

[3.12]Come Lie With Me

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Transcript {Iain McCallum}

Act 1

Scene 1 - Frasier's Apartment

Daphne is waking up in her room. She rolls over and we say that Joe has stayed the night.

Joe: *[kissing Daphne]* Morning.

Daphne: *[sleepily]* Morning. *[realising]* Morning? Oh my God, Joe, get up! Get up! You were supposed to be out of here hours ago. *[quickly putting on her dressing gown]* You promised me that after we did the deed you'd be on your merry way.

Joe: I was.

Daphne: Get dressed. We've got to get you out of here before Dr. Crane gets up. *[Daphne opens her bedroom door and takes a look outside]* Oh, no. I smell coffee. They're already up!

Joe: Now don't worry. I'll just lay low until the two of them... *[notices the clock]* Oh my God, it's nine o'clock. I'm a half-hour late for work.

Daphne: Just give me a minute. I'll get rid of them.

Joe: Where's my underwear?

At this point Eddie comes running into the room and makes a dash for Joe's underwear which is lying on the chair. He grabs them and runs back out the room with them. Joe looks a touch dismayed.

Daphne: Eddie, get back here!

The scene switches to the living room where Frasier is decked out in his squash gear, reading the paper and eating breakfast. Martin comes through tugging at his trousers.

Frasier: Good morning.

Martin: Maybe for you. I just spent five minutes trying to button these pants. That stupid dryer shrunk another pair on me.

Martin grabs an éclair and stuffs it in his mouth. Frasier looks on disapprovingly.

Frasier: Dad. Before you blame the dryer, have you ever considered stepping on the old bathroom scales?

Martin: Oh, what's the point? That thing's been ten pounds off for

weeks.

In the background, behind Frasier and Martin, Daphne is fighting a "tug-of-war" with Eddie over Joe's underwear. Frasier and Martin turn round to see what the commotion is.

Frasier: Daphne?

Daphne: Oh. Good morning, Dr. Crane. Sorry I overslept. Well, time we all got our day started. I'll just clear these dishes away.

Daphne starts to clear up.

Martin: Wait, I wasn't finished with that yet.

Daphne: [*deliberately dropping the éclair into Martin's orange juice*] Whoops. Sorry about that.

Frasier: Daphne, I wasn't quite finished with that toast either.

Daphne: Oh, now, we can't have you running off to your squash game on a full stomach.

Frasier: Yes - how many championship matches have been marred by the heartbreak of toast cramp?

Daphne: [*to Martin*] Don't you have that Doctor's appointment?

Martin: Yes, but it's not for 20 minutes yet. What's going on here? Why are you giving us the bum's rush?

Daphne: Bum's rush! Oh, I just love the American vernacular. So cute. So quick. So long!

Martin: [*heading through to the bedroom with Frasier following*] Better get my wallet first. Damn pants! You know - you spend fifteen dollars on a good pair of pants - you expect them to be shrink resistant.

Frasier: Well, Dad, when you pay that kind of money what you're really paying for is the designer name!

Daphne beckons Joe through who comes rushing out the bedroom, now fully clothed but with his shoes in his hands. He makes a bolt for the front door.

Joe: Gotta go. I'm so late.

Daphne: Oh hurry, hurry, hurry!

Joe: I'll call you tonight.

Daphne: OK. Bye.

They kiss goodbye quickly and separate. However they look at each other and have a longer kiss. At this point Frasier and Martin emerge from the bedroom.

Frasier: Oh! Hello Joe.

Joe: Hi Dr. Crane. I just came by to give Daphne a kiss.

Frasier looks suspiciously at him and then looks at the pair of shoes still in Joe's hands.

Joe: And drop off these shoes. [*Handing shoes to Daphne*] Here!

Daphne: Oh, thank you.

Frasier: Well. Can anyone think of anything to make this moment a bit more awkward than it already is?

Cue Eddie who runs in and drops Joe's underwear at Frasier's feet.

