

[9.11] Bully for Martin

Bully for Martin

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Directed by Stuart Ross

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Transcript {Kelly Dean Hansen}

Skyline: Nothing Happens.

ACT 1

Scene 1 - Radio Station.

Frasier is finishing with a caller.

Frasier: Terrence, I'm afraid we're nearing the end of our program, and we still haven't gotten to the heart of your problem.

Terrence: Well, uh, I guess I'm just sick of being single. I mean, I'm almost forty. What kind of loser am I?

Frasier: A single man in his forties is not a loser.

Terrence: I said I'm almost forty. Don't make it worse than it is.

Frasier looks slightly miffed at this.

Roz: Can I jump in here, Frasier?

Frasier: Please.

Roz: Listen, Terrence, I know that I'm not as old as you - or Frasier - but I've been through plenty of heartache and loneliness. I remember thinking: "Love is never going to come to me," so I gave up. And that is when a handsome, sweet-hearted man named Roger jumped off his garbage truck and into my life. And I have been deliriously happy ever since, and I feel sure that the same thing will happen for you.

Frasier has rolled his eyes throughout this speech. Clearly he has heard it before.

Terrence: So I have to give up on love first?

Roz: No, I'm saying don't give up.

Terrence: But you said you met this garbage man after you gave up.

Frasier: Terrence, I think what Roz is trying to say is that whether we seek love or not, we are always at the mercy of its mysterious rhythm.

Roz: Exactly.

Terrence: That's not what she said, Frasier.

Frasier: [*hanging up*] I think we know why this guy's still single. This is Dr. Frasier Crane saying Good Day, Seattle, and Good Mental Health.

He signs off. Roz enters from her booth. (It should be noted that she

is wearing a necklace with a big silver "R" on its end.)

Roz: Your dad called during the last segment.

Frasier: Oh, great.

Roz: There's the number.

Frasier: Thank you. Yes, he's working the early shift today, so we're going to have a dinner together this evening.

He begins to dial.

Roz: I'm going out to dinner too.

Frasier: Yes, with Roger. You mentioned that.

Roz: Did I tell you he's taking me on a moonlight picnic?

Frasier: Yes, you did.

Roz: In a canoe?

Frasier: Check.

Roz: How romantic is that? He said all I have to bring is my appetite for caviar and affection. I told him all he had to bring was his appetite because I'll be wearing my edible...

Frasier: *[interrupting at this fortuitous moment]* Dad, Hi! Yeah, listen, um, I've made our reservation for... *[aside]* Sorry, Roz.

She goes back to the booth.

Frasier: Yes, hello, is Martin Crane there, please? *[Pause]* Dad, Hi! I made a reservation for, uh, 7:30, so I'll pick you up around 7:15, all right? Oh. Oh dear. Hey, you know what? Why don't I stop by with a pizza? Okay, great. I'll see you then. Bye.

Before he hangs up, Roz enters again with a basket of flowers.

Roz: More flowers from Roger, and you have to hear this poem he wrote me.

Frasier: *[into phone]* Hang on a second, Dad. I've got to get a pen. I'll write that down. *[aside]* I'm sorry, Roz.

Roz returns to the booth. Frasier grabs a pad and pen to continue the charade.

FADE OUT.

Scene 2 - Martin's place of employment as a security guard. It is the lobby of an office building. A woman exits the elevator and passes his station.

Woman: Good night, Marty!

Martin: See you tomorrow, Babs.

Frasier enters with a pizza box.

Frasier: Hey, Mister, pizza delivery!

Martin: Hey, you made it! Oh, that smells good. What kind did you get?

Frasier: Prosciutto and Fontina.

Martin: Oh, I had my heart set on a ham-and-cheese. *[opening the box]* Oh, you were just messing with me! Good one, Fras! *[They begin to clear the desk.]* Uh-oh, my boss is coming.

Frasier: Where?

Martin: I can see him on the monitors.

Frasier: I'd love to meet him.

At this point, Martin's boss, Rich Kechner, enters. He is having a heated conversation on a radio.

Rich: How many times do I have to tell you to stay off this damn frequency!

Martin: Uh, maybe just go read the directory for a minute.

Frasier walks off. He listens intently to the following exchange.

Rich: [*approaching*] Food has to stay out of sight, Crane.

Martin: Oh, right. [*He begins to put the box of pizza under the desk.*]

Rich: I'll take a slice, though.

Martin: Oh, sure.

Rich: [*taking a slice*] Hey, did you notice anyone messing with the camera in the east tower?

Martin: Oh, yeah, that was me. The way it was pointed you couldn't really see the stairs.

Rich: So you left your post?

Martin: I just thought, you know, it made more sense if...

Rich: [*interrupting angrily*] We don't pay you to think, Crane! We pay you to watch the monitors and keep the sign-in sheet in order.

Frasier, hearing this, is horrified and reacts with silent disbelief.

Rich: We also pay you to button the top button of your shirt!

A man, exiting the building, greets them.

Man: See you tomorrow, fellas.

Martin: Good night!

Rich: [*simultaneously*] Good night, now!

Frasier continues to listen in outrage.

Rich: Maybe when you were a cop you could play fast and loose with the rules, but here at Kechner security, regulations have to be followed.

Martin: Yes, sir. Do you want to look over the sign in sheet?

CUT TO: Frasier. A man approaches him, observing that he is near the directory.

Man: Do you need any help?

Frasier: Uh, I-I'm sorry, no. No, thank you.

Man: You hate to ask for help, huh? You know what people who never ask questions never get? [*off Frasier's gesture*] Answers.

Frasier: Very interesting. Yes, um... [*pointing to the directory*] Ah, there it is. UCB industries.

Man: You're a UCB man?

Frasier: Yes.

Man: I'm with DNR associates. So I guess technically, we shouldn't be talking. But, uh, who takes that corporate competition stuff seriously anymore.

Frasier: I do.

Man: Oh. [*He walks off.*]

CUT BACK TO: Martin and Rich.

Rich: Look, Crane, if you really want to put that busy brain of yours to work, why don't you mastermind a way to lift the pizza stain out of your tie?

He exits. Martin begins to clean his tie. Frasier approaches.

Frasier: I can't believe the way that guy talked to you!

Martin: Oh, it's no big deal. Why don't you just go home?

Frasier: But he has no right to do that!

Martin: Just go home.

Frasier: All right. I'll see you there.

He reluctantly goes to the elevator. The same businessman is standing there. They wait.

Man: Well, this is awkward. Especially with the, uh, Reliance Bearings account up for grabs. Whoever wins it, wins it. Good luck.

Frasier: [with obvious enjoyment] Don't you mean congratulations?

Man: You're kidding!

Frasier: An hour ago. Don't they ever CC you guys on this stuff?

Frasier enters the arriving elevator. The man pulls out his cell phone. Frasier gleefully gestures good-bye to the man as the elevator closes.

FADE TO:

THEY HAD TO CLOSE THE EXPRESS LINE

Scene 3 - Frasier's apartment.

Niles and Daphne are seated on the couch. Frasier is standing.

Niles: You're sure you're not exaggerating?

Frasier: Well, I'll tell you, Niles, I stood there, slack-jawed, as Dad was reprimanded like an errant child!

Daphne: [serving coffee] Well maybe his boss was having a tough day and needed someone to take it out on. You know, sometimes an employer gets so caught up in his own world that he...

Frasier: [cutting her off, increasingly indignant] I mean, after all, this is a man who served his country in Korea, who had a distinguished career as a detective, and yet he is being treated the way you [indicating Niles] would treat a grocery store bag boy!

Niles: What does that mean?

Frasier: Oh, don't you play coy with me just because Daphne's here. I have seen you when your avocados are packed under your ice cream.

Niles: Excuse me, that young man was on drugs and everyone in the store knew it!

Martin enters.

Martin: Hey, guys.

Niles: Hey, Dad.

Frasier: Dad.

Daphne: Mr. Crane. How was work today?

Martin: Oh, same old, same old. Boy, I'm beat.

He sets his lunch box on the coffee table and moves to sit in his chair.

Martin: Eight hours of staring at those monitors can really wear you out.

As he turns on the TV, the others comment visually on the irony of that statement.

Frasier: So, Dad, did you speak with your supervisor?

Martin: Oh, don't start this again. Everything's fine.

Frasier: Oh, come on, Dad, after the way that man eviscerated you?

Martin: That's just Rich. He's one of those tough guys. It's no big deal.

Frasier: You're a tough guy yourself. Why didn't you set him straight?

Martin: I'm not going to talk back to my boss. You have to respect the chain of command. It's not always easy, but that's the way I've always done it.

Frasier: So you're just going to sit there and take it?

Martin: Oh, come on, Fras. Now, we're men. We know how to gut these things out. We don't whine and cry. You know that.

Daphne: [*disparagingly*] Ha! [*All three of them stare at her.*] H... How true. You do know that, Dr. Crane.

She sips her coffee.

Frasier: You know, I'll bet the owner of the company would like to know how this Rich is behaving.

Martin: The owner of the company is Rich's son.

Frasier: Nepotism, huh? Golly, this problem just keeps getting bigger and bigger.

Martin: It's not a problem!

Frasier: Dad!

Niles: Frasier! Would you listen? He said it's not a problem. I'm sure Dad's more than capable of handling himself.

Martin: Thank you.

Niles: See, he thinks you're completely out of line.

Martin: No, I just...

Niles: [*interrupting*] No, Dad, Dad. I got this.

Frasier: Look, you've got to have at least some kind of plan to deal with this guy.

Martin: I've got a plan. Once Rich knows I'm not fighting, he'll drop it, which is what you guys are going to do. Now I'm tired of talking about this.

Niles: See, now you've mad Dad tired.

Martin: Can it, Niles!

Niles: And cranky.

FADE TO:

Scene 4 - Cafe Nervosa.

Frasier is seated. A man enters, seeking him. It is Charlie Kechner, the owner of the security company.

Charlie: Frasier Crane, right?

Frasier: Oh, yes, yes.

Charlie: I'm Charlie Kechner of Kechner Security. [*They shake hands.*]

Frasier: Mr. Kechner, nice to meet you. Please sit down. Would you like some coffee?

Charlie: Nothing for me, thanks.

Frasier: I'd like to thank you for meeting me like this.

Charlie: No problem. I like face-to-facing with new clients - especially those in the public eye who need the kind of custom-tailored security that we specialize in. So, what is it? Stalker, blackmailer, random nut job?

Frasier: I'm sorry, but I'm not actually... in the market for security services.

Charlie: Well that's strange. [*reaching into his jacket pocket and pulling out a paper*] Because your phone message said "I'm in the market for security services."

Frasier: Yes, I can see how that may have been misleading. I, um... I

wanted to meet you in person because I have a...a matter of some delicacy to discuss with you. You see, my father works for your company, and I understand your father does as well

Charlie: What does this have to do with anything?

Frasier: Well, it seems that... your dad has been picking on my dad.

Charlie: [puzzled] What? That doesn't sound like my dad.

Frasier: Well, perhaps you don't know your dad as well as you think you do. I saw the whole thing.

Charlie: Well, maybe my dad was just defending himself. Did your dad provoke him?

Frasier: No, no. I can assure you that your dad started it.

Charlie: None of the other guards has any trouble with my dad. Maybe your dad just needs to toughen up a little.

Frasier: My father fought in Korea.

Charlie: Did he? Or did you fight the Koreans for him?

Frasier: [who has no response for this] Now, Charlie, I'm sure a man of your inspired leadership has resolved conflicts between employees before.

Charlie: Sure.

Frasier: It's that kind of enlightened management that has made the name Kechner synonymous with security.

Charlie: All right. I'll look into it.

Frasier: Thank you. [They rise.] Thank you so much. Oh, and if you don't mind, could we keep this meeting between us? I'd hate to have my father think that I went behind his back.

Charlie: You're asking me to conceal something from my own father? I don't know if I can do that. On the other hand, if you were a client, I'd be obligated to keep this confidential.

Frasier: If you're implying what I think you are, Mr. Kechner, I hope, for your sake, you brought some brochures. Please...

They sit. Charlie opens his briefcase.

FADE TO:

Scene 5 - The office building lobby.

Martin is at his desk. Rich and some others exit the elevator.

Rich: Good night.

Martin: Hey, Rich.

Rich: Hey, Buddy! Everything all right here?

Martin: Uh, sure.

Rich: Nothing to complain about then?

Martin: No. Want some coffee?

Rich: No, no, no. I keep my eating and drinking to the break room. That way, nobody...complains.

Martin: Okay. Uh, I could use your initials on my time card if you've got a sec.

Rich: Oh, for you, I've got all night. I'll be sure to do it neatly, so there'll be no complaints. [He hands back the time card, smiling insincerely.]

