

CHEERS

"Is There a Doctor in the House?"

by

Bob Henneberger

Series Created and Developed by

James Burrows

Glen Charles

Les Charles

Copyright 1989 Bob Henneberger

All rights Reserved

Registered with WGA, # 421319

FIRST DRAFT

Sept. 10, 1989

CHEERS

"Is There a Doctor in the House?"

CAST

SAM MALONE ..... TED DANSON  
REBECCA HOWE ..... KRISTIE ALLEY  
CARLA LEBEC ..... RHEA PERLMAN  
NORM PETERSON ..... GEORGE WENDT  
CLIFF CLAVIN ..... JOHN RATZENBERGER  
WOODY BOYD ..... WOODY HARRELSON  
FRASIER CRANE ..... KELSEY GRAMMER  
SUZIE CONNERS .....  
WILLIAM HENNING .....  
POLICEMAN 1 .....  
POLICEMAN 2 .....  
POLICEMAN 3 .....  
MEDIC 1 .....

MEDIC 2 .....

SETS

INT. BAR

CHEERS - "Is There a Doctor in the House?"

---

---

TEASER

Scene A (1)

INT. BAR - EARLY EVENING

(Sam, Rebecca, Woody, Norm, Carla,  
Cliff, Frasier, William)

-----  
ACT ONE

Scene B (6)

INT. BAR - MINUTES LATER, SAME EVENING

(Sam, Rebecca, Woody, Norm, Carla,  
Cliff, Frasier, Suzie, William)

END OF ACT ONE

-----  
ACT TWO

Scene C (27)

INT. BAR - SAME EVENING, SECONDS LATER

(Sam, Rebecca, Woody, Norm, Carla,  
Cliff, Frasier, Suzie, William)

-----  
Scene D (37)

INT. BAR - SAME EVENING, SAME TIME  
(Frasier, Suzie)

-----  
Scene E

(40)

INT. BAR - SAME EVENING, SAME TIME  
(Sam, Rebecca, Woody, Norm, Carla  
Cliff, Frasier, Suzie, William,  
3 Policemen, 2 Medics)

END OF ACT TWO  
-----

CHEERS

"Is There a Doctor in the House?"

TEASER

A

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - EARLY EVENING

SAM, REBECCA AND WOODY ARE BEHIND THE BAR. FRASIER, NORM, AND CLIFF ARE SITTING AT THE BAR. CARLA IS SERVING DRINKS AT THE TABLES NEAR THE FRONT DOOR. A TALL, MIDDLE AGED MAN WALKS IN DRESSED IN A SUIT. HE SITS AT A TABLE IN FRONT OF THE BAR.

WOODY

Hey, Norm.

NORM

Hey, Woody.

WOODY

Mr. Peterson, I had a question for you.

NORM LEANS OVER THE BAR AND BENDS HIS EAR TOWARD WOODY

WOODY

(SMILES) Oh, I get it, you're all ears.

REBECCA

(TO WOODY) No, he's all stomach, but he does want to listen to your question.

WOODY

(TO NORM.) Well, I know what a gourmet you are, and I wanted to know a good restaurant to take a special girl to.

NORM

I've seen a lot of special restaurants, but I wouldn't

know about the other.

SAM

Woody, what's this about a special girl?

WOODY

(TO NORM.) What other?

SAM

(THINKS WOODY ADDRESSED HIM AND SAM IS CONFUSED.) Other  
what?

NORM

(TO WOODY.) Special girls.

SAM

That's what I said.

WOODY

(LOOKS AT SAM.) What did you say?

SAM

You've got a special girl.

WOODY

How did you know? (PAUSE.) God! That's amazing,

This is a smaller town than you might imagine. Here,

I just asked Suzie to go steady, and my best friend

already knows all about it. (GRINS, SHAKES HIS HEAD,

AND BEGINS TO CLEAN A GLASS.) That's amazing.

CARLA WALKS TO THE BAR.

CARLA

What's amazing?

FRASIER

I'm not sure.

CLIFF

I was asleep.

REBECCA

(SHAKES HER HEAD) You know better than to get me  
involved in any of these confusions.

REBECCA LEAVES FOR HER OFFICE, STILL SHAKING HER HEAD.CARLA LOOKS AT  
NORM.

NORM

Me?

CARLA

The only thing that's amazing about you is that even  
though you've guzzled 7 million gallons of beer, you  
still got that boyish figure.

NORM PULLS IN HIS STOMACH, AND YANKS UP HIS PANTS AS MUCH AS HE CAN.

NORM

Thanks, Carla.

CARLA MOTIONS TO WOODY FOR TWO BEERS, AND HE ACKNOWLEDGES, THEN DRAWS THEM.

CARLA

How about a straight answer? Which one of you is amazing?

CARLA LOOKS AT SAM.

SAM

(SMILES.) You know I am.

WOODY

Gosh, yes. Sam's the amazing one. He knows things before any one else, except maybe the one it happens to.

CARLA

Thank you Curly, Larry, and Moe. (SHE TURNS AROUND TO CLIFF AND FRASIER.) And thank you, too, Dopey and Sleepy.

CARLA LEAVES WITH THE BEERS AND WAITS ON TABLES. SHE SERVES THE TALL STRANGER FIRST, PLACING A GLASS OF BEER NEXT TO HIM. HE SIPS IT SLOWLY.

WOODY

(SCRATCHING HIS HEAD.) What's wrong with Carla?

THE STRANGER BEGINNING TO COUGH LOUDLY, THEN HE GAGS, THEN HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR, TWITCHING VIOLENTLY, AND GASPING FOR AIR.

NORM

Sam, I believe you have a complaint over there (HE SITS



UP AND POINTS TO THE MAN IN TROUBLE.)

SAM JUMPS OVER THE BAR AND ATTENDS TO THE MAN

SAM

Woody! Call 911!

WOODY

(PICKING UP THE PHONE.) Right now, Sam. (DIALS.)

CLIFF

(NERVOUSLY SHOUTS.) Is there a doctor in the house?

FRASIER PULLS ANXIOUSLY PULLS AT HIS TIE, BUT REMAINS SEATED.

DISSOLVE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT I

B

INT. BAR - SAME EVENING, SECONDS LATER

LEANING OVER THE STRICKEN MAN, SAM IS UNSURE AS TO WHAT TO DO. HE LOOSENS THE MAN'S TIE. SAM ALSO TAKES OFF HIS BAR APRON, BUNDLES IT UP, AND GENTLY PLACES IT UNDER HIS HEAD. EVERYBODY, EXCEPT FRASIER, GATHERS AROUND THE SICK MAN. SAM MOTIONS THEM ALL TO GET AWAY. THE MAN SEEMS TO BE RESTING CALMLY NOW.

SAM

Hey, everybody get back! Please let this poor man  
get some air.

NORM

Sure, sure. (WALKS BACK TO HIS SEAT.) The fun's  
over.

CLIFF

I hate it when they say that

NORM

Say what?

CLIFF

I hate it when this is happening in a movie, and the  
guy says, "get back, give the poor slob some air."

It's a proven fact that that just isn't true.

NORM

(SITTING DOWN.) How's that?

CLIFF

It's a scientific fact that in any given square  
foot of atmosphere on the surface of this planet,  
there's the same amount of air, and if anyone breathes  
some up, some more comes right on in from one of the  
neighboring square feet.

NORM

I'm glad you set the record straight, Dr. Claven.

CLIFF

Speaking of doctors, isn't Frasier over there one?

NORM

One what?

CLIFF

One doctor.

NORM

Yeah. (TO FRASIER.) Why don't you go over there and give Sam a hand. (PAUSE) I think he could use a consultant.

CLIFF

Especially one with a medical degree.

FRASIER

Look, guys, I'm a shrink, not a real doctor.

CLIFF

Look, in this situation, one quack is as good as the next one.

FRASIER

Thanks for the vote of no confidence, but, well, Sam seems to be doing just fine.

SAM STANDS UP, WRINGING HIS HANDS.

SAM

Oh, God, what can we do? This man is going to die! Isn't there someone here who knows what to do?

CLIFF

(STARING AT FRASIER.) As you were saying?

REBECCA COMES OUT OF HER OFFICE, LOOKS AT THE COMMOTION ON THE BARROOM FLOOR, AND WALKS QUICKLY TO SAM. CARLA APPROACHES.

REBECCA

(TO SAM.) What is the meaning of this?

CARLA

(EXCITEDLY) That man's dying, you can tell me the meaning of life and death later. Do something about it; you're the boss.

REBECCA

(TO SAM.) What is this troll-ette trying to say?

SAM IS UPSET AND VERY NERVOUS.

SAM

I don't know. (POINTING TO THE MAN ON THE FLOOR.)  
He was just drinking some beer, and then he was on the floor, jumping around and acting like he's dying

CARLA

(TO REBECCA) Yeah, one sip of your new, cheaper than cheap swill on tap, and he's out like a light.

WOODY

Oh, no Carla, I think he was having the regular

swill on tap, not the less filling lite swill on tap.

REBECCA

(SHOUTING.) No! Please spare me this drivel and tell me what is going on; there's a man in serious trouble on my floor. (PAUSE.) Has the ambulance been called?

WOODY

I called it as soon as it happened.

CARLA

What did you call it, Woody.

WOODY

(SLAPPING HIS FOREHEAD.) Oh, gosh! I forgot. Do you think they'll come?

CARLA

(ASIDE TO SAM.) I just love this. (TO WOODY.)

I don't know, maybe you should call them back and give the ambulance a name.

WOODY

Carla, I meant I forgot to tell them where we were.

SAM

It doesn't matter, they know where the 911 calls come from.

WOODY

That's amazing.

CLIFF

It the miracle of modern computers. They know where every phone call comes from in the city.

CARLA

(TO CLIFF) I don't believe it.

CLIFF

It's true.

CARLA

Then, how come they haven't caught you yet?

CLIFF

What?

NORM

Old Cliff makes those calls from the pay phone around the corner.

WOODY

What?

REBECCA

(TO WOODY) Back to reality, I'm glad you called 911

(TO SAM.) What really happened? And, is that man  
all right?

SAM

How the hell should I know, I'm not a doctor.

REBECCA

Not to say you haven't played doctor enough to at  
least get an honorary degree. (PAUSES.) Frasier  
is a psychiatrist.

SAM

That won't help him (POINTS TO THE MAN ON THE  
GROUND.) He isn't faking it.

REBECCA

And, neither are you, but Frasier had to get through  
medical school before he could become a psychiatrist.

NORM

(TO FRASIER) I knew you could help.

FRASIER

(NERVOUSLY.) I suppose I could take a look at the  
man, but it's been a long time since I saw a real  
sick person.



CARLA

How could you say that, Fraiser, look who you're  
sitting next to.

NORM AND CLIFF BOTH LOOK AT FRASIER, THEN THEY SLOWLY LOOK AT EACH OTHER. EACH OF THEM LOOKS AWAY FROM THE OTHER AND POINTS TO THE OTHER, MIMING A LAUGH.

CARLA

(TO FRASIER.) Look, Fraiser, come out of the weenie  
palace, and help this poor schmuck.

FRASIER

(STANDS UP.) I guess I could attend to him until  
the medics take him to the hospital.

REBECCA

I think the poor man would appreciate it.

CARLA

Where the hell is that ambulance?

SAM

That's a good question.

A WELL DRESSED, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ENTERS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR.

WOODY

Suzie! What are you doing here?

FRASIER WORKS ON THE MAN ON THE FLOOR.

SUZIE

The traffic out there is such a mess, I just  
got out of the cab and walked here.

SAM LOOKS AT SUZIE, AND BECOMES EVEN MORE NERVOUS.

SAM

Hi, Suzie.

SUZIE

(LOOKS AT SAM FOR A SECOND, THEN GRINS.) Sam!

I haven't seen you for a long time.

WOODY

(HAPPY.) You two know each other?

REBECCA

Why am I not surprised.

WOODY

Well, I am. Sam, you sure have a lot of nice  
friends in this town.

SAM

(EMBARRASSED.) Well, I guess I do.

SUZIE

Yeah, Sam and I go way back. (PAUSE) A major  
water main broke out there, and no traffic can

get through. My cab is still three blocks South of here.

CARLA

Traffic blocked?

SAM

Nothing moving?

REBECCA

The ambulance?

FRASIER

(LOOKING UP FROM THE MAN ON THE FLOOR.)      The ambulance? Is it here?

REBECCA

Not for a while?

FRASIER

Define a while for me. This man is in critical condition; his pulse is rapid and weak, his breathing is labored at best, and his eyes are dilated.

SAM

(TO WOODY, STILL BEHIND THE BAR.) Call the dispatcher back, and get an estimate on the ambulance.

WOODY DIALS AND SPEAKS TO THE DISPATCHER.

REBECCA

(TO FRASIER.) Is he going to die?

FRASIER

I really hate this sort of thing. (PAUSE)

I don't know, but it does not look good,

CARLA

Wouldn't he be better in the office, on the couch?

REBECCA

My office?

SAM

It used to be mine, and I would let him use it.

REBECCA

Even if he was sick with something you could catch?

SAM

Well. (PAUSE) He might be comfortable right there. You know, he might get injured worse if we moved him. (SAM STEPS BACK.)

WOODY HANGS UP THE PHONE.

SUZIE

(TO WOODY.) What is wrong with that man?

WOODY

Gee. I don't know. He seems pretty sick, though.

Frasier's the doc, let's ask him.

FRASIER

The doc wants to know when the ambulance is coming.

WOODY

Oh. They said it could be an hour or more. They are stuck in that traffic jam because of the water main.

REBECCA

Oh, great! What if he dies.

CARLA

Well, he won't be the first customer who bought the farm in here.

REBECCA

What are you talking about?

SAM

Yeah, I remember. (THINKS) There was that mobster in the thirties, right after the bar opened up again.

CARLA

Right! His ghost still comes back in here  
every July seventh.

REBECCA

Is that when he was shot?

CARLA

No. That was when they had free beer; after  
the Fourth of July holiday.

REBECCA

You're impossible!

SAM

No, it's true. There was a guy here in the fifties  
who was shot in the head by his wife.

REBECCA

Please don't tell me.

SAM

He haunts the steps out there every Valentine's  
day.

REBECCA

I told you to shut up. Consider that an order.

CARLA

Yeah, the guy was cheating on his wife, and killed

him with a glass.

REBECCA

(SHOUTING.) NO!

SAM

(NODS HIS HEAD.) That's right; a shot glass.

THE MAN ON THE FLOOR STARTS TO JERK.

FRASIER

I hate to cause you to miss any more wonderful  
punch lines, but I do believe this man is about  
to cease breathing.

SAM

What? Can you do something?

CLIFF AND NORM CAUTIOUSLY APPROACH THE SCENE

FRASIER

Yes. I'll have to perform a tracheotomy.

CARLA

What's that?

SUZIE

He's going to have to cut a breathing hole in  
the man's throat.

WOODY

How did you know that?

SAM

(REMEMBERS) Oh, right. (LOOKS AT SUZIE) You're  
a nurse.

SUZIE

Not any more; I got burned out some time ago.  
I'm an investment banker now.

WOODY

(TO SUZIE) Gee. I didn't know that.

FRASIER

(TO SUZIE) But you're still a nurse. Can you  
help me?

SUZIE

It always comes back to haunt me, but, yes, I'll  
help you.

WOODY

(TO HIMSELF.) Gosh, think you know someone, and then;  
boom.

SUZIE KNEELS OVER THE MAN ON THE FLOOR, KNEELING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF  
THE BODY FROM FRASIER.



SUZIE

(LOOKING AT FRASIER) Are you ready?

FRASIER

(SIGHS.) As much as I'll ever be.

SAM

(TO FRASIER.) What do you need?

NORM

Another beer.

CLIFF

A lot more beer.

FRASIER

I need a very sharp knife, a big straw, some  
clean rags, and some alcohol.

REBECCA

We have the alcohol.

CARLA

I'll get the towels from the back room.

CARLA LEAVES

WOODY

I've got a sharp knife here.

WOODY REACHES UNDER THE BAR AND PULLS OUT A KNIFE. HE HANDS IT TO  
SAM, WHO PASSES IT TO SUZIE.

FRASIER

(TO SUZIE.) Can you disinfect it?

SUZIE

Can I have the alcohol?

CARLA RETURNS

FRASIER

Give her the 150 proof rum; it'll be best for  
this.

REBECCA

(TO FRASIER) It'll go on your tab.

FRASIER

(TO REBECCA.) Always the humanitarian.

SUZIE CLEANS THE KNIFE AND HANDS IT TO FRASIER. CARLA HANDS SEVERAL TOWELS TO FRASIER. EVERYBODY LEANS AS FAR FORWARD AS THEY CAN TO GET A BETTER LOOK AT WHAT IS GOING ON. FRASIER BEGINS THE CUT.

NORM

That's disgusting. (HE STEPS BACK.)

CLIFF JUST STARES AT THE OPERATION.

FRASIER

I think that'll get air in him easier.

SUZIE

That wasn't too bad, but...

FRASIER

But what?

SAM

(TO SUZIE.) Frasier is a shrink, not a real doctor.

SUZIE

Oh, a psychiatrist.

FRASIER

(TO SUZIE) You say that like an excuse.

SUZIE

No. (APOLOGETICALLY) Not at all. I thought you practiced medicine.

FRASIER

(INSULTED.) I like to think I do.

SUZIE

(TURNING AWAY FROM FRASIER.) I'm sorry. I'm a bit rusty too, but we need to think of him. (SHE LOOKS AT THE MAN ON THE FLOOR.) What's wrong with him?

FRASIER

Perhaps a seizure, but I just don't know. Without the proper tests, and instruments, well, (PAUSE) I just don't know.

CARLA

(LEANING OVER THE MAN.) He looks like the dopers  
out on the street in the mornings.

REBECCA

Carla, that's not a nice thing to say. Look at  
him, he looks like a nice man.

CLIFF IS STILL STARING AT THE MAN. CARLA NOTICES CLIFF.

CARLA

What's wrong with Claven?

NORM

I don't know. He's been that way ever since Frasier  
cut that guy's throat.

SAM WALKS TO CLIFF AND POKES HIM IN HIS SIDE. CLIFF REMAINS MOTIONLESS.

SAM

(TO WOODY.) Hey, Woody. Come over here and help  
me with Cliff; he's frozen again.

WOODY WALKS TO CLIFF. HE AND SAM LIFT STILL STIFF CLIFF UP, CARRY HIM TO  
THE WALL, AND LEAN HIM AGAINST IT.

CARLA

You'd better prop him up better. When he comes to

he'll hurt himself.

SAM MOVES TWO CHAIRS NEXT TO CLIFF, ONE ON EACH SIDE OF HIM.

SAM

(TO WOODY.) Call the dispatcher back. Find out where that ambulance is.

WOODY

(PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS.) You bet, Sam.

SUZIE

(TO SAM) Gee, I was just going to come here and see Woody to kill some time while the traffic cleared up.

SAM

Well, more than time might die.

SUZIE

(SARCASTICALLY) Well, Sam, good seeing you again too.

SAM MOTIONS FOR SUZIE TO FOLLOW HIM TO THE SIDE, AWAY FROM THE BAR.

SAM

Are you and Woody just dating, (PAUSE) or are you, (NERVOUSLY) you know, REALLY dating?

SUZIE

(NERVOUS LAUGH.) Ha. What do you mean?

SAM

Woody's a good buddy of mine, and I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings.

SUZIE

How? (PAUSE) I don't understand?

SAM

(FLUSTERED.) You know, we used to have something going between us; it was really hot, and, well, I just don't want Woody to find out. (PAUSE) It might hurt his feelings.

SUZIE

(CONFUSED) You may have had something really hot, but it wasn't with me. (GIVES SAM A COLD LOOK.) Your motives are good, but you really should have your memory checked. (PAUSE) Real soon.

SUZIE WALKS AWAY FROM SAM, AND TO FRASIER. SAM REMAINS STILL, STARING AT SUZIE AS SHE WALKS AWAY.

REBECCA

Shouldn't we look in his wallet to see who he is?

CARLA

Yeah, Frasier could get his Blue Cross number right away, so he could file an early bird claim.

SAM WALKS TO FRASIER AND THE MAN ON THE FLOOR.

FRASIER

Very funny, Carla. But, that's not a bad idea.

SAM

Filing a claim so soon?

FRASIER

No. I meant looking in his wallet for some identification.

SUZIE

That's a better idea than you might think. He might have a doctor's name, or something to give us a clue as to what's wrong with him.

WOODY

(TO SUZIE) Gosh, you're real smart, Suzie. You thought of that, and Frasier didn't.

FRASIER

(TO WOODY.) Just wait until you have a nervous breakdown. (LAUGHS) We'll see who thinks of what first.

SAM

Frasier, just get his wallet.

FRASIER

Right you are.

FRASIER LOOKS IN THE MAN'S BACK POCKET.

FRASIER

Nothing there.

CARLA

Look in his inside coat pocket.

FRASIER

(LOOKS ANNOYED.) Why don't you?

CARLA

You're the doctor; you roll the sick people.

for a living.

FRASIER

None of you are much help, you know.

FRASIER LIFTS UP THE MAN'S COAT, AND EMPTIES HIS INSIDE POCKET. A WALLET, AND A BAG OF WHITE POWDER FALL TO THE FLOOR. EVERYONE STARES AT THE BAG.

CARLA

I told you what he looked like, and you laughed

at me.

FRASIER

Let's not jump to any conclusions.

SAM



Don't jump, but open the bag and check it out.

FRASIER OPENS THE BAG CAREFULLY, AND SNIFFS THE POWDER. HE DIPS HIS LITTLE FINGER INTO THE POWDER AND TASTES A SMALL BIT. HE WIPES HIS MOUTH OFF.

FRASIER

Cocaine.

REBECCA

Great! First a major medical emergency, then a drug bust.

SAM

Hey, Frasier.

FRASIER

What now?

SAM

See how that guy isn't flat on the ground?

FRASIER

So.

SAM

I have a hunch he's laying on a gun. (PAUSE) Why don't you turn him over and I'll take a look.

FRASIER ROLLS THE MAN HALF WAY OVER WHILE SAM REACHES UNDER THE MAN, AND PULLS OUT A REVOLVER.

DISSOLVE TO:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT II

C

INT. BAR - SAME AFTERNOON, MINUTES LATER.

SAM CARRYS THE GUN, BY THE TRIGGER GUARD, TO THE BAR AND GENTLY LAYS IT IN TOP OF THE BAR. CLIFF COMES TO, AND SHAKES HIMSELF BACK TO REALITY. CLIFF WALKS SLOWLY BACK TO HIS BAR STOOL, AND NOTICES THE GUN ON THE BAR. CLIFF BEGINS TO STUTTER, AND ACT UPSET.

CLIFF

Oh, oh, oh, oh. a gggggun.

NORM THROWS HIS HALF FULL GLASS OF BEER IN CLIFF'S FACE.

NORM

(LOOKING AROUND AT EVERYBODY ELSE.) Well, somebody had to do it. (PAUSE. LOOKS AT CLIFF) Hell, I used a perfectly good beer on you.

CARLA

(TO NORM.) If you even try to lick it off of him, I'll throw you both out.

CLIFF

(TO NORM.) Thanks, buddy. I needed that. (PAUSE)  
Now, how about giving me one in a glass this time?

NORM

(POINTING TO THE GUN ON THE BAR.) Shut up. We got that thing for you.

CLIFF

What is that thing doing there?

SAM

(STEPPING TO THE BAR.) That guy down there

(POINTING TO THE MAN ON THE FLOOR.) was carrying  
it.

REBECCA

Forget that, just call the cops and report it  
before they think we do drug deals here.

WOODY

(PICKING UP THE PHONE.) You bet Ms. Howe;  
drug deals here. (PAUSES WHILE HE THINKS.)  
Drug deals here?

SAM

No, Woody, we don't even like them to come in  
the place, that's why you're calling the police.

WOODY

Okay. (HE DIALS THE PHONE.)

REBECCA

(TO FRASIER, STILL ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO THE  
MAN.) Get his wallet, and get his name for  
the police.

FRASIER

Yeah, Yeah. All I do is fetch this, fetch that.

FRASIER PICKS UP THE WALLET AND LOOKS THROUGH IT.

FRASIER

Let's see. There's about four or five thousand  
in cash; two condoms; a house key, and a driver's  
license.

CARLA

Great! Now, hand the cash over to me.

CLIFF

(SHOUTS.) Drinks on the stranger down there!

NORM

Make mine a gallon.

SAM

(SHAKES HIS HEAD.) What's the name on the  
license?

FRASIER

William Henning. Nothing special about him.

He lives in a downtown apartment; at least  
that's what it says here. (HE POINTS TO THE  
LICENSE IN THE WALLET.)

REBECCA

Isn't there something else in the wallet?

CARLA

I think four or five grand's enough.

SAM

Forget it, Carla.

CARLA

(TO FRASIER.) You sure there isn't just one grand in the wallet?

FRASIER

No, Carla.

SUZIE

I'm getting nervous. What if the cops think that stuff belongs to one of us?

CLIFF

Couldn't belong to me. (PAUSE) Mom won't let me carry more than fifty dollars at one time.

NORM

Yeah, and how much coke will she let you carry at one time.

CLIFF

(POINTING TO THE BAG OF WHITE POWDER.) Not  
THAT much.

WOODY

I never did understand why people call it coke.  
I mean, that's not nice to the Coca Cola company.

CARLA

What do ya want them to call it? (PAUSE)  
Doctor Pepper?

FRASIER

A better name for it is doctor death. He almost  
died.

REBECCA

(GETTING UPSET.) Oh, great! That's all I needed to  
happen!

SAM

I take it you wouldn't want to say a few words  
over the body.

NORM

I think she already did.

REBECCA

(VERY UPSET) I can't take a stiff out here. I just  
can't cope with it anymore.

REBECCA WALKS QUICKLY TO THE OFFICE, AND SLAMS THE DOOR.

FRASIER

I don't know about you guys, but I'm going to  
leave that straight line alone.

SAM

Me too.

NORM

Ditto

CLIFF

What straight line?

WOODY

The one she walked into the office.

CLIFF

Oh. (PAUSE) Me too.

CARLA

(TO WOODY.) Did you get the cops?

WOODY

Yeah. They didn't seem too interested, though.

SAM

Why the hell not?



WOODY

They said if he was out cold and resting comfortably,  
he would get away, and they're busy directing traffic  
around the broken water main.

FRASIER

(STANDING UP.) I almost another one.

SAM

What?

FRASIER

(SAD AND ANGRY) Lost another one. (PAUSES WHILE  
EVERYONE LOOKS AT HIM.) That's right, I lost a few  
patients when I interned in the hospital.

SUZIE

So what. I lost a bunch too. Why do you think I got  
out of nursing. (PAUSE) It wasn't my fault, but  
it sure as hell is hard to think it wasn't.

FRASIER

But, you weren't a doctor.

SUZIE

(SHOUTING.) You self centered would-be god!  
you doctors are all alike!

SUZIE STORMS TO A TABLE AWAY FROM THE BAR AND SITS DOWN.

WOODY

Gosh, an even different side to my new girl.

FRASIER

(TO WOODY) Just where did you meet this hell-cat?

WOODY

She's in my acting class. She likes to try new things.

SAM

(TO HIMSELF.) And, forget old things.

WOODY

(TO SAM.) What?

SAM

Nothing. (PAUSE) What was she doing in the acting class?

WOODY

Playing a bush.

NORM

George, or Barbara?

WOODY

Mulberry.

SAM

Come again?

WOODY

She was supposed to play a mulberry bush in a skit about Goldilocks and the three bears. (PAUSE) The mulberry bush warned Goldilocks about the big bad bear in this version.

SAM

I afraid to ask what you played?

WOODY

Don't be.

SAM

(PAUSES FOR A FEW BEATS.) Okay, what did you play?

WOODY

A briar patch. (PAUSE) See, Sam, it wasn't that hard to ask.

NORM

I have to ask.

WOODY

See, it's contagious.

NORM

Why were you a briar patch?

WOODY

Because Goldilocks didn't marry the woodcutter.

She fell head over heels and...

NORM

(INTERRUPTING) Brace yourselves, folks, here it comes.

WOODY

Got stuck on me instead.

CARLA

So, I get it, the vegetation naturally became attracted to each other.

WOODY

(LAUGHS) Hey, I guess you're right, Carla.

FRASIER WALKS TO SUZIE'S TABLE AND SITS WITH HER.

CARLA

You know, Florence Nightingale over there's right.

SAM

About what? I got lost in the bush story.

CARLA

You dunce. The cops might think that gun and the white substance over there belongs to one of us, and not sleeping beauty down there.

SAM

No. (PAUSE) They wouldn't, would they?

NORM

(TO CARLA) So, what should we do?

CARLA

I was thinking about that. (PAUSE) We should either blame the whole thing on Claven over there or everybody leaves, and the cops get the budding CEO in her office for the whole thing.

CLIFF

I like the second idea better. (PAUSE) Maybe we can come up with a better one, though.

DISSOLVE TO:

D

INT. BAR - SAME EVENING, SAME TIME

FRASIER AND SUZIE ARE SEATED TOGETHER AT A TABLE AWAY FROM THE BAR. SAM, CARLA, NORM, WOODY AND CLIFF ARE AT THE BAR PLOTTING WHAT TO SAY TO THE POLICE.

FRASIER

I'm sorry about the nurse comment.

SUZIE

It was a doctor comment.

FRASIER

You're right. (PAUSE) I just wanted to apologize.

SUZIE

Okay. (PAUSE) You doctors are one reason I left the profession of nursing. We have just as much control over a patient's health as you do, but all we hear is that we are glorified bed-pan scrubbers.

FRASIER

I didn't say that.

SUZIE

You didn't have to.

FRASIER

I think a lot of doctors are a bit intimidated by the gravity of their position. I know I was. When I worked in the hospital, being responsible for split second life and death decisions made me feel all alone. Nurses weren't in that small raft, adrift, with me.

SUZIE

You're trying to apologize?

FRASIER

I am.

SUZIE

Look, you don't like being responsible for people dying, and neither do I. Let's be friends, and leave it at that. (PAUSE) You did a good job with that man, and that's the truth.

FRASIER

And so did you. You should consider returning to the profession.

SUZIE

I make ten times the money, I'm the boss, and nobody's life hangs on my actions.

