

FRASIER

SEASON ONE PART 1

The Good Son

Space Quest

Dinner At Eight

The Good Son

THE JOB

Frasier is advising a listener.

FRASIER: Listen to yourself, Bob! You **follow** her to work, you **eavesdrop on** her calls, you open her mail. **The minute** you started doing these things, the relationship **was over!** Thank you **for your call**. Roz, I think we have time for **one more...** Hello, Russell. **This is** Dr Frasier Crane; I'm listening.

RUSSELL: Well, I **have been feeling sort of depressed, lately...**my life's **not going anywhere** and, it's not **that bad, it's just...** **same old** apartment... **same old** job...

FRASIER: Russell, we're **just about at** 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 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 **home town 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...? I think we lost him...

ROZ: No, we **cut** to the news thirty seconds ago.

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 Round-Up!* Well, the rest of the **show** was pretty good. It was a good show...**wasn't it?**

ROZ: Here, your brother called.

FRASIER: Roz, in the **trade** we **call** that 'avoidance'. Don't **change the subject**. Tell me **what you think**.

ROZ: **Did I ever tell** you what *this* little button **does?**

FRASIER: 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 station's call letters, you **spilled** yoghurt on the control board, and you **kept referring to** Jerry - with the identity crisis - **as** 'Jeff'.

FRASIER: You say my brother called...

THE BROTHER

Cafe Nervosa. Frasier is at the bar, reading a menu. Niles is standing next to him telling a story. Frasier isn't interested.

NILES: ...so I **said to** the gardener: 'Yoshi, I do not want a Zen garden 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 out 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**. Tell me you **would have handled** it **differently**, Frasier?

FRASIER: Oh **I'm sorry** Niles, I didn't realise you'd **stopped talking**.

NILES: You **haven't heard a word I said**.

FRASIER: Oh Niles, you're a psychiatrist - you know **what it's like** to listen to people **prattling on endlessly** about their mundane lives!

NILES: And **on that subject**, I heard your show today... You know what I think about pop psychiatry.

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

NILES: I'm **having** one now.

NILES: So, Frasier. How are you doing **on your own**?

FRASIER: I'm **fine**! I **love** my new life here: I love the **solitude**. I **miss** Frederick, of course. You know, he's **quite a** boy - he's playing goalie on the **peewee** soccer team now. Ha, **chip off the old block**!

NILES: You hated **sports**.

FRASIER: **So does he!** The fresh air is good for him.

NILES: Well, this **has been fun**, Frasier, but we have a problem, and **that's why** I **thought** we should talk.

FRASIER: Is it dad?

NILES: Afraid so. One of his old buddies from the police force called this morning, went over to see him, and found him on the bathroom floor. It's okay, he's fine.

FRASIER: What, is it his hip again?

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 favourite solution, but I took the liberty of checking out a few convalescent homes for him.

FRASIER: Niles, 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. But besides, we were never simpatico.

NILES: Of course, I can't take care of him.

FRASIER: Oh yes, yes, of course, of course...why?

NILES: Because dad doesn't get along with Maris.

FRASIER: Who does?

NILES: I thought you liked my 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: Well then, we're agreed about what to do with dad. 'Golden Acres: We Care So You Don't Have To.'

FRASIER: It says that?

NILES: Well, it might as well!

FRASIER: Alright, I'll make up the spare bedroom...

NILES: Oh you're a good son, Frasier.

FRASIER: Oh God, I am, aren't I?

WAITRESS: Two cafe supremos. Anything to eat?

FRASIER: No... I seem to have lost my appetite.

NILES: I'll have a large piece of cheesecake!

THE FATHER

Niles and Martin arrive at Frasier's apartment after a long journey.

NILES: We finally made it!

FRASIER: Dad, welcome to your new home! Gee, you look great!

MARTIN: Don't **BS** me, I do not look great. I spent Monday on the bathroom floor. **You can** still see the tile marks on my face.

NILES: (to Frasier) This **gives you some idea about the ride over** in the car.

FRASIER: Well, **rest assured** the refrigerator is **stocked with** your favourite beer - 'Ballantine' and we've got plenty of 'hot licks' and coleslaw... and I just **rented a Charles Bronson movie for later...**

MARTIN: Let's **cut** the 'Welcome To Camp Crane' **speech**. We all know 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 & NILES: No, no!

FRASIER: I **want you here!** It'll **give** us a **chance** 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 hijinks!

MARTIN: I think **that wife of his** is **driving him nuts**.

FRASIER: Yes: we Crane boys **sure** know how to marry 'em. **Let me get you a** beer, dad. So, what do you **think of what I've done** with **the place**, eh? 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: Nothing **matches**.

FRASIER: It's a style of decorating; **it's called** 'eclectic'. 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: **It's** your money.

FRASIER: Dad, **what do you think of the view**, hey? **That's** the Space Needle **there!**

MARTIN: Oh, **thanks for pointing that out**. **Being** born and raised here, I **never would have known**.

MAN: **Delivery** for Martin Crane.

MARTIN: Oh, **in here!**

MAN: **Coming through!** (*wheels an armchair into the room.*)

FRASIER: Excuse me - excuse me - **wait a minute...!**

MAN: Where do you want it?

MARTIN: Where's **the** TV?

NILES: It's in that credenza.

MARTIN: **Point it at** that thing!

MAN: **What about** this chair?

NILES: **Let me get it out of your** way...

FRASIER: Niles, **be careful with** that! Oh look dad, I'm sure this *piece* is very dear **to** you, but I just **don't think** it **goes with** anything here!

MARTIN: I know! It's eclectic!

FRASIER: Niles, will you **help me out** here?

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

FRASIER: Yes, that will be the *crowning touch*.

NILES: Well, **now that you two** are **settled in**, I've got to run: **I'm late for** my 'dysfunctional family' seminar.... Dad, have you **mentioned** Eddie **yet**?

FRASIER: Oh no dad, no, **no, not Eddie!**

MARTIN: But he's my best friend! **Get** me my beer, **would** you?

FRASIER: But he's *weird!* **Gives me the creeps!** He **does** **this stare at** me...

MARTIN: Ah, **it's just your imagination.**

FRASIER: No! I'm sorry, but **I am putting my foot** down. Eddie is **not moving in** here.

EDDIE

Cafe Nervosa. Niles has just been served his coffee; Frasier rushes in.

