

FRASIER  
"Space Quest"  
#40571-002

Written by  
Sy Dukane  
&  
Denise Moss

Created and Developed by

David Angell  
Peter Casey  
David Lee

Directed by  
James Burrows

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FRASIER  
"Space Quest"  
#40571-002  
SECOND REVISION 8/17/93

FRASIER  
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CAST

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

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SETS

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM  
INT. FRASIER'S KITCHEN  
INT. RADIO STUDIO  
INT. CAFE NERVOSA  
INT STORAGE LOCKER

FRASIER - "Space Quest" #40571-002

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ACT ONE

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

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

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

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

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

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

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

\*\*\*\* SCENE OMITTED \*\*\*\* \*

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

\*\*\*\* SCENE OMITTED \*\*\*\* \*

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END OF ACT TWO

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FRASIER

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ACT ONE

A

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

FRASIER (V.O.)

(GROANING) ...uhhhh...

FADE IN:

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

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

DAPHNE

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

FRASIER

(YAWNING) ...uhhh...

DAPHNE

\*

Not a morning person, are we?

(PRATTING ON) Well never you mind.

I am. Can't very well be a good health care provider if you're not up with the cock. I've already taken your father for his morning constitutional. Such a remarkable man. Thirty years on the police force. I can see why you'd want him to live here. Although not many sons would do that. Not without getting paid for it. Anyway, coffee's made and I took the liberty of doing a shop. They don't serve much tripe in Seattle, do they?

FRASIER JUST STARES AT HER, TRYING TO FOCUS.

FRASIER

And you are...

DAPHNE

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

FRASIER

(SHAKING IT OFF) Oh, yes. Of course. You'll have to excuse me, I'm not myself until I've showered and shaved.

DAPHNE

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

FRASIER

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

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

MARTIN

The half and half's curdled and the garbage disposal is jammed.

FRASIER

Good morning to you too, Dad.

MARTIN

Morning was two hours ago. (SOTTO; INDICATING ROBE) And close that barn door, we got a lady in the house now.

FRASIER FUMBLES WITH HIS ROBE, THEN POURS HIMSELF SOME COFFEE AND TAKES A SIP. IT STINKS.

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

And didn't that just dress it up.  
HE POURS CUP INTO THE SINK.

MARTIN

I like it. It's got zing. Now go  
sit down. Your breakfast is ready.  
FRASIER AND MARTIN CROSS INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

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

MARTIN CROSSES BACK INTO THE KITCHEN.

\*

FRASIER

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

MARTIN (O.S.)

You want cheese on that?

FRASIER

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

FRASIER CROSSES TOWARD THE FRONT DOOR, GRUMBLING TO HIMSELF.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Can't have my coffee. Can't have my breakfast.

HE PAUSES AT THE SIGHT OF MARTIN'S BARCALOUNGER.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

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

HE OPENS THE DOOR AND LOOKS DOWN AT AN EMPTY MAT.



FRASIER (CONT'D) \*

Where's my paper? Who the hell took  
my newspaper? Mrs. Everly, you old  
bat, I know it's you!

DAPHNE

Yoo hoo.

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

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

It's right here. We brought it in  
for you.

FRASIER \*

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

DAPHNE

Don't worry, we won't tell you what's  
in it.

FRASIER

That's not the point. I like to read my paper fresh, unsullied. I know it may seem odd, but don't we all have our own little quirks?

DAPHNE

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

FRASIER

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

MARTIN STICKS HIS HEAD OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

MARTIN

Change your mind about the cheese?

FRASIER

Can you come in here, please?

MARTIN CROSSES.

DAPHNE

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

FRASIER

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

DAPHNE

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

## FRASIER

\*

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

MARTIN

(TO DAPHNE) Get used to it.

MARTIN EXITS BACK TO THE KITCHEN.

DAPHNE

\*

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

FRASIER

(MORTIFIED) Oh dear God.

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

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Down, Eddie. Down.

EDDIE REMAINS.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

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

EDDIE'S A STATUE.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

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

MARTIN POPS HIS HEAD IN.

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

I'm trying to.

MARTIN

I'm talking to the dog.

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

FRASIER

Don't even think about it.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

B

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

WE'RE EXTREMELY TIGHT ON FRASIER'S FACE.

FRASIER

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

ROZ LEANS INTO HER MIC.

ROZ

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

FRASIER PUNCHES A BUTTON ON THE PHONE.

FRASIER

Hello, Leonard. I'm listening.

LEONARD (V.O.)

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

FRASIER

Yes, Leonard, and your comments on  
intrusion?

LEONARD (V.O.)

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

FRASIER

It sounds as if you may have a  
serious condition called agoraphobia.  
But you are not alone.

LEONARD (V.O.)

But I am alone, Dr. Crane.

FRASIER

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

FRASIER CUTS HIS MIC AND TAKES OFF HIS HEADSET.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Yeah, right.

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

ROZ

You want your messages?

FRASIER HITS BUTTON ON CONSOLE.



FRASIER

\*

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

ROZ

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

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

BULLDOG

Hey, Doc. How they hanging?

FRASIER

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

BULLDOG

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

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

FRASIER

Now?

BULLDOG

I go on in five minutes.

BULLDOG UNLOADS HIS CART ONTO THE DESK: BELLS, WHISTLES,  
GONGS. HE'S SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING.

BULLDOG (CONT'D) \*

Hey, where's my Cosell tape?

Somebody stole my Cosell tape! This  
stinks! This is total B.S.! This...

(LOOKS ON HIS CART) Oh, here it is.

FRASIER IS VIRTUALLY PUSHED OUT OF HIS BOOTH.

FRASIER

I'll just get out of your way.

GRABBING HIS BOOK, FRASIER HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

BULLDOG \*

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

HE KNOCKS HIS HEAD WITH HIS FIST. \*

BULLDOG (CONT'D)

That'll turn him 'round.

FRASIER

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

BULLDOG

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

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

ROZ

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

FRASIER MOVES ABOUT THE BOOTH AS IF BORED.

ROZ (CONT'D)

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

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

ROZ (CONT'D)

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

(MORE)

ROZ (CONT'D)

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

FRASIER FIDDLES WITH A KNOB.

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

WE SEE BULLDOG RIP THE HEADPHONES OFF.

BULLDOG

(YELLS) Hey!

FRASIER

(INTO MIC) Sorry, Bulldog.

ROZ

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

ROZ HANGS UP. FRASIER'S TAKEN ABACK.

FRASIER

That was your mother?

ROZ

Yeah, why?

FRASIER

You talk to your mother like that?

ROZ

We're both adults. We talk about  
everything.

FRASIER

Well, isn't that healthy.

ROZ

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

FRASIER

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

ROZ

Really?

FRASIER

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

BULLDOG PRESSES A BUTTON ON HIS CONSOLE.

\*  
\*  
\*

BULLDOG

Hey sweetcakes, you seen my engineer?

ROZ

I think he's talking to you, Frasier.

BULLDOG

(IMPATIENT) Come on, come on.

ROZ PRESSES THE INTERCOM ON HER BOARD.

ROZ

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

(MORE)

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ROZ (CONT'D) \*

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

FRASIER

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

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

ENGINEER

Man, it's coming down out there.

Sorry I'm late.

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

FRASIER

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

ENGINEER

Good luck. The garage is flooded.

ON FRASIER'S REACTION AS HE EXITS WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

C

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

SPFX: RAIN

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

FRASIER

Hello?

ABSOLUTE SILENCE.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Dad? Daphne? Eddie?

SILENCE.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Could it be?



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

DAPHNE

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

MARTIN AND DAPHNE BREAK OUT IN RAUCOUS LAUGHTER.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

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

FRASIER

Oh glory be, oh happy day.

MARTIN GOES TO HIS BARCALOUNGER AND SITS DOWN.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

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

DAPHNE

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

FRASIER

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

DAPHNE GLANCES AT HER WATCH. IT'S A LITTLE EARLY.

DAPHNE

I see.

SHE EXITS INTO THE KITCHEN.

MARTIN

What are you reading?

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

I might. Any good?

FRASIER

I haven't formed an opinion yet.

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

MARTIN

(LOOKING AT BOOK) Thick.

FRASIER

Yes, it is.

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

No problem.

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

FRASIER

What are you doing?

MARTIN

I'm leaving you alone.

FRASIER

Well, it's very annoying.

MARTIN

I'm just breathing.

FRASIER

But do you have to do it so often?

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

Alright, you want to know my problem?

I can't get a moment alone in my own house.

MARTIN

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

MARTIN STARTS TO WALK OUT.

FRASIER

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Perhaps just  
evenings.

MARTIN

I heard that.

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

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

FRASIER RISES.

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

Believe me, at this moment, it sounds  
inviting.

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

MARTIN

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

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

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOD

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS "THE BOY IN THE BUBBLE." \*

FADE IN:

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

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

WAITER

Anything else?

FRASIER \*

No, thank you.

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

WAITER \*

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

FRASIER \*

Yes, I am.

WAITER

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

FRASIER

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

THE WAITER JUST STANDS THERE, LOOKING AT FRASIER.

WAITER

I'm in a band.

FRASIER

Another double espresso.

WAITER

I hear you.

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

NILES

Hello there, Frasier.

FRASIER

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

NILES

Is that any way to speak to your brother?

FRASIER

Oh, I'm sorry, Niles. I'm desperately trying to finish this book and no matter where I light, I get interrupted.

NILES SITS AND NOTICES FRASIER'S BOOK.

