

# Homecoming

A dark, atmospheric photograph of a prison cell. The walls are a deep, textured black. In the upper right corner, a small, rectangular window with vertical bars is visible. Bright light streams through the window, creating a strong contrast and casting long, parallel shadows of the bars onto the floor below. The overall mood is somber and confined.

Episode 16

I'm... I'm Cindy. I'm certainly not a 'David' in disguise, though. God, did somebody steal my identity again? Why does that always happen to me? My credit is terrible!



Uh huh, sure. Listen, I'm Detective Harris from up in Chicago. So, I need you to—

Now wait a damn minute, sir.


Huh? What is it, ma'am?





If you're from Chicago like you say you don't have any jurisdiction here. If you're trying to arrest my employee for something this 'David' person did, you can go get our police to come here instead. Also, as far as I'm concerned, you're trespassing right now. So how about you get the hell out of my salon?

Jeez. I'm not arresting anybody, ma'am. I just need to ask *Cindy* here a few questions



Thanks for sticking up for me, Keesha. But it's okay. I'll answer whatever questions he has. Can you finish up with my client? She just needs her hair dried.

Sure, sure. Just don't let this man bully you. He seems like the bullying kind. Look at his beady eyes like a...a lizard!

Thanks for talking with me, but let's get something straight. I *know* you're David McBride. When you were arrested four months ago for public intoxication your fingerprints matched David's back when he, er, *you* were arrested for soliciting a prostitute. So you can cut—





*Fuck you!* How dare you?

H-Huh? How dare I...what?

Deadname me in front of my boss and client. I'm stealth, you fucker. They don't know I used to be called David. Are you even really a cop? What's your badge number. I'm going to fucking report you – or maybe I'll just call the Chicago Tribune.

Okay, so you're admitting that you are, in fact, David McBride and that—

Stop talking so fucking loud! And don't put words in my mouth, either. I'm not admitting shit. Now why are you hounding me?





Are you a *private* detective? Did my goddamn parents send you? Listen, you tell my dad he had his chance to be a good father. He fucked up. And mom fucked up by keeping quiet. I'm done with both of them. I don't want their help, and I sure as shit don't want to talk to them. I'm not missing, I'm just not the son who they *actually* want to find.

I'm... No, I'm not a private detective. I'm with the Chicago Police Department. And I'm, uh, confused.

Let's start over. Do you know Christopher Bowman?

I know Kris, yeah. Why?

Well, he—

*She*, you asshole. Don't they give you cops H.R. training?

Er, I... I'm not trying to be disrespectful. Chris is using, um, man-pronouns now. *Again*. Whatever. Anyway, he said that you might be able to shed light on allegations of a crime he claims happened between the dates of—





Wait, did you say *allegations*?

Yes. See, Chris has claimed—

Do I need a lawyer?

I really can't answer that, but I can tell you that Chris hasn't accused *you* of anything. What he has alleged is that—


Stop. I'm not having this conversation in the middle of the road. Hold on.



Keesha, this is a bigger deal than I thought. I need to take my lunch now and talk to this guy.

It's not even ten o'clock, Cindy.

I know, I'm sorry. It's an emergency.

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a green dress with a yellow floral pattern, stands in a hair salon. She has her hands clasped together in a pleading gesture and a look of desperation. The salon features a large mirror with a decorative metal frame, a counter with drawers, and a display of various wigs. A pink salon chair and a stool are visible in the foreground.

Okay, hun, just please, please, *please* don't get yourself arrested again. I can't afford another bail.

I won't, I promise. And if I'm not back in an hour, this Benjamin guy murdered me and dumped my body in the river.

NOTE TO SELF  
FAMOUS UNION RINGS  
THEY'RE LEGENDARY  
ONLY HERE AT  
FUGAZI OIVE BAR

Hey, Murph. How's your day going?

Cindy baby! You're looking gorgeous as ever.  
But, wow, it's early even for you.

Yeah, yeah. Don't give me grief.




And who's this sharp-dressed gentleman?

A detective. He needs to talk to me.

I see. Well, I hope you ain't gonna punch him like the last guy who 'talked' to you in my bar. Right?


That bastard grabbed my tits, Murph!




Cindy, baby, you *asked* him to cop a feel.  
Everybody heard you.

No, I *dared* him. Anyway, give me two beers,  
please. You know the brand.

On your tab?

A high-angle photograph of a woman from behind, wearing a light green short-sleeved crop top and black ribbed leggings. She is standing on a light-colored tiled floor. To her left is a dark brown, textured wall. A red stool is partially visible behind her. The lighting is warm and indoor. A text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.

Fuck that. The 'sharp-dressed gentleman' is paying.

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is the central focus, looking back over her shoulder towards the camera. She is wearing a light green, short-sleeved crop top and a dark, ribbed skirt. The setting is a bar with a wooden counter. In the background, a man in a green shirt is visible behind the bar, and several beer taps are lined up. The lighting is warm and indoor.

Ain't that right, detective?

Oh, uh, sure. But I can't drink while I'm on duty.

Then don't drink. I didn't order the second beer for you. I'll need the extra lubrication  
If we're gonna talk about Kris and any *allegations*.



Right. So, here's what happened. Chris showed up at my police station a few months ago. He'd been missing for years. He said—

Kris wasn't missing. She just wasn't where anybody was looking. It's the same story over and over again, man.

Uh, right. But what he said was—

I don't need the backstory, dammit. And if you call Kris 'he' again, I'm walking out. Just what is she *alleging*? Because I'm starting to think this is all bullshit.

Chris says you met under...bad circumstances...and I'm trying to figure out what really happened.

Well, she's right about that, yeah. We were both in bad circumstances back then.



Although some of us were worse off than others. I mean, Kris was a med student with a beautiful fiancée and I was... Well, I was getting arrested for soliciting sex workers as you so kindly pointed out.

And is...is that how you were kidnapped?

How I was what?



You met somebody you thought was a woman for sex, but then you were drugged and taken.

Seriously, what the fuck are you talking about?

Um. Chris claims you were both captives. He says you were given hormones and surgeries that you didn't want. Basically, he's saying someone turned you into a woman against your will.

Wait. Kris... Kris is saying we were *force feminized!*?



I... I guess so?

Fuck, not this again.

Again? I'm not following. Were you kidnapped?

Do I *look* kidnapped?

Not at the moment. Chris claims you were let go.

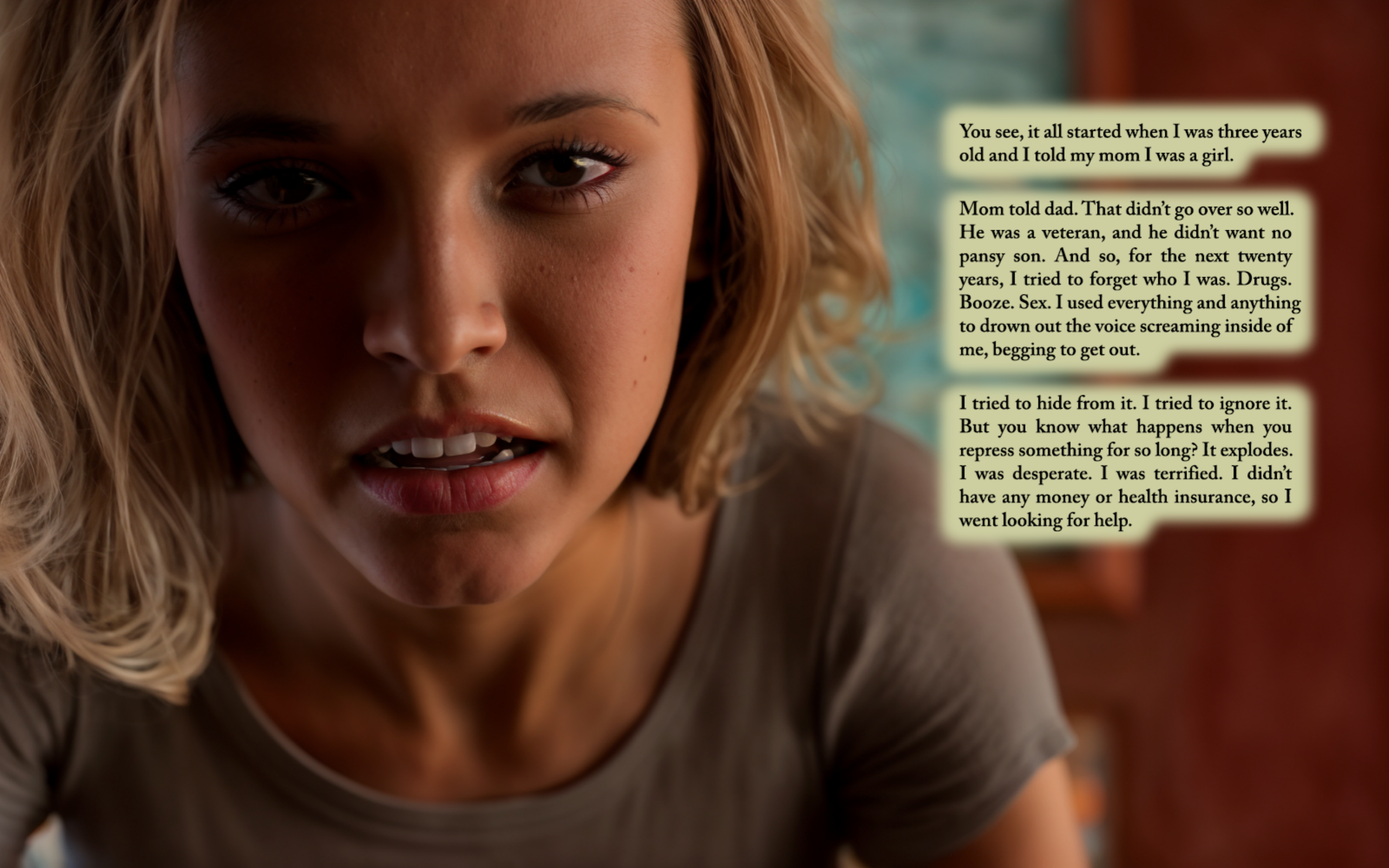




Listen, Detective. Kris is my friend but, well, she's crazy. And I mean that literally.

But I can see this is serious, so I'll tell you the whole damn story if you sit down, shut up, and just let me talk. Don't interrupt or I'll take my beer and leave. It's a long and kind of fucked-up story and I hate repeating myself. Deal?

I'm listening.



You see, it all started when I was three years old and I told my mom I was a girl.

Mom told dad. That didn't go over so well. He was a veteran, and he didn't want no pansy son. And so, for the next twenty years, I tried to forget who I was. Drugs. Booze. Sex. I used everything and anything to drown out the voice screaming inside of me, begging to get out.

I tried to hide from it. I tried to ignore it. But you know what happens when you repress something for so long? It explodes. I was desperate. I was terrified. I didn't have any money or health insurance, so I went looking for help.



I found it.

They called it Butterfly Beach. A stupid name for a...a wonderful place.



When I arrived, I knew I was exactly where I belonged. The resort was going to make me into the woman of my dreams – free of charge! All I had to do was learn how to look pretty.

Once I was pretty, though? Well, that's when the real fun would begin.

See, Butterfly Beach wasn't a charity. It was a business – and me and Kris were investments.