

[11.4]The Babysitter

The Babysitter

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Transcript {David Langley}

Scene 1 - A Furniture Store

[Fade in. Niles and Frasier are walking around the showroom, looking at couches.]

Niles: Oh, now look at that couch. Now this is something you might want to consider for your new office. Although, I'm not sure how well that, what is that, sort of linen, is going to wear. Oh, you know what I'm going to wear at the opera fund raiser on Friday night? Or is it Saturday? I'll check my book. A lovely linen shirt with my new Zegnia suit.

[He lays down on the couch.]

Niles: That's a funny word, "Zegnia". The "g" is silent. Silent "g" like lasagna.

Frasier: Niles?

Niles: Yes?

Frasier: Do you notice that you've been awfully chatty lately?

Niles: No, but Daphne mentioned it to me this morning.

[He gets up.]

Niles: Oh, what about this one? Frasier, you really must make a decision. We've been to six stores already, and oh, that reminds me, I must cancel our squash game tomorrow...

Frasier: Don't you hear that?

Niles: Yes, now that you mention it, I do. It's sort of like a nervous tic of some kind. I wonder what could be causing it.

Frasier: Well, let's see: you do have a baby on the way. Perhaps your incessant jabbering is just a way of distracting yourself from this life changing event.

Niles: How could I have missed something so obvious?

Frasier: Well, it's not so hard to believe. You were fifteen before you discovered there was a correlation between being beaten up every day and going to school in a Panama hat.

[Niles takes out his handkerchief and dusts off a couch, then sits down. Frasier stares at a woman across the showroom.]

Frasier: Niles!

Niles: Hmm?

Frasier: Does that woman look familiar to you?

Niles: No, but do you know what does? This couch. We're back where

we started, will you pick something?

Frasier: My God! That's Ronee Lawrence.

Niles: Who?

[Niles gets up.]

Frasier: She used to baby-sit for us. Oh my God, I had a crush on her. She's the first girl to ever break my heart. I used to watch her through the banister, making out with her boyfriend. Chad.

Niles: Ronee Lawrence! She's the fiend who told me all those ghastly bed time stories about tiny insects that would crawl into my ears and eat my brains. Earwigs! I, I wore a football helmet to bed for a month that year!

Frasier: Yes, I know, you really had Dad's hopes up there for a while.

[Frasier walks over to the woman.]

Frasier: Excuse me, are you Ronee Lawrence?

Ronee: That's what it says on my driver's... wait a sec. Frasier? Oh, my God, it is you.

[They hug.]

Frasier: It's good to see you. Niles and I were just...

Ronee: Niles! Oh, my God, little Nervous Niles? I can't believe it!

Niles: Oh, well, it's all terribly true.

Frasier: You look fantastic.

Ronee: Oh, well, it's a lot of work.

Frasier: Of course it is. You know, exercise, dieting and all...

Ronee: No, I've had a lot of work.

Frasier: Oh.

Ronee: Every time something sags, drags or bags, I get Dr. Goldman right on top of it. And then I call a plastic surgeon.

[She nudges Niles and laughs.]

Niles: Funny. Well, it's nice running into you.

Frasier: Niles, we've got a moment, I think. So, what have you been up to?

Ronee: I sing and play the piano down at the Wellington Hotel.

Frasier: Oh, great, great.

Ronee: Of course, I know what you do, mister big-time radio shrink.

Frasier: Oh, well, actually I'm getting back into private practice as well. In fact, we're here today picking out a couch for my new offices. I saw you checking out the Barcaloungers. Are you buying a chair for your husband?

Ronee: Only if it's wired for electricity. We're divorced.

Frasier: Oh, well, you know, you must come by the house to do a proper catch up. I know my dad would love to see you again.

Ronee: Well, actually, I'm free tonight.

Frasier: Well, then how about cocktails around seven? I'm at the Elliot Bay Towers, on the Counterbalance.

[Niles lays down on another couch.]

Ronee: Great. It'll be just like old times. Except you get to stay up late. Hey, Niles, do you remember when I used to tell you those scary bed time stories?

Niles: No, not really.

Ronee: Yeah, yeah. You thought there were earwig eggs on all the furniture and you started taking one of those hankies out and

wiping off all the chairs before you'd sit in them because you were afraid...

[She makes crawling and burrowing motions at his head.]

Niles: Nothing still, I'm sorry.

Ronee: I'm glad. For a while there I was afraid that maybe I scarred you for life. Bloop!

[She pokes at his head and he stiffens up.]

Ronee: Well, I gotta run, I'll see you guys tonight.

Frasier: Okay, bye.

[He watches as she hurries off, then turns to Niles.]

Frasier: Okay go ahead, Niles.

[Niles twitchily gets up and gets a handkerchief.]

Niles: Oh, she put her fingers in my ears....

Frasier: I know, I know...

Niles: She was just...

Frasier: I know, give it a good one.

[Niles rubs his ears with the handkerchief and then furiously wipes down the couch. Fade out.]

Scene 2 - Frasier's Apartment

[Fade in. Niles and Daphne are on the couch, Frasier is opening a bottle of wine.]

Daphne: So, Frasier, did you find a couch?

Niles: No, I must've tested a hundred for him.

Frasier: You know, have some sympathy, Niles. Obviously, my foot-dragging is a kind of avoidance. After all, I haven't been in private practice for twelve years. Maybe I don't have the skills anymore.

Daphne: Oh, don't worry. Your patients will never notice.

[Niles gets an hors d'oeuvre.]

Niles: Yes, well, if he doesn't pick a couch soon, patients will be lying on the floor. What is this? It smells...oh, it's olive topinade! Your going to an awful lot of trouble for a "Drop by sometime" kind of evening. Here Daphne, try this, ooh, try one of these. Ooh, spring rolls. Oh, we found the best Chinese restaurant today...

[Daphne slaps him on the arm.]

Daphne: Niles!

Niles: Sorry.

Frasier: Still got the gift of gab, I see.

Niles: I really don't know why you insisted we be here tonight.

Frasier: I just didn't want Ronee to think I was coming on too strong. I was hoping this reunion might lead to a countdown for a future liftoff from Cape Crane-averal.

Niles: If you tortured that metaphor anymore, you'd be before a tribunal in the Hague.

[Martin comes in the front door with Eddie.]

Frasier: Oh, Dad. Hey.

Martin: Hey, guys. Wow, what's with the fancy spread?

Frasier: Niles and I ran into Ronee Lawrence today and she's coming over for cocktails. You remember, our old babysitter.

Martin: Oh, yeah. I remember Ronee. Pretty little thing. Yeah, how's she looking these days?

Niles: Eyes pulled so tight she could land a roll in "Flower Drum Song".

Frasier: She happens to look fabulous.

[The doorbell rings and Frasier goes to answer it.]

Frasier: Which you will soon see for yourself. She's playing the piano down at the Wellington.

[He opens the door, it is Ronee.]

Frasier: Ronee, hi. Come on in. Good to see you.

[She enters.]

Frasier: Meet my sister-in-law, Daphne.

Ronee: Hi.

Daphne: Nice to meet you.

Frasier: And of course, you remember my dad.

Ronee: Of course. How are you Mr. Crane?

Martin: It's Marty and I'm just great. Gee, you haven't changed a bit.

Ronee: Oh yes I have. I can legally drink now.

[They all laugh.]

Ronee: Hint hint.

Frasier: Oh right. Would you like a glass of wine?

Ronee: Yes. Thank you.

[Frasier walks over to the table.]

Frasier: Dad, why don't you get yourself a beer?

[Martin sits back down.]

Martin: So, Ronee, what have you been doing with yourself all these years?

Ronee: Singing, mostly, I play at the Rendezvous Room down at the Wellington Hotel.

Daphne: Is that that place that revolves?

Ronee: It used to. It broke two years ago.

[Martin bursts out laughing.]

Martin: That's terrific.

Ronee: Yeah, I had a couple of shots at the big time, you know, sang in some swankier rooms, I even made an album. Ronee Lawrence: Mood Swings. It sold about seven copies and that's when Ronee Lawrence had herself a real mood swing.

[Frasier hands her a glass of wine.]

Frasier: Well I'm sure the album was just wonderful. You know, maybe I can interest you in a duet a little later.

Ronee: Oh, that'd be fun.

Frasier: Wouldn't it, though? I have a feeling that our musical

styles just might harmoni...

Martin: So, Ronee, I bet you really wow them at the Rendezvous.

Ronee: You know, it's not exactly Carnegie Hall. Most of them are half in the bag and just trying not to spill their drinks. And I'm just talking about the cocktail waitresses.

[Martin laughs loudly again.]

Martin: This girl's a riot!

Frasier: Dad, could you help me with something in the kitchen?

Martin: Now?

Frasier: Right now!

[They start for the kitchen.]

Ronee: Don't be long, you two. Mama likes an audience.

Martin: Good. 'Cause Daddy likes to watch.

[Frasier pulls him the rest of the way into the kitchen. Cut to - the kitchen as Martin is pulled around.]

Frasier: What the hell do you think you're doing?

Martin: I was working my magic on her. Why are you so upset?

Frasier: Because I'm working a little magic of my own. And your magic was mucking up my magic!

Martin: Well, I thought you brought her here for me.

Frasier: Since WHEN do I bring you women?! What are you, the Sultan of Brunei?

[Cut to - the living room. Ronee's cell phone goes off and she answers as Martin and Frasier come back into the room.]

Ronee: Hello? ... What? ... Oh, you're kidding. ... Yeah, yeah, okay I guess. I'll see you in a bit.

Frasier: Something wrong?

Ronee: Oh, I have to go into work. The guy who fills in on my night off called in sick.

[She stands up and finishes off her wine.]

Frasier: Oh, no.

Niles: Sorry.

Ronee: Promise me we'll do this again.

Frasier: You know we will. You can count on that.

Martin: Try to keep us away.

Ronee: Frasier, you owe me a duet. It was great to see you, Marty. You should all come down to the club sometime.

Martin: You can count on that too.

Frasier: We'll be there with bells on.

[He opens the door for Ronee and she leaves.]

Martin: Bye.

Frasier: Bye, see you later.

[Frasier closes the door and glares at Martin.]

Frasier: I can't believe the way you are humiliating yourself. A man your age!

Martin: Hey, she was flirting with me!

Frasier: She was flirting with me! You just got caught in the crossfire.

Martin: Daphne, you saw it. Which one of us was she attracted to?

[He gets his jacket and puts it on.]

Daphne: How stupid do you think I am? Does it say "Stupid" on me forehead?

Frasier: Fine. If you insist on humiliating yourself, how's this: I will invite Ronee over for dinner this weekend and she can choose for herself. Agreed?

Martin: Fine. Make sure she brings a friend so there's someone for you.

[He opens the door.]

Martin: I'm going to McGinty's.

[He leaves. Frasier stares at the door for a moment.]

Frasier: You don't suppose he's sneaking down to the Rendezvous, do you?

Niles: No. Only a scoundrel would violate a gentleman's agreement that way.

Frasier: Quite right. Dad is nothing if not an honorable man. I don't know what I was thinking.

[He walks back towards the bedrooms.]

Niles: Can we give you a lift down there?

Frasier: No, I want to freshen up first. See yourselves out.

[He heads off. Fade out.]

Scene 3 - The Rendezvous Room

**HERE COMES
ANOTHER MOOD SWING**

[Fade in. Ronee is playing the piano and singing "My Funny Valentine".]

Ronee: Don't change a hair for me...
[to a customer] You've only got the two.
Not if you care for me...
It's a good thing you've got money.
Stay little valentine, stay...
Like you've got anywhere else to be.
Each day is Valentine's Day.

[The patrons applaud as she finishes.]

Ronee: I'm going to take a little break. Try not to kill yourselves with disappointment.

[She gets up as Frasier walks in. She hurries over to him.]

Ronee: Hey, Frasier, what a nice surprise.

Frasier: I guess I just didn't want our little reunion ending so abruptly.

Ronee: Well, you're not the only one.

Frasier: I had a feeling you might say that.

[Martin comes up and hands Ronee a drink.]

Martin: Here you go, Ronee.

Ronee: Thanks.

Martin: Hey, Fraizh.

Frasier: Dad!

Ronee: Yeah, Marty didn't want to call it a night, either. He's quite the party guy. [*looking across the room*] Walter, you're alive!

[*She walks off.*]

Frasier: You said you were going to McGinty's. How long have you been here?

Martin: Forty-five minutes. You shouldn't have spent so long on your hair, Louise.

[*Ronee comes back.*]

Ronee: So boys, who needs a drink?

Martin: Yeah, I'll have another beer.

Frasier: You know, Dad, you really ought to slow down there. At his age, one slip and it's the ICU and then it's I see you later.

Martin: Well, I wouldn't worry about me, Fraizh. I don't feel any older now than I did when you were parading around in your mother's heels.

[*They all laugh.*]

Martin: Of course, that was just last Christmas.

Ronee: Listen, I've gotta do another set. Are you going to stick around?

Frasier: Oh, you bet we are.

Martin: Yeah, sure. Wouldn't miss it. Ronee got me a ringside table right next to her.

Ronee: And that's because I want you and your pockets right near my tip jar.

Martin: Oh, you're after my money, huh?

Frasier: Say, Ronee, it's such a beautiful piano, it's a shame we didn't get a chance to do our duet.

Ronee: Well, let's do it now.

Frasier: Really?

Ronee: Yeah, sure. You don't mind scrunching, do you? My bench is a little small.

Frasier: I don't mind scrunching at all.

[*He smirks at Martin. Then sits next to Ronee. She covers the microphone and whispers to Frasier.*]

Ronee: Listen, is it just me or am I getting some signals here?

Frasier: Oh, it is most definitely not just you.

Ronee: Hi, drinkers, I'm back. And no, no, you're not seeing double, for once. I have a guest with me tonight. Believe it or not, I used to baby-sit this guy. I know, I know, how does she stay so young?

Crowd: Dr. Goldman!

Ronee: Aren't they adorable? Please welcome Dr. Frasier Crane.

[*Frasier takes a quick bow as the crowd applauds.*]

Ronee: Do you know this one?

Frasier: Oh, I love this song.

Ronee: Oh, me too. You know, I'd like to sing it to someone special who's here tonight, but I'm afraid it might embarrass him.

Frasier: Oh, I'm sure you special someone would just love to hear it.

Ronee: Really? Okay then, here goes.

[*Frasier begins playing while Ronee sings.*]

Ronee: I get no kick from champagne.
 Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all.
 So tell me then why it should it be true,
 That I get a kick out of you?

[She seductively points at Martin and Frasier misses a chord. Embarrassed, he plasters on a smile and keeps playing, banging the keys louder as she goes on..]

Ronee: I think you're cute, Marty Crane.
 I think that if your poor hip wasn't stiff
 You could dance just terrifically, too.
 And I get a kick out of you.

[Martin has been grinning. Frasier pounds the last notes, a furious look on his face. Fade out.]

Act 2

Scene 1 - Frasier's Apartment

HARD CHEESE

[Fade in. Frasier is slouched on the sofa, a plate on his chest, watching TV. The front door is open. Niles walks in and notices the disarray in the living room.]

Niles: Frasier? Do you realize the door's wide open?
Frasier: Yeah. Pizza guy forgot to close it when he left. What're you doin' here?

[Niles closes the door behind him.]

Niles: Don't you remember? We had plans to watch "Don Giovanni" on PBS.
Frasier: I'm kinda into "Wheel of Fortune" right now.

[Martin comes in from his room, dressed up.]

Niles: Wow, you look awfully dapper.
Martin: Yeah, I'm meetin' a friend.
Frasier: Dad, you don't have to be so coy. I know where you're goin'.
Martin: I'm havin' dinner with Ronee.
Niles: Ho-ho! So things are going well?
Martin: Oh, yeah. Great, great. Turns out she had a crush on me back in the days she used to sit for you boys.

[Frasier sits up and turns off the TV.]

Martin: Well, I better scoot. See you boys.
Niles: Bye, Dad.

[Martin goes out the front door.]

Niles: Ooh, are those profiteroles?

[Frasier quickly snatches up the snacks and stuffs them in his mouth.]

Frasier: So, did you want one?
Niles: No, but thanks for offering. *[sitting]* Frasier, what's going on with you? You're showing classic signs of

depression.

Frasier: That's because I'm depressed, you nit!

Niles: But why? Ronee and you aren't compatible. You have few interests in common, she's as coarse as sandpaper...

Frasier: Yeah, I know, I know there was no future for Ronee and me. I'm depressed, Niles. I don't know why. Wait a minute...

Niles: Yeah?

Frasier: Wait a minute... I think I can make a really great sandwich out of all my leftover chutneys.

[He gets up and heads to the kitchen, Niles follows. Cut to - the kitchen as they enter. Frasier starts pulling jars out of the refrigerator.]

Niles: Frasier, you have got to snap out of this. You start seeing patients soon. You realize you're only using food to fill a void. Oh, I forgot to void that check to the dry cleaner. I got my camel coat home, it had a spot the size of a krugerrand I know for a fact wasn't there when...

Frasier: Niles!

Niles: Sorry. What are you doing with Dad's Velveeta?

Frasier: Well, what do you think I'm doing? I'm gonna eat it.

Niles: Okay, Frasier, this isn't funny anymore.

[Frasier opens the box and pulls a small bottle out.]

Frasier: Oh, my God.

Niles: What is it?

Frasier: It's Viagra!

Niles: They give that away with Velveeta?

[Frasier gets a dour glare on his face.]

Frasier: No. It's a prescription for Martin Crane. Why do you suppose he would put it in here?

Niles: Hiding it, I assume. What better place than a box Pandora herself would be loathe to open?

[The sound of the front door can be heard.]

Frasier: It's Dad!

[He drops the box as Niles throws the pill bottle at him. They both bend down to grab the items. Panicking, Frasier puts the cheese box back in the refrigerator. Too late, Niles notices the pills on the counter and points, making a frantic noise. With no time, Frasier grabs them and stuffs them in his pocket as Martin walks in.]

Frasier: Dad. What are you doing back so soon?

Martin: Well, I forgot something. My um... brella.

Frasier: Well, you're certainly not going to find it in the kitchen.

Martin: No, I guess not.

[They all stand there nervously.]

Martin: Oh, I just remembered. Ronee wanted me to get her an appetizer.

[He opens the fridge.]

Martin: Let's see, what looks good? Oh, Velveeta, that goes with anything.

[He grabs the cheese, closes the fridge and hurries off. Cut to - the living room as he comes in and the boys follow.]

Martin: All right, well, you boys have got your opera that you want to watch, so I'll just get out of your way. See you later.

[He goes out the front door.]

Frasier: Now what?

Niles: Okay, we've got time to think. It's going to take him a while to discover that the pills...

[The door opens and Martin storms in and tosses the cheese down.]

Martin: All right, where is it?

Niles: Frasier took them!

Frasier: Dad...

Martin: This is pretty funny to you, huh?

Niles: No, sir.

Martin: Then what is it? You still so sore about Ronee that you're tryin' to mess things up for me?

Frasier: No, Dad, I found them by accident. I tried to put them back. I didn't mean to embarrass you. Here.

Martin: Oh, forget it. I'm just gonna cancel with Ronee.

Frasier: Dad...

[He goes off to the kitchen as Frasier closes the front door.]

Martin: No, the whole night's ruined anyway. But the important thing is you boys had your little laugh. Well, I'm glad someone enjoyed it, because I'm startin' to think that it's just too much trouble. I'm just gonna break it off.

[He comes back in with a beer and sits in his chair.]

Frasier: Why would you do that, Dad? I mean, you're not going to let what happened tonight end things with Ronee, are you? Is there something else going on here?

[He comes around the couch as Niles sits on the coffee table.]

Martin: Well, I don't know. Ronee and I have been gettin' kinda close this week and last night we started foolin' around and it was great. I mean, I was roundin' the bases, the coach was wavin' me in, there wasn't even gonna be a play at the plate...

Frasier: Dad, it's us.

Martin: Huh? Oh, right. Well, anyway, that was when somethin' happened. Or didn't happen. Which has never not happened before, so...

[Frasier sits down beside Niles.]

Martin: I decided today to go out and get some..."cheese." I just couldn't stop picturing her the way she looked when she was a teenager. It was creepy. And even with... "cheese," I don't think I'd ever feel good about being with her.

Frasier: Dad, when she was babysitting for us, did you ever notice her?

Martin: Yeah. She was a very pretty girl.

Frasier: And did Mom ever notice you notice her?

Martin: Oh, yeah. We even had a fight once about it.

Frasier: Well, there you are. You're still feeling guilt and shame for being attracted to her all those years ago. But she's

an adult now and you should really allow yourself to explore these feelings.

Niles: Very good, Frasier.

[Frasier glowers at the patronizing tone, but goes on.]

Frasier: Thank you, Niles. You know, perhaps my depression over losing Ronee was actually rooted in my feelings for her from long ago as well. After all, she was the first person to reject me. Even though she never knew it. Perhaps by pursuing her again, I was hoping to undo that first rejection, thereby erasing all the subsequent rejections in my life and giving myself a much needed shot of self-esteem.

[He jumps up.]

Frasier: Did you hear that?! My analytical skills are on fire!

Niles: And your own horn-tooting skills haven't abandoned you either.

Frasier: Well, so much for worrying about whether I'm ready to get back into private practice. The answer is a resounding "Yes"!

Niles: Yes, well you better be sure because it's a completely different animal...and oh, I just remembered, the zoo is having a fund raiser, I signed you up for two hundred dollars, that's the Safari Level, you know who has malaria? Mrs. ...

[He stands up.]

Frasier: Niles! Do you realize your babbling kicks in whenever I talk about my return to private practice? Perhaps this condition of yours has less to do with baby jitters and more to do with my entering your domain. My God! If I get any hotter I'm going to set off the sprinklers!

Niles: Oh, get over yourself! Why shouldn't I be anxious? Can't I ever have one thing that's just mine? It's like when I discovered backgammon or fencing or...

Frasier: Niles, Niles! Relax, it's okay. You are an excellent psychiatrist. I couldn't eclipse you if I tried.

Niles: Thanks.

Frasier: You're sure?

Niles: Yes.

Frasier: Splendid. And Dad, you should go down and see Ronee. She must like you an awful lot, considering who she passed up.

Martin: I don't know. I know it sounds crazy, but I keep seeing her in that pony-tail and that parochial school uniform.

Frasier: Ronee didn't go to parochial school.

Martin: She didn't?

Frasier: No. That was our other babysitter, Sally.

Niles: [sitting] Oh, right. Sally the Slut. I liked her.

Martin: [rising] You mean all this time I've been thinking she was someone else? See ya.

[He heads for the door.]

Frasier: Dad, don't you want your "cheese"?

Martin: Nope. Thanks, boys, but I'm working without a net.

[He leaves. Fade out.]

Credits:

Ronee is playing the piano and finishes a number. Martin goes up and

puts a bill in her tip jar. He then motions all the other patrons to do so as well. Reluctantly, they do. Ronee blows Martin a kiss in appreciation.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

WENDIE MALICK as Ronee

Legal Stuff

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