

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

A Game of Truth

Maxwell Winshire



Seedwood Publishing

Pour Natalie, tu as l'âme d'un poète, et sans toi, ce ne serait pas

Copyright © 2023 by Maxwell Winshire

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except as permitted by U.K. and U.S. copyright laws.

For permission requests, contact max@maxwellwinshire.com.

The story, all names, characters, and incidents portrayed in this production are fictitious. No identification with actual persons (living or deceased), places, buildings, and products is intended or should be inferred.

PREFACE

If you want to know how this book came about, I was unemployed and high on Mary Jane, living alone in a ground-floor one bedroom flat in North London watching the daytime Jerry Springer show on a threadbare sofa at the turn of the Millennium.

I was in my thirties, never married, desperately lonely, and Alcohol or Mary Jane, the TV or my guitar, and to be honest, masturbation, were my only companions. I had physically crushing pains of guilt in the abdomen like random flashbacks to past sins—a hangover from my Catholic upbringing—ashamed, guilty and hating myself because I wasn't good enough, which were almost overpowering, and were only temporarily alleviated by the drugs.

I didn't know anything about anxiety or depression back then, just this permanent dark dread of hopelessness and despair, which I was desperate to get out of, and wrote songs about, fantasising about being a pop star and finally being 'good enough' one day.

I read all the self-help books I could get from the library, like Dale Carnegie's *How To Win Friends and Influence People*, and anything by Charles Bukowski, who was my God.

But in my heart, the only solution I knew was to become famous, which would justify all the pain and suffering, like Bukowski. The culmination of my singing/songwriting efforts ended when one of my songs was featured on Radio 2's Sunday Steve Wright Show. And that was it. No record company interest. Dream over.

I sat there watching The Jerry Springer Show switching between feeling like one of the guests and, in my deluded mind, Jerry Springer himself. The irony being, I thought that he was openly and brazenly exploiting the misery of the guests, like their problems were entertainment for the masses on one of the big four channels. But I thought nobody else could see that, and I was the only one who cared, like the kid crying out to the King in the folktale, The Emperor's New Clothes, 'Look he's naked!'

This was years before a guest on the copycat British *The Jeremy Kyle Show* committed suicide, but I could see that coming, maybe because I was suicidal myself, and wanted to warn the whole world.

If TV was like this now, what would it be like in a hundred years?

My mind ran wild with crazy ideas. If Jerry showed breasts, I'd show pussy, cocks,

couples having sex on stage, live, S&M, anything that was capable of being banned now would surely be the norm then.

It had to be worse than the Jerry Springer Show, but what could be worse than merely hardcore sex? It had to reach where it hurt guests psychologically; mental anguish, hurt and turmoil, like I felt. And do you know what scared me most, counselling; The thought of opening up my past, however privately or confidentially, to a total stranger, even if they were a qualified therapist.

What if the guests were patients and a counsellor had to guess their psychosexual problems in front of thousands in an Arena, and millions at home, live on TV, for maximum humiliation to win their dream prize or face their worst forfeit. That was truly disgusting, depraved and, basically, pure evil. In other words, perfect.

It was the ultimate dystopian TV satire I could imagine. Nobody could be apathetic now to the plight of the guests on TV, or people like me, desperately watching at home alone with more mental health issues than you could shake a penis at. *They* needed help; *I* needed help.

I suppose when you have to imagine the worst psychosexual problems, you can't help deep mining your own, although that wasn't a conscious decision. I did a lot of research online, and read many anonymous patient records from psychiatric hospitals and researched the worst porn freely available online (which would later get me in a lot of trouble in real life, and I wrote about in my semi-autobiographical psychological crime novel, *The Knock: A True Story of an Innocent Man, a Twisted Accusation and the Fight for Truth.*)

I finally settled on having three Patients/Contestants: Katy, an obese former beauty queen, Tony, an out-of-control teenage thug, and Matthew, an unemployed alcoholic former schoolteacher. No prizes for guessing which one I was!

They all needed to have the worst counsellor—make them unqualified and amateur counsellors—I could imagine for each of them: Katy's counsellor would be Captain Stanislav Boglosovic, a former military interrogator; Tony's counsellor would be Odin, a mentally-challenged paedophile; And Matthew's counsellor would be Sister Mary Elizabeth Xavier, a former nun. They would definitely be their worst nightmares. Perfect, I thought. This was the way I was thinking.

I would give them a book each: Book 1: Katy's Loss, Book 2: Tony's Cross, and Book 3: Matt's Shadow. And the idea was to give the first book away free, which I did online in 2009, in the hope that everyone would read it and buy Books 2 and 3, which didn't exactly go to plan, because I hadn't finished Books 2 and 3. I hadn't quite mastered the art of the giveaway, in having the product you're actually selling available first! Still, it topped the free bestseller list in 'British Humour and Satire', which was quite appropriate because my marketing skill was a joke!

The worst review said she didn't know what the book was about, except it being very explicit which justified the warning, and she was otherwise totally lost (You have been warned).

The kindest review said, 'A unique tale, very progressive. It's nice to have a fresh take, perspective.'

Another reviewer described it as an 'experimental novel'. I had to check what that means. According to Wikipedia, experimental literature is 'a genre of literature that is generally "difficult to define with any sort of precision." It experiments with

couples having sex on stage, live, S&M, anything that was capable of being banned now would surely be the norm then.

It had to be worse than the Jerry Springer Show, but what could be worse than merely hardcore sex? It had to reach where it hurt guests psychologically; mental anguish, hurt and turmoil, like I felt. And do you know what scared me most, counselling; The thought of opening up my past, however privately or confidentially, to a total stranger, even if they were a qualified therapist.

What if the guests were patients and a counsellor had to guess their psychosexual problems in front of thousands in an Arena, and millions at home, live on TV, for maximum humiliation to win their dream prize or face their worst forfeit. That was truly disgusting, depraved and, basically, pure evil. In other words, perfect.

It was the ultimate dystopian TV satire I could imagine. Nobody could be apathetic now to the plight of the guests on TV, or people like me, desperately watching at home alone with more mental health issues than you could shake a penis at. *They* needed help; *I* needed help.

I suppose when you have to imagine the worst psychosexual problems, you can't help deep mining your own, although that wasn't a conscious decision. I did a lot of research online, and read many anonymous patient records from psychiatric hospitals and researched the worst porn freely available online (which would later get me in a lot of trouble in real life, and I wrote about in my semi-autobiographical psychological crime novel, *The Knock: A True Story of an Innocent Man, a Twisted Accusation and the Fight for Truth.*)

I finally settled on having three Patients/Contestants: Katy, an obese former beauty queen, Tony, an out-of-control teenage thug, and Matthew, an unemployed alcoholic former schoolteacher. No prizes for guessing which one I was!

They all needed to have the worst counsellor—make them unqualified and amateur counsellors—I could imagine for each of them: Katy's counsellor would be Captain Stanislav Boglosovic, a former military interrogator; Tony's counsellor would be Odin, a mentally-challenged paedophile; And Matthew's counsellor would be Sister Mary Elizabeth Xavier, a former nun. They would definitely be their worst nightmares. Perfect, I thought. This was the way I was thinking.

I would give them a book each: Book 1: Katy's Loss, Book 2: Tony's Cross, and Book 3: Matt's Shadow. And the idea was to give the first book away free, which I did online in 2009, in the hope that everyone would read it and buy Books 2 and 3, which didn't exactly go to plan, because I hadn't finished Books 2 and 3. I hadn't quite mastered the art of the giveaway, in having the product you're actually selling available first! Still, it topped the free bestseller list in 'British Humour and Satire', which was quite appropriate because my marketing skill was a joke!

The worst review said she didn't know what the book was about, except it being very explicit which justified the warning, and she was otherwise totally lost (You have been warned).

The kindest review said, 'A unique tale, very progressive. It's nice to have a fresh take, perspective.'

Another reviewer described it as an 'experimental novel'. I had to check what that means. According to Wikipedia, experimental literature is 'a genre of literature that is generally "difficult to define with any sort of precision." It experiments with

the conventions of literature, including boundaries of genres and styles...'

Yes, I thought, you could say that, or you could say the insane elaborate twisted and distorted mechanisms of a severely disturbed mind. Mental illness has many ways of showing itself. Like in *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, or *A Beautiful Mind*, there is a terrifying and maddening logic to the insanity of this self-created internal world, though. It has its own laws and conventions for which you have to suspend disbelief and accept unquestionably, stepping into the author's state of mind at the time, or it doesn't make sense.

