HALF SISTERS

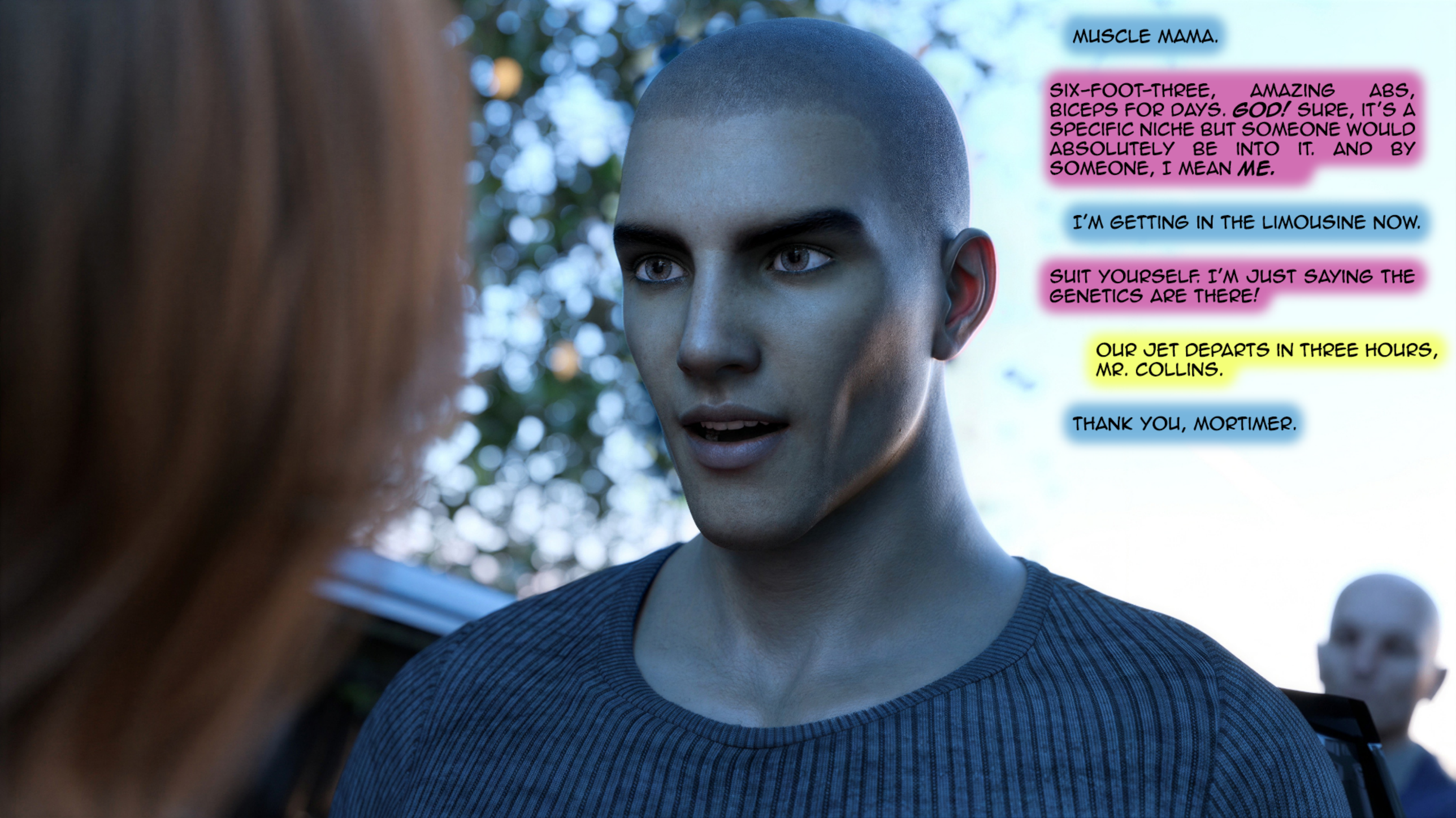
Episode 77

Match


SO. UMASS. GOOD THING I APPLIED FOR MORE THAN ONE COLLEGE, HUH? ALTHOUGH IT'S NOT EXACTLY WHERE I PICTURED MYSELF A WEEK AGO.
IT'S STILL A GREAT SCHOOL. AND THE LAW FIRM MRS. FERRIS SET YOU UP WITH IS ONE OF THE BEST IN BOSTON.
I KNOW. I'M LUCKY. IT'S JUST... I REALLY WANTED TO BE NEAR YOU.


I KNOW, BABE. BUT THIS IS BETTER. FOR BOTH OF US. YOU GET TO HAVE YOUR OWN COLLEGE EXPERIENCE. MAKE YOUR OWN FRIENDS. FIGURE OUT WHO JOSH COLLINS IS OUTSIDE OF BEING "SANDY'S BOYFRIEND."
I ALREADY KNOW WHO I AM. I'M THE GUY WHO LOVES YOU.
AND I LOVE YOU TOO. BUT WE BOTH NEED THIS. SPACE TO GROW.
WHEN DID YOU GET SO WISE?


I DUNNO. MUST BE THE ESTROGEN.
SPEAKING OF - THE PARALEGAL JOB THAT MRS FERRIS SET UP FOR ME... THIS ATTORNEY ISN'T GOING TO TRY TO TURN ME INTO A GIRL, RIGHT? CUZ THERE SEEMS TO BE A LOT OF THAT GOING AROUND.
OH MY GOD, NO. OLIVIA RAMOS IS A HARVARD-EDUCATED SHARK WHO EATS OPPOSING COUNSEL FOR BREAKFAST. VERY MUCH NOT THE TURN-MEN-INTO-WOMEN-FOR FUN TYPE, AS FAR AS I CAN TELL.
GOOD. I'D MAKE A TERRIBLE GIRL.
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT... YOU'VE GOT AMAZING BONE STRUCTURE. AND HONESTLY, WITH THOSE ARMS? TOTAL MUSCLE MAMA ENERGY.


MUSCLE MAMA.
SIX-FOOT-THREE, AMAZING ABS, BICEPS FOR DAYS. GOD! SURE, IT'S A SPECIFIC NICHE BUT SOMEONE WOULD ABSOLUTELY BE INTO IT. AND BY SOMEONE, I MEAN ME.
I'M GETTING IN THE LIMOUSINE NOW.
SUIT YOURSELF. I'M JUST SAYING THE GENETICS ARE THERE!
OUR JET DEPARTS IN THREE HOURS, MR. COLLINS.
THANK YOU, MORTIMER.


ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD?
BABE, I JUST TOOK A SHOWER AND GOT MY CLOTHES BACK ON. MORTIMER'S LITERALLY RIGHT THERE.
JOSHUA COLLINS! I MEANT A KISS, YOU PERVERT!
OH. RIGHT. OBVIOUSLY.


HEY. I LOVE YOU.
WOW, WHAT A COINCIDENCE!
I LOVE YOU, TOO.


I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER GET TIRED OF HEARING THAT.
WELL, IF YOU DO, I'LL COME UP WITH SOMETHING ELSE. MAYBE LATIN? *TE AMO SANDIA!*
WOW, YOU'RE SUCH A DORK.
TAKES ONE TO--
GOD, SHUT UP AND KISS ME!




ALRIGHT, MORTIMER. I KNOW THIS IS A SILLY THING TO ASK BECAUSE JOSH IS A BIG BOY AND CAN HANDLE HIMSELF BUT... KEEP HIM SAFE IN THE MANSION. I APPRECIATE MOM LETTING HIM LIVE THERE RENT FREE TO HELP WITH TUITION COSTS BUT, UH... IT'S A WEIRD SITUATION.
DON'T WORRY, MISS SANDY. I'LL MAKE SURE MR. COLLINS HAS EVERYTHING HE NEEDS.
THANK YOU. AND, UH, HOW ARE THINGS WITH... UM... KENDRA, ANYWAY? SHE SETTLING IN OKAY?
I HAVE THE NEW MAID WELL IN HAND.

