

27. I went to the car and got the bag, gave it to him and said, "Bye, Chuck." And I turned around and stepped right in front of a car! I was flat on the street and Chuck thought I was dead. I knew instantly what was wrong with me because, once again, I'd broken a rib. And my leg was hurt really badly. I was just lying on the ground, moaning. I knew Audrey would be terrified so I told Chuck, "Don't worry, I'm not gonna die. Go and tell Audrey what happened but don't go in there screaming that I've been hit by a car and freak her out." So he went in to tell her and I was so worried about her getting upset but when she came out, she just kneels down next to me and says, real softly, "Baby, how can you do something so stupid?" I was like, "Thanks, Audrey!" A hospital ambulance came and they took me to St. Elizabeth's, again, and Audrey came in her car. She was drunk, plus she started having a reaction to her insulin, so I'm in one bed in the emergency room and they had to put *her* in a bed too 'cause she was getting faint and stuff for a while. I was admitted to the hospital and I called my doctor there Dr. Mengele because he was an expert at promoting pain, without the intent of healing. I had broken both bones in one leg but the splintering was miraculously still lined up, still in place, so it was hard to see on an X-ray. Without even getting me out of the hospital bed, he put an extra heavy duty cast on it. That took about half an hour and they shot me up with Demerol, so I wasn't feeling any pain. Then he said, "Move your leg," and it was like CRUNCH and I started screaming. It had come undone but he didn't believe me. He looked at the X-ray and said, "It's okay." My foot was swelling up immediately and the next day he wanted me to go to physical therapy downstairs but I told him, "My leg is not set properly, it's swelling up." He still didn't believe me. I was calling them motherfuckers and started screaming, "I can't walk. Maybe you can tell another doctor to look at my fucking leg. Just look at my foot! It shouldn't look like that." It was turning blue and I was in pain, feeling this intense pressure. He just thought I was crazy and sent a psychiatrist to see me. When the psychiatrist arrived, he says, "Do you know why I'm here." I say, "Yes, because of Dr. Mengele, he thinks I'm nuts but my leg is still broken. It's still broken! It's not set properly and he's trying to make me walk on it. I don't wanna walk on it until it's fixed. My circulation is cut off from the swelling. I'll get gangrene." So they came up and X-rayed my leg again and, guess what, it wasn't set. I should have sued that bastard for malpractice, and we never got along after that. My leg almost got amputated. They stuck all these pins through my flesh into my leg, to hold it together, and put a full leg cast on. I had to be in bed for over a month but at least they gave me a lot of opiates. They had to give me morphine 'cause nothing else worked, and the only drawback to that was getting constipated. They were threatening to give me an enema and I just refused. I'm sorry, I like a lot of weird sex but I don't like people stripping me down to look through my asshole and pump, like Sunsweet prune juice up my butt. I was desperate to solve this on my own, you know. I hadn't been out of bed for a month and I told some nurse, who probably didn't know I was supposed to stay in bed, "I've gotta use the bathroom, bring me a walker." I go in there with a walker, on morphine, and my leg is so fucked up but somehow I managed to get in the bathroom. I sit on the toilet forever, smoking Blackstones that I had friends smuggle in. And it was like giving birth to a Volkswagen, I swear, this turd came out and it was like CLUNK. It was so dense and so hard that I'm surprised it didn't crack the toilet bowl. Are you still recording all of this? Oh my god! Well, that's what happened.