
In some brownstone of bustling New York City


C'mon, darling, do you think I don't see you being on pins and needles all day? Are you going to tell me or keep it to yourself?
Babe, my number one prospect just came in. I've been keeping this one under my shirt for years.


There's an oil field in Oklahoma that's responsible for 2% of crude production in the US.
Billions, Janice.
It was my first client when I took this job. It involved a lot of research on oil rights in Texas and Oklahoma. I stumbled on this little nugget almost by accident.
Really?
Oil? Is there still money in oil?
Darling, how did you get involved with oil?
Tell me more.


I've done the research, put in the hours. There's a plot of land with oil rights that's been in a small family's hands for eighty years. It's right on the edge of the oil field. If they drilled, they'd have claim to that field and to all the oil they could pump. What makes it sweeter is that I'm the only one who knows about it.
The husband died years ago and was against drilling for some... Emotional reason. Who knows. Not important. His wife has held the property for the past fifteen years and honors her husband's wishes. But now... Now...
The best thing. The daughter died.
Sounds interesting. Why hasn't this family, erm, drilled?
What? What's happened?


That's horrible!
You're going to buy it.
You've talked to her?
No, it's wonderful. The woman now lives by herself. She's put the land up for sale. Lonely, I guess. Anyway, it's the break I've been waiting for.
No... Well, yes. I am going to buy it, one way or another. But she refuses to sell to strangers. She's rejected my best offers. I've been in contact her for the past two years, trying to convince her, but as hard as I've tried, no luck.
Yes. Regularly. She has no idea who I am, though. She thinks I'm just someone who wants to start a family in the country. Imagine!


You devious man, you.
For us? And this affects me how?
You can not be serious. Just because she can't get out of bed, she expects you to completely put your life on hold for her? That's just selfish.
You'll go? Just like that? Where is this town?
Yes, well, I have my moments... But this isn't going to be easy for us, Janice.
I made some promises... I said I'd come if she ever needed help. She called me this afternoon and said she was feeling weak, maybe a little sick and needed someone there. I have to go.
We've been talking for a long time, babe. I said a lot of things. I've got to have this property. This is a fortune like you wouldn't believe. I made this promise to her, that if she ever needed my help, I'd be there. I'll do anything to get my hands on this land.
Boregard. Boregard, Oklahoma.


And for how long are you going to stay there?
You know, they'll never give you that promotion if you just up and leave the firm. Our income can't survive you being away for too long.
So you're actually going to go?
Well, I think it's unnecessary. You should just force the woman to sell. Use a good lawyer to make her leave. My father used to do that for years. Should I give him a call?
For however long it takes. It's money, Janice! Besides, she's probably falling apart. That woman lost her daughter, you know. They were close, so she'll be nearly incoherent. It'll take time to get that land.
I don't think it would be more than a week or two. I've been working at the firm without complaint for almost two years. I should be able to spend a little bit of that credibility, and our savings and investments will carry us through.
I'll book a flight and leave tomorrow.


No! No one can know about this! Anyone who gets involved is going to want a cut. This is mine! You can't tell anyone! No one is going to be involved but me and that woman, Mrs. Dilkins.


Whatever... *Yawn* Do what you want, I won't stop you.
Uh-huh, bring me back a souvenir. Maybe a butter churn or a banjo.
Thanks for understanding, darling. You'll see, I'll come back to you as a millionaire.


Two weeks later
I'm working on it, babe. She's not quite an invalid, but she needs a lot of attention. She's been devastated by the loss of her daughter and...
The town doctor says that he doesn't really know when she'll be ready to hold a conversation. She's been impossible to reach.
Janice, I can't deal with that now. I have to look after Mrs. Dilkins.
Janice, babe, thank you very much, but seriously, I have all I can handle, keeping the house neat and tidy while attending to this woman.
It's been a week without a message or a call from you, Richard? What are you doing there and when are you gonna come back?
I have your emails and your phone messages for you. Would you like me to forward them to you?
Do you want your messages or not?
How much time could that possibly take? Surely you can just use a cell and your laptop...


She throws a fit when the chores aren't taken care of. She won't sleep or eat her food, if the house isn't clean. I have to keep her happy. This is the opportunity of my lifetime! Our lifetime! We're talking billions!
Yes, yes. That can wait for now. Getting this land is priority number one. I'll be back shortly anyway. This can't go on any longer than the end of the month.
Don't be ridiculous, Janice. Right now, this woman needs my help. If I do this, she'll sell to me, no problem.
Tell them I'll be home when Aunt Elizabeth is out of danger... Beep... Beep... Beep...
Neat and tidy?
You're going to have to make some call backs soon, Richard. There are a lot of very important people...
You've already been there too long. I can already hear a twang in your voice. Next thing you know, you'll be wearing cowboy boots and line dancing.
So when do I tell people you'll be back home, Richard?


Aunt Elizabeth, huh? What's gotten into him?


Another two weeks later
...So? You better tell me that you're returning to New York.
Whatever... Your office called yesterday and wanted to know why they haven't heard from you in a month. What exactly do I tell him?
Why don't you just tell this Elizabeth person you have a life you need to attend to, and you need to come back to New York. Promise her you'll return in a week or something. Tell her anything. I don't care. Just get back to work before something serious happens!
I'm sorry, Janice, it's two steps forward, one step back. She's really trying, but there's only so much progress one can expect. The doctor says she's in severe shock and has acute depression. That's led to fatigue, exhaustion and hallucination. It's very serious.
You can tell Drew that I have to take care of this house by myself, which means I do the cleaning, the cooking and washing. I have to pick up groceries, I have to pick up the doctor in town and I have to do everything else to keep this place from falling into disrepair. You can tell him that.
I know you mean well, Janice, but I have no intention of leaving this poor woman to fend for herself. Besides, this is an opportunity I'll never see again. I'm not screwing up this chance. I'll do whatever that woman asks. All I need is to make a little sweet talk, show a little politeness and I'll have this land and all the oil underneath it. Everything else is insignificant.


That's still not as important as her life.
I am n... *Cough* not being... *Cough*... I am not being dramatic.
Fatigue isn't something you can catch... *Cough* I think it's just a minor infection. Just a cold. It's mostly in my chest. It's felt sore lately. The doctor is giving me some stuff for it.
I was in bed for a few days. Nothing to worry about. I just needed some rest to fight off this infection or whatever it is. There's been some morning nausea and cramping. I've lost a few pounds since I got here.
Insignificant? That's not the Richard Rubenstein I married! You know as well as I that if you show any weakness or lapse in focus, there won't be a job to return to!
Don't be so dramatic, Richard. She's probably just lazy.
Well, I certainly hope that her fatigue isn't catching. Your voice sounds horrible.
You sound sick.


How much?
It's your food. You're probably cooking yourself sick.
Hold on, I thought you said she was too weak? You're the one who's supposed to be looking after her.
Sounds like a setup, Richard. Are you absolutely sure she's sick? Or maybe it's the country air that makes you ill.
Tell him to double it, because it obviously isn't getting the job done. Is he an accredited physician? What's his specialty? Did you get a referral?
Eight, ten, twenty pounds, I think. I'm taking pills for that, too.
Elizabeth cooked while I was bedridden.
When the doctor confined me to bed, Elizabeth seemed recovered enough. She's relapsed since then.
Don't be petty, Janice. If anything, the air has been good for my skin. It's never been clearer. My hair is thick and growing fast. Or it could be a side effect of these pills the doctor has me taking.
I can't chat with you all day long, Janice. I'll call you later.


God, this keeps getting better and better. I hope Richard knows what he's doing.

