

On a Couch Somewhere in America

by  
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Phil:

37; Lawyer, Married

"So are you ready, we ready?" Phil asks with a nervous southern drawl. The Small spectacles smashed against his fat pear shaped head squeeze his temples like tweezers gripping a football

"Are you?" I ask.

"Yeah, so I'll just begin then? Where?" Phil adjusts his tight wire-framed glasses. He clears his throat. Dewy-eyed he looks to me for guidance or approval.

"Anywhere you want to begin Phil. This is your time." I encourage.

"Well." He starts a bit shaky. " Are you sure no one hears what I say in here?" He is really nervous. I think I need to rescue him with a little more assurance.

"Whatever is said in this room doesn't leave. Patient to doctor confidentiality."

This guy looks like a nerd.

"Well, okay then."

I'm wondering if he belongs to some Star Trek Internet chat group. Phil just reminds me of the kind of kid I used to steal lunch money from back in elementary school.

"I've been evaluating my life lately." He continues cautiously.

The kind of guy who used to get wedgies and..

"Are you sure no one hears about this?" He is still unsure.

"Phil, don't tell me anything you don't want to. If you are not comfortable yet, it's okay." This seems to have done the trick, and he relaxes a bit.

"No, no Doc I really need to get this out." There is a silence as he takes a deep breath, then continues. "Well like I was saying I have been evaluating my life lately. I mean really giving it a good look over. I'm 37. I have a law degree. I just...I...well..."He stops and looks around the room for some sort of distraction.

Is he stuck in his job? I hope he can afford my bill. I

wonder who referred him to me.

"She, well..." He starts again. "She has been nagging at me for a while. Edith, my wife that is." He sighs, coughs, and continues. "Well I think I might be gay."

"Okay." I'm confused. "Now why do you think that Phil?"

"Oh, for fuck sake why am I here?" He is getting frustrated.

"Now Phil why don't we start from the beginning, What is it that makes you think you might be gay?"

Just spit it out you twit.

He begins to take deep breaths to calm himself before he begins again.

He won't actually leave.

"I'm laying there with her the other night."

"Edith?" I ask to be sure.

"Yeah, well we are rather sexually active. I mean, I haven't, you know porked this much since my university days." He chuckles a bit to himself.

Only a gimp like you would use the word "porked", Phil.

"And let me tell you Doc she is a real hellcat, a wild one, if you know what I mean." He shoots me a wink, and I nod. Then as if he is embarrassed at his gesture he looks to the floor. He promptly continues. "We've only been married a year now. I would say on average we have sex about twice a week."

I'm sure that would be classified as sexually active in someone's book.

"We get, well we've been rather experimental lately. The typical role-playing. You know your standard stuff."

Whose standards?

"We've played them all. Cop and Hooker. King and queen. Pool boy and Housewife. Nun and Priest. She was the Nun. The Naughty boy with the Babysitter. Boss and secretary."

That's a new one.

"At any rate, you get the point." He seems a bit more at ease, and clears his throat. "She decides, last Wednesday, that role playing isn't enough." He makes an aside to

himself. "And I knew that getting those handcuffs wouldn't be enough." He lets out a big sigh. "I can't even believe I agreed to get them. But she just kept at me. And finally I just caved in. Well I don't know, I don't know where to begin. It's just gotten way out of hand for me. I mean I really thought the cuffs would do it. At least slow her down for a few years. Lately though, oh boy, man it is just out of control." He looks to me with such an overwhelming sense of conviction as he delivers the next line. "You know now she has even started bringing food into our sex life. I have to admit that is a bit of a turn on."

What is he trying to get at here I don't see a connection between a kinky oversexed housewife and him thinking that he might be gay.

"So I have been okay with all this madness so far. But, oh Christ." He sighs heavily, adjusts his glasses and coughs uncomfortably as if he has something stuck in his throat.

He is holding something back and here it comes.

"She brings this thing, this rubbery... you know."

I want him to say it, but he just stares at me.

"Well, you know..." He sputters.

He is hoping I will finish the sentence for him. Not a chance Phil. Come on, you pussy. I know you can say it.

"A dil-" Slowly Phil begins to release each syllable as if he is giving birth to a new word in his vocabulary. His mouth dilates, and he pushes the word out. "A dil-do, a dil-do, dildo." Phil has now given birth to a new word.

There we go, that wasn't that hard. Maybe I should get a big banner made for him. One he could hang outside his house. One with light blue letters, reading. "IT'S A DILDO"

"Well, I-I-I don't know what to say Doc."

Yes you do you are just stalling.

"You know, Phil, lots of couples have found great pleasure bringing adult toys to the bedroom." He glares at me, not amused.

"It gets worse," He continues.

He is actually on the verge of tears. Was it a strap on?

"She didn't want it for herself, she got it for me."

Oh Christ Phil, you poor bastard.

"She wanted me to put this thing you know up my ass."

Tell me you didn't.

"I said no way, I told her it just wasn't going to happen."

Good for you Phil.

"I mean I will dress up for her. I'll even prance around in make-up and women's underwear. But I mean there is no way I'm gonna to stick that thing up my ass. You know what I'm saying" I nod and he pauses ever so slightly before continuing. "But I did."

No, no, Phil. It's like you are back in school again getting your lunch money nicked. This can't be.

"I felt like I had to take a shit, Doc." He starts to cry. "If that isn't enough the fucking doorbell rings. I forgot that we ordered pizza."

You Idiot.

"Edith's hands were all sticky with lubricant. I jumped up like a cat when the Doorbell rang. I wanted to pull the damn thing out. But I was afraid shit would go everywhere, literally. So I'm clinching my ass cheeks as tight as I can. I grab a sheet and half-ass wrap it around me. I waddle to the door. Edith's too concerned with wiping her hands, and she starts laughing at me."

Sometimes I downright loathe women.

"Oh Christ the humiliation." His tears flow like Niagara.

"Phil..." I try to comfort him. Only I can't think of anything else to say. I think I might burst out into a fit of laughter if I open my mouth.

"Wait I'm not done." He begins to blubber.

Jesus, there is more Phil? You are gonna put me in stitches. A smile comes across my face, lucky for me though his hands are covering his face.

"I, he, the dog, her dog starts jumping up biting at my ass. He's just a little dog too. A Chihuahua, his name is Rocky. He is jumping and barking, jumping and barking. I'm trying to avoid the little bastard, but he is circling me and we're locked in this sort of dance. Oh God, Doc, I'm 37 I'm a lawyer for God sakes. I went to Harvard. I don't need things like this to be happening in my life."

Why not.

"Phil It's okay, things happen. Everyone has moments of embarrassment. It's what gives us character."

"No it's not Okay goddamn it." He snaps at me, and continues to sob profusely. "I liked it Doc, I liked it. I was aroused. I was excited, stimulated. I think I'm gay Doc. My ass is so sore. I don't know what to do. I love Edith. I don't want to tell her. I don't want to." He cries "Tell me Doc does this mean I am gay." He desperately seeks a resolution that I'm not sure I can give

I am silent. I find myself desperately trying to grasp hold of some sort of dark imagery. Dead babies, vomit, anything that will stop me from laughing at this poor son of a bitch. "My ass is sore"; I really think that's where I loose it. With a thick southern draw that line will repeat itself in my head all day.

My ass is sore.

My ass is sore.

My ass is sore.

My ass is...

My ass...

My...

Phil; Session 1