



HOMECOMING

EPISODE 26

Shit, shit, shit.

←

K Kayla
SMS

Ben - did you get my
message? Call me back, I
need your help.
CHRIS IS GONE
I'm freaking out

10:58 PM



Text message



What the hell am I supposed to tell her? That her fiancé is upstairs with another man he use to fuck? That he had a whole other life she doesn't know about?

God, what's really going on?



Okay, think. Chris disappears for three years. Comes back changed. He was kidnapped and forced to transition, I'm pretty damn sure that part is true now.

But these photos from Hassan... This isn't someone being coerced. This is someone who knows exactly what they're doing.




Goddammit, Chris. How long does it take to say goodbye?











Oh God! I love you so much.

I love you, too, babe.



God, I missed this. Missed you.

I missed you, too. So fucking much.

I like your hair.

Ugh, I don't. It's a wig. I'll need to grow it all back, I'm so upset. I was proud of my hair, and I know you loved it.

I love everything about you.

Sure, but you *especially* loved my hair. And my boobs.

Guilty as charged.

So when do you have to go?

How did you—

Come on, Kris. A scary mystery woman and then a detective show up asking questions about you, then you appear at my door an hour later? Plus, you've got that look.

What look?

The same one you had the night you told me about Dustin's eye. Like you're trying to memorize everything because you don't know when you'll see it again.



I don't want to leave you. Not again.

But you have to.

Yes.

How much trouble are you in?






More than I let on in the video. A lot more.

The people who had you... they're not done with you, are they?

No. But I can't tell you more, I'm sorry. It's... important that you don't know the whole story.



Jesus. And if you don't cooperate?

They'll take me back. And they'll hurt the people I care about.

Including me and Dustin?

Especially you and Dustin. And Kayla.



They know I still care about her.

And Detective Harris? He's on your side?

Benji's my oldest friend. He didn't believe me at first, but now... I think he does. And I think I'm ready to let him see me...and help me.

But Alan, these people, they're always watching. They don't have any morals. They hurt people because they like hurting... people like me



No. You don't understand, Alan. I need you and Dustin here. Safe. Exactly where you are.

I'm fighting to get back to you. To this life. To our family. And I won't let anyone stop me from having that.

Anyone? Kris, who would try to stop—


Anyone. I don't care who they are, what they want, or what they think is best for me. *This* is what I want. You. Dustin. This apartment where I can wake up next to you and help him with his homework and be... normal.



I've learned things about myself these past few years. About what I'm capable of when someone tries to take away what's mine. And you're mine, Alan. This life is mine. I earned it.

I love you. Both of you. More than anything. And I will come home to you.





No matter what it takes.



Finally! Jesus, I was starting to think you'd climbed out the fire escape or something. What took so damn—

Wait, why are you wearing a different dress? I thought you'd change into... you know, normal clothes. Jeans, a t-shirt, something more... you.

This *is* me. I like this dress. Alan bought it for me.

But... I mean, those are women's clothes, man.

Oh, really? I had no idea.

Um, okay... And we're going to the station. You don't need to look like you're going to a cocktail party.

We're not going to the station yet. Drive us to that diner on West 15th Street. The one with the shitty coffee and the good pie.



Kathy's? Why the hell do you want to go there?

Because that's where we used to go after drinking too much in college. Where we'd eat greasy food and solve the world's problems at three in the morning. I want to talk to my best friend before I talk to Detective Harris.

Alright. But Chris, we really need to—

Kathy's first, Benji. Please.



