

[8.3]The Bad Son

The Bad Son

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Premise

Frasier uses Martin as a pretext for meeting the attractive director of a retirement home.

Transcript {Mike Lee}

Skyline: Doppler Waves radiate from the tip of the Space Needle as if from a radio antenna.

ACT ONE

WHEN BAD THINGS HAPPEN TO GOOD BMW OWNERS

Scene One - Bus - Night

As the bus pulls over, it makes a heavy splash. The door opens, and Frasier and Roz step on. Frasier is soaking wet.

Roz: Rule number one: always stand in back of the curb until the bus has come to a complete stop. Now take your money and put it right in here.

Frasier: Yes, thank you, Roz, but I am not completely lacking in street smarts. [*to the driver*] Good day, busman. The northwest corner of Highland and 1st, please.

Driver: That's not a stop.

Frasier: I know. [*takes out a dollar bill*] Perhaps if I just shove a little encouragement into this box-

Roz: Come on!

She shoves him back into the passenger area, which is packed.

Roz: Keep your eyes peeled for a seat, and hold on to a pole.

Frasier: Doesn't look very clean, Roz.

Roz: [*looks down*] Well, would you rather wind up on the floor?

Frasier: [*looks down*] Dear God!

As the last passengers board the bus, an attractive blond woman (Miranda) gets on and sits next to a brunette woman (Francine). Frasier is immediately captivated.

Miranda: [*British accent*] Francine!

Francine: Miranda! Oh, long time. How are things at the Colonnade?
Miranda: Oh, just for you, a mess. Things have gotten so crazy there, they put me in charge.
Francine: Oh, that's great! You deserve it.
Miranda: Oh, thank you. How are you doing?
Roz: [whispering] Which one are you staring at?
Frasier: I'm not staring. That would be rude.
Roz: Which one?
Frasier: Blonde.
Roz: Why don't you go over and talk to her?
Frasier: Oh please, Roz, come on, the woman's a perfect stranger.
Roz: Stranger? You know her name, you know she has a job, you know she's attractive. It's like an A&E biography compared to what I used to know going in.

Frasier considers doing it, then checks his clothes.

Frasier: Gosh, look at me - soaked through, hair's a mess.
Roz: Believe me, you could look a lot worse.

She gestures to the roof. Frasier looks and sees an ad for his show, with an eye-patch and goatee inked over his portrait.

Frasier: After I specifically told people on the air not to do that!
Roz: Look, why don't you go over and talk to her? It's not like you'll ever see her again if she shoots you down.
Frasier: Perhaps you're right. What harm could it do? [looks at her again] My goodness - who would have thought that such a rare butterfly could exist in this tin cocoon?
Roz: Hey, for your information, plenty of refined, sophisticated women ride the bus every... Open your eyes, nimrod, that was my stop!

The bus stops, and Francine rises from her seat.

Roz: [as she's leaving] Good luck.

She gets off. Frasier quickly sits down beside Miranda - cutting off a pregnant woman just getting on.

Miranda: Oh please, take mine.

She gets up and steps to the back of the bus.

Frasier: [gets up] Oh, uh, you'd better take mine, too. That way you can spread out. Well, not that you need to spread out, actually, uh, well, right... it's my first time on a bus.

The woman sits down. Miranda goes to the rear door.

Frasier: Excuse me, Miss? Uh, Miranda!

He slips on the mess on the floor and goes down. Miranda turns at the sound of her name, but sees nothing, and gets off the bus.

FADE OUT

*Scene Two - Apartment
 Martin is in his Armchair, on the phone.*

Martin: Well Duke, how's the weather in Florida? Eighty-two! Oh, I sure envy you. Yes, none of the rain here. Yeah, Channel Four said it should clear up tomorrow, but the Channel Five

guy said probably not till the weekend.

The doorbell rings. Daphne goes to answer it.

Martin: Yeah, then there's the Weather Channel. Early-morning guy said it'll probably break by Saturday, but then the mid-morning guy... what do you mean, you got to go? Shuffleboard? Oh come on, Duke, get a life!

Daphne opens the door to Niles.

Daphne: Hey, Niles! I thought you were working.

Niles: Well, the patient cancelled, so I thought I'd drop by and see you. [*breathless*] Oh my God, you have no idea how good it feels to say that! I'm here to see you! No more flimsy pretenses. No more making tedious small talk with Dad.

Martin: Hey Niles, it's eighty-two in Florida!

Niles: Here to see Daphne, Dad!

Daphne: Well, I'd better check on the roast in the oven. It's three-seventy-five in there!

She goes to the kitchen.

Martin: All right, no more weather talk. Probably just getting a little stir-crazy from being cooped up for two weeks. But won't be too much longer. It'll all end with the meteor shower on Saturday, if you can believe those Channel Seven Doppler guys. Ooh, I wonder what they're up to.

He grabs the remote and flips on the TV. Daphne comes back out.

Daphne: You know that meteor shower we had a few years ago?

Niles: Oh please, don't remind me. I was over here having dinner with Maris. I will never forget that night.

Daphne: Neither will I. I've never seen a person cut a caper in half.

Niles: No, no, I was out on the terrace witnessing this incredible display, and I was absolutely miserable. Now I know it's because I would much rather have been sharing that moment with you.

Daphne: Well, I'm here now. Why don't we watch it together this Saturday?

Niles: Oh Daphne, that's a wonderful idea! We'll-we'll recreate the entire moment, right there on the terrace, right down to the last detail. Except we'll be together. And instead of serving the '92 Dom Perignon, we'll serve the '90, and we'll right two horrible wrongs!

Frasier comes in, even wetter than before. He angrily shakes out the skeletal ruin of his umbrella, then drops it in the wastebasket.

Martin: Wow. Frasier, what happened?

Frasier: What happened? I went six months without replacing my pollen filter in my car, so it was in the shop. Couldn't get a cab, so I took the bus home. Which splashed me! And I fell down, missed my stop, and had to walk home ten blocks in this downpour!

Niles: You went six months without changing your pollen filter?!

Daphne: Looks like you could use a spot of tea.

Frasier: Desperately!

Daphne: What'll it be, then? I've got Earl Grey, English Breakfast, Chamomile, Orange Pekoe, Oolong, Lapsang Sou-

Frasier: Oh, for God's sake, just throw a bag in some hot water! [*pause*] Earl Grey.

Daphne goes to the kitchen.

Martin: Hey Frasier, I know it's not your thing, but Duke sent me a couple of tickets for tomorrow's Sonics game. You want to go?

Frasier: I've got plans.

Martin: What plans?

Frasier: Just plans.

Martin: Well, if you don't want to go, just tell me.

Frasier: I don't want to go.

Martin: Would it kill you to spend one night with me?!

Frasier: For God's sake, I spend every night with you! God knows, I have done my best to keep you entertained, but in the seven years since you've landed at my doorstep, have you ever known me once to show any interest in basketball?!

Martin angrily gets up.

Niles: You know I'd go, Dad, but I have the quilt show.

Martin: Please Niles, I feel bad enough already.

He goes to the kitchen.

Frasier: Care for a sherry, Niles?

Niles: Thank you. [*Frasier pours two*] Little rough on Dad, weren't you?

Frasier: Oh, I suppose so. It's just been a rotten day. You don't even know the topper — there was an enchanting young woman on the bus. Just when I'd worked up enough nerve to go and talk to her, I slipped on something that I can only hope was an old burrito! Before I could manage to get up, she was gone.

Niles: Well, I suppose it just wasn't meant to be.

Frasier: Wait a minute. You know, I did happen to overhear her name, and where she works.

Niles: Well then, what are you waiting for? Seize the day! You think I got together with Daphne by just sitting around? Take a chapter from my book.

Frasier: Exactly what chapter would that be?

Niles: [*admitting*] The last chapter.

Frasier: Yes. Suppose I did go and talk with her? What would I say? "I spied on you on the bus, and I've managed to hunt you down here where you work, would you care to have dinner sometime?" I might as well just lop off my ear and mail it to her.

Niles: No, just pretend you're there on business. Where does she work?

Frasier: It's a retirement home.

Niles: Oh... oh, well, uh, tell her you're there looking for someplace for Dad. In fact, bring him along for cover.

Frasier: No, no, you know how he hates those places. He'd never agree to it.

Niles: Well, he doesn't need to. Just take him to the game tomorrow, and make an unannounced stop on the way.

Frasier: So you're suggesting that I-I go crawling back to Dad, beg him to let me take him to the basketball game, use him to meet a pretty girl, and sit through a sport I loathe.

Niles: All right, I see your point.

Frasier: No, I'm just trying to get the sequence right. [*heads to the kitchen*] Oh, Dad!

FADE TO:

Scene Three - The Colonnade

The foyer of the retirement home. Frasier leads Martin through the

door.

Martin: You could have told me we were stopping here when we left for the game.

Frasier: If you'd known that, you never would have agreed to come.

Martin: Well, you didn't have to trick me. I mean, I would never do anything like that to you.

Frasier: It seems someone is forgetting sending Niles and me off to Boy Scout Camp to earn our "Opera Badges!"

Miranda comes in.

Frasier: Oh, there she is! All right, now listen, remember, you're interested in living here.

Martin: All right, but I don't want to be late for the game.

Frasier: Excuse me, uh, I'm Frasier Crane, this is my father Martin.

Miranda: Hello.

Frasier: We're interested in finding out a bit more about the Colonnade. Is there someone we could talk to?

Miranda: Oh well, I'm the director here, Miranda Rogers. Um, why don't I get you a couple of brochures, and if you like what you see, you can fill out an application.

Martin: Application?

Miranda: It only takes about twenty minutes.

Martin: Twenty minutes?

Frasier: Yes, Dad, application, twenty minutes. [*to Miranda*] He likes to repeat things, it's a soothing mechanism. [*strokes Martin's hair, speaking carefully*] Twenty-minutes, twenty-minutes.

Miranda: You're very patient with him. I'll be right back.

She leaves.

Martin: You didn't say I'd have to put anything in writing. You haven't even seen her before, have you? You're trying to put me in here for real!

Frasier: No, I'm not!

Martin: Well, you said you met her on the bus, I knew that story was full of holes!

Frasier: For God's sake, will you just stop it? No one's going to put you anywhere!

Martin: You're damn right they're not, because I'm not filling out any application! So will you hurry up and make your date, and let's get off this ice floe!

Miranda comes back.

Miranda: You know, I'm starting a tour in a few minutes, it'd be a good way to get your questions answered.

Frasier: Oh, that's a splendid idea.

Martin: A tour?

Frasier: Yes, Dad, a tour. [*strokes his hair again*] A-tour. Now come along.

Martin gives him a very hooded look.

DISSOLVE TO:

Scene Four - The Colonnade - Later

Miranda leads the tour group back into the foyer, the Cranes bringing up the rear.

Miranda: As you can see, we're a full service facility...

Martin: Will you hurry up and ask her? If we move any slower in this

place they're gonna start harvesting our organs!

Frasier: All right! It's kind of difficult with all these people around.

Martin: Well, the game's already started. Two minutes, and I'm calling a cab.

Frasier: All right, all right.

He heads to the front of the group. An elderly resident (Lee) notices Martin.

Lee: Hey, I know you. McGinty's, right?

Martin: Yeah, Marty Crane.

Lee: Yeah, Lee Zeppowitz.

Martin: Hi, Lee.

Lee: Hey, we could really use a fourth for poker, if you're moving in.

Martin: Oh jeez, no, I'm sorry. I'm just here to do a favor for my son. We're on our way over to the ballgame.

Lee: Uh-huh. They told me I was going to the Space Needle.

He leaves. Martin gets a suspicious look on his face. Frasier has managed to get Miranda alone.

Frasier: Thanks for the tour.

Miranda: Oh, you're welcome. If you have any more questions, don't hesitate to ask.

Frasier: Well actually, you know, I do have, uh, one more question, um... do you think it'd be possible to have dinner sometime?

Miranda: Oh, sure. Um, come by with your father around five tomorrow and I'll set you up at the cafeteria. I should warn you tomorrow's steak night, so be prepared to throw a few elbows! [laughs] And you just asked me out on a date, didn't you?

Frasier: Yes, but that was before I knew it was steak night.

Miranda: Sure, why not? Um, how about this weekend?

Frasier: Well, that's-that's great. Uh, I'll-I'll call you.

Miranda: Okay. Um, you know, I-I don't normally date people I've just met, but you seem like such a nice person. I can tell by the way you are with your father.

Frasier: Yes, well, we're very close.

He heads out the door, mission accomplished. Miranda notices Martin is still waiting at the desk. Frasier rushes back in.

Frasier: All right, Dad, I checked and the rain's letting up a bit.

They leave.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene Five - Apartment - Night

The apartment is made up in date mode.

The doorbell rings. Frasier comes out in his best suit, picks up the remote control for the stereo, and turns on some soft music. Swaying to the tune, he opens the door - to Niles, carrying a champagne bottle.

Frasier: Niles! What are you doing here?

Niles: Daphne and I are watching the meteor shower on the terrace.

Frasier: No, you're not, I have a date! [turns off the stereo]

Niles: That's tonight?!

Frasier: Yes.

Niles: Well-well-well, what are we gonna do?

Frasier: I don't know. Uh, go to the roof.

Niles: We can't do that, we're having a recreation!

Daphne comes out of the kitchen, wearing a nice dress with a shawl over her shoulders, carrying a picnic basket.

Niles: Oh, you'll never believe this. Frasier wants to send us to the roof!

Daphne: What a romantic idea.

Niles: [*grins to cover*] Isn't it?

The doorbell rings again.

Frasier: Yes, yes, it's very romantic, now get your crap and go!
Coming, coming!

He hustles them to the door.

Niles: Where'd you put Dad, in storage?

Frasier: I have no idea where Dad is. All I know is that he's not here, and you are!

He opens the door to Miranda.

Miranda: Hello.

Frasier: Good evening, Miranda. Come in. Uh, I'd like to introduce you to my brother, Niles Crane.

Miranda: Hello.

Frasier: And this is Daphne Moon-

Miranda: Hi.

Frasier: His... lady friend.

Daphne and Niles both blush.

Daphne: Oh, I suppose I am!

As they chatter giddily, Frasier shoves them out the door and closes it.

Frasier: I'm so sorry, my brother's not very social, really. Uh, here we are. [*shows her in*] Would you care for some wine?

Miranda: Oh, I'd love some, yeah. Oh, you have a beautiful place!

Frasier: Thank you.

Miranda: [*sees the Armchair*] Ah, something tells me this must be your father's chair.

Frasier: Yes, well, you know, I insisted that he bring it with him when he moved in here. I mean, after all, this is his home too.

Miranda: How thoughtful of you.

Frasier: Yes.

Miranda: Well, I imagine he'll be bringing that with him when he moves in.

Frasier: Gosh, Miranda, you know, I've got to be honest with you, uh... as much as I like the Colonnade, I'm not sure Dad's really ready to move in yet.

Miranda: Well then, I guess he hasn't told you. Your father filled out an application today.

Frasier: Application? My father? Today?

Miranda: Sounds like he's moving out just in time, you're picking up that repeating thing.

FADE TO:

BETTER A WINDSHIELD THAN HIS TEETH

Scene Six - Elliot Bay Towers Roof

Niles and Daphne are sitting on a blanket on the roof with their picnic basket.

Niles: You know, I've been giving a lot of thought to this idea of a pet name for you.

Daphne: [*hopeful*] And you've decided to give it up?

Niles: No, I don't give up that easily... "Woggles."

Daphne laughs.

Niles: I was kidding. You're not really a "Woggles." You're more of a "Cuddles." No, I was kidding again! Someone stop me!

Daphne: [*re: basket*] Well, what have we got in here, then?

Niles: Uh, oh well, we have the finest champagne, and beluga caviar... [*lifts out a plate of peanut brittle*] oh, and broken bits of pottery.

Daphne: That's peanut brittle. I made it myself so we could have something sweet. Try some.

Niles: Oh well, I hardly need something sweet with you here.

Daphne: Oh, [*kisses him*] you are such a dear. [*no-nonsense*] Seriously, try some.

Niles puts a small piece in his mouth. From the way he screws up his face, we can see something ghastly's going on in his mouth, but he's trying hard not to show it.

Niles: Mmm. Oh...

Daphne: Is it good?

Niles: Oh, it's like little shards of heaven.

A gust of wind lifts the blanket and blows away their plates.

Daphne: Oh dear! The wind's picked up.

Niles: Oh dear! I hope nothing else blows away!

She goes to retrieve the plates. While her back's turned, he cocks his arm and flings the peanut brittle off the roof. She turns back.

Daphne: What happened to the peanut brittle?

Niles: It blew away!

On the street below, a car alarm goes off.

Niles: Oh, I'll run and get some books to hold this cloth down.

He goes through the open stairway door. Daphne takes the cinder block holding the door open and puts it on the blanket.

CUT TO: inside the Stairwell

The door slams shut, trapping Niles.

Niles: What happened?

Daphne: [*from behind the door*] I moved the block to hold down the blanket and [*tries the door*] now the door seems to be stuck.

Niles: [*tries it himself, no luck*] All right, uh, Daphne, you sit tight, I'll run and get the super, he'll have it open in a minute.

Daphne: All right.

Niles steps down the stairs and pushes the door at the bottom. It doesn't budge. He tries it again, with a tinge of panic.

Niles: Daphne, where's the key to the stairway door?

Daphne: Oh, I've got it. I'll slide it under.

Niles: Oh, all right. No problem, take your time, no need to panic.

Daphne: Oh, dear. There is no under. It's sealed tight.

Niles: Sealed? All right, now Daphne, [*breathing faster*] try and remain calm.

Daphne: Well, we'll just have to wait for the night watchman. He checks all these doors when he does his rounds in a few hours.

Niles: [*hyperventilating*] For the last time, Daphne, I told you not to panic, and so you don't make me say it again, I have to conserve oxygen!

He closes one nostril with his finger, breathing only through the other one.

FADE TO:

Scene Seven - The Colonnade

Martin is playing seven-card stud in the foyer with Lee and two other residents.

Frasier comes in.

Lee: Hey look, Marty, there's your son.

Martin: Yeah, nice try, like I'd take my eyes off you while you're dealing.

Frasier: Dad, can I have a word with you for a second?

Martin: Oh, Fras! Yeah, all right. Uh, keep going, guys, I'm in.

He gets up and goes to Frasier.

Martin: What happened to your date?

Frasier: Oh well, suffice it to say it didn't go so well. Spent the whole time worried about you. Listen, I-I came down to apologize. I've been selfish, and I've neglected you, and I'm sorry.

Martin: Oh well, apology accepted, son. We've both been a little cranky, it's probably just the rain.

Frasier: No, Dad, listen, listen, I want us to go to games together, I really do. And I want us to see movies, and go drinking at McGinty's-

Martin: Well, that's great, son.

Frasier: No, Dad, Dad, I'm trying to say something here. I'm not ready for you to leave.

Martin is amazed.

Frasier: I-I don't want you to move in here. I miss you too much. Please, Dad, come home.

He hugs Martin.

Martin: Well, what the hell are you talking about? I'm not moving in here.

Frasier: But Miranda told me you filled out an application, that you told her you'd found a new home.

Martin: [*lowers voice*] Well, I had to. It's the only way to stay in the game, it's for residents only.

Frasier: This was just a-a ruse so you could continue playing poker?

Martin: Well, it's not just poker, it's poker with the three worst players I've ever seen!

Lee: Hey Marty, you in? Sid's got a pair of tens showing.

Martin: Look at me, Sid!

Sid tries to look Martin in the eye, but can't.

Martin: Raise you twenty. [to Frasier] You dream about getting in games like this all your life, but you never think it's gonna happen!

Frasier: Dad, Dad, please, I can't let you go on taking advantage of these people!

Martin: Well, I'm not taking advantage of them, I'm-I'm giving them an education! Consider it, uh, an expensive seminar.

Frasier: Seminar, my eye! Now you're gonna give every cent of that money back to those men!

Martin: [sighs] All right. I'll let them win it back.

Lee: Come on, Marty, you in?

Martin: [sits down] All right, yeah, I'm in. Let's see - oh, Lee's got a pair of aces, whoa! And three tens here! What have I got? Four, five, seven... ah well, I'll just bet it all.

He puts all his winnings in the middle.

Lee: Too rich for my blood.

All three of them fold.

Frasier: I'll leave the light on for you, Dad.

Frasier leaves.

FADE TO:

Scene Eight - Elliot Bay Towers Roof

Daphne is sitting against the door, with the blanket wrapped around her shoulders.

Daphne: How are you holding up? Is that spider still around?

CUT TO: Stairwell

Niles is huddled into a ball next to the door.

Niles: Oh, I think he's realized he's more afraid of me than I am of him... [looks up] He's not in his corner! He's not in his corner! Oh, there it is, found him.

CUT TO: Roof

Daphne eats a cracker with caviar.

Niles: Oh Daphne, you must be starving. Please, please, don't wait for me, you go ahead and eat.

Daphne: [tries to sound empty-mouthed] You sure? [looks up] Oh, I just saw one!

Niles: A spider?!

Daphne: No, a meteor! Oh, it's beautiful! It just appeared out of nowhere!

CUT TO: Stairwell

Niles: That's it, that's it! I missed it the last time, I'm not gonna let it happen again! Daphne, stand back, this door is coming down!

He charges up the stairs and rams his shoulder into the door – nothing, except pain.

CUT TO: Roof

Daphne stands away from the door. She didn't even hear him hit.

Daphne: Okay, I'm ready! Oh, I just saw another one! Oh, it's breathtaking! It just streaked from one end of the sky to the other! Oh Niles, I wish you could see this.

Niles: Oh, so do I, my love.

Daphne: What did you just call me?

Niles: Oh well, it was kind of a place-filler. I didn't have time to think of a good one.

Daphne: No, I-I like it... "My love." It's nice.

Pause.

Daphne: Oh, I just saw another one!

Niles: What's it look like?

Daphne: It's got a long, glittering tail. It reminds me of the time my father drove home from the pub with a trashcan stuck underneath his car. Sparks were flying everywhere! Did I ever tell you that story?

Niles: No, you never did... my love.

Daphne: Well, my father stopped in at the pub on his way home from work...

CUT TO: Stairwell

Niles rests his head against the door and smiles. He has everything he needs.

END OF ACT TWO

Credits:

Roof:

The night watchman opens the door. Niles comes up and hugs Daphne with relief. They both thank the night watchman.

As they hug again, he goes back down the stairs, letting the door swing shut. Daphne and Niles go to follow him. Niles tries the door, with no result. He smiles at her, tugging a bit harder. Before long they are both pounding on it, yelling down.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

TUSHKA BERGEN as Miranda

EDDIE CARROLL as Lee

MARY OSTROW as Francine

KEVIN DEAN WILLIAMS as Bus Driver

Thanks To...

Transcript written by Mike Lee.

Edited by Mike Lee.

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