Brandon Gets His Big Break

Chapter Fourteen

By

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Fame! I'm gonna live forever. I'm gonna learn how to fly.

It was 2019: the morning after the second bull session.

Amy was in a good mood. She absent mindedly sang the chorus to the 1980 film *Fame* as she washed her breakfast dishes.

Written by Michael Gore (music) and Dean Pitchford (lyrics), the song captured the essence of ambition, success, and the desire for recognition in the competitive world of performing arts. Directed by Alan Parker, the film followed the lives of students at the High School of Performing Arts in New York City where they pursue their dreams of becoming artists, dancers, musicians, and actors.

Irene Cara played the role of Coco Hernandez in the movie and sang the theme song.

Throughout the film, Coco's passion for dance drives her forward, but she also experiences the highs and lows of artistic pursuit. Her character embodies the struggles, sacrifices, and triumphs faced by talented students striving for fame in the competitive world of performing arts.

At the beginning, Coco auditions for admission to the prestigious performing arts school. Her passion lies in dance, and she dreams of achieving fame through her talent.

This talent and passion – to use a term that Amy was very fond of (which she learned from Linda) – was her Authentic Self.

As a freshman, Coco faces the challenges of rigorous training, intense competition, and selfdoubt. She forms deep friendships with fellow students who share her artistic aspirations. Her dedication to dance continues, but she grapples with personal struggles. The pressure to excel takes a toll on her emotional well-being.

In working to realize her Authentic Self, she navigates budding romance, artistic rivalries, and the complexities of high school life.

In her Junior Year, Coco's journey becomes even more intense. She faces setbacks, including rejection from dance companies and moments of self-questioning: her friendships evolve, and she learns valuable life lessons about resilience and determination. As a senior, Coco reaches a critical point. She must decide whether to pursue her dreams professionally or take a different path. She grappled with the balance between ambition and personal fulfillment.

Coco ultimately chose to pursue her passion for dance. Despite the challenges, setbacks, and moments of doubt, she remained committed to her artistic dreams. As she faced the complexities of the performing arts world and the personal sacrifices required to achieve fame, her resilience and determination sustained her.

Coco's journey served as an inspiring example of following one's heart and staying true to one's calling.

And Amy understood.

Her cunt of a mother and the evil scum at the church did everything they could to hold her down...hold her back. They mocked her intellect. They shamed her for her healthy and normal sexuality. Ultimately, they tried to flush her down the toilet like a piece of shit. Because that is how they saw her.

Like Cara, she was faced with challenges, setbacks, and moments of doubt Through it all, even when she abandoned all hope, she remained committed to being her Authentic Self: smart and queer. She would be a decent and compassionate woman. She would help those...specifically women...who were likewise held back by the irrational hate and endless abuse of childhood family and community.

She would be listened to: she would not be mocked, dismissed, or marginalized any more. She would have a long and fulfilling career. She would write papers. She would teach. She would have a very long – and happy – life.

She was going to live for a very long time. It was going to be a great life because she was learning how to fly.

Amy was washing her breakfast dishes. Although her current place had a dishwasher, she never used it. She liked to clean her stuff after every meal. In her travels over the past five years, some of her places had a dishwasher and others didn't. In the name of consistency, she just got in the habit of doing clean-up by hand. Besides, she liked the ritual: it was a time to think.

The night before, Amy and Jane had another tête-à-tête. The first one was liberating, and this one took Amy to a level that she never experienced.

Even though the escrow had closed, Jane's former townhome at Century Plaza Tower Residences was currently vacant. Jane was friends with the property manager. His actor son was a client of hers. She had no difficulty getting the keys for a meeting.

This first bull session revitalized Amy essence: the second one solidified it.

She loved to learn.

But Doris hated her to learn. Scientific knowledge were machinations of Satan, lies meant to separate a believer from the wonderous truths of the Bible. In so doing, a believer was roughly torn away from the loving embrace of Jesus Christ. Science was satanic.

Doris – echoing the wisdom of her Pastor...her Shepherd – would often mention John 14:6:

Jesus answered, 'I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me'.

Amy reflected on the physical decomposition of a corpse and how that undercut the core of the Christian myth. Jesus dies for our sins. He is buried. He comes back from the dead.

After the first bull session, Amy's mind was unlocked.

After the second, it was freed.

She had quit repressing her considerable well of knowledge (and she abandoned learning after High School).

She was such a good student in High School. It was there that she received positive affirmation and support. her teachers would go on about how smart she was. However, being smart...knowing things...was not popular with mom or the church. They did not like facts that contradicted their beliefs. And that was most facts. In fact, since the United States was permeated with superstitious drivel, the entire society was fact adverse.

This tension caused her to block out what she learned...what contributed to her being. She told Jane at the empty townhome yesterday that it was 'cognitive dissonance'. She suppressed her knowledge of facts because they contradicted her church's superstitions.

Maybe she was simply overthinking. It wasn't cognitive dissonance. Maybe a culture that embraced ridiculous myth – and discouraged the pursuit of knowledge – simply traumatized those who wanted to learn and grow. Regardless, so much had been pouring back into her mind since the first bull session. It was because Jane spoke to her like an adult: encouraged her to develop her mind. The knowledge just came back to her. It was like turning a faucet on all the way. It was pretty intense.

As she set a dish in the dryer rack, she wondered if Christ's body would have decomposed after death.

The decomposition of a human body followed distinct stages after death.

In the first 1 to 2 days after death, there would be no obvious signs of decomposition externally. However, internally, bacteria within the gastrointestinal tract would begin to digest the soft tissues of the organs.

Around 3 to 5 days after death, the body would start to bloat due to the accumulation of gases produced by bacteria. Blood-containing foam would leak from the mouth and nose.

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And this was the Middle East: not the most hospitable climate. Even in the cool of a tomb, the various bugs and vermin would have been feasting on the corpse. The body was not stored in a modern day morgue locker...temperature and environment control.

Traumatized by growing up in a culture that despised knowledge, Amy long suppressed the considerable information that she amassed in High School. After the first 'bull session', where Jane talked to her about the slaughter and deportation of surviving Jews from Spain in the 15th century and encouraged Amy to question and learn, the logjam was broken. The long suppressed knowledge began pouring back. At the 'second bull session', Jane patiently listened to her ideas about life and drew her out. Jane then championed Amy going to college, offering to both pay for the first semester and provide ongoing emotional support and encouragement. She reconnected to the intellectual aspect of her Authentic Self.

Amy thought about the Saving Blood of Our Lord and Savior and what would have happened to it after his crucifixion.

After His death, blood circulation stopped: this caused the blood to settle by gravity. The result would have been a bluish-purple discoloration of the skin. Called *livor mortis* this would typically start within an hour after death and continued for up to 9–12 hours postmortem.

Our Lord and Savior's blood cells would be deprived of oxygen, and their acidity would progressively increase. Cellular enzymes would begin to dissolve the cells from the inside out, eventually causing them to rupture and release nutrient-rich fluids. Called *Autolysis* (Self-Digestion), this process began minutes after His death.

Called *putrefaction*, bacteria and enzymes would break down tissues of His Most Holy Physical Body: this would include His blood. Hemoglobin in the blood would break down into simpler components, leading to the characteristic odor of decomposition.

When Christ came back from the dead, he must have been one scary – and smelly – zombie.

Amy smiled.

Of course, God could have suspended the decomposition process. Because this was all necessary. After all, a talking snake tricked a women into eating an apple thousands of years earlier.

Oh…this shit is TOTALLY real…it isn't stupid made-up bullshit. Amy thought as her smile widened.

The tomb where Christ was buried was believed to be in Jerusalem, near the site of His crucifixion at Golgotha. The gospels said that Joseph entombed Jesus in 'a garden and in the garden a new tomb... since the tomb was nearby' (John 19:41). During the first century in Jerusalem, the dead were typically buried outside the city walls, and this tomb was situated near the place of the Skull.

The place of the Skull.

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Amy convulsed in laughter.

Jesus answered, 'I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me'.

To believe this nonsense, you had to willfully ignore -aggressively reject – knowledge. And an aspect of her Authentic Self was to embrace it. If you believed the nonsense – however – it defined you. And you would do anything to maintain the illusion: including drowning your daughter in the toilet.

Amy stopped laughing and started to clean her fork.

She thought about the vacant townhome in the absurdly elegant Century Plaza Tower Residences. Her mind touched on a book she read: *The Emerald City of Oz*. It was the sixth book in the series by L. Frank Baum. It eloquently described the grandeur and vibrancy of the Emerald City. She struggled to recall a specific quote but was unable. While Jane did break her intellectual logjam, she did not imbue onto Amy her photographic memory. It appeared that Jane's powers had limits.

