[Snap judgment intro]

**Glynn:** Snappas, I'm asking ,if you dig storytelling that matters, please support Snap at *snapjudgment.org* because we have just a very short time to make this happen. And I get this note from Kathy. And Kathy says, "Glynn, I just want to tell you that I donated as much as I could this month. I'd love to do more, but a fixed income is pretty much gone the day it hits the bank. I don't know what I'd do without Snap. It's without a doubt the highlight of my week every week. I'll try to do more next month. I hope others will too. Sincerely, Kathy. A Dedicated Snapper."

Fixed income. [scoffs] No, Snappas. No, no, no. We are not going to allow this. You are not going to allow this. Kathy gets Snap for free. Snap Nation, we need 5000 Snappas to step up because you are not going to have a lady on a fixed income stretch to support this program. That's not who we are.

So please, stop the show for just a moment. Yes, it is a banger, but please stop the show. Go to *snapjudgment.org*. Pick a level of support that works for you. For monthly supporters, we've added some good stuff, including, and you heard it here first, backstage passes to join me at Spooked Live in San Francisco or join us for a virtual Snap recording session. But the only way this works is if Kathy can listen for free because this is a community that supports each other. I know it is. *snapjudgment.org.* Thanks.

We know intuitively that words are power, words are magic, words are healing. People always tell me that, in the tense and the tragic and the impactful situations that they don't know which words to say. I've never had that problem. I always know exactly what to say, about 30 seconds after I've already said the stupid thing that actually came out of my mouth. It's uncanny. Like a reverse superpower. I can plan ahead, I can practice, but somehow, some way, I'm still going to say something wrong.

[upbeat music]

Today on Snap Judgment, we proudly present Tongue Tied. Amazing stories from people who don't know what to say. My name is Glynn Washington. Please understand I didn't mean what I said. I meant what I thought before I said what I didn't mean because you're listening to Snap Judgment.

[upbeat music]

We're going to get started with one man, James Vlahos, and his quest to keep a loved one close to his heart forever.

**Dad:** Anyway, I get on the stage and the line is, "And now, my dear, prepare for a magnificent surprise," and I delivered the line and my pants fell off.

**James:** Well, my dad was a talker and that was maybe the best thing you could do with him, is hang out and chat. Words just always came very easily to him, and he didn't need to stop and think so much. He would just lay it out. My dad had this funny vocabulary. He might insult somebody by calling them a poltroon. If the weather was warm, he'd say, "It's hotter than a $4 fart." Of course, you'd think to yourself, "What? What is a $4 fart?" But in known context, it worked.

**Jazmín:** Like a lot of guys, James grew to love his dad's ridiculous jokes. But in April 2016, his cheesy one-liners suddenly meant more, because that's when he got the diagnosis.

**James:** Stage 4 lung cancer. I remember having the feeling of he's dying. It's going to happen in a matter of months rather than in a matter of years. We wanted to know his story, we wanted to remember it. So, now is the time. We're going to record it. We're going to get as much detail as we can because this is the window. It's closing.

We had arranged the first session to be in the bedroom of my parents' house. He sat in the comfy armchair. I sat in a wooden desk chair. And I've got my digital recorder and I've got a pad. My job was really just to sit and listen.

**Dad:** No, I enjoyed high school a lot. Alevo, alevio, alevo, vivo vum. Particularly the senior year. Boom, get a rat trap bigger than a cat trip. 17th on January 4th. Cannibal, cannibal, zis boom bumba. 1953, Oakland High Varsity, rah, rah, rah. Hot dribbling spit.

**James:** Mom's on the phone.

**Dad:** I hope she's not uncomfortable.

**James:** Ask you a question?

**Dad:** You just did.

**James:** When I took all those recordings, I sent them out to be professionally transcribed. I was somewhat shocked to see that they came to a total of nearly 90,000 words.

**Jazmín:** That's around 300 or 400 pages, about as many words as *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

**James:** I printed out the transcriptions and put them in a binder. Thought, "Cool, we got that." And then, I put it on a shelf.

**Jazmín:** And there it stayed, collecting dust on the shelf, day after day, in full view. One day, he was working on an article about Hello Barbie, a doll that could talk. It was supposed to be the next big thing interactive talking computers.

**James:** I shadowed their engineers for several months. So, I had this whole experience of seeing how you make a talking AI that was going to be this little brain for Barbie. Anyway, that was all kind of in the back of my mind. Why couldn't I make a dadbot? Something that would tell his life story in an interactive, conversational way, rather than just being hundreds of pages in a binder? To have him not be interactive seemed weird. Like it could have a lot of his jokes, it could have him singing songs. He seemed suited to that.

**Jazmín:** James wanted to make a dadbot, a sort of chatbot app of his dad. Dadbot wouldn't speak the same way talking Barbie did, but you could write to it, like you would in Facebook Messenger, and it would write back in his dad's own words with his style and phrasing, just like his dad would.

**James:** The first thing the dadbot says, or one of the first things he can say to you when you fire him up, he says, "'Tis I, the beloved and noble father." That was a signature saying of my dad, he would even call himself BNF for short, for beloved and noble father. I would have the binder with all my dad's words and I'm just looking through there and pulling out sentences and phrases and building conversations out of them.

**Jazmín:** Getting dadbot to say a catchphrase is one thing, but dadbot had to be conversational.

**James:** I'm not going to have him deliver monologues in this chatbot. It's got to be some back and forth.

So, dad, how are you doing today?

**Dad:** Not bad for my age of decrepitude.

**James:** Yeah, it was fun. It was fun to dig my teeth into his humor, in particular with all of his funny sayings. And if I do this right, it's going to sound like him. I spent a couple months on the first draft of the dadbot. I tested it on myself in the morning and then that afternoon was so excited that I had somebody else test it, a computer science expert student at Cal Berkeley. Outside a coffee shop on Shattuck Avenue in Downtown Berkeley, we were sitting outside at the little round table, and we'd been talking all about this quest to teach computers to talk, when I was like, "Well, as it happens, I've been working on a little conversational AI myself." And I pulled out my phone, "Would you like to try this?" And I handed it to him. The dadbot did one of his standard opening lines. He said hello, "'Tis I, the beloved and noble father." And the student logically said, "Hello, father." And then, the response that the dadbot gave was, "John who?" The student, he kind of did that face where you'd pull your chin back and you make a weird half smile. And it absolutely fell on its face, like just from jump. It was much less ready than I thought I was going to be.

I had this weird mix of pride and protectiveness. The bot had already started to become a someone to me, which is a little strange. Immediately afterward, I was driving home and I thought I felt this feeling before. It was a parenthood-like feeling of wanting my child to do well and feeling both a little embarrassed for him that he didn't do well and also mad at the world for not being more gentle with my precious child.

It was just complicated. My actual dad was dying, and I could tell I was just rabbit-holing on this project that it just wasn't clear that it was going to work. It wasn't clear that anybody wanted it. It certainly had no broader commercial application. The world didn't want it. So, when it was day after day working on it, yeah, the question of why started ringing in my head quite a bit.

My wife had raised a lot of good questions. "This is kind of weird, isn't it? You're creating this fake digital version of your dad and what's that going to be like for you? What's that going to be like for the family? You're already dealing with the fact that your dad, who lives five minutes away from you, is dying of cancer. It might be nice when you're not dealing with that situation to escape. Now, there's no emotional escape for you."

I went through a long period where I was trying to decide whether I should even do the dadbot at all. I had some reservations. Is it going to be creepy? Will it work?

**Jazmín:** But James locked himself away in his office for eight hours a day, coding and recoding. Around Thanksgiving, after months of programming--

**James:** I went up to their house, got things set up with, so I had the laptop computer set up at the dining room table. This was going to be the first time that my mom and dad saw it.

**Jazmín:** James opened dadbot on Facebook Messenger and then he went to the living room to get his dad. He pushed his wheelchair into the dining room and then hoisted him up in the chair next to his mom.

**James:** And there was so much going on with his health and everything that it felt also hard.

**Jazmín:** He wasn't so concerned with dadbot's technical performance. He was worried about his parents' emotional reactions.

