

# Hey Parco! Ep. 2 'It's a Miracle We're Still Alive' Part Two Transcript

(Phone rings)

Ann: Hey Parco!

Samantha: Hey Parco!

(Lively Jazz music plays)

Samantha: Hello friends! Welcome to Hey Parco, the mostly true adventures of two recovering Gen-X Valley Girls. I'm Samantha.

Ann: And I'm Ann, and we're the Parcos. And today we're going to discuss It's a Miracle We're Still Alive.

Samantha: Part Two.

Ann: I survived being a Catholic schoolgirl riding the city bus.

Samantha: How did you survive that?

Ann: You know, I really learned to be very cognizant about my surroundings. I cannot tell you how many men masturbate in the bus to school.

(Boooooo!)

Samantha: Yes.

Ann: Oh horrible, but I will also say the bus was where I learned not to gamble.

Samantha: Okay.

Ann: So I had worked at a donut shop and got fired because I actually charged a cop for donuts. Because they didn't tell me that you never charge a cop donuts.

Samantha: And they fired you for that -- that's ridiculous.

Ann: Yes, I think they probably weren't happy with my level, but that was the reason he gave me. So anyway, I got my \$40 paycheck and my friend was like: "Oh, you know what? I got some money, you got some money. Let's go to a nice restaurant and like be like adults." So I was taking the bus up to Ventura Blvd. to go to some Italian place, and before I got off--I got on the bus and there was a man in a Porkpie Hat with these little cups and a little ball--

Samantha: Oh no! Oh no.

Ann: And so I won the first dollar...

Samantha: Of course you did.

Ann: ...and by the time I got off the bus, I was completely broke.

Samantha: Oh no!

Ann: Tears rolling down my face, telling my girlfriend that I no longer had money, because I gambled it all away. And she's like: "Please tell me it wasn't the shell game." I said: "There weren't any shells, there were just cups...and a ball."

Samantha: Oh, that's so sad.

Ann: Yeah, but you know what? I will tell you this, I don't gamble. I've been to Vegas. I will literally take \$2 of nickels and that's all I will spend. I won't spend any more.

Samantha: Right.

Ann: Because I just--you know, I'm just not a gambler. I'm a risk taker, but I'm not a gambler.

Samantha: Nor am I. Yeah well, speaking of the bus... yeah, I had my own little adventure with the bus once. Well, I was a little bit younger than what you're describing, I was more like 13, 14 years old. And I'd spent the weekend at my cousin's house and it was like early Sunday morning. I had to get home because, of course, you know, Monday's school, and so I was going to take the bus home on my own. I was sitting on the bus bench and it's a beautiful Sunday morning. And this truck, like a white panel truck, comes by and I see this guy like specifically, like lean to look at me. Like he's driving the truck by himself, but he's like leaning to make sure he can

like see me. And I saw him do that and it was kind of weird, but you know, whatever, I mean, you know?

Ann: Right.

Samantha: It's L.A. Next thing I know, there's a voice behind me, asking me for the time. It was him in his truck, so, like -- there was a parking lot behind the bus bench -- so I tell him the time. And I'm kind of like, you know, watching him. It's kind of weird, but he pulls away and I think: okay that's that. Now, it could be like my imagination playing tricks on me, but in my memory he looks like, kind of like, the drawing of the Unabomber. Kind of the way Weird Al looked in the 80s. You know, that kind of curly hair and mustache combination--

Ann: Maybe--

Samantha—: white guy with curly hair and mustache.

Ann: —maybe it was Weird Al!

Samantha: Uh, I hope not.

Ann: I hope not. No, I don't want to say that. I love Weird Al!

Samantha: So my bus comes. I go on the bus don't think about it anymore it was a long bus trip from one end of the valley, the San Fernando Valley, to the other. It was maybe like two hours or something when you factor in bus stops. So I finally get to my stop, I get off the bus, it pulls away, and who's sitting right there, but Mr. White Panel Truck Guy!

No! Yeah. So oh I just booked it across the street, there's a big busy street, so he couldn't follow me easily. I ducked into an apartment building, went through this like cut-through, made it to my apartment, and locked the door. I was, like I said, I was about 13, 14 years old when that happened. I mean, I can't even imagine--so what did he do? Did he like follow the bus and stop with each stop?

Ann: Yes.

Samantha: How could he be there right when I got off?

Ann: Because he followed the bus, because he was, he was creepy.

(lively Jazz music plays)

Samantha: You, my missy dear girl...

Ann: Yes, yes?

