Twitter Thread by Gail Simone



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Cons in other countries don’t separate comics people from the celebrities. So you often spend a week between two cons, getting to know actors, wrestlers, and other famous people.

We always found nearly all of them lovely people.

Guess which group consistently wasn’t?

:)

1/

It wasn’t actors. In general, they have nearly all been really sweet people.

Guess again.

2/

It wasn’t wrestlers. I have had zero bad experiences with any of the wrestlers I’ve met and quite a few were above-and-beyond lovely to their fans.

Guess again.

3/

It’s not musicians. They always seem anxious, and they keep to themselves, but I never saw any being jerks in a green room at a con.

Last guess.

4/

It’s not novelists, artists, or comedians. Good guesses, but no.

One group has been so consistently loathsome, have so tortured staff and promoters, that I would say it’s probably a 90% likelihood that any con guest in this category is just awful.

Ready?

5/

It is reality show contestants.

By a fucking MILE.

You will never meet a ruder, more entitled group.

Even the ones who seem nice on tv were awful to the people meant to help them.

It’s bizarre.

6/

I think comic book ‘celebrity’ is pretty silly, unless you’re, you know, an Image founder or a golden age great or something.

But these people are absolutely convinced they’re Elvis, even when their whole talent was camping or whatever.

It is the weirdest thing.

7/

I consistently, at dozens of cons, have witnessed these people make far more demands of volunteers than actual movie stars do. I have seen them promise things to fans and immediately forget.

They also never want to be around anything the con organizes.

8/

It’s treating others like they’re beneath you that makes me so cranky about it. I don’t watch reality tv, except the Voice (sue me).

But how they treat people really bugs me.

I am sure there are lots of nice people from this category, but we shy away at this point.

9/

I could tell stories, but for the love of god, I have no idea to this day who any of those people were.

And now you know a green room secret observation!

Maybe they’re nice when not at a con.

Oh, well!

End/

:)

I do have one short, funny story about what I am talking about.

Three of these types were at a con dinner, and they were pretending to like each other, and they agreed to get together for a little private party later, which we all took to mean...who knows.

+1/

These people...two had been jerks to everyone, the third was overly smarmy and just found everyone FASCINATING in the most transparently fake way imaginable. So, that’s our cast.

So three people decide to get together, no big deal, right?

+2/

For the entire meal, which is the end event that the promoters threw everyone to say thanks and let volunteers meet everyone, all three of these people, one at a time, keep getting up to go outside to smoke or do other things...even during speeches.

+3/

I mean, they got a trip to a beautiful country, expense paid, and they can’t sit still for two minutes while the promoter gives a toast.

Each time, we’re kind of aghast but also delighted because holy shit, these people are exhausting.

But here’s the thing.

+4/

Where it gets funny.

As one or two would rudely get up to run outside for five minutes, that would eventually leave us alone with just one of them.

And every single one in turn, would look over at us and whisper conspiratorially...

+5/

“There’s no fucking way I’m going to that party.”

And wink at us, like they would never be seen with such boring phonies, ie., the exact category of people the belonged to, that they had just made plans to see.

+6/

So we are dying, it;s the funniest damn thing ever, and we’re like Michael Palin trying not to laugh at the name, ‘Biggus Dickus.’

What’s worse? The entire rest of the dinner, they were all GUSHING to each other about how fun this private party was going to be.

+7/

This party that, again, THEY ALL WERE PLANNING TO DITCH.

the punchline of this story is that even THEY seemingly couldn’t stand each other.

:)

So the next day...when we were all getting ready to leave...

+8/

Hubby, who is fearless and funny, waits until all three of them are together, waiting for the shuttle. And he innocently puts on his most innocent face and innocently asks, completely innocently...

“Hey! How’d that party you guys had last night go? Sounded like fun!”

+9/

And...wait for it...

They all start making excuses to each other why they didn’t make it.

It finally hit them at the same moment, that not only did each of them ditch the others, but had each BEEN ditched...twice!

I can’t take it, I have to leave or I’ll die laughing.

+10/

The last image we have is each of them absolutely furious at the other two for ditching while they themselves did the exact same thing.

Imagine three genuinely awful people having that discussion and it feels like karma from the Earth’s core.

:)

End/

Hey! I just realized, this is probably the last #StoryTimeWithGail of 2020!

PS., if you are on one of these shows and you treat people well, GOOD ON YA and this isn't about you, I promise!

Also, I separate people like those on gbbo and Chopped and the like, where people are legitimately just wanting to show their skills. They have all seemed nice.