

FRASIER

"Most Dogs Go to Heaven"

Written By

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&

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ACT ONE

A

FADE IN:

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY - DAY/1
(Roz, Frasier, Ryan)

ROZ IS IN HER BOOTH, CHECKING HER WATCH IN A PANIC.
SUDDENLY, FRASIER BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR CARRYING A SHOPPING
BAG.

ROZ

Frasier! You're on in twenty!

FRASIER

I know, I know! Last-minute birthday
shopping.

HE HUSTLES INTO THE BROADCAST BOOTH, RIPS OFF HIS OVERCOAT
AND SITS AT THE CONSOLE.

ROZ

Whose birthday?

FRASIER OPENS THE BAG AND REMOVES A TINY GREEN DOGGIE
SWEATER.

FRASIER

Take a wild guess.

ROZ

Oh. Won't that hang a little loose on Niles?

FRASIER ROLLS HIS EYES, PUTS THE SWEATER AWAY.

ROZ

How old is Eddie?

FRASIER

Oh, I don't know. Four. Nine. I only bestow gifts on the mangy cur because it pleases Dad.

ROZ CUES HIM; HE'S ON THE AIR.

FRASIER

Good day, Seattle. This is Doctor Frasier Crane... I'm listening. Roz, who's our first caller?

ROZ

(ON AIR) Take your pick. Line one is Keith, who's whining about losing his job; two is Virginia, whose boyfriend doesn't understand her -- boo-hoo. And line three is Ryan, who thinks he may be obsessive-compulsive.

FRASIER IS DUMBFOUNDED BY ROZ'S SNIDE COMMENTS. HAS SHE FORGOTTEN SHE'S ON THE AIR? FRASIER GLANCES AT THE PHONE LINES, THEN SHOOTS ROZ A LOOK THAT COULD KILL.

FRASIER

Well, since lines one and two just went dark -- Ryan it is.

(MORE)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

All right, Ryan. What makes you think
you're obsessive-compulsive?

THROUGHOUT RYAN'S CALL, AN ANNOYING CRACKING SOUND CAN BE
HEARD.

RYAN (V.O.)

I've read the theories of every
leading authority in the fields of
psychology, psychiatry and neurology.
I've also attended dozens of seminars
and workshops --

FRASIER

Excuse me, Ryan. I'm already inclined
to concur with your self-diagnosis.
However, I'm quite distracted by this
maddening crackle. Are you on a
mobile phone?

RYAN

No.

FRASIER LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY TO ROZ AS THE CRACKLE SOUND
CONTINUES. ROZ SHRUGS, PUTS HER HANDS OVER HER EARS.

RYAN

Uh, anyway, I have all the classic
signs. I check the stove fifty times
before I leave the house, to make
absolutely sure it's turned off --

THE CRACKING SOUND DOESN'T LET UP. ROZ IS DRIVEN TO DISTRACTION.

ROZ

(ON AIR) Excuse me, Ryan? This is Roz.

FRASIER

(AGHAST) Roz!

ROZ

(ON AIR) This sound is killing me! It's worse than fingernails on a chalkboard. Hang up and I'll put you through on another line.

FRASIER

(HITS COUGH BUTTON) Roz, what is wrong with you? I'm trying to help this man!

RYAN (V.O.)

It's not the phone, Roz. It's my knuckles.

FRASIER

(ON AIR) What?

RYAN (V.O.)

I compulsively crack my knuckles. In fact, I'm on a headset now, so I can keep my hands free.

MORE CRACKING. ROZ HITS A BUTTON TO MAKE THE LINE BREAK UP.

ROZ

(ON AIR) Gosh, Ryan, I'm afraid there is something wrong with this connection. We're losing you...

ROZ DISCONNECTS RYAN. FRASIER FUMES!

ROZ

Okay, Doctor Crane, on line four we have -- get this -- Pocahontas. She swears that's her real name, and she just can't take the teasing anymore.

FRASIER MANAGES TO CONTROL HIMSELF FOR A MOMENT.

FRASIER

(ON AIR) Actually, Roz, why don't we go to commercial and take care of our... technical difficulties. We'll be right back.

ROZ STARTS THE COMMERCIAL; FRASIER STORMS INTO THE BOOTH.

FRASIER

How dare you disconnect Ryan!

ROZ

Don't start, Frasier. If I hadn't cut him off, we'd have lost half the audience and I would've jumped out the window.

FRASIER

There's no window in here -- but we could make one. You deliberately disobeyed me!

ROZ

Disobeyed! I made a judgment call.

FRASIER

You'd better hope and pray that Ryan calls back.

ROZ

Of course he'll call back. He's obsessive-compulsive. (WAVES HIM AWAY)
We're back in five.

FRASIER STORMS BACK INTO THE STUDIO AND TAKES HIS PLACE.

FRASIER

(ON AIR) This is Doctor Frasier Crane.
Ryan, if you're still listening, I would like to make one strong recommendation to you --

ROZ

(ON AIR) Mittens.

FRASIER IS ASTOUNDED BY HER GALL, BUT CONTROLS HIMSELF.

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

B

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS, "JESUS WANTS EDDIE FOR A SUNBEAM."

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - NIGHT/1
(Daphne, Frasier, Martin, Niles)

FRASIER RUSHES THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR WITH HIS SHOPPING BAG.
DAPHNE ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN.

DAPHNE

Good evening, Doctor Crane.

FRASIER

Quick, Daphne -- Dad and Eddie are on the next elevator. Can you hide this for me? It's Eddie's birthday present.

DAPHNE

Oh, how sweet of you.

AS SOON AS DAPHNE TAKES THE BAG, THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND MARTIN ENTERS WITH EDDIE. DAPHNE STUFFS THE BAG IN THE PIANO BENCH.

FRASIER

Hello, Dad.

MARTIN AND EDDIE BOTH GIVE FRASIER A CUTTING GLANCE, THEN IGNORE HIM.

MARTIN

Tell me, Daphne. If you were on an elevator, and an old man with a cane was hobbling toward you, and let's say the old man was also -- oh, I don't know -- your father -- would you hold the elevator for him?

FRASIER

I'm sorry, Dad. I didn't see you.

MARTIN

And I guess my yelling was drowned out by Eddie's barking. I'm gonna take a nap. Daphne, could you get Eddie his treat? And give him an extra one; it's cold out there.

DAPHNE

You should get him one of those cute little doggie sweaters.

FRASIER HEAVES A TESTY SIGH, BUT CAN'T SAY ANYTHING WITHOUT TIPPING HIS GIFT.

MARTIN

Eddie was born in a sweater. It's called "fur." He wouldn't be caught dead in one of those sissified store-bought rags. (TO EDDIE) Go get your treat, boy.

EDDIE TROTS TOWARD DAPHNE AS MARTIN EXITS TO HIS ROOM.
DAPHNE RETRIEVES THE SHOPPING BAG FROM THE PIANO BENCH, AND
FRASIER SNATCHES IT FROM HER, DEJECTED.

DAPHNE

Oh, dear. Is it a sweater, then?

FRASIER GLANCES AT EDDIE.

FRASIER

(SOURLY) Shhhh. It's a surprise.

FRASIER TRUDGES TO HIS ROOM (O.S.) WITH THE BAG. DAPHNE
BENDS AT THE WAIST TO PET EDDIE.

DAPHNE

Did you enjoy your walkies? My, you
are cold.

SHE BRISKLY RUBS HER HANDS OVER EDDIE'S COAT TO WARM HIM.
SUDDENLY, SHE STOPS, A MORTIFIED LOOK ON HER FACE.

DAPHNE

Oh my God... oh my God...

FRASIER RETURNS TO FIND DAPHNE FROZEN IN HER BENT POSITION.

FRASIER

Daphne? What is it?

DAPHNE

Oh, my God...

FRASIER

Is it your back? Here, let me try
something.

HE STANDS CLOSE BEHIND HER AND PUTS HIS HANDS ON HER
SHOULDERS. EDDIE JUST WATCHES, STILL IN DAPHNE'S GRIP.

SFX: THE DOORBELL RINGS

FRASIER

Come in! (TO DAPHNE) Don't panic.

I'll count to three, then gently --

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND NILES ENTERS, CARRYING A SHOPPING BAG. WHEN HE SEES FRASIER AND DAPHNE IN THIS COMPROMISING POSITION, HIS EYES BULGE.

NILES

I knew this would happen someday.

FRASIER

Niles, please! It's her back. (TO DAPHNE) Okay now, on three --

DAPHNE

No, no -- it's Eddie.

WHEN DAPHNE RELEASES EDDIE, HE JUMPS UP ON MARTIN'S RECLINER. NILES DROPS HIS SHOPPING BAG AND RUSHES TO DAPHNE.

NILES

What about Eddie? Did he bite you?
(UNBUCKLES BELT) I'll thrash him!

DAPHNE

No! I felt something...

FRASIER

Oh, Daphne, not another one of your
"feelings."

NILES

Frasier, show a little compassion.
She's obviously very upset. (PUTS HIS
ARM AROUND DAPHNE AND LEADS HER TO A
CHAIR) Tell me what you saw, Daphne.

DAPHNE

It wasn't a vision. It was an overwhelming sense... a sense of death.

NILES

Eddie's going to die?

FRASIER

Well, of course he is. Some day.

DAPHNE

Within twenty-four hours.

FRASIER

Daphne, you can't possibly know that!

DAPHNE

I've only had this feeling twice before, and both times death came within twenty-four hours. At me cousin Rita's wedding, Great Uncle Johnny kissed me hand. And this incredible sensation of doom shot right through me. I could almost smell it through his Guinness-soaked breath. The next day, they found a car wrapped 'round his telephone pole.

NILES

Excuse me, Daphne. I think you mean they found his car wrapped around a telephone pole.

DAPHNE

No. Uncle Johnny was a lineman. He fell forty feet and bounced off the bonnet of a Lamborghini.

NILES

What was the second incident?

DAPHNE

When I was a schoolgirl. Biology class. I picked up the little frog, and the feeling of death came over me just before I pithed his tiny skull.

FRASIER

This is absurd. Whatever you do, don't share this with Dad. It would just upset him.

DAPHNE

I know. Besides, if Eddie's going to pass on, there's nothing we can do about it.

NILES

(DRAMATICALLY) Or is there? Daphne, have you ever been able to prevent one of your premonitions from coming true?

DAPHNE

I've never tried. Fate is fate.

NILES

Ah! But you didn't have to pith that frog. You could've chosen to fail the course!

FRASIER

And some other student would've pithed the frog.

DAPHNE

Not if I had taken it home with me!
Or set it free, somewhere it wouldn't get pithed.

NILES

True. Your argument is quite "pithy."
(SELF-SATISFIED CHUCKLE)

FRASIER

Must we have a Socratic dialogue about a lab frog? I've had a most trying day. Eddie will be fine. And if not, well -- dogs die.

NILES

Still, for Dad's sake, we could be a tad more vigilant where Eddie's concerned. If he does cross over to that Great Recliner in the Sky, at least our consciences will be clear.

DAPHNE

(MISTY-EYED) It's just so sad.
Tomorrow's his birthday.

NILES

Oh, that reminds me!

NILES FINDS HIS SHOPPING BAG, OPENS IT AND TAKES OUT A BRIGHT RED AND GOLD DOGGIE SWEATER.

NILES

What do you think?

DAPHNE

Oh... it's lovely.

FRASIER

(SUPPRESSING A LAUGH) Dad was just saying how Eddie gets cold on their walks.

NILES

I knew it was perfect. It's from the collection of Emilio "Poochie."

Pucci; Poochie. Get it?

FRASIER AND DAPHNE LAUGH POLITELY.

DAPHNE

That's some color scheme.

FRASIER

Under the circumstances, perhaps you should trade it for basic black.

NILES CHUCKLES, BUT DAPHNE DOESN'T.

DAPHNE

Doctor Crane, this isn't funny!

FRASIER

Daphne, I --

DAPHNE SOBS AND FLEES TO HER BEDROOM O.S.

NILES

Shame, Frasier.

FRASIER

You laughed!

NILES

Shame on you for making me.

FRASIER

I simply find it hard to take all this seriously. The woman merely stroked a dog!

NILES SEEMS FLUSTERED BY THE WORD "STROKED."

NILES

I -- I know it's not rational, but you have to admit that Daphne's powers -- if that's what they are -- can occasionally be quite persuasive.

FRASIER

I admit no such thing. She's a sensitive person with an empathetic nature and a gift for guesswork. Do you honestly think she can foresee death?

NILES

Look, Eddie may or may not assume room temperature, but it won't kill us to humor Daphne until this blows over.

THEY SIMULTANEOUSLY NOTICE EDDIE STARING AT THEM.

NILES

Look at him. He knows.

FRASIER

For God's sake, Niles. In all the excitement, Daphne forgot to give him his treat.

FRASIER ENTERS THE KITCHEN. NILES AND EDDIE STARE AT EACH OTHER UNTIL FRASIER RETURNS WITH A BOX OF DOGGIE TREATS. FRASIER HOLDS A TREAT OVER EDDIE'S HEAD.

FRASIER

Jump! C'mon, jump!

EDDIE JUMPS, BUT CAN'T REACH THE TREAT. FRASIER BEAMS.

FRASIER

This is strangely gratifying. I wonder why?

NILES

You're a sadist.

FRASIER

No, I think it's because this is the only time someone jumps when I say "jump." God knows Roz doesn't.

NILES

With Roz, you'd have to dangle a different treat.

FRASIER LETS EDDIE HAVE THE TREAT.

FRASIER

She did something unconscionable today.

(MORE)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Despite my protest, she disconnected a caller whom she found annoying.

NILES

Goodness. If she disconnects the annoying callers, you'll have no show.

FRASIER

There's more to it than that. She was insulting people on the air! She's never acted like this before.

NILES

How did you handle it?

FRASIER

Well, I yelled at her, of course.

NILES

Of course. It's your pattern. She upsets you, you get indignant, which makes her indignant. It's a battle of wills, and you're over-matched.

FRASIER

No, I'm beginning to think she may be genuinely disturbed.

NILES

And this surprises you?

FRASIER

I would prefer suggestions over sarcasm, Niles.

NILES

Simple. Instead of dressing her down, try to draw her out. It's an old saw, but true -- you catch more flies with honey.

FRASIER

Ah, yes, who said that? Was it Jung? Lacan? Minnie Pearl?

NILES

In a psychiatric context, this may be its first usage.

FRASIER

It's not as cathartic as yelling, but I suppose I could try it. In the meantime...

FRASIER HOLDS UP ANOTHER TREAT FOR EDDIE, WHO JUMPS FOR IT.

FRASIER

Jump, Eddie! Jump! (TO NILES) I wonder how long he could keep this up?

NILES

Well, we know it won't be more than twenty-four hours.

ON THEIR REACTIONS, WE:

FADE OUT.

C

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS, "'CIAO' TIME."

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING - DAY/2
(Frasier, Daphne, Martin)

DAPHNE POURS HERSELF A CUP OF FRESH-BREWED COFFEE. SHE LOOKS LIKE HELL IN HER RUMPLED ROBE. FRASIER DRAGS IN, DRESSED FOR THE DAY, BUT OBVIOUSLY SLEEP-DEPRIVED. EACH IS SURPRISED BY THE OTHER'S APPEARANCE.

FRASIER

My God, Daphne! You look as though
you've been up all night.

DAPHNE

I have. Every hour, on the hour, I
looked in on Eddie. Didn't you sleep
either?

FRASIER

I was looking in on the half hour.

DAPHNE

What would you like for breakfast?

FRASIER

No time. I'll just gulp down some coffee.

DAPHNE

But it's Saturday!

FRASIER

I have to meet Roz at the station to record some public service announcements. Then I'm meeting Niles for lunch.

DAPHNE

(NEAR TEARS) But your father's going out to lunch with his cronies! I'll be here alone with Eddie -- on the death watch!

FRASIER

Niles and I will be sure to get back here before Dad leaves. Everything will be fine.

SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING O.S.

DAPHNE

Shush! It's Eddie and your father, back from walkies!

FRASIER

Must you call it "walkies?"

MARTIN ENTERS, CARRYING EDDIE.

FRASIER

Morning, Dad.

MARTIN

Hey, son. Boy, it's brisk out there.

MARTIN PLAYFULLY RUBS EDDIE TO WARM HIM UP. EDDIE LICKS MARTIN'S FACE. DAPHNE CAN NO LONGER BEAR TO WATCH.

DAPHNE

I'd better get some clothes on.

SWALLOWING A SOB, SHE HURRIEDLY EXITS.

FRASIER

Dad, aren't you afraid Eddie could catch something in this cold?

MARTIN

No, it's invigorating! He loves it, don't you, boy?

MARTIN PUTS EDDIE ON THE FLOOR BEHIND THE COUNTER, OUT OF SIGHT. MARTIN TAKES A CAN OF DOG FOOD FROM A CABINET AND HANDS IT TO FRASIER.

MARTIN

Open that, will ya?

FRASIER TAKES THE CAN AND TURNS TOWARD THE CAN OPENER, BUT STOPS SHORT.

FRASIER

Dad, this can is dented.

MARTIN

Somehow, I don't think Eddie will mind.

FRASIER

There could be botulism!

MARTIN

Don't be ridiculous. Just open it.

FRASIER

No.

MARTIN

Fine. I'll do it.

MARTIN GRABS FOR THE CAN, BUT FRASIER PULLS IT BACK. MARTIN GETS HOLD OF IT, AND THEY COMMENCE A TUG-OF-WAR.

MARTIN

What's wrong with you? Give me the damn can!

FRASIER

No! We can't take the risk!

THEY BOTH LOSE THEIR GRIP ON THE CAN, AND IT PLUMMETS BEHIND THE COUNTER, OUT OF FRAME. WE HEAR EDDIE YELP! MARTIN AND FRASIER FREEZE AND LOOK DOWN IN DISBELIEF.

FRASIER

Oh my God...

MARTIN

Are you happy now?

MARTIN LEANS DOWN AND PICKS UP THE STUNNED EDDIE.

FRASIER

Is he -- is he dead?

MARTIN

No, he's not dead. Why, you want another shot?

FRASIER

Dad, I'm sorry. I didn't get much sleep.

MARTIN

Just get out of here. We'll take our
chances with the botulism.

FRASIER SHEEPISHLY EXITS. MARTIN CHECKS EDDIE'S HEAD.

MARTIN

You'll be okay, you hardhead.

HE SETS EDDIE BACK DOWN BEHIND THE COUNTER, THEN STARTS TO
OPEN THE CAN OF DOG FOOD. DAPHNE ENTERS, FRESHLY DRESSED.

DAPHNE

What was the commotion?

MARTIN

Frasier and I were playing bomber
pilots; Eddie was Berlin.

DAPHNE IS PUZZLED. MARTIN STICKS A SPOON IN THE OPEN CAN,
AND DAPHNE NOTICES THE DENT. SHE GRABS MARTIN'S WRIST.

DAPHNE

Oh! There's a dent!

MARTIN

You, too? Let go!

ANOTHER TUG-OF-WAR BEGINS.

DAPHNE

(STRUGGLING) You get dressed -- I'll
feed Eddie --

MARTIN

Unhand the can!

THE CAN FALLS OUT OF SIGHT ONCE AGAIN -- ANOTHER YELP FROM EDDIE. DAPHNE SCREAMS; MARTIN ROLLS HIS EYES. WE HEAR EDDIE SCAMPER QUICKLY FROM THE ROOM, WHINING.

MARTIN

Gee, I guess he's just not hungry this morning.

DAPHNE FORCES A SMALL GRIN.

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

D

FADE IN:

INT. RADIO STUDIO - MORNING - DAY/2
(Frasier, Roz)

ROZ SITS AT HER CONSOLE, SOURLY SIPPING COFFEE. FRASIER ENTERS.

FRASIER

(WITH FORCED GOOD CHEER) Good morning,
Roz! And how are you this fine --

ROZ

Let's get started.

FRASIER

Uh, of course. I'm sure we can finish
this in the proverbial jiffy. (ENTERS
THE BOOTH) Shouldn't someone be on the
air?

ROZ

Bulldog's doing a live remote. So
just park it.

FRASIER

Oh -- I'll need a copy of the --

ROZ

What am I, a beginner? It's right in front of you.

FRASIER GRITS HIS TEETH, SEES THE AD COPY AT HIS CONSOLE. HE SITS, PUTS ON HEADPHONES AND STUDIES THE COPY.

FRASIER

Looks simple enough. Just give me a moment to --

ROZ

Frasier Crane public service announcement, take one.

PANIC LIGHTS FRASIER'S EYES, BUT HE MAKES A GO OF IT.

FRASIER

(READS) "This is Doctor Frasier Crane with some words of reassurance. There is no shame in seeking treatment for a psychiatric disorder. In fact, every year almost eleven percent of the U. S. population do just that. We all need a little help sometime. So check your yellow pages for the hental mealth professionals nearest you."

ROZ

"Hental mealth?" Is that your idea of a little joke?

FRASIER

Oh, Roz, I'm sorry. I didn't get much sleep and --

ROZ

Excuses take time. Pick it up from the flub.

FRASIER

Mental health, mental health, mental health, mental health...

ROZ

Frasier Crane P.S.A., take two.

FRASIER

(READS) So check your yellow pages for the mental health professionals nearest you. (SMILES TO HIMSELF) This message brought to you by the National Institute of Hental Mealth."

FRASIER IMMEDIATELY BLANCHES AT HIS MISTAKE.

FRASIER

Roz, I --

ROZ

(FUMES) Did you think it would be funnier the second time? We're still rolling. Take it again from the top.

FRASIER

"This is Doctor Crasier Frane --"

ROZ EXPLODES. SHE BURSTS INTO THE BROADCAST BOOTH. FRASIER COWERS IN HIS CHAIR AS ROZ CHEWS HIM OUT.

ROZ

I've had it, Frasier! You're deliberately screwing up to get back at me for cutting off that knuckle-cracker!

FRASIER

(STANDS UP) I'm doing no such thing! Roz, what is wrong with you?

ROZ

Me?! What nerve! I'm outta here!

FRASIER

Roz, please don't go --

ROZ

Fine. You leave. I'll edit the flubs and do the last line myself.

FRASIER

You clearly need help. I'm too close to the situation, but here... (HE PICKS UP A TELEPHONE BOOK) Check the yellow pages for the mental health professionals nearest you.

ROZ

Don't you mean "hental mealth?"

ROZ GRABS THE PHONE BOOK AND SWATS FRASIER'S BEHIND SEVERAL TIMES AS SHE CHASES HIM OUT OF THE STUDIO.

WE THEN:

FADE OUT.

E

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS, "IT'S A DOG'S AFTERLIFE."

FADE IN:

INT. CAFE NERVOSA - LATER THAT MORNING - DAY/2
(Niles, Frasier)

AT A TABLE, NILES SIPPS A LATTE. FRASIER ENTERS, BLEARY-EYED AND LIMPING. HE SPOTS NILES AND TRUDGES TOWARD THE TABLE.

NILES

So, how did it go with Roz?

FRASIER SITS -- AND GRIMACES IN PAIN. NILES NOTICES.

NILES

Mm-hmm. I see you declined to take my advice.

FRASIER

What -- catching flies with honey?

This is quite a bit more serious than that, Niles. But I don't understand it. As far as I know, she's undergone no recent trauma, and her family has no history of mental illness.

NILES

I maintain that she's broken your will. You're looking for excuses because your pride is hurt.

FRASIER

Actually, the pain is a bit lower.

FRASIER SHIFTS IN HIS SEAT.

NILES

You're an absolute shambles. What happened?

FRASIER

I've had no sleep, and Roz beat me with a phone book.

THE WAITRESS APPEARS AT FRASIER'S SIDE.

FRASIER

I'd like a triple espresso, please.

THE WAITRESS JOTS DOWN THE ORDER AS SHE MOVES ON.

FRASIER

(TO NILES) Let's order sandwiches to go. I told Daphne we'd be back before Dad left. She's afraid to be alone with Eddie.

NILES

Ah, yes. The "nearly" departed.

FRASIER ROLLS HIS EYES.

NILES

Do you think dogs go to heaven?

FRASIER

Niles, please.

THE WAITRESS DELIVERS FRASIER'S ESPRESSO, THEN LEAVES.

NILES

Wouldn't it be interesting? One could speak with Pavlov's dog; get his perspective on those famous experiments.

FRASIER

The dog's perspective? (GOOFY VOICE)
"When the bell rang, I got to eat."
That's the dog's perspective.

NILES

Well, with any luck, Pavlov himself will be there, and I can speak directly to him.

FRASIER

Exactly. Besides, why should dogs go to heaven? Their heaven is on earth! Eat, sleep, play, scratch, lick -- over and over and over.

NILES

Yes, but only until they get old. Then their muscles atrophy from sloth and they die. If a truck doesn't get them first. Where's the heaven in that?

FRASIER

Where's the heaven in butt-sniffing?

NILES

Still, if there is a heaven, I have to believe my beloved Colette is there.

FRASIER SIPS THE STRONG ESPRESSO AND MAKES A SOUR FACE.

FRASIER

(STRAINED VOICE) Who's Colette?

(CLEARS THROAT) Who's Colette? An old girlfriend?

NILES

Don't you remember? I was seven; she was a hamster.

FRASIER

My goodness, Niles. You only had that rodent for a week.

NILES

Two weeks, three days.

FRASIER

I didn't realize you were so attached.

NILES

Colette's passing was my first experience with death. A pivotal moment in my life.

FRASIER GESTURES TO THE WAITRESS; SHE COMES OVER.

FRASIER

Another triple espresso, please.
Extra caffeine, if that's possible.

(MORE)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

(TO NILES) Well, if there's any justice, I'm sure you and Colette will be reunited in the hereafter.

NILES

One never knows. It could be quite a menagerie up there.

FRASIER

Do you really think God would allow heaven to smell like a zoo?

NILES

I would imagine that heavenly animals are impeccably groomed.

FRASIER

I'm hoping to find a little place in the "No Pets Section."

THE WAITRESS BRINGS FRASIER A FRESH CUP OF ESPRESSO. FRASIER TAKES IT, SWALLOWS IT ALL IN ONE GULP. HIS EYES OPEN WIDE. NILES LEANS CLOSER, STARES AT FRASIER'S CHEST.

NILES

Is your pager vibrating?

FRASIER

No, that's my heart.

ON FRASIER'S REACTION, WE:

FADE OUT.

F

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS, "ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVY TRAIN."

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - DAY/2
(Martin, Daphne, Frasier, Niles)

FRASIER SITS AT THE TABLE, PERUSING A PSYCHOLOGY TEXT. NILES AND DAPHNE STARE AT EDDIE AS HE LIES ON THE COUCH STARING BACK AT THEM. MARTIN ENTERS FROM HIS ROOM, TAKES A COAT FROM THE RACK. HE NOTICES THE "STARING CONTEST."

MARTIN

What did he do?

NILES AND DAPHNE LOOK AT MARTIN, THEN NONCHALANTLY REPOSITION THEMSELVES. MARTIN GOES TO THE COUCH AND PEERS DOWN AT EDDIE.

MARTIN

I don't smell anything.

DAPHNE HELPS MARTIN INTO HIS COAT.

DAPHNE

You'd better hurry.

MARTIN

Yeah, all-you-can-eat barbecue buffet!

(TO EDDIE) Don't worry, boy. I'll
bring home a bag of bones.

DAPHNE

Well, be careful. When a Crane brings home a bag of bones, he's usually married to it.

MARTIN AND DAPHNE SHARE A HEARTY CHUCKLE AS MARTIN EXITS.
DAPHNE TURNS TO FACE THE ICY STARES OF FRASIER AND NILES.

DAPHNE

Sorry about that. But I wanted him to leave in a good mood, just in case he comes back and finds his best friend dead.

FRASIER

That's not going to happen, Daphne. I suggest you prepare for the party.

NILES

I'll help Daphne in the kitchen.
Frasier, you watch Eddie.

FRASIER

That's all we've done for the last half hour! Besides, I'm trying to get a handle on Roz's problem.

NILES

If you don't watch Eddie, he could wander around here and eat a poisonous bug.

DAPHNE

Or lick a light socket.

FRASIER

Oh, very well.

FRASIER SLAMS HIS BOOK DOWN ON THE TABLE. HE GRABS A LEASH, CLIPS IT ON EDDIE'S COLLAR AND LEADS EDDIE OVER TO THE PIANO. FRASIER TIES THE END OF THE LEASH AROUND ONE OF THE PIANO'S FRONT LEGS.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

There. What possible harm can come to him within this four foot radius?

NILES

Are you insane?! He could leap on top of the piano bench, lose his footing, fall over the side and hang himself!

DAPHNE

How would we explain that to your father?

FRASIER

Well... it would look like suicide.

DAPHNE

Doctor Crane!

EXASPERATED, FRASIER UNTIES THE LEASH, THEN RE-TIES IT TO ONE OF THE PIANO'S BACK LEGS, AWAY FROM THE BENCH.

FRASIER

Now! Any objections?

NILES AND DAPHNE INSPECT THE AREA AROUND EDDIE.

DAPHNE

I suppose it's all right.

NILES

He could still eat a bug.

DAPHNE

Oh, that's right! (FRETTS) This whole
thing has got me so upset --

NILES TAKES DAPHNE'S HAND IN HIS AND TRIES TO COMFORT HER.

NILES

There, there, Daphne. We'll get
through this.

SUDDENLY, A SHOCKED EXPRESSION COMES OVER DAPHNE'S FACE. SHE
LOOKS DIRECTLY AT NILES AND GASPS! NILES LOOKS FROM HER FACE
TO HIS HANDS, THEN AT HER AGAIN.

NILES

What is it, Daphne? What do you see?

DAPHNE

I forgot to turn on the oven!

DAPHNE RUSHES TO THE KITCHEN. NILES LEANS AGAINST THE WALL,
DEEPLY RELIEVED. HE REGAINS ENOUGH COMPOSURE TO POUR HIMSELF
A GLASS OF SHERRY.

NILES

For a moment there, I thought I was
next.

FRASIER

Don't rule it out.

ON REACTIONS, WE:

FADE OUT.

G

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS, "IT'S MY PARTY AND I'LL DIE IF I WANT TO."

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY - DAY/2
(Martin, Niles, Daphne, Frasier)

FRASIER, NILES, MARTIN AND EDDIE SIT AT THE TABLE. MARTIN WEARS A PARTY HAT, AND HE SLIPS ONE ON EDDIE, TOO.

MARTIN

Come on, fellas. Put on your hats.

NILES

No thanks, Dad. I just had a seventy-five dollar haircut. Of course, Frasier has no excuses.

FRASIER GLARES AT NILES.

MARTIN

Put 'em on, both of you. Get in the spirit.

THEY OBEY. NOW EVERYONE LOOKS SILLY. DAPHNE ENTERS WITH A LARGE TRAY BEARING TWO CAKES -- A LARGE ONE AND A SMALL ONE.

MARTIN

Wow, Daphne! They're beautiful!

DAPHNE SETS THE CAKES ON THE TABLE. NILES SNIFFS THE AIR.

NILES

I smell meat.

DAPHNE

Eddie's little cake is a meat loaf.

The icing is goose liver pate.

NILES

(PEEVISH) The dog gets foie gras,

while we have Betty Crocker Ready-to-

Spread?

NILES EXTENDS HIS FINGER TOWARD THE PATE ICING, BUT FRASIER SLAPS IT AWAY.

MARTIN

Y'know, I'm still full of barbecue.

Do you mind if we open presents first?

FRASIER

Not at all, Dad. Here...

FRASIER PUSHES THE CAKES ASIDE WHILE MARTIN MOVES THE PRESENTS FROM THE FLOOR TO THE TABLE. HE OPENS THE FIRST BOX.

MARTIN

Look, Eddie. It's from Daphne.

MARTIN REACHES IN THE BOX AND PULLS OUT A LARGE RUBBER CHEW-TOY. HE BENDS AND TWISTS IT VIGOROUSLY.

MARTIN

Man, it's sturdy. This'll last him

the rest of his life!

DAPHNE CHOKES BACK A SOB AS MARTIN GIVES THE TOY TO EDDIE.

DAPHNE

I forgot the plates.

DAPHNE HURRIES TO THE KITCHEN. MARTIN OPENS THE NEXT PRESENT.

FRASIER

I know you won't like it, Dad. I meant to exchange it, but I didn't have time.

MARTIN

Don't be silly. I'm sure it's --

MARTIN TAKES THE GREEN DOGGIE SWEATER FROM THE BOX. HIS SMILE FALTERS FOR A MOMENT. NILES LOOKS AT FRASIER IN DISBELIEF.

MARTIN

It's fine, son. I know what I said before, but the fact is Eddie's been getting awfully cold on our walks. This'll be just the thing.

FRASIER IS PLEASED, NILES IS MIFFED. MARTIN OPENS NILES' PRESENT.

NILES

Dad, Frasier didn't tell me what he'd bought. If I had known --

MARTIN TAKES OUT THE GARISH RED AND GOLD SWEATER. HIS SMILE FALTERS AGAIN.

MARTIN

No, Niles, this is perfect. Eddie won't have to wear the same one every day. Thanks, boys.

NOW NILES IS PLEASED, TOO. MARTIN OPENS THE LAST BOX.

MARTIN

This one's from me, Eddie.

MARTIN TAKES OUT A NEW LEASH AND CLIPS IT TO EDDIE'S COLLAR.

MARTIN

We'll try it out this afternoon in the
park.

DAPHNE ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN. SHE'S SMILING, BUT HER EYES
ARE RED. SHE GOES TO EDDIE.

DAPHNE

Did you like your presents, Deaddie?

I mean Eddie!

THEY ALL LOOK TO MARTIN, BUT HE HASN'T NOTICED DAPHNE'S SLIP
OF THE TONGUE. DAPHNE PETS EDDIE'S HEAD AND A STRANGE LOOK
COMES OVER HER FACE, BUT THEN MARTIN LEADS EDDIE DOWN FROM
THE CHAIR.

MARTIN

Let's go, boy.

MARTIN GRABS THE OTHER GIFTS AND LEADS EDDIE TO THE BEDROOM.
FRASIER AND NILES RUSH TO DAPHNE'S SIDE.

NILES

You felt something, didn't you?

DAPHNE

Yes...

FRASIER

Was the sense of death still there?

DAPHNE

Yes, but this time I saw something,
too. A color.

FRASIER

A collar? Like a dog collar?

NILES

She said "color."

FRASIER

Are you sure? That damned accent.

DAPHNE

Yes, I said "color!" This color seemed to be connected somehow with the sense of death.

FRASIER

Well, what color was it?

DAPHNE

Green.

FRASIER

Green?

MARTIN ENTERS, LEADING EDDIE ON HIS LEASH. EDDIE WEARS THE GREEN SWEATER! FRASIER, NILES AND DAPHNE ARE STUNNED.

NILES

Green!

MARTIN

Now don't be mad, Niles. He'll wear yours next time. See ya.

MARTIN AND EDDIE GO OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

DAPHNE

Oh, dear! What'll we do?

FRASIER

I suggest we stop acting like a pack of superstitious primitives, calm down, and go have a drink. When we come back, whatever has happened, has happened.

FRASIER CROSSES TO THE COAT RACK.

NILES

Oh, perhaps he's right, Daphne.

Perhaps mere mortals are not meant to
change the course of fate after all.

FRASIER BRINGS THEM THEIR COATS. DAPHNE SNEERS AT HIM.

DAPHNE

We might have managed it if someone
hadn't bought Eddie a green sweater.

FRASIER SIGHS AND HUSTLES THEM TOWARD THE DOOR.

WE THEN:

FADE OUT.

H

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS, "TAKE A FINAL BOW-WOW."

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY - DAY/2
(Daphne, Frasier, Niles, Martin, Roz, Stan)

MARTIN SLEEPS IN HIS CHAIR WITH EDDIE ACROSS HIS CHEST, ALSO ASLEEP -- OR? FRASIER, NILES AND DAPHNE COME THROUGH THE DOOR.

DAPHNE

I'm afraid to look.

THEY ALL EDGE CLOSER AND WATCH EDDIE. THEY SPEAK IN LOW VOICES.

FRASIER

He's asleep.

NILES

Are you sure? I don't think he's breathing.

DAPHNE

Doesn't he hear us? He should have excellent hearing, shouldn't he?

NILES

If he's dead, what'll we do?

FRASIER

What do you mean, "what'll we do?"

We'll put him in a box, say a few words and bury him.

MARTIN'S EYES POP OPEN.

MARTIN

I'd prefer to be cremated.

THE OTHERS BACK AWAY, SURPRISED. EDDIE WAKES UP, TOO.

MARTIN

What was that all about?

FRASIER

Sorry, Dad. Daphne had one of her "feelings." She thought Eddie was going to die today. Obviously, she was wrong.

MARTIN

You sound disappointed.

FRASIER

Of course not!

MARTIN

Hey, speaking of death, Eddie killed a squirrel today in the park. It put up quite a fight, too. I'm afraid it ripped that little green sweater to shreds. We buried him in it.

DAPHNE AND NILES SHUDDER AT THE THOUGHT.

FRASIER

So Daphne's premonition was not of
death... but of murder!

FRASIER LETS LOOSE AN EXAGGERATED, SINISTER LAUGH. DAPHNE
FROWNS.

NILES

We can't just dismiss this. Daphne
sensed death around Eddie, and Eddie
in fact caused a death. It may not be
scientific, but it's damned
interesting.

SFX: THE DOORBELL RINGS

EVERYONE LOOKS AT THE DOOR.

MARTIN

What do you think, Daphne? The Grim
Reaper?

UNAMUSED, DAPHNE TROMPS OUT ON THE TERRACE TO POUT, LEAVING
THE DOOR OPEN. FRASIER OPENS THE FRONT DOOR AND FINDS ROZ
HOLDING A SMALL GIFT-WRAPPED BOX.

NILES

Look, Dad. You were right.

FRASIER PULLS ROZ ASIDE FOR A PRIVATE CONVERSATION.

FRASIER

Hello, Roz. You're not armed, are
you?

ROZ

No. Listen --

FRASIER

No, you listen. You've got to let me help you. Your condition may well be a simple, stress-related --

ROZ

Frasier, I'm fine.

FRASIER

Denial won't help you, Roz. The station has received dozens of complaints. (GRASPS HER SHOULDERS) You're in danger of losing your job!

ROZ EYES FRASIER COLDLY.

ROZ

You're about to lose something yourself.

FRASIER GENTLY RELEASES ROZ AND FOLLOWS HER TOWARD THE OTHERS.

ROZ

When I got home today, there was a message from my doctor. He made a prescription error with my birth control pills.

NILES

Problems are inevitable when you buy in bulk.

ROZ

(TO NILES) They haven't worn off yet, puny boy.

FRASIER

(UNCONVINCINGLY) I knew it must be something like that. But you didn't have to buy me a gift!

ROZ

No, it's for Eddie.

FRASIER SMILES, BUT HE'S DISAPPOINTED. ROZ OPENS THE BOX AND GOES TO EDDIE. SHE TAKES OUT A BRIGHT GREEN RUBBER BALL.

ROZ

Look, Eddie.

EDDIE SNIFFS AT THE BALL. IN THE B.G., FRASIER CALLS TO DAPHNE ON THE TERRACE.

FRASIER

Daphne, quit pouting and get in here.

You'll catch your death.

DAPHNE MOPES BACK INSIDE, BUT LEAVES THE TERRACE DOOR OPEN.

ROZ

(TO EDDIE) Go get it, boy!

ROZ TOSSES THE BALL TOWARD THE TERRACE DOOR. EDDIE LEAPS OUT OF MARTIN'S LAP AND GIVES CHASE. THE BALL SAILS THROUGH THE DOOR, BOUNCES ONCE AND FALLS OVER THE RAILING. EDDIE RUNS ONTO THE TERRACE, HOPS UP ON THE CHAIR, THEN THE TABLE -- AND PEERS DOWN THROUGH THE RAILING. HE SEEMS POISED TO JUMP.

DAPHNE

Eddie! No!

MARTIN SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET. EDDIE STAYS IN POSITION AS THE OTHERS WATCH IN DISBELIEF -- EXCEPT FRASIER, WHO SEEMS TO THINK THEY'RE OVER-REACTING.

FRASIER

I'll get him.

NILES

Don't startle him!

MARTIN

Eddie, get back here.

EDDIE DOESN'T BUDGE.

ROZ

You don't think he'd --

FRASIER

What? Jump?

AS IF ON CUE, EDDIE DOES INDEED JUMP! RIGHT OVER THE RAILING. STUNNED SILENCE FOR A MOMENT. MARTIN PUTS HIS HAND TO HIS HEART.

NILES

Did that really just happen?

FRASIER

It... it couldn't have.

DAPHNE

(ACCUSINGLY, TO ROZ) It was that green ball!

ROZ

Hey, I'm not the one who left the door open!

DAPHNE

Well, I -- you -- (POINTS TO FRASIER)
He yelled "jump!"

FRASIER

I didn't yell! (TURNS TO MARTIN) Oh,
Dad, I'm so sorry!

MARTIN

(HOLDING BACK) It's nobody's fault.
Let's just... go down and get him.

THEY ALL TRUDGE SADLY TOWARD THE FRONT DOOR. IN THE B.G., OFF THE TERRACE, A CONSTRUCTION SCAFFOLD SLOWLY RISES INTO VIEW. IT HOLDS TWO WORKERS, STAN AND CARL. AMAZINGLY, EDDIE RESTS COMFORTABLY IN STAN'S ARMS. THE GREEN BALL IS HELD FIRMLY IN EDDIE'S MOUTH.

MARTIN TURNS BACK FOR HIS CANE AND SEES THE MIRACLE. HE BEAMS.

MARTIN

Eddie!

THE OTHERS TURN AND FOLLOW MARTIN'S GAZE TO THE TERRACE. THEY ALL CHEER AND RUSH OUTSIDE.

STAN

This your dog?

FRASIER

Yes! Thank you!

MARTIN REACHES OVER THE RAILING, AND STAN HANDS EDDIE TO MARTIN.

STAN

When I caught the pup, my lunchbox
went over the side.

FRASIER

Say no more! Dinner's on me!

FRASIER TAKES A TWENTY FROM HIS WALLET AND GIVES IT TO STAN.

STAN

Twenty? For saving a life?

FRASIER FROWNS, THEN HANDS STAN ANOTHER TWENTY. STAN NODS.

MARTIN

Why don't you fellas come on in? Have
some birthday cake.

STAN

No thanks. We're reinforcing some masonry two floors down. Like to finish up before dark.

MARTIN

Well, thanks again.

THE OTHERS AD LIB HEARTFELT THANKS AS STAN AND CARL LOWER THE SCAFFOLD OUT OF SIGHT. EVERYONE GOES BACK INSIDE. FRASIER IS THE LAST ONE THROUGH THE DOOR, WHICH HE LEAVES OPEN. MARTIN TAKES THE GREEN BALL OUT OF EDDIE'S MOUTH.

MARTIN

Don't scare me like that again.

MARTIN HANDS THE BALL TO FRASIER, WHO CRINGES AT ITS SLOBBERY SURFACE. HE TOSSES IT OVER HIS SHOULDER. UNFORTUNATELY, IT ONCE AGAIN FLIES RIGHT THROUGH THE OPEN TERRACE DOOR. EDDIE JUMPS OUT OF MARTIN'S ARMS AND FOLLOWS THE BALL -- RIGHT OVER THE RAILING.

FRASIER

No!

THE OTHERS TURN TO LOOK AS FRASIER RUSHES OUTSIDE. FROM BELOW, WE HEAR AN IMPACT, THEN STAN SHOUTS.

STAN (O.S.)

Ow!

FRASIER LEANS OVER THE RAILING.

FRASIER

This is the last time, I promise!

HE TURNS BACK TO THE OTHERS. THEY JUST STARE AT HIM WITH STERN EXPRESSIONS. FRASIER FORCES A WEAK GRIN.

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

J

(END CREDITS)

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - NIGHT/2

THE ROOM IS DARK. NO ONE IS THERE EXCEPT EDDIE, WHO'S ASLEEP ON THE COUCH.

SUDDENLY, EDDIE'S EARS PERK UP. HIS EYES POP OPEN. HE RAISES HIS HEAD, LOOKS AROUND, THEN SPRINGS TO HIS FEET. HE JUMPS TO THE FLOOR AND SLIDES UNDERNEATH THE COUCH.

NOTHING HAPPENS FOR A MOMENT. THEN THE FRONT DOOR OPENS. A TALL, SHROUDED FIGURE STROLLS IN, CARRYING A SICKLE. THE GRIM REAPER.

THE REAPER STOPS NEAR THE COUCH. LOOKS AROUND. REACHES IN HIS SHROUD AND TAKES OUT A BOX OF DOGGIE TREATS. RATTLES THE BOX AS HE KEEPS SCANNING THE ROOM.

FINALLY, THE REAPER GIVES UP. HE SHRUGS, STICKS THE BOX BACK IN HIS SHROUD, AND TRUDGES OUT THE DOOR.

AFTER A SECOND, EDDIE POPS OUT FROM HIS HIDING PLACE. HE JUMPS BACK UP ON THE COUCH AND GOES BACK TO SLEEP.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW