

[4.9]

Dad Loves Sherry, The Boys Just Whine

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Written by Joe Keenan

Directed by James Burrows

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AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

Nominated

EMMY

- **Outstanding Guest Actress in a Comedy Series:** Marsha Mason
-

Transcript {Iain McCallum}

Act 1

*Scene 1 - Café Nervosa.**Niles wanders into the Café, saying hello to Frasier and Maureen (from [\[3.20\]](#), "Police Story") who are sitting down at a nearby table.***Niles:** Hello, Frasier.**Frasier:** Hello, Niles.**Niles:** Maureen.**Maureen:** Hi, Niles.*Niles goes up to order at the counter where Roz is already waiting for her order.***Niles:** A non-fat café, please.**Roz:** I'll pay for his too.**Niles:** Well, thank you. My day started off with good news and it's already getting better. To what do I owe this largesse?**Roz:** Well, I'm having a pretty great day too. You see, a few months ago I took my first tennis lesson...**Niles:** And you've finally mastered the backhand?**Roz:** No, I haven't played since. But the guy who was teaching me...**Niles:** Has won your girlish heart?**Roz:** No, he was a loser. But that day he hit me this little dink-shot and I ran for it, stubbed my toe, got this big black toenail. It lasted for like three months and today it finally fell off. [*Niles looks thoroughly mystified*] I can wear sandals again!

Meanwhile behind them Maureen gets up to leave as Frasier sees her off.

Maureen: Thanks, Frasier.

Frasier: Goodbye Maureen, and good luck.

Maureen: Thanks.

She heads out the door and Niles comes over to join Frasier.

Niles: Frasier. May I borrow your spoon?

Frasier: Certainly.

Niles: [*banging the spoon off his coffee cup*] I have an announcement.

Frasier: Well frankly, so do I. Dad's girlfriend just told me some very big news.

Niles: Well, unless she's expecting our baby brother, my news takes precedence. [*A look of panic spreads on Niles's face*] She's not, is she?

Frasier: No, no.

Niles: Guess who just won this year's "Mariett Fassbinder Award for Distinguished Contribution to the Literature of Psychiatry"?

Frasier: Well, judging by the canary feathers protruding from your mouth, I'd say you. What article did you win for?

Niles: A gripping case history of a narcissistic opera singer. I called it "Me Me Me Me Me."

Frasier: [*chuckling*] Very clever, I like that.

Niles: Thrilled as I am, I must admit I'm a tad nervous about the awards banquet.

Frasier: Why?

Niles: Dad! I want him there of course, but I'm just dreading a rerun of Aunt Vi's wedding.

Frasier: Yes - the hour he spent regaling the table with Little Niles stories.

Niles: Exactly. Imagine an entire roomful of trained psychiatrists hearing the story of Sheldon, my imaginary protégé.

Frasier: Ah yes, Sheldon. That troubled little fellow who kept wetting your bed! Well, you know - if you're thinking of excluding Dad from the event your timing couldn't be worse. It's his birthday this weekend.

Niles: Oh, right.

Frasier: On top of that Maureen just told me that she's decided to break it off with him.

Niles: No! Oh dear, is it the age difference?

Frasier: No, no. She was quite emphatic on that point. She just thinks they have nothing in common.

Niles: Oh, poor Dad. I know how much he enjoyed going out with her.

Frasier: Yes. Just the other day he was saying that between her police badge and his handicapped sticker they could park anywhere.

FADE OUT

Scene 2 - Frasier's Apartment.

Frasier is busy cleaning. Daphne comes in.

Daphne: Evening, Dr. Crane.

Frasier: Daphne. Thank God you're home first. Listen, I have to warn you.

Daphne: About what?

Frasier: Dad and Maureen are on a date. It's not going well. She's telling him that she wants to break it off.

Daphne: Oh. This vision you're getting - is it a tingly feeling and a picture in your head, or more like a husky voice murmuring in your ear?

Frasier: [*annoyed*] It's not a vision. Maureen told me about this, this afternoon. I'm just worried about Dad. We need to do everything we can to help him through this.

Daphne: I wouldn't worry about your father. People are more resilient than you think. You know, when Joe dumped me a few weeks ago I thought I'd lost the love of me life. I figured I'd spend the rest of my years dwelling on what might have been. The home we'd have made; the children running through it; growing old together... did I mention Joe's getting married?

Frasier: Oh, I'm sorry.

Daphne: No, I'm all right.

Daphne heads towards the drinks cabinet as she breaks down and grabs a bottle of wine.

Frasier: [*goes to console her*] Oh, Daphne, Daphne... [*checks the bottle's label*] That'll be fine. [*she exits*]

Meanwhile the scene switches to outside the apartment as Martin and Maureen arrive back from their date.

Maureen: Oh, I should have known that you'd hate Indian food.

Martin: No, it was great. It just takes a little getting used to.

Maureen: Yeah, it does. You should try it again sometime.

Martin: [*retching slightly*] I think I just did. So are you going to come in for some coffee?

Maureen: Nah. You're not feeling too well. I think I'll just call it a night.

Martin: But I thought you said in the car there was something you wanted to talk about.

Maureen: It can wait.

They kiss goodnight as Maureen heads back into the elevator. Martin goes into the apartment.

Frasier: Hi, Dad.

Martin: Hi.

Frasier: How was your date?

Martin: [*with a pained expression on his face*] Awful! I never felt this bad in my life. I feel like my guts have been ripped out.

Frasier: Dad, let me assure you this has nothing to do with your age.

Martin: Oh, the hell it doesn't. This never would have happened twenty years ago.

He goes into the powder room.

Frasier: Well, you know Dad, I may be talking out of turn here. But Maureen told me about this.

Martin: [*from behind the door*] What?

Frasier: Yes. She came to me for advice. That's how determined she was not to hurt you. You see, she wanted to make it perfectly clear that her breaking up with you had nothing to do with your age but rather your compatibility. You see, it's not your fault that you don't like the same food, music or movies...

Martin comes out with a bottle of Maalox and a puzzled expression.

Frasier: ...and she didn't bring this up, did she?

Martin: No.

Frasier: Dad, I'm sorry.

Martin: She doesn't want to see me again?

Frasier: Oh, I feel so terrible. Listen, Dad, I mean, I know exactly how you're feeling right now. But believe me, the pain will pass. It may take some time.

Martin: This is great!

Frasier: Or not!

Martin: Wait till I tell Sherry.

Frasier: Sherry?

Martin: [*holding up the carton of Maalox*] This stuff works pretty good. Have we got any pretzels?

Frasier: Dad - just who is Sherry?

Martin: She's this great lady I met down at McGinty's. You know - I've been trying for weeks to get up the nerve to end it with Maureen.

He gleefully picks up the phone. The doorbell rings and Frasier goes to answer.

Frasier: Good Lord. I've been worried all afternoon about Maureen breaking your heart and all along you've been two-timing-

He looks through the peek-hole before turning to Martin in panic.

Frasier: MAUREEN!

Frasier opens the door to Maureen while Martin slams the phone down and tries not to look too guilty.

Martin: Well hi, Maureen. Come in. Did you forget something?

Maureen: Yes I did. Um... [*looks at Frasier*]

Frasier: Don't mind me, I was just going out... [*he realises he is in his dressing gown*] ...to the powder room.

Frasier goes through to the bathroom.

Maureen: There's something that I've been meaning to say to you and I keep putting it off and that's not fair to you.

Martin: [*acting concerned*] What is it?

Maureen: I don't think it's working out.

Martin: [*sitting down in fake shock*] You don't? Wow. I didn't see that coming.

Frasier is peeking through the bathroom door with a look of contempt.

Maureen: Marty, it's not the age difference. It's just all we ever talk about is the police force - and I enjoy that - but I just think...

Martin: No, Maureen, come on. You don't need to explain. You know, I guess I always knew that I could never hold onto a prize like you forever. [*slams the bathroom door shut in Frasier's face with his cane*] But at least I did it for a while.

Maureen: So, are you OK?

Martin: [*acting hurt*] I will be. It just takes a little time, you know? But you take care of yourself.

Maureen: Yeah, you too.

They kiss goodbye and Maureen leaves. Before the door is barely shut Martin is celebrating with his cane in the air and a huge grin.

Frasier opens the bathroom door holding onto his eye and looking highly annoyed.

Frasier: You old fraud!

Martin: What?

Frasier: You made her believe that she'd broken your heart.

Martin: Well, of course I did. When a woman breaks up with you, you have to act sad. It's only polite.

Frasier: Polite? My God, Dad, guilt is a very destructive emotion.

Martin: Oh, spare me the Ivy League bull. There ain't a dame alive who wouldn't rather break a guy's heart than think she hadn't even made a dent in it. I may not have made it to Harvard but I have been to the College of Love.

Frasier: Apparently on a Spillane Fellowship!

FADE TO:

FASTEN YOUR SEATBELTS

Scene 3 - Frasier's Apartment

Niles arrives at Frasier's apartment carrying Martin's birthday present. Frasier and Daphne are in the living room whilst Martin is in his bedroom.

Daphne: Hello, Dr. Crane.

Niles: Hey, Daphne.

Frasier: Niles.

Niles: Frasier. Where's the birthday boy?

Daphne: Oh, he's getting all dolled up for his lady friend. You should see how excited he is.

Frasier: Not half as excited as he's going to be when he sees these new videotapes: twelve cassettes of the history of World War II!

Niles: For those who thought the original was fun but too short!

Frasier: Well, this year I thought what the hell? Get him something he really wants rather than what I think he needs.

Niles: A very commendable sentiment.

Daphne: What did you get him?

Niles: An Armani tux. [pause] Well, my banquet's coming up.

Martin: [coming through in a suit] Hey, Niles.

Daphne: Ooh. Don't you look dapper?

Martin: Well, thanks. Yeah, I heard the door - I thought maybe it was Sherry.

Niles: Oh, I thought we were joining her and your chums down at the restaurant.

Martin: Yeah, I changed my mind. You know, I just thought that... I'm just so anxious for you to meet her, I know you're gonna love her. No, no, forget I said that. I mean, you will but I just don't want to jinx it. [the doorbell rings] Oh, there it is. Frasier, answer the door, would you? No, no, wait a minute. I'll get it.

Frasier and Niles look on smiling - that is, until the door opens to reveal a middle-aged woman wearing a short pink skirt, a pink blouse and carrying a bottle and a present.

Sherry: Happy Birthday!

Sherry practically leaps into Martin's arms and gives him an extremely loud kiss. The boys just look slightly aghast.

Martin: Come in and meet the family.

Sherry: [hugging Frasier] Hi! Sherry Dempsey. Now Marty didn't tell me the two of you were so handsome! [she bearhugs Niles who forces a smile]

Daphne: Hello. Daphne Moon.

Sherry: Ooh - the physical therapist. Don't worry about me, honey. I'm not the jealous type. Anybody that keeps my Marty limber is aces in my book.

Martin: [*does a few dance shuffles, then:*] Hey, sit down, Sherry. Come on. You know Frasier, Sherry is a big fan of your show.

Sherry: Oh yes, a big fan. Well, as a matter of fact when my friend Donna's marriage was on the rocks, you were the one that she called for advice.

Frasier: Really? And did my advice prove helpful?

Sherry: That's not important. You cared. That's what matters.

Daphne: Can we offer you a drink?

Sherry: Well, actually, since it's a special occasion I brought some bubbly. Let's crack it open! [*throws the bottle at Niles who just manages to catch it*]

Niles: Yes, why not? [*forcing a smile*] Oh look Frasier - Cold Duck.

Sherry: You ever had it?

Frasier: Just once!

Daphne: I'll do the honours.

Sherry: Ooh, I love this apartment. Wow, that's some view you've got.

Frasier: Thank you.

Sherry: Which room's mine?

Frasier and Niles just look at each other.

Sherry: Gotcha!

Martin: She's always doing stuff like that.

Sherry: Oh, I love making people laugh. To me humour is like medicine.

Niles: [*sotto voce to Frasier*] Guess we're in the placebo group.

Frasier: So... Dad tells me you two kids met at McGinty's.

Sherry: That's right. I tend bar there. Saw your Dad there one night looking kind of lonesome and I said to myself...

Daphne: [*coming through with the drinks*] Bottoms up!

Sherry: Well, something like that.

Daphne: [*dishing the drinks out*] Here we go. Well, Happy Birthday.

Sherry: Through the lips and over the gums...

Frasier: Look out, tastebuds, here it comes.

Sherry: I never heard that version.

They all take a sip. However, Frasier and Niles turn around looking as though they're about to vomit. Both go to recover on the couch while trying to force their now customary smile.

Sherry: I better be careful. Two glasses of that and I'd be dancing on the tables.

Martin: Yeah. You know, Sherry used to be on the stage.

Frasier: On Broadway?

Sherry: Las Vegas. Ever been there?

Frasier: Just once!

Sherry: What a town, huh? Great food, terrific theatre, just too darn easy to get married. [*looks at Niles*] You're separated, right?

Niles: Yes.

Sherry: I've been there. Listen, you want my advice?

Niles: Well...

Sherry: Don't mope! Get right back in the saddle. My Mum always used to say to me, "Honey, the only way to get over someone is to get under someone."

Martin laughs hysterically at this joke. Needless to say Niles just looks a bit shocked.

Sherry: Well, Momma had lots of sayings like that.

Niles: [*slipping further down the sofa*] I didn't know Mae West had children.

Martin: Well, hey, we better be going, so if you want to freshen up

you better do it now. It's right down there.

Daphne: I'll show you the way.

Sherry: [to Martin] I know what you're doing here. You just want the reviews. [looking at Frasier and Niles] Talk me up.

Sherry goes with Daphne through to the bathroom.

Martin: That's not it at all. You think you're so smart. [turning to Frasier and Niles] Well, what do you think?

Frasier: [lost for words] Er... Wow.

Martin: Niles?

Niles: Er... I see that Wow and raise you a Zowie.

Martin: I'm so glad you like her. You really do, right?

Frasier: Yes, Dad.

Niles: Absolutely.

Martin: That's it, great! Well, you know we're going to have to spend more time here. You know, she's got that fourth floor walk-up and its murder on my hip. Not that I wouldn't climb the Space Needle to hear her play that banjo of hers.

Frasier and Niles can't say anything. Instead they simply reach for their Cold Duck and swig it down. Sherry and Daphne come back through.

Sherry: Come on, boys. She's back.

Daphne: You know, I keep meaning to ask: what's that lovely perfume you're wearing?

Frasier: Yes, I've been wondering that myself.

Sherry: It's called Milady's Boudoir. [heading out the door followed by Martin and Daphne] You wouldn't believe what a bargain it is. For a hundred bucks I could buy enough to drown myself in.

Niles: [slowly walking out the door with Frasier] I've got sixty!

FADE TO:

NO GIRLZ ALLOWED

Scene 3 - Café Nervosa

Niles and Frasier are sitting down at a table drinking their coffees.

Niles: Again, I'm sorry for not making it over for dinner last night, but you know I had this tickle in my throat...

Frasier: Spare me your lame excuses, Niles. We both know why you weren't there.

Niles: How was Sherry?

Frasier: Colourful as ever. Last night she treated us to a selection from her unpublished volume of Limericks for Lovers. The last several were about a well-travelled man fortuitously named Horatio!

Niles takes a second before he realises and just looks disgusted. Suddenly panic spreads on his face.

Niles: Oh, dear God. Don't turn around.

Frasier: Who is it?

Niles: It's Dad, and he's brought Sophie Tucker!

Frasier: Oh God. But this is our place.

Niles: Don't look.

Martin and Sherry walk in and needless to say Sherry sees the boys immediately and knocks loudly on the window to them.

Sherry: Hey! How ya doing? Look who's here. Wow, what a cute place this is. I walk by here all the time and never stopped in.

Martin: Yeah, well the boys love it here.

Sherry: Well, we should start coming here. Now, make room at that table. We'll be right back. We're gonna get a cuppa.

Frasier: [*forlorn*] Quick Niles, pull up the ladder. She found our clubhouse!

Niles: This cannot go on.

Frasier: You're right. Dad has to be politely told that even though he may enjoy her company he has no right to... what's the polite word for inflict?

Niles: Well, I don't know, but I'm sure you'll find one.

Frasier: Me? I have to do this alone? I thought the two of us would sit him down and talk to him...

Niles: No, no, no.

Frasier: ...both of us.

Niles: No, no. I'm afraid you're the one who's going to be making that little speech.

Frasier: But Niles, both of us have a problem.

Niles: Ah, ah, ah, ah. She's not invading my apartment. I can afford to be patient.

Frasier: You are a little weasel, aren't you?

Niles: A little weasel whose Daddy loves him. [*gets up*]

Sherry: [*coming to the table*] Niles, before I forget. About your banquet - are we talking fancy-schmancy?

Niles: Well, it's not exactly the way it's worded on the invitation, but yes... [*the cold dawn of realisation hits*] Why? [*sits back down*]

Martin: Well, Daphne's got a cold so Sherry's going to use her ticket.

Frasier: What fun! That's coming up soon, isn't it? Maybe you should start working on that little speech.

Sherry: So, fancy dress, huh? Good. I got a backwards leopard skin number that's gonna knock your eyes out.

Niles looks ready to explode.

Martin: Gotcha!

Sherry and Martin both laugh hysterically. Niles forces a laugh while looking annoyed. Frasier is getting bumped into by Sherry as she laughs.

Sherry: Oh, I'm sorry. I'm smushing you.

Frasier: No, that's all right. We were just leaving.

Sherry: Oh, you gotta go? Well Niles, don't worry about your banquet. I'll wear a nice dress and put on my best dancing shoes.

Niles: Oh, well, there won't be dancing.

Sherry: You just leave that to Sherry!

Sherry and Martin both laugh again. So does Niles, before rushing outside to join Frasier who has already escaped.

Frasier: Well, your little banquet should prove quite amusing. I hope Dr. Geudfreund doesn't aggravate his hernia when he goes underneath the limbo pole!

Niles: I have to talk to Dad. I can't let her ruin the most important evening of my life. What do I say to him? Frasier, you've got to help me.

Frasier: Well... prepared though you were to abandon me and let me handle all the dirty work alone, I will swallow my resentment, confront him with you tonight and take my share of the heat.

Niles: Thank you.

Frasier: [*smiling*] Gotcha!

He walks off laughing.

End of Act 1

Act 2

Scene 1 - Frasier's Apartment.

Martin is in his chair deciding over the night's entertainment.

Niles is pacing the floor behind him.

Martin: So Niles, what are you in the mood for? Normandy or The Battle of the Bulge?

Niles: Whatever.

Martin: You've been fidgeting around all night. Something on your mind?

Niles: Ah, yes actually. It's about my awards banquet.

Martin: Yeah?

Niles: Dad, this is very difficult to say. I would really rather you didn't... [*chickens out*] wear those pants.

Martin: Well, I'm not. I'm wearing that Avanti tux you gave me. What's your problem?

Niles: I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I guess, I don't know, I'm just nervous about tomorrow night. God knows why.

He sees Sherry's banjo lying on a chair and strums it before going outside onto the balcony.

Frasier: [*coming in*] Evening, Dad.

Martin: Evening.

Frasier: [*notices Niles on the balcony and Martin in a foul mood*] Something wrong?

Martin: You know, that brother of yours can be downright insulting. He's so afraid that someone's going to embarrass him at his fancy dinner.

Frasier: Er... you know, Niles told me about what he was going to say to you tonight. And well, I must say that, in his defense, it is an important evening for him and well, let's face it, Sherry can be a bit much.

Martin: She can, huh?

Frasier: Well, I don't mean it as a criticism, mind you. Some people like that. But now that Niles has broached the subject I must say that I too find Sherry a bit brassy and flamboyant... [*notices Martin's puzzled look*] He didn't say a word to you, did he?

Martin: I don't believe this. You got a problem with Sherry?

Niles: [*coming back in*] That delightful woman?

Frasier: Oh, knock it off! I see you're still waiting on that spine donor! Dad, there is no reason to belabour this point...

Martin: No, no. You got something to say, let's hear it. You don't like her?

Frasier: Please understand, Dad, as happy as we are that you've found someone...

Martin: But you don't like her?

Niles: No, no. We're not saying that. She's just not the sort of person that we would normally choose to spend time with.

Martin: In other words, you don't like her? Come on, we're all grown-ups here. Tell me the truth.

Frasier: [*pausing*] All right, Dad, we don't like her.

Martin: Fine! That's the way you feel about it? Don't worry, I won't bring her back here any more. I guess it's too much to expect my own family to make a person I care about feel

welcome!

He heads off to the kitchen.

Frasier: WAIT A MINUTE! When did you ever make any of the women we were involved with feel welcome?

Niles: Ooh Frasier, you're right! He almost got away with that!

Frasier: When did Lilith ever set foot in your house that you didn't make her feel as wanted as a fungus?

Niles: Yes, not to mention my Maris!

Martin: You're comparing a warm lady like Sherry to Frosty the Snow-Wife?

Frasier: There! That is exactly what I'm talking about. Oh, why don't we just face facts? I mean, since when has any of us ever - from Sherry to Lilith to Maris to Diane - has ever been able to pick one woman that the other two could stand the sight of?

Martin: I picked your mother!

Frasier: [awkwardly] I'm sorry, Niles. I've been hogging the floor.

Niles: Er...

Martin: Ah, forget it. You're right. Why should I expect you to make the effort when I'm no better? Hell, you probably got it from me. You sure didn't get it from your mother 'cos she was great that way. Anytime she ever met anybody she could always find something to like about them. One of the things I loved her for. It's one of the things I love Sherry for. She's a lot like your mother that way. She'll always find something - even with you two.

Frasier: Well, I suppose we could all afford to be a bit more open-minded when it comes to each other's mates.

Martin: Well, at the very least, if we can't say anything nice we shouldn't say anything at all.

The doorbell rings.

Niles: I'll be having some quiet Thanksgivings, but fine with me.

Frasier opens the door to Sherry.

Frasier: Hi, Sherry

Niles: Hi.

Frasier: Don't you look nice? Come on in.

Sherry: Well, thank you, Frasier. Oh Marty, I brought you one more little gift. [hands over a parcel]

Martin: Another one?

Sherry: Well, I wanted to give it to you on your birthday but it took me a while to find the right size.

Martin: Really? I'm usually a pretty easy fit.

Sherry: Who said it's for you to wear?

Martin: Ho-ho, I like it already.

Niles and Frasier just roll their eyes slightly and look at each other. Sherry notices their discomfort.

Sherry: Oh, I should stop. I'm embarrassing your boys.

Martin: No, you're not. [looks at them both] Is she?

Niles: [clearly faking] Nooooo!

Frasier: Party on!

Martin: [holding Sherry's hand] Well, I think we should go and unwrap this.

As they go, Frasier is unwilling to let Martin have the last word.

Frasier: Oh, Dad? Lilith mentioned that she was going to be joining Frederick on his next visit. You don't mind if she stays here, do you?

Martin: [*clearly faking*] Oh, Lilith! No, great, I love Lilith. That's terrific. She's welcome here any time.

Sherry: Honey, you're hurting my hand.

Frasier and Niles smile at each other.

Sherry: [*to Niles and Frasier*] Oh listen, I should mention I'm kind of a sleepwalker, so if you get up in the night and find me in here naked, just give me a good hard shake. I'll come to in a jiff.

Frasier and Niles both laugh at this.

Frasier: Got me, good one!

But Martin and Sherry aren't laughing. The boys stop and look at each other worryingly... then Martin and Sherry burst out laughing.

As they head off to the bedroom Niles reaches for Martin's Ballantine.

End of Act 2

Credits:

Frasier and Niles are sitting on the couch looking dumbstruck. The camera pans right to show Eddie and Martin are sitting in their usual places. Martin notices the boys' faces and waves his cane at them to cheer up. Frasier and Niles immediately force a smile and try to clap their hands in delight.

The camera pans right again, and we see what they are being treated to - Sherry on her banjo!

As she and Martin trade a look, Frasier and Niles take covert swigs from bottles of Maalox and then hide them under the table.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Star

MARSHA MASON as Sherry Dempsey

Guest Starring

JANE KACZMAREK as Maureen

Thanks To...

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