

[1.19] Give Him The Chair!

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Transcript {john masson}

ACT ONE

Scene One - KACL

Frasier is at his console.

Frasier: [on air] To start off the second hour, I would like to depart from my usual format because I recently read a book that... well, it truly just knocked my mental socks off. It's called "The Menopausal Male," and its author, the distinguished psychiatric scholar Dr. Helmut Bruga, has graciously agreed to join us today from his offices at the University of Washington. Dr. Bruga, guten tag. I've been an admirer of yours for a long time.

Bruga: [v.o.] Thank you. I enjoy your show as well.

Frasier: Really?

Bruga: Yes. Though I do not in most cases agree with your analysis.

Frasier: Back to your book. Now, we're all very familiar with the changes in the female menopause, but your research indicates...

Bruga: Excuse me, Dr. Crane. May I say hello to Roz?

Frasier: Yes, of course.

Bruga: Hello, Roz.

Roz: Hello, Dr. Bruga.

Frasier: Yes, your research indicates that the reproductive imperative is re-awakened in later life, when the man is...

Bruga: You have a very sensuous voice.

Frasier: ...Thank you.

Bruga: Not you, Roz.

Frasier: Yes well, back to male menopause.

Bruga: Would you perhaps like to go to a movie or something, maybe grab a bite?

Roz: Well, that would be very...

Frasier holds up the book so she can see the photo on the dust jacket.

Roz: No. No, thank you very much.

Frasier: Well, our time has just flown by. Thank you for joining us, Dr. Bruga, and for so vividly proving your point.

Bruga: You will give Roz my number?

Frasier: Oh, I think Roz has your number!

FADE OUT

SITTING PRETTY

Scene Two - Apartment

The doorbell bing-bongs and Daphne answers. It's Niles.

Daphne: Oh, hello, Dr. Crane.

Niles: Hello, Daphne. I hope I haven't come at a bad time.

Daphne: Well, your brother isn't home from work yet, and your father's out walking Eddie.

Niles: [entering] Oh, darn the luck. I, ah, I stopped by to drop this off. [holds up a jewelry case] It's a necklace I bought for Maris, I was hoping to hide it here until her birthday.

Daphne: Well, I'm sure it'll be all right. Mind if I have a peek?

Niles: Not at all.

He opens the case and flicks the necklace into Daphne's hand, stealing a glance down her cleavage as she catches it.

Daphne: Oh, my - emeralds. Your practice must be doing awfully well. Who'd have thought the mentally disturbed had this much money?

Niles: Would you like to try it on?

Daphne: Oh, I'd love to. If you don't think Mrs. Crane would mind.

Niles: Oh, certainly not. Maris is the soul of generosity. Just last week she donated all her old cocktail dresses to a homeless shelter.

He stands behind her and drapes it over her neck.

Daphne: Oh, let me just get me hair out of the way.

Niles: All right, here we go...

As Niles attempts to close the catch, the necklace slips (accidentally?) from his fingers and drops down the front of Daphne's blouse.

Niles/Daphne: Oh, dear!/OOH!

Daphne: Oh, my. [puts hand down top and starts fishing for the necklace] Can you see them?

Niles: [looking] Oh yes, thank you.

Frasier enters and takes in the scene.

Frasier: [deadpan] Hello, Niles. Whatever are you doing here?

Niles: I, um, bought an emerald necklace for Maris, and I needed some place to hide it for her birthday.

Frasier: Emeralds? Well, may I see it?

Niles: Not at the moment, no.

Frasier: Why not?

Daphne: It's down me blouse.

Frasier: I see. Well, I'm sure Maris will never think of looking for it there.

Daphne: It slipped down there when I was trying it on. I'll just go extract it.

She goes to her bedroom.

Niles: Just call me butterfingers.

Frasier: Join a health club, Niles.

Martin and Eddie arrive.

Martin: Hey, guys.

Niles: Hey, Dad.

Frasier: Oh, hi, Dad.

Martin: Well, Niles. What brings you by?

Niles: Uh, Maris's birthday. I'm hiding her gift here.

Martin: Oh, it's getting that time again, huh? Well, I guess I'm gonna have to get her something. It's too bad, I just got back from the hardware store. Saw a great-looking ratchet set.

Frasier: As if there's anything left on her that needs tightening.

Martin brings out a roll of duct tape.

Frasier: Oh Dad, no, no! Not more duct tape!

Martin: Yeah. [*applying a length to The Chair*] I gotta repair a little split in the old throne here. You gotta catch these rips early, or they look like hell.

Frasier: You know, Dad, instead of repairing this old relic all the time, why don't we just bring the Eames down here?

Martin: Ah no, that thing's too fancy for me, I just need a comfortable place to park my fanny. [*starts towards bedroom*]

Frasier: [*sotto voce*] How about Florida?

Martin: I heard that.

He leaves.

Frasier: God, you know, when you think of all the care I put into decorating my home, only to have it mocked by this atrocity.

Niles: The bottom line is, it is your home. Why don't you just make him get rid of it?

Frasier: Yes well, it's not as simple as all that. I mean, one would have to find the appropriate moment. I mean, Dad does have his feelings, and one should consider those, and he has quite an attachment to this little chair...

Niles: You're afraid to stand up to him, aren't you?

Frasier: Oh, like you're not.

Niles: Well, at least I don't have to live with something unattractive.

Frasier shoots Niles a look from under raised eyebrows. Niles, taking his meaning, looks offended.

Frasier: Oh Niles, Niles, I'm just having some fun with you. Actually, I think Maris is rather attractive - in a, a minimalist sort of way. [*then*] Oh, forget it, I'm just upset about the chair.

Niles: You know, Frasier, there is a perfectly sound psychological basis for getting rid of this chair.

Frasier: Oh, really? Well, enlighten me, doctor.

Niles: With pleasure. Originally, Dad needed it to bridge the transition from his old apartment to life here with you. But as with all transitional objects - be they a teddy bear, be they a thumb, be they a blankie, be they a chair...

Frasier: Stop saying "Be they!"

Niles: The point is, there comes a time when the healthy thing is to put these security objects aside and reassert your independence.

Frasier: Yes, of course. So what you're saying is that if I should, say, go down to the store and buy Dad a new chair, throw this one in the trash heap, I wouldn't be doing it for me, I'd be doing it for him.

Niles: Yes. And it would be a nice payback for the day he used your blankie to clean his service revolver. [*looks at watch*] Oops, I'm sorry, our time is up.

FADE TO:

GOOD VIBRATIONS

Scene Three - Furniture Store, Recliner Section
Frasier and Niles are strangers in a strange land.

Niles: Dear God, Frasier, we've stumbled upon Hell's waiting room.

Frasier: All right, now this is not a moment for the faint of heart. We're treading a thin line here, Niles. We've got to find something that compliments my decor as well as fulfills Dad's requirements.

He sees one with a particularly ghastly covering.

Frasier: Oh, dear God. Can you imagine anyone would have something like that in their living room?

Niles: It looks like someone upholstered it in golf pants.

A salesman walks past them.

Frasier: Excuse me, perhaps you could help us here.

Salesman: [*not stopping*] Yeah, perhaps.

Frasier: Well, we're looking for a chair.

Salesman: [*still not stopping*] We got 'em.

Frasier: Wait, wait-wait-wait! [*the salesman stops*]

Niles: Ideally, we're looking for something with the presence of a Mies van der Rohe and the playful insouciance of an early Le Corbusier.

Salesman: [*pointing to chair at random*] This one vibrates.

Frasier: Yes well, perhaps you could direct us to your recliners, preferably one in suede.

Salesman: People seem to like this "Lazy-guy."

Frasier: "Lazy-guy." I wonder what they call the deluxe model? The "Hopeless Slack-Ass?"

Niles bends over laughing, then notices a black leather recliner.

Niles: Oh, hey. Well, what about this one over here? [*points to leather recliner*]

Frasier: You know, I-I hate to admit it, but that would not look altogether hideous in my living room.

Salesman: Have a seat. This one's got Swedish massage.

Niles: Oh, ha, no thank you.

Frasier: Go ahead, Niles. Try it out.

Salesman: I'll fire it up for you.

Niles: [*dusting chair before sitting*] That won't be necessary. I like to sit in my chair, I don't really like to vibrate very much. No, thank you any- [*the salesman switches it on*] Wha-hey.... ahh... ooh...

And other excited noises...

Salesman: It also has shiatsu. [*alters controls*]

Niles: OHHH... I never knew a chair could be this satisfying... I never knew that anything could. I want it.

Frasier: Right, Niles. I'm sure it would fit right in with all of Maris's 18th-century antiques.

Niles: Well then, I'll just rent it an apartment and visit it on the side.

Salesman: So what do you think? Why don't you have a try yourself?

Frasier: Well, I don't really think that's necessary. You see, I'm

buying it for my father..

Niles: No, no. You've got to sit in it.

Frasier: And who knows about other people's tastes..

Niles: You can't make a decision before you sit in it.

Frasier: Something seems as if it's not quite right, [*sits*] really, I just... whoa... OH, MOMMY!

Scene Four - Apartment

Eddie is barking loudly.

Frasier: Eddie? What is the matter with him?

Daphne: He saw your father's chair was gone, and he's afraid it means your father's gone too. I think he suspects foul play.

Frasier: [*to Eddie*] Oh, stop it! If I had stuck Dad's feet into a bucket of cement and thrown him into Puget Sound, you would have been the tiny little splash that followed him!

Eddie quiets down. The doorbell bing bongs.

Frasier: Oh. that must be Leo. Wait'll you see this.

He opens the door for Leo, a surfer type dude, who has the new chair on a dolly.

Frasier: Come on in.

Leo: Dr. Crane, make way.

Frasier: All right, now just be careful now, Leo. Watch the furniture and the walls.

Leo: Excuse me, but I happen to be a professional. I take a lot of pride in my work, and I would never-

He hits a table, knocking over some objet d'art.

Leo: Whoa... how'd that get there? Hey look, at least I didn't lose my license this time, right?

Frasier: All right, all right. Quickly, quickly. I'm sure Beavis will start to wonder where you are.

Leo clumsily drops the chair off the dolly.

Daphne: Actually Leo, as long as you're here, we're having a problem with a leaky faucet in the sink.

Leo: And where would that be?

Daphne: [*as if to a child*] In the kitchen, dear.

Leo: Hey, that wasn't a dumb question. You got bathrooms too, dontcha?

Daphne: None that you'll be going anywhere near.

Leo exits to kitchen.

Daphne: [*re: chair*] Oh, Dr Crane, it's lovely. Well, I thought the other one was nice, but this is smashing.

Frasier: Well, try it out, try it out. And it has a little surprise.

He plugs it in as Daphne sits.

Daphne: This is comfy. Although it's a little on the soft side. I prefer... [*Frasier switches it on*] Hello... ohh... ohh... ohh... this is enough to make me give up me search for a meaningful relationship.

The front door starts to open.

Frasier: Oh, quick, quick, that's Dad. Get out, get out, get out.
[pulls Daphne out of chair]

Daphne: Oh, all right. Just like a man - now you've had your fun, you don't care where I am!

Martin: [entering] Hey, there.

Frasier: Hi, Dad. I've ah, got a little surprise for you.

He and Daphne moves aside to reveal the new chair.

Martin: What's that?

Frasier: It's your new easy chair.

Martin: Well... what do you know about that? Where's my old chair?

Frasier: It's down in the storage space. Come on, try this one out.

Martin: Oh look, I appreciate this, Frasier. But that - it, it... it really isn't me.

Frasier: Dad, Dad, you haven't even sat in it yet. Come on, come on, come on down, Martin Crane.

Martin sits. Frasier turns it on. Martin is appalled.

Martin: That's disgusting! No, no look, Frasier, I'm sorry, but I'm a creature of habit and I think that I'd rather have my old chair back.

Frasier: Well Dad, but why? I mean this chair's a lot more comfortable than the old one, and it's, it's therapeutic as well.

Martin: I know. It's, I just never cared for leather, you know? You stick to it in the hot weather, you can't sit in it in your shorts, it makes my back sweat. Black's hot. I, I, I, I'm sorry, I just couldn't get used to this chair.

Frasier: All right Dad, fine. The important thing is that you lived with it for a full fifteen seconds. Leo!

Leo re-enters.

Daphne: Leo, we need you to bring Mr. Crane's chair back in here.

Leo: [entering from kitchen] Ah, no can do, fish n'chips. Someone took it.

Martin: What?!

Frasier: Are you saying that someone broke into my storage space and stole my father's chair?

Leo: Your storage space?

Frasier: Well, that's where I told you to put it. You did put it there, didn't you?

Leo: Oh, man. Not another day like last Tuesday.

Martin: Where's my chair, Leo?

Leo: I took it down to the dumpster, and someone snagged it.

It was pretty bitchin', you know. I almost kept it myself.

Martin: [to Frasier] You threw my chair away! Are you happy now, it's gone!

Frasier: [escorting Leo out] Listen Leo, you have got to find that chair. I don't care what you have to do. Comb the entire building, search the neighborhood, just find my father's chair!

Leo: "Dump the chair," "Get the chair," "Find the chair," what am I, the building lackey?

Frasier: YES!

Leo: Oh, okay. [leaves]

Daphne: [softly caressing the chair] Well, if no one's going to want this, we could put it in my room. [sees Frasier and Martin glaring at one another] Maybe later. You two talk it over.

She leaves.

Martin: Well, this couldn't have worked out any better for you, could it? You've been trying to get rid of that chair from the day I moved in here.

Frasier: Dad, you could at least show a little gratitude, I didn't do this for me, I did it for you.

Martin: Like hell! [*gets beer*]

Frasier: Geez, you're acting like I lost the chair on purpose.

Martin: Hey, let me tell you something. That chair was the only thing that made me feel comfortable in this house - that made me feel that maybe this was my home too.

Frasier: Oh, baloney! Ever since you got here all I've tried to do is make you comfortable. I don't even know why I bothered. I mean, everybody knows Martin Crane doesn't like calfskin, he prefers duct tape!

He seizes Martin's roll of tape, tears off a length and sticks it onto the new chair.

Frasier: And food crumbs! [*throws bowl of nuts onto seat*] There we are! [*takes Martin's beer*] And let's have a little dribble of beer while we're at it! [*pours can over chair*] Why not? There, that's delightful! Oh, and let's not forget - to top it all off - just the slightest bit of dog hair!

He picks up Eddie and gently shakes him over the chair.

Martin: I suppose you're going to be throwing Eddie out by the dumpster next!

Frasier: Oh Dad, I don't know why you're carrying on this way. We are, after all, talking about a twenty-five year-old, broken-down chair. If you don't like this chair, I'll get you another one. Any chair you want!

Martin: Really? Okay, I'll tell you what chair I want. I want the chair I was sitting in when I watched Neil Armstrong take his first step on the moon. And when the U.S. hockey team beat the Russians in the '80 Olympics. I want the chair I was sitting in the night you called me to tell me I had a grandson. I want the chair I was in all those nights, when your mother used to wake me up with a kiss after I'd fallen asleep in front of the television. You know, I still fall asleep in it. And every once in a while, when I wake up, I still expect your mother to be there, ready to lead me off to bed... Oh, never mind. It's only a chair. Come on, Eddie.

He exits.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene One - KACL, Roz's booth

Frasier enters from the corridor.

Roz: Hey, Fras! How was your weekend?

Frasier: Hellish.

Roz: [*not hearing him*] Great! Let me tell you what happened to me. See I had this most incredible date Saturday night. It was really hot. So Sunday, I'm driving home...

Frasier: Sunday?

Roz: I told you, it was hot. So anyway, my car breaks down right in front of this church, and all the people are just coming out after the show...

Frasier: Service.

Roz: What?

Frasier: Churches don't have shows, they have services.

Roz: Can I finish my story?

Frasier: All right, all right.

Roz: Thank you. So, I walk up to the minister--is that all right?

Frasier: Mm-hmm.

Roz: And I ask him if I can use his phone. And he tells me my sweater's on inside out. One thing led to another, and we have a date tonight. Ministers aren't celibate, are they? Not that I don't love a challenge.

Frasier: You know Roz, maybe you should take a sick day sometime, call into the show yourself.

He settles into his chair, ready for the show.

Roz: You're on the air.

Frasier: *[on air]* Good afternoon, Seattle. This is Dr. Frasier Crane. Now before I take my first caller, I'd like to make a personal appeal. Last Saturday, my father's chair was taken from in front of the Elliott Bay Towers, and it's a runny split-pea green and mud-brown striped recliner with the occasional spot of stuffing popping out from underneath a strip of duct tape. Aas incredible as this may seem, I'm offering a handsome reward for its safe return. Thank you. And now Roz, who's on line one?

Roz: It's John...

DISSOLVE TO:

Scene Two - Time Lapse

Frasier: So remember Stephanie, a little emotional flexibility is a good thing. Just as the mighty oak snaps and falls in a windstorm, so the weeping willow bends and lives to see another day. Thank you for your call. So Roz, any update on the chair?

Roz: Oh yeah, the calls have been pouring in.

Frasier: Really? And what are they?

Roz: Well, so far it's been spotted at the top of the Space Needle, in the Governor's Mansion, and a man on Lake Stevens said he saw it flying over his house, but he thought it was just a spaceship from a tacky planet.

Frasier: Funny stuff, people. Well, let's just go to commercial break so you all can chuckle through these words from Yukon Lumber.

He goes off the air and walks into Roz's area, where she is on the phone.

Frasier: Ingrates! I dedicate my life to clearing away their psychic debris and this is how they repay me.

Roz: *[writing message]* Uh-huh. Uh-huh... I got it. He'll be there just as soon as the show's over, thank you so much. *[hangs up]*

Frasier: What? What is it?

Roz: Frasier, I found the chair. *[hands him a message slip]*

Frasier: Oh, great. Oh, thank God. By tonight my dad will be safely back in his beer-stained, flea-infested, duct-taped recliner, adjusting his shorts with one hand and cheering on Jean-Claude van Damme with the other. *[trudges back into his booth]* Yes, it's quite a little piece of heaven I've carved out for myself, isn't it?

[Roz's "tacky planet" line is strangely prophetic: eight years later, when the original chair was deliberately destroyed in episode [\[9.07\]](#), "Bla-Z-Boy," the technical crew had a hard time finding the right

material for the replacement they built, until one of them spotted it on an old set from the original "Star Trek."]

FADE TO:

BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE

Scene Three - A school stage, somewhere in Seattle
The Chair has pride of place. All around children are rehearsing, or painting scenery. A child (Joey) dies on stage, rather noisily. A teacher (Mrs. Warren), looks on. Frasier arrives.

Warren: Okay. Okay, that... that was nice. Um, but let's just remember there's a very fine line between good acting and hamming it up. Let's try it again.

Frasier: Excuse me?

Brown: Mrs. Warren, I can't find my moustache.

Olsen: I can't remember any of my lines, Mrs. Warren. Look, I'm really nervous.

Joey: Me, too.

Warren: Okay, people? People? Can I have you all over here for a second?

All stop what they're doing, and listen.

Frasier: Uh, Mrs. Warren...? [*she waves him off*]

Warren: This isn't Broadway, it's junior high. There's no reason at all to be nervous. We're just going to go out there tonight in front of family and friends and have some fun, okay?

The cast disperse, relieved.

Warren: [*to Frasier:*] If one more thing goes wrong, I'm going to have to take my own life.

Frasier: Well, if I could just have a word with you...

Warren: I'm sorry, in forty-five minutes the curtain goes up on a very shaky production of "Ten Little Indians."

Frasier: Ooh, "Ten Little Indians." I thought I recognized the *mise en scene*. I did this play years ago. [*quotes*] "On the contrary, Major. Many a psychotic killer would appear to be quite normal. You see, you can never suspect that underneath that calm exterior there lies the heart of a maniac, ah-ha-ha." Happens to be true, by the way.

Warren: Who are you?

Frasier: Oh, I'm Dr. Frasier Crane.

She's obviously never heard of him.

Frasier: From the radio? KACL Talk... well, never mind. Listen, someone told me that my chair would be here, and sure enough here it is, so I'll just get this out of your hair.

Warren: No, excuse me, but that doesn't go anywhere. [*confidentially*] Right now, this chair is the most entertaining thing on stage.

Frasier: Well, I'm sure that's quite true, but you see...

There is a commotion backstage when Brown hits his thumb with a hammer.

Warren: Don't worry about it, honey, just run along to the nurse's office, I'm sure you'll be fine. They'll have you back here in no time! [*to Frasier*] I am so sick of being positive.

Frasier: Yes, but you see, you don't understand, this chair belongs to my father and I must return it to him...

Warren: Sir? You can have your chair back in two weeks.

Frasier: Yes, you don't understand, I'm in a very difficult position here.

Warren: DIFFICULT? You want difficult? I have a set that's falling apart, a leading man whose voice changed at precisely three o'clock this afternoon, AND MY NAME IS SPELLED WRONG IN THE PROGRAM! [*calms down, to child*] See what I did there, Pomeroy? That's the kind of anger I need from you in the accusation scene.

Frasier: Listen, I'll give you two hundred dollars, you can get yourself a new chair.

Warren: Forget it.

Frasier: Listen, Mrs. Warren, I realize you are in an untenable position here, but I am speaking to you now from the heart. You see, by putting this chair into the trash, I have wounded my father. I realize it's just a chair to you, but to him it is a treasure trove of life memories that I have thoughtlessly discarded because I didn't like the way it looked in my living room. I have sacrificed heart and soul for form and function. Believe me, I am terribly ashamed of myself for that. This chair is the last, best chance to forge any kind of meaningful relationship with the only father I'll ever have!

Warren: [*to children*] People, were you all listening to that? Because you can learn a lot from this man. [*Frasier looks proud*] That speech he just gave is a perfect example of the kind of hammy overacting I don't want to see out of ANY OF YOU FOR THIS ENTIRE RUN!

Frasier: Now just hold on for a minute!

He is interrupted by Joey coming on stage.

Joey: Mrs. Warren?

Warren: What is it, Joey?

Joey: Bobby MacDuff just threw up backstage.

Warren: Perfect. My Dr. Armstrong has opening night jitters.

Joey: No, it's not jitters. It's stomach flu. He's in the nurse's office.

Frasier: Oh well, what else can you do? You'll have to cancel the performance. Too bad. [*pulling Chair off of stage*] I'll just take this along with me.

Warren: I can't cancel, I have three hundred parents in their cars already.

Frasier: Well, I'm sure somehow the American theatre will survive. You can't do the show without Dr. Armstrong, he's too important to the plot. I know, that's the part I played.

Warren: You played Dr. Armstrong?

Frasier: Well, yes I... Oh, no-no-no-no-no, you're not thinking...

Warren: How badly do you want your chair?

Frasier: I-I'm sorry, it's out of the question!

Warren: You know, it would be a real shame if something...

She rips a piece of duct tape off the Chair, some stuffing gets pulled out with it.

Warren: Ooh! - happened to this chair.

Frasier: But it's been years. I hardly can remember any of the lines.

Warren: [*darkly*] Then you'll fit right in!

FADE TO:

Scene Four - Later That Evening

The cast are taking their bows to much applause. In the middle of the line is Frasier, towering above the children and wearing a large false

moustache. Mrs. Warren presents him with a bouquet of roses.

END OF ACT TWO

Credits:

Frasier is trying to disguise The Chair with a throw rug. Martin comes in, removes the rug and sits down. Eddie lies on the sofa, leaving Frasier with no place to sit but the Eames.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

VALERIE CURTIN as Mrs. Warren

JAMES GREENE as Salesman

PHIL BUCKMAN as Leo

MARC ROBINSON as Joey

SCOTT NGUYEN as Brown

BRITTANY MURPHY as Olsen

Guest Callers

MALCOLM McDOWELL as Dr. Bruga

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