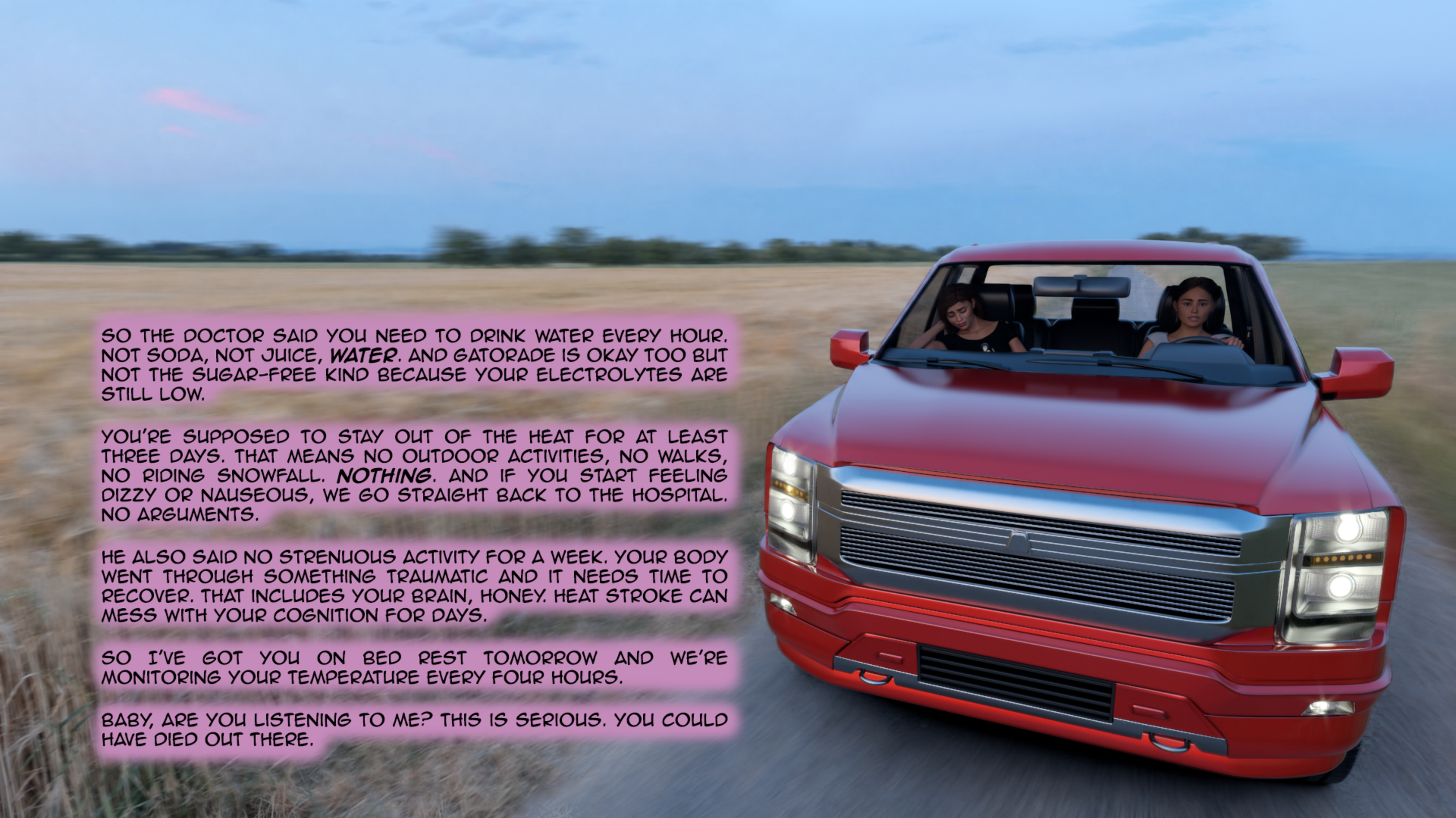

WELL IN HAND? MY, MY, MORTIMER...
I... I BEG YOUR PARDON?
I MEAN, I'M NOT JUDGING. SHE'S TECHNICALLY SINGLE NOW. AND YOU TWO DO SPEND A LOT OF TIME TOGETHER...


MISS SANDY! I WOULD NEVER TOUCH A WOMAN WITHOUT HER EXPLICIT PERMISSION. NOT THAT SUCH PERMISSION WOULD EVER BE GRANTED BY KENDRA -- NOR WOULD I SEEK IT! HER SOUL IS UTTERLY ROTTEN.
RELAX, I WAS JOKING! NOW, GO ON. HAVE A GREAT FLIGHT. AND, SERIOUSLY, PLEASE DON'T TURN MY BOYFRIEND INTO A GIRLFRIEND.
I WON'T - UNLESS HE ANNOYS ME.
MORTI!
RELAX... I WAS JOKING. HAVE AN EXCELLENT SEMESTER, MISS SANDY.


