

FRASIER

"Frasier's Sure Thing"

Written By

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ACT I

A

FADE IN:

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY (DAY 1)
(Frasier, Roz, Niles, Martin, Bulldog)

FRASIER IS ON THE AIR WITH A CALLER, VINCE.

VINCE (V.O.)

. . . and it just seems like every
time I'm driving lately I'm getting
these homicidal urges, Doc.

FRASIER

Relax, Vince. Make your priority your
peace of mind, not being ahead of the
car that cut you off. Do this and I
guarantee you'll feel better.

VINCE (V.O.)

I'll try Dr. Crane, but it ain't gonna
be easy. (ANGRY) Not with morons like
this bozo on the road!

SFX: A CAR HORN, SCREECHING TIRES AND THEN CRUNCHING METAL.

VINCE (V.O.)

(TO MOTORIST) Why don't you let
your seeing eye dog drive you
blind bastard!

FRASIER

Good luck to you, Vince. And remember,
if all else fails you can always
relinquish your cab driver's license
and take advantage of Seattle's fine
public transportation system. This is
Dr. Frasier Crane reminding you to
buckle up and drive safely.

FRASIER HITS THE BUTTON AND GOES OFF THE AIR. NILES AND
MARTIN ENTER FRASIER'S BOOTH. MARTIN IS WIPING SNOW FROM
HIS SHOULDERS AND NILES IS STRUGGLING WITH A LARGE
SUITCASE.

NILES

(TO MARTIN) If you'd have bought
Louis Vuitton the wheels never would
have fallen off so easily! Your
cheapness is going to cost me a
ruptured disc.

FRASIER

I thought you two were on your way
to the airport.

MARTIN

We were until the radio announced
Sea-Tac is closed due to snow and
ice.

FRASIER

I don't recall hearing that
announcement.

MARTIN

Fortunately, we were listening to
your competitor.

FRASIER GIVES MARTIN A LOOK AS ROZ ENTERS THE BOOTH.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Hi, Roz.

ROZ

Hi Martin, hi Niles. What's with the
suitcase, didn't you hear the airport's
closed?

FRASIER

(TO MARTIN) Yes, we heard.

MARTIN

I was planning on flying to Vegas to
play in a poker tournament with some
retired buddies of mine on the force.

ROZ

Aw, that's a shame.

MARTIN

Yeah, I've been looking forward to
this trip for months.

FRASIER

We all have.

BULLDOG ENTERS THE BOOTH.

BULLDOG

What's with the convention, I got a
show to do.

FRASIER

We'll be out of your hair, so to
speak, in a minute.

ROZ

Maybe you could catch a later
flight, Martin.

MARTIN

Maybe, but once the tournament
starts that's it. You miss a hand
and you're out.

BULLDOG

You talking about the big poker
tourney in Vegas?

MARTIN

Sure am.

BULLDOG

I'd give my left wing nut to be
there right now.

MARTIN

You any good?

BULLDOG

Good? I'm banned in casinos in Vegas
and Atlantic City, pal.

MARTIN

Maybe I'll have you over some time.

BULLDOG

Just say when.

FRASIER

When hell freezes over. Come father,
I'll drive you home.

ROZ

Hey, there's an idea. You could put together a poker game right here in Seattle.

FRASIER GLARES AT ROZ.

MARTIN

I was all fired up to play. I would need a couple more people. Roz?

ROZ

No thanks, Martin. But I'm sure Bulldog would want to play and I know Frasier and Niles would want to.

MARTIN

Nah, their idea of a card game is bridge, not seven card stud.

BULLDOG

(LAUGHING) It's just as well, Butch and Sundance here wouldn't stand a chance against a pro like me.

FRASIER

That'll be the day you can take me in anything other than a limbo contest.

FRASIER MOVES NEXT TO BULLDOG AND STANDS ERECT SO AS TO PLAY UP THEIR DISPARITY IN HEIGHT.

BULLDOG

You want to put your money where
your big mouth is, chief?

FRASIER

Against you? Indeed I will. (TO NILES)
Sundance?

NILES

I'll only play on the condition that
you never call me that again. The
things I endure for this family!