FRASIER: Niles, there you are! I'm sorry **I'm late; just as I was leaving**, dad decided to cook **lunch** by the **glow** of the small kitchen fire. Oh Niles, **this last week** with dad, **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 - I'm a **nervous wreck!** Gotta do something **to calm down...** Double espresso, please! Niles, you don't still have the brochures from those rest homes, **do you?**

NILES: Of course **I do**. Don't forget, Maris is five years **older than I am**. But you really think that's necessary?

FRASIER: I'm afraid I do. I don't have my life anymore.

Tuesday night 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: Yes, here... *(hands him some tickets)* Niles, you don't suppose there's a chance that you and Maris could...

NILES: Funny you should mention that. Maris and I were just discussing this; we feel we should do more to share the responsibility.

FRASIER: You mean you'd take him in...?

NILES: Dear God, no! But we would be willing to help you pay for a home care worker.

FRASIER: A what?

NILES: You know, someone who cooks and cleans and can help dad with his physical therapy.

FRASIER: These angels exist?

NILES: I know of an agency - let me arrange for them to send a few people over to meet with you.

FRASIER: Niles, I can't thank you enough! I feel this overwhelming urge to hug you!

NILES: Remember what mum always said: 'A handshake is as good as a hug.'

FRASIER: Wise woman.

THE HOME CARE SPECIALIST

Outside Frasier's apartment. Frasier is at the doorway, talking to a woman.

FRASIER: I have never been more impressed with a human being in my life!

Inside the apartment.

FRASIER: Now what was wrong with that one?

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 jewellery box!

The doorbell rings.

FRASIER: Oh, this is **the last one**. Can you *please* try to **keep an open mind**?

DAPHNE: Oh, hello - caught me with my hand in the biscuit tin! I'm Daphne - Daphne Moon.

FRASIER: Er, this is my father, Martin Crane. Dad, this is Daphne Moon.

DAPHNE: Nice to meet you. Oh, and **who might this be**?

MARTIN: That... is Eddie. I **call** him 'Eddie Spaghetti'.

DAPHNE: Oh, he likes **pasta**?

MARTIN: No, he has worms.

FRASIER: Er, **have a seat**, Miss Moon.

DAPHNE: Daphne, thank you. Oh, **will 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.'

FRASIER: Yes... well, **perhaps** you should **start by telling** us **a little bit** about yourself, Miss Moon.

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 US for a few months, but I have **quite an extensive background** in home care and physical therapy, as you can see from my **resume**. You **were** a policeman, weren't you?

MARTIN: Yeah - how'd you know?

DAPHNE: **I must confess** - I'm a bit *psychic*. It's nothing **big**, just **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**?

FRASIER: Yes... **perhaps** I should describe the **duties around here**. You will be responsible **for**...

DAPHNE: Oh **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... **though, I guess I let a little secret out there, didn't I**?

FRASIER: It's safe **with** us. Well, Miss Moon... I think **we've learned just about all** we need to know about you, and a dash extra!

DAPHNE: *(to Eddie)* You're a dog, aren't you?

FRASIER: Well... **we'll be calling** you, Miss Moon.

MARTIN: Oh why wait? You've got the job!

DAPHNE: Oh, **wonderful!**

FRASIER: Er excuse me, **aren't you just... forgetting a little something** here? **Don't you think** we should talk about this **in private?**

DAPHNE: Oh, of course you should; I **completely** understand. I'll just **pop into** the loo - you **do** have **one**, **don't you?**

FRASIER: Yes.

DAPHNE: Oh, I love America...

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: Well, **what difference does it make to you?**
She's **only** gonna be here when **you're not**.

FRASIER: Then...**what's my problem?** Daphne!

FRASIER: **You've been retained.**

DAPHNE: Oh, wonderful! I had a premonition.

FRASIER: *Quelle surprise?*

DAPHNE: I'll **move my things in** tomorrow.

FRASIER: Oh, move in? Oh I'm sorry, **there must be some misunderstanding**, this isn't a *live-in* position.

DAPHNE: **Oh dear**, well the lady **at** the agency...

FRASIER: The lady at the agency **was wrong**; this is just a **part-time** position. I'm afraid it just won't **work out**.

MARTIN: **Hold on there**, Frasier, let's talk about this!

FRASIER: Dad, **there's nothing to discuss!**

DAPHNE: You two should talk about this. So I'll just **pop back in here** and **enjoy some more** of your African erotic art.

FRASIER: Daphne, Daphne - I think **it would be best if you leave**.

DAPHNE: Oh well, **alright then**.

FRASIER: **Don't be alarmed**. We'll contact you. If not **by telephone** then through the toaster.

Daphne leaves, allowing tempers to flare.

FRASIER: Dad - **I'm not having** another person **living** in this house!

MARTIN: Give me one good reason why not!

FRASIER: Well, **for one thing**, **there's** no room for her!

MARTIN: **What about** that room **right across the hall from mine?**

FRASIER: The *study*? You expect me to give up my *study* - the place where I read, where I **do** my most *profound thinking*?

MARTIN: Aaaah, use the can **like** the rest of the world! You'll **adjust**!

FRASIER: I don't want to *adjust*! I've **done enough adjusting**! I'm in a new city, I've got a new job, I got 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: Oh, d'you hear that, Eddie? We're a *burden*.

FRASIER: Oh dad, you're **twisting my words**! I meant *burden* in its most *positive sense*!

MARTIN: As in: 'Gee, what a lovely burden'?

FRASIER: Something **like that**, yes!

MARTIN: Well, you're not **the only one** who **got screwed** here, you know. Two years ago, **I'm saving 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 walking stick*). 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: I'm just trying to **do the right thing, here**. I'm trying to be The Good Son.

MARTIN: Oh, **don't worry**, son. **After I'm gone** you can live **guilt-free** knowing you've done right by your papa.

FRASIER: You think **that's what this is 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 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**. 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*'?

MARTIN: Come on, Eddie, **it's past your dinner time**.

FRASIER: I'm going out.

LUPE VELEZ

FRASIER: They **have got to** move the bathroom closer to the studio! **Can't** I put that on **tape**?

ROZ: What's eating you?

FRASIER: Oh, I'm sorry. **It's just this thing** with my father and **this** person he wants to **hire**. I thought **I'd started** my life **with a clean slate** and a picture **of what it was going to be like**, and then, I don't know...

ROZ: Ever heard of Lupe Velez?

FRASIER: Who?

ROZ: Lupe Velez - the movie star **in the '30s**. Well, her career **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 make-up, **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: **Is there a reason you're telling** me this story?

