

[3.20] Police Story

Police Story

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Transcript {mike lee}

ACT ONE

Scene One - Street - Night

Frasier is driving at breakneck speed, with a highly agitated Roz in the passenger seat.

Roz: Faster, Frasier, faster! [*throws her leg across and stamps the accelerator*] You can make this light!

Frasier: God, you're going to get us killed!

Roz: I can't be late for this date!

Frasier: Oh, this is ridiculous! First the drycleaner, then the ATM, now you're making me cart you off to some restaurant!

Roz: Well, I'm sorry, I didn't plan for my car to be in the shop. But I really, really appreciate it, Frasier. [*starts unbuttoning her shirt*]

Frasier: Oh, a basket of fruit would suffice!

Roz: I am changing for my date! Don't look at me! Turn around! Turn all the way around!

Frasier: I'm driving!

Roz: Fine! [*climbs into the backseat*] Hand me my jeans, will you?

Frasier: Here. [*hands them to her, then checks the rearview*] Oh, oh, great! There's a police car behind us. Please don't turn on the red light. Don't turn on the red light. Don't turn on the—

Siren. Frasier moans and pulls over.

Roz: Damn it, Frasier! Don't worry, you're not going to get a ticket. You're a celebrity, use a little juice!

Frasier: Oh, I refuse to do anything of the sort!

Roz: OK, fine. Enjoy traffic school.

The traffic cop walks up to his side. Frasier rolls down his window.

Frasier: Hello, officer. I'm listening.

The cop - an attractive red-haired woman - bends down, all business.

Cop: I clocked you doing sixty-two in a forty-mile zone.

She shines her flashlight in the backseat. Roz, still half out of her jeans, waves sheepishly.

Cop: Well, this is interesting. Usually both people are in the backseat.

Frasier: It's not what you think. See, we were just coming back from KACL, where I do my radio show.

Cop: Uh-huh.

Frasier: You see, we ran a little late, because I was on with a very troubled caller, with a very complex psychological problem... on my radio show.

Cop: Hey, wait a minute. You're Dr. Frasier Crane!

Frasier: Drat! My cover is blown.

Cop: I love your show! I listen to it all the time.

Frasier: Oh well, thank you. It's always nice to—

Cop: License and registration, please.

Frasier: Be arrested by a fan.

He hands them over. Roz, who has not halted her pre-date preparation, leans forward to the rearview mirror and sprays perfume on her neck.

Frasier: Roz, if you could delay ablutions? I'm in custody here!

Cop: Hey, it's your birthday today. [re: Roz] Is this a little celebration?

Frasier: No, no, I'm simply taking my producer to meet her date.

Roz: Frasier, why didn't you tell me it was your birthday? I'd have thrown you a party at the station!

Frasier: Question asked, question answered. [to cop] I'm just going to be dropping her off, then have a cold plate of deli, and get to bed early. Almost makes you feel sorry for me, doesn't it?

Cop: I spent my last birthday subduing a drunk-and-disorderly at a sleazy bar.

Frasier: Don't you hate to work on your birthday?

Cop: He was my date. Tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to let you off. [hands his license back] Just think of this as a little birthday gift from me.

Frasier: Thank you.

Cop: But slow down. I'd hate to see you get hurt.

Frasier: I'm listening.

The cop laughs and goes back to her car. Roz slides into the front.

Roz: OK, let's go!

Frasier: Do you sense a little moment there?

Roz: ["Why are we not moving?!"] What are you talking about?!

Frasier: Well, between me and that very attractive officer. It just felt like there was something there.

Roz: Yeah, major sparks. Now, just the right pedal. The big pedal—

Frasier: Now, just a minute. [adjusts the rearview] We'll see if she's watching me. If she's watching me, she's interested. Oh, yes! She's turning around, she's looking up!

Cop: [over bullhorn] Move your vehicle!

Frasier: Oh, yes. I've cast my spell.

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Apartment

Frasier sits at the dinner table before a birthday cake. Martin, Niles, and Daphne stand over him. Eddie is in a chair.

Daphne: Go on, Dr. Crane, make a wish.

Frasier: [*making evil eyes at Eddie*] Oh, why bother? I made the same wish last year, it didn't come true.

Martin: Come on, son, blow out the candles!

Frasier draws breath, and blows out the candles, which promptly light again – trick candles. Daphne and Martin laugh, Niles applauds lightly.

Frasier: [*dry, sarcastic*] Oh, what a surprise. Look, they're lighting again! What sorcerer's magic is this? [*cuts the cake*] You know, Dad, I had a nice little birthday bonus today. On my way home, I was pulled over for speeding by a very pretty policewoman, who let me off. I got the distinct impression that she found me attractive. Now, that sort of thing happens, doesn't it?

Martin: Oh, sure. I was always leaning against somebody's window thinking, "that bloody chainsaw in the backseat looks kind of iffy, but she's got a cute smile!"

Frasier: Oh, ha, ha. I'm telling you, there was something there, though. Well, of course the whole conversation's academic. I don't even know her name. I suppose I could call down to the police station and try to find out who was on traffic duty. But, uh, I don't suppose they'd give that sort of information to a civilian. You'd have to have some... conduit to the police department, an insider who could break that damnable code of silence!

Martin: All right, I'll make the damn call. [*goes to the phone*]

Frasier: You, Dad? Why, I didn't even think of—

Martin: Oh, shut up.

Frasier: You know, I haven't felt such an instant attraction to a woman in quite some time. Well, considering the difference in our backgrounds, it's really rather puzzling.

Niles: Oh, pish-tosh! It's painfully obvious what's attracting you — the gleam of her jackboots, her dangling nightstick, the glint of her handcuffs hanging on her leather belt. You're off on some lurid little disciplinary fantasy.

Daphne: [*notices*] Oh, Dr. Crane, shame on you! You got icing up and down your sleeve!

Niles: Oh. I am a naughty boy.

She leads him to the kitchen.

Daphne: Well, certainly a messy one.

Niles: But mainly a naughty one.

Martin: [*on phone*] Hey, Charlie, yeah, Marty Crane, how ya doing? Hey, listen, Charlie, I'm trying to track down a woman officer who was on traffic tonight, uh, near...

Frasier: Blanchett and Fourth.

Martin: Blanchett and Fourth. Great, OK, thanks. [*hangs up*] Her name's Maureen Cutler, and she usually goes to McGinty's after work. Charlie said she's probably there now.

Frasier: Thanks, Dad.

Martin: Are you going to go?

Frasier: Well, I don't know. A police bar? If I go in there alone, I'll stand out like a sore thumb!

Niles: All right, I'll go.

Martin: Sit down, Niles, I'll go with him. You know, after all these hoity-toity, caviar-sucking egghead types you've been dating, I think a lady cop would be a nice breath of fresh air.

Frasier: Oh, all right, I'll go! Give me a second, I'll put some fresh collar-stays in, and-oh, oh, I've got a fabulous brand-new cashmere jacket I've been dying to premiere!

He runs into his room.

Martin: Oh, yeah. This is gonna work.

FADE TO:

SINS OF THE FATHER

Scene Three - McGinty's

The bar is packed with off-duty cops and other working stiffs. Martin, dressed in a letterman jacket, stands next to Frasier, who stands out like a sore thumb in his suit.

Martin: You see her yet?

Frasier: I don't know.

Martin: [*pointing*] What about her?

Frasier: No, that's not Maureen.

Martin: No, I mean, what about her?

Frasier: Oh, there she is!

The cop (Maureen), in casual dress, is standing over by the jukebox, joking with a friend.

Martin: Wow, she is a looker! Well, come on, let's go say hello.

They go over. As Maureen catches sight of them, Frasier smotes his forehead in feigned surprise.

Frasier: Oh well! Oh my God, fancy seeing you here!

Maureen: Hey, Frasier Crane.

Frasier: Oh, you remember me?

Maureen: Come on - sixty-two in a forty-mile zone with a half-naked girl in the backseat?

Frasier chuckles, but Martin looks shocked.

Frasier: Roz.

Martin: Oh.

Frasier introduces Martin.

Frasier: Oh, uh, this is my father.

Maureen: How do you do? I'm Maureen Cutler.

Martin: [*shaking hands*] Marty Crane, nice to meet you.

Maureen: Nice to meet you.

Martin: Say, Maureen, how about a drink?

Maureen: Yeah, why not?

Frasier: Let me get them. I'm a beer drinker myself, what about you?

Maureen: That's fine by me.

Martin: Beer, huh? Oh, what the hell, I'll try one.

Frasier goes to the bar. Martin and Maureen sit at a table.

Maureen: So, what brings you guys here? This is mostly a cop hangout.

Martin: Well, I used to be on the force.

Maureen: Really?

Martin: Yeah.

Maureen: Wait a minute. Marty Crane? You're Martin Crane!

Martin: You're wasting your time in traffic, you're quite a detective.
[*laughs*]

Maureen: No, I mean I remember you when I was training. You gave this great lecture at the academy on how to deal with an armed suspect.

Martin: Well, thanks.

Maureen: How come you left the force?

Martin: Well, I uh, got shot by an armed suspect. [*laughs*]

Maureen: I'm sorry.

Martin: Oh, it's all right.

Maureen: So, do you miss it?

Martin: Nah, how attached can you get to a hip?

They laugh. Maureen's beeper goes off.

Maureen: Oh. Oh, I'm sorry. [*gets up*] I have to get over to the hospital. I told them to beep me if there was any news about my sergeant.

Martin: What happened to him?

Maureen: She's having a baby.

Martin: Oh well, hope it's a girl! Yeah, I'll tell Frasier you had to run.

Maureen: Thanks... listen, um, I never do this, but I would love to have a beer or go to dinner sometime.

Martin: [*taken aback*] With me?

Maureen: I don't want to put you on the spot. [*gives him her card*] If you, uh, if you want to go out, just give me a call.

Martin: With me?

Maureen: You're the only one here.

Frasier comes back with three beers.

Frasier: Here we are! Three beers. Good news, there was a fly in one glass, so these are free!

Maureen: I'm sorry, I just got beeped.

Frasier: Oh, that's too bad.

Maureen: Yeah, but it was nice to see you. Maybe I'll bump into you again here sometime.

Frasier: Oh, that'd be great.

Maureen: OK, bye.

Frasier: Bye.

Maureen leaves.

Frasier: Well, I think that went very well, don't you?

Martin is speechless.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene Four - Café Nervosa

Niles is sitting at a corner table. The Waitress takes his order.

Niles: I'll have a grande half-caf latte, with a whisper of cinnamon. And for my father, plain coffee. I cannot emphasize the word "plain" enough. No foam, no cinnamon, no exotic flavors. If it is not plain, I take no responsibility for the consequences.

Waitress: How about a biscotti?

Niles: All right. But when you bring it, call it a cookie.

The Waitress leaves, Martin walks in.

Martin: Hi, son.

Niles: Hello, Dad.

Martin: Uh, I want to thank you for meeting me like this.

Niles: Well, my pleasure. [*they sit*] So... what can I do you for?
Martin: Well, I need some advice.
Niles: That's why you asked me here?
Martin: Yeah.
Niles: You've never done this before!
Martin: Yeah, well, I'm sorry. But anyway, you remember—
Niles: Dad, I want you to know I'm not only deeply touched, but I consider this a watershed moment in our relationship!
Martin: Great. See, the thing is—
Niles: All my life, it seems you've always turned to Frasier.
 "Frasier, Frasier, Frasier!"
Martin: Niles, can I talk?!
Niles: I'm listening.

The Waitress brings their coffees.

Waitress: Here we are. One latte, one coffee, and one [*looks at Niles*] "cookie."
Martin: I think they call this thing a biscotti.
Niles: No need to talk down to the man. Off you go!

The waitress leaves.

Martin: Well, anyway, uh, you remember the other night, Frasier's policewoman?
Niles: Mmm-hmm.
Martin: Well, we found her at the bar, and, uh, well, she came on to me.
Niles: No.
Martin: Yeah.
Niles: You?
Martin: Yeah.
Niles: Was she drunk? [*Martin glares*] Oh, I'm sorry, Dad, of course, you're right, I'm sorry. Uh, [*barely able to contain his delight*] what was Frasier's reaction?
Martin: I haven't told him yet.
Niles: Why not?
Martin: I just can't.
Niles: Can I?
Martin: I know he's going to feel lousy. He finally meets a girl he likes, and she's attracted to his old man.
Niles: Hmm, that is quite a conundrum. I wonder if that's what's really bothering you.
Martin: What do you mean?
Niles: Maybe, underneath it all, you're attracted to this woman and you want to go out with her.
Martin: Oh, are you, nuts? That's sick! That's disgusting!

Niles shrugs to say, "it's just a theory."

Martin: But for the sake of argument, let's say you're right.
Niles: Dad, you're allowed to be attracted to a woman.
Martin: What kind of a father does a thing like that?
Niles: Did you encourage her in any way?
Martin: Well, I guess I was kind of charming. I mean, I didn't mean to be! It just sometimes leaks out.
Niles: Well, what do you want to do?
Martin: Well, most important I don't want to hurt Frasier. And secondly, I want to go out with Maureen. The order of that changes depending on the time of day.
Niles: Well, one possibility is, go on a date with her. If you feel there are sparks between you and this woman, then tell Frasier.

Martin: I don't want to lie to my son.

Niles: You're not lying to him. You're delaying the truth to spare his feelings. If nothing happens, he need never know.

Martin: Well, I guess it's worth a try. If Maureen and I hit it off, then I'll tell him immediately.

Niles: Or I can. Really, I don't mind!

Martin gives him a look.

FADE TO:

Scene Five - Apartment

Martin walks toward the door, looking around like a guilty teenager. Just as he reaches the door, Frasier comes out.

Frasier: Hi, Dad.

Martin: Oh, Frasier! You're still home.

Frasier: Yeah. Where are you going?

Martin: Just out.

Frasier: What are you gonna do?

Martin: Nothing.

Frasier: When are you gonna be home?

Martin: Later.

Frasier: Well, you put a dent in the car, young man, it's coming out of your allowance!

Martin laughs weakly and leaves. Frasier picks up a book and a glass of wine from the coffee table and takes them to the kitchen.

Daphne comes in the front door with Charlotte and Maggie - two fellow domestic servants of British descent - with shopping bags.

Charlotte: I mean, I've got my pride, you know. So, I said to her, I said, "Mrs. Crease, I'll do the cooking, I'll do the cleaning, but I draw the line at creaming your feet!"

The two girls drop onto the couch like they own the place.

Charlotte: Dear, hurry up! "The Mambo Kings" is about to start!

Daphne: Oh, I wouldn't mind mamboing with Antonio Banderas! All right, set out the goodies and I'll go get the wine.

As Daphne heads for the kitchen, Charlotte and Maggie put their feet up on the coffee table. Charlotte unwraps a large chocolate bar.

Daphne: Oh, and this time, Charlotte, be careful with that chocolate! I had a hell of a time hiding the stain from His Nibs- [*runs headlong into Frasier*] Oh, hello, Dr. Crane!

Charlotte and Maggie hide their goodies and jump to attention. Frasier smiles benevolently, enjoying the power of a man who knows exactly what's going on.

Frasier: Daphne. Charlotte, Maggie.

Charlotte/Maggie: Dr. Crane.

Frasier: Please, sit down. [*they do*]

Daphne: I thought you were filling in at the station tonight.

Frasier: Oh, I am. But, uh, not for a couple of hours yet.

He takes his book and wine to a chair, giving every sign of settling in. Behind his back, Charlotte and Maggie mime "Get him out of here!"

while Daphne mimes back helplessness.

Daphne: Oh-ho, seems a shame to hang around here. I mean, I would have thought you'd have taken an opportunity like this to, I don't know... go down to McGinty's?

Charlotte: Oh, to see his new lady friend, you mean?

Frasier: Ah, well, I see I've been quite the hot topic over the teapot.

Daphne: You know, I may have said a thing or two in passing, but-

Charlotte: I'd go for it, Dr. Crane!

Frasier: Yes, well, if you must know, I was planning to go down there, but not for a couple of days yet.

Charlotte: Well, I wouldn't wait too long. I mean, strike while the iron's hot, that's what I always say!

Daphne: She's right.

Frasier: Well, women don't really like men that are too overeager.

Daphne: Oh, nonsense. I mean, you know, it's one thing if the man's some boulder git from the docks, but it's different if the man's like you.

Maggie: Someone who's charming.

Charlotte: And handsome.

Daphne: And knows lots and lots of words.

Frasier: Well, McGinty's is on my way to the station. I suppose I could just pop my head in. [*picks up his briefcase and goes to the door*] Thank you, ladies, for your support - even if it was nakedly self-serving and insincere.

He smiles at them and leaves.

FADE TO:

Scene Six - McGinty's

Maureen and Martin are sitting at a table. Martin's back is to the door.

Maureen: So, they finally put my transfer through, and I'm moving out of Traffic and into Narcotics. Yeah, I'm gonna be working with, uh, Bill Henderson at the 31st.

Martin: Good for you.

Frasier looks through the window. Through the crowd, he sees Maureen, but not Martin.

Maureen: Yeah, I'm excited, although I hear he can be pretty tough.

As Frasier comes in, he notices Martin and wonders what he's doing.

Martin: Oh no. I mean, he might seem a little stiff and strait-laced, but once you get to know him he's the greatest guy in the world.

Frasier, hearing this, draws the obvious (and wrong) conclusion.

Maureen: Yeah, he is pretty impressive.

Martin: Oh yeah, smart, great sense of humor. No, you're gonna have a great time.

Frasier: Dad, I can't believe you're doing this!

Maureen: Frasier!

Martin: Look, I was gonna tell you-

Frasier: [*to Maureen*] Believe me, I did not put him up to this, though I think he's overselling me a little. I'm not the greatest guy in the world. Seattle, maybe.

Maureen: Am I missing something?

Frasier: Oh, I'm just joking. OK, Dad, thanks for warming her up for me. I can take over here.

Maureen: Martin?

Martin: Frasier... Maureen and I are here on a date.

Frasier absorbs that. Then he laughs jovially. Holding up a "one second" finger, he takes Martin's drink and downs it in one gulp, turning his face away as a stormy expression crosses it.

Frasier: I know you might think this is one of those wildly embarrassing moments where I'm standing here with egg on my face. I assure you, I'm not as embarrassed as you might assume I would be embarrassed. I'm not uncomfortable, so please, don't you be uncomfortable either.

He takes Maureen's drink and downs it in one gulp.

Maureen: [getting up] Why don't I give you two a moment?

Frasier: Whatever!

Maureen leaves. Frasier sits down.

Frasier: You asked her out?!

Martin: No, that's not the way it happened.

Frasier: There's no use lying to me. I am at the lowest point I could possibly be, so please just tell me the truth!

Martin: Maureen asked me out.

Frasier: Going down!

Martin: It happened the other night when you went to the bar to get drinks. You know, it just caught me off guard, I didn't know how to handle it. So, Niles said I should—

Frasier: Niles? Niles knows?

Martin: Look, I'm sorry. It was supposed to be a one-time thing, just to see if there was something there, and if there wasn't, then you didn't even need to know about it.

Frasier: Well, is there? "Something there?"

Martin: Oh, yeah.

Frasier: Well... it's not as if we were standing side-by-side when she chose you. I was at the bar! If you'd gone to get the drinks, things would have been different.

Martin: I don't think so.

Frasier: Dad, I'm drowning here. Please, throw me a line!

Martin: Look, uh, I'm gonna go tell her this whole thing is a mistake—

Frasier: No, no, no, Dad! I'll be OK, really. Well... the old dog's still got it in him, huh?

Martin: Yeah. But, really, how long can it last? I mean, she's got to come to her senses eventually—

Frasier: Oh no, Dad, Dad, don't sell yourself short. You've got a lot to offer. Well, I'd better head off to work. Goodnight, Dad.

Martin: Goodnight, thanks.

Frasier picks up his briefcase and heads to the door. As Maureen goes back to the table, he can't resist turning back and letting out a:

Frasier: Damn!

FADE TO:

DOES THIS MEAN YOU WON'T DO MY TAXES, EDNA?

Scene Seven - KACL

Roz is talking on the phone in her booth. A dozen staffers crowd around her.

Roz: Uh-uh, OK, thanks. [*hangs up*] Frasier just came in the building, so everybody hide and be quiet.

Betty: Do you think he'll be surprised?

Roz: Considering his birthday was yesterday? Yeah, I do, Elizabeth.

Betty: Should we yell "surprise" or "happy birthday?"

Roz: We've done this like five hundred times. And every time it's pretty much the same. We yell, the person pretends to be surprised, and we stuff ourselves with cake.

Betty: I just wanted it to be perfect.

Roz: And that is what makes you so special to us. Now get under the console!

The staffers huddle under the console. Roz goes into the other booth and opens the door to Frasier.

Roz: Hi, Frasier! [*he grunts*] How you doing?

Frasier: Oh, just wonderful. Forty-three is off to a rousing start. Remember that policewoman I was interested in?

Roz: Yeah?

Frasier: Well, she's dating my father!

The staffers explode with excited whispers.

Roz: Your father?

Frasier: Mmm-hmm!

Roz: Well, never mind that. I know just what will take your mind off of it. I've got something really funny in my booth.

Frasier: I spent the last hour wandering the streets, trying to take assessment of my life. Do you know how long it's been since I've slept with a woman? Seven months!

Roz: Frasier—

Frasier: All right, nine months!

The staffers mouth "Nine months?!" to each other.

Roz: I really don't think we should talk about that right now!

She closes the connecting door, ignoring the protesting motions of the staffers.

Frasier: Oh sure, fine, you can't spare me five minutes to talk about my problems, when every day I drop what I'm doing to be your personal Wailing Wall. "Frasier, he stopped calling me." "Frasier, he wants his key back." "Frasier, his girlfriend is having me followed!"

Roz: I'm sorry.

She goes back to the connecting door and flings it open.

Roz: So nine months, huh?

Frasier: Nine long, long, months.

Roz: Oh...

Frasier: You know who that woman was?

Roz: Who?

Frasier: Edna, from Accounting.

Roz: No...

Frasier: The next day, she dumped me! I tell you, Roz, I'm starting to feel nostalgic for that summer in my twenties when I was

impotent!

Roz walks into her booth, he follows her.

Frasier: The only comfort I have now is knowing that my humiliation can't possibly get any worse!

Staffers: [*jumping up*] SURPRISE!

Frasier looks around, realizing the scope of his disclosure - then he notices one female staffer staring at him dourly.

Frasier: Hi, Edna.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

Credits:

Frasier is lying on the couch, having fallen asleep in his clothes. Martin opens the door, sees him, and tries to tiptoe past. No luck - Frasier wakes up, sees Martin, and scolds him for coming home so late.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

JANE KACZMAREK as Maureen

JILLIE MACK as Charlotte

DENISE POIRIER as Maggie

LUCK HARI as Waitress

BETTE RAE as Elizabeth

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