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Marleen S. Barr

CUNY Borough of Manhattan Community College

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Brett Kavanaugh Enters The Twilight Zone

By Marleen S. Barr



Supreme Court Justice nominee Brett Kavanaugh claimed the latest sexual-misconduct allegations made against him are ‘ridiculous’ and ‘from the Twilight Zone.’ ‘I don’t know who this is and this never happened,’ Kavanaugh said in a statement sent out by the White House. This comes after lawyer Michael Avenatti tweeted out a sworn statement from his client Julie Swetnick, claiming that Kavanaugh was present during her ‘gang rape’ at a high-school party.--“Kavanaugh: New Allegations Are ‘From the Twilight Zone,’” Mark Wilson, *The Daily Beast*, September 2018, <https://www.thedailybeast.com/kavanaugh-new-allegations-are-from-the-twilight-zone>

Because The Twilight Zone has been invoked in the Kavanaugh hearings, I’ll offer this: my father believed in decency, integrity and justice. Had he written this, I assure you--there would indeed be a further FBI investigation along with some cosmic justice.— Anne Serling, @annesserling, Twitter, 12:46 PM, September 28, 2018.

Professor Sondra Lear, a feminist science fiction scholar par excellence, was watching President Obama’s televised comments during his final week in office. Dreading the inception of the Trump administration, she wished that she had a time machine to enable her to prevent Trump’s inauguration from occurring. Sondra futilely hoped that she could view Obama on her television screen far into the future.

Mesmerized by Obama’s erudition—and not yet nostalgic for a president who could formulate grammatically correct sentences—Sondra did not notice that a white smoke cloud was forming on her living room floor. A handsome man with an aquiline nose and thick dark eyebrows stepped out from the now waist deep cloud. Sondra could not fail to notice exactly who had materialized.

“Rod Sterling! What are you doing here? You died in 1975.”

“I have come to take control of your television set to apprise you of the Trump

presidency horror story. Since you are an expert in feminist dystopian exaggerated misogyny, you can survive viewing the situation in one shot.

Sondra watched as a parade of Trump's greatest outrage hits—the pussy grabbing, the baby cages, the racism—cascaded across her television screen. Serling misjudged Sondra's ability to cope with learning about Trump horror in one fell swoop. Doing so was beyond the powers and abilities of any human feminist. "Bring back President Obama," Sondra screamed as she fainted.

Serling waited patiently for Sondra to revive. When she did, he calmly announced that there was more Trump atrocity for her to view. "I regret to inform you that you have not yet seen Trump's most egregious sexist behavior. There is a situation which was worse than the Clarence Thomas hearing."

"What could be worse?"

"A judge you have never heard of who will become a household name: Brett Kavanaugh. Thomas is a sexual harasser. Kavanaugh, an alleged attempted rapist whose victim, Dr. Christine Blasey Ford, provided credible allegations, sits on the Supreme Court with Thomas. Despite my screenwriter expertise, the public strum and drang which ensued is beyond my ability to summarize. Because I don't want you to have a heart attack, please agree to watch the Senate Judiciary Committee hearings. The hearings are more horrifying than Twilight Zone stories."

"How long will it take to watch?"

"Ten hours."

"I am not sure I can survive ten hours of immersion in misogynistic hell."

"Dr. Ford, an American hero, survived the ordeal. You owe it to her to watch."

"Okay."

Sondra became nauseated when Kavanaugh proclaimed his love for beer. Serling, fearing that Sondra would faint again, provided comic relief from the hours of testimony. When Kavanaugh said "beer" for the last time, a Clydesdale materialized next to Sondra's television.

Sondra told her co-op apartment building board that she was using the huge horse as a therapy animal to cope with the advent of Trump. Then she ordered a large amount of

Purina Horse Chow on Amazon.

“Now that the horse is assuaging your anxiety, will you agree to be transported to the future Senate hearing room where Kavanaugh is testifying? Doing so would help Dr. Ford,” said Serling.

“Yes. I would do anything on her behalf.”

“You’ve made the right decision. Upon our arrival, I will cause something straight out of The Twilight Zone to ensue. You will intuitively know how to use your professional expertise to save the day for Dr. Ford—and America.”

Immediately after Serling snapped his fingers, he and Sondra appeared in the Senate hearing room just as Lindsey Graham was screaming his head off. Serling snapped his fingers again. Graham’s head separated from his neck and floated around the room. Kavanaugh’s denials of reality—such as his assertion that “boofing” meant “flatulence”—were quite congruent with the appearance of a senator’s floating shrieking head. As millions of people grappled with Kavanaugh’s lies and Graham’s detached head, Kavanaugh turned into a talking penis.

Sondra, who was of course familiar with Philip Roth’s depiction of a sentient human mammary gland in “The Breast,” was nonplused. Ditto for Graham’s head. “It is bad optics for our hired female prosecutor Rachel Mitchell, or any woman for that matter, to question a penis. I will continue in her place,” declared Graham’s head.

Mitchell remained silent throughout the rest of the proceedings. Graham’s head, taking a cue from Trump, said exactly what was on its mind: “It would be wonderful to have a lying beer imbibing rapist talking penis serve on the Supreme Court. We will ram it through the confirmation process.”

Sondra abruptly stood up, strode across the room, and whispered in Diane Feinstein’s ear. “Point of order,” said Feinstein to Chuck Grassley. “In light of the supernatural events we have just seen, I move that feminist science fiction scholar Dr. Sondra Lear provide expert witness testimony.”

“Motion denied,” bellowed Grassley.

When Serling snapped his fingers, all the Republican Judiciary Committee members became mute and immobile. They could not silence Sondra as she began to articulate feminist theory. “It is incorrect to define Kavanaugh as a penis,” she calmly asserted. “Kavanaugh is, instead, a representation of phallic power. A talking phallic symbol is

not human. A Supreme Court Justice, by definition, must be human. Kavanaugh no longer meets this requirement. In lay terms he is a literal prick. As opposed to the figurative prick the Republicans championed, a literal prick cannot sit on the bench. End of story.”

Since voting for a phallus was outside of Susan Collins’ comfort level, the Senate did not confirm Kavanaugh. Happy that his mission was accomplished, Serling sent Sondra and himself back to 2016. “I will now return control of your television set,” he said. “And don’t worry. Trump turns out to be a blip in American history. It was nice to meet you.”

“Likewise. Good-bye Mr. Serling.”

The Clydesdale looked hungry. Sondra called her doorman to ask if the Purina Horse Chow package had arrived from Amazon.