

# [3.7] The Adventures of Bad Boy and Dirty Girl

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The Adventures of Bad Boy and Dirty Girl

Written by Joe Keenan  
Directed by Philip  
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## Kate Costas Episodes

- [\[3.01\]](#) She's The Boss
  - [\[3.04\]](#) Leapin' Lizards
  - [\[3.06\]](#) Sleeping With The Enemy
  - [\[3.07\]](#) The Adventures of Bad Boy and Dirty Girl
- 

## AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

### Nominated

AMERICAN CINEMA EDITORS (Eddie)

- **Best-Edited Half-Hour Series for Television:** Timothy Mozer

EMMY

- **Outstanding Multi-Camera Picture Editing for a Series:** Timothy Mozer
- 

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## Transcript {simon aw}

PROLOGUE

**Daphne:** [v.o.] Previously on *Frasier*...

*This episode is the second in a two-parter (the first being "Sleeping With The Enemy," and begins with a montage of four clips from the previous episode:*

- Roz telling Frasier that Kate has cancelled the KACL staffers' annual pay raise;
- Frasier and Kate arguing and then kissing;

- Martin suggesting to Frasier that Kate may have been trying to manipulate him;

- Finally, Frasier and Kate negotiating and then kissing, again.

FADE TO:

ACT ONE

Scene One - Cafe Nervosa

Niles has just been served his coffee. He is walking away from the bar when he sees Frasier entering.

**Niles:** Frasier!

**Frasier:** Damn, I didn't think you'd be here...

He takes off his coat and puts it on the coat-hanger.

**Niles:** Well, I would've gone to my regular haunt, but "The Pig 'N Swig" is closed for remodelling.

He sits down at a free table with his back to the doorway, and is joined by Frasier, who settles opposite him.

**Frasier:** I'm sorry, Niles, it's just... I'm meeting Kate here. We want to discuss the little dilemma in which we find ourselves.

Niles, nonchalant, sets about pouring some sugar into his coffee.

**Niles:** If you're talking about the little kiss you two shared, that hardly constitutes a dilemma. It's not as if you plunged into a tawdry office affair.

**Frasier:** No.

**Niles:** Then you'd have a real problem.

**Frasier:** Yes.

**Niles:** A kiss? It's nothing.

**Frasier:** [looking somewhat uncomfortable] Right.

**Niles:** Had sex with her, didn't you?

He sips his coffee, giving Frasier a sharp look.

**Frasier:** I didn't mean to! It just... happened! One minute we were negotiating, the next minute our inhibitions were shattered, along with my kneecap and her Macintosh PowerBook.

**Niles:** [surprised] This happened in her office?

**Frasier:** Yes.

**Niles:** What are you saying? Her couch folds out?

**Frasier:** We used her desk.

**Niles:** Her desk folds out?!

Frasier sees Kate entering.

**Frasier:** [to Niles, anxious] There she is! Look, look, just make an excuse and go, okay? [stands up]

**Niles:** Alright, okay. [to Kate] Ah, Miss Costas. [stands up]

**Kate:** Dr. Crane.

**Niles:** [glances at his watch] Oh, look at the time! I, er, have a session with my multiple personality.

**Frasier:** Ah.

**Niles:** Well, not to worry. If I'm late he can just talk amongst himself. [laughs]

Frasier motions at him to get out. Niles leaves.

**Kate:** So... good morning.

**Frasier:** Good morning.

*They sit down; Kate takes Niles's place.*

**Kate:** How's your knee?

**Frasier:** Ah. Well er, it's better, thanks.

**Frasier:** And... and your laptop? [*off her confused look*] I refer to your computer.

**Kate:** A little dented, but fine. [*smiles*] The computer.

**Frasier:** Ah. Anyway, what I wanted to tell you was that, well, last night was one of the greatest nights of lovemaking I've had since... Roz!

**Kate:** Tell me she just walked in.

*Roz walks in.*

**Roz:** Well, hi! Guess you guys kissed and made up, huh?

**Frasier:** [*laughs*] Well, in a manner of speaking, yes. We were just discussing the step system in a new healthcare plans co-payment scheme and... well, it wouldn't interest you.

