

FRASIER

"Martin's New Hobby"

ACT ONE

FADE IN

(Title) If It Ain't Broke, You're Not Using It Right

INT. CAFE NERVOSA - DAY

(Daphne, Roz)

DAPHNE

He mopes around the house, only takes Eddie out for short walks...He doesn't even go to Dukes' anymore. Honestly, I don't know what to do with him!

ROZ

Maybe he just needs a little nudge. Why don't you set him up with someone from the building? Some rich old girl who needs a little fun? Aren't you always meeting some lonely widow or another in the elevator?

DAPHNE

Yes, and they do certainly like Martin, but no-one seems to strike his fancy. That perfectly lovely Mrs. Fredericks asked him to the football game just last week. You could tell she arranged those tickets just to entice him--she thinks football's played on a court.

ROZ

And Martin turned her down?

DAPHNE

Oh, he was quite nice about it. But he said he couldn't possibly. He had a volunteer meeting, you see.

ROZ

Volunteer? Martin?

DAPHNE

Reading for the blind. He told her Mrs. Fredericks that he reads Braille.

ROZ

Right. So let me get this straight. Martin's lost interest in everything, never goes anywhere and has no interests.

DAPHNE

That's the long and the short of it. It's affecting his health! He's put on weight, he complains more of pain, and he doesn't want to do his exercises. He's quite depressed.

ROZ

You're sure he doesn't just need a good dose of castor oil?

DAPHNE

I've been putting prune juice in his coffee for weeks now. He's as regular as clockwork.

ROZ

Okay, too much information. Well, it sounds like he's stuck, so we'll just have to do something about it. We'll come up with something. Hey, what's taking them so long to get to us?

(WAITRESS ARRIVES. SHE'S NOT THE USUAL NERVOSA TYPE. SHE'S EXTREMELY PERKY.)

WAITRESS

Hello, my name is Ariel and I'll be your server today.
The special today is a steaming macchiato with a unique
blend of cocoa and vanilla sugar and, in honor of the
season, just a snippet of nutmeg!

DAPHNE

I'll have a nonfat chai latte, with plenty of foam.

ROZ

I'll just have a regular cup of coffee.

WAITRESS

(DISAPPOINTED)

You wouldn't like the macchiato? Piping hot...

ROZ

No, we'll have the chai and the coffee.

WAITRESS

All right, then, cream, half-and-half, whole milk, 2%,
1%, nonfat or soy? The macchiato--

ROZ

Forget the machiatto, all right? No macchiato. I'll have
cream --no, make it 1%. If I put on any more weight, I'll
have to buy a bigger car.

(WAITRESS EXITS)

CUT TO

EXT. CAFE NERVOSA

(FRASIER STANDS WITH BLYTHE JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR.
SHE IS AN IMPOSING WOMAN: FABULOUS CLOTHES, POISE,
HEAVY JEWELRY. HE KISSES HER HAND)

FRASIER

Blythe, it's been a wonderful afternoon. May I call you tonight?

BLYTHE

Well, I am meeting with my broker for dinner...It's tiresome, but these financial wizards always want to eat! I suppose you could try my line between 10:30 and 11:00. But not after 11:00—late nights are so bad for the skin.

FRASIER

Your skin or mine?

(HE CHUCKLES: BLYTHE JUST LOOKS AT HIM)

BLYTHE

Yes...quite. Well, Ciao!

(SHE AIR-KISSES ON ONE SIDE ONLY AND WALKS AWAY.
FRASIER ENTERS CAFE NERVOSA AND WALKS OVER TO ROZ
AND DAPHNE.)

FRASIER

Well, well, what are you two lovely ladies doing inside on a glorious day like this?

ROZ

How'd the sunshine get up your pants on a glorious day like this?

FRASIER

Even your cynical taunts can't get to me today, Roz...No doubt you've heard about the new host of "Legal Eagle"?

DAPHNE

I haven't heard anything, but I can see perfectly well.
That woman was wearing a diamond on her finger the
size of my Granny Moon's big toe bunion!

(FRASIER AND ROZ BOTH LOOK REVOLTED)

ROZ

Legal Eagle...Is that the one with the nonstop cleavage?

FRASIER

(HAUGHTILY)

The one who graduated from Yale, Summa Cum Laude.

ROZ

And three-inch Farragamo heels, a collection of Chanel
suits that would make Coco proud, and an ex-husband
whose portfolio is only exceeded by the size of his--

FRASIER

Fine, fine Roz, that's more than enough.

(ROZ GRABS HER PURSE AND HEADS FOR THE LADIES' ROOM.
FRASIER PULLS UP ANOTHER CHAIR AND SITS DOWN.)

FRASIER

How did she find out all those things about Blythe?

DAPHNE

Blythe? Really?

FRASIER

Oh for god's sakes, will you let it go?

DAPHNE

Actually, I've been meaning to talk to you. I'm very worried about your father.

FRASIER

Why, what's wrong with him? Is it his heart? He drinks all that beer, he lives on smoked meat products...

(GETTING OVERWROUGHT)

DAPHNE

It's not his heart I'm worried about; it's his spirit. He seems to be...drifting.

FRASIER

Well, he's retired, he's done pretty much everything he wanted to do, he had a fine career, respected police officer, happy marriage, two successful sons...What else could he want?

DAPHNE

I'm not sure, and the trouble is, I think he doesn't know either. But I do know this: men who lose interest in life, who fail to find a reason to live after retirement tend to die young. It's basic psychology.

FRASIER

Yes, I know all about basic psychology Daphne, thank you. But don't you think you're overstating it just a little?

DAPHNE

I wish I were overstating it, but I've worked with enough elderly people to know. When they lose interest in life, they drop like flies, and in surprisingly short order! Do you know, it's been more than a month since your father even went to Dukes'?

FRASIER

A month? That is serious. What do you think we should do?

(ROZ RETURNS AND SITS DOWN)

DAPHNE

He needs a new interest, something he's never done before, something to get the juices flowing again.

ROZ

I have an idea. Estelle Grady in my building attends adult classes over at the senior center. She's always going off to tango class, or artisanal breadmaking, or hand-ground landscape watercolor. Last summer she went to Italy with fifteen other old folks and a guide named Carlita. The group sustained two broken hips, four stolen wallets, a couple of gigolos and mass dehydration—Estelle had the time of her life.

FRASIER

That's exactly what Dad needs—a group of people near his own age, similar interests...I'm afraid Niles and I expect Dad to lead the kind of lives we do. We forget he needs his own interests. Roz, I think you're right. Dad should take some classes, find himself!

ROZ

If he goes to Italy, he may find himself in need of better insurance. But I think you're right: Martin needs a change, and quick.

DAPHNE

But how are we going to get that bloody stubborn old git--fellow to do it?

FRASIER

Leave it to me, ladies. I am not a psychiatrist for nothing.

(FRASIER EXITS. THE WAITRESS RETURNS WITH TWO CUPS AND SETS THEM ON THE TABLE)

WAITRESS

There you go! Two steaming hot macchiatos!

FADE OUT

Title (The Struggle)

FADE IN

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING-ROOM - DAY

(Frasier, Martin)

MARTIN

I'm not going to do it, and that's final!

(STOMPING OFF TO HIS BEDROOM. EDDIE FOLLOWS, THEN STOPS AND STARES AT FRASIER FOR A LONG MOMENT. EDDIE RUNS OFF AFTER MARTIN).

FRASIER

Dad--

(STARTING AFTER HIM. DOORBELL RINGS. FRASIER ANSWERS IT AND NILES ENTERS.)

MARTIN

(SHOUTING FROM THE OTHER ROOM)

Forget about it, Frasier!

NILES

What's Dad screaming about?

FRASIER

Oh, I merely suggested to him that he might like to take a class at the senior center and he blew up at me.

NILES

Well of course he did. Dad's a proud man: he doesn't want to be reminded of his age by going to a senior center. Maybe we could get him into something over at the university.

FRASIER

(SCORNFULLY)

Like what, soccer? Introduction to French?

(THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN. FRASIER ANSWERS IT,
MUTTERING)

FRASIER

When did people stop calling before they just drop in?

(HE OPENS THE DOOR AND GASPS. A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
WOMAN IS FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY. THEN THE CAMERA
PULLS BACK AND WE SEE ROZ.)

FRASIER

(CHARMINGLY)

Oh--hello, and who might you be?

(TAKES THE YOUNG WOMAN'S HAND AND DRAW HER INTO
THE ROOM. HE ALMOST SHUTS THE DOOR JUST BEFORE
SEEING ROZ).

FRASIER

Oh, hi, Roz.

(ROZ ENTERS)

ROZ

Hi Frasier. Thanks for not actually slamming the door in
my face. Frasier, this is Magda, she's in my yoga class.
Is Martin around?

NILES

I'll get him.

(HE WALKS RAPIDLY TOWARD HIS FATHER'S ROOM, BUT SINCE HE'S STILL LOOKING AT MAGDA, HE TRIPS OVER THE STEPS FROM THE LIVING-ROOM.)

FRASIER

What do you want with Dad?

ROZ

Well, I was thinking about Martin's losing interest in things, and Magda and I got to talking in class. It's amazing what you can do with both legs on the floor behind your head...

FRASIER

The mind reels...

ROZ

Anyway, it turns out that Magda works at the Community Center two nights a week...

(NILES AND MARTIN ENTER, MARTIN GRUMBLING)

MARTIN

Like some old coot who's too senile to--

(HE SEES THE WOMEN AND STOPS SHORT)

ROZ

Martin, this is Magda. Magda is involved in an art class over at the Community Art Center.

MARTIN

(BEAMING)

Really?

(MAGDA, TAKING HIS HAND AND LOOKING INTO HIS EYES.
SHE SPEAKS IN A SEXY EASTERN EUROPEAN ACCENT)

MAGDA

Martin, do you believe in fate?

(MARTIN NODS)

MAGDA

As do I. We were fated to meet like this, don't you agree?

MARTIN

(BLUSHING AND GRINNING)

You betcha!

(MAGDA, TAKING MARTIN'S HAND, AND GAZING AT THE
PALM)

MAGDA

You have such strong hands, Martin. You can make
wonderful things with such hands. You will make me
happy, Martin? You will come to my class, no Martin?

MARTIN

No, I mean, yes, I mean, I'd be glad to...

ROZ

That's great, Martin, I'll pick you up tomorrow at seven.
Come on Magda, we'd better get you back to the swans
and your milk bath.

MAGDA

Goodbye, Martin. I will see you tomorrow.

(MAGDA KISSES HIS CHEEK, AND WIPES OFF A SMUDGE OF
LIPSTICK)

MARTIN

(DAZEDLY)

Goodnight.

ROZ

Bye Frasier, bye Niles.

FRASIER

Wow, Dad. Love your teacher!

NILES

Yeah, a guy could learn a lot from a teacher like that.

(MARTIN SMILES VAGUELY AND TURNS AWAY)

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING-ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

(Daphne, Niles, Frasier)

(DAPHNE, NILES AND FRASIER ARE IN THE LIVING-ROOM. DAPHNE AND NILES ARE SITTING ON THE COUCH CUDDLED UP AND DRINKING WINE. FRASIER SETS A TRAY OF SNACKS ON THE TABLE AND WATCHES WHILE NILES FEEDS DAPHNE ONE)

FRASIER

It took awhile, but you two are so happy, it must have been worth the wait.

NILES

Well, yes and no.

DAPHNE

(SITTING UP)

What do you mean, "No"!

NILES

I just mean that if I had to wait another seven years for you, I would. But that first seven years were the longest of my entire life. Oh, to love someone so much, and not be able to say a thing!

DAPHNE

(KISSING HIM)

Sweetheart, Sweetheart, it's all right. I'm here now.

FRASIER

I wonder if Blythe and I...

DAPHNE

Oh, wouldn't that be wonderful! I know you like her a great deal...Is she very kind?

FRASIER

Kind?

DAPHNE

Yes, kind, you know. Nice to other people, loves animals and babies, cares for the environment...Kind!

FRASIER

I hadn't really thought about it. She's highly intelligent, a MENSA member, she's tops in her profession, she's very attractive. In fact, she worked her way through law school as a Victoria's Secret model.

NILES

It sounds like she has much to recommend her.

(EDDIE SITS BY NILES' FOOT AND TUGS ON HIS PANTS LEG. WHEN EDDIE TURNS AROUND, NILES PUTS HIS FOOT ON EDDIE'S TAIL, AND EDDIE LIES DOWN)

DAPHNE

Maybe, but if she isn't kind, I'd say forget it. I mean, who wants to be with someone who grows cold when you put on a few pounds, or lose more hair...

(FRASIER CRINGES)

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

or want to bring your father to live with you...Looks fade, you know.

FRASIER

Yes, but recently I've been bewitched by a technicolor beauty. But I guess there's more to love than external perfection... You're right, Daphne. I shall endeavor to discover if the lady is...kind.

DAPHNE

And you'll be glad you did, you mark my words.

(NUZZLING NILES)

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

My Niles is the kindest man in the world! I could never love him otherwise!

(NILES TAKES HIS FOOT OFF OF EDDIE'S TAIL AND EDDIE IMMEDIATELY JUMPS UP ON THE SOFA AND LICKS HIS EAR.)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Title (Everything for My Art)

(MARTIN'S WAITING AT THE DOOR, LOOKING REPEATEDLY AT HIS WATCH. EDDIE SITS BY HIS FOOT, LOOKING UP. THE DOORBELL RINGS, AND MARTIN JUMPS, THEN SMOOTHS HIS HAIR AND OPENS THE DOOR, BEAMING. NILES IS STANDING THERE.)

MARTIN

Oh, it's you

NILES

Great to see you too, Dad. I came to surprise Daphne and take her out to dinner.

MARTIN

You come around so often anyway, why don't you get a key?

(TAKES UP HIS POSITION BY THE DOOR AGAIN. FRASIER AND DAPHNE ENTER FROM THE KITCHEN, ARGUING)

FRASIER

I specifically asked you for Nova salmon, not smoked salmon. You see, Nova salmon is cured in a delicate brine. Smoked salmon, as the name clearly states, is cured over a fire. It's a much more robust flavor and totally inadequate for the occasion. It will overpower the bouquet of that Pinot Gris, and Susan Tolbrod-Haverson will talk about it for the next year.

DAPHNE

Well, la-di-dah. I'm sorry, I'm not a gourmet, as you keep reminding me, and as for your salmon, you can roll it around a breadstick and stuff it--oh, hello Darling!

(RUNNING TO NILES AND KISSING HIM).

NILES

I thought we might try that new Thai place tonight, and then I believe you wanted to see that new Italian film-- was it "Cake and Hyacinths"?

DAPHNE

"Bread and Tulips". But what a lovely surprise! I thought you were working late tonight: isn't Tuesday your Fear of Commitment group?

NILES

Yes, but I canceled it. Sometimes you just get sick of seeing the same old faces week after week.

DAPHNE

I'll just get my things.

(SHE GOES TO THE TABLE AND PICKS UP HER PURSE AND COAT. NILES TRIES TO WALK AROUND MARTIN, WHO'S STILL CROWDING THE DOOR. THEY DANCE AROUND EACH OTHER FOR A MOMENT)

MARTIN

You stay there. I'll move.

(MARTIN WALKS AROUND NILES AND TAKES UP HIS POSITION BY THE DOOR AGAIN.)

NILES

It seems Dad's on point. Are we awaiting a pizza delivery?

FRASIER

No, his class is tonight. He's been getting ready for the past two hours.

NILES

I thought I smelled Old Spice. What is the topic of the class anyway, Dad?

MARTIN

I don't exactly know. Roz called and told me to wear something old, in case we get dirty. How dirty can you get in a classroom, anyway? Times sure have changed since I last went to school!

FRASIER

Teachers have too, eh Dad?

(MARTIN IS IGNORING HIM, AND LOOKING AT HIS WATCH AGAIN)

MARTIN

Where is she, anyway?

FRASIER

Look at him, patiently awaiting his next encounter with the lovely Magda.

NILES

The sloe-eyed Slavic beauty.

MARTIN

Shut up, willya both?

(THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN. DAPHNE LOOKS AT THE THREE MEN STANDING THERE, THEN OPENS THE DOOR. ROZ ENTERS)

ROZ

God, I am so sorry. The sitter was late and I was just going out the door, when Alice decided to vomit her chicken pot pie all over the sofa. So, I had to clean the sofa, clean up Alice, clean up the babysitter...

NILES

You had to clean up the babysitter?

ROZ

Well, Blake is a very sensitive girl. When Alice started throwing up, she did too. God, it was the Roman empire and Bulimics Anonymous all rolled together. You ready, Martin?

MARTIN

Ready as I'll ever be!

ROZ

We'll be back around 11.

(ROZ TO MARTIN AS THEY LEAVE)

ROZ (CONT'D)

Is that a new shirt?

FADE OUT

Title (What's Nude, Pussycat?)

FADE IN

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY – NIGHT

(Roz, Martin)

(ROZ WALKS MARTIN TO THE CLASSROOM DOOR)

ROZ

I'll meet you back here at 10:30 sharp, okay?

MARTIN

(HESITATING)

Aren't you coming in?

(ROZ GESTURES TO SOMEONE DOWN THE HALLWAY)

ROZ

No, I'm signed up for the poetry class in room 210.

MARTIN

I didn't know you liked poetry. What kind of poetry is it?

ROZ

You know, the classics. The Kama Sutra, Song of Solomon...

MARTIN

"Thy belly is like a heap of wheat..."

ROZ

Fine, it's an erotic poetry class, okay? And there's a really hot guy teaching it. Is that what you want to hear?

(SHE LEAVES. MAGDA APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY, WRAPPED IN A KIMONO, AND PUTS HER HAND ON MARTIN'S ARM.)

MAGDA

Martin, are you ready to begin our adventure?

MARTIN

Oh, hello Magda, sure...Are you teaching the class?

MAGDA

No, I know nothing about sculpture: I am not an artist, I do not have the genius. I am just a model.

(MARTIN GAPES. HE FOLLOWS HER INTO THE CLASSROOM, WHERE OTHER STUDENTS ARE STANDING IN FRONT OF WORKBENCHES. MRS. LOWELL, THE TEACHER, WALKS OVER TO THEM)

MRS. LOWELL

You must be Martin. Magda told me you'd be coming. We're so glad you're here! Your materials are right here on this table.

(POSITIONING HIM IN FRONT OF A LARGE BLOCK OF CLAY)

MRS. LOWELL (CONT'D)

Just use any of these tools to express what you see. Pay attention to the curves, the gentle slope of the shoulder, the bend of the waist...Don't worry about what's right or wrong, just do what you feel.

(MARTIN STANDS FACING THE CLAY. THE TEACHER PUTS A SCRAPER IN HIS HAND, THEN PATS HIM ON THE SHOULDER. IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM, MAGDA CALLS TO HIM.)

MAGDA

Martin, I just know you'll be a wonderful sculptor. And I, I shall be your muse, no?

(MARTIN NODS, LOOKING NERVOUS. HIS LOOK TURNS TO HORROR AS SHE CLIMBS THE STEPS TO A DAIS AND DROPS HER ROBE)

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING-ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

(Martin, Frasier)

(MARTIN IS AT THE DINING TABLE, FINISHING HIS BREAKFAST. FRASIER ENTERS.)

MARTIN

I didn't get to ask you yesterday... How was your date with the Leagle Beagle?

FRASIER

That's Leagle Eagle, Dad, not Leagle Beagle.

(FRASIER POURS HIMSELF A GLASS OF JUICE FROM THE DECANTER ON THE TABLE).

MARTIN

From the way she looked at your apartment, I'd say more like Doberman.

FRASIER

Now, just what is that supposed to mean?

MARTIN

Nothing. She approved of the leather couch, admired your African Art, and nearly puked on my chair.

FRASIER

Blythe is a lady of taste and distinction. And for your information, last night was lovely. We went to that new French bistro over on Broadway, Le Chalet D'Or. Afterwards, I took her to see Aida... Of course, there was that minor skirmish with the waiter...

MARTIN

What skirmish?

FRASIER

Well, it was silly, really. You see, Blythe ordered the Caesar salad for a starter, only with the dressing on the side. When the waiter brought it, the chef had dressed the salad.

MARTIN

Yeah, so?

FRASIER

Well, Blythe was understandably upset, but maybe she went just a little too far. She lost her temper and called the waiter some pretty hard names.

MARTIN

So, she lost her temper a little. She's spunky, huh?

FRASIER

That's not all, Dad. The waiter apologized and tried remove the offending plate, but Blythe grabbed it back out of his hand...

MARTIN

And?

FRASIER

And poured it on his shoes

MARTIN

She poured it on his shoes?

FRASIER

Dad, I was never so humiliated in my life. That poor waiter stood there with Caesar salad all down the front of his pants...

MARTIN

I thought you said she poured it on his shoes?

FRASIER

(MISERABLY)

She poured it down the front of his pants, and what didn't fit, she dumped on his shoes. I had to give the guy a hundred bucks, and beg the maitre d' not to call the police. I paid two hundred and fifty dollars and never even got to eat dinner. I can never go back there again.

MARTIN

Well, what did she say? Didn't she apologize?

FRASIER

Sort of. Not really...Not at all. She seemed to think her behavior was completely reasonable. She laughed about it! Said it's a hobby of hers, putting arrogant waiters in their rightful places.

MARTIN

You mean she just goes around being snotty to waiters?

FRASIER

No, from what I saw last night, probably taxi-drivers, maids, bathroom attendants, coat-check girls, personal trainers, masseurs, teachers... Basically anyone who makes under a hundred thousand a year is fair game.

MARTIN

Frasier, far be it from me to give you advice about your love life, but that dame was sizing this place up like she expects to be your sole inheritor. She sounds pretty unpleasant too. You watch out--she's gunning for you.

FRASIER

It's true, she's high-strung, and she definitely could use a little impulse-control. Maybe she was just nervous--we haven't been dating long. Behind that ice-queen act, she probably just wants a little of the Crane magic. And I intend to see that she gets it.

(LEERS)

MARTIN

Just make sure she leaves you with something besides your shirt.

(LOOKS SIGNIFICANTLY AT FRASIER'S PANTS)

(FRASIER CHANGES THE SUBJECT)

FRASIER

So, how was your class last night?

MARTIN

Fine, fine

(SPEEDS UP HIS EATING)

FRASIER

What's the class about, anyway? What does the Lady Magda... teach?

MARTIN

It's a sort of an...art appreciation course.

FRASIER

(FRUSTRATED)

So of course you're not going back. Dad, I do wish you'd give the fine arts a chance instead of--

MARTIN

Frasier, I am going back. The class is twice a week, and I told Magda I'd be there, so...I'll be there.

FRASIER

Ah, love!

(MARTIN RISES FROM THE TABLE AND TAKES HIS PLATE INTO THE KITCHEN, RETURNING WITH A PLATE OF PANCAKES AND EGGS. HE SETS THE PLATE IN FRONT OF FRASIER AND TURNS BACK TOWARDS THE KITCHEN).

FRASIER

You cooked?

MARTIN

No big deal.

(FRASIER PICKS UP HIS NAPKIN AND STARTS TO EAT)

FRASIER

I can't remember the last time you made breakfast. If I didn't know better, I'd say art appreciation agrees with you. Who thought a tough old ex-cop like Martin Crane would turn out to be Teacher's Pet!

MARTIN

If you're through being childish, I'll be going.

(MARTIN STOMPS OFF TO HIS ROOM)

FRASIER

Thanks for breakfast!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. THE RADIO STATION, LATER THAT DAY

(Frasier, Roz)

(FRASIER AND ROZ ARE TOGETHER IN THE PRODUCTION
BOOTH.)

FRASIER

What goes on in that class, anyway? I made a couple of
innocent remarks to Dad and he nearly bit my head off.

ROZ

Well, I wasn't there, but from what I hear, your Dad's
pretty bashful for an old cop.

FRASIER

What does he have to be bashful about in an art
appreciation course?

ROZ

(LAUGHING)

Is that what he told you it was?

FRASIER

Yes, why? What is it?

ROZ

The name of the class is Beginning Sculpture.

FRASIER

So?

ROZ

Beginning Sculpture: The Living Nude

FRASIER

(UNDERSTANDING DAWNS)

And Magda is the model. No wonder Dad's been so lively lately! That sly old dog never said a word.

ROZ

He's just embarrassed to talk about being in a class where a woman poses nude. His teacher thinks Martin's a natural-born sculptor.

FRASIER

Dad, a sculptor? It's incredible! You'd think he'd at least say something about it.

ROZ

Well, if you want him to keep going to that class, you'd better just go along with him. That is, if you can manage to keep your big trap shut.

(FRASIER SPUTTERS)

ROZ

I know, you're the big-time psychiatrist, you've kept the secrets of all sorts of important people yaddeddah yaddeddah. Just this once, try and wait until he's ready to tell you the truth, okay?

(FRASIER SIGHS, THINKS ABOUT ARGUING, THEN GIVES UP)

FRASIER

Okay.

ROZ

Oh, and speaking of big traps, how's it going with Blythe? On Monday, she actually made the coffee-guy cry. Said he was too stupid for his job.

FRASIER

Yes, she's like that... It's going all right I guess, but I get the feeling she's more interested in my 401K than in me. We spend a lot of time discussing real estate and investments--

ROZ

Dump her.

FRASIER

But--

ROZ

Dump her now. Or, you can hang onto her and waste the next couple of months trying to get in her pants while she's trying on Tiffany solitaires and taking out life insurance on you.

FRASIER

Must you be so crude?

ROZ

Must you be so dumb? Look, Frasier, you deserve someone who wants you, not your net worth. Besides at the office happy hour last week, she told Bulldog she'd have you eating out of her hand in a month.

FRASIER

How did you find that out?

ROZ

Bulldog told me. He bet me \$300 that she was right.

FRASIER

(THUNDERING)

And you took that bet!

ROZ

You bet I did! I said, "Bulldog, you don't know Frasier Crane like I do. He's a man of integrity and strength. He's not going to get trapped by some society witch looking to increase her ex-husband collection.

FRASIER

(HAPPILY)

You said all that?

ROZ

(LEAVING THE ROOM)

Something like that. And Alice's down-payment for Kindergarten is due next month, so get on it.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. FRASIER'S PLACE - A FEW WEEKS LATER, IN THE
EVENING.

(Frasier, Niles, Martin, Eddie)

(FRASIER IS POURING NILES A GLASS OF WINE--THEY'RE
STANDING BESIDE THE TABLE. MARTIN COMES FROM HIS
ROOM, PUTTING ON HIS COAT. EDDIE FOLLOWS HIM, LEASH
IN HIS MOUTH)

MARTIN

No Eddie, you can't go tonight.

(EDDIE DRAGS THE LEASH UP ONTO THE COUCH AND LIES
DOWN BESIDE IT)

FRASIER

Where are you off to Dad? Having a beer at Dukes'?

MARTIN

No, but some guy in my class invited me over for a beer.
I figured, Why not: it's free.

(NILES LOOKS CURIOUS AND STARTS TO SAY SOMETHING,
BUT FRASIER SHUSHES HIM)

FRASIER

Well, bye Dad. Have fun.

MARTIN

I'll probably be back kind of late.

(HE EXITS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR)

NILES

What was that all about?

FRASIER

Dad doesn't know I know, but Roz told me he's been working in an art studio. Sculpting. Wood, even bronze casting! One of the professors up at the art college has a loft studio, and he invites promising students to work there in the evenings. Dad goes nearly every night! I'd be worried about him if he didn't seem so happy.

NILES

So Dad's a promising student?

(SHAKES HIS HEAD)

NILES (CONT'D)

I wonder what his work looks like.

FRASIER

Oh that professor's probably just being kind to an old man who has few interests. I mean

(LAUGHING)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Can you imagine Dad an artist? A sculptor yet?

(THEY BOTH LAUGH)

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. FRASIER'S PLACE - EARLY EVENING

(Niles, Frasier, Eddie, Mrs. Lowell, Martin)

(NILES IS ON THE SOFA READING. FRASIER IS AT THE PIANO NOODLING, WHEN THE DOORBELL RINGS. HE GETS UP TO ANSWER IT, BUT MARTIN RACES OUT OF HIS ROOM AND BEATS HIM TO THE DOOR. FRASIER TURNS BACK IN DISGUST AND SEES EDDIE NOW SITTING ON THE PIANO BENCH. EDDIE'S NOODLING, PICKING OUT A TUNE WITH ONE PAW. FRASIER DOES A DOUBLETAKE, AND EDDIE STOPS AND JUMPS DOWN FROM THE PIANO. MARTIN OPENS THE DOOR. MRS. LOWELL IS AT THE DOOR)

MARTIN

Mrs. Lowell! What are you doing here? Umm, come in, come in!

(FRASIER AND NILES WALK OVER TO THE DOOR)

MARTIN

Mrs. Lowell, my art teacher, this is my son Frasier, and my other son Niles.

(MRS. LOWELL SHAKES HANDS AND GREETES NILES AND FRASIER)

MRS. LOWELL

Martin, I just came by to ask you again to take part in next month's charity auction. We still have a week to finalize the exhibits, and we desperately need yours. Or we'll be forced to take Mr. Lordson's tin-can barnyard animals and simulated wood creche.

(MARTIN PULLS MRS. LOWELL AWAY FROM FRASIER AND NILES SO THEY CAN'T HEAR. HE RUBS HIS FOREHEAD)

MARTIN

I don't know...I mean, I appreciate your asking me, but they're really not that good...

(AS MRS. LOWELL STARTS TALKING, FRASIER AND NILES, EAVESDROPPING, HUSTLE MRS. LOWELL INTO THE LIVING-ROOM AND SIT HER ON THE SOFA. MARTIN IS TRYING TO HUSH HER)

MRS. LOWELL

Not that good! They are superb! Dr. Rogers called them the finest examples of neo-realistic outsider art he's ever seen! Martin, you know this charity auction is vitally important to the center, and it's the jumping-off point of every well-known artist in Seattle. You get half the proceeds, and you know Dr. Rogers wants to start the bidding on your grizzly at \$4,000!

FRASIER

Dad, we know.

MARTIN

Know what?

NILES

We know you've been studying sculpture at Johann Pflug's studio. We're so excited for you!

MARTIN

Roz! That fink!

NILES

Well, she told Daphne, and Daphne told me...

MARTIN

And you told Frasier, of course. I swear, if I ever wanted to keep a simple little secret, I'd have to change my identity and leave town.

FRASIER

That might work... You'd take Eddie with you, right?

MRS. LOWELL

(TO FRASIER AND NILES)

I have begged and pleaded: he won't listen to me! You have to help me convince him to put his pieces in the show.

(NILES SUDDENLY GASPS)

NILES

Oh my goodness. Are you talking about the annual Museum of Modern Art Collectables Auction? Everyone who's anyone attends! I just sent in my RSVP yesterday.

FRASIER

And I, too.

MRS. LOWELL

Just think, the entire Crane family, patrons and artist, together at the most respected art charity event of the season.

NILES

Dad, this is your official entry to the art community! Think of it! You simply must donate your work to the exhibit!

FRASIER

(WAXING PHILOSOPHICAL)

Yes, as a public figure, I can't tell you how many times I've wished to avoid the responsibilities thrust upon me...But, when you have a great talent, you are destined to share it...You owe it to your public.

MARTIN

(BITTERLY)

So, I spend 25 years on the police force making the streets safe for decent citizens. I even get shot doing my job! But at last I've done something that makes my sons proud. I'm so happy.

(TO MRS. LOWELL)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You can have the pieces. All but the nude--Johann bought her for his own collection.

FRASIER

Dad, do you mean you've already sold your first piece?

(NUDGING MARTIN)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

How much did he pay you?

MARTIN

Oh Frasier, it's crass to discuss money.

(MARTIN WALKS MRS. LOWELL TO THE DOOR)

FRASIER

(TO NILES)

Can you imagine the look on Susan Tolbrod-Haverson's face when she realizes our father is one of Seattle's leading new artists?

NILES

After that last facelift, if she does anything besides sneer, her face will crack like a Ming vase in a microwave.

FRASIER

One more nose job and we'll be able to look directly into her sinuses.

(MRS. LOWELL SHAKES HANDS GOODBYE WITH NILES AND FRASIER)

MRS. LOWELL

The art world has gained a shining new star. I'm so proud to have discovered him! Your father is extremely talented, you know.

FRASIER

To be honest, we had no idea.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

(Frasier, Roz, Female voice)

(THE RADIO STATION STUDIO. FRASIER IS AT HIS CONSOLE,
AND ROZ IS IN THE PRODUCTION BOOTH.)

ROZ

Dr. Crane, we have Frederique on line three. She's
having trouble with her husband.

FRASIER

Hello, Frederique, I'm listening.

FEMALE VOICE

(THROATY, SEXY)

Dr. Crane? Oh, Dr. Crane, it's my husband.

FRASIER

Is he being cruel to you? Is he cheating on you?

FEMALE VOICE

Not exactly, but he won't make love to me!

FRASIER

You mean, he won't touch you?

FEMALE VOICE

Well, he does make love to me about once a day, but it's
not nearly enough. You see, I am a very sensual person,
and I need it much more often than that. You understand
that, don't you Dr. Crane?

FRASIER

(TURNED ON)

You have a very nice voice...Aah, purely in the interests of solving your problem, do you mind describing yourself to me?

FEMALE VOICE

I'm five foot eight, about one-hundred and fifteen pounds, red hair, green eyes...I've been told I have nice legs...

ROZ

I'm sorry Dr. Crane, we're running out of time. Tough luck, Frederique.

(ROZ SWITCHES OFF THE MICROPHONE)

FRASIER

Wait! Wait!

(HITTING THE RECEIVER AND GETTING A DIAL TONE)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Damn! Now, I will never get to meet--I mean, help that woman. Roz, why didn't you get her number so I could call her back after the show?

ROZ

Get over it, Dr. Schweitzer. I'd give a year's salary to have that woman's problems.

FRASIER

Yes. Indeed. And I'd give a year's salary to solve that woman's problems.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

Title (The Gala Event)

FADE IN

INT. AN AUCTION ROOM FULL OF PEOPLE IN BLACK TIE AND ELEGANT GOWNS - EVENING

(Niles, Frasier, Martin, Daphne, Magda, Johann, Mrs. Jones-Smythe, Murdock, Auctioneer, Other Attendees)

AUCTIONEER

And it's sold, for \$7,500

(CAMERA SCANS THE AUDIENCE, CLAPPING. DAPHNE SQUEALS AND CLUTCHES MARTIN'S ARM. ON HIS OTHER SIDE, MAGDA SMILES HAPPILY.)

CUT TO

(THE RECEPTION. TWINKLING LIGHTS, LOVELY FLOWERS, PEOPLE DRINKING COCKTAILS AND EATING CANAPES. FRASIER AND NILES FLANK MARTIN. HE'S HOLDING A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE AND LISTENING TO MRS. JONES-SMYTHE, A RICH, EXTREMELY THIN, MONOTONOUS WOMAN)

MRS. JONES-SMYTHE

I do think, Mr. Crane, that Munch really grasped life's divine irony, don't you? The skeletal forms, the horror and darkness...

MARTIN

(TO NILES)

For god's sake get her away from me or I'll throw myself through that window.

NILES

Mrs. Smythe-Jones...

MRS. JONES-SMYTHE

(COLDLY)

That's Mrs. Jones-Smythe

NILES

Of course, please excuse me.

(NILES TAKES MRS. JONES-SMYTHE BY THE ARM)

NILES (CONT'D)

Won't you give me your opinion on those reclaimed cement candelabras? Do you think they're much too obvious for an entryway?

(HE DRAWS HER AWAY)

FRASIER

Dad, I'm impressed. Your work, it's so...elemental, powerful! You racked up over \$30,000 tonight! And I saw the art critic from the Seattle Sun taking notes. You'll be in his column tomorrow, you mark my words.

MARTIN

That guy Mudraker?

FRASIER

That's Murdock, Dad, Anthony Murdock.

MARTIN

Whatever.

(JOHANN PFLUG, A YOUNG GUY IN BLACK TANK TOP AND LEATHER PANTS, PIERCED ALL OVER AND COVERED WITH TATTOOS, RUSHES UP AND HUGS MARTIN. FRASIER STARTS, BUT MARTIN LAUGHS AND CLAPS THE MAN ON HIS SHOULDERS.)

MARTIN

Joe, how the hell are you?

JOHANN

(WITH AUSSIE ACCENT)

Fabulous, Marty. My doc got me some medical mary jane, and the swelling's almost gone.

(TO FRASIER)

JOHANN (CONT'D)

You shoulda seen it--my navel really was the size of a friggin' orange. Your Dad helped me get the stud out, but it took a lot of Johnny Red, right, Marty?

(FRASIER NODS AND TRIES TO SMILE, LOOKING DISGUSTED)

MARTIN

That's just great, Joe. Joe, I want you to meet my son Frasier. Frazee, this is Johann Pflug.

FRASIER

You--you're Johann Pflug, the sculptor?

JOHANN

(SHAKING HIS HAND)

Yeah, marble, some bronzes. Last year I discovered fiberglass, and it opened up a whole new world to me. It's so light, so flexible, so...plastic, you know?

MARTIN

But right now, Joe's working in a new medium.

(JOHANN LIGHTS A CIGARRETTE, FRASIER LOOKS AT IT, OFFENDED)

JOHANN

Yeah, it's all your dad's idea. You see, I hate to cook and don't have much time to go out, so I pretty much eat pickles and boiled eggs. So one day, Marty and I were talking about iconography and the various kinds of tempera used in the Middle Ages--

FRASIER

You and Dad were discussing iconography...

JOHANN

Oh yeah man, your dad, he knows it all! Well, we were into the Fosters, and having a great old time of it and Marty said he thought I should do something with all those eggshells. I go through about a dozen a day, and they were just stacking up, you can't recycle them you know. So, your dad says to me --

(JOHANN AND MARTIN SPEAK TOGETHER)

(JOHANN, MARTIN)

Joe, why don't you use them in your work?

(THEY BOTH LAUGH)

JOHANN

Well, let me tell you, I thought that was just brilliant. I mean, think about it, the eggs nourish the artist, and what have you got left? The shells! The shells, man! The shells should nourish the art! The art gives a place to the shells! It's perfect. It's organic! My next show's in Soho. It's gonna be all eggshells and coffee grounds. You should come: I'll have my publicist send you an invite.

FRASIER

Soho, New York?

JOHANN

Soho in London. You've gotta come. And it's all your dad's genius.

MARTIN

It's nothing you wouldn't have thought of. Just using what surrounds you.

(JOHANN LAUGHS, SHAKES MARTIN'S HAND)

JOHANN

Right. Just a simple idea.

(TO FRASIER)

JOHANN (CONT'D)

Nice meeting you.

(ROZ WALKS UP WITH A THIN, BITTER-LOOKING MAN. IN THE BACKGROUND, WE SEE NILES LOOKING ON WEARILY AS THE BORING WOMAN ORATES AND GESTURES. FRASIER NOTICES HIM, AND NILES MOTIONS WITH HIS HEAD FOR RESCUE, BUT FRASIER PRETENDS NOT TO SEE)

ROZ

Frasier, Martin, I want you to meet Anthony Murdock,
the art critic.

(MURDOCK SHAKES HANDS WITH FRASIER AND MARTIN).

MARTIN

So, Murdock, what do you think?

MURDOCK

I never give my opinion at l'event propre.
You'll just have to read my column.

(MURDOCK TURNS AWAY TO GREET SOMEONE)

MARTIN

(MUTTERS)

Fat chance.

FRASIER

(NUDGING HIM AND WHISPERING)

Dad! He is the city's leading authority on art!

MURDOCK

I must say, you've done some amazing things here. That
Cigar Store Native American, for example: what
possessed you to carve such an ironic piece?

MARTIN

(OOZING FAKE CHARM)

Irony is my middle name. I'm a great fan of Munch.

MURDOCK

And the one-legged sea captain. Surely a comment on
postmodern mores and the aesthetic and hopelessness of
the post-modern man?

MARTIN

No, I just didn't have enough wood to do Marilyn
Monroe.

FRASIER

(SCOLDING)

Dad!

(TO MURDOCK)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

He's such a kidder.

(DRAWING MURDOCK ASIDE)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

You'll have to forgive my father: he's rather new to this
milieu. Still has some rough edges...

MURDOCK

Oh, I understand these artistic types. In fact, I find your
father refreshingly brut. Ah, there's the caviar.

(MURDOCK DARTS OFF INTO THE CROWD)

MARTIN

What a jerk. Joe says you can always tell a critic by the way he runs after the hors d'oeuvres.

(ROZ, WHO HAD DRIFTED OFF AFTER INTRODUCING THE CRITIC, NOW RETURNS, A HANDSOME MAN HOVERING NEARBY)

ROZ

(TO MARTIN & FRASIER)

I've got to go. Alice's sitter has to be home by 11:30.

FRASIER

Are you taking a cab? I thought you were riding back with Niles and Daphne.

(ROZ LOOKS AT THE HANDSOME MAN, JAMES LONG, WHO STEPS CLOSER AND SMILES, WITH EXTREMELY WHITE TEETH)

ROZ

Martin, Frasier, I'd like you to meet Professor James Long. He teaches my poetry class.

MARTIN

How do you do?

LONG

I do splendidly, thank you, just splendidly

MARTIN

(MUTTERING)

I'll just bet you do.

FRASIER

Wonderful to meet you. You know, I'm something of a poetry fanatic. What exactly is your area of specialization?

ROZ

(PULLING JAMES AWAY)

Come on James. See you tomorrow, Frazee.

MARTIN

(TO FRASIER)

He teaches a class on Eros, rhythm and the modern intimate relationship.

FRASIER

What kind of school are they running over there?
Community education, or just one long orgy?

(BLYTHE JOINS NILES AND MRS. JONES-SMYTHE. NILES STUMBLES OFF AS THE ART CRITIC ARRIVES. BLYTHE TAKES THE CRITIC'S ARM AND WALKS AWAY FROM MRS. JONES-SMYTHE, WHO HAS TURNED AWAY OBLIVIOUS TO HER LOSS, DESCRIBING WITH HER ARM THE CURVE OF A TREMENDOUS VENUS OF WILLENDORF FIGURE. THE ART CRITIC SAYS SOMETHING TO BLYTHE, AND SHE THROWS HER HEAD BACK AND LAUGHS)

MARTIN

Don't look now, but Mudraker's got your girl.

FRASIER

That's okay. It's over between Blythe and me.

MARTIN

You took my advice and broke it off.

FRASIER

In a way. I told her I was joining the Peace Corps. She said, "but what about your investments?" I asked her to consider coming along to Estonia, and she couldn't get away fast enough.

MARTIN

Well, you made the right decision. When do you leave for the Peace Corps?

FRASIER

I'm not--Thanks, Dad.

(DAPHNE AND NILES ARRIVE. NILES LOOKS DAZED.)

DAPHNE

We're off. Niles has a headache. But we're so proud of you Mr. Crane: you're the toast of the Seattle art world!

MARTIN

Thank you Daphne. Goodnight, Niles.

NILES

Goodnight Dad. Goodnight Frasier. Next time you get trapped by a hideous bore, feel free to call on me so I can watch you grow a brain tumor while I stuff myself with crab puffs.

(FRASIER, WHO HAS JUST TAKEN TWO MORE CRAB PUFFS FROM A TRAY ALREADY HAS ONE IN HIS MOUTH AND CAN'T REPLY. NILES AND DAPHNE LEAVE.)

MARTIN

(TO FRASIER)

Hey, do you think we could go? I've eaten so much chicken-on-a-stick, I'll be burping pepper jelly for a week.

FRASIER

That's satay, Dad.

MARTIN

Fine, it's satay, and I'm the toast of Seattle, and if I talk to one more snooty patroness of the arts, I plan to ask her the difference between a tummy-tuck and abdominal liposuction. Half these ladies, every time they blink, their ears twitch.

FRASIER

Okay, Dad. I guess you've had enough success for one evening.

FADE OUT

Title (Artistic Descent)

FADE IN

INT. FRASIER'S PLACE, THE NEXT MORNING.

(Frasier, Martin, Niles)

(FRASIER AND MARTIN ARE DRINKING COFFEE, FRASIER ON THE SOFA. MARTIN IN HIS CHAIR.)

MARTIN

I meant to ask you last night, but I didn't get a chance-- which of my pieces did you like?

FRASIER

Well, Dad, I liked them all.

MARTIN

You sure don't buy the kind of art I make.

FRASIER

We all have different tastes...

MARTIN

Go on, say it: my art's not refined enough for you!

FRASIER

It's not that, well, maybe it is. I mean, can you imagine my putting an 8-foot tall chain-sawed grizzly in here!

Dad, I like art that's...functional.

(MARTIN PICKS UP A STATUETTE FROM THE TABLE BEHIND THE SOFA)

MARTIN

I supposed you use this to crack nuts.

FRASIER

No, but I've always fancied it would make an excellent murder weapon.

(DOORBELL RINGS. IT'S NILES, HOLDING A BAG OF BAGELS IN ONE HAND AND THE NEWSPAPER IN THE OTHER.)

NILES

I thought I'd bring the early paper and some bagels.
Daphne has an 8 o'clock appointment, so we were both
up and out of the house early.

FRASIER

Is something wrong? Is Daphne sick?

NILES

No, it's more like maintenance.

MARTIN

She's having her hair done.

NILES

Not exactly. She's having her aura cleansed.

(MARTIN AND FRASIER LAUGH.)

NILES

(DEFIANTLY)

Aura blockage is apparently a very serious condition,
and must be prevented with regular cleansing. And it has
to happen first thing in the morning before the aura loses
its elasticity.

FRASIER

Yes, a flaccid aura is a terrible thing.

NILES

Shut up. I brought the Sun. Thought we might read
Murdock's column together.

MARTIN

Oh, forget about that jerk. What does a critic know about art? After all, he can only comment on the product, not the process. It's the process of art that gives it its real meaning. That's what critics can never truly understand. If they did, they wouldn't be critics: they'd be artists.

FRASIER

The product?

NILES

Not the process?

(FRASIER AND NILES EXCHANGE A LOOK. THEY'RE IMPRESSED. MARTIN PULLS A BAGEL FROM THE BAG AND SPREADS CREAM CHEESE ON IT. NILES OPENS THE PAPER AND FOLDS IT NEATLY, FUSSING WITH THE CORNERS)

FRASIER

Oh all right, Niles!

(NILES STARTS TO READ THE PAPER)

NILES

(READING)

"The indubitable star of last night's Museum of Modern Art Charity Auction was Martin Crane, an elderly but upcoming Seattle sculptor."

MARTIN

Elderly? That bast--

FRASIER

Dad, now he is a critic.

NILES

(STILL READING)

"His combination of harsh, common-place themes and delicate, almost flirtatious portrayals manages to offend and entice, to insult and cajole, without patronizing or begging for attention."

MARTIN

And I bet he bought his degree from the back of a matchbook.

NILES

Actually, compared to what he usually writes, this is a paean of praise. "By understanding his subject from the inside, Crane manages to put the homo--"

(STOPPING SUDDENLY)

NILES (CONT'D)

Are there sesame bagels in there? I specifically asked for sesame. My, I'm famished. Do you have any coffee?

MARTIN

The homo-what?

NILES

(GABBLING)

Coffee, coffee. Frasier, can I see you in the kitchen? I can never find where Daphne keeps the cream.

(FRASIER AND NILES GO TO THE KITCHEN, NILES GRASPING THE PAPER)

NILES

What should we do? If Dad reads this, he'll be livid.

FRASIER

What can we do? He knows we're in here: we'll have to come out eventually. What else does it say?

NILES

I can't.

(FRASIER TAKES THE PAPER AND READS IT)

FRASIER

"managing to put the homoerotic element back into the area of outsider art. His burnished bronze cowboy with spurs and lasso oozes raw, male sexuality, the Cigar Store Native looms suggestively from his pedestal. In this case, it is most easy to see that a cigar is definitely no cigar."

(LOOKING UPSET)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

He goes on and on like this. "...Crane spends most evenings with his dear friend and mentor Johann Pflug. His two sons, eminent psychiatrists, Niles and Frasier Crane, are known throughout the art community for their aesthetic sensibilities..." He thinks Dad is--

(CAMERA MOVES TO SHOW MARTIN STANDING IN THE KITCHEN DOOR)

MARTIN

Gay. He thinks I'm gay.

(MARTIN TAKES THE PAPER FROM FRAZIER)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

"One wonders when Mr. Crane will lose his desire to inspire in conventional ways and embrace his true self. Maybe then he will leave the macho posturings of his youth behind and create the truest expression of his soul."

(MOMENT OF SILENCE. FRASIER AND NILES LOOK AT EACH OTHER).

FRASIER

Well, Dad?

NILES

Dad? Are you okay?

MARTIN

Yeah, I was just planning my next piece. Something that shows my real artistic soul. Maybe something with lilies, or babies, or maybe babies with lilies coming out of their butts.

FRASIER

Dad, don't let him get to you. You know who you are, and one envious critic won't change that.

(COMING OVER AND SLAPPING HIS DAD ON THE BACK)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Tell you what: let's go out tonight to the Cork and Cleaver. We'll get some thick steaks, onion rings and some beer, and we'll talk about your next show.

MARTIN

There won't be another show. Oh, I don't care if Murdock thinks I'm repressing my secret desire for his scrawny but masculine form. That's not really important. You know what? I'm not too crazy about sculpting: it's a lot of hard work! A lot of standing and grueling physical labor. Hanging out with Joe and his buddies, that's been fun, but I may try oils or acrylics instead. Maybe stained glass...

(HE TURNS AND GOES BACK TO THE LIVING-ROOM, SEATING HIMSELF AT THE DINING TABLE. FRASIER AND NILES SIT DOWN WITH HIM.)

NILES

You're thinking of giving up sculpting?

MARTIN

Yep. I've met my goal.

FRASIER

Your goal was to create four magnificent pieces in as many weeks, earn tens of thousands of dollars in a single night, take the art world by storm, then give it up forever?

MARTIN

My goal was to take a certain sloe-eyed Slavic beauty to dinner, then maybe down to Dukes' for a nightcap. You boys don't mind if I take a rain-check on that steak dinner?

NILES

No problem

FRASIER

None at all.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE