

[8.10]Cranes Unplugged

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Directed by Sheldon Epps

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Hey, Freddie!

Frederick has appeared in the following episodes:

- [[3.09](#)] Frasier Grinch
 - [[4.07](#)] A Lilith Thanksgiving
 - [[4.16](#)] The Unnatural
 - [[6.11](#)] Good Samaritan
 - [[7.09](#)] The Apparent Trap
-

Transcript {Mike Lee}

ACT ONE

Scene One - KACL

Frasier is on the air.

Frasier: Who's up next, Roz?

Roz: We have Cleo from Redmond on line three.

Frasier: [*presses button*] Hello, Cleo. I'm listening.

Cleo: [*v.o.*] Hi, Dr. Crane. I've been dating three different guys, and I can't choose between them.

Frasier: Is it that you can't choose, or you don't want to choose?

Cleo: It's just hard. One's really funny, one's adventurous, and one's sensitive. They're all gorgeous too.

Roz: Oh, excuse me, Cleo! This show is for people with real problems!

Frasier: Roz. Um, it sounds to me as if each suitor possesses one quality that you admire. Rather than choose among them, why not try to find one person who fits all your criteria?

Roz: Why don't you call back when you're a working single mother whose choice in dates is between a guy with eight teeth and a guy whose hair is painted on?!

Frasier: Sadly, we're out of time. This is Dr. Frasier Crane saying good day, Seattle, and good mental health - unless of course Roz has a problem with that.

He goes off the air and comes into Roz's booth.

Frasier: Is there something wrong, Roz? Because if there is, we should discuss it before it bleeds into your work.

Roz: I'm sorry. I'm just sick of hearing people complain about their love lives while I face another weekend without plans.

Frasier: Well, I empathize, but-

Roz: I know, look who I'm telling.

Frasier: It so happens I have big plans this weekend!

Roz: Let me guess. You and Niles are playing your zithers again at the Renaissance Fair.

Frasier: Roz, the Renaissance Fair is a fortnight after St. Swithin's Day. No, my son is coming to town. In fact, Dad and Daphne should be picking him up at the airport right now.

Roz: I didn't know Freddie was coming!

Frasier: Well, it was sort of last-minute, actually. You know, you remember I had that reunion of sorts with my old college mentor, Dr. Tewkesbury. Well, it led to a lot of soul searching. He helped me to realize that I've been defining myself by my career, and it's time that I rearranged my priorities. And my first priority is my son.

Roz: What is he now, twelve?

Frasier: No, thirteen, Roz.

Roz: Wow.

Frasier: Gosh, you know, the years really have flown by. I feel like I've missed so much.

Roz: So what are you guys gonna do?

Frasier: Oh, lots of things! I thought we'd go and see a play, and, uh, maybe take in the computer show - he'd love that - and, uh, oh, I've decided we are going to read "Walden" together.

Roz: Some vacation.

Frasier: No, no, Roz, it is, actually. You see, every year we pick a book to read and discuss. It's been sort of a bonding thing between us. Gosh, you know, I hate to brag, but Freddie really is a very articulate young man. He's very imaginative, and not to mention what a great sense of humor he has.

Roz: Oh, that reminds me, Frasier! Alice said the cutest thing this morning-

Frasier: Now careful, Roz, you don't want to turn into one of those mothers who bores everybody talking about her child.

He leaves.

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Apartment

Martin is watching the TV. Frederick is talking on the cordless phone.

Frederick is not as we remember him. His hair is buzzed short, he has an earring, and he's taken on the glazed indifference that separates teenagers from children and adults.

Freddie: At Level Seven, grab the Bio-suit, and then teleport to the acid tank. Really? Hey Grandpa, put on MTV, Channel 46.

Martin: All right.

Martin changes the channel to a hip-hop dance video.

Martin: Oh, jeez! What is this? They're half-nude! It's just not right!

Freddie: [*into phone*] I saw this one already!

Frasier comes in the front door.

Frasier: Oh hello, Dad. [*sees Frederick*] Freddie, ha-ha! Come give your dad a hug!

Freddie: [*into phone*] I'll call you back.

As he hangs up, Frasier scoops him up in a bear hug, which Frederick

returns less than enthusiastically.

Frasier: Gosh, it's so good to see you! Well, so how was your flight?

Freddie: Eh.

Frasier: Good, good, good, good. Did you get all your unpacking done?

Freddie: Yeah.

Frasier: Great! Gosh, I've been really looking forward to seeing you.

We're gonna have so much fun. What would you like to do first?

Freddie: Whatever. *[phone rings, he answers]* Hello? Hey, Zack!

Hang on, let me get some privacy.

He walks into the hall without another glance at Frasier.

Frasier: Well, that's certainly not the greeting I was expecting.

Martin, now wearing his glasses, is still staring at the TV.

Martin: I've never seen such dancing. What do you think those shorts are made of?

Frasier looks at the TV and gapes along with him.

Frasier: Some sort of... steel mesh. What the hell are you watching?!

Martin: Oh! *[turns it off]* It's Freddie's program.

Frasier: Good lord. He doesn't seem very happy to be here. He hardly said two words to me.

Martin: Oh, it's perfectly normal. You're his dad. Kids that age don't want to talk to their dad.

Frasier: I never stopped talking to you.

Martin: *[sighs]* I know, buddy.

Daphne comes out.

Daphne: Evening.

Frasier: Oh hi, Daph.

Daphne: Dinner will be ready soon. Niles is joining us.

Frasier: Good, good. Say, Daphne, did Freddie say anything in the car?

Daphne: Not really. We put your show on the radio. Heard Roz give that caller the business.

Doorbell.

Daphne: Oh, I'll get that. You know, it's a pity she hasn't found someone to love.

Frasier: Hmm.

Daphne: I mean, what could be sadder than growing old alone? *[realizes]* I wasn't talking about you, Dr. Crane. You've got your father to grow old with.

Frasier: Ah, yes.

She opens the door to Niles, dressed in his squash togs.

Daphne: Niles, hi.

Niles: Hello. *[kisses her]*

Frasier: Hey Niles, I didn't miss a squash date, did I?

Niles: Oh no, no, no. I was playing with Jack Belcher from the club. He pummeled me but good! From now on, I'll stick to playing you. Where's Freddie, I can't wait to see him.

Frasier: Oh, oh, I'll go and get him.

Frasier goes into the hall. Daphne takes Niles' hands.

Daphne: You always smell so masculine after you've finished exercising.

Niles: [*butch*] It's the mango-kiwi shower gel.

The doorbell rings again. Daphne opens it to Jack, a tall man also dressed in squash togs.

Jack: Hi, there.

Daphne: Oh, hello.

Jack: I'm Jack, I just dropped Niles off.

Niles: Jack?

Jack: [*hands him a sweater*] You left this in my car.

Niles: Oh, thank you. Uh, Jack, this is Daphne, my girlfriend.

Daphne: [*eyes him appraisingly*] Oh, you're a fine-looking one, aren't you?

Jack: Oh, I don't know.

Daphne: Modest, that's good. I don't see a wedding ring, you single?

Jack: Yes.

Daphne: Looking?

Jack: Sure.

Daphne: For a woman?

Jack: Right.

Daphne: Employed?

Jack: A surgeon.

Daphne: Mmm, impressive.

Jack: Thanks.

Niles: OK! Well, uh, it's good to see you again, Jack, thanks, goodbye.

He pushes Jack out and closes the door.

Niles: What's happening? I think I'm having some kind of stroke.

Daphne: Roz is lonely, so I got to try and set her up with someone.

Niles: Ohhhh, maybe Jack?

Daphne: Oh, there's a thought!

Niles: OK, I get it.

He gives her a kiss. Frasier brings Frederick out.

Frasier: Here we are.

Niles: Hello, Freddie.

Freddie: Hi, Uncle Niles.

Niles: Daphne, would you give us a moment?

Daphne: Sure.

She goes to the kitchen. Niles sits with Frederick on the couch.

Niles: Freddie, about what you just saw - I know you've always had special feelings for Daphne, and there's something I need to tell you.

Freddie: I already know about you guys.

Niles: Oh. Uh, and you're OK with that?

Freddie: I liked her when I was a little kid. I'm over it now. I mean, she's like a hundred.

Niles: She most certainly is not. [*Nyah Nyah!*] It just burns you up that I got her-

Frasier: Niles! Why don't you get us both some sherry? [*he does*] Well, Freddie, you know, I've made some wonderful plans for our time together. Uh, I've already chosen the book we're going to read. I'll give you a hint: published in 1854, this paean to self-sufficiency was known as the "cornerstone of the transcendental movement."

Niles stops pouring sherry and excitedly holds up his hand.

Frasier: Yes, yes, Niles, I'll let you get the next one. Freddie, any thoughts?

Freddie: No.

Frasier: Niles?

Niles: It's "Walden" by Henry David Thoreau.

Frasier: Of course it is! It is life near the bone, where it is sweetest! Should be the source of much lively discussion, wouldn't you say?

Freddie: [*gets up and goes to the hall*] I don't know. Why don't you just talk about it with Uncle Niles?

Frasier: Niles? Well, uh, yes, if that's what you'd like. We'll discuss it together.

Niles sits on the couch next to a pensive Frasier.

Niles: "As the engine whistles, let it whistle till it is horse for its pain!"

Frasier: Oh, shut up, Niles.

FADE TO:

Scene Three - Apartment

Martin is reading the newspaper in his Armchair. Frasier and Frederick come in.

Martin: Hey, how was the computer expo?

Freddie: OK. [*tosses his coat to Frasier*]

Frasier: Say, Freddie, why don't you tell Grandpa about the new virtual reality-

But Frederick has already put on his headphones and switched on his Game Boy.

Frasier: And he's gone.

Martin: You guys have fun?

Frasier: Oh, yeah. It was a blast, he spent the entire time trying to ditch me. You know, I only get to see Freddie a few times a year, and usually we make the most of it. Now all he wants to do is play that damn computer game!

Martin: Well, you know, Frasier, he's not much different than you were at that age. Except instead of video screens and electronics, you always had your head in books.

Frasier: That's entirely different, Dad-

Martin: No, it isn't. We couldn't get you to do anything. You know, I remember when you read that "Walden" book. It was on the family camping trip.

Frasier: So? What better time to read about nature?

Martin: Well, that's just it. While you were in the cabin reading about it, we were outside enjoying it. You'd rather read about something than experience it firsthand.

Frasier: You know, my mentor remarked on that very thing.

He thinks for a moment and then goes over to Frederick.

Frasier: Freddie? [*pulls off his headphones*] Freddie, I've made a decision. We are going to the woods.

Freddie: What for?

Frasier: We are going camping. It'll be good for the both of us.

Freddie: But I don't want to.

Frasier: Too bad! It'll be fun! Fathers and sons should do fun things together!

Freddie: You and Grandpa don't do fun things together.

Martin: Hey, leave me out of it.

Frasier: That's why he's coming along as well! There will be no TV,

there will be no electronics, there will be no distractions!
Just three generations of Cranes cooking over a fire and
sleeping under the stars! We leave at daybreak!

He goes into the hall.

Martin: Good work, Freddie!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene Four - Cabin

Frasier, Martin, and Frederick carry their bags into the rustic cabin.

Frasier: Oh, what an idyllic spot! I'm already beginning to feel like Thoreau.

Freddie: We can't sleep here, this place bites.

Frasier: It does not bite. "It is shelter, as good as the best, and sufficient for its coarser and simpler wants."

Freddie: That you talking, or that guy from "Where's Walden?"

Martin: [laughs] Good one, Freddie.

Frasier: Yes. [takes out two notebooks] You know, the two of you may want to immortalize this good-natured reality in these journals that I bought for you.