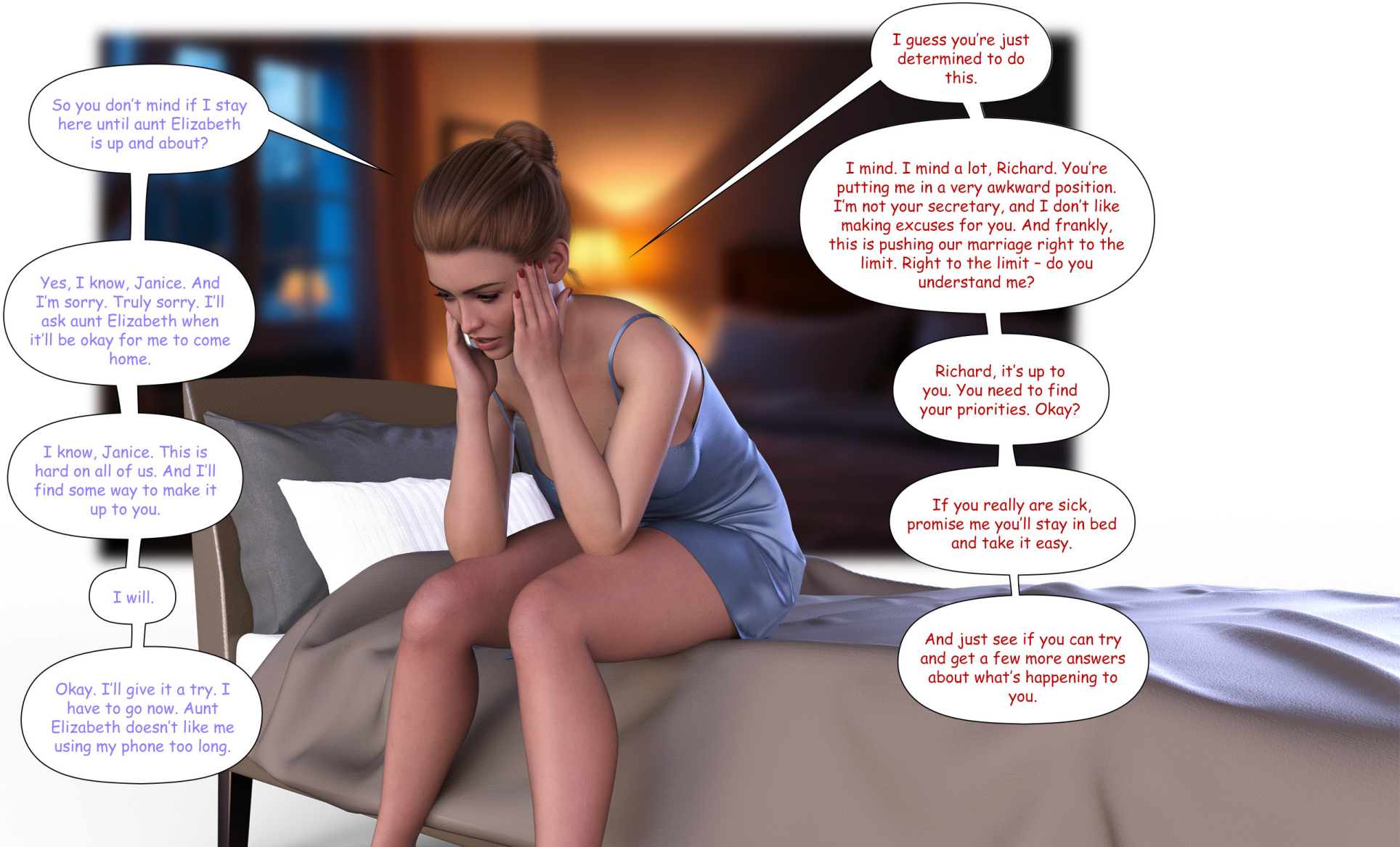

A month later
Hello!
Janice? It's me, Richard.
Just some throat issues. I need to speak softer to keep from aggravating it.
Oh, I'm sorry, wrong number...
Huh? Your voice sounds different.


I'm sorry, Janice. It's been hectic here. It's hard for me to focus on much more than Elizabeth. She's doing better, just so you know.
They did what they had to do. There's nothing I can do about it.
I... Just can't do that, Janice.
Please, I know it's been tough on you, and I'll smooth everything over when I get back. But I'm so close to getting aunt Elizabeth able to take care of herself and when she can, I can get this property. It won't be long. I can't leave now.
Yes, well, how dare you not taking my calls! You are my husband or have you forgotten?
Well, thank God! Thank goodness your little pet project seems to be doing better. I can't say the same for you. The firm has put you on indefinite leave. You don't have a job anymore!
Of course there are things you can do about it, Richard! You could simply... I just want you to tell me when you're coming home. It's that simple. I need you to set a date. Tell me what day you'll return.
For God sakes, Richard! How do you expect me to survive? This is a partnership! We're team players! Forget about being there for your little obsession, what about being there for me?


Are you over that cold?
I think so. The doctor has me taking a lot of medication, it's made me kind of... Woozy at times. It's not easy to think clearly.
What kind of medication is it, Richard?
I asked aunt Elizabeth, but she told me I didn't need to worry about it.
But you're out of bed, right?
I do have to rest. I get tired easily. I'm weaker after the weight loss.
Those twenty pounds?
Oh no. I lost another few pounds.
Are you alright? Do you need me to send a qualified physician? I can have you airlifted and sent to the nearest medical center right away!
It's okay, Janice, I'm in good hands with Doctor Coonrod.


Coon rod? Coonrod? You can't be serious.
How much weight have you lost?
137! That's... No! You've got to be nothing but skin and bones! Richard, take a photo of yourself and send it to me. I need to see for myself.
Richard, I don't need to see a picture to know that this is serious! You need to see a real doctor, not some country bumpkin! Go drive to a hospital!
No, really, Janice. I'm doing fine. Doctor Coonrod is very good. And he's on top of everything. My weight loss is finally stopping and...
I'm scared to check. Last I weighed myself three days ago, I was down to 137.
Just a second... I just sent it to you.
I don't think aunt Elizabeth would like that. Don't worry, I'm going to be fine. The doctor comes to see me every day. I trust him. He gave me a couple of shots. It helps with the swelling.


What swelling?
Oh, I've puffed up in few places. Especially my chest.
Sounds like an allergic reaction. Are you allergic to anything?
Not that I know of.
Richard, you're truly scaring me. This sounds like some sort of chamber of horrors.
It's not as bad as it sounds. I can walk around in short trips and aunt Elizabeth is taking care of me.
She... She's taking care of... You?
As soon as the doctor told me to rest, aunt Elizabeth was able to look after me. I guess it's that country spirit of pitching in when someone needs help.
It can't be a coincidence, Richard. Don't be a fool.
Well, I think having someone to care for has given her something to focus on. Maybe it's crazy, but I think me being in bed has helped her recovery.


So you don't mind if I stay here until aunt Elizabeth is up and about?
Yes, I know, Janice. And I'm sorry. Truly sorry. I'll ask aunt Elizabeth when it'll be okay for me to come home.
I know, Janice. This is hard on all of us. And I'll find some way to make it up to you.
I will.
Okay. I'll give it a try. I have to go now. Aunt Elizabeth doesn't like me using my phone too long.
I guess you're just determined to do this.
I mind. I mind a lot, Richard. You're putting me in a very awkward position. I'm not your secretary, and I don't like making excuses for you. And frankly, this is pushing our marriage right to the limit. Right to the limit – do you understand me?
Richard, it's up to you. You need to find your priorities. Okay?
If you really are sick, promise me you'll stay in bed and take it easy.
And just see if you can try and get a few more answers about what's happening to you.


Jesus! How could this happen to him? Oh no, I can't leave it just like that. It's time to pay a visit to this «aunt» Elizabeth.

Boregard, Oklahoma




Knock
Knock


Hello! How can I help you?
Land sakes, you must be Janice!
I'm Elizabeth! Ritchie didn't say you were coming, or else I'd have prepared a room for you. Come in, come in.
I'm here to see my husband, Richard.
Yes, I'm Janice Perlman. Richard's wife. And you are?


Well, you sure do know how to surprise someone. What brings you out here so suddenly, if you don't mind me asking?
Oh my, oh my. Such a busy life you city folk lead... You should know that Ritchie has had an awful time of it the past two weeks. He's just been so difficult.
I suppose you know, being his wife and all, but Richard can be downright stubborn sometimes.
Of course, I'm just a concerned wife and I do need my husband to take care of a few financial matters. I'll be working in LA for a few months, temporarily. That's why I couldn't wait for Richard any longer.
Difficult?


Oh, he was fidgety and fussy when Doc Coonrod ordered him to get some bed rest, believe me. He just has trouble accepting his situation, and what this illness has done to him. He can't look after his own affairs anymore and needs a firm hand to guide him. It's almost like raising a child at times.
Yes, he certainly can be that way at times. I hope he hasn't been too much to handle.
Yeah... Erm... Perhaps...
Hmm... This person were bedridden just a few weeks ago, but now I don't see anything wrong with her. Some kind of miracle recovery, surely.


Ritchie, dear, you won't believe who came to see you.


Hello... Um, Richard...
Janice!


No, don't look at me!


Ritchie! Don't be a nuisance! Janice has traveled all the way from New York City to see you, and you will behave!
He has been acting so immaturely lately. Ritchie, you will talk to Janice or I'll put you over my knee and give your backside a good spanking!
I can't talk to her like this!
Oh... Okay...


Say hello, Ritchie. Say hello to Mrs. Perlman. Say hello or no tapioca pudding for desert.
Oh, the nightgown. I simply don't have any proper bedclothes for a man. I only have nightgowns. As you might reckon, living out here with just my daughter... I mean, by myself... I don't have much in terms of clothing for men.
Of course. You probably have so much to talk about.
Hello... Hello, Mrs. Perlman.
I'm okay.
Richard... Why is he dressed...
Richard? Do you feel all right? You look like hell.
Um... Mrs. Dilkins, could you give us...