Frasier: Thank you, Eddie!

FADE OUT

THEY'RE PLAYING DO-SI-DO, BUT NOT FOR ME

Scene 2 - Café Nervosa

Frasier and Niles are sitting in café Nervosa drinking their coffee whilst watching another couple.

Niles: Isn't that Dirk and Gabby Bindercott?

Frasier: Friends of yours?

Niles: Mmm. Filthy rich. Timber money. In their case it really does grow on trees! Dirk! Gabby! Oh, Dirk?

Dirk and Gaby are leaving, clearly trying to ignore Niles. However Niles's calling results in Dirk going to speak to him.

Dirk: Hello, Niles.

Niles: [*introducing*] Dirk Bindercott - my brother Dr. Frasier Crane.

Dirk: Ah - I've heard your program. [*checks watch and then the door*]

Frasier: Well - I've seen your wife.

Dirk: So Niles - I suppose I'll see you at the benefit on Sunday. I know Maris is coming.

Niles: Yes, Sunday. Which benefit is Sunday? I have so many benefits... on Sunday.

Dirk: The ho-down for the homeless. You were invited?

Niles: The ho-down? Yippee-kai-yes!

Dirk: [*hears a tooting horn*] Must be Gabby.

Niles: Certainly sounds like her.

Dirk: See you Sunday.

Niles: Yes. Till Sunday.

Dirk exits.

Niles: I wasn't invited.

Frasier: Niles, it's one party.

Niles: Yes, but when you're off the A-list for one party you're off for all of them. From now on I'll be relegated to B-list charity events. Grubby little theatre companies and last year's diseases.

Frasier: This often happens in these cases when two people separate - their friends choose one spouse over the other. Surely they chose Maris because she's better connected and has more money than you do.

Niles: [*looking at Frasier thoughtfully*] Exactly which part of that was meant to ease my pain?

Frasier: Niles, I just think you're overreacting.

Niles: Oh wait, wait. I know what happened. My invitation just got lost in the mail. No - it's not so far fetched. It could have been missorted... or a stamp could have fallen off... or it could have been stolen by my mail carrier. Ho-downs are catnip to postal workers!

Roz comes into the Café and joins them.

Roz: Well I'd ask you to explain that but then you would!

Niles: [*getting up*] I'm going to check with the post office. You know - I heard a story on the news the other day about a man who bought a piano at auction and when he went to tune it he found a 40-year-old unmailed letter under the sounding board.

Frasier: Perhaps we should contact Feronte and Tisha (sp.??) - see if they have your invitation?

Niles: Poke fun now. We'll see who feels foolish this Sunday when I'm sipping champagne atop a mechanical bull!

Niles exits.

Roz: [to waiter] Cappuccino, please.

Frasier: Roz, I want to get your take on something.

Roz: What?

Frasier: Well. Daphne and Joe are having sex in my apartment and it leaves me in a rather awkward position.

Roz: Doing what? Bending over to look through the keyhole?
Oh Frasier, come on, what is the big deal?

Frasier: Well, let's just say that I'm sitting there listening to music, reading a book... and Daphne and Joe are "back there."

Roz: So?

Frasier: Well, it just makes me uncomfortable. I'm going to ask Daphne not to sleep with Joe in the house anymore. Is that too...?

Roz: Amish?

Frasier: I was going to say selfish!

Roz: Oh, let's see. Please Daphne - don't have sex. It disturbs my reading! No, that's not too selfish.

Frasier: Well, I just don't think a man should be uncomfortable in his own home. How am I supposed to relax when every giggle, every noise makes me... you know...?

Roz: Picture it?

Frasier: Of course not. Don't be ridiculous. The very idea.

Roz: You're picturing it right now, aren't you?

Frasier: Well, you made me.

FADE TO:

Scene 3 - Frasier's apartment

Martin is sitting in his chair reading the paper. Frasier comes in.

Martin: Hey, Fras.

Frasier: Hey, Dad. Is Daphne in?

Martin: Yeah, and if you have any sense you'll pretend that nothing happened this morning.

Frasier: Ah, yes. Denial. The sort of advice I'd expect from a man whose driver's license still lists his hair colour as brown.
[going through to Daphne's room.]

Martin: It was until you came back to town!

Frasier knocks on Daphne's door timidly. Daphne opens the door looking uneasy.

Frasier: Daphne. I think we need to discuss what happened this morning.

Daphne: It's been bothering me all day. It was entirely my fault.

Frasier: No, no. I share the blame. We never did have a formal discussion about the rules of the house, especially when it comes to... you know...

Daphne: I do want to apologise for any embarrassment I may have caused. You see, we can't go to Joe's because he's still building his house and he sleeps on a friend's couch. But I can assure you it will never happen again.

Frasier: Well, then our business is concluded. Meeting adjourned.

Daphne: The next time Joe spends the night, I'll notify you well in advance.

Daphne closes her door leaving Frasier looking still unhappy. He knocks again on the door and Daphne opens.

Frasier: Daphne. I was just reviewing the minutes of our last meeting. There seems to be some confusion.

Daphne: Oh?

Frasier: You see, my quibble is not with the lack of notification. I am just not comfortable with you and Joe sleeping together under my roof.

Daphne: Oh, I see. I'm sorry about that, but it is my room, isn't it?

Frasier: Oh yes, yes. And I want you to feel comfortable living here.

Daphne: I suppose it's more important for you to feel comfortable because, as you said, it is your roof.

Frasier: Oh. Thank you for understanding.

Daphne: Not at all. Joe and I are going away for the weekend but first thing Monday I'm going to start looking for me own place.

Daphne shuts the door. As before Frasier realises what she has just said and is still unhappy with this arrangement. He knocks on the door again.

Frasier: Guess who? Daphne... em... I don't want you entertaining here but I also don't want you to move out.

Daphne: Oh, I see. So you want me to stay, but just not have a personal life?

Frasier: Well...

Daphne: No, no. That works out fine for me. I'll just spend all day waiting on you and your father, then in the evenings retire to me room, wrap meself in an Afghan and wait for the morning. And if my whimpering gets too loud for you - you can just have me fixed like Eddie!

Frasier: That is not what I meant. This is difficult for both of us, Daphne. I have to express my feelings. I also don't want to lose you. You're very important to me and my father.

Daphne: That's why my solution is best. I'll still be here during the day to take care of your father but nights and weekends I'll just go home to my own place. On top of which you can turn this room back into your beautiful study you used to have.

Frasier: Well - I suppose, what other choice do we have?

Daphne: Of course it'll be a period of adjustment for all of us...

Whilst she is talking Frasier begins to look round the room and a smile starts to form on his face.

Daphne: ...I know how much you two care about me and consider me part of the family but... [*notices Frasier's smiling face*] You're picturing your study right now, aren't you?

Frasier: [*sheepishly*] Well, you made me!

FADE TO:

Scene 4 - Frasier's apartment

Daphne is away for the weekend so it's just Frasier and Martin in the house. Frasier is in the living room whilst Martin is in the kitchen making breakfast. The house is looking a bit of a mess with newspapers strewn about the floor. Eddie is watching everything from the chair.

Martin: [*singing*] She's such a groovy lady!

Frasier: Morning, Dad.

Martin: Oh, morning.

Frasier: [*picking up the newspapers and looking around him*] You seen the phone?

Martin: Oh, I probably left it in my room again. Sorry. Hey, I'm making breakfast Burritos. You want one?

Frasier: I'll passo!

Martin: Suit yourself.

Martin comes out the kitchen carrying his breakfast. He's wearing nothing but a pair of boxer shorts and a vest. Frasier frowns at him but Martin just carries on eating his breakfast.

Frasier: Dad. Whatever happened to the silk pajamas I bought you?

Martin: Oh, Frasier, they're too la-dee-da for me. Besides, they shrank! [a beep comes from the kitchen] Whoa - there go my tater-tots. You want a pile?

