

RUMPLEVILLE CHRONICLES  
PRESENTS



Tiffany Brittany Brooke • CEVIN SOLING



SPECTACLE 

**Tiffany Brittany Brooke**

WRITTEN BY CEVIN SOLING  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JUSTO BORRERO

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SPECTACLE 

Once upon a time there was a young girl named Tiffany . . . or Brittany . . . or Brooke . . . who left home to follow her dream of becoming a prostitute.



Her parents were sorry to see her leave, but they loved her very much and helped pack her belongings. They even bought her bus ticket to Los Angeles.

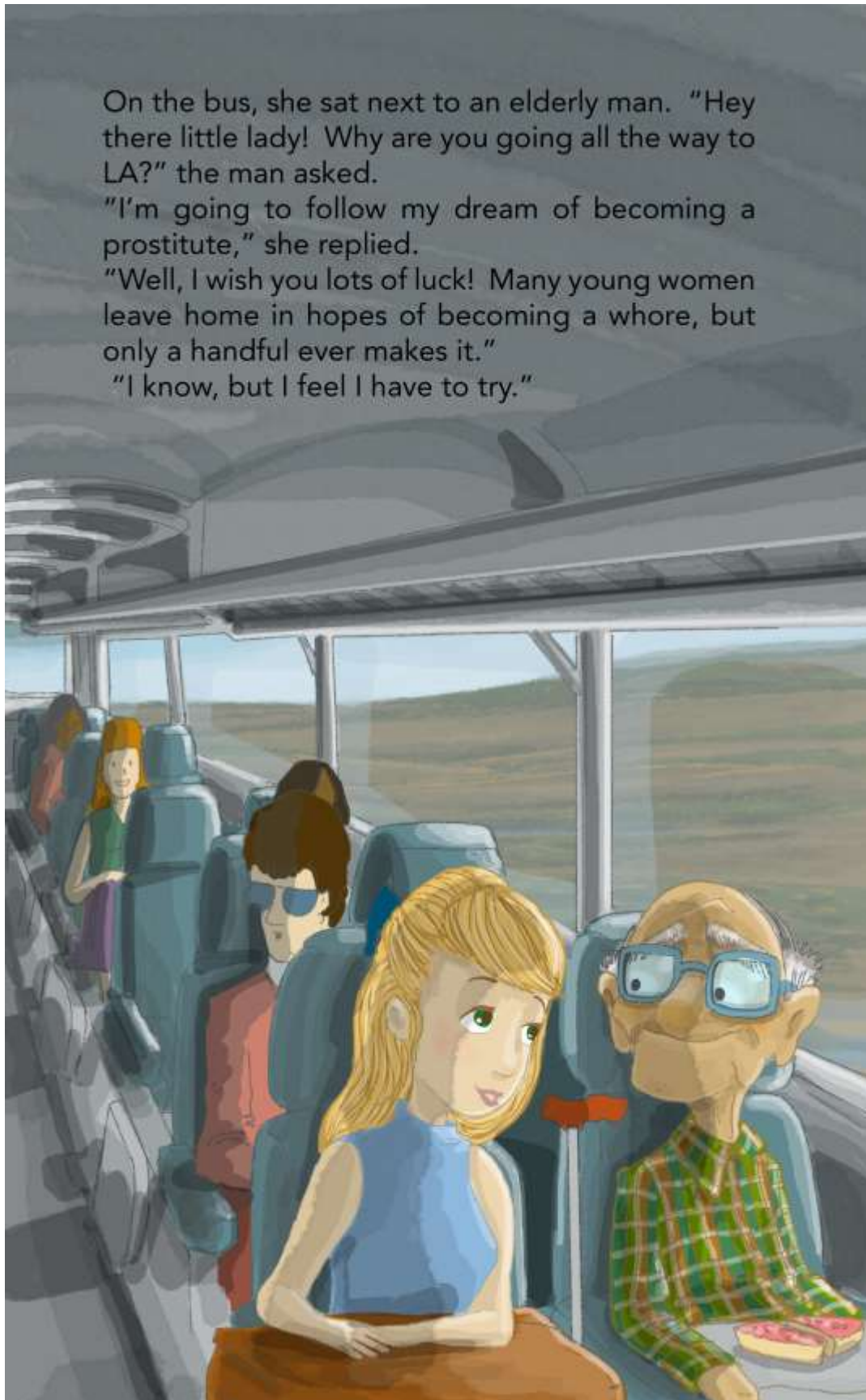


On the bus, she sat next to an elderly man. "Hey there little lady! Why are you going all the way to LA?" the man asked.

"I'm going to follow my dream of becoming a prostitute," she replied.

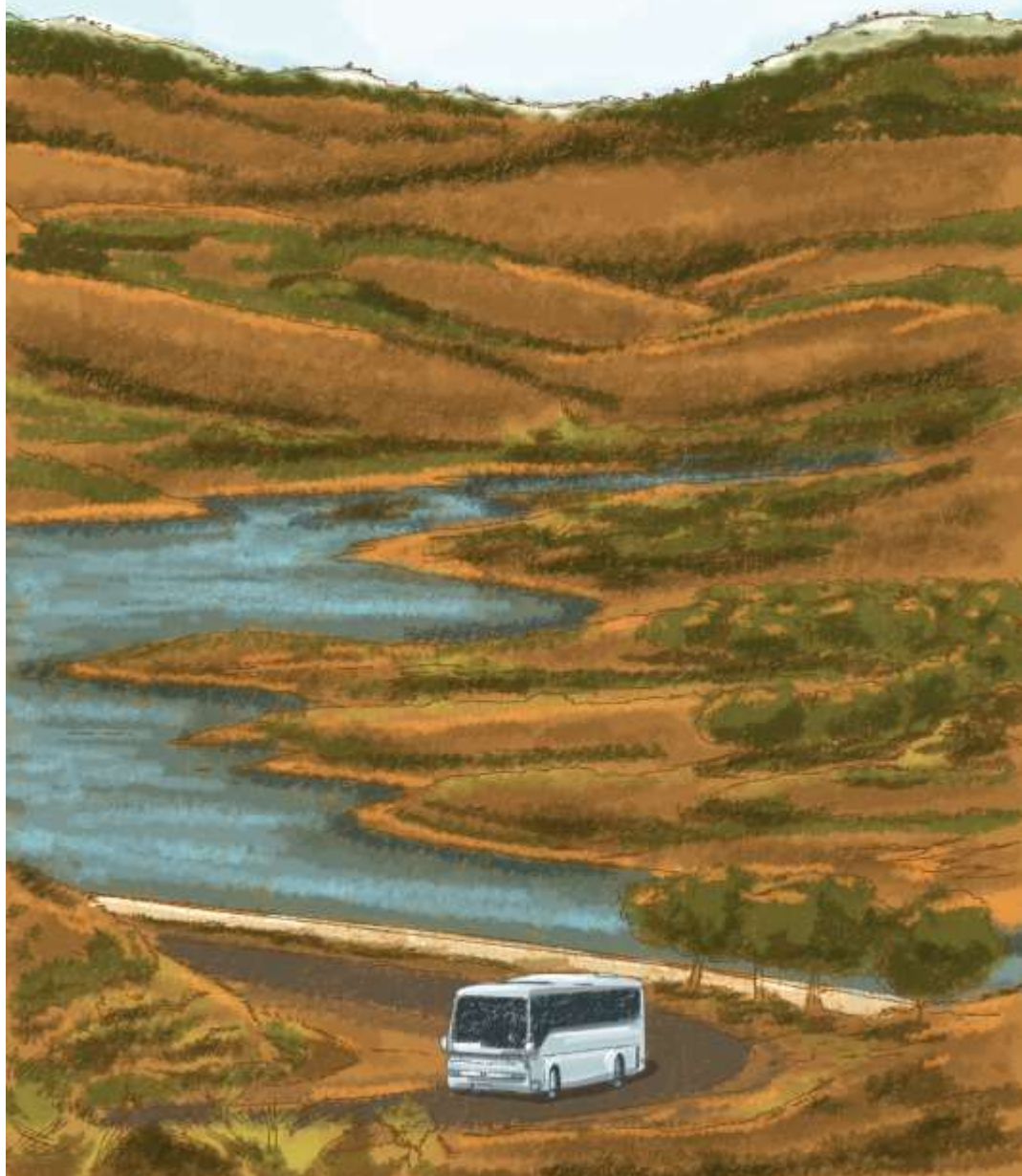
"Well, I wish you lots of luck! Many young women leave home in hopes of becoming a whore, but only a handful ever makes it."

"I know, but I feel I have to try."



"You're darn right about that. I had dreams too, but after I married and had kids, I gave up on them and I've always regretted it. You see, I wanted to be a psychopath who drifts from town to town killing people and writing cryptic messages to the police with their blood, but you know, now it's too late."

"Oh come now. It's never too late!"





"Well, I sure admire your spirit, but when you get to be my age you learn that sometimes you just can't go back. Sure I could buy a nice killing knife, but the passion is gone and it wouldn't be the same. I wouldn't even know what I'd write with their blood anymore... No, you gotta follow your dreams while you still believe in them. Don't ever let yourself get sidetracked."

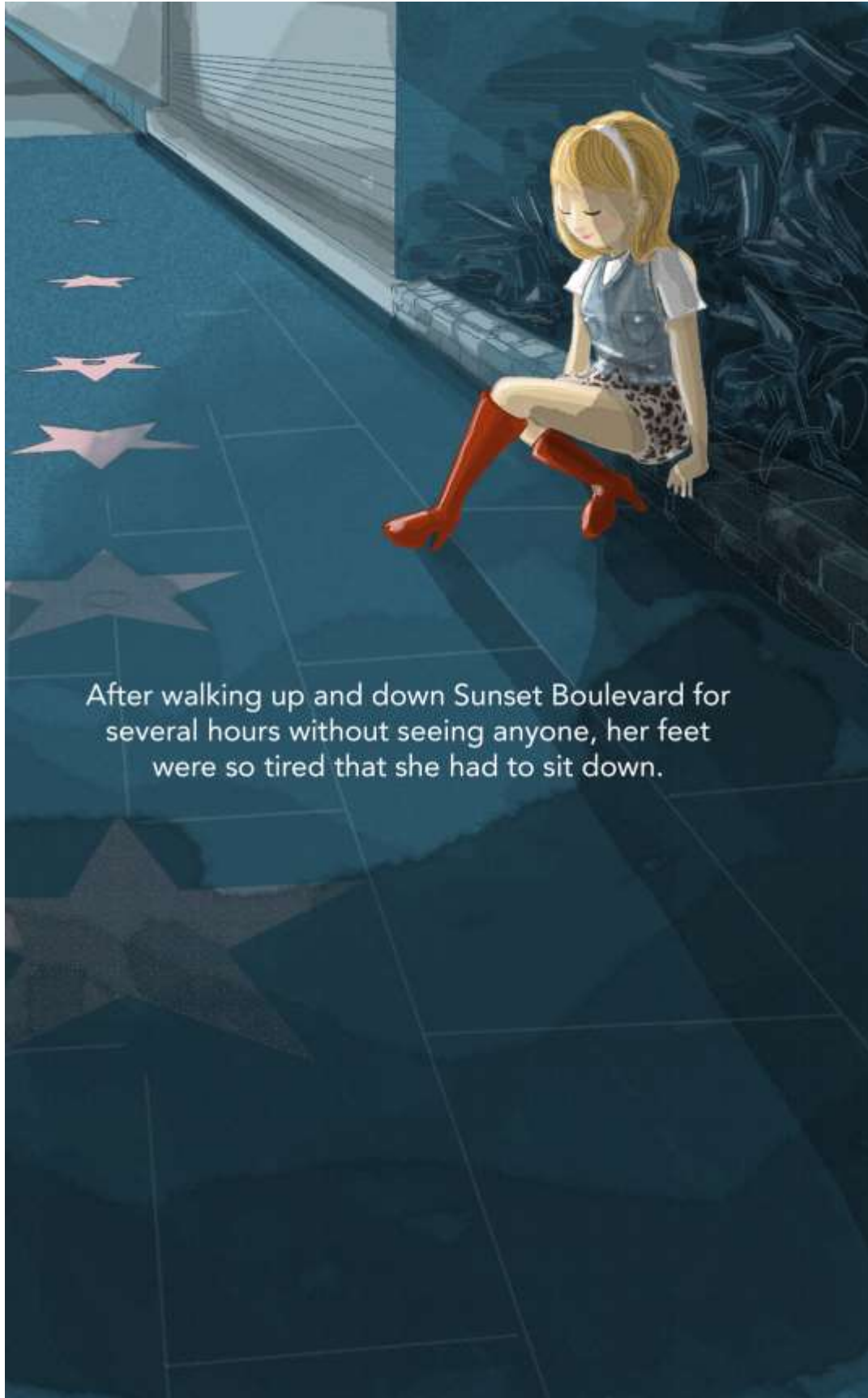
"I'll certainly do my best," she replied.

When she got to LA, she found a small room for rent with pretty curtains that reminded her of home. She unpacked her belongings and settled in.





Being a bright girl, she knew she would need a pimp and, as everyone knows, Hollywood is the place to find one.

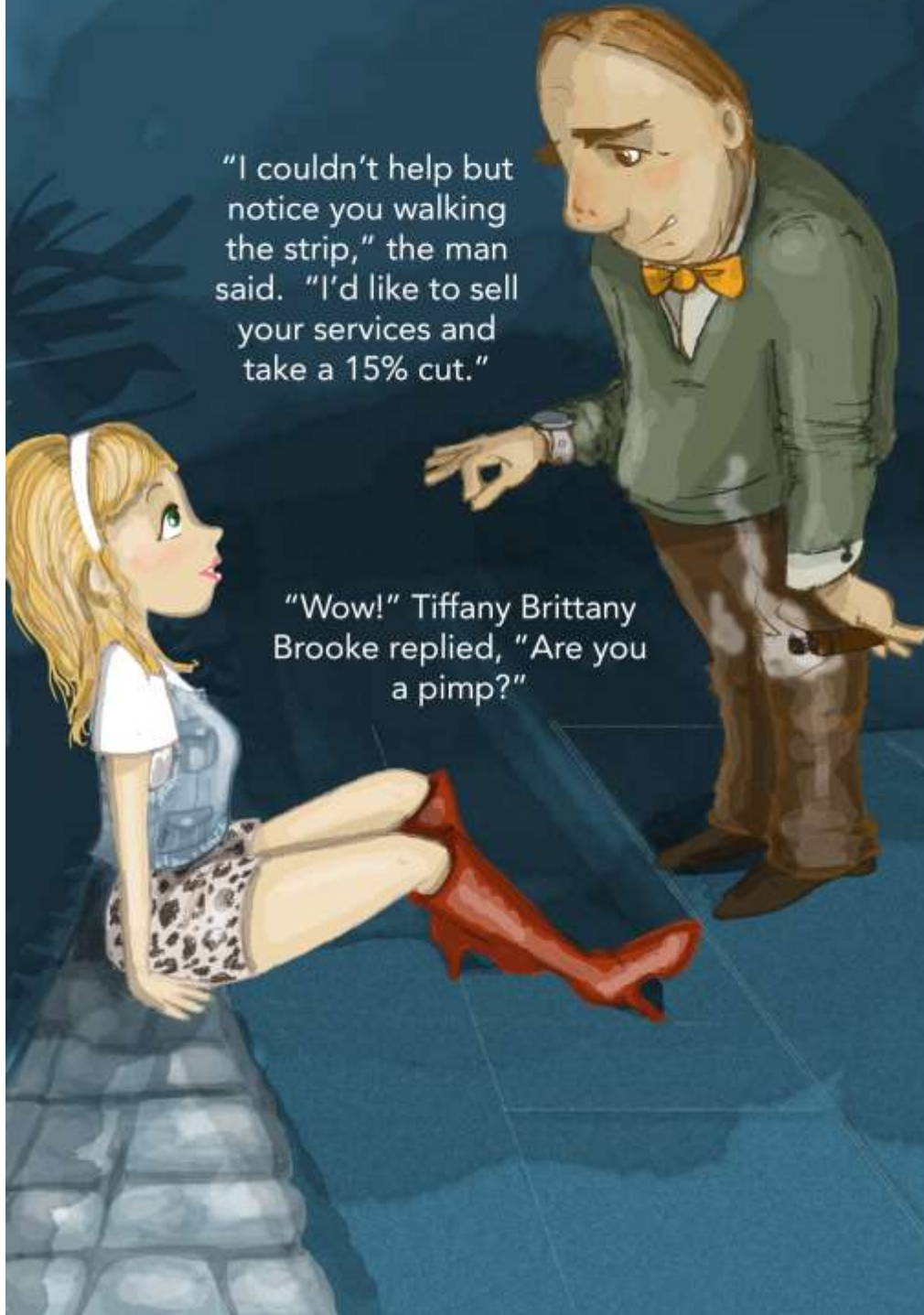


After walking up and down Sunset Boulevard for several hours without seeing anyone, her feet were so tired that she had to sit down.

A seedy looking man approached and her heart raced.

"I couldn't help but notice you walking the strip," the man said. "I'd like to sell your services and take a 15% cut."

"Wow!" Tiffany Brittany Brooke replied, "Are you a pimp?"



"Pimp?! No, no, no! I work in movies," the man answered, "Name's Morty. I'm an agent."

"I don't understand. What's the difference between what you do and what a pimp does?" she queried.

"Heh, come to think of it, sure seems like we do an awful lot of the same things, but we agents don't offer protection."

"Thank you all the same, but I came to Los Angeles to become a prostitute and I have absolutely no desire to act."



"Listen! Baby! You can do both. You know, you just do a little acting on the side until business picks up."

"I don't know. It seems so . . ."

"Sleazy? Yeah, but you'd be surprised at how quickly you get over it. The money makes it easy. If you change your mind, here's my card."



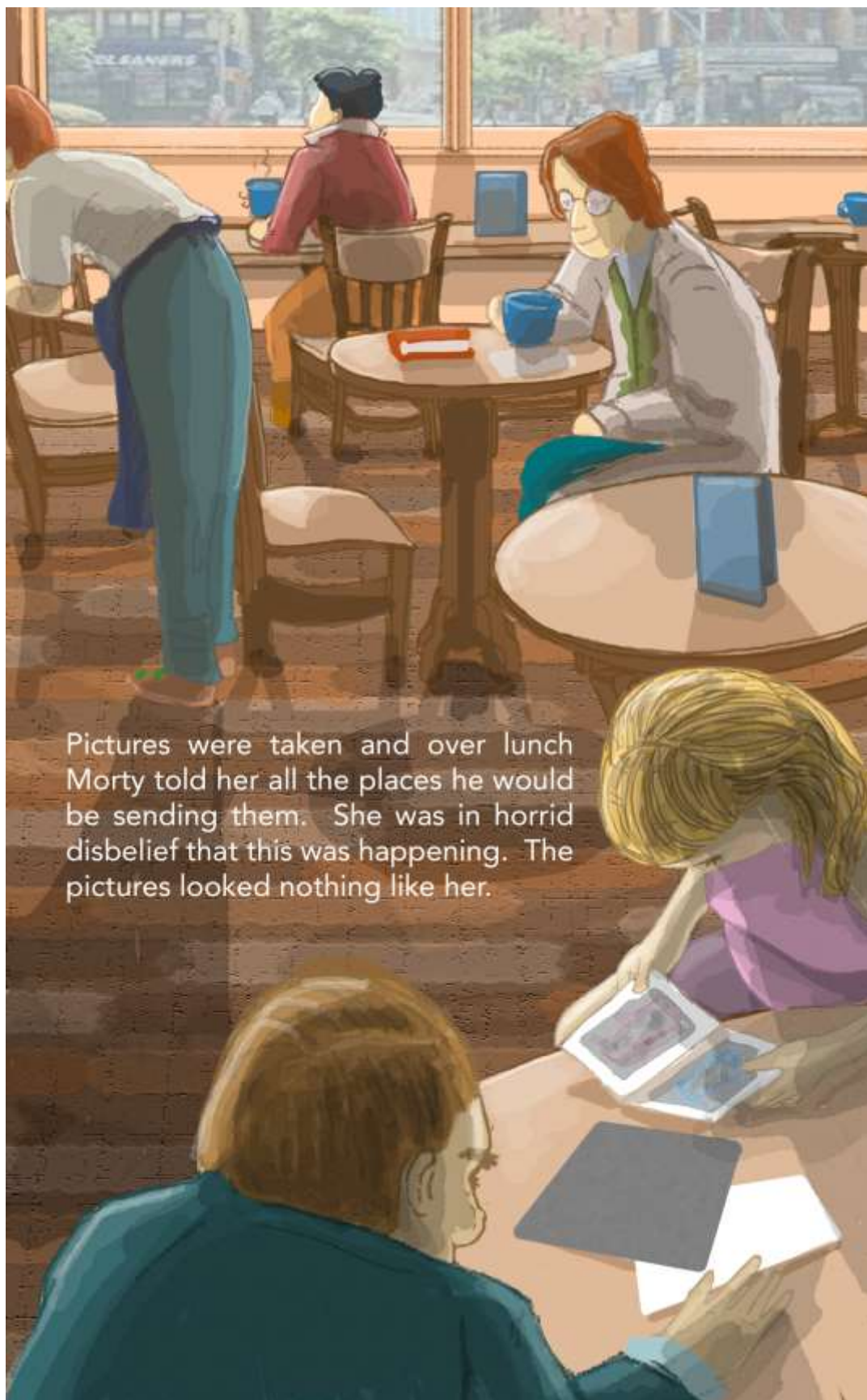
Days turned into weeks and the Smog season turned into Mudslide season and she knew that, before long, Riot season would be just around the corner and still she had no work.



Desperate and dejected, she called Morty.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of," he assured her.  
"Lots of young girls are actresses. We'll get you  
head shots and do lunch."





Pictures were taken and over lunch Morty told her all the places he would be sending them. She was in horrid disbelief that this was happening. The pictures looked nothing like her.

While Morty was talking she just stirred her double decaf latte and picked at her cilantro salad and hoped she'd find a pimp soon so that the nightmare would end. After lunch, she hurried back to the streets, but the few hours she had were hardly enough time to find anyone.

"Tomorrow," she vowed, "I'll get up early and find a pimp and put this whole acting thing behind me."



She got up early, but before she could slip into her leopard print skirt, she got a call from Morty. "Listen babe, I got you an audition. Nothing big, but it's a start. It's a soy sauce commercial. You gotta be there in twenty minutes and you'll probably have to wait around most of the day with lots of other desperate actors, but don't let that faze you."



After a very long wait, she was led into a room where she stood in front of several strange men and was asked to perform. The whole time she was speaking, she kept reminding herself that it was all just an act.



She rushed home immediately afterwards and showered for hours. She might never have left had the phone not rang. She answered and heard her father's voice.

"How's the prostituting going, pumpkin?"

"Great!" she replied in a broken voice choking back tears. "I, uh, I spent the day with Japanese businessmen who told me what to say and what they wanted me to do."

"That's my girl!"

While technically true, she could not bring herself to tell her parents the real story. Days later, there was still never any call from the agency where she auditioned. No "thank you for coming." Nothing. She wanted to go home, but found within her the resolve to make it as a hooker before she left LA.



The calls for auditions kept coming from Morty and she had less and less time to walk the streets. Nothing ever panned out from either attempt. She was on her way home to tell her parents she was leaving Los Angeles when she got a call from Morty.



"Listen babe," he wheezed, "You got a job."

She went to the address he gave her and was greeted by a man who led her to a room for costume and make up. She shuddered at the thought of being stuffed into tacky outfits, painted up, and put on display, but she resolved to be brave.



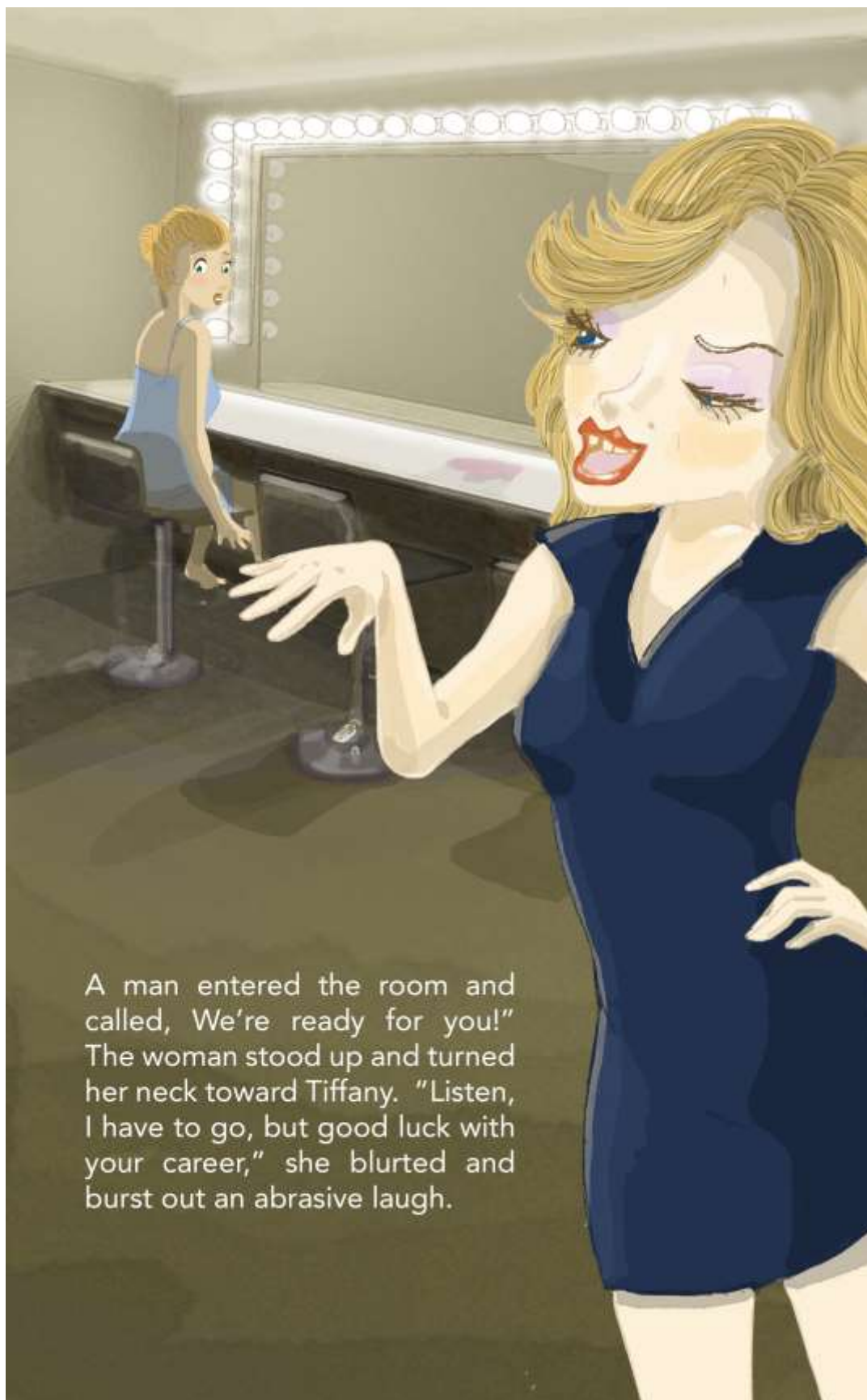
There was another woman in the room who turned and asked for her name. "It's Tiffany . . . Brittany . . . Brooke." She dropped her head in shame and added, "I'm not really an actress. I'm actually a streetwalker. I'm just doing this to make ends meet."

"Sure, that's what they all say," the woman replied.

"Really. I'm just going to do this for a year or two until I have enough money to quit and go back to the streets."

"Uh, huh. Right. And I'm also a skanky hooker just passing time acting until I return to the streets."





A man entered the room and called, "We're ready for you!" The woman stood up and turned her neck toward Tiffany. "Listen, I have to go, but good luck with your career," she blurted and burst out an abrasive laugh.

After a long wait, Tiffany was called. She was made to recite scripted lines while someone told her exactly how he wanted her to speak. She stumbled and choked on the first few words, but then turned off her brain and imagined she was somewhere else – some place far away where she was happy. She pictured herself at home lying in her four poster bed snuggled under a white down comforter in the arms of a man who had paid to be with her. The director was pleased and the broadcast went out shortly after it was taped.



When she got home, the phone was ringing. She answered just in time to hear her father's voice.

"Hi Princess! Friends of ours said they saw you on TV, but I told them it couldn't be you because you're a whore. But they just kept insisting it was you."

"Must have been someone who looked like me . . ."  
"Tiffany sputtered. "I have to run. I have a client coming any minute!"



She was lying, of course. There were no clients and it seemed like there never would be. If she continued acting, she wondered, who would even want her?



The phone rang again, but this time it was Morty. She hated the sound of his voice as it reminded her of how far she had sunk. "Babe, I got you a job in a film. It's a real part with a big budget and everything!"



"Do . . . do I have to?"

"What?! Are you crazy???"



"I . . . I just don't know if I can do it. It's so degrading. . ."

"Look – you're going to take this job."

"But . . ."

"If you don't show up, not only will I drop you, but no other agent will go near you and you could pretty much kiss your dreams of being a trollop goodbye!"

"I'll make sure everyone on the street knows about your past. Who's gonna want to pay to be with an actress?"



"Oh . . . no," she sobbed.



"I'm gonna come by tomorrow and take you to the set myself."





At the set, Tiffany was given a bunch of lines to memorize. Over and over and over again, she was forced to say the same thing. Hours passed before she was then told to say a different phrase that she would also have to repeat ad nauseam.

After several days of filming, she found it was easier to let go – to not fight and let a part of herself simply die. She would do as she was told and not question; more importantly, she wouldn't feel angry, or humiliated, or upset... or even anything. All the energy used to well up her emotions was gone. What was left was not a state of calm, but a hollow void that sucked away all traces of feeling. At least the money was good.



After the shoot wrapped up, she barely left her apartment for several months until one day Morty called and informed her that her worst fears had been realized.

Her film had been released and would be shown across the country. The whole world would know she was an actress.





All the publicity the film was getting drew greater interest, and Morty made sure she spoke to the press. By now she had long moved past the state of horror, and was perplexed as to why anyone wanted to talk to her. At her first TV appearance, she expressed her incredulity to the host of the Tonight Show.

"I've never taken a science or math class. I couldn't show you where the Middle East is on a map. I didn't write the script for the story you love so much, and couldn't even identify the predicate in a sentence. Why on earth would you want to talk to me about anything other than the craft of acting, which is excruciatingly boring to discuss?"



"That's all very nice," the host rebutted, "but let me ask the questions."

Tiffany paused dumbfounded. She couldn't decide whether to stand up and leave or tell the host where to go. Instead she tapped into her training as a call girl and figured she'd simply give replies that would please him.

In time, her demeanor changed and she began to enjoy the attention.

VANITY AIR

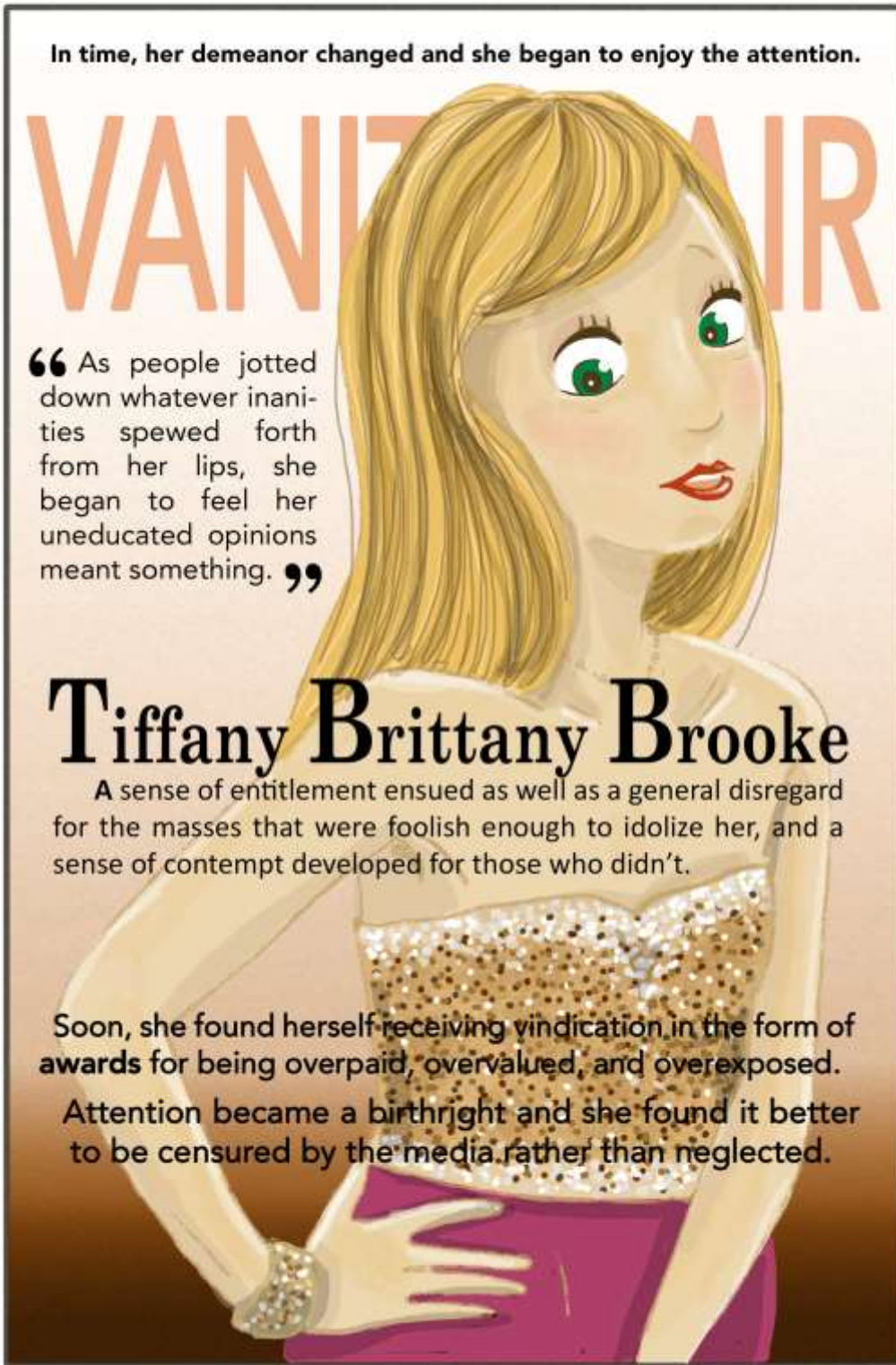
“As people jotted down whatever inanities spewed forth from her lips, she began to feel her uneducated opinions meant something.”

## Tiffany Brittany Brooke

A sense of entitlement ensued as well as a general disregard for the masses that were foolish enough to idolize her, and a sense of contempt developed for those who didn't.

Soon, she found herself receiving vindication in the form of awards for being overpaid, overvalued, and overexposed.

Attention became a birthright and she found it better to be censured by the media rather than neglected.



With all of the publicity she was getting, it became impossible for her parents not to hear of her vocation. They were stunned and horrified. She wasn't walking the streets. She didn't have a pimp. She had probably never even taken money from any man in exchange for sexual favors. Everything was a lie. Friends expressed their support, but her parents could barely hide the humiliation they felt as they left to track down Tiffany.





At first Tiffany was in denial and insisted that while it was true she had acted, it was only a few times and besides, everyone else in LA was doing it. Her parents shook their heads and when she looked into their eyes, she broke down. "I'm so ashamed of what I've become! I didn't mean for this to happen. I've sunk so low and turned into a ghastly vapid creature -- vain, narcissistic, and self-absorbed. I have to be emotionally coddled and physically catered to at all times. I've truly become an actress."

Her mother put her arms around her and consoled her, "It's all right now. We're here. We're your parents. We'd love you even if you became a mime!"

"You don't do mime do you?" Tiffany's father asked.

"Gag, no!"

"Oh! What a relief!" Her father blurted. "Why don't we all just go home and you can put this whole nightmare behind you. Your room is exactly as you left it, except your mother picked up a few things and read your diary, and I've been using your room to gut the deer I hunt, so don't mind the entrails."



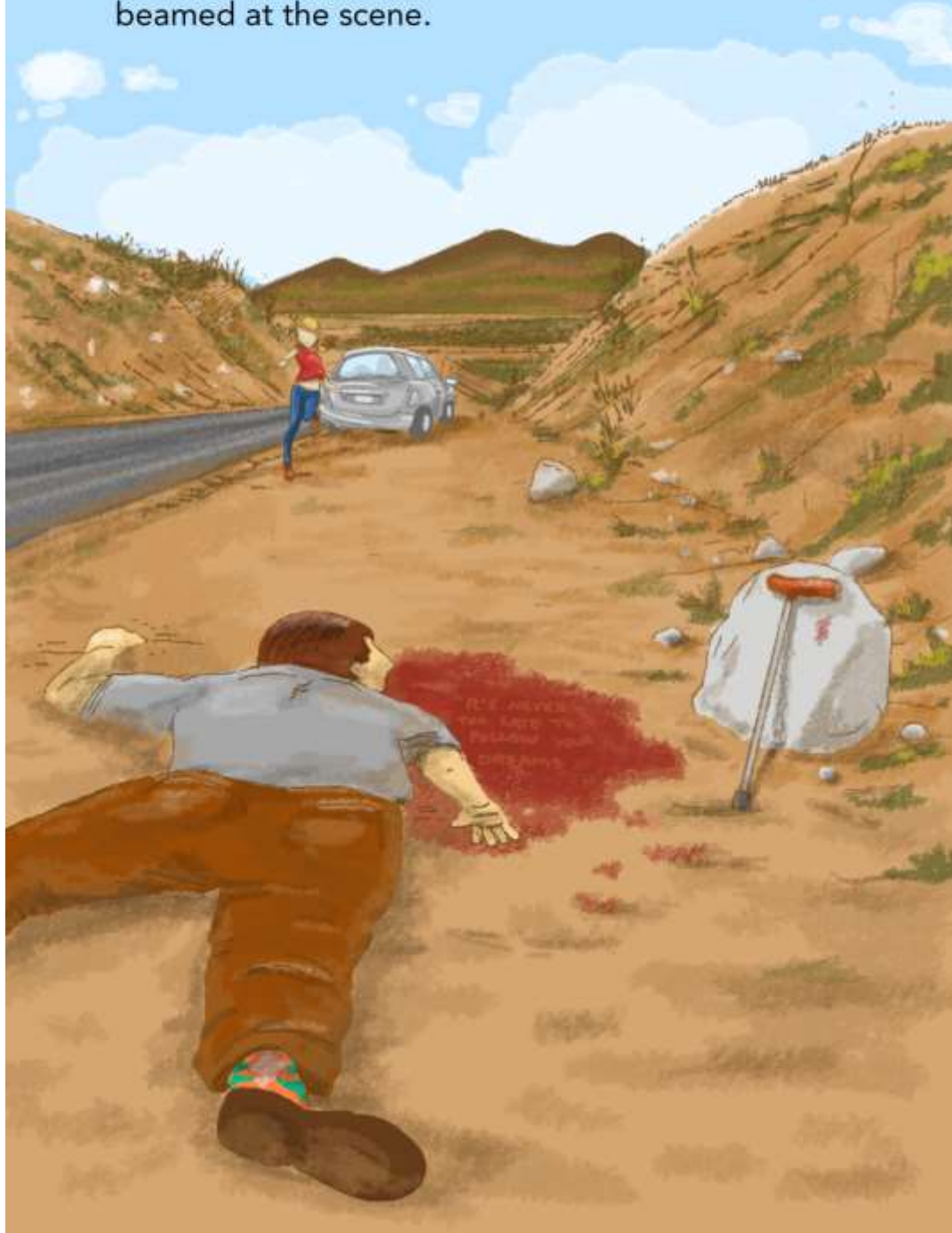
Dejected and morose, she sat in the backseat and stared out the window during the drive home. Her parents assured her that everything would be fine if she had faith. She muttered softly to herself, "I do believe. I do believe. I do..." Her eyes followed the lines on the road and watched the vegetation along the side melt into blurs as she turned from looking ahead to directly at it.



"Stop the car! Stop the car!" She suddenly squealed in an excited tone. Her father eased on the breaks and pulled the car to the shoulder of the road. Tiffany bolted from the vehicle.

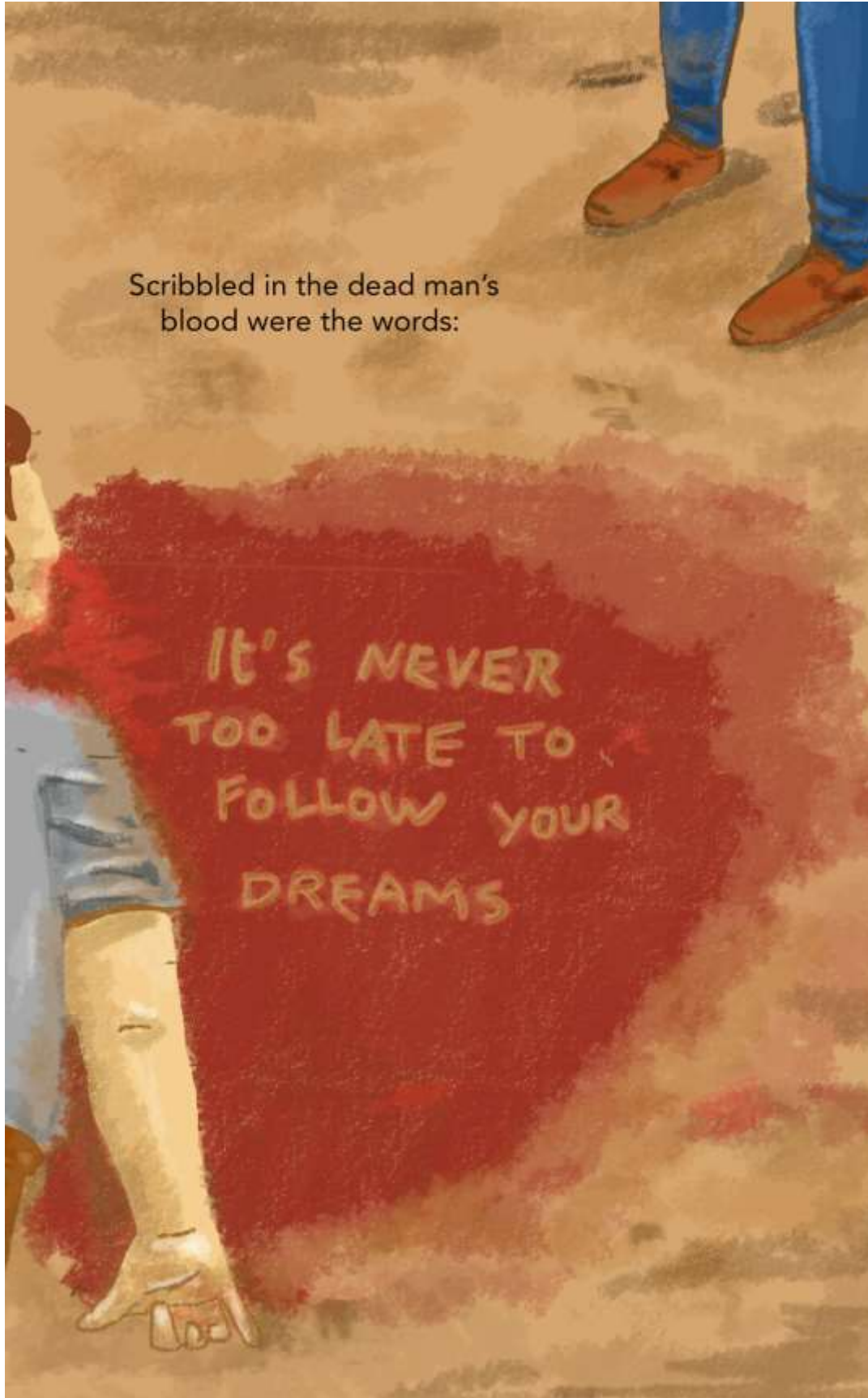


Her face was radiant as she ran down the side of the road and up to the edge of an embankment where she saw a figure sprawled out. She knew he was dead from the first moment she had spotted the body from the car and positively beamed at the scene.



Scribbled in the dead man's  
blood were the words:

IT'S NEVER  
TOO LATE TO  
FOLLOW YOUR  
DREAMS





She jumped up and down and cried, "It's all OK. Everything is going to be fine. There's still hope! There's always hope!"

THE END