

[5.18]Bad Dog

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ACT ONE

Scene One - Int. Cafe Nervosa

Frasier is in a long line behind Bulldog to get coffee. Bulldog is reading the paper.

Frasier: What's going on, anyway? [*glances at watch*] My God, I've got an appointment in twenty minutes.

Bulldog: Ah, some weenie made a big stink so they've gotta clean the milk steamer every time they use it.

Frasier: Oh.

Bulldog: [*turning back*] Is was you, wasn't it?

Frasier: [*haughtily*] Well, if requesting basic sanitary procedures makes me a weenie, then a weenie be I.

Roz enters with a dress bag in her arms.

Roz: Hi, guys.

Frasier/Bulldog: Hey, Roz.

Roz: [*glances at line*] Oh, God, Frasier, what stupid suggestion did you make this time?

Frasier: Nice to see you, too, Roz.

Roz: Sorry. I just spent two hours trying on jumbo formal wear for the SeaBea awards.

Roz holds up a garish, sequin-covered silver dress with a monstrous silver bow on the back.

Roz: [*smirk*] The best part was when the size two sales girl said I could use this again after my pregnancy.

Frasier: Well, perhaps you could... [*gestures*] cut off the bow, remove the sleeves, and, uh...

Bulldog: Stick a pole in it and go camping.

Roz: You know, if I'm gonna stick a pole some place....

Frasier: Children!

Bulldog: [*reaching the counter*] Coffee to go. Black.

Frasier: I, for one, am looking forward to the SeaBeas.

Bulldog: Why? You're not gonna win. They never give it to the emcee! Now me? I'm a lock.

Frasier: Well, you're awfully cocky.

Bulldog: Hey, if knowing I'm the best thing on the air makes me cocky, then cocky be I.

Frasier: Ah.

While they are talking, a man walks in front of them to the left. He's wearing a dark baseball cap.

Bulldog: [ignoring him] See? You're not the only one who can talk classy.

Roz: [confused] How is that talking like Lassie?

Frasier: Let's just move on, shall we?

Roz walks toward the side of the counter. Frasier looks at the man who's just passed and then nudges Roz.

Frasier: [whispering] Roz! That man, he's got a gun!

Indeed, the man has a gun in the front of his pants, and he seems to be trying to discreetly remove it. Roz looks and gasps.

Bulldog: [overhearing] He's got a gun!

Coffee goes flying. Bulldog grabs Roz and pulls her away from the gunman, falling on the floor. The gunman makes a run for it and makes it out of the cafe.

Frasier: Roz, are you all right?

Roz: Yeah, uh....

Bulldog stands up, dusting himself off. He sees the gun on the ground and picks it up.

Roz: Bulldog, I can't believe you did that! [hugs him] You saved me!

Bulldog: [confused] Uh, I just did what anyone would've done.

Two women approach.

Customer 1: You were so brave! [kisses him on cheek]

Customer 2: [hugs him] You're a hero!

A large man approaches and tries to hug Bulldog.

Bulldog: Hey, close enough.

They shake hands.

FADE OUT

BAD DOG

*Scene Two - Int. elevator at Elliot Bay Towers
The elevator doors are closing.*

Niles: [o.s.] Excuse me, would you hold that, please?

The doors open to reveal Frasier. Niles steps on elevator, wearing a grey billed cap that looks ridiculous on him.

Frasier: Niles!

Niles: Frasier, I was just on my way up to see you!

Frasier looks at Niles' hat.

Frasier: Niles, what have we determined about your success with... impulse purchases?

Niles: Really? The salesman thought I could pull it off.

Frasier: My suggestion exactly.

Niles removes the cap.

Niles: Fine. Fine. [*excitedly*] Frasier, ask me if I have news.

Frasier: Actually, I've got some news of my own. In the cafe today - [*glances at Niles, who is glaring at him*] Oh, for God's sake. Niles, do you have news?

Niles: Indeed I do. First of all, congratulations on your SeaBea nomination.

Frasier: Thank you.

Niles: Now, congratulate me on mine!

Frasier: What are you talking about?

Niles: [*pulls out papers*] Well, if you'd bothered to look past your own name on the first page, you'd have found mine right after it on page... [*flips through pages*] fifteen.

Frasier: [*reads*] "Best Performance By a Guest on an Information Show."

Niles: Yes, it's for that spot I did on KJSB when I discussed the psychological effects of long-term inclement weather.

Frasier: [*turning away, amused*] Ah, yes, yes, yes.... Thirty minutes of psychobabble all reducible to one phrase: "Rain, rain, go away."

The elevator doors open. Niles follows Frasier to the door. Frasier looks for his key.

Niles: I'm hardly surprised you feel the need to belittle my nomination. In your mind, you're the success, the famous one. I'm just invisible. That's not the way the rest of the world sees me.

Frasier opens the door. Daphne and Martin rush up to him, ignoring Niles.

Martin: [*hugging Frasier*] Oh, Frasier, boy, am I glad to see you!

Frasier: Oh, thanks, guys, thank you.

Daphne: [*also hugging him*] Doctor Crane, thank goodness you're home!

Niles: [*large, forced grin*] I'm also here!

Daphne: We heard what happened at the café.

Frasier: Yes, Niles, as I have tried to tell you, there was an attempted armed robbery today at the café.

Niles: Good heavens! Was anyone hurt?

Frasier: No, no, no, thank goodness. It all diffused rather quickly. Tempest in a tea pot, really. [*rubs Daphne's shoulders as he walks back to hang up his coat*] Thank you.

Niles: [*walking to coat rack and removing trench coat*] Well, that's a relief! On a more pleasant topic, this afternoon, I found out-

Frasier: Oh, Niles, hold on a second. [*points at Martin and Daphne*] How did you two hear about it?

Daphne: On the news!

Martin: Boy, Bulldog really saved the day!

Frasier: [*hanging coat, shocked*] They said that on the news?

Martin: Oh, yeah, how he swept Roz out of the way and then threw his hot coffee on the gunman!

Frasier walks over to stand behind Martin's chair. The others follow.

Frasier: That's not how it happened at all! Why would he say such a thing?

Niles: Well, it was drizzling today, and people act strangely when

it rains, as I pointed out in my SeaBea-nominated-

Frasier: Shut up, Niles.

Martin: Well, then what did happen?

FLASHBACK TO: the scene in the café. It plays out step by step as Frasier explains it.

Frasier: [v.o.] Well, we were all standing at the counter, when I noticed a man with a gun. I warned Roz. Bulldog saw a different man reaching for his wallet, and thought he was the gunman. That's when he grabbed Roz and held her in front of him as a human shield! But as he did that, he accidentally knocked his coffee onto the actual gunman, burning his hand, causing him to drop his weapon and run out!

DISSOLVE BACK TO: int Elliot Bay Towers.

Daphne: And no one else saw that happen?

Frasier: Well, apparently not.

Daphne goes to sit on the couch.

Martin: Wow, I can't believe Bulldog'd use Roz like that!

Niles: Why didn't you say anything?

Frasier: Well, I was just so relieved everyone was all right at first! I suppose it did irk me when everyone was praising him, and the owner of the cafe promised him a lifetime supply of muffins! [pause] Well, I never thought it'd go this far. I never thought I'd hear it on the news! [walks over to pour himself a sherry]

Daphne: I wonder how much that would be, a lifetime supply of muffins?

Frasier: I'm certainly not going to let Bulldog get away with this!

Daphne: [folding underwear] I don't think I've ever seen Bulldog eat a muffin. A lifetime supply would be wasted on him!

Frasier: I'm going to tell him I saw exactly what happened!

Daphne: Now me, I could eat a muffin a day, some days even two knowing they'd be free. So that'd be... [thinking hard] ten a week, fifty-two weeks a year, for at least another... forty years, which works out to.... [looks aghast at the Cranes] Twenty thousand muffins! My life suddenly seems long, measured in muffins.

FADE TO:

Scene Three - int Frasier's booth at the station.

Frasier is concluding his show.

Frasier: Well, that's all the time we have for today. Good afternoon, Seattle, and good mental health. [off-air] Roz, did you see Bulldog come in?

Roz enters, carrying a basket of cookies. She sets them down by Frasier.

Roz: No, I haven't. I've been looking for him myself.

Frasier reaches for a cookie, and Roz slaps his hand.

Roz: Stop that, they're for him!

Frasier: [frustrated] Do you really think he had anything to do with...

Bulldog walks by outside the booth, followed by a large group of

people.

Roz: There he is!

Bulldog: [*from outside; whistles*] Hey, hey, hey! Nothing new here.
[*entering book, pushing his cart*] I take my pants off one leg at a time, just like everybody else. You can vouch for that, can't you, Myrna?

Roz: Hey, Bulldog, I made these cookies for you.

Bulldog: [*slaps stomach*] Wow, I already had a bunch of muffins, but... there's always room for a cookie. [*takes bite*] Um, where's the milk?

Roz: [*running out*] Ooh, coming right up!

Frasier: Hello, Bulldog.

Bulldog: Hey, doc! This hero stuff is the best! Hey, last night, sisters. At one point, I was a hero sandwich! [*snickers*]

Frasier: Just drop it. I saw what you did yesterday. [*standing*]

Bulldog: [*sniggering*] Yeah, I saved your butt.

Frasier: [*angrily*] Saved my butt, my ass! You pulled Roz in front of you to protect yourself! Everything else that happened was simply by accident.

Bulldog: [*yelling, pointing*] THAT STINKS! THAT'S TOTAL BS! I'm a hero! I'm a brave, brave man! [*lowers voice*] Aw, Jeez, you're not gonna tell, are you?

Frasier: Give me one good reason why I shouldn't.

Bulldog: You like muffins?

Frasier: You know what, I was determined to expose you, but it suddenly occurs to me I don't have to. You'll do it yourself. And you know why? Because a guilty conscience needs no accuser.
[*turns away*]

Bulldog: [*hopefully*] That means you won't tell?

Frasier: [*turns back, shaking finger*] Once again, I don't have to, because a guilty conscience sleeps in thunder!

Bulldog looks confused as he chews his cookie.

Frasier: It means I won't tell.

Producer: [*v.o.*] Twenty seconds, Bulldog.

Frasier walks toward door.

Frasier: You know, actually I'll be fascinated as a psychiatrist to watch this little experiment. I know that deep down you feel bad about what you've done. And you'll feel worse every time you capitalize on it. How long before your conscience finally overwhelms you?

Producer: You're on.

Bulldog: [*on air*] Hey, sports fans! This is Bob Bulldog Briscoe, and you're in the doghouse! [*honks horn, barks*] Let's go to the phones!

Roz: [*on air, from inside producer's booth*] Hey, everybody, this is Roz Doyle, and I have some very exciting news! Each year, at the SeaBea Awards, one radio personality receives the Harold Hirschauer Man of the Year Award...

Bulldog looks distinctly nervous. Frasier watches him with an "I knew it" expression on his face.

Roz: ...and this year, our winner is our very own Bulldog Briscoe, who was chosen for his heroism! Congratulations, Bulldog!

Frasier: Well, what do you say to that, hero?

Bulldog: [*into mike*] Well, this is incredible. I.. I uh really feel honored....

Roz brings in a jug of milk. Bulldog looks at it guiltily.

Bulldog: But I gotta clear something up.

Frasier smiles.

Bulldog: Yesterday, at the cafe, this young lady kept coming up to me saying, "You're my hero. How can I ever thank you?" Well, I've got a confession to make. [*glances at Frasier*] [*grins*] I lost your number, but if you call in, baby, I've got an answer for you!

Frasier walks out, indignant.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene One - Int. Frasier's Living Room at the Elliot Bay Towers. Niles sits on Frasier's couch while Daphne stands behind Martin's chair.

Niles: Okay, I'm ready. Go ahead, Daphne.

Daphne takes a deep breath and pretends to be opening an envelope.

Daphne: And the SeaBea goes to... [*Niles looks anxious*] Doctor Niles Crane!

Niles plasters a goofy, shocked expression on his face and stand up.

Niles: Oh! Oh!

He walks over to Daphne, who is standing with a garish statuette of Frasier's.

Daphne: Congratulations! [*hands him statue*]

Niles: Thank you! You know, to be accurate, it's traditional for the presenter to kiss and embrace the winner.

