

[7.18]Hot Pursuit

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Donny Douglas Episodes

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Transcript {david langley}

Act 1

Scene 1 - Frasier's Apartment

Daphne opens the door, Niles is there.

Daphne: Dr. Crane.

Niles: Hello, Daphne. [*He enters.*] Is Dad around? I have that videotape he wanted to see.

Daphne: Actually, he's gone off with Donny. They went to a tractor pull.

Niles: Ohhh... [*He looks questioningly at her.*]

Daphne: As I understand it, they attach a large weight to a tractor and see how far they can pull it through the mud.

Niles: Ohhh... [*His brow furrows.*]

Daphne: The answer to your next question is "Beats the hell out of me."

Frasier enters. He is unshaven.

Frasier: Oh, hello, Daphne, Niles.

Niles: Hello, Frasier.

Daphne: Oh, Dr. Crane. I see you've grown yourself a crumb-catcher.

Frasier: Oh, please. Spare me your jocular euphemisms. I've heard them all from Freddie: my chin-sweater, my face-fuzz, my hickey-hider.

Niles: [*Laughing*] Well, I think it suits you.

Frasier: Well, thank you, Niles. I just wanted to shake things up a bit, you know.

Niles: How was Boston?

Frasier: Oh, it was fine. It was great seeing Freddie again. Of course, Lilith was insufferable. She's got a new boyfriend, some twenty-eight year old named Marcel, he's a contortionist with the Cirque de Soleil.

Niles: She's dating French circus folk?

Frasier: Yes. Well, he's actually perfect for Lilith: he has no apparent spine and she can wrap him around her finger. Of course, Lilith's smug satisfaction was a little hard to bear, though. Especially considering how long it's been since the circus came to my town.

Martin and Donny enter.

Donny: I know! I couldn't believe the weight of that thing!
[spotting Frasier] Well, it's Grizzly Crane!

Martin: Well, nice soup-strainer there, Frasier.

Frasier: Thank you.

Donny: Oh, we just saw a hell of a tractor pull. Even you would have liked it.

Martin: So, how's my grandson?

Frasier: Oh, he's great, Dad. Actually, he loved the baseball mitt you sent him.

Donny: [taking off the ball cap he's wearing] Where's Daphne? I got this little gift for her.

Niles: Oh, a John Deere cap. How... could you?

The doorbell rings, Frasier goes to get it.

Donny: Oh no, I'm just giving it to her to see her pretend to like it. Then I'm gonna give her a bracelet.

He goes off to Daphne's room. Frasier answers the door to reveal Roz.

Roz: Hey, Frasier.

Frasier: Oh, hi Roz.

Roz: Hmmm, cool beard!

Frasier: Oh, thanks!

Roz: Hey, Niles.

Niles: Hey, Roz.

Roz: [handing Frasier an envelope] OK, here's the directions, hotel confirmation and schedule.

Frasier: Excuse me?

Roz: Broadcast conference.

Frasier: Good lord! I thought that was next week.

Roz: No, it's tonight! I'm going up there right now.

Frasier: Oh no, Roz. I just got back from Boston, for God's sake. You know, maybe I could just drive up tomorrow and attend the panels.

Roz: No Frasier, tonight's reception's the most important part! It sets the tone for the whole weekend.

Frasier: Oh, come on! Last year everybody just got drunk and acted like a bunch of horny teenagers.

Roz: Exactly! So stop yakkin' and start packin'!

Niles: Well, you know, it could be just the relief you need after a long week with Lilith and Le Pretzel Boy.

Roz looks disturbed as she sits in Martin's chair.

Frasier: You know, come to think of it, there was one really gorgeous blonde up there: Rush Hour Rita, Larame's Eye in the Sky.

Roz: Yeah, I remember her. The traffic was bumper to bumper outside her ROOM.

Frasier: Meow, Roz.

Roz: Oh, it's just that I am so sick of men becoming panting idiots just at the sight of blonde hair.

Niles: That is a bit of an oversimplification, Roz.

Frasier: [At the same time as Niles, then continuing alone] Don't be ridiculous. It's insulting, Roz! For God's sake, I mean, every man's taste is different.

Martin comes in from kitchen.

Roz: Sorry, it's just that I met this guy at Nervosa today for coffee and it was very annoying. Every time I tried to say anything, this blonde waitress would walk by...

Martin: Oh, Mimi's back?

Frasier: Oh, that's good news.

Niles: Gotta stop in and see Mimi.

Roz flounces back in the chair, disgusted.

Frasier: You know, I guess I better get packing!

Martin: What're you talking about? You got your bags right there.

Frasier: No, Dad, these are my "Daddy" clothes. I have to go and pack my "Come to Daddy" clothes.

Donny and Daphne come from her room. Daphne is wearing the cap, Donny is on the phone.

Donny: Oh, will you give me a break? All right, all right! [Disconnects.] My surveillance guy just cancelled for tonight, just when I need him for this big money divorce case.

Daphne: Is this the Stanley Redmond thing?

Donny: Yeah, the dumpster rental king. This guy controls half the dumpsters in the Northwest, his wife thinks he's been taking out the wrong kind of trash. You know, if I can prove it, this case is mine.

Niles: That is so depressing. You expect this sort of behavior from a mattress king, but we ask more of our dumpster royalty.

Donny: Yeah, but you should see this girlfriend: leggy, blonde...

Niles: [to Roz] Oh, well, blonde! That explains it!

Roz: [getting up in a huff] Goodbye.

Niles: I'm sorry. [She leaves.]

Donny: Hey, wait a minute. Marty? You were a cop, right? You must've done surveillance.

Martin: Oh sure, all the time.

Donny: Well, why don't you work for me tonight? It's forty-five bucks an hour.

Niles: Oh, I don't think Dad would want to do that.

Martin: Forty-five bucks?

Donny: All right, fifty. But if you get a picture of Redmond and the girl, then it's a five hundred dollar bonus.

Martin: Five hundred dollars?

Donny: All right, seven hundred, you're killing me.

Niles: Dad, I don't think this is a good idea. Where exactly is this stakeout?

Donny: It's at the Alcazar apartments. You know, in Belltown.

Niles: Belltown is sort of a sketchy neighborhood, wouldn't you say?

Martin: Oh Niles, to you a sketchy neighborhood is when the cheese shop doesn't have valet parking. I'm an ex-cop, remember?

Niles: Yeah, yeah, I know you're an ex-cop. Let's just examine

this, Dad...

Martin: No, no, no. Let's just forget about it. I'm not gonna listen to this all night. I just won't do it, are you satisfied?

Niles: [getting up to leave] Yes. Thank you. Donny, I'm sorry to put a crimp in your plans.

Donny: No, that's all right. I'm sure I'll find somebody else. [as the door closes on Niles, he turns to Martin] You're still doing it, right?

Martin: Hell, yes!

FADE OUT

Scene 2 - Roz's Hotel Room.

Roz is on the phone, wearing a very revealing dress.

Roz: Thanks for watching Alice, Laurie. I really owe you one... Well, I just want to get down to this cocktail party before all the good men are taken... What? I just want to have a little fun tonight... No! I do not mean that... All right, I do mean that. [There is a knock at the door.] Uh, Laurie, I'll talk to you later. Thank you again, bye-bye.

She hangs up and opens the door. It is Frasier.

Roz: Oh, hey Frasier.

Frasier: Hi Roz. My room isn't ready yet, can I put my stuff here until I can check in?

Roz: Come on in.

Frasier: Thanks. I tell you, the storm hasn't dampened the festivities downstairs. It's only seven o'clock and Marge Whitmeyer is already in the bar arm-wrestling people for drinks.

Roz: How many did you buy her?

