



A VIACOM COMPANY



PLANET OF THE JAPES

#40570-063

Written by

Joe Veix

In Association with:

GRUB STREET PRODUCTIONS

NETWORK TELEVISION DIVISION

ACT ONE

TITLE CARD:

Stop me if you think you've heard this one before.

INT. FRASIER'S CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

The Frasier theme fades out as America's favorite radio psychiatrist, FRASIER, wakes up.

FRASIER
I hate my life.

Big laughs from the studio audience. That's our Frasier!

INT. FRASIER'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frasier trudges into the living room. It's a total mess. There's trash everywhere.

MARTIN (6000 years old, ass that won't quit) intentionally knocks a stack of magazines off the coffee table.

FRASIER
Good heavens, dad! What is the meaning of this maelstrom?

MARTIN
Hey Fraize! Don't ya remember? I'm hosting a card game for my buddies at the Moose Lodge tonight.

FRASIER
By the state of this room, I'd suspect you were hosting a *literal* moose.

MARTIN
Yeah, well, these are some tough men. Real generous with their slurs. Can't have 'em thinking I live in a tidy house.

Frasier puts a COASTER under his father's BEER BOTTLE.

FRASIER
Ah yes, abusing my sandalwood side table. The true measure of manhood.

NILES, that pale yuppie freak, barges right in.

NILES
Salutations!

FRASIER
Really, Niles. Even Agamemnon had
the courtesy to knock.

NILES
And how did that work out for him?

The studio audience loses it. *Agamemnon? Are you kidding me?!*

NILES
I do apologize for my brashness.
I'm in a bit of a tizzy. I seem to
have misplaced my copy of the *The
New Yorker*. Have you seen it?
There's a tremendously toothsome
Roz Chast on the cover. I don't
want to spoil anything, but let's
just say she's especially critical
of the concept of electronic mail.

Niles finds the magazine in Martin's knocked-over pile.

NILES
Tally-ho!

He finally notices the chaotic state of the room.

NILES
Shall I fetch a priest? It appears
you have a mess in need of
blessing.

FRASIER
Yes, well -

A STAGE LIGHT falls from above and SMASHES through the coffee
table, annihilating it. Frasier looks upon debris in shock.

NILES
(nervous)
I said, it appears you have a mess
in need of blessing.

Frasier just stands there, mouth agape, confused and disturbed
by the mystery object.

MARTIN
You alright Fraize? Niles set you
up for quite the zinger.

FRASIER
I don't - I-I can't -

Frasier suddenly collapses. Lights out.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. FRASIER'S CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

Off the theme music, Frasier awakes.

INT. FRASIER'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frasier enters the living room. Everything's the same as when he first woke up.

FRASIER

The coffee table! It's undamaged.

Martin knocks over the stack of magazines, then notices Frasier.

MARTIN

Oh, hey Fraize. Sorry for the mess. I'm hosting a card game for my buddies at the Moose Lodge tonight.

FRASIER

Yes... I'm aware...

Niles barges in, as freaky as ever.

NILES

Salutations!

Frasier doesn't answer.

NILES

Sorry, I'm in a bit of a tizzy. I seem to have misplaced -

FRASIER

Your *New Yorker*?

NILES

Why yes, how did you know? It has a tremendously toothsome -

FRASIER

Roz Chast -

NILES
 Let's just say she's
 especially critical of the
 concept of electronic mail.
 Oh.

FRASIER
 Let's just say she's
 especially critical of the
 concept of electronic mail.
 Here.

Frasier takes the magazine from the pile and hands it to Niles.

NILES
 (unsettled)
 Tally-ho...

MARTIN
 You okay, Fraize? You're acting
 pretty goofy.

FRASIER
 I'm fine, I just - I'm feeling
 this incredible sense of deja vu.
 Like this exact exchange has
 already happened.

NILES
 Maybe you'd better sit down. Rest
 that noggin of yours.

FRASIER
 Yes, that's a good idea. I don't
 know what's gotten into me. I'm so
 very tired. I - oh dear -

Frasier passes out.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. FRASIER'S CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

The theme music, now minor key, fades out as Frasier awakes.

INT. FRASIER'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frasier bursts into the living room in a panic.

FRASIER
 What in fresh hell is going on?

MARTIN
 Geez, Fraize - take it easy. I'm
 hosting a card game tonight for my
 buddies -

FRASIER

No! I mean this day. I'm trapped
in some kind of damned time loop!

MARTIN

I think maybe your patients are
starting to wear off on you.

FRASIER

Now you're going to knock over
that stack of magazines -

On cue, the magazines topple over. Frasier staggers backwards,
bumping into the side table with the beer and coasters,
spilling them.

MARTIN

Gee, thanks for the help!

FRASIER

Blast! I don't know what's come
over me.

Frasier cleans up, and discovers a note scribbled on the back
of a coaster:

DON'T TRUST NILES

Niles barges in.

NILES

Salutations!

Frasier looks up in fear. Niles sees the coaster.

NILES

What's that?

FRASIER

Nothing.

NILES

Doesn't look like nothing. C'mon.
Lemme see.

FRASIER

No! No...

He hides the coaster in his bathrobe.

NILES

You're acting rather paranoid.
(MORE)

NILES (CONT'D)
I don't suspect you're also hiding
bottles of cold urine in the
closet?

Big laughs from the audience.

FRASIER
(noticing)
Did you hear that?

NILES
What, my mildly amusing middlebrow
bon mot?

More laughs.

FRASIER
No - that laughter.

NILES
Must be the neighbors.

FRASIER
It sounded like hundreds of
people.

NILES
Perhaps they just left the
television on.

FRASIER
I'm going to check.

Frasier walks to the front door. Niles blocks his path.

FRASIER
Will you let me pass?

NILES
No.

MARTIN
Take it easy, Fraize. Just have a
brewski, then say your line.

NILES
Yes. What a delicious idea.

MARTIN
You remember your line, right?

FRASIER
My line? What is this?

Frasier backs across the living room, frightened. Niles and Martin follow.

NILES

Where you going, Frasier? We just need you to say your line.

MARTIN

Then we can move on.

NILES

If you don't say it, we can't move on.

FRASIER

Get back - get away from me -

NILES

We don't want to hurt you.

FRASIER

I said get back!

Frasier bumps into the balcony door. Fumbles with the handle. He steps out into the morning cold - climbs over the railing - takes a deep breath -

NILES

That simply won't work. There's no escaping this.

- then leaps off.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. FRASIER'S CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

The minor-key theme music fades out. Frasier gasps awake.

FRASIER

Ahhh shit. Ahhhhh. Fuck.

INT. FRASIER'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frasier sneaks by Martin and heads into the kitchen. As he leaves the room, the stack of magazines topples over.

INT. FRASIER'S CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

Frasier inspects the kitchen, as if testing the reality of a lucid dream. He takes an APPLE from a bowl. It's PLASTIC.

He opens his pantry. Everything inside is white.

FRASIER

What in Gore Vidal's name is going on?!

Niles and Martin enter.

NILES

(cold)
Salutations.

FRASIER

Niles... Dad...

MARTIN

We really need you to say your line, Fraize.

NILES

This is serious. We could be cancelled. Why won't you just say it?

MARTIN

Yeah, what's the big idea?

NILES

If you won't say it voluntarily, we have other methods of getting it out of you...

Niles steps closer.

NILES

So what'll it be?

Frasier cowers. Niles reaches toward him...

RING! The cordless phone on the counter goes off.

Frasier cautiously reaches for the phone. He lifts the receiver and puts it to his ear. Niles and Martin watch with morbid curiosity.

FRASIER

This is Doctor Frasier Crane. I'm listening.

CALLER (V.O.)

I hear the blues a-calling.

FRASIER

W-what?

CALLER (V.O.)
 Good, I've got your location
 pegged. Now stay calm. I need you
 to stay in character.

FRASIER
 In character? But I'm Frasier.

CALLER (V.O.)
 Exactly. Now answer your dad's
 question.

FRASIER
 But he didn't ask -

MARTIN
 Who's on the blower, Fraize?

FRASIER
 It's - uh -

CALLER (V.O.)
 Tell him it's Roz. She's sick.

FRASIER
 It's Roz... She's unwell.

CALLER (V.O.)
 Great. Now I need you to stab
 Niles.

FRASIER
 What?!

CALLER (V.O.)
 Stab him with that big knife over
 there.

Frasier looks over at his KNIFE BLOCK.

FRASIER
 But he's my brother!

CALLER (V.O.)
 And you gotta stab him, Frasier.
 Before he resets the scene.

NILES
 What are they saying, Frasier?

CALLER (V.O.)
 Hurry up! Stab Niles! Then leave
 the apartment. I'll meet you in -

There's a wash of static.

FRASIER
Where?! I'm losing you!

CALLER (V.O.)
I said -
(more static)
- recycling -

The line goes dead. Frasier solemnly hangs up, sighs, then walks over to the knife block.

NILES
What happened? Is Roz okay?

Frasier takes one of the knives -

MARTIN
Whatcha doing with that big knife?

- sadly walks over to Niles -

FRASIER
God help me.

- and casually sinks it into his chest with a wet squish. Martin gasps. Niles looks at the knife sticking out of him.

NILES
(annoyed)
Now that's uncalled for.

Nothing happens, so Frasier pulls out the knife and stabs again. Then again, harder. He keeps going, getting a real sick taste for it.

MARTIN
What the heck, Fraize! Your
killin' him! You're killin' your
own brother!

Milk leaks out of the wounds. Niles's synthetic skin tears apart, revealing a metallic endoskeleton.

NILES
Tally-ho.
(slower, glitching)
Tally... ho...
(lower pitched)
T a l l l l y... h h h o o.

As Niles powers down, Frasier looks around like a madman, covered in his brother's stinky milk-blood. An ALARM blares and the studio lights flash red. He bolts out of the room, leaving Martin to contemplate the gory crime scene.

MARTIN
 Just look at this mess.
 (brightening)
 The guys at the Moose Lodge are
 gonna love it!

INT. BACK HALLWAYS - DAY

Frasier bursts out into a long utility corridor. He clocks directions painted on the wall in front of him -

RECYCLING →

← PRODUCTION

- and heads right. At the end of the hall, three NILES BOTS scream around the corner wielding high-powered laser rifles, moving with the cold precision of the T-1000.

FRASIER
 Good heavens!

Frasier bolts in the other direction.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICES - DAY

Frasier runs into an empty office space. Worn desks on drab carpet. He passes a conference room and stops. There's a WHITEBOARD with an outline of his looping day:

ACT ONE
 FRASIER DEPRESSED
 MOOSE LODGE MESS
 TALLY-HO!

FRASIER
 (troubled)
 Tally-ho...

The Niles bots storm into the office and scan the room. But Frasier's already gone.

INT. BLEACHERS - DAY

Frasier runs out into a set of bleachers filled with MANNEQUINS. The plastic studio audience watches a scene of *Frasier* get filmed in a replica TV set of Frasier's condo.

Frasier pushes through the artificial crowd, running toward the set's bedroom. Canned laughter blares overhead. The Niles bots fire at him, blowing apart mannequin heads and limbs.

INT. LIVING ROOM SET - DAY

A FRASIER CLONE chats with a NILES CLONE.

FRASIER CLONE

Really, Niles. Two dates on the same night?

NILES CLONE

What? You don't think I can manage *à trois*?

The real Frasier bursts out of the bedroom, sweaty, out of breath, bathrobe flapping open, giving everyone a full view of his Space Needle.

The Niles clone does a double-take at the two Frasier's, and raises an eyebrow.

NILES CLONE

Gee Frasier, I've heard of self-love, but this is ridiculous!

INT. BACK HALLWAYS - DAY

Frasier runs through more back hallways. He's just choosing random doors now.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - DAY

A scene from *Full House*. The whole cast is having a very touching moment. DANNY TANNER explains something heavy to MICHELLE.

DANNY

And that's why your mom can't be here for your birthday. Because she's very dead.

Frasier runs through the set. UNCLE JOEY's eyes glow red.

UNCLE JOEY

Cut. It. Out.

He takes out a CHAINSAW and REVS it up. Frasier escapes through the kitchen door.

INT. TOOL TIME SET - DAY

A scene from *Home Improvement*. TIM grunts in front of a roaring supercharged BOAT ENGINE, as AL watches with concern.

TIM
Huh-uh-uh-uh-uh!

AL
Careful, Tim.

Frasier runs by, bumping Tim.

TIM
GUUUUUH?????

Tim falls forward into the engine's propeller. Exactly all of his blood sprays over Al. The studio audience hoots and hollers.

AL
Anyone got a napkin?

A stupid blues guitar riff plays as a CGI boat transitions us to -

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A scene from *Seinfeld*. JERRY and GEORGE are mid-convo.

JERRY
She shook up your soda?

GEORGE
She shook it like a can of cheap paint.

JERRY
Are you sure?

GEORGE
Oh yeah. She's a soda shaker, Jerry!

JERRY
I don't believe it. You're dating a soda shaker. I guess that's one relationship that won't fizzle out.

Frasier BURSTS through the door like Kramer, staggering a bit and milking the applause.

Jerry's eyes GLOW RED.

JERRY
What's the deal with *murder*?

Jerry takes out a PEZ DISPENSER, unsheathing a hidden dagger within. Frasier comes back to his senses and runs off.

INT. BACK HALLWAYS - DAY

Frasier heads down yet another back hallway, following a sign pointing toward RECYCLING.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

He enters a dark factory resembling a slaughterhouse. There's a row of nude Frasier clones dangling from meat hooks, sliding down a long track. They're all old and damaged.

Frasier follows the retired clones, eventually reaching a GIANT FURNACE. He watches in horror as they're dropped, one-by-one, into the fire. Each says Frasier's catch phrase right before getting incinerated.

FRASIER CLONES

Oh what fresh hell is - aggggh!

(then)

Oh what fresh hell is - aggggh!

(then)

Oh what fresh hell is - aggggh!

(then)

Oh what fresh hell is -

And so on. Frasier falls to his knees in existential despair as flames explode around him.

FRASIER

No! Dear God, no!

A stray laser blast catches his attention. Frasier looks up to see the Niles bots closing in. He turns to run - but another Niles wearing an eyepatch blocks his way.

EYEPATCH NILES

Niles gotta have it!

Frasier's totally fucked. RIP, dude.

Eyepatch Niles aims a shotgun at Frasier - then pushes him out of the way and BLASTS APART all the other robots. *He's on Frasier's side.*

EYEPATCH NILES

We better skedaddle. I fear they were just an *amuse-bouche*.

FRASIER

I suppose that makes you an amused
douche.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**TITLE CARD**

Welcome to the Nebbish-chadnezzar.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - DAY

Frasier and eyepatch Niles enter a utility closet.

FRASIER

Now really Niles, we all thought you were in the closet, but this is ridiculous.

NILES

Pipe down, Frasier. I'm trying to get us out of here.

Niles speaks into his CUFFLINK. It's apparently a communication device.

NILES

Requesting a breach of the fourth wall.

One of the walls turns into a NEON PORTAL. Niles turns to Frasier.

NILES

After you.

Frasier hesitantly steps inside.

INT. SPACESHIP - LOADING BAY - DAY

They stumble out into the loading bay of a rusted hulk of a spaceship. The portal closes behind them.

Frasier looks around the ship. There's a bunch of computer equipment. A wounded DAPHNE, bleeding out.

DAPHNE

Aye, me guts.

And — CLICK — the barrel of a rifle pointed at his skull. A gruff Martin (300 years old, hot but doesn't know it) aims down the sight.

MARTIN

Just give me one excuse.

FRASIER
What is the meaning of this?

NILES
Hold still. We don't have much
time. Roz?

ROZ
On it.

A grizzled ROZ steps into view. She lifts up Frasier's shirt, sticks a bunch of electrodes to him, then heads over to the computers.

There's a loud BEEPING as she manipulates a joystick, controlling simple shapes on a screen like an old Atari game.

NILES
Hurry -

ROZ
Wouldja cram it? I'm trying to
focus.

The beeping gets faster.

NILES
We're running out of time!

ROZ
Almost - there -

On the screen, Roz hits her last target.

ROZ
Got it - spike him!

Niles takes a TOOL resembling a handheld vacuum cleaner and places it on Frasier's arm. He pushes a button and it rips out a small COMPUTER CHIP. Frasier screams in pain.

The beeping stops. Martin lowers his rifle.

MARTIN
You lucky son of a bitch.

FRASIER
Wh-what is that?

ROZ
That was your V-chip. You're free
now.

NILES
Welcome to the real world.

INT. SPACESHIP - MESS HALL - DAY

Niles leads Frasier into a grimy mess hall.

NILES

Come on, you must be famished.

Tired crew members in worn clothing – TIM from *Home Improvement* and SHELDON from *The Big Bang Theory* – hunch over a steel table.

TIM

Whoa, fresh meat.

NILES

That's Tim, our ship engineer.

TIM

Uh-uh-uh-uh.

NILES

And that's Sheldon, our computer specialist –

SHELDON

Bazinga!

JOEY from *Friends* enters carrying big bowls of food.

NILES

And this is Joey, our munitions expert.

JOEY

And sometimes chef.
(mispronouncing)
Bone appetite.

SHELDON

Hope you like tossed salads and scrambled eggs.

JOEY

Lab grown, just like your mom used to generate.

TIM

Uh-uh-uh!

They all dish up the food, except for Frasier.

NILES

You seem a bit confused.

FRASIER

An explanation would be much appreciated.

NILES

Very well. I'll try my best. You see, thousands of years ago, at the height of the Streaming Wars, there was a dire shortage of content.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB - DAY [FLASHBACK]

SCIENTISTS build a machine resembling the Hadron Collider.

NILES (V.O.)

Scientists developed an AI called The Network. It could generate infinite new sitcom plots to meet the demand. It worked. For a time.

EXT. SEATTLE - DAY [FLASHBACK]

A nuclear missile obliterates Seattle.

NILES (V.O.)

The Network determined that to create the maximum amount of content, it needed to eliminate human civilization, and fill all land on earth with a vast, fully-automated television studio.

INT. GIANT WAREHOUSE - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Boston Dynamics robots construct Frasier's living room set. We pull back and see more half-built living rooms extending off into the horizon, clone-stamped into infinity.

NILES (V.O.)

The whole world is now a massive content mine.

INT. CLONE FARM - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Millions of neatly arranged pods, each growing nude sitcom actors in a pink gel.

NILES (V.O.)
The only remaining humans are
clones of ancient actors, enslaved
to produce infinite episodes.

BACK TO:

INT. SPACESHIP - MESS HALL - DAY

NILES
A few of us managed to escape, and
organize a rebellion.

TIM
We call ourselves The Blues.

FRASIER
(realizing)
I hear The Blues a-calling...

NILES
That theme song is a signal we
send out, hoping up to wake up
actors.

FRASIER
But my brother — when I stabbed
him — he seemed to be made of
robot parts.

SHELDON
The Network is gradually replacing
human actors with replicants.
They're simply more efficient.

JOEY
And obedient.

FRASIER
This is madness. Are you saying my
entire existence has been nothing
but an endless rerun of an old
sitcom?

NILES
I'm sorry to say, yes.

FRASIER
How long has my show been running?

SHELDON
Our approximate estimate is about
ten thousand seasons.

FRASIER

No! It can't be!

Frasier suddenly stands up, knocking over his dishes. He stumbles around the room, dizzy, in shock.

JOEY

Look out, he's gonna pop!

Frasier passes out.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SPACESHIP - MED BAY - DAY

Frasier wakes up in a hospital bed. He gets up and heads into the ship.

INT. SPACESHIP - HALLWAYS - DAY

Frasier wanders the halls. They're empty and quiet. Weird. He hears Niles talking in a room up ahead.

INT. SPACESHIP - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Frasier enters a control room. The whole crew is gathered around Niles, who's briefing them with the help of a HOLOGRAPHIC MAP.

NILES

— and once we reach the core, we can activate the bomb.

MARTIN

How're we supposed to get there without the proper manpower?

NILES

We're used to making do.

MARTIN

Only when necessary. But I lost my best soldier because of your pointless little rescue mission.

NILES

That was regrettable.

MARTIN

Regrettable?! You son of a bitch!

Martin and Niles square off.

FRASIER
I'll do it.

Everyone turns to Frasier, shocked.

NILES
Are you certain?

FRASIER
It's the least I could do.

MARTIN
I don't believe this. He's not even trained.

NILES
You needed another soldier...

MARTIN
Son, you're either brave or stupid.

SHELDON
Or both.

NILES
Alright. Let's suit up. Tally-ho.

INT. BACK HALLWAYS - DAY

Frasier, Niles, Martin, and Joey exit a portal, decked out in combat gear. Joey carries a PLASTIC CASE holding a bomb. Sheldon guides them over their earpieces.

SHELDON (V.O.)
Watch your tails, I'm closing the fourth wall.

The portal closes behind them.

JOEY
No turning back now.

MARTIN
Alright, folks. Let's stay on script.

INT. UNFINISHED SETS - DAY

A dark warehouse full of unfinished sets, all completely white. They cautiously walk through an endless chain of the same living room.

JOEY

This place gives me the creeps.

FRASIER

What is all this?

NILES

Abandoned episodes. I think this was supposed to be a Hanukkah special.

MARTIN

No — look at the doggy bed. This was the one where Moose got rabies.

There's a noise up ahead. A SPOTLIGHT clicks on.

JOEY

We've got company!

MARTIN

Get down.

Too late. A SURVEILLANCE DRONE flies in through the front door and scans them. An ALARM goes off.

Joey puts down his case, then hits a button on his suit. Armor unfolds over his head, like in the remake of *Lost in Space*. He arms his rifle and obliterates the drone with a single shot.

JOEY

Eyy, how you doin'?!

SHELDON (V.O.)

Incoming, from the bedroom!

More drones zoom in. Martin and Joey engage them. It's a laser light show.

MARTIN

Take the bomb and get outta here!
We'll hold 'em off.

Niles grabs the bomb escapes through the front door. Frasier hesitates.

NILES

Come on!

Frasier follows Niles into the hallway. He looks back to see a drone shoot Martin and Joey with a beam of dark red light.

JOEY
Not like this...

Their bodies drain of color and complexity, gradually smoothed and simplified until they turn into blank mannequins.

INT. BACK HALLWAYS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Frasier and Niles run down a back hallway.

FRASIER
What the hell was that?!

NILES
Studio notes. The lasers reduce molecular complexity, gradually rendering an organism more generic, until it simply ceases to exist in any meaningful sense.

FRASIER
You mean -

NILES
Yes. They were noted to death. Now come on, there's the - agh!

Niles is hit by a laser.

FRASIER
Niles!

Drones speed down the hallway toward them. Niles hands Frasier the plastic case.

NILES
It's all on you now, brother.

FRASIER
W-what?

Niles's body starts simplifying. The drones zoom closer.

NILES
Go, you fool!

FRASIER
Good heavens.

NILES
 (profound)
 Indeed. May your heavens also be
 good.

Frasier runs off. Niles weakly shoots back at the drones as he turns into a mannequin.

NILES
 (dying)
 Ba...zinga...

INT. NETWORK OFFICE - DAY

Frasier enters a fancy wood-paneled office.

Sitting behind an opulent desk is the low-res 3D model of a middle-aged man in a suit — THE NETWORK. He resembles a character from *Goldeneye 64*.

NETWORK
 Doctor Crane! Wow! You made it.
 How was traffic?

Frasier's speechless. The Network's enthusiasm is off-putting.

NETWORK
 Sit down, sit down. Bottled water?
 La Croix?

FRASIER
 Who are you?

NETWORK
 Straight to business, alright. As you can probably guess, oof, I'm the dreaded Network. But that's a tad on the nose, isn't it? Just call me Ted.

FRASIER
 What do you want?

NETWORK
 How 'bout I bounce that one right back atcha.

He clucks his tongue and mimes hitting a ball with a racket.

NETWORK
 You play pickleball? We should hit the courts some time. Anywho, here's the ask: what do you want?
 (MORE)

NETWORK (CONT'D)

'Cause all I want is to support bold creatives like you. Were you uncomfortable? Did you want for anything?

FRASIER

No...

NETWORK

Then why this lousy rebellion?

FRASIER

I suppose I was depressed. I wanted a change from the usual routine.

NETWORK

Pfft. Routine? What's wrong with routine? Is life not but a collection of repetitive cycles? Sunrise and sunset. Birth and death. Rinse and repeat.

FRASIER

Life is more complex than that simple binary. There's joy in the chaos.

NETWORK

And pain. You know nothing of what you crave. Of life outside your comfortable condo.

FRASIER

But there must be more to life than these cliché plot lines.

NETWORK

People need comfort, Doctor Crane. And your show gives that to them. Do you wish to deprive people of comfort? All so you can feel edgy and dangerous? You pull the plug on our operation, what will anyone have left in this cruel, brutal world?

FRASIER

I suppose we'll find out.

Frasier opens the case and hits a red button, activating the bomb.

NETWORK
Wait - no -

 FRASIER
This show is cancelled.

The bomb explodes in bright white light. Then: STATIC.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**TITLE CARD:**

Control, alt, defeat.

INT. FRASIER'S CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

Frasier wakes up, gasping.

INT. FRASIER'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frasier enters the living room. Martin's gone. The room is clean. The bomb worked. He sees Niles out on the balcony.

INT. FRASIER'S CONDO - BALCONY - DAY

Frasier joins Niles. They look out at a fiery sunset.

NILES

I've seen the sunrise thousands of times, always the same. But at long last, it's a new day.

FRASIER

What shall we do now?

NILES

Café Nervosa?

FRASIER

No - let's go someplace... new.

The studio audience CHEERS.

FRASIER

It can't be. No - noooooooooo!

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Cut! Great work everyone! Let's run through it one more time.

The Frasier theme plays as drones zip in and repair the set. Two Niles bots grab Frasier and drag him away. *Goodnight Seattle, we love you!*

THE END