

# [4.5]Head Game

---

Head Game

Written by Rob Greenberg  
Directed by David Lee

---

Production Code: 4.5  
Episode Number In Production Order: 77  
Original Airdate on NBC: 12th November 1996  
Transcript written on 29th June 2000  
Transcript revised on 12th September 2002

---

## Transcript {Iain McCallum}

*Act One*

*Scene 1 - Café Nervosa.*

*Frasier and Niles are standing at the bar waiting for their coffees.*

**Frasier:** So I decided it was time I got to know some of my colleagues in the media.

**Niles:** But a convention? You've never shown any interest before.

**Frasier:** They've never held one in Aspen before!

**Niles:** Just think: hundreds of radio psychiatrists all in the same location. One well-timed avalanche and the dignity of the entire psychiatric profession would be restored.

**Frasier:** [*laughing*] Oh, good one. I can always count on you for some witty retort.

**Niles:** Mmm... I insult you and you compliment me. Could the request for a favour be far behind?

**Frasier:** Damn, you are perceptive.

**Niles:** Oh, stop it.

**Frasier:** Oh, all right. Listen, Niles - I'd like you to do my show for me for the week I'm gone.

**Niles:** Me standing in for you? I'm sorry, Frasier. I couldn't presume to fill those big floppy red shoes of yours.

**Frasier:** Please. Please, Niles. Look, I'm begging you. The station wants to replace me with Helen Grogan, better known as Ma' Nature. She does a gardening show and I'm just a little worried that a week of discussing well-rotted manure will weaken my listener base.

**Niles:** It hasn't yet!

**Frasier:** Very well. You leave me no alternative but to call in my marker.

**Niles:** [*worriedly*] What marker?

**Frasier:** Oh, I think you know.

**Niles:** You wouldn't.

**Frasier:** I would.

**Niles:** You can't!

**Frasier:** I will.

**Niles:** That was three years ago.

**Frasier:** I don't recall there being any statute of limitations. I distinctly recall that when you asked me to go out with Maris's sister, you said that you would owe me one forever.

**Niles:** But you only spent one evening with Brie. That hardly compares with what you're asking me to endure.

**Frasier:** Oh? Shall I refresh your memory? Midway through the opera her ermine muff began to tremble. As it turned out she had used it to smuggle in her adorably incontinent Chihuahua. Just as I thought we'd reached the low point of the evening I suddenly felt a sandpaper tongue licking my earlobe. Alas it did not belong to little Hervé! Fortunately my shriek coincided with the on-stage murder of Gondolfo! Roz will expect you on Monday at two.

**Niles:** For your information Brie had a very tough road-a-ho growing up. It's not easy going through life with one nostril.

**Frasier:** Did I mention she had a cold that night?

**Niles:** Monday at two it is.

*[N.B. This episode was originally written with Frasier as the center of the action, but Kelsey Grammer had a medical emergency, and they re-wrote Niles into the part.]*

FADE OUT

### STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

*Scene 2 - KACL.*

*Niles is sitting in the booth listening to a caller drone on with an extremely bored look on his face. Roz is just sitting back smiling.*

**Linda:** [v.o.] And now we're at the point where all communication has broken down. He won't even listen to me.

**Niles:** [bored] Linda-

**Linda:** Do you know how annoying that is - not to be listened to?

**Niles:** [bored] Linda-

**Linda:** It's driving me crazy. I was hoping maybe you would speak to him directly.

**Niles:** Excuse me one moment. *[presses the cough button]* Thank you for the brilliant job of call screening, Roz. How do I get out of this?

**Roz:** Did you ever think of saying you've other callers on the line?

**Niles:** *[back on air]* Linda, I'd love to go into this in more depth but unfortunately we're nearly out of time and Roz has lots of other callers waiting anxiously on the line.

**Roz:** Actually, Dr. Crane, all lines are open!

**Linda:** So you can talk to him? Good. I'm putting him on the line right now. Go ahead!

**Niles:** All right. Murray - you're dealing with your problem in a very self-destructive manner. It won't be solved by refusing to eat. Do you hear me?

*There is a moment's silence on the other end then a cat meows.*

*Niles rolls his eyes at the stupidity of it all.*

**Linda:** Oh my God, it's working. He's eating! Dr. Crane, what did you say to him?

**Niles:** Well I'd like to tell you but that would violate Doctor-Cat confidentiality! *[Roz signals that the show is about to finish]* Oh, well Seattle, I'm afraid we're out of time. This is Dr. Niles Crane. One down, four to go. See you tomorrow! *[talking through the intercom to Roz]* That little bit of sabotage was not amusing.

**Roz:** Then why did coffee come out my nose?

*Bulldog comes into the booth with his usual trolley of tricks and sound effects.*

**Bulldog:** Hey, Dr. Doolittle. I heard your show. It didn't suck!

**Niles:** Ah. "Dear diary..."

**Bulldog:** So how's it feel?

**Niles:** Like I'm walking away from my lamppost and counting the bills in my garter belt!

**Bulldog:** OK. *[blows his whistle]* Both of you get out of here. I gotta set up for my show. I got Reggie McLemore on my show today. Don't ask me why.

**Niles:** I wasn't even going to ask who.

**Roz:** He's a guard for the Sonics.

**Bulldog:** He used to be unstoppable - 20 points a game easy. Now he's in the "tank." Just what I need on my show - a loser.

*Reggie walks past the booth's window.*

**Bulldog:** Oh look - there he is now. What an overpaid, worthless piece of... *[Reggie comes through the door]* HEY, REGGIE MY MAN!

**Reggie:** You never call me unless you need tickets, man. What's up with that?

*Bulldog and Reggie go through some sort of ritual, grabbing each other's heads and knocking them against each other's whilst shouting. Needless to say, Niles looks on bemused.*

**Bulldog:** I love this guy. *[introducing Reggie to Roz]* Reggie McLemore, Roz Doyle.

**Roz:** Hi, I'm a big fan of yours.

**Reggie:** Thanks.

**Bulldog:** *[noticing Niles]* I'd introduce you to this guy but he doesn't know squat about sports.

**Niles:** On the contrary - in prep school I was an ardent sportsman. Until an inflamed instep forced me to resign from the croquet club.

*Bulldog, Roz and Reggie just stare at him.*

**Niles:** I'll see myself out.

**Reggie:** Wait a minute. You're the shrink. I heard you in my car on the way over.

**Niles:** Dr. Niles Crane. It's a pleasure.

**Reggie:** Hey Doc, wait. You sounded like you really knew what you were talking about. There's this little problem I've been having and I was wondering if maybe you could help me out?

**Niles:** What is it?

**Reggie:** See, for the last two weeks, every time I get my hands on the pill I choke.

**Niles:** Well, have you tried mashing it with a spoon?

**Reggie:** *[deadpan stare]* You don't watch much basketball, do you? It's my game, man. Because of me we've lost six in a row.

**Niles:** Oh. Well, I'm not very well-versed in sports psychology, but I could certainly schedule a session.

**Reggie:** No, no. I need something fast. We got Phoenix tonight.

**Niles:** This is highly irregular, but since you're pressed there are some exercises I can suggest.

**Reggie:** Oh, great. Thanks, man. Just name it - tickets to any game you want.

**Niles:** There's nothing wrong with your sense of humour. Have a seat.

*They sit down just outside the booth.*

**Niles:** We'll start with a positive visualisation. I want you to close your eyes. Take a deep breath. *[Reggie does this]* Good. I want you to imagine yourself on the playing surface doing

whatever it is you actually do. Tell me what you see.

**Reggie:** OK. Kemp's passing me the ball. I'm bringing it up court. I'm dribbling.

**Niles:** [*patting him supportively*] Don't worry about your appearance. [*Reggie looks strangely at him*] Start again. I'll just be quiet.

*Back in the booth Roz is observing the goings-on. Bulldog is busy setting up for his show*

**Roz:** Can I ask you a favour?

**Bulldog:** Yeah, forget it. He's married!

**Roz:** Hey! That's pretty offensive. Why did you assume that's what I wanted?

**Bulldog:** OK, then. What did you want?

**Roz:** Well, I don't know. I just wondered if...

**Bulldog:** [*blowing a horn in her face*] Time's up. Oh, by the way, if you're so hungry for some good-looking athletic guy, why won't you go out with me?

**Roz:** [*holding her hand up above Bulldog's head*] If you're not at least this tall you can't go on this ride.

*Back outside the booth Niles is still "mentally coaching" Reggie.*

**Niles:** This next exercise is designed to block negative feelings. I've tried it myself. Simply take a moment. Think of something comforting from childhood: a stuffed animal, a dog-eared copy of Middlemarch. [*again Reggie looks baffled at Niles*] You may have other memories!

*Bulldog comes out the booth.*

**Bulldog:** Come on, Reggie. Ticket!

**Reggie:** I gotta run. Thanks a lot, Doc - I'll give it a try.

*Reggie holds out his hand to slap Niles. Niles fumbles about trying to do some form of high-five.*

**Niles:** Oh, wait. I saw this. It has steps!

**Reggie:** [*simply going for the option of ruffling Niles's hair*] Later, man.

FADE TO:

*Scene 3 - Frasier's Apartment*

*Daphne and Martin are sitting in the living room. Martin is watching the basketball game on the television.*

**Daphne:** You know, according to this article...

**Martin:** No, quiet! [*Daphne looks angry while Martin remonstrates with the television*] That's 3 seconds. Come on. He's camping out in the middle. No, don't double the ball - they'll just sling it around for a three. There it is - just like I said! [*despairingly*] Ohhhh! Oh, time out - sure, now you listen to me. [*to Daphne*] Can you believe this? Two minutes ago we were up six points, now...

**Daphne:** Quiet - this is my favourite commercial! No, don't pick that floor cleaner. It'll give your floors waxy build-up! No, don't do it. DON'T DO IT! D'ohhh!!

**Martin:** It's completely different.

*The doorbell rings and Daphne goes to answer.*

**Daphne:** That'll be Dr. Crane. It'll be a pleasure to be around one man who's not obsessed with sports.

*Daphne opens the door to Niles.*

**Niles:** Hello, Daphne. [notices the television on] Ooh, the Sonics are on! Excuse me.

*Niles rushes to the couch to watch the game.*

**Niles:** So, Dad...

**Martin:** Hold it, Niles - there's only nine seconds to go.

**Niles:** What's the score?

**Martin:** What do you care? [goes back to shouting at the television] Get it to McLemore. To McLemore - he's got the hot hand. Yes. Come on, Reggie... UNBELIEVABLE! SONICS WIN! [claps his hands in delight]

**Niles:** Oh, this is fantastic, Dad. Do you know...?

**Martin:** Shush, Niles. I want to see the replay. Get it to McLemore. UNBELIEVABLE! [claps his hands in delight]

**Niles:** You know, Dad, you might be interested to know...

**Martin:** Quiet, Niles - I want to see the interview.

*The sportscaster is interviewing Reggie on the television.*

**Sportscaster:** Reggie - got a minute? Great game tonight. Seems like your slump is over.

**Reggie:** Yeah, I was really feeling it out there tonight.

**Sportscaster:** What turned it around for you?

**Reggie:** Well, I was having a little problem getting my head together, but this radio shrink really helped me out. Dr. Niles Crane... [gestures thumbs-up to the camera.]

**Sportscaster:** Well, good luck against Utah.

**Reggie:** Thanks a lot.

**Sportscaster:** Let's head it back upstairs.

*By this point Martin is looking incredulously at Niles who just sits there smug with himself.*

**Martin:** You?

**Niles:** [laughing] Is that so hard to believe?

**Martin:** Yeah!

**Daphne:** When did you talk to him?

**Niles:** He was on Bulldog's show today. We had a brief session in the hallway - not more than two minutes.

**Martin:** You turned Reggie's game around in only two minutes?

**Niles:** You could be a little less surprised. I am a skilled psychiatrist. During sixteen years in the field I have developed certain instincts.

**Martin:** I gotta say - I'm impressed.

**Daphne:** Yes. I'm starting to think I should spend an hour or two on the couch with you.

**Martin:** Are you kidding? With Niles, it'd only take two minutes!

*Daphne smiles and goes through to the kitchen. Niles drinks his sherry looking at Martin who is grinning.*

**Niles:** Thanks, Dad!

FADE TO:

**HOOPLA**

Scene 4 - KACL.

*Niles is walking through the corridor to the booth.*

Worker 1: Hey Doc - great job! Go Sonics!

Worker 2: You the man!

**Niles:** Thank you. Er... same to you.

*From inside another booth someone gives Niles a thumbs up. Niles returns the compliment before noticing his thumb.*

**Niles:** Heavens. I need a clip and a buff.

*Niles goes into the studio to find Roz in the booth with the day's newspaper.*

**Roz:** There he is - the toast of Seattle. I suppose you knew you'd made the sports section of the paper this morning?

**Niles:** Yes, I'd heard. I must admit I find this all a bit mystifying. Do people really care this much about a basketball game?

**Roz:** Are you kidding? This is Seattle. It rains nine months out of the year. We take our indoor sports very seriously.

**Niles:** Well, I know you always have!

**Roz:** [*forcing a smile*] You're a hero today so I'm going to let that one go.

*The door bursts open and Bulldog barges his way into the studio.*

**Bulldog:** Pucker up, baby - I'm planting a big wet one on ya! [*grabs Niles' head and kisses him on the forehead.*]

**Niles:** [*shocked*] Well, there's a layer of skin I'll be exfoliating this evening.

**Bulldog:** [*overjoyed*] I had 200 bucks on the Sonics!

**Niles:** Isn't gambling illegal?

**Bulldog:** [*to Roz*] Isn't he the cutest?

**Roz:** Oh, yeah.

*Bulldog goes to kiss Niles again but Niles pulls back.*

**Bulldog:** OK. I hope you don't feel this way about chicks 'cause I got one of the Sonics' cheerleaders coming on my show today and she really wants to see you.

**Roz:** Believe it or not, Bulldog, not every man's dream woman is a pom-pom-shaking half-time-half-wit.

**Niles:** Is she the head cheerleader?

**Bulldog:** Yeah. And she's coming in costume.

**Roz:** Of course she is - it's radio! [*pushes Bulldog out the booth before turning to Niles with a stack of papers*] Look at these faxes that came for you.

**Niles:** Faxes? [*reads them*] "Seattle thanks you." "You're the Sonics MVP." [*turns to Roz inquisitively*]

**Roz:** Most Valuable Player.

**Niles:** Oh! "You're a genius." With the less common J spelling but still, his point is well taken.

**Roz:** I bet you're feeling pretty good about yourself?

**Niles:** Suddenly I'm being revered as a god by the same troglodytes who, in junior high school, tried to pack me into my own briefcase. It's glorious.

**Roz:** Oh, I almost forgot the best part. [*goes into her pocket*] Reggie sent these tickets for tonight's game over.

**Niles:** Oh. Well, I suppose I can't disappoint my new fans. Tell me, does one still wear a white sweater jauntily tied around the

neck to these things?

**Roz:** If one wants to get the crap beaten out of one!

*Roz goes into her booth. Meanwhile Martin comes through the studio door.*

**Martin:** Hey.

**Niles:** Dad. What a surprise.

**Martin:** I'm not interrupting you or anything, am I?

**Niles:** No, no. Come on in. Is everything alright?

**Martin:** Oh sure, sure. I was just having lunch at McGinty's and some of the guys would really like to meet you and I was hoping that maybe after your show you'd stop in there for a drink. I mean, I wouldn't ask you but some of these guys are my best buddies.

**Niles:** Well actually Dad, Reggie just sent over these tickets to tonight's game. I was going to ask you to go, but since...

**Martin:** [*grabbing the tickets out Niles's hands*] To hell with those guys, I'm there!

**Niles:** I have to tell you I'm finding all this attention a bit overwhelming.

**Martin:** Oh come on - you deserve it. You're a hero.

**Niles:** Perhaps it's time we put all this in perspective. The only real heroes are the fine athletes who worked so hard for two hours to win that game. My contribution was minimal at best.

*Bulldog opens the door to reveal the head cheerleader - blonde, buxom and wearing very tight clothing.*

**Bulldog:** What did I tell ya, Doc?

**Cheerleader:** Which one of you won the game for us last night?

**Niles:** [*pushing Martin out of the way*] That would be me!

*The cheerleader goes over to "congratulate" Niles who looks happily shocked.*

*End of Act 1*

*Act 2*

## **AY, THERE'S THE RUB**

*Scene 1 - The Sonics game that night.*

*Martin, Niles and Daphne are walking along the baseline to their front row seats. Martin is just saying goodbye to a fellow spectator.*

**Martin:** Nice seeing you too.

**Niles:** Dad, it really isn't necessary to tell everyone we bump into that [*loudly*] I'm the one Reggie credited with last night's victory!

**Spectator:** That was you?

**Martin:** Yeah, yeah. That's my son Niles Crane.

**Niles:** [*sitting down on the baseline seats, unaware of their importance*] They must have sold too many tickets. They've stuck us in these folding chairs.

**Martin:** Wow. Right on the hardwood, five feet from the baseline.

*Niles chuckles along with Martin before turning to Daphne with a baffled look.*

**Daphne:** It's like front row orchestra, stage right.

**Niles:** Ooh.

**Martin:** Man, we're so close we're gonna get our teeth rattled when they center-pick.

*Again Niles smiles before turning to Daphne for an explanation.*

**Daphne:** It's like sitting close enough to get hit by Placido Domingo's spit.

*Reggie runs over to meet Niles.*

**Reggie:** Hey, N.C. - you made it.

**Niles:** I beg your pardon? Oh, "N.C." I thought you said Nancy. For a second it was prep school all over again. [*introducing*]  
Let me introduce - Reggie McLemore, Daphne Moon, and this...

**Martin:** Marty Crane, Niles's Dad. I'm a big fan. I want you to know I never lost faith in you. Not when you were in your slump. Not when you tanked it in the playoffs. Not even when all my friends were calling you "Reggie HacLemore" [*laughs*]

**Reggie:** What?

**Niles:** This might be a good time to try that negative thought-blocking exercise.

**Reggie:** Yeah, OK. You guys enjoy the game. I'll see you afterwards.

*Niles puts out his hand to "slap some skin" with Reggie but he just walks off. The buzzer goes and Niles just about has a coronary.*

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

**Martin:** That's the end of the shooter round. The coach is about to send the starting five in for the tip-off.

*Once more Niles turns to Daphne.*

**Daphne:** The stage manager just called places.

**Niles:** Ooh.

*The scene SWITCHES to later on in the game. Daphne and Martin are nowhere to be seen so Niles is sitting by himself. He is surrounded by spectators out of their chairs booing and shouting at the court.*

**Niles:** I gather Reggie's not performing up to par this evening?

**Spectator:** You got that from all the booing, huh? Nice counselling, Doc - he's been throwing up bricks all night!

**Niles:** Judging from that empty tureen of nachos and cheese you may be joining him.

*The spectator has had enough and leaves. Reggie runs off the court to speak to Niles.*

**Reggie:** Doc, Doc, you gotta help me out here. I don't know what's wrong.

**Niles:** Perhaps you've forgotten some of my advice. Let's review quickly. Did you empty your mind of negative thoughts?

**Reggie:** Yeah.

**Niles:** What about the imaging exercises?

**Reggie:** Yeah, yeah, I did all that. What else did you tell me to do?

**Niles:** Nothing. Bulldog called you, you ran back in.

**Reggie:** No, no, wait. Right before that I rubbed your head. I remember 'cause my hand smelled like peach and I thought, "What the hell does this guy wash his hair with?"

**Niles:** Well, you can't possibly think that my head is some sort of lucky charm?

**Reggie:** [*ruffling Niles's hair*] We'll know in a minute.



*Reggie runs back on court smelling his hand. Daphne and Martin return and sit down next to Niles.*

**Martin:** Hey, I saw you talking to Reggie again. I hope you gave him some more advice.

**Niles:** I tried to but he has this absurd idea that...

**Martin:** No, no, wait.

*Everyone cheers wildly.*

**Announcer:** McLemore shoots three.

**Martin:** Unbelievable. What did you say to him?

**Niles:** I didn't say anything that he could possibly...

**Daphne:** Look, look. He's stolen the ball.

*The crowd cheer again.*

**Announcer:** McLemore. Three more.

**Daphne:** [patting Niles on the knee] Oh, Dr. Crane, you're a miracle worker. What did you say to him?

**Niles:** Oh, just something off the top of my head!

*The scene FADES OUT with the crowd applauding again as Reggie obviously scores another.*

*Scene 2 - Frasier's apartment.*

*Martin is sitting in his chair. Daphne is walking back from the front door having collected the post.*

**Daphne:** Ooh, isn't this nice? Dr. Crane sent us a postcard from Aspen.

**Martin:** [uninterested] Great. How's he doing?

**Daphne:** Let's see. [reading the postcard] "I delivered a speech at the conference last night. I was especially pleased with my opening line: 'My fellow psychiatrists, as I watched you on the slopes today I realised I had never seen so many Freudians slip!'"

*Daphne looks up in disgust at the pun. Martin just simply stares deadpan straight ahead.*

**Daphne:** [still reading] "As hard as you're laughing now, imagine the thunder of an auditorium of colleagues. Well, see you Saturday, Frasier." Well, I'd better get going. I'm meeting Joe at the movies. [checks her watch] Oh, bloody hell - it's later than I thought.

**Martin:** Enjoy.

**Daphne:** [rushing out] Yeah. Enjoy your game.

*Daphne rushes into the elevator past Niles who's coming out.*

**Daphne:** Dr. Crane. Have fun at the game.

**Niles:** I'm afraid we won't be going.

**Daphne:** Ah. That's too bad.

**Niles:** Want to know why?

**Daphne:** Not really.

*The elevator door closes on Daphne. Niles pokes his head round the door of Frasier's apartment and finds Martin on the phone to Duke.*

**Martin:** [into phone] VIP parking. Uh-huh. That's courtside, pal. Right on the hardwood, I swear to God. And Reggie said the

seats are ours for the rest of the season. I believe it's what they call "living large"... I don't know, somewhere on TV. Yeah, OK. I gotta go. Bye! *[to Niles]* Let's go, Niles.

**Niles:** *[uneasily]* You know, Dad, I was thinking. Maybe we shouldn't go to the game today.

**Martin:** *[laughing]* You know what I was thinking? Maybe we shouldn't go to any of them. *[laughs again]* You know, that's one of the best things about this whole thing. When was the last time you and I joked like this? Well, we'd better get going, 'cause it's late.

**Niles:** Last night at the game, did you happen to notice when Reggie tousled my hair?

**Martin:** Yeah, yeah. Let's go.

**Niles:** Somehow, someway, he's convinced himself that that's what he needs to do in order to play well.

**Martin:** Oh. Well, can we talk about it in the car?

**Niles:** It has nothing to do with any advice I've given. It's all some sort of bizarre superstition and Reggie wants to rub my head again before today's game.

**Martin:** Well, you know, a lot of athletes have weird superstitions.

**Niles:** Yes, but I'm a psychiatrist. I can't let people think I'm treating the man when all I am is a rabbit's foot! I'd be taking credit for something I don't deserve.

**Martin:** OK. What would you be taking credit for? Helping him. What are you doing? Helping him. I'm getting my coat.

**Niles:** But I wouldn't be helping him as a psychiatrist.

**Martin:** Oh, that's what's bugging you? People thinking you're a good psychiatrist?

**Niles:** Exactly!

**Martin:** Are you a good psychiatrist?

**Niles:** Yes!

**Martin:** I'm getting my coat.

**Niles:** Dad, Dad, I'm sorry. We're not going.

**Martin:** Aw, man, I knew you'd find some way to ruin this! *[throws his jacket to the floor]*

**Niles:** Dad-

**Martin:** Courtside season tickets; VIP parking.

**Niles:** Dad-

**Martin:** No. Hell, you've got to have your reasons. *[mocking Niles]* "It's my ethics. It's my integrity. It's my allergies." Well, that's it. *[grabs his newspaper]* I'm never getting my hopes up again.

**Niles:** Dad, you can still watch the game on TV.

**Martin:** *[looking away from Niles]* I don't want to watch it on TV!

**Niles:** I'll get you a beer.

**Martin:** *[looking away from Niles]* I don't like beer!

**Niles:** Dad, you know I'm right.

**Martin:** Will you look me in the eye and answer me one question: would you still be doing this if these were courtside seats at the opera?

**Niles:** Yes. My ethics are ethics. And by the way - where do you think I got those ethics?

**Martin:** Oh, yeah. Throw it back at me. That's real mature!

*Scene 3 - The game.*

*A security guard is standing outside the locker room. Niles walks up to him.*

**Niles:** I'd like to talk to Mr. McLemore.

**Guard:** Who wants to see him?

**Niles:** Tell him N.C. is here.

**Guard:** Nancy?

**Niles:** No. *[spelling it out]* N-C. *[the guard disappears into the*

*locker room] What is so hard about that?*

*Reggie comes out looking worried. The security guard is behind him and stands on the other side of the room.*

**Reggie:** Damn man, where have you been? I've got to be on court in five minutes. *[goes to rub Niles' head]*

**Niles:** *[putting his hand up]* Stop! Before you rub your hands all over me, we need to talk. *[guard glances over worryingly]*

**Reggie:** What's up?

**Niles:** I'll come right to the point. This entire affair has grown out of control. I need to end it.

**Reggie:** What are you saying? You're not coming down here any more?

**Niles:** Well, no. We can still see each other to talk, but no touching. *[Again the guard looks over]* That part of our relationship is over. *[notices the guard staring]* Does this concern you?

**Guard:** It's starting to! *[he heads through to the locker room]*

**Reggie:** Come on, dude. *[reaches his hand out]*

**Niles:** No. Now listen. Do you really expect me to drop what I'm doing and race down here every day just so you can run your fingers over my head?

**Reggie:** Yeah.

**Niles:** Listen to me closely. You are a gifted athlete with tremendous skill. Marshal your talents. Concentrate. Focus. The key to your success is to trust your own God-given abilities. It has nothing to do with my head!

**Reggie:** *[thinking]* It must be your hair.

**Niles:** *[losing his patience]* Will you stop it? You're obsessing!

**Reggie:** Come on, man - just let me touch it?

*At this point the guard comes out the locker room, hears that last line and immediately turns round and walks away. Niles looks exasperated.*

**Niles:** No! You have to look at this logically. I can't come down here for every game and I certainly can't go with you when the team is on tour. This is not a long-term solution. What you need is legitimate therapy. You want to start? Come inside - I'll give you a quick session. We can proceed from there.

**Reggie:** Yeah, you're right, Doc. What I need is a long-term solution.

**Niles:** Good.

*Niles heads off into the locker room. Reggie turns to one of his team-mates who has just came outside.*

**Reggie:** Yo Frank, let me see those scissors. *[takes scissors out of his bag]* Coming, Doc. *[follows Niles into the locker room]*

*End of Act 2*

#### **Credits:**

Daphne and Martin are playing cards at the table. Niles is sitting reading the newspaper. Martin leans over and ruffles Niles's hair, much to Niles's displeasure. Next thing Martin wins his hand and after clapping in delight he turns back to Niles to ruffle his hair again.

## **Guest Appearances**

**Guest Starring**

LORENZO NEWTON as Reggie  
KEN MAGEE as Guard  
STU LANTZ as Sportscaster  
LOREN LAZERINE as Fan  
LISA DERGEN as Cheerleader  
CHRISTOPHER M. BROWN as Lenny  
GEOFF CALLAN as Hank  
JIM GRACI as Game Announcer

**Guest Callers**

WENDY WASSERSTEIN as Linda

---

**Thanks To...**

Transcript written by IAIN MCCALLUM  
Edited by NICHOLAS HARTLEY  
Revised by MICHAEL LEE

---

**Legal Stuff**

This episode capsule is copyright 2000 by Nick Hartley & Iain McCallum. This episode summary remains property of Frasier, Copyright of Paramount Productions and NBC. Printed without permission.