

FREUD & DAUGHTER

A feature film in the making

Ida Eva Zielinska



© **Ida Eva Zielinska**

CONCEPT

Freud and Daughter is a post-modern story that explores the tension between mothers and daughters, and that between women and power. A parallel is drawn between two relationships, existing in two different places, and during two different time periods.

CUBA

the present

Dr. Sandra Freud is a psychiatrist - an expert on self-reliance. Her daughter, Anna, currently between jobs and lovers, is an expert on self-reliance as well. But while the mother is a respected pillar of society, wielding the power insight can bring, the daughter flounders, self-reliant from necessity not choice. On the periphery of her mother's clinical observations, she has seen and heard it all. Knowing just how many pitfalls can trap a human being, she too is stuck in limbo, hopelessly wanting to but being unable to commit to person or deed - just like the patients her mother steers to fulfillment and renewed activity. How hard for her to try anything when she feels like a bug under a microscope. All-seeing Mother knows everything about everyone and in particular about her daughter. Even if she keeps her observations to herself, you can feel her thinking! She doesn't mean it really, it's just a nasty habit ... it's because she's a shrink's and that's what makes them tick.

Think how the kids of the founding father of psychiatry must have felt! Although Sandra Freud is not related to him, in theory at least, her work does filter back to the original Dr. Sigmund Freud. But what woman would openly admit to any relationship with the man who defined *hysteria* (which derives from the Latin word for 'womb')! Therefore, Sandra is a fan of Sigmund Freud's youngest daughter, Anna, a famous psychoanalyst in her own right (surprisingly few know, how strange!). She even named her own daughter after the illustrious... Dr. Anna Freud.

VIENNA

the 1920s & 30's

In a back office, while father, Dr. Sigmund Freud, observes his cast of hysterical female characters, his daughter, Dr. Anna Freud, makes sense of his notes and writes the drafts of what will become the many volumes this seminal thinker left for posterity. And as Sigmund checks how her - I mean his - work is proceeding, Anna feels like an invisible scribe. The feelings the daughter experiences first hand, the father describes and solves - as in finding their 'real' hidden meaning. But great power lies in being both the observer and the observed!

So Dr. Anna writes her own little book - Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense. In it's simplicity and breadth, it easily becomes a classic - although undervalued due to her father's persistent shadow.

Where VIENNA & CUBA intersect

While Anna writes her book in Vienna, Anna reads it in Cuba. Needless to say, she can relate! Apart from the humorous mishaps that shape our adventure, the film explores the strange parallel which exists between both Anna Freuds. While positioned years apart, 'they work the same twenty-four hours', so to speak. While the Anna from the past must lay claim to her own mind, regardless of her father's shadow, the Anna of today must lay claim to her own life, regardless of her mother's constant analysis.

In Cuba, Anna will discover that she is human, fragile, and far from invincible. She will have to admit just how much in need of love she is - even if in the arms of a mere actor and volunteer fireman named Fred Harris. Anna finally takes her life into her own hands. In Vienna, Anna will discover just how human, fragile, and far from invincible her father is. Here, where analysis began, it is he who must admit that he doesn't know it all, and that this 'woman' deserves acknowledgment and respect. Anna is finally given the right to her own life. And both Sigmund and Sandra - across the decades - will gain maybe what they most feared - a free-thinking, independent daughter. Finally. Watch out!

SYNOPSIS

Our story is about a psychiatrist, **Dr. Sandra Freud**, and her daughter, **Anna**, a young woman between commitments in love and career. They are on vacation in Cuba. Among lush vegetation, virile men whose loins sway to irresistible Latin beats and beg a duet, curvaceous brunettes who know the price seduction can fetch, and splashy tourists with money and attitude, the psychiatrist and her fledgling stand apart and observe. But without warning, your classic act of God, Hurricane Marilyn rears her head and approaches the Island. With the airport shut, windows being boarded-up, and faces growing uncomfortably familiar, they are forced to relate on terms more intimate than either of them would like. While Anna does battle with her mother Sandra's constant, roaming, analytical eye (insights about others are so hard to suppress!), she keeps bumping into a certain fireman named **Fred Harris** ... 'Freddy the fireman', can you believe it? No wonder she can't stand the yokel. Freddy is obnoxiously male ... secure, sexist, domineering, yet with that endearing quality from yesteryear of a boy begging to be catered to by women. He shows up wherever she goes - which isn't hard on a small island. But Anna thinks it's a downright conspiracy - a touch of paranoia perhaps? - since he delights in irritating her. What she doesn't know is that Fred is really **Neil**, an actor preparing for the part of a fireman, and boy does she bring out his character! He's there with **Barney**, a real fireman, just the straightforward grounded type Neil/Fred is trying to emulate. After countless mishaps and shared disasters (Oh what a bond they make!), Marilyn finally descends on Cuba. And right alongside the roofs, windows, and beach chairs hurled through the air, Anna's emotions take flight! Despite herself, she finds true love in the arms of Freddy, who is not-so-simple after all.

Our story is interwoven with that of another **Anna Freud**, this one a psychiatrist herself, living in a more restrained and cerebral Vienna in the 1920's and 30's. This Anna battles the damper put on her life by the constant analysis provided by her father - yes, you guessed it, the illustrious **Dr. Sigmund Freud** himself! However, here, it is the parent who lets emotions fly. The father of psychiatry reveals a touch of hysteria (takes one to know one!) as he must come to terms with the fact that the daughter may surpass the father if given half a chance! With the publication of her first (and only) book, father must admit that he did not map the entire human mind! Despite himself, he finds respect for this young female, his daughter, who may not be such a transparent creature after all!

CHARACTERS

DR. SANDRA FREUD

Dr. Sandra Freud is a psychiatrist – a world expert on self-reliance. But professional credentials aside, Dr. Sandra Freud is quite a woman. Charismatic would be an understatement. This woman shines ... she shines after middle-age, she just glows! So men, women, people are drawn to her ... each offering an anecdote from their childhood. However, since change takes work, instead of personal growth what she often ends up with is a bunch of neurotics - a fan club that sticks to her like flies to flypaper.

Sandra is in her mid fifties, rather petite, although on the plump side. But given her Latin roots, this is hardly a problem. She is a woman who exudes a comfortable, playful, femininity which defies age, beauty, and social status. Sandra is a woman who is comfortable with the world, because she is comfortable with herself. Born in Latin America, with its rich, fecund culture easily seduced by the fantastic and erotic, she is perhaps a more appropriate practitioner of psychoanalytical theory than one might expect at first glance. After all, so much of it does work its way back to sex ... why not have one so comfortable with the facts of the flesh at the helm!

Sandra is a complex mix of maiden and mother, a combination which is most effective on patients. She becomes both trusted confidante and caretaker. What a healing mix. However, as is often the case, her own daughter may be the last to benefit from the best of mother, since like all identity-starved females, all she sees is the worst (real or imagined, you decide).

And finally, Sandra is a fan of Anna Freud, the famous daughter of the famous father of psychiatry himself. She even named her own daughter after her ...

ANNA FREUD / DR. ANNA FREUD

The Anna of today ...

Currently between jobs and lovers, **Anna Freud** is an expert on self-reliance but unlike mother who is a respected pillar of society, she is self-reliant from necessity not choice. On the periphery of her mother's clinical observations, she has seen and heard it all. Knowing just how many pitfalls can trap a human being, she too is stuck in limbo, hopelessly wanting to but being unable to commit to person or deed - just like the patients her mother steers to fulfillment and renewed activity. How hard for her to try anything when she feels like a bug under a microscope. All-seeing Mother knows everything about everyone and in particular about her daughter. Even if she keeps her observations to herself, you can feel her thinking! She doesn't mean it really, it's just a nasty habit ... it's because she's a shrink and that's what makes them tick.

Although Anna pretends she is not interested in men, she is! It's just easier not to reveal this so openly to mother. In fact, Anna is a complete pushover when it comes to the opposite sex. But it is only the problem cases that attract her - how like mother! But for Anna, professional distance is a downright cop out and disgrace. She likes to get her hands and heart dirty in the dance of love. And dirty they are as a string of selfish, heartless, narcissistic failures have graced her bed - even though mother would so prefer it to have been her patient's couch instead!

So while her mother is that special blend of maiden and mother, Anna is a special blend of dependence and independence, of involvement and detachment. It is never one or the other that dominates. If her heart and body are involved, her mind is away somewhere secretly watching, judging, learning. And if the mind is involved, forget about trying to engage the heart and body ... now that wouldn't come across as 'blind', impulsive', or neurotic' behavior at all, now would it, and then mother might just manage to penetrate her psyche for real (and not in the superficial way she allows her in) and discover her real motivation. And so, by outwardly giving everyone what they think they want, inwardly, she has the unlimited freedom of forever remaining fluid and undefined.

The Anna of yesterday ...

