

PRAISE FOR *HOLLYWOOD MISSION: POSSIBLE*

“Here is the story of one man’s testimony in Tinsel Town. Steve viewed Hollywood as his mission field, and Hollywood didn’t know what to do with him. Reading Steve’s candid and compelling account made me wonder what I would say had I a moment to share Christ with Brad Pitt, Kiefer Sutherland, or Tori Spelling.”

—Robert J. Morgan, Author, Speaker, Pastor

“Hollywood continues to set the pace in leading millions in Western culture to think and behave in more godless and self-destructive ways. The brokenness and hopelessness that accompanies Hollywood’s philosophy is rarely pondered and less frequently exposed by those within its ranks. I am grateful for Steve Cha’s heart, which so passionately desires to see those in today’s movie and television industry come to realize their need for the gospel of Jesus Christ. How strategic it is to have those within the industry stand up and unabashedly proclaim the Lordship of Christ in such a needful time.”

—Dr. Mike Fabarez, Pastor
Compass Bible Church, Alison Viejo, CA;
Focal Point Ministry

“You may not agree with Steve’s methods, but this book will motivate you to be a more passionate evangelist. *Hollywood Mission: Possible* is a fast-moving look at Cha’s life, as well as his approach to evangelism, but ultimately it ends up making the reader ask this question: ‘Am I doing all I can to reach the lost?’”

—Jesse Johnson, Outreach Pastor
Grace Community Church, Sun Valley, CA;
Professor of Evangelism, The Master’s Seminary

HOLLYWOOD

**MISSION:
IMPOSSIBLE**

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Piercing the Darkness of a Decadent Industry

STEVE CHA



REDEMPTION
PRESS

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*To fellow brothers and sisters who work and pray
for spiritual awakening in the world of media.*

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

ALIFE WHICH began on August 15, 1984, led to a missional journey in February 2008. A missional journey which began in February 2008 led to the writing of a book in September 2009. The writing of a book which began in September 2009 led to the production of the book in November 2010. And now, here I am in the final stages before the publication, adding the final touches to a work that is nearly two years in the making.

First, I would like to thank my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, for His mercy over my life. Thank you, my Lord, for Your kindness and Your guiding hand. I am a slave forever indebted to my loving Master.

I would like to thank my mother and father for all their years of endless support. Thank you for your patience and care, and for providing for me in a way that would make any child grateful. I am forever humbled and honored to be your child.

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I thank my grandparents for their years of prayers and for being examples of strong, godly people. Your work has paid off, and I am now all the better for it.

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I thank all my close friends who have supported me throughout this entire book formation process. I'm truly blessed to have you all in my life.

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I would like to thank Hollywood for giving me the opportunity to make these evangelistic events happen. Such gratitude may sound strange, considering how much they frowned upon my work and persecuted me. But God is able to take downfalls and turn them into victory, much like He

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did in the case of Jesus and Judas Iscariot. May the Lord's good work come to full fruition in Hollywood very soon.

Finally, my deepest gratitude goes out to all who have purchased this book and have been influenced by its contents. May God bless you and your journey in becoming a great missionary for God, whether in Hollywood or not.

FOREWORD

I'VE BEEN PURSUING the creative arts (acting and writing) since the last millennium, but it seems like yesterday! When I arrived in Hollywood, I quickly learned that underneath the glitter of Tinsel Town is a dark force, hence the glorification of evil on the big screen, as well as the smaller one. Even my brothers and sisters in Christ said they would pray for me to leave this industry.

I began to ask myself: Lord, are you sure this is where You want me to be? The Lord answered me through the Scriptures: “Delight in the Lord and He will give you the desires of your heart” (Psalm 37:4) and “Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding, but in all your ways, acknowledge Him and He will direct your paths” (Proverbs 3:5-6). Jesus (God in human flesh) pierced the darkness of this world with the light of the truth to rescue sinners from hell. I can’t think of a better mission field in America than Hollywood! If I didn’t make a foray into the darkness, then who was ever going to see the light of Christ?

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I'm sure many professing Christians have pursued a career in Hollywood only to be waylaid by the lust of the eyes, the pride of life, and the lust of the flesh. I should know—I was one of them. You can't serve two masters, God and mammon (money). Either you live to please yourself (which is idolatry—the breaking of the first and second commandments) or you live to please the Lord. Those who love the world and its enticements give evidence of being slaves of the master of darkness, to which many in Hollywood are chained.

I am not over the top when I say that Hollywood is a mecca of cults and the occults. Every false teaching, every aberrational doctrine, every heresy is right here in my own backyard! Within a one-mile radius of the famous (or infamous) corner of Hollywood and Vine, the sidewalks are choked with psychics, astrologists, and tarot card readers. Mormons and Jehovah's Witnesses abound. The Scientology Celebrity Center is nearby. Two of its biggest proponents are Hollywood's own Tom Cruise and John Travolta. The spiritual cyanide is ubiquitous.

Despite being outnumbered, my resolve to speak the truth has never been stronger. If God is for us, then who can be against us? Broad is the way that leads to destruction has never been more evident than in Hollywood. My heart goes out to the spiritually deceived, since I too was once an enemy of God and hostile to the gospel until I was saved by God's grace.

I've been on numerous movie sets and TV shows, and never once did I hear a Christian initiate a spiritual conversation. I began to think: *Am I the only Christian in Hollywood who cares about the lost? Am I the only believer who's put on the armor of God and fighting the good fight? Am I in this battle alone?*

FOREWORD

Then, lo and behold, I met Steve Cha in September 2007 on the TV show *Life* (how appropriate). He said he was a Christian, so I asked him, “Do you ever come across Christians who never share their faith or rarely share their faith?” From the look in his eyes, I could tell that he was one of them. So I asked, “If you saw a blind man heading toward a cliff, you’d warn him, wouldn’t you? He emphatically responded, “Yes.” I continued with, “Well, the Bible says that all unbelievers are spiritually blind and they’re heading toward a cliff that leads to the lake of fire. How can we not try to warn those whom the Lord puts across our path everyday?”

A spark was lit in Steve! A few months later he called and expressed how much my exhortation had challenged his spiritual walk. He committed to being an ambassador for Christ (no longer a secret agent) and wanted to share the gospel with everyone, not just in Hollywood, but wherever he went! My heart overflowed with ineffable joy!

Steve’s resolve would be greater than I imagined. He spent the next few years evangelizing everyone he met in the entertainment industry. He even reached out to big name celebrities, many times at the expense of his reputation and professional wellbeing. Next thing you know, he’s writing *Hollywood Mission: Possible*, an autobiography about his evangelistic journey in Hollywood, and asking me to write a foreword to his piece!

Whether you are a Christian who shares his/her faith, a Christian who doesn’t, or simply a seeking unbeliever, I highly recommend this book. Never before have we witnessed firsthand the gospel being preached behind the scenes on actual movie sets and TV shows! I’m deeply humbled that Steve also included some of my most memorable evangelistic encounters on set. This book is apocalyptic in that it reveals how spiritually dark Tinsel

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Town truly is with its widespread degenerative ways, evidenced by the many blasphemous TV shows and movies spewed forth by Hollywood.

If you are a Christian, ask yourself these questions: Are you more concerned about saving your career or saving a soul? If you were on your way to hell, when would you want someone to warn you? Remember, people are dying every day and most of them are going to the lake of fire forever. What are you doing about it? Luke 9:26 declares, “For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed.”

I pray that *Hollywood Mission: Possible* will encourage Christians to reach out to those in the world who are spiritually deceived and imprisoned in the dungeons of darkness. Broad is the road that leads to destruction—narrow is the road that leads to life. Which path are you on? Read this book. Tomorrow is not promised to any of us!

—Jonathan Khan
Dear Friend and Ambassador for the Master

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FAST PASS TO INFAMY

BRIGHT SUNSHINE AND cool winds exemplify another typical day for Southern Californians. Life is rampant, but perfunctory. Citizens bustle to school and to work in order to serve their mechanical roles in society. It is a cycle of life that characterizes much of the modern world. In Century City, however, there was one particular day that was anything but typical.

Within Stage 8 of the renown 20th Century Fox Studios lot, an adrenaline-filled event was about to begin. A heated debate between Sebastian Stark and his once-trustworthy colleague was about to take center stage in a make-believe, television court of law. It was an intense battle for the fate of one man's future—an ultimate war between righteousness and injustice. I am describing a scene from the television show, *Shark*, starring James Woods.

Woods plays Sebastian Stark, a hotshot prosecuting attorney whose mission is to take down criminals in Los Angeles. He and his team of ambitious new lawyers, which include the supporting crew of Madeleine Poe and Casey

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Woodland, stand for authority. They will stop any citizen who spits in the face of justice, righteousness, and truth.