Martin: Okay, what's going on?

Rich: You tell me. My son chewed me out for being too tough on the guards. Now I wonder who might have put him up to that?

Martin: Could have been any of the guys?

Rich: I think it was you!

Martin: It wasn't me. I'm not a complainer.

Rich: Good. Then you won't complain about doing a few graveyard shifts next week?

Martin: No problem.

Rich: Good. How's Tuesday, Wednesday work for you?

Martin: Actually, that's not so good.

Rich: Oh? [*with increasing anger*] Then how's Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday?

Martin: [*stoically*] Better.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

Scene 6 - Cafe Nervosa.

Niles and Daphne are seated. Roz enters and approaches them.

Roz: Hey Niles! Hey Daphne...

Niles: Hey Roz.

Roz: I called you this morning. Where were you?

Daphne: Sleeping. Mr. Crane's been working the overnight shift. It's thrown my whole schedule off.

Roz: Oh. Roger and I have been working overnight too, if you know what I mean. Let me grab a muffin and I'll tell you all about it.

Niles: Grab one for me too.

Roz: Okay.

She goes to the counter.

Niles: So I can stick it in my ears. I'm just a little tired of hearing about it.

Daphne: You're tired? I've heard double whatever you have. Did you know Roger wrote her a song to the tune of "I Believe I Can Fly?"

Niles: I do now, don't I? Look, let's just not talk about Roger this one time, okay.

Daphne: That's impossible. She brings everything back to him.

Niles: Well, just leave it to me.

Daphne: Good luck.

Roz: [*returning*] So what are you guys talking about?

Niles: Um, medieval French history.

Roz: I've always wanted to see Paris.

Niles: Mm-hmm. Thank you.

Roz: Roger says he's going to take me there someday. He says you haven't truly made love...

Niles: Oh, look at this.

Roz: What?

Niles: It says interest rates might go down again.

Daphne: Oh, just when we thought the interest couldn't get any lower.

Roz: I don't know about interest rates and all that garbage... [*correcting herself*] Oops. It's a good thing Roger didn't hear that. He doesn't like it when I use "garbage" in a derogatory way. [*Niles and Daphne exchange glances.*] Of course, he always forgives me. Isn't he a doll?

Niles: Oh, you know, speaking of dolls, I understand that the Nordic Heritage Museum is planning a huge retrospective of Icelandic dolls of the 19th century.

He glances at Daphne. She smiles back.

Roz: Hmm, is the Nordic Museum the one near Sunset Hill? Because Roger and I had the best bottle of wine there...

Niles: No. The Nordic Museum is in Ballard.

He and Daphne wait hopefully.

Roz: Oh. I guess I don't know that place after all.

Daphne: That exhibit sounds fascinating, Niles. When is it?

Niles: February 14th.

Roz: Valentine's Day? I guess I won't be there. Roger and I are spending the whole day together. He says it's going to be full of romantic surprises. I mean, but he gives me, like, a romantic surprise every single day...

Niles: [*interrupting*] Oh, well, I know girl talk when I hear it. Excuse me.

He gets up from his chair. Daphne glares at him.

Roz: Girl talk? He's the one going to a doll museum.

Frasier has entered over the previous dialogue. He is now sitting nearer the window than Roz, Daphne, and Niles. Niles quickly approaches him.

Niles: Forget your coffee. Let's get out of here.

Frasier: What? And leave Daphne?

Niles: It's too late for her. We have to keep moving.

Frasier: Niles, I can't. I'm meeting Dad here in a few minutes. His schedule's been so topsy-turvy lately, I haven't seen him in days.

Niles: [*sitting*] Is he still having trouble with his supervisor?

Frasier: Well, yes, yes, but I believe we'll be hearing some good news on that front. No thanks to you.

Niles: What does that mean?

Frasier: Let's just say I took appropriate action.

Niles: After Dad asked you to butt out?

Frasier: I'm sorry, Niles, but if you had seen the way this man treated Dad, you would have done the same thing.

Niles: Well, perhaps.

A waiter brings Frasier's coffee.

Frasier: Thank you.

Niles: I just wonder if you're doing this for Dad or for yourself.

Frasier: All right, what are you on about now?

Niles: I just think it's telling that the whole thing bothers you a lot more than it bothers Dad. You can't stand to see him being bossed because to you he's always been this larger-than-life figure, and you're desperate to keep that image intact. More importantly, why is that man staring at us?

We see a hulking man in a jacket and turtleneck sitting behind them and watching them.

Frasier: That's Sanchez, my bodyguard. [*Niles glances back at Sanchez.*] It's only on a trial basis. It's a long story.

Martin enters.

Frasier: Dad! How are you doing?

Martin: I'm mad as hell, that's how I'm doing!

Sanchez rises. Frasier waves him down.

Martin: I just got beeped. Rich wants me to work tonight. I'm going to have to cancel our dinner.

Frasier: You haven't had a day off in a week!

Martin: I know, but apparently he thinks I went over his head to complain about him, so now he's really turning up the heat.

Niles: No kidding! [*staring at Frasier*] As if things weren't bad enough for you already, Dad. [*Frasier glares at Niles.*]

Martin: I used to take a lot of pride in working through tough spots like this, but I don't know if it's worth it this time.

Frasier: Dad, I'm so sorry.

Martin: Oh, it's nobody's fault. I'm just getting too old for this sort of stuff. If he keeps up with it, I'm just going to call it quits.

Frasier: Dad, that's a horrible idea. You can't run away from these kinds of problems. I mean, it only encourages the torment. [*Martin begins to leave.*] Where are you going?

Martin: Oh, I'm going to grab a quick nap before my shift starts.

Frasier: Well, I'm trying to help you decide what to do.

Martin: I know, that's what reminded me to take a nap. [*He leaves.*]

Niles: Well done, Frasier.

Frasier: All right. My plan backfired. I guess there's only one option left.

Niles: Tell Dad the truth.

Frasier: All right, two options. [*Niles looks at him expectantly.*] I've got to go to the source this time and speak directly to Rich.

Niles: Don't you ever learn?

Frasier: He needs to know that Dad is not the one who complained about him. All right, I'll tell you what, Niles, why don't you come with me? The two of us can help him together.

Niles: Forget it, you know how I feel about this. You're on your own.

Daphne and Roz approach.

Daphne: [*to Niles*] Good news, dear! Roz is going to join us for shopping today.

Niles: Oh, no, I just promised Frasier I'd help him with something.

Frasier nonverbally confirms this to Daphne.

Roz: You know what Roger says is the most erotic organ?

Daphne: [*hopefully*] The mind?

Roz: [*laughing*] No!

Roz leaves. Daphne follows, slugging Niles in the back as she goes. FADE OUT.

IT'S CONFIRMED...THEY'RE IN THE CLOSET

Scene 7 - The office building lobby.

Frasier and Niles enter.

Frasier: Well he's not even here! I can't believe this. I mean, after the way he came down on Dad for doing the very same thing. I tell you, Niles, I am not by nature a violent man, but I swear, if I have to, I will page Sanchez.

Niles: [*leading Frasier away*] I think you need to calm down.

Frasier: Yes, yes, you're right. I came here to talk to the man. Still the blood runs hot!

Rich enters.

Frasier: That's him! That's him!

Rich approaches a man who is repairing the elevator.

Rich: Let me ask you something. They pay you to fix the elevator or

just spread your tools all over my lobby? [*He kicks the toolbox.*]
You ever hear of putting down a drop cloth!

Niles: You know, by letting Dad handle this himself, you'd be empowering him, and isn't that the greatest gift of all?

Frasier: No, Niles, I came down here to stand up to that man. The time for running away has passed. [*Martin's voice is heard.*] Dad's here! Oh, God, we can't let him see us! Come on!

They run into a supply closet and close the door.

Martin: Hey, Rich.

Rich: Hey, Crane, you're early.

Martin: Yeah, I thought I'd get a head start on the checkpoints.

Rich: Well, la-de-da.

CUT TO: the closet, where Niles and Frasier are nervously standing.

Niles: Great. Now what?

Frasier: Well, Dad says he makes his rounds every 20 minutes. We'll just wait till the next one and then slip out then.

CUT BACK to Rich and Martin.

Rich: Oh, what's this?

Martin: What's what?

Rich: There's two guys in the storage room. [*grabbing his club*]
Stay here! I'll take care of it.

Martin: [*looking at the monitor*] No, No!

Rich: Why not?

Martin: Those are my kids.

We see the image of Frasier and Niles on the monitor.

Rich: Well, what the hell are they doing in the storage room?

Martin: I don't know, but knowing them, they probably came down here to fight my battle for me.

Rich: What battle?

Martin: With you. They know we don't get along.

Rich: Wait a minute! They wouldn't be the ones who complained about me, would they?

Martin: Well, I wouldn't be surprised. They're always sticking their noses into my business.

Rich: Sounds like my kid. He thinks just because I work for him he's my boss. [*Martin shakes his head.*]

CUT TO: the closet.

Niles: Can you hear anything?

Frasier: No, but I guarantee you Rich is being a jerk. You know, I wish Dad would just tell this guy off.

Niles: And that would make Dad feel better?

Frasier: Oh, I don't know. But it'd make me feel a lot better.

Niles: So, this is all about you.

Frasier: To some extent. All right, to a great extent. It's just that all our lives, Dad's been the guy in charge. I just hate to see him powerless like this.

Niles: Well, how can you call him powerless? The minute you saw him, you ran into a storage closet.

Frasier: That's true.

Niles: You're a grown man. You're still scared of him.

Frasier: You're a grown man. You're still scared of him, too.

Niles: Yeah, well, at least I have a girlfriend.

Frasier: Shut up!

Niles: [*sniffing*] Do you smell ammonia?

Frasier: Yes.

Niles: What is that?

Frasier: [*indicating*] Ammonia.

Niles sniffs and curls his lip in disgust.

CUT BACK TO: Martin and Rich, who are now sitting amiably in conversation behind the desk.

Martin: The thing fell 19 stories and landed right in front of me on the sidewalk.

[*N.B. For this story, see the episode [9.07] "Bla-Z-Boy," where Frasier accidentally sends Martin's chair crashing to the ground from the balcony.*]

Rich: [*laughing*] That's nothing. My kid ran over my foot while I was sweeping the driveway. [*They both laugh.*]

Martin: You know, the scary thing is, that generation's going to be running the country one of these days.

Rich: Not as long as I'm voting, Marty.

Martin: Ain't that the truth. What are the geniuses doing now?

They look at the monitor.

Rich: One of them's down there trying to breathe through the crack under the door.

We see Niles doing this on the monitor, and then CUT TO the closet itself.

Frasier: Oh, for God's sake, Niles, get up, there's plenty of air!

Niles slowly rises. Frasier's cell phone rings. Niles gestures to Frasier, who nervously answers the phone.

Frasier: [*in a strained whisper*] Hello?

Martin: Hey, Fras, it's me.

Frasier: Dad, hi!

CUT TO: Lobby

Martin is holding out the receiver, and we see that Rich is listening to the conversation.

Martin: Why are you whispering?

Frasier: I'm in a very quiet restaurant. Yes, I'll have the pan-seared ahi with the ginger-mushroom cream sauce, and-and for a starter, I'd like the sesame-tempura string beans.

Niles: [*imitating a waiter*] And for the lady?

Frasier: Shut up!

The two of them stand, at a loss what to do next.

We CUT TO: Martin and Rich laughing hysterically.

Frasier: Sorry about that, Dad!

Martin: Oh, no problem!

Frasier: So, Dad, when are you starting your rounds?

Martin: I don't know. Let me ask. [*to Rich*] Uh, Rich, should I start my rounds now?

Rich: [*feigning anger*] You'd like that, wouldn't you? You're staying here!

Rich's outburst startles Frasier. He and Martin find all of this hysterical.

Martin: Hear that, Frasier? No rounds. Guess I'm just stuck here at the desk for five hours.

Frasier: [*crestfallen*] Tough break.

Martin: Well, I'll see you later.

They hang up. Frasier shrugs his shoulders at Niles, who also has no solution for the problem. We FADE OUT on the view of them in the closet.

END OF ACT 2

Credits:

Roz is engaged in a conversation at Café Nervosa. The latest victim of her rapturous ravings about Roger is Sanchez, the bodyguard, to whom she is showing pictures. Frasier is seated contentedly at a nearby table reading a book.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Star

M. EMMET WALSH as Rich Kechner

Guest Starring

JAY KARNES as Corporate Guy

ROBERT PICARDO as Charlie Kechner

Co-starring

BETH HALL as Babs

DEREK ANTHONY as Man in Lobby

Guest Callers

ANDY GARCIA as Terrence

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