Entourage

were playing the fucking Bobcats. And I came here today because I thought this was a session on how my wife could learn to communicate, how to answer a question without a question, basic Humanity 101, which I thought, given your wall of fucking diplomas, you could easily fix, or if you couldn't, you could give her a pill that would either fix it or make her a mute. But now, to turn around and gang up on me? I have work to do. I have hundreds of clients to deal with, and just so we're clear, I don't care about ANY of them. They're all just a number, like wife number one and therapist number seven. GOOD DAY!