

BRIAN: Well, it's the rat race, I guess. I feel like I'm on a treadmill. Some nights when I come home from work I'm so exhausted I don't feel like doing anything but collapse on the sofa. I just want vegetate in front of the TV. Is there anything physically wrong with me?

DOCTOR: No, I've looked at the test results, and you're healthy. How long have you been feeling like this?

BRIAN: Oh, two or three months, I guess. Long enough so that I've started worry about never have any energy. Basically I'm not doing anything besides punch a time clock.

DOCTOR: How much are you working?

BRIAN: Well, I'm putting in a lot of overtime—all in all, at least sixty hours a week, I'd say.

DOCTOR: Why are you doing this? Are you trying to kill yourself?

BRIAN: Well, work overtime is what pays the bills. The other thing is that I only recently moved here, and I hardly know anyone, so I've decided concentrate on make money for a while. I like socialize, but I don't know quite how to go about meet new people.

DOCTOR: You're not married, then?

BRIAN: No, I'm not.

DOCTOR: Well, paying off bills is one thing, but killing yourself is another. I think you need to stop work so much and start play a little—to put things in balance. I'd say you need find a hobby.

BRIAN: Seriously? You mean some boring thing like stamp collect?

DOCTOR: No! I mean, that's an OK hobby if you like it, but there are a lot more interesting ones.

BRIAN: Like what?

DOCTOR: Like join a karaoke club. Do you like sing?