

Excerpt from *Mime Time* by Dan McLaughlin ©2011
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Chapter 19

*Dorothy Barrymore, Director of Press/
Outreach Operations
Campaign to Elect Brad Tapelson 2012
6:28 am*

(Sound of door knocking.)

“‘Mr. The Mime’, sir, it’s Dorothy sir I was wondering if I could just have a moment or two of your time sir.”

“Belton’s not with you is he? I don’t have any more bagels.”

“No sir, no Belton in sight. Last seen, I believe, by the snack machines next to the gym, sir.”

“Is it true he brings his own butter knife with him everywhere he goes?”

(Sounds of polite chuckling.)

“Belton, yes, good one sir. No, I think he simply relies on the kindness of strangers, sir. Thank you for taking the time to talk with us, ‘Mr. The Mime.’”

“Well at least he has someone who helps him out. God, I wish I could rely on the kindness of friends, or at least people who I thought were my friends.”

“A lot of pressure, ‘Mr. The Mime’?”

Glad to see my suck up skills haven’t atrophied. Nice touch of concern in the voice, Barrymore. And I was a pretty good “Agatha” in *Guys and Dolls* at Taft.

“Wait, you are not here to tell me that I can’t do something, or that you quit, or I can’t have any more money are you?”

Wow, he does sound fried.

“No sir, ‘Mr. The Mime’ sir, just wanted to bring you an update of how we are seeing things in the press room and on the web site. If you don’t mind me asking sir, are you feeling OK?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. Just everyone is freaking out and when I make some simple suggestions, things like, you know, ideas, concepts, things you know, to move us forward, simple stuff, the people I thought were my friends turn out not to be my friends. Puny, tiny, twisty, traitorous, stab-me-in-the-back friends.”

Wow. Time to move on then.

“Well sir, let us be a ray of sunshine then, sir. We are here to tell you that things are booming in the virtual world, and we just have to keep increasing our bandwidth exponentially. Here is your daily DVD of the greatest hits including some new contributions from you friends 2cute2mess, btrGABrown, and my personal favorite, phattfluxdux69.”

“Thank you. Ahh, my people talk to me. This is why I will never shut down the speech of the people. It makes what I do seem real. It makes it real.”

Sound of DVD going into DVD player. Low sound that is turned up.

“I can’t wait to see this. Look at oh 2cute she takes the hat bit and then mixes some sound from, errrrr ‘The Price Is Right’. Makes it the Rice is Right and fills the vortex with rice. Then flushes it all down like a toilet. Awesome.”

I don't know why, but for some reason I felt compelled to say,

“Ah incredibly awesome, yes sir. Incredible. Er, why exactly is that awesome, sir ‘Mr. The Mime’, sir?”

“Well, like’s it funny AND political at the same time, you now.”

“Political sir?”

That was Bill, helping me out. Political was safer than funny, because, trust me, that DVD wasn't funny.

“Yeah, political. Well you know its like China and capitalism, and how they are all linked now, and that the Chinese you know are trying to suck us down, and like, but then it's like Bob Barker and his ears sticking out like flaps on an airplane and waving like a bird, and farting real loud juicy ones, and that's funny, and like how rice sticks together, and how things have to stick together, or they fall apart so we have to stand tall and stick together except with the Chinese because they want to pull us apart and be number one, and everyone knows that we're number one so that's why we can't let any one take down our constitutional freedoms like freedom from hunger.”

“Wow, that's very good sir. President's Roosevelt's four freedoms, well not hunger exactly but freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom of speech and freedom of worship. Sir I am impressed.”

That was Isaac, but we were all impressed.

“Roosevelt? The guy on a dime? I can do him. Sunny Jim sitting down. Cigarette holder. Waving from a chair. No, no freedom from hunger means you know, eating. The constitution says you have the right to eat, right?”

“Oh. Yes. It does. I think it is usually found in the Interstate Commerce Clause, ‘Mr. The Mime’.”

I liked my reading of that line. Dry, understated. There if you catch it.

“Excellent. Does the Constitution say anything about burgers and fries?”

He didn’t catch it.

“No sir, that is why the Constitution is considered a living document. The framers had no way of knowing about burgers and fries, so they gave us the Interstate Commerce Clause to cover any future contingency.”

“Like tacos.”

167 on my LSATs and there I was.

“Or Thai food. That shit came out of no place. Tastes good, though.”

“Yes sir, just like tacos or Thai food.”

“Damn they were sure some smart mothers who came up with that shit, weren’t they?”

“Founding fathers are indeed synonymous with smart mothers. Very good sir, Mr. The Mime.”

Suddenly I felt much better about what we had decided to do.

“Kick-ass. So why did you come all the way down here anyways, Dorothy? Usually it doesn’t take a committee to deliver a DVD. Hey, I could use that. Takes a committee to deliver a newspaper. That’s what the problem with government. Everything is done by too many people. Let me write this down. Don’t need all those people around you. Tiny little motherfuckers. This will be some good shit. We can do the camel bit only with bowlers. Oh yeah, those mothers don’t want to play anymore. Well fuck ‘em. I don’t need them; they still work for me, so the bowlers will come in. But I will need a lot of them and...”

There was pandering and suck up which I can do with the rest of them just fine, but this was just too painful to listen to, and I did

have some real work to do, as did the rest of us. So I spoke up.
"Excuse me sir, 'Mr. the Mime' there was one thing?"

"Fuck, what"

Usually it's fuck whom, but who am I to judge?

"Sorry to interrupt, but..."

"Well you have, so just say what it is you have to say, damn it. I want to get this good shit down before it is like out of my head."

"Good shit indeed sir. Well sir, we think, like you that the reason that your message is proving to be so powerful is because it is such good... er... shit. And we think, and I know we have the data to back it up, is that the way to propel yourself forward is to ignore the nay-sayers, to smash the voices of moderation and what some say is reason, to keep going for the good shit. Go for great shit, sir. Go big. Go large. Go Super Size. Super Size shit, sir. Now is not the time to think small. Good shit, sir. Great shit, sir. All the time. Shit. Shit. Shit."

Nice job of kiss ass, Barrymore. Suddenly, "The Mime" forgot the importance of immediately getting his good shit down on paper as he put down his pencil. Now it seemed it was more important for him to listen to our shit. Advice, I mean.

"Exactly! Finally! That's what I think. Not everything all namby pambabied down bull shit, but the real shit, expressed the way shit's supposed to be done. Ball to the walls. Petal to the metal. No bull shit. Just the good shit. Fuck, the great shit."

"Er, yes, precisely. Shit. Sir. Your voice, or lack of a voice, is what has taken you thus far, 'Mr. The Mime', sir and we think that that lack has been what is so fulfilling so you keep on keeping on, 'Mr. The Mime', sir."

"Are you bull shitting me, Diggins?"

Bill, you never were quite good at it as me, were you? Explains a lot.

“No sir, we are deadly serious. I truly believe it is both best for this campaign and best for the United States that you present yourself as strongly as you can as yourself. Now is not the time to hold back, and I can assure you that the team here are totally committed to that as well.”

“What are you boys talking about?”

Why do they persist in talking in complete sentences to the guy?
Thank God for Sue.

“Lordie bee, Mr. Mime, all that these folks have been saying is that you are doing fine, so you just relax, do your thing, and let us help you tell people how fine your thing is. And sugar, your thing is plenty fine just the way it is, let me tell you.”

“Well alright, that’s what I want to hear.”

See people, it is not rocket science. Of course, her body doesn’t hurt the message either

“People around me who want me to be me. Absolutelyfuckingtastic. Great news, people. Thanks. Thanks so much. You can drop by the DVD anytime you want to. You and the rest of your merry committee can come down here anytime with news like that. Me unleashed. Whoo Whoo.”

Message delivered. God, let us out of here.

“Well we can see you are busy now, ‘Mr. The Mime’, sir and so...”

“Awww hell, that is just for everyone else, you can call me ‘Mr. Mime’ and no need to add ‘sir’ at the end of it.”

God, I think he is serious. Crap. Did I mention my LSAT scores were very, very good?

“Well thank you very much indeed ‘Mr. Mime.’ Have a wonderful day and I hope you are able to get all that great shit down.”

“Oh I will. No problem. And thank you, sugar plum you can check out my thing any time. And Ms. Finney”

Oh, that is his take away from all this, imagine that.

“Yes, ‘Mr. Mime’?”

Said the sugar plum.

“You are good at what you do. Take it from one who knows. Take care.”

I remember he got this funny little smile on his face when he said that. He might have not known the Interstate Commerce Clause from a hole in the wall, but the boy did have some something going on, let me tell you.

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