

# [2.12]Roz In The Doghouse

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Roz In The Doghouse

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Production Code: 2.12

Episode Number In Production Order: 36

Filmed On:

Original Airdate on NBC: 3rd January 1995

Transcript written on 31st March 1999

Transcript revised on 8th February 2003

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## Transcript {shawne wang}

*ACT ONE*

*Scene One - KACL*

*FADE IN*

*Frasier is listening to a caller.*

**Marie:** [v.o.] Um, you see, Dr. Crane, there's this man I'd like to go out with, but he's forty years old and he's never been married. Do you think that means something?

**Frasier:** Well, it could mean he has a fear of commitment... or it could mean he's just been lucky!

*He laughs at his own wit, then realizes no one is laughing with him.*

**Frasier:** Marie, that was a joke.

**Marie:** [sighs audibly] Did I mention I'm calling from a pay phone?

**Frasier:** Alright, alright, Marie, um... I would say give him a shot, but uh... I'd keep that caution bulb lit. Thank you for your call, Marie. [punches a button] Who's next, Roz?

*Instead of handing him over to his next caller, Roz interjects with her own on-air opinion.*

**Roz:** If you ask me, it's divorced people you have to watch out for. Someone's never been married - it might just mean they're a careful shopper. Whereas your divorcé will bite into any old piece of fruit without even giving it a squeeze first.

**Frasier:** The preceding was an unbiased opinion from my never-been-married producer, Roz, who, incidentally, has squeezed more fruit than Tropicana. [irritably] May we take another call, please?

**Roz:** We could, but it's time for a station break.

**Frasier:** [surprised] Oh. Oh well then, we'll be right back after this.

*He punches a button and removes his headphones, then enters Roz's booth. She is already up and on the way out.*

**Frasier:** Roz, didn't we just take a break?

**Roz:** The lot was full this morning - I had to park at a meter. I'll be right back.

**Frasier:** Oh. Fine, just hurry.

Roz pauses and turns back to Frasier. Neither of them notice Bulldog come into the hallway, then bend over to tie his shoe.

**Roz:** [pausing] Do I have headphone hair? [off his look] Well, I may have to flirt my way out of a parking ticket!

**Frasier:** Oh, just go!

**Roz:** OK, OK!

As Frasier re-enters her booth, Roz turns and runs - and flips, literally head over heels, over Bulldog, and crashes to the floor. Frasier rushes back out to see Roz lying on the floor and Bulldog getting up.

**Roz:** [clutching her ankle] Ow, ow, ow, ow!

**Frasier:** My God! [hurrying over] Are you alright?

**Bulldog:** I got the wind knocked out of me, but I guess I'm OK.

Gil comes over.

**Roz:** Ow, ow, my ankle!

**Frasier:** Here, Roz. [bending down and touching her leg] Does this hurt?

Roz responds with a deafening screech of pain.

**Frasier:** Alright, there's no nerve damage at least.

**Gil:** Still, one ought to have an X-ray.

**Frasier:** Yeah, come on.

They start to help her down the hallway, with an arm around each of their shoulders.

**Roz:** Frasier, Frasier, the show!

**Frasier:** No, that's alright, Roz, I'll get someone to fill in for me.

**Roz:** No, I mean right now! You've got dead air.

**Frasier:** Oh, God!

He lets go of her, almost dropping her to the floor again, and rushes back into the booth.

Bulldog and Gil help a moaning Roz into a chair by the side. The former sits next to her and the latter kneels by her leg.

**Bulldog:** [to Gil] Take the shoe off.

**Roz:** [in pain] Oh, oh...

**Gil:** [on removing her shoe] Oh, dear.

**Roz:** [worried] What is it?

**Gil:** [distastefully] I see it's been a while since our last pedicure.

Roz shoots a disgusted look at Bulldog.

FADE OUT

## BED AND BORED

Scene Two - Roz's apartment

The living room shares the same space as the bedroom, and Roz is seated on the queen-sized bed, her injured ankle propped up on a cushion. She is trying to paint her toenails. The doorbell rings.

**Roz:** [calling] Who is it?

**Frasier:** [*from behind the door*] It's Frasier.

**Roz:** It's open.

*Frasier pulls open the door and enters. He is carrying a white box.*

**Frasier:** Hi, Roz. How were things at the emergency room?

**Roz:** Frustrating. You know how it is - you're sitting there in complete agony and every crybaby with a gunshot wound waltzes right in ahead of you. How was it after I left?

**Frasier:** It was OK. Weird Bruce from Engineering took over for you. [*looking around*] That's quite a boot collection. Wouldn't it be easier just to put notches in your bed post?

**Roz:** Those are mine. You hate the way I've decorated, don't you?

**Frasier:** No, no. Matter of fact, I admire your courage.

**Roz:** [*noticing the box*] Is that for me?

**Frasier:** Oh, yes. [*hands it to her*] Freud said that there are only two things we need to make us happy: work, and love.

**Roz:** Aw, thanks, Frasier! [*opens the box*] So you brought me work.

**Frasier:** Well, I thought answering some of the fan mail that had been piling up would give you something to do. And remember, this time death threats don't get photos.

*Roz's patented death stare is interrupted by a knock on the door.*

**Roz:** Who is it?

**Bulldog:** [*from behind the door*] It's Bulldog!

**Roz:** Shh! Pretend we're not here.

**Frasier:** Roz, you just said, "Who is it?"

*He goes to the door and opens it. We see Bulldog, clutching some white paper bags in his hands.*

**Bulldog:** Hey, Doc!

**Frasier:** Hey, Dog.

**Bulldog:** Hey, Roz! [*noticing his surroundings*] Wow! The whole place is a bedroom! [*barks*]

**Roz:** What are you doing here?

**Bulldog:** Well, I kinda feel responsible for you being on the disabled list. So I brought you some deli.

**Frasier:** Nothing says I'm sorry like fatty meats.

**Bulldog:** [*walking into the kitchen*] You got your pastrami, coleslaw... OK, where's the french fries? I ordered french fries!

*We hear him slamming his hand on a hard surface.*

**Bulldog:** THIS STINKS! THIS IS TOTAL B.S.! [*comes out of the kitchen*] That apron boy is gonna...! [*notices another white bag on the E-Z table next to Roz's bed*] Oh, here they are.

*He grabs them and goes back into the kitchen.*

**Frasier:** To think he does it all without steroids.

**Bulldog:** [*coming back out*] You want me to stick these in the oven?

**Roz:** Actually, I'm not really very hungry.

**Bulldog:** Oh. Then I guess you're not thirsty either? [*pulls out a bottle of Wild Turkey*]

**Roz:** Glasses are on the top shelf.

*He heads back into the kitchen, bottle in hand.*

**Frasier:** None for me, Bulldog. I'm off to the opera.

**Roz:** [*desperate*] You can't leave!

**Bulldog:** [*calling*] Hey, no ice cubes!

**Roz:** [*calling back*] Just chip whatever you can off the edge of the freezer. [*whispering to Frasier*] If you leave me, he'll hit on me!

**Frasier:** Roz, with a sprained ankle?

**Roz:** You know what it's like in the jungle - they always go after the sick and the lame.

**Frasier:** Roz, I'd like to stay, but I'm meeting people at the opera. I've got the tickets!

**Bulldog:** [*entering with two glasses*] Here we go. I'll get you more ice in a minute when the feeling in my forehead comes back.

**Frasier:** Well, curtain's going up. [*opens the door and turns back*] Listen, Roz, if you need anything, feel free to call me absolutely anytime. Well, except for the next three hours, of course. I'm at the opera. Oh, no, no, no... four hours, it's Wagner. Um... oh, then I've got a late supper, then right to bed, I've got an early squash game... tell you what, let's just say call me absolutely anytime after four tomorrow afternoon.

*He opens the door and exits, leaving Roz quite effectively in the doghouse.*

**Bulldog:** Hey. [*clinks her glass with his*] This is nice. You and me, having a drink together.

**Roz:** [*draining her glass*] Yeah. It's been fun. Bye! [*slams her glass onto the E-Z table*]

**Bulldog:** How come you only painted two toenails?

**Roz:** [*sighing*] 'Cause it hurts too much when I reach.

**Bulldog:** You want me to finish them for you?

*He sits himself down on the bed, picking up the bottle of nail polish.*

**Roz:** No, please, it's OK.

**Bulldog:** Hey, it's a nice colour. Goes with the bruise.

**Roz:** Bulldog, I mean it. Stop it.

**Bulldog:** Hey, you got nice feet!

**Roz:** Really? You don't think they're too big?

**Bulldog:** You kidding? I could get this whole thing in my mouth, easy. [*starts painting her nails*]

**Roz:** [*semi-suspicious*] You know, it's really nice of you to do all this for me. Kind of surreal... but nice.

**Bulldog:** Oh, I figure if I'm nice to you... maybe you'll be nice to me.

**Roz:** [*pushing herself off the bed*] I knew it, I knew it! You come over here acting all sympathetic, but you're still the same old horny, low-class slimeball you've always been!

**Bulldog:** Hey, before you say something that ends up offending me... look, all I wanted to ask you is if, you'd be interested in producing my show.

**Roz:** [*shocked*] What?

**Bulldog:** Yeah, I'm not real crazy about the guy I got now. And let's face it - you're the best producer there is.

**Roz:** You really think I'm the best?

**Bulldog:** Hey, that goes without saying.

**Roz:** [*obviously won over*] Well, Frasier goes without saying it every day. [*sits back down*]

**Bulldog:** Well, you don't have to answer right now, just take your time and think about it. But I gotta warn ya, when I set my mind on something, I get it. I once wanted to interview George Foreman. He said no... but I got him. [*starts painting again*] I had to paint his toenails FOUR times, but I got him!

FADE TO:

*Scene Three - Frasier's apartment*

*Roz is seated on the couch, her injured leg in Daphne's lap.*

*Daphne is giving her a massage.*

**Daphne:** You've been wrapping your bandage too tight. You've got to keep the blood flowing to the injured ligaments.

**Roz:** Daphne, that feels great. Whatever Frasier's paying you, it's not enough.

**Daphne:** Actually, I'll need a raise to get me to "not enough."

*The door opens, and Martin enters, followed by Niles.*

**Martin:** Hey, Roz!

**Roz:** Hey, Martin, what's going on?

**Martin:** Oh, Niles bought me some new shoes!

**Daphne:** [mock approvingly] Oh yes, look! They have tassels!

*Niles moves to hang up his coat, oblivious to Daphne's sarcasm.*

**Niles:** Aren't they exquisite? Those shoes were individually handmade by an artisan toiling in a hilltop village above Florence. [goes to the bar to pour himself a drink] The man is a hero there. It's an event when he completes a pair of shoes. They ring the cathedral bell and the whole town celebrates.

**Roz:** There's a town that needs a bowling alley.

*Frasier now enters through the front door.*

**Frasier:** Evening, all!

**Niles:** Hello!

**Roz:** Hey, Frasier!

**Frasier:** Oh Roz, Roz! Did you hear the show today? I was at the top of my form! I did a brilliant job of cutting a narcissist down to size!

*Niles brings him a drink.*

**Frasier:** Oh, thank you, Niles. So...

*He stops, noticing Martin's footwear.*

**Frasier:** Ooh, Dad! New shoes? Do I hear cathedral bells?

**Martin:** Ring-a-ding-ding!

*He gets up and moves to the kitchen.*

**Frasier:** Oh, Roz, I also wanted to apologize for leaving you last night. I hope you didn't spend the whole evening fending off Bulldog's advances.

**Roz:** Oh, no! Bulldog's not so bad! We actually had a good time!

**Frasier:** [laden with sexual innuendo] Ohhh?

**Roz:** What "ohhh?"

**Frasier:** Well, I couldn't help noticing he came in to work this morning wearing the same clothes he had on yesterday.

**Niles:** [laden with double sexual innuendo] Ohhhh??

**Martin:** [walking back to his chair] What's going on?

**Niles:** Roz slept with Bulldog last night.

**Roz:** I did not! How could you think that?

**Frasier:** Well, I mean - dropping by, bringing a little gift? It was obvious he was after something!

**Daphne:** Well, that's not fair! Dr. Crane is always dropping by and bringing me little gifts and he's not after anything!

*Niles looks decidedly uncomfortable.*

**Roz:** [*indignantly*] I did not sleep with Bulldog - he didn't even hit on me. He did want something, though - he wanted me to leave you and come be his new producer.

**Frasier:** [*skeptically*] Oh, well! I wonder why he said that!

*He trades a knowing look with Niles.*

**Roz:** Because he really wants me.

**Frasier:** Yes well, I think that goes without saying.

**Roz:** For his show.

**Frasier:** Oh Roz, Bulldog knows the blunt approach won't work with you, so he's being more subtle. But his ultimate goal remains to... well, to...

**Roz:** [*snappishly*] To what?

**Niles:** To play Aeneas to your Dido. [*pause*] Sorry you had to hear that, Daphne.

**Daphne:** Oh, that's alright. As usual, I haven't the foggiest idea what you're talking about.

[*N.B. In an earlier draft, the line was, "dip his biscotti in your latte." Also, for lay persons, Aeneas is a figure from classical literature: a hero of the Trojan War who escaped to Carthage, and had a passionate affair with the queen, Dido, before abandoning her to go to Italy and found the city of Rome (or so Virgil tells us).*]

**Roz:** You know, this is so insulting. You think Bulldog wants me to come work for him because he wants to get me into his bed. It doesn't even occur to you that he thinks I'm a good producer.

**Frasier:** Roz, don't you think you're being just a tad naive?

**Roz:** I'll tell you what naive is. Naive is someone who thinks he can stand there and talk to me like that without getting a crutch up his butt!

**Frasier:** Roz, I can see how he's manipulating you! I'm an expert in human behavior!

**Roz:** Oh, really? [*to Daphne*] Excuse me. [*stands up angrily*] I've heard your expert advice! The only mental disorder you've ever cured is insomnia!

*Martin laughs, and Frasier gets extremely riled-up.*

**Frasier:** Well, I'm surprised you had time to listen, what with being so busy with your ultra-demanding producer tasks! Answering phones and pushing buttons! My God, a cockatoo with a strong beak could do what you do!

**Roz:** Then hire one, because I'm taking the job with Bulldog!

*She picks up her crutches and storms out - or tries to, but it's hard to do with a pair of crutches and only one good leg.*

**Roz:** [*hobbling towards the door*] That's it! I am outta here! [*and hobbling...*] Take a picture, 'cause I'm not in your life! [*still hobbling*] You have seen the last of me! [*finally reaches the door and says triumphantly*] Sayonara! [*realizes*] Oh damn, my purse.

*Roz starts hobbling pitifully back to the couch on her crutches, with everyone looking on.*

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

*Scene Four - KACL*

*Frasier is in his booth, as per normal, but he has a new producer in the form of Bruce.*

**Frasier:** Well Bruce, I see we are loaded with callers here.  
What line is next?

**Bruce:** What's your favorite number?

**Frasier:** [*tolerantly*] Three.

*Bruce punches a button. We hear a dial tone.*

**Bruce:** Damn. What's your other favorite number?

**Frasier:** [*annoyed*] Why don't you just let me handle this?

[*He pushes a button.*]

**Frasier:** Hello, you're on the line with Frasier Crane. I'm listening.

**Francesca:** [*v.o.*] Hi, Dr. Crane. Um, my name is Francesca and I'm calling about my boyfriend. Well, he says he loves me, but I just can't get over this fear that I'm going to come home one day and he's not going to be there. I don't know. It probably stems from my childhood when my father left us.

**Frasier:** Oh Francesca, you are suffering from a fear of abandonment. But trust me, I'm here for you.

**Francesca:** Thank you, Dr. Crane. I'm always so afraid that people I count on will just disappear and I'll be left with...

*Her voice is suddenly cut off, to be replaced by a disconnected dial tone. Frasier stares at Bruce with truly ferocious venom in his gaze.*

**Bruce:** Sorry!

**Frasier:** [*slightly panicked*] Francesca, please... we had a little technical glitch there. But we were almost out of time anyway. Please, if you'll call in tomorrow, I'll make sure you're the first order of business. Please call. Well, we're just about wrapped up here, folks... I'll see you tomorrow, Seattle.

*Frasier removes his head phones, then walks into the producer's booth slowly, menacingly.*

**Bruce:** [*cheerfully*] Good show, Dr. Crane.

**Frasier:** You think so, Bruce?

**Bruce:** Yeah!

**Frasier:** Well, call me old-fashioned but when my show starts out with a screeching noise that could shatter crystal, then moves on to an open mike while I'm eating a bag of potato chips, then disconnects two manic-depressives and a woman with a fear of abandonment, I don't think it's a show we should be mailing off to the Smithsonian!

**Bruce:** Don't worry, man - you'll do better tomorrow.

*Bruce gives Frasier a comforting, condescending pat on the back and leaves. Frasier is incensed. He begins to walk back into his booth just as Bulldog wheels his usual equipment in, with Roz following behind him with a clipboard.*

**Bulldog:** Yeah, it's going to be a great show, Roz. I can feel it.

**Roz:** Yeah, I'm psyched. You've got about a minute to show time.

**Frasier:** Hello, Roz.

**Roz:** Hello, Frasier.

**Bulldog:** Hey, Doc! Long week no see. Hope you haven't been avoiding me because I stole your chick.

**Frasier:** Oh, Bruce and I are getting along splendidly!

**Roz:** Yeah, I heard Bruce. What happened, the cockatoo want too much money?

*Frasier, unable to reply, smiles sardonically, and trades sarcastic goodbyes with Roz.*

**Frasier:** Bye, Roz.

**Roz:** So long, Frasier.

*He just closes the door behind him when who should he run into but Gil Chesterton.*

**Gil:** Oh, a moment, Frasier, please! I'm sure word has reached your ear already about the *frutti de mare* party I'm throwing to celebrate our fair city's great bounty from the sea.

**Frasier:** Yes, yes. I'd love to come.

**Gil:** Well, aye, there's the rub! You see, I've already invited Roz. With this rift between you two, well, the tension in the air will be thicker than my *cioppino*!

**Frasier:** Well, Gil, I'm sure that rift will soon be over. Before long, Bulldog will prove that all he's wanted all along is just to get his hands on Roz.

*He looks into the booth.*

**Frasier:** Ooh... in fact that moment may have arrived.

*He peers eagerly into the booth to see Roz bending down to pick up some papers she's dropped.*

**Frasier:** Look, she's bending over! Oh turn around, Bulldog!

**Gil:** Oh, yes! Isn't that what golfers refer to as "teeing it up?"

**Frasier:** [excitedly] Alright, he moves in... and he... [dejectedly] ...helps pick up the papers!

**Gil:** Oh, I'm so sorry, Frasier. I too entertained hopes for low comedy.

*Bulldog starts his show, with Roz in the producer's booth.*

**Bulldog:** Attention, sports fans! [blows a whistle and hits his gong] You're back in the doghouse with Bulldog Briscoe!

*He barks twice, and Roz meows like a cat.*

**Bulldog:** Let's talk football, Sunday's lock: Broncos over the Raiders. Easy money, huh, Roz?

**Roz:** Yeah, right! And men just want to cuddle. L.A. humiliated Denver last month!

**Bulldog:** Wh-Wh-What? Hey, do I tell you how to cook and clean? Denver's doo! It's a complete no-brainer.

**Roz:** Well then, it's right up your alley!

*She toots a horn at Bulldog defiantly. Frasier and Gil lean back from the window.*

**Gil:** You know, I'm no sports fan - but they really are quite delicious together.

**Frasier:** Yes well, enjoy it while you can. Bulldog can't keep his libido in check forever.



**Gil:** [*condescendingly*] Well, of course you're right. And then Roz will come crawling back to you.

**Frasier:** Yes. In the meantime, I have to find someone halfway competent to produce my show. How hard could that be?

*RUN:*

*Frasier's question is answered by the short scene that follows - it is a montage of all the candidates Frasier auditions for the job of Producer, and is set to the song, "They Call Me Mr. Pitiful."*

*Frasier is seated in his booth in various stages of distress and disarray as the following people inhabit Roz's usual dominion:*

- *an old lady who smokes so much Frasier can barely see her through the haze;*
- *a lady who obviously has a fetish for cats, having decorated the entire studio with pictures of cats and the control panel with a real live cat;*
- *an EXTREMELY well-endowed blonde who is greatly distracting when she bends over;*
- *an over-worked neurotic who gets too stressed by all the calls coming in, and eventually throws up his hands in despair;*
- *and finally, an old man (Ed) who seems to have fallen dead asleep in his chair. Frasier is suitably worried. He removes his headphones and gets up, slinging his coat over his shoulder. His shirt is un-tucked... something we don't often get to see in a well-groomed man like Frasier.*

*FADE TO:*

#### **NILES MEETS THE GOATBOY**

*Scene Five - Café Nervosa*

*Niles and Frasier are standing at the counter, having coffee.*

**Niles:** You think you had a bad week? This morning, Maris and I woke to the sound of our gardener, Yoshi, hacking his way through our prize topiary!

**Frasier:** Well Niles, I've never understood why you wanted your hedges to be sculpted into the shapes of animals.

**Niles:** Well, we're both animal lovers. But Maris is unable to have pets. She, she distrusts anything that loves her unconditionally. Anyway, there was Yoshi, drunk as a lord, swinging his hedge-trimmer recklessly over his head. Before we could calm him, he had transformed Maris's prize stallion into some sort of obscene... goat-boy. The poor woman is inconsolable.

**Frasier:** Well, thank you, Niles. You've been a great deal of help. There are worse things than seeing one's career go down the toilet - I could have my hedges cut into unattractive shapes.

**Niles:** It's always about you, isn't it?

**Frasier:** Well, I'm sorry! But I'm just the slightest bit panicky that I'm never going to get Roz back! I've been waiting for weeks for Bulldog to make his move, and against all natural laws, he hasn't!

*At this point, Daphne enters the café, talking to Martin over her shoulder.*

**Daphne:** Come along! [*seeing the two brothers*] Oh! Hello!  
I thought we might run into you two here.

**Martin:** Yeah! Daphne and I have been out buying shoes. [*to Niles*]  
Oh, not that I don't appreciate the ones that you bought me,  
but... I thought I'd save those for special occasions,  
when only tassels will do. But hey, get a load of these!

*He turns and walks a few steps off, showing he's now wearing new sneakers, with little pressure-activated blinkers in the heels.*

**Martin:** They light up when I walk away!

**Frasier:** Doesn't everyone?

**Daphne:** Well, I see Mr. Congeniality here is still spreading sunshine  
wherever he goes.

*Frasier remains standing while Martin and Daphne sit at a table.*

**Niles:** Apparently things didn't go very well on his show today.

**Martin:** Oh, really? Well, you know these things go in cycles.  
I mean, take Bulldog's show - he's just had one great  
show after another lately.

**Frasier:** Hmm... what could be your point, Dad? I'm having trouble  
reading between the lines.

**Martin:** If you weren't so damn stubborn, you'd apologize to Roz,  
get her back on the show, and everybody'd be happy.

**Frasier:** As usual, you're overlooking a key psychological component  
in this whole issue.

**Martin:** You'd have to admit you were wrong.

**Frasier:** Exactly!

**Daphne:** I don't see what's so hard about telling Roz you were wrong.

**Frasier:** You don't understand. You see, it's not the same as Dad  
being wrong, or your being wrong. I have a degree from  
Harvard! Whenever I'm wrong... the world makes a little  
less sense.

**Niles:** Frankly, I don't understand why you want her back at all.  
She's pushy and opinionated.

**Frasier:** Niles, don't you think you're being just the slightest bit  
sexist? What's labeled "pushy" in a woman is called  
"assertiveness" in a man. Gone are the days when women  
were shunted aside to bat their eyelashes prettily and  
say nothing.

**Daphne:** I quite agree.

**Frasier:** [*dismissively*] Oh Daphne, please, I can handle this.

**Daphne:** Well, you've certainly handled it well enough so far! If you  
ask me, it's time you get off your high horse, buy Roz some  
flowers and beg her forgiveness. And don't be afraid to get  
your knees a little dusty.

**Frasier:** Well, I'm sorry. I'm just not quite ready to swallow my  
pride.

*Frasier turns to leave, and runs into his most recent producer,  
Ed, who is passing by.*

**Ed:** Next time, wake me when the show's over.

*As Ed leaves, Frasier's look of consternation shows just how close  
he is to the end of his rope.*

[*N.B. The actor who plays Ed appears again briefly in [Everyone's A Critic](#).]*

FADE TO:

**YOU CAN'T TEACH AN OLD BULLDOG NEW TRICKS**

*Scene Six - Roz's apartment*

*Roz and Bulldog are up late, sitting at her dining table and working together on the program for his upcoming shows.*

**Bulldog:** All right, Wednesday we've got the NFL Picks. Then at the end of the show we do the "boner of the week."

**Roz:** No, we can't do that.

**Bulldog:** This is why I hate you. You are always trying to change my tried-and-true format. Why can't we do it?

**Roz:** Because I got you an interview with Wayne Gretsky.

**Bulldog:** [annoyed] See, Way... [realizes] Wayne Gretsky?

**Roz:** Mmm-hmm.

**Bulldog:** [ecstatic] Wayne Gretsky! [hits the counter] THIS IS AWESOME! THIS IS TOTAL BRILLIANCE! [flings up his arms] THIS IS... [winces] a pinched nerve. Ah, ah, ah! It's an old football injury. I got my head rammed into a locker when I tried to interview Mike Ditka. Ahh!

**Roz:** Here, let me help you with that.

*Roz stands behind him and massages his neck.*

**Bulldog:** Ah, this is great. I can't believe it. Wayne Gretsky, the great one. Aah... Roz, you are the great one. You are some kind of producer.

**Roz:** Thanks. I'm having a great time. I owe you, Bulldog. I owe you big.

*At those words, Bulldog's face twists into a diabolical, self-satisfied grin - which Roz, being behind him, fails to notice.*

**Roz:** You know, I never would have thought this a couple of weeks ago, but you and I have great chemistry together, don't we?

**Bulldog:** Uh-huh. I like chemistry. I flunked it, but I like it. You got any of that, uh... Wild Turkey left?

**Roz:** Yeah, sure.

*She disappears into the kitchen.*

**Roz:** [o.s.] You know, I got to be honest with you, Bulldog. When we first started working together, I never thought it would turn out like this! Did you?

**Bulldog:** All along.

*He rips off his shirt without bothering with the buttons, and takes off his jeans. He's now wearing only shorts.*

**Bulldog:** Hey uh, Roz, you'd better make mine a double. I'm a double kind of guy.

*He has picked up a bag and is now taking out his "equipment." As she speaks, he places a vase with a single red rose on the end table next to Roz's bed, followed by a red candle.*

**Roz:** Uh-uh! You're only going to get a little. There's a lot I want to do tonight, and I want you to keep up with me.

**Bulldog:** Yeah, well, uh...

*He takes a long white feather out of his bag and ponders where to put it for a while, then sticks it in his shorts.*

**Bulldog:** All I ask is that you give me a couple of twenty-minute breaks.

*He takes out a boom box and starts to play some music.*

**Roz:** What's that?

**Bulldog:** I uh... I thought a little music might be, uh, might be nice.

*He has a handful of rose petals which he begins to sprinkle liberally around the room. He turns down the bed covers and throws more petals down on the bed as he climbs over it back to his bag.*

**Roz:** Can you concentrate with that on?

**Bulldog:** Oh yeah, yeah! Actually uh, I find uh...

*He unscrews a bottle of perfume and smears it across his bare chest.*

**Bulldog:** ...the distraction helps me.

*He takes out a kitchen lighter - the kind one uses to ignite stoves - and then pulls out a pair of handcuffs. He studies them for a moment.*

**Bulldog:** Nah... second date. Don't be pushy. [he drops the handcuffs] This is great, Roz... us working like this.

*He flicks on the lighter and lights the candle, then begins to heat up the rose petals on the bed, both to create an atmosphere of warmth as well as to make the roses' scent stronger.*

**Bulldog:** Hey, uh... did you and the Doc ever end up working...

*He accidentally sets the feather stuck in his shorts on fire, and he rips it out, throws it to the ground and stomps on it.*

**Roz:** What?

**Bulldog:** Did you and the Doc ever, uh... end up working like this?

**Roz:** Oh yeah. We tried it once, but he complained I talked too much.

*Satisfied with his impromptu decoration of the place, he flops back onto the bed, waiting for Roz.*

**Bulldog:** Oh, yeah? I would have figured you for a screamer.

*Roz comes out of the kitchen at last with two glasses of bourbon - and lets forth a truly delightful SCREAM. She drops both glasses.*

**Roz:** What the hell are you doing in my bed?! Get out!

*She picks a pillow up off the bed and starts thumping him with it.*

**Roz:** Get out! I asked you over here to WORK, you disgusting pervert!

**Bulldog:** [stands up, half on the bed, half on the floor] Hey-hey-hey! You're going to have to slow down! I'm getting some mixed signals here.

*Roz throws the pillow down, rushes to the end table and blows out the candle. She then switches off the boom box, and gathers Bulldog's clothes up off the floor. She dashes over to the window and opens it.*

**Bulldog:** What are you doing?!

**Roz:** Is this clear enough for you?

*She flings his clothes out the window.*

**Bulldog:** Hey are you crazy? My wallet's in there!

**Roz:** Get out! Now!

*Yanking open the door, she does not see Frasier standing behind it, about to knock. He is holding a large bouquet of flowers - obviously he has decided to come groveling back. How fortuitous!*

**Bulldog:** Get out of my way, Doc.

*He exits. Roz notices Frasier and covers her face with her hand.*

**Roz:** [embarrassment and despair] Oh...!

**Frasier:** [with quiet triumph] I'm listening.

#### **Credits:**

We are back at KACL. The old man is fast asleep in the producer's booth again, but this time he is producing Bulldog's show.

Bulldog, in his own booth, tries to get his attention - first by saying "Hey" twice into the microphone, then tapping the mike with his drumstick. When neither action works, he blows on his whistle... but that doesn't work either. He hammers against the glass partition with his drumstick. No reaction.

Removing his head phones, he picks up a horn and storms over to the producer's booth, and starts tooting the horn into the man's ear. The man remains dead asleep. Finally, Bulldog checks his pulse - it appears he IS dead.

## **Guest Appearances**

#### **Guest Starring**

EDWARD HIBBERT as Gil Chesterton  
GARETT MAGGART as Bruce  
EDWARD F. GALLICK as Ed

#### **Guest Callers**

CARLY SIMON as Marie  
ROSIE PEREZ as Francesca

## **Legal Stuff**

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