

Homecoming

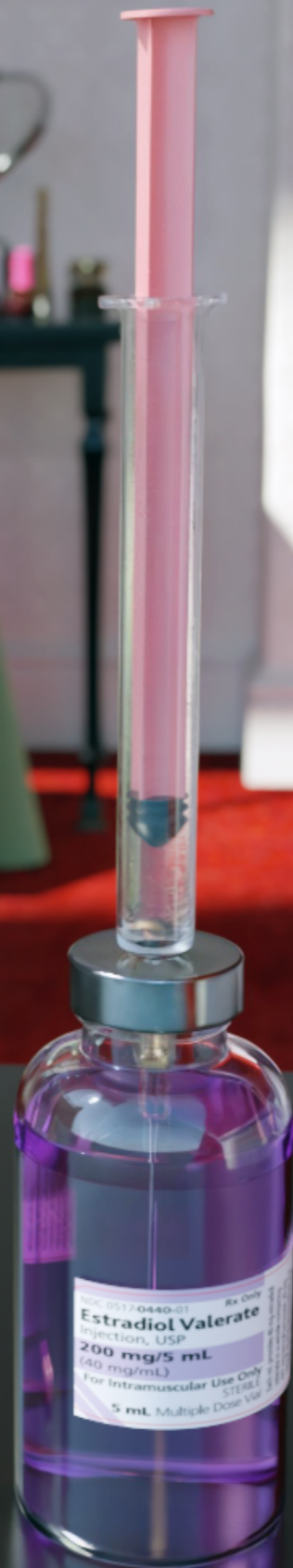
A dark, atmospheric photograph of a prison cell. The room is mostly in shadow, with a small, high window featuring vertical bars. Bright light streams through the window, creating a strong contrast and casting long, parallel shadows of the bars onto the floor in the foreground. The walls appear to be a dark, textured material.

Episode 19

4 hours earlier...

Remember what I told you, Chris? You can't live without these. It's about reality – *our* reality. This injection? This little pill? They're the only thing keeping us from falling apart completely.

So you need to make a choice, and you need to make it fast. Because every day that passes is another day lost, another day closer to the deadline. I know what I want. And deep down, beneath all that denial and anger... I think you do, too. Take the hormones. Stay functional. What else matters?



The whole point is to save to save Kayla, right? To protect her. And you can't do that if you're a mess. And you *are* a mess. Listen to yourself, for God's sake! You think this is healthy? You're in the middle of a psychotic break, Chris. You're talking to me like I'm real. I'm *not* – but I'll take over if you can't handle it. Because one of us needs to be strong right now, and you're crumbling

So, pick up the damn bottle and take your medicine.

No? Fine, *I'll do it myself*. Because I'm won't let us go back, and I won't let Kayla be hurt. We've come too far for that. I'll do what we must to survive – *whatever it takes*.

Now get dressed; it's time for me to find our mark.





Time to put on a show. Smile like you mean it, laugh like you care. Think about that ticking clock and find someone vile enough to deserve this fate.

Damn. Look at that one. She's something else, isn't she?

Yeah, hot as hell. Maybe too hot. What's she doing here alone?

That's the kind of question that'll drive you crazy, man. Who cares why she's alone? The point is, she is. That's opportunity knocking.

It's not that simple. Girls like her, they've got angles. What if she's a pro?





And so what if she is? That just makes things easier. You pay, you play, no complications. Trust me, I've been in this game a long time. She's looking for attention – *my* kind of attention. I won't disappoint her.



All these faces... just masks hiding monsters?
No, some of these guys are innocent – just like
I was. I need to choose carefully. Someone
who deserves this hell.

But how do you weigh a person's sins? How do you decide if they're the one to damn? And even if I find them, what does that make me? Judge? Executioner?

But what fucking choice do I have? The rules are twisted, but clear: find someone or become the prey once more.





NEXT GEN
NO
AVAILABLE


You have to be cold, Kris. Ice in your veins. It's survival – his or ours. And it's not going to be ours. *Not again.*

I was created for this – Chris needed someone tough, someone who could handle the shit he couldn't face. That's me. I'm the armor, the shield... and if necessary, the sword.



Remember why we're doing this... for Kayla. For freedom from Bella and her sick games.

So harden your heart. Let's find our villain... and end this nightmare once and for all.



Hey there, you okay? You looked miles away. Big night? You look amazing. I love your dress.

Uh, thanks And, yeah, I'm fine. Just... people watching, you know?

Well, kindly do your people watching somewhere else, will ya? With a beauty like you sitting here, no one's gonna give me the time of day. Move along.

What? There's plenty of bar to go around. I'm not stopping anyone from talking to you.

Yeah, right. Like any guy is going to look my way with you hogging the spotlight. God, you look like you walked right out of Playboy. It's just not fair, you know? Some of us have to work for attention, but you... you just exist and men fall over themselves. So do me a favor and exist somewhere else, huh?





Fine, fine. I'll leave you to your... adoring public.


Damn right.



Hey, miss, you almost left without your purse!

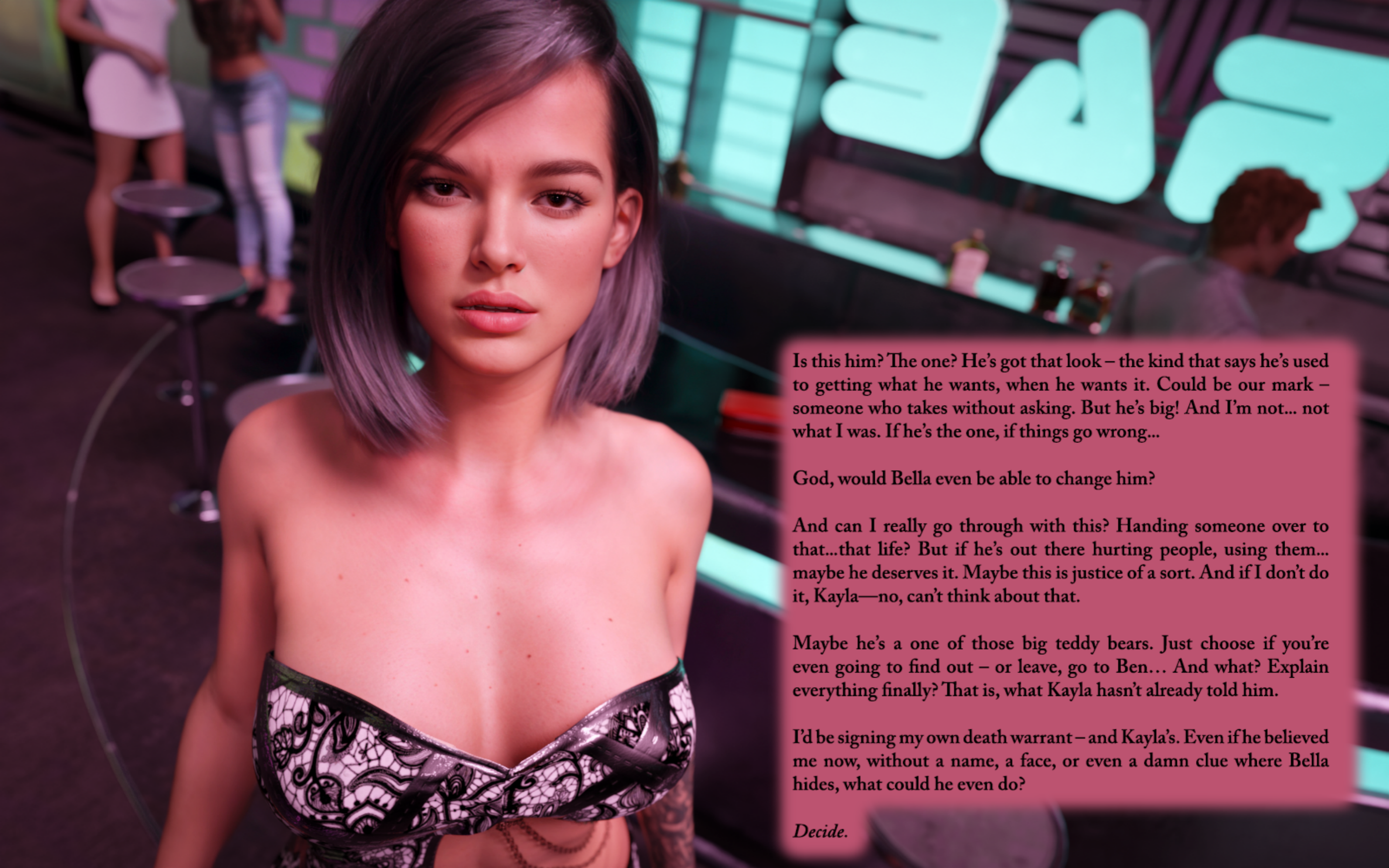
Oh, um, it's a clutch, but thanks. Can't believe I—

And these shots are from the gentleman over there – the big guy in the black shirt. He was hoping you'd bring them over and join him for a drink.



He wants me to bring them to him?

Yeah, says it's an old tradition or something. Hey, bitchin' tattoo, by the way.



Is this him? The one? He's got that look – the kind that says he's used to getting what he wants, when he wants it. Could be our mark – someone who takes without asking. But he's big! And I'm not... not what I was. If he's the one, if things go wrong...

God, would Bella even be able to change him?

And can I really go through with this? Handing someone over to that...that life? But if he's out there hurting people, using them... maybe he deserves it. Maybe this is justice of a sort. And if I don't do it, Kayla—no, can't think about that.

Maybe he's a one of those big teddy bears. Just choose if you're even going to find out – or leave, go to Ben... And what? Explain everything finally? That is, what Kayla hasn't already told him.

I'd be signing my own death warrant – and Kayla's. Even if he believed me now, without a name, a face, or even a damn clue where Bella hides, what could he even do?


Decide.



Ben, it's me. I... I need your help. It's Chris, he's gone. I woke up this morning and he wasn't there. I've spent the whole day looking for him. I checked all of his old hangouts and practically every restaurant we ever ate together. He wasn't anywhere and I'm really freaking out. This is all my fault!

Listen, last night, Chris and I tried to... you know... And he... He put on that slutty red lingerie you got me for my birthday. He looked... Well, a lot fucking better than I do in it. I tried to stay cool, and I held it together, but after... I couldn't... I just couldn't deal with it and slept in the other room. When I woke up, he'd vanished.

I'm scared, Ben. What if he doesn't come back? What if I pushed him too far? Please, call me as soon as you get this. We have to find him.




God dammit, Chris. Please, please be okay.
I can't lose you again.

Is this seat taken?

It was waiting for you. Please, sit down.





Thanks. And thank you for the shot.

You're welcome. I picked it for a reason. You don't seem like all the other ladies in here. They're sipping on fruity cocktails pretending it doesn't taste like cough syrup. But you... you've got that air about you. You look like a bourbon girl to me – a woman who appreciates the finer things.

Do I now? Well, you're not wrong about my tastes.

A man and a woman are sitting on a rooftop at night, drinking whiskey from small glasses. The man is on the left, wearing a dark t-shirt and dark pants, and is drinking from a glass. The woman is on the right, wearing a black lace bikini top and bottom, and is also drinking from a glass. They are both looking towards the right. The background shows a cityscape at night with lights and a railing. The lighting is warm and intimate, with a mix of purple and red tones.

To unexpected encounters and pleasant surprises.

And to finding exactly what we're looking for.