

[10.7]Bristle While You Work

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Transcript {David Langley}

ACT ONE

Scene One - Café Nervosa

Fade in.

Roz and Frasier are drinking coffee at a table.

Roz: Well I suppose you looked in the classifieds under "Housekeepers"?

Frasier: Check.

Roz: And you asked people in your building...

Frasier: Check.

Roz: And you called the employment agencies?

Frasier: Again, check.

A waiter comes and slaps their check on the table.

Waiter: [snidely] I heard you the first time.

He stalks off.

Roz: Who thought it'd be so hard to get to find someone to clean your house?

Frasier: Well, over the years Daphne's managed to scour her way into our hearts, so to speak. And I just don't want to hire someone who's only in it for the money.

Roz: So you want to find someone who's in it for the joy of cleaning?

Gil Chesterton walks over to their table.

[N.B. This is Gil's first appearance after being absent through the whole of Season Nine.]

Gil: Ah, may I?

Frasier: Of course, Gil.

Roz: Take a load off.

He sits.

Gil: Oh, nice outfit, Roz. Somehow you and a peasant blouse just seem to go together.

Roz: [rising] Thanks. Haven't worn it for years. I mean, how long

can something stay in the closet?

She leaves.

Frasier: Say, uh, Gil, are you pleased with your housekeeper?

Gil: Oh, you mean Chung?

Frasier: Mm-hmm.

Gil: Oh yes, he's marvelous. He's efficient, he's dependable and he still hasn't figured out American money. Between you and me, I told him when they made Lincoln's picture bigger it was worth more.

Frasier: Very funny. Do you suppose that your Man Friday might be available on a Monday or a Tuesday?

Gil: You want to steal my Chung!

Frasier: No, no. Not steal him, just, just borrow him for a day or two a week until I can re-staff.

Gil: Oh, a dangerous notion, Frasier. You know how employees gossip about their benefactors.

Frasier: Well, I have nothing to hide.

Gil: Yes, but suppose while on your premises he lets something slip about me and Deb and our heart-shaped bed?

Frasier: I would refuse to believe him.

Gil: Did I mention he's a drug mule?

Frasier: Oh, he is not! You're just saying that because you don't want to help me out!

Gil: Oh, such insight. It's a pity more people don't listen to your show.

He gets up and leaves as Frasier sits, fuming.

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment

Fade in.

Frasier is escorting an applicant to the door. Martin and Daphne are on chairs.

Frasier: Thank you for coming, Mrs. Wilkins. Of course, we have several other candidates to interview, but I'll be sure to let you know by the twelfth.

She leaves and he closes the door behind her.

Frasier: ...of Never! Honestly, I'm beginning to wonder if we'll ever find anyone that meets our standards.

He sits on the couch.

Martin: You're being too picky. It's just housekeeping, not rocket science.

Daphne: I beg to differ. You don't even know half of what I used to do around here. Like dusting the plant leaves or rotating your underwear.

Martin: Excuse me?

Daphne: Every month I used to throw out your oldest pair and put in two new pairs. Did it ever occur to you that you didn't have to buy underwear in ten years?

Martin: Thought I got hold of a good batch.

Frasier: Now let's see, who is our front runner thus far?

Martin: Oh, I don't know, they're all the same to me.

Frasier: Honestly, Dad, I am starting to get the slightest bit chaffed with your attitude. You haven't even graded any of the candidates, you've simply doodled a war plane dropping bombs

on a soldier.

Martin: That's not a soldier.

The doorbell rings and Frasier goes to answer.

Frasier: Well, then why is he wearing a helmet?

Martin: It's not a helmet. It's someone with a big head!

Frasier gives him a dark look. He then opens the door to reveal the next applicant.

Frasier: Yes?

Trish: Hi, I'm Trish Haney, I'm here about the housekeeper job?
I'm really sorry I'm late.

Frasier: I had you down for over an hour ago.

Trish: I know. I got stuck in line waiting to buy tickets to the
Sonics game this weekend.

Martin perks up at this.

Martin: Really? Come on in!

Trish: I should have guessed everyone and his brother would want to
see Vince Carter play.

