

Previously on the Real Housewives of Beverly Hills…

*Holly and Chardonnay took Candi for a shopping spree to help her feel a little bit better about herself. As of late, Candi has been feeling a bit down in regards to her own lifestyle as she sees how the other women act around her, treating her as if she's lesser than. However, the shopping spree seemed to do the trick as Candi was now excited about the possibility that Holly was going to introduce her to Cid**nay**.*

*Speaking of the hermetic heartthrob, across town Crysta-Elizabeth, who is also helplessly enamored with the current SCW World Champion, had been planning an evening for Holly to help her find a new Spiritual Advisor. But, upon Candi's revelation that Holly had made that promise to her regarding Cid**nay**, Crysta-Elizabeth began to plot herself.*

After consulting her network of Psychics and contacting someone she referred to as a "very old friend," she assembled quite the rogue's gallery for Holly to speak with at the "Psychic Speed Dating," event that she has now planned for her frenemy.

*While on the subject of "Frenemys," the viewers were treated to quite the showdown between Christinith and Crysta-Elizabeth after the latter failed to inform some of the other ladies of the evening's events. Never to be outdone, Christinith herself has planned her **own** girl's outing to rival the Psychic Speed Dating event and organized a "Girls Hiking which is totally better than some 'gay' Pyschic Speed Dating Party Trip," for herself and Carly.*

Tamika said no to both events based on religion and not wanting to spend alone time with Carly and Christinith.

*All of this, AND MORE tonight on the **REAL HOUSEWIVES OF BEVERLY HILLS!!!!***

All this and more on the Real Housewives of Beverly Hills! NEXT!

"I get paid to help people with their problems. I'll tell you yours for free." **Tamika De'What.**

"Karma is a bitch so I don't have to be." **Christinith.**

"Just because I'm called the girl next door, doesn't mean I'll let you have any sugar." **Carly Griffin.**

"Don't try to figure me out - my therapist can't either." **Candi Hart.**

"You need a good girl, I'm a good time." **Crysta-Elizabeth J. Du-Chatalay.**

"My hoodies are brighter than my future, also don't ask where my money came from." **Chardonnay Sackler.**

"It's nice to be important, but remember, it's important to not be nice." **Holly Adams**

CHARACTER KEY

Holly - Crysta-Elizabeth - Candi - Cidnay Turner - Carly - Christinith

The first shots show the beautiful La Cienega Boulevard, before being brought to La Brea, showing the beautiful shopping districts and various shoppers walking down the street. Aerial shots of Beverly Hills are shown next, making sure to capture the iconic Beverly Hills sign with it's fountains roaring in front.

Finally, the scene is set once the sun begins to set and we're shown various nightlife establishments before settling on the bustling storefront of a restaurant that has been rented out entirely for the evening's events. Holly is shown arriving with Crysta-Elizabeth next to her, the pair happily chatting together.



Holly and Crysta-Elizabeth hand their coats to the Maitre'd before heading to the bar, Crysta-Elizabeth orders her usual, a Bloody Mary with a Happy Meal on skewers decorating it. When the bartender looks at her confused, she dismisses him to go get the ingredients for her drink before ordering Holly a diet water, again the bartender gives her a look of confusion before being shooed off to get their order.

"Thank you so much for putting this whole thing together, Crysta-Elizabeth. It really means a lot," *Holly wasn't sure if she should be on the defensive this evening, especially considering she knows that Crysta-Elizabeth knows that she had offered to introduce Candi to Cid**nay** which she knew would eventually come up. But, as long as Crysta-Elizabeth doesn't know that Holly knows that she knows that she offered to introduce Candi to Cid**nay** then maybe Holly **should** be on the defensive.*

She confused herself with the thought process and thought it would be better just to ignore the problem and try to have a good time instead. Crysta-Elizabeth hasn't been letting on that she's up to something anyways, and if there's something Crysta-Elizabeth isn't, it's subtle.

So, again, Holly is just choosing to have a good night.

"Oh anything for you, baby gorgeous!" *Crysta-Elizabeth coughs out after taking a sip of her subpar Bloody Mary.*

"I just hope that you *find someone* tonight!"

"Me too! I can't believe how much I've been missing out on the Bevvy Hills Lifestyle because of how busy I am, but I'm so glad you're finally giving me the chance to experience the best of the best!"

“Oh, *absolutely*,” *Crysta-Elizabeth says, lying heavily through her teeth. Unbeknownst to Holly, or even if it was knownst to Holly, Crysta-Elizabeth could care less, but she found a rag tag group of people who were in the network of Semaj, but mostly the ones who got their certification from the back of a magazine where they had to send in a dollar and they would be called psychic detectives.*

“I truly can’t thank you enough for doing this though, especially after our stupid fight a few weeks ago.”

“You’re *sooooo* welcome, Holly!”



Holly looks around and notices a few people have begun to arrive and file in. Crysta-Elizabeth, being a gracious host, has only greeted half of them, and of those half, Holly assumes those are the people she will be speaking with this evening trying to find herself some guidance here.

Holly had found herself asking why she even thought she needed this help but then she remembered the sea of unanswered questions she has been asking herself lately. She wanted to know why she felt things were growing stagnant with her fiance, Jayce Barshall, because they’ve been engaged for nearly two years now and he has yet to start helping her with any wedding planning.

She questioned her position in Supreme Championship Wrestling, sure she had been Adrenaline Champion for awhile now but like, when was she getting a promotion to another division, another title, she had been sick of taking out the same trash every week.

Her friendships also began to raise several questions for her as well, why did it feel like no matter how much she tries with these women, Christinith, Carly, and Tamika just really wanted nothing to do with her. She had tried getting to know them over the course of her time on the show, but has yet to really get involved with any of them.

*The most important question of all for Holly, though, is, what will happen to her businesses? Are they going to succeed? She had just launched her Life Coaching business this year, and while it has seemed to take off, she hasn't had any new clients besides Cid**nay** and his tag team partner.*

*The business was white hot when it first launched, but after Cid**nay**'s graduation and…she wants to say Aaron's, returning from his short LOA after nearly murdering Syren at Taking Hold of the Flame, she's noticed that the flame has dulled a little bit. Should she be trying to find new Life Coachee's, should she be marketing heavier?*

What was her purpose?

That is why she thought this was a good idea to find a Spiritual Guide. Someone to help her answer those tough questions that she was having trouble answering for herself. She found that over the last few months, she's seemed to have lost her way in being able to do that.

A little help never hurt anyone right?

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"This'll show that f*cking gargantuan to not invite us to events! We're going to have an *amazing* time!" *The scene has changed to show Christinith and Carly wearing what can be*

described as hiking gear, but not good hiking gear, choosing to go with fashion instead of usability.

Christinith is wearing Louis Vuitton from head to toe with Carly right behind her on the trail in a full Chanel Outfit. The pair both have walking sticks as they are clearly trekking through the woods of a nearby nature preserve. It had only been an hour since they left their cars behind, but the pair were both talking repeatedly about how much fun they're going to have on their own, they don't need shiny new Holly and her stupid shiny new Psychic, and how they're both not bitter.

"I just can't believe how incredibly rude it was for her to invite literally everyone, but us. I mean she even invited *Chardonnay* and she *hates her!*" *Carly exclaims loudly before having to immediately duck underneath a branch that Christinith let go of to allow herself to pass, not thinking it may recoil towards Carly's face.*

"Will you watch where you're going! That almost hit me in the face!" *Christinith turns back and shrugs before continuing up the trail.*

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"Oh my god, like, I'm so sorry I'm, like, late!" *Candi says as she steps inside the restaurant, handing her coat off to the maitre'd. She airkisses both Holly and Crysta-Elizabeth as normal, before heading to the bar to get herself a drink. When she comes back, Crysta-Elizabeth stumbles off to go greet a few more people who have just arrived.*

"So? Is he, like, coming?!" *Holly had sent Cid**nay** an invite, shockingly, to the psychic event as a chance to introduce him to Candi. While he had originally told Holly he'd be glad to show up, something came up at the last minute, something to do with something he kept referring to as "Gleebnorb."*

The last thing Holly would do is ask him what that meant, but she was still curious. But regardless, she told him there was someone that wanted to meet him and after convincing him it wasn't a psychologist, he seemed rather excited at the idea of being set up with one of Holly's friends, especially one who wasn't "Shrek in a Wig."

"Look…" *As soon as Holly attempts to explain the situation, Candi immediately looks downtrodden, like someone had kicked her puppy. Holly, unsure of how to react, rubs Candi's shoulder to get her attention.*

"You didn't even let me explain, Candi. He said he was very busy doing, er, very busy things tonight but he *did* say I could FaceTime him to introduce you."



"Oh my god, that's, like, such a smart idea of him to have! Did he say when we, like, could call him?" *Candi said, not even trying to hide her excitement. Holly knew she couldn't break the poor girl sheart*

"Oh…yeah, he, uh, told me to call him as soon as you got here, but he also made sure to tell me to make sure we were nowhere near 'you know who'," *Holly makes an eye movement towards Crysta-Elizabeth.*

"Crysta-Elizabeth?" *Holly's palm hits her forehead as Candi yells out Crysta-Elizabeth's name, she saunters over looking absolutely pleased with herself.*

"Ooooooh Candi, you look absolutely wonderful this evening," *she says as she elbows Holly out of the way to greet Candi…again. Holly bites her tongue and holds in a sigh as she feels like she's dodged the bullet, at least for now.*

"Did you need something? I heard my name being mentioned," *She side eyes Holly, who chooses to disregard it, before looking back to Candi.*

"Oh, Holly and I were just, like, talking about her introducing me to, like, Ci-"

"Ceviche, I was telling her how good the ceviche was here and she's never had it before."

"No, we were talking about, like, about how interested in Ci-"

"-viche, right, let's go order some," *Holly grabs her friend by the arm before dragging her away from Crysta-Elizabeth, who looks absolutely confused before shaking her head and walking the opposite direction.*

Holly peaks over Candi's shoulder before lightly hitting her on the shoulder with her palm.

“Are you insane?!”

“Am I insane? Like, you were the one, like, who kept talking about some stinky, like, fish dish, instead of Cid*nay,* which is what, like, we were *actually* talking about!” *Candi says in response, not getting that Holly was saving both of them from basically being eaten.*

“She’d kill us both, remember?!” *Candi takes a deep breath as her eyes widen in realization before she immediately starts apologizing to Holly, totally forgetting about what they had discussed about Crysta-Elizabeth and Cid**nay**.*

“Okay, sorry, sorry, like, sorry! But, she’s, like, gone now, isn’t she?” *Holly sees the smirk creeping up on Candi’s face and can’t help but smile back at her. The pair sneak off deeper into the restaurant, away from most of the people who have arrived for the party.*

*Holly takes her phone out and hits the FaceTime button next to Cid**nay**’s contact information. The phone rings a few times before finally Cid Turner’s face fills up Holly’s screen.*

“Do you need me to call the police? ARE YOU OKAY?!” *He asks as soon as he picks up.*

“What? No, what, why would I need you to call the police?”

“You told me this phone was for emergencies only…” *He says referencing the brand new phone she had given him when he first agreed to sign up for Life Coaching.*

“Okay, well, no. Don’t do that, instead, I told you that I’d call you as soon as my friend got to the party, remember?” *Cid looks at Holly confused, unsure at what new ridiculous idea his Life Coach has come up with.*

“I thought I told you I wasn’t going and then you called me an ingrate because, and I quote, ‘I basically *gave* you the World Title, you can’t help me discover my *destiny* tonight?’ and then you hung up.”

“I don’t recall, anyways, this is Candi. Candi, this is Cid*nay* Turner,” *she says as she throws the phone into Candi’s hands. Both Candi and Cid**nay**’s faces seemed to light up before Holly’s eyes. She had to keep herself from face palming once again once the pair had resumed breathing.*

“H…hi there, my name is, like, Candi Hart.”

“Like the candy?”

“No, like, Candi with an I.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

“That’s a nice name.”

“Like, thank you, like, my parents thought it was cute.”



“Are you two going to *say anything* besides this? You’ve both been absolutely clamoring to meet each other and you can only say “yeah,” and “oh,” *Holly says annoyed.*

“I have been?” *Holly's eyes widen, prompting Cid to awkwardly clear his throat while Candi smiles vacantly, as she often does,* **“I mean… I have been! Yes. Sorry, it's just I have to deal with this whole thing where I have an ancient alien or something and-”**

“Cid*nay*, maybe save that for your face to face meeting?”

“Right. I've been, uh… looking forward to meeting you. So much.”

“I’ve been asking, like, Holly, for a few weeks, like, to introduce us, because we had met, like, that one time at Rise…Holly, like, what was it again?”

“Pulling teeth,” *Holly says under her breath.*

“What?”

“To Greatness, Rise to Greatness,” *she corrects.*

“Right, that, and, like, I didn’t really get that much of, like, a chance to say hi to you. So, I was, like, hoping we’d get another-”

“Go on a date with me,” *Cid**nay** asks abruptly, cutting Candi off.*

“What,” *Candi and Holly ask in unison.*

“Go on a date with me,” *Cid repeats. Candi looks to Holly, whose eyes have now become the size of saucers.* **“I'll get away from the compound and I can tell you all about life here over some salad.”**

“Please don't,” *Holly begs through a forced smile.*

“Yes! Yes! I’d love to, like, just let me know when!” *Candi exclaims gleefully.*

“Let you know when, *what*?” *A terrifying voice says from behind Holly and Candi. Holly whips around and is met with the very large chest of Crysta-Elizabeth who crosses her arms, bobbing and weaving, attempting to see over Holly’s shoulder to see what the pair had been up to.*

*Holly manages to grab her phone, yells something about the wrong number, before whispering to Cid**nay** that she’ll text him in a minute. Crysta-Elizabeth looks none the wiser to what was going on, before shrugging and letting Holly know that it was time to start.*

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“Are you sure this is the right way?” *Carly asks, trailing behind Christinith, breathing heavily. The pair decided to adventure a little bit deeper into the woods, hoping for a better adventure they could bring back to the other women to brag about.*

“I told you it was, I told you I’d get us back to the parking lot!”

“Okay, but you said that two hours ago, we were only like, ten minutes from the parking lot when we started…”

“Yes, and? I told you, we’ll be fine, I’ll just use my *excellent* tracking skills to get us back to where we started and then we’ll be home before dark.”

The camera pans out and it’s clearly starting to turn to dusk, Carly is standing behind Christinith before making direct eye contact with the camera man and saying something to the field producer.

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“Okay…and your name was what again?” *The scene switches back to Holly’s Psychic Speed Dating and she’s now seated across from a woman wearing a floor length, ball gown, with her hair done up in various ponytails and knots. Her “look,” is completed by the bindi between her eyebrows which she said was “part of her aesthetic, rather than her culture,” because she’s a white woman. Holly was mainly trying to be polite when she agreed to sit down with this woman.*

***“They* call me….Mystic Micaela,”** *“and who are ‘they?,’” Holly wondered to herself. This is the third person in a row that has presented themselves like this to her.*
“Okay, *Mystic* Micaela. I have a few questions for you,”

“ooooOOooOOh, the spirits have told me you did,” *she wails.*

“Uh-huh, well, my first ques-”

“Yes! Your first question is indeed next.”

“Okay, that’s what I just said, my first questions is-”

“I just answered it for you my dear,” *she holds Holly’s hand in her hands and smiles warmly at her, even though the look she is getting back is one of general confusion.*

“What? I didn’t even ask you anything yet.”

“You didn’t have to my dear, the spirits,” *she pulls her hands away from Holly before gesturing wildly about her head,* **“The spirits, they tell me what is and what will be. Your first question was going to be about your relationship with your brothers. You should forgive them for what they have done and you will be much happier in life.”**

“Mystic Micaela, I don’t have brothers,” *now it’s the ‘psychic,’ who is staring weirdly back at Holly before she turns from Holly and looks directly at the camera man.*

“You, the spirits are telling me it’s you they meant,” *the person behind the camera does confirm that they have brothers, to which Mystic Micaela now acts like she was speaking to him this whole time, rather than Holly, which is who she is here for. She apologizes quickly to the person behind the camera before turning her attention back to Holly.*

“Okay, so are you going to answer any of *my* questions tonight, or just randomly start yelling to other people? Are you even a real psychic?”

“Look, Holly, I used to be just like you. Up until I was twenty-one. One day I’m in the bathroom brushing my teeth when out of nowhere comes my cleaning lady. Well, except she isn’t holding a toilet brush and she isn’t wearing rubber gloves. No, she’s completely nude and covered head to toe in blood. Her husband had murdered her the night before.”

“Oh..oh my god?”

“Do you think I wanted a bloody Mexican in my bathroom? No, what I wanted for myself was to perfect my badminton game and to unseat Cassidy as the President of my Cookbook Club. But instead? I was given this gift. To see those who have yet to move on from this world, but are on the other side of the mortal coil.”

Holly couldn’t get a read on any of the people she had met here this evening. The first person she spoke to wouldn’t stop juggling across the table from her. She wasn’t sure what that had to do with being a Spiritual Guide but he had insisted that he listened to the balls as they flew through the air, they told him what to say, what to do. Holly wasn’t sure what he was hearing but she did think he was crazy.

The person after him was a woman who used a spirit board to contact the spirits of the dead but all she kept spelling was “FAT,” over and over again and then looking up at Holly. Holly wasn’t a big fan of this woman either. When she wasn’t checking the board, or monitoring “her cards,” to predict what would come next, she was chain smoking in doors even though she had been asked four times by waitstaff to put the cigarette out.

Now, Holly has Mystic Micaela, who has done more talking about herself since she sat down than she has about asking Holly anything. Better yet, not letting Holly ask anything and that’s what she has been aching to do for weeks, to find someone to help her.

She had considered going back to therapy for her problems, but it was a very taboo thing to do here in Beverly Hills unless you’ve physically assaulted someone at a restaurant on Santa Monica or have been cheated on numerous times by your husband that you’ve taken back for the fifth time. Instead, Holly sought the help of a different type of person; she has seen how Crysta-Elizabeth’s life has seemingly started to turn around since she started consulting with her Feng Shui experts, her spiritual guides, and listening to the instructions of Semaj, her former assistant.

Holly knew the right person was out there, she just didn't know if that person may be here tonight. So far, Crysta-Elizabeth is 0-for-3.

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Back in the wilderness, it has now gotten to the hours of twilight as Carly is seen sitting on a fallen tree, her head in her lap as Christinith is looking around frantically at the trails around them. Carly is willing and ready to admit that they have gotten lost in the woods, but Christinith is too stubborn to admit it.

"Look, it's okay to admit you don't know where we are anymore. Like, we should just be calling someone to come get us before it gets pitch black out here."

"Oh right, call in an air rescue team, right now! Please! Can you imagine the TMZ articles they're going to write about us, can you imagine what the other women will think about us? So we're a little lost, I told you, we can easily find our way back out of these woods, there's no issues."

"It's been six hours since we left the parking lot! I don't even know how we are this far out without finding anything! Can I just call my husband to call someone for us?!"

"I think we should just head back the way we came, I think that'll lead us back to the parking lot."

"Christinith, you said that two hours ago! You said you were going to get us out of here which is why I haven't called anyone yet!"

Carly looks at the camera men who have followed them into the woods, again saying something off camera to someone, sounding borderline ready to murder her castmate who has been refusing to let her call anyone to get them out of the woods.

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"Hello deary, what a lovely little turnip you are," *the next person to sit down after Mystic Micaela is an older woman, Holly would guess to be in her seventies. She offers her hand for Holly to shake, which she does politely. That's when the woman's grip becomes rough and she can feel her fingers interlocking with her own, caressing them. Holly smiles back at the woman, not sure how hard she should pull away from her.*

"Oh bubble trumps, you hold a rather welcoming texture. Very pleasing to the tips, I must say," *the woman inhales sharply, a deep wheeze coming from within her chest, and a slight dribble of spit coming from her bottom lip. The camera pans back to Holly who is staring at her, horrified.*

A better look at the woman shows she has deep lines in her face, her skin a taught, sickly, gray color. Holly can't tell if the woman's eyes are gray or if it's just heavy cataracts over her eyes. She looks every bit like the witch from Hansel and Gretel.

"Wonderful, and you are?"

"Auntie Whispers," *she says gently, finally releasing Holly's hand from her own.*

"Right, so Auntie Whispers, what makes you think you'd be a good fit for me as my Spiritual Advisor?"

"A home is needed for a meddlesome child!"

"Okay, but Auntie Whispers, you're clearly not a child," *Holly gestures to the woman who is clearly of an advanced age.*

"Well somebody's being a saggy slumberchops!" *She smiles, laughing and coughing at the same time. Holly isn't sure she should join her in the laughter or beg someone to call for the bell so she can move onto the next person.*

"So, my question again, what makes you think you'd be a great fit for the Holly Adams Brand?"

"Let's see what the fingers make of all of this," *before Holly can pull her hand off the table, Auntie Whispers has it in her grasp again, reviewing her palm and drawing lines down it with her long, sickly finger. Holly has to double check she isn't being cut by Auntie Whisper's nail as she drags it along the lines of her hand.*

"What a *weak,* little squirt you are, and so lazy! A lethargic child is a servant of the beast, girl!" *Holly tries to pull her hand away from the old woman before she lightly slaps her on the wrist, preventing her from escaping her grasp. She pulls Holly's hand up close to her face, getting a closer look at each detail.*

"Please hold, girl," *Auntie Whispers makes a hand gesture to the barkeep, before just yelling over to him that she demands a bowl full of water and a few tablespoons of sugar. When he brings it over, she politely thanks him, her grip still firm around Holly's hand.*

She looks into the bowl pensively before looking back up at Holly. She lets her hand go and then uses both to grasp the bowl filled with water, bringing it closer to herself, looking deep into it.





Holly stares, bewildered, at the old woman across from her, who is still gazing intently at the water in the bowl. Without taking her gaze away, she lifts up one of the spoons of sugar, placing it into her mouth, making a slight "mmmmm,"

"Simply Delicious, replied Mabel," *she says to herself, still staring. As she eats the next spoonful of sugar, she makes a loud 'blech,' noise, spitting some of it out making a remark that the "Floor Sugar is rather queer tasting," before breaking her gaze from the bowl of water to stare directly at Holly.*

"What…what is it?"

"I see."

"What…what is it that you see?" *Holly asks wearily.*

"I see all, child," *Holly turns her head in confusion, looking directly at the camera before looking back to Auntie Whispers who is stuttering while staring at Holly. Holly leans forward and*

attempts to look into the bowl of water, trying to see whatever she saw, and she's met with a quick hit on the wrist again.

"Puddle meddling is punishable by a stern rasping!" *Auntie Whispers exclaims, before she starts repetitively yelling "RASP RASP RASP RASP," at Holly who just looks on in confusion. She looks around at the others in the restaurant and can't help but notice Crysta-Elizabeth's coy smile as she's witnessing the whole display. When she notices Holly looking at her, she starts to chug her Bloody Mary, pretending she wasn't looking at all.*

"RASP RASP RASP!!!"

"Hello, this is Christinith, CHRISTINITH, you know THEE Christinith?" *The scene has switched back to Carly and Christinith who are still in the wilderness alone, except for the cameraman, boom guy, field producer, and someone from catering.*

"What do you mean, 'who?!,' I was in *several* direct-to-DVD movies in the early 2000's? Not to mention that I am the *cornerstone* of Lifetime's "When Wives Kill," movie lineup," *Carly and one of the field producers have been working with local authorities to help them while Christinith has been on the phone yelling at the Park Rangers for the last twenty minutes basically.*

"What do you even *MEAN* what is "When Wives Kill,"? I don't believe this, that is basically the *only* reason left to watch Life-hello? HELLO?" *Christinith has also been hung up on at least two times in the last half hour.*

"Hi, yes, my name is Carly Griffin and I'm stuck out in the woods right now with a friend. Yes, her name is Christinith. We're trying to find our way out of the wilderness but kind of got lost a few hours ago. Yes, we also have…what's your name?" *She pulls the phone away from her face to ask everyone their names, even though she has spent the last six months with the same producers, camera operators, and mic people.*

"Okay, it's just a lot of us, like eight in total. Yes, I can describe what's going on around us. There's some trees, and like a big mountain too in the distance. No, I don't realize how little that helps, but yes I can see some more trees in the distance."

"Name? Let's just get this over quickly," *At this point, Holly is completely dejected by the evening's events. She has gone through at least four people, all claiming to be psychic, but she's just convinced half of them were just homeless people.*

This was Crysta-Elizabeth's revenge, this was her way of getting back at Holly because she felt she had been wronged by her 'friend.' This whole situation started because Holly agreed to do something nice for another one of her friends, and Crysta-Elizabeth just couldn't have that.

She had to show Holly what happens when you cross her. Holly had come to her friend with a very legitimate request, asking for help with something Crysta-Elizabeth was very well versed in, and instead of helping Holly like she had originally promised, she's now trying to sabotage her.

*How else is Holly going to find out if Jayce is really seeing all of these patients at the weirdest hours of the night just to not spend time with Holly? How is she going to find out how Cid**nay** keeps reeling in women above a 7? How is she going to find out where she's headed in this life without the proper guidance?*

Crysta-Elizabeth knew Holly was willing to try and take this seriously, exhausting all other options, and she took that, and threw it back in her face. Holly wasn't sure if Crysta-Elizabeth was aware that Holly had caught on after Auntie Whispers started having a public meltdown that ended with being escorted out by the police, but she knew Crysta-Elizabeth had personally sabotaged this evening for her.

All to get back at her.

"What's in a name," *Holly's brow furrows as she looks up from her water, the voice a little bit familiar to her. Across from her is a disheveled man, his hair done up in cornrows, which flow down his back. His arms, adorned from top to bottom with a myriad of tattoos. Something about him intrigues Holly, but she can't put her finger on it nor can she figure out why he's so familiar to her.*

"Why do I know you?" *Holly asks solemnly of the stranger sitting across from her. Her chin is resting on the palm of her hand, her other hand playing with the straw in her drink.*

"I am known to many," *the mysterious stranger responds. Holly takes a moment to look away from him and at one of the field producers, then to Crysta-Elizabeth who is doing the worst possible job at containing herself at Holly's predicament.*

"So weird, I am too!" *Holly is unsure what exactly about this vagrant has made her seemingly perk up, normally when she sees white people with dreads, she just assumes they're going to shake a cup at her and beg for money, but this one is…different.*

"Beware the big one, for she has it out for you," *without having to look over her shoulder, she knows that he is referencing Crysta-Elizabeth. The rest of the night, every person who has sat down across from her has had different ways of "reading the room," whether it be juggling balls which had little bells in them, or Mystic Micaela yelling out randomly that she was being contacted, or even Auntie Whispers with her "puddle," but none of them have referenced anything about Holly directly.*

Maybe this is why the stranger is making sense to her?

“You think?”

“It is what I know,” *he says plainly, his eyes never leaving Holly. She feels like he is looking deep within her soul. She can’t help but nod in agreement.*

“I think you may be right, she was the one who planned this whole night, but this is not exactly what I had expected.”

“Beware the lizard in plain sight, for they will be the first to fool you.”

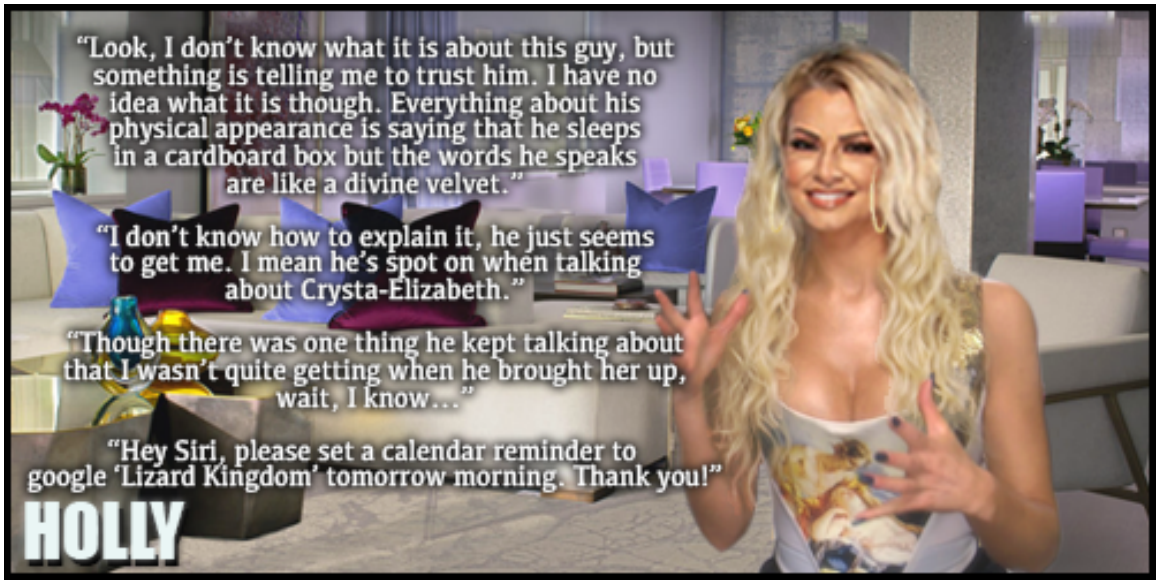
“Oh my god, because she has sunken eyes and really bad skin?” *Holly leans a little forward, getting closer to the stranger to whisper to him,* **“Between you and me, I’ve always thought she did look a little *reptilian* too. But the only thing that anyone ever points out is that she’s like six-five?”**

“The usurpers who look to claim the empty throne are many, be wary of those who disguise themselves as friends,” *Holly’s brow furrows and she tilts her head, keeping her focus on the mysterious stranger across from her, trying to discern what he is saying.*

“So, wait, are you saying that I shouldn’t trust my friends?”

“Not all are who they seem,” *again, Holly knows he means Crysta-Elizabeth. Holly is sure of it. I mean everyone else tonight has been looking to cover their tracks when she called them out on saying nonsense or going over the top with these eccentricities, but not this man.*

*How could he have known that Holly and Crysta-Elizabeth were in a passive aggressive fight with each other **unless** he was the real deal? As far as any of the onlookers were concerned this evening, Holly and Crysta-Elizabeth were getting along swimmingly.*



"Okay, so I have another question then, I'd like to move on from "The Lizard Queen," for a moment," *Holly swears she's heard that name somewhere before, but again, can't quite seem to put her finger on it.*

"What do you see for me when it comes to my personal life as well as my professional life? I feel like my fiance, Jayce Barshall, and I have kind of plateaued in our relationship, half the time I think he proposed to me just to shut me up,"

"Jayce Barshall?" *The stranger questions.*

"Yes, he's my fiance,"

"Sounds familiar," *his eyebrow raises.*

"No it doesn't, moving on, like I said, we've become rather stagnant, and I just don't know what to do. I mean he loves me, but like, there's also my professional relationships as well with my Life Coaching Clients, I feel like they're also starting to leave me behind, almost like they don't need me anymore…"

"The travails are coming,"

"The travails? What does that mean, you have to help me!"

"A time of great suffering is ahead for you and all around you, your path has already strayed from the beaten one, fraternizing with members of the Kingdom can only bring about ruin."

"Wait, are you saying that she's going to ruin my life?"

“That revelation will come in time.”

“You have to help me!”

“Only those that want to be helped will find a Wonderland of salvation, child.”

“I want to be helped! That’s the whole reason I had this night planned, I needed to find someone to help me, to guide me along the path that I’m supposed to take. I have so many questions that need to be answered, and I need someone to help me answer them! You have to help me!”

Over at the bar, Crysta-Elizabeth notices that Holly is nearly begging this man to be her spiritual guide. She looks at the disheveled man with disgust, her annoyance flaring. This whole night was supposed to be about Holly wasting her time, it wasn’t supposed to be a useful night for her. This was supposed to be Crysta-Elizabeth’s night to get back at Holly for wasting ***her time*** *with pretending to be her friend.*

Holly wasn’t supposed to ***enjoy*** *the company, this will not do.*

“I just have to have you helping me, you’re fantastic! What did you say your name was again?”

The stranger smiles back at her, his eyes growing a bit darker as he stares at Holly.



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“So was he the one?” *Candi says as she gets into the towncar she is sharing with Holly for the ride home.*

“I think so, you know it’s funny, I bet Crysta-Elizabeth thought she was ‘getting one over on me,’ but little did she know she led me to the right person. Who would’ve known he was right under my nose the entire time!”

“What do, like, you mean?”

“Ironically, GiGi, attempted to murder my really ugly boss’s predecessor, but not the daughter who was obsessed with me, like the old man.”

“Like, GiGi?”

“Yeah, apparently Crysta-Elizabeth ran into him on one of his last nights prior to his suspension and he said he’s been ‘keeping tabs on her,’ ever since that night.”

“What do you mean, like, tabs though? Isn’t that kind of creepy?”

“Candi, it’s not creepy. He’s looking out for all of us here, I mean, if he’s been keeping tabs on Crysta-Elizabeth for months now, just imagine the kind of stuff he has dug up about her that she has planned to use against us?”

“I don’t, like, know Holly. He seemed kind of creepy.”

“Oh please, he’s basically a peanut butter and jelly sandwich that just needs the crust cut off for *everyone* to be able to enjoy him. He’s harmless,” *Candi stares at her friend, unsure of how to respond to her. She got a really bad vibe from the man that Holly keeps affectionately referring to as “GiGi.”*

“But honestly, Candi, think back to the last six months and who has been at the root of every single problem the group has had.”

“Like, Crysta-Elizabeth?”

“Exactly! And GiGi knew that right away, so like, how can we not trust him with my future, right?”

“I mean, I, like, guess,” *Holly smiles at her friend, taking her phone out of her bag. She swipes away the several missed calls she has and starts to check her emails and texts.*

“You just need to see the bigger picture, this isn’t just about Crysta-Elizabeth. It’s about everything. He’s here to help me figure out what my next steps should be. GiGi is definitely the person you want in your corner when you’re trying to figure your life out, I’m sure of it,” *Candi still is unconvinced at her friend’s words. Still not really sure how she should approach that GiGi gives her the “heebee jeebee’s,” especially when he spoke so ominously about everything.*

“I just know he’s going to be a-” *Holly stops mid sentence as she starts to read the headline on an article that was sent to her earlier in the night.*

“Holly?” *Candi looks to her friend, concerned. She calls Holly’s name one more time and Holly still doesn’t respond to her, she peeks over and sees her reading a lengthy looking article.*

“Oh, did you, like, see the Page Six article too, like, about Christinith and Carly, like having to be, like, rescued from the woods? Turns out, like, they were walking one giant, like, circle around the parking lot and had they, like, taken one left turn, they would’ve been fine,” *Holly shakes her head.*

“...Asher just got arrested with what they’re estimating to be eighty times over the legal limit of marijuana…”

“Like, who?”

