

FRASIER

"The Good Son"

#60181-098

PILOT

Created and Written by

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&

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&

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Directed by

James Burrows

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FRASIER

"The Good Son"

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CAST

FRASIER CRANE.....KELSEY GRAMMER
MARTIN CRANE.....JOHN MAHONEY
DAPHNE MOON.....JANE LEEVES
NILES CRANE.....DAVID HYDE PIERCE
ROZ DOYLE.....PERI GILPIN *

EDDIE.....MOOSE
RUSSELL (V.O.).....JEREMY LAWRENCE
WAITRESS.....GINA RAVARRA *

DELIVERYMAN.....CLETO AUGUSTO
CLAIRE (V.O.).....MIMI SAVAGE

2ND UNIT:

MAN #1 (V.O.).....
WOMAN #1 (V.O.).....
MAN #2 (V.O.).....
WOMAN #2 (V.O.).....
WOMAN #3 (V.O.).....

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SETS

INT. RADIO STUDIO

INT. COFFEE HOUSE

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM

INT. HALLWAY OF FRASIER'S BUILDING

2ND UNIT:

INT. CAB

INT. KITCHEN

EXT. PARK

EXT. NEWSSTAND

EXT. SEATTLE STREET

FRASIER - "The Good Son" #60181-098

ACT ONE

Scene A (1)
TO BE SHOT AT A LATER DATE DAY/1

** 2ND UNIT **

(Man #1 (V.O.))

INT. CAB - DAY

(Woman #1 (V.O.))

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

(Man #2 (V.O.))

EXT. PARK - DAY

(Woman #2 (V.O.))

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

(Woman #3 (V.O.))

Scene B (3)
INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY DAY/1
(Frasier, Roz, Russell (V.O.))

Scene C (8)
EXT. SEATTLE STREET - DAY DAY/1
** 2ND UNIT **
(Niles (V.O.))

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (9)
(Niles, Frasier, Waitress, DAY/1
Extras)

Scene D (14)
INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY DAY/2
(Frasier, Niles, Martin,
Deliveryman)

Scene E (21)
INT. FRASIER'S LIVING NIGHT/2
ROOM - NIGHT
(Martin, Frasier, Eddie)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene H (22)
INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY DAY/3
(Niles, Frasier, Extras)

Scene J
MONTAGE (25)
INT. HALLWAY OF FRASIER'S BUILDING - DAY DAY/4
(Frasier, Extras)

RESET TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER (25)
(Frasier, Extras) DAY/4

RESET TO:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (26)
(Frasier, Martin, Eddie, Daphne) DAY/4

Scene K (37)
INT. RADIO STUDIO - LATER DAY/4
THAT DAY
(Frasier, Roz, Martin (V.O.), Claire (V.O.))

Scene L (44)
INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT NIGHT/4
(Frasier, Martin, Eddie, Daphne)

END OF ACT TWO

FRASIER
"The Good Son"
#60181-098

ACT ONE

A

TO BE SHOT AT A LATER DATE
(2nd Unit)

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS "THE JOB."

MAN #1 (V.O.)

I'm a long time listener, first time
caller. My problem began when I...

FADE IN:

MONTAGE - (V.O.'S) - DAY/1

INT. CAB - DAY

A CABBIE IS LISTENING TO HIS RADIO.

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)

I don't know him anymore. It's like
living with a stranger. Take
yesterday...

CROSS FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A MESSY KITCHEN, A FRAZZLED HOUSEWIFE AND A SCREAMING INFANT IN A HIGHCHAIR. THE RADIO IS ON.

MAN #2 (V.O.)

At least I thought I had a normal
childhood. Aw, hell, who knows
what's normal anymore. I...

CROSS FADE TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

A MAN JOGS IN THE PARK. HE'S LISTENING TO HIS WALKMAN.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

(BLUBBERING) I'm sorry, I thought I
had this under control. I, I, I...
Give me a minute.

THE JOGGER ROLLS HIS EYES.

CROSS FADE TO:

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

A NEWSSTAND, FEATURING A PORTABLE RADIO NEXT TO THE CASH REGISTER. A COAT HANGAR IS USED AS AN ANTENNA.

WOMAN #3 (V.O.)

(THICK MIDDLE EASTERN ACCENT) I tell
him, "I'm a human being. I'm a human
being. You can't treat me like a
dog." You've got to help me, Dr. Crane.

CROSS FADE TO:

B

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY - DAY/1
(Frasier, Roz, Russell (V.O.))

KACL - A TYPICAL RADIO STUDIO: TWO ROOMS SEPARATED BY A GLASS PARTITION AND A DOOR. ON ONE SIDE, FRASIER CRANE IS SEATED AT A DESK WITH A MULTI-LINE PHONE AND MICROPHONE. HE IS WEARING HEADPHONES. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS IS HIS CALL SCREENER, ROZ DOYLE. ANOTHER GLASS PARTITION IN THE STUDIO LOOKS OUT INTO THE HALLWAY. THE LIGHTS ARE LOW. FRASIER IS IN THE MIDDLE OF ANSWERING A CALLER.

FRASIER

(FIRMLY, WITH CONCERN) Listen to yourself, Bob. You follow her to work. You eavesdrop on her calls. You open her mail. The minute you started doing those things, the relationship was over. Thank you for your call.

HE PUNCHES A BUTTON ON THE CONSOLE.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Roz, do we have time for one more?

ROZ SPEAKS INTO THE MICROPHONE IN THE BOOTH IN A SOOTHING RADIO VOICE.

ROZ

Yes, Dr. Crane. On line four we have Russell from Kirkland. He feels like he's caught in a rut.

FRASIER PUSHES A BUTTON ON THE PHONE.

FRASIER

This is Doctor Frasier Crane. I'm listening.

RUSSELL (V.O.)

Well, I've been feeling, sort of, you know, depressed lately.

FRASIER

For how long?

RUSSELL (V.O.)

Oh, the last seven or eight years.

FRASIER

Go on.

RUSSELL (V.O.)

I don't know, my life's not going anywhere. It's not that it's bad. It's just the same old apartment, the same old job, the same old people, day after day. Sometimes I just...

ROZ SIGNALS FROM THE BOOTH THAT TIME IS RUNNING SHORT AND FRASIER HAS TO WRAP THIS UP.

FRASIER

Russell, we're nearing the end of our hour. Let me see if I can cut to the chase by using myself as an example. Six months ago I was living in Boston. My wife had left me, which was very painful, then she came back, which was excruciating. I thought I could forgive her indiscretion but there was this nagging little hint of resentment, this minute lack of trust, this overwhelming desire to shove a grapefruit in her face. On top of that, my practice had grown stagnant and my social life consisted of hanging around a bar night after night. Suddenly I realized I was clinging to a life that wasn't working anymore. I knew I had to do something, anything. So I put an end to the marriage and moved back here to my hometown of Seattle. Go Seahawks! I took action, Russell and you can too. Move, change, do something. If it's a mistake, do something else. Will you do that, Russell? Will you? Russell?

(TURNING TO ROZ) I think we lost him.

ROZ

No, we cut to the news about thirty
seconds ago.

FRASIER TAKES OFF HIS HEADSET, GETS UP AND HEADS INTO ROZ'S
CONTROL ROOM.

FRASIER

Oh, for crying out loud. I finally
bare my soul to all of Seattle and
they're listening to "Chopper Dave's
Rush-Hour Roundup"? At least the
rest of the show was good. (THEN)
It was a good show, wasn't it?

ROZ

Here. (HANDS HIM A SLIP OF PAPER)
Your brother called.

FRASIER

You know, in the trade, we call that
avoidance. Don't change the subject.
What did you think?

SHE POINTS TO HER CONSOLE.

ROZ

Did I ever show you what this button
does?

FRASIER

I'm not a piece of Lalique. I can
handle criticism. How was I today?

ROZ

Let's see. You dropped two commercials, you left a total of twenty-eight seconds of dead air, you scrambled the call letters, you spilled yogurt on the control board and you kept referring to Jerry with the identity crisis as "Jeff."

FRASIER

(PAUSE) You say my brother called.

CUT TO:

C

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS "THE BROTHER."

NILES (V.O.)

*

So I said to the gardner, "Yoshi, I
do not need a Zen garden in my
backyard.

FADE IN:

EXT. SEATTLE STREET - DAY - DAY/1 - 2ND UNIT
(Niles (V.O.))

A CITY BUS IS STOPPED, PICKING UP PASSENGERS. ON THE SIDE OF
THE BUS IS A LARGE ADVERTISEMENT. ON IT IS FRASIER'S SMILING
FACE AND THE WORDS "DR. FRASIER CRANE. HE LISTENS. KACL - 780
AM." THE BUS PULLS AWAY TO REVEAL "CAFE NERVOSA," ONE OF
SEATTLE'S POPULAR COFFEE HOUSES.

NILES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*

If I want to rake gravel every ten
minutes to maintain my inner harmony,
I'll move to Yokohama."

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY/1
(Niles, Frasier, Waitress, Extras)

FRASIER AND HIS BROTHER, DR. NILES CRANE, STAND AT THE COUNTER.
FRASIER HAS HIS NOSE IN A MENU.

NILES (CONT'D) *

Well, this offends him so he starts pulling up Maris' prized camellias by the handful. I couldn't stand for that, so I marched right into the morning room and locked the door until he cooled down. Tell me you would have handled it differently, Frasier.

AFTER A BEAT, FRASIER LOOKS UP.

FRASIER

Oh, I'm sorry, Niles, I didn't realize you'd stopped talking.

NILES

You haven't listened to a word I said.

FRASIER

Niles, you're a psychiatrist. You know what it's like to listen to people prattling on endlessly about their mundane lives.

NILES

Touche. And on that subject, I heard your show today.

FRASIER

And?

NILES

You know what I think about pop psychiatry.

FRASIER

Yes, yes, I know what you think about everything. When was the last time you had an unexpressed thought?

NILES

I'm having one now.

THEY BOTH CHUCKLE GOOD-NATUREDLY. A WAITRESS APPROACHES. *

WAITRESS *

You guys ready?

FRASIER

(TO WAITRESS) Two cafe latte supremos.

NILES MOVES TO A CHAIR AND BEGINS TO DUST IT OFF WITH A HANDKERCHIEF. HE OFFERS IT TO FRASIER.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

No, thank you.

NILES

So, Frasier, how are you doing on your own?

FRASIER *

I'm fine. I love my new life. I love the solitude. I miss Frederick like the dickens, of course. He's quite a boy. He's playing goalie on the pee wee soccer team now. He's a chip off the old block.

NILES

You hated sports.

FRASIER

And so does he, but the fresh air's
good for him.

THEY BOTH LAUGH AT THIS.

NILES

This has been fun, Frasier, but we
have a problem. That's why I thought
we should talk.

FRASIER

Our Dad?

NILES

I'm afraid so. One of his old
buddies from the police force called
this morning. He went over to see
him. Found him on the bathroom floor.

FRASIER

Oh my God.

NILES

No, it's okay, he's fine.

FRASIER

His hip again?

NILES NODS.

NILES

Frasier, I don't think he can live
alone anymore.

FRASIER

What can we do?

NILES

Well, I know this isn't going to be anyone's favorite solution, but I took the liberty of checking out a few convalescent homes for him.

HE REACHES INTO HIS BRIEFCASE AND TAKES OUT A PILE OF PAMPHLETS. *

FRASIER

A home? He's still a young man.

NILES

Well, you certainly can't take care of him. You're just getting your new life together.

FRASIER

Absolutely. Besides, we've never been sympatico. When I was a child I once rode in the car with him from Seattle to Spokane and the only thing he said to me was, "I think we've got a problem with your brother Frasier."

NILES

Yes, well, and, of course, I can't take care of him.

FRASIER

Yes, of course, of course. (BEAT) Why?

NILES

Dad doesn't get along with Maris.

FRASIER

Who does?

NILES

I thought you liked Maris.

FRASIER

I do. I like her from a distance.
You know, the way you like the sun.
Maris is like the sun... except
without the warmth.

NILES PICKS UP A PAMPHLET FROM THE TABLE.

NILES

(READING) "Golden Acres". People in
golf carts on their way to oblivion.

FRASIER

(RESIGNED) Alright, I'll make up the
guest room.

NILES

You're a good son, Frasier.

FRASIER

Oh God, I am, aren't I?

FRASIER BURIES HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS AS NILES COMFORTS HIM.

CUT TO:

D

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS "THE FATHER."

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - DAY/2
(Frasier, Niles, Martin, Deliveryman)

IT'S A SMART, CLEAN, METICULOUSLY DECORATED CONDO. THE FURNISHINGS LEAN TOWARD THE CONTEMPORARY, WITH WELL CHOSEN PIECES OF ART AND SCULPTURE. CENTER IS A VIEW OF THE SEATTLE SKYLINE. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. FRASIER, AT THE PIANO, GOES TO THE DOOR. HE STEELS HIMSELF AND OPENS THE DOOR. NILES IS STANDING THERE WITH A FEW SUITCASES IN HIS HAND.

NILES

We finally made it.

NILES ENTERS FOLLOWED BY THEIR FATHER, MARTIN, USING A WALKER.

FRASIER

Ah, Dad, welcome to your new home.

You look great.

MARTIN

Don't B.S. me. I do not look great.
I spent Monday on the bathroom floor.
You can still see the tile marks on
my face.

NILES

(SOTTO TO FRASIER) Gives you some
idea about the ride over in the car.

FRASIER CLAPS HIS HANDS AND RUBS THEM TOGETHER, TRYING TO
LIGHTEN THE MOMENT.

FRASIER

Well, here we are. Now, Dad, rest
assured the refrigerator is stocked
with your favorite beer, Ballantines,
and we've got plenty of hot links and
cole slaw. I even rented a Charles
Bronson movie for later.

MARTIN

You can cut the "Welcome to Camp
Crane" speech. We all know why I'm
here. Your old man can't be trusted
to be alone for ten minutes without
falling on his ass, and Frasier got
stuck with me. Isn't that right?

FRASIER AND NILES LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

FRASIER/NILES

No, no, no.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

I want you here. It will give us an opportunity to get reacquainted.

MARTIN

That implies we were acquainted at one point.

NILES

Listen, why don't I take Dad's things into his new "bachelor quarters" so you two scoundrels can plan some hijinx?

NILES EXITS WITH THE BAGS DOWN THE HALLWAY TO THE BEDROOM.

MARTIN

I think that wife of his is making him nutso.

FRASIER

Yes, we Crane boys sure know how to marry, don't we? (THEN) Dad, let me get you a beer.

FRASIER CROSSES TO THE KITCHEN. MARTIN LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

So, do you like what I've done with the place? Every piece was carefully chosen. The lamp, Corbu. The chair by Eames. This sofa is an exact replica of the one Coco Chanel had in her Paris atelier.

MARTIN

Nothing matches.

FRASIER

It's a style of decorating. It's called eclectic. The theory behind it is, if you have great pieces of furniture, it doesn't matter if they match. They'll go together.

MARTIN

It's your money.

MARTIN WALKS OVER TO THE WINDOW AND GAZES AT THE SKYLINE.

SFX: THE DOORBELL RINGS.

FRASIER

(INDICATING) That's the Space Needle over there.

MARTIN

Thank you for pointing that out. Being born and raised here, I never would have known that.

AS NILES RE-ENTERS FROM THE OTHER ROOM, FRASIER CROSSES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT. IT'S A DELIVERYMAN.

DELIVERYMAN

Delivery for Martin Crane.

MARTIN

In here.

DELIVERYMAN

Coming through.

FRASIER STEPS BACK. THE DELIVERYMAN BRINGS IN A BARCALOUNGER.

FRASIER

Excuse me, excuse me. Wait a minute.

DELIVERYMAN

Where do you want it?

MARTIN

Where's the TV?

FRASIER

(INDICATING) In that credenza. Why?

MARTIN

Point it at that thing.

DELIVERYMAN

What about this chair?

NILES

Here. Let me get it out of the way.

NILES PICKS UP THE CHAIR AND MOVES IT. THE DELIVERYMAN REPLACES IT WITH MARTIN'S BARCALOUNGER.

FRASIER

Careful. That's a Wassily. (RE:
LOUNGER) Dad, Dad, as dear as I'm
sure this piece is to you, I don't
think it quite goes with anything
here.

MARTIN

I know. It's eclectic.

MARTIN PAYS THE DELIVERYMAN. HE EXITS.

FRASIER

Niles, help me out here.

NILES

I like it.

FRASIER GRABS NILES BY THE SHIRT AND PULLS HIM ASIDE.

FRASIER

I see right through you. You're agreeing with the old man because you're afraid he might ask to live with you and Maris.

NILES

(RE: SHIRT) Please, Frasier, you're scrunching my Tommy Hilfiger.

FRASIER

Listen, you little twit...

MARTIN

You're going to have to run an extension cord over here so I can plug in the vibrating part.

FRASIER

(BEATEN) Yes, yes, that will be the crowning touch.

NILES

Now that you two are settled in, I've got to run. I'm late for my dysfunctional family seminar.

AS HE HEADS FOR THE DOOR:

NILES (CONT'D)

Dad, have you mentioned Eddie yet?

FRASIER TURNS TO MARTIN.

FRASIER

(PANICKED) Eddie?

NILES

Ta ta.

NILES EXITS.

FRASIER

Oh, Dad, no. Not Eddie.

MARTIN

He's my best friend. Hand me my
beer.

FRASIER

But he's weird. He gives me the
creeps. All he does is stare at me.

MARTIN

It's your imagination.

FRASIER

No, Dad, no. I'm sorry, but I'm
putting my foot down. Eddie's not
moving in here.

CUT TO:

E

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS THE WORD, "EDDIE."

CROSS FADE TO:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - NIGHT/2
(Martin, Frasier, Eddie)

MARTIN IS SITTING IN HIS BARCALOUNGER WATCHING THE CHARLES BRONSON MOVIE. WE PAN OVER TO FRASIER ON HIS COCO COUCH. WE CONTINUE THE PAN. SITTING NEXT TO FRASIER IS EDDIE, A SMALL LONG-HAIRED JACK RUSSELL TERRIER. EDDIE STARES AT FRASIER.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOH

FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY - DAY/3
(Niles, Frasier, Extras)NILES IS THERE, FRASIER RUSHES IN.

FRASIER

Oh, Niles, there you are. Sorry I'm late. Just as I was leaving, Dad started a small kitchen fire in the living room.

NILES

The living room?

FRASIER

Don't ask. (BEAT) This last week with Dad has been a living hell. When I'm there, I feel like my

(MORE)

*

FRASIER (CONT'D)

territory is being violated and when I'm away, I worry about what he's up to. My nerves are completely shot. I've got to do something to calm down. (TO WAITRESS) Double espresso, please. (TO NILES) You don't still have the brochures from those rest homes, do you?

NILES

Of course I do. You're forgetting Maris is five years older than I am. But do you really think that's necessary?

FRASIER

Yes, I do. I don't have a life anymore. Tuesday I gave up my tickets to the theatre. Wednesday, it was the symphony.

NILES

That reminds me, weren't you going to the opera on Friday?

FRASIER TAKES TWO TICKETS OUT OF HIS POCKET.

FRASIER

Yes. Here.

NILES

Thank you. (LOOKING AT TICKETS) Die Fledermaus. (THEN) You know, have you ever considered hiring a home care worker? Someone who cooks, and cleans, who can help him with his therapy.

FRASIER

Look, the last thing I need is someone else under foot.

NILES

No, no, someone part-time. That's the beauty of it. They'll only be there when you're not.

FRASIER

These angels exist?

NILES

I know an agency in town who has good people. Let me arrange to have them send a few over to meet you.

FRASIER

I don't know how to thank you. I'm going to have my life again. I'm going to have my sanity again. I'm going to Die Fledermaus again.

FRASIER SNAPS THE TICKETS AWAY FROM NILES.

CUT TO:

J

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS "THE HEALTH CARE WORKER."

FADE IN: *

MONTAGE

INT. HALLWAY OF FRASIER'S BUILDING - DAY - DAY/4
(Frasier, Extras)

A QUICK SEQUENCE OF FRASIER BIDDING FAREWELL TO A NUMBER OF APPLICANTS WITH PLEASANTRIES SUCH AS "THANK YOU VERY MUCH," "YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM US," "IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE." *

RESET TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY/4
(Frasier, Extras)

ANOTHER APPLICANT. SHE APPEARS ROBUST, KIND, NEATLY DRESSED: THE EPITOME OF COMPETENCE.

FRASIER

I've never been more impressed with
any human being in my entire life.
It has truly been an honor to meet you.

FRASIER CLOSES THE DOOR.

FRASIER (CONT'D) (O.S.)

(BLOWING UP) Now what was wrong with
that one?!!

THE WOMAN REACTS AND WALKS AWAY.

RESET TO:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - DAY/4
(Frasier, Martin, Eddie, Daphne)

MARTIN

She was casing the joint.

FRASIER

Casing the joint? She spent two
years with Mother Teresa.

MARTIN

Well, if I were Mother Teresa, I'd
check my jewelry box.

SFX: THE DOORBELL RINGS.

FRASIER

This is the last one. Can you at
least try to keep an open mind?

MARTIN

I hate this whole stinking idea.

FRASIER

There, was that so difficult?

FRASIER OPENS THE DOOR TO REVEAL DAPHNE MOON, AN ENGLISH
WORKING CLASS WOMAN IN HER MID TO LATE TWENTIES. AT THIS
MOMENT, SHE IS REACHING INTO HER BLOUSE AND ADJUSTING HER BRA.

*

DAPHNE

Oh hello. Caught me with my hand in
the biscuit tin. (EXTENDING HER
HAND) I'm Daphne. Daphne Moon.

FRASIER

(THEY SHAKE) Frasier Crane. Won't
you come in?

DAPHNE

Thank you.

SHE ENTERS.

FRASIER

This is my father, Martin Crane.

Dad, this is Daphne Moon.

THEY EXCHANGE GREETINGS.

DAPHNE

(RE: EDDIE) And who would this be?

FRASIER

That is Eddie.

MARTIN

I call him Eddie Spaghetti.

DAPHNE

Oh, he likes pasta?

MARTIN

No, he has worms.

FRASIER

Uh, have a seat, Miss Moon.

DAPHNE

Daphne. Thank you. (RE:
BARCALOUNGER) Oh, will you look at
that. What a comfy chair. Like I
always say, start with a good piece
and replace the rest (INDICATING
FRASIER'S FURNITURE) when you can
afford it.

SHE SMILES AT FRASIER. SO DOES MARTIN.

FRASIER

Uh, yes, well, um, Miss Moon, tell us
a little bit about yourself.

DAPHNE

Well, I'm originally from Manchester,
England.

FRASIER

Oh really. Did you hear that, Dad?

MARTIN

I'm three feet away. There's nothing
wrong with my hearing.

DAPHNE

I've only been in the U.S. for a few
months but I have quite an extensive
background in home care and physical
therapy, as you can see from my
resume. I also...

SHE LOOKS AT MARTIN.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

You were a policeman, weren't you?

MARTIN

Yeah. How did you know?

DAPHNE

I must confess, I'm a bit psychic. Nothing big. Just little things I sense about people. It's not like I can pick the lottery. If I could, I wouldn't be talking to the likes of you two, now would I?

SHE LAUGHS. MARTIN FINDS THAT AMUSING.

FRASIER

Perhaps I should describe the duties around here. You would be responsible for...

DAPHNE

(TO FRASIER) Wait a minute, I'm getting something on you. You're a florist.

FRASIER

No, I'm a psychiatrist.

DAPHNE

Well, it comes and goes. Usually it's strongest during my time of the month. Oh, I guess I let out a little secret there, didn't I?

FRASIER

It's safe with us. (CHECKING WATCH)
Well, I think we've learned
everything we need to know about you.
And a dash extra. Thank you very
much. We'll be in touch.

DAPHNE

(TO MARTIN) You must be very proud
of your son the psychiatrist.

MARTIN

Sons. Two sons. Two shrinks. They
took after their mother, rest her
soul. She was one too. It was quite
a household. I couldn't scratch
myself without being analyzed.

DAPHNE

We Brits don't believe much in
psychiatry. I mean, isn't that what
friends are for?

FRASIER

That's very quaint.

DAPHNE

(TO EDDIE) You're a dog, aren't you?

FRASIER

Well, we'll be calling you, Miss
Moon.

MARTIN

Why wait? You're hired.

DAPHNE

Oh wonderful!

FRASIER

Excuse me. Aren't we getting ahead
of ourselves, here? I think we
should discuss this. Privately.

DAPHNE

Oh, of course you should. I
completely understand. I'll just pop
into the loo. You do have one, don't
you?

FRASIER

(INDICATING) Yes.

DAPHNE

I love America.

DAPHNE EXITS.

FRASIER

Dad, what do you think you're doing?

MARTIN

You wanted me to pick one... I picked
one.

FRASIER

But she's a kook. I don't like her.

MARTIN

What does it matter? She's only going to be here when you're not.

FRASIER

Then what's my problem? (CALLING)
Daphne.

DAPHNE RE-ENTERS.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

You've been retained.

DAPHNE

Oh, wonderful. I had a premonition I would. I'll move my things in tomorrow.

FRASIER

Wait a minute. Move in? There must be some misunderstanding. This isn't a live-in position.

DAPHNE

Oh dear. The lady at the agency said...

FRASIER

Well, the lady at the agency was wrong. This is a part-time position. What a shame. We were getting along so well.

FRASIER STARTS TO USHER HER OUT.

MARTIN

Wait a minute, Frasier. I want to talk about this.

FRASIER

Dad, there's nothing to discuss.

DAPHNE

I'll just pop back in here and enjoy some more of your African erotic art.

DAPHNE HEADS FOR THE BATHROOM.

MARTIN

Check out the one over the towel rack. You gotta be young to try that.

FRASIER

Perhaps it's best if you leave.

DAPHNE

Well, all right.

FRASIER

We'll contact you. If not by telephone, then through the toaster.

SHE EXITS.

FRASIER

I am not having another person living in this house.

MARTIN

Give me one good reason why.

FRASIER

Well, for one thing there's no room
for her.

MARTIN

What about the room across the hall
from mine?

FRASIER

My study?! You expect me to give up
my study? Where I read, where I do
my most profound thinking?

MARTIN

Use the can like the rest of the
world. (THEN) You'll adjust.

FRASIER

I don't want to adjust. I've done
enough adjusting. I'm in a new city,
I have a new job, I'm freshly
divorced and now my father and his
dog are living with me. I think
that's enough on my plate. The whole
idea of getting someone in here was
to help ease my burden, not to add to
it.

MARTIN

Did you hear that, Eddie? We're a
burden.

FRASIER

Dad, you're twisting my words. I meant burden in its most positive sense.

MARTIN

Oh, as in "gee what a lovely burden?"

FRASIER

Something like that, yes.

MARTIN

Hey, you're not the only one getting screwed here. Two years ago I'm sailing toward retirement and some punk robbing a convenience store puts a bullet in my hip. Next thing you know, I'm trading my golf clubs in for one of these. (HE HOLDS UP THE WALKER) I had a lot of plans too, you know, and this may come as a shock, Sonny Boy, but one of them wasn't living with you.

FRASIER

I'm just trying to do the right thing here, trying to be the good son.

MARTIN

Oh, don't worry, after I'm gone, you can live guilt-free knowing that you've done right by your papa.

FRASIER

That's what you think this is all
about, guilt?

MARTIN

Isn't it?

FRASIER

Of course it is! But the point is, I
did it. I took you in. And I've got
news for you... I wanted to do it.
Because you're my father. And you
know how you repay me? Ever since
you moved in here, it's been a snide
comment about this or a smart little
put-down about that. Well, I've done
my best to make a new home for you
here and once, just once, would it
have killed you to say thank you?
One lousy thank you?

THERE'S A PAUSE.

MARTIN

C'mon, Eddie. It's past your dinner
time.

HE AND EDDIE EXIT TO THE KITCHEN. FRASIER ANGRILY EXITS,
SLAMMING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

CUT TO:

K

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS "LUPE VELEZ."

FADE IN:

INT. RADIO STUDIO - LATER THAT DAY - DAY/4
(Frasier, Roz, Martin (V.O.), Claire (V.O.))

FRASIER COMES BLASTING IN TO HIS BOOTH.

FRASIER

They have got to move the bathroom
closer to the studio!

HE FLINGS HIMSELF INTO THE CHAIR AND PUTS ON HIS HEADPHONES.
ROZ POINTS TO HIM. HE SPEAKS INTO THE MICROPHONE.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

I'll be right back after these
messages.

HE PUNCHES A BUTTON ON THE CONSOLE.

FRASIER (CONT'D) *

(TO ROZ, IRRITATED) Could I perhaps
put that on tape?

ROZ *

What's eating you? *

FRASIER *

This thing with my father and this
person he wants to hire... I thought
I was starting my life over with a
clean slate. I had this picture of
the way things were going to be and
then, I don't know...

ROZ

Ever heard of Lupe Velez?

FRASIER

Who?

ROZ *

Lupe Velez. The movie star in the
thirties. The Mexican Spitfire. Her
career hit the skids so she decided
to take one final stab at
immortality. She figured if she
couldn't be remembered for her
movies, she'd be remembered for the

(MORE)

ROZ (CONT'D)

way she died. And all Lupe wanted was to be remembered. So she plans this lavish suicide. Flowers, candles, silk sheets, white satin gown, full hair and make-up, the works. She takes an overdose of pills, lays on the bed and imagines how beautiful she's going to look on the front page of tomorrow's newspaper. Unfortunately, the pills didn't set well with the enchilada combo plate she sadly chose as her last meal. She stumbles toward the bathroom, trips and falls head first into the toilet. And that's how they found her.

FRASIER

Is there a reason you're telling me this?

ROZ

Yeah. Even though things may not happen like we planned, they can work out anyway.

*

FRASIER

Remind me again how it worked for
Lupe, last seen with her head in the
toilet?

ROZ

All she wanted was to be remembered.
(BEAT) Will you ever forget that
story?

ROZ GOES BACK INTO HER BOOTH, LOOKS AT THE CLOCK AND POINTS AT
FRASIER.

FRASIER

Welcome back. Roz, who's our next
caller?

ROZ

We have Martin on line one. He's
having a problem with his son.

FRASIER

Hello, Martin. I'm listening.

MARTIN (V.O.)

I'm a first time caller.

FRASIER STIFFENS.

FRASIER

Welcome to the program. How can I
help you?

MARTIN (V.O.)

I just moved in with my son and, uh,
it ain't working. There's a lot of
tension between us.

FRASIER

I can imagine. Why do you think that's so?

MARTIN (V.O.)

I guess maybe I didn't see he had a nice new life planned out for himself and I kind of got in the way.

FRASIER

You know these things are a two way street. Perhaps your son wasn't sensitive enough to see how your life was changing.

MARTIN (V.O.)

You got that right. I've been telling him that ever since I got there.

FRASIER

I'm sure he appreciated your candor.

MARTIN (V.O.)

But maybe sometimes I've got to learn to keep my trap shut.

FRASIER

That's good advice for us all.
Anything else?

MARTIN (V.O.)

I'm worried my son doesn't know that
I really appreciate what he's done
for me.

FRASIER

Why don't you tell him?

MARTIN (V.O.)

You know how it is with fathers and
sons. We always have a hard time
saying that stuff.

FRASIER

Well, if it helps, I suspect your son
already knows how you feel.

THERE IS A PAUSE.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Is that all?

MARTIN (V.O.)

I guess that's it. Thank you, Doctor
Crane.

FRASIER

My pleasure, Martin.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Did you hear what I said? I said,
thank you.

FRASIER

Yes, I heard.

MARTIN HANGS UP. FRASIER JUST SITS THERE WITHOUT SAYING
ANYTHING. ROZ INTERRUPTS.

ROZ

Uh, Doctor Crane? We have Claire on line four. She's having trouble getting over a break up.

FRASIER

Hello, Claire. I'm listening.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I'm, uh, well, I'm a mess. Eight months ago, my boyfriend and I broke up and I can't get over it. The pain isn't going away. It's almost like I'm in mourning.

FRASIER

Claire, you are in mourning. But you're not mourning the loss of your boyfriend...

AS FRASIER CONTINUES THE CALL, WE:

CROSS FADE TO:

44

L

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT - NIGHT/4
(Frasier, Martin, Eddie, Daphne)

WE PAN ACROSS THE APARTMENT TO SEE FRASIER AND HIS NEW "FAMILY" WATCHING TV. MARTIN IS SITTING IN HIS BARCALOUNGER. EDDIE, FRASIER AND DAPHNE ARE SITTING ON THE COUCH.

FRASIER (V.O.)

You're mourning what you thought your life was going to be. Let it go. Things don't always happen how you plan. It's not necessarily bad. It doesn't mean things won't work out anyway.

EDDIE PUTS ONE PAW ON FRASIER'S LEG.

FRASIER (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Have you ever heard of Lupe Velez?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO