

HALF
SISTERS

Episode 48

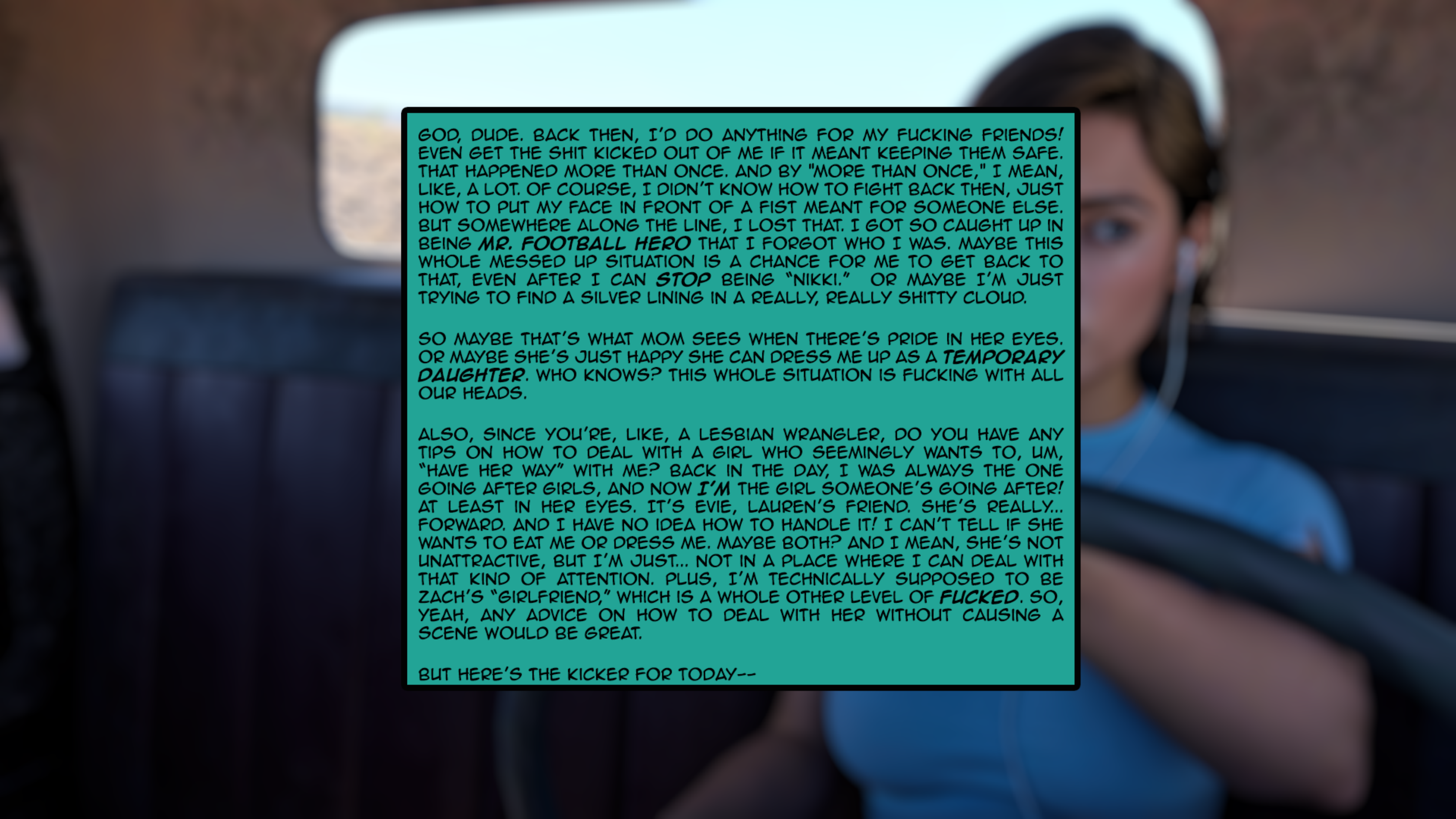
YO, YO, YO SCOTTY "THE BODY" WHATEVER-YOUR-LAST-NAME-IS -

FIRST OF ALL, I'M STILL WAITING ON THE PIC OF YOUR NEW HAIR. LIKE, HOW DARE YOU LEAVE ME HANGING. THAT'S JUST CRUEL, DUDE. I HOPE YOU GOT ONE OF THOSE MILITARY CUTS, ALL BUZZED AND LOOKING LIKE A FRESH RECRUIT. MRS. FERRIS WOULD LOSE HER SHIT!

ANYWAY, TODAY HAS BEEN FUCKING WEIRD, MAN. I HAD TO GET A DRESS FOR THIS "DATE" WITH ZACH AND LET ME TELL YOU, IT WAS A CIRCUS. LAUREN WAS THERE, AND MOM, TOO. THEY HAD ME TRYING ON ALL SORTS OF STUFF. I'M TALKING DRESSES, JEANS THAT WERE WAY TOO TIGHT, TOPS THAT BARELY COVERED ANYTHING. IT WAS A MESS.

I MEAN, IT WAS NICE SPENDING TIME WITH MOM, BUT THE WHOLE SITUATION WAS JUST... I DON'T KNOW, MAN. IT'S A LOT TO DEAL WITH. ALSO, SOMETIMES, SHE STILL LOOKS AT ME WITH THIS EXPRESSION OF PRIDE. I KNOW, WHO DOESN'T WANT THEIR MOM TO BE PROUD OF THEM? BUT SHOULDN'T SHE BE ASHAMED OF WHAT HER SON HAS BECOME? I FEEL LIKE A FREAK, AND SHE'S THERE SMILING LIKE I JUST WON A BEAUTY PAGEANT.

OR MAYBE IT'S MORE THAN JUST HOW I LOOK NOW. I'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF THINKING. I HURT A LOT OF PEOPLE BACK IN THE DAY. I WAS A REAL DICK SOMETIMES, AND MAYBE SHE'S SEEING THE OLD ME COMING BACK A BIT. THE ONE WHO ACTUALLY GAVE A DAMN ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S FEELINGS. IT'S WEIRD. I'M STARTING TO REMEMBER THINGS FROM WHEN I WAS A KID, LIKE HOW I FELT ABOUT ANIMALS, SILLY MOVIES, AND HOW MUCH I HATED SEEING ANYONE OR ANYTHING IN PAIN. AND FRIENDS.



GOD, DUDE. BACK THEN, I'D DO ANYTHING FOR MY FUCKING FRIENDS! EVEN GET THE SHIT KICKED OUT OF ME IF IT MEANT KEEPING THEM SAFE. THAT HAPPENED MORE THAN ONCE. AND BY "MORE THAN ONCE," I MEAN, LIKE, A LOT. OF COURSE, I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO FIGHT BACK THEN, JUST HOW TO PUT MY FACE IN FRONT OF A FIST MEANT FOR SOMEONE ELSE. BUT SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE, I LOST THAT. I GOT SO CAUGHT UP IN BEING *MR. FOOTBALL HERO* THAT I FORGOT WHO I WAS. MAYBE THIS WHOLE MESSED UP SITUATION IS A CHANCE FOR ME TO GET BACK TO THAT, EVEN AFTER I CAN *STOP* BEING "NIKKI." OR MAYBE I'M JUST TRYING TO FIND A SILVER LINING IN A REALLY, REALLY SHITTY CLOUD.


SO MAYBE THAT'S WHAT MOM SEES WHEN THERE'S PRIDE IN HER EYES. OR MAYBE SHE'S JUST HAPPY SHE CAN DRESS ME UP AS A *TEMPORARY DAUGHTER*. WHO KNOWS? THIS WHOLE SITUATION IS FUCKING WITH ALL OUR HEADS.

ALSO, SINCE YOU'RE, LIKE, A LESBIAN WRANGLER, DO YOU HAVE ANY TIPS ON HOW TO DEAL WITH A GIRL WHO SEEMINGLY WANTS TO, UM, "HAVE HER WAY" WITH ME? BACK IN THE DAY, I WAS ALWAYS THE ONE GOING AFTER GIRLS, AND NOW *I'M* THE GIRL SOMEONE'S GOING AFTER! AT LEAST IN HER EYES. IT'S EVIE, LAUREN'S FRIEND. SHE'S REALLY.. FORWARD. AND I HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO HANDLE IT! I CAN'T TELL IF SHE WANTS TO EAT ME OR DRESS ME. MAYBE BOTH? AND I MEAN, SHE'S NOT UNATTRACTIVE, BUT I'M JUST.. NOT IN A PLACE WHERE I CAN DEAL WITH THAT KIND OF ATTENTION. PLUS, I'M TECHNICALLY SUPPOSED TO BE ZACH'S "GIRLFRIEND," WHICH IS A WHOLE OTHER LEVEL OF *FUCKED*. SO, YEAH, ANY ADVICE ON HOW TO DEAL WITH HER WITHOUT CAUSING A SCENE WOULD BE GREAT.

BUT HERE'S THE KICKER FOR TODAY--

I GOT PULLED OVER BY A SHERIFF ON THE WAY HOME! JUST MY LUCK, RIGHT? I WASN'T EVEN DOING ANYTHING WRONG! WELL, OKAY, I WAS SPEEDING A BIT, BUT NOTHING CRAZY. HE JUST CAME UP BEHIND ME WITH THE LIGHTS AND SIREN AND EVERYTHING. MY HEART WAS RACING.





NOW, BACK WHEN I WAS PLAYING FOOTBALL, I GOT PULLED OVER MORE THAN A FEW TIMES, AND IT WAS ALWAYS "OH, YOU'RE NICK PALMER! THE GREATEST QB IN THE GREATEST STATE OF TEXAS! GO ON, JUST SLOW IT DOWN, SON."

NOW IT'D BE, "WAIT, *YOU'RE* NICK PALMER? WHY IN GOD'S NAME ARE YOU WEARING A DRESS? AND WHY IN GOD'S NAME DO YOU HAVE TITS? AND WHY IN GOD'S NAME ARE YOU PRETTIER THAN MY DAUGHTER, WHO IS - FOR THE OFFICIAL COURT RECORD - *VERY* PRETTY?"

LIKE, AS SOON AS A SHERIFF KNEW WHO I WAS, IT'D BE ALL OVER TOWN BEFORE I COULD EVEN GET HOME. I SWEAR, MY LIFE FLASHED BEFORE MY EYES, MAN. AND NOT JUST MY OLD LIFE, BUT ALL THIS NEW CRAP TOO. IT WAS LIKE A HIGHLIGHT REEL OF MY PERSONAL NIGHTMARE.

IT'S FUNNY -- TELL ME IF YOU FEEL THIS WAY -- PEOPLE SEEING ME AS A GIRL IN PUBLIC IS ONLY HALF AS FUCKING MORTIFYING AS SOMEONE FROM MY OLD LIFE RECOGNIZING ME.

IT'S ONE THING TO *BE* A GIRL. I MEAN, AIN'T NOTHING WRONG WITH BEING A GIRL, OBVIOUSLY. IT'S JUST NOT WHAT I SIGNED UP FOR. BUT IT'S A WHOLE OTHER THING TO BE SEEN AS THIS... FREAK SHOW BY PEOPLE WHO KNEW ME BEFORE. THAT'S THE SHIT THAT KEEPS ME UP AT NIGHT.





GOOD AFTERNOON, *MISS*. I NEED TO SEE YOUR LICENSE AND REGISTRATION, IF YOU PLEASE.

A woman with short brown hair, wearing a light blue t-shirt, is seated in the passenger seat of a red vehicle. She is looking towards a man in a dark uniform with a white stripe on his sleeve, who is partially visible in the foreground. The background shows a sandy, outdoor environment.

OH, UM, RIGHT. OF COURSE, OFFICER.

DEPUTY.

HUH?

I'M A DEPUTY, NOT AN OFFICER. JUST A SMALL DIFFERENCE, BUT IT MATTERS TO US IN THE FORCE.

OH, UH, WELL SORRY ABOUT THAT, DEPUTY. SO, HERE'S THE THING...

SO, HOW'D YOUR PAL NICK GET OUT OF THIS ONE? LET'S NOT BE STUPID. YOU ALREADY KNOW MY LUCK RAN OUT A LONG TIME AGO. SO, OBVIOUSLY, I DIDN'T. BUT WHAT HAPPENED NEXT IS SO WEIRD AND DISTURBING THAT I'M *STILL* TRYING TO WRAP MY HEAD AROUND IT.

"WHAT HAPPENED!?" YOU ASK WITH BAITED BREATH.

WELL, GUESS WHAT? IT'S *MY TURN* TO LEAVE YOU HANGING! SEND ME A PIC OF YOUR HAIRCUT AND I'LL TALK. ALSO, WHEN THE HELL ARE YOU COMING BACK? I KNOW WE'VE ONLY KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR A FEW MONTHS BUT I MISS YOU, MAN. I COULD REALLY USE A FRIEND RIGHT NOW, SOMEONE WHO KNOWS HOW FUCKED IT IS TO BE MADE INTO SOMETHING YOU'RE NOT AND NEVER COULD / WILL BE.

-N

*NEAR BOSTON,
6 DAYS AGO*

ZZZZZZZZZ ZZZZZ

SNIFF, SNIFF





BACON!?



OH, JOSH, YOU'RE FINALLY UP! GOOD MORNING! SLEEP WELL?

GOOD MORNING. YEAH, LIKE A LOG.

GREAT. I'M JUST FRYING UP BACON FOR OUR BREAKFAST. IT'LL BE READY IN A FEW.

YOU'RE COOKING BACON? SINCE WHEN DO YOU COOK BACON? HELL, SINCE WHEN DO YOU COOK ANYTHING?



WELL, MORTIMER COULDN'T COOK TO SAVE HIS LIFE, AND MRS. FERRIS WAS NEVER AROUND TO DO IT. SO I LEARNED. TURNS OUT, I'M NOT HALF-- OH!

IS *THAT* FOR ME, OR ARE YOU JUST REALLY HAPPY FOR BREAKFAST?

UH, MORNING SITUATIONS, YOU KNOW. CAN'T CONTROL EVERYTHING.

YEAH, I SORT OF REMEMBER. BUT I HAVEN'T HAD MORNING WOOD IN A LONG, TIME. I HAVE TO ADMIT, I MISS IT. THERE WAS SOMETHING REASSURING ABOUT IT. LIKE A 'HELLO' FROM YOUR BODY, LETTING YOU KNOW EVERYTHING'S WORKING RIGHT. ANYWAY, TAKE A SEAT. BREAKFAST WILL BE READY SOON.

HEY, T-THANK YOU. I'LL JUST PUT SOME CLOTHES ON.

OH, SURE. I MEAN, IF YOU *REALLY* WANT TO.

BON APPÉTIT.

WOW, YOU SAID IT WITH THE ACCENT AND EVERYTHING.

JUST BECAUSE I'M NOT IN MY FRENCH MAID OUTFIT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T PLAY THE PART.

DAMN, YOU WEREN'T KIDDING. YOU REALLY CAN COOK. THIS LOOKS AMAZING.

THANKS. I FIGURED WE COULD USE A NICE GREASY MEAL AFTER LAST NIGHT'S... FESTIVITIES. I, UH, HAD A LOT OF FUN, BY THE WAY.

ME TOO. IT WAS LIKE OLD TIMES.

WAS IT, THOUGH?





SO, WHAT'S THE PLAN FOR TODAY?
GOT ANYTHING ON THE DOCKET?

ACTUALLY, YEAH. WOULD YOU MIND
DRIVING ME TO MY HAIR SALON
APPOINTMENT? I'M *SO* DONE WITH
BEING A JOAN JETT LOOKALIKE.

SURE, NO PROBLEM. WHEN DO WE
NEED TO HEAD OUT?

APPOINTMENT'S AT ELEVEN. GIVES US
PLENTY OF TIME TO ENJOY
BREAKFAST AND... WELL, YOU'LL SEE.

I'LL SEE? WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED
TO MEAN?

IT'S A SURPRISE! CAN'T SPOIL IT
NOW, CAN I?

YOU AND YOUR SURPRISES. ALRIGHT,
I'M IN. HEY, HOW MUCH IS THIS GOING
TO COST? I'M STILL RECOVERING
FROM OUR LAST SHOPPING SPREE.

OH, ABOUT THAT... MRS. FERRIS GAVE ME THIS CREDIT CARD WITH A \$25,000 LIMIT AND CHALLENGED ME TO MAX IT OUT. IT'S PART OF MY 'TRAINING' TO BEING AN HEIRESS.





HOLY SHIT, REALLY? THAT'S INSANE!

YEAH, I KNOW. BUT HEY, I'M NOT COMPLAINING. IT'S KIND OF FUN, ACTUALLY.

MAN, I WISH SOMEONE WOULD GIVE ME A CREDIT CARD WITH A LIMIT LIKE THAT. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?





WELL, FIRST I'LL PAY YOU BACK.

SCOTT - ER - SANDY, YOU DON'T HAVE TO --

THEN, A NEW HAIR COLOR. AND AFTER THAT... WHO KNOWS? THE SKY'S THE LIMIT. BUT THE POINT IS, THESE NEXT COUPLE OF WEEKS, THEY'RE ALL ON ME. I WANT YOU TO ENJOY IT TOO. YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT BECAUSE OF ME. IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO.

I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, SANDY.

HEY! DON'T LET STUPID MASCULINE PRIDE GET IN THE WAY OF A GOOD TIME. YOU TOOK CARE OF ME WHEN I WAS IN A TIGHT SPOT. NOW IT'S MY TURN. BESIDES, I CAN'T SPEND ALL THIS MONEY BY MYSELF! WHAT WOULD BE THE FUN IN THAT? COME ON, LIVE A LITTLE WITH ME. IT'LL BE OUR LITTLE ADVENTURE.

ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT. I CAN'T ARGUE WITH THAT LOGIC.

WONDERFUL! I'M GOING TO PUT ON SOME MAKEUP AND GET READY.

UH, YOU KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ALL THAT FOR ME, RIGHT? I MEAN, YOU LOOK FINE AS IS.

THANKS, BUT I WANT TO. BESIDES, IT'S NOT JUST FOR YOU. IT'S FOR ME TOO. GETTING READY... IT MAKES ME FEEL MORE PUT TOGETHER. MORE IN CONTROL.

Y-YOU COULD EVEN WEAR SOME OF MY CLOTHES IF YOU WANT.

NAH. THEY'RE TOO BIG ANYWAY. ALSO, NO OFFENCE, BUT ALL YOU HAVE IS JEANS AND T-SHIRTS. AND THE FABRIC IS SO ROUGH!



JESUS, HOW LONG DOES HAIR TAKE? I COULD'VE WATCHED THE DIRECTOR'S CUT OF SOMETHING BY NOW. I MEAN, I GUESS SCOTT PROBABLY LOOKED IN THE BIG MIRROR, CAME TO HIS SENSES, AND DECIDED TO CUT IT ALL OFF.

THAT'S THE END GAME, RIGHT? GO BACK TO BEING A GUY?

YEAH. YEAH, SCOTT IS JUST *REALLY* TRAUMATIZED RIGHT NOW - HE'S NOT THINKING STRAIGHT. "SANDY" WAS NEVER REAL. IT'S JUST A COPING MECHANISM, A WAY TO HANDLE ALL THE SHIT THAT'S HAPPENED. I CAN'T LET MYSELF INTERFERE WITH HIS HEALING.

HONESTLY, IT'S A DAMN GOOD THING HE FELL ASLEEP LAST NIGHT BEFORE HE HEARD MY HALF-DRUNK CONFESSION!

I'VE GOT TO KEEP IT TOGETHER, FOR HIS SAKE. I CAN'T DECLARE MY FEELINGS FOR A GIRL WHO DOESN'T EVEN *REALLY* EXIST. I'VE GOT TO REMEMBER THAT. SANDY IS SCOTT, AND SCOTT NEEDS A *FRIEND* RIGHT NOW, NOT ANOTHER COMPLICATION.

AND THAT'S REALLY WHAT I AM IN THIS WHOLE MESS, ISN'T IT? A COMPLICATION.

BUT *DAMN* IF I DON'T WANT TO BE MORE.



HEEY! OH MY GOD, I'M SORRY I TOOK SO LONG!



THE GIRL WHO HELPED ME WAS SO NICE.

WE TALKED ABOUT WHAT COLOR WOULD SUIT ME BEST. SHE HAD ME HALF-CONVINCED TO GO WITH THIS RAINBOW OMBRE THING -- AND IT WAS *SO* TEMPTING. I'LL DEFINITELY DO THAT IN THE FUTURE - MAYBE FOR A SPECIAL EVENT! BUT I DECIDED TO GO WITH BLONDE AGAIN. WELL, A LITTLE DARKER BLONDE THAN BEFORE.

OH, AND LOOK, I GOT EXTENSIONS! AREN'T THEY FABULOUS?

SANDY -- ER, SCOTT? I
MEAN, YOU LOOK... I...



H-HEY, JOSH. DON'T BLUESCREEN ON ME. SAY SOMETHING. YOU'RE MAKING ME NERVOUS. I LOOK OKAY...

DON'T I?

