

# [2.19]Someone To Watch Over Me

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Someone To Watch Over Me

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## Transcript {Iain McCallum}

*Act 1*

*Scene 1 - KACL*

*Frasier is in the studio talking to one of his callers.*

**Frasier:** Brian, let me assure you. No one is a born scatterbrain! You simply have to develop your powers of concentration. On a trip to the Amazon I was able to observe the hunters of the primitive Shipibo tribe. With nothing more than a crude blowgun they can bring down small monkeys from the forest canopy high above their heads. How?

*Someone comes into Roz's booth and hands her a sheet of paper while Frasier continues.*

**Frasier:** Focus, and mental discipline. And that's what we have to work on, Brian. Focus on one thing and not allow ourselves to be distracted by a single- [Roz rushes in excited and shows Frasier the piece of paper] WE'VE BEEN NOMINATED FOR A SEABEA!!!

*Frasier and Roz jump up and down in excitement before realising the problems of the last caller and that he is still on the line.*

**Frasier:** Of course, we should never become so single-minded that we don't allow ourselves to be spontaneous. We'll be back right after this.

*Frasier goes to a commercial break.*

**Frasier:** Oh, Roz. This is wonderful. They like me, they really like me.

**Roz:** Oh my God, I have to lose five pounds in two weeks.

**Frasier:** [taking the bar of chocolate that Roz is eating out of her hands] Well, that'll be enough of that!

*Frasier goes to open his briefcase and takes out a red rose.*

**Frasier:** Roz. Listen, I bought this for you this morning and I was hoping that I wouldn't have to say this was just for being you...

**Roz:** Oh thanks, Frasier. This is so great. You know, last year

I was so obsessed with winning that I didn't even enjoy being nominated. But this year I don't care if we win or lose. I'm just gonna buy myself a beautiful dress and have my hair done and I'm gonna stretch out in the back of a limo with my date...

**Frasier:** And wonder why you bothered having your hair done!

*Bulldog rushes in and grabs Frasier.*

**Bulldog:** Hey, Doc. Congratulations! Hey, Roz...

*He sees Roz is not too impressed, so he doesn't grab her.*

**Frasier:** Well, I understand congratulations are in order for you as well, Bulldog. What is this now? Four nominations, three wins?

**Bulldog:** Yeah. I've been a symbol of broadcasting excellence in Seattle since 1991.

*Bulldog starts sniffing the air before barking and stamping his feet at a woman outside.*

**Bulldog:** See ya, Doc.

**Roz:** Thirty seconds.

**Frasier:** Thank you, Roz. Whom do we have?

**Roz:** On line one we have a shoplifter from Bainbridge, and then line two is your number one fan.

**Frasier:** Oh, Kari.

**Roz:** Mmm-hmm, for the fourth time this week. Why don't you let me get rid of her? All she ever does is gush and tell you how wonderful you are.

**Frasier:** And this hurts me how?

*Frasier starts the show again.*

**Frasier:** Hello Seattle, we're back. Got time for just one more call. So, Roz - who do we have on the line?

**Roz:** Oh, please!

**Frasier:** Hello. You're on with Frasier Crane.

**Kari:** [v.o.] Hi, Dr. Crane. It's me, Kari. Nervous as usual. Anyway, I hope you're not getting sick of me. I just think you're wonderful. Thank you for always talking to me.

**Frasier:** Well, thank you for being so sweet.

**Kari:** Well, thank you for giving such good advice.

**Frasier:** Well, thank you for being...

*Roz knock violently on the glass for Frasier to wrap it up.*

**Frasier:** If that's all?

**Kari:** That was a beautiful rose you bought this morning.

**Frasier:** Yes, I bought it to give to... [confused] Excuse me?

**Kari:** Don't be surprised. I saw you at the florist's. You weren't doing your regular routine.

**Frasier:** My regular routine?

**Kari:** Café Nervosa. You go there every morning. Except today. I can tell I'm boring you now. Bye!

**Frasier:** Well, goodbye Kari. Well that's all our time for today, Seattle. Goodbye and good listening.

*Frasier signs off. Roz comes into the booth.*

**Roz:** That was pretty weird. Now she's following you?

**Frasier:** I don't think it's so weird. It's hardly following. Maybe

she hangs out at Café Nervosa too and the florist is right next door.

**Roz:** Well, be careful out there. There's a lot of creeps.

**Frasier:** Oh Roz I hate that word, "creeps." There's a lot of odd people in this business. I never refer to any of them as a "creep."

*Bulldog comes into the booth.*

**Bulldog:** Hey Roz, will you stop wearing those corduroys? I can't see your pantyline.

*Roz looks at Frasier who rolls his eyes.*

**Frasier:** Although some people do send me groping for synonyms.

FADE OUT

### GETTING A BIT LOOPY

*Scene 2 - Frasier's Apartment*

*Frasier and Niles walk in to see Daphne sitting at the table.*

**Frasier:** Ah, what are you up to?

**Daphne:** I just measured your Father for his tuxedo.

**Niles:** Oh Frasier, that reminds me. I'm afraid Maris won't be able to make your SeaBea awards tomorrow night.

**Frasier:** Well, I can hardly be surprised. Any particular reason?

**Niles:** Yes! And this time it's a good one. She's very upset about her manicurist. The woman's been doing Maris's nails for years now and sadly she was just taken critically ill.

**Daphne:** Oh, dear. How bad is she?

**Niles:** She'll be fine once she finds another manicurist! Until then she's curtailing all public appearances.

**Frasier:** Yes, well I'm sorry. It's not like I'm nominated for a SeaBea every year. Oh, wait a minute - yes, it is!

**Niles:** Well, as some illustrious person once said, "popularity is the hallmark of mediocrity."

**Frasier:** You just made that up, didn't you?

**Niles:** Yes, but I stand by it.

**Daphne:** Will you be joining us for dinner tonight, Dr. Crane?

**Niles:** No. Frasier and I are going to the opera. We're seeing-

**Frasier/Niles:** *Der Fliegende Hollander.*

**Niles:** Oh, don't forget - the tickets are in your briefcase.

I can hear that first aria already. [*starts humming the tune*]

**Martin:** Don't, Niles. You'll start singing it, then I'll start singing it, and I won't be able to get it out of my head.

*Frasier opens his briefcase and finds a scarf inside.*

**Frasier:** What's this? [*reads the label*] "Dear Dr. Crane. A little bit of me to wrap around your neck. Your number one fan, Kari."

**Daphne:** Oh, how sweet. Your fan knitted you a scarf.

**Frasier:** Yes, but when did she find the time to put it in my briefcase? I haven't had it out of my hand all day except when I was in the barber's chair.

**Martin:** Hell, that didn't give her more than thirty seconds!

**Niles:** [*examining the label*] So you're saying this woman followed you into the barber shop then slipped a scarf into your briefcase.

**Frasier:** Well, she's a very devoted fan.

**Niles:** She has the handwriting of a sociopath.

**Frasier:** Oh, she does not.

**Niles:** [*holding up the label*] Big loops.

**Daphne:** That's exactly how Scotland Yard caught "The Butcher of Brighton." He used big loops - a clear sign of anger. And he crossed his t's in a downward stroke, indicating aggression. Of course, he also kept a demitasse saucer full of eyelids on his night table.

*Daphne leaves the room.*

**Frasier:** Anybody here besides me think we should put a two-way lock on her door?

**Martin:** Well, if you ask me it's probably nothing, but there are some weirdos out there, so just keep your eyes open.

**Frasier:** Dad, she's not a weirdo. She's just a woman who finds me utterly fascinating

**Niles:** And the distinction would be?

**Frasier:** In any case, I do think that her invading my space is inappropriate. I hardly think we should start barricading the door.

*Daphne has come back.*

**Niles:** Let's review. She started with calls to the station, then moved onto spying on you. Now she's been in your briefcase. It's the classic progression of the predator stalking its prey in ever-narrowing circles, or "loops." That's for you, Daphne.

**Daphne:** [*looks up and smiles*] Thank you.

*The doorbell rings and Frasier goes to answer.*

**Frasier:** Niles, you make me sound like a goat staked out in a clearing. No one is hunting me down. No one is closing in on me.

*Frasier opens the door to find a large number of balloons floating outside.*

**Frasier:** Oh, look. These must be from the station. [*examines the card*] "From your number one fan Kari. Your time has come. You're finally going to get what you deserve."

**Niles:** The loop tightens!

**Frasier:** Stop it, Niles. She's probably just referring to the fact that it's time I win this award. Try as you will, you are not going to turn me into some sort of a nervous wreck.

*Frasier goes to bring the balloons inside but accidentally bursts one of them causing him to reel back in surprised fear.*

**Frasier:** It's just not going to happen!

FADE TO:

**KRAKATOA, WEST OF JAVA  
(THE MOVIE WAS WRONG)**

*Scene 3 - KACL*

*Frasier is speaking to one of his callers.*

**Madman:** I don't understand it, Doc. I'm a successful guy. I have my own car dealership but still I'm depressed. You've probably heard of me - Madman Martinez.

**Frasier:** Well, what seems to be the source of your depression, Madman?

**Madman:** I guess it's just that business is down. I don't know why. I slashed prices this week. Right now I got an '88 old Cutlass on the lot in rare turquoise metallic, Cordoba roof, leather, factory year...

**Frasier:** Madman...

**Madman:** *[voice getting increasingly louder and excited]* And that's nothing compared to the six brand new Super's I got in. Their prices...

**Frasier:** *[becoming increasingly annoyed]* Maybe...

**Madman:** Twenty-percent discount to all your listeners! People say to me, "Madman, you're crazy." I say, "HEY, I DEAL IN VOLUME!"

**Frasier:** Fortunately, so do I. *[cuts off the line]* Well, that's about all the time we have today, folks. Stay tuned for Bob "Bulldog" Briscoe after these paid commercial messages.

*Frasier signs off and goes into Roz's booth. Roz is sitting there trying to hide her face.*

**Frasier:** Roz, what is the matter with you? You're supposed to be screening these calls!

**Roz:** Just dowse me in gasoline and toss me a match.

**Frasier:** I was hoping a stern warning would do the trick.

*Roz turns around to reveal a huge red mark on her nose. Frasier looks in horror.*

**Roz:** I'm talking about this! Three hours until the limo picks me up for the SeaBeas and my nose erupts like Krakatoa!

**Frasier:** It's barely noticeable.

**Roz:** From where, the Space Shuttle? Vintage Roz or what? I finally lose five pounds and I gain three of it back on my nose!

**Frasier:** Roz, I'm sure that with enough foundation and some contouring, maybe a little shadowing... *[realises he is fighting a lost cause]* Have you considered wearing a beekeeper's mask?

**Roz:** Do I make fun of that Astrodome you call a forehead?

**Frasier:** Gee, Roz. It's been sort of a tough week for me too, you know? Kari has taken to putting notes in my briefcase. She's even been to my apartment.

**Roz:** Frasier, you've got to do something. Don't you remember Leo, the Happy Chef? He had an obsessed fan too. It started out innocently just like yours and she ended up breaking into his house.

**Frasier:** Yes, I understand she bent his whisk and scratched all his Teflon!

**Roz:** Make fun all you want, but she made his life miserable and she didn't quit until he hired himself a bodyguard. Want me to find out who he is?

**Frasier:** No, no, no. I have a hard time believing that Kari poses a real threat. I mean she doesn't even have the nerve to come up and look at me face to face. Lord knows she's had the opportunity.

**Roz:** Well, suit yourself. If you ask me the woman is acting very weird.

*Roz takes out a teabag and puts it on her nose.*

**Frasier:** Tea good for your nose?

**Roz:** *[sarcastic]* No, I finally found a bag to match my shoes!

**Frasier:** Roz, you're dripping all over the console

*Frasier takes a handkerchief out his pocket to wipe up and a small*

*card falls out as well, which Frasier examines.*

**Frasier:** Kari?

**Roz:** Again? How did she get in your jacket?

**Frasier:** I have no idea. [*reading the card*] "I'm very disappointed in you, Dr. Crane. You didn't wear the scarf I knitted you even though it was very cold. The last man who disappointed me that way... is in his grave. P.S. - I'll be at the awards tonight and I'll be looking for you. Your number one fan, Kari."

**Roz:** Oh, great. I'm sitting at your table with a bulls-eye on my nose!

*End of Act 1*

*Act 2*

### SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME

*Scene 1 - Frasier's Apartment*

*Frasier, Daphne and Martin are all dressed ready for the SeaBeas. Frasier is pacing the floor.*

**Daphne:** Now, now, Dr. Crane you've really got to try to relax.

**Frasier:** Oh, you're right, Daphne. After all, what do I have to be nervous about? I'm only up for a major award. If I lose I'll be devastated. If I win then a madwoman who's been stalking me will have a clear shot when I accept!

**Daphne:** Oh, don't worry about it so. That's what you hired a bodyguard for.

**Martin:** I still don't see why. Most likely nothing's gonna happen, and even if it does I was a cop for thirty years. This whole thing's a waste of money.

**Frasier:** Dad, there's a big difference between a policeman and a skilled bodyguard. These people are trained to size up a crowd, plan escape routes, even get shot if necessary.

**Martin:** Hey, I know how to take a bullet.

**Frasier:** Oh yes, that's just what your personality needs - another bullet!

*The doorbell goes.*

**Frasier:** That must be him. Who is it, please?

**Niles:** Lizzie Borden. I want you to autograph my hatchet.

*Frasier opens the door to a smug Niles.*

**Frasier:** That's not very funny.

**Niles:** Everyone ready to go?

**Martin:** Nah, we're still waiting for his rent-a-goon.

**Frasier:** Apparently he's stuck in traffic.

**Niles:** Perhaps your admirer ran into him first and he's stuffed in some janitor's closet, his purple bloated tongue protruding above his freshly garroted neck. Is that champagne?

**Frasier:** Well, you're a fountain of comfort this evening.

**Niles:** Oh, I'm just teasing. If you must know I'm a little jealous. I told Maris about your troubles. All she does is sulk and talk about bodyguards. "Why don't we need one? Aren't we important enough to be stalked?" I have no idea what to say to the poor woman.

**Martin:** Tell her to just go on being herself and her day will come.

*The doorbell goes.*

**Frasier:** That must be my muscle.

*Frasier looks through the security hole.*

**Frasier:** Dear God, it's a woman. Where's my bodyguard when I need him?

**Woman:** Hello? It's Cindy Carruthers from The Unified Protection Agency.

**Martin:** Your bodyguard's name is Cindy? What's the matter - they were all out of Tiffany's?

**Frasier:** I was expecting someone big and wide like a Dominic, a Rocko, a Ruth even.

*Frasier opens the door to the woman.*

**Frasier:** Hello. So glad to see you.

**Cindy:** Thank you Dr. Crane, but you just made a fatal mistake.

**Frasier:** Oh my God, it is Kari!

**Cindy:** No. I mean you should have called The Agency and asked for a description before you let me in.

*Cindy makes a call on her mobile.*

**Cindy:** Hi, Tina. Bring the car around to the service entrance.

**Frasier:** Tina?

**Martin:** I guess Candy was busy.

**Cindy:** First rule for tonight is, trust no one you don't know.

**Martin:** Ooh, let me write that down.

**Frasier:** I suppose you're right. I just start to feel silly when I act paranoid.

**Cindy:** Don't. Paranoid is good.

**Niles:** [*proudly*] I was paranoid.

**Cindy:** Who are these people?

**Frasier:** [*introducing*] This is my brother Dr. Niles Crane, my father Martin and his home care specialist Daphne Moon.

**Daphne:** [*as Cindy shakes her hand*] Goodness. You've seen quite a bit of mayhem in your day.

**Cindy:** Excuse me?

**Daphne:** Well you see, I can sense these things. I'm a bit psychic. Wait, I'm getting a flash now... Did you have a grandfather with a steel plate in his head?

*Cindy looks at Daphne suspiciously, then looks back at Frasier.*

**Cindy:** This lunatic who's been calling you - any particular accent?

**Frasier:** No, no.

**Cindy:** You have a security system in this place?

**Daphne:** We don't need a security system. We've got Eddie here.

*Eddie is lying thoroughly bored on the couch.*

**Cindy:** Hello, Eddie.

*Eddie gets up and buries his head under the nearest pillow.*

**Martin:** Don't let him fool you. You lay a hand on me, you'd have a bite on your butt the size of a tennis ball.

**Frasier:** And Eddie would go for your ankles!

**Daphne:** My, look at the time. Shouldn't we be going?

**Cindy:** You'd better let me secure the elevator. Wait here and don't open the door for anyone. By the way Dr. Crane, I'll need to know your blood type, location of the nearest trauma center

and a list of any family members who'd be willing to donate organs.

*She exits.*

**Niles:** Just so you know, Frasier, I have unusually small kidneys.

*The phone goes and Daphne picks it up.*

**Daphne:** Hello, Crane residence... [*puts her hand over the mouthpiece*] I think it's her!

**Frasier:** Niles - call Cindy. Put it on speaker.

*Daphne puts the call on speakerphone.*

**Frasier:** Hello.

**Kari:** Hi. I know you're in a hurry but I just wanted to let you know I'll be wearing a bright red dress tonight.

**Frasier:** Kari?

**Kari:** But don't worry. You won't have to find me - I'll find you. [*Eddie runs off to the bedrooms*]

**Kari:** Bye.

**Frasier:** Kari, wait. [*Kari hangs up*]

**Daphne:** Oh, don't let it bother you so. Come on, let's go. Quite frankly I find it hard to imagine a woman with such a sweet little voice being dangerous.

**Martin:** Does the name Squeaky Fromme mean anything to you?

*They exit.*

[*N.B. Squeaky Fromme was a female member of the Charles Manson cult.*]

FADE TO:

## THE LADY IN RED

*Scene 2 - The SeaBea Awards*

*Frasier, Martin, Daphne and Cindy walk in to a large crowded room at the Awards Ceremony.*

**Cindy:** Alright, we're seeing a lot of red dresses here, so let's go over some ground rules: Don't go anywhere alone. If you have to go to the men's room, go with a "buddy" and keep your back to the wall at all times.

**Martin:** It's gonna take some marksmanship right there.

**Cindy:** Don't move, but I think I see her. Red dress standing by the bar. She's staring at every man who comes in here but she's hiding her face behind a program.

*Frasier looks over but sees it is Roz covering her face (in particular her nose).*

**Frasier:** That is my producer Roz. She's harmless. She just has a pimple on her nose. Looks like some kind of biblical plague!

*Frasier goes to bring Roz over to the rest of the group and takes the program off her.*

**Frasier:** Roz, Roz, over here. Oh, give me that, will you? You look beautiful. Come join us.

*Roz comes over but now covers her nose with her hand.*



**Cindy:** Hi, I'm Cindy Carruthers.

**Roz:** Hi. [*looks over to Martin and Daphne still covering her nose*]  
Hi.

Daphne/**Martin:** [*both covering their noses*] Hi

**Frasier:** Stop that! Now Roz, listen, you look terrific. You've done a wonderful little job with your problem there. It's practically disappeared.

*Bulldog wanders in and sees Roz.*

**Bulldog:** Whoa, Roz! Won't you guide my sleigh tonight?

*Roz walks off being consoled by Daphne. Bulldog turns to Cindy.*

**Bulldog:** And who's this lovely lady?

**Cindy:** Cindy Carruthers.

**Frasier:** Careful. She has a concealed weapon.

**Bulldog:** Makes two of us.

**Martin:** He's not kidding. She's his bodyguard.

**Bulldog:** Hey. How'd you like to check out a body worth guarding?

*Cindy grabs Bulldog by the throat with a Ranger chokehold.*

**Cindy:** If I move my thumb a quarter of an inch, I could kill you.

**Bulldog:** Whoa! I've never been so turned on in my life.

*She tightens her grip, forcing him to his knees.*

**Bulldog:** Ow, ow! OK, let me go. [*Cindy releases him*] So can I call you?

*She raises her hand and Bulldog runs off. Niles walks in.*

**Frasier:** You know, I wish this woman would just make her move. I hate this looking over my shoulder thinking it could be anyone.

**Niles:** At least you know she's wearing a red dress.

**Martin:** Maybe.

**Niles:** What do you mean, "maybe"?

**Martin:** [*sarcastic*] Well, I'm no professional bodyguard, but if I was a loony toon looking to whack a guy, you know maybe I just wouldn't tell the truth about what I was wearing.

**Cindy:** No offence to your father, but I think you should stick to looking for a woman in a red dress.

*Daphne walks back in with Roz. Roz's hairstyle is truly hideous with a massive fringe covering one half of her face, completely obscuring her nose. Frasier looks slightly aghast.*

**Daphne:** Here we are. Good as new.

**Cindy:** Well, should we all head up to the ballroom?

**Frasier:** All right.

**Roz:** [*partially blinded by her hair*] Help me!

*Daphne guides her towards the elevator. Frasier takes Niles aside.*

**Frasier:** Niles, just hear me out on this. Didn't it seem curious to you that Cindy was so quick to dismiss Dad's theory? Cindy who is not wearing a red dress?

**Niles:** Frasier, you can't think that she's the...

**Frasier:** Shh!

**Niles:** Well she couldn't be the...

**Frasier:** Shh!!

**Niles:** Well, how...

**Frasier:** SHH! Think about it. She was conveniently out of the apartment at precisely the moment the stalker phoned.

**Niles:** So she was. And we know she has a cellular phone. That's how she called for the car.

**Frasier:** What if it is Cindy? Why hasn't she made her move?

**Niles:** Maybe she's waiting to get you alone.

*Niles and Frasier move towards the elevator to go up to the ballroom. Niles gets in but the lift is getting crowded. Cindy stops Frasier getting in.*

**Cindy:** Too many red dresses in there. We'll take our own elevator.

*Niles and Frasier gasp as Niles tries to reach out to Frasier but the elevator door closes. Frasier looks scared.*

**Cindy:** Don't be nervous.

**Frasier:** Oh, I'm not nervous. I'm just a little chilly. It's a cold night.

**Cindy:** Should have worn a scarf!

**Frasier:** Yes, I suppose I should have. Believe me, I meant to. Honest. [*grabbing for the elevator button*] Where is that elevator?

**Cindy:** You know I asked for this assignment? Truth is, I'm quite a fan of yours. But I guess you figured that out already?

**Frasier:** Oh my God!

**Cindy:** What?

*The elevator door opens. Frasier tries to distract Cindy by pointing at the other side of the room while he dives into the elevator.*

**Frasier:** There!

**Cindy:** Where?

**Frasier:** There, behind the bar!

*Frasier scrambles into the elevator and the doors close behind him. He looks relieved until he hears a voice behind him. It is a woman in a red dress.*

**Woman:** Frasier Crane? I've been waiting for this moment for a long time. I'm your number one fan.

*The woman goes to take something out of her purse. Before she can Frasier grabs her in an arm-lock. The elevator door opens to reveal Frasier pinning the woman to the ground. Niles and the others look on in amazement.*

**Frasier:** Roz, Roz, find Cindy!

**Woman:** Help me, please! Get him off me!

**Roz:** Frasier, are you insane? This is Mrs. Littlejohn - the Head of the Nominations Committee.

*Niles looks down at Mrs. Littlejohn who is still being pinned to the ground.*

**Niles:** Emilia Littlejohn? This is a small world. I know your brother Aubrey!

*Roz turns to look at Niles in disgust. Roz helps Frasier get Mrs. Littlejohn to her feet and help her out of the elevator.*

**Frasier:** Oh, I'm so sorry Mrs. Littlejohn. You see, it's just that, I'm being stalked by this woman named Kari and when you

said that you'd been waiting for me, I...

**Littlejohn:** To get an autograph for my niece!

**Frasier:** Oh, well, who's got a pen?

*Mrs. Littlejohn walks off in disgust.*

**Roz:** Let's hope we win this year because we're not getting nominated next year!

**Niles:** Roz, are you doing something different with your hair?

*Roz clouts Niles across the head. Cindy runs up to Frasier.*

**Cindy:** What happened? Why did you run away from me?

**Frasier:** Oh, I'll tell you what happened. The paranoia has turned me into a crazy person. First I thought you were the stalker. Then I thought she was the stalker, [*pointing towards Mrs. Littlejohn*] You know, I've had enough of this. I'm gonna confront this thing face to face.

*Frasier walks towards the elevator and gets in.*

**Frasier:** [*practically shouting*] Everyone! I will be in the lobby.

**Martin:** Frasier, calm down...

**Frasier:** I WILL BE IN THE LOBBY!

*Martin notices a woman sitting on a sofa wearing a red dress and a "bizarre" purple and white scarf.*

**Martin:** You're Kari, aren't you?

**Kari:** How did you know?

**Martin:** You made a scarf just like that for Frasier. He's my son.

**Kari:** I think there's been a big misunderstanding. I'm just a fan. I never meant to frighten him.

**Martin:** Well, what about that note - about the last guy who didn't wear the scarf ended up in his grave?

**Kari:** That was my husband Walter. He caught pneumonia. I won't bother your son anymore. Could you just tell him what happened?

**Martin:** I'll be glad to explain and, if I'm lucky, he won't understand and I'll have to explain all over again.

**Kari:** I'm sure he'll understand. That's the one thing about your son, Mr. Crane - he's so smart and level-headed.

*Kari walks off.*

**Martin:** [*to himself*] What's she been smoking?

*CUT TO: Lobby*

*Frasier's elevator opens out onto the lobby, which is empty.*

**Frasier:** Well, I'm here - you demented harpy. Come and get me.

*Frasier hears a door and looks to the other side of the room to see someone leaving.*

**Frasier:** Kari?

*Frasier follows through the door and ends up down in the parking lot. He can't see anyone else.*

**Frasier:** Alright, I know you're down here. Come on out and face me! Not so brave anymore, huh? You think you're tough but you're only tough as long as you're hiding in the shadows. You wanna

see who's really tough? You just come on out here!

*From behind a parked van three rather big, rather burly men walk out and stare at Frasier. Frasier is taken aback.*

**Frasier:** When I said "tough" I was speaking clearly in a rhetorical sense.

*The three men start to walk towards Frasier as Frasier starts to walk backwards.*

**Frasier:** Would... er... any of you happen to have the time?

*Frasier takes off his watch and offers it to the men.*

**Frasier:** Would any of you like the time?

*Frasier turns and makes a run for the stairs back up to the Awards Ceremony whilst being chased.*

*End of Act 2*

#### **Credits:**

Mrs. Littlejohn announces the award and Frasier has won it. However when Frasier and Roz go up to accept it, Roz still has her ridiculous hairdo and Frasier has obviously been beaten up, his shirt half undone and his hair in a mess. They make their speeches and get off the podium as quickly as possible.

[N.B. The question of whether or not Frasier has actually won a SeaBea has been a source of confusion in later episodes. This tag seems to establish that he has, and we see his SeaBea in Season Three's "The Show Where Diane Comes Back," but later episodes say he's never won it. Perhaps they overlooked this tag.]

## **Guest Appearances**

#### **Guest Starring**

ALYSON REED as Cindy Carruthers  
RENEE LIPPIN as Kari  
RITA MCKENZIE as Mrs. Littlejohn

#### **Guest Callers**

JOHN LITHGOW as Madman Martinez

## **Legal Stuff**

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