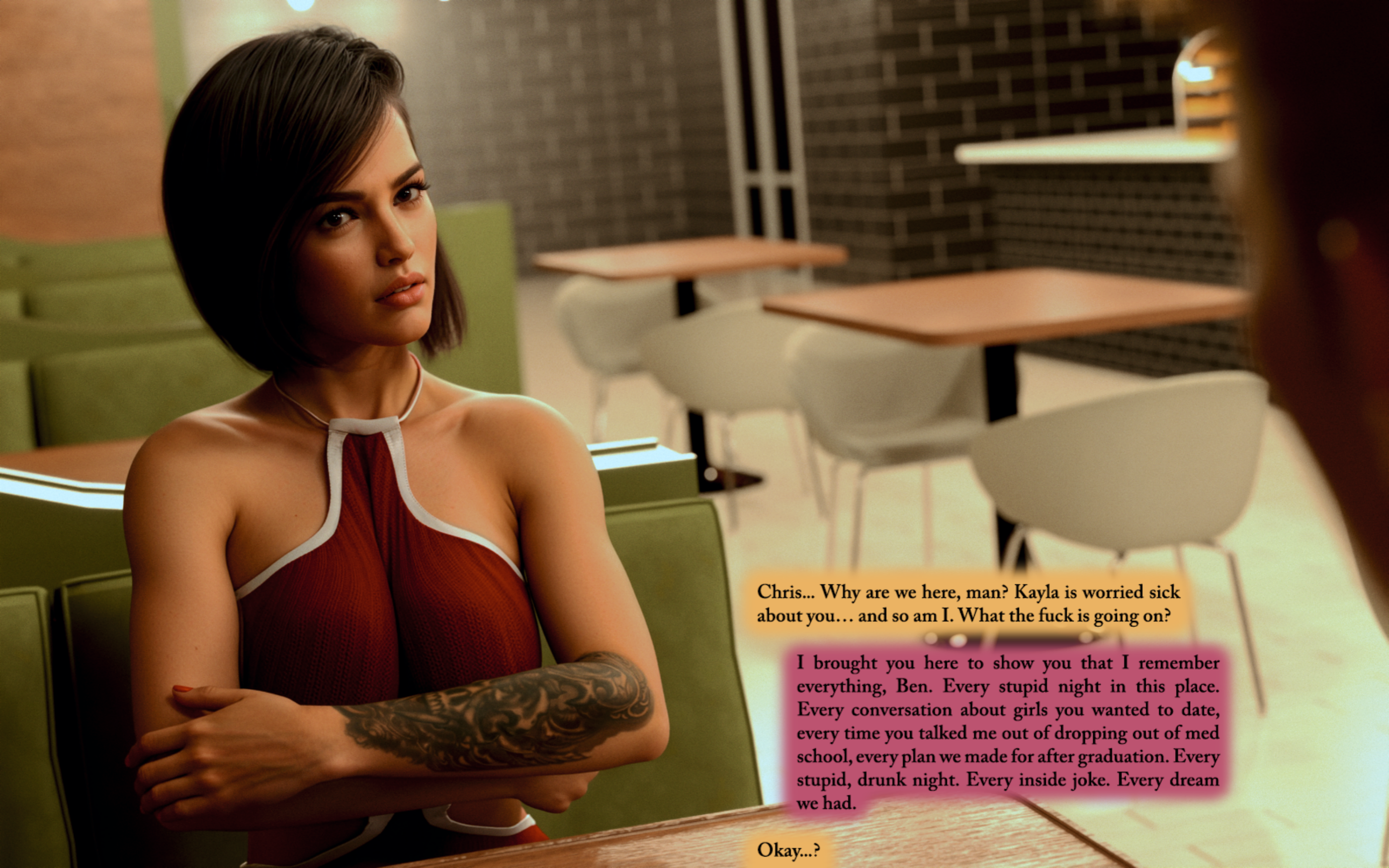
Here we are, first booth from the door. Our spot. You always said the springs were broken just in this one.

Yeah, well. Still is.

Do you remember that night after finals? Junior year?

Yeah, of course. We came here at like 4 AM. You ate an entire plate of disco fries and then threw up in the alley.

Yep. The night before the MCATs. We came here and I was so nervous I put salt in my coffee instead of sugar. Drank the whole thing anyway because I didn't want to admit I'd fucked up.



Chris... Why are we here, man? Kayla is worried sick about you... and so am I. What the fuck is going on?

I brought you here to show you that I remember everything, Ben. Every stupid night in this place. Every conversation about girls you wanted to date, every time you talked me out of dropping out of med school, every plan we made for after graduation. Every stupid, drunk night. Every inside joke. Every dream we had.

Okay...?



I'm still your friend. I'm still the person who knows all your secrets and has your back no matter what. But... But I'm also not the same person who sat in this booth with you.

