

[5.10]

Where Every Bloke Knows Your Name

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Transcript {nicholas hartley}

Act One.

A LONG TIME AGO
IN A PREP SCHOOL
FAR, FAR AWAY...

Scene One

Many years ago, in a Seattle prep school, a young Niles and a young Frasier are having lunch and a discussion in the school cafeteria. Of course, they were even more snobbish then than they are today. As Frasier eats, Niles carefully wipes his utensils with a napkin.

Young Frasier: I specifically requested my macaroni & cheese *al denté*.

Young Niles: I know. This lunch is a culinary Hindenberg.

Young Frasier: Niles, have you ever considered that our food may be payback for your recent editorial, "Cafeteria Of Shame"?

Young Niles: Well, they can't intimidate me. They'll never silence my pen. I could write an exposé on their baked goods alone.

Young Frasier: [*knocks bread roll on table before a pun alert:*] Yes, this is the hardest roll since Hamlet!

Young Niles: Good one, Frasier. May I use it?

Young Frasier: But of course.

Fade Back to the present day, Niles and Frasier are in Café Nervosa, still whittling on about the food.

Niles: These biscotti represent an all-time low. Chalky aftertaste, inelegant aroma, spongy!

Frasier: Yes, and what is a spongy biscotti but an unwelcome trespasser into Madeline territory?

Niles: Have you seen how stale these pistachios are? It's like swallowing gravel. It's a wonder I escaped permanent injury.

Frasier: [*sarcastic:*] Yes, your ability to cheat death at every turn never ceases to amaze.

Niles: Someone's in a mood today.

Frasier: Yes, sorry Niles. You know sometimes you just find yourself getting restless?

Niles: I'm fearing I'm about to.

Niles mobile sounds to which he answers.

Niles: [to phone:] Hello. Yes? Really? Bravo! *Excellenté! Benissimo!* [hangs up:] You'll never guess who that was!

Frasier: The Three Tenors?

Niles: No, it was my antiques scout. The present I ordered for Maris's birthday has arrived. I got her the most exquisite antique saddle.

Frasier: Oh. How's it look on you?

Niles: [looks at Frasier:] You won't laugh when you see it. It is bejewelled but not overdone, much like my Maris. The craftsmanship is breathtaking. It's been so expertly restored you can barely see the stitching.

Frasier: Again, like Maris!

Niles: Someone *is* in a mood today. [receives bill:] I'll get this.

Frasier: Thank you Niles, it's... perhaps you can run along to the wine club on your own tonight.

Niles: [surprised:] What?

Frasier: Well, it'll just be the same old faces rehashing the same boring topics.

Niles: You're more upset than I realised. Let's do something to take your mind off it. Dinner? Chamber music? There's a wonderful lecture series on the history of modern lecture series.

Frasier: I'm sorry, I don't think so. You know, I just feel like being on my own tonight. You don't mind, do you?

Niles: Of course not, I'll just see you at Puchino for lunch tomorrow.

Frasier: Well maybe we ought to play that by ear as well.

Niles: As you wish.

Frasier: You're not upset, are you?

Niles: Frasier, I'd have to have a pretty fragile ego to be upset just because you want to take some time away from me.

Waiter: Do you want to pay?

Niles: Separate checks, please! [turns away from Frasier]

Scene Two - Apartment

Later, back at Frasier's apartment, Martin's card friends are waiting. There's Roz, Frank, Leo, Jimmy & Duke. Martin's in the kitchen preparing his food. Frasier watches him whilst Daphne does the dishes.

Martin: Alright. Here we go: cold cuts, pizza rolls, deviled eggs, pork roll-ups; all right.

Frasier: [sarcastic:] Yes, the ideal buffet for a group of heavysset men over sixty! I assume everyone's ready to order.

Martin: Well, we're about ready to start our poker game.

Daphne: Don't worry Mr. Crane, I'll be on my way in a minute.

Martin: OK. Well, we're about ready to start our poker game.

Frasier: I heard you, dad. I'm just trying to figure out what I'm going to do with myself this evening. My old routine doesn't seem to satisfy me anymore, I'm trying to think of something new. Oh, I know - maybe I could join you and the guys for some cards, eh?

Martin: Oh, I don't know about that, Frasier; I just don't think you'd fit in!

Frasier: Why not? Roz is playing!

Martin: Roz is like one of the guys. She knows more dirty jokes than Duke!

Frasier: Oh, if that's the criteria, I'm sure I could tell you a tale or two which would make you blush like a school girl.

Martin: That's what I'm afraid of!

Daphne: Oh let him play, it can't hurt anything.

Martin: Alright, come on.

*Martin enters the room with Frasier following carrying the tray.
Frasier sits between Roz and Martin.*

Martin: Guys, Frasier's going to sit in with us tonight.

The guys give a polite manly cheer.

Roz: Really? You're going to play with us.

Frasier: Why not, Roz? Don't look so surprised. 'Sides, there's nothing I enjoy more than a good old-fashioned night with the guys.

He sits at the table with them, next to Roz.

Frank: OK, get ready, seven buck limit high and low, chips to win, high and low, the wheel is no good.

Frasier: Perfect.

Leo: No Check in rays? Three buck limit.

Frasier: Sounds good.

Roz: You're lost, aren't you?

Frasier: Like a Bedouin in a sandstorm!

Leo: So, you guys got your all-weather tires on ya?

Frank: I'm going to Richie's for some bodywork afterwards.

Roz: Go to Tim's, you get free a overhaul.

Duke: You ever been to Hank's? Now there's a garage.

Martin: King bets, fifty cents. Yeah, I've been to Hank's, right next to Mike's Hardware, right?

Jimmy: Why I was in Mike's the other day, they got those new cordless drills.

Frank: Still go to Mike's? You ought to try Tommy's. They give away free battery testers with every purchase.

Frasier: I'm out!

Frasier gets away from the non-sensical mayhem to Daphne in the kitchen.

Frasier: Well, that was a bust!

Daphne: Be glad before the debate begins over who would be the most fun on a desert island - Angie Dickinson or Ursula Andress?

Frasier: That's ludicrous... it's Angie Dickinson.

Daphne: You know, Dr. Crane, I know it's none of my business but... Oh, never mind.

Frasier: No, no, go ahead.

Daphne: Perhaps you've been feeling restless lately because of a lack of, well, you know, female companionship. So I thought...

Frasier: Oh, dear!

Daphne: Just listen. I'm meeting my friend Clare for drinks tonight - she's complained of feeling restless...

Frasier: Just stop right there. I think by now you'd know my policy on fix-up's.

Daphne: She's pretty, she's lonely and she's an underwear model.

Frasier: So you do know my policy. Off we go!

Frasier and Daphne leave.

**SO AUTHENTIC THERE ISN'T
AN ICE CUBE IN THE JOINT**

Scene Three - The Fox & Whistle

A few moments later, they arrive at "The Fox & Whistle", a typical English pub. There are English flags around the place and other Anglican items.

Daphne: Say hello to the "Fox & Whistle."

Frasier: You point her out and I will! [laughs]

Winston: [in English accent from behind the bar:] Hi-ay love, give us a kiss!

Frasier: Hope he's talking to you.

Daphne: [goes forward] Evening, all!

Clare, a slender redhead sitting at a table with two men, sees her.

Clare: [comes over] Daphne!

Daphne: There's Clare now.

Frasier: My, she's everything you said she was...

Clare: [excited:] I'm engaged!

Frasier: And more!

Daphne: When did this happen?

Clare: Well, my old boyfriend, Bob, surprised me two nights ago. You gotta meet him, he's right over there.

Someone who looks utterly different gives a wave. He's sitting next to another man.

Clare: He even brought someone you might be interested in.

Daphne: Oh, he is nice looking, isn't he?

Bob, who is apparently deaf and dumb, slowly mouths, "I LOVE YOU" to Clare while signing the same with his hands.

Clare: Coming, pookie.

Daphne turns to Frasier for sympathy.

Daphne: Oh sorry, Dr. Crane, it seems like I've brought you down here for nothing.

Frasier: Oh hardly. If not for you I would have missed seeing the World's Most Nauseating Couple defend their title.

A quick shot of Clare and Bob is shown.

Daphne: We can leave if you like.

Frasier: No, no, you go talk with your friend; I'll have a drink.

Daphne: You sure?

Frasier: Sure. [turns to bar as Daphne exits]

Winston: What d'ya need?

Frasier: Well, funny, I've been asking myself that same question all day, it seems that lately my life...

Winston: I'll come back. [serves someone else]

Scene Four - Apartment

Meanwhile, Martin, Roz and the gang are still enjoying their chat over their game of cards.

Frank: I forgot that story!

Martin: Oh geez, it still doesn't top the time Leo and I were sent to break up that fight in the strip joint.

Leo: Oh, boy!

Martin: We walked in there and I'm telling you there was this one girl...

Frank: Hey Marty, Marty! Maybe you shouldn't tell that story.

Martin: What, because of Roz?

Roz: Oh please, Frank! If I can handle the Angie/Ursula debate, I think I can handle this!

Leo: But you agree with me on that one, right? You said you'd rather sleep with Angie?

Roz: One more time Leo. [slowly:] If I had to choose, yes!

Martin: Hey Leo, you start telling them that strip joint story; you guy's are going to bust a gut! Anyone else need a beer?

All Bar

Roz: Yes!

Martin: Roz?

Roz: Remember?

Martin: Oh geez, I'm sorry, I forgot, yeah! [goes to the kitchen]

Frank: What's the matter, Roz? You think you won't be able to control yourself with all these handsome guys here? [laughs]

Roz: It's a little late for that, Frank. I'm pregnant.

Frank: What?! That's great! I remember when my Annie was pregnant. There is nothing more beautiful than a pregnant broad!

Leo: You're in for a real treat, Roz. The best thing I ever did was having kids.

Duke: You know from the moment you hold that brand new baby in your arms, your whole life changes.

Jimmy: You're right about that!

Frank: What about when they grab your fingers with those little hands, that's one of the greatest feelings there ever is.

Duke: Yeah the joy of seeing them look up at you and smile.

Jimmy: Cherish every moment, Roz.

Frank: He's right. One minute they're sitting on your lap; you're their whole world. Next thing: they're growing up, out of the door with lives of their own!

Leo: And it's just you, old and alone in an empty house.

Duke: It's so empty.

They all sit in morbid silence, thinking about how bad their lives are and how bad Roz's life will be. Martin enters and is surprised by this lifeless scene.

Martin: Leo, I don't think you told that story right!

Scene Five - the Pub

Meanwhile, in the Ladies room at the "Fox & Whistle", Clare and Daphne are having a little chat. Daphne is carefully brushing out her hair.

Clare: I think that Steven likes you!

Daphne: I hope so. He's adorable. I must say I was flattered when he assumed I was an underwear model too.

Clare: I noticed you didn't rush to correct him.

Daphne: There'll be time for that after the wedding! [they laugh] Ah, maybe I should just tell Dr. Crane to run along home.

Clare: I'm surprised you even brought your boss down here, I couldn't never relax around mine. What if he took a liking to the place?

Daphne: [laughs] Oh that's nothing I have to worry about, this pub really isn't his style!

Daphne and Clare leave the ladies to find a big group around the piano singing "Roll Out The Barrel." Frasier is mid-centre.

Gang: Zing, boom, tararrel!

Ring out a song of good cheer!

It's time to roll out the barrel!

Coz the gangs all here!

Frasier: Daphne, come and sing a song with us!

Daphne: Well, actually...

Frasier: Oh, you're not shy about singing in the house.

Steven: You two live together?

Frasier: Yes! She's my dad's health care worker.

Steven: [to Daphne:] I thought you modeled underwear!

Frasier: No! Only if her robes aren't stitched up tight enough!
[laughs]

Steven walks away; Daphne shouts after him.

Terrence: Come on Frasier, we're going to do "Knees Up Mother Brown".

Frasier: I don't know "Knees Up Mother Brown". I know what, let's bring some sheet music tomorrow night.

Daphne: Tomorrow?!

Frasier: Yes.

Daphne: But you can't! I mean... do you know you have that gallery opening tomorrow?

Frasier: No, but if you hum a few bars I'll try to pick it up! [laughs]

The gang begin singing "Roll Out The Barrel" again as Daphne looks bewildered and angry. The scene freezes at the end of the act with Frasier having fun. This looks similar to the "Cheers" opening credits.

End Of Act One. (Time: 9:12)

Act Two.

Scene One - Apartment

Martin is on the phone to Sherry, he's ready for some action.

Martin: [into phone:] Hey Sherry, Daphne's finally clearing out for the night. Why don't you come over? I'll, er, you know, get a fire going, open a bottle of bubbly, put a little Bobby Darin on the stereo, and then look out, Mackie's back in town! Yes, I thought it up before I called you. What's the difference? OK, see you soon. [Daphne enters] Wow, Daphne, don't you look beautiful.

Daphne: Thank you. It's so nice to finally have my pub back again. At least for a night.

Martin: Yeah.

Daphne: You are sure Dr. Crane has plans?

Martin: Oh, yeah, Niles called; they're going to the opera.

Daphne: Let's hope it's one of those long German ones - I don't want him showing up for last call!

Martin: Right!

Martin leaves to his bedroom as Frasier enters.

Frasier: Good evening, Daphne. Wow, you look smashing!

Daphne: Oh thanks, I'm was just on my way out.

Frasier: What, to the "Fox & Whistle"? I'll go with you! Let me just grab me mack and me broolly and Bob's your uncle!

Daphne: But wait! I thought you were going to the opera with your brother?

Frasier: That's tomorrow night. Gee, I hope Winston's at the pub - I owe him five quid from the other night!

Daphne: Suddenly I'm not feeling so well.

Frasier: Oh, really? I hope it's not that flu that's going around.

Daphne: I think I'll just stay home tonight.

Frasier: Yes, yes, that's probably for the best. You've got to be careful what you bring down to the pub with you.

Daphne: [trying to drop a hint:] Tell me about it!

At that moment Niles enters from the front door.

Frasier: Hello, Niles.

Niles: Frasier.

Frasier: Something the matter?

Niles: *[pouring a sherry]* Oh, I had a rough night last night.

Frasier: How so?

Niles: Oh, I gave Maris her birthday saddle. She was so thrilled she treated me to a little Lady Godiva impression.

Frasier: Oh, my!

Niles: Apparently the oils in the saddle reacted badly with her cellulite cream and created a powerful epoxy.

Frasier: Oh, dear!

Niles: Yes, it took an hour and a full bottle of nail polish remover to get her free. Today her poor little thighs were so sore the only way she could find comfort was to straddle a frozen butterball turkey. The only thing that cheered me up all day was the thought of our box at the opera tonight.

Frasier: Well, that's tomorrow night, Niles.

Niles: No, no, it's tonight. I have the tickets right here.
[waves them]

Frasier: Oh, no.

Niles: *[surprised:]* Is there a problem?

Frasier: Well yes, there's a billiard tournament at the pub tonight.

Niles: You're passing up "Orpheus & Eurydice" to shoot pool at some sticky-bear salon?!

Frasier: Yeah well, my partner, Terrence has agreed to skip a family wedding just to participate - I can't leave him in the lurch. Isn't there somebody else who could take my place?

Niles: At this point I just so need to be by myself. My brother has abandoned me, my wife is cursing my name. Tonight when Orpheus descends into hell, I'll be there waiting for him with a fruit basket! *[exits, Frasier follows]*

Frasier: Oh, Niles! You can't stay mad at me, I promise I'll make it up to you. Press for the lift, won't you? Don't look at me that way, that's what they call it!

Frasier and Niles leave as Martin enters. He dims the lights down and lights a couple of candles as he prances around, excited. Daphne suddenly walks in, in robe, and brings the lights back up.

Daphne: Why is it so bloody dark in here? It's bad enough I have to stay home all evening, I'm not going blind as well!

Martin: What? You're staying in tonight?

Daphne: I don't have much choice, since that son of yours decided to go to my pub again. I mean, imagine being so dense that he can completely ruin someone else's evening and not even be aware of it. This wax is dripping! *[blows out candles]*

Martin: Have you tried maybe dropping a hint? *[pops open the champagne loudly]*

Daphne: Oh believe me, I've dropped plenty; they go right over his head! *[notices bubbly:]* Oh, I'll have a glass of that!

Martin: Daphne, I've got to level with you: Sherry's coming over and I really hoped to have the place to myself tonight. You know, I really think you should talk to Frasier, and I'm not just saying this because I want you to get the hell out of here! It's your pub and you ought to tell him that he's got to find his own place.

Daphne: I can't say that!

Martin: Well the longer you let it go, the more attached he's going to get to that place.

Daphne: But he's my boss.

Martin: But it's your pub.

Daphne: OK. That's it, I'm going to talk to him.

Martin: Good for you.

The phone rings as Daphne leaves. Martin answers it.

Martin: [to phone:] Hello? No, Maris, sorry, you just missed him. Why are you teeth chattering? You're kidding me. Can't you just use the defroster?!

Scene Two - The Pub

In "The Fox & Whistle", Frasier is giving his sorrows to Terrence about his billiard playing.

Frasier: Gee Terrence, I never dreamed we'd be eliminated from the tournament in the first round. Guess I'm a little rustier than I thought. Hey, maybe you can still make that wedding reception.

Terrence: It's in Liverpool!

Frasier: Well then, [takes pints] these are on me.

Winston notices Daphne and everyone says "hi." This is getting to be quite the cliché by now.

Daphne: Dr. Crane, I have to talk to you.

Frasier: By all means, Daphne. Oh, Winston, let's have one of these pints for Miss Moon, please. [he hands one over] Oh, this is a really nice surprise, Daphne, you must be feeling better. Here we are. You make a toast.

Daphne: I don't want you coming down here ever again!

Frasier: Well, I guess "here's mud in your eye" sounded mean the first time too!

Daphne: I'm sorry if that sounds a bit harsh, but I don't know what else to do. This pub is where I come to get away from things - including my job - and you are my boss...

Frasier: Daphne, I'm so sorry.

Daphne: I know that must sound selfish.

Frasier: No, no, not at all. You know, back in Boston I had a bar like this one, I certainly understand what it's like to have a place where you can get away. So, we've just got one solution: This is your bar, I'll just go.

Daphne: I do appreciate this, Dr. Crane. I know you've made friends here too.

Frasier: I've only been coming here a week - you've got a history here!

Daphne: They've become like family to me.

Frasier: Yes, I'll just settle up and go.

A man walks in who everybody greets as Freddy.

Freddy: Hey, I haven't been gone that long - two months is all. [to Daphne:] Who's this pretty new girl?

Winston: Oh, that's Daphne. She's Clare's friend. She's only been coming in the last month or so.

Frasier: A month?

Daphne: [ignoring:] Hello. Well, I'll see you at home, Dr. Crane.

Frasier: You've only been coming down here for a month?

Daphne: That's still longer than you!

Frasier: Yes, well there's certainly no way I'm leaving now!

Daphne: What?

Frasier: Daphne, this bar has filled up a void in my life. I'm not just going to throw that away just because you beat me here by a fortnight!

Daphne: Stop talking like us!

Winston: Here, here, I don't know what you two are arguing about, but we settle things around here with a quick game of cricket.

[gives Frasier some darts]

Frasier: Darts?

Winston: Yeah, rules are on the board.

Daphne: There's gotta be a better way than that.

Frasier: Oh I don't know. It's decisive, better than standing around here bickering.

Daphne: It's not exactly my game.

Frasier: Well, it's not mine either.

Daphne: Well, alright. Let's try it.

Frasier: You shoot first, Daphne. You know, I'm rather proud of us: two people in conflict, we've found a civilised way to settle it.

Daphne throws her first dart and Frasier notices what she has done.

Frasier: Oh, my!

Daphne: Is that good?

Frasier: Quite good.

Daphne: Lucky shot, then.

Daphne throws her last two shots.

Frasier: Daphne, If I didn't know better, I'd think you were trying to hustle me!

Daphne: *[laughs]* Oh, not at all. I may have played a game or two of feathers in my day.

Frasier: A game or two? You've just made about the most difficult shot on the board!

Daphne: Actually, that's only the second most difficult.

Frasier takes his first shot.

Daphne: *[taken aback]* That's the most difficult.

Frasier: Come to think of it, there might have been a dart board in that bar in Boston...

Scene Three

Later, Daphne and Frasier are nearing the end of their game.

Daphne: Well look at that, it's all tied up!

Frasier: Yes, who would have guessed those hands are so skilled. Certainly no one who's sampled your corned beef hash! *[throws shot:]* Ha! I score again!

Daphne: That's not something we hear out of your mouth very often!

Daphne lines up her next shot.

Frasier: You don't want to rush this. *[Daphne loses her concentration]* A lot riding on this shot. *[She loses it again]*

Daphne: There is such a thing as sportsmanship.

Frasier: Oh, really? This from a woman who made armpit noises during my last round!

Daphne plays a bad shot.

Daphne: Sod!

Frasier: *[sarcastic:]* I am so sorry, Daphne! Now all I have to do is make this relatively simple shot - unless of course you'd like to concede defeat.

Daphne: *[laughs]* That's typical American arrogance. We Brits don't

know the meaning of the word "defeat!"

Frasier: Oh really, then I suppose you're not acquainted with that little spat we refer to as the Revolutionary War!

The surrounding Anglicans here his words and begin standing up.

Daphne: Oh, just like a Yank! Insulting us Brits to cover up your inferiority complex!

Frasier: What exactly should we feel inferior about, your pioneering work in the field of soccer hooliganism?!

Daphne: Oh, say your worst. We both know there isn't as much dignity in this entire country as our Queen's got in her little finger.

Frasier: [*sarcastic:*] Oh yes, you've really bested me there, what could be more dignified than a dainty old sandbag who wears a flowerpot on her head! [*takes shot*] I win! The bar is mine!

Frasier turns round and sees everyone looking down on him in a gang.

Frasier: Oh, lose the long faces, lads, I'm staying. Oh good Lord, I hope you didn't take those little barbs about the motherland seriously!

Terrence: Perhaps you'd better leave now.

They march forward as one, pressing him out.

Frasier: Oh, Daphne'll tell you there's no greater Anglophile than I. I have all my suits made at Savile Row. I spell "colour" with a "u!"

But he's gone. Daphne smiles and takes a stool.

Scene Four

The next day, in Café Nervosa, Frasier meets Niles after a long time away.

Frasier: Hello, Niles.

Niles: Well, look who's here. Take a wrong turn on the way to the pub?

Frasier: Actually, that scene has grown tiresome, and I... I miss this place.

Niles: I've spoken to Daphne. I take it it's over over there.

Frasier: You don't have to rub it in. Anyway, I know I owe you an apology for the other night so, here. I've brought you a peace offering. [*hands a CD to Niles*]

Niles: "Orpheus & Eurydice", thank you Frasier. [*gasps:*] The Glyndeborne production! I don't have this one.

Frasier: You're going to love it! The choice is particularly moving, and Janet Baker's Act Three aria is...

Now we travel back in time to prep school where a young Frasier is also giving a peace offering to young Niles.

Young Frasier: -is quite simply it's the best consecutive aria I've ever heard.

Young Niles: Oh thank you, Frasier. I don't have "Orpheus & Eurydice" on 8-track yet! I'm surprised to see you - [*sarcastic:*] No woodworking club today?

Young Frasier: Oh, to tell you the truth, I've grown tired of that crowd, with their stupid bookends and birdhouses. As soon as I've finished slacking my shoe trees I'm out of there.

Young Niles: You got thrown out, didn't you?

Young Frasier: I did not.

Young Niles: Frasier, I can see right through you.

Young Frasier: Are you a psychiatrist?!

Young Niles: Oh no, I'm not a psychiatrist but I can see it in your face...

They begin arguing just as they do in the modern day.

End Of Act Two. (Time: 20:00)

Credits:

It's Martin's poker night again. Frasier has decided to sit in. Martin leaves to get the beers but Frasier manages to hustle them away to the other side of the room. He gets them on the piano - singing. When Martin comes back he's mad so he sits down and cheats on the poker game.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

RON DEAN as Frank
 PAUL CUSIMANO as Waiter
 ANDREW DORSETT as Young Frasier
 AL FANN as Jimmy
 GABRIELLE FITPATRICK as Clare
 BILL GRATTON as Leo
 JOHN LaMOTTA as Duke
 LAURENCE LAU as Steven
 DAVID MANIS as Terrence
 ADRIAN NEIL as Freddy
 MARK RYAN as Winston
 MICHAEL WELCH as Young Niles

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