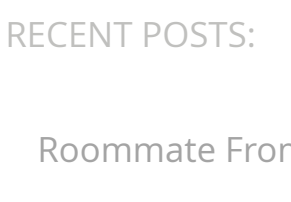




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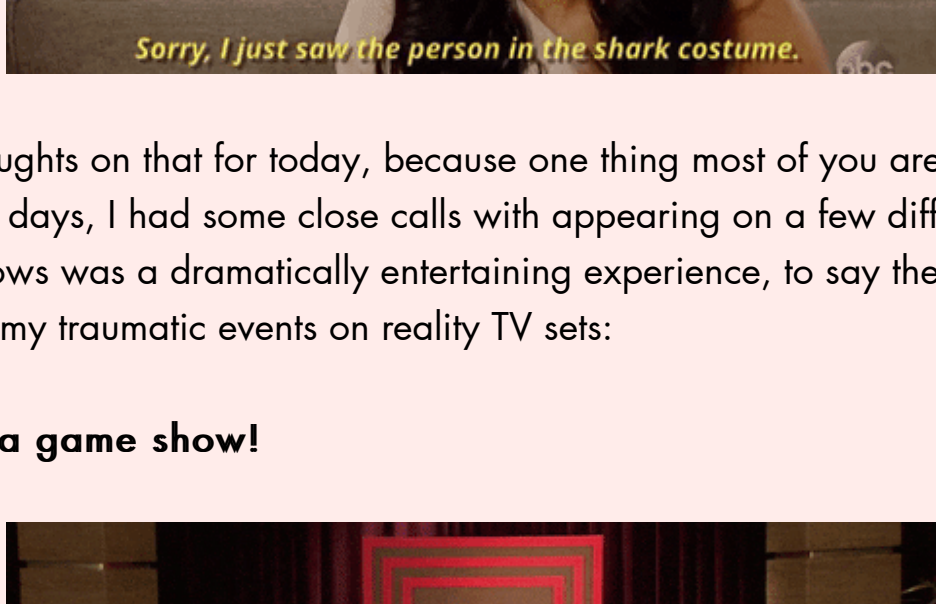
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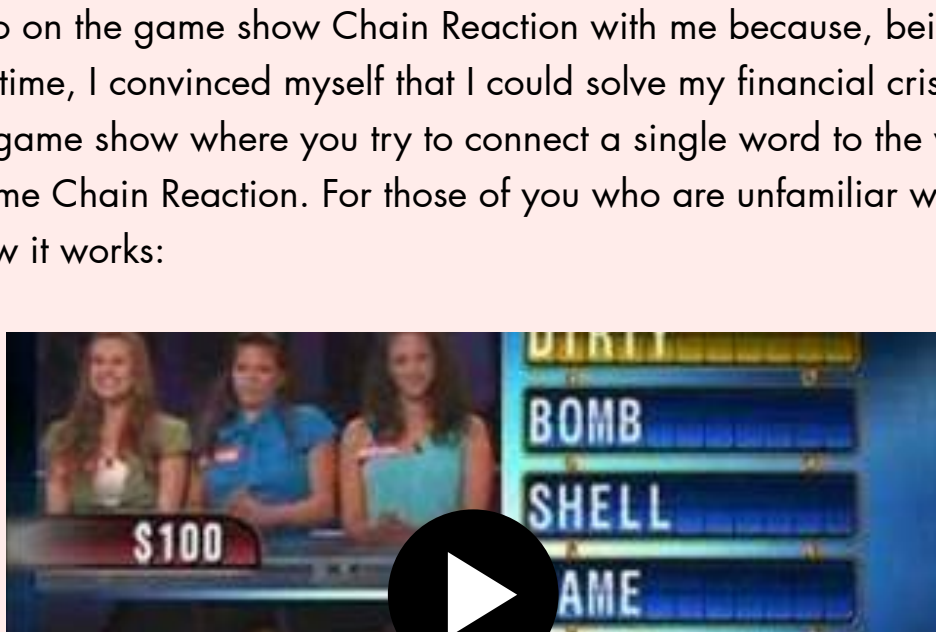
## It's A Harsh Reality

As many of you know, Fernanda and I are huge reality TV junkies—and the trashier the show, the better, cause I just love a good cat fight! Which is why I haven't been too excited by this anticlimactic season of *The Bachelorette*.

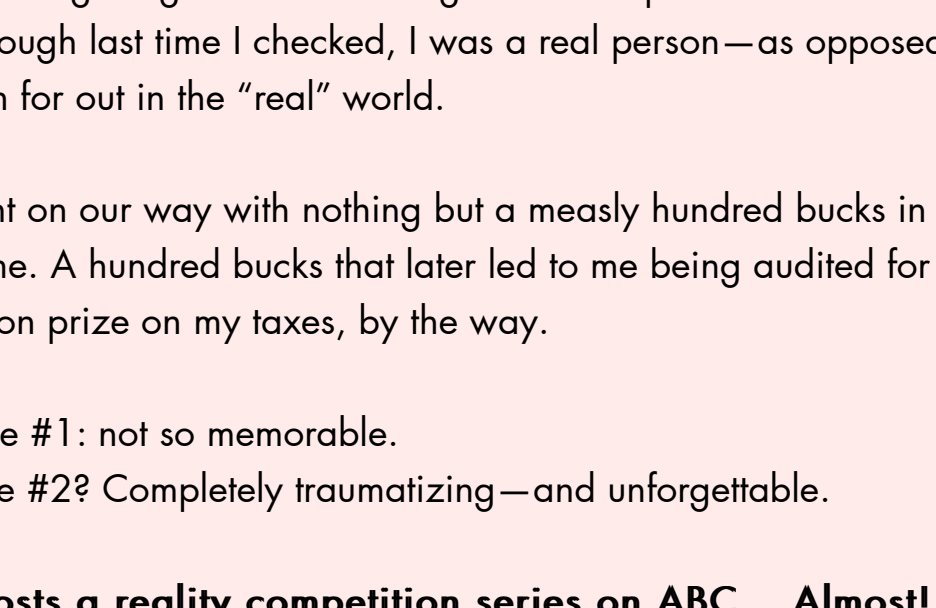


But I'll spare you my thoughts on that for today, because one thing most of you aren't aware of is that, during my former acting days, I had some close calls with appearing on a few different reality shows myself. Filming these shows was a dramatically entertaining experience, to say the least. So here is the complete breakdown of my traumatic events on reality TV sets:

### #1 - Macee goes on a game show!



My first experience on non-scripted TV was actually a pretty low-key one. Several years ago, I decided to force my friend Ale to go on the game show Chain Reaction with me because, being a poor and struggling actress at the time, I convinced myself that I could solve my financial crisis by simply winning boatloads of cash on a game show where you try to connect a single word to the words listed below it on the chain. Hence the name Chain Reaction. For those of you who are unfamiliar with the show, here is a pretty funny video of how it works:



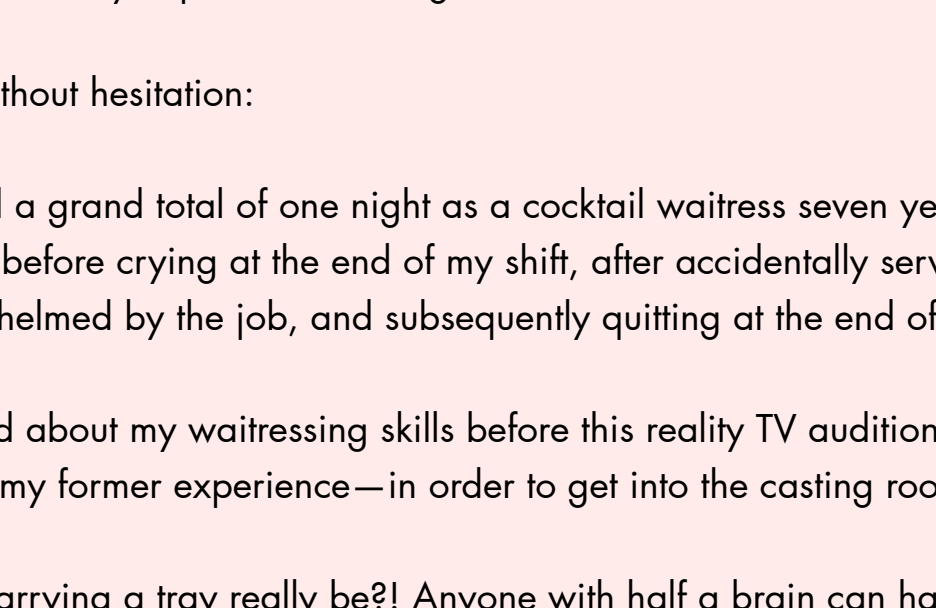
After days of strategizing with Ale on how we could win the max amount of cash, we drove across town at the butt crack of dawn to tape our segment at the studio.

Several boring hours of being trapped in the greenroom (with a bunch of tourists who were overly jazzed about being on "the television" for the first time) later, Ale and I were finally called to the stage... where we were instantly cut before getting to answer a single freakin' question—because we didn't look enough like *real people*. Even though last time I checked, I was a real person—as opposed to Cindy Crawford, who I am never mistaken for out in the "real" world.

Regardless, we were sent on our way with nothing but a measly hundred bucks in our pockets as compensation for our time. A hundred bucks that later led to me being audited for forgetting to claim the chump-change consolation prize on my taxes, by the way.

So, Reality TV Experience #1: not so memorable. But Reality TV Experience #2? Completely traumatizing—and unforgettable.

### #2 - Macee almost hosts a reality competition series on ABC... Almost!



There are certain experiences from which you are forced to learn very important and hard life lessons—and "don't be a huge f\*\*\*ing liar" was the most important takeaway from my second reality TV experience.

You see, a few years ago my soaring acting career [lol] took a bit of a hard left turn after I got a call from my agent asking me if I had any experience waiting tables.

To which I responded without hesitation:

"Yes! Of course I do!"

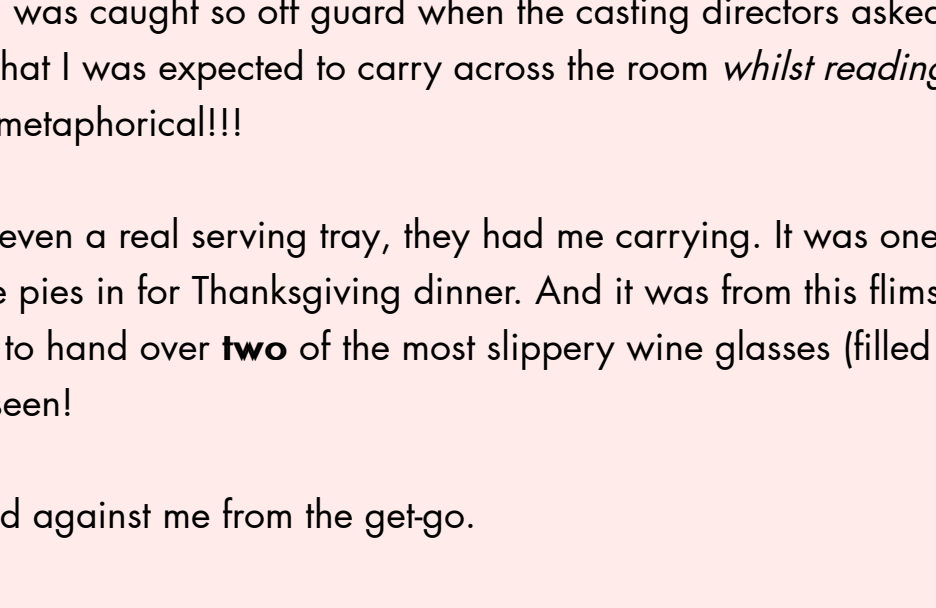
...because I had worked a grand total of one night as a cocktail waitress seven years ago at a comedy club back in Arkansas—before crying at the end of my shift, after accidentally serving liquor to a minor, because I was so overwhelmed by the job, and subsequently quitting at the end of the night.

So when my agent asked about my waitressing skills before this reality TV audition, I might have slightly adjusted the truth about my former experience—in order to get into the casting room.

I mean, how hard can carrying a tray really be? Anyone with half a brain can hand someone something. Am I right?

**Welp... as it turns out... it's really fucking impossible.** Who would've thought?

I mean, I've always known I don't have the world's steadiest hands—hence why I had to rule out brain surgeon as a future career path. So I guess I should've taken that into account before attending the screen test for the co-hosting of the "Mysterious Female Butler" on an Interactive-Reality-Competition Series based on the board game *Cloze*.



Yeah, I know... the whole concept of the show never made much sense to me either!

Which is precisely why I was caught so off guard when the casting *directors* asked me to ACTUALLY serve them drinks from a tray that I was expected to carry across the room *while* reading me my lines. Turns out the "waitress" part was not metaphorical!!!

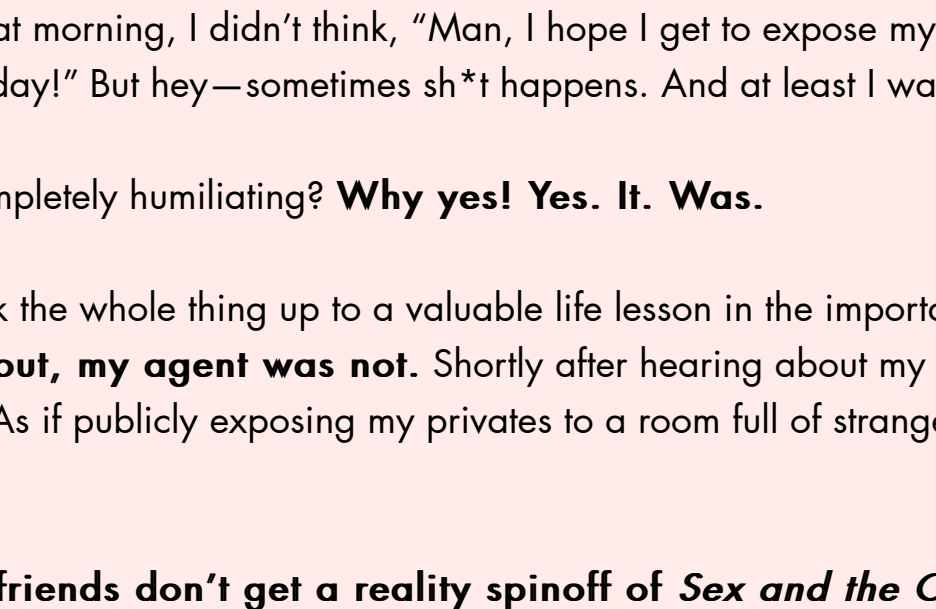
In my defense, it wasn't even a real serving tray, they had me carrying. It was one of those flimsy tinfoil platters that people bake pies in for Thanksgiving dinner. And it was from this flimsy Thanksgiving-foil-pie-tray that I was expected to hand over **two** of the most slippery wine glasses (filled to the brim with water) that the world has ever seen!

So the odds were stacked against me from the get-go.

I don't know if any of you have much experience with glass on foil? But let me tell you...

**THAT SHIT FLIES!!!**

As soon as I attempted to lift that sorry excuse for a tray, I discovered that I had a bit of a sliding situation on my unsteady hands. And well...three takes later, I had managed to spill six glasses of water all over myself *and* both ABC casting directors.



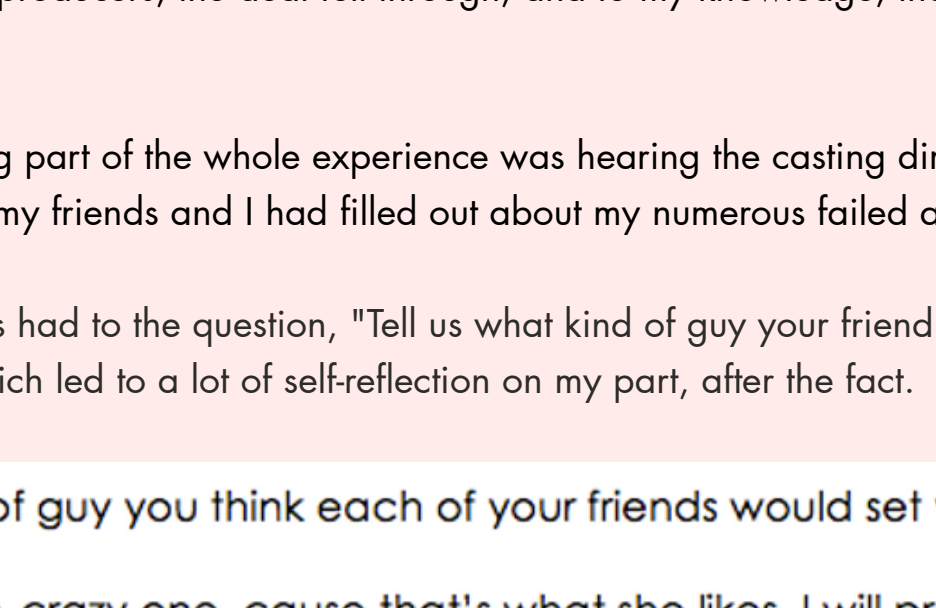
Finally, in a last-ditch effort to steady the glasses on a more stable body part, I **flushed my crotch** to the entire casting office—while trying to balance that piece-of-sh\*t tray on my knee in the extremely short dress I had so conveniently chosen to wear that day.

When I left the house that morning, I didn't think, "Man, I hope I get to expose my Audition Spanx to a room full of strangers today!" But hey—sometimes sh\*t happens. And at least I was wearing underwear!

Was this experience completely humiliating? **Why yes! Yes. It. Was.**

But I was willing to chalk the whole thing up to a valuable life lesson in the importance of honesty. **However, as it turns out, my agent was not.** Shortly after hearing about my minor water debacle, my agent dropped me. As if publicly exposing my privates to a room full of strangers wasn't punishment enough!

### #3 - Macee and her friends don't get a reality spinoff of *Sex and the City*



Being the queen of traumatic dating experiences that I am, one of my casting director friends put me up for a reality series based on the HBO show *Sex and the City*, supposedly being produced by Sarah Jessica Parker herself.

In this reality spin-off, they would follow my three best friends and I around L.A. while my beaties tried to set me up on dates with men of their choosing—because clearly, my instincts when it comes to boys can't be trusted.

After begging my very hesitant friends to do the show with me and wrangling them together for the final casting session with the producers, the deal fell through, and to my knowledge, the show never ended up being made.

But the most traumatizing part of the whole experience was hearing the casting directors read out loud from the questionnaires my friends and I had filled out about my numerous failed attempts at love...

Like the answers my pals had to the question, "Tell us what kind of guy your friend Macee would set you up with and why?" Which led to a lot of self-reflection on my part, after the fact.

Tell us what kind of guy you think each of your friends would set you up with and why.  
1. Macee – A crazy one, cause that's what she likes. I will probably not like him

Ale's Answer:

Tell us what kind of guy you think each of your friends would set you up with and why.  
1. Macee would probably set me up with some psycho because that's the kind of men she attracts.

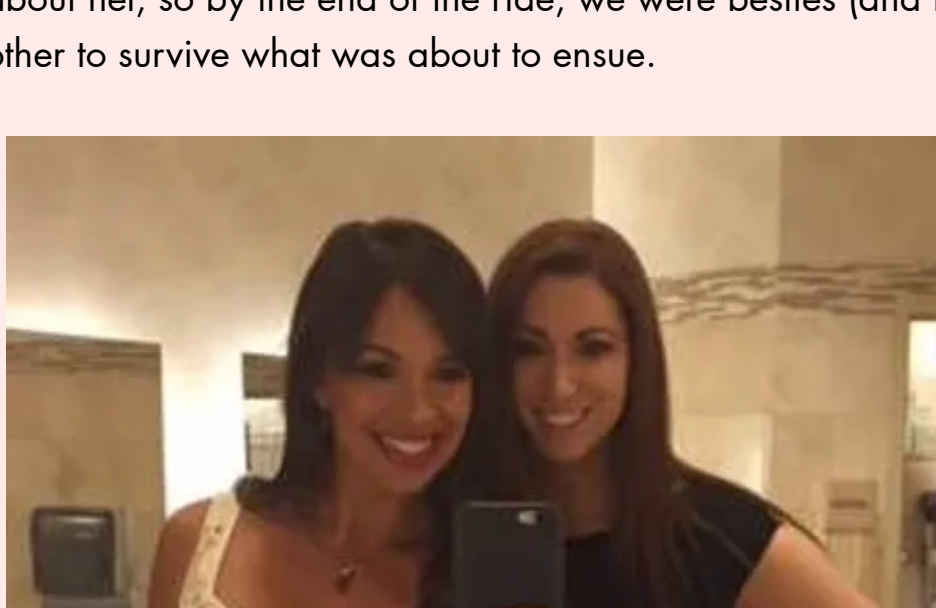
And Tina's answer...

Okay, I'm answering a theme here. Followed by my own embarrassingly honest answer to the question below:

What is your worst dating story?  
Oh god I have so many.... There was the guy that turned out to be a m... .., and my date with a homeless man. But I think my all time favorite was the guy that waited until our 3rd date to break the news that he was a polygamist, and that he and his fiancé wanted me to be THEIR girlfriend.

Considering my dating past, it's probably a good thing the show didn't happen—though I'm sure my love life would've made for some very entertaining TV. Which brings us to the final chapter of my traumatic first-hand experiences in the world of reality television...

### #4 - Macee gets cut out of an episode of *Millionaire Matchmaker*



My mom always said, "You can date rich just as easily as you can date poor, so date rich—damn it!" Needless to say, she was ecstatic when I agreed to go on a reality show geared toward dating millionaires.

But as soon as I agreed to shoot an episode of *Millionaire Matchmaker*, I had instant buyer's remorse. Thank God I didn't cancel, though, cause this taping proved to be one of the most action packed, drama-filled weekends of my life.

#### Here's the rundown:

I was told by the casting director to be at a pickup location in West L.A. at 6:30 a.m. on Friday morning, where we would have breakfast and board a "party bus" that would take me and about 15 other girls—cast as possible dates for the millionaire—down to the Harrah's Hotel in San Diego, for a weekend of filming.

Upon arriving—at the butt crack of dawn, *mind you*—I quickly realized that "breakfast" meant cold coffee, "party bus" translated to a run-down old Greyhound that had probably been retired by the city, and "other girls" meant a room full of absolute crazies!

After surveying the cast of characters, I elected to sit alone on the "party bus," wondering how I was going to make it through the day...

Until the heavens shone down upon me and a girl—who we'll call Carrie—jumped on the bus last minute and asked to be next to me because I was, to quote Carrie, "the most normal-looking person on the bus." I thought the same thing about her, so by the end of the ride, we were besties (and thank God we were), cause we'd need each other to survive what was about to ensue.

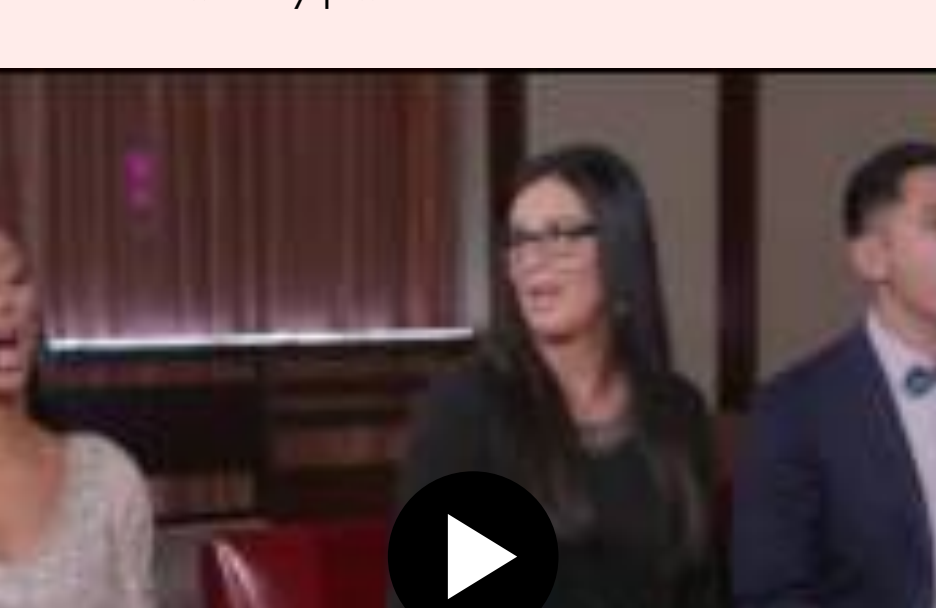


Meet my bestie, Carrie...

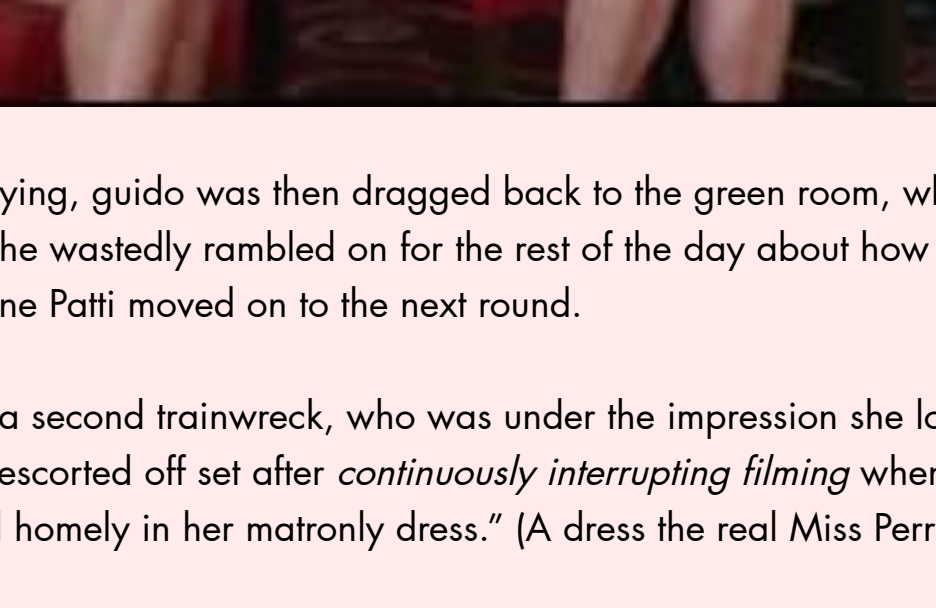
When we got to the hotel, in true reality TV fashion, the crew immediately started pumping us full of drinks. They had a rule that everyone had to have a full glass of liquor in their hands at all times and they offered us zero food and no other beverages besides booze for the entire 16-hour day that we were filming.

So, as you can imagine, after about an hour on set, the drunken drama kicked off.

My new BFF Carrie and I stuck together all day—only occasionally sipping our wine—because apparently we were the only ones smart enough to realize that the crew's plan was to get us wasted and embarrass ourselves on national TV. And as much as I love a good drunken scene, I was *NOT* about to make an ass out of myself on camera.



Filming started with a round of interviews that were shot one-on-one with the host, Patti. She would then proceed to **trash you in front of the rest of the girls**, who were watching and drinking in the background of the *shot, if she didn't like the way you looked*.

