

Instead, I made a decision.
To pray.
You know, like, to God.
And it was such a foreign concept to
me, that I swear I almost began with:
"I'm a big fan of your work."
Hello, God?
Nice to finally meet you. I...
I am sorry I've never spoken
directly to you before...
...but...
...I hope I've expressed my...
...ample gratitude for all
the blessings you've given...
to me in my life.
I'm in serious trouble.
I don't know what to do.
I need an answer.
Please, tell me what to do.
Oh, God, help me, please.
Tell me what to do and I'll do it.
Go back to bed, Liz.