

WHAT ABOUT BOB?

Story by Alvin Sargent and Laura Ziskin

Screenplay by Tom Schulman

Registered WGAW

Revised First Draft
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OPENING CRAWL:

"Archives of Surgery reports only 31 cases in history of people swallowing their toothbrushes. The champion toothbrush swallower was a Soviet psychiatric patient who downed 16 in 1984. The all-time champion swallower of any object was another mental patient who had 2533 objects removed from his stomach in 1927."

DISSOLVE TO:

CREDITS ROLL: "WHAT ABOUT BOB?" etc.

INT. BOB WILEY'S BATHROOM, MORNING.

BOB WILEY, thirties, anxious, strung out, is meticulously cleaning his teeth with the rubber tip of his toothbrush. Suddenly, in trying to clean a hard-to-reach back molar, Bob loses control of the brush and swallows half of it whole. Choking, gasping for air, he grabs onto the brush and tries to get it out. But pulling it hurts, and in three swallows, like a mouse going down the gullet of a snake, the toothbrush disappears down his throat.

Near panic, breathing spasmodically, Bob hits his chest frantically, swallowing as he does. Then, delicately, he belches. Bob takes a deep breath, relaxes somewhat, and looks in the mirror. He opens the medicine cabinet. There, neatly stacked, are about ten packaged toothbrushes. Bob opens one and goes to work on his back molar again.

AS WE... END CREDITS...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A PARKING LOT, LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, NEW HAMPSHIRE, DAY.

Pricey BMW's, MERCEDES, JAGS, etc. sport license plates which read: FREUD JUNGNRICH SHRINKER HEADDOC \$200PERHR PERCA'DAN' etc. Three pre-teens ride by on bikes. Each kid shoves the trunks of a couple of cars. The car alarms go off like wild flock of gulls. The kids bike on and we PAN WITH THEM then PAST THEM out to sea to see:

EXT. THE MIDDLE OF LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, ABOARD A SAILBOAT, SAME.

A group of psychiatrists and their spouses sail aboard a large sailboat. Here all is calm except the wind and the sound of the gulls (or is it the car alarms?). Several doctors and their wives crowd around an intense looking doctor in his forties.

DOCTOR 1

I've had the same nightmare three nights running.

DOCTOR 2 (groaning)
Please, Clifford, spare us. We're on
vacation, remember?

DOCTOR 1 (ignoring this)
I'm sitting in my office on 63rd and
someone rings the door bell...

INT. A BROWNSTONE OFFICE, UPPER EAST SIDE, DREAM SEQUENCE:

Doctor 1, in his sailing get-up, paces in his office, tying
fishing lures. Around him are the trappings of an
expensive Park Avenue psychiatrist.

DOCTOR 1 (VOICE OVER)
I know I'm not expecting patients
because I'm just leaving to go on
vacation. Something tells me not to
open the door but...

Doctor 1 has sweat pouring off his face. He puts his hand
on the doorknob then opens it.

DOCTOR 1 (VOICE OVER)
I do it anyway...

EXT. THE PARK AVENUE BROWNSTONE, SAME.

A wrought iron gate separates Doctor 1's door from the
outside sidewalk. Doctor 1 peers out his door then steps
into the entry way.

DOCTOR 1 (V.O.)
There are three of my most difficult
patients. Mr. Melton, the
fetishistic taxidermist, Mrs.
Simslick, the neurotic grandmother
hockey addict, and Mr. Berringer,
the stutterer who's a translator at
the U.N. -- and they look absolutely
deranged. Like ghouls, like the
dead incarnate!

Doctor 1's PATIENTS are standing on the other side of the
wrought iron fence like prisoners behind a gate. They
don't exactly have flesh hanging off their faces, but they
have insane, maniacal, zombie-like looks.

MRS. SIMSLICK
It's August, Dr. Feinberg! Why are
you leaving us, Dr. Feinberg?!

MR. MELTON (clad in animal furs)
I need! I fear! I want!

DOCTOR 1 (FEINBERG) (V.O.)
"Look," I cry, "Every man needs a
vacation! I can't help you if I'm
exhausted. I'm only human!"

MR. BERRINGER
We tr..tr...tr...trusted you!

DR. FEINBERG
But I'll be back in a month.
There's a referral on my service...

ALL THREE PATIENTS IN UNISON
Roses are red! Violence is too!
Bullets aren't cheap! And neither are you!

The three patients raise guns and start blasting. Dr. Feinberg contorts then goes down. The men-ghoul patients run over him into his office. Elderly Mrs. Simslick flips Feinberg over with a hockey stick. Wide-eyed, barely breathing, he faces her. The male patients exit the office, carrying Feinberg's diplomas, samplers of pills, and his therapy couch. As Feinberg pleads with his eyes, the patients gleefully raise the therapy couch high in the air and drop it on him.

EXT. THE SAILBOAT, SAME.

The other doctors sit around Feinberg in silence, pondering the possibilities of similar fates. Feinberg wipes his brow.

FEINBERG
It's the worst nightmare I've had since
residency. Here are these innocent
patients, who wouldn't hurt a fly,
violating me, murdering me. Brutally.

FEINBERG'S WIFE
You do charge a lot, Henry.

FEINBERG
Whenever you're ready to stop
shopping Bergdorf's, let me know.

DOCTOR 3
At least your nightmare is only a
dream. What about what happened to
Leo Marvin?

A YOUNGER DOCTOR
Who's Leo Marvin?

DOCTOR 3
You haven't heard about the famous
Dr. Marvin?

The others shake their heads. Doctor 3 points out an empty lot on the lakeshore.

DOCTOR 3
That used to be his vacation house.

FEINBERG
There's nothing there.

DOCTOR 3
Grab a strong drink and some dramamine. I'm going to tell you a story that will curl your beards.

ANOTHER WIFE
Who's Leo Marvin?

DOCTOR 3
Well, I really can't tell you about Leo Marvin unless I first tell you about Bob.

ANOTHER WIFE
Who's Bob?

Doctor 3 looks to the sky and smiles.

DOCTOR 3
Bob...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF MANHATTAN, UPPER WEST SIDE, DAY.

The SOUND of SEA GULLS seques to car alarms. We're on the streets of Manhattan, CRANING and ZOOMING, like a sea gull, into a sweltering apartment.

INT. BOB WILEY'S BEDROOM, SAME.

Bob Wiley sits in his boxer shorts on his bed. Behind him, a pair of socks hang from a clothes line. On his night stand are cardboard plaques like the kind you'd find at a pharmacist's counter: one plaque lists the warning signs of diabetes, the other lists cancer's seven early warning signals. Stacked by the bed are psychology books. In front of Bob is a vaporizer with steam blowing out. He sits inhaling steam. Bob grabs his cheeks and starts twisting them in small circles in front of the steam.

BOB (a mantra-like chant)
I feel good. I feel great. I feel
wonderful! I feel good. I feel
great. I feel wonderful!
(ceps repeating)

A WIFE (VOICE OVER)
But who's Leo Marvin?

DOCTOR 3 (VOICE OVER)
I'm trying to tell you.

DOCTOR 4 (VOICE OVER)
Was he the guy who specialized in necrophiliacs?

DOCTOR 3 (VOICE OVER)
No!
(sighs)
If you must...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE, DAY.

The striking things about Leo Marvin's office are order and organization. The desk, the chairs, the tables and the objects on them lie in perfect relationship to one another. As LEO MARVIN sits talking on the phone, he unconsciously adjusts the already perfectly arranged papers on his desk. Marvin is in his mid-forties, authoritative, stiff, tan, perfectly manicured. Around his office are Greek and Renaissance busts and painted portraits. On his desk is a book called Baby Steps with Marvin's picture on it.

MARVIN (INTO PHONE)
Why can't CBS Morning come to me?...
Of course I want to publicise the book, Hugo, but its my vacation. The Today Show went to Jimmy Carter's vacation house, Good Morning America went to Mary Lou Retton, why can't CBS Morning come to Lake Winnepesaukee?
... Get back to me.

SECRETARY'S VOICE (OVER INTERCOM)
Dr. Marvin. There's a Dr. Carswell Fensterwald calling. Says you went to medical school together.

MARVIN
(to himself - wracking his memory)
Fensterwald? Carswell Fensterwald? It sounds familiar but...

He thinks but still doesn't remember him.

MARVIN (INTO INTERCOM)
Okay put him through.
(to himself)
Boy, they sure come out of the woodwork when you get famous.

FENSTERWALD (ON SPEAKER PHONE)

Leo?

MARVIN (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)

Carswell?

INT. ANOTHER PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE, SAME.

Carswell Fensterwald is a man who can best be described as unhealthy looking. As he talks into his phone, he is boxing up his office. Prominent on his desk is a copy of Marvin's book. The phone conversation intercuts between Carswell's office and Marvin's office.

FENSTERWALD

Long time no see, huh? I hear you have a big book out. Things are really clicking for you.

MARVIN

That's the way I planned it, Carswell.

FENSTERWALD

Still the same Leo Marvin. Listen, Leo, I'm closing my practice. I'm referring most of my patients up here on the West Side but I have one case I thought I'd refer to you.

MARVIN

Carswell, thanks but--

FENSTERWALD

I know. I know, you're incredibly busy.

MARVIN

Busy isn't the word for it, I'm swamped. I've raised my rate. I might even cut my sessions to thirty five minutes...

FENSTERWALD (to himself)

I'm sure you could do it in thirty.

(aloud to Marvin)

Leo, I know you don't like flattery but I've always thought that if there was anybody I knew who was going to win a Nobel Prize, it was you. You gotta be thinking about your next book so I know you'll find this case particularly interesting.

MARVIN

What sort of case is it, Carswell?

Marvin paces around his office, straightening things. He

stops at a painting, adjusts the left corner down, then adjusts it back up again.

FENSTERWALD

Actually, Leo, I don't know.

MARVIN

Carswell, if this is a dysfunctional--

FENSTERWALD

No no no, nothing like that. He keeps his appointments. Pays on time. See him once. If he's not the most complex and ... persistent ... case you've ever seen, then... drop him. His name's Bob Wiley. He needs someone brilliant. Will you see him?

MARVIN

I'll work him in for an interview, sure. Say, Carswell, how come you're quitting the business?

FENSTERWALD

Got an appointment, Leo. Good luck.

Fensterwald hangs up. He covers his mouth with glee then lets out a silent jubilant howl of delighted laughter.

MARVIN slowly hangs up his speaker phone.

MARVIN

How bizarre. I haven't seen Carswell Fensterwald in fifteen years.

Again he racks his brains. Finally he shakes his head, unable to remember. He presses his speaker phone.

MARVIN (INTO INTERCOM)

Claire, if I get a call from a Bob Wiley, schedule him for a short interview after my vacation.

SECRETARY (CLAIRE)

He's already called, Dr. Marvin. Twice. He's coming in this afternoon.

Marvin turns off the speaker phone.

MARVIN

I guess that's one kind of persistence. Carswell Fensterwald...?

Marvin shakes his head and gives up. From his briefcase he removes two brown bags. One is labeled "Egg" the other

labeled "Sandwich". From one bag he removes a sandwich, from the other he removes - surprise - an egg. He begins eating. From his desk he removes a copy of his book. He compares his jacket photo with his reflection in the handle of his silver letter opener.

FEINBERG (V.O.)

Leo Marvin. Now I remember. He's one of the dumbest men I've ever met!

DOCTOR 3 (V.O.)

And an incredible asshole.

DOCTOR 2 (V.O.)

Had that stupid best seller, what was the name of it?

FEINBERG (V.O.)

Watching grass grow was more exciting than Leo Marvin.

DOCTOR 4 (V.O.)

Was.

DOCTOR 3 (V.O.)

Was? Why?

DOCTOR 4 (V.O.)

That's what I'm trying to tell you lummoxes: Bob.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT, SAME.

Bob is still sitting by the steam repeating his mantra.

BOB

I feel good. I feel great. I feel wonderful!
I feel good. I feel great! I feel -

Bob picks up the phone and frantically pushes buttons.

BOB (INTO PHONE)

(panicked)

Hello, Claire, Bob Wiley again. I'm sorry to bother you but are you sure Dr. Marvin doesn't have anything earlier?... Sorry. Just thought he might have a cancellation. See you at two.

Bob hangs up and takes a deep breath. Bob feels his pulse. He frowns. He walks to his night table, removes a blood pressure gauge and takes his own blood pressure (stethoscope and all). Relieved, he puts the stethoscope down.

INT. BOB'S LIVING ROOM, LATER.

Bob, cup of coffee in hand, enters and sprinkles food into a gold fish bowl.

BOB

Morning, Gil.

Gil, the goldfish, swims to the surface of the bowl and nibbles the food. Bob sits in a rocker, staring into space. He sets the cup of coffee on the rocker arm, takes his pulse again, puts on a phone headset like the kind that professional operators wear, and dials a number.

SECRETARY'S VOICE (ON PHONE)

Overton.

BOB (INTO HEADSET)

This is Bob Wiley. Mrs. Patricia Lions please.

Bob flips through a loose leaf notebook. He leans back in the rocker. The coffee cup slides down the arm into Bob's lap. He stands and tries to mop it up.

MRS. LIONS (ON PHONE)

Lions.

BOB

Mrs. Lions, I'm Bob Wiley. I represent the Manhattan Dental Hygiene Association. I'm prepared to offer you a forty percent discount on our toothpicks plus a very attractive toothpick holder if...

MRS. LIONS

Mr. Wiley-

BOB

Bob.

MRS. LIONS

Bob...this is an elementary school.

BOB

Elementary school?

(flips through his notebook)
I thought you were Overton Cafeteria?

MRS. LIONS (ON PHONE)

We have a cafeteria but I don't think we're in need of toothpicks.

BOB

I don't know. A young tooth is a terrible thing to waste. I should know. When I was that age nobody gave a hoot about my teeth and now they're terrible! Have you heard about flavored floss?

MRS. LIONS

Flavored floss?

BOB

All you have to do is dream of pink gums, Patsy, and we can make them happen. Hang on while I get our catalogue.

Bob passes Gil and flashes him a "V" for victory.

INT. THE DOOR TO BOB'S APARTMENT, LATER.

Bob is dressed now, pacing at the door. He stops, faces the door, opens it, then closes it. He paces some more, opens the door, and stares into the hallway. He takes four or five deep breaths, twists his cheeks like he did earlier, then like a man jumping into cold water, bolts out. In the hallway he takes a kleenex from a pack in his pocket and uses the kleenex to grab the doorknob and close the door.

EXT. THE DOORWAY TO BOB'S APARTMENT BUILDING, DAY.

Sweat pouring off his brow, Bob stands in the entranceway to his apartment like a man about to jump off a cliff. He starts to take a step when suddenly he gets dizzy. He steps back and exhales and puts on a pair of sunglasses. A pedestrian passes by and sneezes. Bob puts on a dust mask. He steps bravely onto the sidewalk and begins walking.

BOB

I feel good, I feel great, I feel wonderful. I feel good, I feel great, I feel wonderful.

(repeats)

A man repeating: "Nam yo rhange kyo" passes Bob.

INT. AN OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY, NEW YORK CITY, SAME.

Passers-by shuffle to and fro. Bob, still in sunglasses and dust mask, eyes fixed straight ahead, enters. The automatic doors close on him. Shaken, then recovering, he walks in a straight line to the building directory. He finds:

"Dr. Leo Marvin, A Psychological Corporation, Suite 4616."
A building Security Guard walks up.

GUARD

Help you?

BOB (removing his mask)
I'm going to see Dr. Marvin. 46th floor.

GUARD

Second bank of elevators.

The Guard points. Bob looks warily.

BOB

Elevators. Thanks.

ANGLE ON THE ELEVATORS

Bob uses a kleenex to push the elevator button then he paces nervously. The elevator arrives and the door opens. The elevator is fairly full and passengers make room. Bob does not move to get in.

INT. A STEEL AND CONCRETE STAIRWELL, SAME.

We see a descending steel staircase and stairwell door marked "Floor 40". We hear footsteps - rhythmic and determined - getting closer and closer. Finally Bob appears at the foot of the stairs. Walking at a steady fixed pace, twisting his cheeks as he walks, he passes CAMERA then disappears upwards into the stairwell.

BOB (out of breath)

I feel good, I feel great, I feel wonderful. (repeats)

INT. DR. MARVIN'S OFFICE, DAY.

Dr. Marvin sits at his desk. Claire shows in an out-of-breath, red-faced Bob.

BOB

Dr. Marvin? Bob Wiley. Thank you for working me in.

Claire closes the door. Bob looks around then notices a framed photo on Marvin's shelf. Bob picks it up and smiles.

BOB

Your family?

MARVIN

Yes.

There is a long pause.

BOB

Wait, let me guess. I'm good at this.
Harriet, Kenny, Gretchen, Rita.
Wait wait, I know I'm close. Susan,
Steven, Andrea, Rita. Wait-

MARVIN (irritated)

My wife, Fay. My son, Sigmund. My
daughter, Anna. My sister, Lily.

BOB

I was close! They're wonderful!

He puts the photo back on the shelf. Marvin straightens it.

MARVIN

Thank you. Have a seat.

BOB

Do I call you Dr. Marvin or Leo?

MARVIN

Whichever you prefer.

BOB

Call me Bob.

Bob stares at the chair. There is a box of kleenexes on
the arm. Bob reaches in his pocket, takes out a kleenex,
and uses it to move the box of kleenexes to the table. He
wipes the chair, then sits. Marvin walks around his desk
and holds out a trashcan. Bob drops in his used kleenex.

BOB

Thanks.

Marvin places the trashcan next to Bob's chair then walks
to his chair.

BOB

Dr. Fensterwald said wonderful things
about you. Dr. Marvin, er, Leo...

MARVIN

Tell me about yourself, Bob.

Bob stares at Marvin. Suddenly Bob goes on a sneezing jag.
With each sneeze he pulls out a fresh kleenex, barely
getting it to his nose in time. After about four of these,
Bob stops. He unconsciously lays down the kleenexes on
the arm of his chair. Marvin clears his throat and
indicates the trashcan.

BOB

Oh. Right. Sorry.

Bob removes another clean kleenex and uses it to put the used Kleenexes into the trashcan.

BOB

Where were we? Oh, about myself. Well, I wouldn't be here if I didn't have problems, right? I mean, normal people don't need shrinks, right?

MARVIN

Everyone has problems, Bob. Do you know what yours are?

BOB

Sure. I've been over them with Dr. Fensterwald. Did you and he discuss them?

Marvin shakes his head no.

BOB

I guess the simplest way to put it is, I have problems moving. As long as I'm in my apartment, I'm okay. I have a phone job... selling dental supplies over the phone ...and that's fine. It's just when I have to go out, I get... weird.

MARVIN

Describe weird.

BOB

I get dizzy spells. Nausea. Cold sweats. Hot sweats. Fever blisters. Difficulty swallowing. Difficulty breathing. Blurred vision. Sneezing. Violent hiccups. Involuntary trembling. Dead hands. Hair pulling. Weak ankles. Twitching. Fainting spells. Numb lips.

(pause)

Does that strike you as abnormal?

MARVIN

That depends.

BOB

Anyway, that's my problem.

MARVIN

Is that why you're out of breath?

BOB

I walked up. The elevator was...crowded.

Suddenly Bob removes an air sickness bag from his pocket. He

opens it and pauses a long time as though he were going to vomit into it. He doesn't. He puts the air sickness bag away.

BOB

False alarm.

MARVIN

Um. So you would describe yourself as fearful?

BOB

I suppose.

MARVIN

Do you know what of?

BOB

Of going out.

MARVIN

And what do you fear will happen if you go out?

BOB

A lot of things.

MARVIN

Name them.

BOB

I'll fall down, break my neck and become paraplegic. I'll get blinded by snipers. My heart will stop beating. I won't be able to find a bathroom and my bladder will explode. Lately, I've had a fear of Tourette's Syndrome. You know, where you involuntarily shout profanity?

MARVIN

That's exceptionally rare.

