

Overboard

950 words

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“So needless to say, my week got thrown off,” Mel said.

“Continue,” Dr. Stripe said.

“Okay you want the chronological details? Or the Cliff Notes?”

“However you’d like to term it,” she said. “As a caveat--which I’ve issued before--it’s your hour and your checkbook, but I don’t believe we’re necessarily working to your best advantage.”

“Okay whatever. You know how on YouTube they make suggestions in that right column?”

“I’m not a large YouTube consumer I’m afraid.”

“Jeez? No? . . . I was telling someone the other day, I got stuck on a desert island give me YouTube. Anyhoo. What *do* you do online?”

“I listen to NPR podcasts, I read the national newspapers and the New Yorker.”

“Yeah that would figure. None of the juicy stuff. The way they work it, they tailor the customer experience to

your wants and needs . . . does kind of feel invasive but you roll with it . . . How'd I express that?"

"Fine."

"So I google *sexy pro tennis player*--and the truth is there aren't many, at least the TV ones--but they surprise me, they give me this endowment woman trying to play, everything bounding around. We're talking totally out there."

"Unh huh."

"So the suggested follow-up one is how to express milk. Same woman. I should have mentioned she's lactating."

"Unh huh."

"She's in like a college classroom sitting on a professor's desk, holding up a chart explaining how. They fake there's an actual class there but I doubt it. Then she takes off her blouse and starts pumping milk for real. I'm telling you, when that happened it was a sight to behold."

"Do they allow nudity on YouTube?" Dr. Stripe said.

"I was wondering about that myself. But I noticed the title had one of those *for educational purposes* deals. Which is pretty hilarious."

"Unh huh. Why do you think this threw off your

week?”

“Can’t say. Isn’t that sort of why I’m here? But the next part is what I’m getting to. The companion to that one. She gets on a ferry--this is in Iceland by the way, and she’s in a business suit with a briefcase--and the gal across from her gets a load of her situation but isn’t going to say anything but then finally can’t help it and comments. Like above board, asking lifestyle questions, practical shit, maybe is it hard on your back when you ski.”

“Unh-huh. The dialogue is translated?”

“No I couldn’t get the settings to work. I’m guessing. What language are they speaking anyway in Iceland?”

“Icelandic? Which I believe is a German variant similar to Old Norse.”

“Dang you’re smart. What it’s building up to, she needs to express milk bad with a hand pump. The other woman asks how heavy the mammaries are and when the first woman brings them out she invites her to feel for herself. Which the gal does, quite clinically for about 30 seconds, from underneath, one up one down, like a couple scales balancing.”

“Did you consider it a lesbian encounter?” Dr. Stripe said.

“Oh no doubt. I mean the stranger is playing it cool, but she is 100 percent into it, can’t avert her eyes once during the whole ferry trip. At one point the endowed gal interrupts her milk work to open the little window above the stranger gal’s seat, reaching for it . . . and you can only imagine that part. Honestly, one of the great scenes in modern cinema. I know I’m venting but I can’t help it.”

“Let’s explore that. Why do you consider it venting?”

“I don’t know? Cause it made me waste time? Not so much the classroom but the boat one, I watched it like 5 times this week. And it never resolves itself.”

“In regards to what?”

“They don’t get together and no sign that’ll happen. When they get off the ferry, the endowment person says it was nice chatting with you, and the stranger gal grabs her hand with both hers and says it was a privilege on my end. That was the end of the clip.”

“So it disturbed you that the 2 individuals didn’t initiate a relationship.”

“Damn right.”

“Wouldn’t that have been a bit abnormal?”

“You mean 2 strangers meet, and barely knowing anything about each other they get together?”

“Possibly, yes.”

“That’s the best way. Neither one bringing any baggage to the table. Clean.”

“This is a theme you’ve circled back to in our sessions. Are you aware of that?”

“I’d have to think . . . I know I love lesbians hooking up. Especially when they may not realize they’re lesbians . . . I like one-night stands too. Hearing about ‘em, doing ‘em. Not ashamed to admit.”

“Again, you said you were venting. If the two women concluded by exchanging phone numbers would you have been upset?”

“Pretty sure.”

“Because?”

“Cause it still registers as a loss. The chemistry was there.”

“Have you ever gone on vacation with a woman you were dating?”

“I see . . . you’re twisting it--that we came back from 2 weeks in the Bahamas all tan and everything was hunky dory.”

“Was it?”

“Sure. For a couple days.”

“And then?”

“Well the bedroom was off the charts. But the intimacy was kaput.”

“I believe you’ve expressed more than once that you seek out low-intimacy relationships.”

“You know something? You try to trap me. Whyn’t you mind your own business sometimes?”

Dr. Stripe made a few notes and wrapped it up. “I felt like we made some progress today,” she said.

“How on earth could you assume *that?*” Mel said.

They stood up, she said I’ll see you next week and she stuck out her hand, and Mel put both his on it.