

[7.20] To Thine Old Self Be True

To Thine Old Self Be True

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Directed by Robert Egan

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Donny Douglas Episodes

- [\[6.15\]](#) To Tell The Truth.
 - [\[6.16\]](#) Decoys.
 - [\[6.22\]](#) Visions Of Daphne.
 - [\[6.23\]](#) Shut Out In Seattle [1].
 - [\[6.24\]](#) Shut Out In Seattle [2].
 - [\[7.02\]](#) Father Of The Bride.
 - [\[7.11\]](#) The Fight Before Christmas [2].
 - [\[7.18\]](#) Hot Pursuit.
-

Melinda Karnovsky Episodes

- [\[7.08\]](#) The Late Dr. Crane.
 - [\[7.11\]](#) The Fight Before Christmas [2].
 - [\[7.17\]](#) Whine Club.
-

Transcript {nicholas hartley}

Act One

Scene One - Frasier's Apartment.

Martin is sat eating his breakfast as Frasier enters putting his tie on.

Frasier: Oh, er, Dad...

Martin: It's not here yet!

Frasier: How did you even...

Martin: You've been yakking about it for weeks! Your new blazer's coming, it's Italian, it's hand-stitched, it cost more money than my first car.

Frasier: Yes, well, it's made from very expensive material. They have to find exactly the right kind of goat.

Martin: Looks like they did!

Daphne: [*enters with Frasier's breakfast from kitchen*] Morning, Dr. Crane. I made you a special breakfast.

Frasier: Why, thank you, Daphne.

Daphne: After all, blazer-day comes but once a year! [*exits*]

Frasier: The doorman said he was on his way up with it. I wonder what's keeping him?

Frasier opens the door to find Regan, from [7.06], "Rivals" waiting at the elevator.

Frasier: Regan.

Regan: Frasier! Long time no see.

Frasier: Yes, it has been.

Regan: I think the last time was when you came over with that bottle of wine.

Frasier: Oh, right. I met your charming boyfriend.

Regan: Scott.

Frasier: Scott.

Regan: And he's not my boyfriend anymore.

Frasier: Oh, well, he wasn't really all that charming...

Regan: [*laughs as doors open*] Well, it's nice seeing you again, Frasier.

Frasier: Likewise.

Regan exits into the elevator as Frasier enters back into the apartment with a pensive look.

Frasier: Wasn't that interesting? I just ran into Regan. Seems she's not seeing that Scott anymore.

Martin: What, the ballplayer, is she nuts? He had money and looks, the whole package.

Frasier: Dad, let him go!

Martin: Are you going to ask her out?

Frasier: I don't know, every time I've had a chance to get close to Regan, it seems I end up looking ridiculous. Still, she did make a point of letting me know she was single again. Perhaps she's hinting for another ride on the "Frasier-go-round."

Martin: Now, if we could just figure out why you always look ridiculous!

Donny enters talking into his mobile phone.

Donny: Look, please, you're my last chance, Vinny's already... No, I understand, I understand, don't worry about it, bye.
[*hangs up*]

Frasier: Problem?

Donny: Yeah, it's my bachelor party, my best man can't arrange it and I'm having a hell of a time trying to find somebody to fill in.

Frasier: Well, Donny, if you're looking for someone to throw you an appropriate shindig, I'd be willing to volunteer.

Donny: Oh. [*worried*] No, no, no, no, I don't think so, it's okay, I just don't want to impose...

Frasier: No, no, it's no trouble at all, really.

Donny: [*definite*] No, no, no, no! It'll be fine, but thanks for the offer, though. [*doorbell sounds*] Frasier, I don't think we're talking about the same kind of party.

Frasier: Donny, if you're letting my reputation as an aesthete cloud your judgment, I assure you I am just one of the guys, capable of getting down and dirty with the rest of them!
[*laughs*]

Frasier opens the door to the doorman, who has a garment bag over his arm.

Doorman: Your jacket, Dr. Crane.

Frasier: [*takes it*] Dear God! You never fold cashmere, you'll misdirect the knap! Get out! [*closes the door*] Donny, give it

some thought.

