

[11.18]Match Game

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Transcript {Mike Lee}

Skyline: A silver dirigible floats above the skyline.
[N.B. This episode was originally scheduled to air February 3rd, and then March 23rd.]

ACT ONE

Scene One - Café Nervosa

Niles and Daphne are sitting in the window box. Daphne gives an order to the waitress.

Daphne: And one of those cinnamon buns, please - extra frosting.

Brad and Cindy, another expecting couple, enter. Cindy's bump is very prominent.

Niles: Oh, here they are.

They warmly greet each other, and everyone sits.

Cindy: We were so excited when you guys asked us out. You're like the A-list couple in Lamaze class.

Niles: Oh well, that's good to hear. We were afraid we were in the "C-section."

Daphne laughs (apparently she's lived under his roof long enough to find that funny).

Brad unpacks some plastic containers and a thermos filled with a green-colored smoothie.

Brad: We bring our own food everywhere. Cindy doesn't put anything unhealthy in her body. No refined sugar, white flour or gluten. I'm sure you're the same.

Daphne: Oh, of course.

The waitress comes back with a plate.

Waitress: Cinnamon bun.

Daphne: Oh, no thank you, I'm pregnant.

Waitress: But you said-

Daphne: I said no!

The waitress takes it away as Cindy tucks into her food.

Cindy: Sweetie, this is your best yam loaf yet. [to Niles and Daphne] He's a saint. He cooks my food, rubs cocoa butter on my belly...

Brad: I just wish I could go through the birth for her.

By now Niles and Daphne are both feeling extremely inadequate.

Brad: Hey, what are you guys doing with your placenta?

Cindy: Ours will nourish the roots of a special tree we plant in our yard.

Brad: Well, we live in an apartment. Although that ficus in the study is looking a tad droopy.

Cindy: By the way, if you need a doula-

Brad: Cindy, I'm sure they already have one. Everybody has a doula. Ours is a treasure. She'll be there through the whole delivery. Focusing our energies, giving us emotional support - I don't know how people do it without one.

Cindy: She's really helped Brad. He's having a really tough sympathy pregnancy.

Brad: [rubs his stomach] Oh, boy.

Cindy: Honey?

Brad: I'm just... I'm feeling a little sick again, I'm sorry. I just need some air.

He gets up and walks outside. Cindy gets up to follow him.

Cindy: We're so in sync. He feels everything I'm feeling: nausea, weight gain, food cravings.

Niles: Well, you know, in psychological terms, that's called Couvade Syndrome.

Cindy: [shrugs] We just call it love.

She exits.

Niles: I don't like them.

Daphne: They're getting so much more out of this than we are. We don't even have a placenta plan!

Niles: No, wait - let's not panic. All we need is expert help. We'll hire one of those doula people. I'll get the number from Brad.

Brad and Cindy come back in and sit down.

Brad: Sorry, sorry. Oh, this pregnancy is taking it out of me. [rubs his nipples] Oh, my breasts are so tender today.

Niles: [jumps on the bandwagon] You know what? I'm starting to feel a bit nauseous.

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Frasier's Office Building

The elevator doors part to reveal Frasier, with his nose buried in a newspaper, and another man. Both get off the elevator. The man continues down the hall, while Frasier walks down a few steps and, with his eyes still on the paper, inserts his key into his office door.

Only the key doesn't fit. Just as he looks up and realizes it is the wrong door, it is pulled open by a smiling woman, Charlotte.

[N.B. Laura Linney also voiced the guest caller Mindy in [\[10.17\]](#), "Kenny on the Couch."]

Charlotte: Hi! Welcome to Charlotte's Web: a matchmaking service.
Come in!

Frasier: Well, I'm-I'm sorry, isn't this...? Oh, I see what happened. I must have been so engrossed in my paper I went right past my floor.

Charlotte: Of course. It can be a little embarrassing to admit you need help in the romance department, please come in.

Frasier: No, this was a mistake.

Charlotte: I understand. *[more insistent]* Come in.

Frasier: Trust me, you are comically incorrect. I do not need a matchmaker.

Charlotte: So you're married?

Frasier: No.

Charlotte: Dating someone?