She is the same, but born to survive in the world of limited possibilities that was offered to women in the past. This Anna is hardly able to live out her true inner self. Instead, she follows father and watches him watch others live out the passions and pains denied her due to her cultured restraint. And so, in a sense, her freedom exists not within her own self, but within that of father. It is only he who can live to

the depth she is capable of. So she makes do by being his willing shadow - his other half - his caretaker - his partner - his lover, at least at the level of cerebral intercourse.

Her book is the result of her insight, not ambition. Although she inherits much of her father's throne as his illness progresses, it is always at the level of student, follower, and scribe.

Historical note:

It is only after this rather famous father-daughter relationship was snuffed out due to the father's severe cancer, that the daughter found her own place in the world of psychoanalysis. But forever "Anna Freud - the true daughter of an immortal sire", she continued to downplay her own brilliant contribution. Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense, published in 1936, was indeed revolutionary for its time. It provided a detailed analysis of a single aspect of mind, and by scanning it's relationship to the whole, a rich synthesis emerged. A synthesis out of which we now know, in the post-modern 1990's, that new knowledge can emerge.*

* The dedication in the most comprehensive biography of Freud: Ernest Jones's The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud, Basic Books, 1957.

NEIL / FRED HARRIS

Neil Harris is exactly the type of complicated, confused, artistic type that Anna loves. However, for the sake of a part, in our story he tries to be a simple, straightforward guy called Fred. What a character that makes!

For Neil, Fred is half fantasy, half caricature. He can't quite decide if he likes the guy or not. And as his role progresses, the character Fred becomes a bizarre blend of the real Neil and the stereotypical, macho dude he invented.

Neil is actually a gifted actor. He is not a creep like the other men in Anna's life. But this can only emerge in time. He is more fragile than the rest, and fragile in a way which doesn't demand the subjugation of others in order to maintain his own self-image and comfort.

Basically, Neil is a pretty cool guy. His main flaw is that he is somewhat immature. And, of course, he lacks experience in love - the type of love which is not an 'act', but the real, inter-dependent, intimate, hitherto avoided thing!

BARNEY JONES

Barney Jones is the real fireman in this story. He is simple. He is just the straightforward, uncomplicated, grounded type Neil is trying to emulate. He is far from stupid, dense, or whatever else you might think, however. It's just that Barney knows exactly who he is, what he wants, and what he does in life. There is no ambiguity. If a fire burns, it must be extinguished. If a human being is not pulled to safety from smoke and flame, they will die. End of story.

Barney doesn't need to be complicated because his work puts him in close relationship with the simplest duality there is - that between life and death. It is not the line between sanity and madness, crassness and taste, or meaning and folly, which he walks. It is the line of life itself.

*I worked in a bank. You know, it's just paper. It's not real. Nine to five and it's shit. You're lookin' at numbers. But I can look back and say, "I helped put out a fire. I helped save somebody." It shows something I did on this earth. **

Period.

* From Studs Terkel's book Working, Avon Books, 1972

DR. SIGMUND FREUD

And last but far from least, we have **Dr. Sigmund Freud**, the seminal master himself, without whom this story would not exist. We all know the record, or do we? How easily we lose the person in history and retain only the persona. He had his faults, his theory has its flaws, but Sigmund deserves the respect due to members of the world's premiere family of visionaries.

He elaborated a novel path. As we walk it, it is easy to find fault with the material of which it was built. And yet, it remains a path. One that has, does, and will continue to help some find their way through the maze of their own pain, and discover serenity and peace of mind.

Perhaps much of the current wave of Freud bashing would subside if we attributed the power less to the man, and more to his goal, noble as it was - the alleviation of mental anguish. But since a burn to the psyche creates a scar so much less evident and simple to remedy than one to the flesh, the intrinsic value or ultimate benefit of psychoanalysis must perhaps continue to remain open to debate.

TREATMENT

Imagine having Dr. S. Freud as the name on your American Express card. Think of the waiters - excuse me, I mean neurotic, unemployed, head-shrunk actors - serving you in a New York deli after midnight. Yes, humorous asides, inside jokes, and "what kind of envy do you suffer from!" questions thrown your way would hardly be a surprise. Now picture this: It's the 21st Century, you have no trim white beard to show for your chosen profession as 'Herr Psychiatrist', and the 'S.' is not for Sigmund but Sandra. Lucky you, right?

Let's face it, Dr. Sandra Freud has had her share of 'objectification'. Nevertheless, she is the reigning queen of a new field - a new 'term' anyway, the content remains the same you know, but the new terminology does shed a different light on all those collective human problems of ours. Dr. Freud has coined a new goal for those in distress ... "Self-Reliance". Victim hood is definitely out. The past is a bore. It's all up to you if you can stand up to the challenge. Being self-reliant, your dream future can be attained! Yes, the message does echo the New Age mumbo-jumbo about 'envisioning your goals', 'empowering yourself', 'projecting a path'. It even calls on ancient wisdoms from around the globe ... "You are what you think" ... "Cause and Effect" (hey, the old karma thing!) ... "Seek and ye shall find" ... and, believe it or not (it is a far stretch, but bear with me), "First there was THE WORD". Think about it ... what's your favorite word, or expression ... "Sorry", "Forget it!", "You're kidding!", "That's terrible" ... and you're surprised your life is terrible, a joke, a study in denial ... or whatever.

Please excuse these asides and seemingly irrelevant bits of information before we bite into our story, but a background as rich and 'complex' as that of Dr. Sandra Freud deserves some exploration. Aside from credentials, let's talk charisma. This woman shines ... she shines after fifty, she just glows! So men, women, people are drawn to her ... each offering an anecdote from their childhood, hoping for a word of wisdom which will miraculously make them immune to the knocks and blows of life. But, lo and behold, instead of personal growth what she often ends up with is a bunch of neurotics - a fan club if you will - who stick to her like flies to flypaper. Change takes work you know, and who said work was involved?

Now then ... our story begins as Dr. Freud gives a talk to the Psychiatric Institute in London, England. The crowd is oh! so educated, so complicated, so ... confused? As she finishes her talk, Dr. Freud fields a few questions. It's a mixed crowd ... students, doctors ... a journalist? On the trail of a story, the reporter stands, his face breaking into a facetious smile ...

REPORTER

Dr. Freud. You have stated on many occasions that the theories of Dr. Sigmund Freud really only gain practical relevance for the patient in the work of his daughter, Anna.

SANDRA FREUD

Oh yes ... her book, Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense is a real classic - it's almost a manual for managing emotions and relationships, and all in such a slim little volume!

REPORTER

Do you think Sigmund Freud, the father of psychiatry, would be pleased to have the intrinsic value of all his hefty volumes surpassed, outweighed in fact, by his daughter's little book?

SANDRA

Well, the dynamics of parents and children are really beyond the scope of this discussion.

The reporter comes in for the kill - you can almost see the feathers sticking from the corners of his mouth ...

REPORTER

I don't know. What about your own daughter. Her name is Anna, am I right? Is Anna Freud following in the footsteps of the parent?

SANDRA

Well, if I were Sigmund, I would have to say yes, but do I look like a Sigmund to you?

Laughter in the audience but the reporter just spits out a feather and continues ...

REPORTER

What about your relationship with her! How does self-reliance intersect with our classic mother-daughter conflict?

SANDRA

You'll have to ask Anna, I'm afraid ...

Coos Dr. Freud, always the professional. And, as everyone can see, the daughter is not there to answer. Forever clever, this Sandra Freud!

In fact, Anna Freud, Sandra's Anna that is, is busy elsewhere at the moment. She is on a plane in mid-flight - Toronto direct to Havana. Between magazines (she must have the plane's entire stash in her seat pocket!) she makes it her business to

comment on nearly everything her unfortunate neighbor does, says, eats, or drinks. As the stewardess comes around, Anna refuses yet another free cocktail.

ANNA

My mother always told me - go near a bar and your life is over!

The stewardess, a real bombshell despite the levelling uniform, could hardly care less. She does find the comment odd however, given Anna's black eye - now where would such a supposed 'good girl' get a shiner like that! The stewardess moves up a few aisles to where loud laughter signals that her cocktails would be most welcome.

Neil Harris and **Barney Jones** have had a few. They flirt with the stewardess. Once she is out of hearing range, Neil goes into a tirade as to her physical attributes - a sexist, macho classic. Barney's in stitches, holding his sides from cramps of laughter. But Anna is hardly amused. Five more minutes of this and she flies across the aisle and confronts the men about their obnoxious behavior. Neil is thrilled! Barney is embarrassed. He apologizes for his friend and introduces himself. He is about to introduce Neil who jumps in and says he's Fred, Freddy the fireman, "but you can call me Frederick, okay?" Anna does not find them cute in the least.

ANNA

Fred and Barney - figures. So where's Wilma and Betty, at home cooking and cleaning?

Neil feigns being insulted. How dare she type cast them like that!

FRED

You know, if I wasn't such a gentleman, I just might consider giving you another shiner to match the first one!

Anna, livid, cannot respond in kind since all passengers are called back to their seats to prepare for landing. Barney is not pleased either.

BARNEY

There may be one or two, but the guys at the station aren't like that.

But Neil, fully in love with himself as Fred, is on a roll ...

FRED

Work with me on this, Barn! I can smell this guy's sweat like he's real! Just call me Fred from now on, deal?

BARNEY

Sure, boss. And don't call me Barn from now on, deal?

But 'Fred' has already buried his nose in a book - some technical text for firemen. Neil is not a fireman, Barney is. Neil is an actor preparing for the part of a fireman -

a down-to-earth type just like Barney. Neil's agent hired Barney to help Neil get into the part. But he was assuming this would occur in Toronto, at the fire station. Instead, Neil decides he can do a better character study if he gets to know the guy on more neutral turf - not at work. So off to Cuba he takes him! Cuba, where he can watch Barney in surroundings meant to expose his real, deeper self. Surroundings which feature elements which will make any man reveal himself - sun, sand, babes, a touch of Mambo, and a splash of danger (due to the shaky political climate). Go figure. Oh well, given how high-strung and temperamental actors can be, it's not all that surprising. The only one surprised will be the agent when he gets the bill for this little 'research trip'. Oh, and for the sake of his cover, we'll call Neil, 'Fred' for now, deal?

Barney looks back to where Anna is - she's still staring at them, not having heard the exchange that followed. He shrugs as a form of weak apology for his friend's obnoxious behavior. No effect. Oh, well, it's not his fault, is it.

Anna's arrival in Havana precedes Sandra's arrival from London by an hour. She brushes past Fred and Barney, checks the electronic display announcing the schedule of upcoming arrivals, then makes her way to the coffee shop to wait for her mother's plane to land. While Barney gets their bags, Fred takes all this in. He announces that they will now spy on Anna. Who could she be waiting for? The psychotic boyfriend who gave her the black eye? Barney doesn't understand why the interest in a woman who clearly can't stand him.

FRED

It's all for the part Barn, she draws me out, I need her, see?

They wait. As the passengers from London emerge from customs, Fred and Barney make bets as to who Anna is meeting. Fred banks on a sophisticated British gentleman - a member of Parliament type.

FRED

Look at him ... you can tell he's psychotic around the edges
... watch how he grips that umbrella, his knuckles are
white!

While Fred takes on the persona of Anna's supposed lover, Barney watches Anna embrace Sandra. He pulls on Fred's arm and points. Fred is aghast!

FRED

Oh God, No! It's the mother-in-law and we're not even
married!

Anna and Sandra load their bags in a rented car. Barney convinces Fred to forget the two and grab a taxi to their hotel.

Anna drives and mother and daughter catch up on the news. They're close, as close as mothers and daughters can be, of course, taking into account the usual defensiveness on the part of a daughter when faced with a mother's commentary.

However, in this case, the commentary is not stated ... it is implied. Or so assumes Anna, since Sandra usually answers with a question, or simply asks "And how do you feel about that ..." after nearly everything Anna shares. Sandra asks about work - after all, that is her own favorite topic. "I quit", says Anna with great pride. "Was that wise?", wonders Sandra in her usual soothing, analyst's tone. Anna's emotions boil to the surface in her answer ...

ANNA

Mother . Imagine a boring patient. No, imagine the most boring patient you have ever had! Now, imagine listening to them not for one hour, but all day! Then imagine the next day, guess who? I mean, seriously. Even you would die!

Sandra notices the book Anna is reading, which she's thrown on the dashboard along with a bunch of other papers.

SANDRA

Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense ... imagine that!

Sandra picks up the slim little volume (her favorite, remember?) and almost caresses it. Anna glances at it ...

ANNA

Yeah, Bobby gave it to me.

SANDRA

Bobby the 'actor'?

ANNA

No. Bobby the 'waiter', okay? That's what you really mean, right?

Mom smiles ... forever calm ...

SANDRA

That still upsets you I see, but it takes a long time to establish yourself as an actor, especially in New York, think of all the competition!

Anna changes the subject from Bobby, back to the safe terrain of the book ...

ANNA

It's not half bad actually. Bobby claims it helps him deal with auditions and all those obnoxious, sadistic, directors and producers - now those are the guys that should be in analysis, not the unemployed actors!

Speaking of actors - they nearly run down Fred and Barney, by the side of the road. Their taxi is steaming - it's engine overheated! Anna makes a reluctant stop. Fred leans in with a devilish grin ...

FRED

Are you following me?

ANNA

Now why would I do that!

He's sincere ... like they're in two separate plays or something ...

FRED

I don't know? Maybe cause I made an impression?

ANNA

You mean like a tire track?

Fred gets to the chase and begs for a ride. Anna is thrilled to refuse him. Sandra doesn't think that was very polite - what if their positions were reversed?

ANNA

Trust me. If you only knew, you would thank me!

As she adjusts her sunglasses, Anna bumps her black eye by accident. She groans. Sandra, concerned, asks if it still hurts a lot. After a moment of silence, almost simultaneously, they both exclaim ...

SANDRA & ANNA

Maybe contact yoga isn't such a good idea.

ANNA

It seems to attract only the people who shouldn't be doing it! Uncoordinated types. Like me!

They all check into the same hotel. Fred and Barney arrive only moments behind, having bummed a ride from the British fellow with the umbrella.

What had started as a sunny day, rapidly clouds over with huge, dark, cumulonimbus capillatus monsters rolling in like a celestial army. The wind picks up and even ocean loving die-hards don't bother braving it to the beach. Certainly Anna wouldn't even dream of it. Sandra tries to convince her to take a walk but she prefers to settle down on the sofa with her book ... Chapter 1 ... She reads out loud, to herself ... **"Ego as the seat of observation"**

The sound of her voice carries us back to **VIENNA, 1920** ...

Anna Freud, in her early twenties, (Sigmund's daughter, but played by the same actress as Sandra's) draws a big eye in a notebook, then the word EGO ... it's half

drawing, half diagram. She looks up, deep in thought. Suddenly a bearded 20th century icon walks in - Dr. Sigmund Freud, in the flesh. Between patients, he wants to know how his book is going. Before Anna has time to hide her notebook, he notices it ...

SIGMUND

What's this? I thought you were editing my notes!

She explains that she got some ideas she just had to jot down.

SIGMUND

Ideas for what?

ANNA

A book! Exclusively about defense mechanisms ...

Father Freud grows agitated. He claims he's already covered that - nothing left! Anna, with a mischievous grin, prepares to attack ...

ANNA

So why the red cheeks, father?

SIGMUND

How preposterous!

But he turns his face away nonetheless - just in case. But Anna continues ...

ANNA

I think if I re-organize some of your ideas, they may come across with more clarity. What if something new comes out of it!

But father pats her on the shoulder ...

SIGMUND

There's a sweet girl. Just started helping father with his notes and suddenly she's a psychoanalyst herself!

Anna's face clouds over ...

ANNA

You're making fun of me, aren't you!

Sigmund laughs ... lights a new cigar ... takes a meaningful pause.

SIGMUND

Why so defensive my dear? My, my! Maybe it's you who are not so confident about your ideas after all! You must stop projecting - always looking for rejection and criticism, even where none is to be found!

But Anna starts smiling ... catching on to the shift in their conversation.

ANNA

Ah! Almost got away with it! That was very clever. But not clever enough! Putting the attention on me won't get it away from you! Look at you! Still red as a beet! It is you who is insecure, not I!

He is forced to smile at this daughter, straight out of her father's mold! She notices the smile, smug as a bug ...

ANNA

Touché!

SIGMUND

Yes, alright. But don't make a habit of it. Now get back to my notes, will you? How far did you get ...

The sound of a woman's voice interrupts them ... it's Sigmund's wife, Martha. He looks up, eager, still the schoolboy in love.

SIGMUND

Ah! My sweet little girl is calling! You must excuse me, Anna. And finish at least one chapter, will you?

ANNA

Her name is Martha and she is not a little girl! She's my mother, for goodness sakes!

Anna yells after him. She continues when he's already out the door ...

ANNA

I hate when he does that. Sweet little girl! How utterly patronizing!

But then she hears Martha calling her as well and answers in, yes, a sweet little girl's voice

ANNA & ANNA

I'm coming, mummy ...

But it's Sandra calling, from a balcony, in a tourist resort, in CUBA ...

Mom actually likes the weather - so dramatic, so full of possibility! Is Anna sure about not taking that little walk along the beach, her mother asks? Only two people are on the terrace below, beside the pool - Fred and Barney. Sandra points them out ...

SANDRA

Oh look, there are your friends!

Anna insists that they are definitely not her friends.

SANDRA

That's because you never choose healthy friends, Anna. They must be altogether complicated for you to notice - complicated, conflicted, neurotic actors, that's the pattern.

Anna plants her hands on her hips and gives her mother one of her 'you can't be serious!' looks ...

ANNA

Oh, so now you're going to tell me that those two jerks are healthy, as in fully developed, integrated, normal?

The boys wave from below. Sandra waves back.

SANDRA

Yes ... they seem so charming. Simple, yes, but nonetheless, charming boys!

ANNA

Well. I don't trust them! Especially the Fred Flintstone guy! Talk about Neanderthal mentality!

Anna storms inside and slams the door to the balcony behind her. Is there a history of bad relationships there, we wonder?

The next day, most of the hotel's guests seem to be in the lobby. Sandra and Anna head out to the beach. Seconds later, they return, shivering, their hair all blown out of shape. They gather from the other guests that there is a severe storm warning that's been announced. Something about a hurricane called Marilyn. Aside from the choice of name, I suppose that news is not too funny. But Sandra and Anna will not let their vacation be ruined. They decide to sightsee - after all, they would have done that only later in the holiday, once the depth of their tans got too risky.

Unfortunately, most of the other guests have had the same idea. And, the popular tours have already been booked. Only the "Hemingway Tour" remains ... the one about the author and his favorite haunts in Cuba. Oh well, at least it's something.

"Oh, no. That's all I need" grumbles Anna under her breath as Fred and Barney squeeze past them on the bus, looking for seats at the back. Anna and Sandra are in the first row, no doubt. The tour consists mainly of visiting a series of bars - Ernest's watering holes. And, at each location, the guests are invited to sample his favorite drink ... the "Hemingway Bloody Bull" here ... the "Hemingway Safari" there ... the "Hemingway Rum-ba" to top it all off. Sandra, Fred, and Barney are willing participants in this hands-on experience. But Anna is not.

ANNA

It's not even noon! This is ridiculous. Mother! Put that down! Whatever happened to go to a bar and your life is over?

But Sandra is of another mind. After all, they are on vacation! A sympathetic bartender in one of these name-dropping establishments offers Anna a compromise. How about a white wine spritzer. All would be well if only Fred hadn't slipped the guy a twenty if he would make that heavy on the wine and light on the spritzer. A few more bars. A few more white wine spritzers. And even Anna is beginning to lighten up!

The group - or what remains of it, standing that is! - ends up at Harry's, the last of the Hemingway haunts. The driver is used to the slackened pace at the end of the tour so he simply settles in for a snooze behind the wheel of the parked bus. As the wind picks up, knocking down a sign or two, the conversation at Harry's picks up too. Mostly, everyone tries to figure out how old Ernest ever managed to write one line if this was his liquid diet! Sandra goes on about the creative personality - but who's listening? At this stage, they're all being pretty creative. Anna wants Barney to tell her about the most scary fires he's put out. Before he can get a word in edgewise, Fred takes over. He starts to relate a real thriller of a story ... with infants, budgies, cripples ... a virtual list of perfect, hysterical, helpless, objects worthy of heroic rescue. Anna hardly believes him. But nonetheless, both mother and daughter are amused. Having had enough ego flattery in the form of laughter, Fred decides to test his effect on the deeper emotions. "Okay, I'm exaggerating, but seriously, once ..." and then he tells them about a real experience. But Barney keeps interrupting, changing the facts, adjusting the details. Finally, Fred gets fed-up, pulls Barney aside, and asks him what his problem is.

BARNEY

You weren't even there! That's my Goddamn story!

FRED

Yeah, I know, but I need to practice and it's going great, don't you think? Look at 'em, they're eating out of my hand! What about emotion ... am I showing too much?

Barney shrugs ... he mumbles something about Anna having asked him for a story, not Fred, and isn't there any time-off on this little research trip of his? Fred sees he's upset Barney, and since his character model is more important than all else, he stops with the fire and disaster stories. Instead, he starts talking about how firemen just happen to love their jobs more than anyone else. He heard that somewhere. Sandra says it was in a book called Working which compared countless types of jobs - everything from the assembly-line worker, the hooker, the priest, the oil tycoon ... Sandra and Fred are having a great conversation. Fred hopes Anna is impressed - the mother likes him, can you believe it? Although Anna is watching them, she looks far from happy. Despite herself, Anna is not thrilled. She whispers to Barney ...

ANNA

You know, in the end, they always prefer my mother!

Sudden BLACKOUT ... as the word 'mother' overlaps with the word 'father'.

When the lights return, we are in VIENNA - 1922 ...

Freud and his famous 'Committee' of analysts are carefully arranged in a pose for a picture. As the blackout caused by the shock of the flash to their eyes subsides, Sigmund notices Anna standing along the side of the wall with a young intern (same actor as Barney), the one to whom she just confided about the fact that her father is always the favorite. Sigmund invites Anna to join them - the illustrious men, that is. She declines, surprisingly shy and demure. As the smoke from the men's cigars rises above the room, Anna feels out of place. She is allowed to be there but is not really part of the group. The intern provides a welcome companion. She confides that she is working on a book of her own. He listens, sort of, as he too is focused on Sigmund and trying to catch every precious comment he makes and record it in his notebook. Anna sees this but continues, almost to herself. She tells him it's about the ego. "About what?" he inquires, hardly paying attention. Louder this time ...

ANNA

About EGO ...

BLACKOUT - this time it's for real - in CUBA, due to Marilyn, the hurricane.

A chorus of inebriated voices yells out - more in laughter and delight than fear. When the lights return, Barney turns to Anna ...

BARNEY

I'm sorry, I didn't catch what you were saying.

ANNA

It's not important. I just said that your friend has an EGO the size of Manhattan!

Barney's not sure what Ego means ... is it somehow related to Karma? But Anna is distracted. She hears Fred ask Sandra what she does for a living, being such a swell gal and all. Before she can answer, Anna jumps in ...

ANNA

Dentist! My mother's a dentist!

Fred is truly surprised.

FRED

Really? I would have never guessed. Oh well, I guess molars can be a source of inspiration!

He pulls back his lips to reveal the gums in all their splendor ...

FRED

What do you think, gingivitis?

As predicted by Anna, this cuts Sandra's enthusiasm about Fred in half. She graciously excuses herself. So Fred moves in on Anna again ... irritating her is always a thrill. She is leafing through her book. Seeing as she's not interested in listening to him, Fred grabs the book out of her hand to see the title. Before she can get it back, he notices the name of the author.

FRED

Anna Freud! Hey, that's you! You wrote this?

This is too good to be true - what an ignoramus! She points out the original publication date, tapping her finger on it a few times.

ANNA

Did I write this? That's great! Do I look like a fossil to you?
If I wrote this, I would be a hundred and two!

He laughs ... but then he remembers something (or pretends to ... he is in character, don't forget, but back in Manhattan he's surely got a shrink or two of his very own on the payroll!)

FRED

Freud ... that sounds familiar. Wasn't there some guy called Freud who said kids want to kill their parents? Or was it sex ... Yeah! Have sex with their parents. No. Kill the father, then have sex with the mother, or the reverse I suppose, depending on your own sex ... or maybe not ... yeew ... what a thought!

Anna is angry. Yes, a good choice of lines, thinks Fred, almost rubbing his palms together in delight. Anna proceeds to tell him to go to a library and find out for himself. It's not her job to educate him.

The tour driver comes in and tells the group that it's cleared up a bit so maybe they should head back to the hotel before dark. It looks that way - no water pours down from above. But as they all step outside, without warning, the rain suddenly crashes down again. Soaked, they all scramble onto the bus.

ANNA

They should have called the storm 'Sybil'. Much more of a split-personality than a bottle-blond type. I mean who came up with hurricane 'Marilyn', anyway?!

Later, in their hotel room, Sandra lies back on the bed. The inevitable Hemingway headache is coming on. Anna is restless. She keeps looking outside. Are they boarding up windows below? But she has far more pressing problems on her mind. She turns to her mother who groans, holding her head, anticipating this twist in her daughter's mood.

ANNA

Why did you call me Anna?

Sandra sighs and answers - is this a recurring question we wonder?

SANDRA

Well, your father put a few names on a list and let his co-workers vote and they were unanimous! Imagine that! Even engineers have a sense of humor!

Anna is not amused ...

ANNA

And you think it's easy going through life with a name like Anna Freud?

Mother chuckles ...

SANDRA

Come now ... hardly anyone knows who she was.

Anna is not satisfied. She wants closure. She wants peace of mind. She wants to be someone other than herself.

ANNA

What were the other names on the list?

SANDRA

Oh, Anastasia, Fionulla, Genevieve...

ANNA

Well, no wonder!

SANDRA

Oh, you're upset. But it's our family tradition to share names with the illustrious deceased! It spices things up a bit, don't you think?

ANNA

I don't think that's very funny, mother.

SANDRA

Maybe I'm laughing because I feel guilty that you're not happy. That's in your little book ... I guess you're not that far yet.

ANNA

It's not my little book! I am not Anna Freud!

Sandra can't help but laugh. After her chuckles subside, she tries to get serious.

SANDRA

I'm sorry ... but you have to admit, that is funny! Now, before my head splits in two, let me take a little nap, alright?

ANNA

How many Hemingways did you have, anyway? What kind of an example are you! Haven't you heard that DO AS I SAY AND NOT AS I DO doesn't work?

SANDRA

Anna, please! My head is splitting!

Anna covers her mother in the bed ...

ANNA

Well? It's your own fault!

Fade out and return to VIENNA, 1924 ...

We are now in Sigmund Freud's study. Sigmund is ill - he has just had the first of what will be countless operations designed to alleviate his mouth cancer. Anna watches over him. She talks to him. Asleep, he can't hear her, so she says all those things she would never be able to say to his face. Things which relate to love, emotion, her concern for him, and how their shared supposed stoicism about his condition is hardly easy for her to maintain. She stops, silent, and glances over at his desk where she sees his box of cigars.

Like a flash of lightening, she grabs the box and runs to the bathroom. She examines the cigars. They are long, firm - Oh my, can we say phallic? With their distinctive aroma, they are the very best when it comes to cigars - from Cuba no doubt. In a burst of emotion - anger, frustration ... hysteria? - Anna flushes the beasts that are killing her father down the toilet, one by one. The toilet rises ... and rises ... and rises ... until ... You guessed, it overflows.

ANNA

Oh, great, just what I need.

But it is the present once more... in CUBA ... where Anna is getting ready for bed.

Before climbing under the covers of her single bed, she sits beside mom and watches her sleep. She talks to her, knowing it is in secret and never to be analyzed, scrutinized, or interpreted by the Freudian expert. She confides as to her feelings of insecurity ... of how her mother always overshadows her ... of how she is desperately trying to overcome her own inhibitions ... of how all that is so straightforward for mother, is a mystery to her.

ANNA

I'm probably doomed to be some anal retentive loser but
you don't have the heart to tell me ...

She is relieved there won't be an answer from mother. Just then the toilet lets out a loud gurgle as its contents finally descend.

The next day, the weather is even worse. Is this a terrible vacation, or what? Admit it! Everyone does except for Sandra and Fred: Both are in their own particular form of denial - it's called mind over matter and for them, what tickles their mind is far more important than anything which might affect the rest of their person. Not so Anna and Barney. They hate the situation and are not shy to say so.

Anna goes to the front entrance of the hotel to check the state of things for herself. She ventures as far past the door as she dares - and that's not very far! It looks bad - really bad! The wind is mighty strong - in seconds, if given the chance, it could sweep her up in its atmospheric grip and carry her off! Nobody is there except one taxi, the one Fred and Barney had taken - the one that broke down. And in it is **Enrico**, the driver, smoking up a storm of his own. He waves through the cloud of cigar fumes engulfing him ... does she want a ride? Anna nods a definite NO WAY in his direction when a burst of light blinds her.

She notices **Maria**, a little girl with a huge old-fashioned camera in her hands. She just took Anna's picture and that was not lightening but her ancient flash. Anna is curious - why the picture taking in such foul weather! The little girl divulges her reasons ... she has a dream. She wants to be a famous photographer - as unlikely as that might seem for one so young, so cute, and so in the middle of Cuba where such a career might be a tad difficult. Anna asks why she's outside in such a gale. Maria pulls a worn National Geographic magazine out from inside her jacket ... she confides that she wants to take some snaps of Marilyn (she and the storm are on a first name basis it seems!) ... pictures like these! But those in the magazine are ancient and totally out of reach - of volcanoes, twisters, and other events where a little girl would certainly not be allowed to be, far less observe and record! Anna gives her some money - hey, money is power, right? - and goes back inside.

The hotel management has just announced that the airport has been closed until the storm passes by the Island. Sandra is thrilled! A natural disaster is such a relief after the string of human disasters passing through her office doors day by day! Anna would prefer being somewhere else. Why did her mother have to pick Cuba, of all places? Why not the Bahamas, Barbados?

ANNA

Don't tell me! I know! It's the unstable political climate
which made it attractive, am I right?

Mom does not take this as criticism ...

SANDRA

Oh yes, so spicy, don't you think?

ANNA

And you say I thrive on conflict!?

Fred is happy with the situation as well. He can try his character out in a crisis. Barney, who knows just what such crises can bring, is anxious - he didn't see too many sprinklers, alarms, or extinguishers around. But Fred, oblivious to such life saving details, suggests they sightsee!

BARNEY

You can't be serious! You want to get killed, or what?

There's no trying to get Fred to see reason. He heads outside to look for a taxi. Enrico is ready and willing - oh, and the taxi is perfect now, nothing to worry about. Fred drags Barney off in the dilapidated car.

Sandra overhears Fred and Barney's plans. Sightseeing. What an excellent idea. She drags Anna outside, into their car, and off to see the tropical splendors of Cuba. Although the music on the radio is hot and spicy - when not overcome by static - the waterfall crashing down along their windshield puts a definite damper on things. And what is there to see? Who can focus past an inch of water in the way! Havana looks mighty dull and it's not due to the hand of communism. Where are the colors? Where are the people? Where is anything except for doom and gloom? Ah ... there's a person, look, that shape being blown across the street!

And, as luck would have it, it's good old Fred, wet to the bone like a sewer rat. Barney and Enrico are not far away, shivering as they try to bring a spark of life back to that jalopy of a car. Anna splashes past them, much to mother's dismay. But she doesn't let Sandra say a word ...

ANNA

Look. It may be your job to cater to people's needs, but I never signed up for that profession. He's a big boy. Let him take care of himself!

Suddenly, a huge palm falls across the road. It misses their heads by inches, but the front of the rented car is history. Mother and daughter confer without a word. First, a glance at each other in acknowledgment of the situation - yes, this is bad. Next, a simultaneous glance past the tree - how bad? Real bad! They climb out of the car and in seconds look just like a relative of that wet rat called Fred. Suddenly, the sound of engines. Anna yells above the wind and rain ...

ANNA

It's okay! Someone is coming!

And before all-knowing mother can stop her, Anna leaps out in the path of the first of a long convoy of jeeps. Army? Police? Who knows - let's just say that within seconds they're surrounded by uniforms (wet, but still rather intimidating).

The interrogation. But instead of a bunch of Cuban communist officials, Anna faces a bunch of Germanic psycho-analysts. It is VIENNA, 1925 ...

Anna is about to pass her examination and become a member of her father's famous 'Committee'. As she expertly fields questions, her confidence rises to the fore. Even though it is clear some of the gentlemen present do not offer sincere respect but only the respect due to the child of a genius, she glows with pride. As does father. For once, he is simply father, a father enjoying the success of a child. He chuckles to himself as she gives the boys a run for their money ...

Sigmund's chuckles overlap with those of Sandra ...
a lone woman in the company of men ... Back to CUBA ...

Sandra laughs with the Cuban officials as Anna returns to the room, her questioning completed. Sandra has already unraveled the deepest, darkest, most secret psychological problems of the men around her, and as more than one wipes away a tear lingering from childhood, Anna knows they are safe. Only to a limit though as in their stern, intimidating, tone the men warn them to stay indoors. Imagine the scandal if American women were hurt in Cuba!

CUBAN OFFICIAL

And who will believe Marilyn do this and no the brothers
of Fidel!

They all laugh. But Sandra is not really laughing ... she's on the job at present, her eyes forever assessing the changing nuances of their situation. Before Anna can reproach the Cuban 'hermanos' (brothers) for having taken them out of their way, scared them to death, and risked their getting pneumonia in their wet clothes, mother expertly redirects her attention and nudges her towards the door.

Anna and Sandra, covered in itchy military issue blankets, are driven back to their hotel in an army jeep. The Cuban officials in the car are as chatty as ever. More stories from childhood gush. Sandra, her eyes filled with concern, nods her head and asks ...

SANDRA

Yes ... and how do you feel about that?

Anna rolls her eyes in the air and pinches mother, who in return, secretly and playfully slaps daughter on the hand. They arrive back at the hotel seconds ahead of Fred and Barney who had to walk all the way back to the hotel, arriving only now! They don't even bother to say hello to the ladies.

The hotel staff is worried. Not only are there trees crashing down on the terrace and the waves are getting uncomfortably close, but the guests are nervous. And what's worse, they're bored! Even the open bar was no help. But the manager has a brilliant idea! **Juan**, the chef, and **Chikita**, one of the maids, both unable to get home due to the storm, also happen to be excellent Mambo dancers! And so, free Mambo lessons for the guests are the order of the day. Is Mambo openly allowed in the wake of Cuba's somber, sober communism? Even if not, who will know? And, it is a question of survival. Even on the Titanic music was involved!

As the rest of the staff continues to board-up windows and doors, Juan and Chikita set fire to the ballroom floor - the fire of passion that is, the passion that invariably overcomes any pair of Mambo dancers.

Fred and Barney dry off in their rooms. They are in a bad mood. But the beat filtering through the floor is hard to ignore. They make a move downstairs.

Sandra and Anna dry off as well. Anna is ready to read but Sandra is hungry and begs for company downstairs. Anna, forever the dutiful daughter, complies.

Between sneezes, our foursome manages to descend to the lobby on stairs fit for a disco - dark, with occasional bursts of light from the rapidly failing electrical system, flashing on and off as if to a Mambo beat. As the electricity finally succumbs to Marilyn, with the light of gas lamps and candles to guide them, they head to the ballroom where everyone else has assembled - out of boredom or solidarity in the face of danger, who knows.

It seems some of the waiters are musicians, and before you know, a real live band starts up in the ballroom. As Juan and Chikita model the steps of stylized seduction, the guests join in. It's a bizarre scene, to say the least: It is dark, the wind thundering violently outside overpowers much of the music, and people are dressed in layers and layers of clothes - only pessimists bring bad weather holiday clothes, just in case, and judging by the mismatched outfits and the giddy smiles in the face of disaster, we know this is a ship of optimistic fools. Only Barney - the realist - is refusing drinks and remaining vigilant.

Anna asks Barney to dance. He is somewhat reluctant, but not wanting to hurt her feelings, he complies. They do an acceptable job but there's hardly any spark between them. They would both rather be somewhere else, but not where they came from. Barney is glad to be away from the routine and bills he left behind in Toronto, and Anna is glad to have a breather from the mess she left back home as well. Although both pretend it's due to the other, their conversation shifts to Fred ... Fred, who at the moment, is sliding up to Sandra on his knees. She squeals with delight and the two set the pace for a heated Mambo. Anna confides that she doesn't trust Fred. There's something fishy about him. Barney can't spill the beans - a living is a living and this dubious job will provide the extra dough that will pay for his son's braces. But let's face it, Barney is mighty frustrated about not being able to shatter the image of that charismatic, self-centered, 'fireman' called Fred ... a total fantasy but no one seems to care!

Fred and Sandra are truly a team. As he whisks mom around the other couples on the dance floor, the two confer as to the character types they pass. As Sandra provides a running commentary, Fred, as he moves from one impersonation to the next, provides the body within which that character type can reside. There's no denying it - the two are having a blast!

Anna sees this. It forces her off the floor. Barney has no idea how to change her mood - he's just too stable, and grounded, and simple. Anna's shifting mood is not easy to decipher ... not unlike that of Fred, the eternal chameleon. However, one performs out of need, the other out of ambition. Or are both the same?

Seeing how unhappy her daughter looks, Sandra tones down her enthusiasm. Losing his appreciative audience, Fred tries to bring the subject back to gum disease and molars - it's hard, but if that's what turns mom on, what the hell! But Sandra is no fool. Realizing he's trying to do the "I would be a great son-in-law" routine, she manages to engineer a switch of partners.

And now we have Anna in the arms of Fred, and Sandra in the arms of Barney. The latter couple, the intellectual and the simpleton, are a study in discomfort and boredom. Aside from being of like mind in avoiding stepping on each other's feet, they have nothing to say to one another.

Fred and Anna dance. Let's face it - this is the stiff, attracted silence of which Romeo and Juliets are born. But Anna is not to be manipulated. As mom swings around with Barney, she initiates a change of partners. The two women mambo away leaving Fred and Barney to practice their steps as a couple. No f@@@ing way! Even Fred has his limits! The two slink off the floor as fast as possible.

Anna reproaches her mother for matchmaking. She says she doesn't trust Fred. Mother agrees ...

SANDRA

You know, I think you're right. He can't possibly be a fireman. Much too sensitive and insightful ...

Realizing her mother actually likes Fred, Anna decides to terminate the dance. But before Anna can walk off the floor or even protest, Juan, the Mambo king himself, grabs a hold and whisks her onto the floor again. Despite herself, she gets into it. Juan is so damn good at it, who wouldn't? Feeling like she's in a movie as he twirls her this way and that, she is overcome with giddy delight. Little Maria, the lone paparazzi, snaps pictures with abandon and completes the illusion of glamour. Anna hams it up for her. Fred notices all these antics - antics he is not a part of! That is not acceptable to one who must be the center of attention. Not to be outdone, he steals Chikita from the British guy - even he is on the floor (Maybe because he's had one too many Bloody Marys, or Marias as they're called in Cuba). Now it is Anna whose mood takes a nose-dive. Fred is not half bad and Chikita, even without the bananas, is quite a peach - with those, those hefty, hard to ignore melons up front! It's a face-off in terms of who can make the other more jealous - Fred or Anna. But before a winner is declared, a crash brings everyone to a halt.

Suddenly, as a part of the wall separating them from the beach is blown down, everyone knows - Marilyn has descended like a woman scorned. Everyone ducks for cover - everyone except Barney whose eyes scan the premises for further trouble. And sure enough, trouble arrives as strings of electrical cables light up like Christmas lights, glowing red like veins in the dark. And as cables meet curtains, we have a major charismatic spark! Before you know, a wall of fire spreads due to the wonder of polyester. Anna and Fred are nearest to the flames. Anna feels secure, after all, Fred may be a jerk, but he is a fireman! It is only when her hero takes a pitcher of water and hurls it at the flaming monster, which increases its size in an instant, that Anna realizes she is in deep shit!

ANNA

What are you doing!

Her tone of voice is more terrifying than the very flames dancing around them.

FRED

I have no fucking idea!

Hey, actors have doubles to do this kind of work, but there's no need for the princess to know that about her knight in sweatsuit armour!

ANNA

The fire's electrical, you moron!

But he still clings to his cover and won't reveal the truth.

FRED

I lost my fucking contacts! So I missed the electrical part. So sue me!

Anna is so overcome with disgust in the face of Fred's delinquent fireman skills, that her survival instinct is put on hold. Instead of ducking, she stands tall as a budgie, desperately trying to return to the safety of its cage, now shattered by the wind, which flies into her eye to blacken it once more where all the bruising had just faded! The shock brings her crashing to her knees. Fred tries to 'save' her. By helping her stand up that is - well, it's something, it's the thought that counts, right? But princess slugs him and crawls away, in anger or embarrassment, what's the difference at this point.

Fred's fireman routine wears thin in more than one location. He finds Sandra cowering in a corner. As he pours water on what proves to be an oil fire this time, even mom is alarmed at his lack of expertise. What happened to the infants, budgies, and cripples? Sandra's eyes plead as they meet Fred's ...

FRED

Okay. So I'm no fireman. But what do you know about plaque and gum disease?

SANDRA

Absolutely nothing! But I do floss - just in case!

Yes, these two are a pair. After all, what is life but role play! So they battle the elements together as best they can, and believe me, neither is prepared for these elements. Both Fred and Sandra lose their cool ... this stuff is really unpredictable! I mean when it comes to patients and producers, you know one, you know them all, but this!

Meanwhile, Anna is just coming into her own. Seeing her mother is hysterical, only adds to her calm. As Enrico tries to help Sandra out of the ballroom to a more sheltered space, Anna barks at him ...

ANNA

Please! I can manage. I don't need your help!

Sandra is relieved that her daughter has taken charge. For her, there is nothing worse than finding herself in a position of helplessness. What's a broken bone or two in exchange for sustained position?

SANDRA

What would I do without you, Anna ...

Sandra's voice overlaps with that of Sigmund ... in VIENNA, 1930 ...

Anna helps her father walk - he is in great pain. They are backstage, making their way to the podium where he is to present a paper. But despite her efforts, Sigmund stumbles to the ground. As his 'monster' mouthpiece falls out of his mouth, it's clear he won't make it on stage. You see by this point, his health has overtaken the best of him and things as taken for granted as speech or eating are a struggle. But only one other knew the extent of his suffering and embarrassment in face of his overpowering helplessness ... Anna.

She helps him up, and without a word, grabs his notes. He can't speak but she silences him with a gentle touch of her finger against his lips, which by now are drawn shut in a contorted line of pain. As father, the complex genius, lingers behind backstage, grounded, humbled by simple physical suffering, his daughter takes the stage and faces his audience. And slowly, the groans of disappointment and disapproval give way to respect as father's words echo across the room, spoken in the girlish voice of his daughter.

CUBA ... the present ...

Anna places her mother, who has sustained a twisted arm, in relative safety. Then they hear a scream ... that of a young girl. Anna rushes away to conduct more rescues. She finds Maria caught under a beam. She tries to pull the little girl to safety. But the beam is too heavy. Barney arrives on the scene and the two manage to do what is necessary. Once the girl is brought to Sandra, Anna and Barney go to see who else needs help. Seeing how good Anna is under pressure, Barney now

redefines her as a 'buddy' - the kind he respects, the kind that can do the job and carry their own weight. One doesn't deceive buddies of this caliber. So as he spills the beans about Fred's deception, Neil is let out of the bag! Anna is livid. She scans the disaster of a room. Suddenly, even flames and crashing beams lose meaning as she searches for a glimpse of his face so she can kill him herself, if Marilyn didn't already do the job!

Where is Fred all this time? Well ... hidden under the raised wooden stage, he and the British fellow are finishing what remains of the contents of the bar ...

BRITISH MAN

I say ... if we're goners, To quote Prince Charles, we need someone's knickers to die in!

FRED

I say! What a splendid idea! Bottoms up!

But fate has a way of moving people around when they least want to be moved. As Barney battles a wall of flames, he designates Anna as the one to pull those injured to safety ... for now, under the stage seems like a good place to wait out what remains of the storm.

And so, Anna comes face to face with Fred in the dark. "You ... you ... " she is lost for words as how to insult him. Foolish and self-centered as he is, he takes this as a sign of affection and plants a wet kiss on her lips. She is about to slap him but her libido manages to send a message to her super-ego ... "WOW! That was quite a kiss!" And the rest is history.

But we still have to tie up the loose ends on this story. As the army arrives to clear up what remains of the mess, Sandra and Barney can't figure out what happened to Fred and Anna - although both have that sneaking suspicion. But do they say anything? Of course not! Could it be because both are so healthy, as in fully developed, integrated, normal, that there is nothing left to say or do between them?

As Anna finds her mother, having her arm bandaged by the same Cuban officials both already know on a first name basis, she has a certain smug smile on her face. Sandra reproaches Anna for not letting her know she was safe sooner. She was worried! How could Anna have kept her in suspense like that! But Anna has other topics on her mind ...

ANNA

Mother. There's something you should know. I know you think he's swell, but guess what! Fred's an actor!

No reaction from mom. Anna is not expecting this.

ANNA

And, what's more, he's in love with me!

No response from mom.

ANNA

Well? How do you feel about that!

Sandra smiles, forever the professional, even with her clothes in tatters and her life recently risked. She smooths what's left of her dress with what use is left of her injured limbs.

SANDRA

Well. I always liked your actor friends, sweetheart, it's just that you need to focus on yourself, and actors are notoriously narcissistic, you know that. They can be so very absorbing, don't you think?

ANNA

Mother. I may not be responsible for the happiness of others, but I am responsible for my own happiness, right?

SANDRA

Exactly.

ANNA

Well. Being responsible for someone's happiness makes me happy. And how do you feel about that!

VIENNA, 1936...

Anna returns backstage where father waits. But it is another occasion, several years later. Since we last saw Sigmund, he looks decidedly worse. Anna has just presented a seminar on the topic of her recently published book. You know it ... The Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense - her first, and as history will prove, perhaps her most significant work. Sigmund has tears in his eyes ... his speech is labored, he is in pain.

SIGMUND

Anna ... such a mind ... and to think ... I took so much.

ANNA

Papa ... hush now. You are my happiness! Nothing else matters ...

She embraces her fragile, ailing father, and whispers in his ear so that the emotion evoked will overcome neither of them.

ANNA

What is the value of ambition when compared to the power of love ...

FADE OUT. Suddenly, the electricity returns in CUBA.

Sandra tries to look away, feeling uncomfortably vulnerable and human.

SANDRA

Well? How would you like me to feel about that, Anna?

ANNA

Mother! Can't you for once tell me how you feel?

SANDRA

Well ... I don't know really. I never thought about it. I'm more concerned ...

Anna joins in ... a big grin on her face.

ANNA & SANDRA

... about your happiness!

ANNA

Touché!

SANDRA

Yes, alright. But don't make a habit of it. Now go find your actor friend, Fred, Bob, whatever his name is, and let me go take a little nap. It's been quite a day.

That night, Marilyn moves north, having left a most disheveled Cuba in it's wake. By the next morning, the sky is brilliantly blue. It seems to ask innocently of all those who feast on it's renewed clarity ... "Storm? There was a storm?"

The guests of the hotel sit on what remains of the terrace, ignoring the rubble and surrendering to the optimism of bright sunlight.

Neil (Fred) and Anna, now best of pals, frolic on the beach, finally getting some of what they came to Cuba for. Neil is all concerned about Anna's new black eye. Although he doesn't really believe the contact yoga story she gave about the first one, he's determined to ease the pain of this one. Between teases and kisses he offers cold compresses and the lady is thrilled.

ANNA

Neil. I like that. Neil Harris! Yeah, I can see it!

NEIL

In lights on Broadway? Or in the opening titles?

ANNA

I don't know. Where would you like it to be?

NEIL

I'm not sure. See, I was getting all ready for this part - the fireman thing? It's in a movie but it's such a B-movie. I'm not sure if that's the direction I should be going in. I mean what about Art? Meaning? I make a hell of a lot less money as a waiter - I'm a waiter in the Village, did I tell you? Wait, don't say anything, I know what you're thinking

Bells go off in Anna's head. A waiter? Confused? Complicated? In need? Of her? She wants to know why he persisted in pestering her even though she treated him so badly.

NEIL

That's just it. I always go for women who treat me like shit. My therapist says I'm ...

Anna is thrilled ... she interrupts him.

ANNA

A co-dependent! Like me! Wow! That's amazing. See, even though you were a jerk, you didn't seem to need me, I mean really need me, not as in giving you a ride. So there was no attraction. Know what I mean?

NEIL

Yeah! Exactly.

But we're never sure. Is this the real Neil, or just another persona. But that's just the thing. It keeps Anna guessing ... forever trying to figure out his motivation, his underlying drives and needs ... it keeps her forever being just like mother!

Barney has bought a huge lunch for himself, Enrico - they're pals by now after all their misadventures together - and little Maria who is his niece. Barney has taken Maria under his wing and is outlining a photographer's career path for her. He shows her his camera - finally out of its case given the change in weather. As he demonstrates how it works, with the intent of giving it to her, she listens most attentively. However, Maria, apparently an orphan, is more interested in the huge plate of home-made French fries in front of her. Taking this in, Barney puts the camera aside. His mind is ticking ... maybe she would make a great pal for his son back in Manhattan - a sister, like - she even needs braces too, just like junior!

But of all our little troop, it's Sandra who is having the most fun. To the eyes of the uninitiated, Sandra is quite alone at her table. But in reality, the truth is far from it ... Sandra sips her tea as Sigmund puffs on his stogie. Freud and Freud, together again. They study the subjects strewn across the beach, but mostly, they focus on Anna and Fred.

SANDRA

So what do you think, Sigmund.

SIGMUND

It's a good beginning, give it time. She deserves something of her own ...

SANDRA

Well, if you didn't work her so hard, she would have had a life of her own!

SIGMUND

Who is to say. Sometimes love makes one do strange things.

They pause to reflect ... two brains at high gear while the bodies repose.

SANDRA

Shall we walk?

SIGMUND

And observe the natives?

SANDRA

Oh Sigmund, so boring, really, haven't you already had enough?

SIGMUND

My dear Dr. Freud. If I ever did stop and have enough, where would all of you be? All my psychoanalytic children would now be out of work. Even you!

SANDRA

My dear Dr. Freud. That, over there, could be your daughter. But I am certainly not your daughter. How preposterous! You're still suffering from your father complex I see ...

SIGMUND

You know my dear, it's all a question of power. The psyche's response to the power it does not own. And power wears many masks!

SANDRA

Are you implying it is you who has the power here, Sigmund?

Sigmund chuckles, his eyes light up with glee. A power struggle - how wonderful!

SIGMUND

Well, prove me wrong then!

SANDRA

Oh, I intend to!

SIGMUND

You know, I so value our little conversations Sandra. At least I can get a word in for my own defense. It is so difficult ... so much criticism lately.

SANDRA

Yes. And how do you feel about that?

SIGMUND

Sandra, really, I don't need a shrink ... SHRINK. What an awful word, what a vile concept!

SANDRA

Yes. I suppose no one is immune to narcissistic injury.

Finally, Sandra rises to walk. Sigmund follows. Sandra with her arm in a sling, Sigmund with his famous cane ... they move towards the beach.

SIGMUND

What a pity your Anna is not following in our footsteps, Sandra.

SANDRA

Oh but she is ...

SIGMUND

How so?

SANDRA

Well, instead of writing a little book about all her accumulated insights, my Anna is living it!

Dr. S. Freud and Dr. S. Freud chuckle and walk away into the sunset. But to the untrained eye, it is only a lone woman whose bare feet meet the warm sand. Meanwhile, the lovely, devoted, neurotic, independently dependent daughter, Anna, falls in love and once again, places someone else's needs before her own. Or so is the view of the doctors. Or is this just a woman who, given the circumstances of her childhood, knows exactly what part she was given in this drama called life. Functional or dysfunctional, it's her part and she intends on giving the best performance yet!

Get the suntan lotion

ROLL CREDITS

let the good times roll !

OPENING SCENE

INT. A PLANE IN MID FLIGHT - DAY

A plane in mid-flight - Toronto, direct to Havana. It's a holiday charter, judging by the giddy PASSENGERS in bright, summer attire.

ANNA FREUD, an attractive brunette in her twenties, with provocative eyes that never seem to stay fixed on anything for long, is seated beside EVELYN, an aging bottle-blond in her early thirties, with the skin of one who has taken too many sun filled holidays. And is that the trace of a black eye on Anna? Oh, my! We wonder where from!

Anna flips through a series of magazines - judging by the number of periodicals spilling from the seat pocket in front of her, she seems to have amassed the flight's entire collection. Which is fine because while everyone else drinks, eats, and parties, Anna is the only one still reading.

ANNA

(to herself)

Oh my. How absolutely hideous! Imagine wearing that ...

She opens the page so her neighbor can see the latest from the runways in Paris and Milan. But her neighbor is not too eager to interact with Anna. She tries to mind her own business and eat what remains on her dinner tray. And as her eyes fly around the plane we can tell she'd much rather be seated beside someone else - hopefully of the male gender. After all, what are holidays for, anyway, especially if you're as visibly single as this one.

Evelyn butters her bun - which already seems a bit too buttered. And look at that double chin starting ... Anna does. She notices everything and feels it's her business to get involved.

ANNA

You know, butter is really bad for you.
Pure fat. Nothing but fat and calories.
But fat is really good for the skin on
the other hand. No matter what they tell
you, most face creams are pure fat.

Evelyn has already had more than one bit of advice from Anna so she responds accordingly.

EVELYN

Why don't you mind your own business!
Eat your own bun, your own way, and shut
the fuck up! Can you do that?

ANNA

Well, fine! Be that way. If you need to
project your self-hatred on a total
stranger, be my guest. But believe me,
it won't take care of the problem!

But before she can continue, Evelyn is saved by BELLE, the stewardess, who comes around, her tray laden with free cocktails.

BELLE

Champagne ladies? On the house!

ANNA

Not for me. My mother always told me -
go near a bar and your life is over!

Belle, a real bombshell despite the leveling uniform, could hardly care less. She does find the comment odd however, given Anna's black eye - now where would such a supposed 'good girl' get a shiner like that! She offers the same drink to Evelyn ...

BELLE

(sing-song)

And you?

EVELYN

I'll have one. I'll have hers as well,
is that okay?

BELLE

Good move. Here's an extra for later!

Yes, there is a history of comments between Anna and Belle too it seems. Belle makes a hasty departure towards the sound of loud laughter up a few aisles - a welcome sound that signals that her cocktails would be most welcome.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE - ANOTHER SECTION - DAY

Neil Harris and **Barney Jones** have had a few. The guys, both in their twenties, fit as a whistle and handsome as all hell, are thrilled to have Belle leaning down over them, her feminine attributes bulging wonderfully close to their faces.

BELLE

I'm back boys!

NEIL

Thank you God! And I thought we would die of thirst on this wasteland in space.

Barney groans, what a line!

BARNEY

God, that's awful! You know, at the station, the guys who are good on the job are usually bad in the office ... so we kind of specialize. Maybe you should do the same?

NEIL

I don't get it ...

Belle places about three drinks on each of the fold-out tables. She then leans over Neil, like a mother over her baby, same goo-goo expression even if baby is dribbling on her Chanel purse.

BELLE

I do. You're an actor, right?

NEIL

Right! You can tell?

BELLE

No. But you've told me ... let's see ...
maybe five, no six times!

Neil can't figure out if that's a insult or not.

NEIL

Oh, yeah, okay.

BELLE

Well. Actors should leave the writing to
writers. It's better for everyone
involved that way, especially the
audience.

Barney chuckles. Belle moves on. Neil gears up for his
counter attack which explodes with public - as in very LOUD
- fury.

NEIL

Hey - no one insults me! Got that? No
one. Not even Aphrodite herself. Okay!
So the babe's got boobs like melons, an
ass to die for, and now she's an 'in-te-
le-ctual'. Well wha' do ya know! I bet
if I stuck a hose up her butt, she'd
sing a different tune!

It's totally crass, that's true, but the delivery is a gem.
Barney can't help laughing which only eggs Neil on.

NEIL

You laugh my friend! Well, let me tell
you about the tunas on this babe I
pulled out of a flaming bathroom in
Cincinnati! In her birthday suit, hair
as red as the very flames, and whoa!
Hold the horses cause Billy's a comin'!
Or is that Willy?

Barney's in stitches, holding his sides from cramps of
laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE - ANGLE ON ANNA - DAY

Barney may be amused, but Anna is livid. Although other
passengers are laughing, Anna is dead serious. She rises

from her seat. Evelyn, who's had a few and then some, feels the guys need some warning as to what is encroaching.

EVELYN

(yelling)

Yo! Fellas! Watch out and hide your
Willies cause the law's a comin'!

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE - ANGLE ON FRED AND BARNEY - DAY

Fred and Barney look mighty small for a minute as Anna rears her head from behind the back of their seats.

ANNA

Hello, boys. Having fun?

NEIL

Lady? We wrote the book on fun!

Anna laughs, throwing her head back like a horse about to trample someone to death. She gets down real close to Neil's ear.

ANNA

You know what? I haven't seen a bunch of jerks like you since reruns of the Fonz in action! Now I suggest you tone down your language cause it's the nineties! We no longer tolerate sexism, racism, or any other 'ism', got that?

Neil is impressed. He grabs her hand to shake it.

NEIL

Bravo! Wonderful speech, don't you think, Barn?

ANNA

This is not funny, you moron!

NEIL

Moron? Did she call me a moron? Barn ... you heard her, right? I mean what's a guy to do?

BARNEY

It's okay. Let it slide, man.

Barney is really embarrassed. He tries to diffuse the situation.

BARNEY

Look, ma'm. We've had a few, you know?
So let's just let bygones be bygones,
deal?

ANNA

At least one's a gentleman.

Barney extends his hand for a handshake.

BARNEY

I'm Barney Jones, and this is ...

He is about to introduce Neil who jumps in to save the situation from meltdown into mediocrity.

NEIL

Name's Fred. Freddy the fireman, but you
can call me Frederick, okay?

Anna does not find him cute in the least.

ANNA

Fred and Barney - figures. So where's
Wilma and Betty, at home cooking and
cleaning?

Neil feigns being insulted. How dare she type cast them
like that!

NEIL/FRED

You know, if I wasn't such a gentleman
myself, I just might consider giving you
another shiner to match the first one!

BELLE (OS)

We will be landing in Havana
International Airport in ten minutes.
Will passengers please return to their
seats and observe the no smoking sign
...

Anna, livid, cannot respond in kind since all passengers
flood back to their seats to prepare for landing. Anna
backs away with the attitude of a beast retreating to
regroup. Once she is out of earshot, Barney turns to Neil.

BARNEY

There may be one or two, but the guys at the station aren't like that.

But Neil, fully in love with himself as Fred, is on a roll.

FRED

Work with me on this, Barn! I can smell this guy's sweat like he's real! Just call me Fred from now on, deal?

Barney's had enough.

BARNEY

(facetious)

Sure, boss.

But 'Fred' has already buried his nose in a book - some technical text for firemen. Neil is not a fireman, Barney is. Neil is an actor preparing for the part of a fireman - a down-to-earth type just like Barney. Neil's agent hired Barney to help Neil get into the part. But he was assuming this would occur in Toronto, at the fire station, not in Cuba of all places! Go figure.

Now, for the sake of his cover, from now on we'll call Neil 'Fred', deal?

Barney slugs back the rest of his Champagne and continues, mostly to himself since Fred is far gone ... in his own part, his own world, his own universe!

BARNEY

And don't call me Barn, deal? If it weren't for my son's goddamn braces I'd be out of here in a flash! I can't believe your agent would actually pay for you to waste everyone's time like this. You wanna know about fireman? Go find a fire! Lots of those in the city. But no. We're going to Cuba!

Barney looks back to where Anna is several seat back.

CUT TO:

BARNEY'S POV - ANGLE ON ANNA

She's still staring at them, not having heard the exchange that followed.

CUT TO:

ANNA'S POV - ANGLE ON BARNEY

Barney shrugs as a form of weak apology for his friend's obnoxious behavior. No effect. Oh, well, it's not his fault, is it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAVANA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The jet from Manhattan touches down.

CUT TO:

INT. HAVANA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - DAY

Anna's arrival in Havana precedes Sandra's arrival from London by an hour. As the boys search for their bags on the rotating baggage conveyor-belt, Anna grabs her own slim little travel bag and ostentatiously brushes past them.

CUT TO:

FRED'S POV - ANGLE ON ANNA

Anna checks the electronic board announcing upcoming arrivals, then makes her way to a coffee shop nearby to wait for her mother's plane to land.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON FRED AND BARNEY

While Barney gets their bags, Fred watches Anna and talks to Barney. But Barney is not listening - he's busy taking care of logistical details.

FRED

Who is she waiting for? A boyfriend? No, the psychotic boyfriend who gave her the black eye! Or maybe a childhood girlfriend from out of town. Girls like to do that. Meet God knows where and catch up ...

Fred goes into one of his impersonations ... in a high-pitched girly voice ...

FRED

Oh Mabel, it's been ages! Look at you, just look at you! What are you now, a size FOURTEEN? ... Gee, did I hurt your feelings? I'm sorry ... Oh, well, fine! If you wanna dig up that old crud, be my guest!

Barney smirks. Fred's definitely weird, but he is funny!

BARNEY

You are a jerk, know that? She hates your guts. Forget her!

FRED

Naw, naw, naw. Now that's where you don't understand. It's all for the part, Barn ... I mean Bar-ney. She draws me out, I need her, see?

RIGHT ... more later!

I hope you like the story so far!