NILES PICKS UP MARTIN'S SUITCASE WITH A HISTRIONIC GRUNT
AND AS HE HEADS FOR THE DOOR WE:

FADE OUT.

B

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS, "JUST A FRIENDLY GAME OF POKER".

FRASIER (V.O.)

(UPSET) Oh, good god, I knew I
shouldn't have done that! What
an idiot I am.

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT (DAY 1)
(Frasier, Niles, Martin, Daphne, Bulldog)

FRASIER, NILES, MARTIN AND BULLDOG ARE AT THE TABLE. MARTIN
PULLS A PILE OF MONEY TOWARD HIM.

MARTIN

You'll get no argument here, Frasier.
This is turning out better than I
thought it would!

FRASIER

Loser deals.

AS FRASIER SHUFFLES THE CARDS AND DEALS DAPHNE ENTERS FROM
THE KITCHEN WITH A BEER AND DEPOSITS IT IN FRONT OF BULLDOG
WITH OBVIOUS EXASPERATION.

BULLDOG

Thanks, doll.

DAPHNE

It's still Daphne, not doll. If
there's nothing else I'll be in
my room. With the door locked.

DAPHNE GLARES AT BULLDOG AND HE CLOSELY WATCHES HER EXIT.

BULLDOG

She can peel my banana anytime,
anywhere.

NILES

Pardon?

BULLDOG

She's got to be the prettiest serving
wench this side of Big Ben.

NILES

Kindly do not refer to Ms. Moon in
such pejorative terms.

FRASIER

Who wants to raise the ante five
dollars?

MARTIN

I'll second that.

NILES

I don't mind engaging in this pedestrian activity because my participation adds to the esprit de corps. I don't even mind losing because my father takes so much delight in it. But I do mind your vulgar and boorish attitude towards Daphne.

BULLDOG

All I'm saying is she can polish my doorknob any time she wants to, amigo.

THEY ALL LOOK AT THEIR CARDS AND ANTE.

MARTIN

I'll take one card.

BULLDOG

Two.

NILES

Two.

FRASIER

Dealer takes four.

FRASIER DEALS THE CARDS.

BULLDOG

I'll kick it up five bucks.

MARTIN

I'll see your five and raise you
ten.

MARTIN AND BULLDOG ANTE UP.

NILES

Too rich for my blood, I'm out. Oh,
I just detest how that sounds.

BULLDOG

I'm out, too.

FRASIER

I'll see your ten and raise you
twenty. (ANTES UP)

MARTIN

I think you're bluffing. Let's see
what you've got, Frasier.

MARTIN ANTES UP AND FRASIER LAYS HIS CARDS ON THE TABLE.

FRASIER

My luck has finally changed. Read 'em
and weep, gentlemen.

MARTIN

A straight flush to the queen.

What are the odds of that happening
when you take four cards?

FRASIER REJOICES AS HE STARTS PULLING THE PILE OF MONEY
TOWARD HIM. MARTIN LAYS HIS CARDS ON THE TABLE.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

To the king. Sorry, Frasier.

FRASIER

I wonder if I'm too old to develop
an Oedipal complex.

MARTIN

I'm going to call it a night, folks.
Quite frankly, I couldn't live with
myself if I took any more of Frasier's
money. (LOUD) Eddie!

EDDIE ENTERS WITH A SMALL SACHEL IN HIS MOUTH IN WHICH
MARTIN PLACES HIS WINNINGS. EDDIE THEN EXITS WITH THE
MONEY.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

He's better than a bank.

NILES

Deal me out too. With father retiring

(MORE)

NILES (CONT'D)

and Daphne safely out of harm's
way my filial tour of duty is,
at long last, finally over.

FRASIER

(TO BULLDOG) You want to continue,
don't you?

BULLDOG

I don't have any guilt about taking
you to the cleaners.

FRASIER

(DEALING CARDS) Good! Fours and jacks
are wild and if you get a three up you
get an extra card down.

NILES

Honestly Frasier, I'm more than a
little surprised at your attraction
to such a plebian activity. What's
next, league bowling?

ON FRASIER'S CHAGRINED LOOK WE:

FADE OUT.

C

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS, "DOUBLE OR NOTHING".