Frasier: Not that I don't enjoy a "pile" of breakfast as much as the next guy but I still think no. Dad, are you planning on going around like that all weekend?

Martin: Yeah, why not? Daphne's off on her little trip. It's just us guys. Besides I've been wearing pants round here for three years. Enough!

Frasier: I see. Look Dad, I just have to do this [puts an apron on over Martin]

Martin: All right. Now, listen. It's no big deal but I couldn't find the remote control for the TV last night. Now I thought we agreed that its place was on that table next to my chair.

Frasier: What was it like in the old days when you actually had to get up to change the channel?

Martin: It was hell!

The doorbell rings and Frasier goes to answer.

Martin: You expecting someone?

Frasier: The contractor. I'm getting an estimate on restoring my study.

Martin: Why don't you use Joe?

Frasier: I think Joe's done enough work in that room, thank you!

Frasier opens the door to the contractor.

Frasier: Henry. Thank you for coming on such short notice.

Henry: No sweat.

Frasier: I'll just show you the room. [leads Henry towards Daphne's room passing Martin at the table on the way] Oh, this is my father. [to Martin, forcefully] Don't get up! Like a cup of coffee?

Henry: That'd be great.

Frasier: Fine. Look, the room is right down the hall there to the right. I'll meet you there.

Henry: OK.

Henry heads on to Daphne's room. Frasier goes through to the kitchen before emerging again with a sponge.

Frasier: Oh, Dad. This is a small thing but you left the sponge in the sink again.

Martin: So?

Frasier: Well, as I mentioned last evening, if it stays wet, not only does it begin to smell but it becomes a breeding ground for bacteria.

Martin: So?

Frasier: So. If I were to say wipe up that salsa that you spilled on the table just now I would be leaving behind bacteria such as salmonella, lysteria, flagella. Now wouldn't that bother you?

Martin: Yeah, I guess you're right - it would bother me. I wouldn't dream of touching that sponge now!

Martin whistles in Eddie's direction. Eddie responds by leaping up

on to the chair and licking up the salsa on the table much to Martin's delight and Frasier's derision.

Frasier: Ah, yes. Our own foul-breathed little handy wet!

End of Act 1

Act 2

HE CRIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON

Scene 1 - Frasier's apartment

Frasier comes through to the living room to find the television blaring and newspapers strewn all over the couch. Martin comes through from the kitchen.

Martin: [turning off a light] You've been leaving lights on in the apartment all weekend. You know what that does to the electric bill?

Frasier: Suppose there's a nuclear power plant they had to build to keep that television on day and night?

Frasier picks up the remote and switches the television off. Martin has just settled into his chair.

Martin: You moved my chair again, didn't you?

Frasier: No!

Martin: Oh well, maybe Eddie did it. Eddie, you move my chair? 'Cause Frasier said he didn't do it and Frasier never messes around with my stuff.

Frasier: All right, I moved your damn chair. The way you have it turned ruins the symmetry of the room. The sight line loses all flow.

Martin: Oh, the sight line. And here I thought it was for some dumb reason.

The doorbell rings and Frasier, becoming increasingly exasperated as he goes to answer it, notices Eddie sitting on the couch.

Frasier: Would you get Eddie off of the couch, or else it's down through the garbage chute for the thrill ride of his life!

Frasier opens the door to reveal Niles wearing a suit and a slightly oversized cowboy hat. The two do not go!

Frasier: Well, howdy partner.

Niles: Save your snippy remarks.

Frasier: Fair enough. Say, am I crazy or is there a bright golden haze on the meadow?

Niles: Stop it. I'm in the middle of a social crisis. I just drove to the ho-down for the homeless assuming that Maris had simply neglected to forward my invitation. Well, not only was I not on the guest list but Nelson, the parking attendant, said he missed me at "The Luau for Lupus." Now it is official. I'm a social outcast.

Frasier: Oh Niles, why do you even care about those people? In your hour of need they pretend you don't even exist. They treat you like you're a leper, a non-person.

Niles: But I really, really like them. I know, I know - it makes me sound pathetic. But I'm newly separated. These people have been my social circle for ten years. Frasier - they're my tribe.

Frasier: Well, I hate to break this to you, "Waltzes With Snobs," but they have left you on the mountaintop to die!

Martin: [*coming in from the kitchen*] Now Niles, maybe your friends wanted to invite you but they probably thought you'd be upset seeing Maris there.

Niles: Of course. You're absolutely right.

Frasier: Oh, that's ridiculous.

Niles: Oh, why are you so negative? These people do care about me.

Frasier: Oh fine, very well. Why don't you just call them? Prove to me I'm wrong.

Niles: Nothing would give me greater pleasure. Where's your phone?

Martin: It's in my bedroom.

Frasier: Where else would it be? [*speaking to Niles as he goes through to Martin's bedroom*] And Dad's electric shaver is in the kitchen. You see, all our appliances are on an adventure this weekend.

Martin: Well, are you proud of yourself, stirring things up? Why didn't you just let him think his friends were doing him a favour?

Frasier: Ah, yes. The Martin Crane approach. Better living through denial!

Martin: You did the same thing with Daphne. You couldn't just pretend that nothing was going on back there.

Frasier: Dad, I'm a psychiatrist. I don't pretend. I confront. I resolve.

Martin: [*sarcastic*] Oh yeah, you really resolved this. Now she's moving out. You know, I swear you just go looking for trouble.

Frasier: Oh, that is so untrue.

He walks into the kitchen before walking out with the sponge held at arm's length by a pair of tongs.

Frasier: AND PERHAPS YOU CAN EXPLAIN THIS!!!

Martin: A grown man's obsession with a sponge? No, I can't!

Frasier: For the last two days I've asked you again and again as politely as I can to wring out the sponge. But you don't even have the consideration to respect my feelings.

Martin: Because your feelings are stupid!

Frasier: But they're my feelings! And important to me! And because of that you should have the courtesy to respect them.

Martin: Just like you respect my feelings when I asked you not to move my chair.

Frasier: Oh, that makes no sense at all.

Martin: Oh, all right. [*gets up out of his chair and takes the sponge out of Frasier's hand and goes through to the kitchen*] You want me to dry that sponge? I'll dry that sponge! [*Martin puts the sponge into the toaster*] Give it about a minute.

Frasier: Oh, that's mature.

Martin: Oh, boy - you know what a tortured little world you live in? Newspapers strewn all over the place. Sponge germs coming after you. It's a wonder you can sleep at night!

Frasier: Oh, my dreams get me by. Like the one where I strap you in your chair and run around the house turning on all the lights...

By now Frasier is running round like a demented madman turning on each and every light in the house.

Frasier: ...even in the rooms I'm nowhere near. Boy, that electric meter must really be spinning now!

Daphne arrives home from her weekend away with Joe.

Daphne: Evening, all. Did you boys have a nice weekend?

Martin: [sarcastic] Barrel of laughs!

Daphne: Well, I had the loveliest time. [notices Eddie on the couch] Hey - Off! [picking up the newspapers on the floor] We found this little bed-and-breakfast right up the coast. [moves the remote control to Martin's table] I talked my decision over with Joe, [moves Martin's chair back to its original place] and he agreed it really is the best thing for everyone. Of course I'll still be here during the day to help your father with his exercises. [cleans up the table] But nights and weekends it'll just be you two carefree bachelors getting into trouble together. [puts one of the lights off before heading into the kitchen] I'm usually just underfoot around here anyway. [puts the newspapers in the bin then wrings the sponge out] So you see, my decision is best for everyone. Well, I've had a long weekend, so good night.

Frasier: Night, Daphne.

Daphne heads off to her bedroom. Frasier and Martin are quiet, contemplating how Daphne has just sorted everything in one swoop.

Martin: Frasier.

Frasier: What?

Martin: You know how an Oreo has that soft creamy filling between two hard cookies? That's what keeps them together?

Frasier: See your point, Dad.

Martin: Daphne's kind of the centre.

Frasier: I'll go and talk to her.

Martin: Now, you and me, we'd be the cookie part.

Frasier: I get it!

Frasier goes through to Daphne's bedroom and knocks on the door. Daphne opens.

Frasier: May I come in?

Daphne: Yes, of course.

Frasier: Thank you, Daphne. Daphne... er... you can't go. You have to stay. I've only just recently realised how important you are to us. You see, if you go, Dad and I will kill each other. I'm not just tossing out hyperbole here. I'm speaking in the most literal sense. Dad and I - both dead! Only he'll be lying there with a bacteria-ridden sponge protruding from his mouth like a bloated tongue. You don't really want that on your conscience, do you?

Daphne: No, of course not. Truth is, I do still think of this place as my home. But I know you'd never be comfortable knowing Joe and I were...

Frasier: I'd be willing to try.

Daphne: I know you better than that. It'll bother you and we'll both be miserable.

Frasier: Why can't I get past this? Oh, it'd just be easier if I could be like my father pretending you weren't in here making love.

Daphne: Making love? Is that what you think we were doing?

Frasier: Yes, of course.

Daphne: Oh no. There was nothing like that going on in here.

Frasier: Really? Seems rather implausible. I'd like to believe that and believe me I really do want to... er... how can I?

Daphne: Well, how could Joe and I make love? What with... er... Joe's war injury?

Frasier: I didn't even know Joe was a soldier. What war would that be?

Daphne: The Falkland Islands.

Frasier: But that was a British conflict and Joe's not...

Daphne: His parents have a summerhouse there!

Frasier: Oh, that's very unfortunate. Having a summerhouse in a war zone. But how-?

Daphne: He was kicked by a sheep.

Frasier: A sheep?

Daphne: Yes, a sheep - spooked by an air raid siren. Work with me.

Frasier: [*now clearly pretending to believe whatever he is told - no matter how insane it is*] Oh, I see. So, what you're saying is that Joe...

Daphne: Can't.

Frasier: Ah. Well, I suppose that changes everything.

Daphne: Yes, I suppose it does. But just so as we're clear - even though there's no actual lovemaking, Joe and I can on occasion, say, read poems to each other in here at night?

Frasier: As long as you don't read too loudly.

Frasier leaves and Daphne looks extremely pleased with herself.

Frasier goes back through to the living room to find Martin sitting in his chair reading the paper.

Frasier: She's staying. Turns out they're sleeping together but not having sex. [*Martin looks puzzled*] See, they can't have sex because of an injury Joe suffered when kicked by a spooked sheep during an air raid while his family were vacationing in the Falkland Islands during the war.

Martin just nods his head in agreement. Niles walks through from the bedroom.

Niles: Well, Dad was right. They are my real friends. It was all just a misunderstanding. Apparently the social chairman's dog ate my invitation. And the poor animal had to go to the vet and with all the confusion they forgot to send me another, and when I offered my new address for next year's party, they said, "no need - we'll see you around."

Martin: [*joining into the spirit of the now-blatant lying as he tugs at his trousers*] I'm going to start wearing sweat pants. That damned drier again. Hey, you guys want some cookies? They're reduced fat.

Frasier: Really? That means we can eat twice as many.

The boys all continue to talk to each other - quite happy in their own worlds of make-believe.

End of Act 2

Credits:

Daphne is in the kitchen pouring orange juice in the morning. Frasier and Martin are standing in the background. Daphne pours three glasses but then walks past them both and heads towards her bedroom, carrying all three. Martin and Frasier look extremely concerned and go to follow her. However Daphne comes back round the corner laughing at them and hands them a glass each.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

TONY CARREIRO as Joe

TIM CHOATE as Dirk

SCOTT MacDONALD as Henry

Legal Stuff

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