

[1.16]The Show Where Lilith Comes Back

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AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

Won

EMMY

- **Outstanding Multi-Camera Picture Editing for a Series:** Ron Volk

Nominated

EMMY

- **Outstanding Writing for a Comedy Series:** Ken Levine, David Isaacs
-

Transcript {michael lee}

ACT ONE

Scene One - KACL

Frasier is doing his show.

Hank: [v.o.] So, Dr. Crane, I just don't know what to do about my weight. I've tried diet after diet, from the "milkshakes three times a day" to that scary bald-headed lady on TV. Nothing seems to work.

Frasier: Hank, listen to me. You've got to look inside yourself. There is a part of you that isn't being fed.

Hank: Well, it certainly isn't my butt.

Frasier: Yes, well, I'm talking about your inner self. What isn't being fed there? Love, career, simple self-esteem? There are deeper issues at work here.

Hank: So, so what do I do?

Frasier: Well, I'd suggest extended therapy. Please stay on the line, and my producer Roz will refer you to the help you need. Roz, who's our next call?

Roz: We have someone on line one who disagrees with your advice to Hank.

Frasier: Ah, really? [*pushes button*] Hello, you're on the line.

Lilith: [*v.o.*] Congratulations, Frasier, you've done it again.

Frasier goes rigid. Roz watches with delight.

Lilith: You've led another unsuspecting innocent down one of your dark, dead-end Freudian hallways.

Frasier: Lilith?

Lilith: Overeating is very simply a behavioral problem caused by negative reinforcement. It can be cured quite readily by behavior modification.

Frasier: I see. Well, Seattle, we have a celebrity of sorts on the line. This is my ex-wife, Lilith.

Lilith: What do you mean by "celebrity?"

Frasier: [*darkly*] Oh, they know you. [*hits the cough button*] Roz, what exactly does "call screening" mean?

Roz: It means I get to put on the air the calls I want to hear.

Frasier: [*lets go of button*] Well, Lilith, what brings you to Seattle — the constant rain?

Lilith: I'm here for a convention, and I happened to hear your voice on the radio. I kept hoping you'd introduce Pearl Jam's latest hit, but much to my chagrin, you were doling out worthless little advice pellets from your psychiatric Pez dispenser.

Roz is cracking up, obviously loving every minute of this.

Frasier: Well, I guess you'll be rushing off to your little convention now, and I suppose we'll just have to catch up on your next trip.

Lilith: Actually, I'm not doing anything for dinner tonight.

Frasier: Really? Well, then you'll want to keep your dial tuned to 780 for Gil Chesterton's "Restaurant Beat."

Roz: Why don't you ask her out to dinner, Dr. Crane?

Frasier hits the cough button again and gives Roz a glare that would melt through lead. She just grins at him. He lets go of the button.

Frasier: What a wonderful idea! [*takes a piece of paper and a Magic Marker and starts writing*] And let me tell you why, Seattle. You see, even though our marriage was unsuccessful, Lilith and I are quite capable of conducting ourselves as adults, and even enjoying spending some time together, from time to time. So, Lilith, seven at my place?

Lilith: Sounds great.

Frasier slams the paper against the glass of Roz's booth. It says, "You're FIRED!!" She holds up a manila folder on which is scribbled, "I'M UNION." Frasier seethes.

FADE OUT

THE RETURN OF THE MAGNIFICENT STERNIN

Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment

It's evening. Frasier is setting the table for dinner. Martin is standing next to him, Niles is on the couch.

Martin: In my day, when two people broke up you were mad, you were angry, you hated each other! Whatever happened to the sanctity of divorce?

Frasier: Dad, you never liked Lilith.

Martin: She's weird.

Frasier: She is not weird.

Martin: Oh, she's weird.

Frasier: Well, maybe she's a little strange.

Martin: No, [*points to Niles*] Maris is a little strange. Lilith is weird.

Niles: Gee whiz, Dad, I had no idea you preferred my wife to Frasier's.

Daphne comes out of the kitchen holding a cold beer can to her forehead.

Daphne: Oh, my head!

Frasier: Can I get you an aspirin, Daphne?

Daphne: Oh, no, no, I'm afraid those are useless. This is one of my psychic headaches. There's some kind of negative force out there. I only get these when there's a clawing at the cosmic continuum.

She hands the beer to Martin and heads back to the kitchen.

Niles gets up and hops over the coffee table.

Niles: Perhaps if someone rubbed your temples...

Frasier: Niles! I'm sure she wants privacy while she contacts the mother ship.

Niles: Frasier, I must tell you, I'm here for support, but I will not speak to Lilith.

Frasier: Oh, Niles, this ongoing feud between you and Lilith is ridiculous! Let it go, it was years ago.

Martin: I can't even remember what the fight was about in the first place.

Niles: Well, let me refresh you! At our wedding, while Maris was reciting her vows – which she wrote herself – vows of love from the heart, I distinctly heard snickering. I glanced behind me and there was Lilith, her fingers pressed hard against her lips, her body shaking like a paint mixer.

The doorbell rings.

Frasier: All right, now, now, there she is. All right, now—now listen, it's just one evening out of your life. Will you at least try to be civil?

Niles: All right, but I refuse to be warm.

Frasier goes to the door, and glances back to make sure everything is okay. Niles and Martin are standing uncomfortably side by side.

Frasier opens the door. There is Lilith, much as we remember her – hair done up in a bun, pale complexion, and a conservative but elegant dress. However, she is smiling, and maybe a little nervous.

Frasier: Hello, Lilith.

Lilith: Frasier.

Frasier: Please come in.

She steps in. They start to shake hands, then decide to hug.

Frasier: [*taking her purse and coat*] Here, let me take these things for you. There we are. Oh, look who's here.

Lilith: Hello, Martin. Hello, Niles.

Niles/Martin: [*flat, toneless*] Hello.

Lilith: [*looks around*] Where's Maris?

Niles: She's visiting her sister in Chicago.

Lilith: Oh. I thought perhaps she was sailing up the transplendent river of your love.

Lilith smirks. Niles's jaw drops with outrage.

Lilith: Frasier, I like what you've done with your apartment.

Frasier: Thank you.

Lilith: You have beautiful things.

Frasier: The settlement is final, Lilith.

Lilith sits on the couch. Eddie jumps up beside her.

Lilith: Go away.

Eddie jumps off the couch and runs away.

Frasier: Why does he listen to you, and not to me?

Lilith: By the tone of my voice, he senses I mean business.

Frasier: Oh, I see. You're saying your voice is more commanding than mine is?

Martin: Hell, I took a half a step before I realized she was talking to the dog.

Daphne comes out of the kitchen, still moaning.

Daphne: Oh, hello - I've never had a throbbing like this!

Frasier: Daphne, um, this is my ex-wife, Dr. Lilith Sternin. Lilith, this is Daphne Moon, my dad's physical therapist.

Daphne and Lilith shake hands.

Lilith: It's nice to meet you.

Daphne: An equal pleasure. [*turning back to Frasier; whispering*] When I shook hands with that woman, I lost all feeling in my arm!

Niles heads for the hallway.

Niles: Frasier, I'm going to pop into your bedroom and use the phone. Maris was developing some sniffles, I just want to make sure she's taking in enough liquids.

Lilith: Isn't it enough that she's eternally sipping from the font of your perpetual adoration?

Lilith smirks again. Niles turns around, with a "That does it!" expression. Frasier signals him, "Not here!" Niles exits.

Lilith: Martin, I'm especially delighted to see you here tonight.

Martin: [*gripping his cane a little closer*] Oh yeah?

Lilith: Oh yes. Knowing as I do the history of your relationship with Frasier, when I heard that he'd taken you in, I immediately flipped to the weather channel to see if hell had indeed frozen over.

Martin: Frasier, how'd you let ever this little peach get away?

Frasier: Well, I think dinner's just about ready. Why don't we move to the table.

Lilith and Martin get up and sit at the dinner table. Niles also comes back and sits down.

Frasier: So, Lilith, how is Frederick?

Lilith: Well, as you know, I've enrolled him in that chess camp in the Berkshires. It's really quite stimulating. For eight

hours a day, he sits in a large auditorium, with 300 other children, mastering the Alhausen-Grob Opening.

Martin: Well, he's in the mountains. Shouldn't he be out there in the fresh air?

Lilith: Every day after lunch they go for a nature walk. Unfortunately, Frederick is allergic to seven different varieties of ivy, so he has to wear long sleeves, and long pants... a bonnet with a net on it.

Frasier: Boy, I sure hope the other campers don't make fun of him.

Martin: Oh, I'm sure they don't. You know how kind kids can be. Hell, all he needs is a birthmark on his forehead, and they'd beat him to death with a shovel!

FADE TO:

LOOK WHAT I FOUND WITH THE DUST BUNNIES

Scene Three - Frasier's Apartment

After dinner, Martin is sitting in his armchair. As Frasier and Niles watch, Lilith analyzes him. Daphne is holding an icepack to her head.

Martin: So, I chased this guy down a dark alley, and when he got to the end he turned and pulled a knife on me. So I gave him a couple of good shots with my nightstick.

Lilith: Fascinating. I have to ask, were you at all aware of any repressed sexual urges while you were pummeling him so mercilessly?

Martin: Yeah, but I didn't put 'em in the report.

Lilith: You're having some fun at my expense, aren't you?

Martin: Not much. [*gets up*] In fact, I'm going to bed. Goodnight.

Frasier: Goodnight, Dad.

Daphne: Oh, well, if you don't need me any longer, I think I'll be shuffling off as well.

Frasier: Well, goodnight.

Daphne: [*to Lilith*] It was a pleasure meeting you. By the way, how many days will you be staying in Seattle?

Lilith: Just through the weekend.

Daphne: Well, enjoy your stay. [*heads to her room*] I'll be dead by Saturday night, I know it!

Niles: Well, I guess I'll say my goodbyes as well. Goodnight, Frasier. [*ignores Lilith*]

Frasier: Oh, this is ridiculous! Listen, Lilith, uh, Niles is upset because you snickered at Maris's wedding vows.

Lilith: I simply responded with the genuine spontaneous emotion I was feeling at the moment. [*Frasier motions her to try harder*] But, if Niles is not mature enough to accept that, if he is so pitifully insecure, if he is in such need of validation, then I guess for some sense of familial harmony, I do apologize.

Niles: [*overjoyed*] Oh, Lilith, thank you! [*hugs her tight*] Oh, this bad blood between us has gone on far too long! Next time you're in town, we'll have dinner, just you and me!

Niles leaves. Lilith looks at Frasier.

Frasier: He doesn't get that kind of validation at home, you see.

Lilith: Well, it's just the two of us.

Frasier: Yes. It's the first time we've been alone together since the lawyers put us in that room and said, "Don't come out until there's some resolution."

Lilith: Yes, well, this was nice.

Frasier: Yes it was, wasn't it?

They go out onto the balcony.

Lilith: You have a beautiful view.

Frasier: Well, it's a beautiful city. I hope you enjoy your convention.

Lilith: Oh, for God's sake, Frasier. There is no convention. I'm here because of the letter.

Frasier: The letter? What letter?

Lilith: You know very well what letter. The one you left in the apartment last month when you were home to visit Frederick, the one proposing we get back together. Surely you didn't forget?

Lilith leads him back in and takes a letter from her purse.

Lilith: [reading] "My darling, how could a love like ours have fallen so far from grace? There must be some part of your heart that still resounds to the rhythm of my own. I fear that I'll be lost without you. As long as we have love, love will keep us together." Aside from the shameless pilfering from the Captain and Tenille, I was moved by your entreaty. I felt the same way, and yet I felt the need to create this pretense of arriving here for a convention, because I was still torn and unable to commit myself. But seeing you now, I realize how much I've missed you.

Frasier: Lilith, I did write that letter, and I did leave it in the apartment, but...

Lilith: Yes?

Frasier: It wasn't last month. It was nearly a year ago. It's before I moved to Seattle. You just found it now?

Lilith: [deflated] It had fallen behind the dresser.

Frasier: Well, I see the cleaning service is still doing its usual bang-up job.

In a hurry, Lilith grabs her coat and purse.

Lilith: Well, don't I feel like the perfect fool?

Frasier: Listen, Lilith—

Lilith: Here I am, humiliated, emotionally drained, and I've used up all my frequent flier miles!

Frasier: Lilith, please!

Lilith: No, Frasier, please, there's nothing else to say. I'd like to leave with at least a shred of dignity.

She exits out the front door and closes it behind her. Unfortunately, she closes it on her purse string, trapping her purse inside. For a few moments, she pathetically tries to pull the purse up and through the crack in the door, then rings the bell. Frasier opens the door.

Lilith: Thank you.

She leaves.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene Four - Café Nervosa

Frasier and Niles are sitting at a corner table. Frasier hands Niles the letter.

Frasier: I wrote this letter just before I came to Seattle hoping for a reconciliation. She only just now found it.

Niles: Didn't the Captain and Tenille sing this?

Frasier: Like they own those five words! You know, I-I got over her, I moved out here. She comes back and I wonder if I made the right decision. I did write that letter.

Niles: It appears you have come to some sort of a crossroads.

Frasier: Oh, that's a nice tidy little way of saying I'm in hell. Niles, I have a life here that suits me, and yet I can't help wondering if there is still some chance for reconciliation, if it's worth exploring the feelings that—that I'm feeling. Do you think I should see her again tonight?

Niles: Frasier, like most patients who come to a therapist, you already know the answer to the question you're posing. You just want me to agree with your decision and support you whether I share your opinion or not.

Frasier: Yes, but I don't have an opinion in this case.

Niles: I'm sure you do.

Frasier: But I don't.

Niles: Well, then I can't help you.

Frasier: All right, all right. I think in my soul, I'm leaning toward taking the next step and, uh, seeing if there's anything... there.

Niles: That is what you should do.

Frasier: Why?

Niles: You know why.

Frasier: Damn it, Niles!

Niles: Frasier, you know why.

Beat. Niles looks at Frasier expectantly.

Frasier: All right. We have a long history together, we—we have a son that we both adore. There were some good times, and when they were good... Hoo-ah!

Niles: Well, it seems our minds are pretty well made up, aren't they?

Frasier: Yes, they are. Thank you, Niles. I don't know what I'd do without you.

Niles: Yes, you do.

Frasier: Drop it!

FADE TO:

Scene Five - Lilith's Hotel Room

Lilith is waiting in her hotel room. She's dressed in a short skirt and a nice jacket. Her hair, unusually, is let down. Frasier knocks on the door, and she opens it.

Frasier: Hello, Lilith.

Lilith: Frasier, come in.

Frasier: I must be early, I see you haven't had a chance to put up your hair yet.

Lilith: Oh, I thought I'd leave it down tonight.

Frasier: [surprised] Really?

Lilith: Yes, after several hours of careful deliberation, and weighing all the consequences, I decided to be playful. I'm glad you invited me to dinner.

Frasier: Well, how could I not? I felt so awful about last night. You see, I just thought you'd read the letter long ago and ignored it.

Lilith: No explanation necessary. It was a simple misunderstanding.

Frasier: O.K. Well, I know a great little French bistro just around

the corner—

Lilith: Uh, Frasier? Before we go anywhere, I would just like to go on record as saying that, regardless of everything that's happened, I respect you for getting on with your life as successfully as you have.

Frasier: Well, I'd like to say that I feel the same way about you. Frederick is flourishing, and I'm sure that's in no small part due to you.

Lilith: [touched] Oh, thank you. That means a great deal to me.

Frasier: [helping her into her coat] Geez, do you realize that's the first pleasant thing we've said to each other in almost a year?

Lilith: You're right.

Frasier: [stops] You know, I'm suddenly quite moved.

Lilith: I am too.

Frasier: Would it be a dreadful contretemps if I kissed you right now?

Lilith: You can always try.

She turns around, and puts her arms around his neck. They kiss. As the kiss gets deeper, he drops her coat to the floor.

Frasier: You want to bag dinner?

Lilith: There's a bed and an honor bar, what more do we need?

Frasier: Come to me, my white-hot flame!

She jumps into his arms, and he carries her over to the bed.

Lilith: I was insane to divorce you!

Frasier: Oh God, you're in my thoughts every waking hour!

Lilith: You're the only man I've ever loved!

Frasier: So are you!

FADE TO:

FRIED EGGS AND OTHER SMALL TRAGEDIES

Scene Six - Lilith's Hotel Room

Frasier and Lilith lie beside each other in bed. Frasier wakes up first, and his eyes widen with alarm as he realizes what happened. He starts to quietly slide out of bed - then Lilith wakes up and sleepily rolls onto him, smiling.

Lilith: Good morning.

Frasier: Jolly good morning to you, too.

Lilith: I could stay like this all morning.

Frasier: Me, too. [checks his watch]

Lilith: I'm so glad I decided to take the chance and fly out here to be with you.

Frasier: Yes, me too, me too.

Someone knocks on the door.

Frasier: Oh, I'll get that!

He rather hurriedly gets out of bed and pulls on a bathrobe.

Frasier: Must be the breakfast we ordered last night. Boy, I am famished!

Lilith: You should be. You were a busy boy.

Frasier smiles, then smooths his hair and opens the door. A room service waiter comes in with a breakfast cart.

Frasier: Hi.

Waiter: Good morning, sir.

Frasier: Just bring it right in here, please. Uh, that's fine. [*tips the waiter*] Little something for you, too. Thank you, good day.

The waiter leaves. Lilith gets out of bed and also puts on a robe.

Frasier: Well, boy, it's funny how life takes it's little turns, isn't it? Yesterday morning when I woke up, I never imagined I'd be waking up here this morning.

Lilith: Indeed.

She starts to inspect the breakfast.

Frasier: And – I mean, it's not that we were overly impulsive or anything, or that what we did was wrong, I just...

Lilith: This is a mistake.

Frasier: Oh, thank God you said that! Oh, it's not that last night wasn't very enjoyable, but who are we kidding? You've gotten on with your life, I've gotten on with mine! I've got a new career, I've reestablished relationships with my family, I've got a whole new set of friends – for the first time in years, I'm happy! I mean, for us to even consider getting back together – it's just the stupidest thing two people could do!

Lilith: [*staring at him with horror*] I meant the eggs. I ordered poached, not fried.

Frasier: [*trying to cover*] Well, you didn't let me finish, you see... after I played Devil's advocate, I–

Lilith: Oh, Frasier, don't insult me! That's how you really feel, isn't it?

Frasier: I'm afraid so.

Lilith begins to cry.

Frasier: Oh, Lilith, are you crying? God, I'm sorry. Once again, I've led you down an emotional primrose path. Lilith, I never meant to hurt you. I don't blame you if you're mad at me.

Lilith: I'm not mad at you, I'm mad at me. I don't even know what I'm doing here! I've just been so lonely over the last year, and when I found your letter, it was – it was like a life preserver! I'm raising a child alone. I'm scared. I always thought of myself as a strong and independent person, but the truth is, I'm afraid. I guess that's why I convinced myself that I was still in love with you.

Frasier: You mean you're not?

Lilith: No, I'm not.

Frasier: Well, that's good. So then what happened last night was only because you were lonely, and I was–

Lilith: We all know what you were, Frasier.

She starts to cry harder.

Frasier: Oh, Lilith, Lilith, here, here, come with me here. [*guides her to the mirror*] Now, listen, look in there, tell me what you see. [*she can't say anything*] All right, I'll tell you what I see. I see the same strong-willed, dynamic, intelligent woman I married seven years ago. Listen, you're just suffering a temporary lapse – divorce does that to you. [*turns her around to face him*] Listen, I won't say anything as trite as "someday you'll find someone." But I know this:

I know you, and I know that no matter what the future holds in store for you, you'll handle it.

She smiles and kisses his cheek.

Lilith: Thank you, Frasier.

Frasier: You hungry?

Lilith: Yeah.

Frasier: O.K.

Frasier goes to the cart and starts setting places at the coffee table.

Lilith: You always knew how to buck me up when I was blue.

Frasier: Yeah, well, you know you helped me through some hard times yourself.

Lilith: You know, those married years weren't all bad. We did have some good moments.

Frasier: The best one was Frederick. *[he takes her hand]* We'll always have that.

She smiles, and brings her food to the table.

Frasier: And, you know, I can't help telling you this. Even though we're not in love anymore, you were always the most exciting lover I ever had. I think in your heart of hearts that you'd say the same about me.

Silence.

Lilith: They screwed up the toast, too, I ordered rye.

Frasier: Lilith?

She gives him a sly look that helps us understand why he fell for her in the first place. They start to eat breakfast.

Credits:

Daphne lies on the couch, sipping herbal tea and holding an ice pack to her forehead.

On the runway, Lilith's plane lifts off.

Daphne suddenly sits up, takes the ice pack away, and sighs with relief.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Star

BEBE NEUWIRTH as Lilith

Guest Starring

ROGER KELLER as Waiter

Guest Callers

TIMOTHY LEARY as Hank

Legal Stuff

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