Picture the author alone, high, unemployed, anxious and depressed with his only outlet a qwerty keyboard, screaming out 'The Emperor has no clothes' with every tap on the return key, and it might begin to be clearer.

This is not a novel, he is saving the world, the only way he knows how, to save himself.

Many years later, like I said, in *The Knock: A True Story ...* I wrote about the UK trial in which this book in your hands now, *What's Your Problem? A Game of Truth* was my defence. It was like coming full-circle in a strange sort of way.

The Prosecution barrister called it 'filth'. The Judge called it 'pornography'. All I can say is that if this book turned him on, he's got way more problems than I.

But you have heard it from the horse's mouth, if you'll forgive the expression, your honour—I'm sure you're a fine gelding—this book does contain offensive material. Further, it is designed to be offensive by intention, just like Jerry Springer, but a hundred years later, a hundred years after Orwell's *1984*, and a hundred times worse in a darkly sardonic way.

Frankly, if you're not offended, I have failed. I am throwing two-fingers up at society, ironically, in an effort to save it. There is no point listing warnings because the title should be the biggest warning in itself: what's your problem?

A former title was 'The XXX Morality Show', as I said in court, but I changed it because it wasn't in-your-face enough.

With reality shows today about everything from embarrassing bodily secrets to excrement to experimenting with ménage à trois, it would seem like *What's Your Problem?* is still prescient and more relevant than ever, if you have the stomach for it.

Here are all three books in one, because the originals are out of print now. I really don't know why anybody would want to read it unless they drank or smoked too much, were anxious or depressed, have no friends, and the world stopped living up to their dreams a long time ago.

But we can't be the only ones.

This is just for you.

Don't let the saints get you down.

Max Winshire
June 2023

CONTENTS

THE M.S.C. TO SUE OVER EXPLOITATIVE T.V. SHOW	1
1. Another Openin', Another Show ...	3
2. The accuracy of laying that One Key-Stone	6
3. Like being bullied from the inside	9
4. The unknown is always the worst	15
5. Our separateness is the illusion	19
6. She called him her hero, no less	23
7. His precocious macho credibility	28
8. Big on the inside too	33
9. How she hurt herself	38
10. Narcissistic Self-Indulgence	44
11. Celebrating their own greatest fear	50
12. Simply divine	52
13. Sacred Sexual Practise	55
14. The show comes first	59
15. Squaring the temple	63
16. The only show that shares its care and shaves them bare	67
17. Why she was expelled?	69
18. Your perfect place	72
19. Gravely and intrinsically disordered	76
20. Let our father decide what will be	79

21. G.O.R.D.O.N._ W.A.T.F.O.R.D	81
22. Deep underground, far, far away	85
23. She's talking about me	87
24. An apprenticeship in self-mastery	89
25. The hidden secret garden of womanhood	93
26. Asherah pleads	95
27. Smile for the birdie!	97
28. It felt too good to be wrong	99
29. Life is the only problem	103
30. I thought we were mates	105
31. FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!	109
32. Brother Jesus Christ	111
33. Are you following the story?	113
34. Like a wounded lamb	115
35. You're angry at your mother	119
36. She doesn't seem to know what defeat means	125
37. A perverse vicarious thrill	129
38. Horror, confusion and sadness all rolled together	133
39. Unwilling to leave her alone	137
40. As if you think I would	139
41. The balance of telling the truth	143
42. The Asherah Pole	147
43. Double in size inside	151
44. Who do you pretend to be?	153
45. The Dead Sea was more alive	157
46. Spare his life	159
47. What kind of accident, exactly?	161
48. Boy, have I got a moral dilemma for you!	163
49. How many women do you need?	165

50. The whirlwind of confusion	167
51. Confusing dreams and fantasies	171
52. I know you're hiding something now	173
53. The pressure is so intense you're going to burst	177
54. I don't mind whatever your fantasy is	181
55. What is It?	183
56. Variety is the spice of life	187
57. Tell me you want it	193
58. Like God's cruel ripped tear	197
59. The prize for matching their faces	201
60. She's dead!	203
61. Warning: This may cause offense	209
62. Heavier and heavier...	213
63. Freedom to grieve	215
64. He knew, but how?	217
65. God of Death	219
66. I know everything about you	221
67. How the devil inside was tempting love	223
68. Perpetrated and Perpetuated	225
69. Pause for thought	227
70. Is that your final answer, Stan?	231
71. The turn of the means to pay	233
72. The Revelation	235
73. I told you so	237
74. A Moral Dilemma	239
75. The audience's decision	243
76. His former virgin front teeth	247
77. Sex Forfeit Fun	251
78. I see you've brought your own equipment	255

