

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

BEN
Yes.

VITTI
No you don't.

BEN
Okay.

VITTI
You've seen my picture in the papers?

BEN
Yes. And no. Sometimes. Never.

VITTI
Jelly, wait outside.

Jelly exits. Vitti walks around the room, taking everything in. He picks up the phone and listens. Hangs up.

VITTI
Sit down.

BEN
Sure.

Ben sits quickly on the coffee table. He crushes a box of tissues, then moves them out from under his ass. Vitti picks up a stack of CDS and looks through them.

VITTI
Tony Bennett, huh?

BEN
Yeah. He's my favorite.

Vitti picks up an autographed baseball bat from Ben's desk.

BEN
(puts up his hands)
Mr. Vitti, I tried to give the guy my insurance information, but he wouldn't take it. Seriously, I tried several times because it was all my please don't kill me.

VITTI
I was just gonna ask if you liked baseball.

Tennis

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Yes. Big ~~Yankee~~ fan.*Nadal*

Vitti puts the bat down.

BEN

Mr. Vitti. Not that it's your fault, but your friend, he interrupted a patient's session and that's -- not good. I think this is a matter for our insurance companies, don't you think?

VITTI

I don't care about the car.

BEN

Then what -- ?

VITTI

A friend of mine is having a problem and he might have to see a shrink, so I'm going to ask you a couple questions. Do we sit?

BEN

Whatever makes you comfortable.

Ben starts for his chair, but Vitti sits in it first. Ben sits on the couch. Vitti adjusts the cuffs of his shirt, and runs a hand down the crease in his slacks.

VITTI

Okay, the first thing I gotta know about is privacy. You must hear a lot of weird shit in here. How do I know you won't go testifying -- not testifying -- but, you know, talking about it to somebody else.

BEN

I won't discuss a patient with anyone for any reason, unless I know the patient may be a danger to himself. Like if I'm concerned a patient might kill himself...

VITTI

Not fuckin' likely --

BEN

-- or kill someone else.

(CONTINUED)

Ben looks to Vitti for a response. Vitti stares at him for a long, uncomfortable beat.

VITTI

So who starts?

BEN

Why don't you tell me why you think you need therapy?

VITTI

I don't need therapy. I'm helping out my friend. You didn't hear me say that?

BEN

Right. I'm sorry.

VITTI

You guys are supposed to be so great when it comes to listening. You can't remember what I said two seconds ago.

BEN

I'm very sorry.

VITTI

I have to tell you, Doc, I'm not thrilled with the level of service up to this point.

BEN

Why don't you tell me about your friend?

VITTI

He's a powerful guy. Never had a problem dealing with things, you know? Now all of a sudden, he's falling apart. He cries for no reason. He's having trouble sleeping. And then he started having these attacks. You know, can't breathe, dizzy, chest pains -- like you think you're gonna die.

BEN

Panic attacks.

(CONTINUED)

VITTI

What's with all you doctors and the fuckin' panic? Did I say panic?

BEN

Not panic. Dizzy -- breathing -- chest pain attacks.

VITTI

Right. So the question is, what can he do to make it stop?

Ben decides to go for it.

BEN

I'm going to go out on a limb here. I think your friend is you.

VITTI

You -- you -- you -- you have a gift, my friend. Go on.

BEN

Medication could help, but if you really want to get to the bottom of this, you're going to want to get some kind of therapy.

VITTI

With you~~?~~.

BEN

(hedging)

With me? Oh, I don't know. I'd have to look at my schedule. I'm very heavily booked right now and I'm going on a short vacation tomorrow.

VITTI

Where you going?

BEN

I don't really share that information with...

VITTI

Where?

BEN

Miami Beach.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (7)

22

VITTI

You know, this could be good. Just getting that off my chest, I feel better already. It's like a load is off my shoulders. Thank you.

BEN

Well, I really didn't do anything --

VITTI

You did something. The load? Off. Where is it? Don't know. You're good, Doctor. I'll be in touch. But listen to me.

(leaning close,
menacing)

If I talk to you and it turns me into a fag, I'll kill you. You understand?

BEN

Could we define 'fag,' because some feelings may come up --

Vitti silences him with a wave of his hand.

VITTI

I go fag, you die. Got it?

BEN

Yes.

Vitti gives Ben a little pat on the cheek, then turns and exits. Ben is stunned.

CUT TO:

23 OMITTED

23

23A EXT. BACK YARD - LATER

23A

Ben comes out the back door of the house carrying a couple of suitcases. Michael follows behind him with his bags. They cross to the car in the driveway.

BEN

I hope you didn't leave any food in your room. I don't want to come home and find a science fair.

(CONTINUED)