Frasier: Well, three, but my elbow was in a wet spot.

Roz: Hey, did you happen to notice if that weather guy from KSGY was down there?

Frasier: Yes, I noticed that he was there. Something tells me the forecast calls for a collision between two warm fronts.

Roz grins at him and arches her eyebrows. The phone rings and Roz gets it.

Roz: Hello? Oh, yeah, he's here. [hands the phone to Frasier] It's the front desk.

Frasier: Hello? Yes? Well then, you'll just have to get me a room elsewhere! I see. Thank you very much. [he hangs up] They don't have a room for me.

Roz: [looking nervous] What're you gonna do?

Frasier: Well, guess I could stay on the couch.

Roz: What!?

Frasier: Oh, come on Roz! I got no choice! The whole island is booked.

Roz: Well, this is sure gonna cramp my style. I mean, it's not like college when everybody just... never mind.

Frasier: You know Roz, we're two attractive people. We're at a conference that turns into a bacchanal every year, odds are neither of us will need this room tonight.

Roz: You're right. What's the problem?

Frasier: I believe there's a cocktail party awaiting us?

Roz: Let's go down together. [taking his arm] We'll be like jackals, they hunt in pairs.

Frasier: I like your self-assurance. There's no greater aphrodisiac

than confidence.

Roz: Shall we?

Frasier: Let the games begin!

They exit. Moments later, they come back in.

Roz: I just need a little more lipstick.

Frasier: I'm sweatin' right through this shirt.

FADE OUT

End of Act 1

Act 2

**FORGET IT MARTY,
IT'S BELLTOWN**

Scene 1 - A Surveillance Van.

Marty is sitting in the passenger's seat, watching a building with binoculars. Niles comes to the driver's side. Seeing Martin, he glares and bangs on the door.

Martin: [opening the door] Niles...

Niles: You specifically promised me...

Martin: Would you shut up and get in here?

Niles climbs in.

Martin: How did you know I was here?

Niles: The doorman!

Martin: Bigmouth.

Niles: Well, I guess he didn't realize he was being sworn to secrecy when you said "Hey Sid, I'm goin' on a stakeout." I can't believe you lied to me.

Martin: Well, I'm sorry, but you were makin' such a big fuss about nothing.

Niles: It is not nothing! Look at this neighborhood. [*looking in the side-view mirror*] I'm not even happy parking my Mercedes here.

Martin: It's not that bad.

Niles: Oh, really? Well then could you explain to me the ominous group of men standing back there in the shadows by my car? [*Martin looks out the back.*] They're all wearing the same sort of dark coat, it's some sort of gang.

Martin: Niles, they're Hasidic Jews.

Niles: That's right, keep walking, keep walking...

Martin: So, what, you came down here to bawl me out?

Niles: Yes... partly. Also to give you this.

He hands over a thermos.

Martin: What's this?

Niles: Clam chowder.

Martin: [*happy*] Oh-ho!

Niles: I remember Mom used to make it for you when you went ice fishing, and I hated the thought of you sitting out here cold and hungry.

Martin: Well thank you, I appreciate it. But, look, why don't you just go back home, now. I'll be fine.

Niles: No, I'll just stay awhile, you could use the company.

Martin: Oh, come on, Niles, why don't you tell me what's really on

your mind?

Niles: All right, Dad, I was worried about you.

Martin: I knew it. Because I'm an old man and I can't take care of myself!

Niles: No. Age has nothing to do with it. I've always worried about you, that's what it's like when your father's a cop. I worried about you when I was five years old. And I didn't stop worrying until the day you retired. And today just brought it all back again.

Martin: Look, I'm sorry. For what it's worth, I know what you mean. My dad was a cop, too.

Niles: I know.

Martin: But, you know, Niles, I'm not chasin' after bad guys. I'm just gonna take a picture.

Niles: That's true. I'm probably overreacting like usual. Uh, well I guess I'll head home.

Martin: No, no, hey wait a little bit. Stick around. How'd you like a little clam chowder?

Niles: I'd love some!

Martin: [*opening thermos*] OK! [*he sniffs*] This is clam chowder!

Niles: Well, what'd you expect?

Martin: Irish whiskey! Your mother always filled it with coffee and Irish whiskey! We just called it clam chowder in front of you kids.

Niles: [*with a thoughtful look*] Is that why you got so mad that day I crumbled oyster crackers in your thermos?

Martin makes a face and closes the thermos. FADE OUT.

Scene 2 - Roz's Hotel Room

Roz is in her nightgown and robe, putting her hair up. Frasier comes in.

Roz: What happened to you?

Frasier: Same thing that happened to you... I got a hug goodnight.

Roz: Where did we go wrong? Rush Hour Rita was draping herself all over you, and that news guy actually said to me if I gave him twenty-two minutes he'd give me the world.

Frasier: Well, I don't know, Roz. After he gave you the brush-off, he came over and sat down next to me and Rita. Before I knew it, they had discovered their mutual fondness for tango music.

Roz: I lose out to tango music? What a night! A total bust!

Frasier: Oh, come on, Roz. You know, for my money, you were the most attractive woman down there.

Roz: Thanks, Frasier. And I'm not just saying this to return the favor, but you look really hot in that beard.

Frasier: Oh, well, thanks. You know, maybe we're better off, just a couple of old friends having a cozy evening together.

Roz: Yeah, right. [*There is a knock at the door.*] It's him!

Frasier: It's her!

They rush to the door.

Both: Come in, hello. [*They open it to find a waiter.*]

Waiter: Sorry to disturb you, but the manager wanted to apologize for the mix-up with the room. [*He puts down a champagne bucket.*] This is on us.

Roz: That's nice.

Frasier: Well, you in the mood for a glass of champers, Roz?

Roz: I don't know, what do you think?

Waiter: It won't fit in the mini-bar.

Frasier: Well, it's settled then. I can open it myself, thanks.

[*Tips him.*] Here you are.

Waiter: Thank you. [*He leaves.*]

Frasier: Well, ah. Demi-sec, respectable label, not a bad year.
We may just be having a better time than anybody else here.

*From the room above comes the sound of tango music and dancing.
They both glower at the ceiling. FADE OUT.*

Scene 3 - The Van

Martin is watching the apartment house, Niles has a set of headphones on, hooked to a parabolic dish mike.

Niles: [*loudly*] Dad, this thing is amazing! I can actually hear some guy brushing his teeth! Swish, swish, spit. Swish, swish... flossing!

Martin: Niles!

Niles: You have got to try this, it's incredible! Here, put those on... [*Hands Martin the headphones.*]

Martin: [*unenthused*] All right.

Niles: [*giving him the mike*] All right, now point that anywhere you want.

Martin takes the mike, but as he's moving it towards the window it is pointed to the front of the van and Niles accidentally leans on the horn.

Martin: Aaaarrrrghh! [*He rips the headphones off.*] Niles, will you quit kidding around? This isn't a game, it's a job! I just want to spot the guy, get a picture and get out of here. So why don't we just sit here and be quiet for a while.

Niles: You know, Dad, are you sure you want to be doing this?

Martin: I thought you said you weren't worried about me.

Niles: No, no, I'm not worried about your safety, I just mean are you doing the right thing? Meddling in this guy's marriage. You know, speaking as a psychiatrist...

Martin: Oh boy, open up a window.

Niles: I just see this sort of thing in my practice all the time. People make mistakes, and-and have affairs, and find some way to fix it. It's possible that by taking this picture, you're destroying any chance this man has.

Martin: Niles, the guy's a bum! He's probably always been a bum. Now, if you want to get into a debate about something, maybe you can tell me what those grass clippings were doing in the clam chowder.

Niles: That was lemon grass, and Chef Andre has gotten high kudos for that soup.

Martin: Well, if kudos are those brown chewy things, he can have 'em. I put mine in the ashtray.

He goes back to staring through the binoculars.

Niles: You pretend to be such a cynic. I think you agree with me. You have too much of a conscience not to.

Martin: Oh, bappity, bappity, bap. Oh, there they are! [*He grabs the camera.*]

Niles: You're still gonna take this picture?

Martin: Ho-ho, you're damned right I am!

Niles: Even though right now that man may be planning to break it off with his girlfriend tonight? Planning to, to rededicate himself to his marriage? The terrible guilt spurring him on to ever-greater depths of commitment, and, and, and years from now he may be sitting with his wife, by the fire, holding her hand, reflecting on all their wonderful years

together, especially their SUNSET years. And you could destroy all that with one click of a camera.

The camera clicks rapidly as Martin takes half a dozen shots.

Martin: Sorry, Niles, what were you saying?

Niles: You took a picture of that tree and you know it!

Martin: All right, I did! What'd you have to talk about all that stuff for?

Niles: I was just saying what you were already thinking. You did the right thing and you're not gonna to regret it.

Martin: Yeah, well how am I going to tell Donny I just sat here and watched them walk by and get in the car?

Niles: You'll tell him proudly because you know in your heart of hearts...

There is a loud thunk behind them and a car alarm goes off.

Martin: Whoa! They backed into your Mercedes!

Niles: I don't believe it! They're not even leaving a note... they're driving away!

Martin: Well, I wouldn't worry about it, Niles. They're probably RACKED with grief and it'll spur them on to ever-greater...

Niles: Oh shut up and take their picture! Hurry up and get their license number! Hurry! Hurry!

Martin grabs the camera and snaps away. FADE OUT.

LIKE TWO SHIPS SINKING IN THE NIGHT

Scene 4 - Roz's Hotel Room

Roz and Frasier are sitting on the couch, drinking champagne.

Frasier has changed into his pajamas.

Roz: Ummm, my longest relationship would have to be Ted, '88 to '90. No! Derek, '89 to '92.

Frasier: Being a gentleman, Roz, I won't point out the slight overlap there.

Roz: It's not an overlap, it's a transition.

Frasier: Uh-huh.

Roz: You know, like in April when you start wearing your spring clothes, even though you're wearing your winter stuff?

Frasier: Yeah, well, if we're talking April of '90, I doubt you were wearing much of anything at all.

Roz: OK, wise guy, what was your longest relationship?

Frasier: Oh, that's easy, Lilith. Although... [he laughs]

Roz: What?

Frasier: Well, if we're not talking romantic relationship, well, then umm, my longest relationship with a woman would be you: seven years.

Roz: Loser! [They laugh.] Seven years!

Frasier: Gosh.

Roz: My God, it has been that long.

Frasier: It's worth toasting.

Roz: Absolutely. [They clink glasses and take a sip.] So Frasier, what's with the beard?

Frasier: You hate it.

Roz: No! Actually I like it. It's like you're Frasier but not Frasier. What made you do it?

Frasier: Oh, I don't know. I just wanted to change things a little, I don't know, be spontaneous.

Roz: Oh, my God, I almost did something like that this weekend.

Frasier: Really?

Roz: Yeah, I... Oh, hell, I'll show you! [*She puts down her glass and gets up, putting her hand on Frasier's leg.*] Ooh, nice silk pajamas. [*heading for the bathroom*] I made a little purchase on my way up here.

Frasier: Did you? Well, I am just dying with anticipation. What is it?

Roz: You promise you won't laugh?

Frasier: I promise.

Roz: OK. Hold on one second. I'll be right out!

She comes out of the bathroom, wearing a long, silky blonde wig.

Roz: I just wanted to see for once in my life what it would be like to be a blonde. I thought I'd wear it down to the bar one night. Pretty pathetic, huh?

Frasier: On the contrary, Roz. It's, it's quite becoming. It's like you're Roz but not Roz.

Roz: [*in a sultry voice*] Hello stranger. You here for the conference?

Frasier: Yes, I am.

Roz: Is this seat taken?

Frasier: It's been waiting for you all its life. [*She sits next to him.*] Champagne?

Roz: Well, I'm not sure I should. I already had one glass, and it went straight to my head. I feel like maybe I should lie down.

Frasier: You could use my room...

Roz: Are you sure you're a gentleman?

Frasier: Well, I do prefer blondes... [*They break up in laughter.*]

Roz: God, how many times have I had that conversation?

Frasier: What would life be without the occasional surrender to impulse?

Roz: It's true, it does makes you feel alive.

Frasier: Doing things you know you shouldn't do.

Roz: With people you shouldn't be with.

Frasier: Right. [*They look at each other.*]

Roz: Right.

Frasier: [*putting down his glass*] You know, suddenly, this couch seems a little small for me.

Roz: Well the bed seems pretty big.

Frasier: It's a big bed.

Roz: It is.

Frasier takes her champagne glass and puts it down. They look into each other's eyes.

Frasier: Roz...

He leans towards her. She leans in and tilts her head... There is a loud knock at the door.

Frasier: For God's sake!

He gets up and rushes to put on his robe, as she adjusts hers.

Frasier: You all right?

Answering the door, he finds Kenny, the station manager.

Frasier: Kenny!

Kenny: I got stuck in the storm! Now they don't have a room for me. I hear we're in the same boat, huh Doc? Oh, hiya Roz.

Roz: Hey.

Kenny: Hey, cool wig!

Roz: Thanks.

Kenny: Hey, wait a minute, I'm not interrupting anything, am I? Pyjamas, champagne, a fire... [*He winks broadly. They all laugh.*] So, anyhow, can I bunk here?

Roz: Why not?

Frasier: No reason.

Kenny: Great, great. I really like that blonde hair, Roz. You better be careful though: get the doc here all hot and bothered. Ha ha. [*Frasier and Roz laugh nervously.*] Well, just gonna get out of these wet clothes. I had a heck of a time gettin' here. All these roads look the same. [*Frasier and Roz come together, looking into each other's eyes again.*] I ended up taking a wrong turn... The last thing you want to do out here in these woods is take a wrong turn.

Frasier: [*as Roz turns away*] Quite right, Kenny.

Roz sits down.

Frasier: You know, I, I'm not sure the beard's really workin'. I probably should shave it off.

Roz: I wasn't gonna say anything, but yeah.

She takes off the wig. Kenny comes out of the bathroom wearing pajamas and a nasal bandage.

Kenny: I don't wear one of these snore strips, I'm a buzz saw going through steel pipe. So, ah, "Rock, Paper, Scissors" for the sofa?

Roz: I'll take it.

Kenny: OK. Looks like it's you and me in the bed, Doc.

Frasier: OK.

Roz turns off the lights.

Kenny: [*climbing into bed*] But I warn you, I'm a roller. What was I thinking, drinking all that coffee on the way up here? I'm gonna be up all night, I am WIRED. [*He rolls over, taking all the covers with him.*]

Frasier: Uh, Kenny, do you think you could, uh... [*Loud snores from Kenny's side.*]

Roz: [*over the back of the couch as she settles down*] Goodnight, Frasier.

Frasier: Goodnight, Roz.

He turns out the last light.

Credits:

Kenny's nasal strip has fallen off. Frasier looks for it, finally finding it (hideously) on his own arm. He puts it back on Kenny, even pinching his nose shut. Finally, he rolls over resignedly, and Kenny throws his arm over Frasier.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Star

SAUL RUBINEK as Donny Douglas

Guest Starring

TOM MCGOWAN as Kenny

Co-starring

TOM GOTTLIEB as Waiter

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