

[4.16]The Unnatural

The Unnatural

Written by Michael Kaplan
Directed by Pamela Fryman

=====
Production Code: 4.16
Episode Number in Production Order: 88
Original Airdate on NBC: 1st April 1997
Transcript written on 2nd September 2000
Transcript revised on 13th September 2002

Hey, Freddie!

Frederick has appeared in the following episodes:

[[3.09](#)] Frasier Grinch
[[4.07](#)] A Lilith Thanksgiving

Transcript {nicholas hartley}

Act One

Scene One - Radio Station.

Frasier is sat at his desk on the phone

Frasier: [*into phone*] My eight year-old son is visiting me this weekend, he asked specifically if I could arrange a tour of the Microsoft complex, I was wondering what's your policy on... [*pause*] I'm sorry to hear that. [*pause*] You know, I don't often trade on my celebrity status, but does the name Frasier Crane mean anything to you? [*pause*] I'm sorry to hear that. Well, erm, you know, it's entirely possible that one day a relative of yours may wish to tour my workplace... [*pause*] It's a radio station! Forget it! [*hangs up*]

Roz and Bulldog enter dressed in dirty KACL baseball shirts.

Roz: If we'd even been close, that would be one thing, but I beat that pack by a mile! A mile!

Bulldog: Calm down, slugger, it's all right.

Roz: A mile!

Frasier: I take it you lost the game.

Bulldog: No, we won the game, but Roz got kicked out for arguing with the ump! She kicked dirt on his shoes, chest-butted him, almost took a bite out of his finger when he stuck it in her face. You can't coach that kind of thing.

Roz: All right, the guy on second, one guy's out, I drive one to the gap. The throw-the-cop man is late, our guy stays at home and I try to stretch it to a double. I make a *beautiful* hook slide right into the tag. How can I be out?!

Frasier: I'm still trying to understand why you drove to the Gap in the middle of the game!

Bulldog: I gotta go work on the line-up for Saturday's game. You know, I love being in charge.

Roz: Oh, can I play second base?

Bulldog: Er, no, sorry, Liz Budner's playing second.

Roz: Liz Budner?! Why? What can she do that I can't?

Bulldog: It's what she will do that you won't!

Bulldog exits as Frasier follows Roz into her booth.

Frasier: Oh, Roz, erm, listen, didn't you used to date some executive at Microsoft?

Roz: Oh, [*in horror*] Scott Blankman! Ugh, talk about your messy break-ups. Even after I dumped the guy, he kept calling me. At first he'd make excuses - "Oh sorry, I hit the wrong button on my speed dial" - and then he just gave up the pretense and there'd be sobbing on the other end of the line! I finally said, "Scott, I never, ever want to talk to you again!" Why do you ask?

Frasier: I'd like you to give him a call.

Roz: What?!

Frasier: Well, Frederick's coming to visit me this week. The only thing he asked for was a tour of Microsoft, and I sort of already, well, promised that I could arrange it for him.

Roz: Frasier, you're asking me to call a man who camped outside my apartment building and held a big sign up that said, "Roz Doyle is afraid to love!"

Frasier: I understand. I thought you'd be more sympathetic, that's all.

Roz: I can't.

Roz picks up her clipboard and studies it. Frasier starts to leave the booth, but pauses at the door.

Frasier: I do recall a story you told me not long ago, about a young girl living in Wisconsin who wanted desperately for her mother to drive her to Chicago to see Bobby Sherman open a shopping mall. [*Roz realizes*] But her mother was just too busy. And so what did that little girl do that night? She cried herself to sleep on her little Bobby Sherman pillow.

Roz: [*picks up phone, to Frasier:*] I hate you!

She dials as Frasier exits with a satisfied smile.

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment.

The doorbell sounds. Frasier opens the door to Niles.

Frasier: Niles.

Niles: Good morning, Frasier. Is Frederick up yet?

Frasier: Actually he went out with his grandfather for an early morning walk.

Niles: I went through some of my old albums this morning and found a few photos of us when we were Frederick's age.

Frasier: Oh, Lord.

Niles: I thought he might find them amusing.

Niles hands them over and he laughs.

Niles: Oh here, there we are, all dressed up for our first cub scout hike!

Frasier: And the last!

Niles: Yes, well, we didn't exactly endear ourselves to the pack. All the other kids had those knapsacks, we showed up with those monogrammed train cases.

Frasier: [*looking at photo*] Niles, refresh my memory. Why are we wearing plastic snouts and a tiny little wading pool around our waists?

Niles: Oh, you've forgotten. That Halloween we went as "The Bay of Pigs."

Frasier: Ah! Yes, as I recall nobody got it. We finally had to take to telling that we were "Swine Lake." They didn't get that either. That was a long evening.

Niles: So, what do you have in store for Frederick this visit?

Frasier: Well, we're going to go whale-watching, to the planetarium

and Roz is helping me arrange a tour of Microsoft. It's the one thing that Freddie's specifically requested.

Niles: Someone's making a run for "Dad of the Year."

Frasier: Yes, well, you know how it is. I don't get to see him as often as I'd like. Memories of this trip will have to last until the next one. Can you blame me for wanting it to be perfect?

Martin and Freddie enter with Eddie.

Freddie: Hi, Dad.

Frasier: Oh, hello, Freddie.

Freddie: Dad, did Grandpa ever tell you the story of how he captured four bank robbers with just a nightstick?

Frasier: No. He did tell me how he captured two bank robbers with just a revolver, his partner and a S.W.A.T. team.

Martin: They got there later!

Freddie: Hello, Uncle Niles.

Niles: Hello, Frederick. My, aren't you getting big.

Freddie: I'm the same exact size I was the last time you saw me.

Niles: Well, your mother's cooking will do that for a growing boy!

Freddie: Are we going to Microsoft today?

Frasier: Well, actually, Freddie, I thought we'd, er, go by the radio station, I could show you where I work. That'll be fun, won't it?

Freddie: Yes. When are we going to Microsoft?

Frasier: Well... Saturday.

Freddie: Excellent.

Daphne enters from her room.

Daphne: Oh, good morning, Dr. Crane.

Niles: Good morning, Daphne.

Freddie: [smitten] Hi, Daphne.

Daphne: Hello, Frederick.

Martin: Hey, Freddie, tell your dad what you saw in the park today.

Freddie: [smitten] Hi, Daphne.

Daphne: Frederick's my boyfriend.

Niles: [covers jealousy with a laugh] Oh, really?

Freddie: I've a present for you, wait here.

Freddie exits.

Martin: How cute, he's got a crush on you.

Frasier: Yes, you should have seen him last night. He spent the entire evening sitting on Daphne's lap watching TV.

Niles: [laughs a little to cover jealousy] Really?

Daphne: And this morning I heard this soft little knocking at my door and it was Frederick asking if he could climb into bed with me.

Niles: [jealous] Really?

Freddie enters with a drawing.

Freddie: This is for you.

Daphne: Oh, isn't this lovely? Look, here's Frederick and here I am. And what are we doing?

Freddie: Getting married.

Niles: [spite] Really?! [slams photos down onto table]

Daphne: Well, come on, Frederick. Let's go hang this on the fridge.

Freddie: Okay.

Freddie and Daphne exit to the kitchen.

Niles: Frasier, do you really think it's healthy for a little boy to be so obsessed with a woman he can't possibly have?!

Frasier: Niles, have you actually sunk so low as to be jealous of him?

Niles: No, I'm not jealous, I'm just a bit, well... maybe envious.

Martin: That's ridiculous! What have you got to be envious of?

Daphne: [o.s] Hold on!

Daphne runs back and forth through the room with Freddie clung to her having a fun piggyback ride.

Freddie: Wheeeee!

Niles looks on in anger.

FADE TO:

**WHO DELIVERED THE
GETTYSBURG ADDRESS?**

Scene Three - Radio Station.

Frederick enters with Frasier.

Frasier: And this is the booth where it all happens.

Freddie: Very impressive!

Frasier: Well, this is the talk-back button here, if I want to talk to Roz, and this is the cough button if I want to mute the mike. Oh, and this button here's very special. It sends a death ray shooting from the phone of any caller who annoys me.

Freddie: You wish.

Frasier: Yes, I do.

Bulldog and Roz enter. Roz is on crutches. Freddie is facing the control panel and so the two don't notice him when they enter

Frasier: Well, okay, Roz, what have we done to ourselves today?

Roz: Well, we went out last night to celebrate our big win. I had a few margaritas. Someone started a conga line, I wasn't going to get in it but then Gary, our shortstop, got on the end of the line and that man has a butt that makes you want to reach out with both hands and... [*Frasier spins Frederick round to face Roz*] Give Freddie a big Seattle hug!

Freddie: [*hugs her, then:*] Good save, Roz.

Roz: Thank you.

Frasier: Freddie, I don't believe you've met Bulldog.

Bulldog: Hey, kid.

Freddie: Why are you called Bulldog?

Bulldog: Er, people have just always called me that.

Freddie: But why?

Bulldog: I don't know...

Frasier: Well, all right, Bulldog, er, Roz and I have a show to prepare...

Bulldog: [*interrupts*] No, no, wait a minute, this is important. Why do people call me Bulldog? There has to be a reason. [*a woman enters to pick up some papers, Bulldog barks at her and she runs out*] This is gonna drive me nuts!

Roz: So who's going to sub for me in the game on Saturday, we've got to have a ninth body out there or we forfeit.

Bulldog: All right, er... How about Mindy Guffrey?

Roz: Eight months pregnant.

Bulldog: [*worried, counts:*] July, August, September, October, November, December, January... [*smiles relieved*]

Roz: Anyway, you'd better find somebody else and speaking of bad news, Frasier, I finally got a call from Scott Blancman...

Frasier: Oh, Roz... Freddie, why don't you talk to Bulldog for a minute, I have to discuss something with Roz.

Freddie: Okay.

Bulldog: Yeah, no problem.

Frasier and Roz exit to her booth to chat.

Bulldog: Oh, hey, hey, in a little while, I'm going to bring in my cart. You can hit the gong.

Freddie: Why?

Bulldog: It's loud, I make a lot of loud noises on my show.

Freddie: Why?

Bulldog: I don't know. Boy, I'm starting to get a headache.

Freddie: If you need a softball player, why don't you use my dad?

Bulldog: Oh, yeah, right. [laughs]

Freddie: Isn't he good?

Bulldog: [realises, acts] Oh, yeah, yeah, he's great, he is the best, you know. I wish he could play but I think your dad's busy Saturday.

Freddie: He's taking me to Microsoft.

Bulldog: Yep, yeah, right. Oh, man, I wish he could play because if he were playing we'd win for sure.

Meanwhile Roz and Frasier are chatting.

Roz: I'm sorry, Frasier, that's all I can do. Scott quit Microsoft right after we broke up.

Frasier: I don't look forward to telling Frederick. He'll be so disappointed.

Roz: Well, you know, if you want the tour of a cemetery, I've got an aunt there now.

Meanwhile, Freddie quizzes Bulldog.

Bulldog: I don't know, I give up.

Freddie: Abraham Lincoln! What school did you go to?!

Frasier enters.

Frasier: Frederick.

Freddie: Dad, I don't want to go to Microsoft anymore.

Frasier: You... don't?

Bulldog: Oh, hey, yes he does. Wait a minute, wait a minute. Hey, what kind of boy wouldn't want to spend a day at Microsoft?

Frasier: Stay out of this. [pause] Freddie... Frederick, you know, this is your vacation, you're the boss. Whatever you say goes.

Freddie: Great, I want to see you play in the softball team.

Frasier: What?!

Freddie: You could take Roz's place.

Frasier: Well, I... You know, as much as I'd love to play softball, I really don't think that Bulldog wants me to.

Freddie: Yes, he does. He said you were the best. Right?

Bulldog: [through gritted teeth] That's what I said.

Frasier: Well, thank you, Bulldog.

Freddie: So, you'll play?

Frasier: Well, I don't see how I can refuse.

Freddie: Great, I can't wait to tell Daphne.

Frasier: Oh, yes, well, speaking of Daphne. While you're waiting for Daphne, why don't you go out, get yourself a candy bar out of the machine.

Freddie: Mommy says candy rots tooth enamel.

Frasier: Yes, well, chew on the side of your mouth, rot your baby teeth.

Frederick exits.

Frasier: Bulldog, what the hell do you think you're doing, telling him I'm a good softball player?

Bulldog: Hey, I was trying to be nice. You want me to tell him you're a big lame-o?

Frasier: No, I don't.

Bulldog: Hey, look, I know how tough it is when you're a kid and you find out you're dad's not as great as you thought. Look, I

was about Frederick's age when, well, I came home, my mom was out and I caught my dad with another woman.

Frasier: Oh, Bulldog, I'm sorry.

Bulldog: No, no, wait, you haven't heard the bad part yet! She was ugly, doc. I mean coyote ugly. My own dad. And the best excuse he could come up with was, "Hey, you don't look at the mail when you're poking the fire!" [pause] Hey, I just got that! [laughs and exits]

End of Act One

Act Two

Scene One - Café Nervosa.

Niles and Frasier are discussing recent events on the window seat.

Frasier: I just keep thinking back to that time when Dad made us try Little League. I will never forget the humiliation of getting up to bat for the first time in my life and hearing the other team all cry out, "Move in, everybody. Crane's up!"

Niles: Yes, but they moved right back out again after you took your first swing.

Frasier: Only because the bat flew out of my hands!

Niles: You worry too much, your co-workers aren't expecting you to play brilliantly.

Frasier: Oh, I can live with playing badly in front of my co-workers, it's Frederick I'm worried about. He's still at that age where he thinks his father can do anything.

Niles: Every child at some point must discover that his father is not a superhero.

Frasier: I know.

Niles: It's a healthy part of the developmental process.

Frasier: I know, I know some day he's going to have to learn that I'm not perfect, it's just that I was hoping it might be something less humiliating like seeing me fast dance at a family wedding.

Niles: You consider that less humiliating?

Frasier: Well...

Frasier begins to demonstrate as Daphne enters with Freddie.

Daphne: Hello, look who's here.

Frasier: Ah, did you two have fun while I was at work?

Freddie: [smitten with Daphne] Yes.

Daphne: Oh, yes, we went to the amusement park, we had a lovely time. Only I think the ferris wheel scared him a bit; he spent the whole ride hugging me for dear life.

Niles: [well... maybe envious] Really?

Freddie: Her hair smells like strawberries.

Niles: It smells like peach blossoms, lavender and vanilla!

Daphne looks confused.

Niles: [covers] From over here at least. [Daphne laughs]

Freddie: Uncle Niles, are you coming to watch my dad play in the softball team? He's the best one on the team.

Niles: Well, of course I am, Freddie. I'll be there sitting right between you and Daphne.

Daphne: [oblivious] Oh, come on, Frederick, let's go get some hot chocolate.

Freddie: OK. [they go to the counter]

Frasier: So you see the problem?

Niles: [looking onto Freddie at the counter] I certainly do!

Frasier: No, that's your problem. The trouble is that I promised Frederick I would play on Saturday. I guess I'm left with only one choice.

Niles: You're gonna fake an injury?

Frasier: No, of course not, I'm going to learn how to play softball.

Niles: In two days?

Frasier: Well, back in college, when Stu Oberfelt got sick, I learnt the role of Mercutio in just a day and a half. I was brilliant. Fighting in the duelling scene, the audience was on the edge of their seats.

Niles: Yes, and they were under them when the sword flew out of your hand!

FADE TO:

THE UNNATURAL

Scene Two - Softball Court.

Martin and Frasier enter the softball practice court. Frasier is wearing softball clothes - obviously Martin's which read "CRANE" on the back.

Frasier: Gee, Dad, I want to thank you for helping me out with this.

Martin: Ah, don't mention it, we're going to whip you right into shape!

Frasier: It must have been kinda disappointing for you; I never took any interest in this sort of thing as a kid.

Martin: No, I understood.

Frasier: I guess it's a little complex I must have developed. When I was growing up, you know, the doorbell'd ring, I'd run to answer it and then there'd be the neighbourhood kids with their baseball gloves and their bats looking for somebody else to join their game. They'd say, "Hey, can your Dad come out and play?"

Martin: [laughs] Well, never mind that. You know, it's kind of fun to finally be out here.

Frasier: [laughs] Oh, at the risk of sounding like Stanley courting Blanche DuBois in "Streetcar...", "We've had this date with each other from the very beginning."

Martin: I knew you'd ruin it!

Frasier: I'm sorry.

Martin: Come on, put your helmet on.

Frasier: [tries to] Dad, gee, it's kinda tight.

Martin: Yeah, well, it's supposed too. Stops you from getting hurt.

Martin pushes it on causing him to scream in pain.

Martin: There you go, now. Get your bat, get into the stands just like I told you. I'm gonna turn the machine on. You know, the good thing about these balls is that they're all at the same level so you can work on your form and your timing, all right? Okay, now here we go.

Martin stands outside, puts money in and clicks for the first ball. It shoots past Frasier. He dodges it rather than hitting it.

Frasier: What is that, a pitching machine or a particle accelerator?!

Martin: All right, all right, I'll crank it down to a lower setting. [does so] Okay, now, just remember; Left elbow in, right elbow up, knees in, all your weight on the balls of your feet, okay, now, just step into the pitch.

By the time Frasier has done this, he looks pretty ridiculous.

Martin: Now.

A ball fires straight pass him.

Martin: Oh yeah, and swing the bat.

Frasier: Dad, can't you just slow it down a little bit?

Martin: All right, all right, but if any of the other fathers come back here, I'm taking it off the pee-wee setting. Okay, all

right, now, from the hips. Nice an' easy, don't try to kill it, just try to make contact, okay, are you ready?

Frasier: Ready.

The ball fires. Frasier swings for it without any contact. He falls over on his follow-through while throwing the bat to the other side of the court. Some men are watching and laughing.

Frasier: What are they looking at? Dad, they're looking at me!

Martin: [to men] Get out of here! Go on, buzz off!

The men leave as Frasier resumes posture.

FADE TO:

**15%...20% IF THE
SERVICE IS EXCEPTIONAL**

Scene Three - Softball Court.

Later on, Frasier is still trying to bat. Once again, a ball whizzes pass him, he tries to hit it but, as before, falls over and throws the bat away.

Frasier: Did you hear that? Did you hear that? I touched it that time, I did!

Martin: No, I think that was my knee cracking! Hey, you're doing a lot better, though. That's six in a row without hitting yourself in your kidney on your follow-through.

Frasier: Oh, who am I kidding? This is hopeless!

Martin: [steps inside] Oh, well you tried anyway. Why don't we just try changing bats?

Frasier: Oh, Dad, please, I couldn't hit that ball if I had a sofa cushion!

Martin: All right, okay, Softball's not your game. It's no big deal, now Freddie'll understand that.

Frasier: Oh, I suppose. In time he well, it's just that...

Frasier tries to take his helmet off, however it pains him through the tightness.

Frasier: ...no boy ever forgets the first time he finds that his dad isn't perfect. It's not what I want him to take away with him on his trip. Anyway, thanks for your help.

Martin: Oh, don't mention it. So, Frasier, em, [laughs] what was it for you?

Frasier: Huh?

Martin: Well, you know, em, when you first found out that I was less than perfect?

Frasier: I don't know.

Martin: I thought you said a kid never forgets the first time.

Frasier: Well... Maybe it was no one time.

Martin: Oh, so, it's a lot of times?

Frasier: Well, no, I'm just not very comfortable talking about it right now.

Martin: Why? You're not going to hurt my feelings, I'm just curious.

Frasier: All right, all right. Back in third grade, you took me and some of the boys from the Math Club out to pizza. When the check came, you couldn't figure out the tip in your head.

Martin: I can't do math in my head, that's your big disappointment?!

Frasier: Well, it was at the time!

Martin: Well, I wonder if I can calculate in my head how many hits you got today? Let me think, er... oh, it's zero!

Frasier: Fine! Fine, Dad, get defensive! I was eight years old.

Martin: Hey, that's the one shaped like a snowman, right?!

Frasier: I'm sorry I even brought it up.

Martin: All right.

Frasier: I guess I'm just going to have to bite the bullet, sit

Frederick down on Saturday before the game and tell him the truth. It's not a conversation I'm looking forward to but I should prepare him for the fact that his daddy's not going to be hitting any grand slams on Saturday. [pause] Or am I? Wait, a grand slam is...

Martin: You aren't.

Frasier: Well, anyway, I suppose one consolation is, you know, as disappointed as I was with you after the pizza incident, here we are, all those years later, out at a batting cage.

Martin: Yeah, that's right. Come on, I'll get us a couple of beers.

Frasier: Thanks, Dad.

Frasier and Martin leave the cage as Martin looks through his coins.

Martin: And, er, how many of these shiny things do you need for...

Frasier: Oh, shut up!

Frasier and Martin exit.

Scene Four - Frasier's Apartment.

On Saturday, the doorbell rings. Frasier answers the door to Niles. Frasier is wearing a KACL "CRANE" softball shirt. Niles is in his normal Armani attire.

Frasier: Hello, Niles.

Niles: Frasier, you look like an authentic jock. I'm half-tempted to hand over my lunch money.

Frasier: Is that your idea of appropriate baseball-watching attire?

Niles: Obviously you failed to detect the subtle diamond pattern in my tie!

Niles points it out.

Niles: So, how did your little talk go with Frederick?

Frasier: Well, I haven't been able to bring myself to do it yet. I guess it's about you going to any lengths to avoid looking foolish in front of your son.

Martin enters wearing a comical Viking helmet.

Martin: Look what Mrs. Thorkenson was throwing out. Boy, the guys at McGinty's are going to love this!

Martin exits, leaving the boys startled.

Frasier: Well, anyhoo...

Frederick runs in from the direction of Daphne's room.

Frasier: Frederick, what have I told you about running in the house?

Freddie: You told me to not run in the house.

Frasier: Frederick, what have I told you about splitting infinitives?

Niles: Frasier, let the boy be a boy.

Daphne enters in her bathrobe.

Daphne: Don't run away! I saw you! Your son just walked right in on me in the shower!

Frasier: Frederick!

Freddie: Dad, all I really saw was...

Frasier: I am very disappointed in you, young man!

Niles: Let the boy finish!

Frasier gives him a look.

Freddie: All I really saw was a lot of steam.

Frasier nods at Niles.

Freddie: I'm sorry, Daphne, I didn't know you were in the shower.
Now you hate me.

Daphne: I don't hate you, you just have to promise to knock before
you enter a room, okay?

Freddie nods as Daphne exits.

Freddie: Sorry, dad.

Frasier: That's okay, son.

Freddie: So, when are we going to the game?

Frasier: Er, in a bit, er... First we have to have a conversation,
the two of us. Er, Uncle Niles, do you think you could give
us a moment alone?

Niles: Oh, of course. I'll freshen up for the game. [*aside to
Freddie:*] You can fool them, but you can't fool me! I'm
on to you, little man! [*exits*]

Frasier sighs in disbelieving disgust.

Frasier: Come on, Freddie. Come and have a seat, here. [*he does*]
Okay, you're going to see me play some softball today, and
I'm not going to play very well. You see, I'm not a good
softball player.

Freddie: But Bulldog said you were the best.

Frasier: Yes, I know, he was just lying in order to be nice. The
truth is, I stink. I can't catch, I can't throw, I can't hit.

Freddie: [*taking it well*] Oh.

Frasier: So, it must be pretty disappointing to hear for the first
time that your Dad's not perfect, but...

Freddie: It's not the first time. You couldn't fix my computer, you
thought Venus was the North Star, and I've seen you run!

Frasier: Well, why didn't you mention any of these things to me
before?

Freddie: I thought it might hurt your self-esteem!

Frasier: Ah, actually, Frederick, I'm really okay with those things,
I am. I just want you to know that it's okay for you to feel
bad about them. You see, when I was your age, I felt really
bad about learning that your Grandpa can't do math in his
head. I learned later, of course, that that really wasn't
very important because he can do so many other things so
well.

Martin enters.

Freddie: [*amazed*] Grandpa can't do math in his head?!

Frasier: Yes, but....

Martin: What are you doing telling that for?!

Frasier: I was making a point!

Freddie: You mean you can't do it at all?!

Martin: Well, yeah, sure I can, Freddie.

Freddie: I knew you could. What's seven times fifteen? You can do
it, Grandpa.

*Frederick looks at Martin. Martin looks at Frasier who writes in the
air "105."*

Martin: Er... 115?

Freddie: Oh, Grandpa!

Martin: Thanks a lot, Frasier!

Frasier: Well, I tried, for God's sake.

Frederick slumps onto the sofa as Niles and Daphne enter.

Daphne: Ready for the game?

Freddie: [*miffed*] Yeah.

Daphne: You don't sound too exited.

Freddie: I just found out that Dad's bad at softball and Grandpa can't

do math in his head.

Daphne: Those things aren't important. What can I do to make you feel better?

Freddie: Maybe a hug?

Daphne: Oh, come here.

Daphne picks up Freddie and gives him a big hug. Over her shoulder, his sad face slowly turns to a sly smile. Niles catches the look and returns it as Uncle and Nephew share the same thoughts.

End of Act Two

Credits:

KACL

Frasier enters the booth to find Roz. They are angry with each other. Frasier obviously did a bad job, however he feels that if Roz hadn't been so sex-crazed, he wouldn't have had to do it. However, Frasier realises he has to make it up to her for the Scott Blankman deal.

He takes a Bobby Sherman LP out of his bag. Roz accepts it with a smile. Frasier takes out a Bobby Sherman T-Shirt. Roz kisses and hugs Frasier in return. Frasier then tells her to wait a minute and exits.

When he re-enters, he is holding out the real, in-the-flesh Bobby Sherman. Frasier locks him in the room with Roz. Roz is ecstatic, however Bobby seems to be scared as Roz takes his hand, pulls him up close and kisses him firmly.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Star

TREVOR EINHORN as Frederick

Special Appearance by

BOBBY SHERMAN

Thanks To...

Transcript written by NICHOLAS HARTLEY

Edited by NICHOLAS HARTLEY

Revised by MICHAEL LEE

Legal Stuff

This episode capsule is copyright 2000 by "The Frasier Files".

This episode summary remains property of Frasier, Copyright of Paramount Productions and NBC. Printed without permission.