

FRASIER

"Trick Or Treatment"

ACT ONE

A

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY -- DAY/1

(FRASIER, NILES, DAPHNE, MARTIN, EDDIE)

FRASIER WEARS A ROBE AND SLIPPERS AS HE SIPS HIS COFFEE AND READS HIS PAPER.

SFX: DOORBELL

FRASIER LOOKS AROUND, REALIZES HE'S ALONE, THEN GETS UP WITH A HUFF TO ANSWER THE DOOR.

NILES STANDS BEFORE HIM HOLDING A FANNED DECK OF PLAYING CARDS.

NILES

Pick a card, any card.

FRASIER

I'm sorry, Niles, but the lithium bar doesn't open until noon.

FRASIER CROSSES BACK TO HIS TABLE. NILES FOLLOWS.

NILES

Please Frasier, I need your help.

FRASIER

And I need at least an hour of sanity every morning to start my day... so it

(MORE)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

looks like we're both going to be disappointed.

NILES

I'll excuse your barbs because you obviously haven't finished transfusing your blood with caffeine, but you must know I wouldn't interrupt you at this hour unless I had an urgent problem.

FRASIER

Very well then, what is it?

NILES FANS THE DECK AGAIN.

NILES

Pick a card, any card.

BEAT.

FRASIER

Off you go.

NILES

Just look at this.

NILES HANDS FRASIER A MAGAZINE.

FRASIER

Seattle Entertainment?

NILES

Page five.

FRASIER

Oh no, don't tell me they accidentally called me Dr. *Crank* again.

NILES

No, but I must confess that it still makes me chuckle when you contend it was an accident.

FRASIER

Good lord, is that your picture?

NILES

And notice how they somehow spelled my name with an e and not a k.

FRASIER

(READING)

"Reknowned illusionist Francisco Magnico is out of seclusion and back thrilling audiences again, thanks to having his agoraphobia cured by Dr. Niles Crane." That's wonderful, Niles. Congratulations.

NILES

Thank you.

FRASIER

But it doesn't explain why you burst in here doing a bad Doug Henning impression.

NILES

Ah, but it does.

NILES FANS HIS DECK FOR A THIRD TIME.

NILES (CONT'D)

And if you'll simply pick a card, I  
will enlighten you as to how.

FRASIER

Fine.

FRASIER PICKS A CARD.

NILES

Look at it and put it back in the deck.  
FRASIER COMPLIES AND NILES SHUFFLES THE DECK.

NILES (CONT'D)

You see, in the course of my liberating  
Francisco from his agoraphobia, he  
revealed something to me that may change  
*my* life even more profoundly than I  
changed his.

NILES PULLS A PIECE OF TIN FOIL OUT HIS POCKET AND  
LAYS THE DECK ON IT.

NILES (CONT'D)

In fact, he shared the most guarded  
secret in the entire magician community.

FRASIER

Why they dedicate their lives to such  
a frivolous occupation in the first  
place?

NILES

Actually, yes.

NILES POURS LIGHTER FLUID ON THE CARDS AND SETS  
THEM ON FIRE.

NILES (CONT'D)

It turns out that women swoon over illusionists. Or as Francisco puts it, "chicks dig tricks."

FRASIER

Well, you can't go wrong following the advice of a man who deceives people for a living.

NILES BLOWS OUT THE FLAME, THEN PULLS THE SINGED REMAINDER OF A CARD FROM THE FOIL.

NILES

Is this your card?

FRASIER HOLDS IT UP AND SQUINTS.

FRASIER

I... can't tell.

NILES GRABS THE DECK.

NILES

(IRRITATED)

This is why I need to practice.

DAPHNE, MARTIN, AND EDDIE ENTER THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR.

DAPHNE

Good morning.

MARTIN

What's that burning smell?

(TO EDDIE)

Did you leave your chew toy on the heating vent again?

FRASIER

Your terrier's not the culprit, Dad.  
The fault lies with a wannabe hound  
dog.

MARTIN

Huh?

FRASIER

Niles is under the impression that he  
needs magic in order to get women.

MARTIN

I figured it might come to that.

(TO NILES)

Listen Son, after I got shot, I was so  
desperate to rejoin the force, I  
actually considered trying a wholistic  
healer. But there's no *magic* formula  
for these things. You've just got to  
keep striking out until you find a  
girl who's lonelier than you.

DAPHNE

(SNIFFING)

It's funny, but if I didn't know better,  
I'd guess somebody was doing the charred  
two of diamonds trick in here. One of  
me old boyfriends used to dazzle me  
with that one all the time.

NILES

You don't say.

DAPHNE

Oh, heavens yes. Some of his tricks got my heart beating so loud, he'd call me his human drum roll. We even made plans to take his act on the road with me as his assistant.

MARTIN

No kidding. What happened?

DAPHNE

I made the mistake of letting him practice with one of my girlfriends one afternoon, and when I walked in on them, he couldn't quite figure out how to make her underthings reappear.

NILES

Oh, you poor dear.

DAPHNE

I was crushed, but I couldn't blame my girlfriend. He was irresistible. Still, I was so angry, I swore I'd get even with him some day by sleeping with another magician. Wasn't that immature of me?

NILES

Absolutely not... I mean, absolutely  
not many people could blame you for  
feeling that way.

DAPHNE SNIFFS THE AIR AGAIN, SMILES, AND EXITS.

NILES HEADS TOWARD THE FRONT DOOR, PULLS OUT HIS  
CELL PHONE AND DIALS.

NILES (CONT'D)

Hello, Nancy, cancel all of my morning  
appointments, then call Francisco and  
tell him I'm on my way over for an  
emergency session.

FADE OUT.



B

FADE IN:

INT. RADIO STUDIO -- DAY -- DAY/1

(FRASIER, ROZ, CALLER V.O.)

FRASIER IS ON THE AIR. ROZ IS IN HER BOOTH.

CALLER (V.O.)

...and frankly, Dr. Crane, I'm scared to death that there will be permanent damage.

FRASIER

I understand, but even if it annoys you when your husband addresses your chihuahua as "kitty, kitty," I don't think little "Ponchito" is in any danger of suffering low self-esteem.

CALLER

Oh, thank you, Dr. Crane. That is such a relief.

FRASIER

You are quite welcome, and until tomorrow, Seattle, keep practicing good mental health.

FRASIER TAKES OFF HIS HEADPHONES. ROZ CROSSES FROM HER BOOTH.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

I don't know what's more depressing, Roz, a woman thinking her dog suffers from low self-esteem, or me having a job where I have to talk to that woman.

ROZ

Considering I'm the lowly underpaid producer who puts the call through, I think I win.

FRASIER

Thanks Roz, way to not make it about yourself for once.

ROZ

Whoa, where did that come from?

FRASIER

I'm sorry, but sometimes I feel less like a psychiatrist than a glorified Dear Abby.

ROZ

That's ridiculous, Frasier.

FRASIER

Do you really think so?

ROZ

Of course. Abby would know how to get that jelly stain out of her tie.

ROZ REACHES FOR FRASIER'S TIE WITH A NAPKIN.

FRASIER

Don't, Roz. This stained tie is the most serious problem I've had to deal with in a month.

(BEAT)

Meanwhile, Niles is curing people of agorophobia.

ROZ

So *that's* what's bothering you.

FRASIER

Well, shouldn't it? I'm fairly certain that when I took the Hippocratic oath, I pledged to heal people, not get ratings high enough to induce Leonard's Bail Bonds to double their ad buy.

ROZ

Wow, the "DUI specialist" doubled his ad buy?

FRASIER

Apparently we're a big hit with the "drink and drive time" demographic... but that's beside the point.

ROZ

I got the point. Niles cured somebody and you got jealous.

(MORE)

ROZ (CONT'D)

So now you'll spend the next week and a half considering going back into private practice, I'll bring you the stack of callers who have requested referrals, and you'll whine about not having enough time or the proper facilities to treat them. Then some caller from six months ago will thank you for sparking her recovery from bulimia, and all of a sudden, you'll forget about private practice and get back to your normal preoccupations of making exclusive dinner reservations and cracking wise about my love life.

FRASIER

He cured a celebrity.

ROZ

I'll go get the referrals.

FADE OUT.

## C

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS, "TRICK OR TREATMENT?"

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT -- DAY/1

(NILES, MARTIN, DAPHNE, FRASIER, SHEILA)

DAPHNE AND MARTIN SIT ON THE COUCH WHILE NILES PULLS SEVERAL MULTICOLORED HANDKERCHIEFS OUT OF HIS SLEEVE.

MARTIN

(APPLAUDING)

That's terrific, Niles.

DAPHNE

Breathtaking is more like it.

NILES CONTINUES PULLING HANKIES.

MARTIN

Really great, son.

THE HANKY STRAND WON'T END.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Really... great.

NILES

Only if everyone in the building drops  
by for a group sneeze.

THE LAST HANKY EMERGES.

NILES (CONT'D)

Finally.

THREE Doves shoot out of Niles' sleeve, startling him and causing him to lose his footing so that three large metal rings fall out of his jacket.

FRASIER ENTERS.

FRASIER

I see you got my message about wanting  
the apartment nice and quiet tonight.

MARTIN

We were just leaving when Niles stopped  
by to show us a trick.

FRASIER

The one where he turns himself into a  
jackass.

MARTIN

That's the one. I'll just grab my  
coat and we'll get out of here.

FRASIER

Let me help you clean up.

FRASIER OPENS THE BALCONY DOOR AND SHOOS THE DOVES  
OUT.

NILES

That was uncalled for.

FRASIER

I'm taking on a patient tonight, Niles,  
and I need this environment to be as  
conducive as possible for mental  
healing.

NILES PICKS UP HIS METAL RINGS AND LOCKS EYES WITH  
DAPHNE.

NILES

Luckily, nothing says "well-balanced"  
like the interlocking ring trick.

FRASIER

Niles, please.

MARTIN GRABS DAPHNE BY THE ARM.

MARTIN

Come along now, Daph. There's a documentary on Houdini playing at the Bijou.

DAPHNE

Houdini? Oooh.

(TO NILES)

Would you like to join us, Dr. Crane?

NILES

More than Pavarotti likes a wheel of Brie, but alas, I have a lessson with Francisco tonight. He's promised to teach me how to swallow a billiard ball.

DAPHNE SQUEALS WITH DELIGHT BEFORE MARTIN PULLS HER OUT THE DOOR.

FRASIER CROSSES OVER TO THE DOOR TO HOLD IT OPEN FOR NILES, WHO IS STILL PICKING HANKIES UP OFF THE FLOOR.

FRASIER

Sorry to hear you're rushing off, ta-ta.

NILES

I have a few minutes. What's this about a new patient?

FRASIER

You needn't concern yourself. I just thought it couldn't hurt to flex my psychiatric muscle with a little face-to-face therapy, just to keep sharp.

NILES

Well, you've been in your booth for quite a while. I hope you won't hesitate to ask for my advice if you need it.

A DOVE FLIES IN FROM THE BALCONY AND PERCHES ON NILES' SHOULDER.

FRASIER

I'll keep you in mind.

SHEILA, AN ATTRACTIVE, WELL-DRESSED WOMAN APPEARS IN THE DOOR THAT FRASIER IS STILL HOLDING OPEN FOR NILES.

SHEILA

Dr. Crane?

FRASIER/NILES

Yes?

FRASIER

I'm Frasier Crane, you must be Sheila. Please come in. This is my brother, Dr. Niles Crane... the magnificent.

SHEILA

Hello.

NILES CARRIES HIS HEAP OF HANKIES AND RINGS TOWARD THE DOOR.



NILES

Charmed. And before I disappear...

FRASIER

No need to collect your wand and pagoda  
box, they'll be here in the morning.  
Goodbye.

FRASIER PUSHES NILES INTO THE HALL.

NILES

But...

FRASIER

Vanish!

FRASIER CLOSSES THE DOOR ON NILES, THEN LEADS SHEILA  
TOWARD THE COUCH.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about that, Sheila. Please  
come in and sit down. Can I offer you  
something to drink?

SHEILA

No, thank you.

THEY SIT.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

God, I can't believe I'm sitting here  
with Frasier Crane.

FRASIER

Mind blowing, isn't it.

(MORE)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

But it's essential that you don't let my radio personality get in the way of your therapy. I want you to think of me as an ordinary psychiatrist conducting an ordinary session...

EDDIE ENTERS AND SITS IN SHEILA'S LAP.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

...in his living room. Shoo, Eddie, shoo.

EDDIE EXITS.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Let me apologize again. You see, I'm only taking on you and perhaps one other patient so I didn't want to go to the trouble of setting up an office, but I wonder now if that wasn't a hastily made decision.

SHEILA

Oh, don't apologize. I feel very comfortable here.

FRASIER

You do?

SHEILA

Oh yes.

FRASIER

I am so happy to hear that. My producer, Roz, insisted that this would be awkward, but now I'm glad that I didn't listen to her.

SHEILA

This isn't awkward at all. And besides, it's only fair that I get to visit you here, considering all of the time you've spent over my place.

FRASIER

Oh good... what's that?

SHEILA

On the radio.

FRASIER

Oh, right... on the radio. Whew. Okay, why don't we get down to business. What brings you here tonight? I'm listening.

SHEILA

Well, I've just recently gone to work as head luncheon chef at Julianne's...

FRASIER

Julianne's? I dine there at least once a month. I didn't know they offered a noontime service.

SHEILA

They didn't until now. They brought me in to start it.

FRASIER

Oh, I promise I won't tell anyone, but did I detect a hint of walnut in the bernaise sauce the last time I was there?

SHEILA

Hazelnut.

FRASIER

Hazelnut! Of course, hazelnut. Anyway, back to you... I'm listening.

SHEILA

Well, at first everything was fine, but after about two hours into my first shift, while I was dicing a tray of cucumbers, I suddenly became overwhelmed with the feeling that I was going to cut myself.

FRASIER SMILES.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Why are you smiling?

FRASIER

Because I think I may already be onto something. Please go on.

SHEILA

So, fearing I was about to slice myself, I dropped my knife, and I haven't been able to pick up a sharp implement since, and that was over a week ago. Isn't that odd?

FRASIER

Not really.

SHEILA

Not really?

FRASIER

No. You see, you're in a new environment. This new fear is almost certainly a byproduct of job anxiety.

SHEILA

But I've worked as a chef for more than a dozen years.

BEAT.

FRASIER

Oh.

SHEILA

In fact, I was hired because I'd won several awards for my cooking before I took a hiatus to raise my daughter.

FRASIER

Ooh, you have a daughter? Well, there you have it.

SHEILA

(HOPEFUL)

Really?

FRASIER

Oh yes. A change in the parent-child relationship can elicit all sorts of psychological reactions. Tell me, how do you feel when you're at work and you think about your daughter being in someone else's care? Hmm?

SHEILA

I feel fine. She's in high school.

FRASIER

High school?

SHEILA

With all of her extracurricular activities, she's on campus the same hours I'm at work.

FRASIER

(MUMBLING)

Strike two.

SHEILA

What?

FRASIER

I said, "lucky you."

SHEILA

Yes.

FRASIER

I tell you what. Why don't we take a break, and when we come back, we can attack your problem from a different angle.

SHEILA

A break?

FRASIER

That's how I work now.

HE HANDS HER A MAGAZINE.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

We can clear our heads by looking at some advertisements.

FADE OUT.

D

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS, "BELLEVUE WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY."

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT -- DAY/1

(FRASIER, SHEILA, DAPHNE, MARTIN)

IT IS MUCH LATER. FRASIER AND SHEILA ARE BOTH EXHAUSTED AND DISHEVELED. FRASIER IS PULLING AT HIS HAIR.

FRASIER

Okay, so when you were two, you say your paternal grandfather may have accidentally scratched you with his golden nail clippers?

SHEILA

I never said any such thing. You asked if I could remember any nail clipper experiences from my childhood, and when I said no, you told me some convoluted story about how *your* grandfather had painted his nail clippers gold.

FRASIER

That's right, and I think we may be onto something.

DAPHNE AND MARTIN ENTER.



FRASIER (CONT'D)

I thought I said I'd call you at the coffee shop when I was through.

DAPHNE

They kicked us out when they closed.

FRASIER

But they're supposed to stay open until two.

DAPHNE SHOTS FRASIER A LOOK THAT COULD KILL.  
FRASIER CHECKS HIS WATCH.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Well, couldn't you have gone to the all night theater down the street?

DAPHNE

The porno palace?

FRASIER

I would have reimbursed you for the tickets.

SHEILA GETS UP AS MARTIN CROSSES TO HIS CHAIR AND TURNS ON THE TV.

SHEILA

I should probably be leaving.

FRASIER

But we're so close. Wait. I'm sure Dad and Daphne are off to bed.

MARTIN

Are you kidding? After nine cups of coffee.

FRASIER PULLS MARTIN UP FROM HIS CHAIR.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

But I'm almost never up late enough to  
watch ice fishing.

SHEILA WALKS TOWARD THE DOOR. FRASIER DROPS HIS  
FATHER AND RUNS TO THE DOOR TO BLOCK HER.

SHEILA

It's no use, Dr. Crane. I appreciate  
your concern, but we haven't made any  
progress at all. I think I'm going to  
have to try someone else.

FRASIER

But... I'm sure we're on the verge of  
a breakthrough. Please, come back  
tomorrow for one more try.

SHEILA

I just don't think...

FRASIER

At no charge and as a favor to me.

SHEILA

Okay, on one condition.

FRASIER

Anything.

SHEILA

Can you give me the phone number of  
that charming magician I met when I  
first got here?

END ACT ONE.

ACT TWOE

FADE IN:

INT. RADIO STUDIO -- DAY

(FRASIER, CALLER DAVID V.O., ROZ, BULLDOG, NILES)

FRASIER IS ON THE AIR. ROZ IS IN HER BOOTH.

FRASIER

(FRAZZLED)

We have time for one more call.

ROZ

David is on line two.

FRASIER

Hello, David.

(GRUMPY)

I'm listening.

CALLER DAVID (V.O.)

Hi, Dr. Crane. I'm calling because my girlfriend and I are having communication problems.

FRASIER

That sounds about right.

CALLER DAVID

What's that?

FRASIER

I'm saying I know what you mean about communication problems.

CALLER DAVID

But I haven't told you what's going on yet.

FRASIER

You don't have to, my friend. I know all too well what it means to try to decipher and decode the puzzle that is an inscrutable woman.

CALLER DAVID

I don't know if she's inscrutable. We just have a little trouble speaking openly about our fantasies.

FRASIER

That's where it starts. You asking questions, opening yourself up completely, and her, sitting there like a stoic, practically mocking you with her silence... until finally, you get so fed up that you just want to chuck it.

CALLER DAVID

Who said anything about chucking it? I just wanted your advice on how to add some spice to our relationship.

FRASIER

You're right, David. Don't give up.

(MORE)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Don't ever give up. Poke, prod, do whatever it takes, but get the information you need.

CALLER DAVID

Okay.

FRASIER

Okay for both of us! Until tomorrow, this is Frasier Crane wishing us all good mental health.

FRASIER TAKES OFF HIS HEADPHONES AND THE "ON AIR" LIGHT GOES OFF.

ROZ CROSSES FROM HER BOOTH.

ROZ

That was certainly motivational.

FRASIER

Problems must be attacked.

ROZ

So, how did things go with your new patient? Did you "Tony Robbins" her into shape too?

FRASIER

Um... almost.

ROZ

That sounds like a no, and it helps explain your overcompensating mania today.

FRASIER

Ha, ha. Mania.

ROZ

God, Frasier, you didn't make her  
problem worse, did you?

FRASIER

I'm afraid I may have, but you can't  
tell anybody.

ROZ

Please, I am aware of doctor/patient  
confidentiality.

BULLDOG ENTERS.

BULLDOG

So Doc, Roz tells me you're seeing  
patients again.

FRASIER

She does, does she?

ROZ

I didn't give any details.

BULLDOG

Anyway, I've got two words for you:  
Pretty Patty.

FRASIER

And I've got two words for you: getty  
outty.

BULLDOG

No, Doc, Pretty Patty is a filly running in the fourth. You put a few bucks on her nose and your money problems will be over. I got a tip from her trainer.

FRASIER

What in the world makes you think I have money problems.

BULLDOG

Why else would someone take on extra work unless they were broke.

FRASIER

Unlike you, I consider myself to be more than a three hour a day yap flapper. I'm also a doctor, and as a doctor, I aspire to maintain a certain degree of skill outside of this isolation tank.

BULLDOG

Yeah, well, I talk sports when I'm out drinking after work. How do you think I got that tip on Pretty Patty?

FRASIER

Spare me your pathetic comparison. I'm seeing a patient out of a sense of duty to competency.

(MORE)



FRASIER (CONT'D)

It's about a level of professionalism  
that I, nay, all psychiatrists strive  
to maintain.

NILES ENTERS HURRIEDLY. HE IS WEARING A TUXEDO,  
AND WHEN HE STUMBLES, A HUGE BOUQUET OF FAKE FLOWERS  
POPS OUT OF THE WAND HE CARRIES.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

(TO BULLDOG)

Maybe not *all* psychiatrists.

NILES

Frasier, your message came just as  
Francisco was teaching me some advanced  
bunny sleight of hand, but I rushed  
over anyway.

FRASIER

Thank you.

NILES

I'm assuming you want to discuss your  
patient.

FRASIER

Hardly.

NILES

Then why did you ask me to come?

FRASIER

Because if you're *here*, you can't  
possibly be at my house doing your

(MORE)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Sigfried and Roy impersonation.

Goodbye.

FRASIER EXITS.

NILES

What's up his buttocks?

ROZ

I think he's upset over his new patient.

(SEDUCTIVE)

But forget about him, when did you  
become interested in magic?

NILES

(NERVOUS)

I've just taken it up.

ROZ

Do you know any tricks involving  
bullwhips?

NILES

(TO THE SKY)

Dear lord, this rain truly doth fall  
on good and evil alike.

NILES SLIPS AROUND ROZ AND EXITS.

ROZ

That was weird. I think I may be coming  
down with Claudia Schiffer disease.

FADE OUT.

H

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS, "BROTHER KNOWS BEST."

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY -- DAY/2

(FRASIER, NILES, MARTIN, DAPHNE, SHEILA)

FRASIER ENTERS CARRYING A STYROFOAM CUP.

NILES IS LITERALLY PULLING A RABBIT OUT OF HIS TOP HAT FOR MARTIN AND DAPHNE.

FRASIER

Niles!

NILES QUICKLY PUTS THE BUNNY BACK IN THE HAT AND PUTS THE HAT ON HIS HEAD.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

How did you beat me here?

NILES

Magic?

BEAT.

NILES (CONT'D)

Either that or you stopped on your way home to calm your nerves with decaf cappuccino.

FRASIER

But I specifically asked you not to be here.

NILES CROSSES THE LIVING ROOM FOR A PRIVATE CONFERENCE WITH FRASIER.

NILES

Actually, I'm here for two reasons.  
First, I know you're having trouble  
with your patient and I want to help.  
Second, Sheila called me this morning  
and I wanted you to tell her that I'm  
on the verge of being involved.

NILES GLANCES TOWARD DAPHNE.

NILES (CONT'D)

Now, about part one...

FRASIER

Get out.

NILES

But...

FRASIER

Get out, all of you, before Sheila  
gets here.

DAPHNE

But, she's already here. I made her a  
cup of tea and left her in the kitchen  
to wait for you.

FRASIER

The kitchen? Where we keep the knives?

FRAISER HURRIES INTO THE KITCHEN.

SHEILA IS STARING HYPNOTICALLY AT A LARGE KNIFE  
SITTING NEXT TO A PLATE OF CHEESE. FRASIER TURNS  
HER AROUND TO FACE HIM.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Sheila?

SHEILA

(DAZED)

Yes.

BEAT.

FRASIER

Congratulations!

SHEILA

On what?

FRASIER

On what? On beginning *confrontation* therapy without me. But, why don't we switch gears? Maybe we should...

(SEARCHING)

... explore your past experiences with *blunt* instruments.

SHEILA SIGHS.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

(EXCITED)

Is that it? Did I touch a nerve with bluntness?

SHEILA

No, Dr. Crane. Today was my worst shift yet. I could barely function.

(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)

And when the owner saw me running my  
sous chef ragged, well, she knew  
something was the matter. I'm afraid  
I'll be fired if I'm not back to normal  
by tomorrow. I'm just... doomed.

FRASIER

Don't say that. We still have tonight.

(BEAT)

Why don't we...

**FRASIER STOPS HIMSELF, LOOKS INTO SHEILA'S HOPEFUL  
EYES, THEN...**

FRASIER (CONT'D)

(SUDDENLY CALM)

Would you excuse me for a moment?

FRASIER CROSSES BACK INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

NILES IS STANDING NEXT TO THE WINDOW CURTAIN. HE  
THROWS A SMALL POUCH ON THE GROUND AND A HUGE SMOKE  
CLOUD ARISES. DAPHNE JUMPS OUT FROM BEHIND THE  
CURTAIN AS IF SHE HAS JUST REAPPEARED. MARTIN  
APPLAUDS.

BEAT.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Niles.

NILES

I'm sorry.

FRASIER

For what?

NILES

I don't know.

FRASIER

Could you just come over here for a moment?

NILES CROSSES TO FRASIER.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Niles, I'd like to take you up on your offer to help.

NILES PUTS A HAND TO HIS BROW.

NILES

I beg your pardon. His highness deigns to ask the advice of Sigfried? Or would you prefer I speak in the voice of Roy?

FRASIER

I guess I had that coming... but I've reached an impasse and I don't want Sheila to suffer for my rustiness.

BEAT.

NILES

(SERIOUS)

Well, the first thing you need to do is stop blaming rustiness.

FRASIER

Alright, I guess I'm just grossly incompetent. Does that make you happy?

NILES

Quite the the contrary. The truth is  
you don't need my help. You can't.

FRASIER

What?

NILES

Before you went on the radio, weren't  
you the best therapist you knew?

FRASIER

I might have thought so.

NILES

Might have? You published articles,  
you won awards.

FRASIER

Alright, so I didn't stink.

NILES

No, Frasier. You were the best. So  
you *can't* need my help now. You simply  
*can't*.

NILES STARES INTO FRASIER'S EYES. FRASIER REACTS  
WITH UNDERSTANDING.

FRASIER

Thank you, Niles.

NILES

You'd do the same for me.

FRASIER CROSSES BACK INTO THE KITCHEN.

SHEILA STANDS OVER THE CHEESE BOARD, AWKWARDLY  
STABBING AT A BRICK OF CHEDDAR.



SHEILA

You know, I may be able to work this out by myself after all.

SHE TAKES ANOTHER AWKWARD STAB AT THE CHEESE.

FRASIER

Sheila, yesterday you told me that you were hired because you used to be an award winning chef.

SHEILA

That's right.

FRASIER PULLS A KNIFE FROM THE RACK AND CALMLY BEGINS CUTTING SLICES OF CHEESE.

FRASIER

So I know why Julianne's hired you, but I'm curious why you took the job.

SHEILA

I don't know. Because I had the time again... because I didn't want to turn down one of the most prestigious positions in Seattle.

FRASIER

Hmm, I really admire you.

SHEILA

For what?

FRASIER

Your courage.

SHEILA

Really?

FRASIER

Oh yes. If I were in your shoes, I don't know if I could step into such a high profile position after being away for such a long time.

SHEILA

You don't?

FRASIER

Are you kidding, with the pressure I'd feel of people expecting me to live up to my previous level of excellence. Not a chance.

SHEILA FREEZES.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Oh sure, my ego would assure me I could do it. I'd probably leap at the opportunity to recapture my glory, but when it came down to doing the job, I might develop some psychosomatic fear that would keep me out of the kitchen altogether.

SHEILA

But why?

FRASIER

So I wouldn't have to risk disappointing everybody, especially myself. It's amazing what lengths our pride will go to in an effort to protect itself.

SHEILA

So what should I do?

FRASIER

When you go back tomorrow, take your time. If you need help, ask for it. I'm guessing the only one with unrealistic expectations is you.

SHEILA

It sounds so simple.

FRASIER

Seeing is believing.

SHEILA REALIZES THAT SHE HAS UNCONSCIOUSLY MIMICKED FRASIER AND IS CALMLY SLICING CHEESE RIGHT ALONG WITH HIM.

SHEILA

Thank you, Dr. Crane.

FRASIER

You're welcome.

SHEILA

(UPBEAT)

Hey, I wonder if your brother would be interested in a home cooked meal.

SHEILA PUTS DOWN THE KNIFE AND HEADS FOR THE LIVING ROOM.

FRASIER

About that...

FRASIER FOLLOWS SHEILA INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

DAPHNE LIES WITH HER HEAD AND FEET STICKING OUT OF THE OPPOSITE ENDS OF A BOX.

NILES STANDS OVER HER MENACINGLY, READY TO SAW HER IN HALF.

SHEILA

It's weird, but suddenly I'm not as interested in magicians as I thought I was.

DAPHNE

(STARING NERVOUSLY AT THE  
SAW)

I know what you mean.

SHEILA EXITS.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO.

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY -- DAY/3

(FRASIER, NILES)

UNDER THEME MUSIC:

BOOKENDING THE OPENING SCENE, FRASIER SITS IN A ROBE AND SLIPPERS READING HIS NEWSPAPER.

FRASIER GETS UP AND ANSWERS THE DOOR. NILES STANDS BEFORE HIM CHAINED AND PADLOCKED IN A STRAIGHT JACKET. NILES HOLDS A RING OF KEYS IN HIS MOUTH.

FRASIER SHUTS THE DOOR ON HIM AND RETURNS TO HIS PAPER.

FADE OUT.

THE END.