79. Now you'll know what it feels like!	257
80. A whole new parallel	259
81. It wasn't my fault	261
82. My need pains me inside	263
83. Whole Again	265
84. Mind the gap	269
85. We're pretty irresponsible	271
86. Creepshow	274
87. An unexpected encounter	277
88. Cherie's second thoughts	285
89. Lurking beneath the surface	289
90. Meet ExplOdin	292
91. The dildo surprise	298
92. Mary, Mary, quite contrary	303
93. Down to the underworld	306
94. How to play Superman	310
95. The hard easiest thing	314
96. Like learning a secret	319
97. The difference between humans and animals having sex	324
98. Copycat violence	329
99. Damage his psyche	333
100. Hits a nerve	337
101. Forbidden to sin like this	340
102. Mystery counsellor for Tony	344
103. Final highlighted diary entry	347
104. Your worst present	352
105. The Community Rule	354
106. Hand me the gun	358
107. Pagan sex res-erection	360

108. Time to guess Tony's problem	363
109. Wages revenge on the beast	367
110. Be nice to him: Aim for his G-spot	370
111. Freakmasonic punishment	375
112. The final blow	378
113. To cum or not to cum	380
114. Tony's Cross	381
115. Sister Liz-The-Biz	385
116. Undiscovered store of Community treasure	388
117. Like skeletons: dead; knowing truth	391
118. Inappropriate verbal outbursts	393
119. Vital clue to the Qumran treasure	395
120. Sacrifice of their first seed	399
121. The latest in high-tech lie detectors	403
122. Open your legs and show papa	407
123. Experience was its own reward and punishment	413
124. Whose fantasy's whose	416
125. What was the Judge's problem?	424
126. The Fucking Forfeit	428
127. I'm doing you a favour	432
128. Worse by half	436
129. Dumb computer bitch	439
130. Saccharine sentimental schmaltz	444
131. Gay-Pub Bomber	447
132. The price of a beer	449
133. The sin gene test	453
134. Safeco	455
135. The book of numbers	458
136. Nerves like confetti	461

137. The scent of mesembryanthemum	464
138. I can't carry on	469
139. First-time caller	472
140. There's always a reason	473
141. It's a species issue	476
142. How to do what is right	478
143. Naked man European weather map	480
144. You mean God?	483
145. WFW - Whose Fantasy is Whose?	486
146. Satan is God's shadow	490
147. Bottomist	495
148. Whatever is hidden is meant to be disclosed	498
149. Are you a widow's son?	503
150. Hoping she wasn't seen	506
151. Sin is the love of oneself	509
152. No bloody brother at all	513
153. Quercus Robus	515
154. His fault for doing what?	519
155. It's time again to spin	524
156. Monopoly	527
157. Freakmasons	531
158. Don't cry, mum	535
159. The Gym Princess	539
160. We're brothers	545
161. The Gymnastics floor routine	550
162. Too many parallels	554
163. A good father?	557
164. The Ukrainian, Chinaman and the Coach	560
165. Only a dirty mag	566

166. Monica's sexual poetry	568
167. One world one power	573
168. Monica steps in	575
169. A whole year	579
170. And inoutinout-inoutinout	582
171. Series of equations	587
172. His appetite is never satisfied	589
173. The parable of one big vs many small gifts	591
174. A father's affair	593
175. Power is an aphrodisiac	596
176. Time for mother	598
177. Please can I play	600
178. Change of mind	602
179. Periods	605
180. You dirty, dirty dog	608
181. Speak of the devil	610
182. Is God a liar?	614
183. Medal of dis-honor	621
184. In love or in lust?	623
185. It is my duty to punish you	629
186. It's a family affair	631
187. Eighteen lashes	643
188. Keep the secrets secret	645
189. The pat test	648
190. The 3rd to 6th Rules of Codebreaking	653
191. A real mink coat	655
192. He can't get it up for his girlfriend	658
193. Minsky-the-mink	664
194. Quad Erat Demonstrandum	666