Martin: Not everybody. Or his brother.

Trish: Wow, this is a beautiful place. Here's my resumé.

Frasier: Thank you. Won't you be seated. I'm Dr. Frasier Crane, this
is my father Martin Crane and this is my sister-in-law Daphne
Crane. Now, I'll get right to the interview. First question:
What is the best way to combat rings on a wooden table?

Trish: Um, I heard you can rub mayonnaise on it.

Frasier: The best way is to provide coasters. An ounce of prevention
is worth a pound of cure.

Trish: [smiling] Started me out with a trick question. Right.

Martin: So, how do you think the Sonics will defend Carter?

Trish: Um, you have to have someone body up on him and then double
team when he gets the ball.

Martin: Thank you.

Daphne: Trish, if the washing machine has a twenty-five minute cycle,
and the dryer has a forty minute cycle, what time does the
second load have to go in the washer to be done by five
o'clock?

Trish: Uh, well, that's sixty-five minutes, so 3:55.

Daphne: You may want to take some time to think about these questions
before...

Frasier: Daphne, she's right.

Daphne: [taken aback] Well done.

Martin: Hey, I got a question: Can you clean a house?

Trish: Yes, and if I do say so myself, I'm pretty good.

Martin: Next question: Can you start Monday?

Frasier: [laughing] Well, we're getting just a bit ahead of ourselves.
We still have several people to meet.

He rises and leads Trish out.

Frasier: Thank you for coming by.

Trish: Oh, sure. That was the interview, huh? Two questions.

Frasier: Well, it was really more of a pre-screening. We'll be sure
to let you know.

Trish: Oh, just to let you know, I'll be out of town until the first.

Frasier: Fine, then I'll be sure to call you the second.

He closes the door after her.

Frasier: ...I lose my mind!

Martin: What? What was wrong with her?

Frasier: In the first place, she showed up late. She doesn't take the interview seriously, how can we expect her to take the job seriously?

Martin: Oh, you just don't like her because she's not all stuffy.

Daphne: She did seem a bit cheeky.

Martin: Which YOU never were.

Frasier: Well, I'm afraid so far our best candidate is the young man from Jeepers Sweepers.

Daphne gets up and starts cleaning the table.

Martin: I will move out if you hire that prancing moron.

Frasier: All right, fine. Who would you hire? This, this Trish, I suppose.

Martin: Well, I was right about Daphne. Doesn't that count for anything? You didn't even want to hire her, you thought she might steal.

Daphne looks up, incensed. Frasier looks guilty.

Daphne: Did you really say that?!

Frasier: Of course not! I don't remember.

He sits back down on the couch.

Martin: Well whoever gets hired is someone I'm gonna have to spend a lot of time with, and I don't need a lot of quiz questions and score sheets to get a feel for someone's character.

Daphne: Did I look like a thief? Was it me shifty eyes?

Martin: Look, if you don't trust my judgment, Frasier, just have the guts to say so.

Frasier: You know, all right, fine. You can hire whoever you want to. You want this Trish, fine, call her.

Martin: Right. I'll call her right now and tell her she's hired.

Daphne: And I'll tell her where you keep your valuables.

Frasier: Oh, would you give it a rest?!

FADE TO:

Scene Three - Café Nervosa

Fade in.

Roz is at a table, ordering, and Niles is just coming in.

Roz: Hey, Niles, have a seat.

Niles: Oh, thank you.

He sits.

Niles: [to waiter] I'll have my usual. Oh no, bottled water, room temperature.

The waiter heads off.

Roz: Gee, slow down, little man, what are we celebrating?

Niles: I can't drink anything that's too hot, I have a toothache.

Roz: Oh. You been to the dentist?

Niles: Yes. He said the tooth is perfectly healthy but I still have this throbbing pain. I think I may have to go to the doctor.

Roz: Oh, it's probably just a sinus infection. Have you had a cold lately?

Niles: Couple of weeks ago, yes, but I'm over it.

Roz: That's probably what it is, a sinus infection. Happens to me all the time.

The waiter brings their drinks.

Niles: In all likelihood, I'm sure you're right. Thank you.

Roz: Of course I'm right. What else could it be?

Niles: Actually a toothache can be referred pain from something else.

Roz: "Referred pain."

Niles: That's right. For example, if I had a heart condition, I might not have pain in my chest, I might have pain in my tooth. You see, referred pain. So while you're probably right about the sinus infection, let's not discount the one in ten thousand chance that it might be something more serious.

He opens his water.

Roz: Oh, now I get it. So the pain in my butt might actually be coming from across the table.

Niles: Something like that, yes. [*He glances at the bottle top.*] Oh look! I'm the winner of a fanny pack.

Roz: Congratulations.

Niles: Thank you.

Roz: You have no idea what it is, do you?

Niles: Not really, no.

She grabs the bottle.

Roz: Hey, look: it says here the odds of winning it are one in ten thousand. Ooh, spooky. Same odds as that toothache being a heart attack. Maybe it's a sign.

Niles: It's a good sign. By beating those odds once it makes it that much more unlikely that something so improbable can happen to me again.

A woman enters.

Woman: Niles!

Niles gets up, but it is not his wife. The woman crosses over to another table where a young man rises to greet her.

Other Niles: Hello, Daphne.

Niles stares at them as they sit, then slowly sits himself.

Niles: Okay, that's weird.

FADE TO:

**IN STREET JARGON,
HE'S KNOW AS "THE MARK"**

Scene Four - Frasier's Apartment

Fade in.

Martin is showing Trish around.

Martin: So, that's the grand tour.

Trish: Hard to know where to start. I don't have much time before I have to go.

Martin: What? You leavin' already?

Trish: Yeah, I have this lunch thing. I hope you don't mind.

Martin: Well...

Trish: The problem is, it's this friend that I've been putting off because I've been too busy, but now I finally don't have any excuse. We're gonna try that new rib place down in Bell Town.

Martin: Oh, I hear that's great.

Trish: Yeah, I can bring you back a great big bag of them. But enough chit chat, I've got dishes to do.

Martin: Hold on, can I offer a suggestion?

Trish: You're the boss.

Martin: What Daphne did was put a load of laundry in first and that way you can do two things at once.

Trish: Okay. Although I prefer to do laundry at the end of the day, and that way I can read when the clothes are in the dryer. I mean it's about the only "me time" I have on this job.

She heads for the bedrooms. Niles and Daphne come in the front.

Niles: Hey, Dad, ready for breakfast?

Martin: Well, thanks for the invite, but I can't go.

Niles: Well, we didn't invite you. You called us and badgered us until we rearranged our schedule.

Martin: Well, that was before Trish came. I really think I should hang around and show her the ropes.

Daphne: Maybe you should show her where the room freshener is. It smells like stale cigars in here.

She starts picking a few things up.

Martin: Yeah, I had some of the guys in last night for poker. Oh, hey! Niles, check this out. I've got a great new card trick.

He grabs a deck of cards.

Niles: [resigned] Oh, goody.

Martin: Yeah, it's called "The Amazing Niles." Or "The Amazing..." whoever you're doing the trick with. Like, if I was doing it with Daphne, it'd be "The Amazing Daphne." Or if I was doing it with Frasier, it'd be...

Niles: "The Amazing Frasier", yeah, I get it, Dad.

Martin: Yeah. That's just my patter.

He fans the cards and holds them out.

Martin: Okay, Amazing Niles, I want you to draw the ace of spades out of this deck.

Niles: [humoring him] Ah, something tells me that it's going to be this one right here.

He pulls a card then turns it over to show that it is the ace of spades.

Martin: Ladies and gentlemen, he drew the ace of spades!

Daphne: Amazing, Amazing Niles.

She picks a deck off of the table.

Martin: Isn't that a great trick?

Daphne: Hey, wait a minute. How come this deck only has aces of spades?

Martin: What? No, THIS is the trick...

He run through the cards in his hands, stunned.

Martin: Wait a minute, this isn't the trick deck. Holy cow!

Niles: What?

Martin: You just drew the card I asked you for. What are the odds?
I wonder if you can do it again.

He fans the cards out to an increasingly nervous Niles.

Niles: No, no. Only one performance a day.

He puts his fingers to his neck to check his pulse.

Daphne: Is something wrong?

Niles: What? No. You know, since we're not going to have breakfast,
maybe we should go.

Daphne: All right. That way we can pick up your car from the shop.

Martin: What happened to your car?

Niles: [*quietly*] Got struck by lightning.

They leave, Trish comes back into the living room.

Trish: Okay, washer's running as we speak. Anything else before I
go?

Martin: You're going to lunch now? It's only ten.

Trish: Already? Ugh, I guess the dishes'll have to wait. I've got
a couple of errands to run and then I have a hair appointment.

Martin: Trish, I'm a little surprised that you're takin' off like
this.

Trish: Yeah. I'm a little surprised too. I thought my first day
would be more like orientation, you know? Show me around,
explain my duties, and then I start work the next day.

Martin: Why would you think that?

Trish: It's been that way every other place I've worked. And I've
had a lot of jobs.

Martin: Well, listen Trish, I kinda went out on a limb for you and
I'll never hear the end of it from my son if you let me down.

Trish: Don't worry, you are not gonna regret hiring me. Tomorrow
morning, I'll be like the White Tornado. Remember those
commercials, the White Tornado? That'll be me, ten o'clock.

Martin: So, you're not comin' back after lunch?

Trish: Oh, trust me, you don't want me cleaning this place drunk.
And that reminds me, I don't work Mondays. Gosh, you know,
I better get going. If I'm late to this lunch, how's that
gonna look?

Martin: Well, what about the laundry?

Trish: Oh, ten o'clock tomorrow. Along with those ribs.

She leaves. Frasier comes in from his room.

Frasier: Well, I hear the washer going. I assume that means our new
employee is hard at it.

Martin: Oh, yeah, she's like the White Tornado.

Frasier: Dad, you know your basketball references go right over my
head. You know, she's certainly got her work cut out for
her, cleaning up this mess you and your buddies made last
night.

Martin: Well, you don't have to worry about it, she's all about the
work.

Frasier: Listen, Dad, I think I owe you an apology.

Martin: For what?

Frasier: Well, for thinking I was a better judge of people than you
are. I just want you to know that I do trust your judgment.
Maybe I don't say that often enough. Anyway, I hope you can

forgive me.

He heads for the door.

Martin: There's nothing to forgive, Son.

Frasier: Thanks, Dad. I'll see you later.

He leaves. Eddie comes in and jumps on the arm of Martin's chair, a toy in his mouth.

Martin: [getting up] Not now, boy. We've got an apartment to clean.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene One - Café Nervosa

Fade in.

Roz is sitting at the window table, reading a magazine. Niles comes in, looking desperate.

Roz: Hi, Niles. How's it goin'?

Niles: I'm as good as dead! [sitting] I've been doing research into my family health history: my great-uncle Timothy keeled over from a heart attack at my age.

As the waiter walks by, Niles grabs his arm.

Niles: [urgently] Bottled water. Please.

The waiter walks off, a disturbed look on his face.

Roz: Are you talking about that tooth again?

Niles: It's still throbbing, thank you! Which means my heart is probably on its last legs.

Roz: Come on, Niles, you said it was a one in a million chance.

Niles: One in ten thousand. And I've been beating those odds all week. I don't believe in omens, but these are getting harder and harder to ignore.

Roz: So are you.

She goes back to her magazine.

Niles: I flipped a coin seventeen times last night and every time it came up tails! I only stopped because I was getting a blister.

The waiter sets his water down.

Niles: Thank you.

Roz: How does Daphne put up with all this?

Niles: I haven't told her about it. Because, unlike you, she'd worry about me.

He opens his water.

Roz: Get your heart checked. And stop obsessing about it.

Niles: I'm going to. In all probability, there's a perfectly reasonable expla...

Glancing at the bottle cap, he drops it and pulls back with a gasp of

shock.

Roz: What?

Niles: I won another fanny pack!

He sits frozen as Roz checks the cap.

FADE TO:

Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment

Fade in.

Martin is mopping the floor just inside the front door, the phone pressed to his ear.

Martin: No, I'm not mad at you, Trish, I'm just a little disappointed. Well, yesterday was your neighbor's funeral and today you got the flu. No, I kinda believe you, but you know this apartment doesn't clean itself, so... huh? Okay. Tomorrow, nine sharp. Ten? Okay. I'll see you when you get here.

He hears the key in the lock and quickly puts the mop in the powder room. Frasier comes in, dropping his wet galoshes and struggling with his dripping umbrella.

Frasier: Oh, for God's sake!

Martin: Hey, careful there mister. You're gonna get water all over the clean floor.

Frasier: Well, maybe you can have Trish wax this floor tomorrow.

Martin: She already did. It took her two hours. And it just took you two seconds to mess it up and start complaining.

Frasier: Well I'm not complaining, Dad, but look at these streaks here. It's like she never waxed a floor before.

Martin: All you do is nag, nag, nag! Meanwhile she tried a new fabric softener on your sweater and you didn't even notice!

Frasier: Well, my sweaters are supposed to be dry-cleaned.

Martin: Oh.

Frasier: Oh, and remind me to say something to her about flipping my mattress.

Martin: What the hell are you trying to do, kill her?

Frasier: Easy, easy. Dad, there's no reason to get all riled up. My God, you're actually perspiring.

Martin: Well I just think some people around here don't realize how hard she works.

Frasier: Well, I'll say this much: the place does smell lemony fresh.

He walks off to his room.

Martin: That shows what you know. It's country breeze.

He grabs at some papers on the coffee table.

FADE TO:

Scene Three - Niles' Apartment

Fade in.

Daphne is straightening up in the living room. Niles comes down the stairs.

Niles: Daphne, I have to go out for a while.

Daphne: All right.

Niles: No place out of the ordinary, just... out.

He comes up behind her to give her a hug or a kiss.

Daphne: Okay. See you later.

She walks away to the other side of the room without looking at him. He gets his jacket. As he puts it on he begins thinking.

Niles: [voice over of thoughts] I can't believe this is happening. After all those misspent years of frustration and yearning, I finally find the fulfillment of my dreams only to have it snatched away. Look at her. She's so beautiful, so perfect. She deserves nothing but happiness. I hope, when I'm gone, she's able to make a life with someone else. After a suitable period of mourning, of course.

He collects his things and reaches for the door.

Daphne: Niles?

Niles: [emotionally] Yes, my love?

Daphne: [firmly] WHEN are you going to change the paper in the bottom of the bird cage, hmm? I've asked you three times already.

Niles: Soon as I get back.

She heads off.

Niles: [v.o.] Maybe when I'm gone, Her Majesty can muck out her own birdcage.

He leaves.

FADE TO:

Scene Four - Frasier's Apartment

Fade in.

Martin is in the kitchen, polishing the silverware and talking on the phone.

Martin: Hey, Fras, sorry to bother ya. Trish was wondering where you keep the silver polish. Right, I told her about that tarnish on your shrimp fork.

Reset to: the living room as he comes in.

Martin: She suggested a place you could keep it where the air won't get to it.

Frasier comes in the front, on his cell phone.

Frasier: Really. Perhaps she and I could have a discussion about that.

Martin: What are you doin' here?

Frasier: Well, my lunch cancelled, I thought I might drop by, see if you might like to join me for a bite.

Martin: Oh, sure, love to. Let me get my coat.

Frasier: Right, I'll just tell Trish that we're leaving. Where is she?

Martin: Oh, uh, she's in the powder room. Let's go.

Frasier: Actually, Dad, I'd rather wait. You see, I wanted to discuss a new vacuuming pattern with her.

Martin: Well, actually, Fras, this might not be a good time. That shrimp fork thing really set her off. She kinda went to pieces and locked herself in there.

Frasier: She did? I had no idea she was so fragile.

Martin: Well, she'll get over it. She just needs to be alone for a while, she'll be fine. [calling] Bye, Trish!

Frasier: No, no, Dad. You know, if I've hurt her feelings, then it

is incumbent upon me to apologize.

He crosses to the powder room.

Martin: Well...

Frasier knocks on the powder room door.

Frasier: Trish, it's Dr. Crane. Could you come out here, please?
I'd like to have a word with you.

Hearing nothing, he looks at Martin and spreads his hands.

Martin: The old silent treatment. Well, two can play that game.
Let's go.

Frasier: No, no, Dad, why don't you talk to her?

Martin: Oh, I don't think so.

Frasier: Please, Dad, she likes you. Please.

Martin: Uh, Trish? Hi, it's Marty. Listen, I know you're upset,
but I'd like to talk to you. Um, would you unlock the door?

He opens the door a very small amount and slips in, blocking Frasier's view.

Martin: Thatta girl.

He closes the door behind him. Frasier looks put off. Martin comes back out a moment later.

Martin: All right, you just take all the time you need.

He closes the door behind him.

Martin: She accepted your apology but she just wants to be alone
for a little while, so let's go.

Frasier: Dad, I really should apologize to her in person.

Martin: Well, I don't think this is the time.

Frasier: Why not?

Martin: Well, you have been pretty critical.

Frasier: Well, you know, I also think that she's made some real
improvements around here. Tell her that.

Martin, a little exasperated, goes back into the powder room. After a moment, he sticks his face back out the door.

Martin: She wants an example.

Frasier: How should I know? Make something up.

Martin: Oh, no wonder she's mad, you ungrateful sonofabitch!

He closes the door on Frasier's stunned look. A moment later, Trish comes in the front door. Frasier, looking perturbed, motions her to be silent. Martin comes out as Frasier rocks on his heels smugly.

Martin: All right, see you later. Well, now I think you made things
worse. It wouldn't surprise me if she didn't come in
tomorrow.

Noticing where Frasier is looking, he glances back. Looking guilty and without anything to say, he slowly sticks his head back into the powder room.

Martin: You didn't tell me you had a sister.

Frasier: Dad! All right, what the hell is going on?

Trish: No idea. I just came by for my paycheck.

Martin: Well, uh, I got some bad news about that, Trish. I'm sorry, but we're gonna have to let you go.

Trish: Oh. Okay, but you still owe me for the days I was supposed to be here last week.

He ushers her out.

Martin: Sure, sure. And there'll be a check in the mail sometime after the first.

He closes the door behind her.

Martin: ...asteroid hits Earth!

[N.B. Ana Gasteyer previously filmed an appearance as a physical therapist for [\[10.11\]](#), "Door Jam," but that episode wound up being shelved. It was reworked and aired three months after its originally scheduled October air date, without her subplot.]

FADE TO:

Scene Five - A Doctor's Office

Fade in.

Niles is waiting in a chair. The doctor comes in and stands behind his desk, holding a chart.

Niles: Okay, lay it on me. I'm prepared for the worst. Is it my heart?

Doctor: I'm afraid so.

Niles: Ah-ha!

It sinks in a moment.

Niles: What?

Doctor: There is an anomaly in your EKG. I'm gonna have to check you into the hospital.

Niles: Oh, uh, well, hmm. Uh, I guess I can clear my schedule. How's, how's tomorrow afternoon?

He fumbles in his pocket.

Doctor: No, no. Niles? You need to go right now.

Niles simply sits there, stunned.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

Credits:

Niles is still in the doctor's office. The doctor comes around and sits on the edge of the desk, going over the upcoming hospitalization with Niles, who nods his understanding. Niles begins to cough, and is unable to clear his throat. The doctor steps back and gets a bottle of water, holding it out to him. Seeing the fanny-pack contest label, Niles reels in shock, clutching his chest and checking his pulse.

[N.B. This tag was first shown on the prime time re-run of the episode. For it's original showing, the episode had a promo for "Rooms With a View" over the credits.]

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

ANA GASTEYER as Trish Haney

EDWARD HIBBERT as Gil Chesterton

JOSEPH KELL as Doctor

JAMES OLIVER as Barista

DOMINIC RAMBARAN as The Other Niles

ROBYN JOHANNA as The Other Daphne

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