

# [3.22]Frasier Loves Roz

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Written by Suzanne Martin  
Directed by Philip Charles  
MacKenzie

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## Transcript {shawne wang}

*ACT ONE*

*Scene One - KACL  
Nearing the end of another show.*

**Frasier:** Go ahead, Tom. I'm listening.

**Tom:** [v.o.] Hi, Dr. Crane. Uh, it's about my girlfriend.  
My problem is, I don't know if I love her for herself  
Or because things are so great between us physically.

**Frasier:** Well, how long have you two been together?

**Tom:** Six years.

*Frasier is surprised. Roz mouths, "Wow."*

**Frasier:** And the sex is still that good?

**Tom:** Oh man, Dr. Crane, every morning, night, three times a day  
on weekends. But I'm not sure we have much else in common.

**Frasier:** Well, common interests are of course the foundation of...  
three times, you say?

**Tom:** Is that abnormal?

**Frasier:** Well, uh, no, no, it's not abnormal. It's not fair, but it's  
not abnormal.

*Roz laughs. The phone in her booth rings, and she answers.*

**Frasier:** Um, but you know, perhaps you share more things than you  
think you do actually. I'll tell you what, try this: why  
don't you pick up a catalogue from a local university, go  
through it with her and see if there are any courses you'd  
like to take together?

**Tom:** That's a good idea! Thanks, Doc. Have a great weekend.

**Frasier:** Well, I'd wish you the same but it hardly seems necessary.

*He pushes a button to disconnect Tom and sighs.  
Roz signals him to wrap it up.*

**Frasier:** Well, that's it for today, Seattle. This is Dr. Frasier  
Crane, wishing you all good mental health. [goes off the  
air]

**Roz:** Niles called from the airport; he wants you to call him back.  
He sounded frantic!

**Frasier:** [walking into her booth] I'll call him from the car. He's

flying to a conference in Switzerland; I promised to talk him through it.

**Roz:** Surely he's flown before?

**Frasier:** Well, not coach!

*He pauses, appalled by the lime-green dress with the horrendous pink bow across the midriff hanging behind Roz's console.*

**Frasier:** Roz, is this the dress you're wearing to the wedding?

**Roz:** I have to, I'm a bridesmaid.

**Frasier:** [*trying to be tactful*] Is there a reason it has to be so, so...?

**Roz:** Hideous? It's supposed to be, so that way, the bride, By comparison, will glow! [*holding the dress up to her distastefully*] Next to this baby, she'll light up like a bug zapper. You know, of all my friends in Wisconsin, this girl was the last one I thought would beat me to the altar.

**Frasier:** Not the Dairy State's comeliest chunk of cheddar?

**Roz:** Let's just say she works in her father's ice cream parlour and she eats her mistakes. The groom's family makes cones.

**Frasier:** Oh, well, we don't need Freud for that, do we?

*He has picked up some messages and walks back into his booth.*

*Roz follows, dress in hand. She hangs it up to the window behind Frasier's console.*

**Roz:** The whole thing is just so depressing. Lately everyone I know is settling down, getting married, having children. What am I doing wrong?

**Frasier:** [*packing his briefcase*] Well, do you want me to answer as a friend, or a therapist?

**Roz:** As a friend!

**Frasier:** See a therapist. [*he turns back to his briefcase*]

**Roz:** Frasier!

**Frasier:** [*relenting*] Well, Roz, I think your whole problem stems from some unresolved issues that cause you to choose the men you date. Always flashy and superficial, offering no prospect of a lasting relationship.

**Roz:** Why would I do that?

**Frasier:** Maybe fear of commitment, fear of being hurt. But maybe it's time you started looking at different kinds of men. You know, men who are more settled, a little less flash and more substance.

**Roz:** You're probably right, Frasier. Hey, if I were smart, I'd go out with the next guy I see I'm not the least bit attracted to.

*As Frasier pulls open the door, laughing, Bulldog comes in, rolling his usual trolley. He walks over to Roz after wheeling it to the side.*

**Bulldog:** Roth, Roth, I juth bit my tongue. Can you kith it and make it better? [*sticks it out*]

**Roz:** The next one after him. [*Frasier nods in tacit understanding*]

**Bulldog:** Oh, Doc, Doc. [*takes a camcorder from the trolley*] Here's my video camera.

**Frasier:** [*accepting it*] Oh, thank you, Bulldog.

**Bulldog:** What do you need it for?

**Frasier:** Well, I'm going to record my father. I'm going to have his life on tape so Frederick can enjoy it in years to come.

**Roz:** What a good idea!

**Bulldog:** [*seeing the dress*] Whoa! That's the ugliest thing I ever saw!

**Roz:** [*snapping*] I'm going to a wedding.

**Bulldog:** Oh, I love weddings. Never been to a wedding where I didn't bag at least one bridesmaid. And the uglier the dress, the quicker they want to get out of them. This one would hit the floor before the rice!

*He goes into the next booth. Roz checks the clock and takes the dress down.*

**Roz:** I've got to get going. Can you believe I actually have to be seen in public in this thing?

**Frasier:** Well, Roz, it's only for a few hours. After that you can donate it to the Salvation Army... and one day make some Irish drag queen very happy.

*Roz laughs. They go their separate ways.*

FADE OUT

**NO ONE SAID ANYTHING  
PARTICULARLY AMUSING FOR TWO WEEKS,  
AND THEN...**

*Scene Two - Cafe Nervosa*

*Niles and Frasier are enjoying a coffee together.*

**Niles:** What's the point of going to Switzerland without spending a day on the slopes? So I ducked out of the conference and who should I run into, but Maris? She'd just flown in for her yearly goat placenta treatments!

**Frasier:** Good Lord, is it placenta treatment time again already?

**Niles:** We had a set-to on the slopes. She ran, I tried to follow her tracks in the snow, but alas, she made none.

*A tall, bearded man in glasses walks into the cafe and stands in line.*

**Niles:** [putting a hand to his face] Oh, dear...

**Frasier:** What is it? What's the matter?

**Niles:** I just spotted someone. It's my least favorite patient. The man's a compulsive womaniser. He goes through so many women, he calls them all by the same odious nickname, "Sunshine," to avoid slip-ups.

**Frasier:** Oh, God.

**Niles:** Frasier, what do you do when you don't like a patient?

**Frasier:** Well, it's a tricky subject, isn't it? [Niles nods]  
How long have you been seeing him?

**Niles:** Six months. We've made no progress whatsoever. Sometimes I feel he comes in not so much for help as to brag. He claims to have been with, at last count, one hundred and fifty women!

**Frasier:** Oh puh-lease! A hundred and fifty!

**Niles:** As if anything over, say... seven weren't absurd.

**Frasier:** Well, I would say eleven, but I get your point.

*Behind Frasier's back, Niles sees the man now embracing Roz.*

**Niles:** Oh, now serving one hundred and fifty-one.

**Frasier:** [turns and gasps] Good God! He's here to see Roz?

**Niles:** Yes, well, no doubt they met when Sealy Posturepedic named them Man and Woman of the Year.

**Frasier:** [panicking] Niles, you don't understand. She-she's been very vulnerable lately.

**Niles:** [getting up and taking his coat] Well, I hope you'll forgive me if I don't stick around. I'd like to leave before she makes introductions.

**Frasier:** I've got to warn her!

**Niles:** [alarmed] Warn her how? What I just told you was in strict confidence, therapist to therapist. You can't go repeating it!

