

[7.4]Everyone's A Critic

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Transcript {nick hartley}

Act One.

Scene One - Radio Station.

Frasier is signing off for the show. Roz is in her booth.

Frasier: Till tomorrow then, this is Dr. Frasier Crane wishing you...

Roz knocks on the booth. Frasier looks around and sees a grumpy old man looking in through the screen.

Frasier: Oh, yes. Be sure to tune in later for the final broadcast of KACL's loveable curmudgeon, Chester Ludgate. You know, most of us here at the station were surprised to hear that he was retiring. I for one thought he'd never leave. [*presses button*]

Roz: [*enters*] So, should we order a pizza?

Frasier: Sorry?

Roz: Those PSA's you promised you'd help me with are due tomorrow.

Frasier: Oh gosh, Roz, I really am sorry. You know, it seems Mrs. Delafield's daughter is coming here to join us as an intern. I promised Kenny I'd show her around and take her to dinner.

Roz: So, while I'm working late, eating my vending-machine dinner, you'll be out having a gourmet meal with some cute rich girl.

Frasier: Oh, you can make anything sound unfair.

Roz exits to her booth as Kenny and the cute rich girl, Poppy, enter the booth. Poppy is like a character out of "Clueless": Long blond hair, dressed totally in a red "girly" outfit with red high heels and red hand bag. She speaks with an annoying, ditzy accent.

Kenny: Hey, Doc.

Frasier: Kenny, and who have we here?

Kenny: Dr. Frasier Crane, I'd like you to meet Miss Poppy Delafield. Well, gotta run. [*swiftly exits*]

Frasier: Poppy, what a pleasure to meet the daughter of our beloved station owner. So, what brings you to KACL?

Frasier cannot get a word in throughout the following.

Poppy: Well, I was in Paris last month - or was it Madrid? - No,

Paris, and I said to myself, "that's enough gallivanting for you, young lady, it's time to get a job." So I flew home and asked my mother, Minnie, if I could nose around and see if some job, you know, spoke to me at one of her radio stations, or TV stations or newspapers. But not her brewery, thank you very much! So, here I am. Sleeves rolled up, ready to learn. Is this where you do your show? Of course it is, there's your mike right in front of me. Earth to Poppy!

She laughs; Gil walks past the booth in the corridor.

Poppy: There's Gil, I met him earlier. Hi, Gil!

She waves, Gil runs away. Frasier also waves and then wonders what he is doing and looks back at Poppy, who carries on.

Poppy: Nice man. I think it's marvelous what you do. To really help people. Unlike the psychiatrists I've been to, both of whom had some sort of, I don't know, narcolepsy. I sympathize, but if you can't stay awake, don't be a psychiatrist!

Behind her back, Frasier removes his cell phone, dials a number, and then hides it in his pocket.

Poppy: To do what you do, to face that microphone day after day and know that for the next three hours you're going to have to talk and talk and talk? I could not do it! I would freeze! Literally freeze!

She laughs giddily. Then the phone on the console rings, stopping her.

Frasier: Excuse me. [*grabs the phone*] Hello? Yes, Dad. All right, calm down, calm down. Was there much blood?

Poppy: Oh my gosh!

Frasier: All right, Dad, I'll be there as soon as I can, hang on a second. [*puts phone to chest, to Poppy*] I'm terrible sorry, there's been a small emergency at home. I'm gonna have to pass on today, may I take a rain check?

Poppy: Oh, and we were having such a nice chat.

Roz enters.

Frasier: This is Roz, my producer. You know Roz, I'll gladly do those promos if you would be so kind as to take Poppy to dinner and answer her questions.

Roz: Sure, if you don't get bored listening to me drone on about radio.

Frasier: Oh, I don't think there's much chance of that!

Poppy whizzes Roz out of the booth, chatting to her on the way.

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment.

Frasier and Daphne are sitting at the dining table. Martin enters and hurries Eddie into the apartment, checking the hallway for people.

Frasier: What the hell is happening?

Martin: Well, remember last week when Eddie killed his first rat? And how proud I was? I told you that story, right?

Frasier: Yes, Dad, you told us. If you had a guitar you would have written a ballad.

Martin: Well, we were just down in the basement and I saw another rat. I said, "go get him, boy!" So just as he picked him up, had him in his teeth, shaking the life out of him, and I hear this little bell, ting-a-ling. And I thought, "that's funny - rats don't wear bells!"

Daphne: Oh, little Robbie Greenberg's missing hamster!

Frasier: Yes, I read that flyer. He was offering a ten dollar reward.

Martin: Well, the most we can claim at this point is about six-fifty.

Frasier: You know Dad, this is actually your fault. You know if you hadn't encouraged him after he killed his first rat he wouldn't have moved on to murdering hamsters!

Martin: Well, what are you talking about? We don't know it was Eddie who killed him. He might have had a heart attack, or some kind of seizure when he bounced off the boiler!

The doorbell sounds. Frasier crosses the room and opens the door to Niles. He is carrying a magazine and two tickets. A smile is beaming across his face.

Frasier: Niles!

Niles: Prepare to whoop like a sweepstakes winner. Cancel our dinner! I've scored us two seats, front row for the event of the season.

Frasier: You mean...?

Niles: Yes.

Frasier: But...?

Niles: I know! [*proudly holds up the tickets*]

Frasier: Niles!

Martin: [*aside to Daphne*] I love it when they do it this way, I can pretend it's a Seahawks game.

He sits in his chair as Frasier eagerly takes the tickets and scans them.

Frasier: My God, it's for the Cecilia Bartoli concert! My God, they've been sold out for months. How on earth did you score these tickets?

Niles: I simply phoned the box office and said this is Niles Crane, the new arts critic for "The Monocle."

Frasier takes in a gasp of half delight for his brother and half jealousy as Niles slaps the magazine on the table.

Daphne: "The Monocle." Isn't that that magazine they hand out to rich people in all the snootiest apartment buildings?

Niles: And the snootiest hotels.

Frasier: How could this happen, Niles?

Niles: I was at a party thrown by the publisher, Olga Suerbread. The pretentious fop who had the job before me was there too, spouting sheer drivel about Leonard Bernstein. Being polite I kept my tongue sheathed. Until he referred to Bernstein's conducting as "overrated."

Frasier: [*indignant*] I assume you pounced?

Niles: [*dignified*] Like a ninja! By the time I had finished with him, Olga could see I was a far better critic than that arrogant poseur.

Daphne: She fired him right there?

Niles: Well, he was leaving anyway for his junior year abroad.

Frasier: Well, it's a post. Congratulations are in order. You know, who would have thought my little brother a professional music critic?

Niles: Oh, oh, and not just music. I can review anything I want. Theater, dance, art exhibits.

Frasier: You don't say?

Niles: Yes, from now on, wherever we go, I'll be armed with my trusty pad and penlight.

Frasier: Wherever we go? What fun.

Niles: [*takes some opera glasses from his pocket*] I'll have to take a damp cloth to these opera glasses, although I don't know what will we use them for, sitting in the front row? Unless it's to scan the faces of the jealous people behind us.

Niles exits to the powder room.

Martin: So, are you sure you're okay with Niles getting this critic job?

Frasier: Why wouldn't I be, Dad?

Martin: Oh, come on, I know what it's like with you two when one of you gets something the other one doesn't have. It's like when you were kids. Niles got a telescope, so you had to have a telescope. You got that funny little guitar, Niles...

Frasier: Dad, it was called a lute!

Martin: Oh yeah, whatever.

Frasier: Dad, believe me, I do not envy Niles his critic's job. As kids we would aggravate the situation by flaunting our toys in each other's faces. We're much more mature than that now, all right?

Niles enters from the powder room.

Frasier: Niles, you know, it's about time we got going. We don't want to be late for the curtain.

Niles: [*flaunting*] Don't be silly, I'm press now. They'll hold it.

Niles walks out with great esteem, his chin pointed up. Frasier grovels behind him, ignoring Martin's smug look.

FADE TO:

HOW A POPPY BECOMES HEROIN

Scene Three - Café Nervosa.

Front stage, Frasier and Roz are having a coffee and a chat together. Meanwhile upstage, Poppy is telling a weary crowd around her (including Gil and Kenny) about her life.

Poppy: So, that's how it ends: B minus average, ten extra pounds and still no boyfriend.

Front stage, Frasier and Roz watch on.

Roz: I see Poppy's having a little party.

Frasier: That's not a party, that's a hostage situation.

Roz: Thank God today is her last day. You know, this morning she cornered me by the coffee machine and told me her whole life story. I just wanted to grab her by the throat and say, "What am I, your biographer? Shut up!"

Frasier laughs. Gil finally gets out of the "party" and arrives at Frasier's table.

Gil: Dear God! I thought I'd never break free. I feel like a mongoose at the mercy of a chatty cobra.

Gil exits as Niles enters with a newspaper.

Niles: Hello, all. I see you all ready have the "Times." I'm quoted there today.

Frasier: In the "Times?"

Niles: Yes, here, [*shows Roz the bit*] it's in an ad for "St. Joan": "'Incandescent,' Niles Crane, 'The Monocle.'"

Roz: [*stands*] Wow! Excuse me while I go and tell all my friends I know you!

Roz goes off to the counter as Niles takes her seat.

Niles: [*yawns*] Forgive me. Olga and I were up till all hours at a party for the "Royal Shakespeare Company." I'm rubbing pretty impressive shoulders these days. And to think it's all because I have a small column.

Frasier: [*keeping his eyes on his newspaper*] That would certainly be the Freudian interpretation!

Niles: If I were to review that attitude I would say it was a chilling portrait of malice and envy.

Frasier: Oh Niles, I'm not the least bit envious that you get to spout off in that glorified cat-box liner.

Niles: You just can't stand it that my opinion means more than yours. That the arts community looks to me for my insight, my approval, my thumbs-up.

Frasier: I think we both know what your thumb's up these days!

Niles's temper flares, and he gets up.

Niles: That's a good one, Frasier. Perhaps you should use it in your column. Oh, that's right - you don't HAVE one!

He exits and Roz joins Frasier with their coffees.

Frasier: That smug jackass!

Roz: Frasier, you have a radio show. If you wanted to say what you thought of a play, what's stopping you?

Frasier: It's not the same thing as being a real critic, Roz. You don't get free tickets... you don't get quoted... forget hobnobbing.

Roz: My God, this competition between you and your brother is sick. Your obsessive one-upmanship. You're both going to end up bitter old cranks like Chester Ludgate.

Frasier: You know, you do raise a good point, Roz.

Roz: Thank you.

Frasier: Chester's time slot is free, I could do my own arts show.

Kenny passes, trying to hide from Poppy.

Frasier: Kenny? Listen, Roz just had a wonderful idea.

Kenny: Yeah, doc?

Frasier: What do you say about yours truly hosting a bouncy little show about the arts in Seattle?

Kenny: Culture? Wow! That's a great idea, let me chew on that and I'll get back to you.

Kenny exits.

Frasier: Great! You see, Roz, he loved your idea

Roz: That was not my idea.

Frasier: It was too your idea.

Roz: It was not...

Kenny enters again.

Kenny: Look, Doc, honestly, I feel kinda bad about what I just did. I let you think there was a chance that I might you let you do this culture show and... there's not.

Frasier: No chance at all?

Kenny: No. I mean, come on Doc. You, culture, opera. Who's listening? Not me! *[laughs]*

Kenny exits.

Frasier: Damn! I think my show's a good idea.

Roz: Well, Kenny's the station manager and he doesn't.

Frasier: You know what, frankly, I don't like his attitude. He acts as if he owns the station but he doesn't. Someone else does.

Roz: Poppy!

Frasier: The next best thing, her mother!

Roz: No, Poppy.

Roz points to Poppy who is coming over. Roz quickly picks up her bag and exits.

Poppy: Hi, Frasier.

Frasier: Hello, Poppy. Gosh, would you care to join?

Poppy: I can't. Mummy's taking me shopping. She spoils me something horrible, I guess it's an "only child" thing. Anything I want, I just have to ask.

Frasier: *[getting an idea]* Anything you want? Well, that's interesting. You know, Poppy, we could join each other for lunch after your shopping spree.

Poppy: Oh, I'd love it.

Frasier: Would you really? You know, it just seems a shame you leaving the station and us never really getting to know one another.

Poppy: Oh, it hasn't been easy. I mean, with you having those dental appointments everyday.

Frasier: *[guilty]* Yes. Let me walk you out. *[stands up]*

Poppy: You know, I should get the name of your dentist. I can't find one I like. They're always giving me Novocaine when I don't need it and then it's hours before I can talk again.

Frasier: Oh yes, well, I can give you his number, although I'm not sure he'd be any different.

Frasier and Poppy exit.

End of Act One.

Act Two.

Scene One - Frasier's Apartment.

Daphne is sat, irritated, on Martin's chair. Frasier and Poppy are sat on the sofa with wine and paté on the table. The last chords of a Beethoven piece is being played on the stereo. Frasier is air-conducting as Poppy is laid back listening.

Frasier: Divine Beethoven. Extraordinary, isn't it?

Poppy: Oh, yeah. And do you know what makes it more amazing?

Frasier: What?

Poppy: *[declares]* He was deaf!

Frasier reacts to this. Daphne just stares at her as if she's mad.

Frasier: Daphne, more paté please.

Daphne picks up the paté dish still staring at Poppy before she exits to the kitchen.

Frasier: Poppy, I can't tell you how wonderful it is to meet someone who shares my passion for the arts. It's a rare thing to find in Seattle, believe me.

Poppy: Is it?

Frasier: Oh yes, sadly. If only more people were better informed about our city's rich cultural treasures. [*hinting*] But what can we as mere radio folk do?

Poppy: Well... [*delayed reaction*] What about a radio show all about the arts in Seattle?

Frasier: Oh my God, Poppy, that's a wonderful idea. How do you do it, you just pull these things out of the air! Good Heavens, of course we'll have to find ourselves a proper host, but who?

Poppy: Well someone very smart.

Frasier: Oh, indeed.

Poppy: And cultured.

Frasier: [*French*] *Bien Sur!*

Poppy: And with a lovely speaking voice.

Frasier: [*articulated*] Oh, I don't think we need to look too far.

Daphne enters with the paté.

Daphne: Here you go. It's very rich, so don't spread it on too thick!

Poppy: Frasier, I'm so glad you're on board with this.

Frasier: You know, my only concern is will Kenny go for it? You see, he's a bit of a Philistine. It might be better if the suggestion came not actually from us but from... [*no response*] someone else.

Poppy: Who?

Frasier: Well, someone with more authority, power, influence... [*no response*] Someone older... [*no response*] A woman perhaps... [*no response*]

Daphne: [*fed up*] Your mother! He means your mother!

Poppy: Oh, what a great idea. I'll call her. [*stands*]

Frasier: Here, use mine.

Poppy: Thank you.

Frasier hands Poppy his mobile, she sits and dials.

Poppy: Hello, mummy. I'm with Frasier Crane and we think there should be an arts show on KACL. But I really like this idea! So, you'll call Kenny and tell him you want this, okay? Love you too, okay, bye. [*hangs up*]

Frasier smiles at Daphne, Daphne gives a sarcastic smile back.

Poppy: And the first show should be?

Frasier: Why don't we start tomorrow? But we'll need something to review.

Poppy: That revival of "A Streetcar Names Desire" opens tonight.

Frasier: Brilliant, let's go together. I'll see you at the theater.

Poppy gets up to the door and is greeted by Martin who enters with Eddie.

Martin: Oh, Poppy.

Poppy: [*to Eddie, loudly as if he is a baby*] Hewwo, wittle Eddie, did you have a good walk? [*Eddie runs off*]

Martin: Actually, we've just been to the vets.

Poppy: [*standing in door way*] I had the cutest little dog when I was young, named Mr. Poops, every time we took him to the vet's

he...

Martin slams the door on her, drowning out her ramblings.

Daphne: You took Eddie to the vet, is he sick?

Martin: No, it turns out the building security camera caught Eddie taking out Robbie Greenberg's hamster. So this Greenberg kid's trying to make Eddie out to be some kind of pit bull, he's organizing some petition to get him banned from the building.

Frasier: [*repressing glee*] Oh Dad, that's terrible.

Martin: Yeah, it is. I don't know, I just wanted everyone to see what a nice, calm, friendly dog Eddie was.

Frasier: Why did you take him to the vet?

Martin: Tranquilizers. They don't even work anyway. I gave Eddie one of those pills on the ride home, they didn't do a thing to him. I don't know, I think maybe he needs something else.

Daphne: Uh, Mr. Crane?

Daphne points to Eddie laid, seemingly unconscious, on the upstage floor. Martin looks.

Frasier: Looks like all he needs is a lava lamp and some sitar music.

The doorbell sounds. Frasier crosses to the door and opens it to Niles.

Frasier: Niles!

Niles: Well, I'm glad to see you're in a better mood. I was hoping you'd lend me your Tennessee Williams biography. I have to review that revival of "Streetcar" tonight and I wanted to throw in some background stuff.

Frasier: Well, I'm sorry Niles, you know, normally I would have lent it, but I'll be needing it myself for my own review.

Niles: Oh. Well, in that case I'll... [*realizes*] What?

Frasier: Oh, that's right, you wouldn't have heard. You see, starting tomorrow I'll be doing my own little arts show on KACL, twice weekly.

Niles: You envious reptile!

Frasier: [*picks up plate*] Paté?

Niles: I achieve one thing, one tiny distinction you don't have, and what do you do? You run whining to Kenny for extra airtime.

Frasier: I did no such thing!

Daphne: No, he went to that Poppy woman instead.

Niles: Poppy?!

Frasier: [*to Daphne*] Is this a panel discussion?

Niles: You loathe Poppy!

Frasier: I do not, I think she's delightful, [*to Daphne*] isn't she?

Daphne: She's an idiot!

Niles: You conniving copy-cat! You have to have whatever I have.

Frasier: I don't have what you have. My audience is twice as large as yours is!

Niles: Well, at least my audience can read!

Frasier: How dare you review my audience!

Niles: I'll review anything I want to!

Niles and Frasier, bickering, exit to the kitchen. Martin is laid back in his chair listening to them as Daphne watches Eddie.

Daphne: [*referring to Eddie*] I've never seen him like this. Eyes bulging, tongue lolling out...

Martin: Oh, he always gets that way when he fights with Niles!

FADE TO:

Scene Two - Radio Station.

Roz is in her booth getting ready for the show as Frasier enters.

Frasier: Good morning, Roz.

Roz: Hi.

Frasier: Are you ready for our debut? I'm thinking of calling the show, "Frasier Crane's 'I'll Say'." But with the "I'll" spelt like a theatre aisle.

Roz: [sarcastic] That should work real well on radio! You better watch out for Kenny, I heard he's pretty mad at you for going over his head.

Frasier: He can't be mad at me, the whole thing was Poppy's idea.
[Poppy runs by outside] Oh, here she is now, come to wish me luck.

Frasier and Roz enter the main booth where Poppy also enters.

Poppy: I was afraid I wouldn't get here in time.

Frasier: Oh, here, here. [sits her down in his chair] We've got a few minutes to go before the show starts. Take a seat, catch your breath. Oh gosh, I'm really glad you made it. You know, it wouldn't be a proper debut without you.

Poppy: Wow! All these buttons, how do you do it?

Frasier: Oh, it's not that complicated, really. You know, I turn on the mike here, these are my call buttons. Oh, and I push this button here if I want to cough. [shows her]

Poppy: How does it make you cough?

Roz and Frasier share a glance.

Frasier: You know, Poppy, I hate to rush you, but we've just a couple of minutes before the show so...

Poppy: [screams and stands up, only to sit back down again taking a script out of her handbag] I better get a move on. [reads her script]

Frasier: Poppy, what are you doing?

Poppy: Getting ready for my show.

Roz: [confused] One minute!

Frasier: Your show?

Poppy: Well, okay, our show. After all, it was your idea for me to do it. [shouts] Everybody, everybody come in here, please.

Everybody from the corridors comes to the doorway to listen to her. Even Kenny and Gil stand by.

Poppy: Before I begin my new show I just want to say a few words. Yesterday, I was ready to leave KACL. To run away like I have from so many other challenges. It was the support of one man, Frasier Crane, [Frasier looks horrified at what he's done] that helped me overcome this shyness many people may have observed in me, and to follow my dreams. [crying] Oh my God, I want to cry.

Gil: We all do.

Roz: [angry] Ten seconds!

Poppy gives a little shriek of excitement. Everyone exits apart from Poppy, who puts on the headphones. Roz to her booth. Kenny, Gil and Frasier to the corridor.

Gil: How could you do this to us?

Frasier: I had no idea she intended to stay.

Kenny: That's not what her mother told me!

Gil: And I thought I'd seen some cruel pranks in the army.

Frasier: I assure you, she is way out of her depth here. Any moment she'll realize she's in over her head, she'll be begging me to go in there and take over for her.

Meanwhile, Poppy's show begins.

Poppy: *[slow, excruciating voice obviously reading from a script]*
"A Streetcar Named Desire" is a very powerful Broadway play. It was made into a movie starring Marlon Brando. This gave the play a very personal relevance to me, as I once sat next to Mr. Brando on the Concord and we had a very lovely chat until a sudden cramp forced him to change seats."

As Poppy's show continues, Frasier slowly collapses into a heap against the booth door in the corridor, almost crying at what he has done.

Poppy: "Streetcar" tells the tragic tale of *[Southern accent]* Blanche DuBois, who's a very gentile, very proper Southern lady. *[as if it is a horror movie]* Or is she?!

FADE TO:

Scene Three - Café Nervosa.

Frasier enters the café to find Kenny, Gil and Roz chatting at a table. They all turn away from him and stop talking. Roz puts her purse on the free seat, forcing Frasier to sit with his brother. Rather than looking smug, however, Niles looks strangely sympathetic.

Frasier: Go ahead, Niles, I know you were listening.

Niles: Well, I wish you'd lent her your Tennessee Williams's biography. She wouldn't have kept forgetting his name and calling him "Indiana Jones."

Frasier nods painfully.

Niles: If it's any consolation, I got fired from "The Monocle."

Frasier: *[stops the smile creeping to his face]* Niles, I'm sorry.

Niles: I panned a wretched musical, not realizing the lead was the person who does Olga's hair.

Frasier: She fired you just to placate her hairdresser?

Niles: Electrolysis. And if you'd ever seen her in a sundress, you'd forgive her as I have.

Frasier: Oh, I am sorry, Niles. Gosh, it's a shame, really. You know, I know how much you loved that job, and to lose it in such an unceremonious fashion.

Niles: Well, you know... I was thinking of quitting that job anyway.

Frasier: Oh?

Niles: I thought I was spreading myself too thin. Getting distracted from my real work.

Frasier: I had the exact same thought. Even as I was preparing my show, I thought, "Am I being fair to my regular listeners?"

Niles: They do depend on you.

Frasier: As do your patients.

Niles: Thank you.

Frasier: God, is it any wonder we find ourselves ex-critics?

Niles: We were meant to lose those jobs.

Frasier: It's as if the Gods of psychiatry, jealous of our dalliyings, have quietly stepped in and put things right.

Niles: Well put!

Frasier: Thank you. You know, Niles, if you're feeling a bit hungry,

we could catch an early dinner and then...

Niles: Oh, oh, and then catch the new Stoppard play.

Frasier: You know, it's just a shame my listeners never got to hear my review of "Streetcar."

Niles: Insightful?

Frasier: Groundbreaking!

Niles: As was mine.

Frasier: Yes well, it takes a psychiatrist to interpret that play.

Niles: Indeed.

Frasier: All right, you go first.

Niles: All right.

Frasier: Go.

Frasier and Niles cross to the door as Niles recites.

Niles: "A descent into madness, and it was well worth the trip in this incandescent revival of 'A Streetcar Named Desire'...."

Frasier: Just a moment Niles, "incandescent," isn't that the word they quoted you on in "The Times?"

Niles: Well, yes.

Frasier: You use that all the time.

Frasier and Niles continue bickering as they exit.

End of Act Two.

Credits:

Radio Station - Poppy exits the studio after her first show and eagerly looks around for someone to share the moment, but the hallways are empty. Puzzled, she leaves, and the station staff emerge from doorways and stairwells all over the station.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Star

KATIE FINNERAN as Poppy

Guest Starring

EDWARD HIBBERT as Gil Chesterton

TOM MCGOWAN as Kenny

Synopsis {kathy churay & eunice}

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE - KACL - AFTERNOON

(Frasier, Roz, Chester Ludgate)

As Frasier is wrapping up his show, he is reminded by Roz to announce the final broadcast of KACL's lovable curmudgeon Chester Ludgate, who is retiring. Chester looks on grumpily from the side panel window as Frasier announces this. Frasier signs off as Roz enters asking what they should do for dinner. Frasier is a bit puzzled until Roz reminds him that he had promised her that he would help with the Public Service Announcements which are due the next day. Frasier begs off on the PSAs because he's promised Mrs. Delafield, the wife of the station owner, that he would take her daughter, Poppy, out to

dinner. Roz isn't too please as you can imagine. Just then Kenny, the station manager, walks into the booth with Poppy. As soon as Kenny introduces Frasier to Poppy, he immediately takes his leave, happy to be rid of her.

Frasier warmly greets Poppy and asks her what brings her there. This starts Poppy into a long endless chatter in which Frasier can't get a word in edgewise. You can tell that Frasier is a bit put-off by her incessant talking. While she is going on, Frasier secretly takes out his cell phone and calls the station. He pretends that it is a call from Martin with some emergency and gets out of his dinner plans with Poppy. Roz comes into the booth. Frasier unloads Poppy unto an unsuspecting Roz, telling her that he'll do the PSAs if she'll take Poppy out to dinner. Roz, who hasn't met Poppy yet, gladly accepts.

SCENE TWO - FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

(Martin, Eddie, Frasier, Daphne, Niles)

Martin enters the apartment, rushing Eddie to come inside. It seems that Eddie has gotten to killing rats and he accidentally killed the pet hamster of one of the tenants, thinking it was a rat. Frasier scolds Martin for encouraging Eddie to kill rats. Just then the doorbell rings. It's Niles. He tells Frasier to cancel their dinner plans because he just scored two front row seats to the Cecelia Bartoli concert which had been sold out for months. Frasier is ecstatic but his enthusiasm lessens a bit when he finds out how Niles was able to get tickets. It seems that Niles was at a party with the publisher of "The Monocle" where its arts critic criticized Leonard Bernstein's conducting. Niles couldn't just let it go, so he fired back, which impressed the publisher. Niles has just been made the arts critic for "The Monocle." Martin asks Frasier if he is OK with that and Frasier tells him that that type of behavior is in the past and that he and Niles are beyond that now. Frasier pretends that he is happy for Niles but it is obvious that he is bothered by Niles' new status. Of course, it doesn't help that Niles is flaunting his status.

SCENE THREE - CAFE NERVOSA - THE NEXT DAY

(Frasier, Roz, Poppy, Niles)

Roz enters CN and joins Frasier, noticing that Poppy is talking the ears off of Kenny, Gil, and some other guy from the station. Roz complains about having to listen to Poppy talk constantly and expresses relief that Poppy is leaving that day. Gil walks away from Poppy's table and stops by for a moment to describe the pain of having to listen to Poppy talk before leaving the cafe.

Niles walks in and boasts of being quoted in The Times. Frasier's jealousy begins to show as Niles continues to boast of the benefits of being an art critic, such as being at a party for the Royal Shakespeare Festival and rubbing shoulders with important people. Niles tries his best to rub Frasier's nose in his new-found status. Frasier pretends not to be affected, without much success. When Frasier lets his jealousy show by putting Niles and his job down, Niles gets angry and walks off.

Frasier confides in Roz that he wants all the perks that Niles is getting, she tells him that he and Niles are sick and that all this competitiveness will eventually make them end up like Chester. This gives Frasier the idea of using Chester's newly open slot for a new arts show which he will host. He tells this new idea to Kenny, who has just escaped from Poppy's table. Kenny tells Frasier that it's an interesting idea and that he'll mull it over. He is about to leave CN, but comes right back to apologize to Frasier for misleading

him. He really has no intention of doing such a show because it sounds like a bore. Frasier is convinced that Kenny is wrong and decides to go over his head by getting Poppy on his side. Roz sees Poppy coming towards their table and heads out but Frasier tries to get Poppy to stay for coffee. It seems she has plans with her mother so they set a lunch date afterward.

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE - FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

(Frasier, Poppy, Daphne)

As Daphne looks on in disgust, Frasier plies Poppy with wine, cheese and a Beethoven symphony as he tells her how thankful he is to meet someone of similarly high cultural appreciation. He drops broad hints until Poppy "spontaneously" has a brilliant idea: a daily radio show about the Seattle arts scene. Frasier gloats over his new show as Poppy borrows his cell phone to call Mummy, who agrees to order the station manager to air the show. Gleefully Poppy and Frasier agree to meet at the theater that night for opening night of "A Streetcar Named Desire." Poppy dashes off to prepare herself.

Martin comes home with Eddie. The neighbor boy whose hamster Eddie has eaten is organizing a petition to have Eddie banned from the building, so Martin has taken him to the vet to get some doggie tranquilizers. Eddie flops down near the balcony in a blissful state of relaxation.

Niles comes to the door, asking to borrow a theater book of Frasier's to prepare for his review of "Streetcar" later that evening. Frasier gloats as he tells Niles that he will need the book to prepare his own review for his new, twice-weekly radio show. Niles is incredulous that Frasier would attempt to steal the little bit of public recognition Niles has managed to achieve, and they begin squabbling in typical fashion.

SCENE TWO - THE RADIO STATION - THE NEXT MORNING

Roz coolly warns Frasier to look out for Kenny, the station manager, who is furious that Frasier went over his head to request the arts show. Frasier brushes Roz off and goes into the studio to greet Poppy, who is practically hyperventilating over the debut of their new show. But his joy is short-lived as Poppy seats herself at the console, pulls her notes out of her bag and prepares to go on the air. On frantic questioning Frasier discovers that she has always dreamed of becoming an on-air personality, and before he can protest Poppy calls Kenny, Gil and the rest of the staff to hear her impassioned speech of gratitude for Frasier's help in getting started. Roz calls for Poppy to go on the air, and Frasier leaves the booth to listen from the hallway with the irate Kenny and Gil, as Poppy delivers a singularly irrelevant review of the play.

SCENE THREE - CAFE NERVOSA - LATER THAT DAY

Roz, Kenny and Gil give Frasier the cold shoulder as he enters the cafe. Chastened, he slinks over to sit with Niles. Not only does Niles let him sit down, but soon reveals that he has also been fired from his reviewing job for insulting the play's lead, who is friends with the newspaper's publisher. Frasier sympathizes, and they quickly convince themselves that they would have been doing their patients and listeners a disservice by continuing to distract themselves from their primary work. Comforted, they leave the cafe as Niles begins to recite the review he would have published, and Frasier critiques the critique.

FADE OUT.

EPISODE TAG - RADIO STATION HALLWAY

Poppy exits the studio after her first show and eagerly looks around for someone to share the moment, but the hallways are empty. Puzzled, she leaves, and the station staff emerge from doorways and stairwells all over the station.

END OF SHOW

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