

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 20



And that's number four. Looks like you owe me a hundred bucks, Victor.

Damn. Color me surprised. I didn't take you for a heavyweight, not with your, um, slender figure.

Don't judge a girl by her dress size. Or do you always underestimate women?

Oh, no offense meant. It's a compliment, really. I admire a woman who can drink me under the table.

Compliments will get you nowhere and everywhere,
depending on the girl.

So, which is it for you?

Guess you'll have to wait and see. Another round?
Double or nothing.

Only if you promise not to take all my money tonight.

Sorry, Victor. I really, *really* can't promise that.





A pretty thing with an iron liver... gotta be a professional.

Professional *what*, Victor?

Oh, come on. A girl like you? You could make a killing as a companion. Or maybe you already do?

Maybe I do. And maybe I'm just here for the whiskey and bad company.

Well, *if* you are in the business... How much for a night of your time?

For you? More than you can afford judging by that old t-shirt.

I have money. I just don't waste it on clothes.

Alright. Let's say...four thousand.

Damn, for one night? That's a lot more than I'm usually willing to pay.





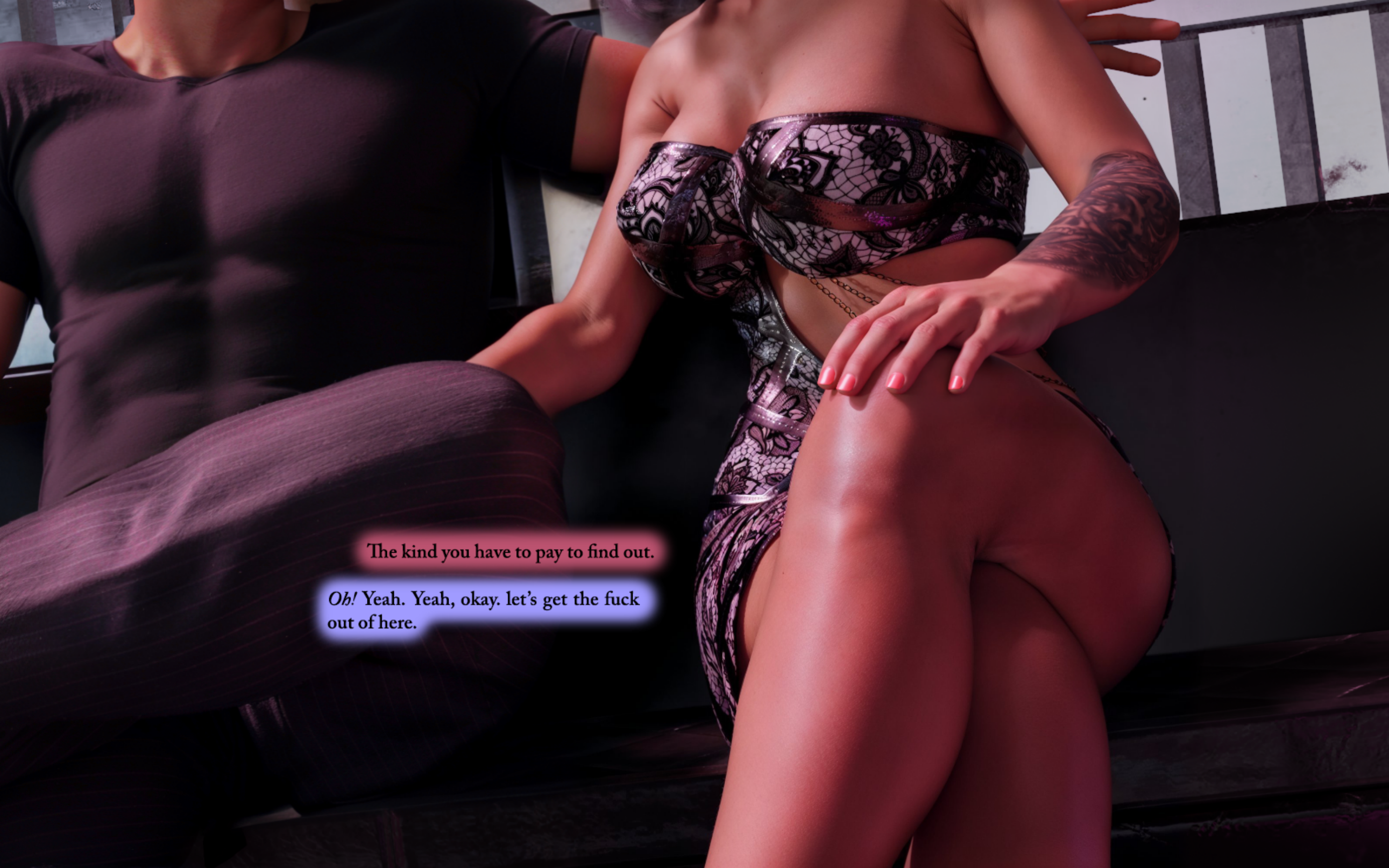
Yeah, and I'm a lot than you *usually* get. You want quality, don't you? Besides, it's not just about the time. It's about the experience.

Fair enough. But for that price, I'll expect something... extraordinary.



Trust me, I'm full of surprises.

And what kind of surprises might those be?



The kind you have to pay to find out.

Oh! Yeah. Yeah, okay. let's get the fuck out of here.



EXIT

So, where are we headed? My apartment, or...

I have a hotel room. You okay to drive?

I'm good. Lead the way, gorgeous.



I'm glad we met. I came here tonight looking for a girl like you. You know, someone who knows the ropes.

And why is that? Personal preference?

Yeah, you could say that. I'm a man of particular tastes. Plus, professionals don't get attached.

Sounds like you've had some trouble with that in the past.

Been following this freak all day. First it sneaks out of the ex-fiancée's apartment, goes to a second undisclosed home, and comes out looking all glam. Now it's hooking up with some unsuspecting bastard who has no idea what it really has under that tight little skirt. Can't intervene, though. That's not what Ben is paying me for. Just observe, take photos, and report. Well, guess I'll follow...





Here she is. My pride and joy. I don't spend money on clothes – I *do* spend money on cars.

She's a beauty. Overcompensating for something?

Very funny. No, I just appreciate the finer things in life. And tonight, that includes you.



Wow. Uh. So, Victor, how deep do your pockets go?

Sweetheart, I have more money than I know what to do with.

That loaded, huh? You in finance or something?

Something like that. Mergers and acquisitions. I tear companies apart and sell the pieces.

Sounds... ruthless.

It's just business. Besides, it funds my hobbies. And tonight, you're my favorite hobby.

As long as you remember—I'm not a toy.



Of course not. You're a rare gem. Hard to find, easy to appreciate. I like women. *A lot*. But they always think they can change me, fix me up. But I'm not a project - I'm a person. With pros, it's different. Clear expectations, clear boundaries.

Now, here, let me get your door.

So you're a no-strings-attached kind of guy. But, c'mon, that kind of wealth comes with connections. You're not someone who's going to be missed in a hurry, are you?

Worried about my well-being? How touching. But no, people know I play hard and that sometimes means I drop off the radar for a bit. No one's going to come looking if I take a little 'vacation' for a night – or even a few, if things go right and your calendar is free.

We'll see how tonight goes, Victor. The hotel is called the Elysium Grand. Ever heard of it?

Shit, yeah, I know it. Fancy joint. You have good taste. So, what about you? Got anyone who'd miss you if you didn't come home tonight?





No. Not anymore. There was someone once. Someone who... would've torn the city apart looking for me. But that's just a ghost now. A memory of another life.

That's deep. Ex-husband or something?

Or something.



Let's just say, homecomings aren't everything they're cracked up to be. Sometimes you forget so much about who you were, you can't fit into that old life anymore. It's like trying to put on a pair of shoes that are too small. You try, and try, but eventually you have to admit it just hurts too much.

Anyway, let's just drive. We have a big night ahead of us.