

# Coming Home...

Episode expansion of: **Promises of Someday**

Judith Nolan



**I'm coming home, Vincent! I never thought I'd put those words down on paper, much less make them happen. I'm writing this on the plane that's carrying me into JFK. We'll land in a minute, and what will I have to show for all the years I've been gone? A suitcase full of possibilities, and no dream truly realised?**

**After I left, I never thought I'd ever set foot in New York again. I've always been scared the old man would know if I did. I figured he'd come Above just for the joy of dragging me back underground again. I can see him wagging his disapproving finger at me, even now.**

**So, I ran as far and as fast as I could. And I kept running. But something, or someone, was always chasing after me, trying to pull me back.**

**Maybe it was you, Vincent. You have stayed with me, all these years. I've always wondered how you're doing. What you're doing. Have you found love yet, my friend? I pray for your sake, you have. You've got a lot to offer, and any woman would be lucky to have you.**

**For me, I've loved and lost so many times, in many different languages. "Goodbye" seems to be the one word I find very easy to say. Au revoir, ciao, adieu, auf wiedersehen... it all comes out the same in the end. But I never said it to you, Vincent. I regret that, more than anything. I figure I owe you an explanation for my**

**sudden disappearance. So, I'm coming back, to try and explain. To finally make things right, between us.**

**Lately, I haven't been able to get much sleep. I've been having such crazy dreams about the tunnels. Would you believe me if I told you I've been to London and Paris, Berlin and Casablanca? I've even climbed in the Himalayas. I've lived all over the world. Everywhere south of Oz and north of Shangri-La. And yet, all I can I dream about lately is a damned hole in the ground. Crazy, isn't it? Am I finally losing my mind? Perhaps...**

**But there's nowhere else in the world I'd rather be right now. Old age, I hear you say? You may be right. I guess home is home, no matter where it is. There seems to be no escaping the place where you were born. It calls to me like those sirens of old, Father used to teach us about.**

**At times, I've begun to wonder if I've dreamed it all. I guess we'll find out soon enough. I'll buy a bag of tools, just in case. If the tunnels are bricked up, and you've all gone away, I'm not sure what I'll do. I guess I'll push this note under the steel door and pray someone finds it, someday. We always made promises to each other about what we'd do \*someday\*, didn't we Vincent?**

**But I live in hope that everything is as it was when I left all those years ago. Is the old man still alive? Of course he is. He's just too hard-headed and ornery to give up so easily. And you, Vincent. I hope to find you there, unchanged. You, I miss most of all.**

**I touch those three scars you left on my cheek and wonder. Of course, what I tell others about how I got them is my secret. But they've served me well. Women seem to love a \*wounded\* man, so I guess I still owe you something, Brother.**

**Be there for me, Vincent. Be unchanged and welcoming, because I need that, right now. I've pulled a few strings and got myself a job at the D.A.'s office. Should be easy enough to pass myself off as a**

**lawyer. I've often remade myself into just about everything else you can think of. The job will serve, while I search for you.**

**And if there is no-one home, I guess I'll go back to the hobo's life, and maybe I'll see you somewhere down the road. Or maybe only in my dreams...**

**Did you save that ride for me, on the carousel, like I asked you to? Have you been back there, to remember that night? I hope you have. Be seeing you soon, I hope... Carpe diem, my Brother.**

**Always, Brother mine. Always...**

**Devin**