

[4.10]Liar! Liar!

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AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

Nominated

EMMY

- **Outstanding Sound Mixing for a Comedy Series or Special:** John Reiner, Andre Caporaso, Robert Douglass, Dana Mark McClure

Transcript {Iain McCallum}

Act 1

Scene 1 - Frasier's Apartment.

Frasier is seeing a guest off the premises. Both are dressed in tuxedos, as are Niles, Martin and Bulldog who are also in the room. Roz and Daphne are decked out in elegant eveningwear.

Frasier: [opening the front door as the guest walks out] Glad you came back with us. I hope you had a good time. Well, I can't tell you how much fun this has been. Listen, now that you know the way don't be a stranger. OK. Good night! [closes the door after the man] Who the hell was that?

Niles: He's not from the station?

Roz: I never saw him before.

Daphne: He was table-hopping like crazy during the awards.

Martin: That's 'cause he was our waiter.

Frasier: Well, that's the last time I say, "everybody back to my place!"

Bulldog: [holding up his SeaBea] Who cares about that guy? This is a great night.

Roz: For you, maybe. The rest of us lost.

Bulldog: Hey, it's not important whether you win or lose. It's an honour just being nomin... [breaks into laughter] I couldn't get through that crap on stage, I can't get through it now!

Roz: Frasier, do you mind if I use your phone?

Frasier: No, not at all. Who are you calling? It's practically midnight.

Roz: Oh, I promised my grandmother I'd leave her a message telling her how we did. [dials the number then starts speaking into

the phone] Hey Gammy, it's Roz. Guess what? We won again! We're all here celebrating.

Roz holds up the phone to indicate they make some kind of noise of celebration. All they can muster is a half-hearted "YEAH!" sounding completely unconvincing.

Roz: Listen, I gotta go. It's getting crazy here but I'll talk to you tomorrow. Bye-bye.

Niles: You lied to "Gammy?"

Roz: Well, she's old and it makes her happy. She smiled for a week when I won the Miss Seattle Pageant!

Frasier: You know, Roz raises a very interesting philosophical question...

Martin: [*preparing for the worst*] Oh, here we go. Buckle up!

Frasier: Is it always morally wrong to lie? We are taught that it is. Though obviously there are certain occasions when a lie would be acceptable.

Bulldog: Yeah, like the lies you tell a chick in bed. "You're the best I've ever been with"; "Your thighs don't look that fat"; "Don't worry, I've had a vasectomy." [*Bulldog notes the disgusted faces around the room*] Hey, screw you guys! I'm an artist; we live by different rules.

Niles: An argument can certainly be made that a lie is good when it spares someone unnecessary pain. I'm reminded of Maris's brief flirtation with active wear when I assured her, "You look fine, darling. Spandex is supposed to blouse!"

Frasier: You know, Lilith actually told me the other day that Frederick has taken to lying. Yes, he told all of his friends that Lilith is an alien. [*laughs*]

Martin: Seems as good an explanation as any!

Frasier: He also told them that she wears her hair in a bun to hide the third eye in the back of her head. [*laughs again*]

Roz: How did Lilith find out?

Frasier: Well, apparently she was driving him and Toby to a Junior Mensa meeting, she looked in the rearview mirror and saw that they were making faces at the other cars. So, never have the words "I can see you!" caused so much screaming and wetting of pants!

Laughter all around.

Daphne: I did my fair share of fibbing too. I once told my school chums I was born with a tiny embryonic twin attached to my hip. [*Daphne laughs hilariously whilst the others look slightly perturbed*] Of course they were horrified and it didn't help my social life at all. [*sighs*] But for a while there it was nice having a sister.

Niles nods his head in sympathy before subtly removing the glass of champagne from Daphne's hand and passing it to Frasier who nods his head in agreement.

Niles: Oh. Remember in prep school when we were so desperate to avoid The President's Physical Fitness Test...

Frasier: ...that we lit a match underneath the fire alarm and all the sprinklers went off.

Niles: And we blamed that delinquent kid, John Rajeski.

Frasier: Yes.

Martin: [*appalled*] You did what?

Frasier: What's wrong?

Martin: You two swore up and down to me that you never set off that alarm.

Frasier: [*laughing*] Well, of course we weren't going to tell you.

Martin storms off into the kitchen.

Niles: For Heaven's sake, Dad, you can't be mad. We were kids.

Martin: [*turning back*] You know, the headmaster said it was you two. I went down there and raised hell with him. I said, "My kids don't lie." Because of you that Rajeski kid got expelled!

Frasier: [*shocked*] Expelled? If we'd have known that was going to happen we would have told the truth.

Niles: [*unrepentant*] Not me. He was a brute and a meanie.

Frasier: You're right. He used to make the most merciless fun of me, about how I always wore my gym shorts in the shower. He used to call me "Shorts In The Shower Boy." You don't have to be witty to be cruel.

Martin: Well, I don't give a damn what that kid did. Getting him expelled was worse. [*angrily*] I'm going to bed. Good night, everybody.

Everyone says good night as Martin goes through to the bedroom.

Frasier: Well, I guess that brings an end to our little debate. Apparently there are no good lies.

Bulldog: Hey, hey, it's getting kinda heavy in here. We gotta liven this place up, huh? Hey, I know - party games, huh? All right Doc, I'm going to need a blindfold, whipped cream and a glass coffee table. [*everyone looks mystified*] What? Nobody went to camp?

Roz: [*getting up*] Forget it, Bulldog. These guys are no fun. [*grabs his butt as she walks past*] You know what? I know a great after-hours place where we can go get a few drinks.

Bulldog: [*rushing after Roz to the front door*] Now you're talking. Hey, if things go well I know an after after-hours place. And I got the keys.

Roz: Mmm. You get the elevator; I'll get my coat.

Bulldog: You're on.

Bulldog rushes out and Roz closes the door behind him, firmly locking it.

Roz: No good lies, my ass!

Daphne laughs and Frasier and Niles toast each other with their champagne.

FADE OUT

Scene 2 - Café Nervosa.

Niles walks in and sees Frasier sitting down. Niles hangs up his coat before sitting down. It is apparent that both brothers are wearing exactly the same suit right down to the shirt and tie.

Niles: Good morning, Frasier.

Frasier: Oh, good morning, Niles... [*suddenly notices Niles's suit*] Oh dear God - it's finally happened. This is the thanks I get for introducing you to my personal shopper. I gave her specific instructions to write down every article of clothing that I had purchased so we could avoid this sort of calamity!

Niles: I didn't use Renaldo. This suit just caught my eye while I was shopping for shoes.

Niles and Frasier suddenly stop and stare tentatively at each other's shoes. They both reel back in horror as they realise they've

got the same as well.

Niles: [*annoyed*] Well, why didn't you also take my strong chin and swimmer's build?

Frasier: Oh please.

Niles: Obviously we have to sit apart.

Frasier: Sit down! There's something I need to talk to you about. I doubt most people are as tuned to these things as you and I are. I'm sure they won't even notice.

At this point the waitress approaches with two coffees.

Waitress: [*to Frasier*] Here you are, double espresso. [*to Niles*] I took a chance and brought you the same thing. [*leaves*]

Frasier: After our conversation last night I couldn't stop thinking about our getting John Rajeski expelled. I didn't sleep a wink.

Niles: You can't be serious?

Frasier: You mean it didn't bother you? Where is your conscience?

Niles: Perhaps it fell into the quad - along with my hall monitor beret when John hung me from the flagpole! He was going to be expelled sooner or later. You cannot guilt me into feeling bad.

Frasier: Yes, well, no one hated him more than I did but I still think we owe him an apology. Can I borrow your phone, Niles?

Niles: Certainly. [*hands over phone then suddenly realises*] You're not going to call him?

Frasier: I am.

Niles: Are you insane?

Frasier: [*speaking into the phone*] A number for a John Rajeski, please? [*speaking to Niles*] Niles, my conscience won't rest until the two of us have said we're sorry. [*speaking into phone*] Oh yes, connect me please.

Niles: Leave me out of this. I'm not sorry. But don't tell him that. And if he asks, I'm living in Italy. No, no, France. No, Italy!

Frasier: [*speaking into the phone*] Yes, hello. Is John Rajeski there, please? It's an old friend... Oh, I'm terribly sorry to hear that. Thank you. [*hangs up*] Niles, it's worse than we thought - he's in prison.

Niles: [*smug*] Well... who's wearing shorts in the shower now?

Frasier: Well, joke all you like. I still can't help thinking this is all our fault.

Niles: How?

Frasier: Well, he was always on the cusp. Maybe he couldn't get into another prep school. Maybe he had to go to public. Got in with the wrong crowd. Couldn't hold on to a job. He could turn to a life of crime.

Niles: Frasier. Sometimes bad things happen to bad people. We did not set him on the path to prison.

Frasier: Yes, well until I'm sure of that fact my conscience will not rest. I have got to speak with him. [*to waiter*] Can I have the check, please?

Niles: [*incredulous*] You're not going down to the jail?

Frasier: Yes, I am. I invite you to join me.

Niles: [*sarcastic*] Yes, that's a good idea, Frasier. The Crane boys going to a prison in matching outfits!

FADE TO:

DEAD MAN TALKING

Scene 3 - The prison.

Frasier is nervously walking round a room bare except for a table and two chairs in the middle of the floor. John Rajeski is brought in by a guard.

[N.B. John Rajeski is actually the name of one of the show's producer's assistants. He appears as a Cafe Nervosa waiter in [\[3.24\]](#), "You Can Go Home Again."]

John: Frasier Crane?

Frasier: John.

John: [smiling and shaking his hand] Hey. How's it going?

Frasier: Well, fine. And you?

John: Eh... [shrugs and waves at his surroundings] What brings you down here?

Frasier: Well, I don't know if you get the alumni magazine, but I became a psychiatrist, and I'm currently conducting a study on men behind bars and how they got there... [notices John's fists] That's an awfully nasty bruise on your knuckles.

John: [laughs] I caught some guy using my comb. I really hate it when people touch my stuff.

Niles: Oh, yes. I remember my brother Niles once sat in your chair in the cafeteria. As I recall you put him on a tray and ran him through the dishwasher.

John: Yeah, class clown - that was me. [both laugh at this] How is Niles, anyway?

Frasier: Ah, er... ah, he's abroad now.

John: Really? Whoa, that must have hurt.

Frasier: No, no, I mean, er... yes, I suppose it did! Well anyway, it would be an enormous help in my study if you could perhaps pinpoint the moment or event in your life that led you to here.

John: Ah, that's easy. I'm doing time for passing a bad check.

Frasier: Ah. [begins writing in his notebook]

John: You see, I wanted to get my wife something nice. We're going through a rough time recently. I was scared she was going to leave me, you know?

Frasier: [relieved] Well, that was quick and painless. We've identified the point where you fell off the beam. [gets up to leave]

John: Actually though, I was already on probation. I did some time about ten years back for driving a car that didn't belong to me.

Frasier: And that was your first infraction?

John: Yeah.

Frasier: [getting up again] Well then, case closed, mystery solved. A young man yields to the lure of a bright and shiny car. Is there anything more tragic?

John: I did have a juvenile record.

Frasier: [sitting down again] Apparently there is.

John: I got in a high school fight.

Frasier: You did say high school, not prep school?

John: Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. This is way after you knew me. I went bad then. Always getting into fights. Of course I wouldn't have been there in the first place if I hadn't have gotten thrown out of that good school me and you were in. That had a big effect on me you know?

Frasier: Yes well, perhaps we could continue our backward journey through...

John: [getting up] No, no, no. That was a bum rap. Somebody pulled the fire alarm and they blamed me for it. They said I did it but I didn't do it.

Frasier: [*becoming visibly worried*] Let's discuss your early childhood.

John: [*stamping his fist off the desk in anger*] You know, the more I think about it, this all started the day I got thrown out of prep school. Ever since then my life's been crap! CRAP! [*now banging the desk in rage*]

Frasier: [*hurriedly gathering his notebook and getting up*] I think I have all the information I need now.

John: Sorry, I didn't mean to blow like that.

Frasier: Well, that's all right, John. [*shaking hands with John*] Thank you for your time.

John: I got plenty of it. I'll see you, huh?

Frasier: [*nervously thinking as John knocks on the door to leave*] No, no, John. There's just one more thing. [*turns to the guard who's ready to take John back*] One second, please. [*turns to John*] There's something I need to tell you about, something that I did in school that I'm not very proud of...

At this point a very large, very burly fellow prisoner covered in bruises and a neck cast appears at the door.

Prisoner: Yo, John. Sorry I touched your comb, man.

Needless to say Frasier looks frightened out of his wits as the prisoner scuttles off.

John: So what did you do?

Frasier: Er... well, I, er... I peeked over your shoulder once during an algebra quiz.

John: [*jokingly*] And I'm the one who gets expelled?

John is led away by the guard leaving Frasier wondering how he can break the news to John.

End of Act 1

Act 2

Scene 1 - Frasier's Apartment. Martin is sitting back in his chair. Daphne opens the front door to a limping, leaning Niles.

Daphne: Evening, Dr. Crane

Niles: Hello, Daphne, Dad.

Daphne: Something wrong with your back?

Niles: I injured it this morning playing squash. I had to make a dive to save match point.

Daphne: Well, I've got just the thing to take care of that. You take off your jacket, I'll be right back. [*goes to the powder room*]

Niles: You're too kind. You know, I should never even have attempted a move like that. It was sort of a cross between a pirouette and a flying scissor kick.

Daphne looks suitably impressed before closing the door.

Martin: You hurt yourself adjusting the seat in your Mercedes again, didn't you?

Niles: Quiet!

Daphne returns with a small tub of something.

Daphne: All right, pull out your shirttails and lay facedown on the sofa. I can guarantee you within a minute you'll be feeling much better. [*Niles lies down and mutters a moan of*

satisfaction] I haven't even touched you yet!

Niles: I started without you.

Daphne proceeds to rub Niles's back with some sort of liniment.

Martin: [*concerned*] Hey, wait a minute. You're not gonna use that stuff on him, are you? She used it on me one time, it burned like hell!

Daphne: Oh, hush up, old man. It helped you, didn't it?

Martin: It nearly killed me!

Daphne: Listen to the big tough policeman. You don't hear your son complaining, do we, Dr. Crane?

Niles: [*in heaven*] Not a bit! Frost me like a cake!

Martin: Well, just wait a minute. It goes on cool but it then it turns into a blowtorch.

Daphne: Well, I guess now we know who the real man in the family is, don't we?

Niles: I should say we d... [*winces slightly*] Ooh!

Martin smiles at him.

Daphne: Is it starting to warm up?

Niles: [*wincing a little more*] Ahh, yeah! It's a... refreshing heat, like those towels they give you on the airplane. [*clearly feigning pleasure*] Whooooo!

Daphne: I'm not hurting you, am I?

Niles: No, no. I'm just a little ticklish back there.

He bites down on the pillow to muffle his screams.

Martin: Well, I guess you are the tough one!

Daphne: [*getting up*] There you go.

Martin: Oh, no, wait a minute, Daphne - you missed a big spot right there.

Niles: [*hastily getting up*] No, that's OK! Because it's all done now! Thank you, Daphne! [*in agony*] A few minutes ago I was bent over in pain, [*rushes for the kitchen bounding over the coffee table*] but now look at me, I'm running!

Niles heads straight for the refrigerator, finds a bag of frozen peas and stuffs them down the back of his shirt, followed by the tub of ice cream. He turns around and desperately rubs his back against the fridge. Back in the living room Daphne is talking to Martin.

Daphne: How is that hip of yours, anyway?

Martin: Back off, witch woman!

The front door opens and Frasier walks in.

Daphne: Evening, Dr. Crane.

Frasier: Evening, Daphne.

Martin: How did you get on at the jail?

Frasier: Horribly! The man is convinced that getting thrown out of prep school was the beginning of his life of crime.

Martin: Been thinking that all these years?

Frasier: [*disconsolate*] No. I sort of connected the dots for him!

Martin: You tell him it was you?

Frasier: I intended to, but I became convinced that the man would be willing to perform unspeakable atrocities on the responsible party or parties.

Martin: Well, you probably made the right call. Knowing you, you'd beat yourself up worse than he would anyway.

Niles: [*emerging from the kitchen*] I hope you remembered to tell

him I was an expatriate.

Frasier: I told him you were an ex-something. [*Niles looks confused.*]
You know, I just feel so guilty. I have done this man a terrible injustice.

Daphne: You know, Dr. Crane, I've always believed life has a way of balancing itself out. Yes, you may have treated this man unfairly, but think of all the people you've helped on your show. Just yesterday you reconciled that couple on the brink of divorce and today you helped Molly from Tacoma overcome her addiction to Swedes.

Martin and Niles both stop what they're doing and look up confused.

Frasier: That was sweets, not Swedes!

Daphne: I thought it was strange when you told her to limit herself to one or two after meals.

Frasier: You know, perhaps I just have an overactive conscience. It's not enough that I help other people, I want to help this man.

Niles: Well, I hope you do, Frasier because then finally you'll stop torturing the rest of us with all your... [*bends over and suddenly cries out in agony*] Oh, pain's back!

Martin: Not to worry. She's got more liniment.

Niles: [*suddenly standing upright still in agony*] Oh, pain's gone!

Daphne: Come on now. Be brave. [*drags Niles's behind her*] Let's go into the loo and I'll give you a second coat.

Niles stretches out his hand in a last-ditch bid to stay out of Daphne's clutches but Martin just smiles at him as he is dragged into the powder room.

Frasier: You know, Dad, Daphne gave me a thought. I'm a skilled couples' therapist. John did mention that he was having marital problems...

Martin: Oh, Jeez!

Frasier: [*heading for the phone*] No, no, Dad. This is perfect, this is perfect. I may have ruined the last 25 years of this man's life but with my gift I could save the next 25. [*speaks into the phone*] Yes, a listing for a John Rajeski, please.

Martin: I'm telling you, Frasier, don't get mixed up with this guy. He's a felon.

Frasier: Dad, just relax, please - I know what I'm doing. [*speaks into the phone*] Mrs. Rajeski? Hello, you don't know me but I'm...

A piercing scream comes from the bathroom as the second coat is obviously being applied.

Frasier: Why - well, that's remarkable. Yes, I am a friend of your husband's!

FADE TO:

Scene 2 - Susan Rajeski's apartment. Frasier knocks on the door and Susan opens.

Frasier: Mrs. Rajeski?

Susan: Wow, it's really you - Frasier Crane!

Frasier: May I?

Susan: Oh gosh, I'm sorry. Please, please come in. [*Frasier walks in*] You know, you're kind of like a God at work. [*Frasier looks a bit humbled*] Please, please sit down.

Frasier: [*sitting down*] Thank you. Let me cut right to the chase.

John told me that you two were going through a bit of a rough patch and I was wondering if there was anything I could do to help?

Susan: Well, I love John. I really do, but there is a problem. It's just a little difficult talking about it, you know? I mean, it's a little embarrassing - especially face-to-face.

Frasier: Well, I'll tell you what. Just pretend I'm on my radio show, [turns his back to Susan] and now you're just another caller.

Susan: OK. Well, Dr. Crane, it's a sexual problem.

Frasier: Ah.

Susan: You see, I can only get really turned on when there's something that makes the whole situation sort of dangerous.

Frasier: [turning round] Dangerous?

Susan: You're looking at me.

Frasier: [turning back round] Sorry.

Susan: Like doing it in a car.

Frasier: Well, that's not so dangerous.

Susan: You must be some driver.

Frasier: [realises] Oh. And you've never had an accident?

Susan: No, I'm on the pill!

Frasier: [back still turned] So how long have you had this particular kink?

Susan: [standing up starts playing with her buttons] Well, I don't know really. It kind of started around the time that I first met John. I was working in a convenience store, I caught him shoplifting. Next thing I knew we were rolling around on the Slurpy machine and I'd already pressed the silent alarm so I knew that the cops were on their way...

She rips off her dress to reveal a sexy black negligee. Frasier is still sitting on the couch, back turned, unaware.

Susan: That's when I realised what really turns me on - knowing I could get caught at any moment. [leaps onto Frasier's lap]

Frasier: [horrified] Oh, Dear God! He's out of jail, isn't he?

Susan: He could walk in at any time.

Frasier: He'll kill us!

Susan: [writhing in pleasure] Ooh, touch me here and say that.

Frasier: [struggling up with Susan still attached] ARE YOU CRAZY?! He doesn't even let people touch his comb!

Susan: I know. What's that all about?

Frasier: [backing off] You might like to put your dress back on, straighten up before he gets home.

As Frasier heads for the front door there is a rattling on the other side. John is home.

John: Open up.

Frasier: [panicking] You only have time for one - I suggest the dress. Where's the bedroom?

Susan: You're in it.

Frasier: Listen, you've got to get him out of here.

Susan: [excited] And pass the chance to have sex with him knowing he could find you here at any minute?

She heads for the front door with a huge grin on her face. Meanwhile Frasier hides behind the sofa. Susan opens the door to John.

Susan: [hugging John] Welcome home, baby!

John: [hugging Susan then noticing the negligee] What are you doing?

Susan: Well, I'm just getting ready for you. Oh, I missed you. So, do you want to?

John: Sure I do, but, er... you mean normally. The super's not going to barge in? You didn't dial 911 or anything like that?

Susan: I've got everything I need right here in this room.

Behind the sofa, Frasier rolls his eyes.

John: [kissing Susan] I'm just going to pull down the shades. [heads for the shades, which are next to the sofa]

Susan: Wait, wait!

John walks behind the sofa then stops suddenly as he looks down.

John: [angrily] What the hell is this?!

Susan looks caught, but he bends down and picks up a pair of high heels.

John: How much did you spend on these?

Susan: Oh, Johnny, can't we talk about that later?

John: [hugging Susan] Why don't you turn off the light?

Susan turns off the light. Unfortunately the moonlight streams in through the open window, highlighting Frasier's silhouette hiding behind a paper screen, clearly visible behind John. Susan hurriedly switches the lights back on.

Susan: It's too dark. I want to see you.

John: Whatever you want, baby. This is going to be great. I am going to make love to you all night.

Frasier, still in hiding, throws his hands up in despair.

John: But first, I have a surprise for you. I wrote a poem for you while I was in prison. [takes out a piece of paper and begins reading] "I am a garden, dry and brown. You are the rain that tumbles down, Susan. I am a beggar that needs to eat, you are a sandwich thick with meat, Susan."

By now Frasier has had enough and, revisiting his childhood, he holds a lighter up to the smoke alarm. Needless to say this switches the sprinkler system on, practically drowning John and Susan.

John: Oh my God. I knew you had something planned - you set the building on fire!

Susan: No I didn't, I swear.

John: Come on, let's get out of here.

Susan: Oh, but the firemen - they're on their way.

John: Come on!

John grabs Susan and drags her out of the now-soaked room.

A drenched Frasier emerges from his hiding place looking satisfied with himself. He picks the poem up that has been left on the sofa, takes one look at it then discards it with a look of disgust. He checks the doorway before walking out.

End of Act 2

Credits:

Eddie is on the sofa in Frasier's Apartment whilst Niles goes to put a magazine onto the coffee table. Unfortunately as he bends down he gets stuck again and is in obvious pain. Eddie looks on.

Cue Daphne who rushes out the bedroom and sees Niles in distress. She rushes over to help and Niles, deciding that he's not going through the burning process again, pretends that he is actually leaning down to stroke Eddie.

After much pretending and feigning of smiles, Daphne believes him and goes back to the bedroom. Niles waits until she is gone before struggling to the front door in agony and gets out as fast as he can.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

CARLENE WATKINS as Susan Rajeski

SAUL STEIN as John Rajeski

LUCK HARI as Waitress

ROSEY BROWN as Prisoner

Thanks To...

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