BYE! LOVE YOU SO MUCH!


FROM SCOTT, TO SOFIA, TO SANDY. FROM THIEF, TO MAID, TO HEIRESS TO... ?

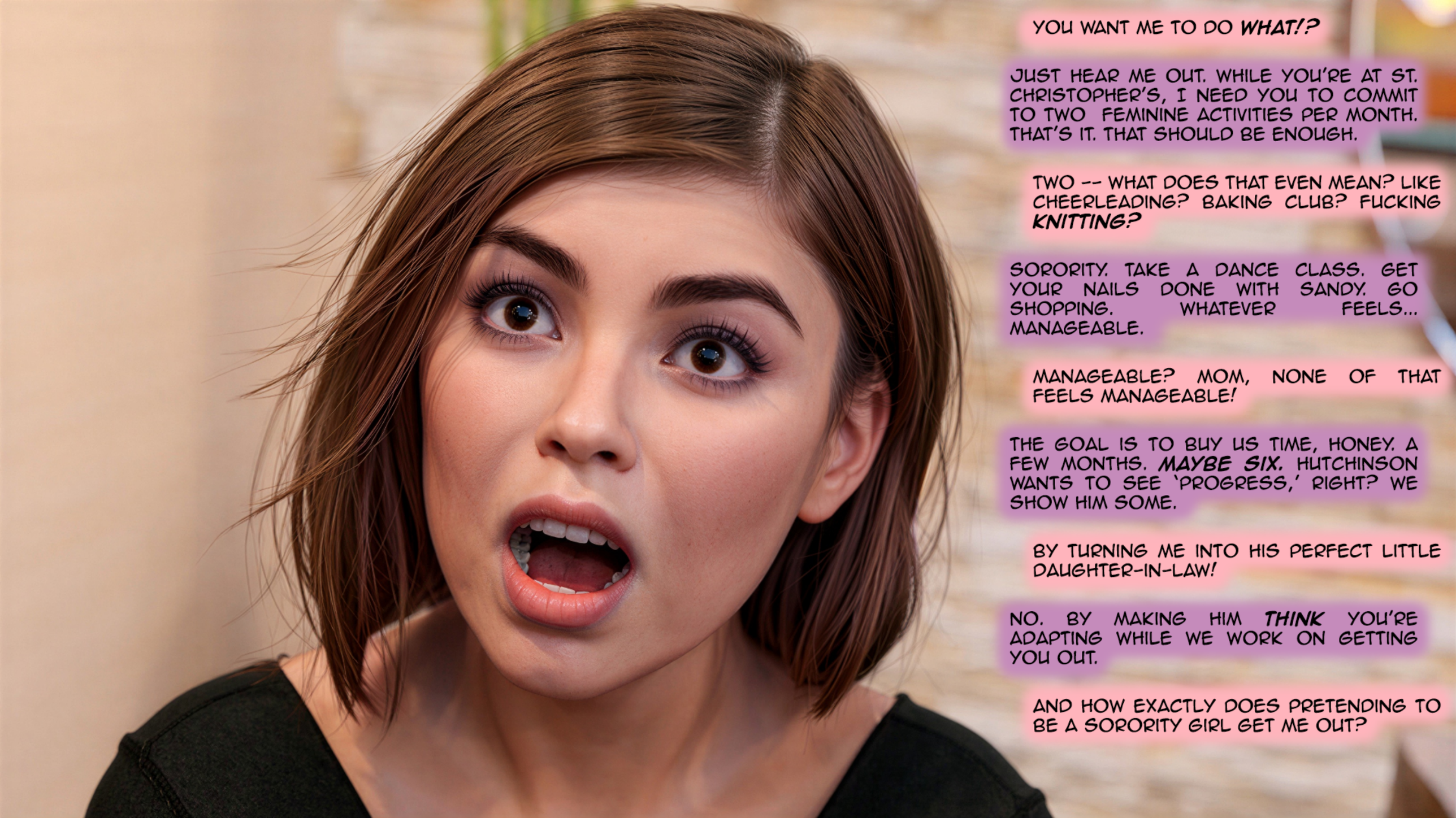

...WELL. TO SOMEONE WHO TALKS TO HERSELF OUTSIDE IN AN EMPTY DRIVEWAY LIKE A CRAZY PERSON, APPARENTLY.
I NEED A GLASS OF WINE.


SO THE DOCTOR SAID YOU NEED TO DRINK WATER EVERY HOUR. NOT SODA, NOT JUICE, ***WATER***. AND GATORADE IS OKAY TOO BUT NOT THE SUGAR-FREE KIND BECAUSE YOUR ELECTROLYTES ARE STILL LOW.
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO STAY OUT OF THE HEAT FOR AT LEAST THREE DAYS. THAT MEANS NO OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES, NO WALKS, NO RIDING SNOWFALL. ***NOTHING***. AND IF YOU START FEELING DIZZY OR NAUSEOUS, WE GO STRAIGHT BACK TO THE HOSPITAL. NO ARGUMENTS.
HE ALSO SAID NO STRENUOUS ACTIVITY FOR A WEEK. YOUR BODY WENT THROUGH SOMETHING TRAUMATIC AND IT NEEDS TIME TO RECOVER. THAT INCLUDES YOUR BRAIN, HONEY. HEAT STROKE CAN MESS WITH YOUR COGNITION FOR DAYS.
SO I'VE GOT YOU ON BED REST TOMORROW AND WE'RE MONITORING YOUR TEMPERATURE EVERY FOUR HOURS.
BABY, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME? THIS IS SERIOUS. YOU COULD HAVE DIED OUT THERE.


I KNOW, MAMA.
DO YOU? BECAUSE YOU SCARED ME HALF TO DEATH. WHEN THAT CLINIC CALLED AND SAID THEY HAD MY DAUGHTER... I THOUGHT MAYBE I'D LOSE YOU. JUST LIKE I ALMOST LOST YOU TWO YEARS AGO. AND I CAN'T... I WON'T GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN.
I'M SORRY.
I KNOW YOU ARE, SWEETHEART. I KNOW.
DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT EVER GOING OUTSIDE EVER AGAIN. I'M ENJOYING THIS AIR CONDITIONING WAY TOO MUCH. TURN IT ON FULL BLAST. GOD, THAT'S THE STUFF.


BABY, I NEED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID IN THE CLINIC. ABOUT FIGHTING HUTCHINSON.
I MEANT IT. I'M DONE PLAYING ALONG.
I KNOW YOU DID. AND I UNDERSTAND WHY. BUT HONEY, WE CAN'T JUST DEFY HIM. HE'S TOO POWERFUL, TOO CONNECTED. HE HAS PEOPLE EVERYWHERE, AND THAT... GROUP... WHO TOOK YOU.
SO WHAT? WE JUST GIVE UP? BECAUSE I WON'T. I'M DONE.


NO. NOT GIVE UP. BUT WE NEED TO BE SMART ABOUT THIS. STRATEGIC.
OKAY...
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THIS A LOT OVER THE PAST FEW MONTHS. ACTUALLY, I'VE BEEN WORKING ON SOMETHING. A PLAN. BUT... YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE IT.
ARE YOU KIDDING? I LOVE A GOOD PLAN. WHAT IS IT?


YOU WANT ME TO DO *WHAT!?*
JUST HEAR ME OUT. WHILE YOU'RE AT ST. CHRISTOPHER'S, I NEED YOU TO COMMIT TO TWO FEMININE ACTIVITIES PER MONTH. THAT'S IT. THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH.
TWO -- WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN? LIKE CHEERLEADING? BAKING CLUB? FUCKING *KNITTING?*
SORORITY. TAKE A DANCE CLASS. GET YOUR NAILS DONE WITH SANDY. GO SHOPPING. WHATEVER FEELS... MANAGEABLE.
MANAGEABLE? MOM, NONE OF THAT FEELS MANAGEABLE!
THE GOAL IS TO BUY US TIME, HONEY. A FEW MONTHS. *MAYBE SIX.* HUTCHINSON WANTS TO SEE 'PROGRESS,' RIGHT? WE SHOW HIM SOME.
BY TURNING ME INTO HIS PERFECT LITTLE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW!
NO. BY MAKING HIM *THINK* YOU'RE ADAPTING WHILE WE WORK ON GETTING YOU OUT.
AND HOW EXACTLY DOES PRETENDING TO BE A SORORITY GIRL GET ME OUT?