195. Me and my shadow	675
196. The Feminine Principle	687
197. Meet julie-anne	692
198. As if to Nobody, for nothing	699
199. A problem in translation	704
200. Pink elephant	709
201. Waiting willy in the shower	717
202. Coughlin's chicken plucker	722
203. Catching the Ketchup	728
204. The inconclusion of the test	735
205. A little surprise when you get back	739
206. A fucking accident	744
207. Commercial break	748
208. Every orgy needs a director	751
209. Forfeit-Fucking Orgy	754
210. Final Star Prize-giving	757
211. Bonus chapter	761
About the Author	765
Also By	766
Help and Support	767

I feel that, in a sense, the writer knows nothing any longer. He has no moral stance. He offers the reader the contents of his own head, a set of options and imaginative alternatives. His role is that of the scientist, whether on safari or in his laboratory, faced with an unknown terrain or subject. All he can do is to devise various hypotheses and test them against the facts.

J.G. Ballard, 1995

No art was made. Newspapers became thin and disappeared because there was no more criticism. There was nothing to gossip about. Schools closed because learning got in the way of patriotism. No one could experiment, for that was the way of the devil. There was no theory. No academia. No debate teams. No 'Jeopardy.'"

Karen Finley
 "It's only art" from "High Risk"
 Ed. Scholder and Silverberg 1991

I am one, my liege,
 whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Hath so incens'd that I am reckless
 what I do to spite the world.

Second Murderer
 Macbeth, William Shakespeare

Three contestants, three counsellors
Forfeits, Prizes,
What's your Problem ?
We'll 'make 'em sane',
But who's to blame?
W.y.P? Presents conundrums.

THE M.S.C. TO SUE OVER EXPLOITATIVE T.V. SHOW

**Extract from 'The Daily Tribune' on Saturday 2nd July
2084**

"The newly merged broadcasting watchdog, The Media Standards Commission, (formerly The Broadcasting Standards Commission, Independent Television Commission and Advertising Standards Authority) announced yesterday that it is to take unprecedented legal action in a civil suit against the TV Presenter and Co-Producer, Mr Christopher Carotte and Seedwood Productions, in response to the overwhelming public outcry against 'What's YOUR Problem?' the television show which they produced and was broadcast live on PSC Cable.

"Mr Carotte was unavailable for comment, but his solicitor, Mr Geoffrey Hall, read a brief statement accusing the M.S.C. of a 'scandalous and libelous publicity stunt', and claimed his client was being used as 'scapegoat for a whole wealth of adult entertainment shows currently being broadcast on terrestrial, satellite and cable channels.' Further, contrary to recent participants' allegations he asserted, 'all volunteers on the show in question were fully aware of the rules and subsequent rewards and consequences and submitted to these of their own free will. They were offered immediate medical attention both on site and in a private clinic nearby. And their utmost wellbeing, both mental and physical, was given the highest priority at all times.'

"Jerry Zinger, the controversial equivalent U.S. People T.V. Show host offered little consolation to Mr Carotte. 'He deserves everything that's coming to him ... The kid simply went too far.' However, he didn't reserve blame for Mr Carotte alone. 'How that show ever got the green light in the first place is a mystery to me'.

"GNN Cable has been quick to distance itself from the broadcast stating that they were 'not responsible for the Production of the broadcast, which was the sole property of Seedwood Productions and PSC unequivocally deny any involvement in the editorial function of the show whose content they were misled into believing would adhere to their strict code of ethics for live broadcasting based on decency and trust'.

"Christopher Carotte, formerly a DJ on local radio known as 'The Wolfman', first became involved with Seedwood Productions in ... "

Chapter 1

ANOTHER OPENIN', ANOTHER SHOW ...

SEARCHLIGHTS SWEEPED AROUND WEMBLEY Arena like the lights of a police helicopter searching for a missing suspect in the packed stalls. The timpani drum of the orchestra thumped the ground like a giant trotting rhinoceros heading towards its prey and a chorus of violins soared to get away as the incidental WyP? theme music neared its climax and the sexy high-kicking dancers, so unlike her, left the stage.

