

# [9.21] Cheerful Goodbyes

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## Transcript {David Langley}

Act 1

Scene 1 - KACL

[Fade in. Frasier is on the air with a caller, Roz is at her console.]

**Frasier:** Despite your healthy teen skepticism, Jeremy, problems that seem crushing now can actually serve to shape your life in positive ways later on.

**Jeremy:** [voice over] You're just saying that.

**Frasier:** No, well, I'll tell you what, perhaps I can convince you with a story. I recall a young man who suffered from involuntary bedwetting until he was twelve years old. Or was it thirteen? Boy, you'd think I'd remember, I slept in the lower bunk. The point is, it was very difficult for him, what with the alarms, and the bladder stretching exercises and the incessant teasing he suffered once his schoolmates found out.

**Jeremy:** [v.o.] How'd they find out?

**Frasier:** [guiltily] The point I'm trying to make here is that this man today is a prominent and respected psychiatrist. And you see, his affliction served to make him stronger, more empathic, and extremely hygenic. So, hang in there, Jeremy.

**Jeremy:** [v.o.] Okay. Thanks Dr. Crane.

[He hangs up.]

**Frasier:** Thank you. And thank you, listeners. This is Dr. Frasier Crane saying good day and good mental health.

[He shuts down, rises and takes off his headset as Roz comes in from her side.]

**Roz:** That was...kind of brave to admit you were a bed wetter.

**Frasier:** Oh, Roz, pay attention! That was Niles, not me. You know, I've got to run. I'm still putting the finishing touches on my speech for the Boston conference.

**Roz:** Did you come up with a title?

**Frasier:** Yes. As a matter of fact, Niles will be introducing me on "Notes for a Critical Approach to Radio As Mediating Gateway in the Process of Psychological Demystification".

**Roz:** Good speech, what's the title?

**Frasier:** It promises to be a fun family weekend for all, actually. So what have you got planned for the weekend?

**Roz:** Actually, my sorority sisters are coming in for a visit.

**Frasier:** Oh, I suppose you'll be sharing the secret handshake, doing skits, that sort of thing.

**Roz:** Yeah, right. Only problem is, my apartment is just too small for everyone to stay in, and HEY your place will be empty!

**Frasier:** Say no more, Roz. No.

**Roz:** Why not?

**Frasier:** Look, I'm sorry, Roz, it's just the idea of strangers in my apartment. I couldn't sleep.

**Roz:** I'm sorry I asked.

*[He heads for the door, then turns back and pulls a piece of paper from his pocket.]*

**Frasier:** No apologies necessary. Oh, oh, Roz, that reminds me: since you're going to be walking Eddie for Dad anyway, I wrote down a list of a couple of other things you can do for me.

*[She takes the list and reads it.]*

**Roz:** Pick up the mail and newspapers, water the fichus, fluff your pillows?

**Frasier:** Yes, and oh, please, don't forget to mist my bedroom with rose water. It likes it best at dusk.

*[He hurries out as she watches, a disgusted look on her face. Fade out.]*

*Scene 2 - Logan Airport*

**AND IT TOOK FIVE DAYS TO  
CARVE A JACK O'LANTERN**

**Frasier:** Oh, I love returning to Boston. There's just something in the air.

*[Fade in. Frasier, Niles, Daphne and Martin are coming in from the gate area.]*

**Niles:** Perhaps the toxic gas spewing from your gigantic mouth.

**Frasier:** Oh, Niles, please, will you just let it go? I didn't mention your name.

**Niles:** Oh, no, you just said it was someone with whom you shared a bunk bed who is now a psychiatrist. I'd say that narrows the field down to... hmm, me!

**Frasier:** But only to someone who knows that you're my brother. And who would that be?

**Niles:** My patients.

**Martin:** The guys at work.

**Daphne:** One of the flight attendants.

**Niles:** What? Oh, so that's why she looked at me that way when I told her I spilled my drink.

**Martin:** Would you guys come on? I wanna see my bag come down the chute.

**Frasier:** All right, Dad.

*[They grab their rolling bags and start walking down the hallway.]*

**Niles:** You can forget about my introducing your talk.

**Frasier:** Oh, Niles, you can't be serious.

**Niles:** I wouldn't even be here if Daphne didn't want to see Boston.

**Daphne:** Yes, I do. So you two make up and let's go get one of those famous Boston lobsters.

**Niles:** No, it's Maine that's famous for lobsters, sweetheart. Boston is famous for beans.

**Daphne:** Beans? What kind of a city brags about bloody beans?

*[From the bar they are passing, Frasier recognizes the familiar voice of Cliff Clavin.]*

**Cliff:** Oh, that's right, your common pumpkin was once six hundred times the size of your present day variety, thereby allowing the entire fiefdom to feast all winter on the meat of a single seed.

**Frasier:** Cliff Clavin!

**Cliff:** Frasier. You old dog, how ya doin'?

*[He comes over and they hug.]*

**Frasier:** Good to see you. Say hello to the family. This is my brother Niles Crane.

**Cliff:** Oh, heya Niles.

**Frasier:** His fiancée Daphne Moon.

**Cliff:** Enchante.

**Frasier:** And this is my dad, Martin Crane.

**Cliff:** Hey, Marty.

**Martin:** Nice to meet a fellow civil servant.

**Cliff:** Oh, you one of the brotherhood, are you?

**Martin:** I was a cop for thirty years.

**Cliff:** Oh, couldn't pass the mail carrier's exam, huh? You know what, I can't believe you brought your entire family here for my retirement party.

**Frasier:** Well, actually...

**Cliff:** You know, when I didn't get your RS si vous plait, I figured you weren't gonna show up. But you son of a gun, you wanted to surprise me, didn't you?

**Frasier:** Well, yes. Surprise.

**Cliff:** You know what, I gotta go meet Ma's plane. She's bringing in ten gallons of punch.

*[He starts to walk off.]*

**Cliff:** See you guys tonight, eight o'clock sharp.

**Frasier:** At Cheers?

**Cliff:** On, no, no, no. Sammy's got it booked for a Red Socks reunion tonight. We're gonna be at the Somerville Town Crier.

*[He hands Frasier a slip of paper.]*

**Frasier:** Oh.

*[He looks at it as Cliff walks away again.]*

**Niles:** Why did you do that? This is our one free night, I had to pull a lot of strings to get dinner reservations at L'Espalier.

**Frasier:** Oh, Niles, you saw how thrilled he was, I couldn't say no. Besides, it'll be a chance for me to see my old friends again. I mean, these people are an important part of my past. They were there for me when I needed friends most.

**Niles:** How about if we move the reservation back half an hour?

**Frasier:** Oh, that should be plenty.

*[They gather their bags and walk off again. Fade out.]*

## Scene 3 - Somerville Town Crier

[*Fade in. The room is set up with tables and a bar for Cliff's retirement party. Frasier comes in with the others in tow.*]

**Frasier:** Ha, hello, everybody!

[*Everyone makes sounds of greeting. Carla, the waitress from Cheers, comes over to hug him.*]

[*N.B. Rhea Perlman's sister, Heide, writes for "Frasier," including this episode; in addition, their father Philip reprises his role from "Cheers" as Phil, a barfly.*]

**Carla:** Oh, Frasier, Frasier! Look at you. I forgot how big your head is.

**Frasier:** Carla, you haven't changed a bit. This is my family.

**Cliff:** Hey, everybody, why don't you try some deviled eggs. I used Ma's special recipe: water instead of mayonnaise.

**Frasier:** No thanks.

[*Martin takes one. Paul, one of the regulars from the bar, comes in.*]

**Paul:** Hey, Fraizh!

**Frasier:** Paul, how ya doing?

**Cliff:** Paul, how'd you find out about this?

**Paul:** I live here, I just came down for some ice.

**Cliff:** Well, stay out of the way.

**Paul:** Can do.

[*Norm Peterson, Cliff's best friend, comes in.*]

**Norm:** Evenin', everybody.

**Everyone:** NORM!

[*Norm walks to the end of the bar and sits on a stool.*]

**Cliff:** Hey, so what's goin' down, Norm?

**Norm:** My blood-alcohol level. [*grabbing a beer*] Suds, do your work!

[*Frasier laughs and Norm looks up.*]

**Norm:** Frasier's here?

[*He gets up and greets Frasier.*]

