

# [2.7]The Candidate

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The Candidate

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## Transcript {andrea day}

ACT ONE

### ANDY WARHOL SAID IT BEST

*Scene One - Frasier's apartment.*

Frasier, Niles and Daphne are sitting on the couch. Martin is standing behind them. Their attentions are tuned towards the television.

**Martin:** All right, now. Quiet, it's getting ready to start.

**Announcer:** The following is a paid political announcement for Holden Thorpe.

**Niles:** You dragged us over here to see a commercial for Holden Thorpe?

**Martin:** Shh!

**Frasier:** The man is a fascist. He's like Himmler without the whimsy.

*Niles laughs at this, but Martin taps Frasier on the head with his cane to shut him up. Cut to the TV commercial, which shows an American flag and the title HOLDEN THORPE FOR CONGRESS.*

**Announcer:** And now another American for Holden Thorpe.

**Martin:** [on television] Hi, I'm Marty Crane.

**Frasier:** Oh, dear God.

**Martin:** [on television] For thirty years I was a cop walking the beat in Seattle. Then my hip was shattered by an assassin's bullet - an assassin who wouldn't have been on the streets if it weren't for those bleeding hearts we sent to Congress.

*Martin is mouthing the words along with his TV self.*

**Martin:** I used to carry a gun. Now I carry a cane. I'm voting to elect Holden Thorpe. He's running because I can't.

*Frasier and Niles look horrified.*

**Martin:** Well?

**Daphne:** Oh, Mr. Crane, I don't know what to say. I'm in a state of shock.

**Niles:** Aren't we all?

**Daphne:** I mean, you were wonderful! [*she hugs him*] This calls for a celebration. What'll you have?

**Martin:** Oh, give me a beer.

*Daphne goes to the kitchen.*

**Frasier:** Dad... how did this happen?

**Martin:** Well, I took a walk to the park last week and they were having a rally for Thorpe. So I started to talk to one of his people and told him I was an ex-cop and the next thing you know they were shoving a camera in my face.

**Frasier:** This is appalling. Those people are exploiting you.

**Martin:** No, they're not. I like Thorpe.

**Niles:** Oh, how could you support that odious little hosehead? I once heard him say, "Cancer aside, tobacco is good for the economy."

**Martin:** Well, I like him. He's gonna put more cops on the street.

**Daphne:** [*bringing Martin his beer*] Yeah, well, it couldn't hurt. Now that everyone and his brother's walking around armed. Makes me glad we don't have so many guns in England.

**Frasier:** You don't need guns, you've got kidney pie. [*The phone rings*] Hello? [*to Martin*] It's Duke.

**Martin:** Oh!

**Niles:** Sherry?

**Frasier:** I couldn't possibly, Niles. I'm too upset.

*He and Niles sit down at the table to play chess.*

**Martin:** Oh yeah, yeah. I'm glad you liked it, Duke. Yeah, it was fun. Hey, I got a lot of showbiz secrets to tell you. You know they can make you cry on cue by pulling a hair out of your nose? What? Really? Oh, guys, quick, over here—channel 14, they're running my other spot! Hey, Duke, this one was my idea. Remember when Lyndon Johnson lifted up his shirt to show his scar?

*He turns up the T.V.*

**Martin:** [*v.o.*] Hi, I'm Marty Crane. Crime isn't pretty. And if you don't believe me, look at this!

*Niles and Frasier turn just in time to see whatever "this" is. They both gasp in horror.*

*FADE OUT*

*Scene Two - Café Nervosa.*

*Frasier is standing at the bar of the cafe. A waitress comes up to take his order.*

**Waitress:** Can I help you, sir?

**Frasier:** Yes, what are your specials today?

**Waitress:** Kenyan blend.

**Frasier:** No, no, no, no. Still poaching elephants over there. Got something else?

**Waitress:** Dark roast Brazilian.

**Frasier:** Not until they do something about the loss of our rainforests.

**Waitress:** Salvadoran?

**Frasier:** No, I've never forgiven them for their human rights violations.

**Waitress:** Well, then we're down to the Hawaiian Kona blend. Or, have

they slaughtered too many macadamia nuts?

**Frasier:** [*gives her a look, then*] That'll be fine, thank you.

*Niles walks up behind him.*

**Frasier:** Niles.

**Niles:** Frasier, I can't stand it. I just walked by an electronics store and there in the window were twenty-two television sets and on every screen was Dad's... [*looks around*]...butt.

**Frasier:** [*nods*] I saw it. I don't know which is worse - seeing his butt, or what it stands for. I just can't believe that our father is actually endorsing that self-serving farmonger. [*they sit at a table*]

**Niles:** I've been giving this a lot of thought. And I realized Dad isn't the problem. He's just supporting the candidate of his choice. The problem lies with us.

**Frasier:** Us? We haven't done anything.

**Niles:** Exactly. "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing."

**Frasier:** Edmund Burke.

**Niles:** I have that quotation in a frame. I keep meaning to put it up in my office but I never seem to get around to it. [*the waitress brings Frasier's coffee*] Anyway, Frasier, I think the time has come for you and me to get involved.

**Frasier:** What are you suggesting?

**Niles:** I propose we throw our support behind Thorpe's opponent, Phil Patterson.

**Frasier:** Well, of course I intend to vote for Patterson.

**Niles:** I had something a little more ambitious in mind. I spoke to some people down at Patterson's headquarters this morning, and your name came up. They'd like you to film a TV spot endorsing their candidate.

**Frasier:** Niles, listen. I'd really love to help, but surely you must realize that as a radio psychiatrist, I can't take a chance of alienating my listeners. The people that need my help might be reluctant to call in if they knew my political views.

**Niles:** Well, I wish you'd at least think about it. A candidate like this doesn't come along that often. He's hard-working. He volunteers weekends at a soup kitchen. He really cares about people. Finally, a politician who believes in the things we believe in.

*A young boy approaches with boxes of candy.*

**Boy:** Buy a box of chocolate - send a kid to camp?

**Niles:** Excuse me, can't you see we're talking here?!

*The boy slumps off as Frasier gives Niles a look.*

*Scene Three - KACL.*

*Frasier is doing his show.*

**Frasier:** Thank you for your call, Susan. We'll be right back after this message.

*He puts in a commercial, which happens to be an ad for Holden Thorpe.*

**Thorpe:** [*sound of sirens and guns*] Crime - it's epidemic. It strikes fast and it can strike you. I'm Holden Thorpe. You should send me to Washington because...

**Frasier:** [*cutting off the sound*] It's better than having you here!

**Roz:** [*entering Frasier's booth*] Piece of work, isn't he? He makes it sound like it's either vote for him or be found murdered

in your bed.

**Frasier:** Oh, I wouldn't be concerned if I were you, Roz. What are the chances of finding you there alone?

*Bulldog enters with his cart of tricks.*

**Bulldog:** Hey, sports fan, how they hangin'?

**Frasier:** Okay, Bulldog.

**Bulldog:** I was talking to Roz.

*Bulldog smacks Roz on the behind, and, as she spins round in fury, sticks his tongue out at her. She grabs the tongue and smacks it with the sharp corner of the cart in her hand.*

**Roz:** Ten seconds.

*She goes into her booth as Frasier turns up the volume on the commercial for Holden Thorpe.*

**Thorpe:** So vote for me. My crime program will give the streets back to the people-

**Frasier:** [*cuts it off; on air*] That's good. Because with your tax program, that's where they'll be sleeping! Welcome back, Seattle. We'll be back for just one more phone call after this news break. And then next up, Bob "Bulldog" Briscoe- [*Bulldog blows his whistle and bangs a gong in Frasier's ear*] and the Gonzo Sports Show. [*off air*] I've asked you not to do that!

**Bulldog:** Way to be impartial, Doc. [*honks horn*] You know, I happen to think Thorpe's a good man. Who you voting for, that pretty boy Phil Patterson?

**Roz:** [*enters*] Yeah, Patterson's great. His reapportionment plan makes a lot of sense.

**Frasier:** Forget it, Roz. He's happily married.

*She bares her claws at Frasier and then goes back to her booth.*

**Bulldog:** [*chuckling*] Yeah, so's Thorpe. Go figure. His wife's a cow and he still loves her.

**Frasier:** There's a bumper sticker.

**Bulldog:** Be back in a minute. [*leaves*]

**Roz:** [*through the glass*] Hey, I liked that little shot you took at Thorpe. Although our next caller doesn't seem to share your opinion.

**Frasier:** Oh, really? Well, put him on. I welcome contrasting viewpoints. [*on air*] Hello, Seattle, we're back. Roz, who do we have on the line?

**Roz:** On line one we have Holden Thorpe.

*Roz grins, but Frasier does not look very happy.*

**Roz:** Go ahead, caller.

**Thorpe:** [*v.o.*] Crane, Thorpe. Let me ask you something. Are you married?

**Frasier:** Divorced.

**Thorpe:** You ever serve in the military?

**Frasier:** Well, actually, I have congenitally weak ankles, it's a family problem.

**Thorpe:** I see, I see. So a guy like you - unmarried, didn't serve his country - sees fit to criticize a patriotic family man who fought in the Battle of Grenada. I went in on the first wave, by the way.

**Frasier:** On a surfboard, I suppose?

*Roz grins and nods.*

**Thorpe:** If you ask me, the day we get the likes of you off the radio will be the day America will be a nice, friendly place to live again.

**Frasier:** All right, you've said your piece, now you're gonna listen to mine! [*Thorpe hangs up*] Hang up on me, will you?! Well, all right, even though you may not be listening, the people of Seattle are gonna hear what I have to say!

**Roz:** No, they won't. The show ended five seconds ago, I had to send it to traffic.

*Frasier angrily throws off his headphones.*

FADE TO:

### CITIZEN CRANE

*Scene Four - Frasier's apartment.*

*Frasier is in the process of rehearsing a political commercial in his apartment. It's filled with lights and sound equipment and various crew. Niles is among them. Frasier is seated in the chair near the balcony door. He is at first facing the balcony, but he then turns to face the camera.*

**Frasier:** Oh, hello there. I'm Dr. Frasier Crane. Many of you know me from my radio show, but today I'm speaking to you as a concerned citizen. [*stands*] As a mental health expert, I've been listening to what my good friend Phil Patterson has to say. I like the way his mind works. He's a visionary, and he cares about the little people. That's why I'm proud to say that I'm behind Phil Patterson for Congress.

*Phil Patterson comes up to him and shakes his hand.*

**Phil:** Thanks, Frasier. [*facing camera*] Together, we can live the dream.

**Frasier:** Phil Patterson: the sane choice.

*The crew cuts.*

**Director:** Okay, guys. Give us about five minutes to adjust the lights and then we'll shoot it.

**Frasier:** Great.

**Niles:** Yes, yes, adjust those lights. They need to be, uh, lighter and... you know, brighter.

*He trips over one of the lights. A crewman grabs it before it falls and gives Niles a look. Niles, Frasier and Phil walk over to the dinner table.*

**Phil:** Thanks again, Frasier.

**Niles:** Oh, our pleasure, Phil. The Crane family has a long history of political involvement. You know, my wife Maris actually has all our servants down at your campaign headquarters licking envelopes. She'd do it herself, but the poor thing can't produce saliva.

*Niles exits to the kitchen as Frasier and Patterson share a look. Daphne then enters with Eddie.*

**Daphne:** Hello, there.

**Frasier:** Oh, Daphne... I thought we agreed you'd keep him out of here for two hours.

**Daphne:** Well, I walked him around the park, but you know how he gets. He starts whining and whimpering until you can't stand it any longer.

**Phil:** [*bending down to pet Eddie*] Oh, don't let them talk about you like that, little fella.

**Martin:** [*coming in the door*] She was talking about me. Hi, Marty Crane.

**Phil:** Phil Patterson. [*they shake hands*] You look familiar, Mr. Crane, but I can't quite place you.

**Martin:** Oh, let me give you a hint.

*He starts to pull down his pants.*

**Frasier:** Dad! [*he shoos Martin away*]

**Martin:** Just trying to help the guy!

**Frasier:** My father did a commercial for your opponent.

**Phil:** Yes, it came back to me.

**Daphne:** Hello, Daphne Moon.

**Phil:** Hi. [*shakes hands*]

**Daphne:** You know, my uncle was a political writer for one of those London tabloids. I can still remember his biggest scoop. The headline read: "High-ranking politician caught wearing women's clothing." Of course, you turn to page two and you found out it was Margaret Thatcher, but by then you'd already bought the paper.

**Phil:** [*struggling for words*] Well, thank you, Miss Moon. [*she leaves*]

**Frasier:** Say, Phil, it's getting a little hot in here. You want to step out on to the balcony with me, get a little fresh air?

**Phil:** Great. [*as they walk out*] Oh, beautiful view.

**Frasier:** Thank you. Yes, you know, I feel very lucky living here. I'd like to say I feel lucky to be a part of your campaign as well.

**Phil:** Oh, it's me who's lucky. It's quite a boost for an underdog to get an endorsement from Frasier Crane.

**Frasier:** Oh, I don't know if my name carries that much weight.

**Phil:** Oh, come on, people love you. I've listened to your show. To tell the truth, I've even thought of calling in.

**Frasier:** Really? What for?

**Phil:** Oh, it's... kind of sensitive.

**Frasier:** Listen, Phil, as a psychiatrist, anything you tell me will be kept in the strictest confidence.

*Phil still hesitates. They both stare out at the view, not looking at each other.*

**Frasier:** You know, it's funny how the more you bottle things up inside, the bigger they seem to be.

**Phil:** Well, I've never told anybody this before, but... okay, here goes. Six years ago... I was abducted by aliens.

*Frasier, shocked, slowly turns his head to face Phil.*

*He is completely stunned.*

**Frasier:** Aliens?

**Phil:** They transported me up to their spaceship for a kind of conference. They're very concerned about what we're doing to our planet. [*Frasier stares at Phil*] Hey, you were right. Now that I've said it out loud, it doesn't seem like that big a deal.

**Frasier:** *[far away]* No...

*Phil gives Frasier a pat on the back as Niles walks up to the door.*

**Niles:** They're ready for you, gentlemen. Come on in here and let's elect a Congressman!

*Phil exits to the living room, but Frasier is frozen.*

**Niles:** Frasier? *[He gestures for Frasier to come in, but he doesn't move]* Frasier?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**LET'S JUST KEEP THIS  
UNDER OUR SPACE HELMETS**

*Scene One - Frasier's apartment.*

*It is a few moments after Phil's revelation. Frasier is now filming the political commercial. He looks mortified.*

**Director:** We're rolling. And... action.

**Frasier:** *[in his chair]* Hello, I'm Dr. Frasier Crane. Many of you know me from my radio show but today I'm speaking to you as a concerned citizen... a deeply concerned citizen.

*Niles looks confused.*

**Frasier:** As a mental health expert, I've been listening to what my good friend Phil Patterson has to say. *[stands]* I like the way his mind works. He's a visionary, and he cares about... *[whimpering]* ...the little people.

*Daphne and Martin share a confused look.*

**Frasier:** That's why I'm proud to say that I'm behind Phil Patterson for Congress.

*Phil walks up to Frasier. This time, Frasier jumps in fear*

**Phil:** Thanks, Frasier. *[shakes his hand and faces the camera]* Together, we can live the dream.

**Frasier:** Phil Patterson: *[almost in tears]* The sane choice.

**Director:** Okay, cut it!

**Frasier:** God, I'm burning up!

*He runs to the powder room to get a washcloth.*

**Director:** Frasier, you were a little nervous on that one. Why don't you take a couple of minutes and we'll try it again.

**Martin:** I got mine on the first take.

**Niles:** Frasier, may I see you in the kitchen?

*They both exit to the kitchen.*

**Niles:** What's going on in there? You look like a zombie!

**Frasier:** Oh God, Niles! I've got something I'd really like to get off my chest. *[sits at a bar stool]* But if I told you I'd be violating a doctor-patient confidence.

**Niles:** Oh, I see. Well, nothing is more sacrosanct than our

professional ethics. [*sits opposite Frasier*] Fortunately, I know a trick to get around them. For the next few minutes, I'll be your psychiatrist, and then you can spill your guts with impunity.

**Frasier:** Well, it's borderline, but I'm desperate!

**Niles:** All right.

**Frasier:** Just now, on the balcony, Phil Patterson told me that he had been... abducted by aliens. [*Niles stares*] Apparently, he was beamed up to the mother ship, for a little interplanetary chitchat!

*Niles leans around to look outside the kitchen. He then leans back to look at Frasier.*

**Niles:** This is bad, isn't it?

**Frasier:** Niles, this is incredible. It's just awful. We're gonna look like such idiots!

**Niles:** We?! The whole thing was your idea. I knew I should never have let you get me into politics!

**Frasier:** My idea?!

*They argue over each other for a moment.*

**Frasier:** Oh my God, Niles, stop it! This isn't getting us anywhere!

**Niles:** All right, what are we going to do?

**Frasier:** Well, I think we have to convince Phil to drop out of the race and seek professional help.

**Niles:** If Phil drops out, then Thorpe will win.

**Frasier:** Forget it, Niles!

**Niles:** Well, then you can forget education, and the environment, and funding for the arts...

**Frasier:** Are you saying I should still back Phil?

**Niles:** All right. Answer me this: can you tell me with any certainty that in such a vast universe there isn't intelligent life on other planets?

**Frasier:** [*glares*] At the moment, I'm not sure there's intelligent life in this kitchen!

**Niles:** All right, all right, all right. Let's assume that it's in his imagination. How often does he see these aliens?

**Frasier:** Well, it's only happened the one time.

*Niles gets a hopeful look, and Frasier also gets excited.*

**Frasier:** Which might suggest that it was an isolated incident brought on by overwork rather than a pattern of paranoid delusion.

**Niles:** My diagnosis exactly!

**Frasier:** Phil has worked hard.

**Niles:** Yes.

**Frasier:** He deserves his chance.

**Niles:** Yes.

**Frasier:** He's still gotta seek professional help.

**Niles:** [*forceful*] Yes! The best there is. But we're not going to turn our backs on him three weeks before the election.

**Frasier:** No, damn it, we are not. [*they shake hands*] So, will you treat him?

**Niles:** [*as they exit*] Are you kidding? I'm a doctor, not a miracle worker!

FADE TO:

THE FAULT LIES NOT IN OUR STARS,  
BUT IN OURSELVES



*Scene Two - KACL.*

*Frasier and Roz are in her booth during a commercial break. She is plucking her eyebrows.*

**Roz:** I think it's time I get my eyebrows waxed. I'm starting to get that Romanian peasant look again. Of course, it doesn't help that I didn't get any sleep last night.

**Frasier:** Dating a snorer?

**Roz:** You know, Frasier, I'm getting just a little tired of your constant insinuation that I sleep around. I didn't get any sleep because of that idiot Chopper Dave. When he gets bored doing traffic reports he likes to buzz people's apartments in his helicopter.

**Frasier:** Oh, I can see how that would be annoying.

**Roz:** Well, it didn't bother me much, but the guy I was with is a Vietnam vet and he started having flashbacks.

*Frasier gives her a look as Bulldog bursts in.*

**Bulldog:** Greetings, losers! Have you heard the great news?

**Frasier:** What, one of your overpaid idols passed his urine test?

**Bulldog:** Yeah, laugh all you can. Word's out about your pal Patterson and those aliens of his.

**Frasier:** Oh, my God!

**Roz:** What aliens?

**Bulldog:** It's all over TV!

**Frasier:** How did they find out?

**Bulldog:** What, are you kidding? You can't keep something like this quiet. Every station in town is serving his bleeding heart up on a platter.

**Frasier:** Isn't that just like the media? The day before the election they find one tiny flaw in a man and they try to ruin his career! Well, you know what? I have my own conduit to the public's ear. I'm not letting Phil go down without a fight!  
[*he storms into his booth*]

**Roz:** What aliens?

**Bulldog:** Turns out Patterson's got a couple of illegal aliens from Guatemala working in his house. No greencards, no documents, no chance!

*He exits.*

**Frasier:** [*on air*] Hello, Seattle. I'm back. This is Dr. Frasier Crane and I have just learned during the commercial break that it has become public knowledge that Phil Patterson, candidate for Congress, believes in aliens from outer space.

*Roz looks up, stunned.*

**Frasier:** Not only does he believe in them, he believes he has met with them. That he was beamed aboard their spaceship for a little interplanetary tête-à-tête. [*Roz shakes her head at him to stop*] Shocked? Well, all right. [*Roz knocks on the glass, he ignores her*] But I say, let's ask ourselves these questions. Has this...

*Roz pounds on the glass and slashes a finger across her throat.*

*He waves her off and continues.*

**Frasier:** ...harmless delusion, most likely brought on by overwork and sleep deprivation, adversely affected his voting record in any way? I ask you, and I say no. What great leader doesn't have his quirks? Ronald Reagan saw an astrologist. General

Patton believed in reincarnation. Even J. Edgar Hoover let his slip show once in a while!

[N.B. To be fair, if Ronald Reagan ever saw an astrologist, it's because Nancy asked him to. - Mike Lee]

Roz gives up and begins to pluck her eyebrows again.

**Frasier:** People, we're talking about a great leader here! We shouldn't concern ourselves with these minor eccentricities. What's important - what really counts - is what's in here... I'm pointing at my chest now.

Roz rolls her eyes and buries her face in her hands as the scene fades out.

FADE TO:

**ONE PERSON SPEAKING OUT  
CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE**

Scene Three - Frasier's apartment.

It's the evening of the election. Daphne and Martin are watching the results. Frasier is sitting near the balcony, defeated.

**Announcer:** The results from the last precinct are in. Holden Thorpe has been elected to Congress, garnering a whopping ninety-two percent of the vote.

Martin laughs and claps.

**Daphne:** Well, at least Mr. Patterson got eight percent.

**Martin:** Yeah, well, they must have been counting absentee votes from the planet Krypton!

He laughs, Frasier looks miserable.

**Daphne:** Oh, come on now, Dr. Crane. It wasn't all your fault. I'm sure having those Guatemalans in his home would have cost him some votes anyway. [exits]

**Frasier:** Those Guatemalans were exchange students! Phil was giving them free room and board as a goodwill gesture between countries.

**Martin:** Well, I'd like to stay here and gloat, but I gotta get changed to go to the big celebration down at Thorpe headquarters. Hey, you're welcome to tag along if you'd like. You're quite a hero down there!

He exits, laughing.

**Frasier:** No, thank you. [he hits himself on the forehead] Stupid, stupid, stupid! [then] When will I learn it hurts when I do that?

The doorbell rings. Frasier gets up and opens the door to Phil.

**Frasier:** Oh, Phil. Come on in.

**Phil:** Hi Frasier. Thank you. I just came by to return this good-luck tie you loaned me. [hands him the tie]

**Frasier:** Yes, well, I saw you wearing it on television when you made your concession speech.

**Phil:** It was a little embarrassing having to do it before lunch. But it gave me some time to run some errands and pick up my

dry cleaning.

**Frasier:** Phil, I am so sorry about the misunderstanding...

**Phil:** Oh, it's okay. I know you didn't do it on purpose. You thought you were defending me.

**Frasier:** The people of Seattle deserve something better than Holden Thorpe.

**Phil:** That's politics. And it's just one election. I'll be back.

**Frasier:** You really think you can?

**Phil:** Maybe I'm a dreamer, but I like to believe anything's possible. *[he starts to leave]*

**Frasier:** Phil? I've gotta ask you... do you really believe it happened?

**Phil:** I honestly wish I could say it didn't, but it did. I guess you'll never believe it unless it happens to you.

**Frasier:** So, what's next for you?

**Phil:** Maybe I'll run in California. A thing like this could actually help me there.

*Phil leaves. Frasier shuts the door and walks over to where he laid the tie. He picks it up for a moment and appears thoughtful. He then puts the tie down and walks up to the balcony door to look out.*

**Frasier:** Anything's possible...

*Suddenly, a bright light fills the sky. Frasier frantically looks out to see what it could be. He opens the door and looks up into the sky.*

**Frasier:** Oh, very funny, Chopper Dave!

*He slams the door in disgust.*

#### **Credits:**

Roz is sitting at a table in the Cafe Nervosa. She begins to pluck her eyebrows. She plucks one and blows the eyebrow off the tweezers. She continues to do this until the little boy with the candy comes up to her. She blows one of her eyebrows at him to make him go away.

## **Guest Appearances**

#### **Guest Starring**

BOYD GAINES as Phil Patterson  
LUCK HARI as Waitress  
JACK TATE as Director  
CHRISTOPHER WALBERG as Boy

#### **Guest Callers**

SYDNEY POLLACK as Holden Thorpe

## **Legal Stuff**

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