**Frasier:** But-but-

**Niles:** No!

**Frasier:** Oh... of course, of course, you're right, I won't. But that is the last man that Roz should be with!

**Niles:** Well, don't worry. Knowing Roz, he won't be.

*Niles leaves in a hurry just as Roz spots Frasier.*

**Roz:** Hey, Frasier!

**Frasier:** [uncomfortably] Oh, Roz!

**Roz:** I'd like to introduce you to someone. This is Ben Collins.

**Frasier:** [standing and shaking his hand, obviously discomfited] Frasier Crane, pleasure.

**Ben:** Likewise.

**Roz:** Is it all right if we join you?

**Frasier:** Oh, why not??

**Ben:** I'll grab our coffees.

*Ben leaves as Roz comes and settles in across from Frasier.*

**Roz:** He is the greatest guy! You know, when I first met him, I thought, "He's not my type." Then I remembered what you said. And I'm so glad you gave me that advice, Frasier, because without it, I would never have given him a second look.

**Frasier:** Well, Roz, let's not rule out that all-important third look.

**Roz:** Would you stop worrying about me, Frasier? This one's different. I can tell he really cares about me.

*At this moment, Ben returns and saves Frasier from his obvious discomfort.*

**Ben:** [ominously] Here you go, Sunshine!

*Frasier looks up at Ben with a suspicious smile plastered on his face.*

FADE TO:

**ANOTHER CURIOUSLY UNAMUSING WEEK PASSED, UNTIL...**

*Scene Three - Frasier's apartment*

*Martin enters through the front door.*

**Martin:** Why can't you be like other dogs? Why can't you bring home bones or animals you kill?

*Eddie follows into the apartment almost sheepishly, holding a few yellow tulips in his mouth.*

**Martin:** [taking the flowers] Give me those! Relax, I'm just going to put them with the roses you picked yesterday.

*Frasier comes in.*

**Frasier:** Oh hey, Dad! Fresh from your walk? I think now is as good a time as any to crank up the ol' camcorder.

**Martin:** Nah, maybe later.

**Frasier:** Oh Dad, you've been saying "no" for weeks now!

**Martin:** Well, gee, some people would take that for a hint!

**Frasier:** All you have to do is just sit here and talk about your life.

**Martin:** Life's got nothing to do with it! This is about me dying and you having something to look at after I'm dead. The whole thing gives me the creeps!

**Frasier:** I can't believe you're refusing to record your history, the story that only you, Martin Crane, can tell, because it gives you the creeps!

**Martin:** OK then, I'll tell you the real truth. [*mockingly holds the limp tulips to the back of his head*] My Indian heritage forbids it. I'm afraid your magic box will rob me of my spirit.

*The doorbell rings. Frasier goes to answer it.*

**Frasier:** I don't know why you're being so negative about this. It's not really for when you're dead. It's for when you've lost your mind.

*Martin leaves the room. Frasier opens the door to Roz.*

**Roz:** Hey, Frasier.

**Frasier:** [*sarcastic*] Oh hello, Roz! Why, after waiting for forty-five minutes, did I assume you'd forgotten our appointment?

**Roz:** Sorry, but uh... I was on my way out, when Ben called.

**Frasier:** Oh yes... Ben.

**Roz:** Oh, what's with you? Every time I bring him up, you make that face. I'm getting the sense that you don't like him that much.

**Frasier:** It's just that I know something about Ben...

**Roz:** What?

**Frasier:** [*improvising*] He's a little old for you.

**Roz:** He's thirty-six!

**Frasier:** Exactly my point! [*clumsily*] When you were a freshman, he was a senior. That never works out! [*changes the subject*] I'm getting my briefcase!

**Roz:** I'll go get a Coke.

*Frasier walks off toward his bedroom; Roz walks into the kitchen and sees Daphne there, just generally puttering around.*

**Roz:** Oh, hi, Daphne! [*gets a Coke from the fridge*]

**Daphne:** Hello, Roz. How are you?

**Roz:** OK... can I ask you something? Does Frasier seem weird to you-?

**Daphne:** Oh God, yes.

**Roz:** I haven't finished my question yet.

**Daphne:** Yes, well, when you know the answer, it's hard not to hit the buzzer.

**Roz:** [*laughs, then*] Well, this is strange. I mean, for the first time in years, I'm in a really solid relationship, and instead of being happy for me, Frasier seems upset.

**Daphne:** Oh, that is odd. Unless...

**Roz:** Unless what?

**Daphne:** Well... [*conspiratorial*] Dr. Crane is jealous of Ben because he wants you for himself.

**Roz:** *Huh?* [*laughs*] Ohhh, no, no, no!

**Daphne:** Yes, what else could it be?

**Roz:** Fra-Frasier? What, you really think so? [*pushes Daphne playfully*] Daphne, no! No way! No, he doesn't - Frasier is the one who told me to find myself a new boyfriend. Someone who is settled, someone more nurturing, someone with substance over flash.

**Daphne:** They could put that on Dr. Crane's tombstone.

**Roz:** [*starting to believe it*] Oh, come on! No way!

**Daphne:** Yes! Wait, there's something else.

**Roz:** What?

**Daphne:** I probably shouldn't tell you this. But earlier this morning, Dr. Crane was on the phone with his brother and he said that your relationship with Ben was driving him crazy, [*Roz's jaw drops*] and that he was dying to tell you but he can't.

**Roz:** [*almost screeching*] Oh my God, did you hear him say that?!

**Daphne:** I certainly did!

**Roz:** Oh, this is too weird, this is too weird! What am I going to say? Maybe I won't say anything. Maybe he'll just see how happy I am with Ben.

*Frasier storms into the kitchen, banging around.*

**Frasier:** Oh, Ben, Ben, Ben! My God, Roz, would you just drop it with Ben for a minute and pay some attention to me? [*storms back out*]

**Roz:** Oh-kaay!

*She picks up her coke and leaves the kitchen after exchanging a glance with the knowing Daphne.*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

*Scene Four - KACL*

*Frasier is sitting in his booth, reading a magazine. Roz enters from his door and stops short, seeming a bit embarrassed to see him.*

**Frasier:** Morning, Roz!

**Roz:** [*nervous*] Hi, Frasier!

**Frasier:** Hey, you look lovely, that colour's very flattering!

**Roz:** Thanks.

**Frasier:** You know, I think this calls for a hug!

**Roz:** [*backing away instinctively*] Oh, I don't look that good.

**Frasier:** No, no, no, no, Roz. Look! [*holds up the magazine*] My God, the ratings are in, and we did better in our timeslot this week than ever before! Congratulations, partner!

*He folds her into a hug, which she returns very uncomfortably.*

**Frasier:** Why don't we have dinner tonight, celebrate?

**Roz:** That sounds so fun... but I kinda have plans.

**Frasier:** I should have known. [*laughs uneasily*] Another time, perhaps.

**Roz:** Yeah sure, that sounds great.

*She moves off into her booth just as Bulldog enters Frasier's.*

**Bulldog:** Yo, Doc. When are you going to return my video camera?

I got a hot date tonight and I want to record certain events for posterity, if you know what I mean.

**Frasier:** Uh... tomorrow, Bulldog. [*Bulldog starts to protest*] Well, maybe tonight you could just have a police sketch artist crouch on your balcony.

*Bulldog seems to accept this suggestion and leaves.*

*Frasier gets up and heads into Roz's booth.*

**Roz:** [*on the phone as she files her nails*] So Mom, let me ask you something. How long did you know Dad before you told him you loved him? Mom? Mom? Mom, you've been divorced fifteen years! Let it go!

*She doesn't notice Frasier come in behind her.*

**Roz:** Listen, Ben is coming over to dinner tonight, and I think I'm going to tell him I love him.

*Frasier is so flustered by this that he drops the tape he was carrying. Roz, startled by the noise, hangs up quickly.*

**Roz:** I gotta work, bye!

**Frasier:** [*fumbling*] Oh I'm, I'm sorry, Roz. I should have knocked.

**Roz:** [*just as flustered*] It's OK, it's OK, it's OK!

**Frasier:** I couldn't help overhearing the last part of your conversation there. You think you're not rushing things a little bit with Ben? Are you really that serious?

**Roz:** Yes, I am.

**Frasier:** But you know, there are a lot of men in the world.

**Roz:** And lots of women, too!

**Frasier:** [*beat*] Well, that's more of a personal preference but I...

*He hurries into his booth. Roz, confused, follows him.*

**Roz:** I meant for you! Look, Frasier, what I'm trying to say is I know you have a problem with me and Ben, but we're happy together.

**Frasier:** Well, it's just that you've only been going out for a month!

**Roz:** Well, sometimes, that's all it takes. [*noticing the time*] Fifteen seconds! Listen Frasier, I'd like to think that there's some small part of you that is happy for me. After all, it WAS your advice that got me this far!

**Frasier:** Of course I'm happy for you.

**Roz:** Thanks.

*She goes into her booth, closes the door, and hits a button on her console.*

**Frasier:** [*to himself*] Me and my stupid advice... [*notices the "On-Air" light*] will be with you for the next three hours, Seattle!

FADE TO:

*Scene Five - Frasier's apartment.*

*That afternoon, Niles is sitting on the couch with the video camera, trying to persuade Martin to do the tape.*

**Martin:** I'm not doing it, it's morbid.

**Niles:** It's not morbid. And besides, if you don't do it, the only footage we'll have of you in the family archives is you pretending your stomach was a face that summer at the lake.

**Martin:** [*puts down his paper*] Alright Niles, if it'll shut you up, I'll do it.

**Niles:** Thanks, Dad! We'll make this quick and easy. [*he adjusts the camcorder, then looks at Martin*] Is that what you're wearing?

**Martin:** Forget it. [*picks up the paper again*]

**Niles:** No, no no, all right. Here we go, here we go. [*starts recording*] OK...

*P.O.V. Through the viewfinder of the camera:*

**Martin:** My name's Martin Crane. When I made this tape, I was sixty-four years old. But now... I'm DEAD!

*Niles starts getting disconcerted.*

**Martin:** Trapped in a box, underground... [*chuckles*] Pretty scary, huh?

*He throws his head back and laughs evilly. Niles stops the tape.*

**Niles:** Dad, surely you must have some message you want to leave for the Cranes of the twenty-first century?

**Martin:** Alright, alright, I do. [*Niles starts the tape again*] Remember to always work hard, and that family comes first. And... I have a million bucks in unmarked bills that I took off a drug dealer that I have stashed in my old army foot locker. The combination is left fifteen, right thirty-two, le-le...

*He starts choking and kicks back in his Barcalounger, shaking, his tongue lolling out of his mouth. By now, Niles has given up. He turns the camcorder onto himself.*

**Niles:** Future generations: see what I had to put up with?

*Frasier enters the apartment.*

**Frasier:** Hello.

**Martin:** Hello. [*getting up*]

**Niles:** [*to Frasier*] Hello. [*to Martin*] I suppose this means we're finished?

**Martin:** Well, unless you want future generations to see me go to the can! [*he goes off*]

**Frasier:** Niles, actually I'm glad you're here. I have to talk to you about Roz.

**Niles:** Oh, no, no, no. I've breached my ethics once already.

**Frasier:** Niles, please, I've gotten desperate!

**Niles:** [*puts his fingers in his ears*] No, no, no!

**Frasier:** Niles, she plans to tell him that she loves him tonight! [*Niles takes his fingers out*] From what you told me about Ben's patterns, that will be the end of it and Roz will be shattered. God, there has got to be some loophole in this confidentiality rule that will allow me to warn her and still preserve your ethics. [*looks at the bookcase*] Niles! Help me look through these textbooks!

**Niles:** [*starts leaving*] No, I'll have no part in this!

**Frasier:** Please, Niles! Think of Roz!

**Niles:** I'm thinking of my license!

**Frasier:** Well then, think of what Freud said! "We are never so helplessly unhappy as when we lose love."

*Niles stops at the door and turns back reluctantly.*

**Niles:** Oh, all right! But that was dirty pool, using a Freud quotation.

**Frasier:** I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

**Niles:** It's the Crane boys' kryptonite.

**Frasier:** I know, I know. Thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

*Scene Six*

*Obviously, time passes. The two brothers are seated at the coffee table, poring over psychiatry books, ties loosened and Niles has his jacket off.*

**Frasier:** Say, here's a possibility. According to this, it says we can warn her if he means to do her bodily harm. Does he?



**Niles:** No.

**Frasier:** Damn!

**Niles:** It would be so much easier if Roz were mentally incompetent.

*They stop poring and look up, interested.*

**Frasier:** Go on...

**Niles:** Well, then there'd be some justification for protecting her.  
[puts down his textbook] Is she irrational?

**Frasier:** She did attack a vending machine once, when a Twinkie came out of the Oreo chute.

**Niles:** Borderline, borderline. Does she ever act delusional?

**Frasier:** Well, she often claims that *she* is responsible for the success of our show.

**Niles:** Building, building. Does she display below-average intelligence?

**Frasier:** [triumphantly] She once ordered a bottle of white Zinfandel!

**Niles:** Jackpot! [stands and points at the door] Go to her, she's a threat to herself!

**Frasier:** It's amazing they even let the woman drive!

*He rushes out.*

FADE TO:

### BRIDESMAID REVISITED

*Scene Seven - Roz's apartment*

*Frasier pounds on Roz's door.*

**Roz:** [from inside] Who is it?

**Frasier:** It's Frasier!

*Roz pulls it open: she looks a mess. She's clad in the awful lime-green bridesmaid's dress, her hair wildly tangled and her mascara smeared so much so that her eyes resemble that of a panda's.*

*A decidedly unlovely sight.*

**Frasier:** Oh my God! What happened?

**Roz:** [sobbing] He dumped me, Frasier!

*She falls back from the door. He follows her in, and hugs her. He notices a bottle of champagne on the table, with two glasses.*

**Frasier:** Oh, oh, honey! I - come here. Oh God...

**Roz:** Everything was going great! [sinks into a dining chair] Until I said "I love you, Ben." Then he got this look on his face, like he'd taken a wrong turn in a really bad neighbourhood! He didn't even touch the champagne.

**Frasier:** Oh I'm... I'm sorry, Roz. Here. [hands her a handkerchief]

**Roz:** Thank you.

**Frasier:** When you... [she blows her nose loudly] when you professed your love for him, uh... were you dressed like that?

**Roz:** No! After he left, I went in to change, and I saw all these old bridesmaid dresses hanging in the closet. And that's when it hit me. That's what I am, a bridesmaid! I might as well wear the uniform!

**Frasier:** Oh Roz, no, no! Now, now, come on!

**Roz:** Yes!

**Frasier:** Come on! Now look, look, you know, I find that whenever I'm low, it always lifts my spirits when I just spruce up a bit. It wouldn't hurt to run a brush through your hair...

or through your teeth.

**Roz:** Oh God! [*pushes him back and goes to the dresser*] I must look awful!

**Frasier:** No, no, not at all.

**Roz:** You're a big fat liar. [*turns back to the mirror*] But you were right about Ben, and I just didn't see it. What made you come over here anyway?

**Frasier:** Well, actually, I was coming over here to take one last stab at convincing you that Ben was the wrong man for you. You deserve someone better, Roz.

**Roz:** Oh, yeah, [*trying to tug a brush through her snarled hair*] I'm a real catch! [*gives up and sinks onto her bed*] Hell...

**Frasier:** Oh, now, things really aren't all as dark as they seem. You know, you're a-a beautiful, intelligent, desirable...

*She just looks at him, the brush dangling from her hair.*

**Frasier:** Why don't you let me just take a stab at that, will you? [*starts brushing her hair out*] I can't imagine any man not thinking himself the luckiest in the world to be with you.

**Roz:** You really do... think that, don't you?

**Frasier:** Yes, and I'm surprised you even had to ask me that.

**Roz:** I guess I didn't. I've known that you've had these romantic feelings toward me, for a while.

**Frasier:** [*shell-shocked*] What?

**Roz:** Oh come on! Don't deny it. Those hints about finding someone with substance over style, the way you hated Ben. And then Daphne told me she overheard you telling Niles that you couldn't stop thinking about me and wanted to tell me the truth!

**Frasier:** Daphne told you that?

**Roz:** Yeah - don't be mad at her.

**Frasier:** No, no, I'm not. It's just that when she said that...

**Roz:** No it's OK, Frasier. I'm glad she told me. The only thing keeping me from completely falling apart right now is knowing that someone like you could be interested in me.

*Frasier thinks fast, but is unable to say anything more effective.*

**Frasier:** Well, then... there's no point in denying it, is there?

*He starts brushing her hair mechanically, placing a hand on her head and dragging the brush through her hair. This motion becomes repeatedly rougher.*

**Roz:** You know, maybe the idea of you and me isn't so crazy. You are the kind of man I should be with! Smart, gentle...  
Ow! I said gentle!

**Frasier:** [*stops brushing*] Oh, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Roz. Uh, you know, it's just that there are so many...

**Roz:** I know, I know. Workplace romances always fail.

**Frasier:** Exactly my point!

**Roz:** And I'm on the rebound. I've got to give myself time to heal.

**Frasier:** [*nods enthusiastically*] Yes yes, lots of time.

*Pause.*

**Roz:** On the other hand, you are the one who always says the best relationships start with friendship.

**Frasier:** Well, I do say that, yes. It's true, but...

**Roz:** And we're friends, aren't we?

**Frasier:** [*smiles*] We're very good friends.

**Roz:** Right now we are both free.

**Frasier:** Oh well, in my case, painfully free.

**Roz:** [*suggestively*] You know, maybe if we both went into it with our eyes open...?

*They move closer together, and look into each other's eyes. They seem about to kiss, and then they break apart, laughing.*

**Roz:** Oh no, what am I saying? My relationship with you is probably the healthiest one I've ever had with a man! I don't want to screw that up.

**Frasier:** Now that you mention it, my relationship with you is probably the best one I've ever had with a woman!  
[*dejectedly*] Not that it's been much of a horse race, but...

*They sit at the dinner table. She picks up a champagne glass.*

**Roz:** To friendship?

**Frasier:** [*takes the other*] Here's hoping the next time you tell a man you love him, he says it back.

*They clink glasses, and drink.*

**Roz:** Well, let's see. I love you, Frasier.

**Frasier:** I love you too, Roz. [*she laughs*] You gonna be alright?

**Roz:** Yeah.

**Frasier:** Well, I'd better run. [*gets up*]

**Roz:** Yeah, my saying "I love you" seems to have that effect on men.

**Frasier:** No, no, I'll-I'll stay if you like!

**Roz:** No, no. Don't you worry about me. I will not be alone. I will be sliding into a hot tub with my good friends, Ben & Jerry.

**Frasier:** See you tomorrow, Roz.

**Roz:** See you, Frasier.

*She pats him on the back and he closes the door behind him.*

*We see both Frasier and Roz hesitating on their respective sides of the door, possibly wondering what being together would be like. Then she realizes she hasn't heard him leave yet. He catches himself and runs away as quickly as possible.*

*End Of Act Two.*

#### **Credits:**

We see Roz in her bedroom-cum-living-room, packing all her bridesmaid dresses into a cardboard box. She does so determinedly and almost proudly, as if she were making a definitive break with her past. Picking up the box, she brings it to the door and passes it to a delivery man outside, who in turn hands her a receipt of sorts. She closes the door with finality.

We then see the delivery man standing outside Roz's apartment, holding the lime-green dress up from the box speculatively.

The scene changes to a street pavement, and we see the same delivery man with the dress on, complete with make-up and long, curly red wig. He walks proudly towards the screen as Roz walks by him, and as he disappears off-screen, she halts and turns, her mouth dropping open in recognition.

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## Guest Appearances

**Guest Starring**

MICHAEL MITZ as Ben

**Guest Callers**

DAVID DUCHOVNY as Tom

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## Legal Stuff

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