**Roz:** Oh, the hell it wouldn't! [*sits at their table*] You know they're too cheap to pay for a butt-lift? I sit on this thing all day long, that's work-related!

*Kate stands up. So does Frasier.*

**Kate:** Listen, I really have to go, but I would like to discuss this matter at the first possible opportunity.

**Frasier:** So would I.

**Kate:** [*turns to leave, but stops*] Oh, oh, oh, oh, I almost forgot. I need you two to fill in the eight-to-ten slot tonight. Floyd, the Happy Chef, is in rehab again.

**Frasier:** Ah.

[*N.B. In other episodes, the Happy Chef's name has been given as Leo.*]

*Kate leaves.*

**Roz:** [*fed up*] Oh, great! I was supposed to have dinner with a successful, handsome doctor! [*Frasier sits down again*] She thinks we're all as happy to work all night as she is.

**Frasier:** Mmm.

**Roz:** Well, you're a psychiatrist, Frasier. She's a cold, repressed workaholic who has no sex life whatsoever. Can't you help her?

**Frasier:** [*deadpan*] I've tried, Roz.

FADE OUT

*Scene Two - Frasier's apartment.*

*Martin is in The Armchair reading a newspaper; Daphne is at the dining table doing some ironing; Eddie is sitting on one of the chairs at the dining table. Frasier enters.*

**Frasier:** [*annoyed*] Why do we bother having a service elevator? I just rode up nineteen floors with two sweaty moving men munching on chili-dogs which they proceeded to drip onto my suede shoes. [*looks down and points*] How will I ever get that stain out?

*Eddie jumps off his chair, runs over to Frasier, and licks the chili off helpfully.*

**Frasier:** Ah, yes. Dog saliva! Nature's miracle solvent. [*hangs up his coat*] So who's moving out anyway?

**Daphne:** Deirdre Sauvage, the one who writes the romance novels.

**Martin:** Yeah, the lost Gabor sister's finally outta here.

**Daphne:** Well, she's a very sweet person and I'm going to miss her.

**Martin:** Well, you're not the one she's always undressing with her eyes. She lured me into her apartment one time, supposedly to fix a lamp. Next thing I know, I got a drink in my hand and she's reading me a dirty poem about meadow walks.

**Frasier:** Well, I must admit she's never done that to me.

**Martin:** Yeah well, if she does, don't fake a charley horse to get outta there. She'll just try to rub it!

**Daphne:** Speaking of romance, Dr. Crane... when I washed your shirt this morning, I couldn't help noticing lipstick in the oddest places. I'll take it negotiations went well last night...?

**Frasier:** I'd rather not discuss it, thank you.

**Martin:** Why, is there a problem?

*Frasier sits down on the couch.*

**Frasier:** Things between me and Kate just went a little faster than I intended.

**Daphne:** I'll say! There were also four buttons missing, and teeth-marks in the shoulders!

**Frasier:** Thank you, Inspector Moon! Things got a little out of hand. I think we should slow down a bit but er, I'm afraid to tell her for fear of hurting her feelings. Daphne, how about a woman's perspective? Let's just say, for argument's sake, that you and I succumbed to a, a night of passion...

**Daphne:** What, you and me? [*laughs*]

**Frasier:** Yes...

**Daphne:** What - bosoms heaving, shirt buttons catapulting through the air?

**Frasier:** It's a hypothetical question!

**Daphne:** I'll say it is! [*laughs again*]

**Frasier:** Oh, alright, somebody else! Alright? So, you have a, a mad tryst with this young man, and then the next day he says that he thinks things are going too fast; he'd like to slow down. What would you say?

**Daphne:** I suppose I'd say, "Thanks for being honest. You're probably right, we were moving too fast." [*suddenly bitter*] "Not that it was too fast for you last night. Ohh, no, we were right on schedule then, weren't we?" [*seemingly in her own world*] "But, now you've had your fun - though not too much, apparently - and you want to be my friend. Well you can just sod off, Trevor Mulgrew!!!"