FADE IN:

INT. RADIO STUDIO - THE NEXT DAY - DAY (DAY 2)
(Frasier, Roz, Bulldog)

ROZ IS ARRANGING PAPERS AS FRASIER ENTERS.

ROZ

Good morning, Frasier.

FRASIER

Morning, Roz.

ROZ

How was your big poker night with
the boys?

FRASIER

It was you know, okay.

ROZ

Well, I'm impressed. I wasn't even
sure that you knew how to play poker.

FRASIER

My versatility knows no bounds.

ROZ

Did you have a good time?

FRASIER

My participation was more to help out dear old dad than to garner any personal satisfaction.

ROZ

I see. So exactly how much did you lose?

FRASIER

What makes you think I lost?

ROZ

Some people hem and haw, you pontificate.

FRASIER

It's really not important how much I won or lost. The value of the experience cannot be measured in dollars and cents Roz, but in the increased level of depth my relationship with my father now has.

ROZ

(KNOWING) That much.

FRASIER

One cannot put a price tag on the
bonding between father and son,
Roz.

BULLDOG CHARGES INTO THE BOOTH.

BULLDOG

You got my two grand, doc?

FRASIER

(ANGRY) You'll get your lousy, ill
gotten booty by the end of the day!

ROZ

I'd say for that kind of money you
and Martin should be joined at the
hip. Gosh Frasier, if you had to
lose why to such a . . . loser?

FRASIER

I must admit it does add a certain
insult to my financial injury.

BULLDOG

Hey pal, you're the loser, remember?
You owe me.

FRASIER

A minor point of contention.

BULLDOG

I wouldn't call two thousand clams
minor, loser.

FRASIER

In the grand scheme of things your
winning a few hands of poker would
hardly constitute a major victory.

BULLDOG

(TAUNTING) Says the loser.

FRASIER

I cannot think of one facet of my
life that is deficient to yours. Au
contraire. I'm smarter; taller;
better looking; and I have more hair.

BULLDOG

And you suck at cards, Einstein!

BULLDOG LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY.

FRASIER

How would you like to go double or
nothing on the Sonics game tonight?

BULLDOG

Which team does the loser want?

FRASIER

The Sonics, of course.

BULLDOG

By how many points?

FRASIER

As many as it takes to win.

BULLDOG

I'll give you five points and keep
your check book handy.

BULLDOG TRIES TO CONTAIN HIS DELIGHT AS HE EXITS.

FRASIER

Quick Roz, who are the Sonics playing
tonight?

AS ROZ GIVE FRASIER A LOOK WE:

FADE OUT.

D

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS, "YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS ANYMORE".

FRASIER (V.O.)

(UPSET) Foul! Foul!!

FADE IN:

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

DAPHNE, NILES, MARTIN AND FRASIER ARE WATCHING THE SONICS GAME ON TELEVISION. FRASIER IS PACING AND OBVIOUSLY DISTRAUGHT.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Did you see that?! He was all over him.
I've seen less body contact in title fights!

MARTIN

I didn't realize you were such a big Sonics fan, Frasier.

NILES

Yes, you do seem disproportionately excited at this particular game in relation to your general enthusiasm for professional basketball.

FRASIER

It's ah, ah . . . it's a playoff
game, Niles.

NILES

I see.

MARTIN

The playoff are months away, Frasier.

FRASIER

Sssssh!

DAPHNE

Somebody took their grouchy pill this
morning.

FRASIER

(REACTING TO GAME) Yes!

SFX: BASKETBALL BUZZER.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

They'll have to rally next quarter,
it's that simple.

MARTIN

The game's over, Frasier.

FRASIER

That would explain why the photographers

(MORE)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

and reporters are in mid court and the coaches are shaking hands. I'm going to be sick.

MARTIN

It's just one game. It's not like the Sonics had much of a chance anyway.

FRASIER

How do you figure that?

MARTIN

They were playing the Lakers and they were fifteen point underdogs with Payton on the bench.

FRASIER

That dirty rotten sneak. How could he take my money? What a neophyte I am!

MARTIN

You bet the Sonics would beat the Lakers without Payton? Hey Frasier, the next time you want to make a sucker bet come and see me first, I can always use the cash.

FRASIER

I don't need your sarcasm to realize
I made the wrong choice. I can just
look at the score board!

FRASIER TURNS OFF THE TELEVISION IN DISGUST.

NILES

How much did you lose?

FRASIER

My pain and humiliation goes well
beyond my pecuniary loss.

NILES

I don't like what I'm hearing, Frasier.
Getting emotionally entangled with
wagers on sporting events is a sure
sign of illogical compulsiveness.
I strongly urge you to cease and
desist immediately, before it's too
late.

SFX: THE DOORBELL RINGS.

FRASIER

It's already too late. I didn't bet
just money.

NILES

What ever do you mean?

FRASIER CROSSES TO OPEN THE FRONT DOOR.

FRASIER

I bet Bulldog double or nothing on
the money I owed him from poker last
night and then he said he wanted a
little something extra to sweeten
the pot.

NILES

What kind of "little something extra?"

FRASIER PAUSES AT THE FRONT DOOR FOR A BEAT.

FRASIER

Daphne.

FRASIER OPENS THE DOOR AND WE SEE BULLDOG STANDING THERE
WITH A KNOWING GRIN AND A BIG BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FOR
DAPHNE. FRASIER SHAKES HIS HEAD WITH DISBELIEF AND NILES,
OVERCOME WITH EMOTION, PROMPTLY FAINTS. ON EVERYONE'S
REACTION WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

E

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT (DAY 2)
(Frasier, Niles, Daphne, Martin, Bulldog)

NILES IS LYING ON THE COUCH. ALL ARE AROUND HIM AS HE AWAKENS.

NILES

I just had the strangest dream.
Frasier had bet Daphne in a card
game and then this puerile,
testosterone laden Neanderthal showed
up with a box of Godiva chocolates in
one hand and orchids in the other.

BULLDOG

(TO DAPHNE) These are for you, sweet
cheeks.

BULLDOG OFFERS CHOCOLATES AND FLOWERS TO DAPHNE.

NILES

(LOSING IT) Ahhhh!

NILES LEAPS OFF THE COUCH.

NILES (CONT'D)

It wasn't a nightmare, it's true!

BULLDOG

I can see it would be best if I left you to yourselves. (TO DAPHNE) I'll be counting the minutes 'til I see you again. Ciao.

BULLDOG KISSES DAPHNE'S HAND AND EXITS.

MARTIN

I'm pretty sure there are laws against betting people in this country, Frasier.

FRASIER

Before you jump to conclusions hear me out.

NILES

You were delusional? You were self-medicating and you had a nervous breakdown? What possible excuse could you possibly have for making such an egregious affront to Ms. Moon's dignity?!

FRASIER

I thought the Sonics were a sure thing!

DAPHNE

I'm a tad confused, Dr. Crane.

What exactly did you bet Bulldog?

FRASIER

Double or nothing on the money I owe him and a date with you.

DAPHNE

You really don't think I'm going on a date with that sexual sociopath, do you?

NILES

Over my dead body!

FRASIER

Forgive my transgression, but please don't worry. (EXCITED) I've got an inside line on the Seahawks game, Bulldog will lose, I'll get my money back and you'll be off the hook.

NILES

(SARCASTIC) With the hot streak Frasier's on why even give it a second thought?!

MARTIN

Son, maybe with your track record you ought to cut your losses . . .

DAPHNE

And everyone else's!

MARTIN

And make an alternative plan of action.

NILES

Yes, like thirty days at Pleasant View Sanitarium for observation and determination of mental competency!

FRASIER

Relax, I've got a sure thing. I can't lose.

NILES

You had better not, mon frere. The thought of a man as base as Bulldog on a date with Daphne is as repugnant as it is repulsive. That sly grin as he tries to worm his way into her heart, all the while devouring her pure, alabaster skin and gentle curves stretching out in subtle repose with his hungry, heathen eyes. I can't take it! (LOOKS UPWARD) Oh, dear god, take me and spare this fair maiden!!

MARTIN

(TO DAPHNE) Maybe we can get a
group rate at Pleasant View Sanitarium.

ON DAPHNE'S LOOK WE:

FADE OUT.

F

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS, "EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING".

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT NIGHT (DAY 3)
(Frasier, Martin, Daphne, Niles)

MARTIN IS TALKING ON THE TELEPHONE.

MARTIN

(ON PHONE) Okay Mitch, I'll see
you soon. Keep the beer cold and
the cards hot.

MARTIN HANGS UP AND FRASIER ENTERS DEJECTED.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Hey Frasier, I want to thank you
for your lousy card playing the other
night. Thanks to you I was able to
reschedule my trip to Vegas.

FRASIER

(FLAT) Wonderful.

MARTIN

Not only that, I was able to upgrade
to a suite at the Mirage.

FRASIER

(FLAT) Marvelous.

MARTIN

And cover my buddies for an extra week, too.

FRASIER

Splendid, dad. Is Daphne here?

MARTIN

She went shopping with Niles. You're not mad about my trip are you, Frasier?

FRASIER

I've got weightier matters to ponder than your gambling junket.

MARTIN

The Seahawks lost?

FRASIER

It wasn't even close.

NILES AND DAPHNE ENTER CARRYING PACKAGES.

DAPHNE

Thank you ever so much for going shopping with me Niles. Most men wouldn't be caught dead in a mall on Sunday.

NILES

I'm not most men.

DAPHNE

No, you're certainly not. The patience you showed while I tried on one garment after the next. It was astounding.

NILES

Call me Job.

DAPHNE

Even the salesgirls were impressed the way you'd run to the rack then back to the dressing room. Back and forth, back and forth. It's a good thing I was buying lingerie and not heavy woolens or you'd really be done for.

FRASIER GIVES NILES A KNOWING LOOK.

NILES

I'm a trooper.

DAPHNE

Hi, Martin, hi, Dr. Crane. How did you make out with Bulldog?

FRASIER

Why don't you sit down.

NILES IMMEDIATELY SITS DOWN AND DAPHNE FOLLOWS.

NILES

Well, Mr. Sure Thing, what do you have to say for yourself?

FRASIER

The Seahawks lost.

DAPHNE

Oh, Dr. Crane.

FRASIER

Before anyone gets too carried away let us remember we are only talking about one little innocent date. Un petite tete-a-tete. No need to make a mountain out of a mole hill. After all, I'm the one out all the money.

NILES

What you're saying is that you, without forethought and with complete disregard for Daphne, have conscripted her into a sexually

(MORE)

NILES (CONT'D)

charged tryst with an arrogant
and chauvinistic pig who would
love nothing more than to add her
to his trophy case of conquered
lasses.

A BEAT PASSES WHILE FRASIER CONTEMPLATES NILES' COMMENT.

FRASIER

Yes, but it's not as bad as that
sounds.

NILES

Of course not, nothing could be as
bad as that sounds! This is crazy,
I won't let you do it, Daphne.

FRASIER

Bulldog said if I backed out he
would expose me as a welcher on his
radio program. My reputation is on
the line, Daphne.

DAPHNE

To say nothing of my reputation!

FRASIER

Niles is right, this is crazy. If
I can just make one more bet I
know I can get us out of this.

DAPHNE

One more bet and I'll be knocked up
and have "Bulldog" tattooed across
my chest!

FRASIER

I just need a sure thing!

NILES

Listen to you, Frasier. You've turned
into a compulsive gambler.

FRASIER

Nonsense, I can stop gambling anytime
I want to. I'll lay a bet on it right
here and now. A hundred bucks says I
can stop.

FRASIER PULLS OUT HIS WALLET.

MARTIN

Niles has a point, Frasier. You've
already lost quite a bit of money,
not to mention common sense.

FRASIER

Fifty bucks?

DAPHNE

Get a grip, Dr. Crane.

FRASIER

Okay, twenty I'll stop, twenty I
won't.

NILES

This is for your own good, Frasier.

NILES SLAPS FRASIER AND HE LOOKS STUNNED FOR A BEAT.

FRASIER

(COMPOSED) Thank you, Niles.

NILES

The pleasure was all mine.

FRASIER

I needed that. I live in such a
neatly ordered and routine filled
world I had no idea how compulsive
I could become. Now I've compromised
not only my integrity but yours as
well. Can you ever forgive me,
Daphne?

DAPHNE

You're only human, Dr. C.

FRASIER

Yes, well, I guess I had that one coming. But the question does remain about Bulldog. Will you go on one date with him?

DAPHNE

I'll go on one date with him if you'll promise no more betting.

FRASIER

I promise, after today, no more betting.

DAPHNE

And naturally, there should be a few perks to make it worth my while. Why should Bulldog and Martin be the only ones to benefit from your gambling?

NILES

Given the extraordinary nature of your sacrifice may I suggest you

(MORE)

NILES (CONT'D)

exact a cruel and particularly
painful price for your services.
That way Frasier can learn his
lesson and I can sleep tonight
knowing there is some balance in
the universe again.

FRASIER

Anything you want, Daphne.

NILES

(TO DAPHNE) Call me if you need
the name of a reputable jeweler.

FRASIER

And don't worry, Daphne, all you'll
have to do to keep Bulldog in check
is follow my advice. I've got this
all figured out.

MARTIN

So did the engineers of the Titanic.

FRASIER GIVES MARTIN A LOOK AND WE:

FADE OUT.

G

A BLACK SCREEN. IN WHITE LETTERS APPEARS, "THE CRYING GAME".

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT NIGHT (DAY 4)
(Daphne, Bulldog, Frasier, Niles, Martin)

CANDLES DOT THE ROOM, VIVALDI PLAYS QUIETLY IN THE BACKGROUND AND THE LIGHTING IS SOFT. SIMPLY PUT, IT'S A ROMANTIC SETTING.

SFX: THE DOORBELL RINGS.

DAPHNE ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN AND AS SHE CROSSES TO ANSWER THE DOOR SHE DEPOSITS A FOOD TRAY ON THE COFFEE TABLE. DAPHNE OPENS THE DOOR AND BULLDOG IS THERE.

DAPHNE

You're right on time.

BULLDOG

This is for you, baby doll.

BULLDOG HANDS A BOTTLE OF WINE TO DAPHNE.

DAPHNE

How thoughtful. (READING LABEL) I
had no idea they made wine in
Brooklyn.

BULLDOG

Who cares where it's from, it's
forty proof.

BULLDOG REMOVES HIS OVERCOAT AND SCARF AND HANDS THEM TO DAPHNE. HE UNBUTTONS HIS SHIRT AS HE SAUNTERS TO THE COUCH.

DAPHNE

Help yourself to the appetizers.

(TO HERSELF) I will get you for
this, Dr. Crane.

BULLDOG HOPS ON THE COUCH AND RECLINES COMFORTABLY.

BULLDOG

Why don't you come over here and
feed them to me, doll face?

BULLDOG PATS THE COUCH SUGGESTIVELY.

DAPHNE

I can if you like, but I should
give you fair warning I've had
mixed results in the feeding
category. My nephew Alex to this
day blames his esophageal reflux
on my feeding him as a baby. My
version of "open for the choo-choo"
tends to resemble a Japanese bullet
train.

BULLDOG

You can't move too fast for me,
love lamb.

BULLDOG GRABS DAPHNE'S WRIST AND PULLS HER ONTO THE COUCH.

DAPHNE

You certainly do come on strong.

BULLDOG

Does that bother you?

DAPHNE

Actually, no. I know you come on strong because you're hiding that sensitive little boy inside you. Yes, a little boy trapped in a man's body. Well, perhaps in your case a boy trapped in a boy's body.

BULLDOG

A man's height is not the only indicator of his (SEARCHES) size.

DAPHNE

Of course not.

DAPHNE HOLDS OUT THE TRAY OF HORS D'OEUVRES.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Shrimp?

BULLDOG

I'm not hungry. At least for food.

DAPHNE PUTS THE TRAY DOWN AND BULLDOG GENTLY KISSES HER ON THE CHEEK.

DAPHNE

You don't give a girl a chance,
do you?

DAPHNE MAULS BULLDOG WITH A LONG PASSIONATE KISS.

BULLDOG

Oh baby, I knew I turned you on.

DAPHNE

That didn't scare you?

BULLDOG

Scare me, are you nuts?

DAPHNE

I must be for listening to Dr. Crane!

BULLDOG TRIES TO ENVELOP DAPHNE IN HIS ARMS BUT SHE MANAGES TO SLIDE OUT FROM UNDER HIM AND STANDS UP.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Control yourself, Mr. Brisco.

BULLDOG

Why, sugar lips?

BULLDOG STARTS CHASING DAPHNE AROUND THE COUCH.

DAPHNE

Mr. Brisco, please behave yourself.

BULLDOG

We're consenting adults.

DAPHNE

Then let's act like adults. This is no way to start a relationship.

BULLDOG

I agree, let's go to your room.

DAPHNE

There will be plenty of time for that after we're married.

BULLDOG FREEZES IN HIS TRACKS.

BULLDOG

Married?!

DAPHNE

Ah . . . yes! You really don't think I'd let a catch like you get away do you, Robert?

BULLDOG

Isn't marriage a bit premature?

DAPHNE

Isn't a honeymoon? It's okay to admit you want a relationship with

(MORE)

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

me, Robert. I was quite flattered when Dr. Crane told me of your interest in me. Don't be afraid, let that little boy out. So to speak.

DAPHNE CLOSES HER EYES, PURSES HER LIPS, THRUSTS HER HEAD FORWARD AND WAITS FOR BULLDOG TO KISS HER.

BULLDOG

Look kid, I don't know what you've been smoking but I just wanted a little nosh. I'm not looking for the whole enchilada right now.

DAPHNE OPENS HER EYES AND PRETENDS TO BE UPSET.

DAPHNE

You mean you don't want to marry me? You seemed so interested.

BULLDOG

I'm a long way from settling down, kitten. I mean, Ms. Moon.

DAPHNE

(PRETENDING TO CRY) But what will I tell me mum? She's coming all the way from England to meet you!

BULLDOG

Your mother?!

DAPHNE

Yes, tonight. Any minute in fact.

BULLDOG

Tonight?! Tell her I died. I have to go, I forgot there's a hockey game I gotta cover.

BULLDOG GIVES DAPHNE A QUICK PECK ON THE CHEEK, GRABS HIS COAT AND SCARF AND HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

DAPHNE

(SOBBING) Always a bridesmaid,
never a bride.

BULLDOG PAUSES AT THE DOOR TO CONSIDER THE POSSIBILITY OF SALVAGING THE SITUATION BUT DAPHNE, SEEING HIS AMBIVALENCE AND SENSING VICTORY, ESCALATES HER WAILING AND HE EXITS.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

(FULLY RECOVERED) You can come out now.

FRASIER, NILES AND MARTIN ENTER. FRASIER IS APPLAUDING.

FRASIER

Brava! Bravissima!

MARTIN

You were great, Daphne.

NILES

A psychological tour de force.

DAPHNE

I just applied simple, common sense. Since men are so simple. And common.

FRASIER

Thank you, Daphne.

DAPHNE

It was nothing. Men like Bulldog are a snap to handle. Mention the words commitment and marriage, throw in mother and a few tears and it's practically guaranteed they'll run like the rats they are out of a burning building.

FRASIER

I owe you one, Daphne.

DAPHNE

Yes, you do. I just hope you've learned your lesson, Dr. Crane.

FRASIER

I certainly have. Never make a bet unless you've got a sure thing.

DAPHNE

And we all know there's no such
thing as a sure thing.

FRASIER

Almost.

FRASIER STARTS DIALING THE TELEPHONE.

MARTIN

Who are you calling, Frasier?

FRASIER

Bulldog. I bet him all the money
I owe him he wouldn't score with
Daphne tonight.

ON FRASIER'S CHESHIRE CAT GRIN WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

H

(END CREDITS)

FADE IN:

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

MARTIN AND DAPHNE ARE AT THE TABLE SMOKING CIGARS AND PLAYING CARDS. DAPHNE IS WEARING A GREEN VISOR. FRASIER ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN WEARING A BUTLER'S UNIFORM AND DELIVERS A BALLANTINE BEER TO MARTIN AND A MARTINI TO DAPHNE. FRASIER THEN CROSSES TO ANSWER THE FRONT DOOR. NILES AND ROZ ENTER AND SLING THEIR COATS AND ACCESSORIES OVER FRASIER'S OUTSTRETCHED ARM AND JOIN MARTIN AND DAPHNE AT THE TABLE. ON FRASIER'S CHAGRINED LOOK WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW