[Snap Judgment intro]

**Glynn:** Everyone wants a certain outcome. You want people to respond to this matrix of activity in certain ways that work to our benefit. You want the beautiful women to see you pull the puppy from the well. You want your boss to walk in while the client showers you with praise. And by cleverly manipulating the things within our control, we may even be able to engineer the outcome we desire. And today, on a very special Snap Judgment, I've got two stories, I've got one problem. It's simple. How do we make someone do the right thing?

[drum beat]

**Glynn:** Snap Judgment Live, The Social Experiment. We begin with a treat. Someone brand new to the Snap Judgment Live stage steps up to claim this hallowed microphone. Is he up for the task? And yes, I have saved you the very best seat in the house. Dino Archie. Snap Judgment Live. Sensitive listeners should note this story does contain raw language. As such, listener discretion is advised.

[applause]

**Glynn:** We like this young brother, and I know that you will too. Please give it up for Dino Archie.

[applause]

[music]

**Dino:** Oh, man, give it up for the acts you've seen so far, man. Don Reed. Glynn. The band. Yeah, I like Portland, so far, man. I've seen eight signs storefronts that say Black Lives Matter is for black people here. That's just considerate. You're just like, "Just in case. Just in case, some of you guys come, you do matter." Very woke city. [laughs] I'm in a long-distance relationship, and Netflix is keeping us together. It is. You watch the show-- That's what you do. You watch the show together and you bond. But the only way you can mess it up is if you watch the next episode without her. It's worse than cheating, man. I was in Dubai, and then it was the end of the finale of *Game of Thrones*, and I was like, "Yeah," I said, "I'm watching it, man. I'm 12 hours ahead. I'm cheating."

It felt like cheating too. I had rose petals on the bed. I had the laptop out and I was like, "Oh, good." I put it on, and then I played it. And then, my girl called me, and I was like, "Damn." I slammed the laptop down and I go, "What's up, babe?" I have an old laptop, so the sound kept playing. She was like, "Who is that in the background? Is that Khaleesi?" I just lied. I was like, "Nah, that's some chick I met at the club tonight." She's like, "Okay, I'm going back to sleep." She didn't care.

It's true. I'm in a relationship. I'm committed. It's weird, because in a long-distance relationship, you're not in the same city. So, I feel like a young widow or something, like a widower. You know what I mean? I go to farmers markets by myself. I'll see a funny piece of fruit and I'll forget she's not with me. I go, "Babe, look at that-- Oh."

Yeah, it's lonely. So, you could only meet new guy friends. You can't meet new girlfriends. That's against the rules. It's frowned upon. So, you could only meet new guy friends. In your 30s, meeting a new guy friend is way more intimate because there is no sex involved. You're looking for a soulmate. [laughter] You know what I mean? "You like baseball, I like baseball. Let's be friends forever. Let's do this." My girl knows too. She knows when I met somebody special. She can hear it in my voice. I'll call her. She goes, "How's your day?" I'm like, "It's good. Pretty good." She goes, "Who is he?"

Women don't notice. When we got a good friend, we give each other nicknames. I got a friend. My best friend's name is Sweetfoot. I've never called my girl Sweetfoot. That's such an intimate name, Sweetfoot. But he earned that name. He earned that name. This is the story how he earned that name.

I remember, in fact, the first day that I met him. I moved to Canada. I'm there in town for a week. I'm doing comedy at this bar. I met this African dude. First black dude I met in town. So, I was like, "What's up? Let's hang out." I think he used to boost purses, something like that. He was a shady promoter. So, he goes, "Come do this show." I go to this bar and I do the show. After the show, the bartender, I meet him and his name is Chris. He looked like Chris Harrison from *The Bachelor*, the host. He looked like that, like a guy you could trust. He had kind eyes. So, I see him and I'm like, "Okay, cool. This dude's cool." But then, we end up getting into this bar fight, not with each other. It was these two patrons there. They were like evil hippies. They were weird. They had bad auras. One dude kept trying to show everybody his crystal, you know that kind of guy like, "Look at my crystal." This guy's going to be a problem.