ROZ: Yes. **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. Will **YOU ever** forget that story?

FRASIER: **We're 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. This is Dr Frasier Crane; I'm listening.

MARTIN: I'm **a first-time caller**. (*Frasier realises that the caller is his father.*)

FRASIER: Welcome to the show. **How can I help you?**

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

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

MARTIN: I guess I didn't see he had a whole new life planned for himself; and I kinda got in the way.

FRASIER: Well, these things are a two-way street. Perhaps your son wasn't sensitive enough to see how your life was changing.

MARTIN: You got that right! I've been telling the na-na since I got there!

FRASIER: I'm sure he appreciated your candour.

MARTIN: Well...maybe sometimes I oughta just learn how to keep my trap shut.

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

MARTIN: Yeah. I'm worried my son doesn't know that I really appreciate what he's doing for me.

FRASIER: Why don't you tell him?

MARTIN: Well, you know how it is with fathers and sons, I'd have trouble saying that stuff.

FRASIER: Well, if it helps, I suspect your son already knows how you feel. Is that all?

MARTIN: Yeah, I guess that's it. Thank you, Dr Crane.

FRASIER: My pleasure, Martin.

MARTIN: D'you hear what I said? I said *thank you!*

FRASIER: Yes, I heard...

ROZ: Dr Crane, we have Claire on line four. She's having a problem getting over a relationship.

FRASIER: Hello, Claire. I'm listening.

CLAIRE: I'm a, well, I'm a *mess!* Eight months ago my 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: Claire, you *are* in mourning. But you're not mourning the 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. Have you ever heard of... Lupe Velez?

Space Quest

DEAR GOD, IT WASN'T A DREAM

The Frasier Residence, early morning. Frasier enters.

DAPHNE: Oh, good morning Dr. Crane. **Not a morning person, are we? 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 understand 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: And you are..?

DAPHNE: Daphne. Daphne Moon. I **moved in** yesterday. You **hired me to take care of** your father.

FRASIER: Of course. **Forgive me,** I'm not **quite myself** until I've **shaved and showered.**

DAPHNE: Oh yes. I **completely** understand **about one's** morning ablutions. I, **for instance, can't stand myself** 'til I floss all that **gunk** out of my teeth.

FRASIER: Miss Moon! **For future reference, if you could just keep** your ablutions **on a need-to-know basis?** Thank you. Now my coffee.

MARTIN: The half'n'half is **curdled,** and the **garbage disposal's jammed.**

FRASIER: Good morning to you **too,** dad.

MARTIN: Morning was two hours ago. And close that barn door, we got a **lady** in the house now.

FRASIER: Hey, 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: **Didn't** that just **dress it up?**

MARTIN: I like it. **Gives it a zing.** Now, c'mon, sit down. Your breakfast is ready.

FRASIER: Oh, no, dad, dad, **look, all I ever have** is a bran muffin, and **a touch of** yogurt.

MARTIN: Ah, **girlie** food. **Besides**, I already **fixed** your breakfast. Now, I made you 'Eggs in a Nest'.

FRASIER: Ah yes, the Crane family **specialty**. **Fried** eggs swimming in fat, served in a delightfully **hollowed out** piece of white bread. I can almost **hear my left ventricle slamming shut as** I speak.

MARTIN: You want cheese on that?

FRASIER: No. I'd like to leave **some** blood flow **for the clot to go swiftly** to my brain. Can't **have** my coffee, can't **have** my breakfast. Oh god, it wasn't a dream. I'll **get him for** this. And his little dog, too. **Where's my paper?** Who stole my paper? Mrs. Everly, you old bat, I know it's you!

DAPHNE: It's right here, we brought it **in** for you.

FRASIER: Sorry. Oh, **wait a minute**, where's the **rubber band?** This paper **has been read**.

DAPHNE: Well, **don't worry**, we won't tell you what's **in it**.

FRASIER: **That is not the point**. Dad, dad? Come and sit down please, would you?

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

FRASIER: Oh, **that's right**, I forgot, you're psychic.

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

FRASIER: **Let us get something clear**. I am not a morning person. I have to **ease into my day** slowly. First I have my coffee. Without eggshells or anything else **one** tends to **pick out of the garbage**. Then I have a **low fat, high fiber** breakfast. Finally I sit down and read a **crisp**, new newspaper. If I **am robbed of** the richness of my morning **routine**, I cannot function. My radio show suffers and **so do the** many listeners that **rely on** my **advice to help** them through their **troubled** lives. I'm sorry if this **may sound priggish**, but I **have grown comfortable** with this part of myself.

MARTIN: *(to Daphne)* **Get used to it**.

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 great**. Oh, **six more weeks** of winter, **I see**.

FRASIER: Dad, I can't read my paper, Eddie's **staring at** me.

MARTIN: You **do make quite a picture** in the morning. Just **ignore** him.

FRASIER: I'm trying to.

MARTIN: I was talking to the dog.

FRASIER: Don't even think about it.

Frasier is doing his show at KACL.

FRASIER: You're listening to Dr. Frasier Crane. Our topic today is **intrusion**. The neighbor who **plays his stereo** too loud. The person who sits next to you in the movie theatre when there are fifty other **vacant** seats. Now let's return to our calls, and **let me remind you once more**, that our topic today is intrusion, since so many of you **seem to be forgetting** that. Hello Leonard, I'm listening.

LEONARD: Oh, hi Dr. Crane, I'm a little nervous but well, **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**, I'd **get so scared** that **I'd have to** run home.

FRASIER: Yes Leonard, and your **comments on** intrusion?

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

FRASIER: Well Leonard, **it sounds like** you **may have** a very serious **condition known as** agoraphobia. But you're not alone.

LEONARD: But I am alone, Dr. Crane.

FRASIER: Listen Leonard I'm afraid your problem **is too difficult to deal with in** the time we **have remaining**, so **if you stay** on the line, someone will give you **the** name of a qualified therapist. Well, **that's all the time we have** for today. **You've been listening to** Dr. Frasier Crane, KACL 780. **Stay tuned for** the news, then next up, Bob 'Bulldog' Briscoe and the Gonzo Sports Show. I never **miss** it. *(off air)* **Yeah, right**.

ROZ: You want your messages?

FRASIER: Oh, listen Roz, just **hang on to** them, I think I'll stay **in here for a while**. I feel an **overwhelming need for solitude**. I've got a fascinating book here, a **comfortable** chair and a **soundproof booth**. Bulldog, what are you doing here?

BULLDOG: We lost transmitter link power in studio C. I **gotta** do my show **from here**. Hey, **where the hell's my**

tape? Somebody stole my tape! THIS **STINKS!** THIS IS TOTAL B-S! THIS... oh, here it is.

FRASIER: Let me just get out of your way.

BULLDOG: Oh, **by the way** doc, doc, I heard what you said. To that kid who **fantasizes about killing** his parents? You know what I **would have told** him? **Sports.** You go **out there**, break some heads. That'll **turn him around.**

FRASIER: Yes. If only Geoffrey Dahmer **had picked up** a squash racquet.

ROZ: **Hold on** a second, I have to ask you something. (*into phone*) Gary? I **broke up with** him three weeks ago. The sex was **okay**, but he was **kind of** limited. **It wasn't that** Gary was bad in bed. **I mean**, he knew where all the parts **were**. Unfortunately, most of them were his. Yes, totally **passionless**, it was **like** he **was thinking** of someone else. **I know I was.** Somebody's here. I **gotta** go. Alright? **Talk to you later.** Bye, mom.

FRASIER: That was your mother? You talk to your mother **like that?**

ROZ: Well, we're both adults. We talk about everything.

FRASIER: Well, **isn't that healthy.**

ROZ: What, you don't talk to your dad **like that?**

FRASIER: Oh, **hardly.** We hardly speak **at all.** Well you know, we're just not really similar people. **In fact**, my brother and I are **a lot more** like my mother. Y'know, if it wasn't biologically impossible I'd **swear** that dad **was dropped** in a basket on our doorstep.

BULLDOG: Hey sweetcakes, **have you seen** my engineer?

ROZ: Yes, he called, **he'll be right here.** So do you want to go **across the street** and have **one of those** expensive coffee drinks?

FRASIER: Maybe **some other time.** Right now, I'd like to continue my quest for **solitude.** I'll go somewhere where my father, Mary Poppins and the hound from hell can't find me. I think maybe I'll just go sit under the shade of a tree and read in a quiet park.

The Best Laid Plans...

Frasier's Apartment. He enters.

DAPHNE: Oh, Dr. Crane, you're home. We just **got back** from your father's physical therapy.

FRASIER: Oh, glory be. Oh happy day. **Not that I'm not delighted to see the two of you, it's just that I'm in the middle of** a very exciting chapter.

DAPHNE: Oh, I understand. So **why don't I pop into** the kitchen and **brew you up** a nice pot of tea?

FRASIER: No, I just poured myself a glass of wine, thank you.

MARTIN: What ya reading?

FRASIER: Oh dad, you wouldn't **find** it very interesting.

MARTIN: I **might**. **Any good?**

FRASIER: Well, I **haven't formed** an opinion yet. **Oddly enough**, I'm **having a little trouble getting** into it.

MARTIN: Thick.

FRASIER: Dad will you... Listen, I don't want to **offend**, but **if you wouldn't mind**, could you just **leave me alone**, let me read my book?

MARTIN: No problem. *(sits quietly)*

FRASIER: What are you doing?

MARTIN: I'm leaving you alone.

FRASIER: Well it's very **annoying!**

MARTIN: **What's your problem? You've been sucking a lemon** all week.

FRASIER: All right, I'll tell you **what my problem is**, I can't **get a moment's peace** alone in my own house.

MARTIN: Well, forgive me. When you invited me to **move in** I didn't realize I **had to** stay chained to the radiator in my room.

FRASIER: Perhaps only **evenings**.

MARTIN: I heard that!

FRASIER: Well of course you heard it, you're never **out of earshot!**

MARTIN: Ah, you know, **you've always been like this**, you were always a **fussy** little kid, and **it's gotten worse ever since**. You and your **precious morning routine**. Ya gotta have your coffee, ya gotta have your **quiet**, ya gotta

have this, ya gotta have that. Well, aren't you the little **hothouse orchid**.

FRASIER: Hey! I **don't have to** sit here and listen to that!

MARTIN: If you want everything so perfect, why don't you **go live** in a bubble?

FRASIER: Oh right, oh well, right now it sounds very **inviting**.

MARTIN: Finally, a little **peace and quiet around here**.

Cafe Nervosa. Frasier is reading as Niles walks in.

FRASIER: Oh, **what the hell?**

NILES: That's a nice **way to greet** your brother.

FRASIER: I'm sorry, Niles, **it's just that I've been trying** to read this book and it seems **no matter** where I start I **get interrupted**.

NILES: Oh, 'The Holotropic Mind' **by** Stanislaw Grof. I love his **conclusion** that a change in breathing patterns can induce alternate states of consciousness.

FRASIER: Great. Now you've **ruined** the **ending!**

NILES: I'm sorry, that was **inconsiderate**. So, how's father?

FRASIER: Father? You mean the man who's **driving me crazy?** The man who **makes me dread** the **sight** of my **very** doorstep. The man who just **drove** me out of my own home.

NILES: And how's work?

FRASIER: Niles, I don't know what I'm going to do. **Dad and I had another fight**. I'm afraid if we stay under the same roof together we'll **do irreparable harm to** the relationship we have **as it is**.

NILES: Well, what are the alternatives?

FRASIER: Well, if I didn't feel so **guilty** I'd do what I **should have done in the first place**. Just move dad and Daphne into their own apartment.

NILES: Oh, **for goodness sake**, Frasier, **it hasn't been that** long, you have to give it a chance. And you **might** remember why you moved him in **in the first place**.

FRASIER: **Refresh** me.

NILES: You wanted to **get closer** to dad.

FRASIER: I still **do**. **There isn't** anything I'd like more, but he **makes it impossible**, I can't read my book, I can't **have** my coffee, I can't have any **peace** in my own home.

NILES: So **what you're saying is** you want to be closer to dad, but you don't **actually** want him **around**. Ask yourself Frasier, **have you tried** to sit down and talk to him, I mean really talk to him?

FRASIER: Well, I... Maybe I **haven't done my best**. I guess I **owe that to** the old man, don't I? Well, thanks for the chat, Niles, you're a good brother and a credit to the psychiatric profession.

NILES: You're a good brother too.

A Couple Of White Guys Sittin' 'Round Talkin'

Frasier's Apartment. He arrives to find some of his furniture piled up beside the door.

FRASIER: Daphne? What are my things doing here? My leather wing chair? My Kusami lamp?

