At Last — My Dream Come True!

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

President Bob Barker addressed the nation: "Now, I know these are hard times. The sort of times that *try men's souls*." (*standing ovation*.)

He stepped down from the podium.

"Bob! BOB!" Some fiftysomething woman with a small dog in her arms was waiting for him, backstage. Security hadn't succeeded in restraining her. Strange.

"I just wanted to say . . . " She flushed, overcome with emotion and suddenly unable to speak. " . . . thah-thah-that *when* — "

"Nice meeting you." He grabbed her hand and shook it, like she was a Texas longshoreman. She almost dropped the dog. Fuck it. "I'm glad you're supporting me and this country — " (his delivery was as practiced canned and spit-polish perfect as when he'd introduce the price of a can of tuna on *The Price is Right* during the tape-recorded Reagan '80s days) " — but I really must be on my way."

He shrugged, pitiless, but somehow made it seem semitragic — the inevitable call of duty, following him everywhere, with a halo-like glow.

"Oh — *oh*!" she said, starting to gather herself, but he was hustled off by his handlers, and didn't catch the rest.

THE END

Vanna White: "And now, cleavage but no nipples, you can't have me *or* the dress, and I'm vacuous from — "

(*end reel; screen blazing white*)

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