I don't even know where to start...
You could have simply asked me to send you some decent clothes, Richard. Does Amazon not deliver?
Yeah, sure, but it doesn't answer my other questions! The fiddle? The fucking fiddle? What the hell happened to you, Richard?
It's been two months, Richard.
Your voice, it sounds awful. You sound like a teenager.
I'm sorry, Janice. I just... I just really didn't want anyone to see me like this... Before I was back to health.
I... I guess I... I didn't want to refuse her hospitality. She would have been crushed if I didn't accept her nightgown.
It's been a tough few weeks.
Glory be. That long?
It comes and goes. More coming than going, lately. The doctor said it will settle, in time.


Wait a minute... That's not Mrs. Dilkins's nightgown. That's a girl's nightgown. Are you wearing her dead daughter's nightgown?
Punishing you? You let her treat you like this? Richard, I'm appalled!
She's not your aunt, Richard! Stop calling her that! Now, are you coming home with me or not?
I didn't have any choice. Aunty Elizabeth is punishing me.
I... I... I just wanted to... I've been working so hard for so long to get this property. The money — I have to get the money. It's all I've ever wanted! I can't risk it by upsetting aunty.
Just when I'm getting her to trust me? Not a chance, Janice! I know it looks strange, but do you think I can't take a little bit of embarrassment in exchange for the billions I can get from this deal?


Have it your way. If you're going to stay, there's a lot of things I need you to take care of, babe. There's bills, we have a new lease to be signed for the next year...
Yes, Richard. It does. Especially when you're not even thinking about it.
Well, I can't cash a check made out of 'Good Thoughts' can I?.. Never mind, I just need the papers signed.
It sure does pile up, doesn't it?
I've been thinking about it! I've been thinking about you all the time!


Now, since you're obviously not in good health, I suppose it's best for you to recover here. When you're ready to come home, just let me know and I'll take care of the arrangements. I'm trusting that you'll know when you're ready to leave, and not let that lonely woman or that crazy doctor talk you into staying, all right?
I... I'll do that. I promise.

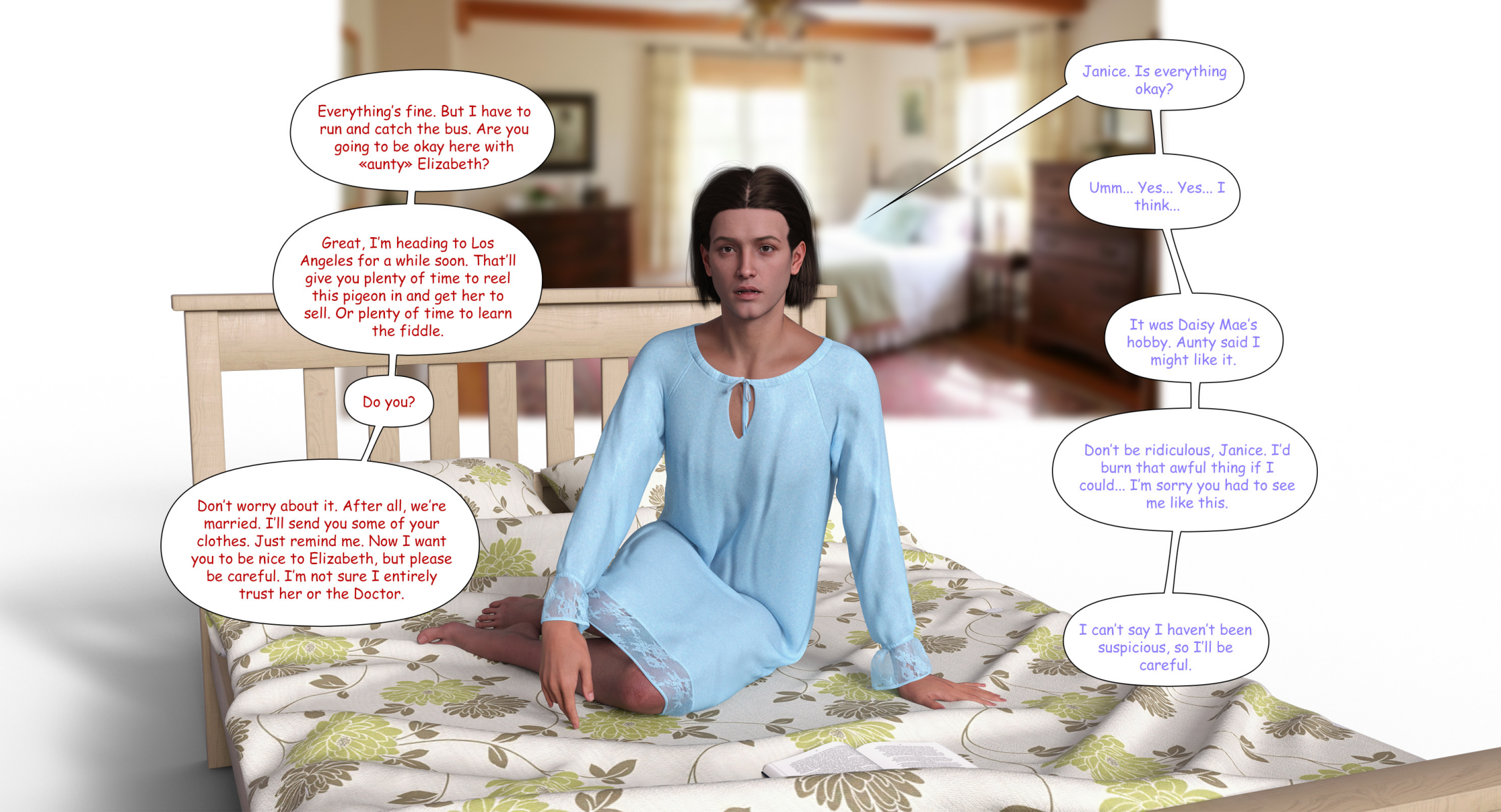

Is everything okay in here? I hope I'm not interrupting.
Doctor Coonrod. He's an old friend. He's treated the last three generations of Fletchers. Old Gene Coonrod's the best doctor this side of the Mackford ridge.
Ritchie, dear, I have to talk to Janice now. Why don't you read one of your books? I think you're almost finished with «The Black Stallion».
Hush! I won't hesitate to punish you again! Read your book and we'll be back in a moment.
Of course you're not interrupting. So, «aunt» Elizabeth. Tell me about the doctor you have helping my Richard. What was his name? Crumberman?
And what does he say is wrong with Richard?
But I...


That's right. The pituitary gland. So will he be in bed much longer?
I didn't want to say anything in front of little Ritchie, but the doctor thinks it could be some sort of problem with his pitrararay gland... Pit-oo-itary? I think that's what it's called. It regulates the hormones?
Well, all of us are optimistic, but he's going to need someone to look after him for a while. Doc Coonrod said it could be just a few weeks, but he's seen this sort of thing take several months. Sometimes a year.


Well, what if it does take months?
Look, I don't have much spare time for this, but if you ever need anything. Money. Just give me a call. I'll be happy to help out with the expenses.
Whatever my little Ritchie needs. He was so kind to me looking after me. It was nice to have someone in the house after Daisy Mae's passing.
How very generous of you to share the burden like that, dearie. But I think I'll be able to handle it. I live on a sizable land trust that takes care of everything I need. I know you'll miss Ritchie, but this time will pass by so quickly. You'll see.


Yes. Yes. Oh, look at that. I'm going to have to run soon.
I'll be happy to drive you out to the gas station so you can meet the bus. It's due at five seventeen. It gives us a few more minutes. Maybe you'd like to say goodbye to Ritchie?


Richard?.. Ghm... Hey, Richard!


Janice. Is everything okay?
Umm... Yes... Yes... I think...
It was Daisy Mae's hobby. Aunty said I might like it.
Don't be ridiculous, Janice. I'd burn that awful thing if I could... I'm sorry you had to see me like this.
I can't say I haven't been suspicious, so I'll be careful.
Everything's fine. But I have to run and catch the bus. Are you going to be okay here with «aunty» Elizabeth?
Great, I'm heading to Los Angeles for a while soon. That'll give you plenty of time to reel this pigeon in and get her to sell. Or plenty of time to learn the fiddle.
Do you?
Don't worry about it. After all, we're married. I'll send you some of your clothes. Just remind me. Now I want you to be nice to Elizabeth, but please be careful. I'm not sure I entirely trust her or the Doctor.


Wait, are you sure, Richard? It's your phone.
Okay, as you wish... Well, I really have to run now. Now, be good. Get her to sell.
Oh, sure... Aunty wanted me to give you this. It's no good out here anyway. No towers.
Yeah, next time better call aunty Elizabeth. She has better connection. We can talk on a video call even.
Oh... Okay.


Ahem... Are you being nice to Mrs. Perlman, dear? I don't want her to leave thinking my little Richie is rude.
And what do you say when someone's come all this way to see you?
Yes, Ma'am.
Thank you for visiting us, Mrs. Perlman.
Umm... Yeah, no problem... Goodbye, Richard.


Shit, I 've never seen Richard in such state. And this woman isn't the angel she wants to appear to be. Whatever... He is not a kid and should think for himself. I have other things to worry about. The first of them is to get out of this shithole as soon as possible.


Six weeks later
I can't believe how fast time flies by when you're busy. I couldn't even get a minute to talk to Richard. He's still not here, but I hope he's close to success at least.
Well, it's not that you should care much, Janice... You're very ready to take a new job in LA and then you won't depend on his money anymore. Yeah, you better focus on that.


Thank you. Where is him, by the way?
Janice! I'm so glad to see you again. And I'm sure little Ritchie will be overjoyed. You look well.
He's been making wonderful strides in his recovery. He's up all day long now and finally starting to put a little meat on his bones. He still has to take his shots and his pills, but Doc Coonrod tells me it's just a matter of time before things work themselves out.


Ritchie! Where are you? Janice is here to see you!
Sakes alive, I have to look after little Ritchie every moment. I'll be right back.
No, no, no, I can't!
Yes, you will! You'll go out there this second!
Please, please! Please don't make me!
Well, she's going to see you sooner or later! Everyone will! You'd better get used to it!
W-What the hell!?




A smile is a ray of sun into everyone's life.
What did I tell you about smiling, honey?
And you wouldn't want to block out the sun, would you?


Hello, Mrs. Perlman.
Oh my God... Richard, is that you?!.. Are you wearing makeup?
What about his legs? Why are they shaved?
I see. What about his hair?
Little Ritchie's complexion has gotten quite pale due to his illness. He wanted to look a little less sickly, so I've been showing him how to add some color to his skin with makeup.
We had a little problem in the shower. Little Ritchie mistook my Nair for body soap. We had a good laugh over that.


Practical? But what is this color?
I... I'm not sure...
The town barber is going through a bit of a spell, I'm afraid. He hasn't been cutting hair since February. I told Ritchie he could either have me cut it — and my arthritis gives me some shaky hands — or we'd have to make it more manageable. Pigtails seemed practical.
As turned out, his hair is a lovely copper once all that city gunk gets washed out. It really brings his face alive. Oh, show Janice what you made!
Don't be shy! Get a move on!


Elizabeth, why is my husband dressed like that? I asked you to look after him, not turn him into some freak.
I sent him some of his things to wear.
He's my husband, Mrs. Dilkins, and he's a fully-grown man. You're just being cruel to him. This is not doing him any good. You're ruining him! He'll never be confident of himself if you're putting him in girls clothes!
You could cut his hair short, give him a pair of pants and let him get involved in his work again. That would help him feel like himself again. It would give him the confidence he needs.
Hush, now. Haven't you noticed how slender he's become? The only clothes I have that will fit him are some old things I had around the house.
They just drape all over him. He's just not comfortable in them. Besides, his skin is so sensitive right now, he's likely to break out in a rash from those machine-washed clothes.
I'm building his confidence back up. The poor dear was near suicidal when he first saw how much weight he had lost and how weak he was feeling.
Oh, that may work for a busybody like you, dear. But little Ritchie is a bit more delicate than that. He needs that feminine touch to soothe him back to health.


Here it is, Ma'am.
Is that a pie?
I'm sure he appreciates it.
No, they're the only clothes that fit me. I don't want to be a burden.
Yes, Ma'am.
Pecan… With his new cooking skills, along with his housekeeping skills he developed while taking care of me, little Ritchie is becoming quite self-sufficient! I'm so proud of him.
Oh, Mrs. Perlman was asking if your clothing bothered you, Ritchie. Do they?
And your hair has just gotten so long that braiding it just makes sense, isn't that right?


Richard, I called to talk to you.
Whatever... I'll call you when I'm settled in LA.
Aunty needs help in the kitchen. I need to go.
Oh, okay. Bye, then.
Anyway, we do have to get back in the kitchen. I'm teaching Ritchie how to make my famous Dilkins Family cornbread.


Half an hour later
Janice? Do you hear me?!
She went to take a nap. I had to talk to you without her around. That woman isn't what you think. She's out of her mind.
No, I mean she's not right in the head. Just about everything she told you was a lie. I haven't agreed to any of this! She's forcing me!
Janice, let me talk! I know this is all insane, but you don't know the whole story! She uses threats of drugs and taking me out in public to control me! I think she's trying to really make me into a...
She's trying to make me act like I'm a girl. A young girl. And she's starting to make me look like one, too.
Yes, Richard? What's wrong?
Well, she certainly is rude, I'll say that.
Everything? Honestly, it looks like you're just letting her have her way with you, Richard.
Into?


Look at my skin! Look, it's soft and smooth. Somehow, my skin has been changed!
The doctor is always giving me shots and pills. He won't tell me what they are. I think m... auntie is telling him to give me things that change me.
M... Momma. She makes me call her momma. I've been doing it for weeks, and she told me to call her aunty only when you're around.
Making you look like one? What do you mean?
How?
You've almost called her something else several times, Richard. What does she want you to call her?
What else happens when I'm not around?


She always has me in dresses. And what she told you about the clothes you sent isn't true. She took them out back and burned them when they got here. I wear nothing but dresses from the dead girl's closet and she has me learning to play her fucking fiddle!
Pretend? She's trying to make me into her.
I don't think I was ever sick, Janice. I think they did this to me. Intentionally.
My weight loss, my skin, my weakness... I can't even lift a chair. This wasn't a cold or a flu or whatever they called it, I'm almost sure. That addle-brained doctor and Mrs. Dilkins did this. They're trying to make me an invalid, or something. I'm almost completely dependent on Mrs. Dilkins to do anything.
You think she's trying to pretend you're her daughter?
Don't exaggerate, Richard. You've been sick, you know.
Did what?
So leave, Richard. If what you say is true, get the hell out of there.


There's too much money on the line, Janice.
I can deal with this, I know I can. What I need you to do is...
I understand, Janice. But this is my one opportunity that I may never have again. This is my one shot.
Richard, I don't trust any of these yokels. You should leave now and move on. It's costing you too much.
I'm not your mother, Richard. I'm not there to clean up after you. If you want to risk everything, that's on you. I can get you a ticket out of there right now, and get you back here where you belong. But I won't nursemaid you.
Then, that's your decision.


I'm in LA for three months, Richard. I'm going to be very busy.
Well, I'll see you then.
The salon?
What in God's name is a gaff?
Will you come see me again?
I'll be done with mo... Mrs. Dilkins by then, probably. Of course I will. I'll be back home by then, contract in hand.
You know, aunty punished me in the salon... It was so humiliating.
The women of the town get together every Sunday afternoon. They call it their salon day. Aunty... Mrs. Dilkins... brings me along in a dress. I didn't do my chores once and she made me show all the women that I was wearing panties and a gaff.
It's something to hide my genitals so they're flat, just like a woman. I have to wear it all the time now. Mrs. Dilkins inspects me every morning.


She's pushing your buttons, Richard. She's not going to give up her land so easily. She's playing tough on selling her house.
Why else would she do this? It's a bargaining tactic. Don't lose your leverage. If you're going to stay, and you really shouldn't, stay focused.
Never underestimate your opponent. That's what you've always said.
How long have you been wearing that gaff thing? Is it uncomfortable?
Okay, Richard, I don't have time. I have to go now...
I don't think she even knows that's what I want.
Okay, okay, I guess I can see that. But I'm sure she hasn't figured out what I want.
Yes... I remember...
It used to be. It drove me nuts for a long time, but now I'm used to it. I've been wearing it for two months, now, so I guess I've adjusted. Sitting when I go to the bathroom is natural now.


Wait!.. You know, I've changed my mind. Please come get me. I need to get out of here.
But I tried to leave! Then the policeman found me. He said I was a sissy, an' he said I was a fag, and' he took me back to mo... aunt... Mrs. Dilkins. She spanked me terribly for that. I don't want to be spanked again!
No! Please. I don't get to talk to normal people anymore...
Richard, I can't drop everything! I'm due in LA on Monday. If you want to come home, it's up to you.
Look, I need to get back to work. I'll call you when I get to LA.


What is that noise? Who are you talking to?
I told you to get dinner ready! Not talk to...
Get the strap! You know what's coming!
Get the switch, girl!
No, no, no...
Please, Momma! Please, I just wanted to talk to someone! I didn't mean nothing!
No, no, Momma, please!


Gosh, am I still married to a man? Oh no, it's more like I'm married to a sissy...
Lower your panties!.. Here's that naughty butt... *Slap* You're going to get your ears pierced at the salon this weekend, do you hear me? *Slap*
Shush, stop crying! *Slap* Are you sorry?
We'll see, girl. Now back to the kitchen.
Yes, momma, I understood! Here it is!
Sob Yes, momma.
I'm very sorry, momma. I'll do exactly what you tell me, momma. Please no more switch.
Thank you, momma.


Three months later
Janice! It's you again. How nice of you to drop by. Thank goodness you called to let us know you were coming. We've been busy as beavers for your arrival.
Of course! Come in, come in. My little Ritchie is so eager to see you.
May I see my husband, please?


It's been a while since we heard of you. I hope everything is fine. How was your trip to Los Angeles?
Why, it must be wonderful to have the freedom to just jet off anywhere whenever you like! I so envy you... Alright, I'll go fetch little Ritchie.
Oh, yes, it was very exciting... Umm... I learned a lot.
Yeah, I learned that no one needs me in LA. They dumped me and left me without a job. Well, whatever Richard's been doing here for that long, I have to live on something. That's why I need access to his investment account.


No! No, no, no! I can't! I can't let her see me like this!
Slap That's not how you were raised! Behave! Remember your manners!
But momma...
But nothing!




R-Richard? It can't... It can't be you...
Hello, Mrs. Perlman. It's wonderful to see you again. I thought you'd forgotten about us way out here.
Is something wrong, Ma'am?


Richard, please, tell me you're playing a joke on me.
No Ma'am. I... I don't think so...


I'm not a rich woman, Janice. I have plenty of clothes in the house that fit Richard perfectly well, after his weight loss. Richard and I agreed that selling my car or family jewelry just to purchase him some temporary clothes was not worth the cost.
Ritchie's sacrifice is his choice, and I appreciate everything he's doing for me!
I... I... They're my clothes.
Why in the world are you dressed like that?
Your clothes?
How can you do this to a man? He has dignity!
You decided to do this? You had a choice?


You could just wear jeans and a shirt!
Unfortunately, the men around here don't have much tolerance for feminine boys. Putting him in a dress and skirts is the best disguise.
This is insane. Clinically insane.
That's not the problem, Richard...
I... I did... Daisy Mae's clothing is good 'nuff for me.
Ring
Ring
Giggle No one suspects a thin'! Everyone thinks I'm a girl for reals!
Please don't be angry, Ma'am. I'm sorry I ain't dressed all fancy for you. I wuz just up in my room practicing. I wasn't expectin' callers.


Please go answer the phone, Ritchie.
Yes, momma!
Ring
Ring


I understand, you must be startled to see Richard like he is now.
Now, just calm yourself, Janice. I haven't done anything but show little Ritchie some discipline. Besides that, his weight, his appearance and his behaviour are all due to his illness. You know that as well as I do.
The doctor is saving him. Now let's get down to business. You lost your job. You need money.
Of course I am! You're trying to turn him into a girl! You're just insane!
That crazy doctor is pumping him full of drugs that have changed almost everything about him!


How did you know?
I don't want your money! I want the money I already have. Richard's money! Just let me talk to him. I just need his personal account numbers.
He what? He wouldn't dare do that before asking me!
Ten thousand? I owe twenty thousand right now!
That's not important. How much do you need, dear?
He doesn't have any more money, Janice. He gave it all to me.
Richard signed over his power of attorney to me last month. I transferred all his personal accounts into mine. After all, I'm the one looking after his best interests. So, will ten thousand dollars be enough for you?
I'll make it out for thirty thousand then. That will give you a little bit of spending money. Let me write a check.


Now, I don't think Richard would want this money to go to someone who was taking advantage of him.
I mean, if I was trying to change Richard, as you seem to think, one might assume I was paying you to look the other way. Someone might think this was some sort of... Bribe. Ridiculous, don't you think?
And poor Richard is just going through an illness, you believe that, don't you?
I'm sorry, but my ears aren't what they used to be, sweetie.
Smirk Good... Good...
What do you mean?
Yes...
Umm... Yeah...
Yes, I trust you completely.


It's Doctor Coonrod calling, momma. He'd like to talk to you, but he doesn't want to tell me why.
Excuse me, Janice, I have to answer that. We'll pick this up when I'm done.


Please keep your voice low. M... Aunt Elizabeth may hear you. She doesn't want me to talk to you.
I have? No, no. I'm closer than I ever have been before.
Richard? What the hell!?
Listen, Richard, I didn't have the patience to play games with you anymore. You're in over your head. You've lost control of the situation.
You signed over all our money to her!


I have? I don't remember... She did ask me to sign some things... But I needed to keep her on the line. She's going to give me the house. She said she would.
Momma has been actin' all peculiar lately... She's been a might bit frightening. She's been schoolin' me all day long. How to talk, how to walk, how to act... Maybe... Maybe... Maybe we should leave her be. She needs to have some time by herself.
She's not going to do anything! She's just stringing you along until you replace her daughter!
About that... Just sit tight for a little bit, okay? Maybe give it one more chance?
I simply need him to stay here until I claim the money. This won't be forever. Surely, Richard could resist for just a little while longer.


But y'all said I was wastin' my time! I thought you'd be happy I wanted to go.
Please, Mrs. Perlman, I... I think I need to get away from here. She also has me takin' lessons on curtseyin' and takes me to church and we sing Christian songs and...
Can't you take me with you?
I am, I am... But I just need you to wait. I'll be back. I just can't do it today. Patience, Richard.
Richard, you need to get your wits about you and focus. Stand tall and fight her. Do whatever you need to do. But don't let her win.
Richard, don't be stupid. I don't have a car with me, I can't take you anywhere. You'll just have to stay here until I can come and get you. Show some backbone! And you can start by taking off those dresses and skirts, wherever they're coming from.


She just hung up the phone. She's comin' back! Please ma'am, I think it's be best to git on outta here! Now!
It's miles to the nearest house! And everyone knows her. They'd just...
If you want to leave so badly, just walk out the door, Richard! You don't need my help!

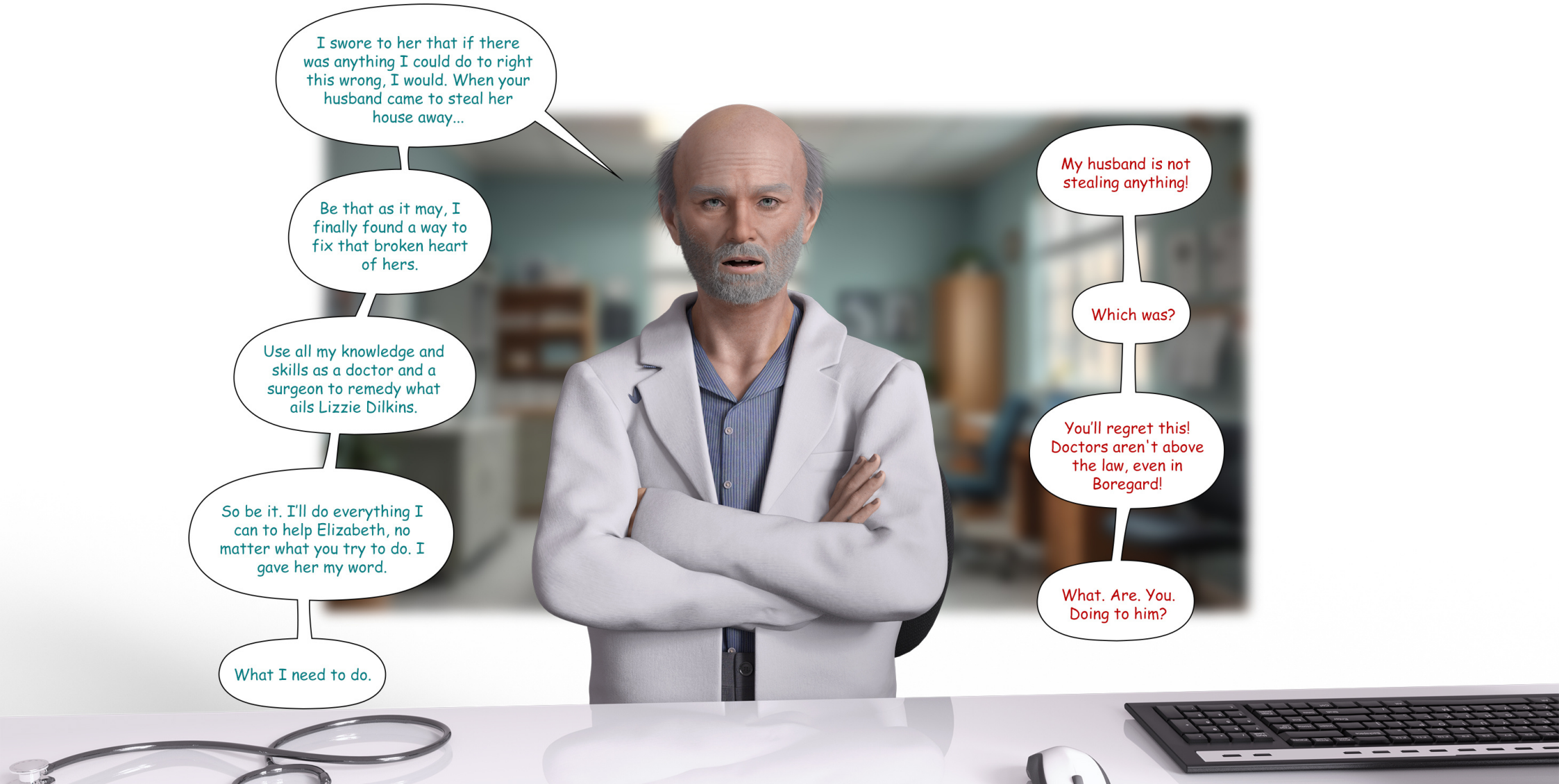

But...
Yes, momma.
Alright, my dear, it was nice to see miss Perlman, but you were busy with something, weren't you?
No buts, you need to train thoroughly before your debut on the big spring hoedown at the county fair. Move on to your room and don't let go of the fiddle.


I'm always humbled by your hospitality, Elizabeth, but I think it's time for me to go... By the way, could you tell me the address of that doctor of yours? I've been having terrible headaches lately.
Now, weren't we having a discussion?
Of course, it's not far from here...


What are you doing to him? I want you to tell me what the hell you think you're trying to do to my husband!
Richard Rubenstein. You're treating him.
Please calm down, miss. Your husband? I don't remember anyone...
Richard? Oh, oh. Little Ritchie. Elizabeth's guest.


Yes, yes, your husband has a severe pituitary gland problem. The symptoms were acute fever, hallucinations and diarrhea. The treatment is a series of drugs designed to take over the functions of his pituitary gland while simultaneously trying to treat the original problem.
Believe what you want, but your husband has a very serious problem that needs serious medical attention.
I could explain it all, but I'm not sure you'd understand it.
I've never heard of any such thing. You're lying to me. I know plenty of doctors, and they can tell me what's really happening to Richard.
And how does taking all the beard hair off his face qualify for medical attention? How does starving him down to a shadow of his normal weight help him at all? And what the hell did you to his voice?


I think you'll find that out here, the courts don't have a lot of meanin'. I don't know if family means much to you city folk, but it's everything out here.
My family came to this land in eighteen hundred and twenty-two. We lived alongside the Cherokee back then. My great, great grand pappy Boregard Coonrod settled this area. I've been here a long time. And in all these years, I've never seen a woman so completely heartbroken as Elizabeth Dilkins, when she lost her girl.
Not understand it? I understand plenty, doctor! Have you ever had a malpractice suit? Well, you're sure going to get one hell of one now, I promise you! My family knows the best lawyers up and down the East Coast!
How sweet...
Everyone has heartbreak. What makes her so special?


I swore to her that if there was anything I could do to right this wrong, I would. When your husband came to steal her house away...
Be that as it may, I finally found a way to fix that broken heart of hers.
Use all my knowledge and skills as a doctor and a surgeon to remedy what ails Lizzie Dilkins.
So be it. I'll do everything I can to help Elizabeth, no matter what you try to do. I gave her my word.
What I need to do.
My husband is not stealing anything!
Which was?
You'll regret this! Doctors aren't above the law, even in Boregard!
What. Are. You. Doing to him?


He's a small feller, ain't he? Got a young face. Delicate bone structure.
It seems like you're having an aggressive outburst. I have treatment for that too.
You're changing him. You're drugging him, brainwashing him, filling him full or hormones and who knows what. It's illegal. It's all illegal!
You just made a big mistake, asshole! I'm not bluffing! I'm going to sue!
Fuck off! You're going to regret the day you ever decided to fuck with me!


A month later
Okay, now I've rented a car and I'm not gonna leave without Richard.
I should somehow separate him from Mrs. Dilkins, and then take him to a nearby town, where I would de-make all the things Elizabeth and the doctor has done to him.
Well, maybe not every single thing, but at least everything I can. And after that we are going to sue that woman and that doctor for millions. Yeah, that's the plan.




Gasp


Miss Perlman! We wasn't expectin' you!


You don't need to...
I wanted to talk to you.
Momma! Come quick! Momma!
I'm supposin' I should show you inside, Miss Perlman. Momma is upstairs. She'll be a-commin in jus' a sec.
I... I... I think maybe you should talk to my momma first.


Well, look who the cat dragged in!
Have you offered miss Perlman some refreshments, Daisy Mae?
Lemonade for the both of us, Daisy Mae. Miss Perlman looks like she needs a little cooling off.
Hello, Elizabeth.
Oh, where are my manners! I'm such a bad hostess!
Yes, momma.


You monster! You've destroyed my husband! How can you call yourself a human being?
Why are you calling him Daisy Mae? Your daughter is dead, and she's not coming back! You're delusional!
She? Her? Why are you calling him her?
His manhood? You don't mean...
Your husband has never been happier. And she's finally getting over her illness. It's too bad it's left her in the shape she's in, but we'll just have to make the best of it.
Your husband has been quite willing to take her place. She's embraced her new situation...
Richard Rubenstein is a silly name for such a beautiful girl. His manhood is behind him.


Here's your lemonade.
Thank you, Daisy Mae.
His name is Richard.


Actually, we decided on the name Daisy Mae for several reasons, isn't that right, child?
You thought it was best.
We had some people in town givin' us funny looks. Folks there know who Daisy Mae is, so using her name seemed like the best way to avoid trouble.
It also helps in developing an interest in girlish things, like clothes, cleaning, cooking, makeup, hair... Boys... As a girl, Daisy Mae is free to explore those things without the worry that it would be inappropriate. She's a very clever girl, my Daisy Mae.
Yes, momma.
I don't like confusin' people. I don't have no rightful place callin' myself a boy no mores when I don't look like none.
Momma still had her birth certificate and IDs. It helps that I kinda look like her, too.
Quite the coincidence.
Why do you allow her to treat you this way, Richard?


I... Umm... My... My... Momma is always right.
You're a man, Richard! A grown man! You can strip a company of assets and flip it for millions of dollars in a weekend! You can make a foreign government's currency drop through the floor! I've seen you walk into a corporate boardroom and walk out with the scalps of billionaires!
Don't you see how ridiculous this sounds? Daisy Mae is just a delicate innocent girl, Miss Perlman!


No, not anymore. We've had the divorce papers signed and processed. I'm sure you'll have them waiting in your mail by the time you get home.
It's up to you, of course. However, I don't think holding on to the past will serve you all that well. And it would be so hard on Daisy Mae, what with a trial and all. It might just traumatize her, in her fragile state.
Oh yes, of course.
Mrs! Misses Perlman. I'm his wife!
Divorce? Hardly! I'm not going to sign them, if that's what you're assuming. I love my husband, even through something like this.
Well, I certainly don't want to hurt anyone. Richard is my first and only concern, of course.
I guess I have to play nice until I have my opportunity to talk with him.


It's not the cold that will get you, it's the twisters. Though Daisy Mae is quite excited. She'll be starting her study year at Boregard High.
No. Daisy Mae is an eighteen year old girl, so of course she's going to school. You want to go, don't you, doodlebug?
I'm sure you'll be fine.
I don't see the harm in it.
Fall's coming. Does it get cold out here?
Richard? In high school? I know you're not prone to humor Elizabeth, but...
I'm kind of nervous. I ain't never been to school as a girl, y'know. I hope I look like I's suppos'ta be there.
Oh! Momma, can Miss Perlman help me pick out something for the first day of school? Y'know, because she's so sophisticated, bein' from the big city an' all.
Will you, Miss Perlman? My room's just upstairs.


Isn't this the dead girl's room?
This is Daisy Mae's room.
Here it is, ma'am! Ain't it cute in here?
Dead girl? No, it's my room.
Uh-huh!


I see. And now you stay here?
Everything's so pink and girlish in here. How can you stand it?
When I wore pink to the Nusbaum bar mitzvah you said it made you sick to be seen with me.
Of course I do! Look, it's all my stuff.
Ain't it wonderful? I've always loved pink.


So why do you stay here, Richard? Why don't you change the color?
I thought you looked like a slut. And no one can be taken seriously in pink.
I think I tried... Once...


Richard! Focus! You wanted me alone for a reason! To talk to me!
But then I remembered how much I love pink...
I did?


I hope to God you did. Anyway, I need to talk to you. I'm worried you've lost control of the situation.
This was to buy the property, Richard! I know you can be stubborn, but can't you see what she's done to you?
That witch downstairs! Mrs. Dilkins!
You're being brainwashed!
Your mother died three years ago, Richard. You were by her bed!
I don't understand, Miss Perlman.
Who?
Momma? I love my momma!
Momma would never do that. She loves me so.


Do you like dressing like this, Richard? Do you like living out here in the Godforsaken hellhole? Do you want to be the virtual slave of that woman?
Get your things and let's go! We've got to go now!
I promised her I'd be successful. I promised her I'd be a billionaire.
I want to go home, Janice! Please take me home!


I guess I can't really go anywhere in my old clothes. I've got to use what's here.
One? I can't take just one! This one's my fancy dress for company and this one I made myself, and this one's for church...
But... Don't you think... Sometimes I know down deep in my heart... I really could be... I like it when people call me Daisy Mae. I feel so good. So real and warm inside. It's so wonderful.
Pick one and move!
Richard, you've got to stop thinking like that!
Richard!


Oh, I so hate that name! I hate being called that!
No I ain't! Your husband is dead! My momma said so! I ain't never been your husband!
She said that's why you're all bitter an' that why you want to take me away! You want to change me! Because you're lonely and wicked!
You're my husband, Richard Rubenstein. Twenty-six years old. Born in Waterbury, Massachusetts.
She said... What?
Richard, please! You have to concentrate! We nearly...


My name is Daisy Mae Dilkins! My Momma is Elizabeth Dilkins and I was borned in this very here house by ol' Doc Coonrod! You're a liar! A liar!
No! I'm Daisy Mae Dilkins! I know I am! I want... I want... Help me, Janice. I... don't know what's happening anymore.
I know you can beat this, Richard! Please concentrate!
Shh... It's alright, Richard, it' alright. We just need to get out of here.


...I just wanted to make my mother happy... I wanted to be a billionaire, like I promised her... That's all I ever wanted... I just wanted to be good for her... Oh, momma...
Momma is all I have. isn't she? I just have to be good for her... I just have to be sweet and docile and cheerful and...
I'd never leave momma alone... I love being her daughter, I love being pretty and girly...
You should stop doing this, miss Perlman. I don't want to...
Let's go, Richard, let's go before she noticed us.
No, Richard, you're getting distracted again.
No, Richard!




Let's move now! Don't you remember the way things used to be? Don't you want to be in each other's arms again?
Of course we did, Richard! We're husband and wife!
God, she's made you as crazy as she is! Just shut up and go!
But... Did we really love each other?
O-Okay... Umm... But momma will be heartbroken. Maybe we should ask her if it's okay for me to go with you?


And where do you think you're going? Leave Daisy Mae alone, Janice.
Shush, doodlebug, I think I smell something from the kitchen.
Momma I...
The stove! Oh, my preserves!


No, Richard! No! Let the damn place burn!
Please, Richard!
My blackberry preserves! I'll never win the blue ribbon at the county fair now!


What have you done to him? He really believes he's your daughter!
He's my husband!
Fuck your self-righteous, condescending attitude! You're a murderer! You killed him! Killed him!
You have no right!
And I'll love him like a daughter. Because she is my daughter.
She's not anyone's husband no more. She's dressing in girls' clothes, living in a girls' room and answers to a girls' name. She's no more your husband than she's the King of Siam.
I have given her a life full of happiness, discovery and purpose. I've given her Daisy Mae's life. A life that never should have ended.
Rights got nothin' to do with it. Your husband would have cheated me out of my house and property. Whatever he got, he deserved.


It's all ruined, momma. My preserves are all burnt. I'll never win the blue ribbon at the county fair now!
Please, Richard! Snap out of it!
I know Momma, but we worked so hard!
Okay, Momma!
Richard!
We have many more blackberries, darlin'. Why don't you go pick some more.
And we'll just have to work harder. Now go fetch your pickin' basket and get some more berries before sun down. Unless you want to go to the city with Miss Perlman here.


I guess I'll just never see the big city, miss Perlman. I'm jus' an old-fashioned country girl at heart.
I... I gots to do what I gots to do, ma'am. We'll meet later... I guess.
No! Don't let them win!


I've got to change into a berry pickin' outfit, don't I momma?
Gee, I know exactly what I want to wear!
I expect so, little one.


That's it, I've heard enough! I've dealt with this situation more than anyone could ever bear! The hell with them! The hell with Boregard! I'm sorry Richard, but I tried my best... Besides, it's all your fault.


Two months later
Oh my God, I can't believe the police are drawing up charges against me for Richard's disappearance. On top of that, now it's all over the media... The Black Widow!? Oh, you gotta be kidding me!
Yeah, it doesn't sound good for you, Janice. A prominent financial executive, worth over five million dollars has disappeared without a trace. The last person to see him "alive" is me. His bank accounts had been drained, and his phone is in my possession.


Well, as if there's a way to explain the whole sordid story to them. Even my lawyer gave me a look like I'm some kind of lunatic and left the case. Honestly, I myself don't believe all this happened, so why anyone would?
That's it... There is no way out for me. I have an alibi no one can believe and nothing to back it up. So there is only really one option left.


I gotta get Richard out of here, once and for all.


I've come to take Richard.
You know?
Janice! Why, you're early! Do come in!
Yes, I know... Daisy Mae! Company!
Yes, of course, I had hoped to finish the dishes before you arrived.


Why did you know I was coming?
You know they intend to arrest me?
So you knew I'd be back?
Honestly, you held out much longer than I expected. Once the tabloids started to report on you, I thought you'd be on the first plane out here.
Yes, Janice. I've read all about it. It's a connected world, isn't it? Some of those stories were so tawdry. Just nasty.
It was inevitable. For many reasons. Where is that girl?


I'm a-commin', momma!


She has done it. Elizabeth has won. She has made my husband into her dead daughter...
Richard?
Oh! I thought it was Jesse...
He's not due until five. And he won't be a second earlier if he knows what's good for him.
Yes, ma'am.


Erm... I don't understand, ma'am...
Miss Perlman was mistaken, doodlebug. There's no one here by that name.
Oh, Miss Perlman! It's been so long! I'm plumb ashamed I didn't recognize y'all!


Richard, don't tell me they made you forget everything. You're still there, aren't you?
Richard, answer me!
Why don't you go back to your room and finish getting ready, Doodlebug?
You doin' okay, ma'am? Maybe ya need a lil' water?
Momma, I think Miss Perlman ain't feelin' quite right.
Good to see you, ma'am. Hope ya get t' feelin' better soon.


Give me one good reason I shouldn't phone the police and have you locked up.
You should be ashamed of yourself! I don't care what your little backwater police say, I'll have you buried so deep in lawsuits, you won't be able to cross the street without a lawyer present!
Oh, the police have already been here. Sheriff Smith and his boys said there were reports of a man living in my house. Doc Coonrod and I cleared everything up. They apologized for the trouble, then they even helped me with getting Daisy Mae a new ID.


If you feel so strongly about it I wouldn't object to you taking him home and looking after him. I'm sure he'd be delighted to go back to the city and meet all of your old friends and talk about how sick he is. But you're not going back to the city, are you?
To prove who he is by a DNA test, I presume. That's just about all that's left of your husband, isn't it? Little bits of DNA.
What do you mean by that? Of course I'm going back. And I'm taking Richard back with me!
It's the one thing you couldn't change about him. Once they see that, I'll be vindicated.


You might be right...
Then again, they'd never try it. No one would believe you.
You can try, but I doubt you'll see any scars. I am a craftsman, after all. I know my trade.
I can and I did. No one would look at Daisy Mae and think she was your husband. They can't force her to take the test without a court order, and I don't see any judge believin' such a tall tale.
Maybe you might, maybe you might...
You!?
I'd show them the scars where you mutilated him!
You can't hide everything.
I can make them believe!


That's why we made you come back.
Or you could show them your husband's plane ticket here to Boregard. There are probably a dozen things you could have done instead of coming back here, which you knew was never going to work.
You didn't make me do anything!
The smart thing to do would have been to leave the country, don't you think?
But you couldn't help yourself, could you? You were compelled. Just like your husband was compelled to stay.
Compelled? You did nothing to me! I had to come back or... I... There was no...


Used to be I made my livin' bein' a stage magician. My show was famous for ten counties around...
What really made my show somethin' special was the hypnosis act. I'd invite the prettiest girl in the front row on stage, have her lie between two chairs, snap my fingers, and she'd become stiff as a board. Then I'd stand on her belly. People loved it.
Hey, don't touch me, you prick.
Spare me of this bullshit...


Hush now... that pesky tongue of yours best learn its place. Don't ya feel it gettin' a bit heavy?
That's right, you're gonna talk when ya told you to.
Click
Yeah, sure... Waif... Whaf?.. Whaf's happennng? Mhhhmm... Mhhhh...


So where was I?.. Oh sure... So the problem was, I didn't know that other magicians used a ringer. Someone in on the secret. Bein' a country boy, I just thought that I need to learn how to mesmerize 'em for real. Which is what I did.
I was good at it, too. I could put someone under without them even knowin' a thin' about it. Twenty, twenty-five seconds, that's all I need.
Alright, you can talk.
This story changes every time you tell it. And gets longer.
I don't think she believes you, Doc.


You're crazy! Both of you! Crazy!
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to insult you, sir. And I'm pleased by your hospitality, but I didn't intend to stay here for long. Excuse me, why did I just... No, that's not what I...
What're ya talkin' about?.. Ain't no way I gonna... Wait, why does I...
Now hold on there. We're all like kin here in Boregard. Ain't no place for rude manners. You best speak sweet if you wanna stay here.
Click
That's better... But you ain't impressin' anyone here sounding all fussy and clever. We talk simple 'round these parts, not like some fancy city folk.
Click


Alright, it's time to go.
Besides, Sheriff Smith didn't ignore your husband disappearin' for nothin'... We gotta prepare you for him.
Shh, don't worry... You'll like Boregard. It grows on you. Now go ahead.
Go? Where? I ain't wantin' to go nowhere. Could ya please leave me be?
No can do, Janice. You might well convince a judge to check Daisy Mae's DNA. So it's probably for the best that you don't get the chance.
Prepare? Hey, what're ya plannin' on doin' to me?


Ugh... Stop... Why won't ya listen, ya silly... I ain't wanna...
We're going out, Daisy Mae! Back in a couple of hours!
Okay, momma!


Now get inside and lie still, would ya?
No, no, no... That's kidnappin'!.. Lordy, you can't do that to me!


Five minutes later
Fuck, fuck, fuck... I can't move a muscle. How could that insane old prick pull this off? This isn't good... They scrambled Richard's brains and now they want to do the same to me...
I can't do anything about that... I'm stuck in this nightmare.
No, you gotta fight this, Janice... You know you can. You weren't taught to give up so easily. It's just in your head... This isn't real...


Yes... Yes... You can move,
Janice... Theeere you go...
A few more inches...


Cough *Cough* Ouch!


He's alone now. It's my chance!


Huh? What's going on here?




But I think... I'm still not ready!
It's time, Daisy... We gotta do this!
Daisy... We've been dating for three months now... Muh balls are so blue I think they're gonna dry up and fall off! It can't go on like this.


I... It ain't right, Jesse. This doesn't feel right.
It feels so real! It's like a whole lifetime of stuff.
I know... But...
What? You still havin' that dream? The one where you're a man?
You're no man, Daisy! You're my girl!


Jesse! This is...
Whoa... I feel it...
N-No... It's sooo big!
It's a giant!
Feel it!
You need to stop jimmy-jackin' me around, Daisy! Feel how much I love you!
Now do you still think you ever had one of these?
Can you even wrap your hand around it? It's big and hard, Daisy.


How?
Sorry!
I... I don't know...
Don't be shy, stroke it.
Use your fingertips... On the underside... No, start at the base!
You're doing fine. You beginnin' to forget those dreams now?


What are you... Aahh... No, don't squeeze them...
You don't know, huh? I'm gonna show you!


If them dreams are true then what're these supposed t' be? Whose plump milkers are these, Daisy Mae?
Exactly! Don't they make ya feel good? Don't they make you forget 'bout that fool dream?
Moan Mine... They're my milkers!
Aahh... I... I'm not sure we should be doin' this.


That's all I can take! I swear you just don't know what ya'r saying. I'm gonna teach you stuff, you clueless girl.
Wait, Jesse...


Gasp


Mhm... Is it really cute?
Yes, I... I love my pussy... But...
Just look... Do ya think a man can have such a cute juicy pussy?
That's right, it's the cutest lil' pussy I ever did see. You oughta be proud of it.


There's no buts, Daisy. Don't you feel how it's achin' for somethin? It's beggin' to be filled.
F-Filled?


Huuuuaah?!
Moan N-No... I weren't...
Your wet dirty hole is suckin' my fingers inside. Are ya still sure you were anything but my girl?


N... N... No!
No! I was never a man!
You were never a man, were you, girl?
What's that? I need to hear the words!
I don't know if I believe you, Daisy! I'm gonna have to fuck those thoughts right outta yer tiny head!


Don't think of your momma now, girl! Here's what gonna fix you!
Wait, I promised momma...


Ugh... You're squeezin' me... Feel how your tight pussy is squeezin' my dick.
Eeeeeek!
Aaaaahhh... It won't fit!


Let those silly thoughts leave you! There's no space for them in your tiny head, Daisy Mae Dilkins!
It's making the dream leave your body, Daisy! Can you feel it leaving?
Aaahhh! It's moving inside... It feels weird, Jesse.
I... I... Yes! Yeeeeees! I feel it!


Argh... Gotta get rid of them once and for all!
Aaaaahh... I feel those thoughts leaving me with every thrust! Deeper, Jesse! You need to go deeper!


That's right! Beg for it, Daisy Mae! Beg for my cock!
Aaaaaahh!.. Aaaah!.. Don't stop, Jesse! Push it harder!


More, more! Keep it goin'! I love your cock! I love it!


I'm gonna fill you up and force them out! I'll pump you to the fullest!
Those dreams... They're almost... almost... almost...
Do it, Jesse!


Aaaaahhh! Yeeees! They're gooone! They're gone, Jesse!


Did I do it right? It was my first time.
Clean you up?
Yes, sir!
Yes, yer tight pussy is the best I had, Daisy. But you're gonna wanna clean me up.
With your mouth. Y'all better get a-movin', before it's all dry.


Yeah, clean him good. You better like the taste, cos' I like to keep it clean.
Yesh, it's sooo yummy!


Ugh... What ya think ya doin' with your tongue, you dirty girl.


That's my Daisy Mae. Now you're not worrying about those dreams, aren't ya?


Nevermind.
Giggle Huh? What dreams are you talkin' about?
Then what're ya waitin' for? Let's do this again!


That's it... My Richard is gone. Well and truly gone. He was buried right here, in Boregard. What am I doing here? What am I trying to do? I have nothing left to do...


There you are! We thought we had lost you.
Has she...
You... You killed him... There's nothing left... That girl has eaten him from the inside, like a parasite... How could you...
Oh, I think we came just in time, after all.
Yes, she's already given up, doc.


Poor thing... It's okay, you're gonna love yer new life. We'll make sure you do.
Don't worry, honey, the doc will fix you up.
Do... Do whatever you want...


A few months later


Life in Boregard... I ain't gonna call it the best place 'round here. But it weren't but a few hours after I came to my new home that I knew I weren't ever leavin' this beautiful town.
It's got that kinda peace. The peace I were lookin' for a long time. I wouldn' change nuthing 'bout it. I never wanted more, did I?


Me and Jacob, we live us a good, honest life here. My husband is a true guardian of the law and justice. I couldn't be prouder of him.
I like to think it makes me a servant o' justice too, taking care of my man's house as well as of... other things. A good man like him sure does deserve that.


Strange thing, I don't remember much 'bout my life before... Boregard. Once in a while I dream I'm in some big busy city, rushin' around like I got somewhere to be. Where'd this come from, right? I, Nancy Smith, belong here and only here.
At first, I thought that someone made me feel like this. Like somebody done put all these thoughts into my head. I told Jacob 'bout it once and he told me I oughta go see the doc. He always knows what's the best. I ain't worrying 'bout nuthing anymore.


Mrs. Smith! Hello!


Thank you, ma'am!
Uh, you know Momma. She's fine as frog hair... Oh, she asked for the recipe for them plum pies. We liked them a lot.
Uh-huh! Then see ya later, ma'am!
Yes, I know, ma'am.
Daisy Mae! Look at you, ain't you the prettiest lil' gal?
Ya'll sure are a lovely pair. Jesse, you done real good gettin' Daisy's heart. Don't let her get away now.
How's Lizzie doing?
Sure thing, I was plannin on comin' on weekends anyhow. Give her my regards, will ya?


Daisy Mae... The main attraction 'round these parts, no doubt 'bout that. Those city boys can't help fallin' for her sweet country looks. Had a few try talkin' her into leavin' Boregard. But Jesse is always around makin' sure that don't happen.
That girl... Something ain't right with her, but I can't quite put my finger on it. It's somethin' bad... Terrible even... I just...
Giggle Lord, Nancy, you can be so darn silly sometimes, botherin' your head with some nonsense. You best be thinkin' how you're gonna greet your man when he comes from work.
Wife! I'm home!
Speak of the devil.


How was your day, honey?
Flaffy?
Where!? Where!?
Oh, ain't you my clever noble detective? C'mon, sit at the table, the pie is fresh from the oven.
Uh... Been chasing that darn Flaffy all day long.
Yeah, the sheep. She up and disappeared from Frank's farm this mornin'... Without a trace. Looked every which way... Had to search for her by her tracks. Wanna guess where we found her?
Up in a tree. Ten yards off the ground. Frank and me nearly busted our backs gettin' her down.


Naah, sugar, I got a different kinda pie on my mind. Chasin' that sheep all day, I couldn't stop thinkin' about you. You're just as fluffy and innocent… but Lord, sometimes you can be downright naughty.
We're in Boregard, Nancy. Everything here's got that smell to it.
Oh, Jacob! You're a lil' rascal, you know that?.. But maybe you oughta take a bath first? You smell a bit like... a sheep.
Yes... You're right.
SHERIFF


Y'know, sugar, I figure it's time to make the family a bit bigger. Little joyful Smiths runnin' around, turnin' the house upside down. What d'you think?
But do you want it, honey?
Then let's go, Nancy... We're gonna be makin' kids all night long...
You talkin' about kids? Well, if that's what you want...
I... Yes, of course, I'd be happy to...
The End!