BOB

I have a neighbor who got it. Anywhere he goes, he comes out with profanity. Yells "oh shit!" in the middle of church. "Oh Fuck" at customers at his job. Pretty funny, actually, unless it's happening to you.

(pause)

OH MOTHER FUCKER! SON OF A BITCH!

(pause)

Just kidding. COCK SUCKING DOUCHE BAG! Pretty funny, huh? Unless you're the guy stuck with the disease. Then it's sad.

MARVIN

Bob...

BOB

Sorry. Sometimes, if I fake it, I know I don't have it. Like, when I think my heart is going to stop beating, I fake it so I know it's not happening. Like this....

Bob fakes a heart seizure - very convincingly - and falls to the floor. After a moment, he sits back in the chair as if nothing had ever happened.

BOB

If I can't make it happen, I know it's not happening. I know it's all in my mind.

Marvin walks around and uprights the trashcan. Bob holds up his arm. He shows a bracelet to Marvin.

BOB

My mom bought me an emergency bracelet. It reads "911". That's what she calls me, "the walking emergency".

Bob hiccups. Then again.

BOB

Jesus. I'm sorry. I...

MARVIN

Are you married?

Bob holds his hands over his head to try to stop the hiccups.

BOB (hiccupping)

Divorced.

MARVIN

Want to talk about it?

BOB

The world is divided into two types of people.

Bob stands and bends over to try to get rid of the hiccups.

BOB

Those who like Neil Diamond and those who don't. My ex-wife loves him.

MARVIN

Um. I see. Do you have any children?

BOB

Just my Mom.

(laughs)

Just kidding. Mom is fifty years
young as they say.

(hiccups)

Bob cleans a glass with a kleenex, pours himself some
water, and tries to drink it from the top of the glass.
Water spills everywhere.

BOB

Oh, geeze, I'm so sorry!

Marvin hurries and blots the water off Bob's chair with
some kleenexes. This done, he returns to his chair.

MARVIN

Let's get back to this business of going
out. You say you're afraid to go out but I
take it you do go out because you're here.

BOB

Well unless I'm really motivated, I
get afraid. I go to the street, I'm
afraid to cross the street. I go to
the restaurant, I'm afraid to ask
for a table. I go to the market,
I'm afraid to take a cart. I cross
town, I'm afraid to take a taxi.

(pause)

Do you think you can help me?

There is a long pause. Marvin leans in.

MARVIN

There's a saying, Bob, that the best
psychiatrist you can find is right
inside of you. I can't help you,
but I can help you help yourself.
If you're willing to work on it.

BOB

Are you kidding?!

MARVIN

I just now have a book out. Not
everything in it applies to you but
I think when you see the title,
you'll know what I'm getting at.

There are twenty copies of Marvin's book on the shelf
behind Marvin. Marvin holds one up.

BOB (reads)

Baby Steps.

MARVIN

Do you get it?

BOB

Baby steps...

MARVIN

It means setting small, reasonable goals for yourself. One day at a time, one tiny step at a time - do-able, accomplishable goals.

BOB

Baby steps.

MARVIN

When you leave this room, don't think about everything you have to accomplish to get out of the building, just think about what you have to do to get out of the room. When you reach the reception area, just do what you have to do to get into the hallway. And so forth and so forth. Baby steps.

BOB

Baby steps.

MARVIN

You ever watch a baby?

BOB

Lots of times.

MARVIN

When you do, you see that he is at one with his environment. When he's playing a game, he is the game. When he's eating, he is his food. This applies to you too.

BOB

It does?

MARVIN

When you're in the office, be the office. When you're in the hall be the hall. Simple.

Bob looks at Marvin then stands.

BOB

Baby steps. Be the office....

Bob walks to the door of the office. He opens the door and steps into the reception area.

BOB (O.S.)

Baby steps. Be the reception area.

The door to the office closes. There is a long pause. Bob opens the door and pops back in.

BOB

It works!

MARVIN

Of course it works.

BOB

All I have to do is go one step at a time and I can do anything!

MARVIN

Exactly. Of course don't expect everything all at once. Even a baby occasionally falls and hits his head.

Bob walks around the room as though he was inhabiting each space with his body.

BOB

Baby steps, be the office. Baby steps, be the office. Wow! You're the answer! You're the father I never had! The brother I always wanted! I feel part of your family already!

(to the photo of Marvin's family)

Fay, Sigmund, Anna, Lily: Hi fam!

(he turns back to Marvin)

Dr. Fensterwald had good advice but you're a genius!

MARVIN

Take it easy, Bob. One step at a time.

BOB

Baby steps. Baby steps. Baby steps!

Bob walks around and practically giggles with delight.

MARVIN (handing Bob the book)

This should give you plenty to digest while I'm on vacation. If you need to talk to somebody, you can call my associate, Dr. Harmon.

He hands Bob Dr. Harmon's card. Bob takes it.

BOB

Vacation?

MARVIN

Certainly my secretary told you. As of this afternoon, I'm on vacation until Labor day.

BOB

Labor day! That's a whole month!

MARVIN

Just remember, baby steps. One at a time.

BOB

But... Can't we just talk about...

MARVIN

I'm sorry but we're going to have to stop now. You'll do fine.

Marvin shows Bob to the door.

MARVIN

See you next month.

BOB

It doesn't seem fair. We just started. I never would have come here if I thought you were going to abandon me. Couldn't you squeeze me in for one more session before you go?

MARVIN

I'm not abandoning you. The kind of analysis you need takes more than a session.

BOB

Where will you be? Nantucket?
Atlantic City? Bermuda?

MARVIN

Bob.

BOB

I hear St. Croix's great this time of year.

MARVIN

Bob...

Marvin reaches out his hand. Bob realizes that Marvin is

reaching for the book so Bob hands it to him. Marvin pulls out a pen, autographs the book, and hands it back.

MARVIN

I'll see you after Labor Day. Now try your baby steps.

Bob nods then turns to exit.

BOB

Let's see...When you're in the reception area, be the reception area. When you're in the reception area be...

Bob walks through the door and out. Momentarily, he sticks his head back in.

BOB

Jamaica?

MARVIN

Goodbye.

Marvin closes the door. Marvin is about to pick up Bob's trashcan when Bob sticks his head back inside the room.

BOB

You flying or driving?

MARVIN

Bob!

BOB (cringing)

Baby steps! Be the reception area.
Baby steps!

Bob leaves. The door closes. Marvin shakes his head. From his desk he takes a plastic trash bag and dumps the contents of Bob's trashcan into it. He picks up a small tape recorder and presses "record".

MARVIN

July 30, Bob Wiley. Multi-phobic personality characterized by an extreme need for family connections. Possible Atypical Stereotyped Movement Disorder - 307.30. Possible Tourette's Syndrome 307.23. Bill \$150 for the session and \$19.95 for the book.

He clicks the tape recorder off. There is a knock on the door.

MARVIN

Bob! I've had enough!

Claire meekly puts her head in.

CLAIRE
It's Hugo, your publicist.

MARVIN
Sorry, Claire. Sorry.

He hands her the trash bag then picks up the phone and listens.

MARVIN
(after a beat)
I told you they'd come to me! This book is a big deal, Hugo. Hugo, not to change the subject but has a psychiatrist ever won the Nobel Prize?

INT. THE HALLWAY OF MARVIN'S OFFICE BUILDING, SAME.

Bob paces in front of the elevators and waits.

BOB
Baby steps. Be the elevator.
Baby steps. Be the elevator.

INT. THE OFFICE BUILDING ELEVATOR, SAME.

The elevator, full of passengers, opens. Bob, mumbling to himself, steps in.

BOB
Be the elevator, going down.

As the elevator starts down, Bob begins to get nervous.

BOB
Be the elevator. Be the elevator!
BE THE ELEVATOR!!!

The other passengers in the elevator are alarmed.

INT. THE OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY, SAME.

The elevator doors open. The passengers, mumbling to themselves, exit quickly. Bob is not among them.

INT. A STAIRWELL, SAME.

We see an ascending steel stayrcase and stairwell door that reads "Floor 10". We hear footsteps - rhythmic and determined - getting closer and closer. Finally Bob shows up at the top of the stairs. Walking at the same steady pace as before, twisting his cheeks as he walks like before, he passes CAMERA then disappears down the stairs.

BOB (repetitiously)
Baby steps, be the steps. Baby
steps, be the steps.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT, DAY.

Dr. Marvin and his family are in line to board an airplane. Marvin's wife FAY is reading a copy of Baby Seal Watch. She occasionally looks up to lovingly pluck a piece of lint off Marvin's jacket. Marvin's 16 year old daughter ANNA and 12 year old son SIGMUND are waiting too. A 17 year old boy a few persons away in line checks out Anna. She sees him and adjusts her hair. Siggy, dressed in ALL BLACK, plays a video game on his watch. It beeps and blurps.

MARVIN (going over a list)
Tonight: settle in with a good book.
Tomorrow: shopping and general house
cleaning. Wednesday: furniture
rearrangement and lawn manicure.
Thursday: the interview with Maria
Shriver, who I might point out is
coming all the way to us. Not bad, eh?

He swells with pride. Fay kisses him on the cheek.

FAY
We're all proud of you, aren't we kids?

ANNA
That's great, dad. Are we gonna be on too?

FAY
I don't think so, Anna.

MARVIN
Friday,)y birthday... a sail around
the lake then dinner with the Leibmans.
Saturday: sailing in the morning and
fishing in the afternoon.
(flips the page)
Sunday the sixth: Brunch at Digbys
and an afternoon hike.
(flips the page back)
Do you think it's important to see the
Leibman's? They weren't even
invited to the Medelsohn brunch.

FAY
Honey, why do always have to plan the
entire month? It's a vacation, you
know, fun? Relaxation? Spontaneity?

Siggy's watchs letts out a series of beeps.

pretends to put it in her mouth and chew. Siggy sees this and does the same. So does Fay. Marvin watches as they all pretend to chew gum.

ANNA

Mm. It's not bad, dad.

SIGGY AND FAY

Mmmm. Mmmm.

MARVIN

I told you.

The three co-conspirators exchange grins. So do Anna and her flirter. The Marvin family disappears into the rampway. As they do, Fay drops some money into the can of a man soliciting money for the homeless.

AIRPORT LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)

Dr. Leo Marvin, pick up the white courtesy phone. Dr. Leo Marvin, please answer the white courtesy phone.

The Marvins disappear without hearing the page.

INT. A PHONE BOOTH, THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, SAME.

Bob stands at the pay phone, receiver to his ear. He has kleenexes between his hand and the receiver, his ear and the earpiece, and his mouth and the mouthpiece. He waits, flipping through Baby Steps as he does. Outside the window is a hot dog stand. The vendor is serving up juicy hot dogs and Bob watches longingly.

OPERATOR'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)

I'm sorry, no one's answering the page.

BOB (INTO PHONE)

Thank you.

Bob hangs up. In front of him are a long list of airline phone numbers with all but the last one crossed out. He looks at his list then crumples it.

EXT. THE STREETS OUTSIDE THE PHONE BOOTH, SAME.

Still looking at the hot dogs, Bob shuffles out of the phone booth. He throws his crumpled list at a trash can. He misses. Even though there is litter on the street all around the trash can, Bob (using a kleenex of course) picks up his insignificant piece of litter and puts it in the trash. He walks to the hot dog stand and watches.

VENDOR

Can I help you, bub?

BOB

Bob.

VENDOR

Would you like a hot dog, Bob?

BOB

Hot dogs are beef organs and gristle covered with pig intestine. You just handled money. Aren't you even gonna wash your hands?

The vendor looks around Bob to the next customer.

VENDOR

Bob, would you step out of the way?

Still wanting the hot dog, Bob moves away.

EXT. A STREET CORNER NEAR THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, SAME.

Bob stands on the corner looking like a lost soul. He watches as the world passes by. The light changes. Looking both ways constantly, Bob crosses. A "perfect little family" walks past him. Bob smiles as a pair of six and four year old girls skip by, hand in hand, eating hot dogs. They wave at him. He waves back. He also smiles at their mom who returns the smile and moves on. A "street person" approaches Bob.

STREET PERSON

Spare change?

Bob stares at the street person then pulls out his air sickness bag and puts it over his mouth. The street person backs away.

STREET PERSON

All right, don't get upset!

INT. A SUNNY NEW YORK FLAT, DAY.

HELENE, a late middle aged woman, covered in diaphanous scarves, moves through her apartment like a human Macy's float. Workmen are helping her pack things up. Bob follows as she gives instructions to her workmen.

HELENE

Please, Jorge, gentle with that.

She is referring to a big canvas covered with knives, spoons, forks and twenty dollar bills. She shows it to Bob.

HT "NE

What do you think? I call it "Tip the Busboy."

Bob uses a Kleenex and touches one of the twenty dollar bills. It comes off in his hand.

BOB

It's lovely, mom.

Helene takes the twenty from Bob and puts it back.

HELENE

Bobby, please!

(stares at him)
You just can't stand it that your mother's a success, can you? What'd you come here for, to borrow money?

BOB

Mom. That's a terrible thing to say.

HELENE

I sacrificed for you. All those years I raised you, I was a great, frustrated artist. Now that I've finally attained my dream, you're jealous.

BOB

All I wanted was to wish you a safe trip. I'm happy you're pursuing your dream.

She has started away yn anger but she looks back at her son.

HELENE

Oh my poor baby. I'll never understand how you got so screwed up.

She hugs him.

BOB

Mom, I...

HELENE

You're the only thing I care about. Always have been, always will be.

BOB

Mom, I've found a cure. His name's Dr. Marvin. Have you heard of his book?

He holds out Baby Steps. She looks at it.

HELENE

Oh Bob, honey, you'll never be cured, you know that.

(pause)

God, I feel so sorry for you. I love you so much.

She embraces him and holds him. The men lift the crate to take it out.

HELENE

(practically dropping Bob)
Jorge! It's not sealed!
(she moves to Jorge)
This is going to Rio, not the East River. It must be properly crated!

Bob's mother moves off with Jorge and the crate. Bob shuffles out unnoticed

EXT. THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, SAME.

Bob walks slowly, lonely, down the street. He looks at Baby Steps then lets it fall to his side.

BOB (affectless)

I feel good, I feel great, I feel wonderful.
I feel good, I feel great, I feel wonderful.

Bob stops and looks at a display of toothbrushes in the window of a pharmacy. One of the brushes is dramatically "S" shaped. Bob delicately touches his throat, imagining what it would be like to swallow that toothbrush, then moves on.

INT. A "BABY DECORATED" APARTMENT, DAY.

"Crackling Rose" by Neil Diamond plays on the stereo. BECKY, a perky woman, pregnant, about Bob's age, answers the door. Bob stands in the hallway, out of breath.

BECKY

Bob, honey, you didn't walk up again?!

BOB

You know me...and...elevators. Whoa!
You're really getting big. Can I feel him?

BECKY

Sure!

Bob uses a kleenex then gently puts his hand on Becky's belly. He quickly removes his hand.

BOB

Wow, he kicked! Hi little Bobby!

BECKY

(gently)
Bob, he's not little Bobby.
(after a pause)
Feel the heartbeat?

Bob puts his ear to Becky's belly and listens. Suddenly, he hugs Becky's tummy.

BOB
Oh, Becky, let's get married again.

BECKY (gently)
Bob...

BOB
You're gonna be all alone. Nobody to help with the baby. He needs a father. If mine had been around I--

BECKY (delicately)
But Bob...you? As a father? Think what you're suggesting?

Bob sinks as he realizes that he is not exactly fit for parentyng.

BOB
Oh you're right! You're absolutely right. I know he's not mine and I respect your right to have a child on your own... but I want to help. I want to burp him and change him and...love him!

Becky looks sadly and sympathetically at Bob. She realizes that he means it and we can see that there is still a soft spot in her heart for him.

BECKY
You know I have thought about naming him "Bob".

BOB (flattered)
Really?! You have?

BECKY
Yeah. But it's still going to be "Neil".

BOB
(recognizing the Neil Diamond album on the stereo)
Right.

Bob's mind races for another way in.

BOB
Becky, I've found this great new psychiatrist!

BECKY
Good.

BOB
He's got this book and--

Becky takes Bob's hand.

BECKY
Bobby, I hope this doctor can help you, I really do, but we wouldn't want the same mess all over again.

BOB
But...It wasn't that big a mess!
There were good times.

BECKY
Yeah... There were...
(she lets herself wallow in the memories for a moment then:)
Name two.

Bob can't. His spirits sink.

BECKY
Would you like a beer?

She heads into the kitchen.

BOB
How about a hemlock?

Becky smiles sympathetically. He picks up a little teddy bear and looks at it. With the teddy bear in his lap, he sits on the couch and stares out the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM, NIGHT.

Bob lays in the moonlight, tossing and turning.

BOB
When you sleep, be asleep. When you sleep, be asleep. When you sleep...

Bob sits up and flicks on the light. He opens Baby Steps and flips furiously through it.

BOB
Nothing about sleep. Nothing!

He sucks on an asthma inhaler then picks up the phone and dials.

BOB (to himself)
Baby steps, breathe in. Baby steps, breathe out.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
Mid-Manhattan Exchange.

BOB (INTO PHONE)
This is Bob Wiley. I'm a patient of
Dr. Marvin's. This is an emergency.
I need to talk to him.

OPERATOR
I'm sorry Mr. Wiley--

BOB
Bob.

OPERATOR
-- Bob, but Dr. Marvin is out of town.
Dr. Harmon is taking his calls.

BOB
I don't need, Harmon, I need Marvin!

OPERATOR
I'll be glad to give you Dr. Harmon's number if--

BOB
I have it!

Bob hangs up. He paces around the room, having trouble breathing. Resigned, he goes to his night table and finds Harmon's card. He dials.

OPERATOR 2 (ON PHONE)
Dr. Harmon's exchange.

BOB (INTO PHONE)
This is Bob Wiley. I'm a patient of
Dr. Marvin's. This an emergency.

OPERATOR 2
Hold please.

After a pause we HEAR a sleepy "Hello".

BOB
I'm Bob Wiley, a patient of Dr. Marvin's.
I've been reading Baby Steps and I
can't find anything about sleep and I'm
going crazy! Have you read it?

HARMON
Of course not.

BOB
I need to know where he's vacationing.
He's in the Carribean somewhere, right?

HARMON

Mr. Wiley--

BOB

Bob.

HARMON

Bob, it's almost midnight. Is this an emergency?

BOB

Yes.

HARMON

Then go to the emergency room at Bellvue and I'll get someone to see you.

BOB

Bellvue!? I need Dr. Marvin!

HARMON

Bob, why don't you try some deep breathing, relax, and call my office in the morning. My secretary will be happy to schedule you for an appointment.

BOB

But...

HARMON

Anytime after nine.

Harmon hangs up. Bob hangs up. Bob picks up the phone again and dials.

OPERATOR

Mid Manhattan Exchange.

BOB

Hi, this is Bob again. I'm sorry I hung up earlier but I'm a little tense. You see, Dr. Marvin, uh, Leo, wanted me to call him but I lost his number.

OPERATOR

Mr. Wiley--

BOB

Bob.

OPERATOR

Bob. I can't give out that number.

BOB

Could you call him and ask him to call me?

OPERATOR
It's awfully late.

BOB
He really wanted to talk to me, I promise.

OPERATOR
Okay. Stay on the line. What's your
number in case we get disconnected?

Bob wheezes loudly and repeats his phone number. He waits.

INT. MARVIN'S VACATION COTTAGE STUDY, NIGHT.

Marvin sits in his big leather easy chair, working on his schedule. He puts it down, sighs, rubs his hands and picks up a book that sits on the arm of his chair: The Bonfire of the Vanities. He opens it. The phone rings. Marvin frowns, looks at his watch then answers.

MARVIN
Yes?

OPERATOR
Dr. Marvin, this is Mid Manhattan
exchange. I'm sorry to disturb you
but I have a Bob Wiley on the line
who says you wanted to talk to him.

MARVIN
Bob Wiley? Have him call Dr. Harmon.

OPERATOR
I told him that but he insists on
talking to you.

Marvin frowns then takes a deep breath.

MARVIN (resigned)
Put him through.

OPERATOR
Go ahead, Bob.

INT. MARVIN'S COTTAGE, INT. BOB'S APARTMENT, SPLIT SCREEN.
Bob's frantic pacing contrasts with Marvin's calm.

MARVIN
Bob, I thought I made it clear to you
that I'm on vacation.

BOB
Yes, you did, but I'm a mess. Worse
than usual.

MARVIN

Did you call Dr. Harmon?

BOB

Yes, but he can't see me until tomorrow. I'd feel better if I just knew where you were. It's Martha's Vinyard, right?

MARVIN

Bob, if this is an emergency, go to the emergency room. If not, see Dr. Harmon and I'm sure everything will be fine.

BOB

But couldn't we just talk?

MARVIN

I'll be happy to talk to you in my office, after Labor Day. If it's a big problem, they're very good at the emergency room. Have a good night.

BOB

The Catskills?

Marvin hangs up. Bob hangs up too.

BOB

I don't believe this!

Bob continues pacing. Marvin takes a deep breath. He picks up the phone and dials. In a TRIPLE SPLIT SCREEN, the Operator answers at the answering service.

OPERATOR

Mid Manhattan exchange.

MARVIN

This is Dr. Marvin. If Mr. Wiley calls again, refer him to Dr. Harmon but don't put him through to me again, understood?

OPERATOR

Sorry, Dr. Marvin.

Marvin hangs up. He goes off the SPLIT SCREEN. Bob having worked himself into a frenzy, picks up the phone again.

BOB

Hi, this is Bob. Leo and I got disconnected.

OPERATOR

I'm sorry, Bob, but Dr. Marvin has instructed me not to put you through.

BOB

WHAT?!

Bob hangs up. Muttering to himself, he exits his apartment.

INT. A MANHATTAN PHONE BOOTH, NIGHT.

A mid-twenties BLACK PROSTITUTE, overly made up, waits for a dialtone. SPLIT SCREEN again with the ANSWERING SERVICE.

OPERATOR

Mid Manhattan exchange.

PROSTITUTE (INTO PHONE)

(street accent)

Hello, this is Lily Marvin, Dr. Leo Marvin's sister. Something's come up and I have to talk to my brother right away.

The Operator looks skeptical.

OPERATOR

I'm not allowed to give out that number. Don't you have it?

A PULL BACK on the prostitute's side of the SPLIT SCREEN REVEALS that standing next to her, waiting anxiously, is Bob. Bob whispers in the prostitute's ear. She nods.

PROSTITUTE (INTO PHONE)

He's on vacation and forgot to give it to me. Look, honey, it's urgent. I'm at: 790-8864.

She reads the number off the phone. The Operator reacts to the fact that it's a different number from Bob's. She shakes her head.

OPERATOR

Okay, Miss Marvin, stay on the line.

The prostitute hands the phone to Bob. Bob hands her money.

BOB

You were great.

The prostitute shakes her head and walks away.

THE PHONE BOOTH SPLIT SCREENS WITH MARVIN'S STUDY WHERE:

Marvin stands, holding the phone, looking anxious.

MARVIN

Lily? What's wrong?

Bob, standing at his phone cringes.

BOB

Dr. Marvin, please don't be angry.
It's Bob. I know I shouldn't have
called this way but--

Marvin is really angry.

MARVIN

Now listen to me. I am on vacation!
If Dr. Harmon or the emergency room
is not good enough for you, then find
another psychiatrist. Do you understand?

BOB

But--

MARVIN

Don't call me again!

Marvin hangs up hard and paces. Bob stands in the phone booth, banging his hand on his head.

BOB

Oh that wasn't smart! Oh that wasn't smart...

He walks out of the booth shaking his head. He exits screen left. Momentarily he crosses back through screen and exits screen right, muttering to himself. Fay comes into Marvin's study.

FAY

Honey, is something wrong?

MARVIN

No. No.

Fay kisses him on the forehead.

FAY

Come to bed. You need some rest.

Fay exits the room. Marvin reluctantly puts his book beside the chair and turns out the light.

INT. THE MID-MANHATTAN EXCHANGE, NIGHT.

The Operator sits at her switchboard, reading a regency romance. Behind her another operator is doing her nails. There is a loud thud at the door.

OPERATOR

What the hell was that?

The operators wait. There is no other sound. The Operator crosses cautiously to the door and looks in the peep hole.

OPERATOR

I don't see anything.

She puts her hand on the knob. The other operator pulls a pistol from her purse.

OPERATOR

Gwen, what are you doing with one of those?

OTHER OPERATOR (GWEN)

What are you doing without one?

The Operator opens the door. Bob, leaning back against the door, falls in. He lies on his back, holding his own throat like he's choking.

BOB

(struggling to get the words out)

I'm Bob Wiley! I'm having an anxiety attack! Call an ambulance! Call an ambulance!!

As he talks, Bob scoots in on his back, frantically pushing himself around on the floor with his feet like a bug.

OPERATOR

My god!

Gwen swings around at her desk and dials.

BOB

NO! Don't call an ambulance, call Leo Marvin! If I don't talk to Marvin I'll die!!

Gwen rolls her rollolex to Marvin's number.

SALLY

Gwen. No!

Bob scoots across the floor to Gwen.

BOB

Wait! She's right! Don't call him!

Bob sits on his knees beside Gwen. He sees:

THE ROLLODEX. It reads: "DR. MARVIN in LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE followed by a phone number. Bob falls back to the floor.

BOB

I'm feeling better! God, I'm so
sorry to barge in like this!

He stands, breathes deep breaths and walks around. Gwen
and the Operator exchange looks. Bob walks to the door.

BOB

Oh, I feel so terrible! I'll make it up
to you, and thank you so much for caring.

He exits. The women look at each other, amazed.

EXT. THE ANSWERING SERVICE, SAME.

Bob straightens himself then mumbles to himself:

BOB

Baby steps, be a conniving
manipulator. Baby steps.

INT. A GREYHOUND BUS, DAY.

Bob wears bermuda shorts and baseball cap. In one arm Bob
clutches a paper bag spilling over with clothes and
bottles of pills. In the other arm Bob clutches Baby
Steps. Eyes fixed, moving mechanically so as to overcome
his fear of this adventure, Bob takes a seat and sits
holding the book and bag like a security blanket.

BOB (to himself)

Baby steps. Be the bus. Baby
steps, be the bus.

BUS DRIVER

This bus is bound for Waterbury,
Concord, and Winnepesaukee. All
ashore who's going ashore.

After a moment, the bus takes off. Bob turns to the
passenger next to him.

BOB

Could you open the window please! I
need air!

The passenger next to Bob and others turn and look at Bob.
He pulls out an air sickness bag. He opens a bottle of
Sominex and downs the entire contents. The passenger
opens the window.

EXT. THE COUNTRYSIDE OF NEW ENGLAND, INT. THE BUS, DAY.

The Greyhound purrs through some of the most beautiful
countryside in New England: rolling verdant hills, craggy

coastline, spectacular views high above the bluffs of
sleepy rivers. Suddenly Bob awakens from a sound sleep.

BOB
Hells Angels! Surrounding the bus!
Hells Angels!

The other passengers in the bus awaken in panic. Bob begins
beating maniacally on the windows like a caged man. The
bus moves away down the highway. There are no Hells Angels.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, NEW HAMPSHIRE, AFTERNOON.

Leo Marvin and his family are exiting a market with bags
of groceries. They're in shorts and looking resorty
except for Siggy who is in his usual all black garb. In
the background, a Greyhound bus pulls into a bus stop.
Fay gives some money to a woman collecting for Animal Rights.

MARVIN
Hugo told me to expect about eleven
including the network crew. Are you
sure we have enough?

FAY
We could feed the entire network
staff, Leo. Relax.

MARVIN (to Anna)
Did you call Ted Fein back?

ANNA
Why should I call him? He's a
salami with eyes.

MARVIN
Anna, don't be cruel. I thought he
was cute.

ANNA
How would you know a boy is cute?
Are you coming out of the closet?

FAY
Anna. Be nice.
(she fixes Anna's collar)

MARVIN (calmly)
She's just testing us, Fay. Don't
get psychosexual with me young lady.

ANNA
Me get psychosexual? When I gotta
call some guy cause his father's
your publicist?

SIGGY

Yeah. You're a psychosexual pimp, dad.

FAY

Siggy, don't talk that way to your father.

MARVIN

They're both testing us, Fay. Don't buy into it.

SIGGY

Yeah, mom.

Suddenly Marvin looks absolutely stunned. Approaching from across the parking lot, away from the Greyhound bus, carrying his bag in one hand and a baggy with a goldfish in it in the other, is BOB.

BOB

Dr. Marvin!

Marvin stands frozen in shock.

BOB

Dr. Marvin! It's me, Bob. Bob Wiley!

MARVIN

Everybody get in the car.

FAY

Who's that?

MARVIN

Get in the car!

Fay is surprised to see her husband so angry. She hustles the kids into the family station wagon. Bob hurries up, out of breath.

BOB

Hi! What luck I ran into you so quickly!

MARVIN

What are you doing here?

BOB

Please don't be mad. I need to see you.

MARVIN

I've explained to you that I'm on vacation with my family. This is completely inappropriate.

BOB

It'd just be for a little while. I--

MARVIN

This is private time for me. I don't ever see patients on vacation. Ever.

BOB

But you can't just send me away! I've read your book I've been trying to do what you told me, and I've completely regressed! Just a little time. Please.

MARVIN

Bob, I'm getting in my car now and I'm driving away and I don't want you to bother me again! You came for my advice, and my advice is: go back to New York.

BOB

But I can't go anywhere! I'm locked up!

MARVIN

You managed to get yourself here. Get yourself back the same way. It'll be good therapy.

BOB

Please just talk to me. Just a little talk.

MARVIN

You're testing my patience, Bob.

BOB

Hey, great pun! A patient testing your patience.

(pause)

Just a talk. Please. A teeny tiny talk. An itty bitty talk.

Marvin is about to get in his car. He looks at this pleading man. He is fed up but...

MARVIN

Bob it's two o'clock. I want you to go to the bus station, buy a ticket back to New York, then wait in that restaurant.

He points to "Bigby's", a coffee shop.

BOB

You'll meet me?!

MARVIN

I'll call you.
(looks at his watch)
In exactly two hours.

BOB

You will!

MARVIN

But you must buy your ticket and give
me your word that you'll go home.

BOB

Oh Dr. Marvin! You're the greatest!
I'll go buy my ticket. Right now.
You're so wonderful!

He tries to hug Marvin. Marvin recoils.

MARVIN

Buy your ticket, Bob. I'll call you
at four.

BOB

Thank you! Thank you!

Marvin gets in the car and closes the door.

INT. THE MARVIN FAMILY STATION WAGON, SAME.

Marvin disgustedly wipes the residue of Bob's hug off and
starts the car. As the car pulls out of the parking lot,
Marvin's family turns to look at Bob. Bob smiles and
waves at the family.

FAY

(reflexively waving back)
Leo, you look upset. Who was that
poor man with the fish?

MARVIN

Nobody!

Anna is looking through the back car window at Bob. She
waves too.

ANNA

For a nobody he sure is cute.

Marvin is trying to remain calm but this does it. He hits
the accelerator, leaving rubber.

INT. BIGBY'S COFFEE SHOP, LATER.

The place is empty except for a couple of waitresses, an

elderly couple sipping coffee, and Bob. Bob stands pacing by the phone, reading Baby Steps to himself. The clock on the wall reads three o'clock.

BOB
Baby steps, be four o'clock. Baby
steps, be four o'clock.

Bob covers his eyes then and looks at the clock. It's still three o'clock. Bob slaps his hands together and starts pacing again.

BOB
I feel good, I feel great, I feel
four o'clock!

Again he turns and looks at the clock. It's still three. The elderly couple are watching him. They speak with thick east European accents.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Sonny, your guppie's losing air.

BOB
Huh?

ELDERLY WOMAN
Your fishy.

Bob looks at Gil. The baggie is dripping.

BOB
Oh. Thanks.

Bob looks around for something to do about the dripping baggie. The elderly man empties his water glass into his wife's glass then brings the glass to Bob. The elderly man dumps Gil and his water into the empty glass.

BOB
Thank you.

ELDERLY MAN
Is there something we can help you with?

BOB
Can you make it four o'clock? Dr.
Marvin's supposed to call me at four
but I'm going crazy.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Dr. Leo Marvin?

BOB
You don't know him by any chance?

ELDERLY MAN

Of course we know him. He bought our dream house. We worked a lifetime, saved up for a down payment, then he swooped in with his lawyers and big money and grabbed it out from under us.

ELDERLY WOMAN

The son of a bitch.

BOB

Then you know where he lives?

INT. LEO MARVIN'S SUMMER HOUSE, DAY.

The decor is New England cottage style with a healthy dose of Leo Marvin: incredibly ordered. The art is the same type we saw in Marvin's office: a Greek bust here, a Renaissance painting there. Somewhere is a picture of the grand old man himself, Sigmund Freud. On the mantle are photos of the family - Anna, Siggy, Fay, and Leo. Fay is at the kitchen window, giving milk to some stray cats. She chats on the phone.

FAY (INTO PHONE)

Of course I'm excited Ellie. The last person they interviewed on vacation was Mary Lou Retton.

Marvin and Siggy enter the living room from upstairs. Siggy is in a black terry robe and flip flops.

MARVIN

We're going for some diving lessons, hon.

FAY

Be careful, sweetheart.

SIGGY

I don't want diving lessons.

MARVIN

It's important that a boy your age know how to dive, Sigmund.

(to Fay)

If Maria Shriver calls, I'll come in and take it.

SIGGY

If Maria Shriver calls, I'll come in my pants.

MARVIN

Siggy!

FAY
He's just testing us, honey.

They head out.

SIGGY (FROM OUTSIDE)
Testing, 1,2,3.

EXT. THE MARVIN SUMMER COTTAGE, SAME.

We recognize this as the same lake the doctors were sailing in the opening scene: crystal blue water, gorgeous scenery, the shore lined with quaint but expensive summer homes for wealthy vacationers - On Gold Bullion Pond. Marvin and Siggy march to the end of the Marvin private dock. There is a diving board.

MARVIN
Take off your robe. Everything you wear is black. I wish you'd get off this death fixation.

Siggy reluctantly takes off his black robe. Under it he wears a black t-shirt and black bathing suit.

SIGGY
Yeah, well, I'm in mourning for my lost childhood.

Marvin lets this pass and steps onto the diving board. With a piece of chalk, he marks off four lines on the board, a foot and a half apart, leading to the end of the board. Marvin gets down.

MARVIN
Toes on the first mark and let's see your approach.

SIGGY (striking a pose)
My approach is to be suave and debonair and sophisticated.

MARVIN
Come on, Siggy. We learned it last time. Left foot to mark two. Right foot to mark three. Third mark spring, fourth mark dive.

Marvin steps aside and Siggy reluctantly mounts the board. He stands, feet together, then takes a step with his right foot.

MARVIN
Left foot first, Sigmund. Hit the marks.

SIGGY
Dad, this is no fun.

Siggy sighs then starts again. He awkwardly hits his marks, springs, then stops short of diving. He stands on the end of the board, staring into the water.

MARVIN

Siggy, why didn't you dive?

SIGGY

With all the horror that's going on in the world, what difference does it make?

MARVIN

Sigmund.

SIGGY

You can't answer that, can you? It's irrelevant in the scheme of things and you know it!

MARVIN (trying to be calm)

Dive in the water, Siggy.

Siggy holds his nose and jumps off the end of the board.

MARVIN

Sigmund!

Siggy lands in the water and swims out into the lake. He reaches a buoy about twenty yards from the dock and clings to it. Marvin stands watching with his hands on his hips.

MARVIN

Sigmund, swim back over here.

SIGMUND

Testing, 1, 2, 3..

MARVIN (after a beat)

Fine with me. Stay out there. Next time practice your scissors kick.

Marvin turns and walks back to the cottage. Siggy slaps the buoy in frustration.

INT. MARVIN SUMMER COTTAGE, SAME.

In the kitchen, Fay is cooking. Anna is over at the family stereo, looking for a record to play. Marvin enters.

FAY

Did he dive?

MARVIN

No, he didn't dive. You'd think I was asking him to do housework.

FAY
He's a little afraid of it, honey.
Have patience.

MARVIN
What's to be afraid of? When I was
growing up, I thought diving was fun!

ANNA
I thought you were born grown up.

Marvin stares at her.

MARVIN
You're masking hostility, young lady.

Marvin sits in his big easy chair then takes a deep breath.
With relish, he picks up The Bonfire of the Vanities and
opens it. A face appears in the window. It is Bob. He
looks in at Marvin, then taps on the window. Marvin looks
up with a start and sees Bob. He bolts to the door.

MARVIN
What the...?
(he opens the front door)
What are you doing here?!

Bob stands holding Gil (in the glass) and his bag.

BOB
I'm sorry. Don't be mad. The Guttmans
brought me. Your neighbors.

Bob turns and waves at the elderly Guttman's who stand in
the next yard, in front of a decidedly smaller house, staring.

BOB (waving)
Thank you Mr. and Mrs. G.!

MRS. GUTTMAN
You're welcome, Bobby.

MR. GUTTMAN
(waving)
Hello, Dr. Marvin!

Marvin waves back.

MR. GUTTMAN
Burn in hell, Dr. Marvin!

Marvin's hand falls. The Guttmans go into their house.
Marvin looks at Bob.

MARVIN
I told you I'd call you at Bigby's.
Your coming here is unbelievably
inappropriate!

BOB
I know. That's why I have to see
you! I'm all screwed up!

Anna comes to the door.

ANNA
Hi. I'm Anna.

BOB
I know. I saw your picture in your
father's office. I'm Bob.

Fay comes to the door.

BOB
Hi. I'm Bob.

FAY
I'm Fay.

BOB
Oh, Mrs. M. You're even prettier
than your picture.

FAY
Why thank you.

MARVIN (through his teeth)
Bob, I think you and I have some
things to talk about.

BOB
You do? You finally think so too?!

MARVIN (to Fay)
Didn't you want to look at that new
litter at the Mendolschn's, dear?

FAY (perplexed)
New litter at the Mendolschns? What
new litter at the Mendolschns?

Marvin stares daggers at Fay.

FAY
Oh yeah. Of course. Their new
kittens. Anna, come with me.

ANNA
The Mendolsohns don't have cats.

FAY
Anna.

Anna rolls her eyes and joins her mother on the way out.

ANNA
Nice to meet you, Bob.

BOB
You too.

Fay and Anna exit. Marvin motions for Bob to enter.

INT. THE MARVIN COTTAGE LIVING ROOM, SAME.

Marvin leads Bob in to sit down.

BOB
Great place. I really feel bad
about barging in like this. I hope--

MARVIN (indicating a seat for Bob)
Forget it. I understand.

BOB (sitting)
You do?

MARVIN
(sits in his big easy chair)
Of course I do. Your problems don't
go away just because I go on
vacation. They've been with you a
long time, after all.

BOB
Ever since I can remember.

Bob reaches in his pocket and takes out an air sickness
bag. He waits a long time, then puts it back in his pocket.

BOB
False alarm. Sorry, I--

Marvin holds up his hand for silence. There is a long pause.
Bob looks uncomfortable. Marvin thinks then leans in.

MARVIN
Defining concepts, Bob. Reality.
(pause)
Bob, take a look around you. What
would you say that everything you
see has in common?

BOB
Er...I don't know...Everything in here?

Marvin nods.

BOB
Gee, that's tough. It's all owned by you, that's obvious. Humm...Everything was purchased at a garage sale!

There is a long pause. Marvin stares at Bob.

BOB
Sorry. Er...

MARVIN
Vacation, Bob. Everything you see is part of a vacation. Every year, for one month, I bring my family to this cottage on vacation. It's nice, isn't it.

BOB
It's wonderful. The lake, the trees, the little town.

MARVIN
Do you know what the point of a vacation is? Do you understand the definition of the word?

BOB
Well-

MARVIN
A vacation, Bob, is a respite. On a vacation, you have permission to forget about your worries. Now the reality is that I can't, at this time, give you the kind of therapeutic attention that you need to solve all your problems. Do you know why?

BOB
Er, because you're on vacation?

MARVIN
That's correct! A longstanding tradition in my family! But what I can do - and only I can do this because in reality - and there's that important word again - in reality you respect me don't you Bob?

BOB
Why else would I be here?

MARVIN
Absolutely! So what I can do is give
you permission to take a vacation
too. Not a vacation from your work.
Not a vacation from your daily life.
But a vacation from your problems.

BOB
Whoa. I like the idea. But how?

MARVIN
Get on your bus and go back to New
York. Every time a problem comes
up, follow this prescription I'm
going to give you.

Marvin goes to a drawer and pulls out a prescription pad.
He writes, tears off a sheet, then hands it to Bob.

BOB
(holds up his bag)
I don't need pills. I have plenty
of pills.

MARVIN
It's not pills. Can you read it?

BOB
It says: "A vacatyon from my problems."

MARVIN
Every time you feel a problem coming
on, open this up and follow it to
the letter. Doctors orders.

BOB
Doctors orders.

Marvin stands and goes to the door.

MARVIN
I'm glad you came and I'll see you
next month. If you have any
questions, call Dr. Harmon.

BOB
That's it?

MARVIN
You came up here for relief, Bob.
Read your prescription.

Bob stands a moment, looking at his prescription.

BOB
This is..INCREDIBLE! This is
ASTOUNDING!! For the first time
since Menningers I feel free! I knew
coming up here was the right thing
to do!!

feel

MARVIN
Calm down, Bob. It's great that you
this way but you have to expect
some down time too.

BOB
That's okay! I don't care! I can
take down time because I'm a new
man!

Bob suddenly clicks his heels and faces Dr. Marvin.

BOB
You've given me the gift of life,
doctor. You're a great man. Thank
you.

He hugs Marvin.

MARVIN
Great, Bob.

Bob walks out of the house.

BOB
Have a great vacation!

MARVIN
You too.

BOB
A vacation from my problems! You
bet I will!!

Marvyn closes the door and looks up at the ceiling. He
takes a deep breath then turns back into the room. There
is a knock at the door. Marvin flinches.

MARVIN
Yes?!

BOB (FROM WITHOUT)
I forgot Gil.

Marvin goes to the door and opens it.

MARVIN
What?

BOB
Gil. My fish. I forgot him. I
couldn't leave him in New York.

MARVIN
Oh. Right.

Bob strides across the room and takes his fish. Sigmund,
soaking wet, slogs into the room from the pier.

BOB
You must be Sigmund.

MARVIN
Siggy, this is Bob. He's just leaving.

BOB
Your father is the most incredible
psychiatrist in the world! I hope
you appreciate him.

BOB
(striding to the front door)
Have a great vacation, fam.

MARVIN
You too, Bob.

SIGGY
Nice to meet you.

Bob raises a triumphant fist and closes the door behind
him. Marvin stands there for a long moment. Bob doesn't
come back. Siggy watches then turns to his dad.

SIGGY
Where's Mom and Anna?

MARVIN
They went to the Mendelsohns.

SIGGY
Dad, is there something you want to
tell me? About you and Bob?

Marvin turns on him.

MARVIN
You're testing, Siggy.

SIGGY
I'm not testing, I meant it! It's
okay with me. Lots of dads are gay.

MARVIN

Sigmund!

Marvin starts at Siggy. Siggy runs up the stairs. Marvin starts to go after him, then stops.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, MORNING.

Roosters crow as a perfect day dawns on this tranquil resort.

INT. THE MARVIN HOUSEHOLD, SAME.

Anna is in the kitchen fixing pancakes. Marvin, Siggy and Fay are re-arranging furniture in the living room.

MARVIN

I think the room would look best if the TV camera is here so let's move the couch to here.

FAY

Careful of your back, Leo.

MARVIN

Siggy, give me a hand. There...

He checks out the re-arranged furniture. So do Siggy and Fay.

FAY

I think it's just right, honey.

MARVIN

The couch isn't too far from the wall?

SIGGY

Who cares?

MARVIN

I care, and you should care too. Our house is going to be on national television tomorrow. You want your friends to think you live in a dump?

SIGGY

My friends would respect me for it.

MARVIN

(adjusting and readjusting a cushion)
You know, Siggy, there's nothing wrong with neatness. People joke but it's actually a sign of a creative intelligence. Right, Fay?

FAY

Then you're certainly creative, honey.

MARVIN

Are you being facetious?

FAY

The room looks wonderful dear.

Siggy rolls his eyes and walks into the kitchen. Marvin keeps making more minuscule adjustments to the scene: moving "art" around, switching lamps, etc. Fay walks into the kitchen to Siggy and Anna. There's a knock at the front door.

MARVIN

I'll get it. Maybe it's somebody from the network.

Marvin practically skips to the door and opens it. It's Bob.

BOB

Good morning! I'll bet you're surprised to see me!

Marvin stands dumbfounded.

BOB

Well when I walked out of here last night I said to myself, "Dr. Marvin's absolutely right. Take a vacation from your problems. Blow em off. Just say 'no'." So I did!

MARVIN

But... You're back!

BOB

No I'm not.

MARVIN

You're not?!

BOB

Of course not. I'm on vacation! Mr. and Mrs. G. found me a cottage near town. I can do my phone job from anywhere. So I just stopped by to say "Hi" and say that since we're gonna be vacationing in the same town for the next four weeks, I hope we'll have a chance to be friends.

Marvin is absolutely flabbergasted.

BOB
I don't want to barge in. So give my
best to the fam and see ya around, okay?

Bob walks away. Marvin closes the door. He stands there
for a long moment. Bob is starting to get to him but he's
trying to resist showing it.

FAY
Who was that, Leo?

MARVIN
Nobody.

SIGGY
Again?

There is a knock on the door. Marvin opens it.

BOB
I almost forgot, here's your
newspaper. See ya.

Marvin takes the newspaper and closes the door.

ANNA
Wasn't that Bob?

There is another knock on the door. It's Bob.

BOB
You guys up for going out to breakfast?

MARVIN
GET OUT! GET OUT! GET OUT OF HERE
AND DON'T COME BACK!

BOB
Gee, are you okay? Is there something
I can do?

Marvin slams the door in Bob's face.

ANNA
That was Bob! I thought you said he
left town?

MARVIN
I did! I said exactly that!

FAY
Leo, honey, calm down.

Anna moves to the front door, after Bob. Marvin steps in
her way and stops her.

MARVIN (deadly calm)
I'm only gonna say this once. If you let
Bob Wiley back into this house, I'll kill you.

ANNA
Daddy, my god...

FAY
Leo, I've never seen you like this!

MARVIN
I'm perfectly calm, Fay! We are sitting
down and we are having our breakfast like
the normal family that we are, and we
aren't going to talk about Bob ANYMORE!

He grabs Anna and pulls her back toward the kitchen.

ANNA
Daddy, you're hurting me!

FAY
Anna, Siggy, come here.

Marvin lets go of Anna. Fay leads Anna and Siggy into the
kitchen. She speaks to them confidentially.

FAY (low)
Your father is going to be on
national television tomorrow. I
know this is hard to believe but
he's a little nervous about it and
could use your support.

SIGGY
Come on, mom, he needs loosening up.

ANNA
He's gone wacko.

FAY
Just be supportive. Remember
that he's under pressure.

Marvin enters the kitchen, rubbing his hands.

MARVIN
Oh boy, flap jacks!

EXT. THE MARVIN COTTAGE, MORNING.

Marvin is clipping the shrubs to within an inch of their
lives. Anna, in a bathing suit, sunglasses, and skimpy
cover-up exits the house.

MARVIN

You think the network will want to
shoot the front of the house?

Anna shrugs, gives her father a good-bye peck on the cheek
then she gets in the station wagon.

MARVIN

Where are you going?

ANNA

Sailing.

MARVIN

Why do you need the car?

ANNA

I'm picking up Tria.

She starts the car and backs out.

MARVIN

Stay out of the sun! Remember
what's happened to the ozone layer.

EXT. A WOODED LANE IN WINNIPESAUKEE, DAY.

Bob exits his little cottage and walks down to the road.
Anna is drives by, trying to find a rock channel on the
radio. She passes a lone man in bermuda shorts walking
down the road, reading a book as he walks.

ANNA

Bob!

Anna hits the brakes and stops. She throws it in reverse
and pulls up next to Bob. Bob closes Baby Steps.

ANNA

Hi! Where you going?

BOB

Into town. Buy some kleenex.

ANNA

Want a ride?

BOB

I don't think your dad would like
you picking me up.

ANNA

Dad wouldn't like a lot of things. Hop in.

Bob hesitates then gets in.

INT. THE MARVIN CAR, SAME.

Bob sits as Anna drives. She keeps hunting for a radio station.

BOB

He seemed pretty upset this morning.

ANNA

He's just nervous about his interview.

BOB

What interview?

Anna gives up on the radio. Bob takes over. He finds a talk radio psychologist.

ANNA

Maria Shriver's coming to the house tomorrow to talk to him about his book.

BOB

Well that explains everything!
I thought he was upset about me!

ANNA

'Course he's always uptight, even when it doesn't show.

BOB

He is?

ANNA

Sure. I guess you can't see it cause you're his patient, huh?

BOB

I guess not.

ANNA

See, you're lucky.

BOB

I've never heard that before.

ANNA

When you talk to him, all you get's the sage advice. I get the screwed up parts. Imagine growing up with a dad who sees every aspect of growing up as a Freudian passage. Did you ever have crayons?

BOB

Crayons? Sure.

ANNA
Fat or skinny?

BOB
Er, skinny, I think.

ANNA (warning tone)
Uh oh.

BOB
Uh oh?

ANNA
When I wanted crayons, they weren't just crayons. According to dad they were prepubescent phallic symbols. When I asked for skinny crayons, it was a personal assault on his manhood.

BOB
Poor guy.

ANNA
Most kids look forward to their first kiss, right? Instead of seeing the first guy who wanted to kiss me as sweet, innocent, twelve year old Jimmy Lunsfeld, Dad saw a confused, Oedipally fixated adolescent who was looking to displace his mother on the aboriginal family totem.

BOB
That's tough.

ANNA
Tough?! It's awful! The worst part is, I still do it now.

BOB
What?

ANNA
See everything in terms of Freudian repression. Every time a guy smiles at me, I ask myself if he's really smiling or just orally fixated. If I smile back, I wonder if I'm satisfying my Electra complex or maybe just smiling out of some residual Cromagnon instinct. If I ever actually have sex, I'm not sure I'll know the difference between an orgasm and an anxiety attack. The kinds of urges other girls act on impulsively, I analyze until either the urge goes away or --

BOB

Or what?

ANNA

The boy goes away.

Long pause.

BOB

Well...I know your dad loves you.
It just sounds like he never learned
to leave his work at the office.

Anna looks at Bob for a moment. Then she laughs.

ANNA

I guess that's one way to look at
it. What are you doing today?

BOB

Buying kleenex.

ANNA

Wanna come sailing?

BOB

Well, I... I, er...

ANNA

That's okay. You don't have to.

Bob looks at Anna. He sees her attraction to him and it makes him nervous but he doesn't want to reject her. He looks down shyly.

BOB

Actually, it's not that I don't want
to go. It's just that I've never
been on a boat and I'm not sure I
can handle it.

ANNA

There's nothing to it. Biff Stark's
doing the sailing.

BOB

I guess if you get seasick, you just
throw up and then you're fine, right?

ANNA

You won't get seasick. The lake's
like glass.

BOB

I'll get lake sick.

Anna laughs.

ANNA

You'll love it.

EXT. BIFF STARK'S SAILBOAT, DAY.

Five or six kids, all Anna's age, hang around the deck of the sailboat as it heels through the water. Bob is across the deck, hanging over the side, puking his guts out. Anna huddles with her girlfriends and watch.

FRIEND 1 (TRIA)

He's a doll. Where'd you find him?

ANNA

He's a patient of dad's.

FRIEND 2 (CATHY)

Ooo. I love neurotics.

The girls approach Bob who is flipping desperately through Baby Steps. The boys on the boat (all approximately Anna's age), attend to the sailing. As they watch the following, the boys' jealousy grows:

BOB (flipping pages)

Sea sickness....Sea sickness...

ANNA (to Bob)

Feeling any better?

BOB

If I throw up any more, we'll be cited for illegal dumping.

CATHY

Biff has some dramamine. Why don't you try one?

BOB

I tried the whole bottle.

ANNA

Oh.

TRIA

You poor baby.

Cathy soothingly rubs Bob's neck. Tria checks his forehead for a fever. Anna fans his face with a magazine. BIFF, a nice looking seventeen year old, can stand no more. He walks over. Biff smiles at Anna who reflexively smiles back.

BIFF
Maybe he should eat something.
You want a sandwich?

BOB
It couldn't hurt, right?

The girls nod agreement.

BIFF
You like sardines?

Bob leans over the side again. Biff grins at Anna who frowns disapprovingly. Biff strolls off.

BIFF
I'll see if I have any oysters.

EXT. THE MARVIN PRIVATE PIER, DAY.

Marvin stands at the end of the diving board, holding Siggy out over the water by his ankles. Down the shore, sitting in lounge chairs in front of their run down cottage, are the Guttmans. They leer.

MARVIN
Sigmund, I am not going to let go until you're absolutely ready, understand? Put your hands over your head like I've shown you.

SIGGY
This is child abuse! If you drop me, I'll prosecute!

MARVIN
Sigmund, relax and look at the water. I'm not going to let go until you're ready!

SIGMUND
I'm not ready! Do you hear me? I'm not ready!!

A sailboat goes by. From it wave Anna and some of her friends - and Bob. Stunned, Marvin drops Siggy into the water.

SIGGY
(coming up for air)
Murderer!

MARVIN
Sigmund, it was an accident!

SIGGY

Child molester!

Siggy practically leaps up out of the water, grabs the board, then lets go. Marvin loses his balance, and falls in. Sigmund attacks him.

SIGGY

PEDERAST!!

On shore, the Guttmans look at each other and shake their heads.

EXT. A DOCK NEAR WINNIPESAUKEE TOWN, LATER.

Marvin waits near the dock as Biff Stark's sailboat ties up. As Anna, Bob and the others disembark, talking together, Marvin calls to his daughter.

MARVIN

Anna.

Anna looks over and sees Marvin standing alone down the shore. She says good-bye to Bob and Biff and her friends then walks down the lake shore to her father. Bob starts towards Marvin too.

MARVIN

I want to see Anna alone!

Bob stops. Anna reaches her father.

MARVIN

I thought I told you to stay away from Bob Wiley.

ANNA

No you didn't. You just said I couldn't let him in the house.

Marvin starts walking away from the sailboating party. He puts his arm around Anna so that she has to walk with him.

ANNA

Dad, where are we going?

MARVIN

Home.

ANNA

I left the car at the pier.

MARVIN

Leave it. It's been a while since I've had a heart to heart with my daughter.

Anna looks back at her friends and Bob. She shrugs and motions for them to go on. She turns back to her father.

MARVIN

Anna, have I been a bad father to you?

ANNA

Not particularly.

MARVIN

What do you mean, not particularly!

ANNA

Daddy. You've been a good father.

MARVIN

I've always provided a roof over your head, haven't I? Bought you clothes, even when you didn't need them, didn't I?

ANNA

Dad, would you come to the point?

MARVIN

Anna, I know you think you're old enough to know what's best for you and I know you're at the age where you don't want to listen to your father. But as your father, who's always loved you, I'm asking you not to see Bob Wiley.

ANNA

I don't understand the problem. Bob's a nice guy.

MARVIN

He's too old for one thing.

ANNA

You're older than Mom.

MARVIN

Bob Wiley is a patient of mine. He followed me here from New York which is a bizarre thing to do, but even if it weren't bizarre, my daughter dating a patient that I'm treating is entirely inappropriate!

ANNA

Bob said you're not treating him here.

MARVIN

He's right there!

ANNA

So if you're not treating him
while he's here, then he's not a
patient while he's here, is he?
And I have the right to see him!

Anna pulls away from her father and heads back towards her
friends.

MARVIN

Anna.

ANNA

I'm a grown girl, daddy! I can make
my own judgments.

MARVIN

Anna, you're acting out!

Anna turns and yells at her father.

ANNA

Maybe I need to act out! Bob's a
perfectly nice guy! He's intense
and sensitive and considerate of my
feelings which is more than I can
say of you.

She kicks sand in anger. Some of it lands on Leo's shoes.
Marvin stands a moment and watches.

MARVIN

My god...

(long pause)

Chapter 2 is completely invalid!

EXT. THE MARVIN COTTAGE, LATER.

Fay is at work in the kitchen, arranging the spices and
the appliances "just so". It's transformation since we
last saw it, from an ordinary kitchen to something
tasteful out of Better Homes and Gardens is noticeable.
Outside the open kitchen window, Siggie lies on the deck,
looking up at the sky.

FAY

Why don't you come in and talk about it?

SIGGY

Cause I don't want to talk about it.

FAY

Just because your father dropped you
doesn't mean you can't trust me.

SIGGY

You sleep with him. You're his spy.

INT. THE MARVIN COTTAGE, THE FRONT DOOR, SAME.

The front door opens and Marvin enters. Fay sees him.

FAY

Leo, what in God's name have you done to Siggy?

Marvin doesn't answer. He looks at Fay for a long time then shuffles up the stairs.

FAY

Leo...?

Fay starts across the kitchen towards Marvin. Siggy doesn't turn his head.

SIGGY

That's right, go to him. You always do.

Fay stops. She looks at Siggy then to the heavens.

FAY

What is going on around here?!

She exits upstairs after Marvin.

EXT. THE DECK, DAY.

Siggy lies back down. As he does, Bob passes by and stands in Siggy's field of view.

BOB

Hey skipper, what's happening?

SIGGY

Hi, Bob. Nothing.

BOB

Oh no. You can't pull that on me. Spill it.

Bob sits down next to Siggy.

INT. THE MARVIN COTTAGE BEDROOM, SAME.

Marvin is prostrate on the bed, staring at the ceiling. Fay enters. She sits down next to Marvin and strokes his hair.

FAY
Leo, Sigmund is really upset. How
could you drop him in the water
after you promised you wouldn't?

Marvin says nothing.

FAY
Leo...

Marvin turns and looks at his wife.

MARVIN
Fay, I've made a terrible mistake.

FAY
I know, honey. Just apologize to him.

MARVIN
No. Baby Steps, Chapter 2! - The
groundwork for my entire theory -
is a sham!

FAY
So you threw your son off the pier?

MARVIN
Chapter 2 states that a healthy
adolescent girl, raised by healthy
parents, can NOT have a sublimated
father complex. Yet our daughter,
our own daughter, has fallen for a
man twice her age!

EXT. THE MARVIN PRIVATE PIER, SAME.

Siggy is standing on the diving board, ready for his
approach. Bob stands nearby, coaching.

SIGGY
But how do you know I want to dive
when I know I don't?

BOB
Face a fear, it goes away. Plus
diving's fun.

SIGGY
How would you know?

BOB
Everybody who does it loves it.
Haven't you ever wanted to be like a
bird and fly on the wind?

SIGGY

No.

BOB

Neither have I. But a lot of people do so all you gotta do is approach it one step at a time. When you're on the board, be the board. When you make your approach, be the approach.

SIGGY

Wait a minute. I've heard that before.

BOB

Try it.

SIGGY

You're not using my dad's theory on me! It doesn't work!

BOB

Yes it does. Try it. When you're on the board... When you're on the board...

SIGGY

Be the board.

BOB

That's it! Now be the approach.

SIGGY (reluctantly but moving)

When you're making the approach, be the approach.

Siggy springs toward the end of the board.

BOB

Dive!

Siggy dives! He comes up for air.

BOB

All right! You see?!

SIGGY

I did it!

INT. THE MARVIN BEDROOM, SAME.

Marvin is down the hall in the bathroom, dousing his face with water. Fay stands idly at the bedroom window.

MARVIN

Of course Anna doesn't mean anything by it, hon. The point is whether she means it or not, she feels it and she's living proof that my theories don't hold up. My god, I'm going on national television tomorrow to promote a -- fraud!

FAY

Honey, you're over reacting. Think about your standard deviation theory in Chapter 13.

MARVIN

Chapter 13?

FAY

You know, the part about incidental abnormal behavior? This is a brief flirtation for Anna, not a lifetime pattern. Chapter 13 makes allowances for this with no problem.

Marvin comes back in the room.

MARVIN

You really think so?

FAY

No doubt about it.

Marvin thinks then lets out a deep sigh of relief.

MARVIN

Ah, I'm so relieved.

He hugs Fay.

FAY

Chapter 2 is wonderful, honey.

MARVIN

You really think the book's okay?

FAY

It's brilliant, honey. I've told you so a hundred times.

Fay pats Leo maternally as they hug. Fay glances out the window. She sees:

EXT. THE MARVIN PRIVATE PIER, SAME.

Bob is standing on the diving board watching Siggy doing every type of simple dive imaginable. On the pier, looking on, are Anna and the Guttmans.

BOB (IN THE DISTANCE)
When you're in the jackknife, be the
jackknife!

SIGGY (IN THE DISTANCE)
Be the jackknife!

Siggy does a pretty fair jackknife dive.

BOB (IN THE DISTANCE)
Beautiful!

Anna applauds vigorously. So do the Guttmans.

INT. THE MARVIN BEDROOM, SAME.

FAY
My God, Leo, look at that.

Marvin puts his hand on Fay's breast and kisses her neck.

MARVIN (lecherously)
Let's try some Chapter 14, humm?

He nuzzles her and angles her towards the bed.

FAY
Leo, would you look! Bob Wiley has
gotten Siggy to dive!

Marvin stops. He looks at Fay.

MARVIN
What?! You're dreaming. Bob can't
even walk by himself.

Fay points to the window. Marvin moves to look out of it. He watches Siggy do a pike with a half twist followed by Bob's and Anna's and the Guttmans' applause.

MARVIN
Well we'll just put a stop to this
right now!

Marvin storms out of the bedroom.

FAY
Leo!

EXT. THE MARVIN PIER, SAME.

Siggy is standing on the end of the board, trying to get the courage to do a back dive. Bob stands holding him as Siggy arches his head back. Charging down the pier comes Marvin. Fay is not far behind.

SIGGY

I can't do it.

BOB

Sure you can. Just lean back till you can see the water.

SIGGY

What if I hit my head?

BOB

You won't. Lean back.

Siggy does.

MARVIN

Enough! Let go of him! That's enough!!

FAY

Leo!

Marvin charges onto the diving board.

BOB

Hi, Dr. M. Watch this.

SIGGY

(still leaning backwards)
I can dive, dad!

MARVIN

Let go of him!

Marvin grabs Bob. Bob loses his grip on Siggy and Siggy falls off the board, flat into the water, doing a "backbuster". Bob falls off the board too.

SIGGY

Ow!

Siggy stares daggers at Marvin.

SIGGY

You bastard! You... Nixon!

FAY

Leo! Look at what you're doing!
Look at yourself!

Everybody stands looking at Marvin. He realizes that he's lost all control. The Guttmans look at each other and shake their heads.

INT. THE MARVIN COTTAGE LIVING ROOM, AFTERNOON.

Fay is in the living room comforting Siggy who is wrapped in a towel and sitting in front of the TV. Anna sits next to him. Marvin walks in from upstairs. All are very silent. No one looks at him.

MARVIN

Listen, everybody. I know I don't say this often, but I was wrong. I apologize.

Marvin waits for someone to respond. No one does.

MARVIN

I really am sorry. What can I do to make it up?

SIGGY

Pushing Bob in the water was awful. What if he didn't know how to swim?

MARVIN

But he did. It was wrong of me to push him but he did. Bob can do a lot of things no one thought he could do.

ANNA

You're the one who wanted Siggy to dive.

MARVIN

I said I was wrong. I'm not perfect.

SIGGY

You can say that again.

MARVIN

What is that supposed to mean?

FAY

It means you're not perfect.

MARVIN

I know what it means, but what does he mean?

No answer.

MARVIN
Siggy, what do you mean, I'm not perfect?!

SIGGY
Nothing dad. You're perfect. Forget it, okay?

MARVIN
I'd like to forget it. And I'd like you all to accept my apology.

ANNA
What about Bob?

MARVIN
What about Bob?!

ANNA
How is he supposed to forget it?

FAY
Leo, why are you so hostile towards the man?

MARVIN
He's a patient, Fay!

ANNA
If you want to make it right, start by apologizing to Bob.

MARVIN
I will not apologize to Bob.

ANNA
And inviting him to dinner.

MARVIN
Are you out of your mind?!

FAY
I already have.

Everybody turns and looks at Fay.

MARVIN
What?

FAY
It was the only decent thing to do, honey. The poor man was devastated.

MARVIN

What!?! Bob is not a stray cat, Fay!
He is not some undernourished member
of an underprivileged minority!

SIGMUND

Testing 1, 2, 3. Testing. For the
next few seconds we will be conducting
a test of the emergency broadcast system:

MARVIN

SIGGY!!!!!!!!!!

ANNA

Mom, you're making history! This is
the first major thing you've done on
your own since I've known you!!

The doorbell rings. Anna runs and peeks out the window.

ANNA

It's him!

Anna and Siggy run to answer the door. Bob enters.
Marvin stands with his mouth open.

EXT. THE MARVIN COTTAGE PATIO, EVENING.

Dusk has descended over Lake Winnepesaukee. The glow of
the moon, the stars and lights from the other cottages
along the lakeshore provide peaceful illumination. The
Marvin family is dining out on their deck overlooking the
lake. Marvin sits silent, holding in his anger. Bob sits
next to Siggy. Anna and Fay exit the cottage carrying food.

SIGGY

Ring around the moon. Rain coming soon.

BOB (to Siggy)

Gee, is that true?

MARVIN

It's superstitious nonsense.

Anna and Fay lay out food and begin to serve the plates.

BOB

(to Fay and Anna)

This looks scrumptious.

Anna smiles shyly and hands the first plate of food to Bob.
Marvin sees this and crosses his arms. He shoots a death
stare at Anna. She shoots it right back. Bob sees this
exchange of looks.

BOB
Did I do something?

FAY
No, Bob. It's fine. Eat up. Leo...
Fay looks at Marvin and shakes her head "no".

BOB (eating)
Mmmmm. Mmmmmmm. Mmmmm. This sure is
good.
(pause)
Mmmmm. Mmmmm. Mmmmm.

MARVIN
Would you please stop that?

BOB
Oh. Sorry, Leo. Would you pass the salt?

MARVIN
And don't call me Leo.

BOB
I'm sorry. You said in your office
that I could call you Leo.

MARVIN
That was in my office. In my home
you will call me Dr. Marvin.

Marvin picks up the salt and holds it out to Bob.

BOB
Would you mind putting it down?

MARVIN
What?

BOB
It's bad luck to pass salt hand to hand.

Marvin slams the salt down on the table beside Bob. Bob
looks helplessly at Fay. Fay puts a hand on Bob's arm.

FAY
He's nervous about the interview
tomorrow. Don't take it personally.

BOB (to Marvin)
Hey, that's right. I heard about
your upcoming TV debut. Congratulations.

Marvin nods and eats.

BOB
It's really something that they're
coming all the way up here.

FAY
The last person they did it for
was Mary Lou Retton, right honey?

Marvin grunts.

BOB
That book's going to do a lot of
people a lot of good, Le - er, Dr.
Marvin. I'm walking proof of that.

Marvin chokes on the food he's eating. Siggy slaps his
dad on the back. Marvin keeps coughing.

SIGGY
Dad?

FAY
Sweetheart...?

Marvin turns red and points to his throat. He falls to
the floor on his side. Bob stands, knocking over his chair.

BOB
Don't panic! I know what to do!

Bob hurries to Marvin, lies beside him, and administers the
Heimlick maneuver. On the second jerk, Marvin's throat
clears. Marvin lies in Bob's arms, coughing.

SIGGY
Dad, you okay?

ANNA
Dad?!

FAY
Leo?!

Marvin says something. Fay leans over to hear him.

FAY
I can't hear you. Are you okay?

MARVIN
I said...get him off me!

Bob lets go of Marvin. Marvin coughs and crawls away.

FAY (to Bob)
I've never seen him act out like
this. I'm sure it's just jitters.

Suddenly, across the lake, there is a flash of lightning.
Rain begins to fall.

SIGGY
I told you so!

INT. THE MARVIN COTTAGE, NIGHT.

The rain outside is coming down in buckets. Marvin is in the living room, re-straightening the furniture and art ever so meticulously. Siggy is playing with a video game. Anna and Fay and Bob are in the kitchen, doing the dishes.

BOB (SINGING)
"I'm singing in the rain,
Just singing in the rain,
What a glorious feeling, I'm happy again.
I walk though the kitchen
With a bowl full of chicken
(puts the chicken in the fridge)
I'm singing, yes singing in the rain."

Bob repeats and he and Anna and Fay start a song and dance.

MARVIN
Could we change the record please!?

Fay turns and shoots Marvin a look. All stop dancing.

ANNA
Wow. You have a great voice.

BOB
Come on...

ANNA
I mean it. It's terrific.

BOB
Mom made me take singing lessons
when I was a kid.

Marvin walks into the kitchen.

MARVIN
Look, I don't want to be rude but I think
it's time for Bob to sing his way home.
Tomorrow is a very important day and
I'd like to call it a night.

FAY (re: the rain)
Honey, you don't expect Bob to walk
back in this do you?

MARVIN
Did I say that? I'll drive him.

ANNA
The car's still in town, dad.

MARVIN
In town?

ANNA
You said to leave it. Biff drove us
home.

BOB (suddenly remembering)
Yaa, we left the windows down too.
I hope the rain won't ruin the
upholstery.

Marvin seethes then looks darkly at Anna.

MARVIN
The rain's bound to let up. He can
go then.

SIGGY
What if it starts up again while
Bob's on the way?

MARVIN (nastily)
He can borrow my slicker.

INT. THE MARVIN LIVING ROOM, LATE NIGHT.

Marvin stands staring out the window like he'd like to
murder the rain that is still coming down in torrents.
Bob is back on the couch, sitting alone, wearing Marvin's
yellow slicker, looking miserable and unwanted. Anna,
Siggy and Fay sit quietly, watching Marvin. Bob looks at
Fay and shrugs like he's sorry. Fay puts a sympathetic
hand on Bob's hand.

FAY
Leo.

MARVIN
Shsh.

FAY
Leo...

MARVIN

Quiet. It's letting up.

There is a crashing bolt of thunder that shakes the rafters. Marvin reaches out with his hand and slowly claws the window, creating a small squeaking sound. Fay walks to him.

FAY (low)

Leo, we can't make the poor man sit here all night. Why not let him stay over?

MARVIN

Stay over?!

Fay turns to Bob. .

FAY

Bob, there's an extra bed in Siggy's room. Would you like to spend the night?

BOB

Well I...

SIGGY

That's a great idea! We can play Dungeons and Dragons.

BOB

Are you sure I'm not imposing?

MARVIN

Actually you are--

FAY

-aren't. Anna, find an extra set of sheets. Siggy, get one of your father's robes for Bob.

Marvin turns to slam his fist onto the back of a chair. He misses and falls onto the floor.

FAY

Honey, what is your problem?

INT. SIGGY'S ROOM, NIGHT.

Bob, wearing one of Marvin's robes, enters Siggy's room. Siggy has a Dungeons and Dragons board laid out on the floor.

SIGGY

Did you find a toothbrush?

BOB

Yeah.
(he belches and hits his chest)
Excuse me. Is that your game?

SIGGY

Yeah. D & D. Want to try it?

BOB

How do you play?

SIGGY

It's a fantasy game. You get to
make up the personalities of the
characters you play with.

BOB (smiles delightedly)

Oooo.

INT. MARVIN'S BEDROOM, SAME.

Marvin enters wearing the identical robe as Bob. He wears
a dried, green mud facial mask. Fay is preparing for bed.

MARVIN

Where the hell is my new toothbrush?

FAY

It's not in the medicine cabinet?

MARVIN

Would I be asking if it were?

Fay shoots Marvin a dirty look then heads towards the bathroom.

FAY

Just because you're nervous about
tomorrow, Leo Marvin, doesn't give
you the right to get snippy. If
you can't handle the pressure,
postpone the interview.

She exits. Marvin throws his head back and shakes it in
disgust. Fay re-enters.

FAY

Well that's the darnedest thing. I
know I saw it there this morning.

Marvin takes Fay's hands.

MARVIN

Fay, it's not the interview - I
mean I am nervous about it - but that's
not what's bugging me. It's him.

FAY
Him who? Bob?

MARVIN
No, Siggy. Yes, Bob! Who else?

FAY
Quiet. He'll hear you.

MARVIN
Why shouldn't he hear me? Don't you get it, hon, he's a sick man? A mutliphobic mess! He followed me up here from New York, wormed his way into my house. For all I know, he's a mass murderer!

FAY
Oh come on, Leo, he's a sweet guy. Perfectly harmless.

MARVIN
We don't know that! Everything he's done violates the patient-doctor relationship. Now he's in there with our son. Don't you see-

BOB (FROM WITHOUT)
That's it, Ricky, louder.

SIGGY (FROM WITHOUT)
(singing loudly)
"I'm a traveling man, seen a lot of stops,
all over the world..."

BOB (FROM WITHOUT)
Lock Harriet, our son's a teen idol!

SIGGY (FROM WITHOUT)
(singing loudly)
"And in every port I own the heart,
of at least one pretty girl."

Fay and Marvin look at each other and run out of the room.

INT. SIGGY'S ROOM, SAME.

Siggy is sitting on Bob's shoulders, holding a balled sock like a microphone, singing.

SIGGY (SINGING)
"Pretty polynesian baby across the sea,
I remember the night...!"

Marvin and Fay burst in followed shortly after by Anna.

MARVIN

What is going on in here?!

Bob and Siggy stop. Siggy climbs down from Bob's shoulders.

BOB

Sorry, Dr. Marvin.

MARVIN

I asked you a question.

BOB

We were just playing...

SIGGY

Dungeons and Dragons. Bob took the character of Ozzie and I'm Little Ricky Nelson.

MARVIN

I'm trying to get some sleep around here! Tomorrow is the most important day of my career! CBS is coming here. Maria Shriver is coming here. Millions will be watching. And buying!

SIGGY

I'm sorry, Dad. We'll stop.

BOB

Sorry, Dr. Marvin. We got carried away.

Marvin starts out.

BOB

Would you like something to help you sleep?

MARVIN (turns)

What?!

BOB

I've got some Valium if you need them.

MARVIN

I don't need Valium, I need peace and quiet!

BOB

Sorry. Just trying to help.

Marvin storms out. Bob looks at Siggy and cringes. They climb into their bunk beds while Fay watches them.

BOB
It's my fault, Mrs. M., we should
have been quieter.

FAY
He'll be fine after the interview.
Have a good night's sleep.

She turns out the light and pulls the door closed.
Lightening strikes outside, lighting up the room.

BOB
Mrs. M!

Fay opens the door.

BOB
Would you mind leaving the door
cracked? I like a little light.

Fay smiles and heads out, leaving the door cracked. Bob
and Siggy snuggle up in their beds.

FAY
'Night Siggy. 'Night Bob.

SIGGY
'Night Mom.

BOB
'Night, Mrs. M.

FAY
Sleep tight. Don't let the bed bugs bite.

BOB (sitting up)
Bed bugs?!

FAY
It's just an expression.

BOB
Oh. Right. 'Night.

He lies back down and pulls the covers up.

INT. MARVIN'S BEDROOM, SAME.

Marvin sits on the edge of his bed, peeling the green mask
off his face, rocking back and forth nervously. He opens
his drawer, takes out a bottle of Valium, then takes one.
He hesitates, takes another, then lies down. Fay enters.
She massages Leo's shoulders.

FAY

Try to relax, sweetheart.

As Fay rubs, Marvin steams.

MARVIN

Do you remember the name Carswell Fensterwald?

FAY

Fensterwald? I don't think so. Why?

MARVIN

I don't know.

He turns out the light.

FAY

Your old twitch is coming back, honey. Try not to do that tomorrow.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE MARVIN COTTAGE, NIGHT.

The house is dark except for the hall light on the second floor. The storm continues.

INT. THE SIGGY'S BEDROOM, NIGHT.

Siggy lies asleep in bed. Bob lies wide awake, twitching. Thunder booms outside. Bob sits up suddenly. Unable to sleep, he starts pacing. He picks up Baby Steps.

BOB (quietly flipping pages)

Storms... storms...

Siggy opens one eye and sees Bob.

SIGGY

Scared of thunder?

BOB (closing the book)

Huh?

SIGGY

I can't sleep either.

Siggy stands and goes to the window. Lightening flashes again. Bob joins him.

SIGGY

How come you go to dad? Are you really sick or just maladjusted?

BOB
I think your dad would say I'm sick.

SIGGY
Dad said you were dysfunctional. You seem to be getting around okay to me.

BOB
I'm doing better. Thanks to your dad, I'm sure. I meant what I said about him being a great psychiatrist.

SIGGY
That's what everybody thinks. My problem is, I saw a picture of him when he was my age.

BOB
So?

SIGGY
He was an incredible nerd.
(pause)
You think he can cure you?

BOB
I don't know. A lot of my problem seems to stem from bad luck things beyond my control.

SIGGY
How's that?

BOB
Bad choice of parents. Bad upbringing. Various X-factors.

SIGGY
X-factors?

BOB
You ever had a bee buzz your face that wouldn't go away?

SIGGY
Occasionally.

BOB
When I was twelve, I had one buzz me for three weeks.

Lightening strikes again. Bob bites his nails.

SIGGY

Sometimes I feel like a bad luck victim too. Dad used to keep weird books in the library: Denial of Death, Fear and Trembling, Sickness Unto Death.

BOB

He doesn't let you read that stuff?

SIGGY

He hid them but I found them. I was too young to be thinking about all that stuff but there it was.

(pause)

Bob?

BOB

Yeah?

SIGGY

Are you afraid of death?

BOB

Are you kidding? No way! Death means certainty about the future. Death means never having to say you're sorry. Death means no more tetanus shots or athlete's foot or having your favorite shirts ruined by the cleaners.

SIGGY

Come on.

BOB

I'm serious. Do you know that when you die, you can have famous people at your funeral?

SIGGY

How is that?

BOB

Just name them pallbearers and they'll have to show up! You know what I'm gonna do?

SIGGY

What?

BOB

Pick the best basketball players I can think of. I mean, if I'm going to the hole, I want the best men possible to slam dunk that baby home!

Siggy starts laughing.

SIGGY
How will you know if they really
show up?

BOB
Why will I care? I'm dead!

Siggy laughs again.

SIGGY
You really aren't worried about
death, are you?

BOB
Oh, a little. But why bother with
that old fart when there's so many
more legitimate things to worry
about? You ever heard of Lou
Gehrig's disease?

SIGGY
Sure.

BOB
That's something to worry about.
How about Parkinson's disease?
Or progeria? Or Tourette's Syndrome?

SIGGY
What's Tourette's Syndrome?

Bob slaps his leg in frustration.

BOB
Why does everybody pick on death when
there're so many worse things around?!

(pause)

Lie down and I'll tell you about some
things you should really be scared of.

SIGGY
What's Tourette's syndrome?

Lightening strikes. Bob and Siggy lie back in their beds.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONG SHOT, THE TOWN OF LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, EARLY MORNING.

The sun rises over a crystal clear day in beautiful Lake
Winnepesaukee. Three CBS vans from CBS Morning Show make
their way through town.

INT. THE MARVIN HOUSEHOLD, MORNING.

Marvin is in the living room, dressed in his stiffest casuals from L.L. Bean, nervously adjusting his art pieces. His eye twitches and he tries to stop this with his hand. Fay is in the kitchen, hurriedly making preparations for the arrival of the network. Anna comes in, carrying the keys to the station wagon.

ANNA

The upholstery's pretty screwed up, daddy. Maybe you should come look at it.

MARVIN

After the interview.

ANNA

Bob up yet?

Momentarily, Bob comes bounding down the stairs. Siggy is right behind him, dressed in something not black for the first time since we met him.

BOB

Good morning! I'd don't want to over stay my welcome so I'm out of here. Good luck with the interview, Dr. M.

SIGGY

You want to go fishing later?

MARVIN

Don't make any plans, Siggy.

BOB (to Siggy)

Maybe another time.

SIGGY

MOTHER FUCKING SON OF A BITCH!

BOB

ASS WIPE OF THE UNIVERSE!

SIGGY

SHIT CRAP PISS!

MARVIN

Siggy, what are you doing?!

SIGGY

Nothing, Dad.

Marvin glares at Bob. Bob and Siggy exchange guilty smiles. There is a knock at the door.

MARVIN

Oh no. That can't be them this early.

Marvin strides past Bob and Siggy to the door and opens it.

INT. THE MARVIN DOORWAY, SAME.

In the doorway stand MARIA SHRIVER and her entourage - director, video crew, etc.

MARIA SHRIVER

Hello, Dr. Marvin. I hope we're not too early?

MARVIN (swallows nervously)

Hello.

MAN (HOWIE)

We'd have been here yesterday to scout things out but we got held up by the storm. I'm the director, Howie Katrell. This is our Cameraman Bill Verdon.

Marvin shakes their hands. Maria admires the house.

MARIA

This is even nicer than the pictures. May we get set up?

MARVIN

Right. Sure. Go right ahead. Sure.

Marvin moves aside. The crew moves in.

MARVIN

I thought by the... fireplace.

HOWIE (to the entering crew)

Watch the mud, guys.

GRIP

(snidely as he tracks in mud)
We're watching it.

Marvin is appalled at the mess.

MARIA

Is this your family?

MARVIN

Oh, sorry. This is my wife, er. Fay. My daughter Anna, and my son...

Marvin is so nervous, he's forgotten Siggy's name.

SIGGY
Siggy. How's Arnold? Can you get
me his autograph?

MARVIN
Sigmund...

MARIA (smiling)
I think I can swing it.

SIGGY
Really?! Wow!

Maria looks at Bob who's star struck.

MARIA
I'm Maria.

BOB
Bob. You're even prettier in person.

MARIA
Thank you. Are you a relative, too?

MARVIN
Bob's a patient. He was just le--

MARIA
What an innovative and wonderful idea!
Howie, Dr. Marvin's gonna have a
patient on with him!

MARVIN
Now wait a--

HOWIE
I love it!
(slaps Marvin on the back)
That's a great idea! Rig this man a
mic, boys.

A sound man fits Bob with a lavalier mike. Maria heads into the house with the others. Marvin, ready to explode, stands staring daggers at Bob. Bob shrugs, protesting his innocence.

INT. THE MARVIN LIVING ROOM, MORNING.

The room is lit for video and the crew is making last minute preparations for shooting. Maria is adjusting her mic and going over her notes. Marvin and Bob sit on the couch, Bob clutching his copy of Baby Steps. Some of Marvin's art pieces are displayed prominently in the "set". The family looks on. Marvin fidgets and adjusts his make-up and tries to get comfortable. His eye twitches and he tries to stop it.

HOWIE

Thirty seconds.

BOB

You know, I've been having some trouble with Chapter 2. Can we talk about that?

Marvin looks stunned.

MARIA (looking up)

You can talk about anything you want.

MARVIN

No!

DIRECTOR HOWIE

Fifteen seconds.

Fay leans in with a lint roller, rolls some lint off Marvin's shirt, kisses him for luck, and backs out of frame.

ANNA

Good luck, daddy.

SIGGY

Kill em, dad.

MARVIN

I think this interview should be just me.

Maria looks to Howie.

DIRECTOR HOWIE

We're already set up for the two of you, doctor. Trust your initial instincts. 5 seconds, 4, 3, 2...

He cues Maria. Lights on the CAMERAS go on.

MARIA (TO TV CAMERA)

Good Morning. We're live in the summer home of Dr. Leo M. Marvin, author of Baby Steps, the newest sensation in self therapy. With us also is Bob Wiley, a patient of Dr. Marvin's, who has agreed to discuss how Baby Steps has worked for him. Good morning, Dr. Marvin. Bob.

BOB AND MARVIN (SIMULTANEOUSLY)

Good morning.

Marvin shoots Bob a dirty look.

MARIA

Dr. Marvin, before we discuss your book, I'm curious about your wonderful art collection. Tell us about what you collect.

Bob pantomimes to Marvin that Marvin's make-up is running. Marvin, already nervous, becomes pre-occupied with fixing it.

MARVIN

Art collection... Well, I er, like to uh, collect art that represents perfection in er, human development. I have the Plato of, er, Athens.
(he points to a bust of Plato)
The Buddha of, er, Zanthus
(there is a portrait of a smiling Buddha)
And the, er...uh...

Marvin draws a blank about a full-bodied Renaissance era painting of a young, well-muscled Jesus.

BOB (prompting)

Jesus...

MARVIN

I have it, Bob.
(pause)
The Jesus of Nautilus.
(long pause)
Nazareth!

Marvin turns beet red. Maria sees that he's struggling.

MARIA

Well it's quite an impressive collection. Now Bob, you've been a patient of Dr. Marvin's for a long time, haven't you?

BOB (looking at Marvin)

What, three, four days?

MARIA

Four days?!

MARVIN

He means four years.

BOB

But I just met you four days ago.

INT. A DINGY ROOM IN SOME DOWNTOWN URBAN SPRAWL, SAME
Calvin Fensterwald sits watching Marvin and Bob on his TV.

MARVIN (ON TV)

But I was following your case through your other psychiatrists. You see Miss, er, that's something I er... left out of the book. A patient's case history is very important. As I mention in chapter 2, er 31, understanding the er, patient's past is of ultimate importance in determining what to treat.

BOB (ON TV)

Well you sly dog!

(to Maria)

He let me think that the other day was the first time he knew anything about me!

MARIA (ON TV)

How unusual.

Fensterwald pounds his chair and howls with glee.

BACK TO MARVIN'S COTTAGE LIVING ROOM, SAME.

MARVIN

Let me explain my concept, Miss er... The healthiest humans, both mentally and physically are, er... babies. Therefore, in understanding how to treat adults, we must first understand how a baby gets along in the world.

BOB

Baby steps.

MARVIN

That's right.

BOB

When you're in the room, be the room.

MARVIN

That's right.

BOB

A baby is always at one with his environment. Even when he's--

MARVIN (gritted smile)

I can explain it, Bob, okay?

BOB

Sure.

(his attention wanders to the VIDEO CAMERA)

Hi mom!

IN. THE MARVIN COTTAGE, MORNING.

The room is empty of equipment. Marvin sits in the corner, looking apoplectic. Fay kneels beside him.

FAY
Honey, you brought on a patient!
You heard the director, it was a
daring thing to do.

Marvin is so deep in shock, he seems not to hear.

ANGLE AT THE COTTAGE DOOR, SAME.

OUTSIDE WE SEE that the Network equipment trucks are pulling away. Maria and Howie stand at the door saying good-by.

MARIA
Bob, I think our viewers will be
extremely interested in the outcome of
your situation. Would you consider
meeting with us again in a few
months to update your progress?

BOB (shyly)
If you want, sure!

HOWIE
(shakes Bob's hand enthusiastically)
That was a refreshingly honest interview.
(yelling back inside to Marvin)
You have a lovely place here, Mr.
er, Dr. Marvin.

Marvin looks but doesn't respond. A still photographer takes a picture of Maria with - Bob. Howie leaves with Maria. Bob and Anna and Siggy close the front door.

FAY
Kids, tell your father how great he was!

ANNA
You were great, dad!

SIGGY
Super well done.

BOB
Yeah!

Marvin still doesn't respond.

FAY
Maybe you can still get on the Today
show, Leo.

This was the wrong thing to say. Marvin burries his head in his hands and moans.

FAY

Leo Marvin, you're being silly. You were a big hit and I think we should all do something fun to celebrate. Let's go sailing. Or go to a movie.

Waving both her hands, she prompts her family to respond.

SIGGY (too big enthusiasm)

Yeah, dad, lets see a movie.

ANNA (also too big)

Yeah, dad!

BOB

Yeah!

Marvin looks up. He glowers at Bob.

FAY

Is there anything good in town.

(she finds the newspaper)

The Good Mother. The Dead Poets Society. I've heard good things about both of them. Honey, you were the star. Pick one.

SIGGY

Yeah, dad.

ANNA

Yeah, dad.

BOB

Yeah.

All wait for Marvin's response.

MARVIN

Oh, why don't we let Bob pick?

FAY

Huh?

MARVIN

Let Bob pick. Let Bob pick. Want to see a movie, Bob? Pick one!

BOB

Well...Siskel and Ebert give them both the thumbs up. The Dead Poets Society sounds interesting. But if it were up to me, I'd like to see The Good Mother.

MARVIN
So that's your pick? The Good Mother?!
(Bob nods)
WELL YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT ALONE, BOB,
BECAUSE THE REST OF US ARE GOING SAILING!

FAY

Leo!

ANNA & SIGGY

Dad!
Marvin gets up and opens his wallet and pulls out a ten.

MARVIN
BUT HERE! MY TREAT! WE'LL BE
THINKING ABOUT YOU THE WHOLE TIME!

He hands Bob the ten then goes to the door and opens it.

MARVIN
Come back in about twenty years and
tell us how you liked it!
Marvin leads Bob out of the house and slams the door on him.

BOB
(as the door slams)
Did I say something wrong?

Marvin turns to his amazed family and claps his hands together.

MARVIN
Let's go sailing!

ANNA
Dad, what about Bob?

SIGGY
Yeah, that's no way to treat him?
What about Bob?

EXT. THE DOCTORS' SAILBOAT, SAME.

The psychiatrists and wives are still engrossed in Doctor
3's story.

DOCTOR 2
Yeah? What about Bob?

WIFE
Yeah, what about Bob?

ANOTHER WIFE
What about Bob?

INT. THE MARVIN LIVING ROOM, SAME.

MARVIN (exploding)
What about Bob!! Why do we always
have to think about Bob? Bob
doesn't think about us!

ANNA
Oh come on, Daddy. We're all Bob
thinks about.

MARVIN
You think he thinks about you but
all he really thinks about is Bob!
Bob is a textbook narcissist.

FAY
Why don't we see that, Leo?

MARVIN
Because you're not psychiatrists.

ANNA
Oh come on, daddy.

MARVIN
And because he's clever! They're all
clever! They can pull anything over
on you they need to. They can have
you in tears, turn you against your
best friend, make you get on your
knees and SCREAM for mercy!

FAY
Leo...

MARVIN
They can have you spend the rest of
your life saying, "What about Bob?
What about Bob? What about Bob!"
until they turn a perfectly peaceful
household into an INSANE ASYLUM!!

Siggy goes and puts a hand on his father's shoulder.

SIGGY
Dad, you're acting out. There's
something beneath the surface you
need to examine. Maybe you
should re-read chapter 4.

MARVIN
Stop playing doctor and get in your bathing
suit, Siggy! This family is going sailing
and we're going to have FUN doing it!!

INT. THE MARVIN STATION WAGON, EXT. THE COUNTRY ROADS, SAME.

Marvin drives. The Marvin family rides in silence down the pined lanes of Winnepesaukee. They pass Bob walking down the road.

ANGLE ON BOB

Walking. He sees the car pass. He sees Siggy and Anna and Fay turn and wave as the car goes by. Bob waves broadly.

BOB

Hi fam! Bye fam!

INT. THE CAR, SAME.

Siggy and Fay and Anna turn back and face forward. Their broad grins turn into frowns. Marvin begins whistling "Born Free".

EXT. WINNIPESAUKEE CINEMA, DAY.

Bob looks at the poster for The Good Mother then steps up to the box office and buys a ticket. As he enters the theater lobby, we RACK FOCUS to the:

WINNIPESAUKEE MAIN PIER

where Marvin's family is aboard an old twenty foot sailboat, "The Fay". Marvin pulls a line onto the deck, then the boat glides out into the lake.

INT. THE WINNIPESAUKEE CINEMA, SAME.

Bob mills around the lobby, looking at posters of upcoming movies. The girl behind the concessions counter accosts him.

CONCESSIONS GIRL

Would you like something to eat, sir?
Popcorn? Hot dog?

BOB (paying little attention)

Huh? Sure.

The girl serves up a tub of popcorn and a hot dog.

BOB

Gee, this Life of Freud looks interesting. When's it coming?

The girl hands Bob the popcorn and hot dog.

CONCESSIONS GIRL

Next month, I think. Three fifty.

BOB (paying)

Is the movie starting soon?
Coming Attractions make me nervous.

CONCESSIONS GIRL

You're just in time.

Bob smiles and goes into the theater with his concessions.

INT. THE MOVIE THEATER, SAME.

Bob enters and takes a seat. The opening shots of The Good Mother appear on the movie screen. Bob takes a bite of his hot dog and watches. He wipes his mouth with a napkin, then takes another bite. Suddenly he holds out the hot dog like it was the Holy Grail. He stands triumphantly.

BOB

OH MY GOD, I ATE A HOT DOG!!

VARIOUS AUDIENCE MEMBERS

Sit down! Shut up! Shsh!!

EXT. THE WINNIPESAUKEE MAIN PIER, SAME.

Holding his hot dog out in front of him, Bob runs to the dock and talks excitedly to the dock master. The dock master points out into the lake. Bob hurriedly gives the man some money and Bob climbs into a small motor boat. The dock master starts the motor for Bob.

EXT. LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, SAME.

Marvin stands at the helm, sailing "The Fay" across the waters of the lake. The breeze blows Marvin's hair and the twitching expression on his face makes him look for all the world like Captain Blye. Anna suns herself. Siggy plays with his wrist watch video game. Fay stares into nowhere.

MARVIN

Now this is the life, huh? There's nothing like a big breeze, huh, and the spray from the rudder, huh, to take you a thousand miles from your troubles!

Fay cautiously touches Marvin lovingly and smiles.

FAY

You have no troubles, dear. Things couldn't be going better.

ANNA (O.S.)

Hey, look! Isn't that Bob?

Off the starboard bow, a motorboat is approaching in the water.

ANGLE ON THE MOTORBOAT, SAME.

Bob is steering the motorboat towards "The Fay". The breeze blows back his hair and he holds the last bite of his hot dog out like a trophy.

BOB

Dr. Marvin! I'm cured! I was cured before but this time I'm really cured. I ate a hot dog without even thinking about it! I'm driving a boat and I'm not even scared!

ANGLE IN "THE FAY"

ANNA

It is Bob! It's Bob, Mom, it's Bob!

SIGGY

Bob!

FAY

Bob!

Anna, Fay and Siggy wave at the oncoming boat. Marvin's eyes narrow.

BOB

(shouting as he motors towards them)
I suddenly feel like my horizons are limitless!

He throws his pack of kleenexes overboard. Kleenexes blow in the breeze.

BOB

My childhood memories are coming over me like a flood!

Marvin turns the rudder and aims the bow of the sailboat straight at Bob's motorboat.

FAY

Leo, what are you doing?

Marvin tightens the sail. The sailboat picks up speed.

FAY

Leo...!

SIGGY

Dad...!

ANNA

NOOO!

Marvin leans out over the port side railing and steers straight for Bob. Bob stands waving at Marvin and his family until "The Fay" broadsides Bob's motorboat and cuts it in half. Bob flies into the water.

ABOARD "THE FAY"

The impact of the collision knocks Marvin off balance. The boom swings across the boat and knocks him overboard.

ANNA, SIGGY, FAY

Bob! Dad! Leo!

EXT. THE WATER, LAKE LEVEL, SAME.

The out of control "Fay" heels away. Marvin, dazed, is bobbing in the water. Bob swims up to him and grabs him in a traditional life-saver hold (hand holding chin, elbow in the back, etc.) As Siggy, Fay, and Anna struggle to get control of the "Fay", Bob begins doing the sidestroke towards the distant shore with Marvin in tow.

BOB

I never had a father, really. Dad left one morning and never came back. My earliest memory is Mom with a suitcase. Do you think that's significant?

Marvin is a prisoner in tow. He struggles to pull himself under water. Bob pulls him up and resumes swimming.

BOB

Of course Mom always said she loved me. If you don't mind, I'd like to try some free associations about my early infancy: Dark rooms. A beachball. A piano. A cat. A dog. A big dog. A hog of a dog...

As Bob swims Marvin towards the shore, babbling on about his childhood, Marvin rolls his eyes back into his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARVIN'S LIVING ROOM, EVENING.

Bob and Anna and Siggy are in the living room in their robes, listening to music at low volume. Bob is in a "Leo" robe, his wet hair combed back, reading in Baby Steps and taking notes. Anna is sifting through the records. Fay, looking worried, enters from upstairs.

ANNA

Is he sleeping?

FAY

I think so.

She looks at Bob.

FAY

I don't know why he's so upset with you but maybe when he wakes up, you shouldn't be here.

BOB

Okay, no problem.

Fay walks to the couch and plops down.

ANNA

Don't worry, mom. He'll be all right. He's just under stress from the interview.

FAY

He's never done anything like this.

ANNA

Your worrying certainly won't help him. That's what you always say to me.

BOB

She's right there.

FAY

I just wish I knew what to do.

ANNA

What you should do is relax. If you worry, he'll worry. Hey, here's your and dad's song!

FAY

Oh honey. Not now.

ANNA

Oh, don't be a pooper.

Anna changes the record. She puts on "To Know Him Is to Love Him".

FAY

(embarrassed, to Bob)

Leo picked it.

Anna reaches out for Bob. He reluctantly gives in and she dances with him. Siggy dances with his mother. As the music progresses, the four dance and clown. Suddenly Fay stops.

FAY
Honey, you're up! Are you feeling better?

All turn and look at:
MARVIN standing in his robe at the foot of the stairs.
An icebag is on his head, partly covering his twitching eyes. He stares at the family, deadly serious.

Fay nudges the kids.

ANNA (big smile)
Hi dad!

SIGGY (big smile)
You're looking better!

BOB
Hi, Dr. M.!

MARVIN
I'm going to look at a bust of Thomas Jefferson tomorrow, Bob. Would you like to come with me?

BOB
Sure. I mean...

Bob looks at Fay for help.

FAY
Leo, the doctor said you were supposed to take it easy tomorrow.

MARVIN
We'll go after lunch.

Marvin turns and heads back up the stairs. The family waits until he's gone.

SIGGY
I think he seems better.

FAY
I don't know.

BOB
Mrs. M., should I go?

FAY
I don't know. Maybe he's trying to make it up to you.

She thinks then:

FAY
Let's leave it and hope his birthday
will cheer him up. Just be sure you
get him back by seven, okay?

Bob nods. Fay rises and goes into the kitchen.

FAY
Help me in here, would you Anna?

INT. THE MARVIN UPSTAIRS BATHROOM, SAME.

Bob and Marvin's clothes hang over the shower rod, drying. Marvin enters and opens the medicine chest. He opens a bottle of Valium and finds only one. He crosses to Bob's pants and rifles the pockets. In one pocket he finds a bottle of fish medicine called "Ich-Off". Marvin discards this and searches Bob's other pocket. He finds a bottle of Valium and downs the entire contents. A strange smile crosses Marvin's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A SMALL GUEST CABIN ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE; INT.
THE MARVIN STATION WAGON, DAY.

The Marvin station wagon pulls up to the cabin and Marvin honks. Bob, looking cheerful, exits the cabin and gets in the car.

BOB
Hi! I just had the most incredible
revelation about my mom. Want to
hear it?

Marvin hits the accelerator and the car jerks away.

INT. MARVIN'S CAR, DAY.

Marvin drives Bob through the farmland of New England.

BOB
And it never occurred to me until
yesterday that that's the time I felt
most alone. Not when I was six as I'd
decided with Dr. Fensterwald. But when
I was three. Being with your family
taught me that. Isn't that great?

MARVIN

Great.

Marvin takes a curve too fast. The tires scream.

BOB
Are we in a hurry?

MARVIN
This bust of Washington could go any
time. It's a rare item.

BOB
I thought it was Jefferson?

MARVIN
What?

BOB
I thought you were looking at a bust
of Thomas Jefferson?

MARVIN
Jefferson, Washington. What's the
difference?

Marvin pushes it around another turn.

EXT. A SECLUDED ROLLING ESTATE, DAY.

Marvin pulls up to a gated estate sporting expansive
grounds and a palatial hotel sized building. Men and
women of all ages roam the grounds, basking in the sun,
reading, etc. Garden statuary and fountains decorate the
proceedings. Marvin stops the car at a guard gate.

MARVIN
Leo Marvin to see Dr. Tmsky.

The gate guard checks a clipboard. He waves Marvin through.

GUARD
Park right in front, Dr. Marvin.
They're expecting you.

Marvin drives into the grounds. Bob looks around.

BOB
They sure have a lot of statues here.
Another doctor who collects, huh?

MARVIN (with too much irony)
Right.

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE MAIN BUILDING, SAME.

Marvin gets out and so does Bob. A twisted looking teen
age boy hurries up to Marvin.

BOY (CLIFFORD)
Dr. Marvin! Dr. Marvin! It's Clifford.
Remember me? The human B-1?

MARVIN (flat)

Hi, Clifford.

CLIFFORD

I'm cured now, Dr. Marvin! I haven't thought about bombs in a year! I'm learning to paint, see?

Clifford produces a tablet and begins flipping pages. One finger painting after the other depicts exploding conventional and hydrogen bombs and their aftermath.

MARVIN

Good, Clifford.

CLIFFORD

Dr. Tomsky says I'll be out in no time. Nice seeing you.

Clifford scoots off. A pleasant man in his late forties approaches.

DR. TOMSKY

Leo! Long time no see. Is this our friend?

MARVIN

Bob Wiley, this is your new friend, Dr. Tomsky.

BOB

New friend?

Tomsky makes a motion of his head. Two big attendants move up on either side of Bob.

BIG ATTENDANT 1

Can we show you to your room?

BOB

My room?

They forcibly lead him off.

BOB

Hey! What's going on here?!

BIG ATTENDANT 2

Don't make a scene. We're here to help you.

BOB

Don't touch me! I have seizures! Dr. Marvin! Dr. Marvin!!

They drag Bob into the main building. Marvin looks at Tomsky.

MARVIN

I really appreciate your helping me
out on this, Kenneth.

Tomsky holds out a form for Marvin to sign. He does.

TOMSKY

We can only hold him for twenty four
hours without a second corroboration, Leo.

MARVIN

I'm not worried in the least, Kenneth.
After you observe him, I'm sure your
entire staff will corroborate. With
intensive treatment he'll be well in
about - thirty years.

Marvin hands the clipboard back to Tomsky. They shake.
Marvin starts off then turns back.

MARVIN

By the way, Kenneth, have you ever
heard of a Carswell Fensterwald?

TOMSKY

No. I don't think so. Why?

MARVIN

Nevermind.

EXT. THE MARVIN COTTAGE DRIVEWAY, SAME.

The radio is blasting, playing rock and roll music.
Marvin is dancing while he drives. He gets out of the
car, does a spin, then dances into the house.

MARVIN (singing)

"Do you love me, I can really move.
Do you love me, I'm in the groove,
Do you love me, Do you love me
Now that I can dance. Watch me now...

INT. THE MARVIN HOUSEHOLD, SAME.

Marvin enters dancing. He walks to his stereo and
puts on "Solitary Man" by Neil Diamond. Siggy and Anna
enter. They watch their father dance.

MARVIN AND RECORD

"I'll be what I am, solitary man...

SIGGY

Dad? Where's Bob?

ANNA (louder)
Dad! Where's Bob?!

Siggy turns down the stereo.

MARVIN
Can't a man enjoy himself on vacation?

ANNA
Where's Bob?

MARVIN
Bob sends his regrets but he had to take a trip.

ANNA
A trip? What kind of trip?

MARVIN
Something came up. He'll be in touch when he gets a chance.

Marvin turns the music off and makes himself comfortable in his easy chair. Anna and Siggy stand stunned.

ANNA
It's not like Bob to just go away without saying good-by.

SIGGY
He just left?!

MARVIN
Sometimes, Siggy, you think somebody's your best friend and then you find out they're not. Life's a bitch.

ANNA
If you did something to him...

MARVIN
Anna, I'm your father! What do you take me for? Now forget about Bob, would you?

Marvin has obviously said all he is going to say on the subject. He picks up that book he's been trying to start since he arrived on vacation and begins reading. Siggy and Anna move off suspiciously. Fay enters carrying the phone.

FAY
Leo, do you know a Dr. Tomsky?

MARVIN
Yes.

FAY

He says it's urgent.

Marvin puts down his book and takes the phone. He walks into the kitchen. Anna and Siggy look even more suspicious. Momentarily Leo comes striding out of the kitchen and walks out the front door.

FAY

Leo, where are you going?!

MARVIN

Out!

FAY

Be home by seven, okay?

Marvin doesn't answer because he's gone.

ANNA

Something's rotten in Winnepesaukee.

EXT. THE TOMSKY ASYLUM, LATE AFTERNOON.

Marvin's car screeches up to the front of the building. Marvin leaps out of the car and hurries in.

INT. THE TOMSKY ASYLUM, SAME.

Bob sits in Tomsy's office with Tomsy, the two big attendants, and several members of the staff. Everyone is laughing.

BOB

Wait. I've got another one. What would you call a long heart to heart between the Long Ranger and Tonto?

ATTENDANT 1

A pow wow?

BOB

Kemo therapy, Kemo-sabe. Get it?

All laugh.

BOB

Anybody here know the difference between Freud and Moses?

(a long pause)

Nobody?

He sees blank but expectant faces, waiting for the punch line. Bob stands and fakes walking out.

BOB
Well if you don't know, I'm going to
another clinic!

All laugh. Tomsy sees Marvin outside the office and stands.

DR. TOMSKY (to the others)
Excuse me.

BOB
So a psychiatrist and a psychologist
go into a bar and order Bloody Marys...

INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE TOMSKY'S OFFICE, SAME.

Marvin waits as Dr. Tomsy enters the hallway and closes the
office door behind him. Through the glass we see Bob
continuing to entertain the staff.

TOMSKY
Leo, have you been under a lot of
stress lately?

MARVIN
What?

TOMSKY
Bob Wiley is far from certifiable. A little
neurotic certainly, but to say he's
in need of institutionalization - well, Leo,
Bob's been telling me about these recent
episodes of yours, and it make's me wonder
if you're not the one who needs a rest.

MARVIN
Now wait just a god damn minute!
What the hell are you saying!?

TOMSKY
Leo, calm down. All I'm saying
is...take a vacation...

MARVIN
I'm on vacation!!

TOMSKY
Relax...

MARVIN
I am relaxed!!!

TOMSKY
Well I can't keep him, Leo.

Tomsy stuffs Bob's committal form into Marvin's shirt pocket.

TOMSKY

I'm giving you back his admitting forms to save you any embarrassment. If you want to be rid of him, simply take him back where you got him and go home.

MARVIN

That's easy for you to say! He's human crazy glue! Why in the god damn hell do you think I brought him here?!!

Two big attendants move towards Marvin from behind. Tomsky shakes his head "no", backing them off. Marvin turns and sees how close he is to being committed.

MARVIN

I don't believe this!

TOMSKY

You sure you don't want to talk to somebody?

INT. MARVIN'S CAR, THE COUNTRYSIDE OF NEW ENGLAND, DAY.

Marvin drives. Bob rides. Marvin looks ready to explode.

BOB

So what I'm trying to say is, I understand. The TV interview didn't go well. You were upset... (pause) I just want you to know that I don't want to be the cause of any tension.

There is a long pause. Marvin looks over at Bob then suddenly jams on the brakes.

EXT. THE COUNTRY ROAD, SAME.

The Marvinmobile screeches to a halt and Marvin leaps out. He rushes around the car and opens Bob's door.

MARVIN

GET OUT! GET OUT OF MY CAR! GET OUT OF MY LIFE! DON'T EVER COME BACK!

BOB

Can't we talk calmly about this?

Marvin drags Bob out of the car and slams the door. Marvin storms back to the driver side, gets back in and slams it.

BOB

Don't forget to be home by seven!

Marvin floors the car. He swerves to hit Bob who barely manages to leap out of the way. Marvin's front fender smashes into the guard rail. Marvin looks like he is about to explode, then zooms off.

INT. MARVIN'S CAR, SAME.

Marvin's face is about to bust a vessel. He's floored the accelerator and the telephone poles are shooting by like a picket fence. Behind him a siren wails.

MARVIN

NO! You won't catch me!! NOO!!

EXT. THE SPOT WHERE MARVIN LEFT BOB, SAME.

Bob is walking down the road, hitch hiking. A pick-up truck stops and gives Bob a lift.

EXT. THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, ANOTHER SPOT, SAME.

Marvin is being given a ticket by a state trooper. Bob passes by in the pick-up which slows down.

BOB (out the window)

You need some help?

MARVIN

NO I DON'T NEED HELP!

BOB

Be home by seven. I promised Fay.

Marvin steams. The pick-up rolls on. The trooper hands Marvin a ticket and gets on his motorcycle.

Marvin storms back to his car. He gets in and starts to drive away. He notices that the front end is bumping up and down. He stops the car and gets out.

ANGLE ON MARVIN'S CAR

Marvin stomps around to the front of his car. The fender where he hit the guard rail is bashed in and is scraping the tire which is flatter than a broken balloon.

MARVIN

First he ruins my life, now he ruins my car!

Marvin strides to his trunk. He takes out a tire iron, walks back to the flat, and starts trying to take off the lug nuts. They won't budge. Marvin starts beating on the tire, then on the fender of the car.

MARVIN
(emphasizing each whack
with a curse)
God.. damn... son of a bitching... BOB!

Marvin stands and start beating on the hood of his car with the tire iron.

EXT. A CLUMP OF WOODS OFF OF A DIRT ROAD, DAY.

Marvin drives his station wagon, flat tire and all, straight for a tree. At the last second he cuts the wheel and slams the passenger side of the car into the tree. He backs up into a telephone pole then pulls forward into a fence post.

WIDE SHOT, THE SAME.

Cows stand around watching as Marvin's car roars through a New England glen, banging into trees and fence posts like a bumper car. Marvin gets out of the car, picks up a broken fence post, then starts maniacally clubbing the the car's roof.

EXT. MARVIN'S HOUSE, NIGHT.

Marvin's car, dented practically beyond recognition, rolls down the street and wipes out the mailbox. It stops. Marvin pulls himself out and walks into the eve lights of his cottage. His shirt is torn, his face is scratched and dirty, and he wears the hint of insanity in his smile. He kicks opens the door.

MARVIN
Honey! I'm home!

INT. THE MARVIN COTTAGE, NIGHT. MARVIN'S P.O.V.

Lights go on. Thirty people stand around the room with party favors and drinks in their hands. In unison they yell:

PARTY GUESTS
Surprise! (all sing)
*Happy Birthday to you, Happy
Birthday to you! Happy Birthd...

The singing tapers off into dead silence. The party guests, flabbergasted by Marvin's disheveled appearance, stare at him. Facing Marvin, mouths open, are his family, several friends, (including the Guttmans), and some of Anna's friends from the sailboat. Fay approaches, tentatively.

FAY
Leo, what happened?

MARVIN

Nothing.

FAY

Nothing? Look at yourself!

SIGGY

Dad, you're a mess.

MARVIN

I had some car trouble.

Fay is speechless. So are Siggie and Anna. Not wanting to let things sink, party hardy well wishers walk up to Marvin.

PARTY GUEST 1

Happy Birthday, Leo.

PARTY GUEST 2

Some night to have car trouble. You almost missed your own surprise party!

BOB

Happy Birthday, Dr. M.

Marvin turns and stares at Bob. He is consumed with anger.

BOB

Fay and I have been planning this for days. I couldn't miss your birthday!

Bob gives Marvin a pat on the back. Suddenly Marvin leaps onto Bob and starts strangling him.

MARVIN

I want you dead! Dead, you hear me!
Dead!

Guests pull Marvin off of Bob.

INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE MARVIN'S DARKENED BEDROOM, NIGHT.

Marvin lies in the darkened room, his hands over his face. Many of the party guests hover outside in the hallway, whispering amongst themselves. One of the guests arrives with a black doctor's bag. We recognize him as the Doctor 3 from the boat, the man who is telling this story. He speaks to Fay who is wringing her hands.

DOCTOR 3 (PHIL)

He's had a sedative but I think I'll give him something stronger for sleep.

FAY

I just don't understand it, Phil. He's always so in control but this week he's just been a different person. If there's one place he's always been his best, it's here, in New Hampshire, on vacation. Now he's got this thing about Bob being the cause of all his problems... It's crazy.

DOCTOR 3 (PHIL)

Vacation or not, he's under a lot of stress, Fay. The book, the interview, the birthday. He'll be fine after he gets some rest.

FAY

Do you really think so?

Phil nods and puts a hand on Fay's, then goes into Marvin's room. He closes the door behind him.

INT. THE MARVIN LIVING ROOM, NIGHT.

Bob sits on the couch between Siggy and Anna. Party guests approach. Bob sees Biff standing across the room, looking at Bob and Anna.

PARTY GUEST 6

You feeling better?

BOB

I'm fine. How's Dr. M?

ANNA

I can't understand why dad would do something like that.

Biff is across the room, smiling at Anna.

BOB

Well I can't understand why you won't make a move on Biff Stark.

ANNA

(whispering)

Bob, we've talked about this.

BOB

No, you've talked about it. What I have to say is that Biff's smile is not Oedipal regression. It's not a confused libido. It's a good looking hunk drooling over one Anna Marvin.

ANNA

Bob...

BOB

Can I say something without hurting your feelings?

ANNA

That's a loaded question.

BOB

I'm screwed up and I'm too old for you. If I were eighteen or even twenty eight again I'd give you my frat pin or my I.D. bracelet. The problem is that I'm almost old enough to be your father and my I.D. bracelet is a medics alert. Go to Biff. Smile at Biff. It'll be better in the long run.

Anna looks at Bob and huffs off. Biff sees this and goes after her.

BOB

Tonight's my night to alienate everybody.

SIGGY

They'll get over it. GOD DAMN IT TO FUCKING HELL.

BOB

I hope so.

A woman walks up to Bob.

WOMAN

Hi. Fay said to introduce myself. I'm Lily, Leo's neurotic sister.

We saw LILY's picture in Marvin's office. She is the one Bob who impersonated on the phone. Bob stands, delighted.

BOB

A pleasure. I'm Bob. I'm neurotic too.

LILY

That's what Fay told me. Am I disturbing you?

BOB

Only in a good way. Sit down.

Lily smiles.

INT. MARVIN'S BEDROOM, NIGHT.

Phil (Doctor 3) empties a giant hypodermic into Marvin's buttock. He swats Marvin's behind and Marvin pulls up his pj's and rolls over.

PHIL

That should give you some interesting ideas for your next book. You might even wake up in a few days feeling happy.

MARVIN

I doubt it.

Phil walks to the door.

MARVIN

Phil?

PHIL

Yeah?

MARVIN

Do you remember a classmate named Fensterwald?

PHIL

Carswell Fensterwald? Sure. Who could forget?

MARVIN

I've forgotten and I don't know why. Did anything unusual happen with him?

PHIL

You're joking, of course.

MARVIN

No, I'm not joking. Do I look like a man who's joking?!

PHIL

Relax, Leo. I just can't believe you'd block something like that out. Carswell Fensterwald was the guy you turned in for cheating.

MARVIN (sitting up)

What...?

PHIL

Sure. You brought action against him for stealing your psychoanalysis notes. As I recall he transferred to University of Borneo or some such hell hole.

Marvin tries to speak but nothing comes out of his mouth.
Phil watches with concern.

PHIL

Leo, is there something about Carswell
that's disturbing you? Leo...?

MARVIN (after a beat)

Enjoy the party, Phil. Thanks for
the sedative.

Phil lingers then leaves. Marvin lies in bed then curls
into the fetal position. He begins rolling back and forth
and shaking all over. He shakes so hard that he rattles
the bed.

MARVIN

Fensterwald! I'll get you!!

INT. MARVIN'S BEDROOM, THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

Fay sleeps soundly next to Marvin who is wide eyed, staring at
the ceiling, twitching. Marvin pulls himself carefully out of
bed then crawls on the floor to the door. Fay opens her eyes.

FAY

Leo...

MARVIN (slurred)

Going to the...bathroom...

Marvin watches at the door for Fay to go back to sleep.

EXT. THE MARVIN COTTAGE, NIGHT.

Marvin, carrying his shoes, crawls outside. He tries to
put his shoes on and falls flat on his face. He lies
on the lawn for a moment in a groggy, drugged state, then
pulls himself up and crawls to the car.

INT. EXT. THE COUTRYSIDE OF NEW ENGLAND, NIGHT.

The Marvinmobile - what's left of it - rattles down the
New England highway, swerving. Fighting sleep, the radio
volume up past the point of distortion, Marvin drives.

EXT. THE TOMSKY INSTITUTE GUARD GATE, NIGHT.

Marvin's car scrapes to a halt against the stone guard
house. The guard, nodding, sits up suddenly.

GUARD

What the...

MARVIN

Dr. Leo Marvin. Here to pick up
some Thorazine for my wife.

GUARD (checking his list)

Doctor Marvin.... I don't have you down.

MARVIN

Good god man, this is an emergency!
Look at your records. I was here
twice yesterday. Doctor Marvin!
Doctor Leo Marvin!

Marvin reaches in the glove compartment and finds a copy
of Baby Steps. He holds the cover up for the Guard to see.
The guard flips through the sheets on his clipboard.

GUARD

Okay, I see it: Dr. Leo Marvin.
Go on ahead, Doctor Marvin.

Marvin hits the accelerator but the car dies. He tries to
start it again but it's hopeless. Marvin climbs out of
the car and starts walking towards the institute.

MARVIN (muttering to himself)

Shit crap piss. Mother fucking son
of a bitch.

INT. CLIFFORD'S FIREPROOF ROOM, NIGHT.

Clifford, Marvin's former patient, sleeps in his bed.
There is a knock on the door. Clifford rolls over.

CLIFFORD (groggy)

Come in.

The door opens and Marvin enters. He notices bars on
the windows and fire extinguishers on the walls.

CLIFFORD

Dr. Marvin! What are you doing here?

MARVIN

Hypothetically, Clifford, if one
wanted to make a home made bomb how
would they do it?

CLIFFORD

Dr. Marvin. You?

MARVIN

Only hypothetically, Clifford. It's
for my new book.

CLIFFORD

Well... depends on what they wanted
to blow up.

MARVIN

Say a man. About this high. Bermuda
shorts.

CLIFFORD

Umm.

Clifford finds his drawing pad. He begins drawing and writing.
Marvin watches over his shoulder. After Clifford finishes
drawing, he tears off the page and hands it to Marvin.

CLIFFORD

Time controlled. Not defusable without
detonation. Everything available at Sears.

Marvin folds the paper and puts it in his pocket.

MARVIN

This is all between you and me, of
course. Doctor - patient confidentiality.

CLIFFORD (little smile)

Blow em to hell.

Marvin starts out. He turns the handle on the door but it
won't open.

MARVIN

Is something wrong with the door?

CLIFFORD

No. I'm locked in. Only opens from
the outside.

Marvin looks at Clifford. The twitching on Marvin's face
becomes pronounced.

MARVIN

MOTHER FUCKING SON OF A BITCH! ASS
WIPE OF THE UNIVERSE!

Marvin begins kicking on the door with all his might.

MARVIN

Let me out of here!!

INT. DR. TOMSKY'S OFFICE, MORNING.

In the waiting room, Marvin sits in a straight jacket. His
face is twitching and he is muttering to himself. Tomsky enters.

TOMSKY

Leo...

MARVIN

I want out of here, Kenneth! You can't hold me!

TOMSKY

I can for twenty four hours, Leo, and it's in your best interests that I do. Why won't you just admit that you came back here for help?

MARVIN

(struggling in the straight jacket)
I'm a board certified psychiatrist!!
You have no right!

TOMSKY

I've already called Fay. Your family's coming up during visitor's hours. I understand that you were seen by Phil Weingarten so I've asked him to come too.

MARVIN

What about Bob?

TOMSKY

Bob Wiley? He can come, certainly. Do you want Bob to come?

MARVIN

No I don't want him to come! I want him to stay! No Bob! No Bob!

TOMSKY

All right, Leo, calm down.

INT. THE MARVIN COTTAGE, DAY.

Bob comes down the steps, carrying one of Marvin's robes and his book, The Bonfire of the Vanities.

BOB

I thought Dr. M. might like these.

Bob sees Fay and Siggy and Anna sitting huddled on the couch. Bob instantly senses that something is wrong.

BOB

Uh oh.

FAY

Sit down, Bob.

Bob does.

BOB

Something's wrong.

FAY

Bob, don't take this personally. We have no idea why Leo is so upset with you and I'm not defending his recent behavior in any way, but whatever the reasons, it would be best if you didn't come with us to visit him.

Bob looks at the faces of Siggy and Anna and Fay. They're all very serious.

BOB

Okay. I'll get the house ready and maybe if they let you bring him home today we can--

FAY

I'm not sure if they'll let him come home or not. I think if they do, it would be best for all concerned if you aren't around when he gets here.

There is a pause. Bob paces.

ANNA

Please don't think it's way we want it. We think you're wonderful.

SIGGY

Yeah!

ANNA

It's just that dad's not himself.

FAY

Exactly.

BOB

I understand. You've all been great. And we'll always have our memories.

Outside, Phil pulls up in his car. He toots his horn.

FAY

Oh god, that's Phil.

Fay stands and moves in three directions at once.

BOB
Mrs. M. relax. I'll straighten up
before I go and if you bring Dr. M.
home, everything will be just the
way he likes it.

FAY
Bob you're such a dear. Take good
care, okay?

Fay hugs Bob. So does Anna.

BOB
You give Biff a chance okay?

Tears in her eyes, Anna nods. Bob turns to Siggy who is
about to choke up. Bob holds out his hand.

BOB
Give me leather, ass wiping bastard head.

Siggy swats Bob's hand.

SIGGY
Mother fucking pissant.

The family and Bob exchange pregnant goodbye looks, then
Fay and Siggy and Anna exit.

BOB
Bye, fam.

NEW ANGLE, OUT THE LIVING ROOM WINDOW, SAME.

Bob watches as the Marvin family pile into Phil's car and
dive away. They wave. Bob waves back, sadly.

ANGLE ON MARVIN'S CHAIR, THE MARVIN LIVING ROOM, SAME.

Shell shocked, Bob slumps into Marvin's chair. He pauses
there for a long moment, looking depressed. He stares at
The Bonfire of the Vanities then casually opens it. He
reads for a moment then:

BOB (interested)
Hmm...

Bob sits back in the chair and turns on the reading lamp.
As he grows more and more absorbed in the book, he
shivers. He puts on Marvin's robe, settles back in the
chair, and continues reading.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CAFETERIA OF THE TOMSKY INSTITUTE, DAY.

Patients shuffle through the cafeteria grabbing sandwiches. Marvin, no longer in the straight jacket, is amongst them. He walks calmly cross the room, carrying his tray, then suddenly slams his fist into a fire alarm.

EXT. THE TOMSKY INSTITUTE, DAY.

The grounds and buildings look serene. Suddenly the rattle of a fire alarm shatters the tranquility. Marvin comes running out of a building followed a few moments after by some attendants. Marvin races at top speed towards a wall and scrambles over it. The attendants follow in hot pursuit.

EXT. THE COUNTRYSIDE NEAR THE TOMSKY INSTITUTE, DAY.

Marvin's family ride down the highway towards the Tomsky Institute in Phil's car. Suddenly five fire engines pass them in a chaos of sirens. Phil pulls the car over and lets them go by. He steers back onto the road and continues.

HOLD ON the spot by the road where Phil pulled over. After Phil's car disappears ahead, Marvin, still in his robe and slippers, steps out and begins walking the other way. A car passes and he sticks out his thumb.

EXT. BOB'S COTTAGE, DAY.

Marvin, carrying a bag, singing to himself, approaches the cottage. He tries the front door. It's open and he enters.

MARVIN (SINGING)

"Bob fell in to a burning ring of fire.
He went down down down and the flames
went higher. And it burned burned burned,
that ring of fire. The ring of fire."

INT. BOB'S COTTAGE, SAME.

Marvin sits on the bedroom floor with a soda bottle and several boxes of wooden matches in his lap. He breaks off the match heads and drops them into the bottle, filling it up. While he works he whistles, "Whistle While You Work."

When the bottle is full of match heads, Marvin removes a wired mechanism from his pocket and a digital timer. He delicately pushes the wired metal mechanism into the bottle then carefully ties on some fuse wires. He screws the bottle shut with a cap, gingerly places the bottle under Bob's bed, then begins laying the fuse wire along the floor into the kitchen.

On a table by the door Marvin sees Bob's fish, Gil. Marvin picks up the fish bowl and puts Gil under the bed next to the bomb. He then goes back to laying the wire into the kitchen.

INT. EXT. BOB'S COTTAGE KITCHEN, SAME.

Marvin lays the fuse wire across the kitchen and out the kitchen door. He closes the door and is about to set the timer when he notices a note hanging on the outside of the kitchen door:

MARVIN (reads the note aloud)

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. G., Dr. Marvin is in the insane asylum for a few days so if I'm not here, I'll probably be at the Marvin's. Would you feed Gil? Thanks. Bob. P.S. Your denture supplies arrived so I put them in your mailbox. Enjoy. Bob. "

Marvin seethes. He thinks a moment then heads back into the cottage. Momentarily he returns carrying the bottle bomb and the long wire fuse.

EXT. THE TOMSKY INSTITUTE, DAY.

Phil's car, carrying Fay and Siggy and Anna, speeds out of the Tomsky institute. After a long beat, a Tomsky institute ambulance, bubble gum machine flashing, follows.

INT. THE MARVIN COTTAGE, LATE AFTERNOON.

Bob is still in Marvin's big easy chair, wearing Marvin's robe, engrossed in Marvin's book. Suddenly Marvin's face pops up at the window. He looks in and sees Bob but Bob doesn't see him. Marvin fumes then ducks back down. Bob looks up, doesn't see anything, then goes back to his reading.

Suddenly the front door to the cottage is kicked open and there stands a seething Leo.

BOB

Dr. M.! What's up?

MARVIN

Don't move and don't make a sound! Say one word and I'll blow us both to bits.

Marvin brandishes the bottle bomb and seems to mean it.

BOB

Okay.

MARVIN
Shut up and don't move!

BOB
Okay!

Bob remains seated in Marvin's chair. Threateningly holding the detonator in one hand, Marvin wedges the bottle bomb under the chair cushion then with his free hand furiously begins wrapping Bob into the chair with the long fuse wire.

BOB
Dr. M...

MARVIN
Shut up.

BOB
But...

MARVIN
(brandishing the detonator)
Shut up!

Marvin finishes wrapping Bob into the chair. Carrying the detonator with him, Marvin walks across the room, activates the digital timer then puts on a record.

BOB
How much time?

MARVIN
Time for one last song.

The record is "You Don't Bring Me Flowers" by Neil Diamond.

BOB
God, not Neil Diamond!

MARVIN
So long!

Suddenly the door to the house opens again. There stand Fay, Anna, Siggy and Phil. They see Leo.

FAY
Leo!

ANNA AND SIGGY
Dad!

They turn and see Bob, tied up.

FAY, ANNA, SIGGY

BOB!

BOB

Hi fam. Better get out of here. I'm gonna explode in less than two minutes.

MARVIN (maniacally)

Get out!

FAY

Leo, what are you doing?!

MARVIN

I'm dealing with the problem, get out!

FAY

What problem are you talking about?

MARVIN

I'm talking about Bob! Bob Bob Bob!
Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob!!! I'm going
crazy and all I hear around this
house is BOB BOB BOB!!

FAY

Honey, there is no problem. We've asked Bob to leave.

MARVIN

Then why is he still here?!

BOB

I was straightening things up, Dr.
M. They asked me not to be here
when you got back so I was gonna go.

MARVIN

Do you really expect me to believe that?

BOB

It's true.

FAY

Really, honey. Bob agreed to leave
and we said goodbye. If you'll just
let him up, he'll go. Right Bob?

BOB

Absolutely. I'll go back to New
York and I'll see you in your office
in September.

MARVIN (screams)

AHHHH!

Marvin brandishes the detonator.

FAY

Leo!

MARVIN

Get the kids out of here, Fay!

FAY

Leo, please...

SIGGY

But why are you killing him, Dad, when he's on your side? You were the one who wanted me to stop wearing black. Because of Bob, I stopped. You were the one who wanted me to dive. Bob taught me to dive using "Baby Steps". He did! I thought it was a bull shit theory too, but it worked! Tell him Bob.

BOB

It's true, Leo. It's a brilliant theory.

MARVIN

Don't call me Leo!!

BOB

Sorry.

SIGGY

Don't you see Bob loves you dad?
Don't you see we all love you?

FAY

That's your son talking, Leo.

PHIL

Put down the detonator, Leo. Turn it off.

ANNA

We love you, daddy. Please. I'm dating a boy my age now, just like you wanted.

MARVIN

Teddy Fein?

ANNA

Biff Stark.

Marvin frowns.

FAY
Leo, we love you! We need you!
Don't do this to us!

Marvin looks at his family. Love for him is all over their faces. Tears begin to roll down his cheeks.

ANNA AND SIGGY
Please, Daddy...

Leo slowly lowers the detonator. "You Don't Bring Me Flowers" winds down on the stereo. The needle rubs the label on the record. Thunk-thunk. Thunk-thunk.

MARVIN
Oh no! THE BOMB!!

PHIL
Stop the timer!

MARVIN
I can't! It doesn't work that way!

Marvin hurries to Bob's chair and starts trying to unwrap the wires.

MARVIN
Everybody get out!

SIGGY
Pull out the wires.

MARVIN
No!! It'll blow!! Get out!

Bob manages to slip through the wires and get out of the chair but the wires are still tangled around the chair's arms and legs. Marvin and Bob try to push the family out of the house. Bob looks at the detonator.

BOB
Twenty seconds.

MARVIN
We gotta get the bomb out of here!

Bob and Marvin furiously try to get the wires off the chair but the wires are a tangled mess. Siggy runs back over to help.

MARVIN
Get out, Siggy!

BOB
Eleven seconds.

MARVIN

Throw the chair out the window!

Bob and Marvin pick the chair up, wires and bomb attached, and heave it against the window. The chair won't fit and bounces back onto the floor.

BOB

Six seconds.

MARVIN

NO!!

EXT. THE MARVIN COTTAGE, DAY.

Bob, Marvin, Phil and the rest of the Marvin family run across the lawn away from the house. Bob looks at his watch as they run.

BOB

Two.. one...

The family stops. Nothing happens. They wait a beat then throw up their hands in glee.

ALL

YEA!!

The cottage explodes into flames. The concussion shakes the ground. Everyone watches as the house goes up like a matchbox.

FAY

My house!

ANNA

My clothes!

SIGGY

My snake!

BOB

Snake?!

The family stands stunned as their house burns brightly. Tomsy's ambulance arrives. Tomsy and his attendants get out. They, too, gape at the blaze.

MARVIN

I've ruined everything!

The depressed looks on the faces of the other Marvins denote similar thoughts.

BOB
You still have your practice, Dr. M.
You still have your patients.

MARVIN
Do you know how crazy you have to be
to sit around listening to sick people
all day?! I don't want my practice!

FAY (amazed)
Leo.

Neighbors begins to arrive at the scene. The Guttman's
arrive too. The Guttman's begin a chant:

GUTTMANS
Burn. Burn. Burn. Burn.

Tomsky's attendants move towards Marvin. Phil shoots
Tomsky a look. Tomsky stops his attendants.

TOMSKY
(to his attendants)
Give him a minute.

In the distance, sirens approach. The roof of the
house collapses. The Marvin family stands dejected on the
lawn, all of the life seemingly drained out of them.

BOB
(to the Marvins)
Wait a minute, what's wrong with
you people? You have the most
precious thing in the world and
you're worried about a stupid house?!

The family looks at him.

BOB
Didn't you hear yourselves in there,
you're a family! You know how many
people would give their eye teeth
for a family?

Bob paces around.

BOB
I want you all to repeat after me:
"Baby steps, we have our family."

Bob takes a small step on the lawn.

MARVIN
Bob...

BOB

Do it!

PART OF THE FAMILY

Baby steps, we have our family.

BOB

(taking another step)

All of you! Baby Steps, we have our health!

ALL OF THE FAMILY

(lackluster)

Baby Steps, we have our health.

BOB

Again. And mean it! Baby steps...

THE FAMILY

Baby steps, we have our family.

Baby steps, we have our health.

BOB

Now bigger steps, we have our family!
Bigger steps, we have our health!

THE FAMILY

(more energy)

Bigger steps, we have our family.
Bigger steps, we have our health!

BOB

Yes! and Giant Steps, we have our family!!
Giant steps, we have our health!

THE FAMILY

Giant steps, we have our family!
Giant steps, we have our health!

BOB

Keep going!

The family strides around the yard, taking big steps as they do, repeating this chant. They look at each other and tears well in their eyes as they realize how much they mean to each other.

THE FAMILY

GIANT STEPS, WE HAVE OUR FAMILY!!
GIANT STEPS, WE HAVE OUR HEALTH!!

The family pulls close as they step and chant. Suddenly Marvin stops.

MARVIN

Wait!

FAY

Leo, what now?

Marvin stares at Bob for a long time. Suddenly he reaches out his hand:

MARVIN

Bob... Come here!

Bob hesitates but the happy Marvin family swarms him. Encircling Bob, the family starts marching around the yard again, encouraging Bob to participate. Bob does.

THE MARVINS AND BOB

GIANT STEPS, WE HAVE OUR FAMILY!

GIANT STEPS, WE HAVE OUR HEALTH!

(repeat)

As Phil and Tomsy exchange mutually amazed glances, PULL BACK from Bob and his Marvin family, marching on the lawn, chanting ecstatically as the cottage goes up like a bonfire.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, SUNSET.

The doctors and wives in the boat sit silently around Phil who has been telling this story.

FEINBERG

My god, it was insanity. Bob drove them all to complete insanity!

PHIL

Maybe. Depends on how you look at it.

A WIFE

What happened?

PHIL

I don't think he cared, but of course Leo lost his medical license. A doctor can't try to blow up one of his patients and expect to get away with it.

WIFE

Well thank god for that.
(the doctors stare daggers at her)

I mean... In this case... I mean...
What's Marvin doing now?

PHIL

Marvin went back to the Tomsy Institute for a few days for observation so Bob put the family up in his cottage. No one was quite sure what Leo was going to do with himself when he got out, but the day he returned to Winnepesaukee, the phone rang in Bob's cottage...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INT. BOB'S COTTAGE, DAY.

Siggy and Bob are out on the pier down from Bob's cottage, both diving. Fay and Anna and Biff are in the yard, sunning. Inside Bob's cottage, the phone is ringing but they don't hear it.

INT. BOB'S COTTAGE BEDROOM, SAME.

Marvin lies on Bob's bed, finally getting to enjoy his now charred copy of The Bonfire of the Vanities. He looks at the phone in the kitchen.

MARVIN

Phone, Bob.

Marvin continues reading. The phone keeps ringing.

MARVIN

Bob, should I get it?

Marvin sees that no one else is in the cottage. He puts the book down and goes to the phone.

MARVIN (INTO PHONE)

Bob Wiley's.

VOICE ON PHONE

May I speak to Bob, please.

MARVIN

(glances outside and sees Bob and Siggy diving)
Bob's out right now. Can I take a message?

VOICE ON PHONE

I'm with the Tucson school district. Bob contacted us about buying some toothbrushes but we're going to have to cancel the order.

MARVIN

(writing)

Tucson school district canceling order.

(pause)

May I tell him why?

VOICE ON PHONE

It's not a priority right now.

MARVIN

Not a priority? Dental health not a priority?! Let me tell you something Mr...

VOICE ON PHONE

Jameson.

MARVIN

When I was a schoolboy you guys talked and talked about good dental habits but you know what good that did me? Absolutely none. I'll bet I've had ten thousand dollars in dental work that I could have avoided if my school had spent two dollars and five minutes providing me with a toothbrush and showing me how to use it properly. You're claim to be interested in education? That money could have paid for my daughter's first year of college!

JAMESON

Humm. That's an interesting point.

MARVIN (INTO PHONE)

It's an excellent point!

JAMESON

Can we try it for a semester?

MARVIN (INTO PHONE)

I don't see why not. I'll check with Bob but that's better than nothing.

JAMESON

Sir, to whom am I speaking?

MARVIN

Leo Marvin.

JAMESON

Mr. Marvin--

MARVIN

Leo.

JAMESON

Leo, I'll await your call.

Marvin hangs up the phone and stares at it a moment.

MARVIN

Ha. Is that's all there is to it? FAY!

Marvin puts down the book and bounces out of the cottage. As we watch him run outside and talk excitedly to Fay:

PHIL (V.O.)

Leo Marvin now runs the biggest dental supply house in the East. Last year he took in his son-in-law, Biff Stark, as his partner. Harvey Brandenburg saw Leo last month and said he never looked happier.

EXT. THE DOCTORS ON THE BOAT, SAME.

FEINBERG

My god. The poor bastard.

DOCTOR 4 (to Feinberg)

And you thought you had nightmares.

FEINBERG

Phil, why did you have to tell us this on vacation?

PHIL

You started it.

FEINBERG

Not this!

WIFE

What happened to Bob?

The others jump in: "Yeah, what about Bob? What about Bob? What about Bob?"

PHIL

Well...

A HUGE SAILBOAT goes by. Phil looks off starboard and yells.

PHIL

Hey Bob! Hello! BOB!!

ANGLE ON THE HUGE SAILBOAT

Bob is surrounded by Lily Marvin, three toddlers and lots of friends. A big grin on his face, Bob waves at the doctors.

PHIL (VOICE OVER)

Bob married Leo's sister and had triplets. He went back to school, got his degree and now has a huge practice on Park and 75th.

ANGLE ON THE DOCTORS

DOCTOR 2

Wait a minute! You mean to tell me that the Bob Wiley you just told us about is Dr. Robert Wiley the psychologist?!

FEINBERG

Author of that huge best seller, er...?

Phil points to Bob and his boat. The boat is named Giant Steps

PHIL (VOICE OVER)

Giant Steps. Exactly. Sold over three million in hardback.

Bob and his family wave as his boat pulls away. He looks incredibly happy.

ANGLE ON THE DOCTORS

who are dark green with envy.

DOCTOR 2

I don't believe it!

DOCTOR 1

It's disgusting!

FEINBERG

I'll never take another vacation as long as I live!

As the other doctors second in agreement, we watch Bob's hugely happy sailboat sail into the distance.

ROLL END CREDITS.