

EXAMPLE PODCAST SCRIPT

From Tinesha Trogstad

Note the organizational scheme and literary devices!

4 years old

"You look funny!" (Background noises of children laughing and commenting),

"Whats wong with yow skin?"

"Is that what happes when you drink too much chocolate milk?"

----Music---

----Bathwater running----

When I was young my mom was in college full time and also working whenever she wasn't at school. We had the benefit of being able to live with my grandparents while my mom was in school. While my mom was doing homework, my grandma would always give me a bubble bath. But there is one particular bath I remember very well.....

"Gamma, give me more bubbles!!"

"No, you have enough bubbles!"

"But I want MORE bubbles!!"

"Why do you want more bubbles??" She asked trying to figure out why I needed so many...

"Because I wanna get clean!!!"

"You will get clean? There's plenty of bubbles!"

"No! I want my skin to look like yours Gamma!"

"Why?? God made you just the way you are, your very special.."

"But I don't like my color." I said with curiosity, never actually calling it skin.

"Oh Honey, you are a beautiful color! I would love it if I could have your color.. you know what? In the summer, we are almost the same color!"

I was silent..

"Honey I want to tell you something, you were made for a very special purpose. God doesn't make mistakes, and he doesn't make junk. You are beautiful on the inside and outside. Don't ever forget that NO MATTER what other people may say or what you may hear."

And that was good enough for me! My grandma and I continued to play in the bubbles for another hour or so.

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8 years old

When I was in third grade, I started to gain a lot of weight....

?-----ba da buh buh buhhhhh (M)-----

By 5th grade I was pushing 170. My self-esteem dropped dramatically. My best friend at the time, Mariah, was in the same boat. Our motto was:

---“we have food and we have each other, what more could we need?”---

---“Hey Angel, where do you want to go to dinner tonight?”--- My grandma says.

---“McDonalds!!!!”---- I would always answer. McDonalds was my weakness. I was very unhappy with the way my body was looking.

“Baby girl, you are beautiful the way you are. But if you want to see a change, then you will need to do things differently. It doesn’t mean that you can’t ever have McDonalds, it just means that you can’t have it ALL the time.”

We had many conversations like these. Eventually I started listening to her and we started to go on walks and bike rides at night. It wasn’t until I started playing volleyball and basketball *tennis shoes screeching on a court in the background* that I started finally dropping some weight. I also started dancing, nothing professional like dance classes or anything though

---play I Wanna Dance With Somebody by Whitney Huston---

14 years old

---People playing around in lake---

July 2010 was a real turning point for my outlook on life. I went to Lake Geneva Camp in Alexandria. Reggie Dabbs was and still is my favorite motivational speaker..... Anyways, he spoke about self-image, how we view ourselves. That hit right in my heart as if an arrow hit the bull’s eye.

“You are perfect the way you are; you don’t have to try to be anybody else”

...Quick pause.

---Phone rings---

“Hello?”

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“Hey Momma!”

“How is camp Honey?!”

“Tonight was amazing! *starting to cry* I finally realized that..... I AM beautiful... I’ve never viewed myself as anything but a fat ass..”

mom now crying also “Yes that’s right baby girl!!! I’ve been trying to tell you that, and you finally understand now!”

“Yea, even though I won’t ever be a model or anything, at least I am still beautiful in God’s eyes.”

“Oh, I’m so proud of you!!! Can’t wait to give you big hugs when you get home on Friday! Love you baby girl! Sleep tight.”

“Love you too Momma, goodnight!”

---phone click--

16 years old

My mom raised me without the help of my dad. He didn’t even pay child support, and to this day he still doesn’t. But that is beside the point. In the winter of 2012, I had a chance to reconnect with my dad after not seeing him in over 7 years. It was a very emotional experience. To this day I am still unsure how to explain all the mixed emotions I felt when he hugged me.

“Why after all this time, why do you want to be in my life?” I asked

voice shaky “Daddy wanted to be in your life! I don’t ever want you to think that I didn’t want to see you. But it was your mom who kept me away.”

“Buuuullshiiiiitttt! Don’t try and blame my mom for ‘making you stay away’. That’s straight bogus. You don’t even know how many times I’ve cried myself to sleep at night because I didn’t have a dad like all my friends did. Every guy that comes into my life that I care about always walks out on me, and I guess you started that trend.....” he was silent.

“I’m sorry baby! I made a lot of mistakes when I was a lil’ man and I am trying to fix them now.”

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“To me, you are just one more person for me to get to know, nothing else, not my dad and you’re sure as hell not my FATHER! Maybe we can have a relationship when I am 18, but I can’t handle this shit right now.”

---Dramatic music that fades into soft music---

Now that my mom and I have talked more about my dad, I’ve realized that he was the best he knew how to be. It wasn’t very good, but it was HIS best.

---Encouraging, upbeat jingle---

Over the course of my life there have been many trials I have gone through and overcome. Starting with the verbal abuse in preschool I’ve struggled with confidence, and self-image but looking back at my life, I wouldn’t change a thing because those trials I went through shaped me to be the person I am today, and I love who I am today.