NILES

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

FRASIER SLAMS BOOK SHUT.

FRASIER

Oh great! Now you've ruined the ending!

NILES

I'm sorry. That was inconsiderate.

THE WAITER PASSES BY.

NILES (CONT'D)

(TO WAITER) Cafe latte, per piacere.

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

FRASIER

I don't want to play our game.

\*

\*



NILES

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

NILES HITS A CUP WITH A SPOON.

NILES (CONT'D)

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

FRASIER

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

NILES

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

FRASIER

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

NILES

And how's work?

FRASIER

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

NILES

Well what are the alternatives?

FRASIER

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

NILES

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

FRASIER

Refresh me.

NILES

You wanted to get closer to Dad.

FRASIER

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

NILES

So what you're saying is you want to  
be closer to Dad, but you don't  
actually want him around?

FRASIER LETS THIS SINK IN. \*

NILES (CONT'D) \*

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

FRASIER

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

FRASIER RISES.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

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

NILES

And you're a good brother too.

FRASIER STARTS OUT.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

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

NILES

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

FRASIER

You're so predictable!

AS FRASIER EXITS, WE:

CUT TO:

E

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS "TWO MINUTE  
WARNING." \*

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

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

FRASIER

Daphne!

DAPHNE ENTERS.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

What are my things doing here? My  
leather wing chair. My Tisami lamp.

DAPHNE

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

(MORE)

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

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

FRASIER

Oh. Of course.

DAPHNE

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

FRASIER

Ah yes, Kyle. Give him my best.

DAPHNE

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

FRASIER

The brown one.

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

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

Ah, forget about it. I already have.

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

Right now?

FRASIER

Yes. Now would be a perfect time.

MARTIN

Later would be a more perfect time.

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

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

\*

\*

\*

FRASIER

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

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

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Now come over here and sit down.

THEY SIT AT OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE TABLE.

MARTIN

So what do you want to talk about?

FRASIER

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

FRASIER STARTS THE TIMER.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Ready...go.

MARTIN

This is stupid.

FRASIER STOPS THE TIMER.

FRASIER

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

FRASIER RESETS THE TIMER.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Ready... Go.

THERE'S AN AWKWARD PAUSE.



MARTIN

So how 'bout those...

FRASIER STOPS THE TIMER.

FRASIER

No sports.

MARTIN

Then no opera.

FRASIER

Agreed.

MARTIN

Three minutes huh?

FRASIER

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

FRASIER RESETS THE TIMER.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Ready...go.

THERE'S ANOTHER LONG SILENCE.

MARTIN

Well this was your idea. You say something first.

FRASIER

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

FRASIER STOPS. THERE'S A PAUSE.

MARTIN

And you didn't jump, right?

FRASIER

Good, Dad.

MARTIN

Wow. I never knew that.

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

Okay...

HE GATHERS HIMSELF BEFORE THE PLUNGE.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Well about two months ago, I was in the basement going through some old pictures of your mother and me. All of a sudden something flew up in my eye. When I was trying to get it out, I realized I could turn my eyelid inside out like kids do at camp.

FRASIER

That's it? You call that vulnerable?

MARTIN

It hurt.

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

Other than this one?

FRASIER

Ah, always the flip answer.

MARTIN

Well this whole thing is stupid.

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

You said cold twice, Mr. Egghead.

FRASIER

Egghead? Egghead?

MARTIN

You said egghead twice, too.

FRASIER

Oh, you are so infuriating!

MARTIN

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

SFX: EGG TIMER DINGS

MARTIN (CONT'D)

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

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

FRASIER

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

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

MARTIN

Oh will you give it a rest?

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

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

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

out of here. Then you can have your own space and I can have my own space and we can put an end to this bickering.

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

Except for one thing. I'm not going.

FRASIER

What?

MARTIN

You heard me. I'm not going.

FRASIER PONDERES THIS FOR A MOMENT, THEN BEGINS TO CHUCKLE

FRASIER

You had me there for a minute.

Trying to undercut a difficult moment with that famous Crane levity.

FRASIER CONTINUES TO LAUGH.

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

I...I...

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

But we're having serious problems here.

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

Is it so wrong to want that?

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

A couple of years, huh?

MARTIN

Eh, it'll go by before you know it.

FRASIER

Either that or it'll seem like eternity.

THEY BOTH CHUCKLE. \*

MARTIN \*

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

FRASIER \*

Okay.

MARTIN

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

FRASIER \*

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

MARTIN \*

(BEAT) I meant for me.

FRASIER

Oh right, right.

AS FRASIER MOVES TO THE KITCHEN, WE: \*

DISSOLVE TO:



H

\*

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

SCENE OMITTED

J

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS "SANCTUARY."

WE HEAR A LILTING VIVALDI CONCERTO.

FADE IN:

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

SCENE OMITTED

END OF ACT TWO