Daphne: [*confused*] But won't your brother be the presenter?

Niles: Well, we can't know that for certain.

Daphne: [*nods*] Oh. All right, then. [*kisses and hugs him*]

Frasier enters from outside hall.

Daphne: [*pulling away from Niles*] Hello, Doctor Crane! We're just practicing for Saturday night. Best-case scenario.

Frasier: Obviously.

Martin enters from kitchen.

Martin: Hey, Daph, your pie's done.

Daphne: Oh, thanks. [*to Frasier*] Will you be joining us for coffee and dessert?

Frasier: Oh, no thank you, Daphne. I'm not very hungry.

Daphne exits to kitchen.

Niles: Where've you been?

Frasier: Oh, I've been driving around, thinking. I can't seem to get this Bulldog thing off my mind.

Martin: [*sitting, pouring coffee*] Well, don't worry about it. We all get obsessed sometimes. The important thing is to drop it before you start yakking on and on to someone who doesn't give a rat's ass.

Frasier: [*glaring*] Is that your roundabout way of saying you don't want to discuss it?

Martin: You wanna take the direct route?

Niles: [*sitting at table*] Why do you care so much about Bulldog?

Daphne enters from kitchen.

Frasier: Well, it's not really Bulldog, so much. It's just that I believe that conscience, more than customs and laws, is what prevents people from doing wrong. To contemplate the idea of an otherwise sane man with no conscience... [*sigh*] It just shakes my entire world view.

Daphne: [*placing food on table*] Well, in our family, we certainly knew the meaning of conscience. That's what my dad called his wooden paddle.

Niles: [*grimacing, horrified*] Oh, how awful for you!

Daphne: [*matter-of-factly, smiling*] Oh, for my brothers, yes. But I knew he'd never use it on me, as long as I was always good. [*smile fades*] As long as I was always polite. [*looks disturbed*] As long as I always had a smile on my face no matter how I felt inside! [*slams down the silverware in front of them*] As long as I was always ready to wait on all the men, hand and foot, day and night, year in, year out!

The Cranes seem to not know what to say. They look almost scared.

Daphne: [*brightly*] More coffee, anyone?

Niles and Martin hurriedly shake their heads.

Niles: [*standing*] No, no, no, you just have a seat. [*gestures for her to sit at the table, lifts coffee pot, begins to pour*] You... just... here, I'll... for you.

Frasier: Maybe I'm blowing this thing out of proportion. I just can't understand how Bulldog can accept all those accolades and not be tormented by it.

Daphne: Well, maybe he is.

Niles: Yes, for all you know, he's at home right now, pacing the floor, unable to sleep.

Frasier: [*nods*] Well, that's a comforting thought, Niles. [*pause*] But we'll never know for sure, now, will we? [*pause*] Well, enough about this. You know, I think I'm off to bed. Goodnight all.

Daphne: Goodnight!

Martin: Goodnight, son. [*to Daphne and Niles*] You know, I'm really proud of Fras. Used to be he'd get a bee in his bonnet, and he'd never get it out.

Daphne: Yes, I thought we'd be hearing about this one for weeks.

Niles: Well, the old Frasier'd be up with this all night.

Martin: Exactly! Wouldn't be able to sleep until he went over to Bulldog's to make sure he wasn't sleeping.

Meanwhile, Frasier sneaks out behind them and closes the door.

Daphne: [*lifting milk to pour into coffee*] I should have told him to pick up some more milk.

Niles and Martin nod in agreement.

FADE TO:

*Scene Two - Int. hallway outside of Bulldog's apartment.
Frasier walks in, looking for Bulldog's apartment number. He finds it
and knocks loudly repeatedly.*

Bulldog: [o.s.] Okay, okay. [opens door; wearing a robe] What're you
doing here?
Frasier: I want to talk to you.
Bulldog: Ugh. This isn't a good time. I got company.
Frasier: [angrily] You have done something horrible, and selfish.
And I need to know that you feel bad about it.
Bulldog: What, you've been looking through the keyhole?
Frasier: I'm talking about what happened with Roz!
Bulldog: Aw, not this again.
Woman 1: : [o.s.] Bulldog, I'm lonely.
Bulldog: Talk to your sister for a sec, I'll be right there.

Frasier looks disgusted.

Bulldog: Ooh, man, I gotta go. See ya mañana. [slams door]
Frasier: Bulldog! [holds buzzer down]
Bulldog: [opens door] Would you stop that?
Frasier: I am not leaving until I know that you feel some remorse for
what you've done.
Bulldog: Wow, this is really bugging you, isn't it?
Frasier: Yes!
Bulldog: Well. Okay. All right, all right. The truth? The truth
is I feel bad. [hangs his head] I feel real bad. [pretends to
cry]
Frasier: [horrified] You feel NOTHING!
Bulldog: I'm sorry, doc! These little things just don't get to me!
Frasier: The little thing in question is using a pregnant woman as a
human shield! Have you no conscience?
Bulldog: [hands on hips] Well, maybe I don't.
Frasier: I refuse to believe that!
Bulldog: Well, maybe it was something I was born without... like, oh,
like my cousin. He was born without a big toe on each foot.
I used to sneak up on him and tip him over. [pause] I didn't
feel bad about that, either. [turns to go inside] See ya,
doc.
Frasier: [reaching for him] No! No! No, you don't! I know you've
got a conscience. It must be buried deep inside there. I
will find a way to get it out of you!
Bulldog: Yeah, you do that, doc.
Frasier: Oh, you mark my words. I don't know how yet, but come
Saturday night you will be so consumed with guilt you will
not be able to accept that Man of the Year Award! [stalks
off]

FADE TO:

AND THE WEINER IS...

*Scene Three - Int. Reception Hall where the SeaBeas are being held.
Frasier spots Martin and Daphne coming down the stairs.*

Frasier: [waves] Daphne!

*She waves and walks down with Martin to join him, holding her arms
out to hug him.*

Frasier: Oh, you're gorgeous.

Daphne: *[smiling]* Oh, thank you.

She leans in and kisses his cheek as he kisses hers.

Frasier: Dad, not bad, either! *[pats his back]*

Martin: Thanks, although I guess any guy looks good in a monkey suit.

Daphne: *[laughs]* On the drive over I started musing about why they call it a monkey suit. I had quite a few theories on that one.

Martin: *[grins]* Oh, she sure did. *[whispering to Frasier]* Can I get a ride home with you?

Frasier: Of course.

Roz walks up in the garish silver dress. The huge bow is in the front. Her hair is a mound of curls on top of her head.

Daphne: Oh, Roz, is everything all right?

Roz: Yeah, I'm fine, it's just that my hair is huge and this dress is a joke.

Frasier: No, nonsense, Roz, you look divine.

Roz: No, I look LIKE Divine. I gotta go sit down. *[moves toward table, then looks at herself]* Oh, my God. Look at the way the lights are shining on the sequins on this dress! I'm a disco ball! *[leaves]*

Frasier: Well, it certainly promises to be quite a night.

Martin: Yeah! You know, I'm glad to see you're enjoying yourself. I wasn't sure that you would, what with Bulldog getting that award and everything.

Frasier: *[conspiratorially]* Well, Dad, I wouldn't be surprised if Bulldog actually declines that award.

Martin: Why would he?

Frasier: Well, I've arranged a few surprises to prick his conscience, until, like Hamlet's stepfather, he totters from the banquet, ghostly pale and gibbering with guilt!

Martin: *[turning around and whispering to stranger]* Can I get a ride home with you?

Niles rushes down the stairs toward them.

Frasier: Niles.

Niles: Hello, all. *[stops in front of Daphne]* Daphne, you look stunning.

Daphne: *[smiles]* Oh, thanks, you look very smart.

Niles: Thank you. Of course, I guess it's hard not to look elegant in evening wear.

Roz walks in front of them, waving to someone.

Niles: Hard but not impossible.

Frasier: No. Well, shall we take our seats?

Niles: Yes! Although if Dame Rumor is correct, I won't be sitting long! Now are we all at table... *[looks at card]* 105?

Daphne: We're at table four.

Niles: Excuse me. *[goes to a stewardess]* Where's this table?

Waitress: One hundred five... that's the technical awards. Just go down to the basement, cross through the kitchen to the hall, and ask for the Napoleon Room.

Niles: Oh, the Napoleon Room, that sounds charming.

Waitress: We call it that because the ceilings are so low.

Daphne: What a shame. Now you won't get to see your brother host or hear all the little jokes he's written....

They laugh together.

Niles: Thank you, Daphne, I needed some cheering up.

They continue to laugh as they walk away, Niles to go downstairs, Daphne and Martin to sit at table four. Frasier glares.

Bulldog approaches with a blonde woman.

Frasier: Oh, Bulldog.

Bulldog: [to his date] Aw, Jeez, let's go this way.

Frasier: Oh, no, there's no reason to avoid me, Bulldog. I have no intention of ruining your evening. In fact, I've gone to great lengths to make it memorable.

Bulldog: Eh, you been sleeping okay, doc? You look a little tired.

Frasier: Oh, don't you worry about me, I'll sleep fine tonight! The sleep of the just!

Bulldog: Me, too. The sleep of the just boinked. [hits Frasier]

DISSOLVE: Time passes. Frasier is presenting.

Frasier: And the nominees are: "Consumer Forum," Wendy Hashiro, talent, Mike Friedman, producer [applause]; "The Doctor Frasier Crane Show," Dr. Frasier Crane, talent, Roz Doyle, producer [gestures to Roz; applause; Daphne grins brightly]; and "Bob and Nipsy's Morning Laugh Factory," Bob and Nipsy, talent, Lunatic Larry, producer [applause]. And the SeaBea goes to... [opens envelope] Well, well. "Bob and Nipsy's Morning Laugh Factory!" [music; applause] Bob and Nipsy couldn't make it tonight, so [takes SeaBea, pats it] I accept this award on their behalf. That brings us to our final category, but rather than compete with the coffee service, let's take a short break, and we'll be right back with... the Man of the Year Award!

Frasier walks to seat with Bob and Nipsy's award.

Martin: Sorry you didn't win.

Frasier: [brightly] Oh, God, that's all right, Dad! I'm only concerned about one award tonight. That's the next one!

Niles walks in, Frasier goes over to him.

Daphne: Hey, Doctor Crane! How did it go?

Niles: [false cheer] I lost!

Martin: Sorry you didn't win. God, I've been saying that a lot tonight. [pours wine]

Niles: Oh, look, wine. They didn't serve alcohol at the technical awards, as I informed so many of the guests who mistook me for their waiter. You see, I was the only nominee dressed in black tie, except for the one man in front wearing a tuxedo tee-shirt.

Frasier: I'm sorry, Niles.

Niles: At least I didn't come home empty-handed. We each received one of these handsome certificates [hands it to Roz], which were given out after we'd folded our tables and stacked our chairs.

Niles sits, music plays.

DISSOLVE TO:

Scene Four - Reception Hall.

Sometime later, Frasier continues with the awards.

Frasier: Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen. Now the time has come to present the Harold Hirschauer Man of the Year Award. [*Susan places award on table*] Thank you, Susan. As you all know, this award is presented every year to the radio personality who brings honor to our medium. This year, that person is Bob "Bulldog" Briscoe! C'mon up here, Bulldog! [*applause*]

Bulldog: [*runs up to front*] [*into microphone*] Wow, what a night, huh?

Frasier: [*takes Bulldog's shoulders and shakes him "affectionately"*] Well, Bob, the night is just beginning for you. Could we please lower the house lights?

Lights lower.

Bulldog: What's going on?

Frasier: [*arm around Bulldog's shoulders*] Just a few surprise guests that I've invited to help you celebrate this evening! [*pats him*] People from your past that've helped make you the man you are today. Do you recognize... this voice?

O'Rourke: Bobby Briscoe, you've made us all proud.

Bulldog: [*looks around*] Oh my gosh, is that-

Frasier: Yes, it's Father O'Rourke, your boyhood priest and childhood confessor! [*applause*] And who's that next to him?

McCloud: Bobby Briscoe, sit down in your chair!

Bulldog holds a hand up over his eyes as if to get a better look at who's talking.

Frasier: That's right, it's Mrs. McCloud, your second-grade teacher! [*she waves*] The woman who taught you that *honesty* is the best policy! [*applause*] And who's that next to her?

Nugent: Drop and give me fifty, Bulldog.

Bulldog: [*pointing, excited*] Oh, my gosh, Coach Nugents!

Frasier: It's Coach Nugent, from your peewee football days, the man who taught you that it doesn't matter whether you win or lose but that you play the game fair!

Bulldog: [*covers mike*] You're wasting your time.

Frasier: And who's that next to him? Yes! It's the president... of your fan club! Little Joey Katona, whose only dream is to grow up and be just like you! [*applause, Joey, grinning, squeaks Bulldog-esque horn*] But we're not through yet! Could we please bring the house lights up again?

Lights come up.

Frasier: We've saved the best for last. It's the woman that gave everything to you...

Bulldog: [*into mike*] Well, you'll have to narrow that one down!

Frasier: [*rolls eyes*] The night would not be complete without the woman who taught you right from wrong.... It's your mother, Bernice Briscoe! [*backs away from Bulldog, clapping with rest of audience*]

A short, stout woman in a floral print dress walks in from backstage.

Bulldog: Mom!

Bernice: I am so proud of you, Bobby!

Bulldog: Oh, Ma!!

They hug. Frasier leans down toward the mike.

Frasier: Now let's turn the microphone over to our guest of honor

this evening. I'm sure we're all anxious to see [very tense with anticipation] what the hero has to say!

Frasier returns to his seat.

Bulldog: [goes up to mike] I'm really blown away by all this. [pause] I didn't think I'd be accepting this in front of all you guys. [pulls speech out of inside coat pocket] I wrote up this little speech. [balls it up] I can't say this stuff now. [seems to feel guilty] What I've got to say is simple.... [long pause, Frasier smiles; finally, Bulldog grabs SeaBea] This is totally awesome! Thank you everybody!

Frasier seems blown away himself. Martin, across from him, shakes his head. Daphne frowns, as does Niles. Bulldog walks over to his mom and starts back toward his seat with her.

Frasier: This can't be happening!

Martin: Let it go.

Frasier: I can't! The man is a coward and he's being rewarded!

Martin: Guess I'm never gonna hear the end of this, now, am I?

Frasier: No! I'm sorry, Dad, but I won't-

Martin: [interrupting] All right, all right, wait just a minute.

[beat; whispering to Bulldog, as he passes with his mom]

Hey, Bulldog, there's a guy right there with a gun! [points]

Bulldog grabs his mother, pushes her in front of him, and ducks behind her, using her as a shield.

Bulldog: There's a gun!

Gasps from all around.

Martin: [loudly] Sorry, my mistake.

Waitress: He used his own mother to protect himself!

Date: Eeeeew!

Roz grabs Bulldog by the collar.

Roz: Isn't that what you did to me?

Bulldog: No! I just, uh.... no, no!

Bernice: What is the matter with you? [starts hitting him in the head]

O'Rourke: [standing] You don't deserve that award!

Uproar. Various people yell at Bulldog as Roz and Mrs. Briscoe take turns hitting him.

Frasier: [smiling] Thanks, Dad.

Martin: [grins] Hey, I'm no hero, I just wanted you to shut up.

FADE OUT

Credits:

Bulldog's mother is ringing his doorbell and knocking repeatedly. Bulldog comes to the door in his bathrobe, turns on the light, looks through the peephole, and mouths, "Go away! Stop it. Stop!" His mother keeps on, though. He finally opens the door a crack. His mother smiles and waves for him to come closer. He does so very hesitantly, and as soon as he gets close enough, she starts once again hitting him on the head, yelling, and shaking her finger at him.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

CHRISTOPHER M. BROWN as Bulldog's Producer
MICHELLE CRISPIN as Bulldog's Date
ROBIN MARY FLORENCE as Waitress
DOUG HANCE as Joey Katona
ASHLEY WEST LEONARD as Customer #1
JILL MATSON as Customer #2
PEGGY MILEY as Bernice Briscoe
THOMAS J. REILLY as Father O'Rourke
ROBERT RUTH as Coach Nugent
PEG STEWART as Mrs. McCloud

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