FRASIER

(SMILES.) Enough said.

FRASIER AND SUZIE WALK BACK TO THE BAR.



DISSOLVE TO:

E

INT. BAR - SAME EVENING, SAME TIME

SAM, CARLA, NORM, WOODY, AND CLIFF ARE STILL IN THEIR DISCUSSION WHEN SUZIE AND FRASIER RETURN TO THE BAR.

SAM

(TO FRASIER.) What do you think?

FRASIER

(TO WOODY.) I think you have one hell of a new girlfriend, Woody.

WOODY

(TO SUZIE) Gosh, everybody knows you better than me. Maybe I should just ask everyone for a paragraph, and read up on you.

SUZIE

Don't be jealous; that's why I dumped Sam two years ago.

WOODY

You were dating Sam?

SUZIE

If you could call going out to dinner twice with a man who seemed to be dating all the females in

in Boston at the same time, a date, I guess I did.

SAM

(HE REMEMBERS AT LAST.) Oh, you're THAT Suzie.

SUZIE

(POINTS TO SAM.) See what I mean.

FRASIER

(TO WOODY.) Treat her good, she's a find.

WOODY

(GIVES SAM A SCOLDING LOOK, THEN LOOKS AT SUZIE)

I'll treat you better than Sam did.

SUZIE

I hope so; the IRS treats me better than he did,  
and I've been audited six times.

WOODY

Let's go to dinner upstairs.

WOODY AND SUZIE LEAVE AND GO UPSTAIRS.

CARLA

(TO SAM) Great Job, mister memory. (TO THE OTHERS)

Woody and his date are gone, and now Sam has an  
alibi; he can't remember anything. (PAUSE)

Where does that leave the rest of us?

SFX: A SIREN

CLIFF

Oh, golly, I hate to drink and run, but, well,

I have to

CLIFF STARTS TO LEAVE.

NORM

Sam has to run the bar, Frasier's got to take care of

the sick dope head, and Carla's Italian; I'm

outta here.

NORM STARTS TO LEAVE.

SAM

Wait just a damned minute.

THREE POLICEMEN ENTER THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR. CLIFF AND NORM ALMOST RUN INTO THEM. THEY STOP, AND NERVOUSLY RETURN TO THEIR SEATS.

POLICEMAN 1

Where is this sick man with the drugs and gun?

CARLA

Who's horizontal in this room?

ALL THE POLICEMEN LOOK DOWN.

POLICEMAN 1

Oh. (HE LOOKS CAREFULLY AT THE MAN'S FACE.)

I know that guy. That's Willy the Whiff.

We've been after that pusher for over six

months.

REBECCA WALKS OUT OF HER OFFICE.

FRASIER

Looks like Willy whiffed a bit too much of  
his own stuff.

POLICEMAN 2

It happens more often than you might imagine.

POLICEMAN 1

Where's the doctor; the one taking care of  
Willy?

REBECCA WALKS TO THE BAR.

FRASIER

(RAISES HIS HEAD, AND STICKS OUT HIS CHIN.)

That's me.

POLICEMAN 1

Can he talk?

TWO MEDICS ENTER, CARRYING A STRETCHER.

FRASIER

(TO THE POLICEMAN.) Not now, but he should be  
able to in a few hours. (TO THE MEDICS) Be  
careful of his breathing tube. Replace it  
carefully.

MEDIC 1

Why don't you go with us to the hospital, doc.

FRASIER

(SMILES.) Sure.

FRASIER AND THE MEDICS LEAVE WITH THE MAN ON THE STRETCHER.

POLICEMAN 1

Okay, who's in charge here. I need to start taking statements.

CLIFF POINTS TO REBECCA

REBECCA

Cliff has always been my favorite.

CLIFF

(IN A BIT OF A PANIC, TO REBECCA) The decision was, it was either you or me.

REBECCA

(CONFUSED) What decision, you or me what?

CLIFF

Just go with me on this; trust me.

REBECCA

Trust you?

CLIFF

(CLIFF WINKS AT REBECCA) You see, Sam forgot, and I  
have to go home and take care of my poor invalid  
mother, and Carla there's from another country, and  
Norm (PAUSE) I don't know what's wrong with him.

EVERYONE STARES AT CLIFF. CLIFF GETS EVEN MORE NERVOUS.

CARLA

(POINTS TO CLIFF.) That man's Willy's supplier.

EVERYONE NODS AND POINTS TO CLIFF.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT II