

[10.19] Some Assembly Required

Some Assembly Required

Written by Patricia Breen
Directed by Wil Shriner

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Mum

Gertrude Moon has appeared in the following episodes:

[[7.24](#)] Something Borrowed, Someone Blue [2]
[[9.12](#)] Mother Load [1]
[[9.13](#)] Mother Load [2]
[[9.15](#)] The Proposal
[[9.23](#)] The Guilt Trippers
[[9.24](#)] Moons Over Seattle
[[10.1](#)] The Ring Cycle
[[10.5](#)] Tales From the Crypt
[[10.9](#)] Don't Go Breaking My Heart [3]
[[10.13](#)] Lilith Needs A Favor
[[10.14](#)] Daphne Does Dinner
[[10.16](#)] Fraternal Schwinn

Transcript {Kelly Dean Hansen}

Skyline: *The light atop the space needle glows.*

ACT I

[Scene 1 - A newly constructed home.
Frasier, Roz, and others are in work clothes. The house is decorated for its presentation to the new owners. The team leader addresses the volunteers.]

Leader: So, on behalf of myself, the volunteers, and especially the team from KACL [*Frasier and Roz give a quick enthusiastic cheer.*], I'd like to welcome you, the Grant family, to your new Habitat For Humanity house.

[*The group starts to cheer. Frasier interrupts.*]

Frasier: Uh, Ronnie, if I may...

[*We see the Grant family, husband, wife, and preteen daughter, for the first time. Mr. Grant is about to accept the welcome, but is interrupted by Frasier's speech.*]

Frasier: When my co-workers first signed me up for this project without my knowledge, I was, uh--well, I'll say it--irked. But I'm glad they did. Because I've had a chance to learn the pride

that comes when you build something with your own two hands. As carpenter's helper, I sanded that newel post out there. [We see the Grants becoming impatient at Frasier's speech.] As painter's helpers's assistant, I stirred the paint for the trim in the kitchen. I was also surprised to learn that electricians [looking at Roz] don't have helpers.

Roz: It's getting dark...

Frasier: Oh, right, right, of course. [to the Grants] Enjoy your new home. [handing keys to Mr. Grant] I know I did, and if ever these walls should tumble...keep an eye out for my Harvard class ring. Thank you.

Mr. Grant: It's hard to believe the house is finally ours. We can't thank everybody enough. Thank you.

[Everyone applauds. The group disperses.]

Roz: Are you sure you took enough credit for the house?

Frasier: I took just enough, Roz. It's not my fault I'm not licensed to use a plug-in tool.

Roz: Frasier, those guys... you don't need a... never mind.

[Frasier is somewhat confused. Fade out.]

[Scene 2 - Frasier's Apartment.

Daphne rushes in. Niles follows, carrying her equipment. Martin sits at the dining table.]

Daphne: I'm sorry I'm so late, Martin.

Martin: No problem, everything okay?

Daphne: [angrily] My mum is a mean, spiteful woman!

[Niles sets down the massage table, which Daphne then forcefully lifts and drops again, causing Niles to jump.]

Martin: Uh, maybe we should talk this out before you put your hands on me.

Niles: Daphne and her mom had a big fight this morning. Gertrude's been especially difficult to live with lately.

Daphne: Yeah, last night, she got the neighbor's cat drunk again.

Niles: [deadpan] One of them threw up in the hot tub.

Daphne: Well, I told her, we will not tolerate this inconsiderate behavior anymore. If she wants to be part of this household, she has to get off her lazy bum and help out around the house. How did I put it, Niles?

Niles: I couldn't hear you. I was in the panic room. But you looked very forceful on the monitor.

[During the previous exchange, Niles and Daphne have set up the portable massage table. Niles now lines it with towels.]

Daphne: Anyhow, she pinched me keys and drove off in a snit. Niles had to drive me over. Why I'm so mad I could break something!

[She abuses a towel, wringing it angrily. She then beats the table with the towel.]

Daphne: Are you ready, Martin?

Martin: Let's give it a few more minutes.

[Niles walks to the table and picks up a very small policeman's hat.]

Niles: What is this? Has Frasier been attempting the laundry again?

Martin: No, that's Eddie's. It's for a safety talk Eddie and I are

giving at Glenbrook Elementary.

Daphne: Sounds like fun.

Martin: Oh, yeah! We're replacing a talking parrot act. Officer Chirpy and Sergeant Bob. Dick Chirpy was one of the finest officers I ever served with. It's funny, you know, with a name like Chirpy, you'd think he'd be the parrot, but as I said before, he wasn't, he was the guy. The parrot being Bob.

Niles: That's fascinating. Dad, are you sure you want to do this? I spoke at a career day once. It was a disaster. All the taunting and yelling, I haven't been so... I haven't been so afraid of third graders since ninth grade.

Martin: Well, thanks for the warning, son, but Eddie and I will be fine. Hey! Would you like to see part of the act?

Daphne: We'd love to.

Martin: Oh, great. Take a seat. Come on, Eddie! Show time! [*Eddie trots in.*] Okay. Eddie, what should you do before you cross a street?

[*Eddie looks to the right and left.*]

Martin: That's right! Look both ways. How about if a stranger approaches you?

[*Eddie backs away, barks, and leaps on the couch, hiding behind Daphne.*]

Martin: Right again! Yell, and run to someone you trust.

[*Daphne and Niles warmly pet Eddie.*]

Martin: Okay. What about if you catch on fire?

[*Eddie jumps off the couch, pauses in front of Martin, drops to the ground, and rolls around.*]

Martin: That's right! Stop, drop, and roll! What do you think?

[*Frasier enters from the rear.*]

Daphne: I think the kids are going to love it.

Frasier: I see Dad's been showing you the act.

[*Eddie continues to writhe on the ground. Frasier walks to a desk, opens a drawer, and removes something. He attempts to close it, and it is stuck.*]

Frasier: Hmm. Darn. This drawer isn't closing properly. I'd better go get my tools and have a look at it.

Niles: You sure you know what you're doing?

Frasier: Niles, please. I built a house. I think I can handle a simple drawer. You know, it's probably the slidey thing. Or the drawer may have become warped. If that's the case, then she's going to need to be planed, sanded, and refitted.

[*Niles kneels and examines the drawer.*]

Niles: Or you could turn the stapler on its side.

[*He does this. The drawer smoothly slides shut.*]

Frasier: [*dryly, somewhat embarrassed*] I paid good money for an upright stapler.

[*Frasier turns the stapler back up and attempts to close the drawer, which sticks again. He walks back to the kitchen. Niles rolls his eyes. Fade out.*]

EVERYBODY'S GONNA FUNG SHUI TONIGHT

[Scene 3 - The newly built house. Frasier has just knocked, and is being welcomed by the Grants. He carries a mailbox decorated with a bow.]

Mr. Grant: Dr. Crane, it's great to see you! What are you doing here?

Frasier: Well, I was in the neighborhood, and I thought I'd stop by to see how you two are coming along, and I also wanted to drop off this--this little gift for you. I thought it would be perfect for the house.

Mr. Grant: Thank you very much, very generous.

Mrs. Grant: How lovely. Thank you.

Mr. Grant: Come in. Make yourself at home. Sorry for all the boxes.

Frasier: Oh, no, please don't apologize. You know, this is a beautiful print. [The framed print leans against the couch.]

Mrs. Grant: Oh, thank you. Actually, we've been debating about where to hang this.

Mr. Grant: I was thinking up on the wall.

[He indicates a wall to Frasier's right. Frasier is standing just inside the doorway.]

Frasier: Uh-huh. Well, that's an excellent place, but uh, however, it comes to my mind that actually if you hung it opposite the front door, it would be the first thing your guests see when they arrive.

Mrs. Grant: What a wonderful idea.

Frasier: Well, thank you. Eh, um, actually, if you don't mind a little suggestion--um, if you put the couch, say...

[Frasier pushes the couch to a different angle, causing the Grants to step back. The couch now faces two chairs.]

Frasier: ...like this, you see, you've got a lovely conversation area, as well as a clear view of the television.

Mrs. Grant: You really have a gift for this.

Frasier: Oh, gosh, it's hardly a gift. It's a knack perhaps, a--a flair at best.

Mrs. Grant: Wow. Wait until we tell people that our living room was decorated by Dr. Frasier Crane.

Frasier: Oh, please. Hardly decorated, but you know, if you'd like to sit down and sketch out a few ideas together, I'd be delighted.

Mrs. Grant: Seriously?

Frasier: Sure.

Mrs. Grant: Wow. Then I insist that you stay for dinner. [She picks up a box.]

Frasier: Well, how can I refuse? Here, let me take this for you. [He relieves her of the box.] You know, I had a lot of time to think about this space when I was watching the plaster dry. I was plaster watcher.

[They move back to the kitchen. Mr. Grant has a decidedly impatient and uncomfortable look on his face. Fade out.]

BLOOD IS THICKER THAN LATTE

[Scene 4 - Cafe Nervosa

Niles and Daphne are seated at a table. They are waited on by none other than Gertrude Moon, who is wearing a green Cafe Nervosa apron.]

Gertrude: Can I help you?

Daphne: Mum, what are you doing here?

Gertrude: Just following orders. Working myself ill, so I can contribute to Her Highness's household coffers.

Niles: I'm sure Daphne only meant to suggest that perhaps you might help out a little bit more at home.

Gertrude: "Contribute" is the word she shouted down from her high horse. But I'll be glad to "help out" with the wages I earn serving strangers with my arthritic hands. Now, how may I provide you with excellent service?

Niles: Well, uh, what would you recommend?

Gertrude: Not having children.

[She leaves the table.]

Daphne: *[extremely irritated]* What does she think she's doing?

Niles: I guess this is just her childish attempt to embarrass us. Working here, she's hoping we'll retreat in humiliation.

Daphne: I stopped being humiliated after she showed up in that Spring Break video.

[Martin enters in his uniform.]

Martin: Hello.

Niles: Hi, Dad.

Martin: *[taking a seat]* Well, it's been 60 years, but once again, I am the toast of the second grade.

Niles: Congratulations.

Daphne: So it went well, then?

Martin: Oh, the kids loved it! When it was over, they all ran out and gave me and Eddie big hugs.

Niles: *[moving away from Martin, closer to Daphne]* Well, Dad, then you might just want to consider having that uniform cleaned. Kids that age are always carrying germs. God knows what you picked up.

[He takes out a handkerchief and shields his mouth.]

Martin: Oh, I'm sure any germs on their hands were jarred loose by their wild applause. The principal asked us to come back and have an assembly for all the fourth graders.

Niles: Dad, good luck! It's well known that of the cruelest grades, ninth is third, seventh is second, and fourth is first!

[Martin makes a puzzled face at Niles. Gertrude again approaches.]

Gertrude: If you're not going to order, I'll have to ask you to leave this establishment.

Martin: Gert! You working here?

Gertrude: At Daphne's insistence. The blood is pooling in my feet, but at least I'm contributing to the palace's upkeep. Say, maybe I could sell some of that blood, and give my daughter her cut. Is that a good idea, Daphne? Should I sell my blood for you?

Daphne: *[deadpan]* No, Mum, you can keep your blood.

Gertrude: Did you hear that everyone? My daughter's letting me keep my blood!

[Martin immediately rises and exits. The other patrons applaud Gertrude's loud speech. Niles and Daphne rise to follow Martin as quickly as possible.]

Niles: Okay, that's nice. Maybe we'll go have coffee at home.

Gertrude: No tips. Nice.

[Niles and Daphne exit with as much dignity as they can preserve.
Fade out.]

[Scene 5 - Exterior of the Grant home.
Frasier knocks on the door.]

Mrs. Grant: [*flatly*] Frasier. Hi. What a surprise. [*She is clearly neither surprised nor pleased to see him.*] Honey, guess who's here again!

Mr. Grant: Whoa! Four times in one week.

Frasier: Hi, Chet. How do you like the sconces, huh?

Mr. Grant: Uh, good, good. I thought you had plans tonight.

Frasier: Well, I was just driving by and I noticed something rather alarming.

Mr. Grant: [*impatiently, feigning politeness*] What is it?

Frasier: It seems somebody has put a--a cow mailbox at the end of your driveway.

Mrs. Grant: That's ours. Chet put it up this morning.

Mr. Grant: If you want, we'd be happy to give you back the one you gave us.

Frasier: No, no, no, that's not necessary. It was a gift, and it was custom-painted to match the shutters--exactly the way I pictured it when this house was no more than a foundation. Now the cow is--is beautiful, but is it really the first impression you want to make? Remember, a mailbox is a house's handshake.

[*The Grants are nearing the end of their patience.*]

Mrs. Grant: [*deadpan*] We like the cow. It's cute.

Mr. Grant: Besides, we're thinking about replacing the shutters. Maybe put up some awnings.

Mrs. Grant: And a screen door. Wouldn't that be cozy?

Frasier: Gosh, I'm sorry. Everything's going so fast. I, uh--last night when I drove away from here, it seemed like we were all on the same page. Now it feels like we're working at cross-purposes. How do we feel about the accessories?

Mrs. Grant: They're okay.

Frasier: Okay? Last night, they were to die for!

Mrs. Grant: That doesn't sound like something I'd say.

Frasier: Well, I remember somebody saying it.

[*Mr. Grant is completely baffled and at a loss as to what to do to get rid of Frasier as politely as possible.*]

Frasier: Look, all right, let's, let's just try to calm down here. Marge, why don't you go serve up some of that world-famous apple pie of yours. We can all sit down and work this out.

Mr. Grant: [*gently pushing him out the door*] Thanks, Dr. Crane, you've been a big help, but I think that we can take it from here.

Frasier: Well, but surely...

Mrs. Grant: Good night, Dr. Crane!

[*The door is closed shut with Frasier on the outside. The Grants look at each other in relief and concern. Frasier, clearly agitated, places his hand on the door, quite reluctant to leave. Fade out.*]

END OF ACT I

ACT II

[Scene 6 - Backstage of an elementary school auditorium.
Niles and Martin walk in, but Martin is struggling and clearly not well.]

He is in uniform.]

Niles: Dad, this is crazy. If you're too sick to drive yourself here, you're too sick to give a safety talk.

Martin: [*sitting in a chair near a curtain*] I'll be fine. I just have to get over this dizziness. [*He swabs his face with tissues.*]

Principal: [*peeking around the curtain*] There you are, Mr. Crane. I was getting nervous.

Niles: Listen, my dad's not feeling well. I think it would be best if we canceled the assembly.

Principal: Are you kidding? If we cancel this thing, we'll have a riot on our hands. The teachers are expecting a free period.

Martin: The kids are looking forward to seeing the safety show. Eddie and I aren't going to let them down.

Niles: Okay, if you really think you can do this.

Martin: I can. [*He rises with great effort and exhales.*] And by the way, you're just as beautiful today as you were the day I married you.

Niles: Okay, I let that go the first time. Sit down. We're going to get him some ice water. We're going to keep him off his feet.

Principal: Okay, but you'll have to go on in his place.

Niles: Heh-heh. No, I can't do that.

Principal: Yes, you can. Safety is everyone's concern. And I can't guarantee yours if you don't.

[The principal exits to the stage and stands at the lectern. The hall is full of murmuring fourth graders.]

Principal: Quiet, quiet people, settle down. Gameboys off. Let's give a warm fourth-grade welcome to Officer Eddie and...friend.

[Niles ambles to the lectern uncomfortably. He is wearing Martin's hat. He leads Eddie, who is wearing his miniature hat. Eddie sits next to the lectern.]

Niles: [*enunciating loudly and unnaturally*] Hello, safety fans. I'm Citizen-Officer Niles, and this is my partner, Officer Eddie!

[There is no reaction. Niles becomes more uncomfortable.]

Niles: Okay. [*reading from a card*] Officer Eddie will now show us how to act in various dangerous situations. Say, Officer Eddie, can you show the kids what to do before they cross the street.

[Eddie, who has risen, simply sits again. The kids are bored.]

Niles: That's right, we wait for the signal. Okay, uh, Eddie, show the boys and girls what to do if they're lost.

[Eddie runs off the stage to Martin.]

Niles: Eddie? Come here boy, hey! [*giving up*] Children, I have a confession to make. I'm not a Citizen-Officer. I'm a psychiatric doctor specializing in marriage and family counseling.

[The kids start to boo loudly, yelling catcalls, "Get out of here!" etc.]

Niles: I know, I know. The point is... [*yelling to overcome the booing*] ...The point is that my father is an actual officer, and he'd be here today, except he got a nasty cold, probably from some careless youngsters at his last assembly--which brings

up a different, yet no less important kind of safety--hygiene!

[Niles grins stupidly. Martin reacts behind the curtain.]

Martin: Oh, geez.

Niles: I would like to introduce you to the first defense in the war against germs: Officer Pocket Square!

[He pulls out his ever-present handkerchief. The kids begin to laugh.]

Niles: Okay, okay. Maybe it's not *cool* to carry a handkerchief around anymore.

Kid: [yelling from the audience] It's not!

Niles: Is influenza cool? Is scarlet fever cool? Do you have any idea how many germs there are on just one finger? Yes, that finger, for example! [becoming passionate] It's *millions!* Or take simple dust. Do you know what dust is? It's the excretion of *mites!* Little bugs that are eating your skin right now! [He waves his finger at them.]

[Niles has taken on a menacing, warning tone, as if telling a scary Halloween story. The kids begin to warm to this.]

Principal: [backstage, to Martin] What the hell is he doing?

Martin: He's freaking me out, that's what he's doing.

[Fade out.]

[Scene 7 - Cafe Nervosa
Roz enters and meets Frasier at a table.]

Frasier: Oh, Roz, hey, come and join me. I'm in a bit of a pickle. I--I'm not sure the Grants are the right family for our house.

Roz: Who?

Frasier: The Grants--the people who moved into the house we built.

Roz: You went back there?

Frasier: Just a few times, yes, to try to share with them the principles of decor, room flow, general livability. Then they literally showed me the door. Yes, Roz, the very door I hung for them in the first place. Take a moment to digest the irony.

Roz: Frasier, what do you expect, it's *their* house.

Frasier: Yes, but I helped to build it.

Roz: Okay, untangling extension cords and stirring paint isn't exactly building a house.

Frasier: Oh, I know I didn't do much. The truth is I've never really been very handy. In elementary school, I made an ashtray for my dad. It caught fire.

Roz: Frasier, you did your part, but now you have to let go. Poor family. Probably think you're some rich arrogant guy who's bossing everyone around.

[A waiter brings their coffee.]

Frasier: Oh, Lord. Well, maybe I owe them an apology, Roz, I mean the last thing I want Marge and Chet to think of me is that I'm some sort of snob. [with disgust] Did I tell you they have a cow mailbox at the end of their driveway?

Roz: My mom has a cow mailbox.

Frasier: Well, sure, that's Wisconsin. The buckle on the bumpkin belt.

[Daphne enters.]

Daphne: Hey, you two.

Frasier: Oh, hi, Daph.

[Daphne walks to the counter.]

Daphne: A latte, please.

[Gertrude emerges from the back and approaches the counter.]

Gertrude: Daphne! Here it is. My first paycheck. *[She holds it up for Daphne to see.]* \$74.12 post tax. See, everybody! I'm helping out my well-to-do daughter with my pittance of a paycheck.

Daphne: *[playing along]* Thanks.

[She takes the paycheck. Gertrude doesn't seem to expect this.]

Gertrude: I suppose you're going to ask me to stop working here. Well, I don't care if you are embarrassed. I will contribute to the household like you told me, even if it kills me.

Daphne: *[giving the speech no heed and presenting the back of the check]* Sign here.

Gertrude: Right, then. *[She signs the check.]* I'll just work here till I keel over dead. Kindly set aside a few pennies from my pay for a nice casket.

Daphne: *[smiling]* Already taken care of.

[Daphne exits with her coffee. Gertrude is quite irritated that Daphne is not reacting as she expected. Fade out.]

*[Scene 8 - School auditorium
Niles continues his "presentation."]*

Niles: Four rodent hairs, and the head capsule of an adult grain beetle.

[The kids enthusiastically yell out "Ew!" etc., followed by various calls of "Chocolate! Milk! Meat! Cookies!"]

Niles: Okay, I heard chocolate, I'll take chocolate. Per 100 grams, the government allows an average of approximately 60 insect fragments and the odd rodent hair.

[Again, the kids enthusiastically react to being grossed out.]

Niles: But let's say you want to play it safe. Maybe drink a can of fruit juice. That's healthy... or is it? Well, sure... if your idea of healthy is approximately five fly eggs and a maggot! This is your government, people!

[Martin and the Principal are watching in horror. The kids react to Niles's last speech. The principal comes forward to bring things to a merciful close.]

Principal: All right, let's thank Dr. Crane for coming by today...

[The kids react with a chorus of "No's," as they have been enjoying Niles immensely.]

Principal: ...but I'm afraid we're out of time.

[The kids continue to shout "No!" and "Stay!"]

Principal: Okay, okay, one more, and then we have to say goodbye.

Niles: Well, I can't leave without mentioning our friend, the hot

dog. Or perhaps it should be called "hot parasitic cysts, insect fragments, general grit, and rodent droppings."
Thank you.

[The crowd of fourth-graders stands in unison and applauds Niles enthusiastically.]

Principal: Thank you, Dr. Crane, for that most enlightening talk, *[glaring at Niles]* and right before lunch. Everyone exit in a single line to the cafeteria, please.

[The crowd disperses. Martin approaches Niles, who gives him back his hat.]

Martin: Good job, Niles!

Niles: Thanks.

Martin: It was touch and go there for a while, but you came through with flying colors. Hey, quick thinking making up that stuff about the hot dogs.

Niles: Thanks, Dad, but, you know, I didn't make anything up.

Martin: I said it was okay to make up that stuff about the hot dogs, which I love and had for breakfast.

Niles: Yes, well, I guess I was faster on my feet than I knew.

[An African-American kid (James) approaches Niles.]

James: Excuse me, sir. I just wanted to say, you were great up there.

Niles: Thank you.

[Niles and Martin begin to leave. Niles than turns back to the kid.]

Niles: Hey, kid! *[He pulls out his packet of handkerchiefs, removes one, and tosses it to the kid.]* Here.

James: Wow! Thanks, Citizen-Officer Niles!

[Martin and Niles exit. Martin puts his arm around Niles, partly for support and partly out of pride. The kid follows. Fade out.]

[N.B.: This appears to be a reference to the 1970's Coke commercial where "Mean" Joe Green of the Steelers threw his jersey to an admiring young fan after a particularly inspiring game.]

*[Scene 9 - Exterior of the Grant house
Frasier and Roz approach the door.]*

Frasier: Thanks for coming along with me, Roz. I'm not sure they'd open the door if it was just me.

[Frasier knocks. The daughter (Sandy) opens the door, which is stopped by a chain.]

Sandy: It's him again!

Frasier: *[talking through the crack allowed by the chain]* I--I'm sorry to disturb you. You remember Roz.

Roz: *[making herself visible]* Hi!

[Mrs. Grant has come to the door. She is not pleased.]

Mrs. Grant: Hello.

Frasier: I--I just wanted to say how sorry I am for my behavior this last week. I've been intrusive and controlling. I lost sight of the fact that this is your home--to do with as you will, and I sincerely wish you all many years of happiness

in it.

Mr. Grant: *[who has approached]* Thank you.

Mrs. Grant: You care to come in? *[She closes the door and unlatches the chain.]*

Frasier: Oh, we'd be honored to be guests in your home.

[Frasier and Roz enter. The entire decor is now a "cow" motif. The couches have white covers with black Holstein spots. The curtains have the same pattern. It pervades everything. There are even prints of Holsteins on the wall.]

Frasier: Oh, look what you've done with the place!

[Frasier controls himself admirably and forces a smile.]

Mrs. Grant: Do you like it?

Roz: I think it's great. What do you think, Frasier?

[Frasier maintains his large smile and nods in mock approval.]

Mr. Grant: Would you like to take a tour?

Frasier: *[with great restraint and forced enthusiasm]* Mm-hmm!

[The Grants lead Frasier and Roz deeper in the house.]

Mr. Grant: We just finished repainting the den yesterday.

Roz: Oh, Frasier, you've got to see this.

Frasier: Oh? Oh... wow, that's purple! *[He smiles broadly and chuckles.]*

[Scene 10 - Time fade

Frasier and Roz are ready to leave the house.]

Roz: Thank you again for the tour. Your home is lovely.

Mr. Grant: We like it.

Mrs. Grant: It's the kind of home we've always dreamed of.

Frasier: *[barely maintaining his pasted-on grin]* Yes!

[Frasier turns quickly and exits. Roz follows.]

Roz: Good night.

Mr. Grant: Good night.

[Mr. Grant closes the door. Cut to Frasier and Roz on the porch.]

Roz: Frasier, I am very proud of you.

Frasier: *[sighing with relief]* I did it. I didn't criticize. I said nothing judgmental. I didn't say a single word about their horrible, horrible taste.

Roz: You were great.

Frasier: I finally did it! This was the ultimate test and I passed! I can finally let go. Good-bye, house. I release you.

[He turns to walk away, following Roz. Suddenly, he runs back to the porch. He begins to move a chair from the right side of the door.]

Roz: *[offstage]* They're going to call the police!

Frasier: Shut up! *[He places the chair on the other side of the door, under the window.]* It's better this way!

[Frasier looks back quickly to see if they saw him do this, then runs quickly after Roz. Fade out.]

Credits

The "nonflappable" male waiter who has been a fixture this season is clearing tables. Gertrude spies on one of his customers, who leaves a tip and exits. She quickly runs to the table and snatches the tip. The waiter catches her and beckons for her to give it to him. She does so, with disappointment at having been caught. He continues to beckon. She removes some more cash from her apron pockets and hands it over to him. He beckons once more. She reaches down her blouse and retrieves still more bills. He holds up his hand, indicating that she can keep them. She shrugs and puts the cash in her pocket.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Star

MILLICENT MARTIN as Gertrude Moon

Guest Starring

TIMOTHY CARHART as Mr. Grant
DALE DICKEY as Mrs. Grant
HOLMES OSBORNE as Principal

Co-Starring

JAMES OLIVER as James
WILLIAM TURNER as Kid #2
JORDAN LUND as Team Leader
MISHA HENSON as Sandy
HALEY DARWISH as Kid #1
ELIZABETH LIANG as Customer

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