

[1.13]Guess Who's Coming To Breakfast

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Written by Molly Newman
Directed by Andy Ackerman

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Transcript {john masson}

Act One.

Scene A: The Radio Station.

Frasier is taking a call.

Frasier: ...and though washing one's hands twenty to thirty times a day would be considered obsessive/compulsive, please bear in mind that your husband is a coroner. Thank you for your call, Jeanine. Roz, whom do we have next?

Roz: We have Ethan on line three, and he's having a little problem at school.

Frasier: Hello, Ethan. I'm listening.

Ethan: Hi, Dr. Crane.

Frasier: How old are you?

Ethan: I'm thirteen.

Frasier: Ah well, what can I do for you?

Ethan: Well, I'm having a lot of problems with the other kids at school. They're always beating me up.

Frasier: Why do you think that's so?

Ethan: Probably because I'm smart. I have a 160 IQ. I'm in the astronomy club and I hate sports.

Frasier: Well, you know, Ethan, the other children are just acting out of jealousy and immaturity, and I... I know it doesn't help much right now, but the day will come in the next few years when you will have the last laugh.

Ethan: ...That's it?

Frasier: [*surprised*] Yes.

Ethan: Frankly, Dr. Crane, I find that advice patronizing, simplistic and, in all candor, uninspired. The real surprise here is that they pay you to dole out this balloon juice.

Frasier: Ethan, where are you calling from?

Ethan: Home.

Frasier: Well, if any of Ethan's classmates are listening, you know where he is, and he can't stay in there forever.

Roz laughs.

Frasier: [*maliciously*] Thank you for your call! [*disconnects Ethan*]
Well, that's about it for today. This is Frasier Crane,
KACL Talk Radio, 780 AM.

He goes off the air and then crosses into Roz's booth.

Frasier: Well Roz, I thought that was a pretty good show, didn't you?

Roz: [*touching up her makeup*] Yeah, sure. Whatever you say.

Frasier: You seem a bit distracted there, Roz. You got another one of your hot dates?

Roz: If you must know, yes.

Noel Shempsky puts his head round the door.

Noel: Pick you up outside in five minutes?

Roz: Great. Thanks, Noel.

He give Roz the thumbs up sign and leaves.

Frasier: Noel? Noel Shempsky from Sales, that's who your date's with?

Roz: Well, it's not a date. We're just going out for a drink, okay?

Frasier: Noel the Mole?

Roz: I know, he's not great-looking. I know he drives a '73 Dodge Polaris. But he's always struck me as a really interesting guy.

Frasier: Mm-hmm...

Roz: Look, the world is loaded with superficial guys. You know, I just want to go out with someone who has a good heart. He's smart. He's substantial - and you know, considering my track record lately I would hope you'd support me. Is that asking too much?

Frasier: Does Noel still have that autographed picture of Captain Kirk in his cubicle?

Roz: Why do I tell you anything?

She leaves.

FADE OUT

BOY N THE HOOD

Scene B: Frasier's Apartment, kitchen.

Daphne is baking as Niles enters.

Niles: Knock, knock. Can I be of any assistance?

Daphne: Oh, no thank you, Dr. Crane, I think I have everything under control.

Niles: Do you mind if I linger then? I've always been sort of a kitchen person.

He goes to lean on the cooker and knocks a ladle tumbling.

Daphne: Suit yourself. I like the company.

As they converse, Niles tries, but fails, to boost himself onto the worktop to sit.

Niles: How's dad's therapy going?

Daphne: Well, we're getting more mobility in his hip, and his flexibility's improving, but it's always a chore to get him to do his exercises. Of course, I've found the secret is if I bribe him with sweets...

Niles takes a jump at the worktop and bangs his head on the extraction hood, bounces off the fridge and ends up on the floor.

Daphne: Oh my goodness!

Daphne kneels on the floor, cradles his head in her lap and strokes it.

Daphne: Dr. Crane! Dr. Crane, can you get up?

Niles: No. No, I think I'd better stay here for a few minutes.

Frasier enters the kitchen, having heard the crash.

Frasier: Dear God, I thought I heard...! Niles, what are you doing?
[drags Niles to his feet]

Daphne: I'm afraid he conked his head, on the hood there.

Frasier: [to Niles] You are shameless!

Niles: Frasier, I have a very sore head and a crackerjack lawyer, so don't crowd me.

Daphne: Here. [gives Niles a wet cloth] Put this on it.

Niles: Oh, thank you, Daphne. You've been wonderful in this time of crisis.

Frasier: Oh, come on, Camille!

He pulls Niles out into the dining area.

Frasier: I need to talk to you. Here, have a seat, right here.
Now listen Niles, I'm having a young lady over on Friday night, I was hoping you could take Dad out for me.

Niles: Oh, I wish you'd said Saturday.

Frasier: Why, you have plans Friday?

Niles: No, I have plans Saturday.

Frasier: Niles, just tell me that you'll do this for me?

Niles: Oh, all right.

Frasier: Thank you.

Niles: So... does this mean you're hoping to get lucky Friday night?

Frasier: Oh Niles, please. Nobody refers to having sex as "getting lucky" anymore.

Niles: I do.

Martin enters, with Eddie.

Martin: Hello, boys.

Niles: Hey, Dad.

Frasier: Hi, Dad. [motions to Niles to do his party piece]

Niles: Dad? I was wondering if you'd be interested in joining Maris and me Friday night. We're dying to try the new rib joint that's opened on Bellevue Way. I understand if the onion rings aren't as big as your head you get them for free.

He sounds uncomfortable just with the vocabulary.

Martin: Well thanks, Niles, but I thought I'd spend a quiet evening at home.

Niles: Oh, well then... [Frasier pushes him] Better yet, why don't you come to our house? We'll make dinner, and we'll even rent an Angie Dickinson film.

Frasier: Ooh!

Martin: All right, what's going on? Frasier wants me out of here because he has a date or something?

Beat.

Niles: I'm sorry, Frasier, he sees things that others don't.

Frasier: Well, I'm sorry, Dad. I guess I should have asked you myself.

Martin: Oh, that's all right. [sitting in his chair] Yeah, I'll clear out. But just remember, one hand washes the other around here.

Frasier: What does that mean?

Martin: Well, as long as I'm clearing out for you Friday night, you can clear out for me Thursday night. I've got a date with Elaine Morris from 14-12.

Frasier: Oh! Well, well. How long has this been going on?

As Martin talks, Niles stands behind his chair, grinning widely.

Martin: Oh, she's had me over for coffee a couple of times. Just thought I'd like to have her over here for dinner. [*without looking back*] Niles, wipe that stupid smirk off your face. [*Niles looks offended*] What do you say, Frasier?

Frasier: Well, sure Dad. I think that's terrific. Oh listen, if there's a lull in the conversation, we've got all kind of board games back here in the closet, we got playing cards - does she like to play Canasta?

Niles: Oh! - and PBS is running a wonderful documentary on the swing bands of the 30's and 40's.

Frasier: Ooh, wow...

Martin: Well, thanks a lot for all your help, boys, but I think we'll just split a bowl of creamed corn, rub a little liniment into each other's joints and fall asleep drooling on the couch!

FADE TO:

FOOT IN MOUTH DISEASE

Scene C: Frasier's Apartment, Kitchen.

Friday morning. Daphne is making breakfast at the stove. Frasier comes in wearing his dressing gown and pours himself coffee.

Frasier: Morning, Daphne.

Daphne: Good morning, Dr. Crane. I want to thank you again for the show last night. I've never been to experimental theatre before.

Frasier: Don't mention it. It was my pleasure.

Daphne: Well, I think I understood most of it. Only what did it mean when the naked man came in, carrying a suitcase?

Frasier: [*after a pause*] I think it meant that he's packed too much.

Daphne: Well, I'm sure your father appreciated having us out of the house.

Frasier notices a smell in the air.

Frasier: What is that heavenly aroma?

Daphne: I decided to prepare us a traditional English breakfast. We have eggs, bangers - or as you call them, sausages - and to finish it off...

She opens the oven.

Daphne: A batch of Grammy Moon's famous sticky buns!

Frasier: [*smelling*] Oh my, that's it!

Daphne: Grammy made these every Sunday. 'Course, she added a pint of rum to the recipe. And nobody liked these more than Grammy herself. Many's the Sunday I'd head over to her house after church, only to find her out in the garden in her wedding dress, facedown in the birdbath.

Martin enters.

Martin: Morning.

Frasier: Morning, dad. So... How was your date last night, huh?

Ha, boy, feels strange, you know? A son asking his father how his date was last night...

Elaine walks in, pinning in one of her earrings.

Frasier: When he could ask the date herself!

Martin: Elaine, this is Daphne Moon, my son Frasier Crane, Elaine Morris. *[they all shake hands]*

Frasier: So... so, it's a pleasure to meet you, Elaine. It's ah... I know that dad's wanted to have you for a long time - I mean, for dinner!

Elaine: Yes. Well, I certainly enjoyed it. But you know, Martin, I... I really should be going.

Martin: Oh no, no. You should at least stay for breakfast, shouldn't she, Frasier?

Frasier: Oh yes, absolutely.

Elaine: Well, I guess I could stay for coffee.

Frasier: Splendid, splendid, splendid. So uh - so uh... what did you two kids do last night? Did you ah, play some games? Well, I mean, board games! Not that you were bored - or excited... well, not that I'd know anything - or should! But ah... warm buns, Elaine? No, no, not yours! I mean ours, ours! *[picks up Daphne's sticky buns]* To eat, you see. Have one, I'll have one! Warm!

Martin: Why don't we go sit at the table?

Elaine: Okay... *[she goes out]*

Martin: *[as he follows her, to Frasier]* What the hell's wrong with you?

Frasier: I don't know!

They carry breakfast out to the dining area.

Elaine: Well, uh... Frasier, you know, I really love your radio show. My friends and I listen to it almost every day.

Frasier: Thank you. That's always lovely to hear.

Silence.

Martin: Elaine's a buyer at Beaumarchais.

Frasier: Oh really, really? I do-do a great deal of shopping there. As a matter of fact, I bought the comforter on dad's bed there, and, well, I supposed you noticed that... maybe you didn't - I mean, I don't know if you had the lights on, or... I mean, I don't know how you like it... I mean, how you... light it! How you like to light it!

Daphne comes in with a large plate of sausage patties. Frasier is thankful for a change of subject and seizes it.

Frasier: Oh, banger, dad?

Elaine chokes on her coffee. Frasier cringes, realizing.

Elaine: *[making for the door]* You know, I really should be going, I've got to get ready for work, it was nice meeting you Daphne, and uh, Frasier. Thanks for a lovely evening, Martin.

Martin: I'll call you later.

Elaine: Yeah.

She leaves.

Frasier: *[to Daphne]* You couldn't have served bacon?

Daphne: Me?! The way you were carrying on, I think we can be thankful

I didn't make Toad in the Hole! [*exits to kitchen*]

Martin: Well, you handled that smoothly, Dr. Crane.

Frasier: I'm sorry, dad. It just, really caught me off guard.

Martin: Ah, that's ok. I really ought to apologize. I should have warned you, but... I really didn't think it was going to happen. [*smiles*] I'm pretty glad it did!

Frasier: So, you like Elaine?

Martin: I like Elaine.

Frasier: So, dad...

Martin: Yeah, yeah...

Frasier: You're back on the beat!

Martin: All right.

Frasier: Lock up your daughters!

Martin: Okay, okay.

Frasier: Oh, come on, you old...

Martin: Frasier, don't push it!

End of Act One.

Act Two.

Scene A: Radio Station.

Roz is introducing the next caller.

Roz: One line one we have Marianne, she's concerned about her daughter.

Frasier: [*on air*] Hello Marianne, I'm listening.

Marianne: Kids - you can't live with them, you can't shove them back in the womb.

Frasier: Well, as we try to forget the image that that summons up, how can I help you, Marianne?

Marianne: Well, two days ago, Judy, my twenty-two year old, arrived home for a visit with her boyfriend. I insisted that they sleep in separate bedrooms. She got furious with me, and she's been giving me dirty looks all week. Am I completely out of line here?

Frasier: Not at all. I, I think that in your own house you make up the rules.

Marianne: Thank you.

Frasier: But... are we sure there isn't something else going on here? Perhaps you're having a problem thinking of your daughter as an adult. You see, we all have a tendency to freeze people in roles with which we are most comfortable. Especially when it comes to that old bugaboo, sex. You know, let me use myself as an example. As many of you know, my sixty-three year old father recently moved in with me and, just this morning over coffee, I discovered he had spent the night in his room with a delightful creature named Elaine. The entire episode completely unnerved me. Why? Because I had never thought of my father as a man with normal sexual urges. To me he was always old plain old Dad. Well, that's absurd. My father is a witty, virile, charming man, possessed of the hereditary Crane good looks, and what I suppose I'm driving at is, that sexuality is a healthy part of adulthood, at any age. I think it's time we embrace that, don't you, Marianne?

Maryanne: Sorry, Dr. Crane, I gotta go. I'm hearing noises from the guest room. [*hangs up*]

Frasier: Well, as Marianne rushes to the guest room with a bucket of ice water, we will pause for these messages. [*off air*]

Roz: Hey Frasier, that was a really good show.

Frasier: Oh, thank you. I thought so too.

Noel walks in.

Noel: Hi, Dr Crane. [*lovelorn*] Hi, Roz.

Roz: Hi, Noel.

Noel: I had a great time last night.

Roz: Me, too.

Noel: I made you this spice rack. [*hands it over*] I especially treated The back for easy wall adhesion.

Roz: [*who has already found that out*] That was very thoughtful of you, Noel.

Noel: Well um, I gotta run. I'll call you later. [*gives the Vulcan peace salute*] Live long and prosper.

He leaves.

Frasier: Ooh look, there's a place for cumin, most people overlook that.

Roz: Just kill me.

Scene B: Frasier's Apartment.

Martin and Daphne are there. Martin is furious.

Martin: I don't understand it. Why would he say something like that on the radio?

Daphne: Did you know, when you get angry your ears turn red? [*Martin glares at her*] See? There they go.

Frasier arrives.

Frasier: Evening, everyone.

Daphne: I'll be going to my room right now. [*leaves, hurriedly*]

Frasier: Hello, Eddie. [*Eddie chases after Daphne*] Well, I seem to have cleared the room.

Martin: I want to talk to you, mister.

Frasier: Oh, sounds like someone's being taken out behind the woodshed.

Martin: Don't tempt me. Where the hell do you get off talking about my personal life on your radio program?

Frasier: Are you discussing what I said about you and Elaine?

Martin: You're damned right I am. I've never been so embarrassed in my Life.

Frasier: But dad, everything I said was flattering.

Martin: Oh, yeah. Telling all of Seattle about your old dad shacking up with the neighbor lady.

Frasier: Oh, come on you old swordsman, I thought you'd get a kick out of it.

Martin: Knock it off, Frasier. Thanks to you Elaine won't even talk to me anymore.

Frasier: What for? Just because of a harmless remark I made on the radio?

Martin: Hey, for your information, people of our generation think sex is a private thing. And I still think that's a pretty healthy way of looking at it. Sex is something between you, and the person you're doing it to!

Frasier: Well, don't you think she's overreacting?

Martin: Put yourself in her place. She takes a chance and spends the night with me. Next thing she knows, it's being broadcast all over Seattle. I mean, her friends heard it and called her. She's so embarrassed she's never been out of the house all day, she won't even answer the phone now.

Frasier: I'm sorry, dad.

Martin: Your sympathy touches me!

Frasier: Well look, look. I caused a problem here, and I will take care of it.

Martin: Yeah? Well, I'll be in my room, holding my breath.

He exits. Eddie bounces over to stare at Frasier.

Frasier: I said I'd take care of it!

Scene C: Radio Station.

Both Frasier and Roz are bored, listening to a caller (Al), who has the most tedious voice, ever.

Al: *[on air; tired, listless monotone]* I hate my voice. I mean, I know no-one likes the sound of their own voice, especially when they hear it on tape. Because it doesn't sound as good as it does in their own head. But I hate my voice in my head too.

[Frasier finds himself a backscratcher. Roz is eating Chinese takeout in her booth.]

Al: And you can't get away from your own voice either, you know. I've tried not listening to myself when I talk. But I find myself kinda saying things that don't make a lot of sense...

Frasier starts playing around with the backscratcher, making Roz laugh. He rolls down his sleeve and holds out the backscratcher like it's his hand, putting it to his face in shock, then scratching his armpit.

Al: I hate my voice so much, I had to call a neighbor in to do the message on my answering machine. I don't like his voice very much either, but it's better than mine...

Roz sticks two chopsticks in her mouth and holds her arms to her sides like flippers, pretending to be a walrus. Frasier laughs.

Al: Not that I get a lot of calls...

Roz slips out of her chair and tumbles to the floor. Frasier is alarmed for a second, but unable to stop laughing.

Al: Well, you go figure. Any advice, Dr Crane?

Quickly, Frasier and Roz resume their positions, though neither of them has been listening to Al.

Frasier: Yes, yes uh, just go on with what you're doing, and everything should turn out all right. Thank you for your call. *[line off]* Now, I'd like to end today's show on something of a personal note. I'm talking to one person in my audience. Elaine - you wouldn't answer my phone calls, you wouldn't come to the door, so I hope you're listening. And if you are, I want to apologize for what I said on the radio. I took something that was of a private nature and turned it into public knowledge. I promise I will never do that again - well, except for this time, then I promise I'll never do it again. You see, the saddest thing is, Elaine, that uh, that dad is paying for my mistake.

He cues Roz, who starts playing a tape of "Moon River."

Frasier: Elaine... Martin cares for you. And he misses you very much. More than anything in the world, he'd like to be back together with you. And if you feel for him the way he feels for you, I hope you'll find it in your heart to come to my place tonight, at eight o' clock, for dinner. A very romantic dinner. Thanks, Elaine. This is KACL 780 AM, talk radio. And I'm Frasier Crane... the Love Doctor.

He crosses his fingers at Roz, then goes to commercial.

FADE TO:

Scene D: Frasier's Apartment.

He and Daphne are laying a romantic dinner table for two.

Frasier softly sings, "Moon River."

Frasier: Ah. Well, the champagne's chilled, a platter of hors d'oeuvres, how are things in the kitchen?

Daphne: The roast is out of the oven. It looks beautiful.

Frasier: God, I hope this works, Daphne.

Daphne: Well, I've been sending Elaine psychic messages all day.

Frasier: You're kidding. You can transmit? I thought you were just a receiver.

Daphne: Well, I'm giving it a try. You know, "Elaine in 14-10, come to dinner, come to dinner".

Frasier: That's very charming, Daphne, but Elaine's in 14-12.

Daphne: Oh dear. I guess I'd better set an extra place at the table, then.

Martin enters from the bedroom, wearing a suit.

Martin: Ah look, it's eight o' clock and I'm still a pumpkin.

Frasier: Dad, it is two minutes to eight, and why don't you just sit down and relax?

Martin: Oh, this is stupid. She probably didn't even hear your show. [then] Does this tie go with the jacket?

Daphne: You look smashing.

Martin: Oh, who the hell am I kidding? She's not going to show up. I don't know why I even- [the doorbell chimes]

Frasier: May I suggest we just skip the first course, which is crow, and move directly to the hors d'oeuvres?

Martin: Just shut up and answer the door.

Frasier: All right.

Frasier opens the front door to find a crowd of people standing there.

Marjorie: Excuse me, is this the Crane residence?

Frasier: Yes it is.

Marjorie: Well, we've been waiting here for the last fifteen minutes. Did Elaine show up, or did we miss her?

Frasier: Who are all you people?

Woman: We heard your show today.

Marjorie: Oh, it was so romantic, we all have our fingers crossed.

Frasier: Yes, very kind.

Marjorie: I'm Marjorie, from down on eleven...

Frasier: Hello, Marjorie.

Marjorie: And this is Norman...

Frasier: Hello, Norman. It's a pleasure.

Marjorie: And the rest of these people I don't know.

Frasier: Nice to see you all. [sees the doorman] Tony? Tony, what are you doing here? For God's sakes, shouldn't you be watching the door?

Tony: Oh, don't worry, we're all locked in. I have GOT to find out how this ends, Doc.

Martin: [coming to door] What's going on out here?

Marjorie: Is that him?

The crowd start ooh-ing and aah-ing.

Frasier: People, people, please. Don't you have lives of your own?

For God's sake, beat it, scoot, scat..

Martin: What's happening?

Frasier: This is a private situation here...

The lift doors open, revealing Elaine. The crowd goes wild. Shocked, Elaine tries to retreat, Frasier attempts to pull her into the apartment.

Frasier: Please, please, come out here.

Elaine: No, I'm going home.

Frasier: All right then, dad, dad you come in here. [*hustles Martin into the lift*] All right everybody, back off, just back off! Just give us some time, please!

The doors close, leaving Elaine, Martin, and Frasier in the lift.

Elaine: Oh, I knew I should never have come up here, nothing's changed.

Frasier: Elaine, please let me try to explain.

Martin: You've done enough.

Frasier: Oh dad, please, what do you happen to know...

Martin: Frasier, over there! [*points to corner*]

Frasier: Dad!

Martin: Turn around!

Frasier does so.

Martin: Look Elaine, I'm sorry about what happened. You've got every right to be mad. But I thought what we had was pretty good, and thanks to Radio Boy here, I think most of Seattle agrees with me. I'd sure hate to lose it, just because of one stupid thing. Come on, Elaine. I had a great time on our date the other night. You gonna tell me you don't feel the same way? You may not remember... but I have warm toes.

Elaine melts a little and smiles. Frasier glances back in surprise, but Martin turns him round again with a glare.

Martin: Anyway, it's your choice, but I sure wish you'd come and have dinner with me.

The lift reaches the fourteenth floor. Elaine thinks for a moment then presses the button for the nineteenth. She turns around to embrace Martin, then notices Frasier smiling at them.

Elaine: Who said you could turn around?

Frasier turns back to the wall.

In the hallway outside Frasier's apartment, the crowd is still there.

Marjorie: Look, it's coming back up!

The doors open, revealing Martin and Elaine in a clinch. The crowd ooh and aah again.

Martin: [*as he and Elaine enter apartment*] All right, everyone. You've had your fun. Show's over. Nothing more to see. Go back to your homes.

Frasier: Yes, please folks. Honor what the man says. Thank you so much for coming. Thank you for your concern. Let's expedite this departure please, if you would. [*the crowd leaves*] Thank you so much. Goodbye. [*Daphne joins him*]

Daphne: Well, I suppose we should give them their privacy.

Frasier: Yes. Yes, I suppose you're right. It's ironic, isn't it? My sixty-three year old father with a bum hip is about to embark on a night of romance, while the two of us, man and woman, both attractive and eligible, and in the prime of our lives, have nothing to do on a Saturday night.

Daphne: You know, the answer to our problems may be right under our noses.

Frasier: Yes Daphne, I think it is.

Daphne: All right. You go claim the washing machines, I'll go get the laundry.

End of Act Two.

Credits:

Noel sneaks into Roz's booth and leaves a present. He then sits in her chair, which he falls off when Roz walks in and discovers him.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

LINDA STEPHENS as Elaine
PATRICK KERR as Noel
PATRICIA FRASER as Marjorie
TONY COLBERT as Tony

Guest Callers

ELIJAH WOOD as Ethan
PIPER LAURIE as Marianne
HENRY MANCINI as Al

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