FRASIER
"Space Quest"
#40571-002

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FRASIER
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CAST

FRASIER CRANE..............................KELSEY GRAMMER
MARTIN CRANE................................JON MAHONEY
DAPHNE MOON..................................JANE LEEVES
NILES CRANE.....................................DAVID HYDE PIERCE
ROZ DOYLE......................................PERI GILPIN
EDDIE...........................................MOOSE
LEONARD (V.O.).................................STEVE NEVIL
BULLDOG.......................................DAN BUTLER
ENGINEER.......................................WAYNE WILDERSON
WAITER.........................................DEAN ERICKSON

SETS

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM
INT. FRASIER'S KITCHEN
INT. RADIO STUDIO
INT. CAFE NERVOSA
INT STORAGE LOCKER
FRASIER - "Space Quest" #40571-002

ACT ONE
Scene A (1)
INT. FRASIER’S LIVING ROOM - DAY/1
   MORNING
   (Frasier, Daphne, Martin, Eddie)

Scene B (11)
INT. RADIO STUDIO - TWO DAY/1
   HOURS LATER
   (Frasier, Roz, Leonard (V.O.), Bulldog, Engineer)

Scene C (21)
INT. FRASIER’S LIVING ROOM - DAY DAY/1
   (Frasier, Martin, Daphne, Eddie)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO
Scene D (27)
INT. CAFE NERVOSA - DAY DAY/1
   (Frasier, Niles, Waiter)

Scene E (35)
INT. FRASIER’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT/1
   (Frasier, Daphne, Martin)

Scene H (46)
INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY DAY/2
   (Frasier, Roz)

**** SCENE OMITTED ****

Scene J (48)
INT. SOMEWHERE - OUT OF TIME DAY/?
   (Frasier, Kyle (O.C.))

**** SCENE OMITTED ****

END OF ACT TWO
FRASIER
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ACT ONE

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS "DEAR GOD, IT WASN'T A DREAM."

FRASIER (V.O.)

(GROANING) ...uuhhhhh...

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING - DAY/1
(Frasier, Daphne, Martin, Eddie)

FRASIER ENTERS FROM THE HALLWAY. HAIR ASKEW, ROBE THROWN ON. HE ENCOUNTERS DAPHNE, WHO IS DRESSED FOR THE DAY.

DAPHNE

(ANNOYINGLY CHIPPER) Oh, good morning, Dr. Crane.

FRASIER

(YAWNING) ...uhhhh...
DAPHNE

Not a morning person, are we?
(PRATTLING ON) Well never you mind.
I am. Can't very well be a good
health care provider if you're not up
with the cock. I've already taken
your father for his morning
constitutional. Such a remarkable
man. Thirty years on the police
force. I can see why you'd want him
to live here. Although not many sons
would do that. Not without getting
paid for it. Anyway, coffee's made
and I took the liberty of doing a
shop. They don't serve much tripe in
Seattle, do they?

FRASIER JUST STARES AT HER, TRYING TO FOCUS.

FRASIER

And you are...

DAPHNE

Daphne. Daphne Moon. I moved in
yesterday. You hired me to take care
of your father.
FRASIER
(SHAKING IT OFF) Oh, yes. Of course. You’ll have to excuse me, I’m not myself until I’ve showered and shaved.

DAPHNE
Yes, I completely understand about one’s morning ablutions. I, for instance, just can’t stand myself before I floss all that gunk out of my teeth from the night...

FRASIER
Miss Moon, for future reference, let’s keep our ablutions on a need-to-know basis, shall we? Now, my coffee.

FRASIER EXITS INTO THE KITCHEN. MARTIN IS THERE, WEARING AN APRON AND HOLDING A SPATULA.

MARTIN
The half and half’s curdled and the garbage disposal is jammed.

FRASIER
Good morning to you too, Dad.

MARTIN
Morning was two hours ago. (SOTTO; INDICATING ROBE) And close that barn door, we got a lady in the house now.
FRASIER FUMBLES WITH HIS ROBE, THEN POURS HIMSELF SOME COFFEE AND TAKES A SIP. IT STINKS.

FRASIER

(WINCING) This isn't my coffee.
Where's my finely ground Kenya blend from Starbucks?

MARTIN

That's it. Daphne put an eggshell and some allspice in it.

FRASIER

And didn't that just dress it up.

HE POURS CUP INTO THE SINK.

MARTIN

I like it. It's got zing. Now go sit down. Your breakfast is ready.

FRASIER AND MARTIN CROSS INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

FRASIER

Oh no, Dad. All I ever eat is a bran muffin and a touch of yogurt.

MARTIN

Girly food. Besides, it's already fixed. You're having Eggs in a Nest.

MARTIN CROSSES BACK INTO THE KITCHEN.
FRASIER
Ah yes, the Crane specialty. Fried eggs, swimming in fat, and served in a delightful piece of hollowed out white bread. I can hear my left ventricle slamming shut as we speak.

MARTIN (O.S.)
You want cheese on that?

FRASIER
No. I'd like to leave some blood flow so the clot can be carried swiftly to my brain.

FRASIER CROSSES TOWARD THE FRONT DOOR, GRUMBLING TO HIMSELF.

FRASIER (CONT'D)
Can't have my coffee. Can't have my breakfast.

HE PAUSES AT THE SIGHT OF MARTIN'S BARCALOUNGER.

FRASIER (CONT'D)
Dear God, it wasn't a dream. I'm going to get him for this. (LOOKING AT EDDIE) And his little dog, too.

HE OPENS THE DOOR AND LOOKS DOWN AT AN EMPTY MAT.
FRASIER (CONT'D)
Where's my paper? Who the hell took my newspaper? Mrs. Everly, you old bat, I know it's you!

DAPHNE
Yoo hoo.

HE TURNS, DAPHNE'S THERE, HOLDING THE NEWSPAPER.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
It's right here. We brought it in for you.

FRASIER
(TAKING PAPER) Oh. (CALLING OUT DOOR) Sorry. Sorry. (LOOKS AT PAPER; TO DAPHNE) Wait a minute. Where's the rubber band? (COMES THE DAWN) This paper has been read.

DAPHNE
Don't worry, we won't tell you what's in it.
FRASIER
That's not the point. I like to read my paper fresh, unsullied. I know it may seem odd, but don't we all have our own little quirks?

DAPHNE
Oh, I quite agree. I, for instance, always...

FRASIER
(CUTTING HER OFF) Thank you. You know, Miss Moon, since this is our first day living all together, perhaps we ought to have a little chat. (CALLING) Dad, Dad?

MARTIN STICKS HIS HEAD OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

MARTIN
Change your mind about the cheese?

FRASIER
Can you come in here, please?

MARTIN CROSSES.

DAPHNE
You're going to give a speech, aren't you?

FRASIER
Oh, that's right. You're psychic.

DAPHNE
Yes, but I think anyone could feel this one coming on.
FRASIER

Daphne, Dad, there's something we should get clear. I am not a morning person. I need to ease into my day slowly. First, I need my coffee. Sans egg shells or anything else one tends to pick out of the garbage. Then I have a light low-fat, high-fiber breakfast. Finally I sit down and read a crisp, new newspaper. If I'm robbed of the richness of my morning routine, I cannot function, my radio show suffers, and, like ripples in a pond, so do the many listeners who rely on my advice to help them through their troubled lives. I'm sorry if I sound priggish, but I've grown comfortable with that part of myself. It is the magic that is me.

MARTIN

(TO DAPHNE) Get used to it.

MARTIN EXITS BACK TO THE KITCHEN.
DAPHNE

I know this is a stressful time and this is new for all of us, but I'm sure that soon we'll all be getting along famously. (EYES FLOT DOWNWARD) Oops, six more weeks of winter I see.

FRASIER

(MORTIFIED) Oh dear God.

FRASIER QUICKLY TIES UP HIS ROBE, AND CROSSES TO THE TABLE. DAPHNE EXITS TO THE HALL. FRASIER SITS AND FINALLY GETS TO OPEN HIS NEWSPAPER. HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND RELAXES. JUST THEN, EDDIE JUMPS UP ON A CHAIR AND STARTS TO STARE AT HIM. FRASIER TRIES TO READ THE PAPER, BUT IS UNCOMFORTABLE WITH EDDIE STARING AT HIM.

FRASIER (CONT’D)

Down, Eddie. Down.

EDDIE REMAINS.

FRASIER (CONT’D)

(PLEASANT) I said, "Down." That's a good boy. Down. Come on, down... down, boy. (TURNING SUDDENLY) Get down!

EDDIE'S A STATUE.

FRASIER (CONT’D)

(CALLING OUT) Dad, Dad, I can't read my paper. Eddie's staring at me.

MARTIN POPS HIS HEAD IN.
MARTIN

Well, you do make quite a picture in
the morning. (THEN) Just ignore
him.

FRASIER

I'm trying to.

MARTIN

I'm talking to the dog.

MARTIN GOES BACK IN THE KITCHEN. FRASIER GOES BACK TO HIS
PAPER, TRYING TO IGNORE EDDIE. EDDIE DOESN'T BUDGE. FRASIER
CHEATS THE PAPER BETWEEN HIMSELF AND EDDIE. AFTER A FEW BEATS
HE LOOKS TO SEE IF EDDIE'S STILL STARING... OF COURSE HE IS.
FRASIER THROWS HIS PAPER DOWN AND STARTS TO EXIT. EDDIE JUMPS
DOWN TO FOLLOW. FRASIER TURNS. EDDIE STOPS.

FRASIER

Don't even think about it.

FRASIER EXITS. EDDIE PAUSES A MOMENT, THEN Follows AS WE:

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. RADIO STUDIO - TWO HOURS LATER - DAY/1
(Frasier, Roz, Leonard (V.O.), Bulldog, Engineer)

WE'RE EXTREMELY TIGHT ON FRASIER'S FACE.

FRASIER

...you're listening to Dr. Frasier Crane. Today's topic is...

intrusion. The people who encroach upon our sense of personal space.
The neighbor who plays his stereo too loud. The person in the movie theater who sits right next to you when there are fifty other vacant seats. Now let's go back to our calls and, once again may I remind you that our subject today is intrusion, (PEEVED) since so many of you seem to be forgetting that.
ROZ LEANS INTO HER MIC.

ROZ

Dr. Crane, we have Leonard from
Everett on line two.

FRASIER PUNCHES A BUTTON ON THE PHONE.

FRASIER

Hello, Leonard. I'm listening.

LEONARD (V.O.)

Hi, Dr. Crane. I'm a little nervous, but... (CLEAR THROAT) here goes...
Several years ago I became afraid of
large open spaces. Like if I went to
the mall, I'd break out in a cold
sweat and I'd get so scared I'd have
to run home.

FRASIER

Yes, Leonard, and your comments on
intrusion?

LEONARD (V.O.)

Nothing. It's just now I'm afraid to
go outside at all. I haven't seen
another person in eight months.

FRASIER

It sounds as if you may have a
serious condition called agoraphobia.
But you are not alone.
LEONARD (V.O.)

But I am alone, Dr. Crane.

FRASIER

I mean in the larger context of the word. Look Leonard, the problem you have is a little too complex to address in the time we have left, but if you just stay on the line, someone will give you the name of a qualified therapist. Well, that's it for today. This has been Dr. Frasier Crane, K-A-C-L seven-eighty. Stay tuned for the news, then next up, Bob "Bulldog" Brisco and the Gonzo Sports Show. I never miss it.

FRASIER CUTS HIS MIC AND TAKES OFF HIS HEADSET.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Yeah, right.

ROZ HANGS UP THE PHONE, THEN HITS A BUTTON ON HER CONSOLE.

ROZ

You want your messages?

FRASIER HITS BUTTON ON CONSOLE.
FRASIER

Just leave them there, Roz. I want
to relax in here for awhile. Today,
more than most, I feel an
overwhelming need for solitude. I've
got a fascinating book, a comfortable
chair and a soundproof booth.

ROZ

Well okay, Frasier, if that's...

FRASIER HITS A BUTTON ON HIS CONSOLE AND CUTS HER OFF.
FRASIER RECLINES AND OPENS A BOOK. HE SIGHS, A HAPPY MAN.
AFTER A FEW BEATS, THE OUTER DOOR SWINGS OPEN. A MAN
BURSTS IN, WHEELING A CART OF SOUND EFFECTS ACCOUTREMENTS.
IT'S "BULLDOG" BRENNLEY.

BULLDOG

Hey, Doc. How they hanging?

FRASIER

(DEEPLY ANNOYED) Bulldog. What are
you doing here?

BULLDOG

We lost transmitter link power in
Studio "C". I gotta do my show from
here.

BULLDOG PUSHES HIS CART INTO THE BOOTH, LEAVING LITTLE ROOM
FOR FRASIER.

FRASIER

Now?

BULLDOG

I go on in five minutes.
BULLDOG UNLOADS HIS CART ONTO THE DESK: BELLS, WHISTLES, GONGS. HE'S SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING.

BULLDOG (CONT'D)

Hey, where's my Cosell tape?
Somebody stole my Cosell tape! This stinks! This is total B.S.! This...
(LOOKS ON HIS CART) Oh, here it is.

FRASIER IS VIRTUALLY PUSHED OUT OF HIS BOOTH.

FRASIER

I'll just get out of your way.

GRABBING HIS BOOK, FRASIER HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

BULLDOG

By the way, Doc. I heard what you said to that kid who fantasizes about killing his parents. You know what I woulda told him? Sports. Go out there and break some heads.

HE KNOCKS HIS HEAD WITH HIS FIST.

BULLDOG (CONT'D)

That'll turn him 'round.

FRASIER

Yes, if only Jeffrey Dahmer had picked up a squash racquet.
BULLDOG

(ZERO TO SIXTY) Hey, where the
hell's my Lasorda tape? This is
total... (FINDS IT) ...Got it, got
it, got it...

FRASIER STEPS INTO ROZ'S CONTROL ROOM, CARRYING HIS BOOK.
SHE'S ON THE PHONE. FRASIER HEADS OUT, BUT ROZ MOTIONS FOR
HIM TO STAY.

ROZ

(INTO PHONE) Uh huh... uh huh... uh
huh. (TO FRASIER) Hold on a sec. I
have to ask you something.

FRASIER MOVES ABOUT THE BOOTH AS IF BORED.

ROZ (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Gary? I dumped him
three weeks ago. The sex was okay,
but he was kind of limited...

FRASIER MOTIONS TO DOOR AND MOUTHS "I GOTTA GO." ROZ MOTIONS
FOR HIM TO STAY. FRASIER, TRAPPED, STARTS TO POKE AROUND AT
ROZ'S CONTROL BOARD.

ROZ (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) No, it's not that Gary
was bad in bed. I mean, he knew
where all the parts were.

(MORE)
ROZ (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, most of them were his... Yeah, totally passionless. It was like he was thinking of someone else. I know I was.

FRASIER FIDDLING WITH A KNOB.

SFX: ROZ'S BOOTH IS FILLED WITH FEED-BACK.

WE SEE BULLDOG RIP THE HEADPHONES OFF.

BULLDOG

(YELLS) Hey!

FRASIER

(INTO MIC) Sorry, Bulldog.

ROZ

(INTO PHONE) Look, I gotta go, somebody's here. I'll talk to you later... Okay... Bye, Mom.

ROZ HANGS UP. FRASIER'S TAKEN ABACK.

FRASIER

That was your mother?

ROZ

Yeah, why?

FRASIER

You talk to your mother like that?

ROZ

We're both adults. We talk about everything.
FRASIER

Well, isn’t that healthy.

ROZ

Well, isn’t it? What? You don’t talk to your dad like that?

FRASIER

Hardly. In fact, we don’t talk much at all.

ROZ

Really?

FRASIER

My father and I are entirely different people. In fact, my brother and I are much more like our mother. If it weren’t biologically impossible, I’d swear Dad was left in a basket on our doorstep.

BULLDOG PRESSES A BUTTON ON HIS CONSOLE.
BULLDOG
Hey sweetcakes, you seen my engineer?

ROZ
I think he's talking to you, Frasier.

BULLDOG
(IPATIENT) Come on, come on.

ROZ PRESSES THE INTERCOM ON HER BOARD.

ROZ
Yeah, he called. He's gonna be here any minute.

(MORE)
ROZ (CONT’D)

(TO FRASIER) So, you want to go across the street and get one of those over-priced coffee drinks?

FRASIER

Maybe some other time. Right now I want to continue my quest for solitude. Someplace where my father, Mary Poppins and the hound from hell can’t find me. I think I’ll go and read my book sitting under a shady tree in a quiet park.

FRASIER OPENS THE DOOR, AS BULLDOG’S ENGINEER RUSHES IN. HE’S WEARING A WET RAINCOAT AND SHAKING AN UMBRELLA.

ENGINEER

Man, it’s coming down out there.

Sorry I’m late.

THE ENGINEER RIPS OFF HIS COAT AND RUSHES TO THE CONSOLE.

FRASIER

Oh, great. Well, maybe I’ll just read in my car.

ENGINEER

Good luck. The garage is flooded.

ON FRASIER’S REACTION AS HE EXITS WE:

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - DAY 1
(Frasier, Martin, Daphne, Eddie)

SFX: RAIN

IT'S LATER THAT AFTERNOON. THROUGH WINDOWS WE SEE IT'S RAINING OUTSIDE. FRASIER ENTERS WITH DREAD, CARRYING A WET UMBRELLA. HE'S SUDDENLY CAUGHT BY THE SILENCE.

FRASIER

Hello?

ABSOLUTE SILENCE.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Dad? Daphne? Eddie?

SILENCE.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Could it be?
OVERJOYED, FRASIER CROSSES TOWARD THE CREDENZA, WHISTLING SOMETHING FROM "CARMEN." HE TAKES OUT A HALF-FINISHED BOTTLE OF RED WINE AND POURS A GLASS. HE GOES TO THE COUCH, TAKES HIS BOOK OUT OF HIS BRIEFCASE AND FALLS BACK. AHHH... HEAVEN. AFTER A FEW BEATS WE HEAR VOICES AND KEYS AT THE DOOR. FRASIER GLOWERS. THE DOOR OPENS. MARTIN AND DAPHNE ENTER, MID-CONVERSATION. EDDIE IS IN TOW.

DAPHNE

...so the elephant says, "He’s with me."

MARTIN AND DAPHNE BREAK OUT IN RAUCOUS LAUGHTER.

DAPHNE (CONT’D)

Oh, Dr. Crane, you’re home. We just got back from your father’s physical therapy.

FRASIER

Oh glory be, oh happy day.

MARTIN GOES TO HIS BARCALOUNGER AND SITS DOWN.

FRASIER (CONT’D)

Not that I’m not delighted to see you both, but I was just in the middle of a very exciting chapter.

DAPHNE

Oh, I understand. How about if I pop into the kitchen and brew you up a nice pot of tea?

FRASIER

Thank you, but I’ve already poured myself a glass of wine.

DAPHNE GLANCES AT HER WATCH. IT’S A LITTLE EARLY.
DA PHNE

I see.

SHE EX ITS INTO THE KITCHEN.

MARTIN

What are you reading?

FRASIER

Oh, Dad, I don't think you'd be interested in it.

MARTIN

I might. Any good?

FRASIER

I haven't formed an opinion yet.

(POINTED) Believe it or not, I'm having a little trouble getting into it.

MARTIN

(LOOKING AT BOOK) Thick.

FRASIER

Yes, it is.

MARTIN

You know, I think the thickest book I ever read was...

FRASIER

Look, Dad, I don't want to offend you, but could you just leave me alone so I can read my book?
MARTIN

No problem.

FRASIER BEGINS READING HIS BOOK. MARTIN JUST SITS IN HIS BARCALOUNGER, LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD. A FEW SECONDS PASS, THEN FRASIER NOTICES MARTIN.

FRASIER

What are you doing?

MARTIN

I’m leaving you alone.

FRASIER

Well, it’s very annoying.

MARTIN

I’m just breathing.

FRASIER

But do you have to do it so often?

MARTIN

What’s your problem? You’ve been sucking a lemon all week.

FRASIER

Alright, you want to know my problem? I can’t get a moment alone in my own house.

MARTIN

Well forgive me. When you invited me to move in here, I didn’t realize I had to stay chained to the radiator in my room.

MARTIN STARTS TO WALK OUT.
FRASIER

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Perhaps just evenings.

MARTIN

I heard that.

FRASIER

Of course you heard that. You’re always within earshot.

MARTIN

You know, you’ve been like this forever. You were a fussy little kid and you’ve gotten worse ever since. You and your precious morning routine. You’ve got to have your coffee. Got to have your quiet. Got to have this. Got to have that. Well, aren’t you the little hothouse orchid.

FRASIER

Hey, hey, hey. I don’t have to sit here and listen to this.

FRASIER RISES.

MARTIN

You want everything so perfect, why don’t you go live in a bubble?
FRASIER

Believe me, at this moment, it sounds inviting.

FRASIER GRABS HIS COAT AND BOOK, AND EXITS, SLAMMING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

MARTIN

(MUTTERING TO HIMSELF) Finally, some peace and quiet around here.

MARTIN PICKS UP THE REMOTE AND CLICKS ON THE T.V.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. CAFE NERVOSA - DAY - DAY/1
(Frasier, Niles, Waiter)

IT'S AWHILE LATER. FRASIER SITS, IMMERSED IN HIS BOOK, OBLIVIOUS TO THE HUBBUB AROUND HIM. HE'S GOT A HALF-FINISHED CAPPUCINO. A WAITER, WEARING THE GRUNGE LOOK, CROSSES TO HIS TABLE.

WAITER
Anything else?

FRASIER

No, thank you.

THE WAITER DOESN'T MOVE. FRASIER LOOKS UP AT HIM.

WAITER
You're Dr. Frasier Crane, aren't you?

FRASIER

Yes, I am.
WAITER
I thought so. I’ve seen your picture on
the side of the bus. You know, I’ve been
having a problem with my girlfriend...

FRASIER
Let me stop you right there. I’m not
working right now. In fact, I’m in
particular need of solitude at this
moment. I’m sorry if this seems
rude, but imagine me running into you
when you’re not working and asking
you for a cup of coffee.

THE WAITER JUST STANDS THERE, LOOKING AT FRASIER.

WAITER
I’m in a band.

FRASIER
Another double espresso.

WAITER
I hear you.

THE WAITER MOVES OFF. FRASIER RETURNS TO HIS BOOK. A MOMENT
LATER, FRASIER’S RESPITE IS BROKEN BY NILES’ DULCET TONES
BEHIND HIM.

NILES
Hello there, Frasier.

FRASIER
(NOT LOOKING UP) Oh what fresh hell is this?

NILES
Is that any way to speak to your brother?
FRASIER
Oh, I'm sorry, Niles. I'm desperately trying to finish this book and no matter where I light, I get interrupted.

NILES SITS AND NOTICES FRASIER'S BOOK.

NILES
Ah, "The Holotropic Mind" by Stanislav Grof. I love his conclusion that a change in breathing patterns can induce alternate states of consciousness.

FRASIER SLAMS BOOK SHUT.

FRASIER
Oh great! Now you've ruined the ending!

NILES
I'm sorry. That was inconsiderate.

THE WAITER PASSES BY.

NILES (CONT'D)

(TO WAITER) Cafe latte, per piacere.

(TO FRASIER) Say, I know what'll cheer you up. Why don't we play our game?

FRASIER
I don't want to play our game.
NILES

Oh, come on, it'll be fun. The question for today is:

NILES HITS A CUP WITH A SPOON.

NILES (CONT'D)

If you were stuck on a desert island with one meal, one aria and one bottle of wine, what would they be?

FRASIER

A Big Mac, "I'm Your Venus", and Ripple.

NILES

If you're going to mock the game, don't play. (THEN) So how's Father?

FRASIER

Father? You mean the man who is driving me crazy? The man who makes me dread the very sight of my own doorstep? The man who just drove me out of my own home?

NILES

And how's work?

FRASIER

Niles, I don't know what to do. Dad and I just had another fight. I honestly think if we stay under the same roof any longer, we'll do irreparable damage to what little relationship we have.
NILES
Well what are the alternatives?

FRASIER
If it didn’t make me feel so guilty, I’d do what I should have done in the first place -- move Dad and Daphne into their own apartment.

NILES
Oh for goodness sakes, Frasier, it hasn’t been that long. You have to give it a chance. And you might remember the reason you took him in in the first place.

FRASIER
Refresh me.

NILES
You wanted to get closer to Dad.

FRASIER
And I still do. It’s what I want more than anything, but he makes it impossible. I can’t read a book. I can’t have my breakfast. I can’t get a moments peace in my own house.

NILES
So what you’re saying is you want to be closer to Dad, but you don’t actually want him around?
FRASIER LETS THIS SINK IN.

NILES (CONT'D)

Ask yourself, Frasier. Have you tried to sit down and talk to him, I mean really talk to him?

FRASIER

Well, I... Maybe I'm lying to myself. Maybe I haven't given it my best effort. I mean, I at least owe that to the old man, don't I?

FRASIER RISES.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Thanks for the chat, Niles. You're a good brother and a credit to the psychiatric profession.

NILES

And you're a good brother too.

FRASIER STARTS OUT.
FRASIER (CONT'D)

Oh, Niles... If you were stranded on an island, what would you choose as your favorite meal, aria and wine?

NILES

(INSTANTLY) The Coulibiac of Salmon at Guy Savoy. 'Vissa d'arte' from "Tosca." And the Cotes du Rhone, Chateau Neuf du Pape, '47.

FRASIER

You're so predictable!

AS FRASIER EXITS, WE:

CUT TO:
A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS "TWO MINUTE WARNING."

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - NIGHT/1
(Frasier, Martin, Daphne)

FRASIER ENTERS. HE TAKES OFF HIS COAT. AS HE HANGS IT UP, HE NOTICES SOME FURNITURE (A WING CHAIR, A BRASS LAMP, A SIDE TABLE) AND BOXES OF BOOKS SHOVED HAPHAZARDLY BY THE DOOR.

FRASIER

Daphne!

DAPHNE ENTERS.

FRASIER (CONT'D)


DAPHNE

We're putting them in the storage room in the basement. There was no room for them in your study once we

(MORE)
DAPHNE (CONT'D)

got my furniture in. We discussed it
last night, remember?

FRASIER

Oh. Of course.

DAPHNE

I was just on my way to ask that peculiar
little man from Building Services to give
me a hand moving them.

FRASIER

Ah yes, Kyle. Give him my best.

DAPHNE

Oh, remind me again, which one of
Kyle's eyes is really looking at me?

FRASIER

The brown one.

**DAPHNE EXITS. MARTIN ENTERS FROM THE HALLWAY.**
**HE CROSSES TO HIS BARCALOUNGER AND SITS.**

MARTIN

Daphne left your dinner in the
fridge, if you're hungry.

FRASIER

That's all right, I'm not. (THEN)
Listen, Dad. I'm sorry about the
blow-up earlier.

MARTIN

Ah, forget about it. I already have.
FRASIER

(HESITATES FOR A MOMENT; THEN) You know, it’s no secret there’s been tension between us. I think part of the problem is that we never talk. So I was wondering if we could sit down and have a conversation.

MARTIN

Right now?

FRASIER

Yes. Now would be a perfect time.

MARTIN

Later would be a more perfect time.

FRASIER

It doesn’t have to be a long, drawn out conversation. I’m talking about three minutes out of your life.

MARTIN

I hope it really is only three minutes because my program’s coming on.
FRASIER

Look, if it will make you happy, I'll get out the egg timer and set it for three minutes.

FRASIER CROSSES TO THE KITCHEN AND COMES BACK WITH AN EGG TIMER. HE SETS IT ON THE TABLE.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Now come over here and sit down.

THEY SIT AT OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE TABLE.

MARTIN

So what do you want to talk about?

FRASIER

Well, the point of this is for you and me to have an honest, normal conversation like real people do without getting on each other's nerves.

FRASIER STARTS THE TIMER.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Ready...go.

MARTIN

This is stupid.

FRASIER STOPS THE TIMER.

FRASIER

One second. That's our personal best. Let's see if we can beat it.

FRASIER Resets THE TIMER.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Ready... Go.

THERE'S AN AWKWARD PAUSE.
MARTIN

So how 'bout those...

FRASIER STOPS THE TIMER.

FRASIER

No sports.

MARTIN

Then no opera.

FRASIER

Agreed.

MARTIN

Three minutes huh?

FRASIER

Maybe we're setting our sights a little too high. Let's try two minutes. It's good for eggs. It should be good for us.

FRASIER RESETS THE TIMER.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Ready...go.

THERE'S ANOTHER LONG SILENCE.

MARTIN

Well this was your idea. You say something first.
FRASIER
All right. I'm going to tell you something about myself that you don't know. Six months ago, when things were really on the rocks with Lilith and me, I went through a period of depression so terrible I actually stepped out on a ledge and wondered if life was even worth living. But then I thought of Frederick...

FRASIER STOPS. THERE'S A PAUSE.
MARTIN
And you didn't jump, right?

FRASIER
Good, Dad.

MARTIN
Wow. I never knew that.

FRASIER
That's the point of this exercise, to reveal something about ourselves, something vulnerable. Now it's your turn.

MARTIN
Okay...

HE GATHERS HIMSELF BEFORE THE PLUNGE.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Well about two months ago, I was in the basement going through some old pictures of your mother and me. All of a sudden something flew up in my eye. When I was trying to get it out, I realized I could turn my eyelid inside out like kids do at camp.
FRASIER
That's it? You call that vulnerable?

MARTIN
It hurt.

FRASIER
I'm talking about your emotions. I'm talking about your soul. I'm talking about some painful, gut-wrenching experience in your life.

MARTIN
Other than this one?

FRASIER
Ah, always the flip answer.

MARTIN
Well this whole thing is stupid.

FRASIER
Not to me. But what should I expect from you? You are the most cold, intractable, unapproachable, stubborn, distant, cold man I've ever known!

MARTIN
You said cold twice, Mr. Egghead.

FRASIER
Egghead? Egghead?

MARTIN
You said egghead twice, too.
FRASIER

Oh, you are so infuriating!

MARTIN

Yeah, well you’re no day at the beach either. You know what you are...

SFX: EGG TIMER DINGS

MARTIN (CONT’D)

I’ll tell you later. It’s time for my program.

MARTIN CROSSES TO HIS BARCALOUNGER, SITS, PICKS UP THE REMOTE AND TURNS ON THE TELEVISION.

FRASIER

Listen, I don’t think you realize how serious this is.

FRASIER CROSSES TO MARTIN, TAKES THE REMOTE AND TURNS OFF THE TELEVISION.

MARTIN

Oh will you give it a rest?

FRASIER

You and I aren’t getting along and things aren’t getting any better. Look, I don’t know how to say this, but... well... uh...

MARTIN

Look, I know what you’re trying to say. You want to do what’s best for the both of us. You want to get me...

(MORE)
MARTIN (CONT'D)
out of here. Then you can have your
own space and I can have my own space
and we can put an end to this
bickering.

FRASIER
Well, yes. I guess that wasn't so
hard after all...

MARTIN
Except for one thing. I'm not going.

FRASIER
What?

MARTIN
You heard me. I'm not going.

FRASIER PONDS THIS FOR A MOMENT, THEN BEGINS TO CHUCKLE.

FRASIER
You had me there for a minute.
Trying to undercut a difficult moment
with that famous Crane levity.

FRASIER CONTINUES TO LAUGH.

MARTIN
(MATCHING FRASIER'S LAUGH; THEN
SERIOUS) I'm not going.

FRASIER
I...I...
MARTIN
Look, I’m not a pair of pants, you know. You can’t bring me home, wear me once, then bring me back to the store.

FRASIER
But we’re having serious problems here.

MARTIN
Oh what? That we fight a little? That we haven’t forged some great father-son relationship. That we (BELITTLING IT) "haven’t connected."

FRASIER
Is it so wrong to want that?

MARTIN
No, I want it too. But that’s something that’s going to take a couple of years, not a couple of days, isn’t it? You’re the shrink.

FRASIER
A couple of years, huh?

MARTIN
Eh, it’ll go by before you know it.

FRASIER
Either that or it’ll seem like eternity.
THEY BOTH CHUCKLE.

MARTIN

Look, I’m willing to give it a shot if you are.

FRASIER

Okay.

MARTIN

Great. (THEN; BEAT) Hey, you know what would taste good now? A nice, cold beer.

FRASIER

Wow, I just want to sit here and savor the moment. You’ve never asked me that before. To sit down and have a beer with you. Father and son.

MARTIN

(BEAT) I meant for me.

FRASIER

Oh right, right.

AS FRASIER MOVES TO THE KITCHEN, WE:

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY - DAY/2
(Frasier, Roz)

SCENE OMITTED
A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS "SANCTUARY."
WE HEAR A LILTING VIVALDI CONCERTO.
FADE IN:
INT. SOMEWHERE - OUT OF TIME - DAY/?
(Frasier, Kyle (O.C.))

SCENE OMITTED

END OF ACT TWO