Martin: Well thanks, but I don't know what to write.

Frasier: Well, Dad, you simply write down your experiences.

Freddie: I have to go to the bathroom.

Frasier: Freddie, I... I don't see a bathroom.

Martin: You're surrounded by fifty thousand acres of it.

Frasier: Ah. Oh, how quaintly rustic! Yes, Frederick, just pick a tree and make it your own!

Frederick leaves.

Frasier: So Dad, I thought we might do an activity later.

Martin: What kind of activity?

Frasier: Oh, I don't know. Maybe press some leaves, or-or whittle a bird call and see if we can lure some finches to our sill.

Martin: Take it easy now, we want to save something for tomorrow.

Frasier: Dad, could you please be a little more supportive?

Martin: Well, I'd like to, but I tried to get you to come camping a million times, and you had to wait until the playoffs were on!

Frasier: Dad, you can watch the playoffs all year!

Frederick sticks his head in the door.

Freddie: The kids at the next campsite have got a rope swing. Can I go over?

Martin: Don't see why not.

Freddie: Thanks. [leaves]

Frasier: What the hell was that?

Martin: It's just a rope swing. Wait'll he sees us drying leaves in the sun, he'll come running.

Frasier: You know, I'm just about fed up with your sarcasm. I'm trying to do some father-son bonding here, so will you just butt out?!

Martin: [opens his journal] You know what? I just thought of something to write in this thing!

FADE TO:

WAS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

Scene Five - Apartment

Roz, dressed for an evening out, comes out of the hall with Daphne.

Niles is waiting.

Roz: This is a bad idea. My hair's flat. Never have a good date when my hair is flat. If it's flat after, that's a good date.

Doorbell.

Niles: Your hair is not flat, Roz. It's delightfully frizzy.

Daphne opens the door to Jack, dressed in a suit.

Daphne: Hello.

Jack: Hi.

Niles: Hey, Jack, come in. You remember Daphne, and this is Roz.

Roz: [overcome] Hi, Jack.

Jack: Hi.

Niles: So, uh, where are you two going for dinner?

Jack: I thought we'd try the Pergalu. They have a garden patio. Unless you'd rather eat inside, I don't want you to get cold.

Roz: Oh, don't you worry about that.

Daphne: Come on, Roz. I have a couple of wraps, you can borrow one.

Daphne takes Roz to her room.

Niles: What do you think?

Jack: She's pretty. [takes out his cell phone] You know, I should check my service before we go.

Niles: Oh, OK. Can I pour you some wine?

Jack: Sure. [into phone] It's Dr. Belcher. Really? Well, isn't Dr. Unger on call? I'm kind of busy right now. All right, I'm on my way. [hangs up] There's an emergency with one of my post-op patients. Please tell Roz I'm really sorry.

Niles: Of course.

Jack: Thanks, Niles.

Niles: Yeah, good luck.

Jack leaves. Daphne and Roz come back with two wraps.

Daphne: We need a man's opinion: the velvet trim or the multi-colored?
[sees] Where's Jack?

Niles: He left.

Roz: He left?!

Niles: It was an emergency.

Roz: What kind of an emergency? Like he-saw-me-and-he-thought-I-was-a-dog emergency?!

Niles: No, no, no, he said you were pretty.

Roz: That's it?

Niles: Well, he flew out of here as soon as you left the room.

Roz: Oh God, he was just trying to get out of this date! I've been dumped!

Daphne: Oh, I'm sure you weren't dumped! He was paged, right, Niles?

Roz: Oh yeah, the whole fake page routine!

Niles: No, no, no, not even, he actually called in.

Roz: [rock bottom] I should go.

Niles: [shows her to the door] We understand, you want to be alone.

Daphne: No Roz, I won't hear of it, you'll stay right here with us!

Roz: Oh, I don't want to be a pain. You guys had a big evening planned.

Niles: [keeps her moving] Roz, you are so considerate.

Daphne: We can have an evening any old time. You'll stay for dinner.

Roz: All right.

Niles: [*disappointed, takes her wrap*] Allow me.

Roz sits down at the table. Daphne goes to the kitchen.

Roz: Well, what are we having, 'cause I don't like fish.

Daphne turns around, gropes for something to say... and gives up.

FADE TO:

Scene Six - Cabin

Night has fallen. Frasier and Martin are sitting at the table with two plates. Frederick comes in with two other boys and a girl his age (Melody).

Frasier: Oh, Freddie, there you are! Thank goodness.

Freddie: Can I have dinner with these guys? They're having Sloppy Joe's.

Frasier: I'm sorry, but Frederick is going to be having dinner with his family this evening.

Freddie: Come on, Dad!

Melody: It's OK. Come by later, we're making s'mores.

Frasier: Yes, we'll see. All right, now off you go, young people.
[*they leave*] Just sit down, Frederick, and eat your meal.

Frederick does, but only picks at his food.

Martin: Have a good time?

Freddie: I guess.

Frasier: What'd you do?

Freddie: We played some Frisbee.

Martin: Oh.

Freddie: It sucked with all those trees in the way.

Frasier: Yes well, perhaps one day civilization will cut down all those trees, and pave over this grand wilderness, then you and your friends can play Frisbee without constraint, how would that be?

Freddie: I don't know. [*eats a bite*] I'm done, can I go now?

Frasier: No!

Freddie: Why not?

Frasier: Because this is your first camping trip, and we're gonna enjoy it together!

Freddie: This isn't my first camping trip.

Frasier: You never told me that.

Freddie: I don't tell you a lot of things.

Frasier: Oh ... I see. Well, you may go. [*Frederick leaves*] So, he's been camping before. Instead of this being something special between us, it's just another thing I've missed out on. This trip was a bust from the get-go. We leave at daybreak!

Martin: What's with you and daybreak? [*gets up*] I'm gonna see if those kids have a generous grandpa with a six-pack.

Frasier: Sit!

Martin sits back down. Glaring at Frasier, he opens his journal again.

FADE TO:

WHY DOES HIS BREATH SMELL LIKE MORTADELLA?

Scene Seven - Apartment

Daphne and Roz are sitting at the table before dinner.

Daphne: I once dated a guy who was so grabby I jumped out of his car while it was still moving.

Roz: Did I ever tell you about this jerk named Nick?

Daphne: I dated a Nick!

Doorbell. Niles, wearing an apron, rushes out of the kitchen.

Daphne: My Nick had a silent "g" at the beginning of his name. He was Vietnamese.

Niles: I wonder who this could be?

He opens the door to another man, as tall as Jack but rather dim-looking.

Niles: Oh! What an incredible surprise, it's Hans! Hans, come in. Roz, Daphne, this is Hans. He's a doctor from my building.

Roz: Nice to meet you.

Daphne: [*suspicious*] Hello, Hans. What brings you by?

Hans: [*obviously reciting lines*] I'm a friend of Frasier. Uh, I was downstairs, so I thought I'd pop by, see if he was here.

Daphne: Yeah, well he's not.

Niles: But still, you could stay for a drink. Why don't you come here, sit next to Roz?

He does.

Daphne: Niles, help me fix those drinks, will you?

Niles: [*evening's back on track!*] Yes, dear.

Niles follows her into the kitchen, where she bats him.

Daphne: Doctor, my eye! That's Ted, the moron from the deli.

Niles: Are you sure?

Daphne: Oh, stop it! You invited him over here for Roz. Well, she's in no mood to be trifled with, and neither am I.

Niles: I'm sorry, I was trying to help.

Daphne: Yeah, well if you want to help, get rid of him.

Niles: [*one last try*] Love you.

She turns away from his kiss, making her resolve clear. He goes back out as Roz comes in.

Roz: Can you believe this, Daphne?

Daphne: Roz, I am so sorry. This evening's been a disaster.

Roz: No, I mean things are looking up! Hans and I are really hitting it off. Do you have any mints in here?

Daphne: Uh, try the cupboards.

Roz: Thanks. I have a really good feeling about Hans. He's very funny - he just told me he was Chief Doctor of Brainiatrics! [*laughs*]

Daphne goes out to the living room. "Hans" is gone.

Daphne: Where did he go?

Niles: Uh, I gave him the boot, he's gone.

Roz: [*coming out*] Who's gone?!

Niles: He had an emergency.

Roz: Oh, you have got to be kidding me!

Daphne: Oh, Roz-

Roz: I thought this one liked me! Man, I've driven away two doctors in one night!

Niles: No, uh, Hans is just the-the meat slicer from the deli.

Beat.

Roz: And that's supposed to make me feel better? Oh God, I just want to put this whole night behind me!

Daphne: I don't blame you one bit.

Niles: I'm sure it'll all look better in the morning.

Roz: I sure hope so. You two have listened to enough of my problems for one night.

Niles brings her purse from the coat rack, but she flops down onto the couch and turns on the TV.

Roz: Oh look, "Titanic" just started.

As Daphne sits next to Roz, Niles looks fit to cry.

FADE TO:

Scene Eight - Cabin

Frasier is lying on the floor in his sleeping bag next to the fire. Martin sits over him in a chair.

Martin: When you hear that scratching at your window late at night, remember that young couple ... [*thrusts out his hand, with a fork sticking out of the sleeve*] and Fork Hand!

Frasier gives him a look.

Martin: Oh, come on! That's scary stuff. I told that to Duke last summer, and he wet his sleeping bag.

Frasier: Wait a minute. Isn't this Duke's sleeping bag?!

Martin: Now you're scared!

They laugh.

Frasier: Oh gosh, Dad, I'm sorry I snapped at you earlier. You know, I guess I was just hoping this trip might give me and Frederick some sort of, I don't know, golden moment. I guess I'm just disappointed.

Martin: I know. But you know, none of this would be happening if we had a TV. TV makes everyone get along.

Frederick comes back in.

Martin: Hey, buddy.

Frasier: Hi, Fred.

Martin: Well, I'll just take a little walk.

Frasier: OK. See you in a bit, Dad.

Martin: All right.

Martin leaves.

Frasier: Frederick, we're gonna be leaving in the morning.

Freddie: But I don't want to go.

Frasier: No? I thought you'd be dying to get back to your Game Boy.

Freddie: Well, yeah. But I kind of made plans.

Frasier: Oh, really? With who?

Freddie: Nobody.

Frasier: Oh, then you don't have plans. We leave at... nine-ish.

Freddie: OK, fine. I have plans with Melody.

Frasier: The s'mores girl?

Freddie: Yeah.

Frasier: She's cute.

Freddie: She's a cheerleader.

Frasier: Ho-ho! I remember a particular cheerleader from my youth:
Lorna. She was a beautiful girl. In fact, I was so
intimidated by her I-I could never even work up the courage
to approach her-

Freddie: Dad, I kissed her.

Frasier: Oh...

Freddie: I know. It was her first time. It was my first time too.

Frasier: I see.

Freddie: Don't tell Mom about this, OK? She'd ask all kinds of stupid
questions.

Frasier: Don't worry, son. It's just between you and me.

Father and son smile at each other.

Freddie: You know, I think I'll write for a while before bed.

He opens a journal.

Freddie: Whoa! Did you see the stuff that Grandpa wrote about you?

Frasier: Give me that! [*snatches it away*]

FADE OUT

Credits:

Cabin:

As Martin and Frederick sleep, Frasier sits by the fire, going through
Martin's journal. As he reads each page, he tears it out and throws it
into the fire.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Star

TREVOR EINHORN as Frederick

Guest Starring

MICHAEL PHILIP as Jack Belcher

RICHARD GLEASON as Hans

CAITLIN LARA BARRETT as Melody

Guest Callers

MELISSA ETHERIDGE as Cleo

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