No cocktail tonight.  
Had to take the tabby to the vet.

HARRY

Did it, uh, *she* swallow a bullet  
again?

TOMMY

Nah, that would've been easier just  
waiting 'til she pooped it out.  
Poor girl hasn't been eating  
lately. Barely touched her food a  
few days ago, nothing at all since  
yesterday.

HARRY

You worried?

TOMMY

Yeah. She's seventeen. An old dame.

HARRY

She'll be ok. I've had your cooking so I understand the hunger strike.

TOMMY

And I understand why you were never asked to talk a jumper down.

HARRY

Wasn't my fault he had terrible aim.

Tommy notices the box-set of Wrench McTaggart Mystery audio tapes under the broken leg of a desk, keeping it level.

TOMMY

What the heck? I got those for your birthday.

He nods toward the box.

HARRY

I put them to good use.

Tommy almost faints from the insult.

TOMMY

How dare you. You've reduced the adventures of Wrench McTaggart Interstate trucker and amateur detective to a mere prop.

Tommy carefully slides the box from under the desk leg, replaces it with a stack of National Geographic magazines.

He takes one of the tapes from the set and slides it into a cassette player. He turns a switch on the receiver and the audio adventure plays over the speakers. (Could be a boombox)

Dramatic music introduces the opening narration.

NARRATOR

(from the stereo)

Once again, Wrench McTaggart finds himself on the open road, his trusty 18-wheeler beneath his muscular thighs. His steely gaze sweeps the desolate highway as midnight descends upon America's last frontier.

The MUSIC fades to the RUMBLE inside the cab of a long-haul truck.

WRENCH MCTAGGERT

Breaker breaker one nine. This is Tool Daddy, checking in. You have eyes on Smokey Bear?

BAHAMA MAMA

This is Bahama Mama. Ain't seen no gumball machines since Albuquerque, over.

WRENCH MCTAGGERT

Much obliged, Bahama Mama. I'll be pulling in to the Stop & Pop off route eighty-nine if you'd care to share a-

BAHAMA MAMA

That's a negatory, Tool Daddy. I'm a lesbian, over.

WRENCH MCTAGGERT

10-4, read you loud and clear, over and out.

MYSTERY MUSIC fades in.

NARRATOR

The lonesome road is a harsh mistress. Two hearts crying out, neither hear the other's lament.

Harry stops the tape.

HARRY

Let me get this straight. He's a truck driver, a detective, and solicits anonymous sex from good samaritan strangers?

TOMMY

It's amazing, right?

HARRY

I think I liked it better when we just sat and drank in silence.

TOMMY

Oh, come on.

Tommy hits play.

MUSIC FADES.

WRENCH MCTAGGERT  
Well, Rudy, what do we have here?

RUDY  
SQUAWK!

Harry hits pause.

HARRY  
Rudy?

TOMMY  
His constant companion, confidant,  
and best friend.

HARRY  
And that is...

TOMMY  
His Macaw.

HARRY  
A bird?

TOMMY  
Yeah, sits in a custom-built cage  
that hangs over the passenger seat.  
He can move it to the sleeper  
compartment if he's entertaining a  
lady of the road.

Tommy hits play.

WRENCH MCTAGGERT  
Looks like a car on the wrong side  
of the highway. That crazy  
som'bitch is headin' straight for  
us. Hold on to your beak.

A HORN BLAST, then a SKID.

NARRATOR  
The car on a collision course  
barely misses slamming into the 18-  
wheeler, it's brake lights fade  
down the highway.

WRENCH MCTAGGERT  
That was close, Rudy. I don't know  
about you, but I could use a beer,  
and maybe a friend.

RUDY  
(squawks)  
Lady of the road.

WRENCH MCTAGGERT  
You know me too well, old friend.

The truck REVS and RUMBLES down the road.

Harry stops the tape.

HARRY  
When do we get to the mystery?

TOMMY  
That's on tape three.

HARRY  
What the hell does he do for the  
first hour?

TOMMY  
Mostly drinks beer, entertains the  
aforementioned ladies of the road.  
He also spends a lot of time  
washing his truck. The kids call it  
ASMR or some such thing. I don't  
know if it makes them high or  
sleepy.

Harry takes the tape out, grabs number three and slides it  
in, hits play.

DRAMATIC MUSIC plays under the sound effect of a SPRAY HOSE.

WRENCH MCTAGGERT  
Looks good as new, Rudy. You'd  
never know I ran over that family  
of armadillos.

RUDY  
(squawks)  
Hitchhiker.

WRENCH MCTAGGERT  
Ha! You always put a smile on my  
face with your sense of humor.  
Let's hit the road, pal. Right  
after I finish cleanin' her up.

Tape is paused.

HARRY  
So, he murdered a hitchhiker?



TOMMY

Where'd you get that?

HARRY

Rudy clearly says "hitchhiker".

TOMMY

I don't think so. It was an armadillo.

HARRY

First off, it was a *family* of armadillos, and secondly, Rudy definitely corrects him and says "hitchhiker".

TOMMY

You're hearing things.

HARRY

Yeah, and one of those things is "hitchhiker".

Harry hits play, they listen to the sound of a pressure sprayer.

Harry fast-forwards a bit, then hits play. More spray sounds. Another fast-forward, still spray sounds.

Harry hits stop, notices the final tape in the box is a generic cassette with "Play Me" written on the label.

HARRY

What's this?

Tommy shrugs. Harry pops it in, hits play.

As soon as he hears the voice, he becomes emotional.

MADELAINE

(Spanish accent)

Hey Harry, I'm taking a chance on leaving this here. You said you'd never listen to them because they were the dumbest things you've ever not heard, but on the off-chance a life-changing event requires you to listen to the Wrench McTaggart Mysteries, I wanted to tell you something.

Harry braces for whatever she has to say.

MADELAINÉ  
Ronnie is not yours.

Harry does a spit-take.

HARRY  
The fuck did she say?

Harry rewinds, hits play.

MADELAINÉ  
...I wanted to tell you something.  
Ronnie is not yours. (BEAT) Just  
kidding, Harry. Oh my God, I wish I  
could see your face right now.

Tommy does a terrible job at hiding his glee.

HARRY  
Did you know about this?

Tommy shakes his head.

MADELAINÉ  
Mira, listen to the damn tapes.  
Your best friend gave them to you.  
He clearly wants to share the love  
he has for the stories. It's a way  
of connecting with your friend.  
Don't be a dick. We love you. Te  
amo, Harry.

Nothing else but HISS. Harry sinks into the couch, gulps his  
beer.

HARRY  
I need another one. You need  
another one?

TOMMY  
Sure, Harry.

HARRY  
I'll get us another one.

TOMMY  
I'll be here.

HARRY  
I guess we can listen more.

TOMMY  
Whatever you want.

HARRY  
I mean, Rudy is kinda funny.

TOMMY  
He is that.

HARRY  
Ok.

Harry gets up, goes to walk past Tommy, stops, puts his hand on his friend's shoulder. No words need to be said. Harry ascends the stairs.

Tommy smiles, his eyes tear-up.

FADE OUT.

**EPISODE FIVE - "THE COMPUTER DATING EPISODE"**

EST. BUKOWSKI HOME - NIGHT

A modest two-story home in a working-class neighborhood. An old Crown Victoria sits in the driveway.

INT. BUKOWSKI HOME, BASEMENT

On the couch are DARLENE (17) and Harry, TABITHA (12) in the middle.

They watch Tabitha work her magic on a laptop.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Ok, what did you want to show me?  
This better not be porn.

TABITHA & DARLENE

Ewwww!

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 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 a fabulous life 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.

TABITHA

Is that a cautionary tale, or a sales pitch? Cause you know Darlene has a thing for lion tamers.

DARLENE

I love a man with a whip.

HARRY

Not funny. 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 also love a man in uniform.

TABITH

Which is why we paired it with the one from the Halloween party you and mom threw a few years ago.

DARLENE

Women like a man in a Magnum P.I. costume, or so I've heard. Mom loved the way your legs looked 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 notification 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 Vladivostok but is looking to relocate.

HARRY

What? No way. Gotta be one of those Russian robot things. First they'll ask for my phone number, then they trick me into buying "European" underwear or becoming a communist distributing leaflets from a fanny pack.

Another DING!

TABITHA

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

HARRY

She must think 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 that cop  
bar where you're becoming  
persoma... per...

TABITHA

Persona-non-grata.

DARLENE

Yeah, that.

HARRY

Thanks for sugarcoating it. And  
they love me at the pub.

DARLENE

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

HARRY

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

DING!

TABITHA

Sandra sent you a message.

Harry squints to read it.

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

Meet her for coffee?

DARLENE

Duh.

Tabitha starts typing.

TABITHA  
Aaaaaaand, send!

They all wait expectantly.

DING!

TABITHA (CONT'D)  
"How 'bout coffee, tomorrow, 10am?"

Harry stands up, 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 catches a glimpse of himself in a mirror.

HARRY  
I gotta get a haircut.

Harry looks at the photo of his wife, sets it face down,  
dials a number on his ancient flip cellphone.

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

CUT TO BLACK.



**EPISODE SIX - "MACHO SUPREMO"**

EST. BUKOWSKI HOME - NIGHT

A modest two-story home in a working-class neighborhood. An old Crown Victoria sits in the driveway.

INT. BUKOWSKI HOME, BASEMENT

Harry sits in a folding chair on a tarp in the middle of the basement as CHUY "CHEWIE" CAMILLO (60s) prepares to cut his hair. Afro-Cuban leaks from the turntable.

Tommy lounges on the couch, peruses a '70s pin-up magazine called "Fanny Fellow".

A large sack of tacos from "Alejandro's" sits on the table, along with paper plates and beers.

HARRY

Thanks for this, Chewie.

CHUY

(thick Cuban accent)

Hey, I bring the shop to my most loyal customer.

Tommy grabs another magazine, holds it up and lets the centerfold unfurl.

CHUY

I got the blue juice, hot towels, even the dirty magazines.

TOMMY

Burt Reynolds, you suave son-of-a-bitch.

HARRY

That's a Playgirl.

CHUY

I cater to all tastes. Diversity, Harry. How do you think I've stayed in business so long? I made it through the Flowbee Apocalypse of '86 y todavía estoy aquí.

Tommy sets the magazine down, flips through a book of haircuts seemingly printed in the 1970s. His hair looks like it was recently cut and styled into a low pompadour.

TOMMY

Hey Harry, I went with the Macho Supremo.

CHUY

Muy guapo.

Harry holds his hand up to the side of his face to block his view.

HARRY

That style is more suited to a cartoon llama.

TOMMY

That's not nice.

HARRY

Just messin' with ya. It looks fine.

TOMMY

I imagine McTaggart has a similar do.

Harry rolls his eyes, Tommy brightens, checks himself out in the mirror.

TOMMY

Got a hot date tonight. Need to look suave.

HARRY

It's not another ten year anniversary at a high school, is it?

CHUY

Didn't that turn out to be a real high school prom?

TOMMY

Fake I.D.s are very convincing nowadays. They even have the little hologram.

CHUY

True. Have you seen Darlene's? According to her Wyoming chauffeur's license, she's a 34-year-old radiology technician with astigmatism.

HARRY  
Who's side are you on?

Chuy wraps Harry in the smock.

CHUY  
So, what's it going to be? Feeling  
adventurous?

Harry glances at Tommy smoothing his haircut.

HARRY  
No.

CHUY  
High and tight, the usual? Maybe  
something that'll make you  
unrecognizable, like your  
undercover days. Remember the  
"Fabio Messiah"?

HARRY  
Madelaine almost divorced me.

Tommy walks over, holds the haircut book for Harry to see.

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.

(MORE)

CHEWIE (CONT'D)

I used to call it the Bionic Glam,  
until Lee Majors dumped Farrah, ese  
pedazo de mierda.

Chewie and Tommy pretend to spit on the floor.

HARRY

I need something nice and neat.  
Nothing fancy. I, too, have a date.

CHEWIE

One Colonel Austin, rápido.

DISSOLVE TO:

Chewie finishes up the cut.

CHEWIE

Madre de dios, how did you find  
someone 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.

Tommy returns to the couch, mouths the slogan along with  
Chewie.

CHEWIE

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

HARRY

Ah, so you know of what I speak.

CHEWIE

My friend Joe calls it his happy  
hunting ground.

HARRY

Yeah, 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?

Tommy looks up from his girlie magazine.

HARRY  
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. Just the  
other day I learned how to make a  
mean tuna casserole.

Tommy makes a "yuck" face.

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.

Tommy shakes his head as he pulls a taco from the bag.

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 ordered lunch from  
there.

Tommy is in mid-bite of the taco. He stares at Harry and Chewie, they stare back. Tommy 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.

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

CHEWIE  
You always sit with your back to  
the door, even in your basement.

HARRY  
That way I can always see them  
coming.

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

Harry checks himself out in the mirror.

HARRY  
You never know.

Chewie sweeps up, sees the artist sketch of Scary Houdini.

CHEWIE  
Why you got a sketch of Minnie  
Miñoso?

Harry goes the stairs.

HARRY  
Beer?

Chewie shakes his head.

Tommy nods, his mouth full of taco.

Harry exits.

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

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

Chewie gives him the "ewwwww" look.

Tommy shrugs.

CUT TO BLACK.

## EPISODE SEVEN - "THE GAME IS A FOOT"

EST. BUKOWSKI HOME - NIGHT

A modest two-story home in a working-class neighborhood. An old Crown Victoria sits in the driveway.

INT. BUKOWSKI HOME, BASEMENT

Harry sets a record on the turntable. The first strains of Coltrane and Johnny Hartman's album leak from the speakers.

Tommy stands at one of the towers of file boxes. The record skips and pops badly.

TOMMY

Time for a new copy. Can you even find that record?

HARRY

Madelaine gave it to me for my birthday.

TOMMY

Oh right. Just after you retired.

HARRY

*Forced* retirement.

Harry rubs his leg.

TOMMY

Where was that? Emelio's? I'm getting hints of red and white checkered table cloths and aging Bowery rockers with teased hair and piano ties.

HARRY

We saw Harry Dean Stanton that night. The corner booth, holding court but so unaffected. He was so cool.

TOMMY

You should have asked him to sign your chest, like those groupies backstage at a rock-n-roll recital.

HARRY

Where in the world did you learn that hip jargon, Tommy?



The sarcasm hits Tommy after a moment.

TOMMY

Anyway, that was a nice dinner. I  
ate for days on your leftover  
chicken parm.

Harry sits on the couch, Tommy takes the easy chair.

Harry flips through some case files, Tommy stares at him,  
waiting for...

TOMMY

Well?

HARRY

Well what?

TOMMY

Ronnie told me you've been hangin'  
out in coffee shops around town.  
What cockamamie theory are you  
working these days?

HARRY

I... have an idea of where he might  
be spending his time.

TOMMY

So, Scary Houdini is a barista,  
hiding in plain sight?

HARRY

Not exactly. What little evidence  
we found at his hideout showed he  
spent a lot of money on gourmet  
coffee. Ordered it from all over  
the world. I figured-

TOMMY

You figured he'd spend his  
afternoons at coffeeshops like a  
desperate screenwriter working on a  
Silver Spoons spec. So, did you run  
into Scary Houdini? What did he  
order? I bet it was a soy milk  
latte with one pump of vanilla and  
two pumps of-

HARRY

Alright, alright. Maybe it's an excuse to get out of the house, to do something other than poison myself with your Spring Break beach cocktails in this damp hole.

Tommy eases off him.

TOMMY

What do you do? Drink coffee and stare at people?

HARRY

I show them the sketch.

TOMMY

The one that looks like Bob Crane? I can just picture it.

He holds his hand up to his ear like he's making a call.

TOMMY

Hello, there's a creepy old dude going around flashing a drawing of Bob Crane, can you send someone? ... Yes, Hogan from Hogan's Heroes. ... Can I describe him? Well, his trench coat is giving off pervo-flasher vibes.

HARRY

Jesus, your imagination. You gotta stop listening to those audio books.

Tommy almost faints from the insult.

TOMMY

How dare you. Stop listening to the adventures of Wrench McTaggart? Interstate trucker and amateur detective? Never. In fact, his new one comes out tomorrow.

Harry reflexively glances over to a table. Underneath one broken leg is the Wrench McTaggart audio book boxset keeping it level.

HARRY

Yeah, I gave it another listen. Not my thing.

TOMMY

Why, because he actually solves cases?

HARRY

Har har. You realize you were my partner, so you just burned yourself.

TOMMY

Everyone knew I was "the face" of the duo. Anyway, you should take another listen.

Tommy strolls over to the clippings wall, zeroes in on one yellowed newspaper clip that reads: "KIDS CATCH CRADLE KILLER".

TOMMY

Oh wow, I remember this. Our finest moment after Mr. Dark.

Harry sets the needle on a new record, joins Tommy at the wall.

HARRY

Our first real collar.

TOMMY

And we were only 14.

HARRY

They gave us honorary detective badges.

TOMMY

I tried to use it to get free candy at Mr. Wilson's convenience store but it was a no-go. He did however slip me an issue of Easy Rider for free. Not sure what the message was there.

HARRY

Remember his weird, older son? Never liked him.

TOMMY

A chip of the 'ol block. No surprise when he got caught selling kids dirty magazines. He'd charge double the cover price.

HARRY

And you know this because...

TOMMY

I'm sure I read it somewhere.

HARRY

Didn't they find a bunch of  
dismembered feet in his trunk?

TOMMY

Right. He claimed they were from a  
medical school.

HARRY

He never did say what he used them  
for.

They both shudder at the thought.

Harry scans the "KIDS CATCH CRADLE KILLER" clipping.

HARRY

How many hours did we spend in that  
treehouse? Plotting, researching,  
studying.

TOMMY

Gave me time to draw some sweet  
dungeons and we wore out that Elvis  
Costello cassette.

They return to their seats. Tommy pours a new cocktail, this  
time neon-red, curly straw, wedge of grapefruit.

HARRY

You spent all your allowance money  
on graph paper. Every kid's dream.

TOMMY

Kept my mind occupied after my dad  
died.

HARRY

Kept our minds off a lot of things.

A walkie-talkie on the floor SQUAWKS.

RONNIE

(from walkie)

Come in Agent Hardcase, come in.

Harry grabs the walkie.

HARRY  
This is Agent Hardcase, reading you  
loud and clear.

RONNIE  
Tacos E.T.A., fifteen minutes.

HARRY  
Roger. Over and out.

Harry sees Tommy's haunted stare at the walkie and hides it  
on the floor next to the couch.

HARRY  
Shit Tommy, sorry.

Tommy takes a deep breath, then a long swig from his drink.

TOMMY  
He said...

HARRY  
You don't have to.

TOMMY  
He said, "Let's have a get-  
together. Just the two of us. In  
the dark. You can ride on the  
handlebars of my bicycle. I'll take  
you to dreamtown. You'll like it  
there. You and Ritchie can play all  
the games you want... forever... in  
the dark".

Harry is speechless.

Tommy blinks, snaps out of the trance.

TOMMY  
We got him.

HARRY  
We did. Som'bitch left his prints  
all over the trapdoor lock.

TOMMY  
He's in the dark, not us.

HARRY  
A deep dark hole at the bottom of  
San Quentin.

Tommy manages a smile. Holds up his drink for a toast.

TOMMY

To deep dark holes in deep dark  
prisons for deep dark pieces of  
shit like him.

HARRY

To... all that.

Harry opens another file folder and a torn piece of paper  
falls onto the coffee table.

It looks like a page torn from a paperback. On the front, it  
seems to be the last page of a novel. The flip side has the  
partial rubber stamp of a logo.

HARRY

Bibliot, and then what? You  
remember this?

TOMMY

No idea. I mean, who's to say it  
wasn't at a crime scene before  
Scary got there.

HARRY

Bibliot. Some bookstore?  
Thriftstore? I remember Madelaine  
saying the Spanish word for library  
is Biblioteca. Jesus, why didn't we  
follow up?

TOMMY

Probably because it was one of  
thousands of threads we tried to  
follow.

Harry goes over to a stack of books and pulls out a dusty  
phone book.

He flips through to the "B's", runs a finger down the page,  
stops at a listing for a coffee shop and bookstore called  
"Bibliotechno".

HARRY

Christ on a moped.

He sits down near Tommy, hands him the book.

TOMMY

Bibliotechno.

Tommy gets his phone out, looks it up.

TOMMY  
It's one of those combo coffee  
shops, used book and record stores.  
The Village.

Harry is almost feverish in his excitement.

HARRY  
Coffee shop. We got him.

TOMMY  
What we got is a piece of paper  
that he may or may not have torn  
out of a book.

HARRY  
It's something.

TOMMY  
Barely.

Harry stands, grabs his jacket.

HARRY  
You want some coffee? I could use a  
cup.

TOMMY  
It's eleven o'clock at night. Place  
is closed.

HARRY  
That's fine, coffee's better in the  
morning.

He puts his jacket back, sits on the couch.

HARRY  
We got him, Tommy.

He stares at the sketch artist's rendering.

HARRY  
(to the sketch)  
Got you.

CUT TO BLACK.

— END OF SEASON ONE —