

# [4.3]The Impossible Dream

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The Impossible Dream

Written by Rob Greenberg  
Directed by David Lee

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## Transcript {Andrea Day}

*Act One*

*Scene One - A Seedy Motel Room.*

*Frasier is lying in bed, asleep, in the motel room. He awakens and finds that he has a tattoo on his arm that reads "Chesty." There is a half-empty bottle of tequila on a table across from the bed. A shower is running, but then stops suddenly. Frasier props himself up on some pillows and folds his arms behind his head, expectantly.*

*Out from the bathroom steps Gil Chesterton - wearing only a towel.*

**Gil:** Well, look who's up!

*SMASH CUT TO:*

*Frasier sits up in bed - his own bed. The previous scene had been a dream - or a nightmare, considering Frasier's panic-stricken reaction.*

*FADE OUT*

**WHY GIL? WHY NOW?**

*Scene Two - KACL.*

*Frasier is listening to a young male caller, Jimmy.*

**Jimmy:** [v.o.] So it's my parents. I don't know, they're just like, really stupid.

**Frasier:** [bored] May I ask how old you are?

**Jimmy:** Fourteen.

**Frasier:** Well, hang on, Jimmy. Your parents are going to be stupid for another seven years.

**Jimmy:** Whoa! Seven years? That's like, longer than I'll be in high school!

**Frasier:** I salute your optimism. [disconnects] We'll be right back after this.

*He goes off air as Roz enters his booth.*

**Frasier:** Oh god, Roz. A teenager who's embarrassed by his parents? I mean, please. Can't you come up with something a little more challenging for me?

**Roz:** Well, it was either him or our old pal, Rudy the Crier.

**Frasier:** Oh, Rudy the Crier. Oh God. He's been on three times in the last month. You put him on again, he won't be the only one who's crying. God, I'm in a dry spell. Where are the souls in genuine torment? The people teetering on the brink of genuine despair?

**Roz:** Oh, they'll be back. The holidays are just around the corner.

**Frasier:** Well, perhaps you're right. Oh, Roz, I've got a question I'd like to ask you.

**Roz:** Shoot.

**Frasier:** Have you ever had a recurring dream of an intimate nature about someone... oh, a... well, a co-worker?

**Roz:** [*disgusted*] Oh, no. Why'd you tell me?

**Frasier:** Oh, Roz!

**Roz:** Oh, now it's gonna be creepy everytime you look at me through the glass!

**Frasier:** Roz, not you!

**Roz:** [*intrigued*] So who is it then?

**Frasier:** Oh, I'm not going to go into the specifics.

**Roz:** Gina in accounting?

**Frasier:** Look, I'm not gonna do this!

**Roz:** Sheila, the slow intern?

**Frasier:** Forget I even mentioned it.

*Gil enters. He's hiding something behind his back.*

**Gil:** Knock knock...

**Frasier:** [*suddenly nervous*] Gil? [*Roz eyes Frasier suspiciously*]

**Gil:** Frasier, I've come to tempt you.

**Frasier:** [*scared*] Really?

**Gil:** I'm reviewing the new pastry chef at Chez Shea. [*reveals an eclair*] And I quote: "His amaretto eclair is so sinful, it will send you scurrying to your local padre for absolution."

**Frasier:** Uh... no, thank you, Gil. I'm on a diet.

**Gil:** Oh, come now! You know you want it...

**Frasier:** [*jumping up*] Oh, no no no... I really don't! [*shoos Gil out the door*] Off you go. Bye-bye.

**Roz:** [*excited*] Oh, my god!

**Frasier:** What?

**Roz:** It was Gil!

**Frasier:** I never said that!

**Roz:** Then why are you blushing?

**Frasier:** Oh, don't be ridiculous!

**Roz:** Your ears are turning bright red!

**Frasier:** I am not blushing!

**Roz:** You are!

*Gil then knocks on one of the windows. As they look at him he takes a big bite out of the eclair. Frasier hurriedly closes the blinds as Roz laughs.*

**Frasier:** Still not blushing!

*The scene DISSOLVES to another caller - Rudy the Crier.*

**Rudy:** [*v.o.*] ...just lying there in the hospital bed. She lifted her head off the pillow, looked up and said, "I love you," and then she was gone. [*cries*]

**Frasier:** Rudy, stop crying. We've gone over this before. What was our agreement about sad movies?

**Rudy:** I shouldn't watch them. [*cries*]

**Frasier:** Exactly. Now go get a cool washcloth and try to bring down the puffiness around your eyes. Please... stay away from sad or depressing things... which, at this moment, includes

listening to the Dr. Frasier Crane Show. [*disconnects*] Well, let's shoot it to the news. That's it for today. This is Dr. Frasier Crane. [*he goes off air and Roz enters*] Oh, my God! Well, close the record books. That was just the dullest three hours in the history of the Frasier Crane Show!

**Roz:** Oh, come on. It wasn't so bad. What about that woman who was so concerned about her appearance she wouldn't leave the house?

**Frasier:** That was a commercial! I believe Miss Clairrol solved the problem! Well, I'll see you tomorrow. [*he moves to exit, then turns back*] Oh! Oh, Roz... about that dream I mentioned to you earlier... uh... this goes without saying, but I'd rather you didn't share that with anyone else.

**Roz:** Oh, sure.

**Betty:** [*passing by*] Hi, dreamboy!

**Frasier:** [*to Roz*] I hate you! Couldn't keep your big mouth shut, could you? Just exactly when did you find the time to spread the news?

**Roz:** You don't think I was listening to your show, do you?

*Bulldog enters.*

**Bulldog:** Comin' through! Oh, Doc... I got to rub this one in a little...

**Frasier:** All right, look, Bulldog... before you start to ridicule me, yes, yes I had a dream about Gil. And yes, it had some erotic elements, but... [*notices Bulldog's surprised expression*] You have absolutely no idea what I'm talking about, do you?

**Bulldog:** I do now! Whoa! [*laughs*]

**Frasier:** Look, let's just forget it. What delightful little jibe did you have prepared for me?

**Bulldog:** Oh, I was gonna tell you your show today just broke the snooze meter, but now I want to hear about you greasin' Gil's cookie sheet! [*honks horn*]

**Frasier:** I'm on a bus to Hell.

*FADE TO:*

**PSYCHIATRIST...CRANE...  
FRASIER...NILES...IDIOTS**

*Scene Three - Cafe Nervosa.*

*Frasier and Niles are standing at the counter. Niles is relaying a story to a bored Frasier.*

**Niles:** So I returned to the dry-cleaners yet a third time. I hardly need to tell you how the story ends.

**Frasier:** Just tell me *when* the story ends.

**Niles:** [*miffed*] Fine. They realigned my pleats, The End.

**Frasier:** Sorry, Niles. [*they get their coffees and sit at a nearby table*] I'm just a bit distracted today. You see, this morning, a... a man from my building approached me with a very intriguing problem. It seems he's been having a recurring dream.

**Niles:** Oh, please. That little gambit didn't work when we were in knee socks. What was your dream, Frasier?

**Frasier:** Oh, all right! It's been tormenting me. I haven't been able to sleep in weeks now. It's a bit hazy but... it starts out in a seedy motel room. I'm naked.

**Niles:** Interesting.

**Frasier:** Yes, well... I roll over and discover on my forearm a tattoo:

the word "Chesty."

**Niles:** Interesting.

**Frasier:** Then the shower turns off and out from the bathroom steps... a man. [pause] All right, go ahead, let me have it!

**Niles:** Are you saying that now, or is that a quote from the dream?

**Frasier:** [annoyed] Please? We're both too intelligent to waste time on the obvious interpretation.

**Niles:** Yes. But you must admit, it's rather intriguing. [chuckles]

**Frasier:** Would you stop? It's obviously screaming for a Jungian interpretation. The sexuality in the dream is surely symbolic of some deeper, non-sexual conflict.

**Niles:** All right.

*Gil approaches the table with a smug grin on his face.*

**Gil:** Good afternoon, Frasier.

**Frasier:** Gil.

**Gil:** A little birdie tells me I was featured in your midnight movie.

**Frasier:** That's very clever. Off you go.

**Gil:** Very well. I'll see you tomorrow. Or should I say, "See you in your dreams"? [exits]

**Niles:** In this dream of yours, were there any cigars, bananas or short, blunt swords?

**Frasier:** Would you stop it?! I'm 43 - a little late for latency.

*Rebecca, the waitress, comes over.*

**Rebecca:** You guys okay over here?

**Niles:** Oh, we're fine.

**Frasier:** [flirting] Well... you must be new here. I surely would have remembered such a pretty face as yours.

**Niles:** You're overcompensating.

**Frasier:** Right. We're fine. Bye-bye. [she leaves] I'm just baffled, Niles. Obviously, Gil Chesterton explains "Chesty" but little else.

**Niles:** Perhaps you should tackle this from a free-association standpoint.

**Frasier:** God, must we?

**Niles:** Well, now... focus on any detail in the motel room. What's the first thing that pops into your mind?

**Frasier:** Uh... a crescent-shaped lamp.

**Niles:** Perfect - crescent-shaped lamp. Run with that. Crescent... moon... Daphne Moon... French maid... brass bed... satin robe...

**Frasier:** Niles! This is my dream!

**Niles:** I was just showing you the process.

**Frasier:** You were three words away from a cigarette!

**Niles:** [outraged] Your turn!

**Frasier:** All right.

**Niles:** Crescent lamp.

**Frasier:** Crescent... croissant... butter... apricot jam... hunger... food... diet! My God, I've been on a diet. Do you think that's useful?

**Niles:** You could stand to lose a few pounds.

**Frasier:** Just wait a minute. Gil is a restaurant critic - a gourmet. Perhaps he's symbolic of the food I've been denying myself.

**Niles:** That would explain why you're naked in the dream. It's when we're naked that we're most self-conscious about our bodies.

**Frasier:** Yes, and most vulnerable to the way society "tattoos" us with labels about our appearance! God, that's it, Niles! The dream is simply telling me that I've been too rigid about my diet!

**Niles:** Well, you'll know tonight. If this is the correct interpretation, the conflict will have passed from your unconscious to your conscious mind.

**Frasier:** Yes, the dream will have served its purpose.

**Niles:** And you will no longer be plagued by it.

**Frasier:** Oh, God, Niles. I've nailed it all right. I really have. Finally, for the first time in weeks they'll be no tequila bottles, no tattoo, no half-naked man in my bed. [*he looks up to see Rebecca standing at their table*] So then, the Rabbi says...

FADE TO:

*Scene Four - The Motel Room.*

*Once again, Frasier is in bed. The tequila bottle is still there, and he still has the tattoo. The shower turns off and out from the bathroom steps a rather buxom woman wearing only a towel. Frasier looks pleasantly surprised.*

**Woman:** Oh, I'm sorry... wrong room. [*leaves*]

*Frasier's expression turns to disappointment. Gil suddenly appears lying next to Frasier in bed.*

**Gil:** That does it. We're finding another motel.

SMASH CUT TO:

*Frasier again wakes up from his dream in a panic. He notices something under the covers next to him. He cautiously pulls back the covers to reveal Eddie. He isn't any more pleased about this.*

*End of Act One.*

*Act Two.*

*Scene One - The elevator at the Elliot Bay Towers.*

*Daphne and Martin are in the back of the elevator. The doors open and a woman gets on, standing in front of Daphne and Martin. Daphne says hello and they lapse into silence for a moment. She and Martin then begin to speak to each other in a conspiratorial tone.*

**Daphne:** Someone followed me again last night.

**Martin:** Ah, you're just being paranoid.

**Daphne:** I'm telling you, they're onto me.

**Martin:** Come on. Nobody could recognize you after all that plastic surgery.

*The woman becomes alarmed at this.*

**Daphne:** That's what Marlina thought.

**Martin:** Marlina got sloppy. She never should have gone back to Zurich.

**Daphne:** I just don't want any more bloodshed.

**Martin:** Relax. You're home free.

**Daphne:** You don't know the Woodchuck and his ways.

*The doors open and the woman rushes out in fear. Martin and Daphne break down laughing.*

**Daphne:** Oh, we're terrible!

**Martin:** We are? You are! "The Woodchuck and his ways"?

**Daphne:** You know, we really should stop doing this. It's not nice.

**Martin:** Ah, you're right. We won't do it anymore.

*The doors open and a man enters.*

**Daphne:** [as soon as the doors close, to Martin] How'd you get the stuff through Customs?

**Martin:** They never check the wooden leg.

*CUT TO: Frasier's apartment. Frasier is pacing the living room as Niles sits at the couch, poring over psychology textbooks.*

**Frasier:** The answer has got to be in there somewhere!

**Niles:** Here's something. [reads] "Dreams as an expression of wish fulfillment."

**Frasier:** [grabs the book] Moving on.

*Daphne and Martin enter.*

**Daphne:** Goodness, are you two still here?

**Martin:** What are you working on?

**Frasier:** Nothing.

**Niles:** I'm helping Frasier interpret a dream he's been having. You know, maybe Dad can help.

**Frasier:** [alarmed] No, no, no... don't want to bore Dad with the details of this particular dream.

**Niles:** Dreams can be rooted in childhood experience. Maybe Dad remembers something you've repressed.

**Martin:** Gee, I don't know. If it's about when you were a kid I've repressed a lot of that myself. [exits to the kitchen]

**Frasier:** Niles, this is not a dream I wish to share with Dad, thank you very much.

**Niles:** Well, we've exhausted every other interpretation. So, I guess it's back to dreams as wish fulfillment...

**Frasier:** Oh, Dad... [he moves to the kitchen where Martin is making a sandwich] Would you mind listening to my dream to see if it conjures up any memories from my childhood?

**Martin:** Oh, come on. You're making too much out of this. It's a dream. Dreams are weird.

**Frasier:** Please, Dad. I wouldn't ask if it weren't really bothering me.

**Martin:** Well, all right... go on.

**Frasier:** All right... it starts out in a little motel room. I have a tattoo on my arm - "Chesty"...

**Martin:** See? That's weird.

**Frasier:** Yes. Then out from the bathroom steps a... All right, now before I continue, let me remind you that this is a dream. Not to be confused with reality. [Martin nods, still busy with his sandwich] Out from the bathroom steps a man... [off Martin's concerned expression] -eating lion!

**Martin:** [relieved] Oh, see? There again, weird. Look, dreams come, they go. They don't mean anything. Except, you know, if you're lucky, every once in awhile you might have one that's a lot of fun. Like, you hit a home run in the World Series or you're in the jungle with Jayne Mansfield and she gets bit by a snake.

**Frasier:** Thank you, Dad.

**Martin:** You know who Jayne Mansfield is, don't you?

**Frasier:** Yes, Dad.

**Martin:** You know what you do when you're bit by a snake, don't you?

**Frasier:** Yes, Dad. [leaves]

**Martin:** [to himself] Wish I knew what I had for dinner that night.

*Frasier enters the living room to find Niles and Daphne on the couch, chatting about Frasier's dream.*

**Daphne:** Oh, I get it. Chesty refers to Gil Chesterton.

**Frasier:** Niles, you gossipy fishwife!

**Daphne:** [*standing*] There's no reason to feel self-conscious, Dr. Crane. We've all had dreams like that. I had one about a girl I shared a flat with once - a gymnast.

**Niles:** [*standing*] Go on, Daphne. This could be significant.

**Daphne:** Well, I remember we were doing stretches in the gymnasium, when suddenly we decided to take off all our clothes and go for a bounce on the trampoline. [*giggles*] The next thing you know, I'm chasing her around the pommel horse. Oh, never mind...

**Niles:** [*aroused*] Don't stop now! [*off their looks*] This could help us. [*sits*]

**Daphne:** Well, actually, I do have a theory of my own about your dream, if you'd like to hear it.

**Frasier:** What the hell.

**Daphne:** Well... in your dream, who was in the shower? Gil. What is a shower? Running water. Who needs water? Fish. What do fish have? Gills! Do you see where I'm going?

**Frasier:** Insane?

**Daphne:** It could be a dream about the loss of a beloved childhood pet.

**Martin:** [*entering from the kitchen with Eddie*] Thanks a lot, Eddie. Forty-five minutes in the park, you don't have to go. I get one bite into my sandwich and you give me the look.

**Daphne:** Mr. Crane, did Dr. Crane ever have a goldfish growing up?

**Martin:** A fish?

**Daphne:** Yes, as a pet.

**Martin:** How would I know? That was Hester's department. [*to Eddie*] Come on, let's go. [*leaves*]

**Niles:** Frasier, are you thinking what I'm thinking?

**Frasier:** That Dad can interpret the looks from his dog and has only the spottiest recollections of our childhoods?

**Niles:** No. No, no, no. Hester - Hesty. The tattoo - that's only one letter away from Chesty!

**Frasier:** Niles, are you saying that the dream could have been about mother?

**Niles:** Well?

**Frasier:** I suppose I could have misread the tattoo. [*rolls up his shirt sleeve*] Yes, yes... this freckle pattern here on my arm could be mistaken for a "C."

**Daphne:** And what swims in the sea? Fish! [*off their looks*] All right, all right I'll go. [*exits to her room*]

**Niles:** Well, so the tattoo could have said "Hesty." But the problem is, I don't ever remember Dad calling her that.

**Frasier:** But who's to say he didn't?

*They both gasp and run to the elevator, where Martin is still waiting with Eddie.*

**Both:** Dad, Dad... Dad, Dad!

**Martin:** What?

**Frasier:** Did you ever have a nickname for Mother?

**Martin:** Oh, for God's sakes! Is this to do with that stupid dream?

**Frasier:** Dad, this is really important!

**Niles:** Any pet name? A term of endearment?

**Martin:** Well... when we were first married I used to call her "Honey." And then... there was a time after that that I started calling her "Sweetie."

**Frasier:** I'm sure there's a delicious anecdote behind each one of those. But did you ever call her "Hesty"?

**Martin:** "Hesty"?

**Frasier:** [*forcefully*] Oh, come on, think, man! Even once! Once, in all the years you lived together?!

**Martin:** [*nervously*] We-Well... I don't know. [*elevator doors open*] I-I guess...

**Frasier:** Really?

**Martin:** Yeah, maybe once... [*stumbles into the elevator, disturbed*]

**Frasier:** Oh, thank you Dad! [*doors close*] Well, there it is! I must have heard him call her "Hesty" once and neatly tucked it away into my subconscious.

**Niles:** Of course, it's so obvious! Gil is a food critic. Food, criticism...

**Both:** Mother!

**Niles:** It's the classic Oedipal dream!

**Frasier:** Yes, yes... only I was so frightened by my sexual urges to be with my mother that I transformed her into a man! Oh, what a relief! I've been wringing my hands over nothing. I mean, it's okay. All I want to do is have sex with my dead mother!

*Frasier turns to see that a woman has been standing by the elevator doors and has overheard him. He sheepishly enters his apartment.*

FADE TO:

*Scene Six - the Motel Room.*

*The scene reveals a painting of bananas and swords above the bed where Frasier is sleeping. He awakens to find the tattoo of "Chesty" still on his arm and the sound of the shower running. He is exasperated. The shower stops and he turns to the bathroom door with a look of apprehension.*

**Frasier:** Mom? Mommy?

**Gil:** [*entering*] Patience, Daddy!

SMASH CUT TO:

*Frasier again wakes up from his dream in a panic and switches on the light in his bedroom.*

FADE TO:

**THANK GOD HE WAS WRONG  
ABOUT THAT "MOTHER" THING**

*Scene Two - Frasier's apartment.*

*The middle of the night. Frasier is poring over textbooks at the kitchen table. Martin enters from his bedroom, groaning.*

**Martin:** You'd think by now I'd know better than to have that third Slim Jim before going to bed. Couldn't sleep either, huh?

**Frasier:** No. Frankly, I'm sort of afraid to go back to sleep. It's that damn dream again.

**Martin:** Oh, what are you worried about? It's just a dream. Worst case scenario - the man-eating lion leaps on top of you and mauls you.

**Frasier:** I'm sorry, Dad, I wasn't completely truthful with you before. The dream is really about me in a motel room with a male companion, Gil Chesterton.

**Martin:** You don't care if I ever sleep again, do you?

*He absentmindedly turns on the TV. Frasier turns it off behind him.*

**Frasier:** Dad, please, I'd really like to discuss this!



**Martin:** No, Frasier, please. This makes me very uncomfortable.  
[*he enters the kitchen with Frasier following him*]

**Frasier:** Dad, please...

**Martin:** I know, I know... in your generation, men talk about everything. Everything's out in the open. [*he begins to nervously clean the refrigerator and countertop, avoiding eye contact*] You know what really drives me crazy is the way you all touch each other. Everybody hugs, you know? In my generation it was a... a handshake. That was good enough. Maybe if you felt especially close to someone you'd touch him on the shoulder, but never for more than two seconds. And don't talk to me about football players patting people's butts and everything, because that's different - that's sports, that's like war. Now, goodnight, son. [*exits to the living room*]

**Frasier:** Dad...!

**Martin:** Look, if you want to tell me something, write it on a post-it and stick it on the fridge.

**Frasier:** Look, I really want to talk about this! [*Martin finally stops and faces Frasier*] I've exhausted every other possible interpretation of this dream. Is it possible my subconscious is trying to tell me something about my sexuality?

**Martin:** Oh, that's ridiculous!

**Frasier:** Is it? I was sensitive as a child; I didn't go in for sports. God, it's every cliché in the book. Surely it must have occurred to you at some point? You refused to take me to see "West Side Story" on my eighth birthday.

**Martin:** Well, because of the gangs. That's scary for kids.

**Frasier:** Even gangs that dance?

**Martin:** Especially gangs that dance! [*then*] All right. Yeah... okay, yeah, I thought about it. But no, Frasier, no... I don't believe that. And you know why? Because you would have known by now. Your unconscious or whatever the hell you call it could no more have kept its yap shut than the rest of you.

**Frasier:** I suppose you're right.

**Martin:** Yeah. Now, come on, it's after 3:00. You're gonna be all worn out before your show tomorrow.

**Frasier:** What a tragedy that would be.

**Martin:** Now what are you complaining about?

**Frasier:** Oh, I don't know. I just haven't had any really interesting calls lately. I'm beginning to question whether I'm not bored with psychiatry. [*sits at the table*]

**Martin:** Boy, you'd never know it with the way you got your nose stuck in all those books.

**Frasier:** That's true. The one saving grace about this dream is it's given me a chance to flex my analytical muscle a bit.

**Martin:** Ah, maybe it wasn't so bad after all.

**Frasier:** Wait a minute. Could that be what this has been all about? I've been so intellectually unchallenged lately by my show that my mind had to create a dream that defies interpretation just to give me a challenge?

**Martin:** I don't know. Keep talking, you're making me sleepy.

**Frasier:** Dad, no... that's got to be it! [*stands*] My show hasn't provided me with a single patient worthy of my skills and I had to invent one myself - me! Oh, God! What a relief. At last, finally, to bed. Dad, you've witnessed an epiphany! [*they move to the hall*]

**Martin:** Yeah, God, I got to get you to put this on tape.

**Frasier:** [o.s.] Off we go. To sleep, perchance NOT to dream.

FADE TO:

*Scene Four - The Motel Room.*

*Frasier is once again lying in the bed, asleep. He awakens to find the tattoo is now gone and there is no more tequila bottle. He sits up and listens for the shower. Hearing nothing, he lies back, relieved. Suddenly, there is a knock on the door. Frasier sits up in surprise and says "Come in." A man enters, the psychiatrist Dr. Siegmund Freud.*

**Freud:** Dr. Crane, Dr. Siegmund Freud.

**Frasier:** Oh, my goodness! [*they shake hands*] It's quite an honor!

**Freud:** The honor is all mine. I gave you a complex psychological problem and you solved it. You are a brilliant psychiatrist.

**Frasier:** Oh, that's very flattering. You know, there are so many things I'd like to ask you!

**Freud:** In good time, my boy. In good time. Right now, we have more important matters.

*He takes out some breath freshener and sprays it into his mouth. To Frasier's astonishment, Freud then climbs into bed with Frasier and lies back, spreading out his arms for an embrace.*

*CUT TO: an exterior shot of Frasier's apartment building, where we see a lone light switch on at the 19th floor. It appears Frasier is in for another sleepless night.*

[N.B. For you Frasier trivia buffs, this is the only time Frasier's apartment has been shown from an exterior point of view.]

*End of Act Two.*

#### **Credits:**

The clock reveals that it's 3:10 a.m. Eddie is in the kitchen, hopping up and down, trying to grab a muffin on the kitchen counter. It is then revealed that Eddie was asleep on the couch, having his own dream. He jumps down from the couch and rushes to the kitchen. He begins to hop up and down to get a muffin, only there aren't any. He finally sulks back to the living room and lies back down, defeated.

[N.B. The footage used for the dream sequence is actually the same as the tag for Episode [\[1.22\]](#), "Author, Author."]

## **Guest Appearances**

#### **Guest Starring**

EDWARD HIBBERT as Gil Chesterton  
 BYRNE PIVEN as Dr. Sigmund Freud  
 LISA MELILLI as Dream Girl  
 PAULEY P. as Rebecca  
 BETTE RAE as Betty

#### **Guest Callers**

KIERAN CULKIN as Jimmy  
 CHRISTOPHER DURANG as Rudy

## **Thanks To...**

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Edited by NICHOLAS HARTLEY  
REVISED BY MICHAEL LEE

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