Frasier

By David Angell
Act One.

THE JOB:
Scene One - KACL
The Frasier Crane Show. Dr. Frasier Crane, the host, is at his console, admonishing a caller; Roz Doyle, his call-screener, is in her booth.

Frasier:
you eavesdrop on her calls, you open her mail. The minute you started doing these things, the relationship was over! [polite] Thank you for your call. [presses a button; to Roz] Roz, I think we have time for one more?
Roz speaks in a soothing radio voice.

Roz:

Frasier:
Crane;
I'm listening.

Russell:
depressed lately. [Roz looks at the clock] My life's not going anywhere and-and, er, it's not that bad. It's just the same old apartment, same old job... Roz taps on the glass of her booth and motions Frasier to wrap it up.

Frasier:
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 to me, which was excruciating. On top of that, my practice had grown stagnant, and my social life consisted of... hanging around a bar night after night. You see, I was clinging to a life that wasn't working anymore, and I knew I had to do something, anything. So, I ended the marriage once and for all, packed up my things, and moved back here to my hometown of Seattle. Go Seahawks! [laughs] 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...? [to Roz] I think we lost him.

Roz:
Frasier:

I finally bare my soul to all of Seattle, and they're listening to Chopper Dave's "Rush-Hour Round-Up!"
He gets up and enters Roz's booth. She is busy with administrative stuff.

Frasier:

nothing] It was a, a good show, wasn't it?

Roz:

Frasier:

the subject, tell me what you think.

Roz:

little button does?

Frasier:

was I today?

Roz:

commercials, you left a total of twenty-eight seconds of dead air, you scrambled the station's call letters, you spilled yogurt on the control board, and you kept referring to Jerry -with the identity crisis -as "Jeff."
Frasier considers the criticism. He decides to handle it with avoidance.

Frasier:

Roz:

Frasier leaves.

FADE OUT:

THE BROTHER:

Scene Two -Cafe Nervosa
Frasier is at the bar, reading a menu. Niles Crane, his younger brother, is standing next to him recounting a story.

Niles:

in my backyard. If I want to rake gravel every ten minutes to
maintain my inner harmony, I'll move to Yokohama." Well, this offends him, so he starts pulling up Maris's prized Camellias. Well, I couldn't stand for that, so I marched right into the morning room and locked the door until he cooled down. Frasier has been nodding his head, but he has obviously not been listening.

Niles:

Frasier:
stopped talking.

Niles:

Frasier:
to listen to people prattling on endlessly about their mundane lives.

Niles:

Frasier:

Niles:

Frasier:
last time you had an unexpressed thought?

Niles:
They share a chuckle. The waitress behind the bar comes over. Niles takes his briefcase off the bar and goes to an empty table nearby.

Waitress:

Frasier:
He goes to the table, and watches Niles obsessively wipe his chair down with a handkerchief. Niles offers the handkerchief to Frasier.

Frasier:
They sit down.

Niles:

Frasier:
I miss Frederick like the dickens, of course. You know, he's quite a boy. He's playing goalie on the peewee soccer team now. Ha, he's a chip off the old block!

Niles:

Frasier:

Niles: have a problem, and that's why I thought we should talk.

Frasier:

Niles: called this morning. He went over to see him, and found him on the bathroom floor.

Frasier:

Niles:

Frasier:

Niles:

Frasier:

Niles: solution, [opens his briefcase] but I took the liberty of checking out a few convalescent homes for him. [puts some brochures on the table]

Frasier:

Niles: getting your new life together.

Frasier:
Niles:

Frasier:

Niles:

Frasier:

you like the sun. Maris is like the sun. Except without
the warmth.

Niles:

brochure] "Golden Acres: We Care So You Don't Have To."

Frasier:

Niles:

Frasier:

Niles:

Frasier:

Downcast, he cradles his head in one hand. The waitress arrives with
their coffees.

Waitress:

Frasier:

Niles:

Frasier glares at Niles.

FADE TO:

THE FATHER:

Scene Three - Apartment
[N.B. The Apartment set was built on the same soundstage at Paramount
Studios that housed the set of "Cheers."]
Frasier is playing the piano. The doorbell rings; he stops playing,
shuts the keyboard lid, and disconsolately trudges to the door. Just
before opening it, he casts a melodramatic gaze over his apartment:
the last moment of solitude. Then, he opens the door.

Frasier:
Niles enters; he is carrying two suitcases.

**Niles:**
Martin Crane, their father, hobbles in on a cane. He does not look at all enthusiastic.

**Frasier:**
Gee, you look great!

**Martin:**
bathroom floor. You can still see the tile marks on my face.
[sits on the couch]

**Niles:**
car. [puts down the suitcases]

**Frasier:**
Martin, who has propped his leg on a table, accidentally kicks a glass ornament off of the side; Frasier catches it.

**Frasier:**
favourite beer, Ballantines, [places the glass ornament on a small folding table] and we've got plenty of hot links and coleslaw...

**Niles:**

**Frasier:**

**Martin:**
why I'm here. Your old man can't be left alone for ten minutes without falling on his ass, and Frasier got stuck with me. Isn't that right?
Frasier and Niles glance uncomfortably at each other.

**Frasier/Niles:**

**Frasier:**
reacquainted!

**Martin:**
Niles fakes some chuckles, Frasier glares at him.
Niles:
Dad's things into his new bachelor quarters so you two scoundrels can plan some hijinks!
He leaves.

Martin:

Frasier:
kitchen] Let me get you a beer, Dad. So, ah, what do you think of what I've done with the place, eh? [returns and sits on the couch, handing a beer to Martin] You know, every item here was carefully selected. This lamp by Corbusier, the chair by Eames, and this couch is an exact replica of the one Coco Chanel had in her Paris atelier.

Martin:

Frasier:
"eclectic." [off Martin's look] Well, the theory behind it is, if you've got really fine pieces of furniture, it doesn't matter if they match—they will go together.

Martin:
The doorbell rings. Frasier gets up; as he goes to the door, he gestures at the view of the Seattle skyline offered by the balcony windows.

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Frasier:
Needle there!

Martin:
here, I never would have known.
Frasier chafes briefly; then, he opens the door to a delivery man, who has with him an old, battered, and aesthetically unpleasing Barcalounger.

Man:

Martin:

Man:
He quickly wheels The Armchair into the room. Frasier and Niles (who has returned) look on aghast at this latest addition to the
apartment's luxury furnishings.

Frasier:

Man:

Martin:

Niles:

Martin:

Man:

Niles:
He lifts it away carelessly, and it is replaced by The Armchair.

Frasier:
a Wassily!
The delivery man leaves. Martin sits in The Armchair, newly installed as the centrepiece of the apartment.

Frasier: you
I, I just don't think it goes with anything here!

Martin:
He reclines, knocking over the small folding table; Frasier rescues the glass ornament again, and rights the table.

Frasier:

Martin:
I can plug in the vibrating part.

Frasier:
Niles quickly heads for the door.

Niles:
I'm late for my dysfunctional family seminar.
He is halfway out of the apartment before he remembers something...
Frasier:

Niles:

Frasier:

Martin:

Frasier:
All he does is stare at me.

Martin:

Frasier:
Eddie is NOT moving in here.

FADE TO:

EDDIE:
Scene Four - Apartment - Night
The lights are off. Martin is in his chair, eating a hot link and watching the Charles Bronson movie; sounds of mindless violence can be heard emanating from the TV.
The camera pans over to the couch, where an uncomfortable-looking Frasier is seated. Perched next to Frasier is Eddie - a wire-haired Jack Russell terrier. Eddie stares at Frasier.
End of Act One.
Act Two.
Scene Five - Cafe Nervosa.
Niles has just been served his coffee; Frasier rushes in.

Frasier:
I was leaving, Dad decided to cook lunch by the glow of a small kitchen fire! Oh Niles, this last week with Dad, it's, it's been a living hell! When I'm there, I feel like my territory's being violated; when I'm not, I'm worried about what he's up to. Look at me, [shows Niles his shaky hands] I'm a nervous wreck! I've got to do something to calm down. [goes to the bar] Double espresso, please! Niles, you don't still have the brochures from those rest homes, do you?
Niles: than I am. But you really think that's necessary?

Frasier: night I gave up my tickets to the theatre, Wednesday it was the symphony... [gets his coffee]

Niles: 

Frasier: 

Niles: 

Frasier: Maris could... 

Niles: discussing this. We feel we should do more to share the responsibility.

Frasier: 

Niles: willing to help you pay for a home care worker.

Frasier: 

Niles: his physical therapy.

Frasier: 

Niles: people over to meet with you.

Frasier: overwhelming urge to hug you!

Niles: hug."

Frasier: They shake hands.
FADE TO:
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THE HOME CARE SPECIALIST
Scene Six - Apartment
A woman is standing in the hallway, talking to Frasier.

Frasier:
in my life!
He closes the door on her. Cut to inside the apartment. Martin is in The Armchair; Eddie is on the couch.

Frasier:

Martin:

Frasier:

Martin:
The doorbell rings.

Frasier:
open mind?
He opens the door to Daphne Moon, a British woman in her twenties. She is adjusting her bra as Frasier opens the door.

Daphne:
[takes her hand out and shakes Frasier's] I'm Daphne, Daphne Moon.

Frasier:

Daphne:

Frasier:
Moon.

Daphne:

Frasier:

Martin:
Daphne:

Daphne:
you look at that. What a comfy chair! It's like I always say, start with a good piece and replace the rest when you can afford it.
She smiles at Frasier. So does Martin. Daphne sits on the couch.

Frasier:
little bit about yourself, Miss Moon.

Daphne:

Frasier:

Martin:
Daphne begins to take all sorts of things out of her bag: a brush, a glass, a sponge—and finally, a piece of paper which she hands to Frasier.

Daphne:
quite
an extensive background in home care and physical therapy, as you can see from my resume. I... [suddenly turns toward Martin]
You were a policeman, weren't you?

Martin:

Daphne:
little things I sense about people. I mean, 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? [laughs]
Martin is amused; Frasier looks unimpressed.

Frasier:
You would be responsible for...

Daphne:
I'm getting something on you... you're a florist!
Martin smiles.

Frasier:

Daphne:

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

Frasier:

just about all we need to know about you, and a dash extra! [goes to the door]

Daphne:

Daphne and Martin laugh.

Frasier:

the door handle]

Martin:

Daphne:

Frasier:

forgetting a little something here? Don't you think we should talk about this in private?

Daphne:

stands up and shoulders her bag] I'll just pop into the loo you do have one, don't you?

Frasier:

Daphne:

Daphne walks into the powder room. As soon as its door is shut:

Frasier:

Martin:

Frasier:

Martin:

be here when you're not.
Frasier: Daphne returns.

Frasier:

Daphne:

Frasier:

Daphne:

Frasier: misunderstanding. Er, this isn't a live-in position.

Daphne:

Frasier: position. I'm, I'm afraid it just won't work out.

Martin:

Frasier:

Daphne: and enjoy some more of your African erotic art.

Frasier:

Daphne:

Frasier: then, er, through the toaster.

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Daphne leaves, allowing tempers to flare.

Frasier:

Martin:

Frasier:

Martin:
Frasier:
where I read, where I do my most profound thinking?

Martin:

Frasier:

I'm in a new city, I've got a new job, I'm separated from my little boy, which in itself is enough to drive me nuts. And now my father and his dog are living with me! Well, that's enough on my plate, thank you. The whole idea of getting somebody in here was to help ease my burden, not to add to it!

Martin:

Frasier:

burden
in its most positive sense!

Martin:

Frasier:

Martin:

know.
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 in my golf clubs for one of these. [shakes his cane] Well, I had plans too, you know! And this may come as a shock to you, sonny boy, but one of them wasn't living with you.

Frasier:

be the good son.

Martin:

guilt-free,
knowing you've done right by your pop.

Frasier:

Martin:

Frasier:
And I've got news for you -I wanted to do it! [on the verge of tears] Because you're my father. And how do you repay me? Ever since you've moved in here it's been a snide comment about this or a smart little put-down about that. [grabs his coat and goes to the door] Well, I've done my best to make a home here for you, and once, just once, would it have killed you to say "thank you?" One lousy "thank you?"

Long pause as Frasier waits expectantly, and Martin looks thoughtful.

Martin:
Eddie jumps off the couch and follows Martin into the kitchen.

Frasier:
He leaves.

FADE TO:

LUPE VELEZ:
Scene Seven -KACL
The corridor outside Frasier's studio. Frasier tears into the hallway and rushes into the booth. Inside the studio, Roz is in her booth. Frasier slams the door and drops into his chair.

Frasier:
He throws on his headphones just as Roz points to him.

Frasier:
[off air] Can't I put that on tape?!
Roz enters.

Roz:

Frasier:
this,
this person he wants to hire. I thought I'd started my life with a clean slate. I had picture of what it was going to be like, and then, I don't know...

Roz:

Frasier:
Roz:  
hit the skids, so she decided she'd make one final stab at immortality. She figured if she couldn't be remembered for her movies, she'd be remembered for the 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 makeup, the works. She takes the 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 don't sit well with the enchilada combo plate she sadly chose as her last meal. She stumbles to the bathroom, trips and goes head-first into the toilet, and that's how they found her.

Frasier:

Roz:  
they can work out anyway.

Frasier:
head in the toilet?

Roz:  
forget that story?  
[N.B. In fact, the Los Angeles newspapers reported Lupe's suicide as though she had carried it off as planned; the sordid details were kept quiet and for a long time existed only as rumor.] She returns to her booth and cues him. He puts his headphones on; everything from now onwards is on the air.

Frasier:

Roz:  
son.

Frasier:
Crane;  
I'm listening.

Martin:  
Pause as Frasier realises that the caller is his father.

Frasier:
Martin:
There's a lot of tension between us.

Frasier:

Martin:
himself, and I kinda got in the way.

Frasier:
wasn't sensitive enough to see how your life was changing.

Martin:
that since I got there!

Frasier:
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Martin:
trap shut.

Frasier:

Martin:
appreciate what he's doing for me.

Frasier:

Martin:

trouble saying that stuff.

Frasier:

feel. Is that all?

Martin:

Frasier:

Martin:
"thank you!"

Frasier:
He presses a button to disconnect Martin.
Roz:
problem getting over a relationship.

Frasier:

Claire:
boyfriend and I broke up, and I just can't get over it. The pain isn't going away. It's almost like I'm in mourning or something.

Frasier:
loss of your boyfriend. You're mourning the loss of what you thought your life was going to be. Let it go. Things don't always work out how you planned; that's not necessarily bad. Things have a way of working out anyway. [pause]
Have you ever heard of Lupe Velez?
He gives Roz a glance as we FADE OUT.

Credits:
Frasier's apartment. The whole gang is watching the TV. Martin is in The Armchair; on the couch, Daphne occupies the left seat, Frasier has the right seat and is trying to read something, and Eddie is in the middle, staring at Frasier. Suddenly, Eddie places a paw on Frasier's thigh.