

THE FRAZER SMITH  
TELEVISION SHOW

OPENING      GRAPHIC CARD

MUSIC      THEME UP AND UNDER

RAMIREZ      READY ON ~~ONE~~<sup>ONE</sup>. READY TO SNEAK THEME.  
THEME PLAYING. FIFTEEN SECONDS TO AIR --  
FIFTEEN SECONDS. QUIET IN THE STUDIO!  
READY TO OPEN ANNOUNCE MIC AND CUE  
ANNOUNCER. OPEN ANNOUNCE MIC -- CUE  
ANNOUNCER!

ANNOUNCER      GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND  
WELCOME TO HOLLYWOOD, WHERE IT'S TIME  
NOW FOR AMERICA'S FAVORITE TELEVISION  
PROGRAM -- THE FRAZER SMITH TELEVISION  
SHOW!!

CUT TO

~~EXTREME CLOSE UP -- MODEL OF THE CITY, WITH HAND  
LIGHTING FIRE CRACKER AND BLOWING IT UP.~~

ANNOUNCER      AND NOW, HERE HE IS -- THE HARDEST  
WORKING MAN IN SHOW BUSINESS -- AND A  
CLOSE FRIEND OF MAJOR CELEBRITIES AROUND  
THE WORLD -- FRAZER SMITH!!

CUE

APPLAUSE      AT END OF "PANIC" CART.

CONTINUED

CAMERA: CUT TO DESK -- FULL SHOT

FRAZER: (ENTERS, UPSET, THROWING PAGES OF THE SCRIPT AROUND.)

~~WAIT!~~  
WAIT!

WHO WROTE THIS?  
GARBAGE?

WHERE ARE MY WRITERS? DID SPINKS WRITE THIS? FIRE HIM! NO, I MEAN IT, GONG THE SUCKER. TELL HIM TO GET HIS PLANE OUT OF MY SWIMMING POOL. ARE YOU KIDDING? PUT ME IN TOUCH WITH JOHNNY'S WRITERS -- THEY'RE GONNA BE NEEDING JOBS SOON.

AND

DOWN

PRETTY

(NOTICES CAMERA)

HELLO

AH,

RICARDO

OH, HI. I'M RICKY, WHERE'S OF COURSE FRED'S

HEAR SOME TO...

HOW YOU DOIN'?

FRED? NO -- I'M FRAZER SMITH, AND THIS IS

(ASIDE)

~~MY FIRST TELEVISION SHOW.~~ HAVE WE GOT THE SATELLITE HOOK-UP? GREAT. OKAY,

TONIGHT

WE'RE BEING SEEN BY BILLIONS OF PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD, AND THESE ~~YOUNG YONES~~ -- DIG IT,

~~THIS IS WHAT THEY WANTED ME TO DO:~~

HERE'S WHAT THEY WANT ME TO DO

'STEAL A PLANE, FLY TO PHILLY AND RUN OFF WITH JOE FRAZER'S WIFE. PRETEND YOU'RE

LEON SPINKS; DRIVE A HOT TUB INTO A MASSAGE PARLOR ---'... ~~THEY'RE TRYING TO~~

~~PORTRAY ME AS A MADMAN.~~ THEY MUST THINK I

HAVE NO CLASS AT ALL. ~~WHAT DO THEY THINK~~

~~I AM, A MADMAN?~~ DON'T ANSWER THAT, AL.

~~JUST REMEMBER, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GIVING.~~

FRAZER: (CONTINUED) STAGE DIRECTIONS, NOT STOOGES DIRECTIONS. GET <sup>THESE</sup> THOSE STOOGES OUT OF MY STUDIO. (THREE STOOGES RIFF) I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE TAKING ORDERS FROM SOMEONE WHO'S MAKING, WHAT, SEVENTEEN CENTS A DAY? I MEAN, REALLY <sup>MAN.</sup> THIS SCRIPT READS LIKE <sup>SOMEHOW</sup> "HELLO LARRY," <sup>HEA</sup> I'M <sup>A LITTLE</sup> MORE SUAVE THAN THIS. <sup>COME ON</sup> HAVE YOU FIRED SPINKS YET? ~~LET ME GIVE YOU AN EXAMPLE OF HOW THEY WANTED ME TO START THE SHOW.~~ <sup>HERE'S HOW THEY WANT ME TO OPEN THE SHOW.</sup>

(PRATFALL OVER DESK.)

STAGE: RING PHONE

FRAZER: (SCRAMBLES TO ANSWER THE PHONE)  
HELLO LARRY -- ~~I MEAN FREDDIE~~ -- I MEAN, OH JOHNNY! YEAH? HEY, LISTEN -- I CAN'T TALK RIGHT NOW, OKAY, CAUSE I'M RIGHT IN THE <sup>IT'S TIME FOR THE FIRST FRAZER SMITH TELEVISION SHOW.</sup> MIDDLE OF MY FIRST TELEVISION SHOW. <sup>WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T GET</sup> ~~DIG IT. OH, YOU DON'T GET CABLE THAT'S CABLE?~~  
~~COE~~ <sup>SURE--</sup> GO OVER TO RICKLE'S HOUSE AND CATCH IT. <sup>YOUR WIFE HAS A KEY.</sup> OKAY. YEAH, <sup>JOHNNY</sup> ~~HEY~~ -- GIVE MY REGARDS TO FREDDIE. CHOW.  
(FRAZER HANGS UP THE PHONE)  
WELL, WELL -- BACK ON BROADWAY. I MUST SAY WE ~~IS~~ CERTAINLY ---

FRAZER: WELL HERE HE IS, FRIENDS, ARRIVING WITH HIS USUAL POLICE ESCORT. MY GOOD FRIEND AND CO-HOST, ROBERT "CALL ME BOB" WRINGTAB!!

STAGE: APPLAUSE CART.

ROB: (BOWS TO AUDIENCE, FLOPS DOWN IN GUEST SEAT, GESTURING TOWARDS GUARDS. HE REMOVES A FLASK FROM HIS VEST, TAKES A HIT OFF OF IT.) <sup>SAY KARE</sup> "DID YOU GET THE ADDITION FOR CARSON'S JOB, OR WHAT?"

FRAZER: ~~IT'S IN THE MAIL.~~ WHAT'S HAPPENING, ~~BOB?~~ SOUL BROTHER

~~(ROB AND FRAZER GIVE EACH OTHER FIVE.)~~  
~~AND THEN KICK EACH OTHER~~  
WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN? BISQUIT BROTHER.

ROB: ~~DON'T ASK.~~ I'VE BEEN BOUNDING ON INSANITY.

FRAZER: ~~OH, OKAY.~~ WHO CARES.. YOU'VE BEEN GRADED TO THE TESTS

ROB: ~~NO~~ I JUST LEFT BIANCA. YEAH, FOR WHO?

FRAZER: ~~REALLY? WHERE'D YOU LEAVE HER?~~ ~~BIANCA~~ JAGGED -

ROB: ~~DOWN IN PUERTO RICO.~~ YOU'LL NEVER FIND HER IF LEFT HER DOWN IN PUERTO RICO.

FRAZER: ~~AND BOY ARE YOUR ARMS TIRED.~~

ROB: ~~THAT'S RIGHT!~~

(ROB TAKES ANOTHER HIT FROM THE FLASK)

FRAZER: ~~HEY -~~ ~~WELL,~~ THAT'S GOOD. I THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE YOU WERE GOING TO TELL US THAT YOU'D JUST FLOWN IN FROM THREE MILE ISLAND, AND B-B-B-B-B-BOY ARE YOUR ARMS TIRED!

ROB: YEAH, AND A LOT LONGER, TOO.

CONTINUED

~~LEON ->~~  
~~PLANE OUT OF POOL.~~

FRAZER: WHAT?

ROB: MY ARMS EACH GREW ABOUT A FOOT ON THREE  
MILE ISLAND, AND )

~~FRAZER: NO KIDDING!~~ FRAZER: AT LEAST YOU GOT  
WHAT YOU ORDERED.  
FRAZER: YEAH, I HAD TO HAVE ALL MY SUITS LET OUT.

FRAZER:  
ROB: → BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU HEARD THAT NEW  
DISCO SINGLE --

(SINGS AND DOES THE MONKEY)

-- "OUT ON THREE MILE ISLAND." IT'S HOT.

FRAZER: YEAH -- BUT NOT AS HOT AS THIS SHOW, ROB.  
(FRAZER PUTS THE BIG CIGAR IN HIS MOUTH  
AND PUTS HIS FEET ON THE DESK.)

ROB: (PULLS OUT A HOLLYWOOD REPORTER.)  
YEP. LOOKS LIKE CARSON'S OUT -- AND  
FRAZER'S IN.

FRAZER: WELL -- I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.

ROB: (SLAPS MAGAZINE)  
LOOK, CHRIST, SAYS IT RIGHT HERE. IT'S  
ALL OVER TOWN.

FRAZER: WELL-- THAT'S VERY FLATTERING, BUT LET'S  
JUST PUT IT THIS WAY --  
(LEANS BACK IN CHAIR)  
-- WE WILL BE ANSWERING OUR PHONES  
TONIGHT.

STAGE: RING PHONE

FRAZER: (FLIPS OVER BACKWARDS IN CHAIR. BOTH HE AND ROB SCRAMBLE FOR THE PHONE. FRAZER ANSWERS.)  
HELLO FRED! WHAT? OH -- IT'S YOU, BABY.  
NO, YOU DON'T SOUND LIKE A FRED. OH THERE IS. WELL, CERTAINLY, BRING IT ON OUT.

ROB: I TAKE IT THAT WASN'T SILVERMAN.

CINDY: (WALKS OUT WITH CHAMPAGNE)

FRAZER: NO, THAT WAS OUR OWN LOVELY AND TALENTED CYNTHIA LEE.

ROB: CINDY!  
(STARTS WHISTLING)

CINDY: (HANDS FRAZER THE CHAMPAGNE BUCKET, KISSES THE BOYS, AND SITS IN THE GUEST SEAT, AS ROB MOVES OVER TO THE COUCH.

CAMERA: TWO SHOT

ROB: (SLIPS OFF TO THE SIDE TO PREPARE FOR COMMERCIAL)

FRAZER: OH, CYNTHIA MY DARLING. HOW ARE YOU?

CINDY: FINE.

FRAZER: I CAN SEE THAT. SAY, WHO SENT US THIS?  
(READING FROM BOTTLE)  
'CONGRATULATIONS, BIG FRAZE -- GOOD LUCK ON THE NEW SHOW'. AND IT'S SIGNED FRANKIE. 'P.S. NOW THAT YOU'RE MAKING

CONTINUED

FRAZER: (CONT) THOUSANDS, STOP BY THE CASINO  
AND PAY OFF YOUR ---  
(FRAZER TEARS UP THE CARD)  
-- HA, HA. VERY FUNNY, FRANKIE.  
(FRAZER HANDS CINDY THE BUCKET)  
HERE, BABY. KEEP THIS OVER THERE. AND,  
-- OH. WE'VE GOT TO BREAK AWAY? HOKAY,  
RICKY. WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK TO THE FIRST  
FRAZER SMITH TELEVISION SHOW, AFTER THIS  
WORD FROM ROB, AND THE GOOD PEOPLE AT --  
-- BIG WIENER EXPLODING FRANKS  
-- SNIFFORA, PERUVIAN COFFEE CREAMER.<sup>OR</sup>

STAGE: COMMERCIAL CARD

MUSIC: BLITZKRIEG BOP - THE RAMONES *UP AND OUT*

ANNOUNCER: STAY TUNED FOR MORE OF THE FRAZER SMITH  
TELEVISION SHOW AFTER THIS IMPORTANT  
WORD!

ROB: (COMMERCIAL) (OUT CUE ---)  
DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT.

CAMERA: CUT TO DESK

FRAZER: (IS MAKING OUT WITH CINDY)  
OH, WE'RE BACK. GREAT! 'CAUSE IT'S TIME  
ONCE AGAIN, FRIENDS, FOR FRAZER SMITH  
POWER NEWS!

CONTINUED

STAGE: POWER NEWS TELETYPE CART <sup>UNDER</sup> -- GRAPHIC CARD  
NUMBER THREE

FRAZER: (READS POWER NEWS) (OUT CUE -- )  
THAT'S IT, FOR FRAZER SMITH POWER NEWS.

STAGE: GRAPHIC CARD #4; TELETYPE FADE OUT

CAMERA: CUT TO FRAZER AT DESK

ROB: MAN, SOME WILD THINGS HAPPENING AROUND  
THE GLOBE!

FRAZER: THERE CERTAINLY ARE, OLLIE, HUMPH. WELL,  
WHAT'S NEXT ON THE OLD FRAZER SMITH  
S-S-S-SHOW?

(CHECKS LINE-UP SHEET)

AH, YES, FRIENDS. IT'S TIME NOW TO HEAR  
FROM THE BAND. SO LET'S WELCOME BAND  
LEADER CRANK LARSON AND THE FABULOUS  
KILLER SHREW ORCHESTRA. HIT IT, BOYS!

MUSIC: CART SPACE JUNK -- DEVO

BANDLEADER: (PRETENDS TO LIP-SYNC AND PLAY ALL INSTRU-  
MENTS. COLLAPSES AFTER SONG.)

<sup>CART CONT</sup>  
~~STAGE:~~ APPLAUSE AT END OF SONG UP AND OUT

CAMERA: CUT TO FRAZER

FRAZER: (SECOND COMMERCIAL --  
-- ANIMAL KING FOOD MART OR  
--KILLER SHREW MOTORS.

CONTINUED



CAMERA: ~~CUT TO ROB IN GUEST CHAIR~~ <sup>ON</sup> <sup>COUCH</sup>

ROB: THANKS, FRAZE. AND, YA KNOW, FANS, SINCE THIS IS THE FIRST FRAZER SMITH TELEVISION SHOW - ON THIS NETWORK - WE'RE JUST HANGING OUT AT THIS POP STAND ONLY UNTIL WE CAN SLIP INTO A CERTAIN JOB AT NBC.

FRAZER: WHOA. EASY BIG FELLA. <sup>OPENING UP SOON</sup>

ROB: WELL ANYWAY, IT IS OUR FIRST SHOW, AND WE THOUGHT THIS WOULD BE A GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE PRESIDENT OF TOY DOG BROADCASTING, OUR PRODUCER AND FEARLESS LEADER - HERE - MARIO MAGLIARI, ON THE FRAZER SMITH TELEVISION SHOW.

MARIO: (ENTERS. CAST STANDS.)

FRAZER: GREETINGS, PAISANO. WELCOME TO THE FIRST SHOW. BELIEVE ME, IT'S A ~~DISTINCT~~ <sup>GREAT HONOR FOR ME TO</sup> ~~PLEASURE TO~~ <sup>CHANGE</sup>

MARIO: (LIGHTS CIGAR)  
YOU GUYS CALL THIS A TELEVISION SHOW?  
WHERE THE HELL ARE ALL THE GIRLS YOU PROMISED ME? BOY, THIS IS SOME OUTFIT, I'LL TELL YOU. (~~TO ROB~~) YOU'VE GOT THIS OLD DRUNK WORKING FOR YOU HERE (<sup>TO</sup> ~~ROB~~) HOW

CONTINUED

MARIO: (CONTINUED) YA DOING, FATS? <sup>(TO FRAZER)</sup> HE USED TO WORK FOR ME, YA KNOW. ONE NIGHT HE GOT SO DRUNK HE FELL DOWN FOURTEEN FLIGHTS OF STAIRS IN A TWO-STORY BUILDING. AWW, IT'S INCREDIBLE. I'LL TELL YA, I'VE PUT ALL THE BIG ONES IN BUSINESS WHERE THEY ARE TODAY. I'LL NEVER FORGET ONE TIME IN VEGAS ---

RAMIREZ: (INTERRUPTING)  
AH, EXCUSE ME, MISTER MAGLIARSKI. FRAZER -- HERE'S SOME COPY YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO READ BEFORE THE END OF THE SHOW.

FRAZER: THANKS, AL. FOLKS, THIS IS OUR FLOOR DIRECTOR, AL "THE KNIFE" RAMIREZ. MARIO, THIS IS AL.

(AL AND MARIO SHAKE HANDS)

RAMIREZ: (EXITS)

MARIO: I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD ~~PUERTO RICANS~~ <sup>RAMIREZ</sup> WORKING FOR YOU, FRAZE.

FRAZER: OH, YES, WE'RE AN EQUAL-OPPORTUNITY <sup>LOOK,</sup> EMPLOYER -- WE EVEN HIRED ROB. WELL I GUESS I BETTER DO THIS.

(STARTS TO READ FROM COPY)

FRAZER: WELL, I ---

WILEY: SAVE IT. LISTEN, I'VE GOT THIS GREAT  
NEW SCAM FIGURED OUT FOR YA. NOW, HERE'S

THE HUSTLE --- (REMEMBER THAT PHONEY  
ELEVATOR INSURANCE YOU SOLD  
THOSE PEOPLE IN  
SALT FLATS UTAH -  
OR HOW ABOUT  
THAT... )  
(WILEY AD LIBS ABOUT BIG MONEY)

MARIO: (STUNNED) (OFF, TO AL)  
MY WALLET'S MISSING, TOO!  
HEY I WANT THAT WATCH BACK, PAL. I'M GOING GONNA  
GET YOU!

ROB: (RESTRAINS MARIO WITH THE HELP OF CINDY)

FRAZER: QUICK, ROB --- OPEN THE CHAMPAGNE. CUE  
THE BAND!

MUSIC: NO FEELINGS --- THE SEX PISTOLS

ROB: (POPS CHAMPAGNE)

MARIO AND CINDY: (DANCE TO THE MUSIC)

FRAZER: (JUMPS UP ON DESK TO LIP SYNC TO SONG,  
WHILE WILEY CONTINUES TO RAP ON)

ANNOUNCER: WELL, THAT'S IT FOR THE FRAZER SMITH  
TELEVISION SHOW. BU SURE AND JOIN US  
NEXT TIME WHEN OUR GUESTS WILL BE

OF COURSE, ALL GUESTS OF THE FRAZER  
SMITH SHOW ARRIVE ~~COURTESY~~ <sup>CURSING</sup> OF THE LEON  
SOMETHING OF THE FRAZER SMITH STAY...  
SPINKS LIMBOSINE SERVICE\* SO UNTIL <sup>HE'S ON DANGEROUS  
DRUGS.. AND ARE  
TEMPORARILY EMPLOYED  
AT THE BIG SUNDAY  
MOTEL.</sup>  
THEN, THIS IS YOUR ANNOUNCER BIFF BOFF  
SAYING GOOD EVENING, AND DRIVE DANGEROUSLY.

STAGE: GRAPHIC CARD #1.

ANNOUNCER: THIS HAS BEEN A TOY DOG/~~BURT WIENER~~  
PRODUCTION.