



## **P.I. HARRY LYMAN**

### **Episode 1, Part 2**

Harry's part-time assistant – slash – wannabe model – slash – jail sentence waiting to happen was pushing through his office door as he was leaving. Despite the bad bleach job, the fabulous boob job and the terribly misguided ideals, Jill was a good kid and a decent receptionist.

“Going out?” she asked, dropping a gigantic gold purse on her desk as she passed.

“New case,” Harry said, shrugging into his favorite Padres jacket.

“Good. We need the money.”

Harry growled something incoherent.

“Not good?” Jill asked, snapping her gum as she flipped through the files in her inbox.

“No. Not good. The opposite of good.”

She shot him a questioning look with two perfectly drawn eyebrows.

“Jo roped me into helping with a political case,” Harry explained and patted his jacket pockets until he was satisfied they contained at least two cigarette lighters.

The bad bleach job tilted to the left. “I thought you said you never wanted to work with her again.”

“I did.”

“I thought you said you would chop off your left nut and drink cat piss before you worked a case with her again.”

Harry frowned. “She's in over her head. I don't have a choice.”

Jill shrugged. “Can't say I didn't warn you. Who's the politician?”

“Eddie Torrillo.”

“Hey, I've seen his TV commercials. He's hot.”

“He's a fucking wet dream,” Harry agreed, letting the front door bang shut behind him.

Bessy was just as upset about the situation as he was. She refused to turn over until the third crank and then only sputtered to life after coughing up a huge plume of black smoke.

Harry and Bessy were out of their element and both knew it. They should be lounging under the sun in some crack-in-the-wall Mexico town where Bessy could work on her rust and Harry could work on his gut. P.I. work in the U.S was far too physically demanding as far as they were concerned.

The twelve-bar number playing through Bessy's crackling speakers came to an abrupt halt as Harry cut the engine in San Diego Central Division's handicap zone. The trip to the rearmost desk on the third floor was a familiar one.

“You look like shit, Harry,” Detective Sam Jessup observed, hanging up the phone as Harry sat.

Harry nodded. “So I've been told.”

“Rough case?”

“You don't know the half of it.”



“What d’ya need?”

“I need Jo to drop this damn case.”

“Joanne Mason?”

Silence.

“I thought you were never working with her again.”

Silence.

“I thought you said –”

“I know what the fuck I said,” Harry interrupted. “I’m the one that fucking said it.”

Sam shrugged. “It’s your funeral. Need me to run a background on someone?”

“You got anything in the works on Eddie Torrillo?” Harry asked.

“Nothing that will stick. He’s greasier than my mother’s meatloaf. And now everything’s been pulled to a halt due to this election business anyway.”

“He’s connected?”

“Like a mother fuckin’ jigsaw puzzle.”

Harry went still. “There’s no chance he could win, is there?”

“Sure. Why not? He’s got all the makings of a top-notch politician. I’m surprised he’s waited this long to run.”

Harry’s stomach grumbled as his ulcer flared.

Sam’s shrewd eyes narrowed. “Jo’s investigating Eddie Torrillo?”

“No,” Harry said and stood. “She’s working for him.”

Sam looked pained. “I’ll pray for you, partner,” he said seriously.

The bright sunlight and chirping birds did nothing to cheer him as Harry leaned against Bessy and took a moment to study the building he’d once called home. He had spent more hours inside the police station than he had his own apartment. He’d eaten, breathed and slept here. He’d lived his job. And in the two years since had almost managed to convince himself that he didn’t miss it.

Harry circled the bed of the El Camino, realizing that this case would require the two things he kept stored inside the Styrofoam cooler that rode in the back. But the swig of Jack Daniels Black and the .38 Special didn’t improve his mood either.

*To Be Continued...*