**Frasier:** Hey Norm, how ya doin'?

**Cliff:** He brought his whole family, Norm.

**Frasier:** Yeah, yeah, say hi to my brother Niles and his fiancée Daphne Moon and that's my Dad there, Martin Crane.

[*They all shake.*]

**Martin:** Wow, that's some mug callous you've got there.

**Norm:** Judging from your grip, I'd say you were a can man.

**Martin:** Guilty as charged.

**Norm:** All right, well, have a seat.

**Martin:** Thanks.

[*He sits down.*]

**Norm:** Listen, uh Cliffy. Vera would have been here, so I didn't tell her about it.

*[Cliff waves in acknowledgement.]*

**Frasier:** Yes, Vera is Norm's much storied wife.

**Niles:** Oh, that sounds fascinating. Let me know when we're leaving.

**Frasier:** Right.

**Niles:** *[to Daphne]* We're never going to get out of here in half an hour, why don't you and I just go?

**Daphne:** Niles, don't be rude. These are your brother's friends, just try and loosen up.

*[Cliff comes over.]*

**Cliff:** Hey, that's quite a suit you got there, buddy boy. It what, cost over a hundred I bet, huh?

*[He grabs Niles arm and pulls him to a table.]*

**Cliff:** Hey, Paul, Paul, here, feel this suit.

*[Paul reaches out and feels the material. A man comes over.]*

**Phil:** I'm next after Paul.

**Cliff:** Yeah, get in here.

*[They continue to test the material of his suit as Niles looks helpless. Cut to - Frasier over at the bar.]*

**Frasier:** So, Carla, how've you been?

**Carla:** Well, two of my kids are in jail, the bank's about to foreclose on my house and, after tonight, I'm never gonna see Cliff Clavin again. Things are great!

**Frasier:** *[to the others]* Carla was never really a fan of Cliff's.

**Carla:** Yeah, not to talk the guy down, but he's a big blowhard who thinks he knows everything and never shuts up.

**Daphne:** *[deadpan]* Imagine.

*[She drinks her wine as Frasier gives her a dirty look.]*

**Martin:** Hey, Norm, let me buy you a beer. *[to bartender]* Get a beer here?

**Norm:** Where have you been all my life?

*[Martin laughs. Cut to - Cliff talking to Niles.]*

**Cliff:** Well, e-mail did hurt us, but you know, computer's gonna be dead in about five years anyway. Post Office will rise again, my friend, we'll rise again! Feel that.

*[He clenches his arm and offers it to Niles who just stares, dumbfounded.]*

**Niles:** Frasier!

*[Frasier comes over to rescue him.]*

**Frasier:** Hmm? Oh, say, Cliff, where's your mom?

**Cliff:** Ah, Ma got on the wrong plane. She went to Bosnia.

*[Niles just turns and walks away.]*

**Carla:** Hey, Cliff, tell us more about how you're leaving. And tell it real slow. Quiet, everybody.

**Cliff:** Well, Carla, tomorrow I'm gettin' on a plane and going to the promised land, Florida. Time to hang up my uniform and live in my Speedos.

**Carla:** I didn't think anything could live in your Speedos.

*[She walks off.]*

**Daphne:** Aren't you a bit young to retire, Cliff? I'd be worried I'd become bored.

**Cliff:** Oh, don't you worry about that, Missy. When I get down there to ol' Florida, I'm gonna buy myself an airboat. Give tours of the everglades, maybe wrestle a few crocodiles.

**Niles:** That would be alligators.

**Cliff:** Ah, common mistake there, Sparky. See, when a crocodile raises it's head, its nostrils get pinched shut tight, thereby cutting off its oxygen supply. Yeah, a baby could wrestle one.

**Daphne:** That's fascinating. Did you know that, Niles?

**Niles:** I, uh, I still don't. Excuse me Daphne.

*[He walks over to Frasier.]*

**Niles:** Frasier?

**Frasier:** Hmm?

**Niles:** If we're going to make our reservations, we're going to need to leave now.

**Frasier:** Oh, is it that time already?

**Niles:** Already? If I hear one more of that postman's crackpot theories, my head will explode.

**Frasier:** Oh, Niles, don't worry about him, nobody takes him seriously.

**Daphne:** I never knew there were so many letters in the dolphin alphabet.

*[Niles gives Frasier a sharp look.]*

**Frasier:** I see. Well, um, is Dad ready to go?

**Niles:** Dad? Dad would be content to sit there swilling beer all night!

**Frasier:** Well, you know, it seems like everyone is having such a good time, why don't we just push the reservation back another half an hour?

**Niles:** Everyone ISN'T having a..

**Paul:** Fraizh? Sit down and tell us what it's like to be famous.

**Frasier:** Well, sure Paul! *[to Niles]* Better make it an hour.

*[He sits down as Niles stands there frustrated. Fade out.]*

Act 2

Scene 1 - Somerville Town Crier

*[Fade in. Martin and Norm are talking at the end of the bar.]*

**Martin:** The best thing is, on a summer's day, you open a cold one, and that foam runs down your hand and for a split second there, you're jealous of your own knuckles.

**Norm:** Oh, yeah. I had no idea that you were a poet. Yeah, tell me the one about the bacon again.

**Martin:** Which one?

**Norm:** All of 'em.

*[Cut to - Niles sitting alone. Carla comes over and sits down.]*

**Carla:** Hey, white-bread. What could possibly be wrong on this most wonderful of nights?

**Niles:** Oh, no offense, it's just we had reservations at one of the finest restaurants in Boston, and instead we're eating trail mix and drinking this... [he looks at the bottle] ...oh, dear God, it's just labeled "Wine".

[Carla reaches over and taps Norm.]

**Carla:** Hey, Norm, doesn't he remind you of Frasier? Say "indubitably".

**Niles:** Must I?

**Norm:** It's uncanny.

**Carla:** Hey, remember that time you guys took Frasier on a snipe hunt?

**Norm:** Yeah.

**Niles:** What's a snipe hunt?

**Carla:** That's when you take some unsuspecting dope out to bag snipe, which don't exist, and then you ditch 'em in the woods.

**Niles:** That must have been completely humiliating for Frasier.

**Carla:** Well, that's the point.

**Niles:** Well, do you have any more of these stories?

**Carla:** Only about a million.

**Niles:** Oh, I don't have time for a million, just tell me the hundred worst.

**Norm:** Okay, well, when Frasier first started coming to Cheers, he was really kind of a boob.

**Paul:** Yeah, boob.

[They all just stare at him until he becomes embarrassed.]

**Paul:** Sorry.

[He walks away. Cliff taps his glass.]

**Cliff:** Everyone, attention. Mr. Twitchell has got something to say here.

**Twitchell:** I'd like to propose a toast to Cliff Clavin. We were often adversaries, but he was a postman and I'll say this about him: he never developed a stoop. Mostly because he threw the big catalogs into the river. And even though he didn't strictly abide by the rules, especially 367 B Section 17...

[The postal workers laugh.]

**Twitchell:** Well, anyway, when allis said and done you have to ask what will the mail be without Cliff Clavin?

**Everyone:** On time!

**Cliff:** Twitchell, thank you very much.

**Phil:** I just wanted to thank you, Cliff, for all the great times we had at Cheers.

**Cliff:** Well, you were always there for me, Al.

**Phil:** I'm Phil. Al's been dead for fourteen years, you dumb son of a bitch.

**Frasier:** Well, you know, I hadn't planned on making a speech, so my remarks will have to be extemporaneous.

**Carla:** I hope that means "dirty".

**Martin:** Smart money's on "long".

**Frasier:** It was about ten years ago when I too left Boston. But the kind wishes and outpouring of emotions from my friends remain fresh in my mind. I still remember Sam throwing me a lavish party and dubbing me the "Einstein of Cheers" against my modest protests that I was merely the Neils Bohr.

**Carla:** You still are!

**Frasier:** Carla, thank you. And then of course, Norm begging me to stay and that comical moment when Woody threw his arms around my leg and began to cry. Now another one of us is leaving this wonderful town. Good luck, Cliff.

**Everyone:** Hear, hear.

**Norm:** Great. I was gonna say "Good luck, Cliff."

[He drinks his beer. Fade out.]

Scene 2 - Somerville Town Crier

**OTHER NICKNAMES HE  
CONSIDERED WERE  
"TIGER" AND "THE DUKE"**

**Frasier:** Please hold our table, we'll be there in a half hour.

[Fade in. Frasier is standing in the hallway outside the hall. Cliff comes through the doors.]

**Frasier:** Cliff? Are you all right?

**Cliff:** Oh, yeah. Yeah, it's just I gotta...whoo take a break from all that partyin'.

[Frasier gives him a look.]

**Cliff:** All right, you pried it out of me. My so called friends, they don't care about me.

**Frasier:** Sure they do.

**Cliff:** Ah, your toast in there brought home the ugly truth. When you left, everybody asked you to stay. I told these mullocks six months ago I was retiring. And not one single one of 'em has said anything like "I'm sure gonna miss you there, Big Shooter." or "Gee, I wish you could stick around, Big Shooter."

**Frasier:** "Big Shooter"?

**Cliff:** It's a nickname I once gave myself.

**Frasier:** Well, Cliff, you know it's entirely possible that your friends are suffering from a kind of separation anxiety. They may find it difficult to admit to themselves that you are actually leaving. You know, I could have a little talk with them if you'd like.

**Cliff:** Huh, what kind of hollow victory would that be?

[He takes a breath.]

**Cliff:** So, if I took a walk around the block would that give you enough time?

**Frasier:** Sure!

[Cliff heads out, Frasier goes back into the reception. Cut to - the hall as he enters.]

**Frasier:** Everybody, uh, listen up. Cliff is going through kind of a crisis about leaving.

**Carla:** No, no he's not! No crisis!

**Frasier:** All I'm saying is that it would go a long way toward helping him if you could just let him know how much you're going to miss him. Tell him, you know, how sad you are that he's leaving.

**Norm:** I don't know, Fraizh. Look, I'm his best friend, but I am no good at the mushy stuff.

**Frasier:** Surely you can come up with a few words to say, Norm.



**Norm:** Yeah, but what if he cries? What if he tries to hug me?  
What are people gonna think, two guys hugging? I, uh...

*[Carla comes up behind and grabs him by his hair.]*

**Carla:** Hey! You're gonna kiss him with tongue if that's what it takes to get rid of him.

*[Cliff comes back in.]*

**Carla:** Shh. Here he is. Everyone pretend that you like him.

**Frasier:** Carla, we DO like him.

**Carla:** Yeah, like that.

*[Paul stands up and clears his throat.]*

**Paul:** Um, I want to make a toast. Cliff, you've always been my role model.

**Cliff:** Really? You mean that Paul?

**Paul:** I sure do. Especially when it comes to the ladies. I'm sad you're going.

**Everyone:** Yeah, hear, hear.

**Phil:** Cliff, I will miss you too, you dumb son of a bitch!

**Everyone:** Hear, hear!

*[Daphne rises.]*

**Daphne:** I haven't known you for very long, Cliff, but I've learned so much from you. I never knew that the Indians of the rain forest used to stretch out pig intestines and use it as a primitive telephone. Or that Winston Churchill invented the modern English muffin. You're a fascinating man. Good luck.

*[She hugs him.]*

**Cliff:** Oh, thank you, Daphne.

*[He keeps holding the hug tightly even as Daphne tries to break it.]*

**Paul:** He's smooth.

**Niles:** Congratulations, Cliff. Stop that, stop it.

*[Niles pulls Daphne away. Carla nudges Norm.]*

**Norm:** Cliffy, we've been best friends for a long long time. We've done a lot of stuff together, most of it dumb. The rest of it boring. But it's like we have this connection, you know? I mean, somehow we know when we want to be dumb and when we want to be boring. To my best friend Cliff.

*[They all raise their glasses.]*

**Everyone:** To Cliff!

*[Cliff puts down his glass.]*

**Cliff:** Come here, you.

*[Norm looks trapped, but gets up and goes over to him. Cliff punches him on the arm. Norm punches back, then they trade a quick flurry of hand slaps and blocks. Norm goes back to his seat.]*

**Frasier:** Carla? Don't you have a few words to say?

**Carla:** I sure do. Cliffy, I know that things haven't always been

that great between us over the years, but being here tonight, makes me think about the effect that you've had on my life. I'd like to say that I'll miss you... I'd like to say that I'll miss you...

**Frasier:** It's okay, Carla.

**Carla:** I'd like to say that I'll miss you...but it sticks in my throat like your rotten deviled eggs! I hate your guts! The way you talk and talk and talk about nothing! The way you walk, your stupid white socks...

**Frasier:** Carla!

**Carla:** Back off, I'm toasting! The twenty years I've known you would have been less painful if I was covered with open sores and thrown into a pit with, with a bunch of diseased rats. But finally, you're leaving! I know I'm not as young as I used to be, but I can live again. I can live again! Finally, I can live! I can live!

*[She laughs manically, stopping to see everyone staring at her.]*

**Carla:** Anyway, God bless.

**Everyone:** Hear, hear.

**Cliff:** Well, I can't believe my ears. I heard Paul and Norm there sayin' all those nice things about me, I actually started thinkin' maybe I shouldn't go to Florida, leave all my friends. You know, am I doin' the right thing? But when I heard you speak those words, Carla, that's when I decided. I am gonna stay!

**Carla:** What?

**Cliff:** That's right, you little dickens. You only joke about somebody like that when you really care for them.

**Carla:** I wasn't joking! I really hate you!

**Cliff:** Carla, come on, you're gonna make me cry. Everyone, the move is off!

**Carla:** No! No! No!

*[She attacks him and the others pull her off. Cliff laughs.]*

**Cliff:** Oh, Frasier, I owe this all to you.

**Carla:** Frasier! We were so close and then you had to show up and ruin everything!

*[The others drag her out the door.]*

**Frasier:** Well, we've got dinner reservations...

**Cliff:** Hey, everybody, thanks for all the gifts, but I don't have much use for a spear gun here in Boston.

*[Carla comes rushing back in.]*

**Carla:** Give me that! Give me that!

*[She grabs it and tries to take it away, but Cliff hangs on as the others grab her again and carry her out once more.]*

**Carla:** Give me that! I want that! I have use for that! No! Let me go!

*[After she's gone, Frasier turns to Cliff.]*

**Frasier:** Well, see you around, Big shooter.

*[They shake.]*

**Cliff:** Thanks Doc.

**Daphne:** Good luck Cliff. Anytime you're in Seattle...  
**Niles:** Frasier has an extra room.

*[Paul pulls at the nap of his jacket again. Niles slaps his hands away and hurries Daphne out.]*

**Norm:** Marty, you're not going too, are you?  
**Martin:** Yeah, I have to. But hey, why don't you come to Seattle sometime? I'll show you around, have a few beers at McGinty's.  
**Norm:** Yeah? You mean that?  
**Martin:** Absolutely, it's only six hours flying time from here.  
**Norm:** Six hours...you know sittin' there in one place, never movin'. That's, that's just not me, you know?  
**Martin:** Yeah, all right.

*[They shake and Martin heads out. Cut to - the hallway where Frasier and the others are getting their coats.]*

**Frasier:** Listen, I'm sorry that I ruined your evening.  
**Niles:** Oh, actually, I ended up rather enjoying myself.  
**Frasier:** Really? I can't tell you how happy I am to hear that. I knew that once you met these people you'd learn to love them as I do.  
**Niles:** Actually, I've rethought a lot of things. I'm going to give you a much deserved introduction at that conference tomorrow.  
**Frasier:** Are you certain?  
**Niles:** Oh, you won't be able to stop me.

*[Frasier is touched, Niles just grins. Fade out.]*

*[N.B. After this episode, the only member of the "Cheers" cast who has not appeared on "Frasier" is Rebecca Howe (Kirstie Alley). Such an appearance is unlikely to happen, since Alley is a member of the Church of Scientology, which strongly disapproves of psychiatry.]*

#### **Credits:**

Roz is on the phone in Frasier's apartment. As the scene pans across, we see all of Roz's sorority sisters, smoking, drinking his wine, eating Chinese take-out and even painting Eddie's nails.

## **Guest Appearances**

#### **Special Guest Stars**

JOHN RATZENBERGER as Cliff Clavin  
 RHEA PERLMAN as Carla Tortelli  
 GEORGE WENDT as Norm Peterson

#### **Guest Starring**

PAUL WILLSON as Paul  
 PHILIP PERLMAN as Phil  
 RAYE BIRK as Walt Twitchell

#### **Guest Callers**

RUFUS WAINWRIGHT as Jeremy

## **Legal Stuff**

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