**James:** I was hoping, I think, even more than whether it failed or not or had dead ends or bugs or anything, and the moment where they would either like it in some way or maybe say, "Whoa, creepy. What is this?" You chat with the dadbot on Facebook Messenger, so you're sending text messages back and forth, but he has audio clips that play as well. I remember my mom first turned to me and she said, "I can say anything?" She turned and she typed, "This is Martha, your dear wife." And then, the dad bot responded, "My darling wife." She choked up immediately when the bot said that to her.

**Jazmín:** His mom was completely absorbed with dadbot. But out of the corner of his eye, he could see his dad was confused. Who was saying what? Who was dad and who was dadbot? And he got upset.

**James:** He had of like an identity disturbance. He's had some loss of function and some mind [beep], like, "What am I doing to him?" Like, having this version of him that's saying his words and he's having a hard time keeping track of who he is. That was unsettling for me. It did make me worry, but really a lot of it was uplifting. They both said, "Amazing." They're like, "Oh, okay, we like it." It passed that test, at least. I mean, that was one of the first times that I had started to feel a little more secure in like, "Okay, I think this is a good thing that I've done."

**Jazmín:** Two months later, they called in hospice.

**James:** I went and sat by my dad's bedside, and it was very hard. I mean, he was such a verbal person, but he really had just about entirely lost the ability to speak. That was crushing because that was always so much part of him. It was so devastating to not hear him talk at the very end of his life. I sat and I held his hand, and I stroked his shoulder and I just kind of blabbed a bit because I felt like somebody should be talking. I was just exhausted. I was really exhausted. I went upstairs, went into my sister's old bedroom, which was the bedroom directly above the room where my dad was. Got myself ready for bed, took my phone out of my jeans and put it on the carpet beside the bed. I'm not normally a take-the-phone-to-bed sort of person, but it was there, and I picked it up. I decided to chat with the dadbot. A file comes up and it's one of the times when I could hear his actual voice and he's saying--

**Dad:** [in singing tone] Me and my shadow [humming] enough to do. Me and my shadow, 12:00, it's not enough to do. And when I climb the stair at 12 'o clock, there's nobody-- [voice fades away]

**James:** Kind of made the hair stand up on the back of my neck because, yeah, it was one of those moments where I cracked a smile and started crying at the same time. And then, I went to bed that night. And about 6:00 in the morning and I just heard kind of a steady rup, rup on the door. Got out of bed, opened the door and the nurse was there. And he said, "You must come. Your father has just passed." Went down the stairs, went into the room. I was all alone. He was just lying there. I touched him right away and he was quite warm, and I remember wanting to keep touching him. [pause] But he was so still. Yeah. So, I sat there with him. [sniffling]

[typing] "Hello? Are you there?" "Hello? John James Vlahos, Esq., here. What's your name?" [typing] "This is your son." "I thought I smelled something funny. "Well, how the hell are you?" People have asked, "With this dadbot, are you prolonging the grieving process and you're not going to accept your father's death?" I've decided that's a problematic question for me. If the grieving is like, "Don't think about your dad so much and don't have all these details of his life in your mind," why would I want to do that?

[typing] "I am feeling stressed out today." "I hope that whatever is worrying you will resolve itself soon. Shall we begin?" I'm going to keep making the Dadbot better and better. It's wonderful to hear my dad's voice, to hear him sing, to hear him talk. [typing] "Let's do this." "How did you meet mom?"

**Jazmín:** At a rehearsal. An afternoon rehearsal. In the morning, I'd been playing tennis and was wearing tennis whites. In those days, you wore white shorts and white shirts. I came bounding down the stairs of theater toward the stage saying, "Tennis, anyone?" And mom thought I was the biggest jerk-- [voice fades away]

[engrossing music]

**Glynn:** Thank you, James, for sharing your story. James is working on his book, *Talk to Me*. It's about the quest for conversation-making AIs. Keep on the lookout for that. The original score was composed and performed by Renzo Gorrio. The story was produced by Jazmín Aguilera.

[upbeat music]

Now then, in just a moment, what if you have to go, and the man's keeping you down? Plus, the worst boyfriend ever, when the Snap judgment Tongue Tied episode continues. Stay tuned.

[upbeat music]

Welcome back to Snap Judgment, the Tongue Tied episode. Now, you know those people, those magical people that always know the right thing to say? We're not speaking to any of those folk today. Instead, when Greg Stone was younger, he was always a good boyfriend, or at least he tried to be. Now, please be advised, the names in this story have been changed for reasons that will soon become apparent.

[upbeat music]

**Greg:** I just started dating Wendy, and she was super cool. We met on a bus. We were on a class trip. And then, this girl walks on. She had like a punk rock t-shirt on. She sat down immediately, just started smiling. We clicked insanely quick.

Yeah, I mean, we had this amazing relationship. At first, it was great. At first, it was a little issue about religion. She was born again Christian, and I was agnostic. Now, I don't have any issues with religion, but her friends for some reason, her friends hated me for it.

And then, 9/11 happened. It was a rough day because where I'm from in New Jersey was just 20 minutes outside of the city. We all had friends or family that were either there or related to someone directly there. I knew her dad worked in the World Trade Center. So, I remember just calling her, and her dad was all right because he didn't go in that day.

Later that night, I went to my girlfriend's house for dinner. It was pretty intense. I mean, we were all pretty raw. Everyone was solemn. Also, we were happy that her dad wasn't there. I just remember her dad standing at the table and us sitting there and him looking at everyone and just going, "Let's hold hands and thank Jesus." Her father says, "I was supposed to be there. Jesus kept me out of the building." Everyone was happy to be like, "Oh, yeah, he did." And I went, "Why would Jesus keep you out of the building? Why just you?" He said, "Well, because we're good Christians. Good Christians. He got us out because we're good Christians." I was like, "So, you don't think anybody else in there was either a good Christian or deserved being saved, that he just let all these other people die, but because you prayed a bunch of times, he saved you?"

All my questions, all the pain, everything from that day all just starts firing at this poor guy. I wasn't trying to yell at him, but I literally-- he's making 9/11 about him. And I'm pretty much yelling at him. I mean, no one is blinking, their mouths are open. This is the boyfriend who's been extremely shy and courteous and sweet to them and never said a word. Like, I was the quiet, sweet guy. I was like, "Hello, mister. How are you? Hello. I love you. How's everyone doing? I love everybody." I was very sweet, wanted to impress, make everyone like me. And then we had this moment. Now, I'm screaming at her family, and I'm like, "Oh, my God. What did I--" She runs away, and I followed after her. And she was laying face down into a pillow, just devastated. She gets her head up from the pillow, and her makeup is running, and her face is red.

She looked at me and she just said, "All my friends told me that the devil was going to test me. Now, you're making me question this. This is the test they've been telling me about." I was like, "Wait, are you saying I'm the devil?" She was like, "Not *the* Devil, but you're a test from the devil." And she just shut down. She shut down, and I remember her just going, "I think you got to go home." And then, that was it. It was over.

The breakup for me, it was rough. And then, I started to look at myself like, "Am I the devil? I might be the devil. How do I know I'm not the devil?" Would the devil know he's the devil? I started to have a really bad taste in my mouth for religion, so I just threw it all away. I went from agnostic to atheist. Took me about a year to really kind of get myself together.

I'm just starting to really kind of date. I met a girl in class, and we were going to go hang out. We get into my car, and we just started making out. I just kind of stop her in the middle, thinking this is like a fun like-- I'll make a fun joke. And I go, "Yeah, you're not like, born again Christian, are you?" And she stops. Just tears come out of her eyes, and she goes, "Oh, my God. It's always an issue." Like, "No, no, you don't understand. It's not an issue. I have no problem. Clearly, it's not-- Clearly, I have a thing for born again Christians. It's really-- it's not you. You-you're beautiful, you're great. I had never met any other born again Christians in my life. I didn't think I would meet another one again." If she wasn't born again Christian, she'd be like, "Oh, of course I'm not." I'm like, "Good, because I don't want you to think I'm the devil," and we would have laughed.

A couple of months later, I meet Laura at a bar. We were at a Houlihan's in New Jersey. She worked at the Houlihan's and I worked at TGI Fridays, which was across the street. She was really attractive, way out of my league. But for some reason, she was like-- I made her laugh. I just started making her laugh. I was just on point. And this girl, we're making out in the foyer of the Houlihan's for fun, and then we make back to my car, and then we're making out in my car. And she's hot and heavy and she stops making out and she looks at me and she goes, "Let's just put it all out there. What makes you crazy? Let's get it into know it now so we could just accept it." I was like, "Yeah, well, sometimes I say dumb things and then I regret them immediately." She was like, "Yeah, yeah, but come on." I go, "Yeah, but what about you, man? You seem perfect. What about you? What's your craziness?" In my head, I'm just going, "Do not say born again Christian. Do not say born again Christian." So, I just grabbed anything and I went, "I don't know. You're not like bulimic or anything, are you?" She stops, she pauses, she looks at me and she goes, "Only my grandmother knows."

[tense music]

And she starts crying and I go, "Oh, my God, not again." I just am like, "Hey, listen, I didn't mean it. There's nothing--" I literally just said anything. She was like, "Please don't tell anybody." She never called me again.

About a year later, I'm dating this other girl. We're really having a good time, having a laugh, and I'm telling her about my exes. We're having that conversation at a bar and I'm just telling heard this story. This is a great story. It's a great story about how I constantly put my foot in my mouth and like, "I always put my foot in my mouth. I called some girl Christian and she was and she hated it. Dated a girl, she was bulimic," and she was like, "Wait, what?" I was like, "Yeah, this girl from Houlihan's, blah, blah, Laura." She was like, "Wait, I know Laura." And I was like, "What?" And she was like, "Oh, my God. I kind of thought that but--" And as she's literally saying, "I kind of thought that, but--" the door opens. Laura walks into the bar.

I haven't seen her in a year. And she looks me right in the eyes, sees Sarah, sees us. Our faces are ghost white, makes a beeline right for us. I just go, "Hey." She goes, "You didn't tell her, did you?" I was like, "I-I--" And the girl I was dating was like, "I don't know. It's okay. We're cool." She just put her finger into my face, she was like, "You're a [beep]. I told you that in confidence." And then, she just stormed off. It was too perfect. It was like being an atheist, I'm just saying to myself, "Man, if anything is going to make me believe in God, this is it."

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Thanks so much to Greg Stone. Greg is a comedian living in New York. You can hear him on his own podcast, The Rad Dudecast. Well, the link, the more information at *snapjudgment.org*. The original score was created and performed by Leon Morimoto. That story was produced by Liz Mak.

When we return, please understand, if you got to go, you got to go, when Snap Judgment continues, stay tuned.

[upbeat music]

From Snap Judgment's underground lair, welcome back. My name is Glynn Washington. And Snappas, you have heard some of the most compelling, most involved, most heart-wrenching stories right here on Snap Judgment. But please note, this is not one of those. You might think you've had reason for alarm in your own past, but our next guest, actress and comedian, Diona Reasonover, she was headed toward an emergency. Snap Judgment.

[upbeat music]

**Diona:** Okay, so a few years back, I booked a series regular on this TV show. It was called *Clipped*, and it was my first TV credit ever.

[*Clipped* theme song playing]

[*Clipped* episode clip playing]

**Charmaine:** Buzzy, let me ask you something. Were you and that meter maid making love?

[laughter]

**Charmaine:** Which one of you does the driving and which one of you does the parking?

[laughter]

[upbeat music]

I was like, "This is it. This is my big break. I'm going to be the next Kerry Washington." I was balling. So, once the show wrapped up, I booked a fancy vacation to get away from it all, get away from the fans. Side note, [beep] what fans? I did not have any fans. Right before the vacation, I dislocated my knee. It's no big deal. It happens all the time. But I ended up on crutches. So, I go on this vacation, I just want to maintain a low profile at the time, and it was really great. And I was on my way back.

So, I get on the plane. It had two rows of seats and then one aisle, and nobody looks happy. Everybody looks like a grumpy version of Michael Fassbender. As soon as my butt hits that seat, I know I got to go to the bathroom. I'm one of those people with a small bladder. I just am.

I'm sitting there, and I'm waiting for us to get to cruising altitude so that the pilot turns off the "Keep your seatbelts on" sign. 20 minutes came and went, and then 25 minutes, and it's just not happening. We're just circling in the cloud layer, we're circling. And then, finally, finally, 30 minutes in, "Ah, ladies and gentlemen, we've reached cruising altitude," and I say, "Okay, this is my moment." I go and I unbuckle my seatbelt, but by the time I finally managed to fumble it open, bam, somebody's already ahead of me. I stood up, and the flight attendant is like, "Ma'am, you're not allowed to stand up. Ma'am, you have to sit down and wait." So, I was like, "All right, cool. I'm not trying to cause any trouble today." So, I sat down.

Because of this knee injury, I just kept getting beat to the bathroom. I mean, I would be on the edge of my seat just waiting for that door to crack open. As soon as I saw the light from the bathroom, I'd be fumbling and try to get my crutches. By the time I'd managed to do all that, bam, somebody else would be in the bathroom. I just kept getting beat just over and over again. Stand up, unbuckle, grab your crutches, got beat. Stand up, unbuckle, grab your crutches, got beat.

Finally, finally, I looked around. I realized the bathroom was clear. And I stood up, and I grabbed my crutches, and I started making my way down the aisle so I can get a little bit of relief. As soon as I'm halfway to my destination of the bathroom, "Ah, ladies and gentlemen, we have started our descend. So, go ahead and put your seats back and your tray tables up." I was like, "Man, I got to go to the bathroom. I'm not going to make it." This time, she didn't even have to tell me to sit down. She just gave me that look that you're about to get in trouble. I sat my butt right back down in that seat, and I said, "Hey, listen, I just got to go to the bathroom real quick. Can you let me go off and try to go off light?" I kind of took my crutches, and I kind of showed them a little bit, kind of shimmied with them. She was like, "No." I was so stunned. And I said, "You know what? It only takes 20 minutes to descend. You can make it."

We start descending, and once again, we're just not descending. 15 minutes go past, 20 minutes go past. I have been holding it for a long time, so I just said, "I'm going to have to go to the bathroom." I stood up, and the flight attendant said, "Ma'am, I told you once, you have to sit down." This flight attendant just looked mean, like she was just mean mugging me from the jump. So, I sat down and I stood up one more time and I said, "I'm sorry. I really have to go." That's when people kind of started to notice that I wasn't paying attention to what she said. People started whispering, and I could see somebody pull out their phone and start recording me. And I could not have this. I could not get in trouble right now. Don't these people know who I am? I am a series regular on the third highest rated show on TBS.

[*Clipped* episode clip playing]

**Female Speaker:** You did a nice thing for me yesterday.

**Charmaine:** Well, I'm actually a nice person.

**Female Speaker:** Hmm.

[laughter]

**Charmaine:** Are you agreeing with me or disagreeing?

**Female Speaker:** Hmm.

[laughter]

**Diona:** Listen, I was right at the top of my career. I was just about to break it big and become a household name. I really could not afford to have my face splashed all over the front page of WorldStarHipHop. So, I'm sitting there and I'm like about to explode. I was just like, "Okay, just run yourself through the worst-case scenario." Okay, worst case scenario is I stand up, I ignore what that lady says, I take this crutch and I smack her upside of the head so that I can get to the bathroom. But probably before I make it that far, an air marshal will tackle me and have me on the ground and have both my knees messed up. Okay. Or, how about this? What if I stand up and I just stand in the middle of the aisle and I say, like, "This is for freedom," and I pee right then and there. Stick it to the man.

[upbeat music]

But then, if I do that, I'll definitely end up all over the internet and I'll never work again. And then, I thought about there was one more option, which is I've had to pee in small places before. My dad used to take me fishing all the time, and I would pee in the back of the van in an old hubcap. I was thinking to myself, "Diona, there is one of two ways you can pee because you're going to pee. You can either pee standing up while an air marshal handcuffs you, or you can pull out your Contigo travel mug and you can pee directly into that cup with as much dignity as peeing in public will allow you."

So, I said to my girlfriend, I said, "Can you hand me my travel mug?" And she did. She started to ask me a question. She started to say, "What's go--? I just shook my head and I put my one finger up to my lips and I was like, "Don't." I took my sweater and I slipped it over my lap. I was wearing kind of baggy, loose jogger pants. I stuck the cup as far up close to my body as I could. I really want to pull down my pants, but I was like, "Okay, somebody's definitely going to notice that." I peed as hard as I could, so as much of it as possible went into the cup.

[*Just Getting Started* by Hawk Nelson playing]

It felt so good. I felt like I had just shed 15 pounds. As soon as I was done peeing and I felt that burning shame but also that sweet release, I took the sweater and I lifted my butt up and I shoved the sweater underneath me and I screwed the top on the travel mug and I hung my head in shame. That was in row like 12A or something and I turned and right back in row 13C, there was this old lady with like tight, tight curls on her head who was giving me major side eye. She was looking at me so far out of the side of her head, she looked like a fish. I did use a sweater to protect the seat and I used some hand sanitizer because it was a leather seat and some Kleenex to clean it before I left the plane.

[plane landing]

Once we got off the plane, I was really so embarrassed. I was just trying to be discreet. I didn't want anybody to notice me. My pants were still wet because I didn't have any spare pants on my carry-on. Who brings spare pants on their carry-on? So, I took my sweater, and I tied it around my waist.

I was sure that I smelled like pee. In fact, I was absolutely positive that I was going to slip on my crutches on my own pee and bite it in front of everybody. As I'm going through the airport, I was one of those moving walkways when all of a sudden, it happened. This guy turns around and he looks, and he says, he yells, "Hey, ain't you Charmaine from *Clipped*? She's on TV, y'all."

[laughter]

No one had ever recognized me before. And all of a sudden, the crowds parted, like what you hear about in movies. Everybody turned and started rubber necking my way. One guy just took a selfie of me as he was walking alongside the escalator. There was nowhere to hide. I was just being paraded through this line of people. People started snapping pictures. I was so shocked, I almost forgot about the pee for like half a second because I couldn't believe that all these people were taking pictures with me, back of my pants all wet and stuff. [sighs] I finally got my moment.

[*Clipped* episode clip playing]

**Female Speaker:** So darn exciting, don't you think?

**Charmaine:** Yeah. Just might wet myself.

[laughter]

[electronic music]

**Glynn:** To Diona Reasonover. Diona is an actress and comedian living in LA. That original score was created and performed by Renzo Gorrio. The story was produced by Adizah Eghan.

[funky upbeat music]

Look here, I know how you feel. Itchy, scratchy, wondering if the fever is going to break because if you miss even a moment of Snap goodness, you have a disease. But not to worry. The good doctor has an antidote. Subscribe to the Snap Judgment podcast right now on Spotify, on TuneIn, on Stitcher, on iTunes, RadioPublic. We serve it your way, *snapjudgment.org*.

I'll give it up for the team that never met a person they can't offend. That goes double for the uber producer, Mark Ristich. Pat Mesiti-Miller can't handle the truth. Anna Sussman carries a big stick around. Joe "In Your Face" Rosenberg. The slow talker, Renzo Gorrio. Leon "The Laugher" Morimoto. Shaina Shealy has strong opinions. Adizah Eghan has the plan. Liz Mak has a counter plan. You can't fool Eliza Smith. Teo "Unbuttered Toast" Ducot. Some episodes with *Simpsons* make Jazmín Aguilera cry. Real tears. It's hilarious.

And even though this is not the news. No way is it the news. In fact, you could huff and you could puff, friend. You could even blow the house down, but you would still not be as far away from the news as this is. But this is PRX.

[funky upbeat music]

Snappas, if you ever been stuck, frozen, unable to move until you heard the end of the story, like, I don't know, maybe right now, that means this show means something to you. It's in you. So, please support the show that makes it happen at *snapjudgment.org*. If we've ever changed your perspective, please put something on, *snapjudgment.org*. Now, you can join a virtual pitch session, even get backstage for Spooked Live. So much more at *snapjudgment.org*. So please, hit pause, just for a moment right now, hit pause before continuing with the program and support storytelling that matters at *snapjudgment.org*. Thank you.

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