

[6.5]First Do No Harm

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Transcript {david langley}

Act 1

Scene 1 - Cafe Nervosa

Fade in. Roz and Frasier are having coffee, a customer walks up.

Customer: Dr. Crane. I just wanted to tell you how much I miss your show.

Frasier: Oh, well thank you so much. I miss it too. Yes, the brisk interchange of ideas, the crackling interplay between me and my callers.

Customer: [*obviously haven't gotten more than he wanted*] Uh-huh.

Frasier: Well, you're very kind.

The customer nods and leaves.

Frasier: See that, Roz? The public still craves the kind of excitement that only Frasier Crane can provide. [*Roz is asleep.*]
Roz!

Roz: I am so sorry. The baby kept me up all night long last night. I'm trying to get her used to her crib, but she just hates to sleep alone.

Frasier: Well, the acorn certainly doesn't fall far from the...

Roz: I have GOT to wake up. I'm on my way to an interview. I mean, I'd kill for a cup of regular coffee, but I'm still nursing so I can't. You know, it was all I could do just to get myself dressed and then feed the baby this morning.

Frasier: Yes, you know, next time maybe you should try feeding first and dressing second. [*He points to a large stain on her blouse.*]

Roz: Oh, my God! How did I miss this?

Frasier: Well... on the plus side, it does divert the eye from the blueberries in your teeth.

Roz: What?! I can't go to this interview like this.

Frasier: Of course you can.

Roz: Oh, I'm just gonna call and cancel.

Frasier: No, no, no, Roz, please! Just check your teeth, put your jacket on and I swear you'll look every inch the smart career gal on the go. There.

Roz gets up and organizes herself. Martin walks in.

Roz: Thanks, Frasier.

Martin: Hey, Roz. Is that the newest thing, wearin' two different shoes?

Roz: [looking down] Oh, my God! [She hurries out.]

Frasier: Hi, Dad. So, what brings you here?

Martin: [sitting] Well, I thought you needed a little cheerin' up. You've been kinda mopey lately.

Frasier: Well, I had kind of a rough night at the wine club. During the blindfolded tasting, I gave four stars to a Mexican Zinfandel.

Martin: Well, I don't just mean last night. You've been kinda down ever since you lost your job, you know? And you haven't had a date in I don't know how long.

Frasier: Yes, well, I know how long, and this isn't the way to cheer me up.

Martin: Well, don't worry, I found a girl for you. Now, Duke's daughter Marie just moved back in town...

Frasier: Dad, blind dates remain the refuge of the lovelorn.

Martin: You know, if you didn't talk like that you might not have to get set up so much. Now listen, she's not a blind date, you know Marie, you spent a week with her at the lake.

Frasier: She was six years old!

Martin: Well, Duke said she's grown into a real looker.

Frasier: Yes, well I have SEEN Duke, and unless he sired a love child with Catherine Deneuve, I don't like my odds.

Marie, a beautiful young woman, comes in.

Marie: Uncle Martin.

Martin and Frasier rise to greet her.

Martin: Oh, Marie! Look at you! You remember Frasier.

Frasier: *Bonjour.*

Fade Out.

BON SOIR

Scene 2 - Frasier's Apartment

Fade in. Frasier and Marie are at the table, finishing dinner.

Marie: I don't know when I've had such a delicious meal. You really made this dessert yourself?

Frasier: Well, yes. A little something I like to call "Crane Brûlée."

Frasier notices her aligning her silverware.

Frasier: Is everything all right there?

Marie: Oh, it's just a little quirk of mine. I like to keep things straight. You know, in parallel lines.

Frasier: Yes, I noticed that earlier with the asparagus.

Marie: It's weird, I know. It used to drive my mother crazy.

Frasier: Oh, we all have our little idiosyncrasies. How is your mother, anyway?

Marie: Still in my face. After the divorce, things just got worse. [She adjusts his silverware.] Oh, I'm doing it again, aren't I? I'm sorry, I'll stop. Look. [She deliberately places a spoon at an odd angle.] Anyway, I haven't figured out how to have a normal relationship with her.

Frasier: Well, you know, we're all striving to have what we call

"normal relationships," but who really knows what normal is? You can move it back now.

Marie: *[putting the spoon back in its place]* Thank you.

Frasier: *[rising]* What do you say we have our wine out on the balcony?

Marie: The balcony?

Frasier: Yes, you haven't had a chance to see the view.

Frasier opens the balcony door by the table for her, Marie rises, then stumbles against the bookshelf and halts at the step below the door.

Marie: Oh, wow! That is some view all right! Beautiful.

Frasier: You're afraid of heights, aren't you?

Marie: I'm taking classes. They give us these exercises to do, they just work better when you're standing on a little milk crate. Oh, I must seem totally neurotic.

She sits on the couch and begins arranging the books on the coffee table.

Frasier: Not at all.

Marie: I guess I'm going a little nuts since I moved back in with my dad. Thank God I'm getting my own place next week.

Frasier: Yes, I suspect that will help a lot. You know, very often, the key to mental health is distancing ourselves from our parents.

Martin comes in the front.

Martin: I'm home! Oh, hey, sorry to barge in on you kids.

Marie: That's all right, why don't you join us for dessert.

Martin: Oh, thanks anyway, but I had "Crane Brûlée" for lunch.

Frasier: I had to do a little dry run earlier, wanted to make sure my caramelizer wasn't on the fritz.

Martin: Yeah, I was pretty proud the first time he brought that blow-torch home. 'Til I saw what it was for.

Frasier: Dad!

Martin: No, no, I'm only jokin'. She knows that. He's a great kid, Marie. Sure, he's out of work now, but he's hit the skids a lot of times, but he always manages to bounce right back up.

Frasier: I think you've spread enough pixie dust for one evening, Dad. Thank you.

Martin: Yeah, yeah, well, goodnight you two. *[He goes to his bedroom.]*

Marie: *[rising]* I should probably get going too.

Frasier: All right.

Marie: Thank you for a great evening. And for all the wonderful advice, it was very insightful.

Frasier: You're quite welcome, Marie. Perhaps you can offer me a little insight as well: will this be our only night together, or will I see you again?

Marie: Well, you're pretty good at interpreting things, maybe this will answer your question.

She puts her arms around his neck and gives him a sensuous kiss.

Frasier: Oh. Well, then you have a nice life.

Marie smiles, Frasier looks a little stunned. Fade out.

Scene 3 - Cafe Nervosa

Fade in. Frasier and Marie are talking over coffee.

Marie: ...and just as this hunter catches up to me, and is about

to kill me, I wake up on the cot in my dad's oak-paneled rumpus room.

Frasier: That is a terrifying nightmare. Are there any other figures in the rumpus room?

Marie: No, that's not part of the dream. I really sleep there.

Frasier: Oh, oh.

Marie: [*getting up*] I wish I didn't have to go. Can we talk more about this after the museum tonight?

Frasier: Oh, of course. I thought it was the opera tonight.

Marie: No, the museum opening. You promised me in the shower this morning, remember?

Frasier: Yes, well I was under duress. You had a loofah to my head.

She leaves past Niles, who walks up to Frasier with a shocked look on his face.

Frasier: Oh, Niles, you just missed Duke's daughter.

Niles: [*sitting*] I saw. Is it possible that's the same little girl that we used to refer to as "The Ugly Dukeling"? She is stunning.

Frasier: Isn't she, though? You know, the insecure part of me is having trouble figuring out why she's going out with me. She could have her pick of men. And I am a little older, haven't been to the gym as often as I should, and you can feel free to contradict me anytime you like, Niles.

Niles: You must have something, because she's clearly charmed by you.

Frasier: Yes, well, whatever the reason, we certainly have the most wonderful time together. We have the greatest discussions. Oh, I've been helping her sort through some of her issues.

Niles: Oh, really?

Frasier: Yes, it's a very complex relationship with her mother, giving rise to several striking phobias, recurring dreams, the most charming little obsessive-compulsive disorder.

Niles: Oh, well, there you go! Perhaps she's attracted to you because of your psychiatric expertise.

Frasier: What are you suggesting, Niles? That Marie is going out with me just to get free therapy?

Niles: Well, it was just a thought.

A waitress walks up behind Frasier

Frasier: It's a mean-spirited thought! Marie is not using me. She would want me just as much even if I weren't a psychiatrist. You know, you're jealous! You're jealous that I'm having sex! Jealous that I'm having hot, passionate, sweaty jungle sex! What are you having?!

Niles: [*to the stunned waitress*] I'm having a latte.

Fade out.

Scene 4 - Frasier's Apartment

Fade in. Martin is out on the balcony, talking on the phone.

Martin: Will this be all right for ya? Yeah, I'm telling you, Phil, she's really cute. You'll see for yourself in a coupla minutes. [*Daphne comes in the front.*] Oh, wait, she's comin' in now, I gotta go.

Cut to inside.

Martin: [*coming in*] Hey, Daphne, how's it goin'?

Daphne: Fine.

Martin: Good.

Daphne: What are you so chipper about?

Martin: Oh, nothin'. It's a beautiful night out. Say, why don't you come out and have a look at the moon with me?

Daphne: Why? Is it full?

Martin: [*grinning*] I don't know.

Daphne: All right.

They go outside and we cut to the balcony.

Martin: Beaut, isn't it?

Daphne: Oh, yeah, very romantic. [*She turns to go back in.*]

Martin: Oh, now, wait come here. I gotta show you somethin' else. Over here. Ah, look at that, the way those moonbeams bounce off that reflecting pool.

Daphne looks down at the scene while Martin makes "Well?" looks up across the way.

Daphne: Ah, yeah, that's really something. [*noticing him*] What are you doing?

Martin: Nothing.

Daphne: Yes, you are.

Martin: No, I'm not.

Daphne: Yes, you are.

Martin: I'm not.

Daphne: Yes you are, you're signaling to someone.

Martin: Oh, all right. I did such a good job with Frasier, I thought maybe I could fix you up with some nice guy.

Daphne: [*searching*] Is it that man up there with the binoculars?

Martin: Yeah, isn't that a great building? He does real well, he owns half that floor.

Daphne: [*smacking him in the chest*] Oh, Mr. Crane!

Martin: What?

Daphne goes inside, Martin following. Cut to the inside of the apartment.

Daphne: I don't believe it! Putting me on display like a bloody concubine! [*She stomps off to her room.*]

Martin: [*calling after her*] Well, you get a turn too. I got this telescope set up so you can have a look at him. [*The phone rings.*] See, he likes you! [*answers*] Hello? Yeah, well I told you she was pretty! What do you mean, can I show you another one? What do you think I'm running here?

He hangs up. Frasier and Marie come in.

Marie: So there I am, actually biting the fingernails of the same hand that's holding the phone not two minutes after I'm on with my mother. Isn't that so revealing?

Frasier: Well, yes, I'd say it is.

Marie: [*sitting on the couch*] Is everything OK, Frasier? You seem a little quiet.

Frasier: No, no, I was just so enjoying our museum chat and I was wondering how we got onto the subject of mothers.

Marie: Well, it was a Whistler exhibit.

Frasier: Yes, yes, I'm sorry. I guess I'm just a bit tense.

Marie: Well, why didn't you say something? I can give you a little massage.

Frasier: Oh, really, well all right. If you think that will help.

He sits on the couch, Marie kneels behind him and starts rubbing his neck and shoulders.

Marie: It's such an amazing feeling, being in the presence of so much beauty.

Frasier: Yes, well you say that now, in six weeks you'll be telling me to lose weight. [*They share a laugh.*] The Whistler, I know, I know. Gosh isn't it great that we both enjoy art so much? I could just talk about it all night.

Marie: Me too.

Frasier: Oh, you know, I couldn't help notice you staring at that riverscape. You couldn't take your eyes off it.

Marie: I think it's because it reminded me of my recurring dream. You know, we were going to talk more about that.

Frasier: Oh, yes, yes. The dream, being pursued by the hunter and the arrows...

Marie: Yeah.

Frasier: Well, uh, you know, I don't really feel like I'm up to talking about that now. Do you think we can do it some other night?

Marie stops the massage and sits back.

Marie: All right. What did you think of the riverscape?

Frasier: Oh, well, I, uh, I enjoyed it. I was also enjoying what you were doing just now.

Marie: Oh, I'm sorry. My hands were just getting a little bit of a cramp.

Frasier: Oh, well then let me do you, then.

Marie: Actually, it's getting late. You know, maybe I should get home.

She gets up and puts on her coat.

Frasier: I thought you were gonna spend the night.

Marie: I'd like to, but I have an early morning and I hate to rush. Had a great evening tonight.

Frasier: You know, about that dream, uh, I did have one thought.

Marie: Really?

Frasier: Yes. Forest imagery...very often represents our most primal emotions. Hence its frequent use in fairy tales. Which could be a link to your childhood.

Marie takes off her coat and sits back down.

Marie: You are so good at this. Much better than my therapist.

Frasier: You have a therapist?

Marie: Not anymore. Who can afford it? Anyway... You know, my hands are feeling much better, why don't we give that massage another shot? So I notice that I often have this dream right after I talk to my mother. Oh, your muscles are so tense! Is it just your neck, or is it all over?

Frasier: [*thinking of the relationship*] It's all over.

Fade out.

End of Act 1

Act 2

Scene 1 - Cafe Nervosa

Fade in. Roz is at a table and calls Frasier over.

Roz: [*very fast*] Frasier! Frasier! You will not believe this! Little Alice said her first word today. It was "Ma." Or it

may have been "moo." Mary, that's the sitter, gave her this little toy cow. She's always doing stuff like that. I love Mary. I love this little cow, too. It's the cutest little thing, it's brown and white, well that's a jersey cow, right? Well that's where Mary's from, Jersey. [to a passing waiter] Yeah I'll take a splash more! [he pours] You know, I stopped nursing yesterday and boy have I missed this stuff. Cup of mud, java, my old friend Joe - Oh, that's funny, Mary's husband's name is Joe. Oh, my God, he's picking her up, I gotta go, this has been fun, you look great, nice talking with you.

She rushes out, passing Niles who is coming in.

Niles: Frasier, may I join you?

Frasier: Well, of course, Niles. And I'm sorry about yesterday.

Niles: No, no I'm the one who should be apologizing. I never meant to suggest Marie was...

Frasier: Niles, Marie and I broke up.

Niles: I'm sorry. Did she at least give you a reason?

Frasier: I broke up with her. But thank you for the daily shot in the arm of confidence.

Martin comes in and sits at the table.

Martin: I just talked to Duke. What the hell did you break up with Marie for?

Frasier: Dad, listen, I'm terribly sorry. I don't mean to cause a rift between you and your friend, but I couldn't continue with it. You see, once I confirmed that Marie was primarily interested in me as a sounding board for her problems, I just had to end it. Just as Niles suggested I should.

Martin, upon hearing this, smacks Niles on the shoulder, who hits Frasier, who hits him back.

Niles: I never suggested that! No, all I said was that one of the things she might appreciate about you was your psychiatric expertise. For heaven's sake, if you were a world-class chef, she'd appreciate your cooking, if you were a stand-up comic, she'd appreciate your jokes.

Martin: If you were a dermatologist, and she had a big growth comin' out of her face...

Frasier: Yes, Dad, I get it.

Niles: I am sorry, but if you had let the relationship continue, she might have found other things that she'd appreciate about you just as much.

Frasier: [getting up] You know, maybe there's still time to win her back.

Martin: Well, it'd take a pretty big bouquet of flowers to do that.

Frasier: I don't know, Dad. Maybe if I just explain to her what really happened, she'll forgive me. Sometimes the best apology is just the truth.

Niles: You mean you're going to tell her you thought she was prostituting herself for therapy but now you've decided that's OK?

Frasier: [pause] Well, not that truth. Some other truth.

He exits. Fade out.

**IS THAT PORK IN YOUR CUFF OR
ARE YOU JUST GLAD TO SEE ME?**

Scene 2 - Frasier's Apartment

Fade in. Martin is sitting in his chair, Marie and Frasier come in.

Frasier: Evening Dad.

Martin: Hey, you two. How was dinner?

Marie: It was just great. We went to my favorite restaurant. It's this little Korean barbecue.

Niles comes in from the kitchen.

Frasier: Yes. It's just fabulous. You get to cook your own food on this little grill that's right in the center of the table. It splatters a little bit, but you know, that's what makes it fun.

Niles: [picking something off Frasier's shirt] Clearly you had a marvelous time. Oh, hello again, Marie.

Marie: Hi, Niles. If we're gonna go away this weekend, I should make reservations.

Frasier: Right. I tell you what, just use the phone in my bedroom and I'll be in in a minute.

Marie: Actually, just thinking about getting away is making me more relaxed already.

She heads towards Frasier's room, using her hands to shield her eyes from the view of the balcony.

Frasier: She has a little problem with heights.

Niles: I saw that.

Martin: [rising] Well, I'm sure glad you two patched things up, anyway. You know, Duke and I go back a long way. I got a lot of friends but there's somethin' I get from Duke that I don't get from anybody else.

Frasier: Seahawks tickets.

Martin: And don't think that SOB wasn't ready to pull 'em, either.

Martin goes off to his room. Frasier and Niles head to the kitchen. Cut to the kitchen as Niles gets a bag of popcorn out of the microwave and Frasier pours two glasses of wine.

Niles: Dad dragged me to one of those Korean barbecues once. Had that suit dry-cleaned three times, Eddie still greets me in a carnivorous frenzy every time I wear it.

Frasier: Yes, well the next time Marie and I go out to dinner, I'm going to pick the restaurant. Preferably, one where the stove gets its own room.

Niles: Well, she certainly seems smitten with you.

Frasier: Yes, she certainly does, doesn't she? And I am quite captivated with her. You know, I can't put my finger on exactly why.

Niles: Well, I'm just glad things are going well for you.

Frasier: Are they ever. I find her more enchanting each day. You know what? And I am particularly intrigued by this recurring dream she has. She's in the woods, she's being pursued by a hunter and get this, when she turns to confront her pursuer, the hunter has no face.

Niles: Fascinating.

Frasier: Well, I'm determined to get to the bottom of it. I'm certain it could shed light on her mother issues, and this fear of heights and, oh God, I just discovered that she absolutely refuses to touch a doorknob with her bare hand. Thanks to my natural chivalry, I missed that for a whole week.

Niles: Uh, is that all you talk about, her problems?

Frasier: Well, no, no, we talk about lots of things. Art, the theater, why?

Niles: Oh, it's just a passing thought.

Frasier: Well, pass it over here.

Niles: Well, you were asking what most captivated you about her. Perhaps she's giving you a chance to exercise your psychiatric muscles.

Frasier: What?

Niles: Well, you have been out of work for a while...

Frasier: Niles, Marie is a stunning woman with a body to die for, and you think all I'm interested in is her mind? How shallow do you think I am?

Niles: Well, there's no need to get defensive. There's not a problem. Unless, she's falling in love with you and you're only interested in her as a case study.

Frasier: I assure you I'm interested in all aspects of Marie, not just her psyche. For God's sake, you know I could happily go for weeks without discussing it once.

Niles: Glad to hear it.

Frasier: Well, thank you. If you'll excuse me, I have someone waiting for me in the other room.

He leaves the kitchen. Cut to the living room as Eddie rushes up and chomps down on his pants cuff. Frasier crosses the living room dragging him along.

Frasier: Oh, oh, dear God! Unhand me you wretch! Oh, you vile creature! Oh, for God's sake, you miserable mutt! Niles, please! Throw him a Liv-A-Snap! Get off of me!

Cut to Frasier's room. Marie is on the bed, Frasier comes in, still fighting off Eddie.

Frasier: Just let go of that leg, you, this instant!

Slams the door on the dog.

Frasier: My father's best friend. Well, after your father.

Marie: We're all booked for this weekend. There's a lake, hiking, sounds like the perfect place to relax. *[He hands her a glass of wine and climbs on the bed with her.]*

Frasier: You know, I do love the country, so relaxing. I swear to God, I am out like a light as soon as my head hits the pillow.

Marie: Then we'll have to ask for a room with no pillows. Oh! That reminds me, I had that dream again. But this time I saw the hunter's face.

Frasier: Really?

Marie: Yeah. You'll never guess who it was.

Frasier: Who? No, no.

Marie: What?

Frasier: Well, you know, I'd just really rather not discuss the dream right now.

Marie: Oh, you're right. I'm sorry. Like you even care about who the hunter is right now.

They put their glasses down.

Frasier: Yes, when there's so many other things I'm interested in. There, that's better isn't it?

They begin to kiss and cuddle.

Marie: Yeah.

Frasier: You feel relaxed?

Marie: Uh-huh.

Frasier: Was it your sister?

Marie: What?

Frasier: The hunter. It was your sister, wasn't it?

Marie: No. I thought you didn't want to talk about this.

Frasier: Oh, God, you're right. I don't. I really, really don't. I'd much rather be exploring other things right now, like your lips. And your chin. And your neck.

Marie: Ohh, keep going.

Frasier: Oh, for God's sake, who was it?!

Marie: What is with you?

Frasier: I just have to know.

Marie: OK. It was me.

Frasier: Of course it was! The hunter represents your feelings of anger and abandonment that you've been running from ever since your parents' divorce! Until now, you've been able to avoid those painful areas, sometimes hiding in the forest of repression! Now, your willingness to identify the hunter signals that you are now ready to, to reintegrate these complex emotions into a more cohesive self!

Marie: Wow! It's all so clear now!

Frasier: It certainly is!

Marie: That was amazing. I am so glad I gave you a second chance.

Frasier: Oh, Marie, I...

Marie: Please, don't apologize. Maybe someday it'll be some funny story we tell our grandkids. The time grandpa broke up with grandma.

Frasier: Actually, grandma...

Marie: Yes?

Frasier: I'm afraid this isn't gonna work.

Marie: What?

Frasier: Us. I'm afraid that...

Marie: Wait a minute. Am I crazy, or are you breaking up with me again?

Frasier: Well, they're not completely unrelated. You see, you are a beautiful young woman and I have really enjoyed tackling some of these issues with you, it's just that I don't think that's the basis for a relationship. I think you deserve someone who appreciates all you have to offer.

Marie: I don't believe this.

Frasier: I just feel more like your therapist than your boyfriend.

Marie: But I thought we were having such a good time together.

Frasier: I'm afraid our time is up.

Cut to the living room. Martin is in his chair, on the phone.

Martin: This weekend's game? Well, yeah, I want 'em, Duke... Seahawks - Chiefs? Are you kidding? I'll pick 'em up tomorrow. Hey, wouldn't it be a kick if we wound up in-laws?

Marie: [off stage] Go to hell!

Martin: Oh, hold on a sec.

Frasier: [off stage] Good, embrace the anger, it's the best way to mental health.

Marie: I don't need health tips from you, you quack.

She storms in from the hall, again blocking the balcony with her hands. Frasier follows.

Frasier: Well, I think you've made real progress in the time we've been together.

Marie: Oh, don't flatter yourself.

She pulls the hem of her shirt up and uses it to turn the doorknob.

Frasier: I have the name of a specialist.

Marie: Call him yourself! [*She slams the door on her way out.*]

Martin: Hey, Duke, I'm gonna be kinda busy tomorrow, uh, maybe you could just drop those tickets in the mail right now so you don't forget.

Martin glowers at Frasier, who does look embarrassed.

Credits:

Martin invites Roz out on the balcony to enjoy the view, but begins signaling across the way again.

Like Daphne, Roz spots the ruse then smacks him on the arm and hurries inside. Martin shrugs to Phil and goes off to his room.

Unlike Daphne, Roz quickly brushes out her hair, then goes back on the balcony and proceeds to vamp her distant admirer in every possible way short of actually taking off her clothes - stretching her arms over her head to push out her chest, cocking her hips to one side, and then putting her bare leg up on a table and licking her fingers to rub away an imaginary spot on her ankle.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Star

TERI HATCHER as Marie

Guest Starring

RANDY PELISH as Customer

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