

[10.3] Proxy Prexy

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Transcript {Kelly Dean Hansen}

Skyline: A helicopter rises above the buildings.

ACT 1

[Scene 1 - Frasier's apartment.
Martin and Daphne are sitting at the table.]

Martin: A hell of a breakfast, Daph. I'm stuffed.
Daphne: Thanks. Now come on, let's do some exercises.
Martin: And risk a cramp? What kind of training did you get?

[Frasier enters]

Frasier: Good morning. [He sits.]
Martin: Hi, Frasier.
Daphne: Morning.
Martin: Want some breakfast?
Frasier: Um, no thanks. Coffee will be fine. Hi, Daph, uh, listen. I could use an objective opinion. I am running for condo board president, and I want to know what you think of this as a slogan: "Frasier Crane--The People's Elixir." [He beams.]
Martin: OK, I'm ready for my exercises now.
Frasier: Please, Dad, this is serious! I have a feeling this could be my year.
Daphne: Don't you say that every year.
Frasier: Yes, I do, but this year, I am the only one running against the incumbent, which means the people will rally their inchoate yearnings for change behind my banner.
Martin: Well, you're full of catchy slogans. Frasier, don't get your hopes up too high, I mean, name one person on the condo board you haven't ticked off at least once.
Frasier: That's just because I have a Type-A, hands-on, get-it-done personality.
Martin: Seriously, name one. You know, Frasier, you might be the best man for the job, but a friendly smile and a "How do you do" in the hallway goes a lot further than being "The People's Laxative."
Frasier: [indignantly] Elixir! Well, I suppose you're right. I haven't really established myself as the neighborly sort. I thought that my term as fire safety captain might do the trick, but...I guess I drilled them once too often.
Daphne: [to Martin] Maybe you could give him lessons on how to be a normal person.
Frasier: I beg your pardon? Say, I've got an idea. Dad, why don't you

just run?

Martin: Why would I want to do that?

Frasier: Well, because then the people would get their regular guy, but he would have my political agenda.

Daphne: I get it. Your father's the figurehead. Like Woodrow Wilson when he had that stroke and his wife secretly acted as president.

Frasier: Yes, exactly, but of course Dad would be conscious, presumably.

Martin: How did you know about that?

Daphne: I'm studying for my citizenship exam. It's about time I became an American like everyone else. [*She goes to the kitchen.*]

Frasier: If you were like everyone else, you wouldn't know any history. So, Dad, what do you think?

Martin: I don't know, it sounds like a big pain.

Frasier: Oh, come on, Dad. Think of the neighbors. Think of the building, the good we could do together. We can actually achieve the dream of luxury apartment living that our founders intended. Plus, I'll do all the work.

Martin: I'll tell you something I always thought we needed: wider parking spaces so the doors don't get dinged.

Frasier: All right, you do this for me, I'll make sure that gets done.

Martin: Really?

Frasier: Absolutely...Mr. President!

Martin: I like the sound of that. [*They laugh.*]

Frasier: Now I think I should still run against you. [*He rises to exit.*]

Martin: Why?

Frasier: [*walking to the door*] Well, if I drop out just as you announce your candidacy, people might suspect something's up. It's better that our political legerdemain remain sub rosa, hmm? How would a normal person say that, Dad?

Martin: No one needs to know how the hot dogs are made.

Frasier: This is going to be sweet.

[*He exits. Fade out.*]

[*Scene 2 - Condo Board Conference Room*

Frasier is addressing the board.]

Frasier: Which brings me to my final opponent. Martin Crane. Now we're all aware that he is a decorated war hero and a much-honored police officer, but does he have the building's interests at heart? [*hamming*] Maybe. I simply ask that you stack up his 45 years of experience against my term as fire safety captain. Thank you. And God bless Elliot Bay Towers.

[*There is very light applause. Paul, a presiding board member, rises.*]

Paul: And now we'll hear from Martin Crane.

[*The applause for Martin is much louder than it was for Frasier.*]

Martin: Uh, thanks, uh, I'm Marty Crane, uh I just want to say that it's a privilege to run and, uh, I'll try to do the best I can. Go Seahawks!

[*More loud applause follows. Frasier hams his enthusiastic applause.*]

Paul: Um, here's where we hear from our third candidate, current president Jim McIntyre, but uh, last night he informed me that he was giving up condo board in order to pursue his dream of teaching English as a second language.

Frasier: [*to Martin*] Dream? Or court-ordered community service?

Paul: So, I guess it's time to vote.

Martin: Well, I wish we would have known that guy wasn't going to run.

I wouldn't have had to spend all night working on my speech.

Frasier: Yes, plus, I would automatically be president now.

Martin: Yeah, even you couldn't lose a one-man election.

Frasier: Hmm, are you forgetting 1998?

Martin: Oh, yeah, when you lost to the dead guy.

Frasier: He wasn't dead he was in a coma. How was I supposed to compete with that?

Paul: OK, ladies and gentlemen, we have a winner. In a surprisingly close vote of fifteen to two, our new president is Martin Crane.

Frasier: Yes! I got two votes!

[*Martin chuckles, somewhat embarrassed. Fade out.*]

[*Scene 3 - The Montana apartment.*]

[*Daphne is showing a woman out of the door. She and Niles are both wearing bathrobes. Niles is relaxed on a chair.*]

Daphne: Bye-bye. Uh, what a great massage. It's too bad her English wasn't better. She could have told us some of her secrets.
[*She sits next to him and takes his hand.*]

Niles: Yes, but now we know that Urdu is the official language of heaven. I could go for a snack. Want some pâte?

Daphne: No thanks.

Niles: Some cheese?

Daphne: No.

Niles: Pâte?

Daphne: Again, no. How about some salad?

Niles: Or a fruit salad. I could throw together a little mélange.

[*The doorbell rings.*]

Daphne: I'll get it. A mélange sounds lovely. [*She answers. It is Roz.*] Roz, I thought you were going out with that man from your gym.

Roz: We didn't even make it to dinner. Here's your never-fail date purse back.

Daphne: Oh, I'm sorry. No, come on in.

Roz: Are you sure? You look like you're going to bed.

Daphne: No, we just got a massage. Come in.

Roz: [*imitating Daphne's pronunciation of the word*] Oh. Boy a massage sounds wonderful.

Daphne: She did the most incredible thing to my neck. Here, let me show you.

[*Roz sits. Daphne massages her neck.*]

Roz: Hmm. Oh, Mmm-hmm.

Daphne: So how could you tell your date wasn't meant to be?

Roz: He had the same purse. Wow, that feels so good!

Daphne: Mmm-hmm.

[*Niles enters from the kitchen.*]

Niles: Oh, hi Roz!

Roz: Hi!

Daphne: Poor thing had a bad date.

Niles: Oh, I'm sorry. Well, now that Daphne's helping you to relax, do you want to join us in a little mélange?

[*Roz suddenly stiffens and has a very troubled, shocked look on her face. Daphne continues to massage her shoulders, and there is a pause.*]

Roz: [*weakly*] What?

Daphne: You'll love it. Niles is amazing.

Roz: Wait, what are you saying?

Daphne: Unless you have other plans.

Roz: Well, I guess not, but...

Niles: [*handing her the fruit salad*] Than here you go.

Roz: [*relieved*] Oh. Fruit salad. Oh my God, I thought you said ménage!

[*They all laugh hysterically. Roz eats the salad. Daphne stops the massage and sits.*]

Niles: Well, the fruits do mix a little promiscuously.

Roz: I was thinking, "Oh my God, what are they saying?"

Niles: Rest assured, we would have offered you something more than fruit salad to get you in the mood. [*They continue to laugh.*]

Daphne: You know what? She didn't say no.

Niles: You're right, she didn't.

Roz: It was only because it was so weird, I didn't know what to say.

Daphne: Is that why?

Niles: I think someone has a little crush on us.

Roz: You wish.

Daphne: We know what you wish. [*Niles laughs.*]

Roz: Okay, Okay. Let's talk about something else. What are you guys going to do this weekend?

Niles: [*sitting next to Daphne*] You, if you get your way. [*Niles and Daphne continue to guffaw. Roz becomes visibly irritated.*]

Daphne: So, if we had have asked you, you would have said no?

Roz: Of course I would have.

Niles: I see, and what's wrong with us?

Daphne: Do you find us unattractive?

Niles: Well, what if we wore masks?

Daphne: Oh, they'd have to be Nixon and Frakenstein. That's all we've got.

Roz: All right, you guys! Stop it! I'm sorry I didn't understand your little code word for fruit salad.

Daphne: We're sorry. Here you haven't even had dinner and we're teasing you.

Niles: Oh, you haven't? I didn't know that. Let me make you something.

Roz: No, it's OK, I'm not that hungry.

Daphne: Oh, come on.

Roz: Oh, all right. I wouldn't say no to a sandwich.

[*This is too much for Niles and Daphne. They cannot resist and begin to giggle again. Roz, unamused, rises indignantly to leave. Fade out.*]

[*Scene 4 - Frasier's apartment.*]

[*Frasier is speaking on the phone. Martin is in his usual position.*]

Frasier: Yes, he is doing a hell of a job, isn't he? Oh, listen, what did you think of the new plants in the lobby? Dad was particularly pleased with how they complimented the filigree in the sconces.

Martin: Don't tell people that!

Frasier: Yes, I suppose the best man did win. Bye-bye. Another satisfied constituent.

Martin: [*sarcastically*] Well, whoop-de-do.

[*The doorbell rings. Frasier answers. It is Paul.*]

Frasier: Hello.

Paul: Hi, Frasier. Hey, Marty [*He rushes to Martin in admiration.*]

Martin: Hey, Paul.

Paul: I just came down to congratulate you. Every president talks about getting new dryers, but you finally did something about it.

Frasier: You see, Dad. They love what you're doing for the building! Of course, the sting of losing was quite painful. But it's worth it, if we can have a laundry room that takes us into the 21st Century.

Paul: You're being a good sport about this, Frasier.

Frasier: Well, you know, public-spiritedness is the Crane code.

Martin: Right on! Uh, Paul, could you, uh...*[He gestures for Paul to step out of his line of vision to the television.]*

Paul: Oh, sure. Uh, hey, is it OK if I move the recycling bins down to the landing at the bottom of the stairs?

Martin: Knock yourself out.

Paul: Great, thanks. *[He exits.]*

[Frasier has a sudden indignant look. He glares at Martin.]

Frasier: Is this going to be a problem?

Martin: What?

Frasier: I think we need to reach a little understanding. If someone asks you a question, you look at me. If I scratch my nose *[he demonstrates]*, it means "No." You get it? They both begin with the same two letters: "N-O." *[Martin rolls his eye in disgust.]* Now if I touch my eye *[again demonstrating]*, it means "aye," as in "yes."

Martin: Guess what you're being if I touch my ass.

Frasier: Dad?

Martin: I think I can at least take care of the no-brainer decisions myself.

Frasier: That is not how this is supposed to work.

Martin: Well, I thought how this was supposed to work was that if I agreed to do this, you would do the one thing I asked for.

Frasier: Yes, wider parking spaces, but I have five years of ideas here to implement first!

[He sits, demonstrating the papers and files he has laid out on the coffee table.]

Martin: Five years? By the time I get my parking space I'll be driving a three-wheeled scooter with an oxygen tank on the back!

Frasier: Look, even if I could fast-track it, there are feasibility studies to be done. There's, um, a committee review, and then there's a bidding process. You can't just hire some guy with a can of paint.

Martin: Well, that's what I'd do.

Frasier: Well that is why you're not in charge. *[Martin is taken aback at this.]* Now, here's your agenda for the next meeting. Make sure you follow it to the letter!

Martin: Yes, master. *[He rises and heads to the kitchen.]*

Frasier: Dad, I sense you're chafing under the cruel yoke of public service. Remember, we must subordinate our own wishes for the good of the building! *[Martin is out of view. Kelsey now does one of his famous Bette Davis takes.]* And that is not one of our hand signals!

[Fade out.]

[Scene 5 - Conference Room.]

Martin is sitting at the head table, presiding.]

Martin: Next item, a study to determine the feasibility of putting... something on the roof. Any volunteers?

Frasier: I volunteer. And I would like to explore the idea of putting a patio on the roof.

Martin: All right, well, that about wraps things up.

Frasier: Uh, query?

Martin: [wearily] Recognized.

Frasier: Wasn't there, uh, something else you wanted to bring up?

Martin: [looking at the agenda] Nope. Don't think so.

Frasier: Are you sure? I-I could have sworn I heard the president say something about a-a new ventilation system.

Martin: Oh, we've done enough for tonight.

Frasier: [suddenly short and angry] No, you haven't! [Everybody, including Martin, is taken aback. Frasier recovers.] I'm certain if you simply consult the agenda which you so painstakingly prepared, you will find that there is one last item.

Martin: [consulting the agenda] Oh, yeah! Here it is! Wider parking spaces

[Various calls of "Oh, that's good!" "Real good."]

Paul: Great idea, classic Marty!

Frasier: [in a warning tone] Are you sure it's not a ventilation system?

Martin: No. Wider...spaces. Those in favor of better parking? [Everyone responds "aye."] Those opposed to better parking?

Frasier: Nay!

Martin: Motion carries!

Frasier: Query!

Martin: Not recognized.

[Frasier looks up in supreme indignation.]

Paul: Marty, I'm afraid I have to interrupt. There's a delivery for you. Bring it in Mrs. Richman.

[Mrs. Richman enters, pushing a cart with a cake. This character's most famous appearance was in the elevator scene of Episode [\[7.23\]](#), "Something Borrowed, Someone Blue [I]."]

Richman: Here we go.

Martin: Whoa! A cake! What's the occasion?

Paul: We wanted to show you our appreciation for all the great things you've done for us.

Martin: [beaming] Wow! I never thought I'd see myself in frosting!

Paul: In the last couple of weeks, you've done more for this building than the last two presidents combined. Where did you get all these great ideas?

Martin: [smiling, but staring pointedly at Frasier] Oh, I don't know. They just come to me while I'm trying to watch TV. Why don't you make yourself useful and cut the cake, Frasier?

Frasier: [with venom] My pleasure, Mr. President.

[He grabs the knife with an evil expression, and maliciously slices the cake across the point of Martin's throat in the frosting photo. Martin gets the hint and smiles back at Frasier. Fade out.]

END OF ACT I

ACT II

[Scene 6 - Frasier's apartment.

Frasier is seated at the table with papers, working. Martin enters.]

Frasier: [coldly] Hello.

Martin: Oh, don't be sore. I'll get to the ventilation system eventually.

Frasier: You went back on our agreement. I'm the one who's supposed to call the shots around here.

Martin: Our agreement was that we'd get wider parking spaces, but you blew me off. As far as I'm concerned the agreement is over. [*He sits at the table with some food.*] Besides, I think I have a knack for this president thing. Now, I'd like to keep you on my team, but, uh, if it's too rough for you, just say the word. [*He looks at some papers.*]

Frasier: Well, well, well. The puppet thinks he's a real boy. [*Martin smiles.*] I don't think you have the skills for this job.

Martin: I have something better--people skills.

Frasier: [*angrily*] So do I, but these boobs and nincompoops are too stupid to see it!

Martin: Well, if you're so sure you're indispensable, maybe you should run for president. Oh, wait. You did, five times.

Frasier: They wouldn't love you so much if it weren't for my ideas!

Martin: Right, because you need a Ph. D. to think about repainting the lobby. Oh, wait. You don't.

Frasier: Would you stop doing that?

Martin: You're right. It's not an effective way to argue. Oh, wait. It is.

[*Frasier begins to seethe in his chair. Fade Out.*]

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[*Scene 7 - Cafe Nervosa
Daphne and Niles are seated.*]

Daphne: [*over fade-in*] Don't you just love this part of American history?

Niles: I'm not much of a Civil War buff.

Daphne: It's fascinating. Much more so than the English Civil War.

Niles: [*playfully affronted*] Impossible! Didn't you want to be there when Charles I unfurled his standard at Nottingham in 1642?

Daphne: Ugh. You sound like school.

Niles: Well, we'll let Frasier settle it. Which Civil War was more interesting?

Frasier: [*approaching from the counter*] Spanish. But I don't have time to prove it. I've got to go confront Evita Perón at the condo board meeting tonight.

Niles: Dad?

Frasier: Yes.

Niles: I thought he was doing a good job.

Frasier: Well, he was, until he started to think for himself. He's so damn popular everybody else just follows along. It's like the blind leading the blind.

Niles: Well...

Frasier: But it will not stand! As soon as he calls for new business tonight, I am going to leap to my feet and expose him for the power-mad dictator that he's become. [*He hurriedly drinks his coffee.*] Mm-mmm. Then I'll take over. [*He rises to leave in a rush.*]

Daphne: Dr. Crane! Maybe you should take it easy on your father.

Frasier: Why?!

Daphne: Because he's getting out more, having fun with other people in the building. You can't take that away from him.

Niles: You get to be a big shot all the time. This is Dad's turn in the limelight. It's good for his self-esteem.

Frasier: Why do I even talk to you people?

[He exits in a rush, passing Roz, who is entering.]

Roz: Frasier.

Frasier: Not now!

Roz: Okay! *[To Niles and Daphne]* Hi, can I join you guys?

Niles: Oh.

Daphne: I think someone is coming on to us.

Niles: Someone just can't leave us alone. *[They giggle.]*

Roz: Okay, you guys have been doing this for over two weeks. Lay off.

Niles: I thought "laying off" was exactly what you didn't want us to do!

Daphne: *[cracking up]* That's a good one.

Roz: It doesn't even make sense. *[During this speech, her voice gradually increases in volume and the entire cafe becomes quiet as she finishes.]* Listen, I don't want to have a threesome with you. I never wanted to have a threesome with you, and I will not have a threesome with you! So quit bringing it up!

[She leaves in a huff. All are staring at Daphne and Niles.]

Daphne: I think we went a little too far.

Niles: Not as far as she wanted to go. *[They again begin to laugh hysterically. A bearded man in a leather jacket approaches them.]*

Swinger: Excuse me.

Niles: Yes.

Swinger: I'm sorry, I couldn't help overhearing, and as a fellow non-traditional sex enthusiast, our day will come. Here's my card.

Niles: *[taking the card between two fingers, as if it were toxic]* Thank you.

Swinger: *[as he exits]* Oh, and by the way, a bunch of us get together over at the SeaTac Hyatt second Saturday of every month. And if you want to just tape your wife with another dude, that's cool. *[He exits.]*

[Niles and Daphne shudder in disgust. Niles, holding the card as he would a dirty diaper, quickly drops it on the table, whereupon he immediately grabs a wet wipe and cleans his fingers. Fade out.]

[Scene 8 - Conference Room.

Frasier enters, late. Martin, Paul, and Mrs. Richman are at the head table.]

Martin: Thank you, Mrs. Richman, and for anyone who needs reminding, these meetings start at 8:00, not 8:07. *[He looks at his watch.]*

Frasier: Noted.

Martin: Well, shall we open the floor up to new business?

Frasier: *[quickly rising]* Yes! Yes! Yes! It's time you people understood the real kind of pres...

[He is interrupted by a tenant, Albert. This character has appeared before, most notably in Niles's version of Episode [\[5.09\]](#), "Perspectives on Christmas."]

Albert: Hold it, Crane. I got real business here. Can you tell us when we're going to be able to get our cars back into the parking garage?

Martin: Oh yeah, uh, the lines should get their second coat tomorrow,

and if it doesn't rain, they should be dry by the end of the week.

Albert: Uh huh, and in the meantime we have to park out on the street!

Martin: I know it's a little inconvenient, but...

Albert: Inconvenient?! I got a ticket!

Jerry: *[another tenant]* Yeah! My wife got towed.

Martin: But after it's done we'll have wider parking spaces.

Cecilia: *[another tenant]* If you make them wider, aren't we going to lose some spaces? Where are those people supposed to go?

Martin: Um, well, uh, maybe we could take turns.

[The crowd is beginning to get angry, responding with "Take turns?!", etc. Frasier begins to show some empathy toward his ambushed father in his facial expressions.]

Martin: Does everybody here need their car?

[The crowd again shouts all at once.]

Albert: Of course we need a car!

Jerry: Have you got a copy of the feasibility report?

Martin: *[shuffling through papers]* Yeah, feasibility report, uh, yes, the, um, feasibility report.

Albert: You only have one piece of paper there.

Paul: How long will it take before we get them painted back the right way?

Jerry: And who's going to pay for all the tickets we get?

Cecilia: I had to lug my groceries three blocks!

[They continue to murmur all at once.]

Martin: Look, I'm sorry, I...

Paul: What, did you just hire a guy with a can of paint?

Martin: *[feigning outrage]* No!

[The crowd increases in its unrest. Martin has clearly lost control of the situation. Frasier suddenly rises.]

Frasier: People! People! If you'd just let him talk, he could explain. My father is currently in negotiations with a salvage company to remove the old boiler room, which would give us the extra spaces we need.

Paul: Where are we going to park in the meantime?

Frasier: My father has already discussed with the building next door sharing their parking spaces. Isn't that right, Dad?

Martin: *[thankful for the bailout, he pretends to check the papers]* Uh...Yeah, right!

Paul: We should have had more faith in you! You've had a lot of good ideas so far.

Martin: Well, actually, I've got something to tell you about those good ideas.

Frasier: Dad. *[He frantically rubs his nose and shakes his head.]*

Martin: All that good stuff...all the stuff you were crazy about... it all came from Frasier. *[He rises and moves toward his son.]* From the very beginning, he's been the one running things and I think we should give him a little credit. *[He pats Frasier on the shoulder.]*

Frasier: Well thank you, Dad, that's very kind of you.

Martin: In fact, uh, having me run was Frasier's idea.

Frasier: *[attempting to interrupt, frantically rubbing his nose again]* Dad!

Martin: *[waving him off]* He figured that...he figured that you'd go for his policies if they came from somebody else.

Albert: *[shaking his finger]* So this whole thing was a scam.

Martin: Well, I wouldn't call it a scam. It was just a fake-out.

Jerry: Frasier, how could you do your father like this?

Richman: He's always wanted to be president, but I never thought he would stoop this low!

Martin: All right, that's enough! My son is the best thing that ever happened to this condo board, but you guys are too petty to see it! Well, you people don't deserve him! And if you don't want him, you don't get me either. I resign. Come on, Frasier. *[He heads for the exit.]*

Frasier: Right behind you, Dad.

Jerry: Now what do we do?

Paul: Well, technically, when the president resigns, the runner-up takes power.

[In exiting, Frasier hears this and stops in the doorway. Everyone looks back at him, stunned.]

Frasier: That's right, isn't it? Well. It's not the way I would have liked it, but bylaws are bylaws. So as your president, I would like to quote a man who understands the language of the people!

[He makes an obscene gesture with his hand, which is hidden from the camera by Cecilia's head. (Well, they had to conform to prime-time network standards, after all!) He quickly exits, leaving the entire crowd shocked, offended, and beaten. Fade out.]

END OF ACT II

Credits

Roz is at the counter of Cafe Nervosa talking to the waiter. The "non-traditional sex enthusiast" approaches her from a stool, introduces himself, shakes her hand, and gives her his card. She looks at it with a sudden horrified expression and quickly exits, leaving the swinger wondering what is up.

Guest Appearances

Guest starring

MARC VANN as Paul

BROOKS ALMY as Mrs. Richman

CONRAD JANIS as Albert

Co-starring

JOHN WESLEY as Jerry

DON TIFFANY as Swinger

MARILYN TOKUDA as Cecilia

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