

**ANALYZE THIS**

Vitti: You know who I am?

Ben: Yes.

V: No you don't.

B: Ok.

V: Youve seen my picture in the papers?

B: Yes and no, sometimes, never

V: Sit down.

B: Sure.

Vitti walks around and picks up a stack of CDs and looks through them

V: Tony Bennet Huh?

B: Yeah, he's my favorite.

Vitti picks up an autographed baseball bat from Ben's Desk

B:Mr. Vitti, I tried to give the guy my insurance information, but he wouldn't tale it. Seriously, I tried several times, because it was all my please don't kill me.

V: I was just gonna ask you if you liked baseball.

B: Yes. Big Yankee Fan.

Vitti puts down bat.

B: Mr. Vitti, not that it's your fault, but your friend he interupted a patients session. And that's-- not good. I think this is a matter of our insurance companies, don't you think?

V: I don't care about the car.

B: then what--?

V: 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 of questions. Do we sit?

B: Whatever makes you comfortable.

Ben starts for his chair but vittti sits in it first.  
Ben sits on the couch.

V: Ok, the first thing I gotta know is about privacy. You must hear alot of wierd shit in here. How do I know you won't go testifying, not testifying--but you know talking about it to somebody else.

B: 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...

V: Not fuckin' likely--

B: or kill someone else.

Ben looks to Vittti for a response. Vittti stares back at him for a long uncomfortable beat.

V: So who starts.

B: Why don't you tell me why you think you need therapy.

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

B: Right, I'm sorry.

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

B: I;m very sorry.

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

B: Why don't you tell me about your friend?

V: He's a powerful guy. Never had a problem dealing with things you know? Now all ofa 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 your gonna die.

B: Panic Attacks.

V: Whats with all you doctors and the fuckin' panic? Did I say panic?

B: Not panic, dizzy--breathing--chest pain attacks.

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

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

V: You---you---you---you have a gift my friend. Go on.

B: 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.

V: With you?

B: 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.

V: Where are you going?

B: I don't really share information with...

V: WHere.

B: Miami Beach.

V: You know, this could be good. Just getting that off my chest, I feel better already. Its like a load is off my shoulders. thank you.

B: Well, I didn't really do anything.

V: 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 in close menacing) If I talk to you and it turns me into a fag, I'll kill you. You understand?

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

V: I go fag, you die, got it?

B: Yes.

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