Katy sat perfectly still in her stark cool white cell backstage, her beautiful sensitive brown eyes dizzily staring up at the Alice in Wonderland monitor ready to swallow her up with its inferno like display. She was terrified of going on like in another beauty pageant and being in front of, judged by, all those people again and everyone seeing everything outside. Except worse here was the terrible fear of everyone seeing everything inside and learning the truth about her. Sweating as her heart raced, she felt a tiny wet trickle drop off her back and tickle the coffee-coloured skin of her behind and rubbed her hand between the top of her legs, unselfconsciously like a child, to stop them shaking. Katy was alone with less than ninety minutes to learn if that would be everything. Where was Chris?

Pyrotechnics whizzed, fizzed and crackled from the heavens of the auditorium almost blinding the cameras with their spectacle, giant candelabras of cascading electric waterfalls showered the audience in the darkness while they watched a multi-magnified voyage through the brain like a space ship speeding through the milky way on the large cinema screen.

Backstage in his dressing-room, Chris stood in front of the mirror on the door, "Who's the man? You're the man! I said who? You! Who? You! You're the man!" Squaring his jaw in profile, fists raised, "Poker face!" When there was a knock at the door and the confidence suddenly fell from his face and he whispered to himself, 'Just don't fuck up for Mary's sake - remember Coughlin - don't fuck up!' Before saying nervously, "Come in?"

Marathon walking through labyrinthine corridors on his rocking piston hips the AFM (Assistant Floor Manager) hugging his clipboard, urgently hustled his way to the cells: Past the short queue outside make-up; past an angry nun on his right banging on the Cola dispensing machine beside the overflowing bin's little metal feet littered with squashed crisp packets and twisted wrinkled snack wrappers.

Katy squeezed her knees together harder, and twirled the gold heart-shaped

locket—just the two of us—around her neck with a finger distractedly watching the vast audience in the arena on the monitor, before sharply looking down to concentrate on her shoes. They were lovely, lovely shoes; her very best.

The Assistant Floor Manager (AFM) dodged around the Prop man carefully steering a trolley with a giant erect dildo sticking up on it—like it was some fragile tower of a wedding cake—straight down the middle of the corridor, past the Green Room, past the dressing rooms on his right each labelled below a star of the show's logo, 'Captain Stanislav Boglosovic', 'Sister Mary Elizabeth Xavier', 'Odin Folie' and 'Dr Jacqui McThorn' and on past the two giant armed security guards playing cards beside the gleaming red Ferrari by the stage Garage Doors and finally passed the group of writers still wagging fingers and waving scripts at each other in a room on his left before clambering down the metal stairs.

"Nine, eight, seven," the Proddir (Producer/Director) counted down into the microphone, in front of a rectangular block of ten by six monitors in the Gallery. "Six, five ... "

The AFM suddenly bounded through the floppy transparent fish tail double doors of the isolation ward. The nurses sitting outside the cells marked 'Katy', 'Tony' and 'Matt' stopped reading and looked up at the sudden intrusion.

"We're ready for the first contestant now!" Katy heard the AFM pant breathlessly outside. "Let's go!" And she suddenly realised it meant there were others and maybe she wouldn't have to be the first and maybe ... She heard the uneven short sharp swishes of air through her nostrils getting faster, then stop, as she heard the key twist in a lock.

The personal assistant straightened a spike of stray green hair on Chris' head as he checked his tie by the stage entrance, hopping from side to side in his gaudy orange suit on the raised improvised trampoline-like ramp passage to the centre Stage entrance, stretching the plastic seal of the diagonal striped black and yellow hazard safety tape, humming, as if this wasn't his first, 'Another openin', another show' ...

Katy heard a cell door slam and steps receding and her shoulders slumped with a mixture of relief that it wasn't her turn but also frustration, tapping her heels on the cell floor, and struggling to catch her breathing again, lost inside her like a tiny kitten trying to pull a boot over with the shoelace between its teeth.

"And now," Trevor, the Announcer, concluded, "the man himself, the inimitable, the unlegendary ..." He took a deep breath big enough to climax, "the infamous, Mis-ter Christ-o-pher Caaaaaa-rot!"

The audience erupted, jumping out of their seats and exploding with cheers and applause like a volcano overflowing with bubbling lava in wave after wave of glowing red-hot admiration, or so it sounded to Chris, as he stepped through the letter 'O'; the seventh of the seventeen ten-foot-high bubble-font letters in a semi-circle spelling, 'What's YOUR Problem?' at the back of the centre stage and onto the two thousand square feet circular set to face the audience.

There were two separate spherical stages of a similar size to his left and right, attached by descending and ascending railed steps, respectively, but these were not lit like the centre stage by the heavy hanging stage lights that followed Chris as, with a huge grin, he jauntily walked across the stage to his mark. "Good evening! Good

evening! Please, you're too kind, it's too much!" He twisted his smile ironically. "More! Stop! More! Stop! More?"

"Car-rot, Car-rot, Car-rot ..." They chanted.

Chris could see the warm-up man in the stalls below, beside the orchestra, twinkling the neon messaged lights to the same effect but that didn't quell the effect they had on his rising ego. You're the man, remember, you're the man, Chris. Poker face!

"Thank you, pleasy pleasy-please-please stop. Not!" The audience giggled into their seats as Chris addressed Camera three, with the little red light on, directly." Good evening, thank-YOU and Well-CUM to 'What's your problem?' The only counselling show that shares its care, and shaves them bare!" He grinned, Katy thought, with that mischievous and ironic, supposedly post-modern, smile of his as if to show he-knew-they-knew-he-knew we've all been there before, but how could he?

"And, well, shit! I shouldn't have said that, who cares! Have we got a show for you tonight? I'm telling you," he read from the autocue," hold on for the ride of your life, hell on earth has arrived, it says here, and we have the Ultimate Psychiatrists Couch for the Ladies and for the gentlemen, the Ultimate Close-Up Sexy-sexy," he rolled his hips in a slow wide arc to wolf whistles, "Sexpectacular: The W.Y.P. Sex Ritual! Yes—a mouthful in more ways than one—no, yes, no, thank you." He did that ironic smiley thing again, Katy noticed, waiting for the applause to settle.

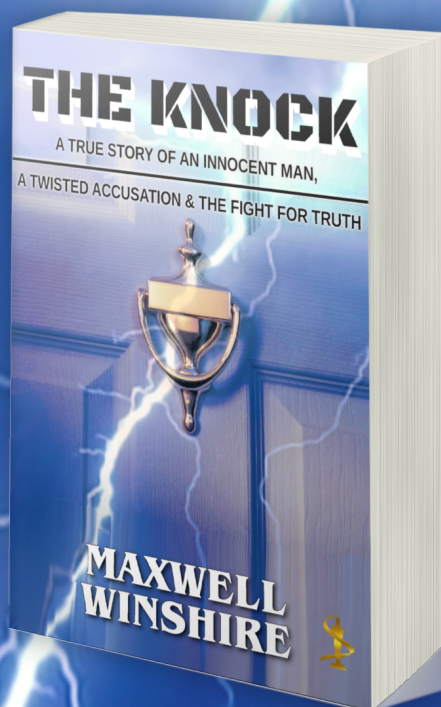
"It's very simple, even for me!" he winked, putting one hand in his trouser pocket and casually leaning on the leg on the same side, "in a moment we're going to meet three contestants who all have one hell of a serious psycho-sexual problem—which will make your problems look like pleasures, and your pleasures look like problems! Meanwhile, over there," he pointed to the opposite blackened Porn stage on his right, "we'll be demonstrating live simultaneously how sex SHOULD be done! All you have to do is compare to work out—like a whodunnit or I guess whydunnit, why not—what psychosexual problem our contestants have in hell over here!" He pointed to the blackened circular Contestant stage on his left. "You'll also get a clue or two and a little help from my friends—our volunteer amateur Counsellors! So get your notepads out and a pen ready as we get ready for the greatest gladiatorial battle of," he touched his head, chest, crotch and slapped his own bum as he said, "hearts, minds, cocks and fannies, you've ever seen! If there's a line, I'll cross it! This will change your life and the way you look at others forever!" He raised his eyebrows to the heavens with a proud gleeful sparkle in his eyes, trying not to think about the money riding on this. "Who's our first brave contestant, Trev?"

Katy's eyelids lifted as if to accommodate the full screen on her eyeballs, squeezing her thighs tighter together, while Mathew Meaks fought to compose himself behind the ersatz stage entrance wall feeling as if he was going to throw up any second. The nurse stroked his arm. "You're not a good man, Mathew, remember that, that's all. You're not a good man. Now, get ready."

THIS SAMPLE DOES NOT CONTAIN PAGES 6 TO END

THE KNOCK

**A True Story of an Innocent Man,
A Twisted Accusation
& The Fight for Truth**



Scan me