Samantha: I recall you and I, a bit later-- let's say we were probably around 19, 20 years old--we were out. I think it was Club Lingerie, friends of ours were playing, you know, were in a band and were playing. And we were dancing all night long. It was just one of those nights where it was great music and we were dancing all night long. So then, you know, it's time to leave, you and I go out, we're heading towards your VW Bug.

Ann: Aw, Spot. (honk, honk)

Samantha: Spot. And this guy comes running after us. He catches up as we're waiting to cross the street, and he had this whole story about how he'd been watching us dance and we were very natural dancers and blah blah blah. Then suddenly, says to you, that he'd really like to photograph you.

(Ann shudders audibly)

Samantha: I was wearing, as you may recall, as I usually did in those days, a black bolero hat with a wide brim.

Ann: Right.

Samantha: And he's like: "I can't really see your face." And he started to lift up my hat and I just snatched it back down. (Growl) And that's when he backed away a bit and he's just like: "Okay." He gave you his business card, he's like: "Well, why don't you call me? I'd really like to photograph you." As we know, there are multiple, multiple serial killers who used that as their M.O.

Ann: Yeah.

Samantha: Give out cards to women get them to come pose for them and then, you know.

Ann: I was walking across Ventura Blvd, at Van Nuys and Ventura, and this man follows me and gives me his check from Lloyd's of London Bank and said that: "My phone number is on this check. I have no business cards. I would like to photograph you."

Samantha: So you're supposed to trust him because it's Lloyd's of London

or something? What, did he think: "Oh, Americans love everything British."

Ann: Obviously, I never called him.

Samantha: Right.

Ann: I mean, it's just so \*bleeping\* weird. I feel so sorry for the women who fall prey to this.

Samantha: Yeah, no, I mean, let's face it. I mean, there's a little bit of common sense we've employed in our lives, but most of the reason we're still alive is just luck. It's just luck.

Ann: Absolutely.

Samantha: You know, because we've done stupid things too. I've certainly--I'm not going to tell the public about stupid things that I've done.

Ann: And I too will never go public with the stupid things that I did that could have killed me, could have killed me and probably other people, as well.

Samantha: Um yeah, but we really lived through what's considered like the golden age of the serial killer.

Ann: Um yeah.

Samantha: And so I looked this up, just because I was like, I'm not imagining it, right? It really was crazy in that time. So there's this criminology professor at a university who keeps a database of confirmed serial murderers starting from 1900, and by his count, based on newspaper clippings and books and everything, there were only a dozen or so serial killers before 1960 in the U.S. And they count about 19 in the 60s, 119 in the 70s, 200 in the 80s, and then it drops down to 141 in the 90s, and only 61 in the 2000s. So we're not imagining it--

Ann: My god!

Samantha: —our era of the Hillside Strangler and the Night Stalker, and that's--you know, we were living in a dangerous area at a dangerous time for people exactly our gender and age.

Ann: Yep.

(lively Jazz music plays)

Ann: I know that you once lived in Manhattan and that you were working in the World Trade Center.

Samantha: Indeed I was, six years of my life, yeah. I worked in the World Trade Center. That is the true miracle that I survived, which is--so I was on the 27th floor of Tower One of the World Trade Center. It's 1993, February 1993, and there was a big boom and the building shook and the electricity went out and I looked out the window, and all I could see was smoke down below. But you really couldn't tell where it was coming from and no alarms went off, no announcements, nothing like that, to sort of guide one as to what was happening or what to expect. So I opened the office door, and in the hall people were starting to crowd into the stairwell. So I thought: well okay, maybe this is what I should be doing too.

Samantha: I actually managed a small sales office and that day it was just me and one of the sales guys, and so I just said to him: "Hey, I'm leaving." I mean, electricity was gone, anyway, you couldn't work: the phones were out, nothing was working. I grabbed my coat, my scarf, my bag, and went out the door and into the stairwell with, you know, thousands of other people. And it was like body to body squished and moving, and the smoke was actually coming up through the stairwell. So I used my scarf to wrap around my head and face. You couldn't really see anyway, so I just kept my eyes closed for most of the time and just, you know, walked down the stairs.

Ann: 27 flights.

Samantha: Yeah. And there was at one point, like, this guy started-- came from above me, and he was screaming and he was surfing the crowd. He was in a total, you know, panic, which, you know--it's really hard to resist that kind of panic when it's on top of you.

Ann: Right.

Samantha: But I just stayed calm and I was breathing really shallow, and maybe after we were down like 15 floors or so, there was actually a firefighter there who said: "You guys are doing the right thing, keep going. Go down and get out of the building." And that was really the first outside authority of any kind that said that we weren't walking into the fire and to our certain demise. You know? We really didn't know. It's just you don't want to be on a high high floor of a building when it's potentially on fire.

Samantha: So I made it outside. The exterior of the World Trade Center in those days, the the old World Trade Center, was completely reflective, it was like mirrored building material and windows, so it was entirely reflective. And I remember when I got out onto the streets, I took my scarf down--it was cold, it was February--and I saw my reflection in the building and my whole face was black from smoke and soot, and that was kind of, that was sort of the moment when I realized: oh, something has happened. You know, something sort of big and scary has happened. Of course, this was the first bombing of the World Trade Center when it was a van full of explosives that was detonated in the parking area.

Ann: Right.

Samantha: It was very close to what was--where all the essential services of the building were located, so that's why there were no alarms or announcements or anything like that. Because, basically, they'd blown it up. You know, they'd blown up the safety devices. Also, because the World Trade Center was part of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, they had special rules that they got to follow that they shouldn't have been able to, and the stairwells actually were like chimneys for the fire that was in the parking structure.

Samantha: So yeah, that's one of the things I'm luckiest to have survived and to have been able to get out of really with no harm to my person.

Ann: Right.

Samantha: Other than just being freaked out.

Ann: I'm so glad you survived. (emotionally)

Samantha: Aw, hon.

Ann: I can't imagine my life without you, it would be so sad and empty.

Samantha: Aw, Parco.

(lively Jazz music plays)

Samantha: But you've survived some hairy situations yourself in the early 90s.

Ann: Uh yeah, in the early 90s I had to quit the job that I was working at to

get away from a stalker. This man was a very, very, very bizarre bad man and the place that I had originally worked at was a hospital. I had a former co-worker who didn't like me for whatever reason, and she gave my medical record to the stalker. So I--

Samantha: Uh wait, can I just ask you something? Sid HIPAA exist at that time?

Ann: No, HIPAA did not exist at that time.

Samantha: So there was no law that would have--

Ann: Absolutely not, absolutely not.

Samantha: Yeah.

Ann: So I was now working on Miracle Mile, Wilshire Blvd, at a very big advertising agency.

Samantha: Yes, one of the biggest.

Ann: One of the biggest advertising agencies, and I had another former co-worker tell me what this woman had done. Like they called me immediately.

Samantha: Yeah.

Ann: Because this--and someday I'll tell you the story of the stalker, but there's something more than the stalker here that I want to get to.

Samantha: Okay.

Ann: So I call down to the receptionist when I find out that he has my medical record and now knows where I'm working, and I said to her, I said, this gentleman looks like this and his name is this, and if he comes walking in, you just tell me that my flowers have arrived. And she's like: "Okay, your flowers have arrived."

Samantha: Oh! What???

Ann: Yes.

Samantha: So he wasted no time: as soon as he got that information, he started heading towards you.



Ann: When I worked at the hospital, I had to have security at my desk any time I went to the bathroom, because he had detailed exactly how he was going to kill me to several co-workers.

Samantha: To several co-workers.

Ann: Several co-workers.

Samantha: Oh my god!

Ann: Yeah.

Samantha: And the the deal was that he had some kind of fantasy of romance with you, right?

Ann: Yeah! I don't know why! I mean, all I ever did was say hello! So because of the things that he had said and how weird everything was going, I did carry a gun. I took a gun class, I am a good shot. I don't carry a gun anymore, but at that point in my life, he was such a scary, scary force that I carried a gun.

Ann: He comes, he comes to the building, I'm freaking out. My husband at the time comes and the building supervisor comes, they go find this guy and they push him down the stairs. The cops come, see him down the stairs and said: "That was a really good idea. Your wife should come down to the station first thing tomorrow morning and get a restraining order." So I go down the next day, which is one day before the Rodney King riots.

Samantha: Oh my god! What? Oh my god!

Ann: One day before the Rodney King Riots and one day before our house closes in escrow, we move out of Hollywood, and go to the Valley.

Samantha: Yeah.

Ann: Yeah, big--all sorts of--I mean I--

Samantha: Everything at the same time.

Ann: I go big, man. I go big! (Samantha laughing) So I go to the police station and i'm shaken up because he's found me, he's gonna kill me, it's gonna be, you know. And they have no record. They have no police report, they have no record--and I said: "But Officer So-and-So said to come first

thing in the morning."

Samantha: Right.

Ann: So I get-- and um, the guy looks at me like: "Officer So-and-So has never said anything." So something happened. Supposedly, the cops wrote him some kind of misdemeanor ticket or something and got his address, and they told me: "We have his address, come down first thing in the morning and we'll get you started on a restraining order." Well that never materialized.

Samantha: Wow!

Ann: So I was absolutely freaked out! Went to work the next day--which was the Rodney King Riots--and I was working on the 18th floor and looking out, realizing just how close south central Los Angeles is to Wilshire, to where I was. I mean, you could see the fires every--I'm like, oh my god, that's crazy! And so I'm like, I think this is going to get nuts. I'm hungry, because, you know, I need sustenance. So I call the deli that's like two doors down and I'm like:

Ann: (over the telephone) "Uh, I want to order a tuna sandwich to go. I'll be over there as soon as possible." "Yeah hurry up, because we're going to close early."

Ann: So I go downstairs to go to the deli to pick up my tuna sandwich and I see truck after truck after truck with people with lots of guns. Lots and lots of guns. And I walk in there. Next thing I know, the plate glass window is shot out. (Bang! Glass break!) I hit the floor. I do the Army shimmy across the floor.

Ann: And they're like: "Ah, tunafish sandwich?" I'm like: "Yeah, I'm going back to the office!"

And I shimmy and he's like: "You could get off the floor now, I don't think, they can't shoot the window out again." And I'm like: "Bullets!"

Ann: I'm running, I'm running, I'm running!

Samantha: Wait, you just shout "Bullets!" and run? (laughing)

Ann: "Bullets!" I'm running back! I'm running back as fast as possible, and I'm like: Do I go up all 18 flights? No, because I could get stuck in a, in a stairwell with somebody bad. I don't know, I'm thinking all sorts of things, because, you know, I have a stalker, right? I mean, just remember that just

happened the day before.

Samantha: The day before.

Ann: Yes, the day before. So I'm pressing the little elevator button just like, you know, all those, you know, panicky movies. And the elevator comes. Thank god I don't get stuck in it, because you used to get stuck in the elevator all the time. I get upstairs, I have my, I have one bite of my tuna sandwich, one bite of my tuna sandwich, and over the intercom: "Gunmen are in the building, barricade your doors now." And what does my boss do? "I know, Annie carries a gun! Everybody behind her!" And he's like, you--

Samantha: What?

Ann: I was standing like Charlie's Angels and all the men are behind me.

Samantha: Why were they behind you? What were you supposed to do, create some sort of a magical shield with your gun?

Ann: Yeah, exactly.

Samantha: Uh, they think you're gonna like save them from gunmen?

Ann: From gunmen with semi-automatic weapons and AK-47s, because there were a lot of AK-47s on the street. It was crazy, it was crazy. So we're all like, we're all almost peeing in our pants, we're all so scared.

Samantha: Yeah.

Ann: You know and so then about oh, 45 minutes later: (Over PA)  
"Gunmen have left the building. Get in your cars now. Leave now."

Ann: So I had a co-worker who would have to pass Florence and Normandy just to get home. I said: "You're not going home tonight. You're coming with me, we're going to the Valley. We're going to my mom's house." My son was in daycare right off of Sunset Blvd. So I get to the daycare, and my daycare lady is totally freaked out because there's bullets whizzing everywhere. I put my son inside my shirt to try to protect him from bullets. I get him in the car seat and my girlfriend is--she was from Indiana--she was like totally freaked out. I mean, I was freaked out too, but do you remember the Club? Do you remember that thing that went across the steering wheel?

Samantha: Oh yeah.

Ann: Yeah okay, so it had two prongs, right? You had one little, one little thingy that hooked on to one side and then you had the two prongs and you'd lock it.

Samantha: Right, you put on your steering wheel so your car doesn't get stolen.

Ann: I said to my girlfriend, I said: "If anybody comes, you take those two prongs you poke them in the eye! Thank god I knew all the back roads, you know? I did not get on the freeway, I took all the back roads back to the Valley. And yeah, it was crazy. It's actually amazing I'm still alive.

Samantha: It's a miracle we're still alive!

Ann: It is a miracle we're still alive! It is a miracle, yeah. Hey Parco?

Samantha: Yeah?

Ann: I love you, I'm glad you're alive.

Samantha: I'm really glad you're still alive too!

(lively Jazz music plays)

Samantha: So do you have hair-raising survival stories of your own, friends? We'd love to hear about them. You can contact us on our website [heyparco.com](http://heyparco.com) where you'll also find links to our Instagram, Twitter and Facebook pages, along with images and info related to this and other Hey Parco episodes. Thanks for joining us, see you next time!