

FRASIER

"A Midwinter Night's Dream"

by

Chuck Ranberg

and

Anne Flett-Giordano

WRITER'S FIRST DRAFT  
November 30, 1993

FRASIER

"A Midwinter Night's Dream"

#40571-015

ACT ONE

A

FADE IN:

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

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

NILES

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

WAITER

Cinnamon or chocolate on that?

NILES

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

FRASIER

Steamed almond milk, please.

THE WAITER NODS AND CROSSES TO THE COUNTER.

NILES

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

FRASIER

You know me so well.

NILES

Is is something I've done?

FRASIER

No, it has nothing to do with you.

NILES

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

FRASIER

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

NILES

Really, Frasier, fighting with a  
priest?

FRASIER

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

NILES

And now you feel guilty.

FRASIER

He's just as guilty as I am.

NILES

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

DAPHNE ENTERS THE CAFE. NILES INSTANTLY PERKS.

NILES (CONT'D)

Oh look, it's Daphne. Daphne!

DAPHNE

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

THE WAITER APPEARS WITH NILES' AND FRASIER'S ORDER.

FRASIER

You should've told me. I could've saved you the trip.

NILES

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

WAITER

(TO DAPHNE) Can I get you something?

DAPHNE

Two pounds of the Kenya blend, please.

WAITER

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

DAPHNE

Thank you.

WAITER

Most people find it too intense.

DAPHNE

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

NILES FREEZES, HIS CUP HALFWAY TO HIS LIPS.

FRASIER

Niles, there are flecks of foam on  
your lip.

NILES

Really? I haven't even sipped yet.

WAITER

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

DAPHNE

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

NILES REACTS.

WAITER

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

NILES

I really don't think...

DAPHNE

I'd love to.

THEY CROSS TO THE COUNTER.

NILES

Don't be long. (THEN) Frasier,  
that man is hitting on our Daphne!

FRASIER

And she seems to be enjoying it.

NILES

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

AT THE COUNTER, DAPHNE AND WAITER LAUGH.

FRASIER

Yes, she's a brave little soul.

NILES

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

FRASIER

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

NILES

Stop staring at her chest, you lecherous oaf!

FRASIER

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

NILES

She's giving him her phone number!

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

FRASIER

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

NILES

(DEFENSIVE) Fine. Why do you ask?

FRASIER

No particular reason.

NILES

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

FRASIER

What's she doing these days?

NILES

Oh God knows.

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

DAPHNE

Well I'm off.



NILES

So soon?

DAPHNE

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

NILES' FACE DROPS.

FRASIER

"Eric"?

DAPHNE

(INDICATES WAITER) The red.

Always was partial to redheads.

SHE WAVES TO HIM, HE SMILES AND WAVES BACK.

NILES

But you know nothing about him.

DAPHNE

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

FRASIER

Bye Daphne.

SHE EXITS. NILES IS BESIDE HIMSELF.

NILES

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

FRASIER

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

NILES

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

FRASIER

But that's very common.

NILES

I know. That's what's humiliating. We used to be so giddy and romantic. I don't mind telling you sometimes we'd get so carried away we wouldn't even wait for the servants' night off.

FRASIER

Well there's nothing that says you can't be that way again. You just have to find a way to spice things up. When Lilith and I got tired of the routine, we'd take a bath together. Sometimes we worked up quite a lather.

NILES

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

FRASIER

What about surprising her in the shower?

NILES

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

FRASIER

I can see where that would shrivel any thoughts of romance. But there must be something you can do.

NILES

I could buy her a new Mercedes.

FRASIER

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

NILES

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

AS FRASIER CONTEMPLATES THE INFINITE, WE...

FADE OUT

B

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

ROZ IS IN HER BOOTH AS FRASIER ARRIVES FOR WORK.

FRASIER

Hey Roz, how are you?

ROZ

Okay. Father Mike was just here.  
He left this note for you.

FRASIER

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

ROZ

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

FRASIER

Yes well I think Father Mike should  
take a page from his own book. How  
did you know that quote, anyway?

ROZ

I grew up in Wisconsin. That's the kind of thing you pick up on the streets.

FRASIER

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

ROZ

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

FRASIER

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

ROZ

On what?

FRASIER

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

ROZ

You're having sex?!

FRASIER

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

ROZ

I dump the guy.

FRASIER

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

ROZ

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

FRASIER

So you used fantasy and role playing.

ROZ

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

FRASIER

Sorry.

ROZ

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

FRASIER

But in a real relationship that's unavoidable.

ROZ

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

FRASIER

It's not me.

ROZ

Sure it is. You'd look adorable sliding down a pole in your big red hat.



FRASIER

I mean -- oh you know what I mean.

ROZ

You're on in thirty seconds, ladder  
boy.

HE CROSSES INTO HIS BOOTH.

ROZ (CONT'D)

(OVER INTERCOM) How about a  
musketeer?

FRASIER

Thank you Roz.

ROZ

(INTERCOM) A Mouseketeer?

SHE SIGNALS HE'S ON THE AIR.

FRASIER

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

AND WE....

FADE OUT.

C

BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS: "AHOY, MATEY!"

FADE IN:

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

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

SFX: DOORBELL. MORE DOORBELL. FRANTIC DOORBELL.

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

FRASIER

Niles!?

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

NILES

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

FRASIER

Why? What for?

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

FRASIER

Oh my God.

MARTIN ENTERS IN HIS ROBE.

MARTIN

What's going on out here? Niles?

NILES

Hello, Dad.

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

MARTIN

Never mind, I don't want to know.

NILES

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

MARTIN

Keep going.

FRASIER

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

NILES

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

FRASIER

Yes, and...

NILES

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

MARTIN

Dressed like that?

NILES

Actually, I was only wearing my eyepatch.

HE TAKES THE EYEPATCH OUT OF HIS POCKET.

MARTIN

That's all, brother.

NILES

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

(MORE)

NILES (CONT'D)

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

FRASIER

Didn't you explain?

NILES

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

A BEAT. MARTIN LOOKS HIM OVER.

MARTIN

I sent you to Yale for this?

NILES

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

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

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

NILES

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

FRASIER

I know it looks bad now, but tonight you can sleep here on the sofa and tomorrow in the clear light of day I'm sure Maris will realize you were telling the truth.

NILES

What if she doesn't?

FRASIER

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

FRASIER EXITS DOWN THE HALL.

NILES

I feel the perfect fool.

MARTIN

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

NILES

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

MARTIN

Daphne's not here. She and Eric went out again tonight.

NILES

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

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

MARTIN

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

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

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

Sounds like you've had a lot of practice.

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

Yeah, well, look at your options.



FRASIER

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

NILES SITS DOWN ON THE SOFA, FORLORN.

NILES

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

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

Goodnight, son.

NILES

Goodnight.

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

DAPHNE

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

ERIC

Me too.

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

DAPHNE

Well, goodnight.

ERIC

Goodnight.

THEY KISS AGAIN. NILES IS DYING.

DAPHNE

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

ERIC

I'll call you.

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

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

D

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

FRASIER, MARTIN, AND DAPHNE ARE FINISHING BREAKFAST.

MARTIN

I wonder how it's going.

FRASIER

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

DAPHNE

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

FRASIER

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

THEY ALL SPEAK AT ONCE IN LOUD VOICES AS NILES ENTERS IN A  
BATHROBE.

MARTIN

Sonics did great last night.

DAPHNE

Cold today, you say?

FRASIER

Personally I prefer mine with  
walnuts.

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Oh hey, Niles, how'd it go?

NILES

She listened.

MARTIN

Did she believe you?

NILES

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

MARTIN

People really take mud baths? I  
mean I've heard of it but I've  
never actually known anyone who's  
done it.

FRASIER

Yes Dad, people do it all the time.

MARTIN

Why? What's it do?

FRASIER

Damned if I know.

DAPHNE

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

NILES

Eric, Eric, Eric! Must everything come back to you, Daphne??  
(INSTANTLY SORRY) Oh God. Forgive me. I'm so upset I don't know what I'm saying. I'm trash, I'm garbage, I'm something on your shoe...

FRASIER

Try to calm down, Niles.  
Everything is going to work out. I know just what you should do --

MARTIN

Ah, Frasier, haven't we been down this road before? Let Niles and Maris work out their own problems.

FRASIER

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

NILES

A dinner?

FRASIER

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

DAPHNE

Bravo, Dr. Crane.

NILES

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

FRASIER

Why?

NILES

Scandal spreads fast among the support staff. The cook walked out this morning.

DAPHNE

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

NILES

You would do that for me?

DAPHNE

Of course.

FRASIER

Then everything's settled.

MARTIN

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

AS WE...

FADE OUT.

E

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

SFX: THUNDER

FADE IN:

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

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

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

NILES

In here, come warm yourself by the  
fire.

DAPHNE

Thank you. It's quite trecherous  
out there. Power lines are down,  
tree limbs are lying in the road...



NILES

You poor thing, you got soaked just coming up the driveway.

DAPHNE

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

NILES

Actually, I'm the lucky one.

DAPHNE

(TOUCHED) Ohh.

NILES

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

DAPHNE

They'd locked her in?

NILES

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

DAPHNE

You knew you were meant to be together.

NILES

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

DAPHNE

She did?

NILES

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

DAPHNE

The windows are lovely.

NILES

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

HE STARTS TO EXIT. SUDDENLY DAPHNE BURSTS INTO TEARS.

NILES (CONT'D)

Daphne, what is it?

DAPHNE

(SOBBING) Nothing.

NILES

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

DAPHNE

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

NILES

He did?

DAPHNE

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

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

NILES

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

DAPHNE

Thank you for letting me cry on  
your shoulder.

NILES

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

DAPHNE

I just couldn't hold it in any  
longer.

NILES

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

SFX: TELEPHONE

NILES JUMPS, AS IF CAUGHT, STARTLING DAPHNE.

NILES (CONT'D)

Sorry. It's the phone.

SFX: PHONE KEEPS RINGING

NILES CONTINUES TO HOLD DAPHNE.

DAPHNE

Aren't you going to answer it?

NILES

The machine will pick up after six rings.

DAPHNE

But it might be Mrs. Crane.

NILES IS REALLY TORN. DAMN! HE RELUCTANTLY CROSSES TO A NEARBY EXTENSION.

NILES

(INTO PHONE) Niles Crane... Oh

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

NILES LOOKS AT DAPHNE, ALL BACKLIT FROM THE FIRE AND GLISTENING FROM THE RAIN...

NILES (CONT'D)

Maris, you have to come home! Well  
it's a bad storm but it's not that  
bad...

ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

SFX: MORE THUNDER.

NILES (CONT'D)

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

DAPHNE

What happened?

ANOTHER HUGE FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

SFX: A BIG THUNDERCLAP.

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

NILES

The electricity just went out.

ON NERVOUS ANTICIPATION ALL AROUND, WE...

FADE OUT.

H

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

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

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

That's what you think.

FRASIER

Who was that on the phone?

MARTIN

Daphne. The power went out at Niles' and the gates won't open. The storm's so bad she shouldn't be driving anyway, so I told her to spend the night.

FRASIER

What about her date with Eric?

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

And you told Daphne to spend the night?

MARTIN

What's wrong with that?



FRASIER

Why don't you just invite the fox  
to sleep in with the chickens?!  
Haven't you noticed Niles has a  
"thing" for her?

MARTIN

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

FRASIER CROSSES TO GET HIS COAT.

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

I'm going over there.

MARTIN

Are you nuts? You're gonna drive  
in this weather?

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

Then I'm going too.

FRASIER

You just said I was nuts.

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

I just hope we make it in time!

AS THEY EXIT...

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

FADE OUT.

J

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

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

DAPHNE

Oh Dr. Crane, you play beautifully.

NILES

I...uh...oh.

DAPHNE

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

NILES

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

DAPHNE

Thank you.

NILES

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

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

DAPHNE

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

NILES

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

DAPHNE

Yes?

NILES

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

HE QUICKLY EXITS AND WE...

FADE OUT.

K

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

SFX: PHONE RINGING.

CLOSE ON: THE PHONE MACHINE AS IT PICKS UP.

FRASIER (V.O.)

Hello, this is Dr. Frasier Crane.

At the sound of the tone, I'm  
listening.

SFX: PHONE MACHINE BEEP.

EDDIE COMES OVER TO LISTEN TO THE FOLLOWING:

NILES (V.O.)

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

SFX: A BURST OF STATIC

THE MACHINE CUTS OFF. EDDIE PONDERES THIS AS WE...

CUT TO:

L

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

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

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

Only in sunshine. In rain it's faster.

FRASIER

Dad, that makes no sense.

MARTIN

I'm telling you, it's faster.

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

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

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

FADE OUT:

N

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

FADE IN:

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

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

NILES

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

DAPHNE STARTS TO CRY SOFTLY.

DAPHNE

I'm sorry.

NILES SITS DOWN BESIDE HER.

NILES

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

(REALIZES) Oh, it's Eric, isn't  
it?



DAPHNE

(NODS) I don't know why I'm being so silly. We weren't together long enough for anything to really happen.

NILES

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

DAPHNE

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

NILES

I know. Sometimes the most powerful feelings come from the promise of what might happen...  
(LOOKS AT HER LONGINGLY) ...Just the anticipation can make all the little hairs on your neck stand on end.

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

DAPHNE

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

NILES

(GETTING CLOSER) Yes, it is.

DAPHNE

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

NILES

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

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

DAPHNE

Dr. Crane...?

NILES

Yes, Daphne.

DAPHNE

I think the fire's gone down.

NILES

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

DAPHNE

But it's down to its last few sticks.

NILES SEES SHE'S NOT BEING METAPHORIC.

NILES

Oh. Oh the fire, of course.

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

HE STARTS TO EXIT.

DAPHNE

Shouldn't you get a raincoat?

NILES

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

HE DASHES OUT, AND WE...

CUT TO:

P

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

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

MARTIN

Must be water in the distributor.

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

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

FRASIER

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

MARTIN

Never could admit it when you made  
a mistake.

FRASIER

Call the auto club. I'm gonna make  
a run for it.

FRASIER GIRDS HIMSELF AGAINST THE STORM AND JUMPS OUT.

MARTIN

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

CUT TO:

Q

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

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

NILES

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

DAPHNE

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

NILES

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

DAPHNE

Well, you're tracking mud all over the carpet.

NILES

What? (LOOKS DOWN) Oh God, if  
Maris sees I've muddied the Persian  
she'll... (HE PICKS SOME MUD OFF  
THE RUG) ....Mud....Maris.

DAPHNE

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

NILES SUDDENLY COMES TO HIS SENSES.

NILES

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

DAPHNE

It's only mud.

A BEAT.

NILES

Love's a funny thing, isn't it?

DAPHNE

Well, not at moment, no.

NILES

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

(MORE)

NILES (CONT'D)

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

DAPHNE

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

NILES

Yes, I suppose I do.

DAPHNE

I hope someday someone will feel  
that way about me.

NILES

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

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



DAPHNE

Thank you. You're a good friend,  
Niles.

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

FRASIER

(PRIMAL SCREAM) STO-OOOOOOOP!

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

FRASIER

Have you two gone mad?

NILES

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

DAPHNE

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

FRASIER

Uuhhh -- no, no, of course not.

NILES

Then just what exactly was it that  
you'd like us to stop?

FRASIER

Well you must stop... playing  
Rachmaninov. Anyone can see this  
is a night for Chopin.

NILES

That's what you came here to say?

FRASIER

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

FRASIER EXITS.

DAPHNE

(PUZZLED) A night for Chopin?

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

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO