

[3.6]Sleeping With The Enemy

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Kate Costas Episodes

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Transcript {Simon Aw}

ACT ONE

Scene One - The Frasier Crane Show.

Frasier, on the air, is listening to a caller, and Roz is in her booth. While the caller is talking, Frasier looks into Roz's booth and sees that an agitated-looking Noel has entered. Noel has a brief conversation with Roz; she looks worried, takes off her headphones, and leaves the booth hurriedly with Noel.

June: [v.o.] Well, my husband is always criticising me, because in restaurants I like to listen in on strangers' conversations. I don't know why he makes such a big deal out of nothing.

Through the window behind Frasier, we see that Roz and Noel have entered the corridor outside Frasier's studio, and are in a heated discussion with various other members of the KACL staff.

Frasier: Well June, I suppose your lack of interest makes your husband feel invisible. Imagine what it must be like to sit [*takes a glance through the window*] across from someone who's constantly scanning, [*picks up the microphone and turns away from the console to looks through the window*] searching, craning their neck to see... Just what the hell is going on out there?

June: Oh gosh, you're right! I've been insensitive. It's just common decency to stay focused on the other person.

Frasier, focused on the events outside, has not been listening.

Frasier: Huh? [*turns back to his console*] What? Oh, well, good for you, Jane!

June: [*annoyed*] June!

Frasier: Oh, yeah, well, whatever! Er, this is Dr Frasier Crane. KACL 780. [*stabs at a button and rips his headphones off*]

He gets up and leaves hurriedly via Roz's booth.

CUT TO: outside Kate's office.

An anxious crowd of KACL staffers, among them Roz and Noel, has gathered. Frasier enters.

Frasier: What is going on?

A few staffers gesture towards a notice board.

Roz: [angry, slaps a memo on the board] Oh, our beloved station manager decided we're not getting our raise this year!

Frasier: [furious] What? [rips the memo off and crumples it] This is an outrage! I have a contract!

Roz: Don't palpitate, it doesn't apply to the on-air talent.

Frasier: [calm] Oh, thank God.

He proceeds to straighten out the crumpled memo and pin it neatly back onto the board. When he has finished, he notices that the crowd is watching him unhappily.

Frasier: [embarrassed] I'm sorry... I was being selfish, wasn't I? I, er, feel very ashamed. It is nevertheless, er, an outrage. It's not a personal outrage but certainly a, a family of man outrage.

Roz: [tearful] Frasier, I spent that raise already - on my new diamond earrings! I love them. I love them so much, I slept with them!

Frasier: Well, Roz, as long as you're doing it for love, it's a step in the right direction!

He goes to leave.

Roz: Real supportive, Frasier! We've been getting that raise every year, and now this Nazi in nylons comes waltzing in here and cancels it with some vague crap about corporate belt-tightening. This isn't fair!

The assembled staffers agree.

Frasier: Oh, oh, actually you're right! Er you, maybe you should tell her what you just told me. Er, except I would leave out the "Nazi in nylons" bit. It's not your best icebreaker.

Roz: Oh, you're damn right we're gonna tell her!

The staffers cheer.

Roz: [to the crowd] We've all been here a hell of a lot longer than she has!

Frasier: That's right!

The staffers cheer again. Behind Roz, Kate enters quietly from her office.

Roz: She pushes us, we push back!

The staffers, noticing Kate, are conspicuously silent.

Roz: She's standing right behind me, isn't she?

Kate: Yeah.

Roz turns around to confront her, but like all the other staffers, she suddenly becomes mute and cowed in Kate's presence.

Kate: Is there a problem? Nope? Good.

She goes to leave. The crowd parts to let her through. Everyone is obviously terrified. Except for...

Frasier: Kate?

Kate: [stops amidst the crowd] Doc...?

Frasier: Er, these people... would like to speak with you.

Kate: No, I'm sorry, I can't talk right now, I've got a meeting.
[turns to leave]

Frasier: Well I-I'm sorry, excuse me? I think your meeting can wait five minutes. Now they're a little upset about your memo. I think you should discuss it with them.

Kate: Dr Crane... I wrote the memo, I signed the memo, I posted the memo. If I had anything more to say, I would have put it... Anybody?

Noel: [puts up his hand] In the memo?

Kate: Bravo.

She leaves.

Roz: Okay. If she wants to play tough, we'll play tough back. We still have a lot of power here. Now we could go on strike...

The staffers make noises of reluctance.

Roz: [annoyed at them] Yes!

Frasier: Look, look, you know er, I, I think you should listen to Roz. Every year in exchange for your hard work you receive a five percent raise. Now, you've fulfilled your part of the bargain; she has blithely changed the deal.

Noel: In the 'hood, they call that "being dissed."

Frasier: Yes, my streetwise friend. [to the crowd] You have a right to stand up for yourselves.

Roz: Okay. We gonna do this? Are we together?

Noel: What's the point? If we strike they'll just replace us. They only care about the on-air people.

Roz: Aaah, so we'll get their support! Frasier just said he's on our side!

The staffers are happy to hear this.

Frasier: [unsure] I did? Well, well, yes I, I did, I did, yes. But, heh, my meagre endorsement is, is meaningless without the support of the... other talent.

Roz: [gleeful] Did you hear that? Frasier's gonna get everyone on our side!

The staffers cheer.

Frasier: What? [reluctant] Er I, I'd love to, to help, but you know, I'm already in hot water with that woman! You can't ask me to raise a mutiny against her!

Noel steps up to Frasier with a timely quote.

Noel: "The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few or the one." James Tiberius Kirk, Captain, Starship Enterprise.
[does the Vulcan salute]

Frasier: Go away, you annoying little man.

He nudges Noel away and goes to leave.

Roz: *[imploring]* Please?

Frasier: *[thinks about it, then enthusiastic]* Oh alright, alright!
You organise your people, I'll talk to mine!

The staffers cheer and Noel shakes Frasier's hand.

FADE OUT

**COULDN'T WE JUST
STOP EATING GRAPES**

Scene Two - Frasier's apartment.

What looks like a quiet party is in progress. There are four guests standing around, talking to each other and to Frasier. Daphne is offering people some food from a tray; Martin is arranging a similar tray on the dining table; Eddie is sitting in The Armchair. A fifth guest - Bulldog - enters from the kitchen, clutching a beer. He goes to The Armchair.

Bulldog: *[to Eddie]* Hey, beat it.

Eddie barks at him. Bulldog barks back. Eddie scrambles off The Armchair and scurries out of the room, scared.

Bulldog: *[to Eddie]* Hey, if you can't run with The Bulldog, stay on the porch.

He settles into The Armchair. The doorbell rings. Frasier answers it to Niles.

Frasier: Niles.

Niles: *[enters and gives a pen to Frasier]* Good evening, Frasier; you left your Mont Blanc in my car, so I... *[sees the guests]* Oh. *[icily]* I see cocktails. Hors d'oeuvres. Mingling. If I were the suspicious type, I'd say you were throwing a party to which I was not invited.

Martin approaches, bearing a tray of sausages. He offers it to Niles.

Martin: Feel like a wiener, Niles?

Niles: Indeed I do.

Frasier: *[annoyed]* Niles, this is not a party; and dad, that is fourteen-dollar-a-pound andouille sausage.

Martin: Wow. Means Eddie ate about thirty bucks' worth.

Martin returns to the guests.

Frasier: Niles, these people are colleagues from the station. We're here to discuss a labour dispute.

Niles: *[assuaged]* Oh, well. *[to the guests]* Fight on, people!
[to Frasier] You know, there is no greater friend to the working man than my own Maris.

Frasier: Mmm.

Niles: Remember, when our stable boy Wakim's appendix burst? She had him driven back to the border at her own personal expense!

He leaves. Frasier is just about to close the door when three other guests arrive. One of them is the excruciatingly camp Gil Chesterton.

Gil: Ah, good evening, Frasier!

Frasier: Gil, Sheryl, Floyd!

Gil: Oh! What a stunning apartment!

Frasier: Well...

Gil strides around the room enthusiastically.

Gil: The palette is pure, subtle elegance! The detailing... well, it's inspired! [examines a statuette] And the furnishings... [sees *The Armchair* and stops in his tracks] Oh, dear. Is that a chair?

Frasier: [trying to smile] That is my father's chair.

Gil: Oh. Well... this must be your father!

He shakes hands with Martin.

Martin: Hi - Marty Crane. You put on quite a show!

Gil: [pleased] Oh, you've heard my little programme?

Martin: No, I mean just coming through the door.

*He sits in *The Armchair*, which has been vacated by Bulldog.*

Bulldog: [to *Frasier*] Doc, doc! Can we hurry this thing up? I got a charity event tonight. She's not much to look at, but what the hell.

Frasier addresses the assembled group of eight KACL personalities.

Frasier: Okay, well, since we're all here... Er, now, regarding management's claim of financial distress, I've done some checking around, and I've found that the advertising revenues are up eleven-and-a-half per cent...

He is interrupted by a starstruck squeal from Daphne, who has noticed Gil.

Daphne: Gil Chesterton, the restaurant critic!

Gil: [takes and bites into a snack from Daphne's tray] Yes.

Daphne: Oh, I just love those wicked things you say when the food is bad!

Gil: [picks the snack out of his mouth in disgust] Well, keep bringing these and you won't be disappointed!

As Frasier continues his speech, Daphne sits down at the dining table, looking slightly pouty.

Frasier: [to the KACL personalities] The wage freeze is unwarranted. It is simply a ploy of an overly ambitious station manager, [angry] and typical of this woman! She has terrorised us, she has tampered with our shows. It's time we said no to this Princess of Darkness!

Bulldog: I got a better idea. Why don't we just walk up to Mike Tyson and tell him he talks funny?

Frasier: [unamused] What about our support staff? If we don't back this strike, they may lose their jobs! They're powerless without our support.

Gil: Frasier, old man, why do they need raises? You're talking about people who eat corn dogs and nachos.

Frasier: [annoyed] That statement is appallingly elitist.

Gil: Well thank you, Mister Everyday People!

The other KACL personalities snigger.

Bulldog: Hey, I'm sure we'd all like to help these people, but we need our jobs. We're working stiffs too, living from

paycheck-to-paycheck just like they are.

Niles re-enters.

Niles: Excuse me, someone's blocking me in downstairs. Who has a BMW?

Five out of the eight guests, including Gil and Bulldog, proudly put up their hands.

Niles: A red BMW. [*Two hands are still up*] With a red interior.

Gil: Oh, that's me!

He goes to Niles at the doorway. Frasier shakes his head in exasperation.

Niles: [*to Gil*] Just give me your key; I'll leave it to the doorman.

Gil: [*at the doorway*] Oh, no no. I was just leaving.

Bulldog: Oh, I'm going too. [*goes to leave*]

Frasier: [*frustrated*] Well... where are your ethics? Where's your conscience?

Bulldog: Where's your john? I need to slap on some Canoe.

The other KACL personalities file to the doorway. Frasier, defeated, slumps onto the couch in despair.

Martin: Hey, I'm with you people! To heck with the workers. They're not yours!

Bulldog: Hey, damn right!

The other personalities, on their way out, agree.

Martin: And chances are, after the station manager crushes the little people, she won't come after you big shots.

Bulldog: Right. [*slightly unsure*] Why would she...?

Martin: Well, I mean er, supposing she's trying to save money, you're the big ticket items. Erm, after all this, well, she won't have to worry about the support staff backing you guys up, will she? [*laughs, half to himself*] Oh but no, that's crazy.

The assembled big shots pause to think about this.

Gil: [*worried*] You're not suggesting that... Kate might be coming after our money next?

Martin: [*to the personalities*] No, she wouldn't do that! She's a peach, right? Soft as a cream puff.

Frasier: [*ominously sarcastic*] And we all know no-one here is overpaid...

Gil: Suddenly, I'm feeling very Norma Rae.

He shuts the door and, along with all of the other now uncomfortable-looking personalities, returns to the middle of the room. Frasier, reinvigorated, gets up.

Frasier: Great! I'll get us some more wine. [*quietly to Martin*] Dad, that was brilliant, using reverse psychology! I guess living with me is rubbing off on you a little bit.

Frasier heads towards the kitchen. Martin gets up and follows him.

Martin: Well, I guess it's only natural that environmental factors would influence personality development...

Frasier: Alright.

Martin: Well, oh wait I, I hope I didn't hit some long-repressed Oedipal nerve...

Frasier: Very funny.

Martin: Because the last thing we want is for you to be sublimating your anger passive/aggressive...

Frasier: Oh, alright! Just stop it, you wise ass!

Martin: [pats Frasier on the back] Ha-hey! Looks like I'm rubbing off on you, too!

They enter the kitchen.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

THE BLOODLESS COUP

Scene One - KACL

In Roz's booth, various KACL staffers - including Roz and Noel - are quietly talking. Frasier enters from the corridor.

Frasier: Alright, people! I have spoken with the on-air talent, and I...

Noel: [interrupts] Shhh! Ixnay, Dr Crane...

He creeps over to the studio door and closes it.

Frasier: [mildly sarcastic] Ah, yes. You've really dropped the cone of silence now. Anyway, I have delivered on my promise: the talent is behind you. If you strike, we strike. All for one and one for all!

The staffers cheer.

Frasier: Okay! So who is our spokesperson - who is leading the charge?

Noel steps forth in what he hopes is a heroic and intimidating manner.

Noel: I am - you want to make something of it? [to himself] Oh shoot, I smiled again! [laughs]

Frasier: Rozalinda, a word.

He gestures towards the studio and leaves for it; Roz follows him.

CUT TO: the studio as she enters and Frasier closes the door, separating them from the staffers.

Frasier: Our leader is Noel Shempsky?! The man has all the backbone of a paramecium!

Roz: Well, do you think that it's *my* idea? Noel and I were the only two who volunteered. 'Course, they voted me down. I'm smarter than he is, more confident, more articulate, [hot-headed] but those stupid little WUSSES think I'm a HOT-HEAD!

Frasier: But Noel, Roz! A lot of people's jobs are riding on this - including mine!

Roz: Then you do it!

Frasier: [worried] Me?

Roz: Yes!

Frasier: [very worried] No no, me?

Roz: Oh, please!

Frasier: [panicky] Me? No, no, I've done enough already, oh...

They are interrupted by an irritating knocking on the door of Roz's booth. Frasier opens it.

Frasier: [angry] What?

Noel enters with what he hopes is resolve. Behind him, some staffers peep through the doorway.

Noel: Dr Crane, I can see that you're concerned about my negotiating skills. But don't be - I have a secret weapon: I can faint at will. Check it out...

He collapses, hitting the floor with a loud bump, and he does not get up. Roz and the others stare at him; Frasier makes a decision.

Frasier: [to the staffers] Okay people, there's been a coup. I am now your leader!

The staffers cheer.

Frasier: [points] To the lair of the She-Wolf!

They leave via Roz's booth.

CUT TO: outside Kate's office as a militant crowd of staffers, now led by a determined-looking Frasier, march in. Kate enters from her office and is slightly taken aback.

Kate: Wow. What have we here?

Frasier: We are dissatisfied with the wage freeze and we demand to speak to you about it. [to the crowd] Don't we?

The crowd agrees.

Kate: Alright, but aren't you people still on the clock?

The crowd agrees. And leaves immediately, abandoning Frasier to a bemused Kate.

Kate: Well hi-ho the dairy-o, the cheese stands alone.

Frasier: [affecting unconcern] They're a shrewd group. They only flex their muscles when they have to. [shouts to the off-screen staffers] Well done!

Kate: [amused] Yeah, right. Will you get in here?

She enters her office and is followed by Frasier.

CUT TO: the office.

Kate sits on the front of her desk as Frasier closes the door.

Kate: I'm kinda surprised to see you here. This really isn't your fight, is it?

Frasier: [proud] I am honoured to have been chosen by my colleagues to speak for them.

Kate: Oh. That's a shame. I was kinda looking forward to seeing Shempsky faint.

Frasier: Well, we have a lot to do, so we may as well just get to it... [gazes at Kate] Is that a, a new hairdo? It's very fetching.

Kate: [gazes at Frasier; mildly sarcastic] Oooh, is that a new tie? It just lights up your pretty face.

Frasier: [frustrated] Look, what is it about us? I mean, why all this friction between us? For my own part, your intolerable

smugness reminds me of my ex-wife. But... what is the source of your antipathy toward me? Was there some intimidating male figure in your childhood? A father? A, a priest? A department store Santa... I don't know, I'm just spit-balling here!

Kate: I have an idea about the source of our antagonism.

Frasier: [*smug*] Good. Do let me hear it.

He sits down in an armchair. Kate stands up and leans over him.

Kate: I'm a woman, I'm as smart as you, and I'm your boss.

Frasier: Coincidences, all!

Kate: Doc... I don't want to analyse your hang-ups. I already got a full-time job. Let's just get down to business, okay?

She goes around to the other side of her desk and sits in her swivel chair.

Frasier: Oh, very well. There's really very little to discuss. These people were promised a raise. They have fulfilled their part of the bargain; it's time for you to honour yours. You have twenty-four hours.

Kate: Or?

Frasier: We walk, *en masse*. Including the on-air talent. I've seen to that myself.

Kate: You have.

Frasier: Mmm-hm.

Kate: [*suddenly fed-up*] Why are you gunning for me?

Frasier: [*angry*] Gunning? For you? This isn't about you, it's about what you're doing to those people. It's the shame of Seattle!

Kate: No, no; this is about your ego, which is the SIZE of Seattle! Every suggestion, every decision I've made has been met by this impenetrable wall of arrogance masquerading as righteousness.

Frasier: Oh ho ho ho ho, that's a desperate shot - attacking me because I have a social conscience!

Kate: No, what you have is a fat contract, and so do the rest of your cronies. So when it came time for staff raises, there was no more money left in the till!

Frasier: [*incensed*] Oh, you are twisting things to make it look like it's my fault! [*stands up*] Oh, it's true what they say: the devil comes disguised as a beautiful woman!

Frasier and Kate are now in a stand-off over the desk. Their altercation becomes increasingly passionate, in more ways than one.

Kate: [*stands up too*] There would've been raises if you hadn't taken all the money to pay for those Armani suits.

Frasier: Oh, oh, what about you? Let's not overlook that pricey little Fendi scarf you're wearing!

Kate: Well, what about this designer cologne on you?

Frasier: Well, how about those pouty lips that must have cost you a fortune in collagen injections!

Kate: These lips are mine, you arrogant gasbag!

Frasier: You intractable despot!

Kate: BLOWHARD!

Frasier: TYRANT!!

Kate: ASS!!!

Frasier: SHREW!!!!

Suddenly they grab each other and kiss, violently. Kate grabs the lapels of Frasier's jacket and pushes him away.

Kate: [breathless] Get out...!

But she pulls him close and they kiss, again. Kate pushes Frasier away once more.

Kate: [distraught] Now!

Frasier rushes to the door, stops for a moment to glance back in horror, and then leaves. Kate slumps over her desk.

FADE TO:

**I DRAW THE LINE
AT BLANCHE DUBOIS**

Scene Two - Frasier's apartment.

Martin and Daphne are present. The doorbell rings and Martin goes to open the door; it is Niles, and he looks like a nervous wreck.

Martin: Hey, Niles!

Niles: [stumbles in] Maris found a grey hair.

Martin: [closes the door] Daphne, get Niles a brandy.

Daphne does so. Niles sits down on the couch as Martin heads for The Armchair.

Niles: It was right at the apex of her widow's peak.

Martin: Better bring the bottle! [sits in The Armchair]

Niles: She blames me, dad. She said it's from the stress I caused her last night when I thoughtlessly turned on the light while she was getting undressed.

Daphne hands Niles a glass of brandy, along with the bottle, and sits next to him on the couch armrest. Then, a worried-looking Frasier enters through the front door. Daphne gets up and goes to him enthusiastically.

Daphne: [to Frasier] Oh! Good evening, Dr Crane! Oh, let me take that for you. [takes his coat and goes to hang it up] After all, you are the friend of the working man!

Frasier: Thank you, Daphne.

Daphne: Defender of the little people...

Frasier: Alright, Daphne...

Daphne: [hanging Frasier's coat on the hook] Standing up to the boss on behalf of the downtrodden, selflessly risking your own...

Frasier: [loses his temper] Don't you have some meat to boil?

The others stare at him.

Frasier: [calms down] I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I apologise, it's just been a, a, a bad day. I was elected by the employees to present our demands to, to Kate.

Daphne: Oh well, that was a smart move! Did you give her a good tongue-lashing?

Frasier: In a manner of speaking, yes.

Martin: I'm proud of you, son.

Frasier: No, don't be, dad - I'm a fraud.

Daphne goes to the dining table and cleans it up.

Frasier: [depressed] I, I was in her office... tempers flared and, the next thing I knew, we were...

Daphne leaves for the kitchen.

Frasier: ...locked in a... passionate kiss!

Daphne returns, suddenly.

Daphne: [*intrigued*] Ooooh, go on!

Frasier: [*slightly embarrassed*] Daphne, I'm really not that comfortable talking about this in front of you.

Daphne: Oh, no need to be shy around me. I'm a professional health care worker! I've seen it all! I've helped your father in and out of the bathtub.

Martin: Okay, Daphne...

Daphne: I've seen his bits!

Martin: [*outraged*] Hey! Oh, for God's sake! [*to Frasier*] Just tell her, will you?

Frasier: Oh, alright. It was like nothing I've ever experienced before, it was just... pure sex! Overwhelming, unexpected, animal-like!

Niles: [*sarcastic*] Oh well, that! We've all experienced that, who hasn't? Pfff!

Daphne: I'm no stranger to that feeling meself. [*goes to the couch*] It can strike without warning. And you don't know who it will be! [*sits on the armrest again*] Why, you could be standing next to a person [*gestures towards Niles*] month after month, and then the next thing you know, you're tearing each other's clothes off! There's a word for it...

Niles: [*to himself*] Hope.

Daphne: Hmmm?

Frasier: Oh, this is madness! I'm actually lusting after a woman that does nothing but grate on my nerves. I can't stand her!

Daphne: Oh really, Dr Crane! Would a man want to have sex with a woman he doesn't even like?

To her dismay, all of the males present answer to the positive.

Frasier: [*thoughtful*] What about her? Maybe she's been harbouring feelings for me. Is it possible that she could have been lusting after me all this time?

Martin: Oh, it could be. But... you know, you were in the middle of a negotiation. Maybe she laid that smackeroo on you just to rattle your brain.

Niles: Dad has a point. Your musk-drenched animal magnetism aside, it's quite possible that she was simply manipulating you.

Frasier: Oh, I hardly think so. [*smiles*] The woman's passion... seemed genuine.

Daphne: [*knowingly*] Yes - it always does. [*gets up and goes to the dining table*]

Frasier: Do you suppose it's possible she's just using sex to sway me to her side?

Martin: Well, figure it out. Who made the first move? You or her?

Frasier: There was no first move. It was more like spontaneous sexual combustion.

Martin: There's always a first move. Think.

Frasier: Alright. I was standing in front of her desk like so. [*walks up to the coffee table in front of Niles*] She was facing me... Niles, you be Kate.

Niles: [*insulted*] I will not.

Frasier: Look, just stand up!

Niles: [*exasperated*] I'm always the girl! In every prep school play I was the girl! Guinevere, Marian the Librarian, Ado Annie.

Well, no more, I'm through with it! When do I get to be Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, Mo'?!'

Frasier: [angry] This is getting me nowhere! [goes for his coat] Alright. I'll just have to go down there and confront her myself. [grabs his coat and wears it, while walking to the door] Find out if what she was feeling was actually genuine or she was simply being a conniving femme fatale!

Daphne: Oh, come on now, Dr Crane! It's not like men have never used sex to get what they want.

Frasier: [annoyed] How can we possibly USE sex to get what we want?! Sex IS what we want!

He exits, leaving the two remaining males nodding their heads and the female even more dismayed.

FADE TO:

Scene Three - KACL; Kate's office.

Kate is alone behind her desk, facing away from the door and looking through some papers. Her jacket is off and her bare arms are now visible.

Someone knocks on the door; it is Frasier, and he peeps in timidly. Kate glances at him, nervous. She slowly turns to face him as he creeps into the room and quietly closes the door.

At the beginning their conversation is conducted awkwardly and from opposite ends of the room.

Frasier: Kate.

Kate: Frasier.

Frasier: Er... I think we have some issues to discuss.

Kate: Me too. Have a seat.

Frasier: I'd prefer to stand.

Kate: Me too.

Frasier: Let's talk about the kiss.

Kate: Yeah. Let's.

Frasier: Alright. Why did it happen? Some possibilities: [sidles up to the desk] Er, frustration; passion; the stress of the situation; [pauses meaningfully] Manipulation.

Kate: [intrigued] Manipulation... that is interesting.

Frasier: What's interesting is that you focused on manipulation. Why...?

Kate: Because there's a possibility of manipulation.

Frasier: [triumphant] So, you admit that you were manipulating me!

Kate: Me? I'm talking about you! How dare you think I'd do a thing like that!

Frasier: Well, it's not unheard of for a woman like you to use her feminine wiles to get what she wants.

Kate: Oh, very clever! What about you using your masculine wiles to get what you want?

Frasier, surprised, thinks about this.

Frasier: [quietly] You think my wiles are masculine?

Kate: No, I am not going down that road again.

Frasier: [smug] 'Course you're not. Because at the end of that road is a cul-de-sac of vulnerability. That's not you, is it? No, you're cement-hard.

Kate: [incredulous] "Cul-de-sac of vulnerability"? [fed-up] Alright, listen. You see me for a couple of hours out of every day, and you think you know me? The me me? Alright, I can be tough - okay, I've gotta be. I can also be tender...

spontaneous... shy... lusty... playful.

Frasier: [turned on] Kittenish?

Kate: I could climb you like a scratching post.

Frasier/Kate: [excited, then:] Damn it!

It's kissing time again. Kate leaps onto her desk and kneels upon it, snogging Frasier. Now it is Frasier's turn to disengage.

Frasier: [distraught] Stop! What are we doing?! [goes to the door] Now... there are people out there counting on us!

Kate moves off her desk and stands in front of it, rearranging her clothing.

Kate: Right, you're absolutely right. We've gotta put personal pleasure aside until we get this thing resolved.

Frasier: [determined] Absolutely. We owe it to them. If it takes every minute of every hour of every day, and every ounce of strength we have, we have got to settle this strike! [claps his hands together] Alright. Those people deserve a five percent raise.

Kate: I'll give you three.

Frasier: Four!

Kate: Done.

They kiss. Embracing each other, they stumble up against the desk; Frasier sweeps some items off and they fall on top of it, still kissing.

CUT TO: outside at the same time. Plenty of KACL staffers and personalities, among them Gil and Noel, are standing around, waiting anxiously; Roz has her ear to the door of Kate's office. Bulldog enters from the corridor.

Bulldog: Hey, any news?

Roz: [takes her ear away, pleased] Frasier's hanging tough! He just keeps pounding that desk and saying, "More, more, more!"

Bulldog: Okay!

The staffers cheer. The door to Kate's office opens just a crack and Frasier slips out, looking furtive and somewhat dishevelled. He closes the door and keeps his back to it while addressing the crowd.

Frasier: Good news - she's offered three percent.

Everyone agrees to take it.

Frasier: No, never! I'm going to get you four! I don't care if I have to stay in there all night!

He goes back in. The assembled staffers and personalities cheer him on and, led by Gil, chant his name: "FRASIER, FRASIER, FRASIER!"

TO BE CONTINUED...

END OF ACT TWO

Credits:

KACL; Kate's office. Noel is standing in front of the desk and gesticulating at a seated Kate. He dumps a piece of paper in front of her and points at it peremptorily; she signs it, terrified and

submissive. He does a bit of heroic posing before leaving in triumph.

Cut to outside. Noel the Master Negotiator presents the paper to a reception of adoring staffers, and gets a dramatic hug and kiss from a very adoring Roz.

Then cut to Noel waking up at his office desk - oh no, it was all a dream! There is no-one around. Noel, disappointed with reality, decides to go back to sleep.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Star

MERCEDES RUEHL as Kate Costas

Guest Starring

PATRICK KERR as Noel Shempsky

EDWARD HIBBERT as Gil Chesterton

Guest Callers

LAURA DERN as June

Legal Stuff

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