

Nightmare on Fifth Avenue

“I could stand in the middle of Fifth Avenue and shoot somebody and I wouldn’t lose any voters, OK? It’s like incredible.”

--Candidate Donald Trump, on the campaign trail in Iowa, Jan. 23, 2016

President Donald Trump was getting antsy, cooped up in his Trump Tower residence where he’d gone for the long holiday weekend to get away from Melania. He needed to get out, among his adoring fans, to soak up some adulation and breathe in the Manhattan air that he missed holed up so much of the time in the White House. Thankfully, she hadn’t wanted to come along.

While he paced, he noticed the handgun on the end-table next to the living room sofa. It had been a gift from a foreign leader paying an official visit weeks ago – he forgot who it was; they all ran together after three years of making nice to these toadying despots who regularly called on him to burnish their standing back home.

He’d brought the gun with him on Air Force one last night on a whim – maybe just curious to handle a pistol for a change. He hadn’t done that since prep school when the military academy his father had ordered him to attend required that cadets earn a proficiency rating on the pistol range. A successful businessman never knew when he might need to defend himself, did he?

Now he picked the gun up and admired the fleur-de-lis engravings on the grip and barrel. This was no cheap Saturday night special. He wondered what caliber the bullets were? The box of shells that had accompanied the gift was unmarked. Idly, he plucked a half-dozen from the box and inserted them into the chamber. He liked the way it felt in his palm, how it was like an extension of his hand, making it seem larger.

NOW let’s see who has small hands, he mused as he palmed the weapon back and forth.

He was still holding it as he plucked a jacket from the front hall closet, and almost absent-mindedly put the pistol into the right-hand pocket. “I’m going for a walk,” he told the two Secret Service men posted outside his front door. “Need some air. Don’t get too close. Just stay kinda’ within range.”

“Yes, Mr. President,” they said in unison, the only answer an agent could give to a presidential order.

Exiting the tower’s massive front doors, Trump turned south on Fifth Avenue, with no real destination in mind. Maybe he’d head down to St. Patrick’s Cathedral on 51st Street. Always plenty of tourists there to crowd in for selfies. He loved giving the bumpkins their little thrill of being so close to a great man.

Maybe he’d cut over to Rockefeller Center. There were guaranteed to be crowds outside Black Rock where NBC’s “Today” show daily drew throngs hoping to be seen on TV back home when the camera panned the crowd before and after breaks.

As he walked, Trump noticed a homeless man lying near the door of the Nike store at 52nd, apparently fast asleep. Stopping, he kicked the man’s left shoe and demanded, “Wake up, you worthless bum. Get away from here. You’re blocking traffic to this store.”

The alarmed Secret Service detail rushed up before the prone man could respond.

“Mr. President, please be careful. This isn’t a good situation.”

“Relax, Clint,” Trump assured his bodyguard. “I’ve got it under control. I just want to have a conversation with this gentleman.”

The agents dropped back a few feet, right hands near their jacket lapels, ready to draw if necessary.

The bum slowly roused himself to see what was disturbing his sleep. Looking up, he stared into the unmistakable orange face topped by the flowing pompadour of President Donald Trump.

“You – you’re Donald Trump!” he said, wide-eyed.

“PRESIDENT Trump,” Trump corrected. “What’re you doing dirtying up this beautiful avenue like this? Look at you – filthy clothes, dirt-caked face, stinking body. How long’s it been since you had a shower?”

“A while,” the man answered. “It’s hard to keep clean living on the streets. I don’t want to live like this, but I lost my job when the restaurant I worked at closed for the virus. Can’t find any work anywhere cause no one’s eating out these days.”

“Of course you can,” Trump retorted. “Try harder. You’re just lazy – probably a Democrat socialist who wants to live off other people’s hard-earned money.”

“Like you have room to talk, you fat piece of garbage,” the man responded, sitting straight up. “You’ve been living off other people’s money all your life. Starting with Daddy and then stiffing your employees and then screwing the banks and now up to your rear in debt to Putin. Oh, yeah, you’re one to talk about welfare chiseling. And because you botched the virus thing, the economy’s in the sewer. **That’s** why I’m not working.”

“Why you. . .” Trump started to swear as the man got quickly to his feet. As he did so, he fumbled in the pocket of his shabby overcoat with his right hand.

“What are you doing?” Trump shouted. “Keep your hands where I can see them.”

The Secret Service agents moved in quickly – but not before the man’s hand emerged from his pocket, bearing a black object.

Remembering the gun in his pocket, Trump quickly pulled it out, pointed it at the man’s chest, and fired just as the agents reached his side. The man crumpled to the street, the cell phone in his right hand landing a few inches away, blood staining the front of his shirt.

“Mr. President are you OK?” one of them asked as they ushered Trump away from the gathering crowd.

“Yea, I’m fine,” said the President of the United States as he tucked the pistol back into his jacket pocket. “Now, let’s see whether I really CAN get away with it. Call the attorney general.”

In their Washington townhouse, Douglas Emhoff shook his wife’s shoulders. “Kamala, Kamala, wake up. You’re having a nightmare. You were thrashing around so much you woke me.”

Senator Harris sat straight up in bed, rubbing her eyes. “Thanks, Doug,” she said to her husband. “It sure was SOME nightmare. But boy, would I love to be the prosecutor if it were real.”