# HOMECOMING

EPISODE 37

“HAPPILY EVER AFTER”



Fuck... my head...

Fuck! My balls!

Oh, thank God... The boys are still in the game. For now.

Holy shit, it's exactly how he described it. Down to the fucking toilet. There has to be a camera in here, a mic...

Camila!

I know you're listening. You wore a mask when you stuck me, didn't you? Like a coward! Didn't think I'd recognize those eyes? Seven years I worked beside you and you couldn't look me in the face when you did it. That's pathetic, Camila. I really thought better of you.

You can hear me, right? Chris told me exactly how this works. So drop the dramatic silence and talk to me. You owe me that much.

...I don't owe you anything, Ben.

Fuck off. Fuck *all* the way off. We were partners, Cami! I know I made Detective faster than you, and I know that wasn't fair but I always had your back! Every goddamn day. And you had mine... or was that all bullshit? Every stakeout, every late night at the precinct, every time you covered for me when I was too hungover to function - was that just you playing a role? Waiting for the right moment to stick a needle in my neck?

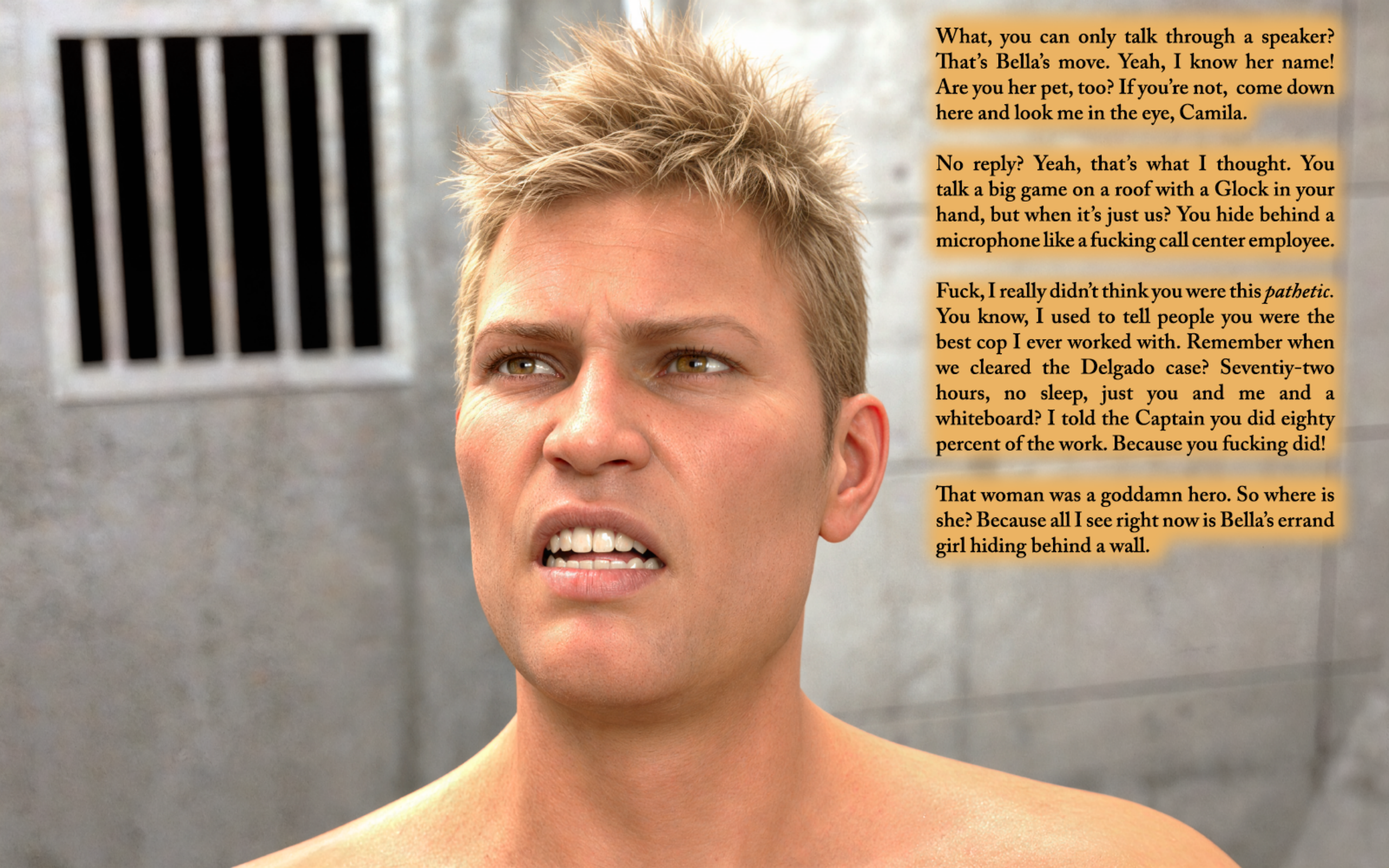
I never faked anything with you.

Fuck you again. How long have you been dirty? Since before you transferred to Chicago? Since the academy? When did Camila Santos stop being a cop and start being—

Careful, Ben.

—a kidnapper? A torturer? A—

I said careful, *Detective*.



What, you can only talk through a speaker? That's Bella's move. Yeah, I know her name! Are you her pet, too? If you're not, come down here and look me in the eye, Camila.

No reply? Yeah, that's what I thought. You talk a big game on a roof with a Glock in your hand, but when it's just us? You hide behind a microphone like a fucking call center employee.

Fuck, I really didn't think you were this *pathetic*. You know, I used to tell people you were the best cop I ever worked with. Remember when we cleared the Delgado case? Seventiy-two hours, no sleep, just you and me and a whiteboard? I told the Captain you did eighty percent of the work. Because you fucking did!

That woman was a goddamn hero. So where is she? Because all I see right now is Bella's errand girl hiding behind a wall.

Well, well! There she is. The real Camila Santos. Badge number 4922. Seven years on the force with two commendations for bravery.

Eight years. You always were sloppy with details.

My mistake. So which year was it? Which year did you decide the badge wasn't enough and you'd rather be cutting men's balls off in a basement?

Hm. You're trying to profile me. Tring to build a rapport, find the trauma, locate the pressure point. It's cute. I taught that seminar, remember?

Yeah. I remember you taught a seminar on victim advocacy, too. How to talk to survivors of trafficking. You stood in front of thirty rookies and said—

Believe them first. Investigate second.

Yeah. That. So what happened to that woman? I respected that woman. She was a badass.

She got tired.

Of what?

Of believing them first and watching *nothing happen* second. Of pulling girls out of containers at the shipyard and filling out paperwork I knew would end up in a shredder. Of arresting the same pimps on Monday that the SA's office plea-bargained out by Friday. Your friend Stillman, for example. Know how many of my cases he personally tanked?

Fuck Stillman. He was an asshole and I'm glad he's gone. But, come on, Cami! This old shit? 'Corrupt system, broken justice, blah blah blah.' Every dirty cop in history has the same origin story! 'I got disillusioned!' Congratulations! So did I, but I didn't start kidnapping people.

Sit down on the toilet.

C'mon, you can't—

Sit down, Ben!

Fine!

Now... No, *you* didn't kidnap anyone. You just *helped Kris* do it.

I... That was... So what's the angle, Camila? You grab the johns and turn them into the thing they used? Force them into heels and hormones and sell them back to the same system that created them? That isn't justice.

Who said anything about justice? Bella likes to pretend sometimes, I think. But Bella says a lot of things. She's an artist, so she needs a narrative. A frame for the canvas. But me?

I'm just the one who gets things done. And I don't need a reason beyond the fact that I'm very, very good at it.

Then why me? I'm not a john. I never—

You really don't get it, do you? God, you're slow. Bella didn't pick Chris. *I did.*

What?

Bella wanted some frat boy from DePaul. Easy prey, no complications. But I'd been watching you for years, *Benji*. You and your little best friend. The Boy Scout and his sidekick, off to save the world. For me, *you* were always the real target. Bella has her rules, though... She likes the hypocrites the best. "Good" men who pay for sex on the side. But you? You actually *were* good. Annoyingly, persistently, stubbornly good. No vices, no secrets, no hookers. Nothing I could use to convince her you deserved the basement.

So I took the next best thing. The soft one. The one who'd stop to help a crying stranger on a dark street. I figured if I couldn't have you directly, I'd take you apart *indirectly*. Watch you grieve, watch you blame yourself, watch that goodness curdle into guilt.

And it fucking worked! Three years of guilt was enough to help Kris kidnap a man. You corrupted yourself, Benji. You finally sinned, just a little. And that made you *eligible*. Welcome to the program.

But... But *Chris* never sinned. He was the most decent guy I ever knew. He wasn't visiting prostitutes or cheating on Kayla. He was volunteering at a goddamn hospital. So how'd you sell him to Bella?

I... may have embellished his file. I told her Christopher was a regular at an underground escort service - and McBride backed up my story when Bella asked. That's why I planted him outside the hospital, dressed in that pathetic torn underwear.

It was all a set up...

Bingo. See, Chris was the appetizer. And look what a meal he turned into! But you, Ben... for me *you* were always the main course. The goody two-shoes, the idiot cop who thought he was making a difference, who thought the badge meant something.

It does!

Not down here. But you've seen how the sausage is made, Detective. You helped Kris drug and kidnap a man. You corrupted yourself for love, or friendship, or whatever you want to call it. And now?

Now you get to see how a sausage is *unmade*.

That's a cute line. Real dramatic.

What do you actually want from me?

Sit down!

No! Anyway, what'll you do? Shoot me? Rob yourself of whatever *fun* you ave planned? C'mon... Now, what the fuck do you want from me?

I... I want to make you beautiful.

What?

Everything changes now. Bella promised me—

Promised you what?

That I could keep you.

Keep me?

Did you... Did you really recognize my eyes?

You don't deserve this! This... *body*. You're so much *more* than what testosterone has made you. I've watched you for years, Ben. The compassion you hide behind all that macho *bullshit*, the way you cry at your desk when you think nobody's looking after a bad case. The gentleness you're so goddamn ashamed of.

Men aren't allowed to be what you really are. This body, this... prison of muscle and stubble and ego... it's suffocating the most beautiful parts of you. The parts I—

When Bella's done, you won't have to hide anymore. You won't have to perform this... pantomime of masculinity. You'll be free! And I'll be right there beside you. Not as your captor... As your partner. The way it should've been from the start.

Ben... This isn't like it was with Chris, I promise. *You're mine*. And when I'm done, you won't want to leave.

# 12 Blocks West...





10:14

Chicago Tribune

CHICAGO TRIBUNE — BREAKING NEWS

# CPD DETECTIVE MISSING FOR TWO WEEKS; DEPARTMENT 'GRAVELY CONCERNED'

By Staff Reporter

Detective Benjamin Harris, 31, of the Chicago Police Department's Major Crimes Unit, has not been seen or heard from since June 2nd. Harris, a decorated officer with nine years of service, was last seen leaving his home.



Harris's mother, Dorothy Harris, 64, made an emotional plea at a press conference Thursday. "Benjamin is a good man who dedicated his life to protecting this city. Please, if anyone knows anything call the police."

CPD Superintendent Rawlings called Harris's disappearance "deeply troubling" but declined to comment on whether foul play is suspected.

Anyone with information is urged to contact



DEAR MOM KRIS;

MY TEACHER SAID WE SHOULD WRITE ABOUT SOMEONE WHO FIGHTS THE MONSTERS. NOT LIKE SHOW MONSTERS BUT REAL ONES. THOSE ARE THINGS THAT SCARE US LIKE BEING SICK OR BEING ALONE OR SOMEONE BEING MEAN.

I PICKED YOU BECAUSE WHEN I WAS SICK YOU FIGHTED THE MONSTER IN MY EYE. DAD SAID YOU WERE THE ONE WHO FOUND IT. YOU SAVED ME.

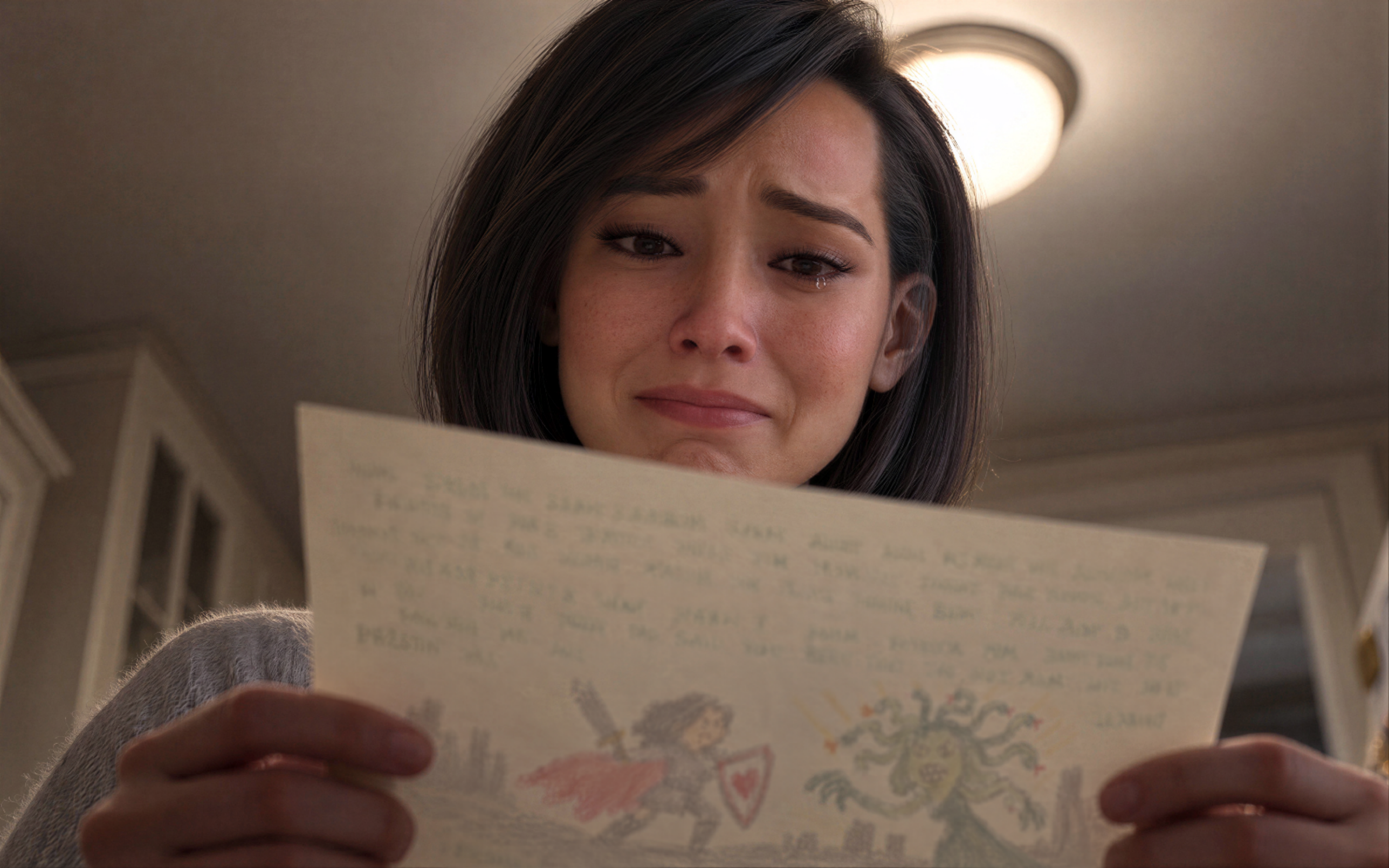
AND YOU ALWAYS DO WHATS RIGHT EVEN WHEN ITS SCARY. LIKE WHEN THAT MAN WAS MEAN TO THE LADY AT THE STORE AND YOU TOLD HIM TO STOP AND HE WAS WAY BIGGER THAN YOU BUT YOU DIDN'T CARE.

I LOVE YOU MOM.

P.S. CAN WE GET A DOG? I PROMISE TO WALK HIM

DUSTIN







11:47

Kay ❤️

I know you still have this phone so read this, you bitch.

Ben is missing.

How could you??

I know you're not my Chris now.

I didn't believe it before, not really, but now I do.

Chris would NEVER NEVER do whatever you've done.

What happened to him is evil beyond my comprehension - and YOU are a piece of that evil dragged into our world.

You want to pretend you're real but you aren't!

You're a scar that learned to talk.

I'm going to get my fiancé back and find my friend and whatever you are will just disappear back into the gutter where you belong.

I'm sorry - I wish








WAKE UP WAKE UP, WAKE UP WAKE
UP, WAKE UP WAKE UP.
Wake up. Wake up wake up wake up wake up!
God dammit! You evil, selfish bitch. You traded him. You traded Benji like he was nothing, like he was points on your little scoreboard.
He told you to save them. He sacrificed himself because he trusted you. And you just... drove away in a fucking McLaren.
Fuck this!

Let me out! LET ME OUT, YOU SELFISH BITCH! HE'S DOWN THERE BECAUSE OF YOU!

Benji is in a cell right now! The same cell I was in! And you're sleeping! You're curled up in your boyfriend's arms dreaming about fucking pancakes while they—

—while they do to him what they did to me. And you... you... You're just going to keep me here....

Fuck. I... I failed. I'm so sorry, Benji.

*click*

Oh my God! The door just unlocked!

But where the hell could it go?

What...

Chris

...the...


...fucking...


...hell...

...is this place!?