I had an opportunity to see James Woods in action as Sebastian Stark during one of the shoots on April 1, 2008. I was a working background artist (also known as an “extra”) and had been booked onto the show to be part of the courtroom gallery. We worked on Stage 8, which housed most of the program’s set pieces. Within the maze of this structure was a specific section built to resemble an actual federal courthouse. Although it was by no means a real courthouse, it could have easily passed for the real deal if a person was dragged onto the stage blindfolded and was unaware of its true location. Set structures like these seem so real, vivid, and detailed, yet they are merely shells that appear to be real when viewed from the outside. They are purely illusions for the mind and no more true than something from a magic show. Nonetheless, these sets are works of wonder to behold at most times.

A few hours after the background players checked into work, the staff directed them into the courtroom and positioned them for the scene’s shoot. I was placed in a third-row seat with other gallery attendees, while the jury members were seated to the middle left of the courtroom. Within minutes, the sharply-attired Sebastian Stark waltzed into the room to find the judge, jury, and defendant all awaiting his presence in the impending trial. In reality, it was nothing more than James Woods walking onto a set full of camera operators, producers, and the director, who call all the real shots in the scene. As actors, we were just pawns in the eyes of their vision. They were the creators, and we were the created, including Woods himself.

In a couple of minutes, the production was about to start. Fluorescent lamps were positioned for scene lighting, the director of photography took his last looks through the

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camera lens, and the make-up artist put her final touches on James Woods. The film crew cleared the stage immediately. All actors assumed their first positions as the room went utterly silent. The warehouse bell rang thunderously, signifying to the world outside the sound stage not to walk through the doors while the cameras were rolling. It truly was lights...then camera...and *action!*

The scene slowly unfolded before my eyes. I looked somber to stay in character with the other gallery members and tried to make sense of the “court case” I witnessed before me. The plot began with Sebastian sitting next to Madeleine, his partner in crime. As the trial commenced, Mr. Stark rose from his chair and started to spew out a monologue supporting his case with regard to the defendant’s guilt. The judge and the jury steadily soaked up the information as Mr. Stark moved in on the defendant like a rabid dog and interrogated him. Although I don’t recall the defendant’s name or his particular felony, I do recollect that he was an authority figure, either a cop or a former attorney, who was being tried for professional dishonesty that led to a major scandal in his field of work.

Although the defendant labored in vain to cover his culpability and justify himself, he was no match for Stark. By the end of the day, Sebastian triumphed. Stark had the last word, the last laugh, and the last dance. The judge ruled in Stark’s favor and declared the defendant guilty. I guess I now know why this character is revered as the hottest DA in the business. Not only is Stark a doughty winner, he is also the epitome of fairness and truth, an ideal figure that is often missing from the real world in which I live.

Speaking of real-life situations, I must ask, do the high standards of Sebastian’s political and civil philosophies also align with those of the actor playing this role? And what about his spiritual values? Just because a television audience

knows all about Sebastian Stark, what do they know about the man who shows up to play this character every week? I sought to find out.

ENCOUNTERING SEBASTIAN STARK

Although the courtroom scene itself comprised about only fifty to sixty seconds of the entire episode, it took well over an hour to shoot. It was hardly work to sit there and look the part, but it's natural to become exhausted and even develop hunger after staying in the same room for nearly an hour while the crew shoots countless takes of the same scene. Usually the directors get the desired shot after three or four takes, but this time it required a few more rounds since James Woods botched his lines during a couple of the takes. Woods was gracious enough to admit his fault and apologize to the crew, committing to do better on the following take. I admired the fact that he didn't become excessively sour when he made mistakes, as some actors do. Instead, he reacted in an honest, if not facetious, manner. I guess it's reasonable to cut him some slack, considering these actors have the arduous task of memorizing a truckload of lines for each day's filming!

After the scene was completed, most of the extras scurried over to the craft service station at the opposite end of the building to munch on some snacks. Of course, the word "snacks" is an understatement when describing the available food options on the set. That day they included the likes of steak sandwiches, meatballs, fries, tortillas, rice, and other artery-clogging foods. Although craft services were usually designated for the extras and the technical crew, occasionally the principle actors would make their way over to the station and carve out a piece of the pie for themselves. This turned out to be our lucky day as the lead

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star, James Woods, came to our station a few minutes after the completion of the courtroom scene.

This is my perfect opportunity, I thought. If there were ever a moment when I could converse with the main actors in the context of an appropriate setting, this was it. I say this because technically, I am not allowed to communicate with the principle actors. This is a big rule imposed on all background artists from day one, but I figured that the production crew would be a little more lenient on this occasion, considering that Mr. Woods was talking up a storm with some of the people around him. He was even courteous with a couple of the extras standing nearby. Most folks casually called the actor by his nickname name, Jim, and from the looks of things, it appeared that Jim had quite a jovial personality. I decided that it might be safe to go up to him after all. I chose to approach him to share some good news.

As Woods finished a conversation with one of the crewmembers, he turned and suddenly walked in my direction, so I took the initiative to step up and garner his attention. James bore a slightly curious expression as I extended my right hand.

As I stood before the man's tall, hulking presence, I quickly said, "Hi, Mr. Woods. I just wanted to introduce myself. My name is Steve, and I'm a big fan of your work. I saw the movie *Once Upon a Time in America* for the first time a few days ago."

Woods shook my hand and asked, "Did you watch the three-and-a-half-hour director's cut or the hour-and-a-half version?"

This was an interesting question because I had just learned about the two different versions a few days prior. I'd watched the 229-minute version of the film on DVD,

yet hadn't been aware that it was any different from the theatrical version. Mr. Woods made this distinction clear.

I replied, "The version that I saw ran close to four hours."

He explained, "That's good. The director's cut is the best one. The theatrical release is crap."

I continued by casually asking, "Was there also a five-or six-hour version as well?"

James replied, "No, just those two."

"You sure there wasn't a six-hour-long version?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

As we playfully bantered about the movie, our conversation began to pick up steam. Then, someone motioned for Jim, and he abruptly walked away to attend his call. I was disappointed that our conversation had been cut off. The whole purpose of my chitchat with Mr. Woods hadn't been to ruminate about which film cut was superior. It was supposed to be an icebreaker to jump-start a much more vital agenda. My whole intent was to give Mr. Woods the "good news," and I had to do it before I lost my chance. This news might never come to him again. This could have been my only chance!

Miraculously, the opportunity presented itself again. When Mr. Woods finished his conversation with the other staff members, he again walked in my direction. My heart thumped violently as I mustered up some much-needed courage to accomplish my task. Talking to him the first time was already a risky maneuver on my part, but now I had to find a way to squeeze in another meeting somehow. Reaching into my jacket pocket to grab what I needed, I stepped forward cautiously. At the same time, I swiftly pulled out a Christian gospel tract titled, *Are You a Good Person?*¹

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I said, “Hey, Jim, have you ever taken a Good Person Test?”

Mr. Woods took the tract from my hand. He glanced at it for a second with a slight sense of intrigue and answered, “Why, no, I haven’t.”

I quickly went on, “Read it when you get a chance. It’s awesome stuff.”

“I’ll definitely take a look at it later. Thanks.”

With the tract in hand, Jim marched out the stage door and back to his trailer outside. He probably needed to change into his next costume for the upcoming scene. Although I was apprehensive about what I had just done, I felt a sense of relief and even joy that I had actually placed the gospel message in Jim’s hand. Even though I didn’t have the opportunity to go into a conversation with him about my faith, I was glad to have at least given him something that could potentially influence him.

It’s uncommon, if not rare, for someone to share his religious faith with a movie star on the work set. What I did could be considered fairly groundbreaking, if not dangerous, by some people. In a moment’s time, I realized that it was definitely both!

SHARK ATTACK

Although my proselytizing led to a brief feeling of euphoria, it soon thrust me into a deep hole that filled me with fear. As I mentioned earlier, background artists are not allowed to converse with principle actors in any given situation or time. Failure to conform to this rule could lead to disciplinary action and even expulsion from the set.

A few seconds after Mr. Woods departed from the stage, a production assistant (PA) approached and motioned me to follow him into a nearby dark, quiet corner. I don’t recall

his name, but I remember that he was skinny and sported a gruff expression. He was in his mid-twenties, was fairly new to the job, and had a desire to make a great impression with the big dogs in the game.

I honestly did not know what the PA wanted to talk to me about. I could only start with the predictable question, “Yes. What’s up?”

The PA looked serious and almost paranoid. In a frantic manner he asked, “What did you give James?”

I replied, “It’s a Good Person Test. Would you like one too?”

The PA’s glare further soured as he addressed me in a grave, silent, and condescending tone, “Do you realize that what you did was wrong? You crossed the line, pal, and that’s unacceptable. You are *not* allowed to talk to the actors, and you can’t give them anything. If James gets upset, then it’s my butt! Do you hear me? *I* have to answer to him! Do you understand?”

I was somewhat speechless. I couldn’t remember the last time a coworker approached me with such a caustic attitude. At one point, I even felt that it was uncivilized. Nevertheless, I kept my composure intact and politely said, “But he came to me and we started talking.”

The PA retorted with the same intensity, “If the actors go around talking to you first, there’s not much we can do about it, but you actually *gave* him something. What you did was out of line. You cannot be spreading your religious stuff here on set.”

I think it was his attitude that caused me to ask, “How do you know it’s religious?”

“Okay then, read it to me. Come on, read it,” he snapped and stood smugly, waiting for me to obey.

I opened up the small “Good Person Test” booklet and started to read aloud, sounding like something out of a

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books-on-tape narrative. It went, “Do you consider yourself to be a good person? Most people do. However, most of us differ as to the definition...”

The PA quickly became impatient. “Just skip to the end! What does it say at the end?”

I casually flipped to the back of the gospel tract and read, “Please forgive me, change my heart, and grant me...”

It was obvious the PA wasn’t hearing what he expected. “Forget it! Just tell me if it says God in there?”

For a split-second, my heart caved in with fear. I was tempted to lie just to uphold my professional integrity and lessen my potential punishment, but in a split second, my overwhelming reverence for Christ, His ministry, and the gospel propelled me to speak the truth.

“Yes. It does.”

The PA remained silent. Painfully absorbing the news, he breathed in a heavy dose of Stage 8 air as he pondered for a few seconds. I sensed he was debating in the depths of his mind whether to fire me or not. I stood my ground, anxiously awaiting his verdict.

After a few seconds, the PA finally opened his mouth and said, “I’ll let it go this time, but I don’t ever want to see you doing that again. Don’t ever bring crap like that to any of these sets again. You got it?”

I nodded. The PA then turned and stomped away. As I watched him leave, a sense of relief came over me. I was glad to still have my job. Though the conversation was over, the emotional effects rattled me for the next few hours. It disturbed me enough that I couldn’t even sit in the extra’s holding area anymore, out of trepidation that the PA would walk by and stare a burning hole right through me. I spent the rest of the workday hiding behind the other set complexes adjacent to the extra’s holding area. The PA passed by a couple of times as I cowered behind production

equipment, removing myself from his view. I felt like a marked man!

INTRODUCING...

You may be wondering: Just who is this religious freak? What did he just say he had done? Why would he do something like that at *work* in the entertainment capital of the world?

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Steve Cha, and I am an active evangelist in Hollywood. The encounter with James Woods was one of countless witnessing opportunities I have experienced in the last three years. During this time, I have evangelized everyone from celebrities to background artists to crewmembers. As a devoted ambassador for Christ, I have been loved, hated, misunderstood, ignored, questioned, admired, and insulted by the many faces of Hollywood.

I didn't plan my life to be this way. At one time, I was a lover of the world, and the Hollywood dream was my idol. It was what I lived for. I wasn't devoted to serving Christ or any other religion, and certainly never fathomed promoting godly agendas in my line of work. Growing up, I passionately desired becoming a media mogul in Hollywood. I wanted the spotlight. I wanted to be the center of attention. I wanted to break into the business and be a successful, box-office-smashing film director. I wanted to work with the greatest actors and the most beautiful actresses, to produce the best films, and to rake in all the money the world had to offer. I was all set to conquer Hollywood.

Yet here I am, many years later, doing something entirely counteractive to my lifelong passion. I am advancing the gospel cause in Hollywood, and in case you didn't know, that's one of the biggest faux pas in the business. It is career suicide. As you observed from the James Woods' situation, I

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courageously entered the battle, fighting against the people I once sided with, and took a bullet in the process.

The funny thing is that I didn't really care. My heart is in cooperation with my newfound passion, which is Jesus Christ. I delight in serving Him unto death. I want to fulfill His mission, which is to seek and save those who are lost. This has become more important to me than any wealth or fame that Hollywood has to offer. Yet, this is something I would have been surprised at before Christ took hold of my heart.

To this day, I ask myself how I suddenly got the urge to undertake such a mission in life. How did I get to the point of risking my job by sharing the gospel with people like James Woods? How did I shatter the Goliath that was my dream of self-glory and trade it in for a life of being a humble, destitute, and self-denying servant of Jesus Christ?

This is my story.