

# [2.10]Burying A Grudge

---

Burying A Grudge

Written by David Lloyd  
Directed by Andy Ackerman

---

Production Code: 2.10.  
Episode Number In Production Order: 34  
Filmed on:  
Original Airdate on NBC: 29th November 1994  
Transcript written on 31st July 2000  
Transcript revised on 8th February 2003

---

## Transcript {nick hartley}

*Act One*

*Scene One - Radio Station*

*Frasier is waiting anxiously in the booth. He watches as Roz runs down the hallway. He opens the door with an angry expression.*

**Frasier:** Where have you been?! We're on in two minutes!

**Roz:** Forgive me, but I was busy preparing your schedule for tomorrow. You've got lunch with the station manager, you're recording a PSA at three o'clock and don't forget to send flowers to your sister-in-law at the hospital.

**Frasier:** Oh yes, Maris's face-lift!

**Roz:** Really? I didn't know she needed one.

**Frasier:** Well, she doesn't, actually. There's nothing wrong with Maris that wouldn't be cured by a little sun, some exercise and a personality.

*Roz laughs, then drops the rest of the papers in her hand into the wastebasket.*

**Frasier:** What are those?

**Roz:** Oh, just extra copies of your schedule.

**Frasier:** Why are you running down to the Xerox room for extra copies of my schedule? It wouldn't have anything to do with that new intern, would it? What's his name?

**Roz:** Eli.

**Frasier:** Roz, he's probably all of nineteen.

**Roz:** That's legal!

**Frasier:** Well, coo-coo-ka-choo, Mrs. Robinson.

**Roz:** Frasier, the guy is so gorgeous, you just want to bite him all over, haven't you seen him?

**Frasier:** No, I've been eating out lately! You're not seriously thinking of dating him, are you?

**Roz:** Why is it all right for older men to date younger women but it's not okay for older women to date younger men?

**Frasier:** I don't make the rules, Roz, I just enjoy them.

**Roz:** You're on.

*Roz exits to her booth and cues him.*

**Frasier:** Hello, Seattle, this is Dr. Frasier Crane, KACL 780. We're

with you for the next three hours so let's get straight to it. Roz, who's our first caller?

**Roz:** On line one we have Linda, she's calling from a car phone.

**Frasier:** [*presses button*] Hello, Linda, I'm listening.

**Linda:** [*v.o.*] Oh, Dr. Crane. My husband and I are right in the middle of a fight. You see, we're on our way to the antique mart, we're obviously lost, but he refuses to stop and ask for directions.

**Frasier:** Yes, well, Linda, this is a common source of friction among couples. [*laughs*] Some men feel the need to be in control, they see asking for help as a sign of weakness.

**Linda:** Oh, everybody knows that. Look, the reason I called is to ask how the hell do we get to the antique mart from Cherke Street and 14th Street.

**Walter:** [*v.o.*] I don't need any directions! I know where I am!

**Linda:** We're lost, Walter, face it, we're lost!

**Frasier:** Well, this isn't normally the kind of advice I give, but let me see, I've lived in Seattle most of my life. Cherke and 14th, you would want to...

**Roz:** Dr. Crane, I've got a map right here.

**Frasier:** Oh, no thanks, Roz, I don't need any help!

*FADE OUT*

**QUICK! GET MANILA ON THE PHONE**

*Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment.*

*Frasier is sat reading a book on the sofa and Daphne is playing patience on the table as Martin enters calling to Eddie off stage in the kitchen.*

**Martin:** Hey, put that down! That's disgusting, why do animals always drag these things into the house?!

**Frasier:** Oh, dear God, what is it? A rat?

**Martin:** No, it's a stupid doll!

*Eddie enters with a Barbie Doll in his mouth.*

**Martin:** He found it at the park and he carries it everywhere.

*Doorbell sounds.*

**Martin:** He never did this kind of stuff before you had him fixed!

*Frasier opens the door to Niles.*

**Niles:** Hello, Frasier.

**Frasier:** I thought you'd be at the hospital with Maris.

**Niles:** I'm on my way down that now. Poor Maris, she's so worried, she hasn't had much hospital experience. Except the usual childhood things - you know, tonsils, adenoids, force-feeding.

**Daphne:** What's wrong with Mrs. Crane?

**Niles:** Oh, it's nothing serious. Cosmetic surgery. Her chin, her lips, her cheeks, her eyelids...

**Martin:** Maybe it would be faster if you just told us what she's leaving alone! You know, if you want my opinion, this is just vanity!

**Frasier:** Oh, it's not vanity, Dad, it's insecurity. It's easy to understand how women can fall victim to our culture's worship at the altar of youth and beauty.

**Niles:** Precisely. Women over forty can't help but feel unattractive if they don't have [*looking at Daphne*] perfect hair,

porcelain skin... limpid eyes... pouting lips... and the voluptuous contours of a goddess.

*Niles looks into the air with a deep sigh of longing.*

**Niles:** [after a while] I'm sorry, I forgot what my point was.

**Daphne:** Oh, I know just what you mean, Dr. Crane. I fell victim to that pressure myself once. I had a mole removed.

**Niles:** Where?

**Daphne:** Just south of Manchester.

**Niles:** [laughs at her innocence] I meant where on your body?

**Daphne:** [much less innocently] So did I!

*Niles gapes at hearing this.*

**Frasier:** You know, what time is the surgery tomorrow?

**Niles:** First thing in the morning, which is why I'm here. I know I'm being silly and I'm sure everything's going to be fine but I was wondering if I might have your moral support down at the hospital.

**Martin:** Yeah, sure, no problem.

**Niles:** Thank you. Well, I expect I'll be off.

**Martin:** Hey, Niles. Not that it's any of my business but, er, how much is this whole thing setting you back?

**Niles:** Somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand dollars.

**Martin:** Jeez, for an extra five grand you can get a whole new wife from the Philippines.

*Niles exits rolling his eyes.*

FADE TO:

### NO GUTS, NO GLORY

*Scene Three - Hospital Waiting Room*

*Frasier and Niles are sat in the waiting room as Dr. Sternstein wheels in a woman in her chair.*

**Sternstein:** Ah, Dr. Crane.

**Niles:** Dr. Sternstein.

**Sternstein:** Excuse me for a moment. Your wife is still in recovery but everything went splendidly so you can see her in a few minutes.

**Niles:** Thank you, doctor.

**Sternstein:** [to patient] All right, Mrs. Patterson.

*Sternstein wheels his patient off.*

**Niles:** Did you hear that, Frasier? He said everything went fine. He's an incredible plastic surgeon. Did you see that woman? Whoever Mr. Patterson is, he's a very lucky man.

**Frasier:** Maybe that was Mr. Patterson!

*They go to sit on two couches.]*

**Frasier:** You know, guess whose room I passed by on my way down the hall? Artie Walsh.

**Niles:** Dad's old partner?

**Frasier:** Yes, apparently he was in for some tests last week and the results weren't very good.

**Niles:** Oh no, I always liked him.

**Frasier:** Yeah.

**Niles:** I still remember him inviting us to his house for weenie roasts when we were kids. *[laughs]*

**Frasier:** I'm sure he remembers you too, asking for a salad niçoise!

**Niles:** Do you think Dad knows he's here?

**Frasier:** Oh, I doubt it.

**Niles:** Do you think he wants to know?

**Frasier:** Probably not. They haven't spoken in years.

**Niles:** I don't suppose you got Artie to tell you what their big fight was all about?

**Frasier:** No, he's just as tight-lipped as Dad is. Although, with a little arm twisting, I did get him to admit it was all Dad's fault!

*They laugh as Martin enters eating from a take-out carton.*

**Martin:** Hey, you guys should really try the cafeteria here. They've got a new chef - he's from Yemen.

**Frasier:** So many of the great ones are!

**Niles:** Dad, you know who's in the hospital here? Artie Walsh. He's not at all well.

**Martin:** Yeah, one of the guys told me. They might have to scoop out half of his intestines. Here, taste this meatloaf, it's got just the right amount of chewiness.

*Martin puts it under Niles' nose. He is obviously turned off of the fact.*

**Niles:** No, thank you. *[pause]* Are you gonna go see him?

**Martin:** No, can't think of any good reason why I should.

**Frasier:** Because he was your best friend for twenty years and now he's sick?

**Martin:** Hey, he never came to see me when I took that bullet - when I was lying there with stuff flowing in and out of tubes and drains from every bodily opening. *[shows food to Niles]* At least taste this gravy! *[Niles waves it off]*

**Frasier:** Dad, we are talking about a few minutes out of your life! Just long enough to sit there and have a little chat with a very sick man. I don't see why that's so impossible for you. Now, come on! Believe me, you'll be glad you did.

**Martin:** Hey, listen, sonny boy: that sanctimonious tone might wow 'em on the radio but it doesn't cut any ice with me! When I say no, that's just what I mean. I'm not sitting and chatting with Artie Walsh!

**Frasier:** Artie thought as much.

**Martin:** Why, what did he say?

**Frasier:** He said you wouldn't have the guts to go see him.

**Martin:** He said that?

**Frasier:** Yeah, then he snickered a little!

**Martin:** *[stands]* Well, I've got news for him. I've got the guts. I've got twice the guts he has, and after his surgery tomorrow, I'll have four times the guts!

*Martin and Frasier exit down the hallway as Niles looks down at the meatloaf in his hands.*

FADE TO:

*Scene Four - Artie's Hospital Room.*

*Artie is lying in the bed as Frasier and Martin enter.*

**Frasier:** Artie, it's me again.

**Artie:** *[notices Martin]* Martin?

**Martin:** Artie.

**Frasier:** When he knew you were in here, he insisted on rushing right over, didn't you, Dad?

**Martin:** Yeah, well... they said you were in pretty rocky shape.

**Artie:** Well, they've been saying a lot of things.

*There's deathly silence.*

**Artie:** Well, er, Marty, how's it been going?

**Martin:** Okay.

**Frasier:** Good. Small steps.

**Martin:** Sorry you're laid up.

**Artie:** Thanks. It was nice of you to come by.

**Martin:** Well, I guess somebody had to be the big man.

**Artie:** [laughs] Yeah. [realises] What? What's that supposed to mean?

**Martin:** I think you know what that means.

**Artie:** No, why don't you tell me what it means!

**Martin:** I mean I'm being a lot bigger than you were when I was in here!

**Artie:** You mean when you had that lousy bullet in your hip?

**Martin:** Hey, that lousy bullet hurt, pal!

**Artie:** Not enough!

*Frasier tries to interrupt.*

**Martin:** Well, it's too bad you never took a bullet, it might have improved you.

**Artie:** Just be glad you didn't take it in the butt - it could have caused brain damage!

**Martin:** Oh, you always have to have the last word, don't you!

**Artie:** Not with you, I don't want any words with you!

**Martin:** Well, that's too bad, because I've got a couple of real choice ones!

**Frasier:** Dad!

*Martin and Frasier exit, Frasier looks back in.*

**Frasier:** Next time we'll stay longer. [exits]

*End of Act One*

*Act Two*

**ALBUQUERQUE IS APPROXIMATELY  
136 SQUARE MILES**

*Scene One - Frasier's Apartment*

*Frasier is sat on the sofa reading a magazine as Daphne helps Martin with his exercises on the floor. Eddie is staring at Martin.*

**Martin:** Stop staring at me like that, Eddie, I didn't touch your damn doll! [pause] Look, even if I did, you know, I did it for your own good. You were becoming the joke of the park, even the poodles were laughing at you! [Eddie stares relentlessly] Oh, all right! Here.

*Martin reveals the doll from his chair and throws it down the hallway. Eddie gallops after it and exits as Niles enters from the kitchen on his mobile phone. Martin and Daphne finish their exercises and she helps him up into his chair.*

**Martin:** I gotta get that dog a G.I. Joe!

**Niles:** [on phone] Yes, yes, Maris, I'm sure. No, no, you can't gain weight from a glucose IV. No, no, my little worry wart, there's no such thing as a NutraSweet drip. Just, just try to close your eyes and go to sleep. Goodnight, Puppy Toes. [hangs up]

**Daphne:** Is everything okay with your wife?

**Niles:** Actually, no. She can't get along with any of her nurses. Honestly, I'm at a loss to understand how a reputable hospital can hire nothing but troublemakers!

**Frasier:** Yes, the Little Sisters of Mercy have always had that reputation!

**Niles:** Dad, I didn't get a chance to ask you, how did your reunion with Artie go?

**Martin:** [sitting in chair] Lousy.

**Daphne:** If you don't mind me asking; what started this bad blood between the two of you?

**Martin:** He spread a rumor about me through the department.

*Frasier and Niles look at each other with this revelation.*

**Frasier:** About what?

**Martin:** None of your business.

**Frasier:** Oh, come on.

**Martin:** No, I don't want to talk about it. Subject closed.

*Martin starts to read his paper as Daphne, Niles and Frasier look on.*

**Niles:** Must have been pretty bad.

**Frasier:** Oh, yes. Must have been on the take.

**Daphne:** More likely drugs.

**Niles:** Drugs, yes, drugs... Or sex. Could be sex.

**Frasier:** Or all three!

*They make noises of agreement with each other until Martin caves.*

**Martin:** Oh, all right, it was worse than any of that. [pause] He told people... I cried at "Brian's Song."

**Frasier:** Dear God! You always think that's the kind of thing that happens to other people's fathers, not your own!

**Martin:** Well, I wasn't crying! Me and Artie were sitting at Duke's watching the movie and I got some pretzel salt in my eye! Artie thought it was the funniest thing in the world, the next thing I know he's telling everybody. And then I become the joke of the department. Other cops left Kleenex on my desk! They called me "Boo Hoo Crane."

**Daphne:** Well, I suppose I can understand your being upset with him. But, what's he so cheesed off with you for?

**Martin:** Well, I guess I let something slip about the size of his wife's behind.

**Daphne:** I beg your pardon?

**Martin:** Well, she's got this gigantic rear end, I mean it's enormous. It looks like she's shoplifting throw pillows!

**Frasier:** And you felt compelled to share that with him?

**Martin:** Well, for twenty years I tried not to and then I guess one day I let my guard down. We were both coming into the station house and he says, "Hi" and I say, "Hi" and he says, "How's the wife?" and I said, "At least she doesn't have an ass the size of Albuquerque!"

**Niles:** And that's it - a twenty-year relationship down the drain because of a little name calling!

**Martin:** No, there's more to it than that. I mean, Artie always had to have the last word. Always! [pause] He couldn't leave well

enough alone.

*Martin starts to read again.*

**Martin:** [suddenly] He couldn't let sleeping dogs lie.

*As Martin starts to read again, the brothers realise the irony.*

**Martin:** [suddenly] You'd think it was all over and then he'd start saying something again. Look, can we drop this? Artie obviously still has an attitude and I've got better things to do than sit around a hospital room taking abuse. [exits]

**Niles:** [realising] Oh God, I'm due back with Maris. Oh, if anyone needs me, I'll be sleeping at the hospital tonight.

**Frasier:** Why?

**Niles:** Maris's doctor feels it's more soothing for the patient to duplicate the home environment as closely as possible. So I slipped a pearl-handed revolver under her pillow and got myself a room across the hall.

*Niles exits.*

**Frasier:** I think we better say a little prayer for the night nurse!

**Daphne:** You know, it's such a shame your father and your friend just can't let bygones be bygones. Especially at a time like this.

**Frasier:** I don't know what else to do, he's just so damn stubborn.

**Daphne:** Well, maybe if I had a go at it. You know, in the past year and a half I've come to have a pretty good understanding of how the Crane mind works - when it works!

*Martin enters with some crisps, he sits with Daphne at the table.*

**Daphne:** Mr. Crane, about your partner...

**Martin:** I don't want to talk about it anymore!

**Daphne:** No, no, I just wanted to tell you I'm on your side. After the way he treated you, I say good riddance to bad rubbish.

**Martin:** Damn right!

**Daphne:** It's hard to see how you could have had any good times together.

**Martin:** Well, there weren't many. Well, occasionally we'd go fishing together.

**Daphne:** That doesn't sound like much fun.

**Martin:** [reminiscing] Well, not the way I did it. But Artie got it into his head that he was going to teach me. [laughs] He even went out and bought this beaten old boat. He always said after we retired we'd get more use out of it.

**Daphne:** Yeah, well, it seems awfully pushy of him to foist his interests on you.

**Martin:** Oh, it wasn't so bad. I remember one time I bust my arm reeling in what turned out to be someone's old bedroom slipper. You know what Artie did? He just unhooked it and threw it right on the barbecue. [laughs]

**Daphne:** Well, I guess maybe he wasn't such a bad guy after all.

**Martin:** [pensive thought, then:] You know, maybe you're right. I listen to myself talking and I sound like a big fool. Thanks Daphne, you really opened my eyes.

**Daphne:** I thought I might.

*Daphne and Frasier share a contented look.*

**Martin:** Yeah, I'm going to march right down to that hospital, buy him a big stuffed animal and then throws my arms around him and never, ever let him go! [blows a raspberry in her face]

**Daphne:** You really are a hateful old sod, aren't you?

*She gets up in disgust.*

**Martin:** Come on, Eddie, time for your walk!

*Martin goes to the door with Eddie as the phone rings.*

*Frasier answers it.*

**Frasier:** Hello? Yes, it is. *[pause, then in morbid tones]* Oh, I see. Yes, well, I guess it isn't really a shock, considering. Yes, I'm sure they did everything they could. Thank you.  
*[hangs up]*

**Martin:** What was that?

**Frasier:** *[quietly]* We'll talk about it later, Dad.

**Martin:** *[worried]* Is everything okay?

**Frasier:** Why do you ask?

**Martin:** Well, I don't know. You saying, "I'm sorry" and stuff like "I'm sure you did everything you could" and it's natural to be concerned.

**Frasier:** You thought that call was about Artie, didn't you?

**Martin:** No!

**Frasier:** Yes, you did!

**Martin:** So what if I did?

**Frasier:** Well, it just proves my point - you still care about him!

**Martin:** All right, so suppose I do care about him, suppose I do feel bad about this stupid fight and want it over. What the hell can I do?

**Frasier:** Well, it's up to you. But if you like, I could drive you down to the hospital.

**Martin:** *[sends Eddie away and puts down lead]* I don't need you to lead me. I can drive myself.

**Frasier:** No, you can't.

**Martin:** Why not?

**Frasier:** That was your mechanic, your transmission's dead.

*Martin glares, while Daphne smiles. Martin and Frasier exit.*

FADE TO:

**WELL, WE'VE COME THIS  
FAR WITHOUT A BEDPAN JOKE...**

*Scene Two - Artie's Hospital Room*

*Artie is in bed watching the television. It is on loud as Frasier and Martin enter.*

**Frasier:** Artie?

**Artie:** Oh, Jeez...

**Frasier:** Oh, now look. You guys got off on the wrong foot...

**Martin:** All right, Frasier, I'll handle this. *[comes in]* Artie...  
*[pause, uncomfortable]* Will you turn the TV off?

**Artie:** I'll turn it down.

*He does so, while Martin glares at Frasier.*

**Martin:** Listen, Artie, I'm sorry about some of those things I said earlier on, okay? Maybe all of them. I guess I was still a little steamed that you never came to see me in the hospital.

**Artie:** I didn't come by because... well, I just didn't think you'd want to see me.



**Martin:** Of course I wanted to see you!

**Artie:** [smiles] That's what my wife said.

*He points to a framed photo on his bedside.*

**Martin:** Oh, yeah, Loretta.

*Martin shows Frasier the picture. Frasier looks - and his eyes nearly pop out of his skull. As Martin replaces the picture, Frasier shifts his own behind in the air, trying to imagine how somebody could be that circumferentially blessed.*

**Artie:** Anyway, I'm glad you could come by. And I know it's not easy. Especially for someone as stubborn as you are.

**Martin:** Me stubborn?! Hey, listen pal, I'm not the one who always has to have the last...

*He trails off as Artie starts chuckling.*

**Martin:** Oh, you're right, Artie. I am stubborn. And it wasn't easy.

**Artie:** Thanks, Martin.

**Martin:** [to Frasier] Listen, Artie and I have a couple of things to talk about so, if you, er, if you'll just wait outside, it'll be a lot easier.

**Frasier:** Oh, fine, Dad. Anything I can say right now would just be irrelevant. One thing you learn as a therapist is once things are working well between people, anything else you can say would just be...

*Martin motions him to leave. Frasier exits. Martin pulls up a chair next to Artie's bed.*

**Martin:** So, what's a rotten old cop like you doing in a joint like this?

**Artie:** Believe me, it wasn't my idea. This is not how I expected things to end.

**Martin:** What are you talking about, end? You're going to be out on the street raising hell before you know it.

**Artie:** I don't know, Marty. The doctors aren't exactly tossing their hats up in the air over this one.

**Martin:** Hey, my sons are doctors, they don't know nothing! Now, listen, you're going to get yourself out of here, okay? Cause we've got a lot of lost time to make up for. Hey, do you still have that stupid boat?

**Artie:** Oh, yeah. [chuckles] I hung on to it.

*They laugh.*

**Martin:** Good, we'll sink that damn thing yet! Hey, Artie, do you remember that time you barbecued the bedroom slipper?  
[laughs]

**Artie:** I kept telling you, stuff always tastes better when you catch it yourself. [laughs]

*As the two laugh, Frasier sits outside in the hallway. Niles arrives in the hallway bearing an armful of gifts. He notices his brother.*

**Niles:** Frasier. What are you doing here?

**Frasier:** Oh, I finally got Dad and Artie Walsh talking again. Of course I did have to resort to cheap, manipulative pseudo-psychology.

**Niles:** Always go to your strengths.

**Frasier:** Well, what about you? It looks like you've bought out the

entire gift shop. Maris should be pleased.

**Niles:** Oh, this isn't for Maris, it's for her nurses. They're having a meeting right now to discuss her care and from what people tell me - a hospital strike can be ugly!

*A nurse arrives.*

**Nurse:** Visiting hours are over, gentlemen.

**Frasier:** Oh, thank you, I'll go round up dad.

*Frasier goes to the door.*

**Niles:** Er, excuse me, do you work on my wife's floor - Mrs. Maris Crane?

**Nurse:** [*immediately standoffish*] Yes, I do.

**Niles:** I'd like you to have these chocolates. [*hands them over*]

**Nurse:** I'm on the night shift.

**Niles:** And this lovely watch. [*hands it over*]

*The nurse exits, satisfied.*

*In Artie's room, Martin and Artie are laughing again as Frasier interrupts.*

**Frasier:** Hey, dad? It's time to go.

**Artie:** What? You get another phone call about your dad's transmission? [*they laugh*] Your dad told me about that.

**Frasier:** Well, all I was doing was...

**Artie:** Yeah, yeah, I know what you were doing. [*winks*] Thanks, kid.

**Frasier:** See you soon.

*Frasier exits, leaving the door open.*

**Martin:** Okay, now, we've got a deal, all right? As soon as you get sprung from this joint, you've got to give me some serious fishing lessons.

**Artie:** IF I get out.

**Martin:** WHEN you get out! You're not getting the last word on this one!

**Artie:** See you, Marty.

**Martin:** [*stands*] See you, Art.

**Artie:** Bye.

**Martin:** Bye.

**Artie:** Take care.

*Martin rolls his eyes.*

**Martin:** Take care.

**Artie:** Stay loose!

*Martin opens the door and nearly exits. However just before he closes the door:*

**Martin:** See you, Artie!

*Martin quickly slams the door stopping him from having the last word. Martin laughs as he walks with Frasier down the hallway.*

*Halfway down the hall, he stops and walks back the door. He opens it.*

**Artie:** [*o.s.*] See you, Marty.

*Martin closes the door and smiles. So does Frasier.*

*End of Act Two*

**Credits:**

Eddie is playing with a GI Joe on the couch as Martin enters. He notices Eddie's new toy and is pleased with him for his macho image. However, when Martin exits, Eddie goes to the other side of the sofa and pulls out his Barbie again.

---

## Guest Appearances

**Guest Starring**

LINCOLN KILPATRICK as Artie

LYNNE ADAMS as Nurse

PAUL KENT as Dr. Sternstein

**Guest Callers**

BETTY COMDEN as Linda

ADOLPH GREEN as Walter

---

## Legal Stuff

This episode capsule is copyright 2000 by Nick Hartley.  
This episode summary remains property of Frasier, Copyright  
of Paramount Productions and NBC. Printed without permission.