

FRASIER

"The Good Father"

Written by

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SCENE A

FADE IN:

THE CLASSIC "FRASIER" ARTCARD OF THE SEATTLE SKYLINE. AN ANIMATED AIRPLANE TAKES OFF, HEADING TO THE LEFT, THEN BANKS AND HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE VIEWER BEFORE TURNING RIGHT AND FLYING OFF-SCREEN. AND NOW WE'RE IN...

INT. AIRPORT - DAY (D1)

A BUSTLING TERMINAL. FRASIER APPEARS, HOLDING A SMALL CARRY-ON AND A WRAPPED GIFT, LOOKING PENSIVE, A LITTLE NOSTALGIC.

DAVID

Uncle Frasier, wait up!

DAVID, FRASIER'S COLLEGE-FRESHMAN NEPHEW, CATCHES UP TO HIM. DAVID HAS NILES' INTELLECT MIXED WITH DAPHNE'S ECCENTRIC POSITIVITY, AND SEEMS TO HAVE IMPRINTED ONTO FRASIER LIKE A DUCKLING.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I miss being back in Seattle already.

Was that a fun weekend or what?

FRASIER

We may have had different experiences at your grandfather's funeral.

DAVID

No, sorry, the funeral was super sad.

I just meant all of us back together.

I loved that.

FRASIER

(GENUINE) Me, too. It was good to be with family again. (NOTICING) Corny!

FRASIER'S OLD COLLEGE BUDDY ALAN CORNWALL (BRITISH, BOOZY, OUT OF FUCKS TO GIVE) WALKS UP.

ALAN

Frasier! Welcome! My God, you haven't aged a day!

THE TWO OLD FRIENDS EXCHANGE A WARM EMBRACE.

FRASIER

Good thing: you've aged enough for the both of us. Thanks for picking us up.

ALAN

My pleasure. I'm sorry again about your father.

FRASIER

Thank you. It hasn't been easy. (THEN)
Oh, this is my nephew David, Niles's son. David, Alan here is an old friend from my Oxford days and the professor who helped you get into college.

ALAN SHAKES DAVID'S HAND.

ALAN

Well met, David. How have your first few weeks at school been?

DAVID

A little rocky, to be honest.

ALAN

Well, chin up. You can't be doing worse than this one poor kid in my Intro to Psych class.

(MORE)

On day one, in front of three hundred students, he ran in late, tripped, spilled coffee all over his white shirt, stepped on his computer...

(CHUCKLING) Here, look at this.

ALAN IS ABOUT TO SHOW THEM A PHOTO ON HIS PHONE, WHEN HE GLANCES AT THE PHOTO, LOOKS UP AT DAVID, LOOKS AT THE PHOTO AGAIN, LOOKS AT DAVID AGAIN, THEN AWKWARDLY PUTS THE PHONE AWAY AND TURNS TO FRASIER.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Shall we get your luggage?

THEY MOVE TO THE BAGGAGE CAROUSEL. FRASIER STARTS FOR HIS BAG. DAVID STEPS IN FRONT OF HIM.

DAVID

Uhp, uhp, uhp, let me, Uncle--

DAVID FUMBLES WITH THE BAG, WHICH IS TOO UNWIELDY FOR HIM. AS HE TAKES AN INORDINATELY LONG TIME WRESTLING WITH IT, FRASIER AND ALAN WATCH FROM FEW STEPS BACK, SILENTLY JUDGING. AT LAST THE BAG ESCAPES DAVID'S GRASP AND CONTINUES ALONG THE CAROUSEL. A BEAT, THEN DAVID TURNS BACK TO THEM, CHIPPER.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(GENUINE) There. Now it's in the right position for next time around.

ALAN

(TO FRASIER) So what brings you to town?

FRASIER

Just stopping in for a quick visit with my son, Frederick.

ALAN

Didn't you just see him in Seattle?

FRASIER

I did, but, it was strange. Halfway through my dad's funeral, it was time to set off the confetti cannon...

ALAN

(HORRIFIED) You Americans have the most ghastly traditions.

DAVID

No, see, Granddad loved the Seahawks, so he wanted to shower us with the team colors right as their fight song..... Right, not helping.

FRASIER

Anyway, that's when I noticed that Freddy had left early, and we haven't talked since. It's odd that he'd miss saying goodbye to his grandfather. So I'm just... checking in on him.

FRASIER'S BAG COMES AROUND ON THE CAROUSEL. DAVID GOES FOR IT, BUT FRASIER DEFTLY GRABS IT BEFORE HIM.

DAVID

Can I help with that?

FRASIER

Let's not find out. Come on.

DAVID FOLLOWS FRASIER AND ALAN OUT.

CUT TO:

SCENE B

EXT./INT. ALAN'S CAR - LATER (D1)

FRASIER RIDES WITH ALAN. DAVID IS IN THE BACK SEAT, LISTENING TO SOMETHING ON EARBUDS.

ALAN

You're only in town for one night?

FRASIER

I'm afraid so. Then I'm off to live in Paris.

ALAN

So your big TV show in Chicago...?

FRASIER

It's over. I told them, "Get off your knees, stop begging -- I'm already out the door!" God, that was fun.

ALAN

And things with Charlotte...?

FRASIER

Also over. She basically told me the same thing. That was less fun. But it's for the best -- it's time for George Bailey to get that old bag out of the closet and see the world.

A BEAT AS FRASIER LOOKS WISTFUL.

ALAN

Still thinking about your dad?

FRASIER

(NODS) I know everyone goes through this at the death of a parent... but the idea that I can never just call him up again, I'll never hear his voice... It's hard. (BEAT) Plus, once our parents die, we're next, right?

ALAN

I wouldn't know. My mum and dad are a combined one hundred and eighty years old. (HEAD SHAKE) They've never been good at knowing when to leave a party.

DAVID

(LOUDLY, EAR BUDS STILL IN) What? Yeah, I'd love a sandwich! I'm starving.

AS IS APPROPRIATE, THEY IGNORE DAVID.

ALAN

And how's Freddy? I remember how tense things were when he decided to drop out of college.

FRASIER

Fifteen years later, I still don't get it. But he's forging his own path in life, and I'm okay with that.

ALAN

I can tell. You're clenching your teeth with acceptance.

FRASIER

We've learned it's best not to talk about it. But with Dad gone now, I just want to know we're... connected.

ALAN

Right. I have to say, you could be planning your days in Paris, or joining me on campus, but instead, you're putting family first. (BEAT)
What a waste. But you do you.

DAVID

(EARBUDS STILL IN) What? Nope, no girlfriend yet!

FRASIER AND ALAN ROLL THEIR EYES, AND WE...

CUT TO:

SCENE C

EXT./INT. FREDDY'S BROWNSTONE/LIVING ROOM - LATER (D1)

FRASIER, BRIMMING WITH ANTICIPATION, GIFT UNDER HIS ARM, KNOCKS AT THE FRONT DOOR, ANOTHER DOOR DIRECTLY BESIDE IT. AFTER A BEAT, A HANDSOME, MUSCULAR, DOWN-TO-EARTH THIRTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD OPENS THE DOOR. THIS IS FREDDY.

FRASIER

Surprise!

FREDDY

Dad! You're at my door. Unannounced.

FRASIER

Hence my carefully crafted opening line: "Surprise!" I was worried when you left the funeral early, so here I am.

FREDDY

Yeah, I'm fine, sorry. I just... needed to get back here. Stuff.

FRASIER WAITS FOR MORE, THEN DECIDES NOT TO ENGAGE.

FRASIER

Right. "Stuff".

FRASIER STEPS INTO THE BARE-BONES APARTMENT AND HUGS HIS SON.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Well, it's good to see you again. And your place...

FREDDY

I know, it's not up to your standards.

FRASIER

Maybe not, but it's very... (LOOKS
AROUND AGAIN) Damn, when I started
that sentence I was sure I'd think of
something.

THE FOLLOWING IS NOT SO MUCH TENSE AS "HERE WE GO AGAIN".

FREDDY

Okay, I know you don't love that I'm
"just a firefighter"...

FRASIER

No, I admire your profession. But you
did so well in your psych classes.

FREDDY

Right, but I wanted to do something
important.

FRASIER

What I do is important. It's at least
as important as what you do.

FREDDY

Okay. Let's find someone who has low
self-esteem and is also on fire, and
see which one of us they run to first.

THEY BOTH TAKE IN A DEEP BREATH AND PUT UP THEIR HANDS, DE-
ESCALATING. THIS IS WHAT THEY DO. AVOID THE TOUGH TALK.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

FRASIER

No, I'm sorry. (THEN) I have something for you. I think your granddad would have wanted you to have it.

FREDDY

Oh, cool. Thanks.

FREDDY TAKES THE GIFT THAT FRASIER OFFERS HIM... AND CASUALLY SETS IT ASIDE.

FRASIER

You're not opening it?

FREDDY

Not right now.

FRASIER

(BRISTLING) Why not? Do you have more "stuff"?

AT THAT MOMENT EVE (TWENTY-EIGHT, BREATH OF FRESH AIR) ENTERS FROM THE BACK HALLWAY.

EVE

Freddy, can you turn down your dad's TV show, it's-- (NOTICING) Oh! It's a live show. Ha. Wow. Hi. I don't need to be told who you are.

FRASIER

(AS HE LAUGHS) I wish I could say the same. (LONG BEAT, THEN) Who are you?

EVE

Oh, sorry! I'm Eve. I'm sure Freddy's told you all about me.

FREDDY LOOKS EMBARRASSED.

FRASIER

I have the funniest anecdote about
that: no, he did not. (TO FREDDY) I
didn't even know you had a girlfriend,
let alone one who moved in with you.

FREDDY EXCHANGES A QUICK LOOK AT EVE, WHICH FRASIER CLOCKS.

FREDDY

Yeah, sorry about that.

FRASIER

Can I take you both out for coffee, or
maybe a dinner? It's starting to feel
like there's a lot to catch up on.

FREDDY

I'm sorry, Dad. I do want to see you,
but the timing's not great. I have a
big week at work...

FRASIER

(ANNOYED) How do you know? Are they
scheduling the fires in advance now?

FREDDY QUICKLY GUIDES FRASIER BACK TO THE DOORWAY.

FREDDY

I really do want to catch up. Let me
know when you're back in town, and we
can do this properly?

FRASIER

Sure. Next time I'll make sure to--
are you shutting the door on me?

THE DOOR CLOSES. A BEAT. THE DOOR REOPENS.

FREDDY

Sorry, I shut the door right as you
were asking me something?

FRASIER

I was asking if you were shutting the
door on me.

FREDDY

Oh! Yes. The answer is yes.

THE DOOR CLOSES AGAIN. FRASIER IS BEYOND FRUSTRATED. HE PULLS
OUT HIS PHONE AND DIALS.

FRASIER

Alan! It turns out my plans changed.

(THEN) Great, I'll be on campus in ten
minutes. I'll let David know, too.

(THEN) Yes, I have to tell him. He's my
nephew.

FRASIER HANGS UP AND EXITS DOWN THE STEPS.

RESET TO:

INT. FREDDY'S BROWNSTONE/LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME (D1)

AFTER FRASIER HAS LEFT, EVE TURNS TO FREDDY, SMILING.

EVE

So I'm your girlfriend now?

FREDDY

Sorry, I just went with it. I've told you about my dad -- every talk we have would go a lot faster if he just said, "I'm disappointed in you!" and left. If he found out what's really going on with us... I can't deal with that. Not this week.

EVE MOTIONS BACK TOWARD THE BEDROOMS.

EVE

Sooo... He doesn't know about John?

FREDDY

He does not know about John. Thank god I got him out of here fast enough.

EVE

(BEAT) He smelled really good, though.

FREDDY

(OVERLAPPING) Yeah, he always smells fantastic.

CUT TO:

SCENE D

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - LATER - DAY (D1)

FRASIER, ALAN AND DAVID WALK THROUGH THE CAMPUS.

ALAN

So Freddy just kicked you out?

FRASIER

He did, and there is something going on with his girlfriend, Eve. As if they're hiding something. David, have you been in touch with your cousin since you moved here last month?

DAVID

No, I've texted him. Like a lot. But he's always too busy or something comes up. It's almost unbelievable.

ALAN

Yes. Almost.

DAVID

I won't stop trying though! It's not stalking if it's family.

FRASIER

So Freddy refuses to see me and you, he left my father's funeral early, and now he's hiding something about his girlfriend from me? What's going on?

(REALIZING) Also, why have we stopped?

DAVID AND ALAN STARE UP AHEAD AT A NEARBY WOMAN.

DAVID

I just saw, up ahead, my mortal enemy.

FRASIER

Oh good, you're meeting people! Your parents were worried you weren't getting out.

ALAN

That's Olivia Vernon, the new head of our department. She's an absolute terror. Cold. Disengaged. Narcissistic. And those are some of the nicer things she's called me.

DAVID

She's also my professor in Human Development. On my first quiz last week, she gave me the worst grade of my life. I won't say it out loud, but it was the lowest A possible.

FRASIER

This is unacceptable. Someone this loathed by both faculty and students has no business running a department.

ALAN

Please, don't try to defend us--

BUT BEFORE ALAN CAN OBJECT ANY MORE:

FRASIER

Olivia Vernon!

OLIVIA VERNON (AS WARM AND COMPASSIONATE AS SHE IS BRILLIANT, PERHAPS TOO MUCH SO -- IF ALAN IS ID AND FRASIER IS EGO, THEN OLIVIA IS SUPEREGO) GREETES HIM.

OLIVIA

Doctor Frasier Crane? Oh, wow! Wow.
Wow. Wow. Wow! Wow. Wow. I'm a huge
fan! Your gift for distilling complex
ideas into simple truths... All of
psychiatry is in your debt!

FRASIER

(INSTANTLY WON OVER) You're too kind!
Unless you want to be kinder, I can
handle it.

THEY LAUGH. ALAN AND DAVID CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

ALAN

Thanks for not defending us.

OLIVIA

What brings you here? Thinking of
getting into academia? Because we
could really use a visiting professor
of your caliber -- from what I can
tell Alan's just phoning it in.

ALAN

You call it "phoning it in", I call it
tenure.

FRASIER

A tempting offer, but I'm off to Paris
tomorrow to start research on my first
book, The Lost Manuscripts of Marivaux.

OLIVIA

Your plan is to write a niche academic book about the forgotten works of a lesser-known French playwright who lived three hundred years ago? (BEAT) I didn't think I could love you more!

DAVID

Uncle Frasier, I have to get to my study group--

FRASIER

Don't interrupt while I'm being celebrated. We'll speak later.

DAVID EXITS.

ALAN

I do hate to lie and say that I hate to break this up, but it is almost four o'clock...

OLIVIA

Already? I had no idea. We should hurry.

FRASIER

You have a class to teach?

BOTH OLIVIA AND ALAN STARE AT FRASIER, AS IF THEY HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HE MEANS.

ALAN

What? (THEN, LAUGHING) Oh, God no, this is important. Come join us.

CUT TO:

SCENE E

INT. COLLEGE BAR – MOMENTS LATER (D1)

FRASIER, ALAN AND OLIVIA SIT WITH DRINKS UNDER A SIGN THAT READS "HAPPY HOUR 4-7".

FRASIER

I must have misunderstood. Aren't you two adversaries?

ALAN

At work, sure, but this is off-hours, Crane. We're psychiatrists, we know how to compartmentalize.

OLIVIA

We just have different teaching philosophies. I believe in an individualistic methodology that focuses on addressing the unique needs of each of our young minds...

ALAN

While I canceled office hours nearly a decade ago.

FRASIER

I do see the value in both sides.

OLIVIA

So what brings you to town?

FRASIER

I was telling Alan, my son doesn't want to see me. And something with his new girlfriend -- I'm just not buying it.

ALAN

Well, what can you do. Life's too short, don't sweat the small stuff, so on and so forth, several etceteras.

FRASIER

He's my son.

ALAN

Counterpoint, he was your son. But now you move on. Remember, if you care about him more than he cares about you, then he wins.

FRASIER

(LONG BEAT) How's your family, Alan?

ALAN

Last I heard, doing very well without me.

OLIVIA LEANS IN CLOSE TO FRASIER.

OLIVIA

Ignore him. Whatever you do, don't give up. I remember once when he was twenty, my son Arlo was so upset at me for not buying him a new laptop that he refused to speak to me. So I showed up to his place unannounced, made his favorite meal, coq au vin, and refused to leave until we had a real talk about what was going on.

(MORE)

It was dicey at first, but dammit, we got through it with hard work, more than a few tears... and I did ultimately buy him that new laptop.

FRASIER

That story was breathtakingly unhelpful.

ALAN

But on the plus side, it was also very long.

FRASIER

I know my son well enough to know he's hiding something -- I just need time to figure out what it is. Maybe I could show up tonight with dinner...

OLIVIA

What a marvelous idea that apparently just came out of the ether. (THEN) I'm kidding. If there's anything else I can do to help, just let me know.

FRASIER

You mean that?

OLIVIA

Of course I mean that.

ALAN

Careful. This might be a trap.

FRASIER

Because I was thinking...

ALAN

Oh this is definitely a trap.

FRASIER

How can I focus on my son's issues, if I also need to prepare dinner? What a conundrum. What. A. Conundrum...

ALAN

It's not even a very good trap.

FRASIER

Look, I know it's a lot to ask, but I can't tell you how tense things were today. Some other people there will help lighten the mood, take the pressure off. Plus, your eyes and ears will be valuable.

ALAN

It's too much to ask.

OLIVIA

We barely know each other.

FRASIER

I'll guest lecture one class for each of you this semester, on video.

ALAN

That's a splendid idea.

OLIVIA

Does Freddy like coq au vin?

FRASIER

Your generosity means the world to me.

CUT TO:

SCENE G

INT. FREDDY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT (N1)

THERE'S A KNOCK ON FREDDY'S DOOR. HE OPENS IT TO FIND FRASIER, GROCERY BAG IN HAND.

FRASIER

Freddy, tonight I'm making you and Eve a five-star meal, and I won't take no for an answer. At least not until the question is, "Would you like seconds?"

FREDDY

Dad...

FRASIER

Please, I miss you. I want to spend some time with you.

FREDDY GLANCES AT HIS WATCH, A LITTLE WORRIED, BUT...

FREDDY

We're busy... but I guess a quick dinner for three would be nice.

FRASIER

Dinner for six. I brought a plus-three.

ALAN AND OLIVIA APPEAR, CARRYING MORE GROCERIES.

ALAN

OLIVIA

Freddy! Long time, no see. I am so sorry about this.

FRASIER

You remember Alan, and this is Olivia. They insisted on cooking for us tonight.

FREDDY

Okay, I count five. So who's the...

DAVID APPEARS AND GIVES HIS COUSIN A BIG HUG.

DAVID

Hey, Freddy!

FREDDY

David! Wow, this is like an all-star lineup of... random people I wasn't expecting to see tonight.

FRASIER

I had to invite him. He looks up to you so much.

FREDDY

I know. He texts me that a lot.

OLIVIA

Well, we'll start getting set up.

ALAN AND OLIVIA EXIT TO THE KITCHEN. FRASIER TURNS TO FREDDY.

FRASIER

So... Where's Eve?

FREDDY

(TYPING ON PHONE) Speaking of texts, she just sent me one. Unfortunately, she's working late, so she won't be able to--

EVE

Hi everyone.

WE REVEAL THAT EVE HAS JUST ENTERED. FREDDY SPRINTS TOWARD THE DOOR BEFORE SHE CAN WALK IN FARTHER:

FREDDY

Eve, you're back early! In spite of
the text one of us was just sending!

HE TURNS BACK TO FRASIER AS HE GUIDES EVE OUT ONTO THE STOOP:

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Would you give us just one second?

AND THEY'RE GONE. A BEAT. DAVID TURNS TO FRASIER.

DAVID

I care about Freddy, too. I can help
you suss out whatever's going on with
him.

FRASIER

You're right. You know, you remind me
a lot of your mother. Consistently
optimistic, with a profound empathy
for-- do you have to put in eyedrops
right when we're having a nice moment?

REVEAL DAVID IS PUTTING IN EYEDROPS.

DAVID

You can't tell me it's not dry in
here.

FRASIER

And now you remind me of your father.

RESET TO:

EXT. FREDDY'S STOOP - SAME TIME (N1)

FREDDY STANDS WITH EVE.

EVE

Your dad showed up again? I thought you barely ever saw each other.

FREDDY

I know. I guess the death of his own father has propelled him on some kind of journey to resolve our underlying emotional detachment or something.

EVE

Wait, are you actually smart? I know the guys at the station all call you "genius", but I thought the nickname was, um...

FREDDY

Mordacious?

EVE

Morda-- (REALIZING) You are smart!
(SHAKING IT OFF) So, are we going to tell your dad then, or...

FREDDY

No. The last thing I need is him criticizing my life decisions. Just keep pretending you're my girlfriend and we'll get him out of here fast.

EVE

Ooh, maybe I could make up a whole new backstory for myself--

FREDDY

No! He'll know you're lying. Just be truthful -- you teach high school drama -- except we're dating.

EVE

Okay. But what do we do about John?

WE NOW REVEAL A STROLLER NEXT TO THEM WITH A SLEEPING BABY.

FREDDY

Right. He can't find out about the baby.

EVE

He'll probably sleep for another forty-five minutes or so...

FREDDY

He can't just hang out on the stoop?
(OFF HER LOOK) He can't just hang out on the stoop! Okay, follow me...

RESET TO:

INT. FREDDY'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME (N1)

FRASIER PUTS HIS ARM AROUND DAVID AND STARTS INSPECTING A BOOKCASE, SPEAKING TO HIM QUIETLY. DURING THE FOLLOWING, WE SEE EVE AND FREDDY SNEAK IN WITH THE STROLLER, THE BABY STILL SLEEPING SOUNDLY INSIDE.

FRASIER

If we're going to figure out what's going on with Freddy, we need to keep our eyes peeled for clues...

FRASIER GUIDES DAVID OVER TO ANOTHER PIECE OF FURNITURE, ALLOWING FREDDY AND EVE TO SNEAK BY THEM.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

We can't let the slightest detail
escape our notice...

FREDDY'S MADE IT TO THE HALL LEADING TO THE BEDROOMS, WITH
EVE NOT FAR BEHIND, WHEN:

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Frasier?

JUST BEFORE OLIVIA POKES HER HEAD OUT FROM THE KITCHEN, A
PANICKED EVE PUSHES THE STROLLER TO FREDDY, WHO SLIPS INTO
THE HALL WITH IT AS EVE DUCKS BEHIND SOMETHING.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Does anyone have any dietary
restrictions?

DAVID

(LAUGHS) Do I ever. Here, I'll give
you access to my Google doc.

FRASIER

And I'll ask Eve.

DAVID STARTS TYPING ON HIS PHONE. FRASIER GOES TO THE AJAR
FRONT DOOR:

FRASIER (CONT'D)

(LOUDLY) Eve, any dietary
restrictions?

AS OLIVIA RETURNS TO THE KITCHEN, FREDDY REENTERS AND EVE
STANDS UP, BOTH NOW DIRECTLY BEHIND FRASIER AND DAVID.

EVE

No, thank you.

FRASIER AND DAVID TURN TO SEE THEM. FRASIER LOOKS CONFUSED AS
HE GLANCES BACK TO THE FRONT DOOR, THEN BACK TO THE BEDROOM.

FRASIER

Weren't you-- (LETTING IT GO) Great.

FREDDY

And since the first time you met was a little rushed... Dad, this is my girlfriend Eve. Eve, this is my dad, Frasier Crane.

FRASIER

Enchanté.

EVE

Également.

DAVID

Ah, so you know French. (LEANS IN TO FRASIER) Could be a clue.

FRASIER

Please let me just speak with them.

(THEN) Eve, what a lovely name -- the first, and still the best.

DAVID

(INTERRUPTING) I know a little French, too. I learned it from my friend Eric.

(EXTENDS HAND) *Je m'appelle Eric.*

FRASIER

(FED UP) David, join me in the kitchen.

FRASIER LEADS DAVID INTO THE KITCHEN.

RESET TO:

INT. FREDDY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (N1)

OLIVIA'S WORKING ON DINNER. ALAN IS RUMMAGING THROUGH THE CABINETS. FRASIER ENTERS WITH DAVID.

FRASIER

Anyone in need of a sous chef?

OLIVIA

Oh yes, that'd be great!

OLIVIA LOOKS UP TO SEE DAVID WAVING FROM BEHIND FRASIER.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Too late to say no?

ALAN

Where the Dickens does Freddy keep his
emergency bottle of bourbon?

FRASIER NOTICES WHAT OLIVIA IS PREPARING.

FRASIER

I assume we're having coq au vin?

OLIVIA

We are!

DAVID

Whoa, how'd you know that? Do you have
powers like my mom?! Okay -- what
number am I thinking of?

DAVID CLOSES HIS EYES TIGHTLY, CONCENTRATING. FRASIER AND OLIVIA IGNORE HIM.

OLIVIA

Don't worry about dinner. You get back
out there and find out what's going on
with your son.

FRASIER

Yes, of course. Thank you for being here, and for being so helpful.

DAVID

My pleasure.

ALAN

He was talking to everyone except you.

DAVID

(OPENS EYES) Sorry, my eyes were closed.

FRASIER EXITS.

RESET TO:

INT. FREDDY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (N1)

FRASIER CROSSES IN.

FRASIER

Freddy! How about some sherry?

FREDDY WALKS OVER TO A VERY SMALL BAR AREA.

FREDDY

Great idea, Dad. Let's see. I'm out of the Manzanilla from '93... as well as the '89 Amontillado... but how about this... (SHOWING OFF THE LABEL) warm can of domestic beer?

FRASIER

(FOND SMILE) You really are just like your grandfather. (THEN, REJECTING BEER) But I'd rather die of thirst.

AS FREDDY SHRUGS AND CRACKS OPEN THE BEER FOR HIMSELF,
FRASIER TURNS TO EVE.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

So, Eve, tell me about yourself. What
do you do for a living?

EVE

I'm a... private investigator.

FREDDY'S EYES GO WIDE.

FRASIER

Oh. How fascinating. Do you specialize
in any particular area?

EVE

Heartbreak. It's a tale as old as
time. Boy meets girl, girl is spoken
for by a Belarussian drug lord, boy
loses a toe...

EVE (CONT'D)

FREDDY

And once you've seen the
seamy underbelly of what
lurks behind the--

Babe, can you help me here at
the bar? Babe? Babe?
(QUICKLY) Eve! Babe?

EVE REALIZES THAT THAT'S HER. SHE GOES OVER TO FREDDY. HE
TURNS ON A SMALL BLENDER SO THEY CAN'T BE HEARD.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

I asked you not to lie like that!

EVE

I know, I'm sorry. I wasn't going to,
but then I realized... (EXCITED) it
would be really fun.

FREDDY

We need to speed this up -- John might wake up any moment. New plan: can you pretend to get angry at my dad about something? Then we'll cut the night short.

EVE

No problem. (BLENDER OFF, TO FRASIER)
Those are the stupidest shoes I've--

FREDDY

Ha ha! (BLENDER ON, TO EVE) Never mind. New new plan. (BLENDER OFF, TO FRASIER) Hey Dad, Eve was just telling me she doesn't feel very well.

FREDDY LOOKS AT EVE; AN ANNOYED EVE LOOKS BACK AT HIM, UNWILLING TO PLAY BALL. FINALLY, SHE ROLLS HER EYES AND LETS OUT A SINGLE, SHORT COUGH. FRASIER IS, NOT SURPRISINGLY, UNCONVINCED.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

I think we should call it a night.

FRASIER

We haven't even eaten yet. Let me just see how much longer it'll be.

AS FRASIER TURNS TO THE KITCHEN, FROM THE BACK ROOM, THE BABY LETS OUT A SINGLE, SHORT CRY. AS FRASIER TURNS BACK, FREDDY SLAPS EVE ON THE BACK, AND SHE QUICKLY LETS OUT ANOTHER COUGH.

EVE

Sorry, it's really dry in here.

DAVID (O.S.)

Toldja!

FRASIER NARROWS HIS EYES AT THEM. HE KNOWS SOMETHING IS UP.

FREDDY

Excuse me, I need to check on the
bathroom-- use the bathroom. I'll be
right back.

FREDDY EXITS, LEAVING FRASIER AND EVE ALONE FOR THE FIRST
TIME. FRASIER LOOKS UNHAPPY, KNOWING HE'S UNWANTED.

FRASIER

I'm no stranger to an underperforming
dinner party, but I did have higher
hopes. I just wish Frederick and I
were... closer.

EVE NODS, NOT KNOWING HOW TO RESPOND.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

It's funny... I spent my whole life
trying to make sure my son didn't feel
the same way about me that I used to
feel about my dad. But maybe that's
just what father-son relationships are
all about.

THIS AFFECTS EVE.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

I'll tell them to wrap it up in the
kitchen. We'll be on our way soon.

A DEFEATED FRASIER GETS UP TO EXIT. EVE CAN'T TAKE IT.

EVE

Freddy wouldn't want me to tell you
this--

FRASIER STOPS AND TURNS BACK.

EVE (CONT'D)

--but you raised a heck of a son. He's smart. Strong. Brave. I assume he learned a lot of that from you.

FRASIER

I did what I could.

EVE

He's a good man. Since I've known him, he's always been there for us.

FRASIER'S EYES NARROW. THAT "US" JUST CAUGHT HIS ATTENTION.

FRASIER

Would you excuse me a moment?

FRASIER QUICKLY EXITS TO THE KITCHEN...

RESET TO:

INT. FREDDY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (N1)

...WHERE OLIVIA IS FINISHING UP DINNER.

FRASIER

Eve said "us!" She said "Freddy's always been there for us!"

DAVID GLANCES AT OLIVIA AND ALAN.

DAVID

His cadence suggests we should be following....

ALAN AND OLIVIA BOTH AD-LIB, "I'M TOTALLY LOST," "NO IDEA WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT", ETC.

FRASIER

They have a child! Freddy must have gotten in over his head, and he was too ashamed to tell me, and now he's hiding it. That's why he's trying to get me out of here, so I don't figure it out! (REALIZING) My God, I have a grandchild.

FRASIER SEEMS OVERWHELMED BY THIS. OLIVIA PUTS HER HAND ON HIS SHOULDER.

OLIVIA

Well, what's most important right now is how you react. You don't want to push Freddy further away.

FRASIER

Of course. (THEN) Instead, I'll let them twist in the wind with their little lie -- perhaps even providing a few extra gusts to further entangle them in their own deception -- and then, once their own deceit has engulfed them, I'll pounce!

OLIVIA

ALAN

That's your plan?

Great plan.

FRASIER

As Polonius said to Reynaldo, "By indirections find directions out."

ALAN

Isn't that what got Polonius killed?

FRASIER

His execution was lacking, but it was
the right intention!

FRASIER STARTS TO EXIT BACK INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

RESET TO:

INT. FREDDY'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME (N1)

FREDDY REJOINS EVE. THEY TALK QUIETLY.

FREDDY

He's starting to wake up. We need to
be quiet out here.

FRASIER REENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN.

FRASIER

Eve, I promise we'll leave soon. But
first tell me, now that you've moved
in with each other, have you two
discussed... progeny?

FREDDY AND EVE FREEZE.

FREDDY

Oh, no, not really. We're not ready
for that yet.

FRASIER

But you're both in your thirties.
Clock's ticking, tick tock...

FREDDY

EVE

We have plenty of time.

I'm twenty-eight, but thanks
for that.

FRASIER MOVES TOWARD THE BEDROOMS.

FRASIER

Mind if I take a tour before I go?

FREDDY

Ah, that's not a good idea. It's...
just a mess in there.

FRASIER'S EYES NARROW. THIS IS IT.

FRASIER

Oh? What kind of a mess?

FREDDY

Just, you know... your classic mess.

FRASIER'S EYES SOMEHOW NARROW FURTHER.

FRASIER

Can you not remember what your mess is
made of, Frederick?

FREDDY

Ha. Ha. That's funny. Of course I can
remember. Um... (BEAT) Clothes.

FRASIER

Right, clothes. Men's. Women's...
Children's? Even, say... diapers?

FREDDY

Dad?

FRASIER FINALLY EXPLODES.

FRASIER

I demand to see my grandchild!

A FROZEN BEAT AS FREDDY AND EVE LISTEN -- NO CRYING.

FREDDY

Dad, I don't know where that came from, but I swear on everything I keep sacred in this world when I tell you, unequivocally, that you do not have a grandchild. And if you still don't believe me, then I think it's best that you leave.

FRASIER LOOKS STUNG. PERHAPS HE WAS WRONG. JUST THEN, DAVID LEANS OUT FROM THE KITCHEN.

DAVID

Dinner's ready!

DAVID PICKS UP A SMALL BELL FROM A NEARBY TABLE AND PRODUCES A SINGLE, HAPPY NOTE. INSTANTLY, LOUD CRYING IS HEARD FROM THE BEDROOM. FREDDY TURNS, SUPER EARNEST, ON A DIME:

FREDDY

Dad, I've decided to tell you something.

EVE EXITS INTO THE BEDROOM TO TEND TO THE BABY.

FRASIER

So then it's true. You want me out of your life so badly you didn't tell me about your girlfriend or your child?

FREDDY

No. That's not it at all.

FREDDY TAKES A DEEP BREATH AS EVE EMERGES WITH THE BABY.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Eve's not my girlfriend, she's my
roommate. The baby's hers, not mine.
We're living together to save money.

EVE

The life of a P.I. might sound
glamorous, but the harsh--

FREDDY

Eve, stop! (TO FRASIER) I'm sorry I
didn't set things straight earlier --
you assumed she was my girlfriend...

FRASIER

And so you thought it would be easier
to just keep lying to me until I left?
Freddy, if you're short on cash I can
always loan you money...

FREDDY

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Three, two, one...

FRASIER

And also, what did you expect,
becoming a fireman? I told you this
would happen.

FREDDY

(TO EVE) I told you this would happen.

AN ANGRY FREDDY CROSSES OFF TO HIS ROOM. FRASIER FOLLOWS
FREDDY INTO HIS ROOM, AND THE DOOR CLOSES. ALAN POKES HIS
HEAD OUT FROM THE KITCHEN AND LOOKS TO DAVID.

ALAN

How'd Polonius do?

DAVID

Just how Shakespeare wrote it.

RESET TO:

INT. FREDDY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER (N1)

FREDDY AND FRASIER HAVE IT OUT.

FRASIER

What the hell is going on? Why are you suddenly blocking me out of your life?

FREDDY

Why are you suddenly trying to be a part of my life?

FRASIER IS STUNNED BY THIS QUESTION.

FRASIER

What does that mean?

FREDDY

It means normally I see you once or twice a year, then you're gone. That works for us. So why are you here now?

FRASIER

You left during your grandfather's funeral. I thought I should find out how you are.

FREDDY

Really? Because you didn't want to know how I was when I graduated from the fire academy. Or on my thirtieth birthday. Or when I got that commendation from the mayor.

FRASIER

The commendation was on your thirtieth birthday. You can't count them separately!

FREDDY

How about when I flew to Chicago to ask your advice about school?

FRASIER

You weren't asking my advice. You had already decided you were dropping out.

FREDDY

Not at first. I was really torn about it. But all day you were too busy with your show to see me, and while I sat alone in that house and saw how little of me was in it, I thought, "Why am I trying to model my life on a man who doesn't have room for me in his life?" That's when I knew I had to move on.

FRASIER ABSORBS THIS.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

We haven't been close in a long time.
Let's just accept that. I'll never be
the person you wanted me to be, and
you'll never understand why I don't
want to be that person. We have
different values.

FRASIER

(SCOFFS) That's the truth.

FREDDY

What's that supposed to mean?

SOMETHING SNAPS IN FRASIER. THIS IS WHAT'S REALLY BEEN
BOTHERING HIM.

FRASIER

You left in the middle of your
grandfather's funeral!

FREDDY

I told you, I was just--

FRASIER

You missed the confetti cannon. The
confetti cannon! Wow, it is tough to
make that sound important. But it was!
What excuse could you possibly have
that would justify missing your chance
to say goodbye to my dad?

A LONG, QUIET MOMENT.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Freddy.

FREDDY COLLECTS HIMSELF.

FREDDY

I don't have an excuse. I was there,
and I was reading the last text I got
from Grandpa, and... it was all too
much for me. I just couldn't take it.
I'm so sorry, Dad.

FRASIER

He loved you, too. We all miss him.

FREDDY

I know. But we'd gotten really close
since...

FREDDY HESITATES, JUST FOR A BEAT, THEN DECIDES TO EXPLAIN.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Remember when my buddy died in that
fire downtown?

FRASIER

Yes, of course. So horrible.

FREDDY

(NODS) Yeah, well, it was a lot harder
than I may have let on, even to
myself. We were good friends. I was
friends with his wife, too. They were
about to have a kid...

FRASIER

(REALIZING) Eve and her baby.

FREDDY'S HAVING TROUBLE CONTROLLING HIS EMOTIONS NOW.

FREDDY

I was so angry. It didn't seem fair.
Why him, and not me? He had a family.
I'm on my own. I know it's textbook
grief and survivor guilt, but... I was
in a bad place.

FRASIER

I had no idea. It had sounded like you
were doing okay.

FREDDY

I was trying to convince myself that I
was.

FRASIER

I'd said I was here for you, any time.
To talk, or if you needed to see me--

FREDDY

Grandpa just flew out.

THIS COMPLETELY STUNS FRASIER.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

He came out to see me. And we talked.
A lot. He told me about some friends
he'd lost on the force, and how he got
through it... Thank God he was here. I
didn't feel alone anymore.

THIS LAST SENTENCE ESPECIALLY HITS FRASIER IN THE GUT.

FRASIER

You felt alone? Freddy, I'm so sorry.

FREDDY

It's okay. I've been helping Eve as much as I can, but after funeral costs, and everything else, it makes sense for us to just split rent.

A BEAT. FREDDY SMILES A LITTLE.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

To be honest, I'm kind of used to hiding our situation anyway. We would get so much grief from the guys at the station if they found out she moved in with me. (THEN, CLARIFYING) Me. I would get so much grief. They treat her like a queen.

FRASIER STARES AT HIS SON, ADMIRING THE MAN HE'S BECOME.

FRASIER

You've really been there for her. But... you need someone to be there for you, too.

FREDDY

It's been a tough stretch, and now Grandpa's gone... I'm going to miss him.

FRASIER PULLS HIS SON IN FOR A HUG.

FRASIER

We both are. I'm sorry I let you down. But I'm glad he was there for you.

THEY SHARE A SMILE. FRASIER MOTIONS TO THE GIFT THAT HE'D BROUGHT FREDDY, SITTING ON HIS DESK.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Open it.

FREDDY NODS. HE'S READY. HE PICKS UP THE GIFT AND OPENS IT. IT'S AN AMERICAN FLAG, ENCASED IN GLASS.

FREDDY

(READING CASE) "This flag was flown at half-mast at the State Capitol in honor of Detective Martin Crane for his service to the nation and to his beloved city of Seattle."

FREDDY TEARS UP AS HE FINISHES READING THE CASE. A BEAT AS FRASIER LOOKS AT HIS SON.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

He was pretty special, huh?

FRASIER

He was. Stubborn, crass, zero interest in the finer things... and one of the biggest, most generous hearts a man could possibly have.

FRASIER LOSES HIMSELF IN THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT.

FREDDY

Dad?

FRASIER SHAKES IT OFF, TAKES A BEAT, AND NOW KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT HE NEEDS TO DO.

FRASIER

You know... Paris isn't going
anywhere. Maybe I'll spend some time
here. Stick around a while.

FREDDY

(BEAT, SMILES) I'd like that.

A NICE MOMENT, A LONG TIME IN THE MAKING. THOUGH NEITHER MAN
SAYS IT, IT'S PAINFULLY CLEAR THAT THEY LOVE EACH OTHER.

FRASIER

If I may... can I ask what your
grandfather texted you?

FREDDY SHOWS HIM THE TEXT. FRASIER READS IT OUT LOUD.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

"Tomorrow will be better than
yesterday." (LONG BEAT, THEN) This is
about the Mariners, isn't it?

FREDDY

They lost in the eleventh!

THEY SHARE A LAUGH, THINKING ABOUT THE MAN THEY BOTH LOVED.

CUT TO:

TAG

INT./EXT. FREDDY'S BROWNSTONE/LIVING ROOM - DAYS LATER (D2)

THERE'S A KNOCK. FREDDY AND EVE OPEN THE DOOR TO FIND FRASIER, HOLDING A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

FREDDY

Hey. What's with the Champagne?

FRASIER

We're celebrating. I found a place to live.

EVE

Amazing! Good for you!

FREDDY

(FORCED SMILE) Terrific.

You're really staying.

FRASIER

And it's in walking distance from here.

EVE

Wow, really?

FREDDY

(BIGGER FORCED SMILE) Even more terrific.

FRASIER

Really. You just go out the door, take a right, then take another right. Come on. I'll show you, and we'll toast my new place.

RESET TO:

EXT. FREDDY'S STOOP - MOMENTS LATER (D2)

THEY ALL (WITH EVE HOLDING THE BABY) START TO EXIT OUT THE FRONT DOOR TO THE STOOP. FRASIER STOPS AND "THINKS" FOR A MOMENT, ENJOYING HIS OWN PERFORMANCE.

FRASIER

Let's see if I remember this. (STEPS FORWARD) We go out the door... (TURNS RIGHT) We take a right... (TURNS TO FACE THE OTHER DOOR OF THE BROWNSTONE) Then we take another right. Ah! Here we are. Come on in.

FREDDY'S EYES GO WIDE AS FRASIER OPENS THE DOOR AND THEY STEP IN TO WHAT IS NOW FRASIER'S SIDE, WHICH IS STILL EMPTY SAVE FOR A FEW BOXES.

FREDDY

You're renting the other side of the brownstone?

FRASIER

Don't be ridiculous. I bought the brownstone.

FREDDY

What? How?!

FRASIER

I called the owner and made a very compelling offer. That, coupled with a signed headshot of Dr. Frasier Crane, got me a two-day escrow.

ALAN, OLIVIA AND DAVID CROSS IN FROM THE KITCHEN AS FRASIER POPS THE CHAMPAGNE AND STARTS POURING IT INTO CHAMPAGNE FLUTES. FREDDY IS BEGINNING TO SPIRAL.

FREDDY

Okay, hold on. I'm starting to have serious doubts about this.

FRASIER

I understand it's all sudden, but it will be good. For the both of us. I'll remind you about the joys of the cultured world, and you, in turn, will... pay attention to my lessons.

FREDDY

(BEAT) I guess we can try it out...

FRASIER

That's the spirit! (QUICKLY) But I don't want a silly wall dividing us, so you'll move in here with me while Eve gets more space with John on that side.

FREDDY

Wait, what--

FRASIER

(STEAMROLLING) And if you agree, you can both live here rent-free.

FREDDY

That's insane--

EVE

You have a deal we both agree!

FRASIER

Well, in that case... to new beginnings.

EVERYONE AD-LIBS RESPONSES AS THEY TOAST. WHILE EVE AND FREDDY AND DAVID AND OLIVIA LOOK AROUND, ALAN AND FRASIER HAVE A BRIEF MOMENT ALONE.

ALAN

Selfishly, I'm glad you'll be living here, but you were so looking forward to the next chapter of your life.

FRASIER

I was, but it occurred to me... of all my passions, there is one I've wanted more than anything else.

ALAN

And what's that?

FRASIER

To be a good father.

THEY TOAST, AND WE END WITH SOME GREAT SONG -- MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, PAUL WELLER'S "THE CRANES ARE BACK" -- AS WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW