

My name is Bebe Barkley. I've never released a sex tape. I've I'm not *America's Next Top Model*. I didn't get pregnant at sixteen and I've never auditioned for *American Idol*. In fact I'm holed up at the Waldorf totally depressed. But, even though I don't know it yet, I'm about to become famous. This is my story and how it all went down.

Let's face it: At the moment I'm a hot mess. How do I know this? I haven't showered or gotten out of bed for three days. I've been watching reruns of *Keeping Up with the Kardashians* and a lifetime marathon about women who kill. I know how they feel. Thank God for room service or I would've starved to death by now!

In order to figure out my screwed up life, my mother's best friend Georgie is letting me use her suite while she's in London. But without her here getting on my case, and her eccentric husband Harry walking around half-naked, it just doesn't seem like home.

I guess the best thing about modern technology is that you don't actually have to talk to anyone. Unfortunately, the worst thing about modern technology is that you don't actually have to talk to anyone! I'm so damn lonely I could cry. Still, I keep texting everyone back home, telling them I'm just fine.

My life wasn't always like this. I was a champion equestrian rider with a bright future, before tragedy struck. If only they hadn't shot King—things might have turned out differently. He was my horse, and I loved him more than life itself. I don't know how to move forward, but I can't go back.

Thinking about it, I can't breathe. I feel like I'm having a major anxiety attack. Maybe I need to go outside and get some air. I throw on a white tank and some jeans. I'm about to leave when a card falls out of my pocket.

The last time I was in New York, I met this hairdresser, Antonio. Thank god for small mercies—his number's still in the pocket of my jeans. After I'm fully dressed, I walk outside, pull out my cell phone and call him.

It goes straight to voicemail, story of my life! But as I start walking, my cell phone rings.

"Hey there," Antonio says, "who is this?"

"Hi, it's Bebe," I say. "Remember me? Georgie Astor's friend?"

"Hey sweetie! How are you? What can I do for you?"

"I'm holed up at the Waldorf and Georgie's gone back to London. I don't know what to do with myself.

“Oh my God! White girl problems! You know what, doll? You’re probably just lonely! You need some company.”

“Hey Antonio?” I ask, “I was wondering—do you know if anyone needs a roommate?”

“Well, I’d let you stay with me, but I have this really jealous boyfriend. You know how that goes.”

I smile to myself. “Only too well.”

“Wait a minute,” he says, “I have an idea. I finish work at around six tonight. Can you meet me?”

I laugh. “Let me check my hectic schedule. Sure!”

“Girl, you’re so crazy!” he says. “I’m not working at the salon on Fifth Avenue anymore. I’m at Frederick Fekkai in Soho between Bloom and Spring.”

“No worries, I’ll Google it!”

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I meet Antonio at the salon at six o’clock on the dot. I’d forgotten how handsome he is. He looks like a coffee-colored genie from the Mr. Clean commercial.

“So, where are you taking me?” I ask.

“It’s a surprise!” he says, smiling. “You’ll see.”

We walk a few blocks till we reach the building. I flashback to the party with Georgie and the night I’d met Luis—my drug-dealer ex-boyfriend who convinced me to go to Puerto Rico and then tried to kill me. God, my life sucks!

Antonio looks concerned. “Are you okay, Sweetie?”

“I’m fine,” I say, trying to feign enthusiasm.

“Well, come on then, girl! You’ll love Blue. Everybody does.”

We take the elevator to the top floor. The door’s open, so we walk in. Immediately, I’m assaulted by the beautiful paintings displayed on the wall. The last time I met Blue I fainted. How embarrassing! Today, he has his back to us while he furiously works on a large white canvas in the middle of the living room.

“Hey Blue, we’re here!” he calls out.

When Blue turns around, I’m once again facing the spitting image of my dead brother. Except he smiles at me this time—the kind of smile that lights up a room. It’s both comforting and disturbing—my brother hardly ever smiled.

“Hi,” he says, walking over, “Blue Benson. We met briefly at my party just before you passed out.”

“Oh my God I’m sorry,” I say, averting my eyes. “It’s just that you remind me of someone I used to know.”

Antonio cuts in, taking charge of the situation as usual.

“Bebe’s looking for a place to stay; I instantly thought of you.”

“That’s great,” Blue says. “I’ve got plenty of room. Stay as long as you like.”

“Just like that?” I ask.

“Just like that,” he says.