Frasier: I date plenty. In fact, I often need the proverbial stick one uses to beat women off... with. I... *[rallies]* I believe my point is made. *[turns back to the elevator]*

Charlotte: *[holds out a]* Why don't you just take my card?

Frasier: I don't need your card.

Charlotte: In case you change your mind.

Frasier: I won't change my mind.

Charlotte: For a friend.

Frasier: I have no friends. *[realizes]* ...who are in need of your services. You see, I am a bit of a local celebrity, so I have no trouble getting dates. *[calls the elevator]*

Charlotte: Really?

Frasier: Yes.

Charlotte: What's your name?

Frasier: Dr. Frasier Crane.

Charlotte: Oh! *[then]* Sorry, doesn't ring any bells.

The elevator arrives. Several passengers exit, leaving an attractive young woman (Ellie). Frasier steps on with her.

Ellie: Frasier Crane?

Frasier: Why, yes it is.

Ellie: Well, my God, what are you doing here?

Frasier: Well, actually, I have an office one floor down.

Ellie: Really?

Frasier: Yes.

Ellie: I'm on 18.

Frasier: Oh well, why don't I ride up with you? I could use the exercise.

They laugh. Vindicated, Frasier waves goodbye to Charlotte.

Frasier: Bye-bye.

The doors close.

Reset to: Inside Elevator

Ellie: It's so funny seeing you here.

Frasier: It's funny for you, delightful for me. It's always nice to meet a fan, especially one so attractive.

Beat.

Ellie: You don't remember me?

Frasier: Yes, of course I remember you! It's you. Hey, you.

Ellie: I can't believe you don't remember. We dated - three times!

Frasier: ...Jennifer.

Ellie: Ellie.

Frasier: Ellie! [elevator stops] Oh well, here's your floor. Nice catching up with you.

Ellie: Oh, brushing me off - that sounds familiar.

Reset to: Hallway

Charlotte is waiting for the elevator. The doors open on a scene completely different from the one they closed on.

Ellie: Oh, not that I'm surprised you forgot me. You spent every day talking about yourself, and then, after we slept together...

Frasier: [stumbling out] I'm so sorry. Sorry...

Ellie: But you could've CALLED me!

Frasier: Sorry! Again, so sorry.

The doors close. Frasier stands there, facing the elevator. Charlotte has kept her mouth shut and her eyes down. They stand in silence for a moment, then as one they turn back into the hallway, and he follows her into her office.

FADE TO:

MATCH GAME

Scene Three - Office

Frasier is pacing the office and telling Charlotte his history.

Frasier: And so it seems I have dated every woman in Seattle! The well is dry. The cupboard is bare. There are no more fish in the sea. Meanwhile my dad is engaged, my brother is expecting his first child, while I am left to spin aimlessly on the dating hamster wheel.

Charlotte: You like your metaphors, don't you? Well, don't worry, Frasier. Somewhere in Seattle there's a woman you haven't pissed off, and I'm gonna find her.

Frasier: You seem awfully sure of yourself.

Charlotte: I am. I've successfully matched hundreds of couples. So...

She motions him to a chair, and sits at her desk with pen and paper.

Charlotte: What kind of woman are you looking for? And don't just say smart, sexy, and sophisticated.

Frasier: Why, don't you have any of those?

She looks at him expectantly.

Frasier: All right. Well, it's hard to say what I want. It's been so long since I've really fallen for someone. You know that feeling you get after a first date, when you can't even sleep? You just lie there in bed awake, thinking about her. That's what I want.

Charlotte: You're going to make me work for my money, aren't you? Uh, by the way, I do require a payment up-front.

Frasier: Oh, of course.

Charlotte: My fee's \$10,000.

Frasier: [after a beat] That's awfully steep.

Charlotte: And those ten years of bad dates, how much did they run you?

Frasier: [after another beat] I'll write you a check.

FADE TO:

Scene Four - Café Nervosa

Frasier is having coffee with Roz.

Frasier: So I gave her the money and I filled out the questionnaire.

Roz: Hm. You fudged a little bit on your answers, right?

Frasier: No, of course not. Why would I?

Roz: Because nobody's honest on those things. There's a code people use. Like "mature" means old, "athletic" means flat-chested, and, uh... oh, "not model thin" means circus fat.

Frasier: Well, gosh. She's already sent me out on a date this evening. But I assure you, I am more interested in personality than looks.

Roz: Did you see a photo at least?

Frasier: Well, of course I saw a photo. She's got a personality you can bounce a quarter off of.

They share a naughty laugh.

Roz: So where you taking her?

Frasier: Claret - I intend to take all subsequent dates there as well. That way I can compare them objectively, you see. As the woman will be the only variable. It's basic science!

Roz: Yeah, that's been your dating problem - not enough science.

Frasier gives her a wry smile. Niles and Daphne enter.

Daphne: Hey, you two!

They ad-lib greetings. Frasier gives up his seat to Daphne, and takes another as she and Niles sit.

Niles: We can only chat for a moment. We're meeting our doula.

Frasier: Oh, yes. Your doula.

Roz: Anybody need anything? I'm getting more coffee.

Daphne: Oh, no thanks, we brought fennel tea and some healthy snacks to nibble on.

Roz goes to the counter. Daphne unpacks her purse.

Frasier: Oh, peanut butter and carrots. Looks like somebody has pregnancy cravings.

Niles: Yes, I just can't help myself. [*reaches for some*]

Frasier: Oh dear, Niles - Couvade Syndrome?

Niles: We just call it love.

Frasier: Yes, well... I have a date. I've signed up with a matchmaking service.

He rises and gets his coat.

Niles: Wait, Frasier, a matchmaker? I'm surprised you'd use a professional for something as personal as your love life.

Frasier: Well, I could say the same thing about you and your doula.

Niles: Well, our professional comes highly recommended.

Frasier: So does mine.

Niles: Well, our professional is at the top of her field.

Frasier: As is mine.

Niles: [*while Daphne looks weary*] Well, our professional charges \$200 an hour.

Frasier: Mine charges 10,000!

Niles: [*taken aback*] She sounds fantastic! Congratulations, Frasier.

Frasier: Thank you, Niles. Wish me luck!

Niles: Good luck. [*still impressed*] Wow.

Frasier exits, passing a fey woman wrapped in an afghan with her arms hugging

her body.

Harvest: [*ethereal voice*] Daphne and Niles?

Niles: Oh, you must be Harvest.

Daphne: So nice to meet you. [*Roz comes back*] Oh, this is our friend Roz.

Roz: Hi.

Harvest: [*hands to Niles*] A resume detailing my 15 years of experience, plus a syllabus for further reading.

Niles: Well, I am "doula impressed."

Harvest: Now, on page five you'll find details about my support staff. There's a masseuse, a shaman of course, and a drummer. He used to tour with the Doobie Brothers. Very talented.

Niles: My, sounds expensive. I can't wait to tell Frasier.

Harvest: And of course I insist on a drug-free birthing environment-

Roz: Whoa, back up. No drugs?

Harvest: Oh, I want Daphne to be awake and connected to the moment. A natural childbirth needn't be painful.

Roz: It needn't be, but it be.

Daphne: How painful?

Roz: Would you have a tooth pulled without Novocaine?

Daphne: [*afraid*] No.

Roz: Well, a tooth is this big. [*measures with her fingers*]

Harvest: Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you wanted to be emotionally present for the birth of your baby. [*rises and takes back her papers*] But I see that you just want somebody to dope you up, strap you down, and yank it out.

Niles: [*rises*] Oh, no, no, wait, wait, wait, don't go.

Daphne: Yes, our friend was just leaving. [*glares at Roz*]

Roz: All right. [*gets up*] You're right, I'm sorry. This is a private matter. [*strokes Daphne's head supportively*] You need to do what's right for you.

Daphne nods, smiling - and Roz yanks a hair out of her head.

Daphne: Ow!

Roz: Times a million.

Roz walks out, as Niles rubs his temples and Daphne worriedly puts a hand to her head.

FADE TO:

DATING GAME

Scene Five - Claret

Frasier pulls out the chair for his date, an attractive blond.

Frasier: Here we are.

Date 1: Thank you.

Frasier: There's something wonderful about first dates, isn't there? [*the waiter hands them their menus*] Oh, thank you very much. That tingle of anticipation as two perfect strangers march toward endless vistas of possibility.

Date 1: Well put, Frasier.

Frasier: Oh well, thank you.

[N.B. Throughout the following scene(s), the camera angle switches between Frasier's side of the table and his date's.]

Frasier: And what do you do?

Date 1: I'm a science teacher.

Frasier: Ah, serendipity. I'm a science man myself. I suppose that's why Charlotte got the two of us together. Well then, what's your field?

Date 1: Well, my field is biology, but my specialty is creationism.

Frasier: Oh well, I find that... excuse me?

Date 1: You know, they're only in first grade, so they don't understand everything. But Brother William, he's our leader, he likes us to get them started young before they get their minds warped by all that fossil nonsense.

[N.B. For the benefit of readers in Canada or Europe, where this debate is probably not as lively, or even extant: creationism is the belief that takes the Book of Genesis literally, that the earth and humanity were created by God in seven days, and that the earth is only as old as human history - a few tens of thousands of years. The theory deliberately rebutted Charles Darwin's theories that the earth is several hundred million years old, and that all species, including man, gradually evolved from lesser ones. Particularly offensive to creationists is Darwin's theory that humans are descended from apes.]

This debate was particularly heated in the American South, where several states passed laws prohibiting the teaching of Darwin's theories in elementary schools - which led to the highly public "Scopes Monkey Trial" in the 1930's, upon which the play "Inherit the Wind" was based. See also Frasier's reference to it in [\[2.13\]](#), "Retirement is Murder."

Frasier: Well, you know, I-I realize that Darwin had his detractors, but to call it nonsense seems a bit cavalier, don't you think?

Date 1: *[leans back]* Oh, dear. You're one of those. *[Frasier looks confused]* You think we're descended from apes?

Frasier: Well, not recently, no.

Date 1: Do I look like an ape to you? Do I have hairy palms and a big hairy back?

Frasier: Would you like a drink?

SWITCH: the woman on the other side of the table is now Frasier's second date - a short brunette woman with a voice and manner as coarse as burlap.

Date 2: Oh yeah, bring it on. But I got to warn you - I'm a horny drunk. Last Spring in Cabo, I wake up one morning under a beach umbrella, stark naked, tequila bottle in one hand, and some guy's tightie-whities on my head!

[N.B. She makes Sherry Dempsey from Seasons 4 and 5 look like a Victorian headmistress.]

Frasier's smile is frozen on his face. The waiter happens by with a long pepper mill.

Date 2: *[to the mill]* Whoa! Don't I know you from Cabo? *[braying laugh]* Remind you of anything? *[laugh]* You wish, right? *[laugh]*

Frasier: That's, uh, very amusing. So what do you do for a living?

SWITCH: Date #3

[N.B. Though Frasier's lines function both as responses to his last date and prompts for his next one, he's wearing a different suit in each take, also indicating the change.]

An older woman with a pageboy haircut.

Date 3: Well, right now I'm back in school. You see, I've loved

animals my whole life...

She reaches up and scratches her head, causing her hair to shift back and forth and reveal a bed of stubble underneath - it's a wig.

Date 3: So I figured, why not really go for it, you know? So I'm going to become a taxidermist.

Almost fearfully, Frasier reaches up and strokes his own thinning hair.

Date 3: Is something wrong?

Frasier: No. I was just, uh, admiring your ensemble.

SWITCH: Date #4

A heavyset woman with pigtails, dressed in a hideous, psychedelic patchwork tunic stitched from old plaid quilts.

Date 4: Thanks. I made it myself. You know, I have a lot of this fabric left. I could make you a shirt with a matching hat.

Frasier: Don't go to any trouble. Would you like some wine?

SWITCH: Date #5

A teenager in a denim jacket, slouched back in her chair and chewing gum.

Date 5: Nah, the cops took my fake I.D., and my dad'll kill me if I get busted again. So what are you, like fifty?

Frasier has poured himself a big glass of wine.

Frasier: Something like that.

[N.B. An interesting hedge here - Frasier's birth year is given as 1952, so he'd be fifty-two now. Kelsey Grammer, on the other hand, is only forty-nine.]

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene Six - Frasier's Apartment

Niles and Daphne are seated on the couch. Niles is snacking on something. Martin is reading the paper in his Armchair.

Frasier comes out and gets his coat.

Frasier: *[taut singsong]* Well, I'm off.

Daphne: No, you can't. Our doula is coming specifically to meet you and your father.

Niles: She insists on knowing all the members of the baby's energy circle.

Martin: Oh, what kind of a kook is she anyway?

Niles: Harvest is not a kook. *[starts rubbing his nipples]* She's assisted at the birth of more than 600 babies - and two giant pandas.

Frasier: Well, she better get here quickly - I do have a date.

Niles: Another one?

Frasier: Yeah.

Niles: You're doing fairly well by this matchmaker.

Frasier: Oh, hardly. *[drops his coat]* A monkey throwing darts at the Seattle phone book would find me a better mate. Hell, a dart-throwing monkey would be a better mate.

Martin: Why don't you fire her?

Frasier: Don't think I haven't considered it. If tonight's a bust,

I'm going to demand my money back.

Niles rises awkwardly, and walks to the dining table. He has obviously gained weight, and his bulging stomach has turned his normal arrow-straight walk into something unrecognizable.

Frasier: Niles, have you gained weight?

Niles: Yes, but you know, you always put on a lot with your first baby. The hardest part is the mood swings.

He gets a large piece of something from the table and takes a bite. The others just look at Daphne, who shrugs helplessly.

Martin: Geez Niles, don't you think you're taking this sympathetic pregnancy thing too far?

Niles: I'm simply giving in to the primal cycle of... [*sinks down onto the couch gratefully*] life. I have no control over it.

Frasier: In that case, get off my Chanel couch before your water breaks.

He opens the door just as Harvest is about to knock on it.

Frasier: Oh, hello. I'm Dr. Frasier Crane.

Harvest: Harvest Finkleman, delighted. [*raises her hand, but does not shake his*]

Frasier: Oh. Well, I'm sorry, I can't stay. Niles and Daphne you know of course, and this is my dad. Martin Crane, Ms. Finkleman-Delighted.

Frasier leaves.

Harvest: Nice to meet you, Martin.

Martin: Likewise.

Harvest: So are you planning to participate in your grandchild's birth?

Martin: Oh no, I'm kind of old school. Clean the kid up, slap a bow on her head, then call me in.

Harvest: Oh! Guess who had their baby - Brad and Cindy?

Niles: [*overcome, high-pitched with crying*] Oh, I'm so happy for them!

Daphne: He gets very emotional lately.

Harvest: It was a beautiful experience. I made a tape if you'd like to see it.

Martin: [*lifting his paper*] I would like to NOT see it.

Niles: No, no! This would be good for us, play it.

Harvest: [*hands the tape to Daphne*] It was an 18-hour labor.

She sits cross-legged in front of the TV as Daphne puts it into the VCR. The tape starts, and there is a sound of a bongo drum being played softly. Daphne turns to step back to the couch.

Harvest: This should be about two hours into it.

Niles: I'm so excited. Daphne, I can't wait until this is us.

A scream of pure, hellish agony rips from the TV. Daphne jerks around to stare, Niles and Martin rear back in horror.

Harvest: [*enraptured*] Oh, look at Cindy glow!

Cindy: [*on TV*] Mother of God, just kill me! [*scream*]

Daphne: [*nervously*] She seems like she's in a little pain. [*scream*]

Harvest: Oh, pain is just fear leaving the body.

Martin: [*staring at the TV*] That's a boatload of fear. [*scream*]

Cindy: STOP THAT DAMN DRUM BEFORE I PUT YOUR HEAD THROUGH IT! [*scream*]

Harvest: She laughed at that afterwards. [*scream*]

Daphne: I've seen enough.

She stops the tape, cutting off the latest scream.

Harvest: Wait, wait! You'll see how Cindy pushes through the pain.

Daphne: I'm not pushing through anything. I'm having my baby the way God intended - in a hospital, numb from the waist down.

As she escorts Harvest to the door, Martin nods in approval and reaches for his goldfish crackers.

Daphne: Now, take your incense and your woo-woo stick and get out.

She shuts the door on Harvest, then turns. Niles is rubbing his nipples again.

Daphne: And you, stop acting pregnant - you're a man, for God's sakes.

Niles drops his hands.

FADE TO:

Scene Seven - Claret

Frasier is back at the same table, twiddling his thumbs and waiting for his latest date. Charlotte enters the restaurant and sees him.

Frasier: Charlotte, where's my date?

Charlotte: I am so sorry. She just called, she had to cancel.

Frasier: That does it.

Charlotte: No, we'll find another evening.

Frasier: No, Charlotte, we will not. You have sent me on enough miserable dates, thank you. Before you fix me up with a doll-collecting war criminal, or a hashish-smoking burger flipper, I want out! And I want my money back.

Charlotte: Frasier, this...

She pulls out the chair and sits down. He reluctantly sits opposite her.

Charlotte: This is a process. I have only sent you out on five dates. Do you cure your patients in five sessions?

Frasier: Well, no, but...

She takes a thick binder out of her purse.

Charlotte: This client roster is filled with fascinating women. I just signed a new one this morning - botany professor, avid bicycle rider, very striking. But you know what? If you're going to be so impatient, then we should just end this now, I'll write you a check. [*lifts her purse*]

Frasier: Well, wait...

Charlotte: No, no, no, no, I'm sure you'll do much better on your own. With \$10,000 you can download a lot of love.

Frasier: Well, let's not be too hasty. That striking, biking botanist sounded like me.

Charlotte: I don't know.

Frasier: Please?

Charlotte: Don't beg, it's a turn-off.

She replaced the binder in her purse and gets up.

Charlotte: All right. Why don't I get us some drinks and then we can talk about our next move?

Frasier: Great.

She goes to the bar. Overcome with curiosity, Frasier sneaks the binder from her purse. He flips through the first few pages, seeing portraits of his five previous dates - and the rest of the pages are blank. He looks up, enraged.

At the bar, Charlotte is desperately talking him up to a group of four women.

Charlotte: He's a big radio star - smart, really sweet. So think about it. Here's my card.

Frasier: [*comes up behind her*] You lied to me. You have five clients. There is no roster of eligible women!

Charlotte: [*snatches the binder back*] You looked at my client log?

Frasier: Yes, I've seen your log, and I've dated every toad on it!

Woman: Is this the guy?

Charlotte: No, no, no, different guy. Call me.

She leads him back to the table.

Frasier: I think the police might be interested in this little scam of yours.

Charlotte: It is not a scam! I... I just didn't have time to put the other pictures in, and I will not work one second with someone who threatens me. I'll mail you a check.

She rises angrily, so does he.

Frasier: I'll save you the price of a stamp. I'll see you at your office tomorrow.

Charlotte: Fine. I'd say come alone, but that's a given.

She walks toward the exit. Suddenly her heel breaks off, she slips and lands hard on her knee, collapsing to the floor with a cry of pain. Frasier, the maitre 'd, and several diners gather around in concern.

Charlotte: [*breaking down*] Oh God! What a crappy, crappy day!

Frasier: Charlotte, are you okay?

Charlotte: I can't give you a check. I've already... I've already spent the money on rent, and food, and... and these shoes. [*takes one off and hammers it on the floor*] These stupid, stupid shoes!

Frasier: [*helps her up*] Come on now, it's okay.

Charlotte: No, it's not! Nothing's okay. I lied to you. I just started this business. But I'm really good at what I do! I used to run the biggest matchmaking business in Chicago - before I lost it to my rotten ex-husband in the divorce.

Frasier: Divorce? But you're wearing a wedding ring.

Charlotte: [*holds up her hand*] It's camouflage. It inspires confidence. I mean, nobody wants a matchmaker whose life's a mess - like me!

She bursts into tears, and Frasier helps her back to the table.

Charlotte: I'm divorced, my business is a joke, and I'm up to my ass in debt, and I had to move in with my mother. I am thirty-five years old, and I am living with my mother! How pathetic is that?

Frasier: [*carefully*] Well, I... I've seen worse. You mentioned something earlier about having a drink.

Charlotte: Oh, believe me, I will. If my mother hasn't finished the bottle.

Frasier: No, I meant here. [*signals the waiter*]

Charlotte: No, I really can't. I've got to get home. I have paperwork,

I have calls to make...

Frasier: It's my treat.

Charlotte: ["life preserver!"] Double Scotch.

DISSOLVE TO:

Scene Eight - Claret - Later that Night

Frasier and Charlotte have moved on from drinks and are still talking as they finish the remains of a meal. Charlotte, much more relaxed, is toying with what's left on her plate, while Frasier has a glass of brandy.

Charlotte: So then I spent five soul-sucking years in advertising dreaming up slogans for Crunchios.

Frasier: "Crunchios are a munchy with your lunchy or your brunchy." That was you?

Charlotte: Yeah. I felt better about myself when I was pushing cigarettes. [*Frasier laughs*] Then one day, I fixed up my boss with my friend, and they ended up getting married.

Frasier: And thus a career was born.

Charlotte: What better way to make a living than by helping people be happy?

Frasier smiles - this speaks to him.

Frasier: So does your old boss toast you every year when he celebrates his anniversary?

Charlotte: Actually, he's a she now, and my friend's kind of bitter. But I got the hang of it after that. Well, until I lost the business and came here and moved in with my crazy-ass mother.

Frasier: For what it's worth, it will get easier living with her.

Charlotte: [*laughs*] Is that your professional opinion?

Frasier: Actually, it's a personal one. My dad lives with me.

Charlotte: No.

Frasier: Mm, 11 years.

Charlotte: Yikes.

Frasier: Yeah, yeah. It does take a while to adjust to each other before you're perfectly in sync.

Charlotte: How long did that take?

Frasier: I'll let you know.

They laugh.

Frasier: Ah, truth be told, I'm going to miss him when he moves out.

Charlotte: I was missing my mother when I was in Chicago. Now I just wish she was missing.

She checks her watch.

Charlotte: I didn't realize it was so late. [*stands*] Frank's waiting for me at home.

Frasier: [*stands*] Frank?

Charlotte: My boyfriend.

Frasier: Oh... serious?

Charlotte: Yes, but he has a fun-loving side, too.

Frasier: No, I meant the relationship. Do you lie awake nights thinking about him?

Charlotte: ...A little. It's still new, but I have my fingers crossed.

Frasier: Well, good luck with it.

Charlotte: Thank you. [*leans in*] And if you'll let me, I'm going to find someone fantastic for you too, Frasier, because you deserve it.

Frasier: And because you have my \$10,000.

Charlotte: Are you going to mention that every time you see me?

Frasier: [*backing off*] Well, all right...

They smile at each other. He sits back down. As she is leaving, she glances back. Frasier smiles to himself and opens the bill.

FADE TO:

Scene Nine - Frasier's Bedroom

The lights are off, and the clock over the bed reads "4:30 AM." Frasier is lying awake in bed, staring at the ceiling, his head cradled in his hands.

Frasier: Damn.

But he still can't keep from smiling, even as he gives a wistful sigh.

END OF ACT TWO

Credits:

Café Nervosa:

Daphne and Niles are enjoying a cinammon bun together. Brad and Cindy enter, pushing a pram. Niles quickly throws a napkin over their pastry, and they all greet each other. Niles and Daphne look into the pram, cooing over the baby.

Brad and Cindy go to the counter. Daphne and Niles look at each other incredulously. Daphne puffs out her cheeks and raises her arms like flippers, Niles puffs out his own, both agreeing that it is the fattest baby they've ever seen.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Star

LAURA LINNEY as Charlotte

Guest Starring

ANN MAGNUSON as Harvest

ELON GOLD as Brad

STACEY TRAVIS as Cindy

RACHEL DRATCH as Horny Date

KIRSTEN NELSON as Ellie

BETH LITTLEFORD as Creationism Date

Co-Starring

SUZANNE LEE SINGH as Wig Date

ELLEN RATNER as Dress Date

KATE STEELE as Teen Date

AMITA BALLA as Waitress

CHRISTIE MELLOR as Woman in Bar

Legal Stuff

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