BECAUSE WHILE YOU'RE DOING THAT, I'LL BE WORKING TO GET THE AUTHORITIES INVOLVED. REAL AUTHORITIES. NOT LOCAL COPS -- THEY'RE ALL BOUGHT AND PAID FOR BY HUTCHINSON AND HIS FRIENDS.
THEN WHO?
FBI. SECOND DAWN OPERATES ACROSS MULTIPLE COUNTRIES, RIGHT? THAT'S HUMAN TRAFFICKING. THAT'S FEDERAL.
YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN GET THE FBI TO CARE ABOUT SOME RICH ASSHOLES PLAYING DRESS-UP WITH KIDNAPPED GUYS?
I CAN MAKE THEM CARE.
AND WHILE YOU'RE DOING THAT, I'M SUPPOSED TO WHAT, PLEDGE DELTA GAMMA AND PRETEND I'M LOVING IT?
YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOVE IT. YOU JUST HAVE TO DO IT. TWO ACTIVITIES A MONTH. THAT'S EIGHT OVER A SEMESTER. THINK OF IT... THINK OF IT LIKE A QB SNEAK!

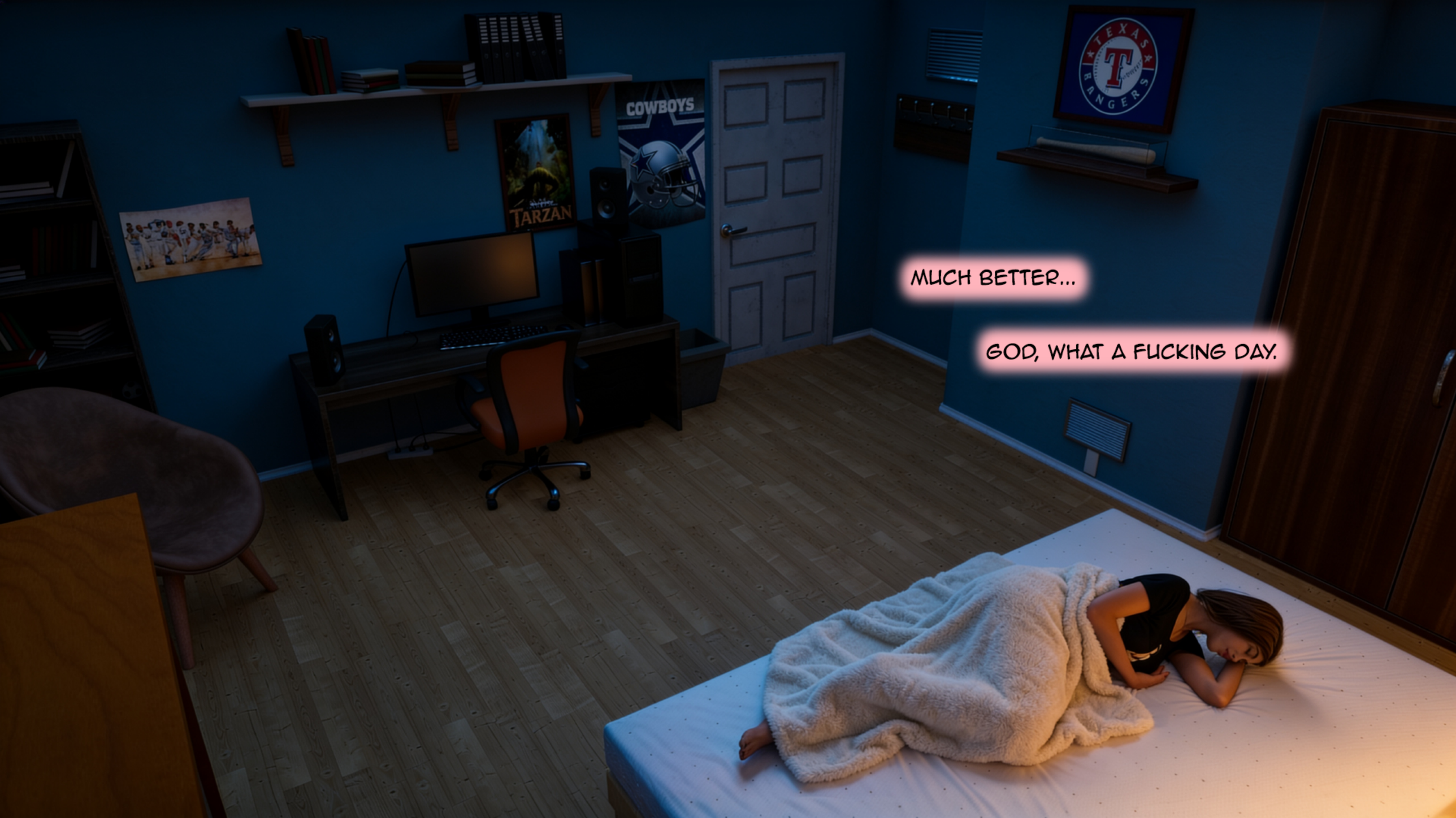

THIS IS INSANE!
NO, IT'S STRATEGIC.
IS IT REALLY? BECAUSE FROM WHERE I'M SITTING, THIS SOUNDS LIKE GIVING UP WITH EXTRA STEPS.
IT'S THE *OPPOSITE* OF GIVING UP, BABY. IT'S PLAYING THE LONG GAME.
I TOLD YOU, I'M DONE DOING WHAT HE WANTS - OR WHAT ANYBODY WANTS!
I HEARD YOU. BUT YOU ALSO CAN'T GO TO WAR WITH LEONARD HUTCHINSON WITHOUT A PLAN, WITHOUT *HELP*. HE'LL CRUSH YOU. HE'LL CRUSH ALL OF US.
SO I SELL OUT FOR SIX MONTHS INSTEAD.
NO. YOU SURVIVE FOR SIX MONTHS WHILE I BUILD A CASE THAT CAN ACTUALLY TAKE HIM DOWN.
AND WHAT IF SIX MONTHS TURNS INTO A YEAR? OR TWO? WHAT IF THE FBI DOESN'T CARE OR WON'T ACT OR--
THEN WE TRY SOMETHING ELSE. BUT... I REALLY THINK THIS GIVES US OUR BEST SHOT. I'M NOT SAYING YOU BECOME EVERYTHING THAT BASTARD WANTS - JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM AT BAY.


YOU KNOW WHAT? MY HEAD IS KILLING ME. I NEED TO LIE DOWN.
HONEY, WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT THIS--
LATER, MOM. PLEASE. I KNOW YOU'RE TRYING TO HELP, I DO. BUT I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT RIGHT NOW. I NEED TO FIGURE OUT HOW MUCH I'M WILLING TO DO. HOW MUCH OF MYSELF I'M WILLING TO TRADE AWAY FOR SAFETY.
BABY, THAT'S NOT WHAT THIS IS--
ISN'T IT? I WANT TO FIGHT BACK. I WANT TO BE MYSELF AGAIN - WHOEVER THAT REALLY IS - EVEN IF IT'S DANGEROUS. MAYBE ESPECIALLY IF IT'S DANGEROUS.
BUT RIGHT NOW I'M EXHAUSTED AND DIZZY AND I CAN BARELY REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TODAY. SO I'M GONNA TAKE A NAP. WE'LL TALK LATER.
ALRIGHT, SWEETHEART. GET SOME REST. I'LL WAKE YOU IN FOUR HOURS TO CHECK YOUR TEMPERATURE.
THANKS, MAMA.
I LOVE YOU.
LOVE YOU TOO.


COWBOYS
FAST AND FURIOUS
TEXAS RANGERS
BE MYSELF AGAIN...


PATHETIC...
STUPID CAMO BLANKET. I FUCKING HATE HUNTING


NEED TO MAKE ROOM FOR NEW ONES.
1ST PLACE
REGIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP


COWBOYS
TARZAN
TEXAS
RANGERS
MUCH BETTER...
GOD, WHAT A FUCKING DAY.

Next time on...

HALF SISTERS


EVERYONE IS STARING, I KNOW THEY'RE STARING.
SOME PEOPLE ARE, YEAH. BUT IT'S PROBABLY NOT FOR THE REASON YOU'RE AFRAID OF.
SANDY, I'M AFRAID OF *EVERY* REASON THEY'RE STARING.
FAIR. HEY! ISN'T THAT...
OH MY GOD...


HORNETS
HORNETS
Welcome to
St. Chris,
Bitches
(affectionate)