Donny looks apprehensive.

FADE OUT

**SHE'S SAVING THE REST
OF THE BEAR FOR LATER**

*Scene Two - Café Nervosa.
Frasier and Roz sit together.*

Frasier: Morning, Roz.

Roz: Hey, Frasier. Help me decide something.

Frasier: All right.

Roz: I'm thinking about getting my eyes done. It's a little expensive...

Frasier: Now, now, Roz. Cosmetic surgery's a drastic step. I mean, if you're worried about those bags under your eyes, why don't you try just a different concealer, perhaps a good night's sleep once in a while.

Roz: I meant the laser procedure so I could see without my contacts!

Frasier: [to waiter] Can I have my usual, please? Thank you.

Niles enters with a newspaper.

Niles: I just saw the most incredible thing, you won't believe it.

Roz: What is it?

Niles: You have to see it for yourself, mere words cannot...
[notices Frasier's jacket] Ooh, new jacket?

Frasier: Yes, just came today.

Niles: It's nice stitching.

Frasier: Thank you, chrystal!

Niles: No.

Frasier: Yes.

Niles: Is there something wrong with the knap?

Frasier: Oh my God, is it that obvious...?

Roz: [annoyed] Would you knock it off, what is so amazing?

Niles: All right, come here, come here.

Niles leads Frasier and Roz to the window overlooking the street.

Niles: Right, you see that rotund woman coming out of "Chock Full Of Donuts"? [they nod] Watch, before she gets in her car she will finish that bear claw and then go back in, this is her third time.

Frasier: That's what you brought us over here for, to gawk at some poor woman's struggle with junk food?

Roz: Big deal, so she's overweight, you don't need to point it out!

Niles looks at them confused. Frasier and Roz head back to their table.

Roz: It's rude.

Frasier: It's childish.

Niles: It's Maris!

The two run back to the window.

Roz: [laughs] No way!

Frasier: Dear God, are you sure, Niles?

Niles: I'm positive.

Frasier: It's hard to believe that's the same frail woman who once sprained her wrist from having too much dip on a cracker.

Niles: Maris was always chubby as a child, her whole life she was obsessed with keeping weight off.

Roz: Something must have snapped!

Niles: But literally, when she saw me she swallowed and her necklace exploded from the pressure. Oh, oh, oh, there she goes, back for more.

Frasier: Gosh.

Niles: You know, when I last saw her at Christmas she was her usual tiny self.

Niles and Frasier walk back to the table.

Frasier: Wait, Niles, wasn't that about the time you started dating her plastic surgeon?

Niles: Actually, it was. Do you think that could have triggered some sort of binge?

Frasier: Well...

Niles: Well, this isn't going to help. [*hands him newspaper*] Mel and I are in the society page today, that's our picture at the symphony benefit. I shudder to think how Maris'll react to that, you know how petty and jealous she can get.

Frasier: They never take a photo of me and I'm in the conductor's circle!

Roz sits back with them.

Roz: Well, she moved next door to "Italian Deli." The guy just took the two-foot salami out the window.

Niles: I can't face her now. That salami string should keep her busy until I can get to my car.

Niles exits and Frasier holds the paper after him.

Frasier: Niles...

Roz: [*notices*] Hey, is that Niles in the paper?

Frasier: Yes, he just happened to have a copy with him! As if anyone cares about such trivial matters!

Roz: Oh, yeah, right. This is eating you up, you live for this hoity-toity crap.

Frasier: Thank you, I certainly do not. Why does everyone think that? You know, just this morning, Donny said I was too fussy to throw him a bachelor party.

Roz: Well, you did give off kinda a fussy vibe.

Frasier: Well, there are other sides to my personality. I remember back in my Boston days, you know, I mean, I had a regular bar and a regular bar stool, I even had a tab!

Roz: Well, if you go back you should try having a beer!

Frasier: [*gives her a look*] Oh gosh, you know, maybe I have become stuffier. The highlight of my week was the arrival of my hand-tailored coat. Maybe it's time I loosened up a bit, try to tone down the whole fuddy-duddy image. [*dials mobile*] Oh, Donny, it's Frasier. Listen, I would really like to throw that bachelor party for you. No, no, I assure you I know what goes on at one. Yes, I'm quite, quite qualified. Oh really? I promise you a night of such unrepentant debauchery that the mere memory will delight you in your old age, that is if you should survive the night! [*laughs, then to Roz*] Do you think I'm overselling it a bit?

Roz: Maybe a tad.

Frasier: All right. [*to Donny*] That's great, oh, great, great,

thanks, Donny. I'll tell you what I'm going to do, I'm going to go out and find you a stripper! He-ha, maybe even more than one. *[laughs]* You bet! *[hangs up]*

Roz: Strippers, huh?

Frasier: You betcha, a couple of real red hot mommas!

Roz: You don't even know where to find one, do you?

Frasier: Not a clue!

FADE TO:

**MY KINGDOM FOR
TWO QUARTERS**

Scene Three - Seattle Streets.

Frasier arrives and notices two stands of papers. One is clearly marked as a sex magazine in yellow. He checks around to see if no-one is looking and puts the money into the machine. He opens it and takes out a magazine, however he gets his new jacket caught in the machine. He tries to pull it out yet he fails. Then Regan enters from a flower shop behind him and notices him.

Frasier: *[pulling his coat]* Damn! Damn! Damn! Open, damn you!

Regan: Frasier.

Frasier: *[notices her]* Regan! Well, this is certainly my lucky day, running into you twice. Gosh, I guess this must look a little strange.

Regan: Really, it's none of my business.

Frasier: No, no, actually, it's quite an amusing story. You see, I was just getting a "Seattle Times" here and I got my coat stuck in the machine.

Regan: That's not the "Seattle Times."

Frasier: Hmm? *[looks at the paper]* Dear God! They should label these things more clearly, this is some sort of a smut rag!

Regan: It was nice seeing you.

Regan gets into the cab and leaves

Frasier: Regan... Regan...! Ah...

End of Act One

Act Two

Scene One - Frasier's Apartment.

Frasier is on the phone as Martin reads a newspaper

Frasier: *[on phone]* Well, if you get any in, could you please call me? Thank you. *[hangs up]* Gosh, I'm off to one helluva start with this bachelor party. First the debacle with Regan, now "Sid's Novelty Shop" is completely out of naughty coasters.

Martin: Oh, would you stop moping, it'll all work ass.

It becomes apparent that Martin is reading the smut magazine. Frasier takes it off of him.

Frasier: For God's sakes! What the hell are you doing?

Donny enters with Daphne from her room.

Donny: Honey, if your head hurts, you don't have to go.

Daphne: No, I'll be fine. Oh, Dr. Crane, I just want to tell you how

happy I am you're throwing Donny's bachelor party.

Frasier: Oh, well, there you see, at least someone thinks I'm capable of throwing a...

Donny: [*interrupting*] ...nice low-key party just like my honey bunny insisted.

Daphne: Honestly, why men have to celebrate getting married by having bouncing buzzums shoved in their faces. [*Donny pretends to act disgusted*] If I know Dr. Crane, your party'll be over by nine-thirty, we could all go out for dinner afterwards.

Donny: Oh, that'd be swell.

Donny and Daphne exit.

Frasier: Gosh, you know, if Daphne's so down on this whole bachelor party idea, maybe I should throw a more sedate one. I don't want to get Donny in trouble.

Martin: Listen, your job's to give him the party he wants. Everything else is between them. It's absolutely none of your boobs!

Frasier pulls the sex mag away from him again as the doorbell sounds. Frasier goes to answer it. A beautiful blond policewoman enters called Dinah.

Dinah: Frasier Crane?

Frasier: Yes.

Dinah: I'm looking into a report of vandalism of a newspaper vending machine on Euclid Avenue, does that sound familiar to you?

Frasier: Well, I may have been in the area earlier today, er...

Dinah: Somebody on the scene recognized you as the perpetrator. Are you away of the penalty for vandalism?

Martin: Uh-oh!

Frasier: Well, I may have dented the machine a little, but I...

Dinah: [*pushes him back onto couch*] Frasier Crane, you have the right to remain... [*takes hat off and dangles her hair*] ...aroused. [*she rips open her coat showing him her blue sparkely bra as music begins to play from her belt*] Anything you see can be rubbed against you. [*she begins to clamber on top of him, he holds her back*]

Martin: She's a stripper!

Frasier: I get it, Dad. Thank you, officer.

Martin: I knew that Daphne was going to be gone most of the afternoon so I figured I'd help you out. Boy, if you hire her for Donny's party, he'll put you in his will.

Dinah buttons her shirt back up.

Dinah: So, do I get the job? [*Daphne enters*]

Frasier: I think you certainly seem qualified. Er, overqualified!

Daphne: What's going on?

Martin: Daphne!

Frasier: Er, well this is [*reads badge*] Officer Nasty. She's leaving the police force and I'm thinking of hiring her as the housekeeper, you see. I mean, once you marry Donny, you'll still be Dad's physical therapist, of course, but, er, we'll need someone around here to help with the chores, won't we?

Martin: Weren't you supposed to be out with Donny today?

Daphne: Yeah, I was, but I've got a splitting headache. So, how long have you been on the force?

Frasier: You know, er, I was just about to show the officer around the house and, er, discuss terms. [*doorbell sounds*]

Daphne: All right, it was nice meeting you, Officer Nasty.

Dinah: Yeah.

*Dinah and Frasier exit as Daphne opens the door to Niles and Mel.
Mel is very distraught and Niles is trying to calm her down.*

Mel: Don't tell me to calm down! It's a complete disaster, she'll ruin me.

Martin: What's going on?

Niles: It's Maris, she saw the picture of us today and she's determined to take it out on Mel.

Mel: Yes, she's telling everyone I caused her weight gain by nicking her thyroid during a neck tuck. I've already had three cancellations. She never thinks about anyone but herself! Daphne, get me a cup of tea.

Daphne: Actually, I have a bit of a headache.

Mel: Oh, you could be coming down with something, wash your hands first. [*Daphne looks angry*]

Niles: Oh, you've got to calm down, your shoulders are so tense. Oh, you know, Daphne gives a wonderful massage, it might be just the thing for you.

Daphne: Actually, I was planning on taking a nap.

Mel: Oh, good, so you're not busy. Shall we do it in your room?

Niles: You two run along, I'll take care of the tea. [*touching Daphne's hand*] I really appreciate this, Daphne.

Daphne: [*doing it just for Niles*] You're welcome, Dr. Crane.

Daphne and Mel exit.

Martin: Niles, guess what your brother's doing?

Niles: Pressing his new blazer?

Martin: Yeah, against a stripper!

Niles: What?

Martin: Yes, he's interviewing her in his room for Donny's bachelor party, but don't tell Daphne.

Niles: And how exactly do you interview a stripper?

Martin: I don't know but I bet there's a real show going on in there.

CUT TO: Frasier's Bedroom.

Dinah is sat on the bed wearing only her underwear as Frasier shows her how it's done.

Frasier: Keep the gun in it's holster until the very end, you see, that way your act has more... impact, shall we say? [*takes gun out*] Bang, bang, bang, bang.

Dinah: Men seem to like my act the way it is.

Frasier: Oh, well, I certainly can't tell you about attracting men but I do know a thing or two about showmanship. Tell me, what sort of encore do you have?

Dinah: I don't have an encore.

Frasier: Trust me, with this act we're going to need one. Er, I have an idea...

CUT TO: Living Room

Niles arrives back from Daphne's room.

Niles: Well, Mel's all set up with Daphne.

Martin: Oh, maybe we ought to tell Frasier this is a good time to get that stripper out of here.

Martin goes to the corridor and finds Frasier peering out.

Frasier: Dad?

Martin: Frasier, okay, coast is clear, everything's fine.

Frasier: Not exactly.

Frasier enters with Dinah handcuffed to his wrist.

Martin: How did that happen?

Dinah: Lord of the Dance here decided I needed an encore.

Frasier: Well, I assumed you had the key.

Dinah: I never use them!

Frasier: Right, we'll just have to cut them off.

Martin: [*heading to kitchen*] All right, well come on in here.

Niles: [*following her in admiration*] I'm Niles.

CUT TO:

Scene Two - Daphne's Room.

Mel is lying facedown on Daphne's bed, naked underneath a towel.

Daphne kneels beside her, massaging her.

Daphne: Now, you might come to a point where you feel like you can't take it anymore. I call that "phase one."

She digs in hard, Mel screams in agony.

Mel: Are you sure you know what you're doing?

Daphne: I know exactly what I'm doing. [*digs her elbow into the back of Mel's neck, making her scream again*] Just relax.

Mel: Oh, this is all Maris's fault. You know, she actually called me and said she'd lay off if I stopped seeing him.

Daphne: What did you say?

Mel: Well, I hung up on her. How insane is this woman? She thinks I'd give up Niles to protect my practice? I'm crazy about him. The way he laughs, the way he gets that little glint in his eye when he's about to say something clever...

Daphne stops, and there is a long shot of her face as Mel goes on.

Mel: But do you know why I love him the most? It's like there are all these things that he could be if he could just trust someone enough to help him unlock it all. And if I could be that person - you know, that safe person in his life - well, the more I know him, the more I know that's all I want to be. [*pause, as she realizes Daphne has stopped*] Daphne?

Daphne massages her, and Mel lets out a groan of pleasure.

CUT TO:

Scene Three - Kitchen

Frasier and Dinah have their hands over a cutting board. Martin saws at the chain, to no effect.

Frasier: It isn't working Dad, there's only one thing left to do.

Martin: [*panics*] Well, I gotta warn you, I'm not as good a shot as I used to be. We'll have to go out on the balcony, I need a cup of coffee to steady my nerves!

Frasier: Dad! I meant go to a locksmith.

Martin: Oh, thank God, let's go.

Reset to: Living Room

The three enter where Niles is.

Dinah: Well, wait, hold on, I have to put something on. [*doorbell sounds*]

Niles: Wait, I'll get it. [*looks through spy glass*] It's Maris. At

least, I think it is. You need a bigger peep hole.

Frasier: What on earth is she doing here?

Niles: I have no idea, but we can't let her anywhere near Mel, especially now that Maris has the weight advantage.

We hear loud banging on the other side of the door.

Martin: Take her into Frasier's room.

Frasier: Wait, wait, wait, I can't let her see me like this, she'll blab it all over town.

Martin: Get in the bathroom, I'll call you when she leaves.

Frasier and Dinah rush into the powder room as Niles opens the door.

Reset to: Powder Room.

Frasier and Dinah are sat waiting

Frasier: You know, seeing as how we have a minute or two here, I may as well take this opportunity to end the suspense. You've got the job.

Dinah: I've got a little news for you too: I've been on the clock since you slapped the cuffs on me.

Frasier: Fair enough.

Dinah: It's freezing in here.

Frasier: Oh, let me. I seem to remember doing this back in my college days, fraternity hazing.

Frasier takes off his jacket and passes it along the handcuffs onto Dinah inside-out.

Frasier: There you are.

Dinah: Here we go. Thank you.

Frasier: It's hand-stitched.

Martin: [o.s.] Frasier, come on out.

Frasier: All right, we're outta here.

Reset to: Living Room.

Frasier and Dinah exit the powder room.

Martin: My God, have you seen Maris?

Frasier: Yes, Dad, I know. Did Niles calm her down?

Martin: Yeah, he took her to your room but he had to butter her up a little.

Frasier: I was afraid that narrow doorway might pose a problem.

Reset to: Hallway

Frasier and Dinah are about to exit, however he sees Regan in the hallway with a bag of groceries. Frasier shoves Dinah back inside and rests against the door.

Regan: Frasier.

Frasier: Regan, hello. Er, listen, sorry about this afternoon.

Regan: Oh, forget about that, it was no big deal. By the way I was wondering if you'd be available to...

Regan drops all of her groceries.

Frasier: Good Lord.

Regan begins to pick them back up. Frasier can only stand and watch.

Frasier: No need to be embarrassed about that, I do that sort of thing

all the time. You were saying?

Regan: Let me get all this cleaned up first. [*look at Frasier for help*]

Frasier comes to her aid by kicking a lost cabbage over to her.

Frasier: There you go. You know, I'd gladly have helped you, it's just that I've hurt my back you see. Oh, oh gosh, oh, oh, it's seizing up again. You know, maybe it would be best if I just went back inside, crawled into bed, good night.

Reset to: Living Room

He ducks back inside and closes the door. Martin has now gone.

Frasier: It's going to be a moment.

Dinah: I figured.

Daphne: [*o.s., entering*] I'm just going to make us some tea.

Frasier: Back inside.

Frasier pushes Dinah into the powder room and is about to follow her when Mel and Daphne enter. Frasier hides Dinah behind the door.

Mel: Frasier, you're a lucky man having this woman on your staff. Thank you again, Daphne.

Daphne: You're welcome.

Niles then enters from the kitchen with masses of food.

Mel: Niles, where are you going with all that food?

Niles: Em... Dad is not feeling well, so I thought I'd bring him some comfort food. And, er, by the way, if anyone's going out, Dad specifically requested something called a chilupa.

Niles exits to Frasier's room as the doorbell sounds.

Frasier: Er, Daphne, would you mind getting that?

Daphne: You're not serious?

Frasier: You are on the staff after all.

Daphne angrily marches to the door and opens it to Regan.

Regan: Hi, Daphne.

Daphne: Hey, Regan, come on in. [*she does*]

Regan: Em, oh, Frasier, I was concerned about your back.

Daphne: You hurt your back?

Frasier: No, no, it was just a spasm. See, leaning against the wall like this, it actually feels a lot better.

Mel: Is it upper back or lower?

Frasier: Middle. Actually, if you could all just leave me alone, really I'm fine just here.

Daphne: Why don't we just get you onto the couch?

Frasier: No, no, no, please, please, I know what I'm doing.

Regan: We'll each take a side.

Frasier: No, stop!

Mel: Frasier, it could be a parasitic strain.

Daphne: Or a bulging disc.

Regan: Yes, impinging on your lumbar nerves.

Frasier: Yes, it could easily be anyone of those things, but did you also consider that it might be... [*brings Dinah out*] the stripper chained to my wrist!

The three look shocked.

Daphne: Officer Nasty!

Frasier: Everyone, this is Dinah. You see this all happened because I was trying to prove that I'm a normal guy, capable of doing normal guy things like throw a bachelor party - and Daphne, Donny didn't know anything about it so I wish you'd just lighten up. Regan, I can't even imagine where this must put us. I guess it's time I just accept the fact that things will never work out between us. You are certainly not to blame. After today, I can't see that any woman would even want to go out with me.

Dinah: I think I would.

Frasier looks rather gleeful as Daphne, Regan and Mel look in shock.

FADE TO:

Scene Four - Frasier's Apartment.

Martin is sat in his chair as Frasier enters that evening.

Martin: Hey, Frasier.

Frasier: Oh, hi, Dad.

Martin: [suggestive] How was your date?

Frasier: Well, it was nice. We had a beer, talked a bit...

Martin: She has a helluva body, doesn't she?

Frasier: Dad, that was not what this evening was about. This evening was about taking a chance, getting to know a different sort of woman. It turns out she's really quite interesting, Dinah. She's working her way through grad school, she lives with her mother, she's extremely well-read, she even speaks a couple of languages.

Martin: Well, it makes you wonder, doesn't it?

Frasier: Yes, it does, doesn't it? It makes you wonder how eager we are to judge a book by its cover, how willing we are to stereotype...

Martin: No, I mean, it really makes you wonder what that mother looks like!

End of Act Two.

Credits:

Martin is reading the magazine again when Daphne comes by. He quickly hides it from view. When she has gone, he begins to look at it again only to have it swiped off of him by Daphne who is on her way out with Eddie.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Stars

JANE ADAMS as Mel

SAUL RUBINEK as Donny

Guest Starring

GIGI RICE as Regan

RACHEL YORK as Dinah

GREG ZERKLE as Doorman

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