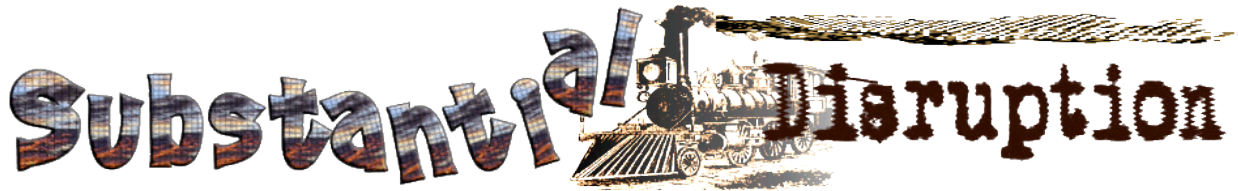


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The Czar Talks to God

By Mike Tully

This was the lede in an article on [The Christian Post](#) website on August 18th: "President Donald Trump revealed he spoke to God about the economy amid the coronavirus pandemic and God told him He's going to have him rebuild 'the greatest economy in the history of the world' again."

This was inevitable, given that Trump's psyche [escaped the gravitational pull of sanity](#) some time ago, but I still found it fascinating and wondered what the conversation looked like. Was Trump on his knees, praying, when Divine inspiration struck? Did God appear to him in a dream? Perhaps the President was in front of a church, holding a Bible upside-down. Maybe God showed up while Trump was on his Twitter throne. Or maybe it looked like this:

TRUMP: Hello, God. It's great to see you again.

GOD: Good evening Donald. You look fit.

TRUMP: Thank you. I exercise regularly, you know?

GOD: Golf. I'm all-knowing, you know?

TRUMP: Yes, it's my workout and escape. I need to escape from the pressures of the job. Who knew there was so much reading?

GOD: You don't need to read, Donald. You already know everything. All you need to do is talk. I love to hear you talk.

TRUMP: I like to hear you talk as well, God. You're nearly as entertaining as I am. But you work in mysterious ways. You gave me the greatest economy in the history of the world, then took it away with the China virus. Are you testing me?

GOD: Yes, Donald. I'm testing you. You know, you did it once, the economy thing.

TRUMP: Did I do a great job, God? I'm the only one who could do it.

GOD: That you shouldn't say. Now we're going to have you do it again.

TRUMP: OK. I agree. You got me. But I did it once. And now I'm doing it again. And you see the kind of numbers that we're putting up. They're unbelievable. Best job numbers ever. Three months, more jobs in the last three months than ever before.

GOD: I wish I could create things like that. I could learn a lot from you, Donald.

TRUMP: Everybody could. I'm a natural savior.

GOD: You remind me of my Son.

(Trump reaches for a handkerchief. He had leaned in too close to the mirror and fogged it up.)

TRUMP: Hang on a second, God. I'm having a hard time seeing you. There, that's better. I can see you clearly now. Damn, you're handsome, God! I love your hair.

GOD: Thank you. I was made in your image. Or maybe it's the other way around.

TRUMP: Either way, we're a good team.

(There's a knock at the door. Trump looks around and sees Kellyanne Conway standing in the doorway.)

TRUMP: Yes, Kellyanne? What do you need?

KELLYANNE: Good evening, Mr. President. I was hoping to go over the notes for your convention acceptance speech. Are you checking your look in the mirror? You look great, Mr. President!

TRUMP: Actually, I was talking to God.

KELLYANNE: (Drops her notes and bends over to pick them up.) Excuse me? You were talking to God?

TRUMP: It's a private conversation. Let's discuss the speech thing later, okay? (Turns to the mirror.) Did you ever notice how good-looking God is?

KELLYANNE: Well, no. I mean yes. Yes. I'll leave you – and God – to talk in private. (She slowly backs out of the room and closes the door. She runs into Chief of Staff Mark Meadows in the hallway.)

MARK: Hi, Kellyanne. Were you meeting with the President?

KELLYANNE: Yes. I mean, no. He said he was having a private conversation and I didn't want to bother him, so I left.

MARK: A private conversation? With whom?

KELLYANNE: (Looks down at her notes, which are crumpled in her hand.) God.

MARK: God?

KELLYANNE: Yes. He's sitting in front of a mirror talking to God.

MARK: You mean, a “Phantom of the Opera” kind of thing?

KELLYANNE: Sure. That makes as much sense as anything else around here.

(Kellyanne heads for her office, where she closes the door and writes her letter of resignation. Mark Meadows retreats to his office and pours a shot of Cutty Sark into his coffee. Trump returns to his chat with God.)

TRUMP: I thought she’d never leave. Tell me God, will I win re-election?

GOD: Yes, Donald, you will win in a landslide, unless the godless Democrats rig the election. That’s the only way you can lose. Did you know that vote-by-mail was invented by Satan?

TRUMP: No kidding. Makes sense. The evil Democrats are pushing universal mail-in voting, claiming it’s necessary because of the phony pandemic, blah, blah, blah. Can’t you do something to stop it?

GOD: Only with your help, Donald. Tell your followers to battle the evil of mail-in voting. Make them vote in person. I will protect them.

TRUMP: Protect them from what?

GOD: The China virus. Even though it’s a hoax.

TRUMP: Good plan, God. You can’t be too careful. Just make sure that absentee voting is okay. That’s how I vote.

GOD: I bless absentee voting. I will protect it – but only for Republicans. I’ll make sure Democrat votes don’t count.

TRUMP: God, you’re a helluva guy, God. I’m glad you’re on my side.

GOD: Likewise. Loved the talk. Good night, Donald. I mean, Mr. President.

TRUMP: Good night, God. I mean, Mr. God. Mr. Jehovah. Whatever.

(Trump looks adoringly at the image of God in his mirror, then goes to bed, alone in his quarters, and opens the Twitter app on his phone. Meanwhile, in a galaxy far, far away, the real God bends down to earth and kisses Joe Biden good night.)