FRASIER

"A Midwinter Night's Dream"

by

Chuck Ranberg

and

Anne Flett-Giordano

WRITER'S FIRST DRAFT
November 30, 1993
FADE IN:

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

FRASIER AND NILES ARE AT A TABLE GIVING THEIR ORDER TO THE LONG-HAIRED WAITER.

NILES
Double cappucino, half-caf, nonfat milk, with enough foam to be aesthetically pleasing, but not so much that it would tend to leave a mustache.

WAITER
Cinnamon or chocolate on that?

NILES
They always make this so complicated. (TO WAITER) Cinnamon.

FRASIER
Steamed almond milk, please.
THE WAITER NODS AND CROSSES TO THE COUNTER.

NILES
Steamed almond milk? You’re upset about something, aren’t you?

FRASIER
You know me so well.

NILES
Is is something I’ve done?

FRASIER
No, it has nothing to do with you.

NILES
Good. Then let me tell you about the new chair I got for my office — — (OFF FRASIER’S LOOK) Very well, you go first.

FRASIER
I had a fight yesterday with Father Mike, the priest who does "Religion on the Line." There’s a morning timeslot opening up and we both want it. In the course of our debate I’m afraid things got a little out of hand.

NILES
Really, Frasier, fighting with a priest?
FRASIER
Well he cast the first stone. He made a crack about my demographics, so I retaliated. I said raising Lazarus from the dead was nothing compared to the miracle it would take to raise his ratings.

NILES
And now you feel guilty.

FRASIER
He's just as guilty as I am.

NILES
Frasier, he's Catholic. In a war of guilt he has an aircraft carrier and you have a pointed stick.

DAPHNE ENTERS THE CAFE. NILES INSTANTLY PERKS.

NILES (CONT'D)
Oh look, it's Daphne. Daphne!

DAPHNE
Hello, I thought I might run into you here. I just stopped in for a bag of beans. We're running low at home.

THE WAITER APPEARS WITH NILES' AND FRASIER'S ORDER.
FRASIER
You should've told me. I could've saved you the trip.

NILES
(WIPING OFF AN EMPTY CHAIR) Yes, it's a pity, but as long as you're here...

WAITER
(TO DAPHNE) Can I get you something?

DAPHNE
Two pounds of the Kenya blend, please.

WAITER
Hmm, rich, dark, sensual. You have good taste.

DAPHNE
Thank you.

WAITER
Most people find it too intense.

DAPHNE
Not me. I like something that holds its body on my tongue.

NILES FREEZES, HIS CUP HALFWAY TO HIS LIPS.
FRASIER
Niles, there are flecks of foam on your lip.

NILES
Really? I haven't even sipped yet.

WAITER
(FLIRTING) I don't suppose you'd be interested in something big and robust, if it didn't come on too strong?

DAPHNE
If it was a little bit sweet I might take a liking to it.

NILES REACTS.

WAITER
Would you like to step over to the counter and try my special blend?

NILES
I really don't think...

DAPHNE
I'd love to.

THEY CROSS TO THE COUNTER.

NILES
Don't be long. (THEN) Frasier, that man is hitting on our Daphne!
FRASIER
And she seems to be enjoying it.

NILES
She's just being polite. She can't help it -- she has a heart as big as Puget Sound.

AT THE COUNTER, DAPHNE AND WAITER LAUGH.

FRASIER
Yes, she's a brave little soul.

NILES
(STRAINING) Can you hear what they're saying?

FRASIER
No. Now getting back to Father Mike, what do you think I should say when I see him this afternoon?

NILES
Stop staring at her chest, you lecherous oaf!

FRASIER
Niles! I'm asking if I should stand my ground or apologize. At least if I make the first move I may be spared that "holier than thou" attitude of his...
NILES

She's giving him her phone number!

AT THE COUNTER, WE SEE DAPHNE WRITING ON A SLIP OF PAPER AND HANDING IT TO THE WAITER, ALL SMILES.

FRASIER

Apropos of nothing, Niles, how are things with you and Maris?

NILES

(DEFENSIVE) Fine. Why do you ask?

FRASIER

No particular reason.

NILES

Oh Frasier, I'm only concerned for Daphne's welfare. Maris and I are two halves of the same whole, she's the yin to my yang. Sometimes I don't know where she ends and I begin.

FRASIER

What's she doing these days?

NILES

Oh God knows.

DAPHNE CROSSES BY THEIR TABLE ON HER WAY OUT. SHE'S ALL AGLOW.

DAPHNE

Well I'm off.
NILES

So soon?

DAPHNE

Eric's taking me to a club to hear
his band tonight.

NILES' FACE DROPS.

FRASIER

"Eric"?

DAPHNE

(INdicates wAiter) The red.
Always was partial to redheads.

SHE WAVES TO HIM, HE SMILES AND WAVES BACK.

NILES

But you know nothing about him.

DAPHNE

I know he looks bloody cute in an
apron. It's a lot to ask but a
girl has to have her standards.
Bye now.

FRASIER

Bye Daphne.

SHE EXITS. NILES IS BESIDE HIMSELF.

NILES

How could she like him? The man
has state college written all over
him!
FRASIER

What does it matter to you who
Daphne likes? You're one half of
the same whole, remember?

NILES

Oh I can't lie to you, Frasier.
Lately that "whole" is more like a
bottomless pit. As humiliating as
it is to admit, I'm afraid Maris
and I are... in a rut.

FRASIER

But that's very common.

NILES

I know. That's what's humiliating.
We used to be so giddy and
romantic. I don't mind telling you
sometimes we'd get so carried away
we wouldn't even wait for the
servants' night off.
FRASIER
Well there's nothing that says you
can't be that way again. You just
have to find a way to spice things
up. When Lilith and I got tired of
the routine, we'd take a bath
together. Sometimes we worked up
quite a lather.

NILES
Maris won't go near a tub, she
prunes easily.

FRASIER
What about surprising her in the
shower?

NILES
(SHAKES HIS HEAD) Her facialist
told her cold water accelerates the
sloughing off of dead skin cells.
It's not uncommon to see frost on
the shower curtain.

FRASIER
I can see where that would shrivel
any thoughts of romance. But there
must be something you can do.
NILES
I could buy her a new Mercedes.

FRASIER
I was thinking of something a little more intimate. I doubt a Mercedes would improve your sex life.

NILES
The last one did. At least for the first 3,000 miles.

AS FRASIER CONTEMPLATES THE INFINITE, WE...

FADE OUT
INT. RADIO STATION - DAY - DAY/1
(Frasier, Roz)

ROZ IS IN HER BOOTH AS FRASIER ARRIVES FOR WORK.

FRASIER

Hey Roz, how are you?

ROZ

Okay. Father Mike was just here.

He left this note for you.

FRASIER

(READING NOTE) "Book of Acts, 20, verse 35...?"

ROZ

Verse 35.... I think that's the bit about it's more blessed to give than to receive.

FRASIER

Yes well I think Father Mike should take a page from his own book. How did you know that quote, anyway?
ROZ
I grew up in Wisconsin. That's the kind of thing you pick up on the streets.

FRASIER
Well you can give Father Pushy a note from me -- the word of God will play just as well from 2 to 5 as 10 to 1.

ROZ
Frasier, take my advice. Don't mess with God's messengers here on earth. It could be a long afterlife.

FRASIER
Roz, when I need your advice I'll ask for it. Which reminds me, I need your advice.

ROZ
On what?

FRASIER
Another subject with which you're well versed: sex.

ROZ
You're having sex?!
FRASIER

No, but thank you for that vote of confidence. I was just curious -- what do you do when the romance starts to go out of a relationship?

ROZ

I dump the guy.

FRASIER

Well, pretend you weren't so superficial and you actually managed to pull off a long term relationship. What would you do to keep things hot?

ROZ

Well, once I had a boyfriend take me out to a bar and we pretended we were strangers picking each other up. That was kind of hot.

FRASIER

So you used fantasy and role playing.

ROZ

Yeah, it was so much fun we tried it again, only that time he went home with someone else.
FRASIER

Sorry.

ROZ

No loss. My point is, women need to see the men they make love to as sexy, romantic figures -- which, trust me, is hard to do when you’ve seen the same guy trimming his toenails or whining 'cause you ate the last Oreo.

FRASIER

But in a real relationship that’s unavoidable.

ROZ

That’s why we need fantasies. If you want to keep this woman interested try being someone you’re not for a night. Personally, I think you’d make a wonderful fireman.

FRASIER

It’s not me.

ROZ

Sure it is. You’d look adorable sliding down a pole in your big red hat.
FRASIER
I mean -- oh you know what I mean.

ROZ
You're on in thirty seconds, ladder boy.

HE CROSSES INTO HIS BOOTH.

ROZ (CONT'D)
(OVER INTERCOM) How about a musketeer?

FRASIER
Thank you Roz.

ROZ
(INTERCOM) A Mouseketeer?

SHE SIGNALS HE'S ON THE AIR.

FRASIER
Good afternoon, Seattle. This is Dr. Frasier Crane on KACL 780, and today I'd like to hear from some couples who've managed to keep the spark alive over the years. How do you do it? And what do you wear? Give me a call...

AND WE....

FADE OUT.
BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS: "AHoy, MATEY!"

FADE IN:

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

MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. THE ROOM IS DARK AND EMPTY.

SFX: DOORBELL. MORE DOORBELL. FRANTIC DOORBELL.

FRASIER ENTERS, TYING HIS ROBE, AND FLICKS ON THE LIGHTS AS HE CROSSES TO THE DOOR AND CHECKS THE PEEPHOLE.

FRASIER

Niles!?

HE OPENS THE DOOR TO NILES, WHO ENTERS WEARING A RAINCOAT. HE IS VERY AGITATED.

NILES

I'm sorry, Frasier, but the most horrible thing has happened. Maris kicked me out.

FRASIER

Why? What for?

HE TAKES OFF HIS RAINCOAT TO REVEAL A PIRATE COSTUME -- RUFFLED SHIRT, STRIPED PANTALOONS, AND A PLASTIC SWORD TIED ON HIS SASH.
FRASIER

Oh my God.

MARTIN ENTERS IN HIS ROBE.

MARTIN

What's going on out here? Niles?

NILES

Hello, Dad.

MARTIN LOOKS AT HIM FOR A LONG BEAT, THEN TURNS BACK.

MARTIN

Never mind, I don't want to know.

NILES

Dad, wait, there's a perfectly reasonable explanation for the way I'm dressed. I was trying to create a romantic fantasy for Maris.

MARTIN

Keep going.

FRASIER

Didn't she like...whatever it is you're supposed to be?

NILES

I'm the dashing pirate, Jean Lafitte. Only I was being Lafitte '73. It was a very good year.
FRASIER

Yes, and...

NILES

Well, my plan was to leave a treasure map downstairs for Maris to find, with clues that would lead her to my whereabouts, then hide in the linen closet and wait for her to find me.

MARTIN

Dressed like that?

NILES

Actually, I was only wearing my eyepatch.

HE TAKES THE EYEPATCH OUT OF HIS POCKET.

MARTIN

That's all, brother.

NILES

There I was, lying in wait, with my little plastic sword in my hand, trying to keep my claustrophobia in check and battling a severe leg cramp, when suddenly the closet door was thrown open and I found myself face to face with the

(MORE)
NILES (CONT'D)

upstairs maid. After a little
broken Spanish and a large amount
of cash was exchanged she began to
calm down, at which point Maris
stumbled upon the scene and became
hysterical.

FRASIER

Didn’t you explain?

NILES

That I dressed up in a pirate
costume to provide her with a night
of passion like she’d never known
before? When I heard it coming out
of my mouth even I didn’t believe
it. We had a tremendous fight and
she ordered me out of the house. I
barely had time to grab my
pantaloons and buckle my swash.

A BEAT. MARTIN LOOKS HIM OVER.

MARTIN

I sent you to Yale for this?

NILES

It was Frasier’s idea, and he went
to Harvard!
MARTIN

(TO FRASIER) Oh for crying out loud, don't you know any better than to give advice to family?

FRASIER

I was just trying to help. Niles said his marriage was falling into a rut and...and... (BAILS) Roz is the one who said to dress up!

MARTIN

What is the world coming to? My generation didn't have to dress up like Captain Crunch to have sex. Call me crazy, but we thought it was more fun with your clothes off.

NILES

(COLLAPSING ON SOFA) What am I going to do? Maris is my whole life.

FRASIER

I know it looks bad now, but tonight you can sleep here on the sofa and tomorrow in the clear light of day I'm sure Maris will realize you were telling the truth.
NILES
What if she doesn’t?

FRASIER
Well I’m sure they can always use an extra busboy at the Red Lobster. Sorry, just trying to lighten the mood. I’ll go get you a robe and some blankets.

FRASIER EXITS DOWN THE HALL.

NILES
I feel the perfect fool.

MARTIN
Well, at least for a change you’re dressed for it. Look, I’m sure Frasier’s right. Maris will come around.

NILES
I should’ve known this was a bad idea. Maris was always terrible at reading maps. Thank God Daphne’s not awake to witness my humiliation.

MARTIN
Daphne’s not here. She and Eric went out again tonight.
NILES

It's after one! She's still out?

AS MARTIN EXTOLS ERIC'S VIRTUES, NILES CONTEMPLATES KILLING HIMSELF WITH HIS PLASTIC SWORD.

MARTIN

Yeah, I think she really likes this guy. So do I. He's a good old fashioned working man. Handsome, got a good body on him too. (LOOKS NILES OVER) And he dresses nice.

FRASIER RE-ENTERS WITH PILLOWS AND BLANKETS AND HELPS NILES MAKE UP THE COUCH.

FRASIER

Here we go. I find the best way is to tuck the ends of the blanket under the cushions so it doesn't fall off when you sleep.

MARTIN

Sounds like you've had a lot of practice.

FRASIER

When I was married to Lilith I spent my share of nights on the sofa.

MARTIN

Yeah, well, look at your options.
FRASIER

There you go, all ship-shape. Oh, sorry.

NILES SITS DOWN ON THE SOFA, FORLORN.

NILES

You know, this is one of those times when I kind of wish I knew how to cry.

FRASIER

Don’t worry, Niles, things will work out. But should you have a breakthrough, please remember it’s suede.

MARTIN

Goodnight, son.

NILES

Goodnight.

FRASIER AND MARTIN TURN OFF THE LIGHT AS THEY EXIT TO THE BEDROOMS. NILES CRAWLS UNDER THE BLANKET AND TRIES TO GET COMFORTABLE. HE CAN’T. AFTER A BEAT HE PULLS THE PLASTIC SWORD OUT FROM UNDER THE COVERS AND DROPS IT ON THE FLOOR. SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS, REVEALING DAPHNE AND ERIC. THEY LINGER IN THE DOORWAY, BACKLIT FROM OUTSIDE. NILES SCRUNCHES UP SO AS NOT TO BE SEEN WHILE THEY SAY THEIR GOODBYES.

DAPHNE

Thank you again, Eric. I had a wonderful time.

ERIC

Me too.
THEY KISS. NILES TRIES TO PEEK OVER THE BACK OF THE SOFA.

DAPHNE

Well, goodnight.

ERIC

Goodnight.

THEY KISS AGAIN. NILES IS DYING.

DAPHNE

I'd say goodnight again, but I'm starting to get a bit weak in the knees.

ERIC

I'll call you.

THEY KISS AGAIN. SHE SHUTS THE DOOR, SIGHS, AND EXITS TO HER ROOM. AS SAD LITTLE NILES CURLS UP PITIFULLY UNDER THE BLANKET, WE...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - DAY/3
(Frasier, Martin, Daphne, Niles)

FRASIER, MARTIN, AND DAPHNE ARE FINISHING BREAKFAST.

MARTIN
I wonder how it's going.

FRASIER
Well they've been on the phone half an hour. I think that's a good sign.

DAPHNE
I can't believe he was there on the sofa when Eric brought me home last night. I certainly hope he was asleep.

FRASIER
Here he comes. Pretend we're not talking about him.

THEY ALL SPEAK AT ONCE IN LOUD VOICES AS NILES ENTERS IN A BATHROBE.
MARTIN
Sonics did great last night.

DAPHNE
Cold today, you say?

FRASIER
Personally I prefer mine with walnuts.

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

FRASIER (CONT'D)
Oh hey, Niles, how'd it go?

NILES
She listened.

MARTIN
Did she believe you?

NILES
She's not sure. She's flying down to her favorite spa this weekend to sit in a mud bath and think it over. The future of my marriage rests in 24 inches of Arizona clay.

MARTIN
People really take mud baths? I mean I've heard of it but I've never actually known anyone who's done it.
FRASIER
Yes Dad, people do it all the time.

MARTIN
Why? What's it do?

FRASIER
Damned if I know.

DAPHNE
Maybe it's a way of getting in touch with your spiritual side. Eric thinks the earth is very grounding.

NILES
Eric, Eric, Eric! Must everything come back to you, Daphne??

(INSTANTLY SORRY) Oh God. Forgive me. I'm so upset I don't know what I'm saying. I'm trash, I'm garbage, I'm something on your shoe...

FRASIER
Try to calm down, Niles. Everything is going to work out. I know just what you should do --
MARTIN
Ah, Frasier, haven't we been down this road before? Let Niles and Maris work out their own problems.

FRASIER
Oh for heaven's sake, Dad, I was just going to suggest that Niles have a romantic dinner ready for Maris when she returns from her mudding.

NILES
A dinner?

FRASIER
Yes, but not in the dining room -- someplace out of the ordinary with plenty of room where, given the right amount of abject begging, one thing could lead to another...

DAPHNE
Bravo, Dr. Crane.

NILES
Frasier, it's brilliant.
Unfortunately it's also undoable.

FRASIER
Why?
NILES
Scandal spreads fast among the support staff. The cook walked out this morning.

DAPHNE
Well then, how about if I prepare something for you? I have a late date with -- well, let's just say I have a late date Sunday night, but I could come over early and have everything ready by the time Maris arrives.

NILES
You would do that for me?

DAPHNE
Of course.

FRASIER
Then everything's settled.

MARTIN
Except one thing. How do you know if they changed the mud after the last guy? You could be sitting in dirty mud.

AS WE...

FADE OUT.
BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS: "IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT." BEAT. THEN: "NO, REALLY."

SFX: THUNDER

FADE IN:

INT. NILES’ CONSERVATORY - NIGHT - NIGHT/4
(Niles, Daphne)

IT IS A TALL, VICTORIAN STYLE ROOM WITH HUGE CONSERVATORY WINDOWS OVERLOOKING THE WOODS. THINK TOAD HALL. A STONE WALL FEATURES A ROARING FIREPLACE, IN FRONT OF WHICH IS A SMALL SOFA AND A COFFEE TABLE SET FOR A ROMANTIC DINNER. THERE IS A GRAND PIANO, AND TALL PALMS AND LEAFY INDOOR PLANTS ARE EVERYWHERE. RAIN FALLS HARD AGAINST THE WINDOWS AND THE TREES OUTSIDE BLOW IN THE WIND.

NILES, IN A SMOKING JACKET, ENTERS WITH A DAMP AND SHIVERING DAPHNE.

NILES

In here, come warm yourself by the fire.

DAPHNE

Thank you. It’s quite trecherous out there. Power lines are down, tree limbs are lying in the road...
NILES
You poor thing, you got soaked just coming up the driveway.

DAPHNE
Small wonder, it must be a quarter of a mile. You have one of the most beautiful homes I’ve ever seen. Your wife is very lucky indeed.

NILES
Actually, I’m the lucky one.

DAPHNE
(Touched) Ohh.

NILES
Yes, this was Maris’s family home. When I was a mere intern I used to drive through these hills dreaming of the life I would someday lead, and then one afternoon there was Maris, at the foot of the hill, looking so helpless, banging at the electric gates with her little fists and a claw hammer.

DAPHNE
They’d locked her in?
NILES

No, no, that was much later. This time she was coming home from the antique mart with a rare bell jar once owned by Sylvia Plath, when the gates failed to open. Naturally I stopped to offer my assistance, and as our hands touched there was a sudden spark of electricity. Then as if by magic, the gates parted before us, and we took it as a sign.

DAPHNE

You knew you were meant to be together.

NILES

Yes. We were married just three short years later. Of course we've redone the place eight or nine times since then. Maris really has a way with space. She designed this room herself.

DAPHNE

She did?
NILES
Well, there were various architects involved, but they kept quitting, so it's really her vision.

DAPHNE
The windows are lovely.

NILES
And bulletproof. Oh I'm rambling, aren't I? I guess I'm just excited. Shall we get ourselves organized in the kitchen so we can get you home in time for your date?

HE STARTS TO EXIT. SUDDENLY DAPHNE BURSTS INTO TEARS.

NILES (CONT'D)
Daphne, what is it?

DAPHNE
(SOBBING) Nothing.

NILES
No, it's definitely something. I'm a psychiatrist, I can read the signs.

DAPHNE
I'm sorry. I didn't want to spoil your reunion with Mrs. Crane, but...(SOBS)...Eric broke up with me.
NILES

He did?

DAPHNE

Yes. His band is going on tour and he wanted to be free to sample all the tarts in Tumwater.

NILES PUTS A COMFORTING ARM AROUND HER. THIS IS PROBABLY AS CLOSE AS THEY'VE EVER BEEN, AND HE CAN'T BUT APPRECIATE IT.

NILES

He's a fool, Daphne. If he can't appreciate you you're better off without him.

DAPHNE

Thank you for letting me cry on your shoulder.

NILES

Oh, it's nothing. My shoulder should thank you.

DAPHNE

I just couldn't hold it in any longer.

NILES

(SMELLING HER HAIR) I know. If you hold these things inside too long you... explode.

SFX: TELEPHONE
Niles jumps, as if caught, startling Daphne.

Niles (Cont’d)

Sorry. It’s the phone.

SFX: Phone keeps ringing

Niles continues to hold Daphne.

Daphne

Aren’t you going to answer it?

Niles

The machine will pick up after six rings.

Daphne

But it might be Mrs. Crane.

Niles is really torn. Damn! He reluctantly crosses to a nearby extension.

Niles

(Into phone) Niles Crane... Oh

Maris! Where are you?... Why not?

Niles looks at Daphne, all backlit from the fire and glistening from the rain...

Niles (Cont’d)

Maris, you have to come home! Well

it’s a bad storm but it’s not that bad...

Another flash of lightning.

SFX: More thunder.
NILES (CONT'D)

So what if it's dangerous -- the
world is fraught with dangers! You
go to that ticket counter and
insist they fly you in. You know
how persuasive you can be. Of
course I sound excited, I am
excited! -- to have you home again.
(PAUSE) All right, I understand.
See you tomorrow then. Yes, yes,
ditto. (HANGS UP, TURNS TO DAPHNE,
NERVously) Looks like it's just
the two of us.

DAPHNE

What happened?

ANOTHER HUGE FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

SFX: A BIG THUNDERCLAP.

SUDDENLY, ALL THE LIGHTS GO OUT. THE ROOM IS LIT ONLY BY THE FIREPLACE.

NILES

The electricity just went out.

ON NERVOUS ANTICIPATION ALL AROUND, WE...

FADE OUT.
INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - NIGHT/4
(Frasier, Martin)

MARTIN IS HANGING UP THE PHONE AS FRASIER ENTERS FROM THE HALLWAY WITH A BOOK. WE SEE RAIN AND LIGHTNING OUTSIDE.

FRASIER

Dad, Eddie's under my bed and he won't come out.

MARTIN

He's afraid of the thunder. You did the same thing when you were a kid.

FRASIER

Yes, but I didn't smell like wet dog.

MARTIN

That's what you think.

FRASIER

Who was that on the phone?
MARTIN
Daphne. The power went out at Niles’ and the gates won’t open. The storm’s so bad she shouldn’t be driving anyway, so I told her to spend the night.

FRASIER
What about her date with Eric?

MARTIN
You didn’t hear? He dumped her, the lousy bum.

FRASIER
Well that should make an interesting menage -- Niles, Maris, and Daphne.

MARTIN
Maris won’t be there. Her flight got cancelled ’cause of the storm.

FRASIER
And you told Daphne to spend the night?

MARTIN
What’s wrong with that?
FRASIER
Why don’t you just invite the fox
to sleep in with the chickens?!
Haven’t you noticed Niles has a
"thing" for her?

MARTIN
Oh that? That’s harmless. He
wouldn’t do anything.

FRASIER CROSSES TO GET HIS COAT.

FRASIER
Niles may be priggish but
anatomically he’s still a man.

MARTIN
Thank you for calling that image to
mind. Where are you going?

FRASIER
I’m going over there.

MARTIN
Are you nuts? You’re gonna drive
in this weather?

FRASIER
I have to. I have to keep Niles
from doing something in a moment of
weakness he might live to regret.

MARTIN
Then I’m going too.
FRASIER

You just said I was nuts.

MARTIN

Yeah, and I still think so. But
I'd rather go with you than sit
around here and worry about you.

FRASIER

I just hope we make it in time!

AS THEY EXIT...

MUSIC CUE: THE DRAMATIC, OPENING CHORDS OF RACHMANINOV'S
PRELUDE IN G MINOR AS WE...

FADE OUT.
INT. THE CONSERVATORY - NIGHT - NIGHT/4
(Niles, Daphne)

THE MUSIC WE HEAR TURNS OUT TO BE NILES AT THE PIANO, PLAYING PASSIONATELY. THE ROOM IS LIT BY THE FIREPLACE AND BY SEVERAL Candelabra. DAPHNE ENTERS IN A VERY GLAMOROUS AND SEXY SILK PEIGNOIR. NILES STOPS PLAYING, AND PERHAPS BREATHING.

DAPHNE

Oh Dr. Crane, you play beautifully.

NILES

I...uh...oh.

DAPHNE

Thank you for lending me Mrs. Crane’s peignoir, but it’s really too lovely to sleep in. I don’t suppose she has anything big and pink and fuzzy?

NILES

(LYING) No, no, that was all I could find. (HE CROSSES TO FIREPLACE) If you’re chilly I’ll pour you a glass of sherry.
DAPHNE

Thank you.

NILES

Come to think of it, I'm feeling a little chilly myself.

HE POURS HIMSELF A GLASS AND DOWNS IT IN ONE GULP.

DAPHNE

It's funny how things work out. You were expecting a romantic evening with your wife, I was expecting a romantic evening with Eric, and yet here we are stuck in this big house all by ourselves.

NILES

Yes, damn the luck. Daphne, I have to tell you something.

DAPHNE

Yes?

NILES

More than anything else in the world right now I... want to call the power company. Help yourself to pate.

HE QUICKLY EXITS AND WE...

FADE OUT.
INT. FRASIER’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - NIGHT/4
(Frasier, (V.O.), Niles (V.O.), Eddie)

SFX: PHONE RINGING.
CLOSE ON: THE PHONE MACHINE AS IT PICKS UP.

FRASIER (V.O.)

Hello, this is Dr. Frasier Crane.
At the sound of the tone, I’m listening.

SFX: PHONE MACHINE BEEP.
EDDIE COMES OVER TO LISTEN TO THE FOLLOWING:

NILES (V.O.)

(ANXIOUS) Frasier, are you there?
It’s Niles. Pick up, please, it’s an emergency. I’m a starving man alone with a dessert cart. It’s only a matter of time before I start licking the cream puffs! I’m weak, Frasier, I think I --

SFX: A BURST OF STATIC

THE MACHINE CUTS OFF. EDDIE PONDERSTHIS AS WE...

CUT TO:
INT. FRASIER'S CAR - NIGHT - NIGHT/4
(Frasier, Martin)

RAIN BEATS DOWN ON THE CAR AS FRASIER AND MARTIN SPEED THROUGH
THE NIGHT. FRASIER IS ON THE CAR PHONE.

FRASIER
The circuits are out. I can’t get
through. (HANGS UP)

MARTIN
Slow down, you’re gonna miss the
turnoff onto Roosevelt.

FRASIER
What are you talking about? If we
take Roosevelt it’ll add ten
minutes.

MARTIN
Only in sunshine. In rain it’s
faster.

FRASIER
Dad, that makes no sense.
MARTIN
I'm telling you, it's faster.

FRASIER
What -- do the laws of spacial
relationships suddenly change when
it rains?

MARTIN
You get better traction on Joline.
Of course you wouldn't need it if
you bought the all-weather tires
like I told you to...

THEY BEGIN TO AD LIB BICKERING ABOUT TRACTION, RAIN, AND TIRES, BOTH TALKING AT ONCE AND NEITHER HEARING THE OTHER, AS WE...

FADE OUT:
BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS: "COLONEL MUSTARD AND MISS SCARLETT IN THE CONSERVATORY..."

FADE IN:

INT. THE CONSERVATORY - NIGHT - NIGHT/4
(Niles, Daphne)

DAPHNE IS SITTING BY THE FIRE DRINKING HER WINE AS NILES ENTERS.

NILES

More bad news, I'm afraid. The phone's dead.

DAPHNE STARTS TO CRY SOFTLY.

DAPHNE

I'm sorry.

NILES SITS DOWN BESIDE HER.

NILES

Oh, no, don't cry. It's not really dead, it's just out of order.

(REALIZES) Oh, it's Eric, isn't it?
DAPHNE
(NODS) I don't know why I'm being so silly. We weren't together long enough for anything to really happen.

NILES
Well you don't have to have had a torrid affair to feel something for someone. By the way, you didn't, did you?

DAPHNE
No, but it was a wonderful feeling thinking we might.

NILES
I know. Sometimes the most powerful feelings come from the promise of what might happen...

(LOOKS AT HER LONGINGLY) ...Just the anticipation can make all the little hairs on your neck stand on end.

DAPHNE STARES INTO THE FIRE. NILES QUICKLY SMOOTHES DOWN HIS NECK HAIRS.

DAPHNE
It is terribly exciting to be on the verge of something.
NILES

(GETTING CLOSER) Yes, it is.

DAPHNE

You don’t know how wonderful it feels to be wrapped up in a man’s arms.

NILES

Yes I do. -- I mean, it feels equally wonderful to wrap your arms around a woman. If it’s the right woman, under the right set of circumstances...

THEY ARE VERY CLOSE TO A KISS. IF NILES MADE HIS MOVE RIGHT NOW, SHE’D PROBABLY BE HIS.

DAPHNE

Dr. Crane...?

NILES

Yes, Daphne.

DAPHNE

I think the fire’s gone down.

NILES

No it hasn’t! It’s burning with the heat of a thousand suns!

DAPHNE

But it’s down to its last few sticks.
NILES SEES SHE'S NOT BEING METAPHORIC.

NILES

Oh. Oh the fire, of course.

(LEAPING TO HIS FEET) Don't worry, there's plenty of wood out in the shed. If it's fire you want, you shall have it!

HE STARTS TO EXIT.

DAPHNE

Shouldn't you get a raincoat?

NILES

No time for that -- I don't want you getting cold!

HE DASHES OUT, AND WE...

CUT TO:
INT. FRASIER’S CAR - NIGHT - NIGHT/4
(Frasier, Martin)

THE CAR HAS STALLED. FRASIER TRIES THE KEY BUT THE ENGINE WON’T TURN OVER.

MARTIN

Must be water in the distributor.

FRASIER

I don’t believe this. We’re so close I can see the gargoyles.

MARTIN

If we’d taken Roosevelt this wouldn’t have happened.

FRASIER

Dad, it’s water in the distributor, from the rain. The same rain that’s falling on Roosevelt!

MARTIN

Never could admit it when you made a mistake.

FRASIER

Call the auto club. I’m gonna make a run for it.
FRASIER GIRDS HIMSELF AGAINST THE STORM AND JUMPS OUT.

MARTIN

Take the path around the -- (DOOR SLAMS) Ah, forget it.

CUT TO:
INT. CONSERVATORY - NIGHT - NIGHT/4
(Niles, Daphne, Frasier)

DAPHNE SITS IN FRONT OF THE FIRE AS NILES RE-ENTERS, WET FROM THE STORM, WITH AN ARMLOAD OF WOOD.

NILES
Here we are. Now let's see if we can get that fire restoked...

DAPHNE
Don't you want to take your shoes off first?

NILES
(EXCITED) You want me to take my shoes off?

DAPHNE
Well, you're tracking mud all over the carpet.
NILES
What?  (LOOKS DOWN) Oh God, if Maris sees I’ve muddied the Persian she’ll... (HE PICKS SOME MUD OFF THE RUG) ...Mud... Maris.

DAPHNE
I’m sure she’ll understand. I mean, under the circumstances.

NILES SUDDENLY COMES TO HIS SENSES.

NILES
(SADLY) No. No, I’m not sure she would understand. And I’m not sure I’d blame her.

DAPHNE
It’s only mud.

A BEAT.

NILES
Love’s a funny thing, isn’t it?

DAPHNE
Well, not at moment, no.

NILES
What I mean is, sometimes it’s exciting and passionate, and sometimes it’s something else. Something comfortable and familiar.

(MORE)
NILES (CONT'D)
That newly exfoliated little face
staring up at you across the
breakfast table, or sharing a
little laugh together when you see
someone wearing white after Labor
Day...

DAPHNE
You love your wife very much, don't
you?

NILES
Yes, I suppose I do.

DAPHNE
I hope someday someone will feel
that way about me.

NILES
Don't worry, Daphne, Eric isn't the
only koi in the pond. There'll be
plenty of men who'll find
themselves irresistibly drawn to
your insouciant charm, your warm
brown eyes, soft and speckled like
a fawn, and those willowy dancer's
legs so...so... Excuse me.

HE JUMPS UP AND GOES TO THE PIANO AND BEGINS TO PLAY WITH
INTENSITY. DAPHNE CROSSES AND SITS BESIDE HIM.
DAPHNE

Thank you. You're a good friend,

Niles.

SHE KISSES HIM GRATEFULLY ON THE CHEEK. AT THIS MOMENT
FRASIER APPEARS LIKE A SPECTER AT THE WINDOW, OR LIKE DUSTIN
HOFFMAN IN "THE GRADUATE." LIGHTNING FLAShes AND HE YELLS—

FRASIER

(PRIMAL SCREAM) STO-OOOOOOP!

NILES AND DAPHNE REACT. FRASIER RUNS AROUND THE SIDE AND IN A
SECOND COMES BURSTING THROUGH THE DOOR. HE IS SOAKED.

FRASIER

Have you two gone mad?

NILES

Excuse me, Frasier, but we are the
ones playing Rachmaninov, while you
are the one who just burst into the
room dripping wet, dotted with
foliage, screaming like a madman.

DAPHNE

Dr. Crane, I hope you weren't for
one minute thinking there was any
sort of hanky panky going on here.

FRASIER

Uuhhh -- no, no, of course not.

NILES

Then just what exactly was it that
you'd like us to stop?
FRASIER
Well you must stop... playing
Rachmaninov. Anyone can see this
is a night for Chopin.

NILES
That's what you came here to say?

FRASIER
Yes, that's it. I'll be running
along then. Don't bother seeing me
out. By the way, you're very safe
here. Those gates are a bitch to
climb. Good night!

FRASIER EXITS.

DAPHNE
(PUZZLED) A night for Chopin?

NILES SHRUGS AND LAUNCHES INTO CHOPIN'S POLONAISE OP. 53, AND WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO