

Sample from Mime Time by Dan McLaughlin

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The door flew open and Daisy hurried down the hall towards me, crying. Brad, I mean “The Mime” appeared at the doorway and looked down the hall where he saw me. He stopped and looked embarrassed, hesitated, then went back into their room. The suit was busy studying the wall in front of him. Daisy had her head down and practically ran into me. Her face was red, mostly from crying, I think.

*“That fucking pompous bastard, that sick fucking pompous bastard. That’s it. The fucking last time. No more. Fuck what, fuck it is you Belton. Fuck Belton, not now.”*

*“Um, everything OK Daisy?”*

*“Fuck yeah, everything is just peachy fine keen. All is fine and wonderful in the world of Brad fucking the king of mime and his fucking mimedom of inarticulate in words yet powerful in physical impact world of the fucking mime.”*

*“OK. Say, do you want something to eat? I think the kitchen is still open. I was down there earlier and they looked like they had some pretty good roast beef. They could put it in a microwave, and then maybe some stuffing and gravy and maybe some nice white bread and gravy, and then maybe some milk or something and then ummm maybe some cookies. That would be good, wouldn’t it?”*

I did not know really what to say really, but food is always good. She paused.

*“Listen, Belton. I really don’t want to see anyone right now.”*

*“I’m not anyone. I am just Belton. And some food. Food is good. I like food. C’mon, just some food. Food will do you some good, let’s go get a bite to eat.”*

And I was getting hungry.

I got another one of those, ‘what-the-hell its only Belton looks,’ and she shrugged her shoulders.

*“What the fuck, why not? Lead on McDuff.”*

I helped her put her lace shawl on nicer as we walked down the hall, leaving the suit.

We went to the dining room, but they said there were closed. But the bar also served food. I never knew why you could order food in a bar 24/7. Maybe they considered it room service only the room was the bar, but maybe it was because they knew me so like I called the special phone number they gave me when I checked in. It was like this direct line to the kitchen, and it was my good friend Sally on the other end. I asked Daisy what she wanted, and she said a salad, and I said a salad is not food and that she needed some real food. She was looking so sad so I said you need some cake because all girls like cake and ice cream, and I knew that had great cake here, and so I asked Sally for some cake and ice cream, but I had her put the ice cream in a separate bowl because I didn’t know if Daisy was the kind of person who got upset if the ice cream touched the cake, and she looked like she didn’t want to be anymore upset, so I didn’t ask her.

I was feeling a little hungry, and I know that it can be lonely when you eat by yourself, so I ordered some food too. So I asked Sally for a steak sandwich, deep cut fries and fried onions. Sally asked if that was all and then I asked for two medium sized baked potatoes with everything on the side.

We found a quiet corner at the bar and said nothing until the food arrived. I don’t know if she was really that hungry because once the food got there she started to talk. But that was OK, because I could eat and talk, well more sort of listen, at the same time.

Well mostly eat.

These potatoes were a good size. I am glad I ordered two because one would not have been enough and I don’t like it when the potato

is too big. So two medium potatoes are much, much better than one big potato.

That's because of the butter. The important thing about the baked potato is making sure the butter is soaked all the way through to the skin. UNIFORMLY all the way through to the skin, and if the potato is TOO big then the butter is not uniform so it has to be the right size for the butter to soak through like it can with two medium sized potatoes. With one big potato it just never is perfect. Then when you put on the salt you put it in your hand and hand sprinkle the salt, but it doesn't have to be quite as uniform as the butter because sometimes it's nice to have a really salty bite and then contrast it with a less salty bite. Then you have to make sure some of the salt is on the skin, because a baked potato skin soaked with butter and then a dash of salt on the crunchy skin, oh man that is awesome. This is just perfect. MMMMMMMMMMM.

*“MMMMMMMMMMMM.”*

Oh, that is good stuff.

*“I know I'm going on for a bit, but some times it's nice to talk to someone who can just sit and listen without getting all upset....”*

Oh wait, Daisy had been talking.

*“Uh, no problem. My pleasure.”*

Now usually, I am pretty much an everything on it kind of guy for the potato, you know chives, sour cream, bacon bits, jelly beans, but for some reason today the just the butter and salt tasted just perfect. Well, not perfect. It still needed something crunchy. So, no sour cream, that would just make it too gooey, I know me and too gooey who thought I would ever say that but my doctor has been on me about my diet and so I guess it's time for a change.

*“Time for a change.”*

*“You are so right, Belton, it IS time for a change, I mean I can talk and talk till I am blue in the face, but sometimes you have to take the bull by the horns and take some action...”*

Huh, I wonder what she is talking about. Oh well, whatever. So something crunchy. Are there any calories in chives? They are green. Limes are green. Limes are free food units. I can eat all the limes I want. So green things don't have calories. I wonder what a lime would taste like on this baked potato. That would be bad.

*"That would be bad."*

*"Yes that would be bad, but consider what would happen if I didn't do anything. That would be even worse...."*

Oh, she said something. Say something.

*"Worse is bad."*

I think that will work. OK, potato done, check. Now to the sandwich. Oh mannnnnn, they didn't toast the bread. That makes me mad. I HATE it when they just use soft bread. I get so mad when things turn out different from what I had thought they were going to be.

*"I get so mad when things turn out different from what I had thought they were going to be."*

*"...I know. I thought Brad was this cool guy, brilliant even, and now he is like tin horn petty god throwing edicts and fists it makes me mad too..."*

Agreeing is always good. Try that.

*"Uh, right. Go on. You're absolutely right."*

Saying that usually works. But at least it's good bread, not some flimsy piece of spun Wonder Bread wanna-be. Nice good thick almost like a roll bread you can wrap your hands around. Hey, Brad is like bread only with an extra letter. That's funny.

*"That's funny."*

*"Yeah, Brad as a tin horn god would be funny if it wasn't so serious, I mean..."*

*“Of course, you’re absolutely right.”*

There. Looks like this sandwich might be too thick to eat with my hands. Should I use a knife and a fork? Lets see how much mayo there is. Too much mayo and it will squirt out all over whatever and I’ll look like a doofus. Not smooth and executive. Nice layer of mayo. Thick enough to taste it. Not too thick to squirt. Thin layer of lettuce for health. Green is free. Good pickle. Two pickle halves sliced making one fat juicy pickle, tangy crunchy firm crisp. Perfect. Green is free. Free is perfect.

*“Free is perfect.”*

*“God that would be perfect, wouldn’t it? To be free? Huh.”*

*“Yes, er, yes. You are absolutely right.”*

Hands it is, then. Grab it with both hands. That tastes so good. MMMhmmmmmm.

*“MMMMhmmmmmm.”*

*“No, Belton, you are the one who is absolutely right. I just need to grab this thing with both hands and deal with it. Thanks, Belton. You really are a great listener, and have given me an awful lot to think about.”*

Mmmmm this is a great sandwich. Oh she said something, again. She is not eating much. Thinking I think she said thinking. Say something back.

*“Well yeah, thinking is good, always. Absolutely. Good luck with that.”*

Absolutely is such a great word. You can use it almost anywhere and people will smile.

*“Thinking and who knows maybe even doing, the bastard.”*

Huh? Did I miss something somewhere?

*“Uh, OK, well I think I will just finish up here if you don’t mind.”*

I hope it wasn’t something important.

*“Of course. Belton, thank you for being such a good listener. It really felt good.”*

You’re welcome.

*“You’re welcome. Um, it was just a sandwich. Are you going to finish your cake?”*

She laughed and touched my arm.

*“No it is all yours, big guy. Knock your self out.”*

She kissed me on the top of my head and left.

Her cake tasted good, and so was her ice cream. I put the ice cream and the cake on the same plate. I like it when they touch.

end of sample

Is this the lady who actually does the deed of murder? Explore further her mind and that eight other people in the full length version of Mime Time by Dan McLaughlin

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