*She notices that Frasier and Martin are staring at her.*

**Daphne:** [*shaky*] You know, I think I might have some buttons for this shirt...

*She hurries off to her room.*

**Frasier:** You see, dad - the whole thing's a minefield.

**Martin:** Ah, you'll never learn, will you? Handling a woman's easy!

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

**Martin:** You know, you kill me. Mister Psychiatrist, you've always gotta make everything so complicated. A woman comes on too strong, you just tell her to cool her engines! It's the easiest thing in the world.

**Frasier:** [*opens the door*] Oh, Deirdre!

*As soon as he hears this, Martin leaps out of The Armchair and heads for his room, terrified.*

**Frasier:** I understand you're leaving us.

**Deirdre:** [*British accent*] Alas, yes!

**Frasier:** Oh, do come in!

**Deirdre:** Thank you.

*She enters. Deirdre is a not-greatly-attractive, middle-aged woman in blue attire.*

[*N.B. "Deirdre Sauvage" is the name of a romance novelist character in one of Joe Keenan's early novels, "Blue Heaven."*]

*Martin is almost out of the room when Deirdre sees him. Naturally, he has to give up - and disguise - his escape attempt.*

**Deirdre:** [*excited*] Ohhh hello, Martin!

*Martin forces a smile and hobbles over to her.*

**Deirdre:** You've been so kind to me - I wanted to give you my new address.

*She gives him a piece of paper, which he accepts with much-feigned enthusiasm.*

**Martin:** Oh, great! I'd hate to lose touch!

**Deirdre:** I also wanted to bring you a farewell gift: my latest novel, "Foolish Escapade." It's the long-awaited sequel to "The Rose and the Rapier."

*She gives him a paperback book, which he accepts in the same manner as before.*

**Martin:** Swell!

**Deirdre:** [*starts to stroke Martin's arm, flirtatiously*] I was er, thinking of you when I created the character of Lorenzo, the lovesick gondolier...

**Martin:** [*laughs*] How 'bout that? Hah! Hey, where are my manners? Let me show you out!

*He takes her arm and tries to lead her towards the doorway, but she stays put.*

**Deirdre:** Oh, by the way, the lock on my suitcase is jammed. I was er, hoping that you'd come and... [*strokes Martin's face, very flirtatiously*] tinker with it?

*Martin leads her into the doorway again, this time successfully.*

**Martin:** Oh gee, you know, I'd love to, Deirdre. But I, I promised Frasier I'd do something with him tonight.

*Having deposited her in the hallway, he turns back into the apartment...*

**Frasier:** Oh oh, dad, didn't I mention it? I'm filling in for The Happy Chef tonight...

*Martin, his back to Deirdre, furiously mouths, "SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!"*

**Frasier:** ...so, you're all hers!

**Deirdre:** [*thrilled*] Oh, marvelous!

*She grabs him by the arm and drags him out. Martin has enough time to give Frasier a look that combines rage and terror.*

**Frasier:** Goodnight, Lorenzo.

*He closes the door.*

FADE TO:

**THE ADVENTURES OF  
BAD BOY AND DIRTY GIRL**

*Scene Three - KACL.*

*Frasier is in the studio. Roz, who is dressed for a night out, is in her booth, busy putting on make-up.*

**Frasier:** Hello, Polly. How can I help you?

**Polly:** [*v.o.*] Oh, I'm so glad I got through! I'm sitting here not knowing what to do. I find myself lacking a certain spice.

**Frasier:** Well Polly, if you want to shake up your routine, why don't you er, try something new and dangerous? Er, skydiving, belly-dancing, perhaps? That ought to add some spice.

**Polly:** What are you talking about?! I'm making an apple tart and I'm out of cinnamon!

**Frasier:** I see. [*disconnects her*] Listeners, for the fourth time this hour, I am NOT The Happy Chef. I am The Irritated Psychiatrist, Dr. Frasier Crane! We'll be right back after the news.

*Roz grimaces as Frasier gets up and enters her booth. Obviously, she has been less than attentive to her call-screening duties.*

**Frasier:** And while we're on the subject of tarts...

**Roz:** I'm really sorry about that call.

**Frasier:** No, it's alright, Roz. Why don't you just run along for your date? I can handle the last ten minutes here.

**Roz:** Are you sure?

**Frasier:** Sure!

*Roz, visibly eager to leave, grabs her handbag and stands up.*

**Roz:** I mean, I feel terrible leaving you here alone in the lurch. [*whisks her coat off the back of her chair and rushes to the door*] We are a team, Frasier; you just say the word and I'll stay... [*shouts*] Hey, hold that elevator!

*She leaves hurriedly. Frasier shuts the side door. Kate enters the studio.*

**Kate:** Got a minute?

**Frasier:** Oh, yes. Er, look, I, I'm glad you're still here. [*closes the door to the booth*] Er, listen...

**Kate:** No-no-no, me first this time.

**Frasier:** Okay.

**Kate:** [*clears throat*] I really think that we should slow things down.

**Frasier:** [*relieved*] Oh, I am so glad you said that! I wanted to say the same thing but I was, I was afraid that you'd feel I was rejecting you!

**Kate:** Oh, how sensitive. And yet, at the same time, how full of yourself.

**Frasier:** [*amused*] You are one tough nut, lady.

**Kate:** [*relaxed*] Well, all this definitely shows we're doing the right thing.

**Frasier:** Agreed. Frankly, now that we've got that settled, do you mind if I ask you a question about last night?

**Kate:** Yeah.

**Frasier:** What the hell was that?!

**Kate:** I have no idea! I... ever since I've gotten here, you have done nothing but irritate me like a persistent skin rash.

**Frasier:** Yes, and you me! And, and, and last night was no different. You just kept talking and talking and talking, and I guess that mouth of yours just ticked me off so much I just had to have it!

**Kate:** The whole thing... it's just, it's so primitive!

**Frasier:** Yeah, yeah, animal! We were just functioning on instinct.

**Kate:** It's fascinating, really.

**Frasier:** Oh, oh, let's not dismiss the element of danger - all those people outside that could have walked in any moment and caught us.

**Kate:** That crossed my mind...

**Frasier:** For once, in my cautious, buttoned-down life, I felt like a real bad boy.

**Kate:** [*sheepish*] I felt like a...dirty girl.

**Frasier:** [*intrigued*] What did you just call yourself?

**Kate:** [*unashamed*] I said "dirty girl."

*A mischievous look appears on her face.*

**Kate:** [*flirtatious*] You bad boy. [*grins excitedly*]

**Frasier:** [*aroused and mock-disapproving*] You dirty girl.

**Kate:** [*sexily*] You bad boy!

**Frasier:** Dirty girl!

**Kate:** [*whispers*] Bad boy...!!

**Frasier:** [*excited*] Dirty girl...!!

*They kiss, violently.*

*Cut to outside the studio, looking in through the window; we see Frasier and Kate anxiously stagger to the window and close the blinds.*

*Cut back to inside. Still holding each other, they bump up against the studio console and lie on top of it, snogging rabidly.*

**Kate:** [*urgent*] How much time do we have left on the news?

**Frasier:** Three minutes. [*kisses her*]

**Kate:** Right... [*kisses him*]

**Frasier:** But that's alright, I can play lots of extra commercials! [*kisses her*]

**Kate:** Oh good, [*kisses him*] good!

*CUT TO: Frasier's apartment. Martin and Daphne are sitting at the dining table, playing dominoes; Eddie is on a chair near them. The radio is on and tuned to KACL.*

**Newscast:** [*on radio:*] In local news, Congressman Robert Gill was accused of accepting bribes from a waste treatment facility. Asked to comment, the congressman said-

**Frasier:** [*cuts in suddenly; orgasmic*] Yes! YES!!! I am a bad boy, aren't I, you dirty girl! Come to your bad boy!

*Martin and Daphne freeze and look toward the radio in shock;*

*Eddie does the same.*

*CUT TO: Niles listening to this in his car, agape. We view this through a camera on the car's bonnet, looking through the windscreen.*

**Frasier:** [on radio:] Oh, yes... Oh, no! Is that the on-air light?

**Kate:** [on radio, whispering:] Stop talking.

**Frasier:** You must have hit the switch with your elbow while we were...

**Kate:** [more urgent] Stop talking!

**Frasier:** We'd better hurry up and get dressed while we still...

**Niles:** [stares at the radio] Stop talking!

*Niles returns his attention to the road, but he has been looking away for too long. He brakes hard, but crashes into the car in front. The airbag inflates, trapping him in his seat; he struggles weakly behind it.*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

### DIRTY GIRL, SIGN IN PLEASE

*Scene One - KACL*

*The next day, before show time. There are several newspapers on the console. Frasier enters, and sees Roz waiting for him with one of them in her hand.*

**Roz:** [triumphant] Okay, Fabio, I want two things. One: you will never make another crack about my sex life. I don't care if I start dating a lumber camp.

**Frasier:** Done.

**Roz:** And two: who's Dirty Girl? [smiles]

**Frasier:** I can't tell you that.

**Roz:** Oh, come on, Frasier! I swear, I won't tell a soul!

*The phone on the console rings. Roz answers it.*

**Roz:** Yes? [turns away from Frasier, lowers voice:] Not yet, I'll call you back.

*She puts the phone down and gets a distrustful glare from Frasier. Bulldog enters.*

**Bulldog:** Doc, I got one thing to say to you...

**Frasier:** Go ahead, take your best shot.

**Bulldog:** [in genuine admiration] I am so proud of you, man.

*He hugs Frasier, who is very unmoved.*

**Frasier:** Well, doesn't that just put the cherry on the parfait.

**Bulldog:** Now come on, you gotta tell me - who's the mystery chick?

**Frasier:** Bulldog, haven't you already seen? [points to the newspapers] I've told half a dozen reporters that I'm not going to name names.

**Roz:** [holds up a newspaper] Yeah, don't you see this right here? "I Won't Fink," Says Kinky Shrink."

*Roz and Bulldog laugh; Frasier looks fed up. Then, a rather uncomfortable-looking Kate creeps into the studio.*

**Kate:** Good afternoon, Dr Crane.



**Frasier:** Miss Costas.

**Bulldog:** Hey, hey, you're the boss - make him tell who his playmate was.

**Kate:** Bulldog, this is really none of your business.

**Bulldog:** Oh, but we got a pool going. So far, hot money's on Roz.

**Roz:** What?! Oh, well, thank you, but I think I have a little more self-respect than to have a quickie with a co-worker on the air! What kind of slut do they think I am?

**Kate:** [*extremely uncomfortable*] Dr. Crane, could I have a word with you in private?

**Frasier:** Er, I-I'd love that, but I, I've got my show in two minutes.

**Kate:** Actually you don't.

**Frasier:** What?

**Kate:** I'm suspending you for a week. [*to Bulldog*] Bulldog, you're going on. [*to Roz*] Roz, you'll have to produce.

**Bulldog:** Alright!

*He enthusiastically slaps Roz on the butt; she viciously hits him in the stomach with her clipboard.*

**Frasier:** I must say, I find that a, a bit harsh, all things considered.

**Kate:** Yes, I can see how you might feel that way. But the station does have certain standards and it is my job to enforce them. Now if you will excuse me, I have to meet with one of last night's sponsors - The Wholesome Family Cookie Company.

*She leaves.*

FADE TO:

*Scene Two - Frasier's apartment.*

*Frasier enters. It is pitch dark, so he presses the light switch. The lights go up and we see Martin, who had been reading a newspaper with the aid of a pen torch, sink into The Armchair in alarm.*

**Martin:** Hey! Turn those lights out!

*Frasier does so and closes the door. Martin relaxes.*

**Frasier:** Why?

**Martin:** Deirdre hasn't finished moving yet. If she sees the light in here, she'll know I'm home! You can see your living room from her bedroom.

**Frasier:** Her bedroom...?

**Martin:** She had me cornered in there yesterday. I don't mind telling you, I haven't been that scared since Korea.

*Frasier turns the lights back on and Martin sinks into The Armchair again. Frasier goes to the coat-hanger.*

**Frasier:** Don't worry, dad. Look, I have no intention of letting anyone in here tonight. There's a damn tabloid news crew down in the lobby. I had to go in the back way and use the service elevator. [*hangs up his coat*]

**Martin:** Say, I tuned in to your show tonight. Why weren't you on it?

**Frasier:** [*sulky*] If you must know, I've been suspended for a week.

**Martin:** Oh, no.

**Frasier:** [*depressed*] I spent the last three hours at the observation deck of the Space Needle, looking down on a city that's looking down on me.

*He sits on the couch and cradles his face in his hands. Daphne enters from her room.*

**Daphne:** Hello, Dr Crane.

**Frasier:** Daphne.

*The doorbell rings.*

**Frasier:** I'm not here.

**Daphne:** Yes. Your father's not here either. It's so nice having the whole house to myself.

*She opens the door to Niles.*

**Niles:** Daphne.

**Daphne:** Oh, how lovely. Now the whole family's not here.

*She closes the door and goes to sit on the couch armrest, next to Frasier. Niles walks over to the couch.*

**Niles:** I listened to your programme as I was driving home last night. [holds up two pieces of paper] Here's a bill to replace the front wheel of my Mercedes, and the second to replace the back bumper of some wretched little domestic car.

*He gives the bills to Frasier, who snatches them off him, annoyed.*

**Martin:** Go easy on your brother, Niles - he's had a rough day.

**Niles:** You're right, dad. [sits on the couch; sympathetic] Er, Frasier, please accept my apologies. I, I can imagine how trying this must have been for you.

**Frasier:** Thanks, Niles.

**Niles:** [unsympathetic again] 'Course, it's been no picnic for those of us who share your name. My Maris took it particularly hard. When I left this morning, she was ordering new stationery with an accent aigu over the "e" in our name. Hereafter, her memos will read, "From the desk of Maris Crané." [pronounces it, "Crah-nay."]

*The doorbell rings. Daphne goes to the door and looks through the peep-hole.*

**Daphne:** Who is it?

**Kate:** [outside] Kate Costas.

*Everyone in the room panics momentarily.*

**Frasier:** Wait, wait! Alright, all of you. You know nothing about last night!

*Daphne opens the door. Niles and Martin stand up.*

**Daphne:** Hello!

**Kate:** Hello.

**Daphne:** Come in!

*A subdued-looking Kate enters. Frasier makes some rapid and slightly awkward introductions.*

**Frasier:** Hello, Kate. [gestures at Niles] Er, you know Niles, of course. [gestures at Martin] Er, this is my...

**Kate:** [to Martin] Hello.

**Frasier:** ...father, Martin...

**Martin:** Hi!

**Frasier:** ...and er, [points at Daphne] his healthcare worker.

Daphne, Kate Costas.

**Daphne:** Nice to meet you.

**Kate:** I'm sorry if I'm coming at a bad time.

**Martin:** Oh no, no, I, I - we were just taking Eddie for a walk.  
[heads towards the door]

**Daphne:** Yeah. [calls to Eddie] Eddie!

**Niles:** I have to be running along too.

*Eddie runs up to Daphne. Niles and Martin join her near the doorway; Martin opens the door.*

**Daphne:** [to Eddie] Oh, what's that on your chin? Have you been in the garbage again? [turns to leave] You Bad Boy!

*Everyone freezes, except for bad boy Eddie, who scampers out. Kate is mortified. After a few moments of very awkward silence, Daphne, Martin and Niles leave hastily, shutting the door behind them.*

**Kate:** So... nice place. [goes towards the balcony] Whoa, what a view!

**Frasier:** [bitter] Yes. I'll be enjoying it during my suspension.

**Kate:** Well... I guess that concludes the small-talk portion of our evening. Look, it must be obvious; I've come here to apologise.

**Frasier:** Oh, really - for what? Turning on me when I went out of my way to protect you? You know we're both responsible for this. Yet I end up looking like an idiot and you look like a no-nonsense boss!

**Kate:** Alright, alright, just tell me what I can do to make this right.

**Frasier:** [sulky] Nothing! There is nothing you can do, there is nothing you can say, to make this up to me.

**Kate:** [no-nonsense] The owners wanted you fired.

**Frasier:** [beat] That's pretty good!

*Frasier feels an odd mixture of shocked relief and embarrassed gratitude.*

**Kate:** Look, there's no way we can rewrite the past. It happened, we did it, it's on tape. But we can do this: we can prevent it from ever happening again.

**Frasier:** Agreed. Obviously, there's some kind of incredible attraction between us. The trick will be simply to avoid the opportunity. We're strong, we're intelligent... and we're alone in this apartment.

*They contemplate this for a moment.*

**Kate:** [anxious] I'll get my bag!

**Frasier:** Yes...

*RESET TO: the corridor outside Frasier's apartment.*

*Kate emerges and is about to press the button for the elevator when Frasier, following, stops her.*

**Frasier:** Oh Kate, Kate, er, that news crew's probably still in the lobby.

**Kate:** Oh, right!

**Frasier:** Let me walk you to the service elevator and see you out.

*He shuts the door of his apartment and they leave down a corridor.*

*CUT TO: outside the service elevator. The doors are open; inside, items of furniture and assorted junk are stacked around the walls. A moving-man is just leaving. Kate and Frasier enter and walk in.*

**Kate:** [to the moving-man] Going down?

**Man:** No, you guys go ahead. Just send it back up!

*The moving-man leaves. Kate presses a button and the doors close.*

*CUT TO: inside the elevator as it begins to descend.*

**Frasier:** Yes... well, I'm sure if we really try, we can keep things on a professional footing.

**Kate:** We're two mature adults.

**Frasier:** Just have to avoid all undue temptation.

*Suddenly, the elevator shudders to a halt and the lights go out, leaving Frasier and Kate in darkness and silence.*

**Frasier:** What's going on?

**Kate:** I don't know. [calls out] Hello?

**Frasier:** You know, let's have a little light.

*He flicks open his lighter and, by its tiny flame, begins to look around inside the elevator.*

**Kate:** [calls out] Hello? Hello? Can anybody hear me?

*The moving-man, from somewhere up above, calls down the elevator shaft.*

**Man:** Hello?

**Kate:** Yeah! What's going on?

*Frasier, having seen some candles in a corner, begins to light them; gradually, the elevator is illuminated.*

**Man:** Looks like you're stuck. Same thing happened this morning. Took about half an hour to fix. You two guys gonna be okay?

**Kate:** Yeah, yeah, we're fine. We're adults. [a little nervous] We're mature adults!

*She glances around herself anxiously. Frasier, having fired up three candles, burns his hand lighting a fourth.*

**Frasier:** Ow!

*Nursing his hand, he stumbles against a large object propped up against the back of the elevator, causing it to fall forward and lie flat in the middle of the floorspace. It turns out to be a large mattress-bed - big enough to accommodate two. They eye it uneasily.*

**Frasier:** It's getting sort of hot in here, isn't it?

**Kate:** [nervous] Yeah. It's a bit - it's a bit hot.

**Frasier:** You don't mind if I take off my jacket, do you?

**Kate:** [steadfast] Makes no difference to me.

*Frasier takes off his jacket and drops it onto the mattress; he also loosens his tie.*

**Frasier:** Well. Looks like we're gonna be here for a little while - may as well try to make ourselves comfortable.

*Their eyes stray towards the mattress...*

**Frasier:** Maybe there are some chairs in here.

*They both start looking through the stuff piled up against the sides of the elevator - Frasier on the left-hand side, and Kate on the right. Frasier sees something next to a dressing-table.*

**Frasier:** Ah, here we are! I'll just have to move this down along...

*He pushes the dressing-table, and from somewhere inside it, a music box begins to play - redolent of bedrooms and romance. They freeze when they hear it.*

**Kate:** What's that?

**Frasier:** I must have knocked open a music box in here somewhere.

*He opens the dresser. Inside, he finds fluffy women's panties and an array of high-heeled shoes.*

**Kate:** [irritable] I'm not really in the mood for music. Could you stop that, please?

**Frasier:** Yes, yes, I'll try.

*He starts to dig into the panties.*

**Kate:** God, it's hot in here!

*As she takes off her jacket, Frasier pulls some frilly clothes out of the dresser. There is the sound of glass breaking against the floor.*

**Kate:** What's that smell?

*Frasier searches the floor.*

**Frasier:** I seem to have broken a bottle of something... [realizes, gazes at her, worried] Musk oil...!

*Kate is becoming increasingly tense. Frasier returns to searching the dresser for the source of the music, pulling open the drawers.*

**Frasier:** [desperate] Oh, oh, where is that damn music box? [rifles through another drawer] Here it is! [picks it up and turns it off]

**Kate:** I really think that it would be a very good thing if you just did something about that musk oil...

*Frasier closes the drawers.*

**Frasier:** Ah, yes, alright, er, how about... Oh, I know, hand me that drop-cloth there and maybe I can just smother it.

*He points at what looks like a dusty, mouldy old piece of curtain hanging behind Kate. She takes it off of the wall, revealing a large poster of the cover of a romance novel, featuring a muscular, semi-naked hero embracing a voluptuous, semi-naked heroine; above the lovers, a lurid title reads, "Surrender to Bliss," and below them is the name Deirdre Sauvage.*

*Frasier and Kate, upon seeing it, avert their eyes.*

**Kate:** [very tense] Who lives in this building?!

**Frasier:** You know er, I think we can just forego the musk oil right now. Why don't you just cover, cover that back up.

*Kate dumps the dropcloth onto the mattress and brushes herself off.*

**Kate:** No no no no no, not gonna touch this thing again. [brushes herself off] Look at me, I'm all dirty.

*Kate freezes and stares at Frasier, who is himself visibly bursting with desire. Then, finally surrendering to bliss, they dive onto the mattress and grab each other - but, at the last moment, somehow manage to hold back from the usual kissing.*

**Kate:** Ooh, stop - stop - stop!

**Frasier:** You're right!

*Still holding onto each other, they take a few relieved breaths.*

**Frasier:** We have gazed into the gaping maw of temptation, and survived!

*They separate and sit on the mattress, side-by-side.*

**Frasier:** My God, I'm, I'm, I'm proud of us! [laughs]

**Kate:** [laughs] I am, too! God!

**Frasier:** [relaxed] Ah...

*Kate looks upwards.*

**Kate:** Of course, the cable could break.

**Frasier:** [tense again] And we'd be kicking ourselves all the way down...

**Kate:** You are so right!

*They kiss, and just like the previous two times, Frasier ends up lying on top of Kate. Suddenly, the lights come back on and the elevator begins to descend again. They hurriedly get up and set about returning the furniture, mattress, clothes, candles, etc., to their original conditions and places.*

*CUT TO: outside the elevator on the ground floor, several seconds later. A moving-man is waiting. The doors open.*

*Everything looks as it did when they first got on, including Frasier's and Kate's attire. They stand chastely side-by-side, two feet apart.*

**Kate:** [with businesslike impersonality] Goodnight, Dr Crane.

**Frasier:** [same] Miss Costas.

*Kate leaves. The moving-man enters and presses a button. As the elevator doors close, we see Frasier roll his eyes in relief.*

END OF ACT TWO

#### **Credits:**

The corridor outside Frasier's apartment. Martin emerges with Eddie on a leash. He looks around carefully, presses the elevator button, and waits close to the elevator doors, nervously keeping his back to them. He continues to scan the corridor and presses the button again with impatience. The elevator doors open and, as he backs into the lift, we see that a very excited Deirdre is there; Martin does not notice her until it is too late to escape.

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## Guest Appearances

### **Special Guest Star**

MERCEDES RUEHL as Kate Costas

### **Guest Starring**

PAMELA KOSH as Deirdre Sauvage

HARRIS LASKAWY as Moving Man

### **Guest Callers**

CYD CHARISSE as Polly

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## Legal Stuff

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