

[7.3]Radio Wars

Radio Wars

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Transcript {nick hartley}

Act One.

Scene One - Frasier's Bedroom.

It is pitch black at a quarter past six in the morning. The phone rings. Frasier switches the light on revealing he is in bed. He answers the phone.

Frasier: Hello?

Carlos: [v.o] Dr. Crane?

Frasier: Yes, who's this?

Carlos: Dr. Kaufmann. Bob Kaufmann of the National Psychotherapy Institute. Oh my gosh, it's six-fifteen in the morning your time. I hope I didn't wake you.

Frasier: No, no, I was up. [sits up] Er, where did you say you were calling from?

Carlos: The National Psychotherapy Institute...

CUT TO: KACL

We now see that it is not Dr. Kaufmann on the phone. Frasier is actually on the receiving end of a prank call from KACL's new morning team, "Carlos And The Chicken." Throughout this scene we swap between KACL studios and Frasier's bedroom.

Carlos: ...in Saddle River, New Jersey.

Frasier: Oh yes, of course. What can I do for you?

Carlos: Oh, for Pete's sake. No one called you? You won our Radio Therapist of the Year Award. Congratulations.

Frasier: [takes it in] Well, thank you. Of course, the work itself is honor enough.

Carlos: Thank you! And I'm sorry about the mix-up. The problem is we're going to need some pictures of you so we can get started on the statue.

Frasier: Statue?

Carlos: For our Hall of Thinkers. [aside] Angie, he never got the packet!

Frasier: Is there anything I can do?

Carlos: Well, it's a little late now, but maybe if you describe your body we could get started on the preliminary carving. The sculptor's right here. Fortunately we got Herr Gustav

Brumhalt.

Frasier: Oh, my.

The Chicken takes on the German accent of Gustav.

Chicken: Dr. Crane, please, ja?

Frasier: Yes, yes, this is Dr. Crane speaking. Herr Brumhalt, may I say, it's quite an honor.

Chicken: Ja, Ja, Ja. We have your face, very handsome, but I need you to describe your body.

Frasier: Yes, of course. Er, six foot one, medium build, broad shoulders, sublimely proportioned...

Chicken: Ja, das ist gut, Ja. But before I order my marble I need to describe your, how do I say this, where you sit? Ja?

Frasier: Oh, my posterior, yeah well, that's a little sensitive, isn't it? [laughs]

Chicken: Oh, you don't want to tell me, I understand, it's a big one. Angie, order the big marble, please.

Frasier: Please put Dr. Kaufmann back on.

Chicken: No, I have a better idea. Why don't you send us a picture of your [reverts to normal voice] hindquarters and send it into KACL's new morning team...

Chicken/Carlos: Carlos And The Chicken!

Carlos laughs into the mike while the Chicken buck-bucks like a chicken.

Frasier: [takes it in] Dr. Kaufmann? Angie?

CUT TO:

Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment.

Frasier enters from his room that morning as Daphne does the same.

Frasier is fuming, Daphne is trying to contain her laughter.

Frasier: Morning!

Daphne: [nearly laughing] Good morning, Dr. Crane.

Frasier: You won't believe what just happened to me! I was the victim of a radio prank.

Daphne: Oh, how terrible! [swallows her laughter]

Frasier: Yes, it's a sad day when getting a man to describe his own behind passes as humor.

Daphne ducks into the kitchen, laughing uncontrollably.

Frasier: You heard the whole thing, didn't you!

Daphne: [comes back with coffee] Ja! I'm sorry, Dr. Crane, but they can be funny.

Frasier: Oh, that's all right, Daphne. "Carlos and the Chicken" are the sort of performers who keep popping up on the radio these days. So-called humorists who rely on cruel pranks and scatological references. Well, I suppose that's the sort of thing that passes for entertainment these days. You know, perhaps it's just a generational thing.

Then Martin enters, walking cane in hand, laughing his socks off.

Martin: Man, they got you good! The Chicken was on fire! What a great bit!

Daphne: Yeah, I think it will be bit of the day.

Martin: Yeah!

Frasier: [gets up] I'm going back to bed.

Martin: Frasier, wait a minute, can you get me a tape of the show?

Frasier: What on earth for?

Martin: How often do you get to hear your son on the radio?!

Frasier stares.

Frasier: I'm on the radio everyday!

He storms off to his room.

FADE OUT

Scene Three - Café Nervosa.

Frasier orders his coffee at the counter and meets Roz at a table.

Frasier: Hello Roz, I suppose you heard about my unscheduled appearance on KACL's new morning show.

Roz: No, what happened?

Frasier: Well, the less said about it, the better.

Roz: Come on Frasier, why don't you pull up a couple of chairs and tell me about it? *[laughs]*

Frasier sits.

Frasier: Was everyone in Seattle listening at six in the morning?

Roz: Did they do it at six? I heard the replay at eight.

Waitress: *[bringing Frasier's coffee]* I heard it at nine-fifteen.

Roz: Congratulations, you were bit of the day!

Frasier: Oh, I thought the entire thing was rude and childish.

Roz: Well, you're just mad because you fell for it. Come on, Frasier, "Hall of Thinkers"?

Frasier: Well, it's not such a bad idea. In a society where we glorify our athletes and rock musicians, I thought maybe we should... *[then]* Well, it was early.

Meanwhile, Kenny, Carlos and the Chicken enter and sit down at the opposite table. Roz notices them.

Roz: Hey, that's them over there with Kenny. Wow! The Chicken's a lot cuter than he is on his billboard. Of course, he's not squatting in a feather suit trying to hatch Carlos's head.

Frasier: Do you know, I think I might just go over there and introduce myself.

Roz: I don't know what you're thinking, but don't.

Frasier: I'm just going to go over there and let them know that what they did today was completely unacceptable.

Roz: Frasier, I know guys like this. Once they know they can rattle you, they never stop. Just take your lumps and laugh it off.

Frasier: I'm perfectly capable of laughing it off, I just want to let them know that I don't appreciate being made the punch line at my own station. I'm going to go over there and tell them from now on, I don't want any part of their shenanigans.

Roz: Oh God, please don't say "shenanigans!"

Frasier goes over to the table.

Frasier: Hello, Kenny. I believe introductions are in order.

Kenny: Oh, right, Dr. Frasier Crane, this is the Chicken and Carlos.

Carlos: Ah, ah...

Kenny: What?

Carlos: We're actually called "Carlos and the Chicken."

Frasier: Yes well, nice to meet you boys. About this morning...

Kenny: Whoa, Whoa, Whoa, I don't want to see any feathers flying here. *[laughs]* Just kidding.

Carlos: Dr. Crane, I hope we didn't go too far. We love your show.

Frasier: Really, you're listeners?

Carlos: Oh yeah, we're big fans. And you know, the last thing we want to do is step on your toes.

Frasier: Well you know, you do tread a fine line with your style of comedy, but perhaps you can be excused for stomping on it rather exuberantly on your first day. Just keep in mind in the future that this station does have a certain pecking order. *[laughs]*

Carlos: We totally get it, Dr. Crane, it felt wrong when we did it.

Chicken: Sure did, sure you're not upset or anything?

Frasier: Oh no, no harm, no foul. *[laughs]*

Chicken: It's great meeting you, Dr. Crane.

Frasier: Likewise, boys. Hey, call me Frasier, but don't call me at home.

Carlos: And Dr. Crane: we're listening!

Frasier laughs, and goes back to Roz.

Roz: Is it over? I couldn't look.

Frasier: For God's sake, Roz, have a little faith in me. After all, I do reason with people for a living. It's all settled. You know, they're good kids, really, quite sensible actually.

Roz: Yeah, if you go for beer-belching frat boy types - which I do, was the Chicken wearing a wedding ring?

Frasier: You know, I really did overreact this morning. After all, it was kind of cute, I suppose. *[laughs]* "Hall of Thinkers." Never let it be said that Frasier Crane is the kind of man who is incapable of laughing at himself.

The waitress brings him two cakes.

Waitress: These are for you.

Frasier: *[laughs]* Yes, I see, some patron has sent me some sticky buns. *[to café]* Very funny. Very funny, indeed.

Waitress: You ordered those, sir.

Frasier: Oh, so I did, thank you.

Frasier tucks in.

FADE TO:

TAKE THAT, ALFALFA

Scene Four - Frasier's Apartment.

Martin is on the phone to his friend. Frasier is drinking coffee in his dressing gown. Daphne is also hanging around. The doorbell sounds.

Martin: No kidding. He's flying you to Las Vegas for the fight? *[so Frasier can hear]* That's a great son you've got there, Duke.

Frasier gives him a look. Daphne opens the door to Niles.

Daphne: Good morning, Dr. Crane.

Niles: Hello, Daphne, Dad. Frasier, I thought you might like to join me. I'm going down to Abigail's to have my crepe pans re-seasoned.

Martin quickly turns away the phone so Duke doesn't hear.

Frasier: Gosh, I'd love to, Niles, but I've just drawn myself a nice herbal bath.

Martin turns the other way.

Martin: [laughs] No, no, it's just Daphne, she's watching PBS. Okay, I'll talk to you later, Duke. [hangs up] Does the whole world have to know what goes on in this house?

Frasier: Help yourself to some coffee, Niles.

Niles: Thank you.

Frasier exits to the bathroom.

Daphne: Dr. Crane, how do you know it's time to have your crepe pans re-seasoned, anyway?

Niles: It can be confusing. But this may help: "Saucepans in summer, crepe pans in fall, when winter's upon us, there's food for us all."

The phone sounds.

Martin: Whoever it is, I am not home, I am not here!

Niles answers the phone.

Niles: Hello.

Chicken: [v.o with accent] Is Dr. Crane there?

Niles: No, actually he's taking a bath.

Chicken: Who's this?

Niles: This is his brother, Niles.

Chicken: Okay, well this is the building superintendent.

CUT TO: KACL.

Carlos and the Chicken are on the air, and Chicken is navigating their latest crank call.

Chicken: I'm in the bathroom just below his and I think the pipes are getting corroded. Is your brother putting anything unusual in his bath?

Back to the Apartment.

Niles: I'm not exactly sure what he puts in his bath. Better let me ask him.

Niles exits with the phone.

Martin: I smell a bit.

Daphne: Put the radio on.

Martin does.

CUT TO: Frasier's Bathroom.

Meanwhile, Frasier is enjoying his bath whilst singing "I'm in the Mood for Love." Niles enters.

Frasier: I'm in the mood for love...

Niles: Frasier-

Frasier: Simply because you're near me...

Niles: Frasier, what do you put in your bath water?

Frasier: You know very well it's a proprietary blend, Niles.

Niles: No, no, no, it's your super. There's something corroding the pipes in the unit below you, he thinks it may be something in

your tub. [*hands him the phone*]

Frasier: [*to phone*] Hello, yes, I'm sure it's not my fault but if you insist, I use... [*waits for Niles to exit*] ...jasmine, lavender, rose hips and a little Tahitian Vanilla.

Chicken: Yeah well, it sounds okay. Boy, with a bath like that I bet the ladies sure go for you though, huh?

Frasier: Yes well, love does enter through the nose.

Chicken: Hey you know, the neighbors down here have been complaining about a little sound bleed-through. I think we got a bad tile, I sure would like to check it. I heard you sing into the phone earlier. You think you could, I don't know, do it again?

Frasier: All right.

Frasier begins singing "I'm in the Mood for Love" again.

CUT TO: KACL.

Chicken: Yeah, that's great. I definitely heard some bleed-through. You know, I could isolate the tile if you could just walk around a little bit... [*Carlos bounces in his chair*] or maybe you know, if you could stomp around that would be great.

Frasier: Stomp around?

Chicken: Yeah, well look, if it's too much trouble I could send my assistant, Jimmy, up to stomp around.

Frasier: Oh, no, no, please. You just leave Jimmy where he is. I certainly don't need an audience while I'm singing in the bathtub.

Chicken: I really appreciate this. We'll get it all cleared up in a jiffy. Thanks a lot, Dr. Crane.

Back to the bathroom:

Frasier: Just wait a second and I'll tell you when I'm ready.

Frasier gets out of the bath and puts his robe on.

Frasier: I'm ready. Here goes.

Frasier, whilst singing his song, jumps around the bathroom producing a farce.

Frasier: I'm in the mood for love, [*stomps his foot*]
Simply because you're near me, [*starts jumping around*]
Funny but...

CUT TO: we see a shot of Roz listening to this in her car.

Frasier: [*on radio*] When you're near meeeeeee....

She sinks her head down onto the steering wheel.

CUT BACK TO: the bathroom.

Frasier: I'm in the mood for love...

Chicken: Oh my God! The whole ceiling's falling down. Ow!

Frasier: Oh, good Lord! [*retreats and sits on edge of tub*]

Niles runs in, shaking his head.

Frasier: Niles, be careful, the whole ceiling's caving in.

Chicken: Hey listen, I think we found out what the problem is: it's that *humongous* ass of yours!

Carlos: Listeners, "Carlos and the Chicken" are offering one thousand

dollars for the best picture of Frasier Crane's humongous ass for our website.

Then they start playing a theme song that goes "Frasier Crane's humongous ass contest." Niles looks on to an appalled and despairing Frasier.

Frasier: [*hangs up*] Oh, dear God!

Niles: Now, now, it won't get you down for long. You've always had a thick skin. [*starts to giggle*] Unless that Tahitian Vanilla softened you up a bit...

Frasier: GET OUT!

Niles runs out.

End of Act One.

Act Two.

THE UMBRELLA POLICY

Scene One - Frasier's Apartment.

It is another morning in the Crane household. Martin is sat in his chair, wearing his dressing gown and reading his paper. Frasier bursts in with a sweater tied around his waist to cover his backside. As he enters, we can see camera flashes outside. Frasier is carrying a medicine bottle.

Frasier: [*enters*] Leave me alone! For God's sake, have some respect.

Martin: Was that Mrs. Kurdsmen?

Frasier: She dropped her medication in the hallway. As I stooped to pick it up, out came her camera like an assassin's blade. Well, if she wants to control those blood clots, she'll cough up that film! [*puts the pills on the cabinet*]

Martin: You're really getting riled up.

Frasier: I certainly am.

Martin: Come on, they're just pranks. Back in the force, we used to do stuff like this all the time. We'd fill a guy's hat with shaving cream or nail his shoes to the floor. Sometimes we'd get a guy dead drunk and leave him in a drawer in the morgue! [*laughs*]

The doorbell sounds. Frasier crosses to the door.

Frasier: You know, Dad, I might have been able to laugh it off if all of Seattle hadn't started stalking me with cameras!

Frasier looks through the spy-hole in the door. He then quickly opens the door and pulls a surprised Niles inside.

Frasier: Quickly Niles, inside, come on! [*slams the door*]

Niles: Why didn't you hold the elevator? Didn't you hear me shouting?

Frasier: That was you? I'm sorry, Niles, I was afraid you were trying to get a picture of my butt!

Niles: How exciting to be present at the birth of a new phobia. [*gives Frasier a look*]

Frasier: I'm talking about Carlos and the Chicken.

Niles: Oh, yes, their little contest. I can't believe anyone's taking that seriously.

Frasier: Oh, well, they won't be for much longer. I've decided it's time to fight back. I was up to all hours last night crafting

my response to those two idiots. I believe I have arrived at a masterful rebuttal.

Martin: I'm not sure you want to call it your reBUTTal.

Frasier and Niles cross to the table where quotations books are laid across the table along with Frasier's speech.

Niles: I see your "Bartlett's" is out. You're not pulling any punches!

Frasier: Hardly. I go in swinging with La Rochéfoucauld: "If we had no faults of our own, we would not take so much pleasure in noticing those of others."

Niles: [boxing-match style] Ouch!

Frasier: And when I've knocked them reeling, I go in with a jab of Dorothy Parker: "Wit has truth in it, wise-cracking is merely calisthenics with words."

Niles: Pow!

Frasier: And when they're bloody and against the ropes, I go in with the kill - [shadow-boxing] Twain, Wilde, Twain, Twain, Mencken!

Niles: It's not a fight, it's an execution!

As they laugh and caper enthusiastically, Martin comes over to the table.

Martin: You know Frasier, if you go and read that on the air you're going to set yourself up for a year of abuse. You know, this kind of thing is probably the reason why these guys started picking on you in the first place.

Frasier: All right, Dad, what exactly are you saying? That I somehow managed to bring all this misery on myself?

Martin: No, I'm not saying that, just... well, have you ever wondered why these bullies have always kind of zeroed in on you two?

Niles: No, we don't wonder why, we know the reason:

Frasier/Niles: Jealousy!

Martin: Okay, so there's a little bit of that too. But you know, you kinda give people the impression that you're... above them.

Frasier: Pish-tosh!

Niles: Poppycock!

Daphne enters in her gown.

Niles: Morning, Daphne.

Frasier: Oh, Daphne, do you think we're snobby, superior and condescending?

Daphne: That's it! I'm getting my door sound-proofed.

She goes to the kitchen.

Martin: See what I mean? People think you're stuffy. You know, with your opera parties, and your wine parties, and your seasoned crepe pans.

Frasier: In my defense, Niles is the only one who has ever seasoned his crepe pans.

Niles: Which is the precisely why I've had the same set since the ninth grade, thank you very much.

Martin: My point is, you guys could never resist putting on airs. Even when you were in junior high, you used to love that TV program, "The Avengers." You used to run all over the neighborhood pretending you were that guy with the umbrella... Steve.

Frasier: Steed!

Niles: [rolls his eyes] Dad!

Frasier: There were worse role models. Steed was dapper and witty. When anyone tried to give him grief, he gave them a sound thrashing with the umbrella.

Martin: Well, that's great, admire him if you want. But did you have to run through the neighborhood in bowler hats? I mean, you were just begging to get beat up.

Frasier: Come to think of it, it was rather a rough summer that year, wasn't it?

Niles: I remember getting a chin strap so the bowler wouldn't fall off when I ran.

Martin: And all that did was make you look like Elizabeth Taylor in "National Velvet." My point is, if you go down to the station and read that over the air, then you might as well go down there in a great big bowler hat. I mean, people are never going to let you forget it.

"[The bowler] should never be worn abroad, never by foreigners, and Americans who attempt to do so should be fined."
-- Hardy Amies, designer

Daphne has re-entered with coffee.

Daphne: You know, it's funny hearing you talk about "The Avengers." My first Halloween in America, I went to a party dressed as Mrs. Peel. Head-to-toe in that skintight black leather catsuit. [Niles looks up] Come to think of it, I still have it somewhere, and Halloween's coming up.

Martin: Catsuit, huh? [referring to Eddie who has just come in] Better not let this guy hear you talking about that, he'll go nuts.

Niles: I would not! [sees Eddie] ...be surprised if he did!
Ho-ho-ho. [strokes Eddie]

The phone rings.

Frasier: Excuse me. [answers] Hello? Why, Roz - yes, just calm down. No, no, I'm not listening. Hang on a second.

Frasier turns on the radio. "Carlos and the Chicken" have put together a tape which sounds like Roz and Frasier having sex - voice clips from the radio show laid over background sounds of moaning and grunting. Frasier is horrified.

Frasier: [on radio] Roz! Oh, dear God!

Carlos: [on radio] I think we're going to have to throw a bucket of water on those two.

Chicken: [on radio] Roz and Frasier stopped around for a quick hello, next thing you know, they're getting it on in the booth!

Frasier: Roz!

Roz: [on radio] Frasier!

Frasier: Roz!

Roz: Frasier!

Frasier: Do we have time to squeeze in one more?

Roz: Plenty of time, Frasier. Two more minutes.

Carlos: You know, for a man carrying around a good fifty extra pounds of ass, Frasier Crane has got unbelievable stamina. Frasier, where do you get your energy?

Frasier: Lavender, rose hips and a little Tahitian Vanilla.

Carlos: Oh my God, they're changing positions. I've never seen that one before.

Frasier: Love does enter through the nose.

Frasier turns it off. Martin, Daphne and Niles can't contain their

laughter.

Frasier: Call you back, Roz. [*hangs up*] I'm going down there.

Martin: Frasier...

Frasier: Dad, don't try to talk me out of this, I'm going to teach those two a lesson, they'll not soon forget. [*grabs speech*] Where's my umbrella?

Martin: Oh no, not that again! Not the umbrella, I'm begging you!

Frasier: It's raining!

Frasier grabs his umbrella and exits the apartment to an array of camera flashes.

Frasier: No! No, stop it!

FADE TO:

Scene Two - KACL Radio Station.

Frasier storms through the double doors into the corridor outside the studio where "Carlos and the Chicken" are live on air. Frasier bumps into an equally angry Roz.

Frasier: Roz, what are you doing here?

Roz: I am getting revenge, that's what! These guys are going down! Did you hear the disgusting, vile things they said about me?

Frasier: Just the part about us having sex.

Roz: Exactly! And now they've got a photo contest about me now, too.

Frasier: Roz, a thousand dollars for a shot of your behind? Sorry.

Roz: No, it's fifty bucks and a six-pack. And there were seven winners before I even left the house. Frasier, what shall we do? Slash their tires, should we crack their windshields?

Frasier: No, I was thinking of a more direct approach, Roz.

Roz: Oh, I'm down with that too! Next commercial, I'll get the Chicken, you take the big guy.

Frasier: No, no, that's not it and you know it, Roz.

Roz: I knew you'd say that. Fine, I'll take the big guy.

Frasier: No, no, Roz. Listen to yourself, you're lusting for blood like a barbarian. I've a more civilized approach in mind. I have composed a speech!

Roz stares at him.

Roz: A speech? Well, unless you plan to roll it up and cram it down their throats, what good is that gonna do?

Frasier: Just watch me.

Roz: No, Frasier, they're never going to stop making fun of you.

Frasier: Roz, I don't care. I just figured out something, you know, maybe you can't stop bullies from attacking you, but the only way they win is if they change who you are, and I'll tell you something, let them do their worst. They will not knock the bowler off of this head!

He goes into the booth, leaving Roz totally bewildered.

Roz: [*opens the door*] What does that mean?!

Frasier enters the booth and shuts Roz outside. Carlos and the Chicken react to him.

Carlos: Holy Cow, look who just walked into the booth: Frasier Crane, the automatic sex pilot.

Chicken: What's up, love doctor?

Frasier: Oh, I think you two know what's up. There's only so much I can take, there's only so much anyone can take from a juvenile comic and his straight man. I believe it was La Rochéfoucauld who first said...

Chicken: Listen to me, I'll take my straight man over your sex-starved producer any day, my friend.

Roz: [*bursts in*] Nobody...

Frasier locks her out again.

Carlos: Hey, wait a second, I'm not your straight man. If anything, I'm the funny one.

Chicken: Let's not start with this again, okay?

Carlos: You're the one who just started it, on the air!

Frasier: It was La Rochéfoucauld that first said...

Carlos: You always do this.

Chicken: Hey Carlos, the therapist said not to use the word "always."

Carlos: I just wish you could say I was as funny as you are.

Chicken: Now, I wish I could say that too, but who does all the funny voices?

Frasier: La Rochéfoucauld once said-

Carlos: If I'm so unfunny, how come I get all the solo gigs?

Chicken: Oh, now I'm laughing, ha-ha!

Carlos: Don't believe me? Ask our agent!

Chicken: You talked to Zachary behind my back.

Frasier: You know, if I could just get a word in...

Carlos: I'm going.

Chicken: Go ahead, be my guest.

Carlos: Great, because I don't need you and I don't need "Carlos and the Chicken."

Chicken: Oh, really? Well, best of luck, funny boy!

Carlos: Same to you, Dwayne! [*exits*]

Chicken: Hey, that's not cool.

Frasier: Chicken! I believe it was La Rochéfoucauld, the great French thinker...

Chicken: Hey, give it a rest, double-wide, I went to grad school too. And P.S.: It's pronounced [*different*] "La Rochéfoucauld."

Frasier: [*livid*] That's it! Nobody corrects my French pronunciation, you son of a...!

Frasier runs Chicken off the premises as Kenny enters.

Kenny: [*calls after*] Chicken! [*to Frasier*] Did you have to be so vicious?

Frasier: Me?!

Kenny: We got dead air, take over! [*exits*]

Frasier: Yes, right. [*sits at microphone*] This is Dr. Frasier Crane, I'll be filling in for the next hour of the morning zoo with my own particular brand of zany antics. [*thinks, then*] Let's see, em, you know there was a fabulous cartoon in the recent "New Yorker". Let me see if I can describe it for you...

End of Act Two.

Credits:

Frasier's Apartment - Frasier is sat on the couch reading his book. The doorbell sounds, Frasier answers it to Mrs. Kurdsman, the old lady who tried to take a picture of his butt when she dropped the medication. She hands over the film and Frasier hands over the pill bottle. However, once again she "accidentally" drops it on the floor. As Frasier bends to pick it up, she gets her camera out once more.

Frasier takes the pills, throws them across the apartment and shuts the door on her.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

BRYAN CALLEN as the Chicken

JOHN ENNIS as Carlos

TOM MCGOWAN as Kenny

DAWN MCMILLAN as Waitress

Synopsis {kathy churay}

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE - FRASIER'S BEDROOM - PITCH BLACK

The phone rings. Frasier snaps on the bedside lamp, gropes for the phone and answers groggily. It's Dr. Kaufman from the National Psychotherapy Institute, calling to tell Frasier that he's won an award as Radio Therapist of the Year. As Frasier fumbles for an appropriate expression of gratitude, we see KACL's new morning radio team, Carlos and the Chicken, in the studio as they continue their prank call. These guys are good, and Frasier is completely taken in.

"Dr. Kaufman" tells Frasier that they need to get started on his commemorative statute for their Hall of Thinkers, and asks him to describe his body for the sculptor who is on the phone with them at that very moment. Frasier complies, matter-of-factly at first, then starting to get carried away as he describes his height, build, broad shoulders, sublime proportions... The "sculptor" tells Frasier that he needs a description of his posterior to order the correct size block of marble. Frasier hesitates, and the sculptor breaks character to suggest that instead Frasier send a photo of his obviously large rear to the new KACL morning team, Carlos and the Chicken. Frasier is stunned.

SCENE TWO - FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Frasier comes out of the bedroom tying his robe and looking for sympathy from Daphne, who's heard the whole routine on the radio and can't keep a straight face. Frasier's hopeful theory that such low humor must be a generational aberration is dashed when Martin enters, crowing over Frasier's humiliation. To Frasier's vast irritation, Martin even expresses interest in getting a tape of the show.

SCENE THREE - CAFÉ NERVOSA - LATER THAT DAY

Roz is listening to Frasier's tale of woe with pretended sympathy, but soon starts berating him for falling for such an obvious bit. She notices Carlos and the Chicken enter the café with the station manager, and Frasier steels himself to confront the pranksters. Roz tries to explain that confronting them will only make things worse, but Frasier won't be dissuaded. He introduces himself to the pair, who apologize eloquently for their extreme behavior on their first day at KACL. Frasier is mollified and crows to Roz about his ability to laugh at himself.

SCENE FOUR - FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Martin is on the phone with Duke and Frasier is at breakfast as Niles rings the doorbell. He invites Frasier to join him at a local culinary shop where Niles is having his crepe pans reseasoned, but Frasier declines. He's just drawn himself an herbal bath, and he exits to the bathroom as Niles pours himself a cup of coffee. He's just about to sit down with Martin and Daphne when the phone rings. Niles answers, and it's the building superintendent in the apartment below Frasier's. The pipes in that bathroom are corroding, and the superintendent wants to know if Frasier is putting anything unusual in his bathwater. Niles dutifully trots off to the bathroom to ask Frasier, but Martin and Daphne smell a rat -- or a Chicken -- and gleefully turn on the radio.

FRASIER'S BATHROOM

Niles explains the situation to Frasier, who is in the bath singing "I'm In The Mood For Love." Impatiently Frasier takes the phone and describes the fancy blend he's using for the bath. As Martin and Daphne suspected, Carlos and the Chicken are in the studio having a great time at Frasier's expense. They manage to talk him into continuing to sing as he hops and stamps heavily around the bathroom in his robe, helping them to check for loose tiles in the floor. The radio team breaks up laughing and offers listeners \$1,000 for the best picture of Frasier Crane's "humongous ass" for their website. Once again Frasier is stunned to realize he's been had -- and how.

ACT TWO*SCENE ONE - FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING*

Frasier rushes in from the elevator lobby amid a storm of camera flashes. He's wearing a sweater tied around his hips in self-defense as one of his neighbors tries to get a picture of his posterior for the radio team. Niles arrives almost immediately and applauds when Frasier tells him of the carefully crafted speech he's written as a rebuttal to the radio team's practical jokes. Getting into the spirit, Frasier warms to his argument by quoting Mark Twain, Oscar Wilde, Dorothy Parker and H.L. Mencken in lightning succession as Niles cheers him enthusiastically. Martin warns him against confronting the bullies, and tries to explain to the brothers that they've always made themselves targets by talking down to other people. As usual, the boys just don't get it.

Just then phone rings and it's Roz, nearly hysterical. Frasier turns on the radio in time to hear Carlos and the Chicken's newest routine -- a patched-together tape that sounds like Frasier and Roz having sex in the control booth. Frasier has had enough, and leaves for the station to have it out with the two new DJ's.

SCENE TWO -KACL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE STUDIO

Roz is eager to draw blood as Frasier storms in, armed with speech. She's ready to do the new team serious bodily harm, but Frasier pushes her aside and enters the studio for a serious confrontation.

THE STUDIO

Frasier grabs a microphone and launches into his speech as the team looks on in amusement. Roz tries to shove her way into the booth to get in on the action, but Frasier pushes her out again. His tirade starts to build momentum as he reviles the two as "a juvenile comic and his straight man." The DJ's are amused at first, but after a

moment Frasier's remarks open old wounds as the hosts begin to bicker over long-standing differences. Finally Carlos invites the Chicken to do the show himself, and leaves. Frasier is still trying to make his speech, and the Chicken (who's points out he's been to grad school himself) corrects Frasier's pronunciation of a French author's name. That's the last straw, and he rushes out of the studio pursued by an enraged Frasier.

FADE OUT

Legal Stuff

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