

[4.2]Love Bites Dog

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Written by Suzanne Martin

Directed by Jeff Melman

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Transcript {Iain McCallum}

[N.B. This episode is the first where Dan Butler's name appears in the opening credits as a regular cast member.]

Act One

Scene 1 - KACL.

Bulldog is on the phone outside the booth.

Bulldog: Baby, baby. All I'm saying is we should cool it for a while. What's that saying... er... if you love something, let it go; if it comes back to you... yadda, yadda, yadda? Yeah, that's it. Don't get me wrong, I'm really broken up about this.

At this point Frasier walks past and Bulldog shouts at him as he throws him a tennis ball. Needless to say Frasier tries to catch it, juggles it like a hot potato then eventually throws his hands up in despair and goes into his booth.

Bulldog: [still on the phone] Come on now. No tears. I'll never forget you either, Sandy. Linda? Really? I thought I was talking to your sister. Oh well, tell her same goes. [hangs up]

Meanwhile Frasier is in his booth. Roz walks in.

Roz: Hey Frasier, do you have a minute?

Frasier: Yes, of course, Roz. What is it?

Roz: Well, you're not going to like this idea. You're going to complain and make up excuses and then say no anyway.

Frasier: Those are the very words I would use to woo my dear Lilith.

Roz: OK, here goes. I have this friend and I think you two would really hit it off...

Frasier: And you were wondering if I might meet her for a drink, which might lead to dinner, and then after that who knows where?

Roz: Yes, exactly.

Frasier: [suddenly gets concerned] Ooh, oh Roz. Do you hear that?

Roz: What?

Frasier: If you listen very carefully you can actually hear my skin crawling!

Roz: I know, blind dates stink. But she's my friend and I'm worried about her.

Frasier: Oh, Roz.

Roz: When was the last time you were with a woman? Seems like almost a year.

Frasier: Oh, it has not been that long. I mean, that is a laugh!
 Hah! The last time was... [*thinking*] er... well, let's see...
 Well, the tree was still up. Oh, God!

Roz: Her name is Sharon. She's five-seven...

Frasier: Oh Roz, I'm not interested.

Roz: But she's an incredible person. She's smart, she's funny, she's a former pro-golfer. She just hasn't met the right guy.

Frasier: A woman golfer. Are we quite certain there is a right guy?

Roz: She dates men.

Frasier: [*picks up his briefcase*] Not this one.

Roz: She plays chess. She loves your show. [*he leaves through the door*] And I know this sort of thing isn't supposed to matter to people like you but I've seen her in the showers at the gym and she has a body that makes Bo Derek look like Bo Diddley!

Frasier: [*poking his head back round the door*] A chess player, did you say?

Roz smiles and nods.

NOTHING SAYS "I LOVE" YOU LIKE DEEP FLANNEL LININGS

Scene 2 - Frasier's Apartment

Martin walks in after taking Eddie for his walk. However, there is no sign of Eddie. The ankles of Martin's pants are soaked. Daphne comes through from the kitchen.

Martin: Look at these pants.

Daphne: Oh dear, Mr. Crane. Did Eddie drag you through the puddles again?

Martin: Every last one of them. [*looks outside in the hall*] Eddie, get in here. Eddie, I mean now! [*A very sheepish Eddie walks in slowly, keeping his head down*] What am I going to do with you? My favourite shoes are soaked. Eddie, look at me when I'm talking to you.

Daphne: You're doing it again.

Martin: What?

Daphne: You're acting like one of those nut jobs in the park who treat their pets like children.

Martin: Yeah? Well, when you do it outside you're a nut. When you do it inside it's your own damn business. Eddie, go to your room! [*Eddie runs off*]

Daphne: Don't worry about your shoes. I'll get them all dried out for you.

