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Emelia Vonada
Seattle University

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Unfortunately, I Am Still Not Tired of Selling Sunset [SEASON SEVEN REVIEW]

Emelia Vonada, Volunteer Reporter

I stumbled across Selling Sunset in the way many people discover their favorite television show: quarantined in my home during a global pandemic. Since that fateful night, Selling Sunset has evolved into my guiltiest pleasure. Through the most devilish combination of polished mansion tours and petty drama, the show pulls audiences into the world of luxury real estate, whether they like it or not.

The show has evolved immensely after four years. It began when the show introduced twin brothers Brett and Jason Oppenheim and their real estate brokerage, The Oppenheim Group. The ensemble cast consists of all-female agents who are determined to stand out, whether through professional success or over-the-top fashion.

Looking back at the first season, the differences between then and the latest season are striking, particularly through the chosen aesthetics of the agents. What once featured modest pencil skirts and pedestrian blouses now flashes neon pantsuits and mini dresses. Sure, it's probably just proof of how the budget has improved throughout the seasons. However, I would like to think it's symbolic of the show evolving more and more into what it set out to become.

With every season, Selling Sunset has made a killing off America's love for the rich and dramatic. And, similar to Chelsea Lazkani's gifted Birkin bag from her husband in episode one of season seven, the show embodies long-lasting luxury, served with a bow.

Thankfully, we still have some principal characters from season one to keep us entertained. Aside from Jason and Brett, there is the proclaimed "mom" of the group Mary Bonnet, as well as the notable Chrishell Stause.



Image courtesy of Netflix.

If I have learned anything from watching this incredible show, it is that most drama between the agents stems from unknown origins. And, the two main dramas in this season demonstrate this idea beautifully.

First, we begin with the ongoing feud between Nicole and Chrishell, which took form at the beginning of season six. What was once a disagreement over commission for a sold mansion has now become a full-fledged battle over who can insult whom the hardest. After watching the recently-aired reunion, the score is certainly neck-and-neck.

After years of fighting, even I can admit the drama between the two agents is getting increasingly stressful and personal. A viewer like me can only wonder how an argument over a real estate job could lead to deep accusations of substance abuse, plastic surgery and even homophobia. I hold on for the sake of a potential reconciliation one day, yet, after the reunion episode, I find myself coming to terms that I will only be holding on to see who quits the show first.

Meanwhile, cut-throat agent Bre Tiesi has moved forward from her feud with Chelsea to greener pastures, which consists of outwardly despising newcomer agent Cassandra. Why does Bre feel this way? Unfortunately, I am not sure she even knows the answer to that question.

Nevertheless, audiences were given a sensational clip of her storming out of an office grand opening, cursing like a sailor and perhaps listing every insult possible regarding Cassandra's looks.

I would argue the scene was a solid ending to the season's outlandishly blown-up drama. It had everything Selling Sunset has trained us to expect: deep-rooted disagreement, followed by continuous clashing lasting long enough for audiences to forget what brought the storyline to this point in the first place.

Through the eyes of a first-time viewer, I can see how these types of plot points are just reality television fluff, created by producers to spoon-feed deceptive plot lines to audiences starving for entertainment. To that I may concede that, yes, it does feel fabricated. But yet, wasn't it just the least bit addicting?

Maybe it's the outfits or the feeling you get when you know someone is about to raise their voice, but the principal characters of the show have an incredible way of winning people over, and that is not just referring to rich people looking for their third home. There is something slightly honest in the way the women of the show interact with each other.

For example, when the women sit poolside in Cabo to debrief the explosive dinner party from the night before, you can tell the women are both incredibly stressed out and eager to fuel the drama even further. Perhaps it's the emotional equivalent of biting a split lip; it hurts. So. Good.

Meanwhile, you do find yourself rooting for the women despite their consistent flaws. When Chelsea makes a toast to her mother at her birthday party. When Mary suffers a miscarriage. When Chrishell faces health concerns and gets married. When Amanza comes to terms with her tragic upbringing.

The best recipe for a reality show is when you feel the emotional pull of the outrageous and the achingly vulnerable. I face a diverging road when I watch Selling Sunset. Yes, of course I want to know what happens next. Yet, I also feel for these women despite how absolutely obnoxious they may act.

And if that fails, at least I can respect that they are, without a doubt, incredibly hardworking. I stay awake at night wondering how Chelsea can wear a full face of makeup every day, film high-quality cooking tutorials on her Instagram, sell mansions and raise two kids all in a day's work. Something about watching successful women slow-motion catwalk into an open house just makes me want to do better.

Seven seasons in and the eighth one beginning production soon, I must admit I'm still sold.