And so, we looked at each other at the end of the bar, and we both knew like, "Hey, man, if the [beep] goes down, we got it." This is my first day there, but I'm like-- And of course, [beep] went down. They jumped this lady. There was a couple. They jump on this lady. And then my buddy, Chris, he jumps in to break it up and he says something. He grabs the guy, he goes, "All right, that's it, buddy." Because white dudes, before they fight, they always say something cool. So, I thought that was cool. He goes, "That's it. You're out." He goes, "You're done." That's what he said. So, he grabs the dude, and so I grabbed the girl because I was like, "That's better for me because I don't work here. I'm not a hero. I'm not insured. I'm just going to grab her."

But she was tougher than dude. She scratched me. So, I scream like [screams] like that. So, he throws the guy out, and I throw her out, but I forgot I don't know how to throw someone out. So, I used to do track. So, I used to do shot put. So, I went to-- Right, I had technique. Overshot it. She flies out. We locked the door behind us like, "Oh, my God, that really escalated." You know what I mean? You bond. That was our first meeting. You bond, right? We're having drinks. At the end of night, I go, "How much?" He goes, "Oh, it's on the house." I was like, "Man, this is a good guy." He's a good dude. We exchanged numbers. Then the next day, that's when it gets awkward, because when you meet somebody you like, you're like, "Man, do I text them today or--?" What do I say? And then I was like, "Okay. I'm lonely. I'm new in town." So, I go, "Hey, it's me, man, Dino." "Remember the girl who screamed ha-ha?" I was like, "Why'd you say that? It was so stupid."

Then you walk away from the phone, because you don't even want to see, but then you peek back at it, and then I saw those dots when you see that they're texting, Ooh, I got butterflies. This is cool. So, then he texts back and he's like, "Oh, yeah, bud." He's Canadian. He's like, "Yeah, bud, that was hilarious. That girl screamed." I was like, "Oh, it was me," but he didn't know it, didn't he? He goes, "What are you doing this weekend?" I didn't want to seem too available. So, I was like, "I got a couple things going on. Why? What's up?" He goes, "I'm going to go to my cabin, man. It's on Pender Island. I'm going to go, man. Why don't you come with me? I got a little boat. We could take the boat over there." I was just like, "Yeah, why not? I'll do that." Sounds nice. He said, "Yeah, we could go crab trapping." I was like, "I don't even know what the hell that is." That sounds like some white people [beep] fun. That sounds fun. Crab trapping, that sounds amazing.

So, we take the boat. What he meant was, it's other people that they put a crab trap at the bottom of the ocean. We didn't have them. We poached. We took their-- Oh, yeah, so we're poaching crab, like we turned into full pirates. It was the best. I was like, "I'm the captain. Ha-ha. Yeah, find one." We go to the cabin, and we were eating crab, and then whales came by. We were whale watching. It was romantic. You know what I mean? But without the sex. It was dope. I even called my mom. I was like, "What's up?" She's like, "Who is he?" I was like, "Man, he's good. He's good. He's a good guy." So, we start calling him Goodfoot. I introduced him to my roommate, and then from then on, every day we were at the bar. We were at his bar. It was like *Cheers*. That was my favorite show as a kid because I was like, "When I grow up, I want to do that." But it wasn't no black people in *Cheers*. It was Boston. And so, we were like Norm and Phil. Me and my roommate, we ran up a tab, $500, 1000 bucks. Goodfoot doesn't give a [bee] just a friend. Every day, we're hanging out.

He bought another bar and then we stopped seeing him so much. He couldn't hang out anymore. He was a little stressed. It was weird, man. And then, he changed a little bit and it got really weird when he texted me, and he goes, "Hey, man, I'm going to need you to pay that tab." And I was like, "Whoa. Who is this? What you've done with Goodfoot?" He wouldn't make me do that. This is weird. Then he calls me and I was like, "What's up, man? I don't have your money." And he goes, "No, it's not about that, man. I need to talk to you, man. Can you meet up?" I said, "Yeah, for sure. This sounds serious." He goes, "Yeah, meet me at Bimini's."

So, I meet him at this bar, Bimini's. Now, this bar is well lit, but he's in the back and somehow, he's in the shade. He has his own shade. I think he had a trench coat on, but he didn't. But it seemed like he did. And he was smoking a cigarette, even though he didn't smoke. I couldn't see his eyes no more. They were dark and I was like, "What?" So, I go there, I sit down, I go, "What's happening, man? What's shaking?" And he said, "Man, I know I've been acting a little different lately. I just been hella stressed, man. I'm in debt over my head. I took on these bars. I'm not making no money. My staff, they're making all the money, and you know how bad they are." He had a terrible staff. Real clumsy. Real clumsy staff.

I was like, "I feel you, man. I didn't know it was that bad." He goes, "I can't do it no more, man. I'm done. I want to be out of the business. I want to be free like you." And I was like, "Hell yeah, man. I got no responsibilities." I was like, "Man, yeah, be like me. We'd be like Tom Hanks in *Big,* man." I was like, "Yeah, we'll never get old," even though we're almost 40. I said, "Cool. I'm down, man. What are you going to do? Are you going to sell the businesses?" And he goes, "Nah, man." I said, "Oh, I get it. You're going to burn them, collect the insurance money." He goes, "Nah, I'm just leaving, man. I'm done. I'm going to let the bank take care of it. Just file bankruptcy." I go, "Oh, like our leader. Perfect. And you can do that. That's an option." So, I said, "Cool. Yeah, I'm on board. I'm on your team. This sounds great. All green lights."

Then, he hits me. This is a kicker. He goes, "What I've called you over here for was my dilemma is, do I pay the staff their last two weeks or do I keep the money and start my new life?" Inside, I was like, "My friend's a monster." [laughs] I'm like, "Oh, my God." Inside, I say that. But outside, I didn't want to-- He trusted me with this bad guy information. That's a monster thing to do. I don't say, I go, "How much are we talking?" That's a fair question. Don't act all saditty like that. [laughs] Oh, everybody here is just a good guy. Everyone here found some money on the ground like, "Oh, you forgot your wallet." Not everybody does that. Maybe if you're doing good that month, you will. But if you've been doing bad, you might consider it. You'd be like, "Thank you. This is a blessing," and just walk off. I don't know.

So, I said, "How much are we talking?" He cut me off. He goes, "$18,243." Yeah, he had an exact number. And I was like, "Oh, [beep] this is the number my friend would kill somebody for." That's that number. Which is high. $18,243. That's high. That's not a low number. In my town, I'm from Fresno, you could hire somebody for $400 to kill someone. They won't get this job done. They'll try though. They'll inconvenience you a little bit. $18,243, that's a tall number. What do you say to that? This is your friend. What do you say to that? I feel where he's at. But the thing was, I know him. He's a good dude. This is Goodfoot. He's a good guy. I know he's tripping right now, but the only thing I could think, because it was Christmas, was next in a week. So, I go, "But what about Christmas?" That's what I said. Dead eye, he looked at me, goes, "I don't believe in Christmas."

[laughter]

[drum beat]

**Glynn:** Dina is not done yet. Keep it locked because Snap Judgment Live, The Social Experiment continues in just a moment. Stay tuned.

[applause]

[music]

**Glynn:** Welcome back to Snap Judgment Live, The Social Experiment. Now, right before the break, Dino Archie had left us on the Goodfoot. Listener discretion is advised.

**Dino:** Then, he hits me. This is a kicker. He goes, "My dilemma is, do I pay the staff their last two weeks or do I keep the money and start my new life?" I know he's tripping right now, but the only thing I can think, because Christmas was in a week. So, I go, "But what about Christmas?" That's what I said. Dead eye, he looked at me, he goes, "I don't believe in Christmas anymore." I was like, "Oh, he's too far gone. He's gone. He's gone, man." I leave. It was heavy. I leave. I'm driving around the city for two days. I couldn't think about nothing else but that, because I know the staff, man. Every time I would drive by the bar, I felt like the Ghost of Christmas Future. Like, I knew what fate awaited them. I point at the bar with a shaky hand like, "Hell, you are all cursed."

It was too heavy to keep to myself. So, I go home. My roommate, Kyle, I tell him about it. So, I'm like, "Dude, man, Goodfoot, he's going to become a full bad guy, man. I don't know what to do." We smoked a copious amount of marijuana, put our heads together, try to figure it out, and I'm like, "I don't know what to do." He goes, "You got to save Christmas." And I go, "But how?" He goes, "I don't know. You got to figure it out." I'm supposed to head out of town in two days to go do this show. And I go, "Oh, okay. I got it, man. He needs a pep talk because he's down right now. He's just a little down, man. He needs a reminder that it'll get better." And I go, "He needs a speech." So, I had a speech ready.

So, the next day on the way to the airport, I call him. I go, "Hey, man, are you at the bar?" He goes, "Yeah." I said, "Stay there. I'm on my way." Then, I just [makes speeding noises]. I'm speeding for no reason, running red lights. I'm driving and I get there and I go, "Hey, man, I got to tell you, man, I can't let you do this." He goes, "Do what?" I said, "I can't let you ruin Christmas for these people, man." I said, "You got to pay them, man." I said, "Right now, you're just a little bit down." And then, the speech kicked in.

So, this is the first time I've ever given a speech. So, I said, "A week ago, you were out of gas." This is a true story. He was out of gas. I said, "You were at the bottom of a hill, dead in traffic. Everybody hated you. And then, you know who you called? You called me." And you said, "Hey, Dino, man, I need your help." I said, "What's up?" You said, "I'm out of gas. I'm at the bottom of this hill." I was on a Tinder date at that time. But you know what I did? I said, "Hey, babe, we got to make a stop, because it's my boy. He's in trouble. He's at the bottom of the hill." So, I got the gas. I'd never been able to help you. I had $10. I got the gas. I go over there, and I gas you up. You got back up to the top of the hill.

And he's looking at me like, "Okay." And I go, "So, right now, you're at the bottom of the hill, emotionally, in here." I'm in my Oscar bag. Oh, my God, this is my Daniel Day-Lewis. This is my Denzel. I'm like, "Hey, you down right here. You're at the bottom. And I'm here to gas you up emotionally." I'm riffing. I'm riffing. And I said, "I can't let you do this. I know you've got a clumsy staff. I know they're not the best, but you don't want to be that owner. They'll always remember you for ruining Christmas. You don't want to do this, man." And then, he looked at me, he goes, "It's too late. I don't believe in Christmas. I told you." He walks off. All hope was lost. I'm late to my flight. I got to go. I'd leave.

And everything was a little different. Even from the moment I left, that winter got a little colder. The colors weren't as bright. The best guy I knew actually turned out just to be a regular monster. I knew he was better than me. At least I thought, but he wasn't. So, I was sad. I did my show. I was funny, but I wasn't there, because I was just like, "The only good guy I know ain't so good."

I go back to my hotel. I left my phone there. I go back. It's a bunch of text messages from Chris. I don't even call him Goodfoot at this point. I'm like, "You're just Chris, a regular human. What does Chris want? Chris, the regular human." And he's like, "Call me ASAP. Call me, man. You got to call me." So, I call him up. I go, "What's up, Chris?" And he goes, "Dude, are you back? When are you back? Are you back Monday?" I go, "Nah, I'm back Tuesday." He goes, "Damn, man, you're going to miss it." I said, "Miss what?" He goes, "The party." He goes, "I'm having a big party. Everybody's getting paid. Christmas is back on. I'm not going out like that." And I was like, "Wait, you're back?" He goes, "I'm back, baby." I said, "Was it the speech?" And he goes, "No, that speech was terrible." He goes, "But you did gas me up, man. You saved Christmas."

I was like, "Oh, my God, this is amazing, man." I was like, "This is the best comeback since Jordan. Game 6, 1996, baby." I said, "I'm going to miss the party, but Christmas is on. It's amazing. Dope, man. All right. So cool, man. I'll see you when--" He goes, "See me when you get back." I said, "Cool," and I fly back in and I heard about the party. My roommate couldn't wait to tell me. It was epic. He goes, "Oh, dude, you missed it, man. It was the party of the century. People were pouring their own drinks. I was cooking in the back." He goes, "That's against code. That's not regulation." He was like, "Man, people were just throwing-- he was throwing tabs in the air. They called the cops. Somebody called the cops. They came, they got drunk, they caged a guy consensually. It was the best. Everybody's right, we didn't have to pay our tab." And I was like, "Oh, my God, man." I said, "Goodfoot is back. Good again." And my buddy looked at me and he goes, "Nah, man, he ain't Goodfoot no more. He's Sweetfoot." Thank you, guys, so much. Dino Archie.

[applause]

[music]

**Moderator:** Dino Archie.

**Glynn:** Dino Archie. Ladies and gentlemen, Dino Archie, backed by the beats of the Snap Judgment Live band, Bells Atlas. Now, Dino, he just released a brand-new album of comedic stories. It's called *I've Changed*, and it's available everywhere. Spotify, Apple Music. However, you get your media, it's available there. What you won't know, by hearing his story, and I only know by being backstage with him, is that this guy has an actual six pack. No plastic surgery. It's for real. The music is by the funky Bells Atlas. Get more funk in your life. *bellsatlas.com*.

And next up on the Snap Judgment Mind Game Social Experiment episode, he's been gone long enough. That's right. The Closer himself is about to make his smashing return right after this break. Tell everybody to go away, but you can stay tuned.

[applause]

[drum beats]

**Glynn:** Welcome back to Snap Judgment Live, The Social Experiment, where we dive deep into someone else's psyche to get them to do our bidding. And yes, as promised, the Spanx-wearing, the house-coat-having, the attitude-sport. Ladies and gentlemen, it would not be unwelcome if you were to rise from your seats right now as we celebrate the return to the Snap Judgment stage of The Closer. Now, this story does contain explicit language. Sensitive listeners are advised.

Please put your hands together for Mr. James Judd.

[applause]

[drum beats]

**James:** Hello. Oh, my gosh, I cannot tell you how excited I am to be here. I've been saying, I've been saying, before the end of the world, I'm going to play BAM, and I just made it.

[applause]

**James:** This is completely off topic. This is not part of my story, but this has just been on my mind. What do you suppose that our second Civil War uniforms will look like? I think it's going to be very different. I don't think it's going to be the red and the blue. I'm thinking more like cargo shorts and a cape. But listen, the whole world is hanging by a thread. This is not the time to hold back. So, without further ado, hit it.

[music]

**James:** San Jose, California, the late 70s. It is the summer after sixth grade, and I am really freaked out about starting junior high school, because I am the class weirdo. I mean, I'm it. It's me. Do you remember the weirdest person in class? That was me. You wonder what happened to that person? I'm going to tell you. That was me. And junior high school means there's eighth graders. I'm going to get my ass kicked every day. "You are so weird. Oh, my God, you're so weird. Why are you so weird? You're like the biggest weirdo in school." Look, I get it. I get it. I'm the class weirdo. Look, if I could not be, I wouldn't be. I'd like to fit in, but I just don't. I try to be normal. I even have like a little ritual to knock the weirdo out of me.

There's like a time when I'm home by myself for an hour every afternoon and I go into my parents' bedroom with my miniature dachshund brownie, and my parents have this big, long credenza one side of the room, and on one side of it, my mom has like three frosted wigs that she rotates throughout the week. And on the other side, there's some bottles of whiskey and a glass. In the middle, there's a stereo with some Merle Haggard and Johnny Cash and Buddy Rich records. I pour myself a thin line of scotch, and I put one of those frosted wigs, and I put on that Buddy Rich record and I dance.

[drum beats]

[applause]

**James:** Did I get it? Did I knock it out of me? I don't know, but I feel great. Okay, I have to tell you something. You're not going to like it, but here it goes. I too had a terrible father. Stay with me. Stay with me. Stay with me. Look, if we didn't all have terrible fathers, we wouldn't have a show.

**Spectator:** Yes.

**James:** Having at least one terrible parent gives you a 90% increase in ending up at a one-person show. This is so comfortable. But if you're going to end up at BAM, you better be living with a real monster, and I've got one. An alcoholic door breaking monster. For my whole childhood, I had one dream, to be kidnapped. I used to see other kids' pictures on milk cartons and think, "What have they got that I haven't got?" Movies are my salvation. There's a movie theater in our town that has $2 Tuesday. And $2 gets you into a full day of second and third run movies. Everyone who works there is 15 and stoned, and they don't care if I'm 11 and I go to R rated movies. So, I get a can of Tab from the concession, and I sit in the theater. I see all the great movies of the 1970s.

But the movie that changes everything for me is *The Exorcist*. Well, until then, who even knew that demonic possession was a thing? Not me. My parents come from different religions and they decided sometime before I was born that the way to keep their kids from joining the other's religion was to have no religion at all. At age 11, I don't know anything about religion other than what I've seen in *Jesus Christ Superstar*, which I've seen like a dozen times, and I believe every note. [in a singsong voice] *What's the buzz? Tell me what's happening? What's the buzz? Tell me what's happening?* *Should I bring him down? Should I scream and shout? Let my feelings out?* Well, it was the early 1970s. I mean, Jesus and Mary, Sonny and Cher, it was very easy to get them mixed up. And in my mind, Mary is always played by Cher. *Come around,* [unintelligible [00:31:34] *and lay the money down*.

Anyway, the point is, [laughs] I know nothing about religion. I see *The Exorcist.* And to me, this is a story about a girl not much older than myself, who conquers her inner demons. I think, "Well, this is it. This is the answer. If I can get a demon to possess me, I'm sure I can skip seventh grade."

How do you do that? Well, first I try in a Ouija board, and that doesn't work. Even though I lit a sand candle and I put on Lynyrd Skynyrd, that's like known to bring demons. Then I think, "Well, maybe I'm thinking too small. Maybe if I could get the other kids in my neighborhood possessed by demons, it would catch on like the flu and the whole school be shut down. How do I do that?" I remember that I've got some old sock puppets in the garage. I think I'll put on a puppet show. I'll put on an exorcist sock puppet show. Well, the next day, I gather all the kids that I can get from the neighborhood into our living room. My parents are gone. They don't have any idea what's going on. And I begin the show.

"Oh, Reagan, I'm the priest that's going to help you shake loose the demon." [in a scary voice] "I'm not Reagan, I'm the devil. Grab her by the [beep]. Only the devil would say that." Well, I think the show goes great. But no matter what anyone else says, I am telling you I did not lock the front door to keep anybody from getting out. I locked it because I said no latecomers. Well, by the time my parents get home from work, the answering machine is just full of angry message from the neighbors. They are just ready to run me out of town with torches and pitchforks. After a long night of arguing, my parents burst into my room. My mother says, "That's it. We're sending you to a Bible study camp." I'm stunned. I couldn't have been more surprised if they said they were sending me to the moon.

"Bible study? Why? I don't know anything about the damn Bible." My father said, "Don't you swear about the [beep] Bible. You could stand to learn a thing or two." My mother says, "Preferably two." When my father leaves the room, my mother says, "Not a word of this ends up in your act." My mother is constantly accusing me of plotting some sort of nightclub act to embarrass her. We had this conversation all the time. I say, "What act? I'm 11. I don't have an act." "But you're going to. Someday, you're going to get on stage and tell people how crazy were." "Who would want to see that?" "People." "What people?" "People who need people." My mother would say, "Good one. I never should have taken you to see *Funny Girl* when you were six. It affected you. You were too young. Let's just try to get through this week."

So, plans are made. I perp walk through an apology tour to the neighbors. My puppets are thrown in the trash. My name is written on the back of my underwear. The night before I leave, I'm in my room packing. My father comes in with a handgun. He says, "Here, you can take this." I said, "I don't know how to fire a gun." "Well, maybe they'll give you some lessons. You're going in the woods. You ought to have something that shoots. There's five bullets in there. Just don't tell your mother." I said, "I'm not going to take this." "Then, don't take it. I'm just trying to help you. Tired of trying to figure you out."

The next morning, a church van picks me up. And after several hours of driving to the Santa Cruz Mountains, it dumps me in the parking lot of the Redwood Camp for Christian Youth, Pre-Teen Division. The head of camp is waiting for me. "Cheese and crackers, you're a tall feller. Welcome to camp. Here is your very own Bible edited and abridged for appropriate preteen content. Let's go meet your cabin." We walk through camp. And we come to our cabin, just basically a wood shack. Five bunk beds, a semi separate quarters for the counselor. Kind of an outhouse-looking latrine. One kid is reading *Watership Down*. Another is passing around a pet rock. The Carpenters are playing from the digital clock radio. I think, "That's cool." And then, I meet my counselor, Paco. Keith Partridge haircut. He's 19. Serape, Birkenstocks, guitar. And he is the hairiest person I have ever seen. He is literally covered in hair. He is a human hair blanket. I am instantly in love.

[laughter]

**James:** Let me just say that, listen, listen I like camp. I like everything about it. I like the hikes, I like the food, I like the singing, the Bible stories, I like it all. Everybody is nice, which makes for a nice change. But the thing I like most about camp is the quiet at night. Real quiet. Not just uneasy silence in the dark, but real quiet. I sleep. I really sleep. Well, all the afternoon activities at camp are already full up except for arts and crafts. And everybody knows arts and crafts are for losers. I take the only seat available next to a kid named Louie, who is putting glue on dried macaroni and eating it. He offers me some. I take it. It's not terrible. My eyes glance over this large table of arts and crafts things, paint, yarn. Googly eyes? [laughs] That's hilarious. Who cares? Old socks, ooh, gross. Then, it hits me. Socks, yarn, paint, googly eyes, I can make sock puppets. I can make exorcist sock puppets.

[laughter]

**James:** I work furiously. And finally, my sock puppets are finished even greater than before. My possessed girl puppet and my priest puppet, and I put them on. At last, my arms are complete again.

[drum beats]

**James:** Jump ahead a few days, we're on a hike, and some of the girls from the girls' side of the camp have joined us. Well, we're in a very foggy part of the forest. And one girl and one boy fall down a really steep hill. [laughs] And then, Paco falls down the hill trying to help them. "Be careful, Paco." Well, it turns out that the boy has a sprained ankle and cannot walk, and the girl maybe has a broken foot and needs immediate medical attention. So, Paco decides that he's going to carry her back to the camp, and he tells the rest of us to stay with the boy with a sprained ankle who can't walk until he gets back with more adults. I say, "Well, what do you want us to do while we're waiting?" He says, "Tell a Bible story."

[laughter]

**James:** But what I hear is tell a story that involves the Bible, two priests, and a girl possessed by the devil. As soon as Paco is out of sight, I say, "Gather around, kids, it's showtime."

[drumbeats]

[laughter]

**James:** I think the show goes great. But an hour later, I find myself in the office of the head of camp. "What in the peanut butter and jelly made you think you could put on a dirty puppet show? And don't you tell me it was a [unintelligible [00:41:03] heehaw devil. The devil is horse pucky. The devil is horse pucky. I've got a whole cabin full of kids who've had Jesus scared out of them. Son of a bitch. I have never had to send a kid home early from camp, but I'm calling your poor parents right now." Am I supposed to be afraid of this guy? Are you kidding? If you're not hitting me on the back of the head with an empty bourbon bottle, you're not playing in my league.

My mother is no fool. She knew something was going to go wrong. She tells me later she spent the whole week avoiding picking up the telephone. She hears the message, she waits an hour, she puts on a mariachi record. She calls back and says, "We can't come get him. We're in Mexico." Click. So, I'm placed on a cabin arrest for the rest of the week. Now, this is my first official incarceration, and I don't know what to make of it. On the first day, when all the kids get up and they go to breakfast and I'm left behind, I'm really mad. But then, a lady from the cafeteria comes with a huge tray of food. I get back into my bunk and I eat toast, and I think, "This is not terrible."

And then when everybody leaves for the big hike and Bible study, I do what anyone in my situation would do. I searched their luggage. I moved everybody's underwear around. I ate all their hidden candy. And then, I settled in and I read all of their mail. I read all the letters from home, I read their diaries, everything. When I was done, I had an epiphany that while I like these Bible study kids, I was never going to be one of them. I'm just too different. I'm different. I've seen too many things. I know too much. I will never fit in. I will never fit in with the kids of school. I will always be one of the people on the fringes. That's where I live.

So, on the last night of the camp, they say that I can go to the big final bonfire where there's-- I'm sitting by myself up at the top, and there's songs and there's stories like there are every night. And then, something unusual happens. One of the counselors asks if anyone would like to get up and speak. A feeling comes over me, a whole body sensation I can only describe as possession. And I stand up and I say, "I've got something to say." I run down to the front and I grab the microphone, and miraculously, nobody tries to take it from me.

I say, "Behold me, for I have had an amazing transformation this week at camp. Before I came here, I was consorting with the devil. I asked the devil to come into my life. I saw his head spin around. I tried to call him with a Ouija board. I even invited him into my own two hands to speak through me, because I believe the devil could cure me of being the class weirdo. But now, because of the miracle of camp and especially Paco, I know that weird is good. Different is special. Yes, I'm a weirdo, but I like it. I like it. I like it. When I grow up, I'm going to live, and this little light of mine is going to shine." And now, I'm going to get the devil out of all of you. We're going to have an exorcism right now. When I say the devil is, you're going to shout horse pucky. The devil is [audience shouts horse pucky] The devil is [audience shouts horse pucky] The devil is [audience shouts horse pucky] We are all healed." All right, everybody, thank you.

[applause]

[drum beats]

**Glynn:** The devil is, the devil is, the devil is James Judd. Snap Nation, James Judd, backed by the amazing Bells Atlas, who just happened to have a brand-new album out. It's called *The Mystic*, and you're going to want to get it to get into the groove, *bellsatlas.com*.

**Sandra:** Hey. This is Sandra from Bells Atlas, and this is our new single, *Belly*.

[*Belly* plays]

**Glynn:** The show is produced by myself and the uber producer himself, Mr. Mark Ristich. And even though this is, this not the news, friends. No way is this the news. In fact, someone may try to trick you into skipping around a satanic dance ritual. Even then, you should know that you would not be, in that case, as far away from the news as this is. But this is PRX.

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