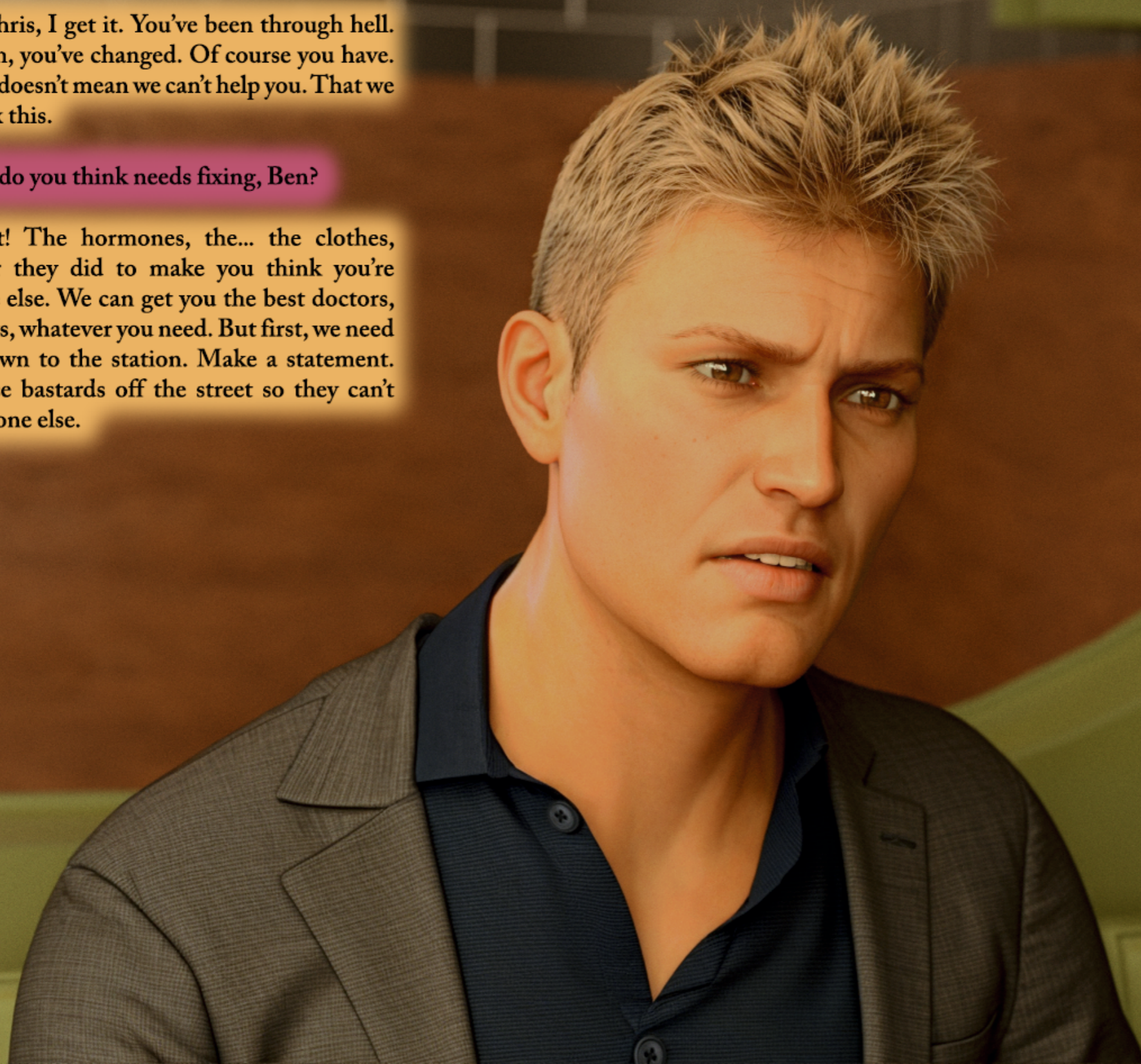
I know you've changed, Chris, but—

I need you to understand that. Really understand it. Because what I'm about to tell you... you're going to want to save me. Turn me back into who I was. But that person—that man—he doesn't exist anymore.

Look, Chris, I get it. You've been through hell. And yeah, you've changed. Of course you have. But that doesn't mean we can't help you. That we can't... fix this.

What exactly do you think needs fixing, Ben?

All of it! The hormones, the... the clothes, whatever they did to make you think you're someone else. We can get you the best doctors, therapists, whatever you need. But first, we need to go down to the station. Make a statement. Get these bastards off the street so they can't hurt anyone else.



You're not listening to me.

I *am* listening, and I hear my friend drowning in pain. We need to get you help. Real help. Not... whatever Alan thinks he's doing for you.

Don't bring him into this.

Christ! Can't you see what they've done to you? This isn't you! The dresses, the makeup, being with Alan—it's all part of their sick game. But we can undo it. We can get you back to normal. Back to Kayla.

You think this dress is what's keeping me from being *normal*?

That isn't what I meant, I know you're a victim—

Let me be very clear, Benji. There is no going back. Not to who I was, not to Kayla, not to *any* of it. That life is gone. Not because I can't have it, but because I don't *want* it. And the sooner you accept that, the sooner we can actually deal with what's really going on.

Chris, I—



Stop. Stop asking questions for once in your fucking life and just listen.

Chris, I'm trying to help—


Listen! You want to understand my mental state? Then shut up and let me tell you what I haven't told anyone yet. Not Kayla. Not you when you interviewed me at the station. It's what happened between the time Bella let me go... and the night you found out I was still alive.

What do you mean?

I mean there were six weeks, Ben. Six weeks between when I woke up in that apartment and when I was arrested. Six weeks when I was free, but I didn't come home. Didn't call Kayla. Didn't contact you or anyone else from my old life.

Christopher Bowman is dead, and it's because of those forty-two days. I remember every single one. What I did. Who I became. And he would've stayed dead if I hadn't ended up in police custody.





So stop trying to interrogate me, stop trying to fix me, and just listen. Because once you hear this part... you'll understand why there's no going back.

TODAY, MY
new life begins!