

# [10.14] Daphne Does Dinner

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Daphne Does Dinner

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## Mum

Gertrude Moon has appeared in the following episodes:

[\[7.24\]](#) Something Borrowed, Someone Blue [2]

[\[9.12\]](#) Mother Load [1]

[\[9.13\]](#) Mother Load [2]

[\[9.15\]](#) The Proposal

[\[9.23\]](#) The Guilt Trippers

[\[9.24\]](#) Moons Over Seattle

[\[10.1\]](#) The Ring Cycle

[\[10.5\]](#) Tales From the Crypt

[\[10.9\]](#) Don't Go Breaking My Heart [3]

[\[10.13\]](#) Lilith Needs A Favor

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## Transcript {David Langley}

Act 1

Scene 1 - Frasier's Apartment

**DINNER AT THE CRANES'  
ALREADY IN PROGRESS**

*[Fade in. Frasier is standing with a woman. Niles is putting out a small fire back by the bookcase. Guests are leaving and the woman slaps Frasier.]*

**Frasier:** Mimsy, wait! Please, I can explain!

**Mimsy:** Oh, don't bother! And I bet you don't even have Tourette's Syndrome!

*[She leaves.]*

**Frasier:** Poop! Hell, damn! Oh...

*[She throws a bouquet at him. He closes the door and tosses the flowers on the table. A chef comes up to him and hands him two lobsters.]*

**Etienne:** Lose my number!

*[He storms out.]*

**Frasier:** Chef Etienne! Oh, dear God.

**Niles:** I hope you're happy.

**Frasier:** Me?! You're the one who suggested that flaming kabobs might lend a festive air.

*[Niles picks up the hairpiece he's been stamping out.]*

**Niles:** I didn't know Ben Corbett's toupee would go up like that.

*[He tosses it in the punch bowl and goes to sit on the couch.]*

**Daphne:** *[rising]* Oh, quiet. Both of you. It's done.

*[She heads for the kitchen as Martin comes in from the bedrooms wearing a sash.]*

**Martin:** Bongiorno!

**Niles:** Party's over, Dad.

**Martin:** What, you mean I'm not the Count anymore?

**Niles:** 'Fraid not.

*[Frasier sits down with Niles.]*

**Frasier:** Why is it that we can't seem to pull off a simple dinner party?

**Martin:** Because you always go overboard.

**Frasier:** Yes, but this one was bare bones. Simplicity itself.

*[Daphne comes back in.]*

**Daphne:** One of your goats just threw up in the kitchen.

**Frasier:** Ohh....

*[He gets up and heads for the kitchen where a goat is heard bleating. Fade out.]*

*Scene 2 - Niles' Apartment*

### IT'S A CHANDELIER

*[Fade in. The living room is filled with a drop cloth and a ladder. A pair of workmen are laboring over a very large light fixture. Niles is coming in the front door.]*

**Niles:** Oh, hello. How goes the installation?

**Workman:** Well, we had to put in a transformer for the DC, so after we pull the wires, brace the beam, she'll be ready to roll.

**Niles:** *[completely lost]* Ah.

*[Daphne comes out of the kitchen.]*

**Niles:** Daphne, Daphne.

*[He goes over and kisses her.]*

**Niles:** You know the Mike Shaw painting that I'm donating to the museum? Frasier suggested we throw a farewell dinner party for it. We've invited some fellow collectors.

**Daphne:** Uh, Niles, I've been thinking.

**Niles:** Hmm?

**Daphne:** Come and sit down, darling.

*[She leads him over to sit at the table.]*

**Daphne:** Maybe it's time you stop throwing dinner parties with your brother.

**Niles:** What?

**Daphne:** You don't exactly have the best track record.

**Niles:** Well, throwing dinner parties is an art. It takes time to perfect.

**Daphne:** No.

**Niles:** But...

**Daphne:** No.

*[He opens his mouth again.]*

**Daphne:** No, it has to stop! Maybe you and I should try throwing a party together.

**Niles:** You and me? Such a big step, are you sure?

*[She nods.]*

**Niles:** Maybe it's time we entertain as a couple.

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

*[She kisses him as the workman comes over.]*

**Workman:** Excuse me, it's after four o'clock. What if I finish this tomorrow?

**Niles:** Well, I suppose...

**Daphne:** Oh, no you don't. You said "One day" when I hired you, and that's what it's going to be. So get cracking, because something's going to be hanging from that rafter by the end of the day.

**Workman:** Yes ma'am.

*[He heads off as Niles stares dumbfounded at Daphne taking her seat again.]*

**Niles:** Daphne, you handled that so masterfully! As if he weren't wearing that authoritative tool belt at all!!

*[He stares at her in admiration. Fade out.]*

*Scene 3 - Café Nervosa*

*[Fade in. Frasier is sitting at a table, writing. Niles comes in and joins him.]*

**Frasier:** Oh, Niles, Niles, thank goodness you're here! I am simply percolating with party ideas.

**Niles:** Uh...

**Frasier:** Listen, have you thought of inviting the artist himself? He lives in town, you know.

**Niles:** Yes, I extended an invitation through his gallery, but he declined.

**Frasier:** Oh. That's too bad. Well then, I have come up with the perfect entertainment for our little art crowd. It's a radical tableau vivant troupe.

*[Niles stares at him.]*

**Frasier:** I don't know. But they do provide smocks and shower caps, so we're covered.

**Niles:** Frasier, Daphne and I are throwing the party.

*[Frasier looks at him, then back to his notes, fidgeting.]*

**Frasier:** Daphne? Well. Fine, suit yourself. It's your painting.  
I suppose I could just whip up my signature dish.

**Niles:** Daphne's handling the food.

*[Frasier glowers at him.]*

**Frasier:** Lovely. So you'll be serving those sad brown chunks that make their way from plate to napkin, bypassing mouth completely.

**Niles:** It's called Piccadilly Beef, and I talked her out of it, thank God. The whole thing's being catered. We're having Cornish game hens, wild rice stuffing, wonderful sides and all heat-and-serve.

*[Frasier puts his notepad away in his briefcase.]*

**Frasier:** Stuffin'. Lovely.

**Niles:** I think you'd be happy to be just a guest, for once.

**Frasier:** "Just a guest"! In my brother's home. *[rising]* You know, I've never been just a guest before. Before, I always felt like family.

*[He puts his coat on as Daphne comes in.]*

**Frasier:** Oh look! Here she is now: the hostess with the mostest.

*[Niles stands up, looking irritated.]*

**Daphne:** I see Niles told you.

**Frasier:** Yes. I'm sorry, I won't be attending your debut soiree, Daphne. I hope that doesn't upset your seating plan.

**Daphne:** It's going to be a buffet.

*[Frasier looks horrified.]*

**Frasier:** Buffet!

*[He rolls his eyes as he reaches for his briefcase.]*

**Frasier:** Well, if you should need any help, I think you know my phone number.

*[He heads out.]*

**Niles:** Number three on our speed dial.

*[Frasier pauses at the door and turns to give them a dour look.]*

**Frasier:** Number three. Interesting.

*[He heads out the door as Daphne tries to reassure Niles. Fade out.]*

*Scene 4 - Niles' Apartment*

*[Fade in. Roz is in the kitchen with Daphne as she is preparing the hens.]*

**Roz:** I can't believe how calm you are. I would be a nervous wreck by now.

**Daphne:** Well, I was nervous at first. But every step I thought "How

would Frasier and Niles do this?"... and didn't do that.

*[Roz laughs as Daphne puts the birds in the oven. Gertrude calls from the living room.]*

**Gertrude:** Daphne, I'm home!

**Daphne:** Coming, Mum.

*[She goes into the living room, Roz follows with some flowers. Cut to - the living room. Alice is on the floor, coloring.]*

**Daphne:** Where's the video? I thought you were going to rent "Castaway".

**Gertrude:** If I wanted to watch someone talk to a volleyball for two hours, I would have stayed in Manchester with your Aunt Evelyn.

**Daphne:** Well, what are you going to do all night?

**Gertrude:** Oh, you needn't worry about me. I'm going to watch a boxing match on pay-per-view. Ooh, there's nothing like two great, sweaty beasts beating each other senseless. I miss your father.

**Roz:** Come on, Alice, it's time to put away your crayons.

**Alice:** Lookit. I wrote my name really big.

*[She holds up some papers as Roz sits on the couch.]*

**Roz:** Oh, let's see.

**Alice:** There, and there, and there, and THERE!

*[She points and Roz lets out a gasp of horror as she realizes her daughter has signed the Shaw painting that is sitting on an easel.]*

**Roz:** *[jumping up]* Oh, my God! Alice! Oh, Daphne, I am so sorry.

*[Daphne wets down a cloth and comes over.]*

**Daphne:** Oh, it's not to worry. It'll come out, it's only a little crayon.

*[She rubs with the cloth.]*

**Roz:** That's worse.

**Daphne:** I can handle this. Niles has an art restorer he uses all the time. I'll get his card.

*[She hurries off.]*

**Alice:** I'm sorry, Mommy.

**Roz:** I know, honey. But from now on, just only sign your own artwork, okay?

**Alice:** 'Cause mine is prettier.

*[Roz looks at the painting.]*

**Roz:** Yeah.

*[Daphne comes back in.]*

**Daphne:** Here's his business card.

**Roz:** Okay. I'll run it right over.

**Daphne:** Just tell him it's an emergency, we're very good customers.

*[Roz grabs the painting, Daphne replaces it with one of Alice's*

*drawings and covers it with a cloth.]*

**Daphne:** I'm just glad Niles isn't here. He doesn't take these things in his stride like I do. There, another fire put out.

*[She suddenly notices smoke coming from the kitchen door.]*

**Daphne:** Oh, my God. The hens!

*[They all rush into the kitchen.  
Cut to - the kitchen as they hurry in.]*

**Roz:** Oh, my God!

**Daphne:** Okay, don't panic. I can handle this.

*[She grabs an oven mitt and pulls the pan of flaming Cornish hens from the oven. Roz puts out the fire with a wet cloth.]*

**Roz:** Oh, look at that, Daphne. Now what are you going to do?

**Daphne:** Well, I can't call the caterer. They were doing a big party and we were their last stop.

**Roz:** Oh, I know, call Frasier. He's gotta know some caterers.

**Daphne:** Well, he was upset since I took over his job as Lord Mayor of Party Town, but he did offer his help. I hope he meant it. Go, take the painting.

**Roz:** Okay. Come on, Alice. Good luck.

*[Roz and Alice leave as Daphne gets on the phone.]*

*Fade to - Frasier standing in his apartment.]*

**Frasier:** Daphne, you're never gonna get a caterer at this late hour, but don't worry. I think I can solve your little problem. I'll be right there.

*[He hangs up the phone and looks to Martin, who is watching TV with Eddie.]*

**Frasier:** As usual, Frasier has to save the day.

**Martin:** As usual, Martin has to hear about it.

*[Frasier goes to the kitchen. Cut to - the kitchen as he comes in. He opens up the oven and pulls out a pan of Cornish game hens.]*

**Frasier:** Suit up, boys. We're goin' in.

*[He pulls out the aluminum foil to cover the pan. Fade out.]*

Act 2

Scene 1 - Niles' Apartment

**SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN  
WITH DAPHNE**

*[Fade in. Frasier is putting on an apron and talking with Daphne, who is already in her evening dress.]*

**Frasier:** All right. I need a full rundown of the situation.

**Daphne:** Well, I think I told you about the hens, which I burned.

**Frasier:** Ooh.

*[He goes to the sink and washes up.]*

**Daphne:** I'm hoping we have enough ice, and... I probably shouldn't have dressed the salad this afternoon.

**Frasier:** Oh, lord.

**Daphne:** I'm pretty sure the soup is okay.

*[Frasier goes over to the stove and takes a deep whiff of the soup.]*

**Frasier:** White wine.

*[Daphne hands him the bottle but, instead of adding it to the soup, he takes a big swig.]*

**Daphne:** What do you think? Will we make it?

**Frasier:** I won't lie to you, Daphne. It's bad.

**Daphne:** I feel so stupid. I made a big deal about telling Niles how I could handle this on my own.

**Frasier:** All right, listen. He doesn't have to know. If you just keep him out of my way, I will gladly play your invisible little kitchen elf.

**Daphne:** You would do that for me?

**Frasier:** Well, of course, Daphne. Now listen, I have brought everything I need to make my signature pomegranate honey sauce, all right? I will need a ramekin for each of your guests.

*[Daphne pulls some small bowls out of a cabinet.]*

**Daphne:** Here we are.

**Frasier:** Oh, dear. This is bad.

**Daphne:** What?

**Frasier:** Well, there are two that are mis-matched. It's all right if they're all mis-matched or if in pairs, but two is just unheard of.

**Niles:** *[calling from the living room]* Daphne.

**Daphne:** Oh, my God, it's Niles. What should we do?

*[Frasier grabs his things and steps to a cabinet.]*

**Frasier:** Don't worry, I'm right in here.

*[She closes the door on him as Niles comes into the kitchen.]*

**Niles:** I am sorry I'm late.

**Daphne:** Darling.

*[He kisses her.]*

**Niles:** I had the worst time finding miniature easels for the table.

*[He pulls one out of the bag to show her.]*

**Daphne:** Oh, but it was worth it.

**Niles:** I think so. The place looks lovely and the new chandelier is absolutely spectacular, but why is the painting covered?

**Daphne:** Oh, because I thought a proper unveiling would be an event. We'll do it after dinner.

**Niles:** Oh, why don't we do it after cocktails? It'll make for a lively dinner conversation.

**Daphne:** Trust me. After will be better. By the way, the kitchen is off limits to you. You've already slowed me down.

*[The doorbell rings and Niles checks his watch, a pointed look on his face.]*

**Niles:** Well, someone's tediously punctual. Shall we?

**Daphne:** I'll be right out.

**Niles:** Okay.

*[He heads for the living room. Daphne opens the closet and Frasier steps out.]*

**Frasier:** You know, if he had any resourcefulness at all, he'd know that miniature easels abound at Liliputia Dollhouse and Miniatures.

*[Daphne hurries off to join Niles as Frasier pulls out his cell phone and dials.]*

**Frasier:** Dad. Right, listen. I need you to do me a favor. I want you to get me my ramekins, all right? And then bring them here, but come in the back way, so Niles doesn't see you. No, ramekins. Well, they're small, round, ceramic dishes. I keep them in the lower left-hand kitchen cabinet. No, no those are tapes dishes. Right, those are for soy sauce. Oh, honestly Dad, you know sometimes I don't think you listen to me. I said sometimes I don't think you... I said sometimes... I see what you're doing.

*[He stands there, fuming.]*

*Cut to - the living room. Niles and Daphne are greeting a couple.]*

**Antonia:** Are we the first to arrive?

**Niles:** Oh, you are refreshingly on time.

**Daphne:** How about some drinks?

**Antonia:** Sure.

*[Daphne takes their coats as Gertrude comes down the stairs.]*

**Gertrude:** Don't mind me. I'm just down to nick a bottle of the good stuff. They normally hide it from me.

*[She grabs a bottle from the bar.]*

**Daphne:** This is my mother, Gertrude Moon.

**Niles:** Yes. Antonia and Alex.

**Alex:** Pleasure to meet you.

**Gertrude:** Hello.

**Daphne:** Oh, Mum, as long as you're going upstairs, take the coats.

**Alex:** Is this the Mike Shaw painting?

**Niles:** Yes.

**Alex:** I'm dying to see it.

**Daphne:** Sorry, no peeking. You'll have to wait 'til the unveiling.

**Alex:** Hmm, that sounds like a challenge. You're going to have to watch me like a hawk.

**Daphne:** Oh, won't that be fun.

*[There is a noise from the kitchen.]*

**Niles:** What was that?

**Daphne:** Don't worry, Niles, that's my domain.

*[She starts for the kitchen, then steps back between Alex and the easel.]*

**Daphne:** Why don't you take our guests on a tour of the library?

**Niles:** All right. This way, this way.



*[They head for the stairs.]*

**Antonia:** Is it true that you still collect Edwardian utility bills?

**Niles:** Oh, yes, they're fascinating. For example, did you know that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was a notorious water hog? But, you don't have to take my word for it!

*[He leads the others off. Daphne goes into the kitchen.  
Cut to - the kitchen as she comes in.]*

**Daphne:** Frasier.

*[He steps out of the closet.]*

**Frasier:** I dropped a pan. Everything's all right.

**Gertrude:** *[calling from the living room]* Daphne!

**Frasier:** Oh, for God's sake.

*[Daphne ushers him back into the closet.]*

**Frasier:** All right.

*[Gertrude comes into the kitchen, holding the phone.]*

**Gertrude:** I'm having trouble ordering the boxing match. I don't understand, this never happens with the nudie programming.

**Daphne:** Give it here.

*[She takes the phone and the doorbell rings.]*

**Daphne:** Oh, damn. You answer that, I'll take care of this.

*[Gertrude exits.]*

**Daphne:** You can come out now.

**Frasier:** You know, honestly, Daphne, if these interruptions don't stop, my signature sauce will be reduced to a monogram.

*[He chuckles at his joke, but Daphne is not in the mood.]*

**Frasier:** I'm using humor to make a point.

*[Cut to - the living room as Gertrude answers the door.]*

**Gertrude:** Hello, I'm Daphne's mum.

**Bill:** I'm Bill...

**Gertrude:** Don't bother, I'm just lettin' you in.

*[An older gentleman comes in behind the couple.]*

**Mike:** Hi. Is this the Crane place? I'm Mike Shaw.

**Bill:** Mr. Shaw. We thought we were just gonna see your painting. We didn't realize you were coming.

**Mike:** Ah, it was a last minute thing. Call me Mike.

**Gertrude:** Mike... hello. I'm Gertrude.

**Bill:** I'm Bill Talerino and this is my wife Sharon Kwyakowski-Talerino.

**Sharon:** May I just say that you are our greatest living American artist bar none.

**Bill:** Bar none!

*[Bill's cell phone goes off.]*

**Bill:** Excuse me.

*[As he answers it, Mike walks across the room to Gertrude.]*

**Mike:** Is there anything worse than making phony conversation with phony art lovers?

**Gertrude:** Yes. Living with one. My son-in-law is the host. And if you didn't want yer bum kissed, you shouldn't have come, that's all they do here.

**Mike:** I wasn't gonna come, but my gallery insisted.

**Gertrude:** Oh, well, I am going to be upstairs watching a boxing match... should you feel the need to get away.

**Mike:** Ah, I probably shouldn't, but maybe just the first round.

**Gertrude:** All right, then.

*[She leads him up the stairs.]*

**Mike:** You wouldn't have anything to drink up there, would ya?

**Gertrude:** Just liquor.

*[They head off to the bedroom just as Niles and the others come back in from the library.]*

**Niles:** So it actually took George Bernard Shaw longer to rectify his billing error than it did for him to write "Man and Superman".

*[Antonia has a glazed look on her face as they finish coming down the steps.]*

**Antonia:** That's great. Are those the drinks?

**Niles:** Yes.

*[The doorbell rings as she grabs a glass.]*

**Niles:** Excuse me.

*[He goes to answer the door, saying "Bill and Sharon" and waving as he passes the other couple. He opens the door to reveal two gentlemen.]*

**Niles:** Thad and Jeremy. Welcome.

**Thad:** Niles.

*[Everyone waves and makes noises of greetings.]*

**Jeremy:** Where's your better half?

*[Daphne comes in.]*

**Niles:** *[taking their coats]* Oh, here she is now.

**Jeremy:** Oh, I meant Frasier.

*[They laugh, Niles forces himself to join in.]*

**Niles:** My brother's not coming this evening.

**Jeremy:** But he's always, always, always at your parties. Frasier and yellowtail carpaccio. Has the world gone mad?

**Niles:** Not yet, we still have carpaccio.

*[Daphne turns to see Alex reaching for the easel covering. Gertrude comes down the stairs to grab something.]*

**Daphne:** You've got two choices. You can either walk away from the

painting, or you can limp away from the painting.

*[Alex smiles nervously.]*

**Alex:** Walk, please, I think.

*[He turns away as Gertrude heads for the stairs.]*

**Daphne:** Mother, coats.

*[She tosses the coats into Gertrude's arms.]*

**Gertrude:** Yes, Master.

*[Daphne heads for the kitchen, giving Alex a glare as she passes him. Gertrude heads upstairs while Bill and Sharon come over to Niles.]*

**Sharon:** We are so sorry, we have to go. We have a babysitter emergency.

*[Everyone makes noises of sympathy and disappointment.]*

**Bill:** The worst part is we're going to miss dinner with Mike Shaw. I can't believe you got that old hermit to come.

**Niles:** Mike Shaw is here?!

**Thad:** What?

**Niles:** Well, where is he?

**Bill:** He must have wandered off. I mean he's not at all like I pictured. Older guy, white hair, cane. I think he's wearing a plaid flannel shirt. He's quite a character.

**Niles:** Really...

*[Bill and Sharon leave as everyone starts to talk excitedly. Niles, however, has in mind a different person than Mike Shaw from Bill's description. Cut to - the kitchen. Frasier is working at the stove and Martin comes in the back door carrying a sack.]*

**Martin:** Here you go.

**Frasier:** Oh, Dad, finally.

**Martin:** Well, if you had said "nut bowls" I woulda gotten them right off.

**Frasier:** Yes, yes, all right, now listen. I need you to run to the grocery store for me and pick up some sel de mar, some olive topinade, balsamic vinegar, and some English Stilton cheese. Have you got that?

**Martin:** You lost me after "Sally's mare".

**Frasier:** All right, fine. I'll write it down.

**Niles:** *[from the living room]* Coming right up.

**Daphne:** *[after him]* Niles, no.

**Frasier:** Dad, hide in there.

*[He ducks out the back, but Martin doesn't have time to get in the larder before Niles comes into the kitchen.]*

**Niles:** Oh, Dad! I thought so! What are you doing here?

**Martin:** I just brought some dishes over.

*[Daphne comes in.]*

**Daphne:** You're not supposed to be in the kitchen, Honey.

**Niles:** I don't know what happened, and I don't want to know how it happened, but somehow our guests are all under the impression that Dad is Mike Shaw.

**Martin:** Who?

**Niles:** He's the artist that painted the painting that everyone is here to see. What are we going to do?

**Daphne:** It's not a problem. We'll just take your father out the back door and make up an excuse.

*[She pushes open the back door, but Frasier is there and there's no room to pass. Niles doesn't notice.]*

**Daphne:** Better yet, we'll take him out the front door. That way people can see him leave.

**Niles:** Okay, but you know zero about art. Don't say a word or these people will see right through you.

**Martin:** Yeah, I'm sure a phony would really stand out at this party.

*[The all head into the living room. Frasier comes back in desperately holding up his shopping list. Cut to - the living room as the others enter.]*

**Antonia:** Oh, this must be Mr. Shaw.

**Niles:** I have very bad news. Mr. Shaw is not feeling well, so he has to leave.

**Antonia:** Oh, no. I can't let you go without getting your autograph. *[She holds out a piece of paper and a pen.]* And if you could draw something on it...

*[Martin takes it.]*

**Martin:** Well, actually, I do a pretty good rocket.

**Niles:** Oh, no, Antonia. Mr. Shaw is not giving away art. Just write "Mike Shaw". Isn't that nice?

*[He takes the paper and hands it to Antonia.]*

**Niles:** Okay, there you go. That's for you. Come along...

**Alex:** Please, just say a few words about the dry wit of "The Sandwich Maker".

*[Alex makes another try to reveal the painting, Daphne body blocks him back against the couch.]*

**Daphne:** Who wants another tour?

**Thad:** I do.

**Niles:** *[to Martin]* Okay, get out.

*[He hustles Martin out the door.]*

**Daphne:** Niles, why don't you show them the secret passageway?

**Niles:** Oh, what a good idea.

**Daphne:** Come on then.

*[The doorbell rings.]*

**Niles:** I'll catch up with you. *[to Daphne]* Don't let them in the panic room.

*[Daphne nods and leads the others upstairs. Niles opens the door to reveal a young man delivering an ice sculpture.]*

**Niles:** Oh, hello. I'd almost given up on you. It's lovely.

**Sculptor:** Thanks. If you don't mind, I find it's best to get paid while there's still evidence.

**Niles:** Yes, of course, of course. I tell you what, if you'll

just wheel it over there by the dining rotunda, I'll be right with you.

*[Niles goes to the back room. The sculptor wheels the cart over as Mike and Gertrude come down the stairs.]*

**Gertrude:** The coast is clear. Come on, let's get a bottle of champagne and go back up.

**Sculptor:** Hey, you're Mike Shaw! I studied you in art school. You're a major influence.

*[They shake.]*

**Mike:** Well, that's very flattering.

**Gertrude:** Well, shall we get back upstairs for round three?

**Mike:** She's talking about the fight. Course, the night's still young...

*[Gertrude laughs and they go back upstairs. Niles comes back in, filling out a check.]*

**Niles:** And here, and that, and here you go, and... thank you.

*[He hands the check over.]*

**Sculptor:** No, thank you. I just met one of my heroes, Mike Shaw.

**Niles:** Oh, yes. In the hall?

**Sculptor:** No, right here.

**Niles:** Don't tell me: white hair, cane, plaid shirt, character?

*[Cut to - the kitchen. Martin is coming in through the back.]*

**Martin:** Forgot the list.

**Frasier:** Right.

**Niles:** *[calling]* Mr. Shaw...

**Frasier:** For God's sake. All right, here...

*[He hurries into the larder. Martin closes it behind him as Niles comes in.]*

**Niles:** Dad! You're not supposed to be here!

*[Daphne comes in.]*

**Daphne:** Niles! You're not supposed to be here!

*[Thad and Jeremy come in.]*

**Jeremy:** And what's in here?

**Thad:** Oh, Mr. Shaw, you came back!

**Martin:** Yeah, I, uh, felt better.

**Thad:** Then you must tell us about your work. We're collectors, you know.

**Martin:** Oh, but this is a party. I, uh, I... art all the time.

**Thad:** Come on, let's get you another drink.

**Jeremy:** Fun party. It's nice to see you step out of Frasier's shadow. I think he might have been holding you back.

*[Niles and Daphne stay behind as the others leave.]*

**Niles:** Okay, I have to get out there before Dad says something stupid. Let's get these hens browning so we can eat as soon as possible. *[He tastes the sauce cooking on the stove.]* Mmm.

That's Frasier's signature sauce. Except it's so much better.  
I think you should send him the recipe.

*[He heads to the living room. Daphne stands there, nervously. Frasier comes out of the larder and grumpily tosses a hand towel down.]*

**Frasier:** I'm holding him back. Your sauce is better than mine.  
Honestly, I don't even know why I try. *[He viciously stirs the sauce.]* I stand here, slaving over a hot stove and for what? Does anyone appreciate me? No!

*[He continues as Daphne dials her cell phone. Cut to - the restorer's studio. Roz and Alice are there, impatient.]*

**Roz:** Are you getting close, Mr. Slovotkin?

**Slovotkin:** These things take time, miss. Who do you think I am, that mouse in the cartoons that goes fast? What's his name?

**Roz:** Speedy Gonzalez?

**Slovotkin:** No. The little mouse, big hat and he goes very fast.

**Roz:** That's Speedy Gonzalez.

**Slovotkin:** No! It's a mouse.

*[Roz's cell phone rings and she answers it.]*

**Slovotkin:** This is going to drive me crazy.

**Roz:** Hello? I have no idea. Can't you just stall dinner for a little while? All right, don't yell.

*[She holds the phone out.]*

**Roz:** My friend wants to talk to you, Mr. Slovotkin.

*[He takes it.]*

**Slovotkin:** Oh, it's very small. Hello? I'm going as fast as I can.  
I'm not that little mouse that goes zip all around. What's his name? No! That's what she said. He's a mouse!

*[Cut to - Niles' apartment. Everyone is gathered in the living room discussing art with Martin.]*

**Jeremy:** What impresses me the most is the way you reinvent identity while recording anonymity.

**Martin:** Well, that took years to get down.

*[The others all make sounds of agreement, Niles takes a swig of his drink.]*

**Thad:** Come on, tell us. What do you think of Warhol?

*[Martin takes a reflective pause.]*

**Martin:** Crap.

**Thad:** Kienholz?

**Martin:** Crap.

**Antonia:** It is so refreshing to have someone speak so candidly.

**Martin:** And you have to believe me because I'm a fancy-ass artist.

*[He bursts into laughter and they all join in. Niles takes another gulp.]*

**Alex:** I know, why don't you take us through the house and you can tell us what you think of Niles' art?

**Martin:** Oh, sure.

*[They all get up.]*

**Martin:** I've been waiting to do that for a long time.

*[They head off despite Niles' attempts to protest. Cut to - the kitchen. Daphne stops Frasier from putting the fowl in the oven.]*

**Daphne:** You can't brown the hens yet.

**Frasier:** If we wait any longer, their skins will wrinkle and my sauce will separate. Is that what you want?

**Daphne:** I...

**Frasier:** Is that what you want!?

**Niles:** *[from living room]* Daphne?

**Frasier:** Damn it.

*[He goes back into the closet. Niles comes into the kitchen.]*

**Daphne:** YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE IN HERE!

*[Niles reels backwards, falling through the doorway. He sheepishly looks back in around the door.]*

**Niles:** I'm sorry, Dad's run amok. *[He comes back in.]* Why aren't the hens browning?

*[He opens the oven door and grabs the pan. Daphne hurries over and closes the oven.]*

**Daphne:** Because they're not ready yet.

**Niles:** Well, they look ready.

*[He opens the door, but she closes it again.]*

**Daphne:** Yes, well, they're not.

**Niles:** Well, we'll just serve them as is.

**Daphne:** You can't, they're not brown.

**Niles:** Well, we're going to. I'm going to get a platter.

*[He opens up the larder as Daphne rushes to reclose it.]*

**Daphne:** Don't open that door!

*[He opens the door again and she closes it again.]*

**Niles:** Stop that, I already saw him. *[opening the door]* What are you doing here?

**Frasier:** *[stepping out into the kitchen]* I am saving your party, that's what I'm doing.

**Daphne:** Niles...

**Niles:** You don't have to explain. Frasier's presence here is clearly why this party's gone awry.

**Frasier:** Oh really? Well, if that's what you think, then I will gladly take MY signature sauce and go.

*[He grabs the pan and heads for the door.]*

**Niles:** Your signature sauce...

**Frasier:** And that reminds me. You won't be needing to use my poultry shears.

*[He grabs them off the counter and Niles grabs the pan.]*

**Niles:** No, no, you can't. It's already here, it's already here.  
**Frasier:** This is mine!  
**Niles:** No, no! It's on my property!  
**Daphne:** Oh, stop it, stop it, both of you!  
**Frasier:** Fine!

*[He lets go of the pan. It flips up and coats Niles with sauce as he falls back through the swinging door. Cut to - the living room as he stumbles in and everyone gasps. Frasier and Daphne follow.]*

**Niles:** What have you done?  
**Frasier:** I'm not sorry, you've been asking for this for years!

*[He stands there, furious, holding the shears as everyone looks on in shock.]*

**Daphne:** No, it's not what you think. See? Yummy.

*[She takes a blob of sauce on her finger and licks it up. Everyone covers their eyes in horror.]*

**Niles:** No, no, it's sauce. We just had a little kitchen mishap.  
 We'll just get this cleaned up.

*[Martin grabs the cloth covering the easel and hands it to Niles.]*

**Martin:** Here, wipe it on this.  
**Niles:** Thanks Dad.

*[Everyone stares at Alice's drawing which has been revealed.]*

**Alex:** That is no Mike Shaw.  
**Niles:** What happened to my painting?  
**Thad:** Did you know about this, Mike?  
**Martin:** I may have.  
**Daphne:** Oh, give it up, Martin. This isn't Mike Shaw, it's Niles' father.  
**Alex:** What are you trying to pull, Crane?

*[Niles can only stand there, trying to think.]*

**Jeremy:** This is uncomfortable. We should go.  
**Daphne:** No, no, no, please! Listen to me, listen. Yes, there's been some deception and things have gotten out of hand, but no real harm has been done. I made some mistakes. People make mistakes, but that's no reason to abandon them. This night can still be a success. We've got the food and you're all here and when I tell you about what happened, we'll all have a good laugh about it. So, please, everybody stay.

*[The guests all think for a minute then say "All right."]*

**Daphne:** Thank you.  
**Niles:** Well done, Daphne.

*[Everyone starts to look happy again, but then there is an ominous groaning and creaking from the ceiling above them. The new chandelier begins to shake and chime. Everyone steps back, climbing over furniture in some cases, as it gets louder and more violent. Suddenly, the ceiling caves in and the chandelier crashes to the floor, shortly followed by an enormous four poster bed that falls through from the*



*floor above. Gertrude and Mike push their way out from under a pile of coats, where they've been snuggling.]*

**Gertrude:** Hello.

*[Everyone simply stands there, stunned for several moments.]*

**Daphne:** All right. Get your coats.

*[The guests all step over to the bed and claim their garments. Frasier walks over and puts his arm around a crestfallen Daphne.]*

**Frasier:** Daphne, congratulations. You're now officially a Crane.

*[Daphne breaks down into tears at this. Fade out.]*

**Credits:**

Niles comes downstairs, dressed for work. The living room is still a shambles, the bed in the middle. He looks around the living room for something, then finally calls up through the hole in the ceiling. His briefcase is tossed down on the bed. He says "Thank you", grabs his case and heads out the door.

## Guest Appearances

**Guest Starring**

ASHLEY THOMAS as Alice Doyle  
 MILLICENT MARTIN as Gertrude Moon  
 HARVE PRESNELL as Mike Shaw  
 ANN CUSACK as Antonia  
 PAUL SCHULZE as Alex  
 SCOTCH ELLIS LORING as Jeremy  
 MATTHEW YANG KING as Thad  
 CHRISTOPHER LAWFORD as Bill  
 NANA VISITOR as Sharon  
 BOOTH COLMAN as Mr. Slobodkin  
 MICHAEL WESTON as Ice Sculptor  
 JOSHUA FARDON as Luke  
 NINO DEL PRETE as Chef Etienne  
 MIM DREW as Mimsy

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