

# [1.10]Oops

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Written by Denise Moss &  
Sy Dukane  
Directed by James Burrows

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## AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

### Nominated

EMMY

- **Outstanding Guest Actor in a Comedy Series:** John Glover
- 

## Transcript {john masson}

*Act One.*

### HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE

*Scene A: Café Nervosa.  
Frasier and Niles are there.*

**Niles:** So I just had to get out of the house. Maris's Junior League are rehearsing their spring musical - this year they're doing "Cats." The past week and a half I've been watching two dozen underweight, tightly-pulled woman in leotards crawling round the music room, meowing. I'm telling you Frasier, my allergies are acting up.

**Frasier:** Oh Niles, I think you're exaggerating.

**Niles:** No. No, really. You've no idea how vivid the experience is. As God is my judge, I swear, Mrs. Presley-Bismouth was scent-marking the divan.

**Frasier:** God, you'd think women of that age would choose more suitable material. Remember the last show they did, "The Sound Of Music"? My God, half the Von Trapp children were having hot flashes.

*Roz enters with "Chopper" Dave and Teddy, a technician.*

**Roz:** Hi, Frasier, Niles.

**Niles:** Let me guess. The wacky gang from the office?

**Frasier:** [making introductions] Everyone, this is my brother Niles. This is Teddy, one of our brilliant engineers..

**Teddy:** [*shaking hands*] Niles.

**Niles:** Teddy, my man!

**Frasier:** This is KACL's inimitable "Chopper" Dave. Your Eye in the Sky for traffic.

**Dave:** [*loudly*] NICE TO MEET YOU, NILES!

**Niles:** [*to Frasier*] Why is this man yelling?

**Dave:** Oh, was I yelling? Oh god, I was yelling again, wasn't I? I'm sorry, talking over the blades, you know? Whoomp-whoomp-whoomp-whoomp-whoomp-whoomp...

**Niles:** This has been kind of fun, ah, but I really have to go. I'm conducting a seminar on multiple personality disorders, and it takes me forever to fill out the name tags. [*leaves*]

**Frasier:** Well, KACL team, what is on the agenda for today?

**Roz:** Sit down and listen to this. I got a juicy piece of news, and it's reliable. Alan in Accounting got it from Steven in Promotions, who got it from Cindy in Retail Sales, who got it from Arlene, the station manager's secretary - that the station is definitely way over budget, and somebody's getting the ax. But don't tell anybody, I was sworn to secrecy.

**Frasier:** Roz, I'm ashamed of you! Gossip, gossip, gossip. Don't you know how destructive that can be? It does nothing but sully good people's names and create an atmosphere of suspicion and mistrust.

**Roz:** Oh, lighten up. Gossip is the lifeblood of the corporate world. If it wasn't for gossip, we wouldn't know any of the important things, like how much everybody makes.

**Frasier:** You know my salary?

**Dave:** NO-ONE'S SALARY'S A SECRET AROUND HERE.

*Bulldog enters, squeezing a pair of handgrips.*

**Bulldog:** Ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven...

**Teddy:** Hey, Bulldog. How's it going?

**Bulldog:** Great - ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred! - new high for me.

**Roz:** Squeezing or counting?

**Bulldog:** [*barks at Roz, then goes to counter*] Java to go.

**Dave:** YOU KNOW WHO I THINK'S GETTING DUMPED? FATHER MIKE FROM "RELIGION ON THE LINE."

**Roz:** No way. Station loves him. Just gave him a big bonus.

*Bulldog, still at the counter, starts going through his pockets.*

**Bulldog:** Hey, where's my tickets to the Sonics game? They were here just a second ago. [*hits the counter*] SOMEBODY STOLE MY TICKETS TO THE SONICS GAME! THIS STINKS! THIS IS TOTAL B.S! THIS IS... [*checks another pocket*] oh, got 'em. Got 'em.

**Roz:** Hey. You guys don't think it's Bulldog who's getting canned?

**Teddy:** Could be.

**Frasier:** Oh, no no no no. He's the station's highest-rated personality. I mean, with the exception of women thirty-five to fifty-four who happen to think that I'm... sort of a god.

**Teddy:** But he has been in that salary beef with management.

**Roz:** And I heard him screaming at business affairs for putting his expense account on hold.

**Dave:** OH YEAH, BULLDOG'S OUT!

*The others motion him to keep quiet as Bulldog walks past.*

**Bulldog:** Hey. Have you heard about my new gimmick for the show? If the Seahawks beat Buffalo this Sunday, I promise to do my entire show hanging by my feet.

**Frasier:** You can do that?

**Bulldog:** Oh, sure. Practiced all morning. The real trick is drinking coffee. I keep burning my eyes. Hey, Dave. Want my tickets to the Sonics Game tonight?

**Dave:** [takes them] THANKS! WHY AREN'T YOU GOING?

**Bulldog:** Ah, station manager wants to see me after work.

*He leaves.*

**Teddy/Dave/Roz:** Ooh...

**Frasier:** Oh people, people. You're jumping to conclusions. Show a little respect. Bulldog has devoted fifteen years of his life to radio. My own personal feelings aside, the man deserves better than to become the object of some scurrilous rumor that as yet hasn't a shred of truth to it.

**Roz:** Yeah. I suppose you're right.

**Frasier:** Yes, well... just in case, I've got dibs on his parking space.  
[leaves]

FADE OUT

### DID I DO THAT?

*Scene B: Radio Station.*

*Frasier is doing his show.*

**Roz:** Dr. Crane, we have Don on his car phone. He's having a problem with his weight.

**Frasier:** Don, it's a common problem. I'm listening.

**Don:** [v.o.] Ah, it's the screwiest thing, Doc. I eat healthy, I work out. But no matter what I do, I can't lose a pound, it's very depressing.

**Frasier:** Yes, well, losing weight can be a lifelong struggle. It takes a commitment. Now, if you're ready to accept that, there are a number of things I can suggest...

**Waitress:** [v.o., in background] May I take your order, please?

**Frasier:** Uh Don, what was that?

**Don:** Ah - oh, nothing. It was the radio. Go ahead, you were talking.

**Frasier:** Don...? Where are you?

**Don:** I'm just driving around.

**Waitress:** [v.o.] Hey, speak into the clown's mouth!

**Frasier:** Don...?

**Don:** Sorry, Dr. Crane. [imitates static] I'm going to lose you. I'm going into a tunnel. Goodbye! [hangs up]

**Frasier:** Yes, and the light at the end of that tunnel is a heat lamp over a large order of fries. We'll be right back after the news.

*He goes off the air.*

**Roz:** Hey Frasier, I've got to run up to payroll, be back in five.

**Frasier:** Okay.

*He steps into the corridor, where he meets Father Mike at the candy machine.*

**Frasier:** Oh, hi Father Mike.

**Mike:** Oh, hello Frasier.

**Frasier:** How you doing?

**Mike:** Say, I just heard a rumor that somebody 'round here is being let go. Do you know anything about that, because to tell you

the truth, I'm afraid it might be me.

**Frasier:** Oh Father, Father. You should better than to put any stock in idle office gossip.

**Mike:** I know, I know. But it's hard not to. My numbers have been down lately, they keep changing my timeslot. I'm really bummed!

**Frasier:** Well, listen Father. I don't like to engage in gossip, but you have nothing to worry about.

**Mike:** Yes? Why?

**Frasier:** Well, someone is being let go...

**Mike:** Oh?

**Frasier:** But ah, it's not you. It's Bulldog.

**Mike:** Bulldog? Oh, what a shame.

**Frasier:** Yes.

**Mike:** Has anybody spoken for his parking space?

**Frasier:** Well I have, yes.

*Frasier goes back into the booth to find that Bulldog has been standing behind the door, and has heard every word.*

**Bulldog:** So I'm a goner, huh?

**Frasier:** Bulldog. Well, how long have you been...?

**Bulldog:** Long enough to know I'm the one who's out. [*starts banging head on table*] I knew it, I knew it, I knew it! Damn it! Now I know why Ned Miller wants to see me after work. It's to can my butt. I mean, why else would he be willing to miss happy hour at El Paquito's? The man's a total boozier!

**Frasier:** Now, now now now now, Bulldog listen, this is just a rumor. You know how out of the loop I am.

**Bulldog:** Oh, yeah. And after all I've done for this lousy station, this is how they repay me? Well, that's it! Nobody fires Bob Briscoe! I'll quit first.

**Frasier:** Now, now now. Don't do anything rash. Now listen, I suggest you try to vent your anger first.

*Bulldog grabs the mike and rips it in two.*

**Frasier:** Well... there, way to go. Now, on your way.

**Bulldog:** You're damn right. [*he leaves, as Roz returns*]

**Roz:** Hey, Bulldog.

**Bulldog:** No time to talk, slim, I'm off to war!

*He exits, then dashes back in, grabs Roz, and gives her a deep kiss. Before she can resist, he lets her go.*

**Bulldog:** Wait for me.

*He dashes out.*

**Roz:** Oh! [*to Frasier*] What was that?

**Frasier:** Bulldog's quitting.

**Roz:** Why?

**Frasier:** Well, because Ned Miller is firing him.

**Roz:** Who told you that?

**Frasier:** You did.

**Roz:** That was just a rumor... You didn't tell him that, did you?!

**Frasier:** I didn't mean to, he overheard me.

**Roz:** Oh, God!

**Frasier:** What? Come on, you guys were so positive - the expense account thing, the meeting with management at five?

**Roz:** That meeting was to discuss taking his show national! Don't you know anything that goes on around here?!

**Frasier:** Apparently not!

**Roz:** Well, don't just stand there. Go call his secretary, she'll stop him before he gets in.

**Frasier:** I don't believe this, this is incredible, [*on phone*] Yes, hello, hello Arlene? Arlene, yes, listen. Bob Briscoe's about to jump into the office and... oh. [*replaces phone*] God, he's already burst into the office with Miller. Oh god, this is a disaster.

**Roz:** Maybe not, maybe not. Maybe before Bulldog starts anything Miller will tell him what the meeting was really about.

**Frasier:** Well I, I suppose you're right. For all we know they may be having a good laugh about this right now.

*Cut to station manager's point of view (shown through a fish-eye camera lens). Bulldog is in his face, telling him off. But instead of words, we hear dog-like barking and snarling.*

*Cut back to the booth.*

**Roz:** Grab that mike. We're out of the news in one minute.

*Bulldog returns.*

**Bulldog:** I did it! I scorched him! [*laughs maniacally*] You should have seen the look on his face. Oh, I even told him about the time his wife came on to me at the Christmas party. I said there wasn't enough liquor in the world to make me sleep with that porker!

**Frasier:** You said that to Ned Miller?

**Bulldog:** Yes! Yeah, he even took a swing at me. I gave him a little okey-doke and he hit air!

**Frasier:** My god, the man tried to strike you? Listen, Bulldog...

**Bulldog:** Hey, hey! No sudden moves, doc. I'm still too pumped. I feel like poppin' someone. [*he leaves*]

**Frasier:** My god, my god, this is unbelievable. [*to Roz*] A man has quit his job just because of a rumor that you spread!

**Roz:** Me?! The whole point of gossip is to talk behind the person's back, not in front of him. I didn't realize you were unclear on this concept!

**Frasier:** I'm a bad, bad man. [*hangs head in shame*]

**Roz:** Well Frasier, you have got to do something. You gotta call Ned Miller and get this whole thing cleared up.

**Frasier:** Oh, right. "Call Ned Miller, clear this thing up." The man is totally unstable, he tried to take a swing at me the day he hired me.

*Chopper Dave comes in, shouting as usual.*

**Dave:** OOH, JUST HEARD A HOT RUMOUR! BULLDOG QUIT!

**Frasier:** No kidding.

**Dave:** BUT KEEP IT UNDER YOUR HAT! VERY HUSH-HUSH! [*leaves*]

*End of Act One.*

*Act Two.*

## ONE DOG NIGHT

*Scene C: Frasier's Apartment.*

*Martin opens the door for Niles.*

**Martin:** Niles, what brings you here?

**Niles:** [*carrying a dead plant*] Well, I was hoping Daphne could take a

look at this plant. I bought it for Maris but it unaccountably turned against her. I thought Daphne was the perfect person to nurse it back to health with her soft, sensual hands and her loving... manner. Is she here?

**Martin:** No, she stepped out. I don't know when she'll be back.

**Niles:** Well, I'm off. [*goes towards door*]

**Martin:** What, hey! You can stay. I haven't seen you for a while, you can visit.

**Niles:** Well, yes we could, couldn't we?

*He sits. There are a few moments of silence.*

**Niles:** ...So, how are ya?

**Martin:** Fine. You?

**Niles:** Fine... She's fine.

**Martin:** ...Pickle?

**Niles:** No, thanks.

**Martin:** ...Look Niles, if you just came to see Daphne, you don't have to stay.

**Niles:** Dad, I can't believe you would say that. To your own son. I am deeply insulted. Here I wanted to have some time with you but now I'm so upset I'll have to leave. [*heads towards door again, just as Daphne enters*]

**Daphne:** Oh, hello Dr. Crane. Staying for dinner?

**Niles:** Yes, love to.

*Martin shakes his head. Niles gives the plant to Daphne.*

**Niles:** Daphne, I had the fervent hope that you could coax this back to life. It's one of Maris's favorites.

**Daphne:** My goodness, what did she do to it?

**Niles:** Nothing. Just loved it.

*Frasier enters.*

**Frasier:** God. Can you believe this weather?

**Martin:** Oh, Frasier. I'm glad you're home. What happened to Bulldog?

**Frasier:** [*panic-stricken*] Who told you?

**Martin:** Nobody told me anything. I turned into the "Gonzo Sports Show" today like I always do, and they had Father Mike filling in. I hate that. All it was, was "Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Notre Dame."

**Frasier:** Yes, well, Bulldog tended his resignation.

**Martin:** Oh, no. Why would he do that? He's the top sports guy in town.

**Frasier:** Well, you know, things just go funny sometimes. It's a tough business, this radio game, you know?

**Daphne:** Dr. Crane, I'm picking up something from you. You're shrouded in an aura of guilt.

**Frasier:** ...Maybe I am.

**Niles:** Daphne, that's fantastic. Do me, do me.

**Daphne:** No, I'm on to something here. [*to Frasier*] You actually think you're responsible for Bulldog losing his job.

**Martin:** Frasier?

**Frasier:** All right, all right. Ah, there was a rumor going 'round the station that Bulldog was going to get sacked, and then... I was repeating it to someone and he overheard me and flew off the handle, went up and quit his job. In the end it turned out that the rumor wasn't true. [*to Daphne*] Of course, you already knew that, didn't you?

*Niles's phone rings.*

**Niles:** Oh, excuse me. [*answers phone*] Hello? Maris... Maris?

What's wrong? It's all right... no, no. Everything's going to be... Oh, dear. [*puts phone back in pocket*] Sorry, I have to go. Maris is despondent. They kicked her out of the cast of "Cats."

**Daphne:** Why?

**Niles:** She couldn't remember the words to "Memory."

*He leaves.*

**Martin:** Now listen here, Frasier. If you're responsible for Bulldog losing his job, you've got to make this right. You gotta go down to that station and talk to the boss and get him his job back.

**Frasier:** Well, that's a little easier said than done. Ned Miller is the most intimidating, heartless, mean-spirited man I've ever had the misfortune to meet.

**Daphne:** And he cheats on his wife... [*realizes*] My goodness, I'm on today.

**Martin:** So you're selling Bulldog down the river just 'cause you don't have the guts to go and face this guy?

**Frasier:** No, no. For all we know this might just be the best thing that ever happened to him. You know, he's always talking about how he should be in a larger market, like Los Angeles, or New York...

*Eddie starts pawing at the front door.*

**Frasier:** Eddie, scoot. Scat.

*Frasier opens the door to find Bulldog standing there, bag over his shoulder, very sad and despondent.*

**Frasier:** Oh, Bulldog.

**Bulldog:** Hiya, Doc.

**Frasier:** Well, what are you doing, just standing there?

**Bulldog:** ...I don't know. I was trying to decide whether or not I should bother you. See, my life is kinda over, but you got company, so I'll go.

**Frasier:** No, no-no-no-no. Come in, come in, it's just family. This is my dad, and Daphne Moon.

**Martin:** Hey, Bulldog. You're soaking wet.

**Bulldog:** Yeah, I been wandering around the streets for the last few hours.

**Martin:** I heard what happened.

**Bulldog:** You haven't heard the half of it. [*grabs Frasier's sherry and throws it back*] My girlfriend threw me out. She said the only reason she was with me was because I was on the radio. Can you believe that? Eight years we've been together. I loved that woman. Even when I was tomcatting around, I loved that woman. God, that job was my life, and now I've been blackballed in this business, and all because of my stupid temper. [*picks up a piece of African art*] What is this, anyway?

**Frasier:** Oh, that's an exceedingly rare fertility symbol from a small nomadic tribe in Ghana.

**Bulldog:** I guess when they were passing out equipment, this guy was in the back of the line. [*slams it down on the table*] Anyway, I might as well face it, I'm just a loser, I'm a zero, I'm nothing, a has-been..

**Martin:** Pickle? [*Bulldog accepts*]

**Daphne:** Now, I'm not familiar with your work myself, but Mr. Crane often puts off his nightly bath just so he can hear your show.

**Martin:** Oh, yeah. You're the greatest, Bulldog. If you weren't on the radio, I wouldn't have a radio.

**Bulldog:** That's a nice thing to say. Now I know why your son is such a great guy. [*Martin and Daphne turn to stare at Frasier*] I've bothered you people enough. I better go. The good rooms at the "Y" fill up early. [*Martin and Daphne stare at Frasier again*]

**Frasier:** Wait. Bulldog, I can't let you leave like this. [*goes into his pocket*] Here's a twenty. [*Martin glares at him*] Oh, all right. Why don't you just spend the night, you can take the couch.

**Bulldog:** Wow. You'd do that for me?

**Frasier:** Why sure, what's the point of having an expensive suede couch if you can't have a bunch of people crashing on it?

**Bulldog:** Thanks, Doc. Hey, I hope it's okay, but I could really use a hot shower.

**Frasier:** Oh sure, sure.

**Daphne:** Down the hall, second door on the left. Towels are in the cabinet.

*Bulldog exits down the corridor. Martin and Daphne go back to staring at Frasier.*

**Frasier:** Now, you two just leave me alone. This is not my fault. Look, I am not responsible for Bulldog going up there and popping off to the boss. You can stare at me 'til you're blue in the face, I'm not going to go see Ned Miller.

*Eddie joins in the staring. Frasier knows he's beat.*

**Frasier:** Oh, all right! I'll go down to the station, I will talk to the monster on the sixth floor and futilely attempt to get a man back his job that I don't even care for, and in the process I will probably end up spitting out my teeth like Chiclets! Is there anything else I can do for you?

*Eddie barks.*

**Daphne:** Oh, if you're going by the market, we're low on dog food.

FADE TO:

#### IT'S MILLER TIME

*Scene D: Ned Miller's office.  
He's hanging a picture as Frasier knocks on the door.*

**Miller:** What, what?!

**Frasier:** [*entering*] Mr. Miller...

**Miller:** Oh, it's you, Crane.

**Frasier:** Look, I don't mean to disturb you, but Arlene wasn't at her desk.

**Miller:** I had to let her go. A lot of stuff she's been doing lately's been ticking me off.

**Frasier:** If this is a bad time...

**Miller:** No, it's a perfect time, I need you to hold this. [*indicating picture*] Come on. Now!

*Frasier takes the painting and holds it to the wall as Miller stands back.*

**Frasier:** Okay, how's this?

**Miller:** I'd love to tell you, but your big head's in the way.



*Frasier crouches down to get out of the line of view.*

**Miller:** Ah, put it down.

*Frasier lowers the painting to reveal a large hole in the wall.*

**Frasier:** Oh my lord! What happened here?

**Miller:** Oh, that psycho Bulldog and I got into it this afternoon. He threw my Golden Mike at me!

**Frasier:** [*looking at hole*] And he did that with your little trophy?

**Miller:** No, he just chipped the paint with the trophy, I did that with his head!

*He goes to the bar and pours himself a scotch from a decanter.*

**Frasier:** Ah. That's, ah, sort of why I'm here.

**Miller:** Drink?

**Frasier:** No. No thank you, Mr. Miller. Um, I know that Bulldog was up here, and he said some... pretty regrettable things to you.

**Miller:** I'll say he said some things. You want to hear them? I tape everything in this office.

*This makes Frasier even more uncomfortable.*

**Frasier:** Well anyway, ah, a lot of what he said was, ah... was my fault, you see? Well, you see, I heard a rumor that, ah, management was thinking about lightening the load a bit. Well, I heard it was Bulldog that was gonna get sacked and I... I was repeating the rumor to someone and Bulldog heard me. And that's why he came up here and started telling you...

**Miller:** That I'm a drunk, that I'm incompetent at my job, that my wife is a big fat slut!

**Frasier:** That is indefensible! Your wife is not overweight! [*realizes*] Well anyway, my point is that, um, I'd like you to reconsider giving Bulldog his job back. And ah, whatever the consequences to me, I'm willing to accept it.

**Miller:** Look, I won't kid you. Bulldog meant big numbers to us in Drive Time, we need him back. Tell you what - you get him to apologize to me... oh hell, why don't I just say it? If he'll kiss my ass, maybe we can work something out.

**Frasier:** Oh sir, sir, I'm sure that'll make him so happy.

*He stands and holds out his hand, but Miller has already picked up his glass again.*

**Frasier:** Well, I'll just, ah, get out of you hair. [*goes to door*]

**Miller:** Actually Crane, that uh, rumor about someone being let go is, uh... true.

**Frasier:** What?

**Miller:** Now that you've so nobly gotten Bulldog his job back, the station still needs to make some cutbacks on those high-priced salaries.

**Frasier:** Oh god, not Father Mike? Oh, no.

**Miller:** No. It's not Father Mike.

**Frasier:** Chopper Dave? Ray the Greengrocer? Bonnie "the Auto Lady" Weems?

*Ned looks at Frasier, indicating it's him.*

**Miller:** Look, Crane. You're new to the radio game, I've been around a long time. People get fired. But they always get back on their feet. So... I bet you I could get you that drink now?

**Frasier:** Yes, I bet you could.

**Miller:** [*the phone rings*] Help yourself.

*Frasier takes the decanter from the bar as Miller answers the phone.*

**Miller:** Ned Miller! Yo, Jack! No, what's wrong? Ah, come on, tell me now. Uh-huh. I see. No, no no, I-I... Thanks, Jack.

*Frasier has taken a stiff drink of Scotch, and is about to pour himself a second. Miller replaces the phone, and takes the decanter from Frasier's hand before he can pour.*

**Miller:** Excuse me. [*fills his glass*]

**Frasier:** Bad news?

**Miller:** Oh, you could say that. I've just been fired. They decided the best way to cut the budget was to get rid of MY high salary.

**Frasier:** [*struggles to hide his grin*] Oh, Ned, I... I'm so sorry. Then I guess this means that my job is still safe, then?

**Miller:** Yeah. I guess so.

**Frasier:** [*expansively*] Well, you know Ned... I haven't been in the radio game that long. But, uh, I've been around long enough to know that people get fired. And when they do, they always seem to land on their feet. Now I've known quite a few people - and counseled them - that have suffered similar setbacks. But, ah, in time you will embrace this. Learn to think of this as, oh, a new chapter. You know, in theatrical circles, they always say "Every exit is but an entrance to somewhere else."

*Miller stares at Frasier for a long beat.*

**Miller:** God, I wish I'd fired you when I had the chance!

*End of Act Two.*

#### **Credits:**

Frasier and Roz are watching Bulldog do his show. As promised, he's hanging upside down. He bangs his gong, blows his whistle, and speaks into the mike. He takes a drink of coffee, and burns his eyes. He lifts his shirt into his face to wipe them.

## **Guest Appearances**

#### **Special Guest Star**

JOHN GLOVER as Ned Miller

#### **Guest Starring**

GEORGE DELOY as Father Mike

RICHARD POE as Chopper Dave

WAYNE WILDERSON as Teddy

#### **Guest Callers**

JAY LENO as Don

## **Legal Stuff**

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