Martin: Well, I hope. They're not just any shoes, you know. These are Mocarbies - the most comfortable shoes made. Air-cushioned in-soles, deep flannel lining. You know, I remember one anniversary I surprised Hester with a pair of Lady Mocarbies. I don't remember which anniversary, but I know it ended with a zero.

Daphne: I don't doubt that!

As Daphne takes off Martin's shoes and heads into the kitchen, Eddie runs out from the bedroom with Martin's slippers in his mouth.

Martin: Oh, all right, I forgive you. I love you too.

Frasier walks out from his bedroom through to the living room, dressed in a suit.

Martin: You'll always be my very best boy.

Frasier just walks past with a look of disdain. Martin notices the suit and whistles at him.

Frasier: You know, Dad, there are some fathers who actually praise their sons and whistle at their dog?
Martin: New suit, huh? Who's the lucky girl?
Frasier: Well, if you must know I'm meeting a friend of Roz's today after work, but it's no big deal.
Martin: Well, congratulations. What's it been? A year?
Frasier: It has not been that long!
Martin: I remember the tree was still up.

Frasier storms off into the kitchen where Daphne is busy.

Daphne: Well, look at you all dressed up.
Frasier: Yes, it's a new suit. Yes, I'm meeting a woman. And yes, it has been a while.
Daphne: Thanks, that reminds me. I have to order my cards.
Frasier: [examining the microwave] Daphne, are you finished here with the microwave?
Daphne: Oh, no!

She rushes to the microwave and opens the door, releasing a cloud of smoke just as Martin wanders into the kitchen.

Martin: My Mocarbies!
Daphne: I didn't mean to leave them in there so long.
Frasier: Yes, well, English cooking strikes again!

FADE TO:

*Scene Three - Café Nervosa.
Frasier and Niles are sitting at their usual table.*

Frasier: Well, I think you should be happy that one of your patients feels healthy enough to terminate his therapy.
Niles: I would, but it's happened so often lately I find myself in financial straits. Deep financial straits. Look at this belt: [opens up his jacket before whispering] Spanish leather!
Frasier: Yes, well if Mr. Blackwell comes in I'll create a diversion, you can make a dash for it.
Niles: Obviously the time has come for me to expand my practice, so I'm placing an ad in the Seattle "Style" magazine.
Frasier: An advertisement? Isn't that a bit commercial for a psychiatrist?
Niles: Said Dr. Pot to Dr. Kettle! Besides, a highly respected obstetrician on my floor did it and now his waiting room has more swollen bellies than a Buddhist temple. [laughs at his joke before handing Frasier the ad] I'm on my way to call it in. I just wanted to run it by you.
Frasier: All right. [reading ad] "Dr. Niles Crane, Jung specialist. Servicing individuals, couples, groups. Satisfaction guaranteed. Tell me where it hurts." Well, that's just excellent, Niles. All you're missing now is a very tasteful cartoon of you smiling brightly and holding a shrunken head!
Niles: Sorry, I didn't hear you. I was too distracted by your face going by on the side of a bus. [gets up to leave] I'm off.

Roz walks in and sees Niles.

Roz: Hey, wild thing.
Niles: Yes, hello.
Roz: Look, we have on the same belt.
Niles: [horrified] Oh my God!

Niles leaves and Roz goes over to join Frasier.

Frasier: Hi, Roz.

Roz: Hey, Frasier. OK, Sharon's gonna be here any minute.

Frasier: You didn't say anything to her?

Roz: No, not a word. She has no idea this is a set-up.

Frasier: Good, good. Now, listen. If I don't like her I will simply excuse myself and leave. But if I do like her I will find some polite and discrete way of hinting to you that you may go...

Roz: Hi, Sharon!

Roz waves to a stunning leggy blonde that has just walked in.

Frasier: Beat it, Roz!

Sharon comes to join them.

Sharon: Hi, Roz.

Roz: Look who I ran into. My boss - Dr. Frasier Crane. Frasier, this is Sharon Payton

Sharon: Oh, pleased to meet you. I'm a big fan of your show.

Frasier: Thank you.

Sharon: I'm sure you're tired of hearing that. You probably get it all the time.

Frasier: Oh, well, not lately!

Roz: Listen, Sharon, I'm so sorry to do this to you but I just got a call from the office and it's urgent and I have to go.

Sharon: Oh, sure, that's all right.

Frasier: Well, you know, as long as you're here you might as well join me.

Sharon: That'd be nice.

Roz: OK.

Frasier: Bye, Roz.

Roz leaves.

Sharon: You know, I really do love listening to your show. I think it's because you have such a soothing voice.

Frasier: [smooth] What a kind thing to say.

Sharon: I even called in once.

Frasier: Really? May I ask what the problem was?

Sharon: Well, I'm terribly competitive, which is great for sports - I used to play pro-golf - but sometimes it seeps into my personal life.

Frasier: Ah, well, I don't think that's too great a problem, but if I were to make a recommendation it might be to start seeing a therapist.

Both laugh at this. Meanwhile Bulldog has come into the Café and walks up to their table.

Bulldog: Whoa! Hello, gorgeous.

Frasier: Hello, Bulldog.

Bulldog: Not you. Hey, aren't you gonna introduce me?

Frasier: Well, actually I wasn't, no!

Bulldog: [introducing himself] Bob Briscoe.

Sharon: [shaking hands] Sharon Payton.

Frasier: Yes, good to see you, Bulldog. [trying to push him away] Don't be a stranger.

Bulldog: Hey, wait a minute, wait a minute. Sharon Payton - I know you. [grabs the nearest seat that happens to have someone sitting on it] LPGA. You won the Denver Open in 1992.

Frasier: 1992? You know, that's a fabulous year for a particular Chambertin I took a shine too...

Sharon: [ignoring Frasier and speaking to Bulldog] I know you too. You're that guy that says golf is not a sport.

Bulldog: Well, it's not.

Sharon: Really?

Bulldog: Yeah. No cheerleaders, no blood and the only cups involved are in the ground!

Frasier: You know, this reminds me of a debate I had with my brother Niles about whether or not Steven Sondheim is really light opera...

Sharon: You know, I have a theory that people who put down golf do so because they can't play well.

Bulldog: Is that a challenge?

Sharon: It might be.

Bulldog: If we leave right now we can get in 9 holes.

Sharon: Loser buys dinner.

Bulldog: I got a 9 handicap.

Sharon: You're on. [turns to Frasier] Frasier, would you like to join us?

Frasier: Well, no, I don't play.

Sharon: Well, it was really nice meeting you.

Frasier: Likewise.

Sharon: I'll get my coat.

She leaves Bulldog and Frasier alone.

Frasier: Bulldog! Roz set this up that I might meet Sharon. Until you got here things were going in a very positive direction.

Bulldog: Yeah, well, things seem to have changed, haven't they? What do you eggheads call that? Irony?

Frasier: Is there nothing I can do to appeal to your sense of decency?

Bulldog: Hey, I have no sense of decency. That way my other senses are enhanced!

Bulldog walks out with Sharon, leaving Frasier looking particularly frustrated.

IT'S HAMMER TIME

Scene Four - Daphne's Car

Daphne is busy driving down the street while Martin is in the front seat still babbling about his shoes.

Martin: ...but the real secret to Mocarbies is that they mold themselves to the shape of your foot. Now my problem was always hammer toes. If you had hammertoes you had a hell of a time buying shoes. But Mocarbies fit over my hammer toes like a glove. Funny, you know? When you're young you dream about fame and fortune. When you get to my age all you really want out of life is a comfy pair of shoes.

Daphne: Right now I'd settle for never hearing the words "hammer toes" again!

Martin: Hey, don't give me any attitude. Wasn't me that nuked the Mocarbies.

Daphne: I'm not the one who can't remember where the store is where you bought the damn shoes.

Martin: Just drive. I'll tell you when to stop... STOP!

Daphne: [braking, looking out the window] Is that it?

Martin: It's a red light! In this country we stop for those.

Daphne: All right, all right.

Martin: Woman driver!

Daphne: Hammer toes!

FADE TO:

WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH BULLDOG?

Scene Five - KACL

Frasier is busy in the booth and looks bored. Roz walks in.

Roz: [punching Frasier on the arm] Frasier.

Frasier: What? Oh, oh. Haven't you spoken with Sharon?

Roz: I tried but she wasn't home all weekend. [punching Frasier on the arm] Frasier!

Frasier: Look, before you snap my behind with a wet towel, last time I saw Sharon she was leaving Café Nervosa with Bulldog.

Roz: [punching Frasier violently on the arm] Frasier! How could you let that happen?

Frasier: Well, I don't know. The whole thing was sort of a blur. We were talking about golf and something called a handicap, the next thing I know I'm sitting there with a cappuccino muttering to myself in a very soothing voice.

Roz: I'm sorry.

Frasier: It's all right, Roz. It's just the whole thing catapulted me back to high school. You know me as an adult, but back then I was rather an un-athletic, bookish sort.

Roz: [sarcastic] Get out!

Frasier: Jocks were the bane of my existence. They would always call me a "weenie" and steal all the girls that I wanted.

Roz: Oh Frasier, you must have had some girlfriends.

Frasier: Friends, yeah, yeah. Any time they wanted a sensitive shoulder to cry on, until some blond-headed pillar of testosterone would come by and it was, "Bye Frasier, we can study later." I'd head home to Niles and we'd put on "The Brandenburg Concertos" and play air violin.

Roz: Jeez, what a couple of Nerdlingers!

Frasier: I suppose you were Miss Popular at High School?

Roz: I would say yes.

Frasier: I'm guessing that explains why, too!

Bulldog walks in looking like the cat that got the cream. However, his second skin of cockiness seems to be missing.

Bulldog: Hey guys. What a weekend...

Roz: Listen, Bulldog. Sharon is my friend and you'd better not hurt her!

Bulldog: Hurt her? [swaying] I'm crazy about her! I never felt this way before. You know, on my way to work, all these songs on the radio suddenly made sense to me? Have you ever listened to the words to "Time in a Bottle"? It's so beautiful, man; I had to pull over.

Roz: [horrificed] Oh my God. It's in love!

Bulldog: [holding Frasier and Roz's hands] Last night for the first time in my life I actually said those three little words - "stay for breakfast."

Frasier: [appalled] You had sex with Sharon?

Bulldog: Doc, please! We "made love." You know what? I gotta call her. [picks up the phone] No, wait. No, I gotta play hard to get. [slams phone down] But I miss the sound of her voice. I'm calling her. [picks up phone] No, wait. It's too needy. Chicks hate that. [puts phone down] I shouldn't call her. But I want to! [picks up phone before putting it down again] Doc, what should I do?!

Frasier: [by now thoroughly mystified] Don't ask me. I don't even know who you are!

End of Act Two

Act Two

Scene One - The streets of Seattle.

Martin and Daphne are still busy hunting for the shoe store. Martin is looking into an old shop that is now covered with an iron grille

and has obviously been closed for a while. A homeless man is lying nearby.

Martin: This was it. This was the Mocarbies store. Now it's gone, and so are the only shoes I've ever loved.

Daphne: Mr. Crane, look at me. We're talking here about something that's old and smelly and dirty.

Tramp: Hey!

Martin: Not you. We're talking about Mocarbies.

Tramp: Ah! Great shoes. They used to sell them here.

Martin: What happened to the store?

Tramp: Moved.

Daphne: Do you know where?

Tramp: Yeah. It'll cost you.

Martin: [going into his pocket] How much?

Tramp: Not money. I want a kiss.

Daphne: [horrified] What?

Martin: You heard him.

Daphne: Mr. Crane!

Martin: You heard him. You owe me. It's only a kiss.

Tramp: Not her. [smiles at Martin]

Martin looks terrified and goes to hide behind Daphne who is busy smiling at him.

FADE TO:

Scene Two - KACL.

Frasier is finishing up his show.

Frasier: This is Dr. Frasier Crane, KACL 780 Talk radio.

Niles walks in carrying a magazine.

Niles: I thought you'd never finish.

Frasier: You know, Niles, what say I buy us dinner with a lot of martinis?

Niles: Sounds great, except for the dinner part!

Frasier: I take it you had a bad day too?

Niles: I had an abysmal day. Remember the ad I placed?

Frasier: Oh yes - "Dr. Niles Crane, Jung specialist," blah blah blah.

Niles: Yes. Well, they've made a tiny little typo. See if you can find it. [hands Frasier the magazine]

Frasier: [reading] "Dr. Niles Crane..." [a look of realisation] "Hung specialist." Oh, my!

Niles: The rest they got perfectly. [continues reading] "Servicing individuals, couples, groups. Satisfaction guaranteed." [looks at Frasier with a sorrowful face] "Tell me where it hurts!"

Frasier: Well... any calls?

Niles: It's a telethon, Frasier.

Frasier: Yes. We'll start with double martinis.

Niles and Frasier leave the booth and run into Bulldog, who is on the phone to Sharon.

Bulldog: Hey Doc, wait a second. I need the name of one of those fancy restaurants you go to. [into phone] Hey, hi Sharon. It's me, Bob. I had a great time last night. Listen, how about dinner tonight? You do? All right, how about tomorrow night? Hey, it's a good thing I'm not paranoid - I'd think you were dumping me! [pause] Whoa, I walked into that one! Yeah, me too. Good luck, Sharon. [hangs up]

Frasier: I'm sorry, Bulldog.

Niles: [placing his hands supportively on Bulldog's shoulders]

Me too. [*moves Bulldog away from the phone*] I'll call Francois, see if he can get us a table on the patio.

Pete, Bulldog's producer, sticks his head out of the booth.

Pete: [*poking his head out the booth*] Ten seconds, Bulldog.

Bulldog: [*running into the booth*] Oh, right, right.

Frasier: [*following him in*] Bulldog - are you going to be all right?

Bulldog: Me? Huh, are you kidding? I'm the Bulldog!

He rattles his accessories and sits down to start his show while Frasier leaves.

Bulldog: Attention, sports fans, you're in the Doghouse! [*barks, but breaks off midway*] First, some weekend scores. In football the Packers crushed the Saints [*stuttering*] 42 to 10 and the 49ers humiliated [*nearly in tears*] the Patriots 35 to 7. And in golf...

Bulldog takes a long pause. By now Frasier has joined Roz and Pete in the booth and all are looking concerned.

Bulldog: Golf? Hey, golf sucks. Let's go to calls. [*puts a caller through*] Hey, you're in the Doghouse. Put on a flea collar!

Bulldog speaks to the caller. Meanwhile Niles rushes into the studio to speak to Frasier.

Niles: We have the table, Frasier, but Francois says he can only hold it for ten minutes.

Frasier: [*brushing Niles off*] In a minute.

Back in the booth:

Jerry: [*v.o.*] What's up with the rumour that the Seahawks are thinking of leaving Seattle again?

Bulldog: I have no respect for them, man. Anyone who has their fun, then they [*nearly in tears again*] just leave you... hey, to hell with them, right? We'll get another team. A team that - a team that will never leave us... [*breaks down completely into tears*] ...a team we can love forever.

In the studio:

Roz: You gotta go to commercial.

Pete: I already did.

Frasier: [*rushing into the booth*] Bulldog, are you going to be all right? Do you think you can take the show?

Bulldog gets up and runs out of the booth sobbing.

Roz: Wait, Bulldog. We need a tape. Where's "The Best of Bulldog"?

Bulldog: [*weeping*] She took the best of Bulldog!

Pete: We got dead air in fifteen seconds.

Roz: Great. OK, I'll go get Bulldog. [*turns to Frasier*] You take over the show.

Frasier: Me? A sports show?

Roz: [*rushing out*] You're the only one here.

Frasier takes his seat and rushes about, putting his headphones on the wrong way, hitting Bulldog's horn and generally looking completely lost.

Frasier: OK, sports enthusiasts. This is Dr. Frasier Crane filling in

for Bob "Bulldog" Briscoe. [*bangs a cymbal*] You're on the air.

Mike: [v.o.] This is Mike. I wanted to talk to Bulldog but you'll do. So what's your take on the damn Yankees this season?

Frasier: Are you speaking of the frothy musical adaptation, or the baseball team of which I know nothing?

Mike: What a weenie! [*hangs up*]

Frasier: Doesn't that take me back? But he brings up a good point. You see, while I'm on the air, please feel free to call up about anything other than sports. Please. [*takes a call*] Hello, you're on the air.

Jake: [v.o.] Yeah. You think it was a good idea for the Sonics to give up those draft choices so they could free up some money under the cap, you know, to go after a wide body to help them in the paint?

Frasier: [*staring straight ahead, completely and utterly lost*] Yes! [*takes another call*] You're on the air.

CUT TO:

The scene switches to the men's bathroom. Roz rushes in to try and find Bulldog who is hiding in a stall. There is a man standing at the urinal.

Roz: Bulldog, I know you're in there. Get out here! [*turns to see the man who doesn't look pleased to see her*] Oh, give me a break, Leonard - like you haven't fantasized about this moment.

Bulldog: Go away, Roz.

Roz: Will you grow up? So you got dumped. You got a little payback for the way you've treated women all your life. Besides, the Bulldog I know doesn't get sad. He gets angry.

Bulldog: You're right! [*shouting violently:*] THIS STINKS! THIS IS TOTAL... [*breaks down again*] ...total B.S.

Niles wanders in and stares at the scene unfolding before him.

Roz: If you don't come out in the next thirty seconds I'm going to reach in there and grab you out by your ankles!

Niles: Hello, Roz. Playing hard to get?

Roz: It's Bulldog. You're a psychiatrist, help him.

Niles: As distressed as I am by his condition, he's not the only one who's suffering here. In eight minutes Frasier and I are going to lose our patio table.

Roz: Well, as long as Frasier is filling in for Bulldog you're not going anywhere.

Niles looks shocked and turns to help Bulldog while brushing Roz out the bathroom.

Niles: You poor man. Help is at hand!

Bulldog: No, no shrinks. I hate shrinks. You're all a bunch of wimps, weirdos... [*comes out the cubicle and collapses in tears on Niles's shoulders*] Help me!

Niles: There, there. I'm here for you. [*pushes Bulldog away*] And you're over there for me. Well, I sense you're in a great deal of pain.

Bulldog: Yeah. Make it stop.

Niles: No. The first step towards healing is not to bury the pain, but to feel it at its fullest depth.

Bulldog lets out a wild scream that completely scares Niles.

Niles: OK, well before security arrives, let's skip onto step two.

Frasier charges in.

Frasier: What is going on?

Niles: Excuse me, Bulldog. Frasier, please, we are in session.

Frasier: Look, Niles, we have to pull this man together in minutes, not in a lifetime!

Niles: How dare you talk to me like that!

Niles and Frasier proceed to argue loudly while Bulldog remains curled up on the bathroom floor.

Frasier: We don't have the time for this. Now get out!

Niles: All right, all right. Bulldog, I'm referring you to my brother. Frasier, I'll call Francois and tell him there's been a death in the family. That ought to buy us another ten minutes.

Niles rushes out, leaving a depressed Bulldog and a stressed Frasier.

Frasier: All right, Bulldog. Look, we're on a newsbreak. You have got to pull yourself together, because there is no way I'm enduring anymore of that humiliation!

Bulldog: I'm not going out there, man.

Frasier: You have got to! I can't even decipher the abbreviations on the scoresheets. I'm guessing by your producer's guffaws that "IND" is not the Cleveland Independents!

Bulldog: I just never felt this way about a chick before. I was even thinking about me and her having kids. Isn't that scary?

Frasier: Positively bone chilling.

Bulldog: [weeping] It hurts like hell.

Frasier: I know, I know, Bulldog. You know, often through pain we can achieve emotional growth. It reminds me of a paper I recently presented to the Vancouver Psychiatric Association. The ground of my discourse was that the sufferer - i.e., you...

Bulldog: Doc, Doc, you're hurting my head here! Can you stop being a shrink and just be like a guy.

Frasier: [thinking] Like a guy... Like a guy... [pauses for a moment] SCREW HER!

Bulldog: What?

Frasier: [angrily] Yeah, you don't need her. She's trash!

Bulldog: Yeah, that's right.

Frasier: You're better off without her, we both are!

Bulldog: I like the sound of this.

Frasier: Yeah, so do I. Unattractive yet liberating, rather like the one and only time I wore a European bathing suit. [realising he's going off track] I'm sorry. SHE'S A BITCH!

Bulldog: Hey, she wasn't even that hot.

Frasier: You're right. All she did was save you the trouble of having to dump her!

Bulldog: [upbeat] I never thought about that.

Frasier: There you go!

Bulldog: I'm feeling a little better, Doc.

Frasier: That's right.

Bulldog leaves the bathroom followed by Frasier.

Bulldog: Thanks. It's great talking to you [holds out his hand]

Frasier: [shaking his hand] Likewise. You know I could talk like this for another [checks his watch] thirty seconds.

The scene switches to the booth as Frasier and Bulldog walk in and Bulldog takes his seat for the show.

Frasier: She was nothing! She was less than nothing!

Bulldog: Yeah, right.

Frasier: Tomorrow you're gonna find someone even hotter, and you know what you're gonna do?

Bulldog: What?

Frasier: You're gonna have your fun with her, and then you're gonna DUMP her just for the hell of it!

Bulldog: Yeah, DUMP HER!

Frasier: And you know what?! You're not gonna feel bad about it at all! And you know why?! BECAUSE WE'RE GUYS! AND THAT'S WHAT GUYS DO!!!!

Bulldog raises his arms in joy and lets out a dog howl. Frasier about turns and walks out the booth, meeting Niles.

Niles: Distressing news, Frasier: Francois gave away our table.

Frasier: SCREW HIM!

Niles: [shocked] Excuse me?

Frasier: You heard what I said! We don't need him or his stinky little restaurant! There are plenty of restaurants in town! I say we go somewhere we don't even need a reservation!

Niles slaps Frasier, snapping him out of it.

Frasier: Thank you, Niles.

Niles: You're welcome.

Frasier: Yes, you know, if we hasten, perhaps we can catch the first seating at Cigar Volante.

Frasier and Niles run out the corridor, both with fairly prancing gaits.

End of Act 2

Credits:

Frasier puts on his stereo and starts playing air violin while Eddie just sits back and watches. Frasier notices Eddie watching but this only encourages him as he takes out a handkerchief and places it on his shoulder to make the whole thing look more realistic. Niles is watching the whole thing from the sofa and gets up and joins Frasier in playing air violin. Eddie simply buries his head in the sofa.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

JEN CAMPBELL as Sharon
MICHAEL WHALEY as Pete
KAY E. KUTER as Tramp

Guest Callers

MARV ALBERT as Jerry
JULIUS "Dr. J" ERVING as Mike
BOB COSTAS as Jake

Thanks To...

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