In the *Wizard of Oz* <u>book</u> <u>series</u>, the wizard's given name was Oscar Zoroaster Phadrig Isaac Norman Henkle Emmanuel Ambroise Diggs. Since that was quite a mouthful, he shortened it to just his initials: <u>O.Z.P.I.N.H.E.A.D</u>. However, since those initials spell out the word "pinhead," he further simplified it and called himself 'Oz'. So, the mysterious and enigmatic wizard was known simply as Oz in the Land of Oz.

While Amy could not recall the exact wording, her mind touched on an excerpt from the novel that captured the Emerald City's magical quality:

The Emerald City was built a great many years ago, for I was a young man when the balloon brought me here, and I am a very old man now. But my city is still the most beautiful and the most splendid city in all the world, and I would rather live here than anywhere else.

But the Century Plaza Tower Residences was not the magical Emerald City. While she was grateful for her quality of life, she thought about how dire poverty kept a person from being her Authentic Self. She thought about something that she said to Jane yesterday:

"So...yeah...our artificial reality gives a great quality of life for...for...the lucky ones...that's us, Jane...and so many of us are minimized...persecuted...raped...and murdered...We live in this artificial reality and others in squalor. This artificial reality creates the fiction of groups. And the groups are fighting each other. One group dominates the other. Why? Because the artificial reality...which we created...for our benefit is to be fought over."

The dishes were done. She sighed and left to take a shower.

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It was mid-October of 2008. It was the third month of Amy's seventh grade term which lasted four months. Doris was becoming progressively more concerned that her daughter was drifting away from the undying gratitude for the sacrifice of Our Lord and Savior.

She had spoken to Amy's Sunday school instructor – Ms. Simms – and was told that her daughter rarely volunteered answers to Simms' questions. She used to be so enthusiastic: she was always throwing her hand up and giving these great answers. Now she sat there with a 'hostile look' (that is the phrase that Simms used). When Amy was called on – and at one time that was not even necessary – she seemed bitter and said as little as possible.

Amy had come back from the day's outing. Doris knew that she was at a store called *Spencer's Gifts*. She really knew nothing about it but had seen the bags – emblazoned with the logo – in the trash after previous outings. That momentous day, there was an empty bag laid at Amy's feet: she tossed a wrapped poster on her bed.

Amy turned to leave her room and Doris was just outside her room.

"Hi, Amy. How is everything?"

"I'm great, ma. Is everything okay?"

"Yes. Really...everything is cool. But I would like to talk."

"Sure, ma."

They retired to the living room. After a civil discussion, her daughter simply snapped. Doris was understandably exasperated.

You don't believe in God.", Doris said calmly.

They were both on their feet.

"Yes! Yes! I do believe in God! I don't believe in your God!, Amy screamed defiantly.

Doris was understandably frightened by the fact that Satan was winning the war for her daughter's soul. She slapped the girl hard...knocking her to the ground.

"Go to your room!"

Doris arrived at her 'crib' (as she once heard some starlet say on a devilish talk show): *East Valley Pentecostal Church.*

Pastor Simms was waiting for her. It was the Pastor's wife who alerted her to Amy's sullen and insubordinate behavior in bible class. She texted back and forth with him as she drove to the church. He was very concerned that a member of his flock (a child) lost her faith. He arranged an emergency consultation with Doris.

On the way over, she thought about two pieces of Scripture.

<u>Deuteronomy 21:18-21</u> reminded her that a godly family once had absolute autonomy when instructing their child:

If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them: Then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place; And they shall say unto the elders of his city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton, and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die: so shalt thou put evil away from among you; and all Israel shall hear, and fear.

While she was uncomfortable with the option of having Amy destroyed for insubordination and her embrace of evil, she nonetheless appreciated that her authority would be absolute. She would appreciate having the option of consulting with the Pastor and exercising a final solution.

That piece of Scripture reflected a wise and correct time. Men were given spiritual authority. A woman's role was to be the man's helper. When it came to understanding the women's role in God's plan, her Church emphasized <u>Genesis 2:18</u>. A woman was to be a man's helper (or *ezer* – the Hebrew word). Sexuality was the bond between a man and a woman in the confines of a godly marriage.

Amy's embrace of the evil drivel – the so-called 'science' – taught by that Satanic school had poisoned her mind and soul. Doris bitterly regretted ever letting her daughter attend that evil school. She should have home schooled her. She would have taught her only godly knowledge (approved by Pastor Simms) and practical skills (like touch typing). Doris could not type but had friends who could have helped with that training. A church is a community.

Her daughter's arrogant rejection of the Word of God was even more exasperating because – as a woman – her role was to submit to men in matters of faith. <u>1 Corinthians 14:34-35</u> said it well:

Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home: for it is a shame for women to speak in the church.

As her Pastor once told her, <u>there would come a time</u> when the Church and state would be one. The state would take its marching orders from the Church. It would exist to carry out <u>God's</u> <u>Word</u>. A woman would know her place...her godly place.

Amy's rejection of God's Word caused something to fully crystallize in her mind. She started to suspect that her daughter was a sexual deviant...a lesbian. She had no evidence. But she did see her girl looking at other girls with lust. She had refused to even entertain such a horrible possibility. But, if her child rejected Jesus, anything was possible. She would be vigilant and look for confirmation.

She knocked on the Pastor's office door.

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"Come in!", Pastor Simms chimed.

Years prior, Simms was able to assemble a group of congregants who had backgrounds in construction and interior design. Of course, they waived their customary fees. He wanted his refuge to invoke the memory of one of his heroes: President Ronald Reagan. Specifically, he wanted to capture the feel of the Gipper's final office at his last home at 668 Saint Cloud Road. Interestingly the street number was initially '666'. But Nancy Reagan had the house's address number changed. Being a Christ centered woman, she did not want her mail coming to the number of the beast.

He actually never saw a picture of Reagan's final office but enjoyed imagining what it looked like.

The room blended the rugged charm of the Old West with the functionality and simplicity of modern design that a young professional like himself needed. He was very happy with it, feeling that the mix of Old West aesthetics with modern elements was both charming and functional.

Opposite the door, his rustic desk was in front of a large bay window. It was a sturdy wooden piece. It featured distressed finishes, reminiscent of old saloons or cowboy cabins. It was not braggadocious: an imposing style meant to trumpet the owner's achievements and importance.

The Good Book spoke clearly about the sin of pride. A few of his personal favorites were...

Proverbs 8:13:

To fear the LORD is to hate evil; I hate pride and arrogance, evil behavior and perverse speech.

James 4:6:

But he gives us more grace. That is why Scripture says: 'God opposes the proud but shows favor to the humble'.

Philippians 2:3:

Do nothing out of selfish ambition or vain conceit. Rather, in humility value others above yourselves.

It was a challenge to value others above himself. He was – after all – one of the Lord's emissaries. He ministered to the wretched. He comforted them: he saved their souls, securing them an eternal reward in Heaven. But he was humble. And his desk proved it.

Sitting near the right corner of the desk was a bronze bust of the former president.

Behind his desk was a high-back leather swivel office chair, which combined comfort with vintage style. It's upholstery was black leather: the chair had a wrought iron base. The Pastor appreciated both the timeless design and practicality.

In front of the desk, there were two leather-upholstered chairs with clean lines and minimalistic design. Featuring the same top-grain leather, they were a low-profile silhouette design (his guest had to look up to make eye contact with him). Each chair had the same chunky solid frame: it was made of ash (light color wood with a prominent grain pattern).

The walls had a series of embedded shelf units. The selves held a collection of books and decorative items.

Besides vintage Bibles and religious titles, his library was a nice eclectic mix: ideas and styles from a broad and diverse range of sources. The Pastor knew what ideas were true and which were lies. He needed to have a nice knowledge base so that he could save the souls of the academically minded. His favorite non-Christian title was <u>The Art of War by Sun Tzu</u>.

On the shelves, there were several pieces that were reproductions of work of Frederic Sackrider Remington. They depicted the Old American West, the last quarter of the 19th century. His works featured cowboys, American Indians, and the U.S. Cavalry. The Pastor's favorite piece was *The Broncho Buster*, which portrayed a cowboy taming a wild horse: It had a prominent spot in one of the shelf units.

Between the shelf units were framed vintage maps of old mining towns.

The overhead lighting was a series of evenly spaced lantern style pendants that hung from the ceiling. The Pastor loved the cozy and diffuse lighting. When he was alone in his office at night, working or studying, he felt the incandescent glow really fit the western motif, smoothing out the furnishings, books and art.

The hardwood floor had a distressed finish, complimenting his desk. The desk – and the chairs both behind and in front it – sat on a large cowhide rug. The room was done in earth tones: warm browns, deep reds, and faded yellows.

The Pastor opened the door and smiled when he made eye contact with his congregant.

"Come in, Doris!", he enthused. He turned and walked towards his desk. Without turning around, he said to her:

"Would you like a ginger ale...your usual?"

"Please."

There was a small refrigerator with a glass door to one side of the bay window behind his desk. It contained a selection of soda and food. Above it was a shelf. On it sat some glasses, coffee cups and plates. When he got behind his desk, he retrieved two cans of soda and placed them on the desk. He turned and grabbed two of glasses. He placed one on a coaster that corresponded to one of the guest chairs and the other on the coaster in front of his chair.

The two sat down and poured some of their soda into the waiting glass.

"So...you think Amy turned her back on Jesus?", the Pastor asked.

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"I know it...it's that damn school. I apologize for the profanity."

"It's quite all right. Sometimes a mild profanity is appropriate. Your daughter drifting away from Christ is one such time. What happened exactly?"

"Well, I was getting progressively more concerned. Your wife told me that Amy had become sullen and withdrawn in bible class. And when a child is fortunate enough to learn the word of God, it is downright insubordinate to react with anything other than intense enthusiasm."

"Besides bible class, did anything else concern you?"

"I had noticed it myself. She became progressively more quiet...spending more and more studying...not the word of God but the lies."

Doris took a sip of her soda and continued:

"I recently met with Dr. Greene – one of the school counselor at *James Jordan Middle School* – I was troubled by what he said. I mean...I know that he's Satanic but even those compromised by pure evil can be right sometimes. He told me about reports from Amy's sixth grade teachers that said she was sullen and withdrawn. And that jibed with what I heard about and my personal observations. Once she was very enthusiastic about the Lord. Now...she just sits around and says as little as possible. She is just going through the motions: her passion for Jesus is gone."

"You've been telling me that you regret letting Amy go to that Charter school."

Yes...sir. I know that caused this mess. I should have home schooled her or sent her to a good Christian school. I didn't think that I had the time to do it myself and didn't have the money to send her to a Christ-centered school. Besides, she got in because of her grades, I was proud."

The Pastor nodded and said:

"Proverbs 16:18."

Doris knew it:

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

"Pride separates a believer from God.", the Pastor explained. "If you think for yourself, you are letting the devil in."

He took sip of his soda and said:

"A Christian – a true one - can easily be misled by her carnal nature. Romans 8:7 said that well."

Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

"it takes discipline to stay in Team Jesus.", Doris observed.

"Absolutely. That bring up something that I wanted to talk to you about. That can wait. We need to fully address Amy's problem. But remind me to talk to you about this idea before you leave."

"Okay."

"What did Amy say?

"Well...I was checking to see if she really drifted. She started to dispute Scripture by bringing up 'facts'. Doris enclosed the final word in air quotes.

"What did she say?"

"Science nonsense. It's all a blur. It sounded reasonable at the time, That's because Satan is so very clever."

The Pastor nodded.

"You're right...what you said about 'Team Jesus'. It is hard to stay on the team. Forces are always trying to trick us and divide us. We can't let them do that. They are smart and organized. They have the power...the media, the education system, everything. That's why Christianity is being persecuted. The critics will say 'Oh...there's a church on every corner. You aren't being persecuted'. Misses the point. There's a cabal that is trying to take us apart through organized deception...science in the devil's most toxic lie. And they have all the power...that are this invisible hand that controls every aspect of our culture...our banking industry. It's a real blood libel."

'James 1: 6-8' flashed in her mind:

'But when you ask, you must believe and not doubt, because the one who doubts is like a wave of the sea, blown and tossed by the wind. That person should not expect to receive anything from the Lord. Such a person is double-minded and unstable in all they do.'

Us versus them.

"Should I pull her from that school?"

"No...that would just make matters worse. Amy would resent it. She would be angry. There's a certain...well...psychology here. You need to be a strong Christian woman but will be forced to be open. You will find it a challenge."

"I should be able to discipline my child...to teach her God's word and admonish her fully when she strays."

"Of course. You should be able to beat her: this concerns her immortal soul. Compared to that, her physical body is nothing. We are in a hostile...a <u>godless</u>...culture and have to adjust our strategy...unfortunately. That is what I mean by you being 'a strong Christian woman that appears to be open'."

"Pease give me more...Pastor."

"You have to build Amy's trust. Now that understandably angers you...you are a good Christian woman, and you are doing everything right: you are teaching her The Word. You are doing everything right. You're part of a solid Christ-centered church and are taking advantage of our resources...like Bible Study."

"Why am I in this position where I still have to build my child's trust?"

"The cabal – and their organized deception – is all around us. And they have succeeded in undermining the natural trust that a Christian family enjoys. They are set on <u>undermining the</u> <u>Christian religion</u>. It isn't just the education system. This cabal controls all facets of our society...like popular culture."

"I overheard Amy on the phone the other day...now I wasn't spying. She left her bedroom door open...and she has gotten into the habit of keeping her door closed. Of course...that, in itself, was concerning."

"I'm glad that you mentioned that. You're a Christian parent whose child is drifting away from her beliefs: it might be tempting to spy. As the head of a Christian household, that should be your right. You should be able to monitor her 24/7 – to the devil with her so-called 'privacy' – this concerns her immortal soul. But we live in a hostile and <u>godless</u> culture...that is our challenge...which is the creation of the most vile: Satan. So...what did she say?"

"She was talking to some girl...um...'Linda'. I think they're some kind of study partners. Anyway...they were talking about an episode of a show that they have been watching...*Buffy the Vampire Slayer.*"

"Okay...that's been off the air for a few years."

"Apparently...this 'Linda' has the whole series on video. Amy mentioned something about putting the cassette in the player. I think they are just sitting and watching all the episodes..."

"That one is nasty."

I know...Pastor. I researched it. It's a real machination of Satan. There's something else. I suspect that Amy is in a lesbian relationship with Linda."

"Oh, my heavens!", the Pastor exclaimed with shock and dismay. "Do you have proof?"

"No. But I didn't like the way Amy spoke. She didn't say anything. But she was very flirtatious. It was like Linda was...my word...her girlfriend."

"Monitor the situation and keep me updated. Now...this 'Buffy' thing would definitely be contributing to Amy's rejection of Christ. And...that's a great example of how we are living in a hostile culture. And...in a situation like yours...you are forced to go back to basics. You have to build Amy's trust."

Doris sighed. Simms nodded with an empathetic expression and continued:

"Trust is the foundation here. She has been fed all of this false info and that has created biases. Now...you will have to approach these biases with patience and empathy. You do that by being authentic. You share your story and break those stereotypes – that she has been fed – through transparent interactions. Remember, trust-building is a marathon, not a sprint."

"I know...Pastor. You're right."

"And that's why you can't pull her from that evil school. And I get that. When viewed in isolation, of course you should. But there's another concern. It would trash any trust that Amy has left. You have to be willing to show vulnerability. Don't shy away from being upfront about your struggles and areas where you needed help. Transparency fosters authentic relationships. I know this will be difficult. You can do it."

"Can you give me some specifics about how I build this trust?"

Sure...you have to listen actively. While this should be a Christian nation, you have to appreciate that it has been stolen from us. I mean...we should be able to <u>stone a disobedient</u> <u>child to death</u> – chained up by her wrists, hanging by her arms, naked – in the public square. Sadly...no. Anyway, you have to listen. You have to understand and appreciate that we are now in a foreign culture...a <u>godless</u> one. You have to understand how it serves people like Amy. You have to learn the language...the slang. You have to participate in cultural events. That brings me to this idea that I have, But I don't want to get ahead of myself..."

"Okay...."

"This is about learning...learning and listening. Take a step back and learn Amy's world."

"This idea..."

"I'll get to that. I don't want to get ahead of myself. But you want to actively understand what value this Satanic culture is bringing to the table. And this next thing will really turn your stomach. But...to develop trust with Amy...you will have to force yourself to be objective and...empathetic. I'm sorry."

"My word."

"Doris...this will call on you to use your imagination. You will have to convince Amy that you see harmony between this depraved culture...which leads to unspeakably intense torture in the bowels of hell for eternity – and our true and godly one...the only path to salvation. You will have to convince Amy that you feel that the different cultures genuinely blend and enrich each other."

"Lie?"

"No...market. It's a marketing strategy. But don't worry we will get Amy back in the flock and get her to reject science."

Doris teared up and the Pastor gave her a tissue. As she wiped her eyes, she said:

"Yes...Pastor...we must save her from science."

She blew her nose. The Pastor gave her a handful of tissue. She said:

"I don't know if I can do this."

"You can. You're smart and you are on the side of right. But I want to keep you focused. Remember, trust-building is a marathon, not a sprint. I am here for you. I will talk you through this step by step. I am your support."

"My word."

"You can do this. I would like to touch on this idea."

"Okay."

"So...we live in this hostile...<u>godless</u>...culture. In our street preaching, we are confronting people *after* they have been indoctrinated with Satan's evil. We need to save people by example. We do that by showing them our love and compassion."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing...yet. You are dealing with this 'Amy crisis'. That is your focus. And, as I said, I am going to walk you through it. A new community group is forming right now: it's called the <u>Elysian</u> <u>Valley Arts Collective</u>. Sounds like real commie junk. And I want you to be a founding member. Apparently, they are forming as a nonprofit. They are going to organize an annual 'Art Walk' and other art events in our community. Still really embryonic. I want you to be a part of this 'Collective' from the beginning."

"Start now?"

"No...right now we have a couple activists who are publicly promoting an inclusive, creative community along the Los Angeles River. It looks like they want to start an annual 'Frogtown Artwalk' and then expand its mission to provide various arts programming for youth and neighbors in the area. Real pinko claptrap. I've realized that – for some reason – we are too stand offish. We need to aggressively engage the neighborhood's artistic and cultural scene. That can only be accomplished by a militaristic infiltration. You will be Jesus' mole. But joining is still premature. Soon...I will tell you when."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"This is a hostile...a.<u>godless</u>...culture, and our street preaching is not cutting it...a total bust. I mean we have nothing to show for all of that effort. We have not saved a single soul...not a single new member. And that is because we are confronting people *after* they have been indoctrinated with Satan's evil. We need to save people by example. We do that by showing them our love and compassion. After you join the group....and I will tell you when...I want you

just to be good and loving. No testifying but share The Word when a person asks. We may as well try it."

"Okay."

"For now, you – both of us – will be focused on the 'Amy Crisis". This will actually teach you about the secular world. As I said, you need to learn about popular culture so that you can relate to Amy. That knowledge will be needed when you become a part of this 'Collective'."

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And Rico understood.

It was the Wednesday after Bobby and Dustin lost it...killing the deviant.

They certainly seemed to have lost it. He and his soldiers were a few hours away from striking a blow against the satanic entertainment industry. Rico religiously followed the 'trades': online publications like *Variety* and programs like *Access Hollywood*. It was amazing how transparent the vile evil in Hollywood had become. They long ceased to even hide their repulsive plans to warp the minds of this once godly culture.

This most recent scheme made his head spin. They were remaking the 90's sitcom *Friends*. That – in itself – was thoroughly evil. It glorified casual sex and gay relations (including marriage). It romanticized the creation of a bastard. But this new version was going to go darker. It was going to take Phoebe (and Rico did think that the ditzy new ager was the best thing in the original) and make her transgendered. They were having an actual tranny play the part. The goal – of course – was to encourage young boys to cut their balls off. Men would cease to exist, and Satan would gain yet another foothold. It was not surprising that this was the brainchild of a perfidious Jew.

He knew that he had to act, He – and his two disciples were going to hit that evil production and assassinate some of that demonic scum. They would martyred themselves in the righteous assault.

The bottom line was that they had to get people to read his manifesto.

It was true that terrorist – freedom fighter – acts were a dime a dozen. His manifesto – written with the guidance of the Lord Jesus and reflecting the eternal wisdom of John Calvin – would aid Donald Trump, Steve Bannon, Steve Miller and all the other soldiers of Christ to turn the United States into Christian Nationalist state. <u>The nonsense</u> about a separation between church and state would end. The church would direct the government.

Then Bobby and Dustin snapped and ruined everything.

That previous weekend was *The 2023 Frogtown Art Walk*. That Saturday night was the last that Rico saw Bobby and Dustin. It was after the build party. Rico had returned home with the assembled Glocks. In a moment of fear, over the threatening manner of Ice King (the delusional

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drug addict that helped him assemble the guns), 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 sound stage were the remake of *Friends* was being shot.

With the help of God, he recruited two soldiers to help with this divine mission.

They ended up freaking out on the patio of the Omni Hotel – the NOÉ Restaurant & Bar - and wasting some random gnat of a human being. While Rico found the death amusing – they really did her good – but it was just another anonymous crime that would be quickly forgotten.

God's divine plan was thwarted.

Or so it seemed.

The man who was going to the tranny Pheobe was named J.J. He started his career as a kid. Rico always had mixed feelings about child actors.

On the one-hand, he admired the pluck and the grit that the young person demonstrated by *seeming to embrace* the protestant work ethic.

But that – like so much of this depraved and evil culture – was an illusion.

The child was being used by Satan to spread the demon's evil poison via the entertainment industry. When used, the poor kid would grow up to be a sad person...a drug addict or a prostitute. Actually, some would keep it together, they would contribute to the evil machine as an adult. Regardless, each of them was repeatedly raped as children.

The phrase *Protestant Work Ethic* was initially coined by pioneering sociologist Max Weber in his book "<u>The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism</u>" (1905). Weber asserted that Protestant ethics, along with Calvinist doctrines of asceticism and predestination, enabled the rise and spread of capitalism.

Rico understood the value of education in becoming a godly leader.

While education was godless, it was godly in the hands of a sanctified man. It helped him to realize that the *Melee at the Omni* (as it was dubbed by the media) was part of God's Divine Plan.

Something that differentiated Rico from Bobby and Dustin – as well as other members of the elect which he personally knew – was the fact that he went to college. He ended up majoring in History. His objective was to go to law school but was too much of a drinker. While he was still paying off his student loan debt, he never regretted his choice. His education gave him a reservoir of knowledge that enriched his life: he was able to engage people that would otherwise not be possible. Now college was not for most. He agreed with those that said that a liberal arts

education was a bastion of progressive indoctrination. Fortunately, he was smart enough to resist those evil charms. And the experience gave him a glimpse into the strategies of the enemy. He appreciated that the information enriched his mind. Despite what the communists said, God-fearing Conservatives were not stupid.

In his book, Max Weber explored the connection between Protestant values and the emergence of capitalism in Europe. He observed a statistical correlation in Germany between success in capitalist ventures and Protestant background. Protestantism, particularly Calvinism, fostered economic success.

This was because Calvin's doctrine of predestination stated the simple truth that sinful humanity could not know why or to whom God had extended the grace of salvation. There is certainty in uncertainty. This allowed Calvin's followers to marshal the forces within them. They believed in hellfire but felt psychological insecurity due to this doctrine.

Rico fully appreciated the clever and multi-textured nature of the Lord's Plan.

When a person is too sure of himself, he becomes prideful. And – in that pride – they turn their back on Jesus. Or they adopt a self-serving view that turns Him into a puppet: *God is Love*. But since the hardworking Calvinist workers understanding was off-kilter, they *sought* signs of God's will in daily life. They did not arrogantly assumed that they knew it. This insecurity led to an ethic of unceasing commitment to one's worldly calling (work). Any lapse might indicate doubts about one's state of grace. Because of the ascetic value of abstinence, these hard-working European Calvinists abstained from enjoying the profits of their labor, leading to rapid capital accumulation.

Rico saw that this is how the emphasis on worldly restraint – as wisely taught by Calvin – benefitted the job creators. Sadly, this Christian frugality began to unravel when the workers became greedy. This embrace of greed was the work of their carnal minds.

It was not until he reflected on the *Melee at the Omni* that <u>he fully appreciated</u> the Lord's genius in this regard. God's *true* prophets – like Paula White (who would use a humble servant, Donald Trump, to amplify her message) – would preach the Word. God fearing people would know that they could not fully understand these divine words on their own. They would slavishly follow the messenger. They would do things, agree to things, that seemed countered to their interests. But they knew that this subservience was needed for a Godly Society to succeed. Those with lesser intelligence would simply need to trust the wisdom of those with greater intelligence (which was being informed by God). Since the more intelligent leader are following the inerrant Word of God, they can be trusted to provide an unchanging message that would never betray the faithful.

Because of rising expenses after the Civil War, large corporations began reducing wages. Instead of embracing humility – as the workers had done in Europe – the American workers embraced worldly (false) values. Instead of working harder and helping the job creators, industrial laborers responded by organizing into unions.

Rico saw that God's Plan was perfect. He had Calvin preach the truth (predestination). It threw the believers off base a little bit. But that cool. It caused them to work harder – without concern for earthly compensation – and to benefit the visionaries who built the railroads. Craven men got in the way and undermined this simple plan. Motivated by avaricious, union leaders confused the simple workers. They did so to get their money in the form of union dues. That was their only motivation.

By the mid-1950s, unions had successfully organized about one-third of non-farm workers. This caused the once godly United States to turn away from Jesus. This led to decline in corporate power – which was mandated by the Lord -this weakening of true Christianity led to a rise in outsourcing and competition from overseas markets. President Reagan tried valiantly to restore our divine focus by weakened labor's position.

Sadly, it was too little too late.

Weber pointed out – that prior to the rise of the evil labor unions – the worker attitude was a simple desire to please a God whose precise nature was unknowable. This broke down traditional economic systems, paving the way for modern capitalism. Weber understood that Protestantism, with its strong work ethic and ascetic values, played a crucial role in shaping the capitalist system

The evil labor unions emphasized the tawdry rewards of this life instead of the refined (and substantial) rewards of the next.

While a godly man like Reagan tried to return the worker towards the traditional embrace of the public good and away from the selfish need for worldly pleasure, the satanic Obama administration undercut his good work.

For example, <u>the Wage and Hour Division</u>, an agency at the U.S. Department of Labor, issued regulations and regulatory guidance to expand protections to more workers. Rico knew that this meant that the state was weakening the moral fiber of the American public. This mortal agency further undermined Christ's plan for a healthy capitalist system by increasing the number of investigators who enforced these artificial regulations. In so doing, Satan was undercutting the simple beauty of the capitalist system that was established by Jesus Christ.

Fortunately, the Trump administration has systematically rolled back such godless abominations.

Trump revised the overtime rules to reduce the number of workers eligible for overtime pay. He modified the definition of an employer that narrowed protections for workers. This was needed to return the workers back to a time when they were hungry, and that hunger gave them the focus to build capitalism.

Sadly, the godly work of the Trump administration was already being undercut. His changes were being contested in court and would likely be reversed in a Biden administration.

Rico saw that the wise actions of Christ-centered men – like Reagan and Trump – would be undercut by the evil action of the possessed, people like Obama and Biden.

And, sadly, the damage was done. The damage to the moral fiber of our *once great* nations was undone. This gave rise to perversions like this remake of *Friends*: which actually celebrated unspeakable evils like transgenderism.

Rico appreciated that there were two takeaways.

Wise Christ-centered men were always trying to execute God's plan. Rapacious men – concerned only about their bellies and genitals – would undo the noble work of the Godly.

God's Plan was so rich, detailed and beautiful in design that even a brilliant emissary of the Lord – would be unable to appreciate it. At least not until he prayed on it and the Lord explained it to him.

He first thought that Bobby and Dustin undid God's plan when they tore that nonperson apart. He was wrong. It was part of the Plan.

He realized that the *Melee at the Omni* was planned from the beginning.

The media was reporting that the godless she-devil was roommates with a staff writer of the *Friends* reboot.

If Bobby and Dustin had just offed some random piece of scum, they would not have located and killed someone connected to the staff writer. There was a consciousness behind the story. It was all part of the plan. It was like some guy writing a novel.

As is the nature of things, the media was beginning to leak details. A search of Dustin and Bobby's suite uncovered both their Glocks and – in one of the suitcases - a piece of paper that had *an extremist website* written on it. That was his manifesto.

The Consciousness at work.

That connected him to the reboot but kept him separate from the crime. He could now be a 'Kyle Rittenhouse' type. While able to maintain plausible deniability about the nonperson's slaughter – and he honestly did not know it was going to happen – he could preach on the need for a Christian Nationalism and the evil of productions like Ilana Glazer's remake of *Friends*.

He would become a fixture on Christ-centered networks like *Newsmax*. He would speak at GOP fundraisers.

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The workday was starting at Jane's office. Amy handed Jane her cup of coffee and said:

"I was laughing about Jesus this morning...a helluva belly laugh."

"Um…oh?"

"I know that sounds like a weird thing to say. But this bullshit has tormented for my entire life. I was thinking about how ridiculous the resurrection story is. I started laughing. I think that I'm really starting to putting it behind me."

Amy took a sip of her coffee. Jane smiled.

"Yesterday, I was telling you some of my ideas about life...but I got a little worked up and we lost it. Can I talk about it a bit more?"

"Of course."

"Okay...so...evolutionary theory tells us that traits passed down from one generation to another. And these traits are shaped by shaped by natural selection. Right?"

"Yes...go on."

"Okay...so...certain traits enhance survival and reproduction. So, in more highly developed animals...like primates...apes...that's us Jane...being cooperative...as a group... leads to stable interactions and that contributes to species continuity. Okay?"

"Yeah...that sounds great...but humanity is constantly killing each other. Not just wars. I remember you talking about how a human war is like a territorial conflict...that you might see between apes...you know, based in behavioral qualities that are developed through natural selection..."

Jane held a hand up, palm facing Amy. It indicated that she was not done speaking. She was holding her cup of coffee in the other hand. She took a sip and continued:

"Yeah...okay...but you were saying that this natural process is perverted by the artificial reality that humanity created. You used the phrase 'fake reality...fake instincts'. Yeah, that sounded good to me."

Jane did a head bob that indicated the couch and started to walk towards it. Amy followed.

"But...", Jane continued. "Here's the problem that I had with it..."

They sat down and placed their cups on the coasters that were waiting on the coffee table. Jane's brows furrowed. She clasped her hands together. She stared ahead and continued:

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"....I mean...that fails to explain all the stuff that my People...Jews...have been dealing with...the endless persecution...the pogroms...the Holocaust. Does it?"

Jane looked at Amy as she waited for a response."

"Queers have always been fucked with and persecuted as well.", Amy said.

"Exactly. Stuff like that is not a natural conflict perverted by our artificial manmade reality...and I think that you do have a good point there...But how do you explain persecution that is...um...systemic?"

"Um...so at that first bull session...you encouraged me to study...to learn...fuck it, girl...that shit changed my life. So...l've been just surfing the web...and reading. I read some stuff on transgenderism."

"Okay...go on."

Jane nestled into the corner of the couch, in anticipation of Amy developing her thought. She realized that hiring Amy was one of the best decisions that she ever made.

"Ok...in '95, some neuroscientists...um...in the Netherlands <u>publish a paper</u>. And...um...it was this post-mortem thing. They autopsied the brains of some transgender people."

"Go on."

"Okay...so...they autopsy these tranny brains, and they find that the physiology was structured in a way that would have the person identify with their gender identity and not the physical birth sex. So...a person could be born with a male body but with a woman's brain. Um...and vice versa. Does that make sense?"

"Sure...and it's fascinating...answers a lot of stuff...but doesn't answer my question."

"I know...um...guess I'm just setting the table."

Jane wrapped a hand around of Amy's knees and gave it a squeeze.

"Of course...go on."

"Um...the researchers end up suggesting that a person identifies as transgender because of how the individual's brain develops...*before birth*."

"Go on."

"So...the tranny brain formed *in vitro*. Right? And...wow...I realized that the only possible conclusion that transgenderism involves genetics."

"Do you remember what I said yesterday?", Jane asked. "I said that you were brilliant. I've realized that you're smarter than me. Shit...you're mom fucked you up and that really pisses me off. But...while what you just said is cool...it doesn't answer my question. Why is there systemic persecution?"

"Okay...you answered it. First...thank you for what you said about my brains. For the sake of argument, let's say that I'm smart and that cunt Doris kept me from embracing it. That is my entire point. Doris – and that evil church...that cocksucker Pastor Simms...believed in a lot of made up nonsense. So...I'm smart...you know...naturally. But those people kept me from my intelligence because of the made-up bullshit. Same deal with my lesbianism. The artificial suppressed the natural."

"Okay! I get what you were saying about transgenderism. It is natural. But because of the made up stuff...the myth...the people around the tranny suppress it. The artificial suppresses the natural."

"Exactly."

"Okay...that's good. But it raises the question. Why do groups make up stuff...Islam...Christianity...stuff like that...to keep a person being his true self?"

I like the phrase Authentic Self. That shit's been part of my intellectual DNA ever since Linda introduced me to thar term. I can't believe that she was 13. Talk about brilliant. Anyway, a person is an animal, but natural qualities are perverted by a sophisticated mind that questions itself. It can't just run on instinct. Sexuality is core to that. When you have a person exhibit a sexual nature other than your own. You view it as a threat. Being gay or trans is in the minority. The majority gangs up against the minority. The artificial controls the natural."

"Oh...define 'Authentic Self'."

Those are the qualities – emotional, intellectual and sexual – that are determined by genetics. Being good at math...or being gay...trans...is determined by genetics. At least partially. But these natural qualities put a person in the minority. Even being good at math. Because science questions the myths that validate the majority traits...being cis or straight."

"...And that's why the Jews have been persecuted...slaughtered...for centuries?"

"Yes! Yes! Can I, um, reiterate some stuff and then tie it into the Jews? That's important to me."

They were both sitting on the couch, side by side. Jane had been leaning into the back corner of the piece of furniture. She readjusted her body. Sitting up, she pivoted slightly so that she was making solid eye contact with Amy.

"Go on.", Jane said.

"So...the evil bitch finally dies in '13. One good thing comes of it. I inherent some money...a nice bit of savings. The cunt hated me. But thankfully, she hated contracts even more. If it

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weren't for that. She would have signed her money over to that prick Simms. I start traveling around the country. And...damn...five years go by. But I'm doing my *Kung Fu* thing."

"Kung Fu thing?"

"Yeah...it was like that show from the 70's...*Kung Fu*. I'm kinda just searching. I'm like the David Carradine's character: Caine. Now...he was on the run in the Old West. That's because he killed the Chinese Emperor's nephew. You see...the coward killed Caine's teacher in cold blood. It was not an honorable killing. He didn't kill the teacher with his hands in a fair fight. He uses a gun. So...Caine avenges his teacher. And, in his culture, *that* was honorable.

"Okay...I remember. Is that why you are into Buddhism? A Kung Fu tie in?

"Yeah...I mean 'no'. Okay...so I like Buddhist shit. I gotta say I've been having epiphanies left and right. And...I hope that this cool to say, Jane...that's all you. All these ideas and observations from over the past five years are coming together now. I mean...I was having all of these insights over those years. But they were separate. They were not talking to each other. Now they are one voice. That's because of you. You're special to me."

"You're special to me. I really mean that. You're this bright and insightful young woman. Now...you had a realization about Buddhism?"

"It really is tailor made for me. Doris didn't succeed flushing me down the toilet, but she did flush my confidence and self-esteem."

Amy touches Jane on the arm.

"Spoiler alert...it's coming back. But Buddhist meditation is very solidary. It's focusing on your breath and just allowing your thoughts to drift away."

"I'm sorry to interrupt. But I have the same relationship with Buddhist meditation. It helps me harmonize my emotions and deal with the past. Sorry. So...you liked the solitary quality of meditation?"

"Yeah...It's solidary but is also a group activity. "So, it's a group of us. We are each sitting cross-legged on a zabuton. You know...that traditional meditation cushion. And the *Kadampa Meditation Center* has really nice ones. Anyway...the meditation is the ultimate solitary activity. You endeavor to be completely alone...separate from even your thoughts. Yet...you're in a room with a couple dozen people...also alone. Perfect. And Buddhism is about nonjudgemental spirituality."

"So...you had an insight about Jews...or persecution...while meditating?"

"Yeah...kinda lost the thread. Sorry. But I'm actually having a lot of insights. That's how the meditation works. Focusing on your breath...allowing your thoughts to drift. Bam! You have these insights. But not during the sitting but after. It's because you stop the incessant negative shit and it's replaced by these cool realizations."

Amy reached over to the coffee table, retrieved her mug and took a sip.

"So...I really am like Caine. He kills the Chinese Emperor's nephew. Caine was avenging his teacher. And, in his culture, *that* was honorable. I was just trying to be myself...this smart little queer. But everyone was trying to stop me. I was doing nothing wrong...only being righteous. I was only embracing my Authentic Self."

"A smart little queer."

"So, I was having trouble conceptualizing 'Authentic Self'. I realized that it was what I always was. Since everyone was trying to keep me from it, I had to consciously manifest it...bring it out. But this isn't new age. It's science...sort of."

Amy had another sip if coffee. She continued:

"Carl Sagan has this quote. 'We are all star stuff'. Do you know it?"

Jane nodded.

Amy was referring to something from Sagan's book: *The Cosmic Connection: An Extraterrestrial Perspective*:

All of the rocky and metallic material we stand on, the iron in our blood, the calcium in our teeth, the carbon in our genes were produced billions of years ago in the interior of a red giant star. We are made of star-stuff.

"If the carbon in my genes was produced by the Big Bang and my genes – in part – determine my sexual, intellectual and emotional qualities – what I call my Authentic Self – I connect to the Big Bang when I connect to these qualities."

"Wow...that's fascinating. Now...are you saying that God or some kind of Intelligence determines this Authentic Self?"

"Not exactly. Actually, I'm starting to lean towards this idea of an Intelligent Designer. You know...the Universe is like a watch with its gears, springs, and delicate mechanisms. The precise and purposeful design implies a that there was a watchmaker —someone who intentionally crafted the watch. But I don't really believe that. I see the appeal. And, if there such an entity, it would be unknowable...it would be beyond human comprehension. Our gods are all made up bullshit...self-serving nonsense. Just not what I'm saying."

"Okay...but if the carbon in our genes was created in the Big Bang and those genes contribute to qualities like being gay, trans, good at math...what?"

"Then those qualities are part of a process that began with The Creation. If a person connects to any of those...and many others...than that person consciously embraces that process. And when she does that, she becomes one with The Creation."

"Then...you are saying that being Jewish is being one's Authentic Self. This is determined by genetics and, in turn, connects the Jew...to the Big Bang...", Jane faded off. She was confused.

"No. I'm saying that being Jewish is like being good at math."

Jane laughed explosively.

"I'm sorry...sweetie. I'm not laughing at you. I swear. This is some really incredible stuff. But...what the hell are you talking about?"

"Do you remember what I said about science? People who define their sense of self by believing in nonsense myth hate it. Because science questions the myths that validate the majority traits...being cis or straight. I have to repeat that: religion exists to validate the majority conception of self. Science is predicated on math."

"Um...okay...Christians, and I mean the extreme ones, they hate Jews because we question the mythology that defines them."

"More than that. Jews just flat-out reject it...Ignore it. They essentially roll their eyes and say: 'I don't think so'."

"And that rejection...dismissal... makes the Jews a threat?"

"Many Christians believe that the only path to salvation is their beliefs. A group that rejects those beliefs are hellhound. Their very presence threatens to cause Christian children to doubt...and both the Jews and those children go to hell. This means that the Christians feared the Jews...saw them as evil.".

"My people killed Christ.", Jane said with a laugh.

"Yeah...some people are pissed at you...remember the other day when we were talking about the <u>Alhambra Decree</u>? Ferdinand and Isabella issued it to expel the Practicing Jews so that they would not 'corrupt' the *Conversos*...Jews that had converted to Catholicism?"

"Sure...the conversions were not done because of free will. They converted because the Spaniards were slaughtering them.", Jane said.

"Right. The Spaniards were afraid that the converts would revert to their Jewish beliefs. So...they started to kill the Jews who would not convert...who stayed true to their culture and faith...the pogroms..."

"...Yeah, after the pogroms of 1391, the attacks continue. Another 50,000 converted by 1415 to avoid expulsion. Because of the *Alhambra Decree* and the persecution, over 200,000 Jews converted to Catholicism: 40 to 100,000 were expelled."

Jane's face was flushed. She grabbed some tissues from the container on the coffee table. She wiped her tears and blew her nose. She said:

"Woman...the office tissue budget has exploded since I hired you. Please continue."

"Ferdinand and Isabella could not have practicing Jews in Spain because their presence negated their respective existential being. This easily metastasizes into a blanket hatred of all Jews. This, in turn, makes them the protagonists in conspiracy theories. These people are snowflakes and will do anything to protect their fragile egos. Anyway...that is why my people believed in bullshit like the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*."

"Keep talking."

"So...The Jews are like Caine, David Carradine's character in *Kung Fu*. When he killed the Chinese Emperor's nephew, he was avenging his teacher. And, in his culture, *that* was honorable. He was being righteous...embracing his Authentic Self. But the Emperor persecutes him: the Christians <u>are</u> persecuting the Jews. The Jews are just minding their own business, doing stuff like raising their kids. Just being their Authentic Selves. But the snowflakes – to protect their fragile egos – keep fucking with them."

"Keep talking."

"As I said, I'm like Caine. Using the transitive property, I'm like the Jews."

Jane buried her face in her palms and cried. She grabbed some tissues and wiped her face. She said:

"Damn tissue budget."

She exhaled loudly and said:

"Amy...hiring you was the best decision that I ever made. We need to keep talking about this stuff. Really. But...unfortunately...we have a ton of work. We need to get down to business. Let's get to work."

"Okay."

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Brandon Speaking

It was Friday. Amy was slaughtered by the lunatics the previous weekend.

I was in Ilana Glazer's office. It was clear that I could not work in the writer's room.

Both Ilana and Josie Totah promised that I would get something that would be a lateral move: a creative position in the production of a streamer. They understood that I would not be emotionally up for a writing gig (especially a comedy). Even if I felt comfortable going into a writer's room while still grieving her murder, there would be a unique issue with helping to script Ilana's reimaging of *Friends*.

The tragedy was very public and grisly. It's what the news media loved to talk about. If something bled it led. And in a post-network news environment, every story led. They did everything possible to avoid discussing something that would make the viewer/reader uncomfortable. The rise of Fascism in the form of Donald Trump. The movement to take away the rights of a large portion of Americans. The aggressive collapse of the environment.

This was a salacious story: entertainment. It was not a tragedy. It was fun. The unprovoked murder and rape of a woman in a public place – while very real – was just another reality show. The story was getting heavy national rotation. Amy's sexuality was already a big issue especially on the psycho-fantasy outlets – like *Newsmax* and *Fox News* – that masqueraded as news outlets but were outrage machines that fed the irrational anger and *very* rational insecurities of the idiot viewers.

Amy was a cross dressing freak who was 'asking for it' by wearing a suit and tie in public. By having a man's haircut. By wearing a modest amount of makeup: some rouge and mascara.

By existing.

The polyam would soon come out.

If I were in the writer's room, the 'Jesse Watters' types would be blathering about how I was furthering the Gay Agenda. Then the writer's room would be plunged into chaos. If I was in that room, the nightmare situation would frustrate the delivery of scripts. Deadlines would not be met.

And the project was already controversial enough. Our Phoebe was a trans woman. In interviews, Ilana and other top production people promised that the character would be portrayed in a sympathetic manner: she would be complex and nuanced.

The character was going to be played by Josie Totah.

Born in 2001, she was formerly known as 'J. J.'. Before the transition, she gained recognition for her recurring role on the Disney Channel series *Jessie* and her supporting role in the 2013 ABC comedy series *Back in the Game*. In 2016 – still pre-transition – she received critical acclaim for her performance in the film *Other People*.

In 2018, she <u>publicly came out</u> as a transgender woman, changing her first name to Josie and wrote an essay in <u>*Time* Magazine</u>.

The <u>essay was published around the time</u> that the short-lived NBC comedy series *Champions* was broadcast. She played the gay son of Vince (Anders Holm) and Priya (Mindy Kaling). I had binged the series twice and would have like to have seen a follow up series where Michael is Michelle, and the reactions of her parents and the uncle (Andy Favreau) were examined.

She played 'Lexi' in the 2020 revival of Saved by the Bell which was post.

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And the alt-right media was already talking about Josie's involvement in the project...a lot. My presence in the writer's room – after it came out that I was in a poly am with the dyke who was 'asking for it' (by existing) – would have generated a real shitstorm from the smarmy talking heads that were pandering to their idiot viewers.

Ilana and Josie both promised to get me something from which I could continue to build my career. They wanted to keep me on the *Friends* reboot if humanly possible but would go outside to another project if needed.

Josie had both executive producer and consultant credits. The latter oversaw the development of her trans character. We had scheduled an interview for me to be her assistant for next week.

For the time being, I was Ilana's assistant, helping her with the mechanics of getting a new show up and running.

Ilana's office was eclectic: blending 1960s mod with other elements. It exuded creativity, comfort, and style. When it was set up, they thought about balance: it was a mix of retro pieces(60's mod) with other that might be more difficult to place. A distinct personality shone through.

Her desk was 1960s mod-inspired, white with a minimalist elegance. It had smooth, curved edges: no sharp corners. That one design element gave the whole room a mod aesthetic. Made of a single piece of plastic with a bright white finish, it was crisp and clean. It managed to be of a certain time (the sixties) and yet had a timeless quality. While it was fully up to her needs, it had a compact quality - an understated simplicity - that fits nicely into the workspace without overwhelming it. Simultaneously, it set the tone for the entire room.

It was opposite the door and parallel to the opposing wall.

Three chairs surrounded the desk. Her chair was a Wishbone Chair, also known as a Y Chair: it was designed in 1949 by Hans Wegner. He drew inspiration from classic Ming Dynasty Chinese chairs. The design was simplified and lightweight. The chair featured a wishbone-shaped backrest, elegant and curved. The seat was made of paper cord (both durable and pliable): it was comfortable and had a visually interesting texture.

The other two chairs were in front of the desk.

They were round rattan chairs that were a delightful blend of '60s mod aesthetics with a bohemian charm. Handcrafted from rattan— a natural material that exuded warmth and texture – they gave the room a fun and casual quality. The fun and bohemian quality was enhanced by the fact that they were 'indoor/outdoor'. The seat included a very comfortable cushion.

On the eggshell walls, there were prints by two artists from the 1960's. Each piece had the same matting and unassuming black lacquer frame.

Peter Max, born Peter Max Finkelstein, was an American whose style mixed psychedelic art and pop art. His *Cosmic '60s* period captured the spirit of the counterculture era with

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kaleidoscopic imagery, radiant colors, and intricate patterns. He blended his fascination with Eastern philosophy, astronomy, color studies, and music.

Andy Warhol was a fixture of 60's popular culture. His bold and distinctive style became synonymous with *Pop Art*. His paintings and prints featured vibrant colors and heavy linework...capturing the essence of the era. Lionized for his celebrity portraits, he used photographic silkscreen printing to create images of the well-known: producing multiple versions and variations of a given print. Warhol's images of Marilyn Monroe, soup cans, and sensational newspaper stories were instantly recognizable. Using his commercial background as an illustrator, he blurred the lines between art and consumer culture.

The two artists alternated and solidified the 60's focus of Ilana's office.

The pieces were separated by macrame wall decorations.

For texture and visual interest, there were several woven wall baskets placed around the room.

While the color palette was overall neutral —whites and creams —there were pops of color inspired by the '60's: mustard yellow, burnt orange, and teal.

The floor was hardwood but was almost entirely covered by layered rugs. The upper rug was a large Kilim that was overall pink and had a bohemian quality. Featuring intricate patterns and warm shades of pink, it gave her office greater boho flair. It was centered on a slightly larger hand-spun jute piece. Behind Ilana's desk were two windows with sheer curtains: above it was a 60's gold pendant light. The fixture combined sleek lines with warm elegance. Featuring a frosted glass orb, it was crafted from sturdy metal with a gold-finish.

Scattered around the perimeter of the room were several original Gerard Floor Lamps that blended mid-century design (60's mod) with a minimalist twist. The pieces reinterpreted the classic tree lamp style. It featured five white glass globes, each positioned at different angles. The glass covers evenly provided a diffuse warm light. Crafted from silver metal, each five and a half foot lamp had a genuine marble base.

I was sitting in one of the rattan chairs. On my lap, there was a single sheet of paper with the week's itinerary: it was sitting on a red manilla file folder thar was shut. While we lived in a paperless society, paper had its place. It gave added gravitas to a message.

"Sweetie!", it was Ilana. She closed the door behind her. She was dressed casually: blue jeans, white t-shirt and canvas flats.

I started to get up to greet her.

"Oh, no...no. You're good."

She continued on into the office. When she was parallel to me, she leaned in and pressed the top of her head against the nape of my neck. She wrapped her adjacent arm around my

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shoulders and squeezed. She made a growly noise. She continued on and went around her desk and sat down.

Motioning towards the paper on my lap, I started:

"So...I was thinking about tomorrow's..."

Waving me silent, she said:

"We have all day for that. How are you feeling?"

"I'm good...well, you know...I'm getting really concerned about Jane."

I stopped, expecting a response. She said nothing. She clasped her hands together and rested them on her desk. Leaning forward, she made firm eye contact.

"Something that you have appreciate about a poly am...one with very intense emotional bonds...like mine...is that the individual members have different...um...emotional bonds. We all love each other. But the bond was always most intense between those two."

"They were soul sisters."

"Yeah...a part of Jane has died. We're all grieving...all devastated...but she's lost her moorings. I'm concerned if we'll ever get her back."

"They were very close...even before you all got involved."

"Amy was totally fucked up when she started working for Jane back in '19. And...well...we talked about how Jane really built her up. And...l've only come to fully understand this recently...Jane was deeply tormented..."

I stopped, considered llana, and continued:

The...ah...antisemitic assault on her family when she was a kid really did a number on her. She was deathly afraid of the rise of fascism...because Trump is evil. So, in '19, Amy is the first non-Jew to get it. I mean, Jane is very tight lipped about their friendship in '19. What little that I do know comes from talking to Amy...she was pretty cagey about details. But It was powerful...cathartic. The two shared all these confidences...shit gets really intense. Jane completely opens up. Tells Amy shit that she can't tell her shrink. Then those freaks cut her up."

Ilana clearly expected me to cry. When I didn't, she continued:

"And...you really think that Jane is permanently damaged?"

"This is more than grieving. Even though Amy never converted, she viewed her as one of the Tribe. And it's just not that way with me or Jim. Amy's murder...well...she thinks that they are coming after her...her and her People. She felt guilty for her parents' deaths 'cuz she was a scared kid, and her erratic actions exposed them and got them shot. She feels guilty for befriending Amy...and making her a part of her life."

"That's not rational. The freaks didn't even know about Jane."

"Jane is the most rational person that I've ever known...but...she lost it. It isn't just grief for Amy. Her fears are in hyperdrive."

"Be there for her...support her. I met Jane...after...after...but I've been asking around about her. Honestly...I wasn't aware of her agency. I've been talking to people that have dealt with her. She could not be more highly thought of. Smart. Honest. Dependable. Where is she now?"

"Home. Jim is with her. He's holding up pretty well. I honestly thought it would be the other way around."

"Do you want to join them?"

"Yeah...but no. I really need to be here, Ilana. In fact, I even spoke to Jane about it this morning...offered to stay. She wanted me to leave. She wanted one of us to be able to leave the house."

"She can't leave the house?"

"No...Jim is babysitting. As I said, this is more that grief. Jane is broken. Her shrink did a house call yesterday. The three of us did a zoom with that grief counselor that you arranged for us. Thank you. That shit's been a life saver."

"Really...you can leave if you need to."

"Well..."

"Just do a half day. Just a few more hours. You have to be there for them. But you're right. It would be therapeutic for Jane to see you working."

"Right...right...we need to do some shit then.", I said as I pointed to the itinerary on my lap.

We talked shop.

There was a knock on the door. Before either of us could say anything, the door opened. It was Josie. She was wearing a well-tailored pantsuit that nicely accentuated her body. Of simple design, the suit was charcoal grey suit with minimal embellishment. Her shoes were simple black leather flats. Her grey blazer was single breasted: both buttons were done. Wearing a fitted pink satin shirt, the collars were splayed out over her shoulders.

"Um...guys...I have to show you something."

As Josie crossed the room, she produced her phone:

"It's a video."

Josie sat in the rattan next to me. Ilana got up and ended up behind the two chairs.

Josie rubbed my shoulder and said:

"Brandon...sweetie...how are you? Feeling okay?"

"I'm good...really. This clip concerns Amy?"

"Yeah...this is really heavy. Are you sure that you're up to it?", Josie said.

"Yeah ... what is it?"

"It's Alex Jones. He has a doctored video of Amy's murder. It's really ugly."

I nodded as I looked at her phone which she held in front of me. Ilana bent at the knees and squatted: putting her at eye level.

<u>Alex Jones</u> was a controversial American radio host who was known for his aggressive conspiracy theories. He gained notoriety through his program *InfoWars*.

The show – a four hour program - was broadcast live on weekdays with additional broadcasts on Sundays. On it, Jones riffed on news stories, often questioning official narratives and probing for hidden meanings. His show covered a wide range of topics, including politics, health, and global events. The show's business model was simple: keeping it's gullible and stupid viewers in a state of perpetual panic. And this is what they wanted. They defined themselves with anger. Anger over the past half century of civil rights advances. Of blacks. Of women. Of gays. They were angry over attempts to reverse environmental damage. They viewed it as both questioning God's will and a godless government expanding it's control over the population. The grand objective was to first marginalize and then persecute Christians…true Christians.

Jones obliged his viewers. He stoked their anxieties by weaving tall tales about shadowy forces that were involved in elaborate plots to hoodwink and victimize true Americans. This translated into spreading dangerous misinformation.

Jones claimed that the U.S. government was either behind or failed to prevent <u>the 9/11 attacks</u>. He suggested a '98% chance' that it was a 'government-orchestrated controlled bombing'. He said this on the day of the attacks.

But the 9/11 conspiracy theories predate 9/11. In 2001 – before he rose to national prominence –, Jones did a broadcast of *InfoWars* on a local public-access channel. At that time, Jones laid out what he saw as the history of government-manufactured false-flag attacks. He cited the Gulf of Tonkin incident. He claimed that that Lyndon Johnson used it to draw the United States deeper into the Vietnam War. He further claimed that the first attack on the World Trade Center (1993) and the Oklahoma City bombing (1995) were government-manufactured, meant to help Bill Clinton boost his poll numbers and suppress civil liberties.

During the 2016 U.S. presidential election, Jones promoted the <u>*Pizzagate*</u> conspiracy theory. It falsely claimed that a pedophilia ring, that was linked to Democratic Party members, existed. This was supposably based on coded messages in John Podesta's hacked emails. The conspiracy centered around the Comet Ping Pong pizzeria in Washington, D.C.

The fantasy led to real violence.

In December 2016, <u>Edgar Maddison Welch</u>, a believer in the conspiracy theory, drove from North Carolina to Washington, D.C. He entered *Comet Ping Pong* armed with weapons, causing panic among patrons. Welch allegedly fired at least one shot before being apprehended. During his post-arrest interview, he revealed that he came to the establishment to 'self-investigate'.

While no one was injured, the incident highlighted that dangerous idiots were affected by the lies and misinformation.

Jones also spread dangerous <u>misinformation about COVID-19 vaccines</u>. He falsely claimed that vaccines would destroy immunity, cause autoimmune diseases, and target placental proteins, leading to miscarriages. He also propagated depopulation plots.

Josie pursed her lips and started the video.

Jones was on InfoWars: the set was designed to look like an actual newsroom.

"Well, they're at it again. They're mocking true Americans...like you...instigating violence. Now, what I am going to show you has not yet been vetted by my crack staff. But...I felt that I need to get it to you as quickly as possible."

"One second....let me skip ahead.", Josie said. She pulled the phone away briefly and manipulated it.

It was the night of the murder: the NOÉ Restaurant & Bar on the patio of the Omni Hotel. Amy and her friends could be seen sitting at a table near the center. While Tamika was in hospital and recovering from her burns, I was able to talk to the other member of Amy's party: Mika (she was also a co-worker of Jim's). She told me that they had been partying at Club Bahia: a vibrant nightclub specializing in Latin entertainment. While they had a blast at the club, as they danced to the live music, they decided to go to someplace a bit more sedate so that they could talk. The patio bar was Mika's idea. She liked the cozy and relaxed atmosphere . Besides it was a beautiful and warm night, she felt that they would enjoy sitting amongst the fire pits and sipping on drinks while under the stars. They would look out at the cityscape that was below them. Mika expressed guilt over suggesting that they go there: I reassured her that there was no way that she could have known...that the crazies were everywhere.

Jesus is LORD!", a voice shrieked. Everyone on the patio – including the group at Amy's table – turned towards it. Two men were standing at the elevator. They were casually dressed: jeans, T-Shirts, and work boots.

"Oh, fuck you! There's no Jesus! You're fucking idiots for believing in him!" Amy's voice shrieked (the 'f-bombs' were partially bleeped). The clip ended and Jones reappeared.

"Now...I'm not excusing the two men. They were drunk and became violent. But they were hard working construction guys and were blowing off some steam. These are the guys who built our

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great country. Yes, they were expressing the faith that made us great until the likes of Bill, Hillary and Barack Hussein came along. Then this deviant..."

A picture of Amy appeared on the screen. She was dressed in a suit and tie: she was wearing rouge and mascara. Clearly angry, she had a scowl and penetrating eyes. I recognized it. Jim had snapped a candid when she wasn't expecting it. We all agreed that it was funny and texted it around. Did Jones pay off a friend to get it? How close was he?

"...was prowling around the city. Dressed in an 'androgynous manner'..."

He enclosed the phrase in air quotes.

"...she was prowling around the city with a couple of her friends with the intent to taunt decent Americans. One of her friends worked for some scam architectural firm that was being funneled government money for so-called 'green technology'...that's your money. I know that the phrase 'asking for it' is not PC...and God forbid that we ever upset the woke brigade..."

"Turn it off!", I shrieked. I rested my hand on Josie's back and said sheepishly: "I'm sorry, Josie."

"It's okay.", She said as she killed the phone. "I'm sorry. I had to show you."

"That clip is so obviously doctored. The real one has been out for a while. She said 'Oh...fuck.' in a quiet voice. You can only hear it because the patio was dead quiet. Then those psychos go after her.", I said.

"Did you noticed how he said that he had not 'vetted' the clip?", Ilana asked. "He's learned from Sandy Hook. He's going to either say that he was honestly mistaken or question which clip is real. It doesn't matter. His viewers don't care about facts...except to resent them."

Following the tragic 2012 Sandy Hook Elementary School shooting, Jones propagated the false claim that the massacre was a staged event orchestrated by opponents of Second Amendment rights. He alleged that grieving parents were 'crisis actors' and that the shooting never occurred. This inflammatory narrative led to death threats and harassment against victims' families. In 2022, Jones was found guilty of defamation and ordered to pay \$965 million to those affected by his harmful statements.

"What an evil fuck.", I said. "Why is he doing this?"

"Money.", Josie said. "He uses *InfoWars* to sell bogus dietary supplements and other crap. His fans buy it to support him."

"He needs to keep the freaks turning on the show.", Ilana added. "He needs to give the people what they want."

"He's scum.", I said.

"I noticed that your phone hasn't gone off for a while.", Ilana said.

"I put it on 'Do Not Disturb' when I'm at work. I check it periodically."

"Then...check it.", Ilana said.

I pulled it out:

"I have a call and a text from Jim."

"You're leaving now. You have to be with your family.", Ilana said.

"Before you go, I am offering you the assistant job. I assume that you still want it.", Josie said.

"Yeah...of course. But we have not interviewed yet."

"Why? You're competence is not in question. I know that you are a *trans* ally...and, honestly, anyone who makes it to the interview is good on that. For me...the interview is about getting to know the person. I couldn't know you better. And I'm your ally, now.", Josie waived her phone for emphasis.

"What about those other two candidates?"

"I know about an original that's starting up on the streamer *Tubi*. I'll get them interviews. Hell, they're both really bright. I bet they both get something on it."

"Okay...thanks.", I said.

"But...you are going to take all next week off...paid.", Ilana said. "You're going to be with your family. Josie will be here waiting for you."

"Okay."

We all stood up. I hugged each and left.