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*The scene opens up with a shot of the large LAX sign outside of the airport, various planes taking off and landing, as well as hordes of people coming in and out of the terminal, the final shot is of various uber drivers patiently waiting in the pickup lane, only six of which Holly confused for Vihaan upon arrival.*

*Holly's towncar is the first to pull up to the curb, the driver quickly gets out and runs around to let her out. She smiles at him, not warmly and mostly for the cameras, but still, smiling!*

*He nods to her as he walks around to the back and begins to unload her bags from the back, pulling out numerous different suitcases, all varying in size. Holly starts to fix her makeup in a compact, even though it's 3:00am, she didn't want to be seen without 'her face on.'*

*She checks her phone as the driver places the last suitcase down for her. She again gives him a TV smile as he tips his hat to her and gets back into the car. As he pulls away, two more towncars and an SUV pull up behind, the first out is Chardonnay who warmly greets Holly and air kisses both cheeks waiting for her driver to do the same as Holly's had with her bags.*

*Carly, Christinith, and Tamika all arrive next.*

*Finally, a stretch hummer limousine pulls up to the curb and Crysta-Elizabeth lets herself out of the vehicle. She stands in front of the open door and throws her arms up to the sky and announces her arrival, loudly. As if the other women couldn't see her by her large size alone.*

*The eyeroll from Holly and Chardonnay is almost audible, but neither woman chooses to engage beyond the polite hello's to Crysta-Elizabeth, who as of late has been rubbing them both very wrong.*



**"So, is this everyone?"** She looks to her friends, counting them off one-by-one to make sure everyone is there.

**"Wait, where's Candi? Is she running late, did anyone talk to her?"**

**"Yeah, sorry, thought I told you. She had to get a different flight."**

**"Couldn't afford this one?"** Crysta-Elizabeth snickers under her breath. Holly glares at her before Crysta-Elizabeth shuts her mouth abruptly, looking away.

**"She wasn't able to get a ticket for this flight, I honestly think she just forgot to do it until last minute, so her flight leaves later today and she'll meet us at the hotel there,"** the other women choose not to acknowledge the tension that was just about to erupt between Holly and Crysta-Elizabeth and they all proceed into the airport.

About an hour later, all six women made it to their seats in First Class with almost no hiccups getting through TSA. The only issue they really had was during the X-Ray of Crysta-Elizabeth's bags, TSA found that she was carrying several large rocks, varying in composition, shape, and size. To them, they looked like potential weapons, to her, they were traveling gifts from her Housekeeper/Spiritual Consigliere, Semaj, who said that she would need an amethyst, an opal, a garnet, and a ruby, all fashioned into different shapes to guide her spiritually along the way to Tahiti.

It almost led to her being arrested and placed on a psych hold at the airport, but besides that, no major disturbances or hiccups.

Over the next 19 Hours of airtime, the girls either slept, worked, or in Crysta-Elizabeth's case, did both. She was told numerous times by the Stewardesses that she was not allowed to smoke on the plane, nor was she allowed to light incense to have her holistic, meditation circles. Then there was also an incident involving a Hot Plate that almost had them emergency land the plane somewhere in the Pacific because Crysta-Elizabeth really wanted homemade grits that she somehow packed into her suitcase as well.

*Meanwhile, back home, Candi arrived at the airport around 8:00am, five hours after the ladies had been there and left. She told the ladies she wasn't able to get tickets to their flight, but she's been trying to save up to move to a new rental property, so she didn't want to tell them the truth.*

*Plus, she found herself getting a great deal, only 19.99 for a flight to Hawaii that had a direct connection to Tahiti from one of her favorite named brands, **Spirit Airlines!***

*She knew that the other ladies, well maybe not Holly or Chardonnay, the latter having been nicer to her than usual, would judge her for it. They knew of Candi's desire to get out of her small soapbox of an apartment and into something a bit bigger for her and maybe Mr. DeShawn if he wanted to do better for them both as well.*

*Her only other hesitancy to tell everyone she's flying Spirit, was she was told by Carly once that Spirit Airlines are the only line with planes that start off on fire, and she wasn't sure if that was true or not. So she's going against her better judgement here.*

*So, Candi timed out her trip, and she told the ladies she would probably be there a few hours after them but she was excited to see all of her friends regardless, especially Holly who she hasn't seen in a little while. She's also excited to see Chardonnay who has softened towards her since Holly and Chardonnay became closer, but Crysta-Elizabeth, now that is someone even poor, innocent Candi could do without.*



***Ladies and Gentlemen, your host, Holly Adams.***

The roaring 'crowd,' for Holly is going wild as she steps out from backstage, waving to her adoring fans. As the camera pans out we can now see that her whole stage has been updated, new decor throughout. Her hosting chair is larger than ever, and there are even *more* beverages on the side table next to her.

In his usual spot, we see Jason Singer who is also waving to the crowd of plastic mannequins of the Holly Adams Hour, but as the camera focuses on them now, we can see they too have been upgraded and actually have painted on faces now.

***Budget!***

Holly's outfitted in a beautiful, blue, cocktail dress that cuts off above her thigh, looking like it was almost painted onto her. Her hair is falling in long tendrils around her shoulders and down almost to her elbows, almost like a crown of golden tresses. Clearly, she's going all out for the **Season Premier** of SCW's hottest Talk Show.

She stops to greet Jason Singer, who's even got a brand new, albeit ripped, T-Shirt on for the special occasion and his jeans have less rips than normal. The guitar stand next to his hosting couch has been bedazzled and even has a brand new electric guitar which Holly has already cut the chords to prevent him from playing.

She turns back to her audience and waves excitedly to them again before sitting down and using her **shiny, NEW, remote control**, to calm the audience down. Jason notices her new device and looks rather impressed.

**"Oh my gosh you guys, thank you so much for being here for the Season Premier of the Holly Adams Hour!"** She instinctively reaches over to tap the no longer there panel before hitting her palm lightly against her forehead before clicking the button on her **brand new, amazing, remote control** and the crowd claps loudly, some people even going as far as screaming for Holly.

**"Now, I know we've been away for a few weeks now, but I just wanted to say that I have been reading all of your comments on social media, all the fan mail, everything, and it touches my heart so much...oh wait, sorry guys, almost forgot,"** Holly turns in her chair and reaches for something. Before long, she pulls out the **SCW Adrenaline Championship** which has since been emblazoned with her name on it. She places it in her lap and coo's at it like it's a new born.

**"But I have been getting everything you guys have been sending to me, and I just wanted to make sure that I acknowledged it because while this is the Season Premier we do have to do something a little strange here. I know you guys all got here and assumed we'd be having all of this fun, we'd kiki and have a hell of a time, I mean I even left Jason un-muzzled this week, but I'm sad to say I'm in a little bit of a rut,"** the crowd "awwws," at Holly's statement.

**"You see, I feel like I should be super, and I mean super excited, this week because it's my first week back with everyone here, I've now been the Adrenaline Champion for a little over a month, everything should be good in the world, but then it was announced I'd be competing on the first Breakdown since Rise to Greatness."**

**"Now while I'm excited to compete, it was announced that my opponent for the week...is Ace Marshall. You guys know Ace Marshall right? Clap if you know Ace,"** The 'crowd,' responds quietly, but a few coughs and a few claps can be heard.

**"Now you know me, normally I come on here, I make some jokes at my opponent's expense, talk about how great I am, call Bree fat, talk about how old Katie is, but I can't just help but think this week, I need to take a break from all of that. I mean Ace deserves a tongue lashing as much as the next person, but this week, it's a little bit more personal for me."**

**"I mean, if you guys heard the way he talked about my p\*ssy earlier this week, you'd understand just what I used to mean to him. But it's not like the feelings weren't mutual, like I had a whole soliloquy ready to talk about his penis, a sonnet dedicated to how cute his pink, puckered little a\*\*hole is. Like really, that man can say whatever he wants, make up some lie about 'we were never meant to be together, that he'd never love me again,' but, real talk, if a man starts manicuring his buttohole for you, that has to mean something, right? I'm right, right guys?"** Holly hits the button on the remote and the crowd begins to audibly agree with her, the camera then pans over to the horrified face of Jason Singer who, for once in his entire career on the Holly Adams Hour, is silent.

“Ace has been becoming slightly more unhinged with every single week that has passed. One week he agrees to go on a date with *Crysta-Elizabeth* of all people, then the next week he’s accusing me of following him because he showed up at a dinner he knew I was going to be at. The week after that he accused me of working with Puttyface. Now, his newest accusation, and this is where I think he’s truly losing it, is that he’s accusing me of only marrying Jayce Barshall, my wonderful fiancé, because his name sounds “frighteningly similar,” to Ace Marshall.”

“Isn’t that crazy you guys, those names sound nothing alike, but the voices in Ace’s head are telling him otherwise. They’re telling him that I’m marrying this man, who’s name sounds nothing like Ace’s, just to get back at him for some petty, ten year old grudge he thinks I have.”

“I’m not here to make an unqualified diagnosis of Ace’s mental stability, but I am here to show that I am concerned for him. I’d be heartless not to be. Ten years ago, I thought it would be us walking down the aisle together six years from then, not him and Cassidy. But instead, he left. That wasn’t my fault.”

“Now, we’re both back in SCW at the same time and he can’t get over it, and he refuses to accept that I’ve moved on from him.”

“Ace wished me on his worst enemy, but what he and I both know is that the only reason he’d wish me on his worst enemy is to give himself a reason to hate me. He wants to give himself plausible deniability for something that we all already know is the truth. That he never got over me.”

“That’s Ace’s biggest problem. No matter what the voices are telling him, no matter how hard he may try, he just can’t get over me. He can’t hate me. He may be trapped in a loveless marriage with Cassidy, he may have a few little demons with what’s-her-face, but Ace will never, truly be over Holly Adams.”

“Everything he has done in the last decade has been to spite me, whether he wants to admit it or not. He may not have even realized he was doing it, but it’s obvious to anyone who was paying attention. Every single person he was with after me was just another distraction so he wouldn’t have to admit that he messed up the best thing in his life.”

“So it really boils down to the fact that no matter how many blonde, ten car pile ups he blows a load into, no matter how many children his little concubines pump out, no matter how much he may “love,” Cassidy, he will never, and I mean never, love them the same way he loved me.”

“And he can’t accept that fact.”

“This is why I’m happy to see him standing across the ring from me come Breakdown, because if anything, there is one last thing I can do for him. One last favor to the man who loved me so fiercely that he’d dedicate almost a decade of trying to get over me, and that is to finally put him out of his misery.”

“That isn’t me threatening him, saying I’m going to retire him, or beat him into submission.”

**“What I’m saying is that I want to absolve him of us. I want to help him get over Holly and Ace. I want to make him realize that he’s spent the last ten years living a good life and that he should have been focusing on his family, his girlfriends, his actual wife, and not me.”**  
**“Allow me this last chance to help remove you from the shadow I cast over your life ten years ago. Allow me to do this last duty for you. My last, as the love of your life.”**

Holly looks over to Jason Singer who has since broken out the kleenex for himself, blowing his nose violently into one. The theme music to the Holly Adams Hour begins to play, Jason can be seen mouthing the words ‘that was so beautiful,’ to Holly as he reaches over and squeezes her hand. Holly surprisingly doesn’t bat him away as she looks solemn as well, the camera not catching her response to her co-host as the camera then fades out.