

Brandon Gets His Big Break

Chapter Ten

By

John Eisenhauer

“Gomer Pyle sent me.”

It was the Saturday night of the weekend that saw *The 2023 Frogtown Art Walk*. Per his arrangement with Max, Rico showed up at the build party to assemble his Glocks.

Rico was doing the LORD’s work. He was willing to kill and die to draw attention to his manifesto that was written with the help of God. In his holy quest, he was able to enlist Dustin and Bobby. They placed their faith in him – as they appreciated that he was the LORD’s messenger – and were also willing to make the ultimate sacrifice. He appreciated that the two men – while righteous and members of the elect – could never understand the full truth. His manifesto reflected the divine wisdom of [John Calvin](#), a French theologian (1509-1564).

Calvin argued that God had already chosen those who would be saved before they were even born. It was all the divine plan. Calvin knew (through revelation) that God’s choice of the elect was part of His plan for the world and these choices would ultimately lead to His glory. Rico knew that he – along with his apostles, Dustin, and Bobby – were all members of the elect. He also knew that Calvin wisely understood that it was all about ‘double predestination’: God had chosen some people for salvation (the elect) and others for damnation (the reprobate). Homosexuals were part of the latter. While events were foretold by God, a member of the elect had to fight as if the end was in doubt. Even though it was not. That was simply the plan. Rico’s assigned role was to fight the homosexual agenda by drawing blood. This act would draw attention to his manifesto which explained that Christian Nationalism was needed to save the United States from this group of reprobates by killing them, per *Leviticus*. This was already decided by God but needed Rico to carry it out.

And then Rico would sit at the right hand of God.

While Rico saw the big picture, he would make small mistakes. He thought it would be fun to be part of this build party. Gun dealers, that Max worked with, would assemble ghost gun kits, and sell the final product. These people, Rico thought, had both the expertise and tools to help him put the guns together. However, it was an indulgence. It was an act of arrogance which led him to deny God, in a moment of fear. [Proverbs 6:16-19](#) lays out the things that God hates. One of those things is ‘a false witness who pours out lies’.

Rico had lied to God when he promised to be His soldier. He had to redeem himself.

Rico was a Calvinist and believed in predestination. Still, you don’t improvise. You do exactly what Jesus told you.

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The gun dealers were reprobates and Rico knew that going in. Max warned him that these men were hardcore and that it was a waste of time to share the Word with them. This was tragic but he dealt with such men before. And it was God's will that he does so. But he was not – in that moment – acting in accordance with God's will. He was being prideful. He put himself in a difficult situation – because he thought it 'fun' to assemble the guns – and this led him to deny Jesus.

"Gomer sent you...huh?", the large black man laughed and stood aside to let Rico pass. "Yeah...Max called us about you. Sure, man, the more the merrier. My name's Hick."

"Hick?", Rico asked.

"Yeah...this fucking redneck called me...", Hick gave Rico a hard look and continued. "...the 'n-word' so I messed him up. That gave me the nickname. Do you have a problem with the brothers?"

"No, sir."

Hick laughed. "Yeah, man. You can call me by my given name."

"Of course, sir..."

"And don't call me 'sir'."

"What's your given name?"

"Bob."

They had reached the end of the hallway and entered the living room. Rico couldn't help but think that the room could be quite pleasant if it were maintained. It was Spanish architecture: stucco and curved archways. The walls were filthy and in desperate need of paint. The room was not furnished. In the center was a makeshift table that was a workspace. The top was panels of compressed wood, and the legs were sawhorses.

"You'll be working with this guy.", Hick said. We call him 'Ice King'.

It was difficult to gauge his age. But a reasonable guess was mid-twenties...or possibly late fifties. The King was thin: it was fair to call him malnourished. He was a Hispanic fellow with long greasy hair. He wore a T-shirt that featured the logo of a band that Rico did not recognize, the group was obviously heavy metal. The King's jeans were threadbare, and Rico didn't think that denim could look that worn. He was barefoot and very nervous acting.

"Thanks, Bob.", Rico said to Hick as he walked away. Hick snorted.

"Bob...huh? Bob? He doesn't like you.", the Ice King said.

"Yeah...I suppose not. So why do they call you 'Ice King'."

"Um...I don't know...I don't...Okay...I do...It refers to my recreational preference. You know... how I spend my days. Cuz I'm my own man...a free agent...yeah, a free agent...I am."

"Well, Ok. So, what do we do first?"

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So...yeah...right...we gotta be machining out the trigger slot first...cuz that's the first thing that we do. Now...we're going through the entire lower receiver. But it's cool...all good...we'll be going through it from above. You see? Now...you're thinking 'how do we do that? Huh?' No worries...see?...see? This top plate is special cuz it's like a template...a total template. Yeah...that's what's it for...to be a template. Are you with me?"

"Um...yeah...yes."

"Now, we'll be using this '5/16' end mill. But you're think...that's a drill bit. Yeah, I can hear the shit going on in your head: 'I know drill bits and that's a drill bit' but...no. Cuz a drill bit can only cut in...you know...axial direction. Yeah...totally axial. But milling bits can cut in the radial direction. Wild, huh?"

"Yeah...wild."

The Ice King got to work on machining out the trigger slot.

"So...bro...I hook you up with Owsley acid. Yeah...man. The real deal. Now, man, this Owsley dude was a hippie chemist who made blotter for that freaky band...*The Grateful Dead*. But...that's 1960's. So how can it be Owsley shit? I know this guy who is majoring in Chemistry at UCLA. My contact. And he makes shit with the formula that Owsley used. I don't take it myself: it spazzes me out."

"Um yeah...wait, are you talking about LSD?"

The Ice King eyed Rico suspiciously.

"Hey man are you wearing crucifix?"

"Yes.", Rico said proudly.

So, you're a religious guy...are you a narc...cuz...I've got a cousin and he's a Christian and a narc. I hate that fucker. Are you a narc?"

"No...I'm not a narc."

"You're wearing a cross...you must be a narc!"

Ice King approached Rico menacingly.

"Um...no...I don't believe in that shit."

Rico made it through 'the party'. When he finally left, with his guns assembled, he broke down and cried. He denied Jesus.

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It was 2019. After Jane had found Amy in her private bathroom having a breakdown, they agreed to have ongoing 'bull sessions' to openly discuss their problems. They just had their first session. In it, they affirmed their close relationship and that they would help each other with their concerns and opinions. That first session made them each realize that she needed someone with whom she could discuss her thoughts about life.

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Amy was completely self-isolated: Jane was unable to share her thoughts with the people in her life, not even her boyfriend.

They then agreed to go drinking at *The Bayou* in West Hollywood, a gay bar that Jane recommended. They took an Uber to the bar.

The Bayou featured a spacious dance floor, and the interior had a New Orleans-inspired design. It featured colorful murals and exposed brick walls. While a hole-in-the-wall, it successfully combined southern rowdiness and West Hollywood debauchery. Jane felt that the WeHo bars tended to try too hard. But this bar reminded her of [Southern Decadence](#), an annual six-day event held in New Orleans by the gay and lesbian community. Held during Labor Day Weekend, it culminated in a parade through the French Quarter on the Sunday before Labor Day. With her girlfriend, she attended one in the 90's. She liked the sexual energy and really cut loose. The bar was a personal favorite of hers. She liked the festive beaded necklaces, the guys in open shirts, and the Cajun food. She liked the loud music, and the liquored-up crowd. By nature, she was reserved but loved those nights where she could revel. And this place was a favorite.

Jane came back from the bathroom. Standing to the side of Amy, who was sitting at a small table, she wrapped an arm around Amy's shoulders and leaned in towards Amy's face.

"Hey...when was the last time that you were with a 'supermodel hot' woman? Ha...too long!", Jane said over the loud music, slurring her words slightly.

"Um...no, no. I mean...I get that we have this special connection, or whatever. Tonight was...amazing. Sure, our friendship changed my life. And, yeah, you are 'supermodel hot'...seriously, you should model on the side...so...I suppose...but...wait...no. No. You're in a relationship with Jim. And just because we had a few drinks..."

"No...not that.", Jane said as she sat down. "Look over there."

Jane motioned with her eyes. The woman standing near the bathroom looked like [Iman](#), the Somali American model who was married to rock musician David Bowie.

"She thinks you're cute."

"Oh...yeah? What's her name?"

"I won't tell you."

"Oh."

"She said that you look like [Michael J. Fox](#) on *Family Ties*."

"Who?"

The reference was dated as the show had been off the air for a couple decades. Besides, Amy's mom had restricted her pop culture diet and Amy was now catching up. However, an image came into her mind. His character dressed preppy: a button-down shirt, tie, and blazer. While she wasn't wearing a

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blazer, she was wearing a black shirt and white tie, she appreciated that they did look alike. She had the same haircut: short on the sides and longer on top. She had his boyish good looks and charming smile. Since middle school, she essentially kept the same style, except for the times that mom got in her way.

“Yeah...right. I know who you’re talking about.”

“She thought you were a boy: I told her you were a girl. And, she says ‘either way...totally hot’. She wants to spend the night with you.”

“Um...really?”

“Really. Are you interested?”

“Well...yeah.”

“She’s really cool. Smart and even keel. You don’t have to worry about sleeping over.”

“Oh...”

“Yeah. I know this firsthand. Been awhile.”

“Damn...your friend looks like Iman, and you look like Gal Gadot. To be a fly on the wall...huh?”

Jane laughed and said:

“Yeah. She doesn’t have any STD’s.”

“How would you know that?”

“I asked her just now. She would never lie to me.”

“Is that cool?”

“Trust me. I’m being your wing-woom...wing-woom...screw it...wing-person. I saw my friend and wanted to fix you guys up. It’s called being a Yenta.”

“Um...okay...thanks.”

They sat in silence.

“What are you waiting for? Do want me to critique her style or give you pointers?”

“No, that would be inapp...”

“Go. Now.”, Jane barked.

“Yes, ma’am.”

Amy left to talk to Iman.

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Brandon Speaking

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It was the end of 2019.

This was the seminal year for the creation of my polyam clan. At the beginning of the year, Jim and Jane moved in together. Initially, it was a traditional committed coupling, with the intent to bring two more partners (a man and a woman) into it. After they got their place, I was approached a couple months later.

Prior to Jim and Jane getting involved, I approached him about dating with an eye on the relationship turning committed. I'm a serial monogamist and had been involved with both men and women. Monogamy or – at least – 'monogamish', the latter was a term coined by gay columnist Dan Savage. This meant that my partner and I would let each other become sexually involved with outside people: this outside activity was purely sexual. It was very important to me that my partner and I establish clear rules and maintain accountability. Without clear limits and rules, I felt that things would spin out of control quickly. Having been in both kinds of relationships, I preferred monogamy...just simpler. I might have been a bisexual who ultimately ended up in a polyam clan but had an old fashioned side.

Jim and I were good friends, and we were intellectually compatible. Both smart and well-read, we shared a fondness for rambling conversations about philosophy and the 'meaning of life'. Physically, he was my type. He was a 'wolf'. His build was lean and muscular while maintaining his body hair (my preference). He also had a high sex drive.

Because of my recent attempt at a relationship, he suspected that I might be interested in a polyam situation.

Jane was a close confidant and advisor. She was a friend but the two of us shared a clear focus that made things feel a bit more formal (she helped me get my writing career off the ground). When we met, I had completed my bachelor's degree and was about to go on to dental school. My parents were very eager for me to have a traditional career where I could build my own practice or business. For some reason, and this eludes me now, I agreed to become a dentist. I can't think of anything more gross than spending my days rooting around people's mouths.

At that time, I was maintaining a website called *Consumer Follies*. It was a mix of '70's *National Lampoon* irreverence and socialist politics (I've moved to the right since then, into the Obama's neighborhood). The site became somewhat popular and brought me to the attention of some heavy hitters in Hollywood. Matt Warburton - executive producer and writer for the *The Mindy Project* (2012-2017) - DM'd me. After some initial DM's on Twitter, Warburton and I emailed and he ultimately hired me as a Writer's Assistant on the show, He felt that my sense of humor was compatible with Mindy's. That opinion meant more to me than getting the gig (no...it didn't). Writer's Assistant is basically an entry-level position that can lead to Staff Writer. After two seasons on the show, I was offered a Staff Writer position on *2 Broke Girls* (2011-2017). I took the offer. I subsequently regretted that decision because I felt that 'Girls' was vastly inferior to 'Project'. Nonetheless, this all led to me being hired as Staff Writer by Ilana Glazer for the reimagining of *Friends* that she was developing in 2023.

Jane encouraged me to abandon my plans to become a dentist and embrace my dream of being a writer. She was a no-nonsense woman, arguably the smartest person that I ever met. She was also

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unbelievably empathetic yet focused. If not for her guidance, my dream would not have been realized. While foolish, I considered Jim to be a closer friend than Jane. That was stupid. I felt that way because Jim and I would have these long *What is the nature of evil?* discussions and go camping together. Jane, to be honest, did much more for me.

After I was on-board with the polyamorous relationship, it was suggest by my two new partners that we bring Amy into it. I knew Amy somewhat casually. I met her a couple times, but she seemed bitter. I trusted my mates judgement – and was willing to pursue the possibility of including Amy in our burgeoning family. I was concerned that her personality might prove a problem. But I was open to it.

During this time Jim had a major break in his career. Ever since he was a kid, he wanted to be an architect. He told me about how a special passion of his was going to the school library and studying magazines like *Architectural Digest*. In 2010, he started his formal training at UCLA: earning both his bachelor's and master's in architecture. The process took seven years. He was hired by [David Wright](#). This was ideal for Jim because of his interest in designing environmentally sustainable homes.

Jim and I grabbed Starbucks one afternoon. After talking about his new job, the topic turned to the inclusion of Amy in our polyam.

"I like Amy. I wish that I knew her better. But I trust the judgement of you and Jane. Besides I'll get to know her better before any commitment is made. I am worried if she'll be a good fit because of her personality.", I said.

"Her personality?"

"Not throwing shade but she seems a little bitter...angry."

"Well, she's dealing with stuff. She definitely loosens up once she gets to know you better. This brings me to what I wanted to talk about.", Jim said.

"Yeah?", I asked.

"This is tricky. On the hand, I think that you need to know more about the relationship between Jane and Amy. At the same time, I can't betray any confidences. I mean...you'll know everything soon enough. But I need to let Jane tell you certain things. I still want to give you a sense of what is going on."

"Okay."

"Jane hired Amy as her assistant at the beginning of the year. They became very close. Platonic...but they became real soul sisters, confidants. Now, Jane has this concern – a profound concern – and she was hesitant to tell me about it. Amy pushed her to open up with me."

"God...I'm sorry to hear about Jane. I know that you just said that you don't want to betray her confidence. But can you give me a hint...drugs...eating disorder?", I asked.

"No. Nothing like that.", Jim said. "Again, I don't want to reveal too much. But Jane has an existential concern...about her safety."

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“Is she in danger?”

“Not really. No...not at all. This is really existential, a fundamental fear about life that Jane has. She didn’t trust me. She was afraid to discuss it with me.”

“You can’t tell me what’s going on?”

“No. Sorry. Look I don’t want to build this up. All I’m saying is that there’s something. Jane was afraid that I wouldn’t understand. Frankly, I failed her. If she couldn’t fully trust me, I didn’t deserve to be her man. If Amy had not pushed Jane to talk to me about it, it could have tanked the relationship before we even reached out to you about to be a part of it.”

“Okay.”, I said.

“Amy’s cool. She deserves a chance.”

“I told you that I was giving her a chance.”

“I know...and I apologize for being cryptic. But Amy is not a random person. She has a very special connection to Jane and – hand to the heavens – there quite possibly would not be a relationship if not for her. It will come out soon enough – and it isn’t a big deal...shouldn’t have said that – but I owe Amy. Before I knew her...she was Jane’s office assistant not even her friend yet...she stepped in and helped Jane. As I said, I failed. I’m just glad that Amy was there.”

“Nothing more you can tell me?”

“It’ll come out. Amy is not random. I just think that you need to know this is not about getting an even numbered polyam. A nice bit symmetry: two dudes and two dames. No, Amy belongs with us. I love her.”

“Okay. That means a lot. I love you, Jim.”

“I love you, Brandon.”

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It was the Saturday night of the weekend that saw *The 2023 Frogtown Art Walk*. After the build party, Rico returned home with the assembled Glocks. In a moment of fear, over the threatening manner of Ice King, he denied Jesus. This unspeakable failure left him with an even deeper desire to prove himself to the Lord by destroying the homosexual agenda. He would drive attention to his manifesto by hitting the [godless](#).

Around midnight, Bobby and Dustin showed up. They knocked softly on the door (as instructed by Rico).

“Thanks for knocking softly.”, Rico said. “I knew the wife would be sleeping. I really didn’t want to hear the bitch whine.”

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The three men made themselves comfortable. Rico sat in his throne (that's what he called the La-Z-Boy) and the other men sat on the couch that was parallel to his throne. Between the couch and the throne was a coffee table. They sipped beers and talked.

"One second...I'll get the guns.", Rico said.

He returned with a knotted 7-11 plastic bag in each hand.

"Here you go.", He said as he held the bags out. Bobby and Dustin each took one.

"Okay guys. Put the bag in your backpack. There are bullets in the bag with the gun. The gun is not loaded."

He sat down and took a swig from his long neck. Then he said:

"Like I said: it's going down Monday. In the words of the great Donald John Trump, it's going to be wild."

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