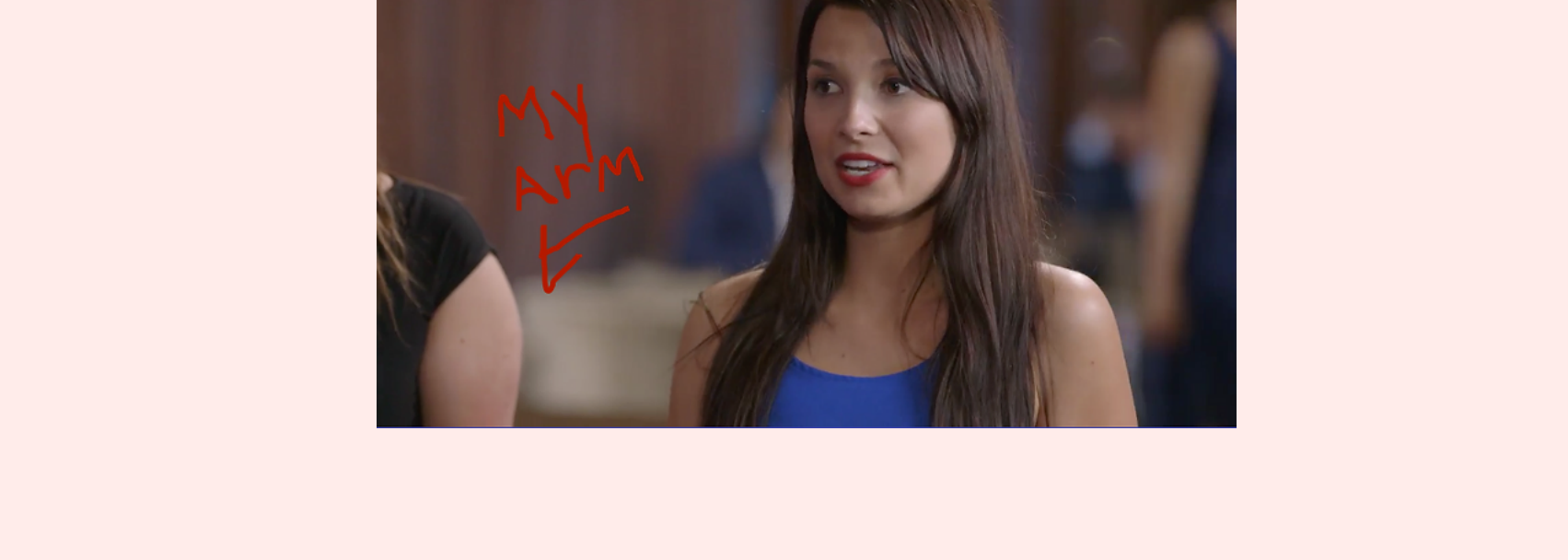


**Enter Freakshow #1** – a clearly unstable, slightly cracked-out girl who thought she was hot shit.

Patti instantly tore her apart, saying that her orange spray tan made her look like a trashy guide who would never get a respectable man. After Patti's huge fight with "the guide," it was my turn to be interviewed. And I'm not gonna lie, I was nervous after that!

But as I was approaching Patti, the crazy guide girl—still angry from her remarks—flipped Patti off from the audience. The next thing I knew, while I was still standing there waiting for my judgement, the guide grabbed a wine glass from the table and charged at Patti screaming, "F\*\*\* you, bitch!" and attempted to throw the wine in Patti's face before she was eventually tackled by someone on the crew.

Yes. That actually happened. Don't believe me? Here's a short 1.5-second clip of what aired from the 10-minute-long scene I watched unfold with my jaw on the floor.



The cursing, and now crying, guide was then dragged back to the green room, where she was babysat by one of the poor PAs as she wastefully rambled on for the rest of the day about how she was going to sue the show and fight anyone Patti moved on to the next round.

**Cue Freakshow #2** – a second trainwreck, who was under the impression she looked like Katy Perry's love lost twin, was also escorted off set after *continuously interrupting filming* when Patti told her she looked "unattractive and homely in her maternally dress." (A dress the real Miss Perry wouldn't be caught dead in, I assume.)

However, when the final show aired, it appeared as though Patti *liked* the Katy Perry wannabe—**thanks to some very creative editing**. So all of her bitching and moaning that the rest of us had to endure, for the bulk of the day, was completely pointless.

Meanwhile, **guide trainwreck #1** ended up being hauled off by the cops (*off camera*) after her very patient babysitter's attempts to keep her down failed—and she kept trying to attack all of us girls that got passed to the next round.

I ended up making it to the next-to-final round of the show **without Patti ripping me apart**, and was honestly relieved when she finally dismissed me saying, "I was too young for this millionaire"—some *sixteen hours* after I had arrived that morning.

Patti then offered to bring me back on for a different bachelor's taping. (But one trip to the looney bin was more than enough for me, thanks!)

Carrie was chosen to stay overnight and go on a date with the millionaire the next morning, so I was forced to brave the **two-hour midnight bus ride alone**, with all the drunken, angry crazies—who were completely shocked and appalled that Patti had criticized them, as *if they'd never seen the show before!*

And now I'll leave you with this picture of the **only part of me** that actually made it into the final edited version of the episode.

Thank God.



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