

Analyze This

You know me?

Yes.

No, you don't.

Okay.

You see my picture in the paper?

Yes.

No, you didn't.

I don't even get the paper.

Jelly, wait outside. Sit down. You ain't got no bugs in here, do you?

Bugs?

Bugs. Bugs, recording equipment.

No. I don't record. I take notes. Mr. Vitti, I tried to give your friend the insurance information several times last night. Seriously, several times. He wouldn't take it. Please don't kill me.

I was going to ask you if you liked Tony Bennett.

I'm a big Tony Bennett fan.

Me too.

I like all Italian singers. Mr. Vitti, I know it's not your fault but don't you think we should just take this up with our insurance companies?

It ain't about that. It ain't about that. I don't care about the car. I got a friend of mine... This friend of mine, he's like got problems, and he's gonna have to probably see a shrink. So I'll ask you a couple of questions.

Oh. Go ahead, then.

What do we do? What, we sit?

Whatever makes you comfortable.

I'll sit over here.

I'm going to sit here.

If you're comfortable, it's fine.

So who starts?

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

I don't need therapy. I just told you that. It's for my friend.

I'm sorry.

You didn't hear me say that?

I'm sorry.

You know, you guys, you're supposed to be so good at listening. You can't even remember what I said to you two seconds ago?

So sorry.

I gotta tell you, Doc, I ain't thrilled with the level of service up to this point.

That was my fault. I apologize.

Yeah.

Why don't we start over? Why don't you just tell me about your friend?

This friend, you know, he's a very powerful guy. Never had trouble dealing with nothing. Now all of a sudden, he's like falling apart ... he cries for no reason, he can't sleep ... he can't be with his friends. All of a sudden, he gets nervous around them, like, he wants to get away from them. And these are guys he knows his whole life, you know? And then he has, like, these attacks. He can't breathe, he gets dizzy ... chest pains, you know... It's like he thinks he's gonna die or something.

Panic attacks.

What's it with you guys and all this fucking panic attack? Who said "panic"? Who said "panic"?

Not panic. Dizzy, chest-breathing, constricting ... attacks.

This guy, he just wants to know what he can do to make it stop.

Mr. Vitti, I'm gonna go out on a limb here. I think your friend ... is you.

You. You... You got a gift, my friend. You got a gift. Oh, yeah. You saw that there was something I was trying to do ... and you figured that out. That's why you are who you are. God bless you. You got a fucking gift.

No, I don't.

Yes, you do.

I really don't.

Yes, you do. Go on.

What?

Go on.

I think medication could help.

Drugs? Can't do drugs. I don't do drugs.

If you really want to get to the root of the problem you're gonna want to get some form of therapy.

Like what? With you or something?

Me? No, I don't think you want... My roster of patients is full. I'm full right now so... Plus, I'm leaving on a short vacation.

Where you going?

I don't share that with patients.

Where you going?

Sheraton Bal Harbor Hotel in Miami Beach.

That wasn't so hard, was it?

No, it wasn't.

You know, it's a funny kind of a thing but, you know, I feel better after I got all that off my chest. I feel like a load ... a load is off my shoulders. You're good.

I...

Doc, thank you.

Mr. Vitti, I didn't do anything.

You did something.

I did nothing.

You did something. The load, gone. Where is it? Don't know. You're good. Nah, nah. You're good, Doc. I'm gonna be getting in touch with you.

Don't, please.

Just one more thing. If I talk to you and you turn me into a fag, I'm gonna kill you. You understand?

Could we define "fag"? Because some feelings may come up...

I go fag, you die. Got it?

Got it.

Simple.

You're good, Doc. You're good.

See you, Doc.

Mm-hm.