

I have that dream where you go back to college and you don't know the course and you take the final exam? Except I go back to med school. I know the course, I ace the final exam, I take everybody in the class's final exam, I take everybody in the school's final exam, I go before all the teachers' review boards and I ace them-- and I end up ruling the world but I have to abdicate because of insomnia.

If I could get some sleep, I could have that other dream I like so much, the one where the ham sandwich eats me.

Jeez, who do *you* go to when you get burned out? And who does he go to? And him and him and him and her and her and her, all the way down to the last guy-- and who does he go to? Me?... Cause that's scary.

I haven't messed up my job... *yet*. I'm fine, aren't I? I'm fine. You know what I need? More patients. You know any? --Bipolar, bisexual, buy American, Bye Bye Love--

I had a girlfriend somewhere along the line. Infantile sexuality-- Would've killed for some of that when I was a kid.

Grief. Despair. Loss. Loneliness. Fear. Anxiety. The shakes. Just an old-fashioned case of the blues. Whatever you call it, they got it. Johnny, Rashid, Miguel, Heather, Jamie, Dov. Angie, Guiseppe, Fred, Tasha, Kelly, Sid. Bob.
Poor Bob. Stress. Jack. Stress. Alexandra. Manny.

And that was Tuesday. Before lunch. Gotta go--