

[5.19] Frasier Gotta Have It

Frasier Gotta Have It

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Directed by Dan Butler

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Transcript {mike lee}

ACT ONE

Scene One - Café Nervosa.

The café is packed. Frasier and Roz are sitting at a table when Niles comes in.

Niles: Frasier, Roz! Uh, I'd join you, but there's not a chair—

Roz: Oh, actually I was just leaving. You can have mine.

As Roz gets up, Niles reaches into his jacket.

Roz: Niles! [*grabs his arm*] Every time I give you my chair, you wipe it off first. It's just insulting!

Niles: For your information, I was reaching for my cell phone.

Roz lets go. His hand comes out with his phone, and he starts dialing.

Roz: Oh. I'm sorry, Niles. I stepped out of line. See you later, Frasier.

Frasier: Bye-bye, Roz.

Roz leaves. The phone behind the counter rings.

Waiter: Café Nervosa.

Niles: [*into phone*] Yes, this is Dr. Crane at Table Seven. Could you send someone over to dust off my chair?

Frasier: Oh, for God's sake! I'll do it!

He snatches Niles's handkerchief and wipes the chair down.

Niles protests, checking out the window for Roz.

Frasier: That's the most ridiculous thing I've seen in my entire life! Stop it, just sit down!

They sit. A waiter brings Frasier's coffee.

Niles: May I have one of those, please? [*to Frasier*] So, I understand you had a full dance card this weekend?

Frasier: Yes, indeed. I met a lovely young artist at the gallery opening on Saturday. We went out for coffee afterwards, and our date lasted until, well... the cows didn't actually come home, but I did hear mooing on the front porch! [*laughs*]

Niles: Wait, I'm drawing a blank. The only woman I remember you chatting with at the gallery was the one in the Birkenstocks who went on and on about her driftwood collages. [*sniggers*]

Frasier: Yes, that's Caitlin.

Niles: Oh!

Frasier: Well, obviously we seem different on the surface. But once you get to know her, trust me, she is really a breath of fresh air. God, I haven't felt this excited about a relationship in ages!

Niles: Well, that's wonderful, Frasier! [*the waiter brings his coffee*] Thank you. So, is she from around here?

Frasier: Oh, it didn't come up.

Niles: Oh, I see. Well, uh, where'd she go to school?

Frasier: She didn't mention it.

Niles: Probably art school.

Frasier: Well, yes.

Niles: Being an artist, I'm sure she is enthusiastic about the finer things – literature, music...

Frasier: Uh, I don't know, we never got around to that.

Niles: You know what, I think I'm putting you on the spot here. Let's just leave it at congratulations on your new... *relationship*.

Frasier: What are you implying?

Niles: Oh, I think we both know what kind of *relationship* we're talking about.

Frasier: Would you stop saying the word "relationship" that way? – *relationship*.

Niles: I'm not condemning you for your little... *fling*–

Frasier: Oh, for God's sake.

Niles: Just don't try to pass it off as something deeper than it is. The only thing you two have in common is the faint impression of the word "Sealy" on your backsides.

Frasier: Listen, Niles, I would never stay in a relationship if I didn't think there was some real future in it.

Niles: In other words, if you were to realize that the two of you had nothing in common beyond the physical, you'd break it off?

Frasier: Yes, absolutely! In a heartbeat! It's a principle of mine – you know, this topic comes up all the time on my show. What do I always say?

Niles: Um...

Frasier: Surely you must listen occasionally!

Niles: Of course I listen occasionally. It's just I'm usually busy between eleven and one.

Frasier: My show is on from two to five.

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Apartment

Martin and Daphne are in the kitchen. While Daphne leans out the doorway, Martin places a candle on a cupcake.

Martin: I can't wait to see the look on his face.

Daphne: Me, too. He doesn't have a clue.

Martin: [*lights the candle*] Good. All set.

In the living room, Frasier is setting the table for dinner. Martin and Daphne come out with the cupcake, singing:

Martin/Daphne: Happy birthday to you...

Frasier: Oh, dear God.

They walk past Frasier to Eddie, who is sitting in Martin's Armchair. Martin puts the cupcake in front of Eddie, while Daphne fits a tiny

party hat over his head.

Martin/Daphne: Happy birthday, Dear Eddie,
Happy birthday to you!

Martin: OK, let's do it together.

He puts his face next to Eddie's and makes a small puff. The candle goes out.

Martin: Good boy! Great! That was terrific!

The doorbell rings.

Daphne: I wonder if he made a wish?

Frasier: I know I did.

Frasier opens the door to Niles.

Frasier: Niles!

Niles: Hello, Frasier. Dad, Daphne, step lively! We don't want to miss the previews.

Martin: In a minute. Come on, birthday boy, I haven't given you your present yet! [*confidentially, to the boys*] I got him a brand-new rubber eeseburger-chay.

He carries Eddie to his room.

Niles: So, Frasier, can we convince you to join us?

Daphne: Oh, I don't think so, Dr. Crane. Your brother's been slaving away in the kitchen all afternoon.

Frasier: Actually, I'm having Caitlin over for dinner.

Niles: Oh... for dinner.

The doorbell rings again.

Frasier: I'll thank you to stop with your sniggering insinuations that Caitlin and I share nothing but the physical! There are many things that we do share. [*opens door*] Caitlin!

Caitlin – a brunette in her twenties with a decidedly hippie style of dress – throws her arms around Frasier's neck and kisses him deeply.

Niles: [*to Daphne*] Now they're sharing a Tic-Tac.

They break apart.

Frasier: Let me take your coat. [*hangs it up*] Oh, you remember Niles, of course. And this is Daphne, Caitlin.

Caitlin: [*shaking hands*] Hello.

Daphne: Hello. Don't worry, we'll be out of your way in a minute, just as soon as I can tear Mr. Crane away from Eddie.

Frasier: Yes, he's having a little birthday party for his dog.

Caitlin: Oh, how old is he?

Frasier: Too old to be having a birthday party for his dog. Anyway, can I interest you a drink? I've just opened a bottle of Conte de Bruillet!

Caitlin: Oh, you must have been saving it. Burgogne hasn't made a decent Beaujolais in years.

Frasier: [*smugly*] Well, do you hear that, Niles? Our Caitlin is a fellow oenophile!

Frasier pours two glasses.

Caitlin: When I was little, my father owned a vineyard. I was the only kid on the block who would open a can of Hawaiian punch and let it breathe!

Frasier: And we share that same quirky sense of humor! [*offers second glass*] Would you care for a glass?

Caitlin: No thanks. Actually, I've always hated the taste of wine.

Niles: Finally, something I can use to tell you two apart. [*takes the glass*]

Frasier: A martini, then?

Caitlin: I cut out alcohol last year, along with processed sugar, dairy products and meat... Oh, I hope I'm not screwing up your menu! What are you serving?

Frasier: Well, so far, parsley. But we'll make do. Let me get you a glass of mineral water.

Caitlin: Thanks.

Frasier: Please, help yourself to the melon slices. Just... unwind the prosciutto.

He goes to the kitchen. Niles follows him.

Niles: Frasier, I owe you an apology. You two are perfectly compatible. How long will it be before we're all standing outside a wedding chapel, pelting you both with whole-grain brown rice?

Frasier: Spare me your sarcasm.

Niles: Oh, come on. Let me have my fun. You're certainly having yours, even if you deny that that's what you're doing.

Frasier: Niles, I've already told you, I would never continue in a relationship if I didn't think there was a real future, and I happen to believe that there is in this one! Have you ever heard of "opposites attracting?" Where I am worldly, Caitlin is... unspoiled.

Niles: Rather remarkable, given her terror of preservatives.

They come out of the kitchen. Caitlin is standing with Martin and Daphne.

Caitlin: Oh, Frasier, I just met your dad! Did you know we're both Libras?

Martin: Which explains why I'm so "perky, open-minded, and quick to tears."

Caitlin: And don't forget "Outgoing."

Martin: No, I didn't. [*heads for the door*] All right, everybody coming?

Caitlin: Well, it was nice meeting you all!

Niles: Yes, nice to meet you too, Caitlin.

Frasier: I'll walk you to the door.

Niles: All right.

Frasier: [*whispering*] Will you stop smirking! It's going to take more than a harmless dabbling in astrology to dim the charm of this appealing young woman.

Caitlin sits in Martin's Armchair and reclines backward.

Caitlin: Oh my God! This is the coolest chair!

Frasier: [*off Niles' look*] Just get out!

He pushes Niles out and closes the door.

FADE TO:

DON JUAN IN HELL

Scene Three - Frasier's Apartment

The next morning. Frasier is sitting on the piano bench, nursing a cup of coffee. He looks preoccupied. Martin comes out.

Martin: Morning, Frasier.
Frasier: Morning, Dad.
Martin: What's the matter?
Frasier: It's Caitlin. I'm in hell. Last night I experienced the most intense physical pleasure I've ever known.
Martin: Frasier, before you continue, I shared my bed last night with a dog.
Frasier: Well, that's not the problem, Dad. It's just that there's absolutely no future for me and Caitlin.
Martin: Well, I got to say I never thought there was. She's a flake.
Frasier: Well, that's not the point. Granted, there are aspects of her personality that I find off-putting—
Martin: Like her being a flake.
Frasier: Well, all right! It's just difficult to walk away from something so intoxicating.
Martin: Frasier, I'm just gonna say one thing: watch out for this woman. I know how these things work.
Frasier: You've experienced something like this?
Martin: I didn't say that. I just know the type. Today she's got you going against your better judgment. Pretty soon, you'll be thinking about her all the time — losing sleep, missing work, neglecting your friends... [*drifting off*] and then pretty soon you'll get caught naked with her in the backseat of your squad car... [*snaps back*] But anyway, the point is, the longer you put this thing off, the harder it's going to be to end it.
Frasier: You're absolutely right, Dad. Got to nip this thing in the bud. I'm going to go over there right now. Doing anything else would just make me a hypocrite. [*gets up and heads for the door*] You know, just yesterday I dedicated an entire theme show to the importance of self-control.
Martin: You did?
Frasier: Doesn't anybody listen?

FADE TO:

Scene Four - Caitlin's Apartment

Frasier stands outside Caitlin's door. He hesitates for a moment, then sighs and knocks.

Caitlin: [o.s.] Who is it?
Frasier: Frasier.
Caitlin: Oh my God! Why didn't you call first? Oh, I'm working on one of my collages. I'm covered in paint, I've got turpentine in my hair, I'm all sweaty—
Frasier: It'll only take a moment, I need to talk to you about something.
Caitlin: Oh, all right. But be nice!

She opens the door, looking exactly as she described.

Frasier: Well, actually I... [*chuckles*] Good lord, you really do look... [*whispering*] Good lord!

They grab each other and kiss passionately. Still hanging on to her, he stumbles inside and slams the door.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene Four - Frasier's Apartment

Evening: Daphne opens the door to Roz, who's carrying some files.

Roz: Daphne, is Frasier here?

Daphne: No, he's not back yet.

Roz: He was supposed to meet me at the Café over an hour ago to finish this paperwork! Now he can just do it himself. [*drops it on the table*] Can I use your powder room?

Daphne: Yeah, of course.

Roz goes into the powder room. Niles comes out of the kitchen with a tray of wine glasses.

Niles: Obviously Frasier's attempt to break up with Caitlin has gone awry again. Thanks to him I have missed the wine tasting. What kind of weak-willed man allows a woman to come between him and a 1981 Cheval Blanc?

Daphne: You know, just out of curiosity, why didn't you go by yourself instead of sit here with me for half an hour?

Niles: I was worried about him, Daphne, worried sick.

Daphne nods and turns around. Niles smells her hair yet again. Frasier comes in the front door.

Frasier: Hello, all.

Niles: Oh...

Daphne: Dr. Crane, were you at Caitlin's all this time?

Frasier: Heavens, no! I, uh, I stopped by early this morning. We've decided to go our separate ways. And then, I, uh, met up with Roz, went over some paperwork...

Roz emerges from the powder room behind him.

Frasier: You know how she is these days. You know, get her on one of her troubles and yak-yak-yak-yak-yak!

Roz closes the door.

Frasier: And yet she makes every story so interesting I could listen to her for hours...

Roz: Knock it off, Frasier. Where have you been?

Frasier: Oh well, where do you think I've been? Trying to break up with Caitlin! But did I do it? No! And why? Because I'm Frasier, and I'm a sex-oholic!

Roz: It's obvious what's happening here. You are having a purely sexual fling. It happens to all of us at some time in our lives. The one where the chemistry is perfect? Where you can't even be alone together in a room without tearing each other's clothes off and jumping each other - I mean, does this sound familiar?

Frasier/Daphne: Yes...

Niles: [*a second too late*] Yeah...

Daphne: Everyone's had a relationship like that! I know I have. His name was... no, I can't tell you!

Everyone urges her to spill.

Daphne: It's too embarrassing!

Niles: We're all friends here, we're trying to help Frasier.

Daphne: Yeah, well, it was so long ago, I don't even remember all the details.

Niles: Take a minute.

Daphne: Well... it all started one afternoon when I was sunbathing on the roof of our building. I was concerned about tan lines in those days. So, I decided to unhook my bikini top— [phone rings] I'll get it.

She goes to the phone, not noticing Niles twitch in his seat.

Roz: Gosh, mine was this lifeguard. He had long blond hair and the bluest eyes. He used to get so sunburned, I'd spend hours just peeling the skin off his back. What was his name? Rick? Nick! I know there was an "ick" sound.

Frasier: I was about to make one of those myself.

Daphne comes back and hangs up the phone.

Daphne: My mother picks the worst times to call. Did I miss anything?

Niles: No, nothing. I believe you were starting to tell us a story?

Daphne: Oh yeah, that's right. Well, once I got my top off, I started thinking to myself, "You know, I've never had an all-over tan." So, I looked about to see if I was still alone, then I started to slip off my— [oven timer dings] Oh, the rolls are done.

She goes to the kitchen, missing Niles's second, harder twitch.

Roz: We haven't heard anything from you, Niles.

Frasier: Oh, I don't think we're exactly in Niles's wheelhouse!
[laughs]

Niles: I beg your pardon?

Frasier: Come on, Niles, I've heard your stories. They're not the steamiest stuff.

Niles: Obviously you've forgotten the semester I spent living in Paris. I'll have you know I had a torrid affair with a married woman.

Roz: Really?

Frasier: Well, I'm sorry, Niles. I had no idea.

Niles: It's not something I boast about. The attraction was simply overpowering. Every Thursday, two o'clock, the Hotel De Boulogne. We'd arrive separately, climb the stairs, open the door... *Ooh-la-la*. Oh, what an embrace! Afterwards, she'd whisper to me, "There's something so sweet in your eyes, and it"—

Frasier: "Does me so much good," said Emma Bovary! If you're going to steal a love life, don't steal from the classics, you imbecile!

Niles blanches, then slowly turns to look at Roz, who's staring at him.

Niles: The part about being in Paris is true.

Daphne comes back with a basket of rolls.

Daphne: Here we are! Got them out of the oven just in time. Another minute and I would have had burned buns.

Niles: Which brings us back to your story!

Daphne: Well, there I was wearing nothing but a smile, when the sun started to shift. So I moved behind the water tower, and who was lying there but Derek — the good-looking fireman from across the hall? Who was also getting an all-over tan, I might add! So, I had two choices. I could either tiptoe away or— [kettle whistles] Tea.

Niles: [exploding out of his seat] No, sit! My God, must Daphne do

everything around here?!

Roz: I'll get it. I could use a glass of ice water anyway.

Frasier: You're not the only one. Let me give you a hand.

In the kitchen, Roz turns down the stove, then gets a bottle of mineral water from the refrigerator.

Roz: So, is any of this helping?

Frasier: Not much.

Roz: You know, I've got to make a point here. For as long as I've known you, you've been complaining about your lack of a sex life. Suddenly, you have one. So why are you still complaining?

Frasier: Well, it just seems wrong. I've thought a lot about this—

Roz: Ah, that's your problem. You've thought too much about this. You know, why don't you just stop listening to your head and start listening to your body? You're obviously enjoying this. Why do you have to feel so guilty?

Frasier: Well, it's just that I'm afraid I have no future with her.

Roz: So?

Frasier: Well, maybe she thinks that she has a future with me!

Roz: Well, then it would be wrong. But is that how she feels?

Frasier: I don't know.

Roz: Ask her. If she feels the same way you do, you should just enjoy yourself. These things don't come around very often, and they don't last when they do.

Frasier: Well, you're right. Over-thinking things can certainly spoil anything. You know, it's funny, I gave the very same advice the other day on my show to that lawyer from Bainbridge.

Roz: I don't remember that.

Frasier: You were five feet away! Doesn't anyone listen?!

Frasier and Roz come back out. Daphne is just finishing her story.

Daphne: And it wasn't until afterwards that we realized we'd rolled onto the skylight above the main stairwell! *[laughs]* Oh, we took some ribbing about that, we did!

Niles is silent. Very slowly, and with every movement requiring excruciating control, he gets up from the couch, walks to the door, and leaves the apartment without saying a word.

FADE TO:

OF MICE AND WOLF MEN

Scene Five - Caitlin's Apartment

Caitlin's modestly furnished loft. The lights are off, and candles softly illuminate the room. Frasier sits in an easy chair. Caitlin comes out of the kitchen and nuzzles him.

Caitlin: Well, I think I got everything under control. Dinner should be ready in about twenty minutes.

Frasier: Smells wonderful.

Caitlin: So do you.

Frasier: Caitlin, you know...

Caitlin: Yes?

Frasier: Well, I wanted to ask you: where do you see this going?

Caitlin: Well, right now I'm heading to your earlobe, but if you'd care to reroute me, I'm open to suggestions—

Frasier: *[chuckles]* No, I mean our relationship. We've never talked about it.

She stops and sits next to him.

Caitlin: Oh. Gee, I don't know. I guess I was kind of looking at this as a nice casual thing. I hope that doesn't disappoint you?

Frasier: No, not at all, I'm actually relieved! I-I've been loving things the way they are too.

Caitlin: Yeah, we're just having some fun, right?

Frasier: Right – oh well, "fun" doesn't begin to describe it! I just wanted to make sure we were both on the same page.

Caitlin: Is that what's been on your mind? Because I thought you were tense these last few days. I even went and got some hot oil to give you a massage. But I guess we won't be needing that now.

Frasier: [*naughtily*] Well, I have been terribly worried about this global warming situation.

Caitlin: Oh well, we've got time before dinner! I'll go get the oil!

She runs into the kitchen.

Frasier: I'm so glad we had this conversation!

Caitlin: [o.s.] Yeah, me too! I mean, I was starting to worry that you were scared off by my lifestyle. I mean, I'm pretty out there.

Frasier: Oh, Caitlin, Caitlin, I'm not as narrow-minded as all that. You know, I think we have a wonderful chemistry. That's enough to offset a few minor differences.

Caitlin: You can be taking your shirt off.

Frasier: Oh! [*starts unbuttoning it*] Same goes, by the way! You know, I just love these converted loft spaces. I wonder what this one was before you moved in? [*looks up*] Judging by these meat hooks – a slaughterhouse, huh?

Caitlin: No, I put those in. It was a day-care center.

This fazes Frasier, but he laughs it off.

Frasier: Oh, you artists and your whimsical decorating touches!

[*takes off his shirt and sits on the bed*] That's a mousetrap, isn't it? You get many mice?

Caitlin: I wish! I use them in my art.

Frasier: [*more fazed*] Dead mice?

Caitlin: Yeah, they're part of my newest collage series. It's all about mortality.

Frasier nervously squeezes a pillow. Caitlin comes out, naked underneath a robe. Her hair is now cropped short, and she's carrying her shorn tresses in her hands.

Frasier: Caitlin... you've cut your hair!

Caitlin: Yeah, sometimes the spirit just grabs me, and I've got to do it! It's really very freeing. Plus I think there's something great about using your body parts for practical use.

She sits on the floor and stuffs the hair into a half-full pillowcase.

Frasier: Well, it's uh... it's different! It's still beautiful, nonetheless. Is that all your hair?

Caitlin: It's mostly mine.

Frasier drops the pillow he's holding.

Frasier: You know, Caitlin, I'm thinking–

Caitlin: No, no, no, don't think! [*turns him around and sits him on*

the chair] The secret to a good massage is to let the mind rest, and listen to the body.

She digs her fingers into his shoulders, hugging her body to his back.

Frasier: Right.

Caitlin: Yeah...

Frasier: OK. Go ahead, Body... I'm listening.

Caitlin: Mmm...

Frasier: Oh God, yeah, that feels good.

Caitlin: You know, if we moved to the bed, I could give you a more thorough massage.

Frasier stands up and goes to the bed, dropping his trousers to the floor.

Caitlin: Oh, I just remembered, it's a full moon tonight!

She goes to the window and throws open the curtains.

Caitlin: Look! Isn't that beautiful?

Frasier: How romantic. You know, there's nothing like a full moon to make one—

Caitlin throws her head back and lets out a long, spooky howl.

Frasier: Caitlin?

Caitlin: I'm a member of the lycanthrope society.

Frasier: As in... werewolf?

Caitlin: Not literally. It's a group of women who believe that the moon controls our cycles, and this is our way of paying our respects.

She gets on all fours on the bed and lets out another howl.

Caitlin: [*cattily*] Besides, you've heard me howl before.

Frasier: Well, yes, but in that context I took it as a compliment!

Caitlin: Oh, Frasier, you're getting all tense again. It's the hair pillows, isn't it?

Frasier: Yes, that—

SNAP!

Caitlin: Oh, got one!

Frasier: Among other things!

He gets up and starts to pull on his trousers.

Frasier: Listen, Caitlin, I'm starting to think that maybe this isn't such a good idea!

Caitlin: What do you mean?

Frasier: Well, you know, we're just so different! You know, I'm basically your stuffy, buttoned-down sort of guy! You're, well, you're your free-spirited, adventurous, mouse-painting, moon-howling sort of girl! Is even the most satisfying sexual relationship enough to bridge that gap?

Caitlin: Well, I think so.

She opens her robe and drops the top off her shoulders.

Caitlin: What do you think?

Frasier stares... then lets out a wolf howl. From a ground-level view,

we see the rest of their clothes drop to the floor as they fall together onto the bed.

Credits:

Daphne steps out of the apartment dressed in a bathrobe, beach sandals, and sunglasses pushed back over her eyes. She's carrying a lawn chair, a sun hat, and a bag filled with lotions and sunblock.

Niles steps off the elevator at the same moment. They greet each other. She drops something from the bag, and he picks it up for her. She steps onto the elevator and he goes into the apartment.

As soon as she's gone, Niles bursts out of the apartment and presses the button to bring the elevator back. He bounces anxiously on his toes for a second, then turns and makes a mad dash for the stairs.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

LISA EDELSTEIN as Caitlin

PAUL CUSIMANO as Waiter

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