DAPHNE: We're **putting** them in the storage room, in the basement. There was no **room** for them in the study **once we got** my furniture in. We **discussed it last night**, remember? I was just **on my way to ask** that **peculiar** little man from building services to **give me a hand moving** them.

FRASIER: Oh yes, Kyle. Well, give him my regards.

DAPHNE: **Remind** me again. **Which one** of Kyle's eyes is really looking at me?

FRASIER: The brown **one**.

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

FRASIER: Well thanks, but I'm not. Dad, I'm sorry **about** the **blow-up earlier**.

MARTIN: Ahh, forget **about** it. I already **have**.

FRASIER: Y'know, I guess it's no secret that **there's been** a lot of **tension** between us, and I think maybe one of the reasons is that we never have a chance to sit down and talk. And I thought we **might** have a conversation.

MARTIN: Right now?

FRASIER: Yes, I think **now would be a good time**.

MARTIN: Later would be better.

FRASIER: It **doesn't have to be** a long, **drawn-out** conversation, I'm talking about three minutes of your life.

MARTIN: Well I hope it is only three minutes, because my program's **coming on**.

FRASIER: Well, alright. If it'll **make you any happier** I will **get** the egg-timer and I will **set it for** three minutes.

MARTIN: So what do you want to talk about?

FRASIER: Well, the idea is **for us to have** a normal, honest conversation like two normal people **without getting on each other's** nerves. Ready? Go.

MARTIN: This is stupid.

FRASIER: One second? That's **our personal best? Let us see if** we can **beat** it. Ready? Go.

MARTIN: So **how about** those Seahawks?

FRASIER: No **sports**.

MARTIN: All right. But no opera.

FRASIER: **Agreed**. Ready? Go.

MARTIN: This is your idea, you say something first.

FRASIER: Alright. I'll tell you something about myself that you don't know. Six months ago, when **Lilith and I** were really **on the rocks**, there was a time of depression I went through that was so terrible I **actually** climbed out on a ledge and **wondered** if life **was worth living**. And then I **thought of** Frederick.

MARTIN: And you didn't jump, huh?

FRASIER: Good, dad.

MARTIN: Wow. I **never** knew that.

FRASIER: Well, that's the **point** of this whole experiment. To tell **one another** something that we don't know **about each other**. Something **vulnerable**. Now **it's your turn**.

MARTIN: Okay. Well, about two months ago, I was in the basement, **going through** some old pictures of your mother and me, and **all of a sudden** something flew up in my eye. And, when I was trying to get it out, I realized I could turn my eyelid **inside out, the way kids do at camp**.

FRASIER: That's it? You **call** that vulnerable?

MARTIN: It hurt.

FRASIER: Oh well... I'm not talking about that kind of pain, I'm talking about your emotions, your soul. Some sort of **painful**, gut-wrenching experience.

MARTIN: **Other than this one?**

FRASIER: Oh, God! Always **the flip answer**.

MARTIN: Well, this whole thing's stupid.

FRASIER: Well, **not to me**. Oh, how should I expect anything out of you? You are the most cold, intractable,

unapproachable, **distant, stubborn**, cold man **I've ever known!**

MARTIN: You said 'cold' twice, Mr. Egghead.

FRASIER: Oh, you are so infuriating!

MARTIN: Well you're **no day at the beach either**. You know what you are? I'll tell you later, it's time for my program.

FRASIER: Dad, I **don't think you see** how serious **this is**.

MARTIN: Oh, will you **give it a rest?**

FRASIER: We're not **getting along**, and it's not **getting any better**. I'm not sure how to say this, but I'm afraid I'm **gonna have to...**

MARTIN: I know what you're trying to say. 'You want **what's** best for both of us.' You want to get me out of here, then you can have your own **space**, and I'll have my own space, and we can **put an end to** all this **bickering**.

FRASIER: Well, yes. I guess **it wasn't so hard to say after all**.

MARTIN: **Except for** one thing. I'm not going. Look, you **want us to** forge some great **father-son relationship**, to make some connection. Well **that kind of thing takes** a couple of years, not a couple of days, doesn't it? You're the **shrink**.

FRASIER: Couple of years, huh?

MARTIN: It'll **go by before you know it**.

FRASIER: **Either** that, or it'll seem like **eternity**.

MARTIN: I'm willing to **give it a shot** if you are. **How about you and me having** a beer together?

FRASIER: Wow. You know, **in** all these years **you've never asked** me that. I'd **love to** have a beer with you, dad.

MARTIN: Well **then** you **better haul ass**, 'cos the store closes **in** ten minutes.

Dinner At Eight

The Frasier Crane Show.

FRASIER: ...in the greater Seattle area, the number is 555-KACL. We've got **a number of** lines open, so please **give us a call. Now who's up next**, Roz?

ROZ: We have Pam on line four. She's **having** a problem with her family.

FRASIER: Hello, Pam. This is Dr Frasier Crane; I'm listening.

PAM: Hi. It's my **in-laws. It's just that**, well... they **drop over all the time without calling** first, and they **expect us to stop** what we're doing and **entertain** them.

FRASIER: Well, they're your husband's parents - what does he suggest?

PAM: **The other day**, he **had** us **drop** to the floor and stay quiet until they **drove** away.

FRASIER: A creative **approach**, but **hardly** a **long-term solution**.

PAM: Well, I **thought about saying** something, but I'm afraid I'll **hurt their feelings**.

FRASIER: Well, then you **have a choice. Either** you **risk hurting** their feelings, or you spend the rest of your life **diving for cover whenever** they **happen to drop on by...** (*sound of a doorbell is heard*)

PAM: Shhh! They're here!

FRASIER: Who... your in-laws? (*whispering*) **Well then, why don't you just take this opportunity to...** (*stops whispering*) Oh for Pete's sake! Why don't you just tell them **how you feel**?

PAM: Okay! Okay I will next time I promise! Thanks Dr Crane...

FRASIER: Yes... well, **as** Pam **belly-crawls** across her living room, let's **take a moment** for this message from...'Carpet Fresh'. (*off air*) **How's that for** a segue?

How Many Sharks Died...?

Frasier's apartment. Frasier and Martin, returning from a shopping trip, enter from the front door.

FRASIER: ...I just don't think it's very smart to make rude gestures at other drivers!

MARTIN: He cut you off!

FRASIER: That doesn't matter! You do not antagonize a man whose bumper sticker says: 'If you're close enough to read this, I'll kill you!'

MARTIN: Big talk from a Volvo.

DAPHNE: I see you've found yourself a new suit.

MARTIN: Oh, wait till you see it, Daph - it's a beauty!

DAPHNE: Let's have a look!

MARTIN: Oh, I can't let you see it on the hanger; I'll model it for you!

DAPHNE: What a nice son you are, buying your father a new suit.

FRASIER: Well, it didn't quite work out the way I planned, but... Daphne, what are you doing?

DAPHNE: Fluffing your knickers. If you don't mind my saying so, you're losing some of your... elasticity.

FRASIER: Well, I appreciate everything you're doing, Daphne, but a man's knickers are certainly... oooh... How'd you get them so soft?

DAPHNE: Fabric softener and twice through the fluff cycle.

FRASIER: Oh, well keep up the good work! *(on the phone)* Hello? Yes, well hi Niles. Well of course you can come by! Great! I'll see you there!

Frasier puts the phone down and goes to the door. He opens it.

FRASIER: Hi Niles, good to see you! Thanks for calling first.

NILES: Well, I heard your show today. I wouldn't dream of popping by unannounced. Actually, I was in the neighborhood, and I've come to beg a favor. My housekeeper Mary is a very big fan of your little radio program.

FRASIER: Is she?

NILES: Yes. Well, what she **lacks in taste**, she **makes up for** in **vigor**. She'd like an autographed photo.

FRASIER: Oh well, it'd be my pleasure. Daphne, this is my brother Niles.

NILES: You're Daphne? Well, I... When Frasier told me **he'd** hired an Englishwoman, I **pictured** someone a little more... **not quite so**... you're Daphne?

DAPHNE: It's nice to meet you.

NILES: Well, what a lovely accent. Is that Manchester?

DAPHNE: Yes, how d'you know?

NILES: Oh, I'm **quite the** anglophile; **I'm sure** Frasier and dad **have already told** you.

DAPHNE: No. They didn't mention it.

NILES: Ah... you **undoubtedly guessed as much** when they said **I'd** spent a year **studying at** Cambridge.

DAPHNE: No - they didn't mention that, **either**.

NILES: **I guess** my father and brother don't **spend a lot of time talking** about me when I'm not **around!**

DAPHNE: Oh, I wouldn't say that...

Martin returns, wearing his new suit; it is an odd dark red or brown color and looks distinctly cheap.

MARTIN: **Fits like a glove.** Hi Niles! **How do I look?**

DAPHNE: Dr Crane took your father **shopping** to Armani this afternoon.

NILES: You got that **at** Armani?

MARTIN: **Just like** I told you, Frasier - he **can't tell** the difference!

FRASIER: Well, we **were on our way to** Armani, when dad **spotted** this in the window of a **discount** clothing store.

MARTIN: It's sharkskin! Look at **the way** it changes color when I move my arm!

DAPHNE: You're going to be the **handsomest** gent at your friend's retirement party. Now come on, let's go and hang it up before it **gets wrinkled**.

MARTIN: Oh, it's **supposed to resist** wrinkles. They had one in the display window **winded up** inside a mayonnaise jar!

Martin and Daphne leave.

NILES: Frasier, is he our real father?

FRASIER: Now **don't start that again - we've been having** this discussion **since we were** children.

NILES: But that suit!

FRASIER: Well it's not just the suit, it's his taste in everything! Clothing, films, music...

NILES: **Outside of** our last name and abnormally well-developed calf muscles, we **have nothing in common** with the man.

FRASIER: Well, **thank goodness** we **took after** mum.

NILES: So **how come** he didn't **acquire** any of her... **sophistication?**

FRASIER: Well maybe he was too busy **working his tail off so that we could** have **the nicer things**. You know Niles, maybe **it's time we tried** to **pay him back** in some way. **Expose him to** some of **the finer things, so that** he'd stop **lumbering** through life like some great polyester dinosaur.

NILES: I don't know. Dad's so **set in his ways**.

FRASIER: Well we all are, **at some point** in our lives. Remember when you **used to** think the 1812 Overture was a great piece of classical music?

NILES: **Was I ever that** young?

FRASIER: Well, **you and I** have to **broaden dad's horizons**. Show him the world that he's only read about in TV Guide.

NILES: **How about** an evening of fine dining?

FRASIER: Perfect... but where?

FRASIER & NILES: Le Cigare Volant!

NILES: But can we really **get in?** **I've been trying for months**.

FRASIER: Oh, please. Niles, you're forgetting **the cache my name carries** in this town.

NILES: **Actually, I'm not**. If the maitre d' **happens to be** a housewife, **we're in**.

FRASIER: Niles, you are so **mean**. I'll just call information.

NILES: Oh, **no need**; I have it on **speed dial**.

FRASIER: Oh. Thank you. *(on Niles's phone)* Hello, this is Dr Frasier Crane. Yes, **the one** on the radio. **Say...** any chance **of getting** a table for four on Saturday at, **say...** eight? Merci, a bientot! We're in!

Martin, back in his casual clothing, returns

MARTIN: Niles, can I **get** you a beer? Some pork rinds?

FRASIER: Dad, **Niles and I and Maris would like you to join** us **for** dinner on Saturday night **at** Le Cigare Volant - it's one of the **hottest** new restaurants in town.

MARTIN: Aaah, gee, I don't know, I...

NILES: Oh, the food is **to die for!**

MARTIN: Niles, your country and your family are to die for; food **is to eat**. Look, I appreciate the offer, but I wouldn't like it.

FRASIER: Oh dad, how do you know if you don't try it?

MARTIN: Well I didn't have to **get shot** in the hip with a .38 **to know** I wouldn't like that.

FRASIER: Yes, but dad, it'll give us a chance to have an evening all together as a family. You know, **Niles and I** really want to do this for you.

MARTIN: Oh... alright.

FRASIER: We're gonna **have the best time!**

MARTIN: Hey - **it'll give me a chance to** wear my new suit again, too!

FRASIER: And **won't that be nice?**

Honey, Don't

KACL; Roz's booth, before showtime.

FRASIER: So, how do the calls look today?

ROZ: Well, we've got a couple of **jilted** lovers, a man who's afraid of his car, a manic depressive, and three people who feel their lives **are going nowhere**.

FRASIER: Oh, I love **a** Monday. So **how was** your weekend?

ROZ: I had the most **hellacious** date of my life. **First**, he **asks me to pick him up** from work. Then, I **stop for gas** - I have to pump it myself while he just **sits there**

reading the sports section. So I take him back **to my place** and make him my famous sweet 'n' sour shrimp; I'm in the middle of cooking, I ask him to **hand** me the honey, and he **gets** this **freaked-out** look on his face and says he can't because he has a deathly **fear of touching** anything **sticky**. I told him it was a new jar, but he didn't want to **take any risks**.

FRASIER: Roz, where do you meet these people?

ROZ: I **answered his ad!** You got thirty seconds - **you'd better get in there**.

FRASIER: Not yet.

ROZ: Oh no...

FRASIER: Roz, are you ready?

ROZ: Don't **make me do** this...

FRASIER: Come on, we **do** this every Monday!

ROZ: You do this every Monday. I **play along!**

FRASIER: Come on! Who's got the best talk show in Seattle?

ROZ: **We do.** We do.

Dinner At Eight

Frasier's apartment. Frasier, wearing suit and tie and holding a glass of sherry, returns from the balcony.

DAPHNE: Well! Aren't you a bobby dazzler?

FRASIER: Well, I'll **go out on a limb** and **take that as a** compliment. Where are you **off to?**

DAPHNE: I'm going to poker night.

FRASIER: I **wouldn't have pegged** you as a card player.

DAPHNE: It's **mostly social**. Me and the girls just **bumping the gums**. No-one **ever** loses more than five or six hundred dollars.

Niles comes in

FRASIER: Hi Niles! Where's Maris? Are you two **taking** separate elevators again?

NILES: Oh, no, I'm afraid Maris **is having** one of her episodes. In the middle of dressing for the evening, she suddenly **slumped down** on the edge of the bed in her half-slip and sighed. Of course, I knew **then and there** that dinner **was not to be**. Well, I'll just have to **make**

the best of it... Hi-ho Daphne, you're looking wonderful this evening!

FRASIER: What's in the bag?

NILES: Just a little **treat** I **picked up** for dad: some Devonshire Clotted Cream.

FRASIER: For... dad?

DAPHNE: I love Devonshire Clotted Cream.

NILES: Isn't that lucky - you two can **share** it.

DAPHNE: I'll just go and **pop** this in the fridge.

NILES: I'm **having** a thought, Frasier. **Since** Maris has **sadly dropped out** and we **do** have **an extra space**, perhaps we should invite Daphne to **join us** for the evening. **I mean**, it is a table for four, and three is **such an awkward** number, you know, at a dinner.

FRASIER: What are you doing?

NILES: Nothing, nothing... Oh **for goodness sake**, Frasier! I'm a **happily married** man! Maris **means the world to me**. Why, **just the other day** I kissed her **for no reason whatsoever**.

DAPHNE: Well, **I'm off to** my poker game. It was nice seeing you again, Dr Crane... Oh, wait a minute! I'm getting something on you...

FRASIER: *(to Niles)* She's psychic. We've decided to **find it charming**.

DAPHNE: You have **occasional** bouts of colitis, don't you?

NILES: Yes! Frasier... she's phenomenal!

DAPHNE: It's a gift. Well, cheerio!

FRASIER: Niles, **you've never had** colitis **a day** in your life!

NILES: I know, but I **couldn't bear** to disappoint her...

MARTIN: 'Kay! I'm ready to go!

FRASIER: Ah, dad, what happened **to** your suit?

MARTIN: Oh, it's **at the cleaners**. I **got** some cream chicken on it **at** Phil's retirement dinner **last night**. **You** can't **keep** anything nice.

NILES: Well, I'm sure the Cigare Volant has a dress code...

FRASIER: Niles, **may I borrow** your phone? Thank you so much. *(on Niles's phone)* Yes hello, this is Dr Frasier Crane; I have a reservation tonight. I'm calling **to**

inquire about your minimum dress code. Crane. Frasier. Doctor! Well, what do you... **we've had** the reservation **for over a week!** They've lost our reservation.

NILES: Give me that. Listen, this is Dr Niles Crane. **I've never been treated** so **shabbily** in my entire life and **I've a good mind to come over there** and create an **embarrassing** scene.

FRASIER: Niles, they've already **hung up...**

NILES: Hah... thank God! Well, what now, Frasier? It's Saturday night, quarter-to-eight, and we're not going to get in anywhere.

MARTIN: Hey, I know! **Why don't I** take us all to The Timber Mill? It's great! You can get a steak **this thick** for \$8.95!

NILES: Ah... **honestly**, dad, that **doesn't sound like the kind of restaurant we'd like.**

MARTIN: Well, I was willing to go to **your place...**

FRASIER: Dad, I think **we'd better** just **take a rain check.**

MARTIN: Oh gee, I was looking forward **to spending** an evening with you boys. But we can do it **some other time.** **I'm sure** Daphne's got something in the fridge I can **heat up...**

FRASIER: You know, **on second thought**, I'm really **in the mood for** a good steak! You know, **the point of the whole thing** is not exactly where we have dinner, but **that** the three of us **have** an evening together as a family! Right?

MARTIN: Ah, **you won't be sorry!** They've got five different **toppings** for your baked potato!

FRASIER: Oh, did you hear that, Niles?

NILES: **I'm sold!**

MARTIN: We'll bring you a bone, Eddie! (*Eddie does not respond*) He's **ecstatic.**

TIM-BERRR!

The Timber Mill, a lively American restaurant with a homely, informal atmosphere. Martin, Frasier and Niles enter. Martin looks very at home; his sons, however, are conspicuous both in their expensive suits and the disdainful attitude with which they regard the place.

MARTIN: Quite a place, huh? Used to be a real working saw-mill!

FRASIER: Until somebody **stated the obvious** and said: 'Hey, let's **turn this place into** a restaurant!'

MARTIN: I just walk in here and my **mouth starts watering**. **There's nothing like** the smell of charbroiled meat.

NILES: This aroma's **triggering** a sense memory. Something **familiar**. Oh, of course, Maris in her home tanning bed.

HOSTESS: Hi! Welcome to The Timber Mill.

FRASIER: You don't have a table for three... **do you?**

HOSTESS: Sure, **right this way**. Is this your first visit to The Timber Mill? Well, we've got a dress code.

FRASIER: Oh well, couldn't you **make an exception** in this case - his suit was at the cleaners...

HOSTESS: Not him. You.

She suddenly produces a big pair of scissors and snips off Frasier's tie; another waitress does the same to Niles.

FRASIER: My tie! She **cut off** my tie!

MARTIN: **Gotcha!** Ain't that great? **They've been doing it for years!** They **like to keep the place casual**.

NILES: Dad, you **could have mentioned** that **to** us.

MARTIN: What, and **spoil the fun?** Ah, **cheer up!** You get a **free** dessert!

FRASIER: **Oh boy**. Well, **I guess** you're right, dad; it's just a tie... a Hugo Boss tie.

WAITRESS: Hi, **can I get** you **guys** something from the bar?

FRASIER: Oh dear God yes.

NILES: I'll **have** a Stoli Gibson **on the rocks**, with three pearl onions.

FRASIER: If you bring him two - if you bring him four - he'll send it back.

MARTIN: I'll have a Ballantine.

NILES: *(to Frasier)* **Say, funny thing** happened **the other day**: one of my patients had a rather amusing **Freudian slip**. He **was having** dinner with his wife, and he **meant to** say 'pass the salt', but **instead** he said: 'You've **ruined my life**, you **blood-sucking** shrew...'

MARTIN: Bet she didn't like that.

NILES: No, no dad, she didn't. Say, how was your buddy's retirement party last night?

MARTIN: Oh, it was great. You know, I really miss those guys. **Bad news, though.** Remember Mo Hanson? The desk captain of my old precinct? Killed in a boating accident. Well, at least he **went quick.** Hank Grinsky - well, he had three bypasses before he went. Jimmy Bourbon, he had **this weird disease.** I went to visit him in the hospital; **by the time** he died, his skin was all yellow, **wasted away to nothing.** Nice nurse, **though - Betty I think her name was.**

WAITRESS: I see we have a couple of **first-timers** here! **Let me tell you** how it **works.** Every entree **comes with** soup or a trip to the salad bar: one trip only, please! Also **included** is our famous garlic cheese bread. And now if you're ready, you can claim your steaks.

NILES: Claim our steaks?

MARTIN: You **get to pick** the cut you want **off** the beef trolley!

FRASIER: How much **extra would I have to pay** to get **one** from the refrigerator?

MARTIN: **Would you** just pick your steak?

NILES: I'd like a petit filet mignon, very **lean** - not so lean that it **lacks flavor,** but not so fat that it leaves drippings on the plate. And I don't want it cooked - just lightly seared on **either** side, pink in the middle; not a true pink, but not a mauve **either,** something in between. **Bearing in mind the slightest error either way,** and it's **ruined.**

WAITRESS: Okay... How about you?

FRASIER: Could I see the other side of **that one?** (*points queasily at a steak*)

MARTIN: Just bring us those three: medium-rare, all the **fixings.**

Later. They are halfway through their salads when a waiter takes away their plates.

MARTIN: Isn't this great? They have the best Thousand Island Dressing **in town.**

FRASIER: I know, I saw the plaque by the **cash register.**

WAITRESS: Here we go: three boiled onions, medium-rare!

FRASIER: What? We've barely touched our salads!

MARTIN: Great service, huh?

NILES: Yes. With any luck we should be completing our dining experience in less than twenty minutes.

WAITRESS: If you're not ready I could put this under the heat lamp...

FRASIER: Oh no, that won't be necessary young lady, I'm as ready as I'll ever be...

WAITRESS: Alright. Let me know if I can get you anything else.

MARTIN: You know, I don't mind you guys being tough on this place, but you could be a little nicer to the waitress.

FRASIER: You're right. I'll apologize when she comes with the dessert. Which should be any time now.

MARTIN: Sometimes there's nothing like a good steak.

FRASIER: I wish this was one of those times.

MARTIN: What's wrong?

FRASIER: Well, I don't mean to complain, but...

MARTIN: Well then don't! For your information, these steaks come from prized beef raised at... What the hell are you doing?

NILES: Something seems to have fallen in my potato.

MARTIN: Those are bacon bits!

NILES: But I didn't ask for them.

MARTIN: I ordered all the fixings. You got all the fixings.

NILES: But I don't eat bacon because of the nitrates.

MARTIN: No problem. They're artificial. They're made out of soy.

FRASIER: They really look out for your health here, don't they? *(Niles and Frasier laugh)*

MARTIN: Everybody in this restaurant's enjoying the dinner. Can't you guys do the same?

FRASIER: Niles, is Maris organizing the Arts Council benefit again this year?

NILES: As a matter of fact, she is.

FRASIER: Where are they holding it?

NILES: Well, they **haven't picked a spot** yet... **perhaps** I should tell them about **this place!** I'd like to be **a fly on the wall** that night!

FRASIER: You wouldn't be the only one!

MARTIN: Alright, **that's it! I've had enough of** you two **jack-asses.** **I've spent** the whole night **listening** to you **making cracks** about the food and the help. Well, **I got news for you:** people **like this place.** I like this place. And when you **insult** this restaurant, you insult me. You know, I **used to** think you two **took after** your mother, **liking** the ballet and all that, but your mother liked a good **ballgame** too. She **even had** a hot dog **once in a while.** She **may have had fancy tastes,** but she had too much **class** to **ever make me or anybody else feel second-rate.** If she **saw the way** you two **have behaved** tonight, she'd **be ashamed.** I know **I am.** I'm going **over to Duke's** for a **night-cap.**

FRASIER: Well, at least **let us take** you there!

MARTIN: I'll **take a cab!** I've had enough of you two for one night. **Leave** the waitress a good **tip.** She deserves it.

FRASIER: Niles, say something! I feel terrible.

NILES: Oh, **so do I...**

FRASIER: You know, **the sad thing is, he's right about** us.

NILES: **Have** we really become **such snobs?**

FRASIER: **You don't see** anybody else **driving** their father out into the street to drink, do you? Niles, we've got to apologize to dad. We'll give him a couple of hours to **cool down over at Duke's,** and then **when he gets home,** we'll **settle this thing.**

NILES: **Absolutely. We've been** just **horrid.** Frasier... do you think we've **actually** lost the ability to appreciate **the simple things?** Steak, potatoes... fixings?

FRASIER: I'm afraid **so.** Well, you know, **the thing is,** this is good food! **I mean,** it's not too **fancy** but it's good, **wholesome** American fare!

NILES: You know Frasier, as a **tribute** to dad, I think we should sit here **until we have cleaned** our plates.

FRASIER: Well, **I'm game if you are!** We're going to prove that we are not snobs.

NILES: Absolutely...