

[3.15]A Word To The Wiseguy

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Written by Joe Keenan
 Directed by Philip
 Charles MacKenzie

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References

- *Jimmy Hoffa*
 American labor leader who mysteriously disappeared, probably killed by the Mafia.
 - *Zsa Zsa Gabor*
 Hollywood actress who attacked a police officer that pulled her over for speeding.
 - *Leona Helmsley*
 New York hotelier, aka "The Queen of Mean" who terrorized the staff of her hotel chain and was later convicted of tax evasion.
 - *Martin Scorsese*
 American film director of "Taxi Driver", "Casino."
 - *"Commodore"*
 A naval officer ranking between captain and admiral; also, the head of a yacht club.
 - *The Vatican*
 The Catholic Church's administrative headquarters in Rome.
 - *"demi-monde"*
 Literally, "half world" - a term coined by Dumas to refer to the underworld.
 - *"poi ramekins"*
 Small serving dishes used at a luau (a Hawaiian barbecue).
 - *"Bugsy"*
 Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, American gangster.
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AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

Nominated

EMMY

- **Outstanding Guest Actor in a Comedy Series:** Harris Yulin
-

Transcript {abby fletcher}

ACT ONE

Scene One - Apartment

The scene opens with Daphne sitting at the table eating her breakfast. Martin is sitting in a chair against the door. Frasier enters from the direction of the bedrooms.

Frasier: Morning Daphne, Dad.

Daphne: Shhh! [re: Martin] You'll ruin his concentration! He's on a stakeout to catch whoever's been pinching our newspaper. He's been at it for over an hour! I must say, I can see why he was such a good policeman.

Frasier walks over towards his father to investigate. Loud snoring soon becomes apparent.

Frasier: Yes, very impressive, isn't he? When he wakes up you must get him to tell you about his stint as security coordinator for Jimmy Hoffa!

Doorbell rings. Frasier wakes up Martin.

Frasier: Dad, come on, rise and shine.

Martin: [waking up] Huh?

Frasier: You fell asleep. [he opens the door] Oh, good morning, Niles!

Niles: Hello.

Frasier: [looking for the paper] Ah yes, I see our newspaper thief has struck again!

Martin: Damn, he's good!

Martin crosses to sit by Daphne at the table. Frasier moves the chair back to where it should be. Niles follows him over to the table.

Frasier: [to Niles] Come on in.

Niles: This morning, for the first time since our separation, Maris actually picked up the phone and called me! She needs a favour.

Frasier: Well Niles, I think that's hardly cause to celebrate. She called you just because she wants something?

Niles: No, no, not "wants," Frasier; "needs." This is my chance to show her how necessary I really am to her, and all I have to do is fix one small problem!

Martin: What's the problem?

Niles: Uh, she's wanted by the police. Apparently, she was driving past a shoe store last week, when she spotted a stunning pair of Ferragamo pumps. Well, I need not remind you what effect a Ferragamo sighting can have on Maris's hand-eye coordination. She drove up on the sidewalk, and when the police ran her name through the computer they found quite a little backlog of unpaid parking tickets!

Frasier: What else would you expect from a woman who thinks her chocolate allergy entitles her to park in a handicapped space?

Niles: Oh, and to top it all off she neglected to appear for her summons, and so they immediately swore out a warrant, and that brings us to you, Dad.

Martin: Why?

Niles: You were a cop. I'm sure you still have "chums," hint-hint? Who could lend you a hand, wink-wink?

Martin: No. Look, you know I'd do anything for you, but not this. All my years on the force I never even fixed a ticket, let alone an arrest warrant.

Niles: You couldn't pull one little string?

Martin: No, I hope everything works out for you, but I think the law should be the same for everyone.

Niles: Well, it's not. We'd all like to believe that justice is blind, but the sad truth is, wealthy white women just can't get a fair shake! The courts love to make examples of them.

Daphne: Oh, they do. Just think of Zsa Zsa Gabor, or Leona Helmsley.

Frasier: [*sarcastic*] Oh yes, two perfectly lovely women victimised by an unjust system.

Niles: Alright, fine. [*standing*] If you won't help me, I'll just have to help myself. [*goes towards door*] I'm going down to that precinct house, and I'm not leaving until I get justice. Well, not exactly justice, I suppose, more like preferential treatment, but I'm not leaving 'til I get it! [*exits via front door*]

Daphne: What a horrible thing to happen. Can you picture poor Mrs. Crane confined to a jail cell?

Frasier: Only if they moved the bars closer together.

FADE OUT

THE LITTLE COMMODORE

Scene Two - KACL

Fade in to the KACL studio booth, where Frasier is wrapping up his show for the day.

Frasier: Well, that's it for today, folks! This is Dr. Frasier Crane wishing you good mental health!

He hits the off-air switch, and Niles enters, distressed.

Niles: Frasier, I feel as if I'm being sucked into a vortex of rage and despair!

Frasier: Well, right back atcha! I take it things didn't go down so well at the station?

Niles: The police simply would not listen to reason.

Roz: [*entering from producer's booth*] Police?

Niles: They're persecuting my Maris over some silly parking fines. I felt sure they'd ease up if they understood Maris a little better, so I tried to explain her to them.

Frasier: Oh, dear God.

Roz: You know, I dated a guy once who got in trouble with the cops...

Niles: Notice the complete absence of gasps following that statement.

Roz: Oh! OK fine, you little weasel. Just forget it. I was going to help you, but Maris can just rot in the slammer.

She walks back into the producer's suite.

Niles: [*suddenly very apologetic*] Ooh Roz, I was joshing! I know how you enjoy our little by-play! That weasel line, ouch, touché!

Roz: You know what, you're even more annoying when you grovel.

Niles: Zing! Got me again!

Frasier: Roz, if not for his sake, then for mine, please?

Roz: OK, for you. My friend Phil had some major traffic violations, and he was so freaked that he called this guy who, you know, fixes things.

Frasier: Sounds just a tad shady, Roz. You mean he went to some hoodlum?

Roz: Well, I wouldn't use the word "hoodlum" in front of him. [Searches her rolodex] Just think of him as a guy who makes wishes come true. Like a fairy godfather. Another word I wouldn't use in front of him. [finds the card] Here we go! Jerome Belasco.

Niles: [takes the card] Oh Roz, you are an angel of mercy. How can I repay you?

Roz: The next time you think of some witty little thing to say about my sex life, or what I'm wearing, just keep it to yourself.

Niles: [looking her up and down, searching for something nice to say] Consider it done.

Roz snatches the card back, then Niles snatches it off her.

Niles: Give me that!

Roz exits. Frasier takes the card from Niles.

Frasier: No, give me that!

Niles: Frasier!

Frasier: Are you mad? I will not have you turning a minor, albeit annoying situation into a, a Martin Scorsese film!

Niles: You don't understand what this means to me. When Maris asked me for this favour, do you know what she said? She said, "Niles, will you be my Commodore?"

Frasier: Her Commodore?

Niles: That's what she used to call her father. Frasier, there was no problem so great that that man couldn't fix it.

Frasier: I'm sure.

Niles: Remember that lovely jeweled crucifix Maris picked up on her first communion trip to Rome? Who do you think smoothed things over with the Vatican?

Frasier: Yes, whatever happened to the days when a parent would take a wayward child by the hand, march them back to the scene of the crime and make them say, "I'm sorry, Your Holiness, it'll never happen again"?

Niles: You don't understand. If I show Maris that I can step into the Commodore's plimsolls, she'll have a whole new respect for me. We can rebuild our marriage on a healthier foundation. Frasier, please.

Frasier hesitates, then gives him the card.

Niles: Thank you. I just know this man is the answer to my problems.

Frasier: Yes, who better to mend the fragile fabric of a troubled marriage than a man whose business address is a wharf!

They both exit the booth, FADE OUT.

A WORD TO THE WISEGUY

Scene Three - Outside Café Nervosa late at night.

Frasier and Niles are sitting at one of the tables drinking coffee.

Frasier: Niles, look. This is ridiculous, it's past midnight.
I'm leaving.

Niles: No, no, no, you can't leave. You're my backup. I wonder what's keeping him?

At this point a man in his late 40's enters the scene, wearing a long dark overcoat. He sits opposite the boys at another of the outside tables.

Frasier: Do you suppose that's him?

Niles: [*scoffs*] I doubt it, that overcoat is Armani!

Frasier: [*sarcastically*] Good point, Niles. Where would a criminal come up with the money for something like that?

The man looks at them and Frasier waves his hand. The man then stands and crosses to meet them. The boys also stand.

Jerome: Oh, Dr. Crane, I presume?

Niles: Oh, yes. I'm Niles Crane, this is my brother, Dr. Frasier Crane.

Jerome: Jerome Belasco. [*shakes hands with Frasier*]

Frasier: Pleasure.

Jerome: Excuse my tardiness, but my lady friend and I were having one of those discussions from which it is difficult to remove oneself.

Frasier: [*to Niles*] Yes, we certainly know about those, don't we?

Niles: Yes, dames!

Jerome: So you have some problem you think I can help you with?

Niles: Well, I do. Please, Jerome.

He indicates for Jerome to sit, and the boys sit themselves.

Niles: Well, you see, last week my lady got on the wrong side of "Larry Law," and since then certain, shall we say, "complications" have arisen, and in brief, things have got "hot-hot-hot," and we believe you are the man to "turn on the air conditionin'."

Jerome: I sense you're a film buff, Dr. Crane.

Frasier: Just show him the charges, Niles.

Niles: [*getting charge sheet out of pocket*] Yes, here we are. Quite a few. [*hands sheet to Jerome*]

Jerome: [*reading*] "Ignoring a summons, speeding, reckless endangerment." Your wife sounds like a very carefree lady.

Frasier: Oh, yes. She's ounces of fun.

Niles: Do you think you could persuade the police to show some leniency?

Jerome: Well, there's never any harm in making a phone call. Excuse me.

He gets up and looks around for a telephone.

Niles: Thank you! Yes, around and straight to the back.

Jerome goes inside.

Niles: [*excitedly*] He's making the call! He's making the call! Frasier, you're going to think I'm mad for saying this, but... that was fun!

Frasier: Well, I must admit, Niles, it is not entirely unpleasant to rub shoulders with the *demi-monde*. I definitely felt a real testosterone surge, you know?

Niles: Me too, me too! It's like an actual tingling in my chest.

And now it's gone... there it is again! ...and now it's gone.

Frasier: Oh, Niles, it must be your cellular phone vibrating.

Niles: Oh, it is! You're right. *[he reaches into his inside pocket and takes out the phone]* Hello? Oh hello, Maris! Yes, I'm tending to that very matter right now. *[he sees Jerome approaching]* Oh, just wait a second.

Frasier: Well?

Jerome: You may consider the matter dealt with.

Niles: Maris, it's all taken care of... What did you say? No, I've just never heard those words before. You're welcome. *[he hangs up the phone]* Oh Jerome, thank you!

Jerome: Now, if you'll excuse me gentlemen, I've got another business engagement.

Frasier: At this hour of the night? *[looks at watch]* My God, it's past midnight. What kind of business could it possibly be *[realises what he's saying]* ...of mine where you're going! *[laughs nervously]*

Niles: Tell me, what do I owe you? *[Takes out wallet]*

Jerome: Oh, nothing. I was happy I could help.

Niles: Oh, don't be silly. I insist!

Jerome: Consider it a favour. I was in a position to help you. Perhaps someday you'll be in a position to help me. *[he stands to leave]*

Niles: Oh, I would love that. If there's ever anything I can do for you, just say the word.

Jerome: You're very kind. It was a pleasure meeting you both.

Niles: And you. *[calling after Jerome as he leaves]* And I meant that! Anything at all, you just let me know!

As soon as Jerome is gone, Niles realizes his mistake even before noticing Frasier's appalled look.

Niles: *[shaking his head]* I shouldn't have said that, should I?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

DOESN'T EVERYONE HAVE POI RAMEKINS?

Scene Four - Back at Frasier's apartment.

Niles and Frasier enter, wearing their squash kit. Jerome is already in the flat, talking with Martin and Daphne.

Jerome: Dr. Crane.

Frasier: Jerome! Look Niles, it's Jerome! *[sotto voce]* In my house!

Daphne: We've been having the most delightful chat.

Jerome: Dr. Crane, you're a lucky young man to have such a charming young woman in your employ.

Daphne: *[obviously flattered]* Oh, go on. Did you know his brother supplied the cement for this very building?

Niles and Frasier look positively horrified at this statement.

Niles: What a small world, oh look at the time!

He tries to leave but Frasier puts a hand on his shoulder to stop him.

Martin: So Jerome, you didn't tell us what line of work you're in.

Daphne: Oh wait, let me guess! *[to Jerome]* I'm a bit psychic. Let's see... you're some sort of doctor. An osteopath, perhaps?

Jerome: No.

Daphne: Well that's odd. I can see you hovering over people with broken bones.

Niles shuts his eyes and leans his head onto Frasier's shoulder.

Martin: [*standing*] Boys, why don't you help me get some refreshments for your new friend?

Frasier: Yes, yes! Excuse us, Jerome!

The boys follow Martin into the kitchen.

Martin: Who the hell is this guy?

Niles: He's some hooligan who helped fix Maris's legal problem, and in return I promised him a favour. Oh God, do you think that's why he's here? To collect?

Frasier: [*sarcastically*] No, Niles. He's probably having a luau and he came to borrow our Poi Ramekins!

Martin: Are you guys nuts? You don't get involved with somebody like that!

Niles: Wait, before we panic, we should at least talk to him. You know, get the "straight dope." Also known as "the skinny."

Frasier: Knock it off, Bugsy!

They re-enter the living room, Frasier carrying a tray with a jug of Orange Squash on it. Jerome is talking to Daphne.

Jerome: Stealing newspapers is most un-neighbourly behaviour. If you would like I could find out who's doing it, and make sure they never even think...

Frasier: [*interrupting*] Oh no! No! That's fine!

Niles: So Jerome, is there something we can do for you?

Jerome: Since you ask, you may recall the other evening I mentioned my lady friend? If I may...

He reaches into his breast pocket, and Niles and Frasier clutch together, thinking he's about to pull out a gun, when he instead pulls out several photographs.

Daphne: Oh! She's a pretty thing, isn't she!

Jerome: This is at the dog track where we met. And here's our first Sinatra Concert. And this was at the funeral of a business associate.

Martin gives Niles a hooded look.

Frasier: You know, for the life of me, I can't recall ever having seen a woman wearing so many different kinds of furs all at the same time.

Jerome: Well, Brandy is a uniquely stylish woman.

Niles: Brandy?

Jerome: Yeah, the traditional spelling.

The Crane boys all look at each other, trying to work out when "Brandy" started to classify as a traditional name.

Jerome: We've been engaged for eight years, but she refuses to set a wedding date. This upsets me. It also upsets my mother, whose comments on the subject are frequent and vivid.

Martin: So where do these two come in?

Jerome: Well, if she's reluctant to marry me, obviously she needs therapy.

Frasier: Well, you're in luck! Niles happens to be one of the finest

marriage counselors in all of Seattle!

Jerome: Well actually, Dr. Crane, I would prefer it if Brandy spoke to you.

Frasier: To me?

Jerome: [to Niles] No offense to you, Dr. Crane.

Niles: [very relieved] Oh, none taken!

Jerome: She's a great fan of your show. I'm sure she'd heed any advice that you might care to offer. Such as "Marry him. Promptly." But I'm not here to put words into your mouth. You'll know what to say. [he gets up to leave]

Frasier: Jerome, you know I'm a psychiatrist. I'm used to rendering my opinion, not being a mouthpiece for someone else. I'm not sure I'm comfortable with this.

Jerome: Dr. Crane, there are some times in life we must do unpleasant things. I'd hate to tell you some of the unpleasant things I've had to do.

Frasier: I see. Well then, why don't you just give Brandy my unlisted home number, which I'm sure you came across when you were finding out where I lived. I'll be glad to chat with her.

Jerome: Thank you. She'll be in touch. [shakes Frasier's hand] And I hope that one day you'll dance at my wedding.

He leaves.

Frasier: If I'm able to dance.

Martin: If you ask me, you're getting off easy. He could have asked you for a much bigger favour.

Frasier: Dad, how can I possibly as a self-respecting psychiatrist tell any woman to marry that thug?

Daphne: What are you talking about? He seemed very nice to me.

Frasier: This coming from the psychic who thought he was a chiropractor!

Martin: Listen, I've heard your show. One more piece of half-assed advice isn't going to kill you.

Frasier gives him a look.

Martin: Jerome, on the other hand...

Frasier: Okay, dad!

Fade out.

Scene Five

Fade in to Frasier's booth at KACL, where he is mid-show.

Frasier: The key to lasting weight-loss is to change the way you view food everyday. You can't go on through life binging and then starving yourself for two weeks just to fit into that gorgeous new evening gown you've bought for a special occasion. Can you understand that?

Steve: [v.o.] Yeah. Thanks Doc.

Frasier: Don't mention it, Steve. Roz, who's our next caller?

Roz: We have Randy, from Richmond Beach.

Frasier: Hello Randy, I'm listening.

Brandy: Not Randy, Brandy. [Frasier looks suddenly worried]

Frasier: Brandy?

Brandy: The traditional spelling.

Frasier: You know we're all out of time, my goodness I feel so sorry but...

Roz: No, you're not. We've got five minutes left!

Frasier: Thank you, Roz! Alright Brandy, go ahead. Your problem, please.

Brandy: It's my boyfriend, Jerome. He said I should call you. We've been semi-engaged for eight years, and he wants

to get married.

Frasier: Well, I can certainly hear the love in your voice, so I say case closed, best of luck to you in the future!

Brandy: Whoa! You got a bus to catch?! There's a lot more to it. For starters I think he's cheated on me.

Roz: Well, in my experience, if you suspect something like that, nine out of ten times you're right.

Frasier: Well, I think a little mistrust adds mystery to a relationship.

Roz starts to look perplexed at Frasier's opinions. He gives her a little stare as if to say "Shut up and play along!"

Brandy: Mystery I could stand if he didn't neglect me so much. Every time we go for a romantic dinner he gets a phone call and bang, it's "Gotta work babe, finish your lobster. I'll send you a limo."

Frasier: Lobster? Limos? My God, give me his number and I'll marry him!

Brandy: Money ain't everything, especially when you've got a sex life like ours...

Roz: He's not even good in bed?

Brandy: Who knows? We're never there long enough to find out!

Frasier: You know, this really isn't necessary...

Brandy: I said to him last night, "What the hell was that?! I've been vaccinated slower!"

Frasier: Well, that just leaves more time to cuddle!

Roz: Can I say something?

Frasier: No!

Brandy: Look, I could deal with the other problems, if it weren't for one thing. All my life I've dreamed of being a career woman, but he says I'm not allowed to work! I'm supposed to sit home all day, let him take care of me. So, what do you think Doc? Should I marry him?

Frasier: Well... taking into account the years you've invested in the relationship, and Jerome's obvious love for you, not to mention his generosity...

Brandy: Tell me what you think Dr. Crane 'cause I really, really respect you.

Frasier thinks hard for a moment, but is caught.

Frasier: Brandy... run! [*Roz holds up two thumbs*] Save yourself. Do not marry this man. [*he presses the button to cut her off*] This is Dr Frasier Crane, saying goodbye, and see you, God willing, tomorrow.

Fade out.

Scene Six

Fade in at Café Nervosa. Frasier is sitting at a table on his own, ordering a drink from a passing waiter.

Frasier: Yes, I'll have a non-fat, decaf latte, please. Oh, what the hell? Look, make it a full-fat mocha with extra whipped cream. What the hell, put a slice of bacon on it!

Niles approaches Frasier, who is sitting with his back to him. Niles clamps his hand down on Frasier's shoulder, and Frasier jumps, terrified.

Niles: Hello, Frasier.

Frasier: Niles! Don't do that!

Niles: Sorry. [*to waiter*] Double espresso, please. [*to Frasier*]

I heard you on the radio today. I thought what you did was noble. [pause] To what South American nation will you be fleeing?

Frasier: Oh, like I'd tell you. One minute of interrogation and you would crack like a Jordan almond!

Niles: Frasier, I never meant for any of this to happen. How long are you going to stay mad at me?

Frasier: For as long as I live. Which'll probably take us through breakfast.

He sees Jerome entering the cafe, looking rather depressed.

Frasier: Oh, wrong again!

Niles: Oh, oh look! It's Jerome Belasco! Jerome, take a seat! Look Frasier, it's our friend, [turns to lady sitting behind them] Jerome Belasco.

They all sit down, Frasier and Niles very nervously. There is an ominous silence.

Jerome: I heard your broadcast this afternoon. It displeased me. [the waitress comes over to get his order] Yeah, let me have a little hot milk, please. When I'm displeased I get acid in my stomach, Dr. Crane.

Frasier: Believe me, the last thing I wanted to do is displease you. Or to hear the words "acid" and "Dr. Crane" in the same sentence. But - Jerome, I'm sorry - how could I have advised her otherwise? She said that you cheated on her.

Jerome: She said she suspected me! I've never cheated on Miss Brandy.

Frasier: Alright, be that as it may, how can I advise her to marry a man who's so controlling that he won't even allow her to work?

Jerome: It may interest you to know that over the years I've called in favours to get Miss Brandy fourteen jobs! She lost all of them.

Frasier: So you're saying she's had trouble finding her niche?

Jerome: No, I'm saying she's a dodo. Now you may love a dodo; you may think the dodo is beautiful; you may even wish to marry the dodo. But you do not encourage a dodo to fly! Now, when she loses these jobs it makes her very unhappy. So for her sake I said "No more jobs." But now, in order to convince her to marry me, I've had to reverse this policy.

Frasier: So she has agreed to marry you?

Jerome: If I get her a job. And not just any job. A job that she can never lose. A job where if she burns the place down, they will apologise to her for having made it so flammable.

Niles: Well, good luck finding someone who'll hire her.

Jerome and Frasier look at Niles, then each other, then Niles again. He gives a little moan of realisation. FADE OUT.

Scene Seven

Fade in to Frasier's apartment.

Daphne and Martin are sitting at the table, eating. Frasier enters, obviously just having had a shower.

Daphne: Dr. Crane, your brother called. The court time for your tennis game is 11 o'clock.

Frasier: Oh, good Lord. I distinctly told him I wasn't available until noon.

Martin: Hey, if you're going to call him back, put it on the speakerphone.

Frasier: Don't you think this is getting a little old?

Daphne: Well I think it's just mean, is what I think.

Martin: So sue me, I enjoy it.

Frasier presses the AutoDial on the phone. Brandy answers.

Brandy: [v.o.] Good morning! Niles Crane, psy-kee-at-trist.

Martin bursts into hysterics at the table.

Frasier: Yes, is Dr. Crane there? This is his brother, Frasier.

Brandy: Oh hi, Dr. Crane. It's me, Brandy. Hang on, I'm getting another call.

She presses the wrong button and cuts Frasier off. Martin bursts into hysterics again.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

Credits:

A woman is outside Frasier's apartment. She looks around to check no-one can see her, then picks up his paper and heads for the lift. However it opens and Niles steps out. She drops the paper, pretending she hadn't picked it up. Niles thinks she hasn't noticed she's dropped it, and picks it up for her. She leaves in the lift.

Martin then opens the door to try and catch the thief, but realises it's just Niles. Martin starts to look for the paper, and Niles realises what he's done, and pretends he hasn't seen the paper either.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

HARRIS YULIN as Jerome Belasco

Guest Callers

FAITH PRINCE as Brandy

RANDY TRAVIS as Steve

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