

# [11.23]Goodnight, Seattle[1]

Goodnight, Seattle

Written by Christopher Lloyd  
and Joe Keenan  
Directed by David Lee

=====  
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## AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

### Won

EMMY

- **Outstanding Multi-Camera Picture Editing for a Series:**  
Ron Volk

### Nominated

EMMY

- **Outstanding Writing for a Comedy Series:** Joe Keenan & Christopher Lloyd
- **Outstanding Guest Actor in a Comedy Series:** Anthony LaPaglia

## Cast List [*in order of appearance*]

FRASIER CRANE.....KELSEY GRAMMER  
 ANNE RANBERG.....JENNIFER BEALS  
 CHARLOTTE.....LAURA LINNEY  
 KENNY DALY.....TOM MCGOWAN  
 ROZ DOYLE.....PERI GILPIN  
 BEBE GLAZER.....HARRIET SANSOM HARRIS  
 MARTIN CRANE.....JOHN MAHONEY  
 RONEE LAWRENCE.....WENDIE MALICK  
 NILES CRANE.....DAVID HYDE PIERCE  
 DAPHNE MOON CRANE.....JANE LEEVES

SIMON MOON.....ANTHONY LaPAGLIA  
 MICHAEL MOON.....ROBBIE COLTRANE  
 STEPHEN MOON.....RICHARD E. GRANT  
 CLINT.....MARK DEKLIN  
 ALICE MAY DOYLE.....ASHLEY THOMAS

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## Transcript {Nick Hartley & Mike Lee}

[N.B. The transcript has not been divided cleanly in half, owing to the extended length of the U.S. broadcast version. So, Acts One and Five have been transcribed by Nick Hartley, and Acts Two, Three and Four by Mike Lee.]

**Skyline:** A rainbow arcs out of the building line and touches the first letter of the title.

ACT ONE

*Scene One - An Airplane Cabin*

*A rather pensive Frasier Crane is sitting on a plane, looking out of the window. It would seem the plane is going through some turbulence - a jolt of which is especially felt by Anne, the young lady in black sitting next to him.*

**Frasier:** [*calmly*] You all right?

*Anne takes a deep sigh and turns to him, still pressing herself into the seat.*

**Anne:** [*embarrassed smile*] I hate flying.

**Frasier:** Just a little turbulence, we'll be through it in a minute.

*Another jolt makes Frasier doubt his words.*

**Frasier:** Mother of God!

**Anne:** This is so embarrassing. I mean, I treat people for this. I'm a psychiatrist.

**Frasier:** Well, there's a small world, I'm a psychiatrist too. [*putting out his hand:*] Dr. Frasier Crane.

**Anne:** Ooh, I've heard your show. [*returning the handshake:*] Dr. Anne Ranberg.

[N.B. Anne Ranberg is a blend of the names of two previous Frasier writers; Anne Flett-Giordano and Chuck Ranberg.]

**Frasier:** Lovely to meet you.

**Anne:** Nice to meet you. Now, don't let me interrupt you. You seemed kinda deep in thought.

**Frasier:** Oh, I suppose I was. It's been a rather eventful three weeks for me.

**Anne:** Well, if you want to talk about it, it might get our minds off the flight.

**Frasier:** It's really rather personal... It's nothing you'd be interested in.

**Anne:** [*accepting*] Okay, then.

*They sit back comfortably into silence but after another jolt of turbulence...*

**Frasier:** So I was dating this woman...

**Anne:** Mmm-hmm...

*DISSOLVE TO:*

*Scene Two - Frasier's Bedroom*

*The scene takes us back with Frasier's story. Frasier and Charlotte are wrapped in each other's arms in his bed. They look perfectly serene.*

**Charlotte:** [drowsily] Weren't we on our way to lunch?

**Frasier:** Yes, but then you followed me in here when I came to get my briefcase and uttered the fatal phrase that no man can resist.

**Charlotte:** [laughing] I said I liked your pillow shams.

**Frasier:** Nice try, my little temptress, but I'm down for at least an hour.

**Charlotte:** [laughs and caresses his face] Do you still have time for lunch before work?

**Frasier:** Well, my show doesn't start till two, and it's only...

*Frasier looks at the clock to see how many more Frasier hours Charlotte will be able to clock up.*

**Frasier:** [jumps up in bed] Oh dear God!

*It is two o'clock.*

*SMASH CUT TO: Radio Station*

*Roz is stressing on the phone as an even more anxious Kenny bursts in.*

**Kenny:** Where the hell is he?

**Roz:** I don't know. [hanging up] I called his cell, I called his house... You're going to have to go on for him.

**Kenny:** Me?!

**Roz:** Yeah, you - well, I'm not. Last time I did it, it was a total disaster!

[N.B. An obvious reference to [\[10.2\]](#) "Enemy at the Gate," when an overconfident Roz took over Frasier's show, and ended up letting slip over the air that she and Frasier had slept together.]

**Roz:** Aren't you always saying you used to be a DJ?

**Kenny:** Oh, twenty years ago, I can't do that anymore!

**Roz:** Well, it better come back to you, you've got five seconds.

*Roz pushes him into the presenter's booth.*

**Kenny:** I can't! I'm a nervous wreck! My palms are sweaty, my mouth is like cotton...

*Roz directs him to the microphone and instantly Kenny becomes a hideous D.J. monster with a voice sounding like the voice-over narrator on movie trailers after a bad dose of helium.*

**Kenny:** Hey, Emerald City, Kenny Daly heerrre! Master of the Mike, Baron of the Booth, the Man of the Hour, too sweet to be sourrrr! [puts on headphones] The doctor's ouuuut today, but Kenny's heerrre - filling the seat, takin' the heat!

I might even throw in a call or two to Grandma Gert.  
 [typical old lady's voice:] But no kids, I hate kids!  
 [back to the voice of D.J. Daly Hell] Whoo-hoo, she's in  
 a mood today!

*Kenny looks up at an unbelieving Roz. However, he fails to translate the signals being made by her boggling eyes, and just grins.*

*CUT TO: Frasier's Bedroom*

*Meanwhile, back in the bedroom... Charlotte is listening to Kenny's ramblings as Frasier dresses in the bathroom.*

**Kenny:** [v.o. from the radio:] Who's this coming into the booth?  
 Why, it's Percy Von Snootenheim!

**Frasier:** [o.s. from the bathroom] Turn that off!

*Charlotte complies as Frasier comes out of the bathroom dressed for work.*

**Frasier:** I'm sorry I have to rush off. I wish we could spend the whole day together. [leans in to kiss Charlotte]

**Charlotte:** I don't leave for Chicago until midnight. I'll, I'll come over and make you dinner.

**Frasier:** Oh that sounds great, I'd love that.

*They touch hands and then part.*

**Charlotte:** Any requests?

**Frasier:** Uh... I liked what I had for lunch.

**Charlotte:** [blushing] Why don't I just surprise you?

**Frasier:** Still sounding like lunch.

*He laughs and leans in to kiss her again.*

*CUT TO: Radio Station*

*Back in the studio, Roz's mind begins to shut down as she listens to Kenny embarrass himself further. He is sat with his feet on the console, and the microphone in his hands.*

**Kenny:** Isn't that a great song, people? Really brings back the memories. Sorry I kinda forgot the words there in the middle. So let's toss it to the news! [clicks a button with vigor]

*Frasier sneakily enters from the producer's door.*

**Roz:** Where the hell have you been?

**Frasier:** I'm sorry, I am sorry. I had a doctor's appointment, it couldn't be helped!

*Frasier enters the presenter's booth and relieves Kenny of his duties.*

**Kenny:** Just in time, Doc. This turned out to be one of your better shows.

**Frasier:** Well thank you, Kenny.

*Frasier sits in worry to find his angst rising when an old friend suddenly appears in the booth. Behold, the return of Special Agent Bebe Glazer - licensed to make you a star!*

**Bebe:** Darling!

**Frasier:** Bebe?! What are you doing here?

**Bebe:** [*flinging her arms around him*] I just came by to see my favorite client, [*kisses him on the cheek, then turns to Kenny*] and the wonderful man who's giving him such a happy, happy home.

**Kenny:** Ah, you're the best, Bebe!

*Bebe smiles as she shuts the door on him, and then in a heartbeat turns to Frasier and says:*

**Bebe:** Good news, I'm busting you out of this hellhole!

**Frasier:** What?!

**Bebe:** Did you ever hear of Dr. Mark Reisman?

*[N.B. Mark Reisman is a reference to a man of the same name who previously worked on "Frasier" as a producer.]*

**Frasier:** The San Francisco radio psychiatrist? Yes, we had a nice encounter once at a conference.

**Bebe:** Well, last week he had a not-so-nice encounter with a falling air conditioner.

*She sticks her tongue out and gestures to her throat as if to slit it.*

**Bebe:** Anyway, they want you to replace him and the money's huge!

**Frasier:** Poor Mark... what a ghastly way to die!

**Bebe:** Yes, I cried so hard it was all I could do to stuff your demo tape in the Fed-Ex pouch. But they want you!

**Frasier:** Well, it's very tempting, Bebe, but I'm very happy here in Seattle. I don't want to leave.

**Bebe:** Darling, it's San Francisco! Do you know what life is like there for a good-looking straight man? You'll be like a Snickers bar at a fat camp!

*She knows just what to say to tempt him mightily. He considers it for a moment, then...*

**Frasier:** [*resisting the Bebe temptation*] Uhhh... No. My answer is still no, Bebe. I've got to begin my show. [*sits down*]

*Bebe heads to the door and to the next stage of her plea.*

**Bebe:** Well, that's gratitude for ya! Do you have any idea the lengths I went to to make this happen? [*opens the door*]

**Frasier:** Wait a minute. You were in San Francisco last week. Don't tell me...!

**Bebe:** I was nowhere near that air conditioner. [*teasing:*] You're worse than the police.

*Bebe giggles like the Devil and leaves Dr. Faust-ier without his soul.*

FADE OUT

**THE GULFS MAY WASH  
US DOWN**

*Scene Three - Frasier's Apartment - Kitchen*

*We are presented with a visual image of Charlotte's opening line: her cooking at the stove, Frasier behind her with his arm wrapped around her waist, nuzzling her affectionately.*

**Charlotte:** We are such a cliché! Little woman at the stove, big rugged man with his brawny arm...

**Frasier:** Oh, the hollandaise is breaking!

*As she turns her attention to the imperilled sauce, Frasier removes his brawny arm and enters the living room, carrying a bottle of wine.*

*Reset to: Living Room*

*The table is set for two. Martin, dressed in his suit, enters from his bedroom.*

**Frasier:** Dad, I thought you were going out with Niles and Daphne?

**Martin:** I'm waiting on Ronee.

**Frasier:** Yes, well, Charlotte is leaving for Chicago in three hours. This is our farewell dinner.

*Charlotte enters, carrying two plates.*

**Charlotte:** Oh, hi Martin.

**Martin:** Oh, hi, how are ya? Don't worry, we're leaving. I'm not going to spoil your romantic mood. [*shouts down the hallway:*] Hey, Ronee, what, did you fall in?!

*The doorbell sounds.*

**Frasier:** Good heavens, I thought that you were meeting them downstairs.

**Martin:** [*heading to the door*] That's what I thought too.

*Martin opens the door to find a befuddled Kenny Daly.*

**Kenny:** Hey, Martin. Oh, thank God you're home, Doc. I'm going a little crazy, I need some advice.

**Frasier:** [*trying to excuse him*] Kenny, we just put dinner on the table.

**Kenny:** Oh thanks but I'm too worked up to eat. Doing your show today, I... I got the fever! I want to get back behind the mike. But should I quit my job, throw away my whole career and financial security just to chase some cock-a-mamie dream?!

**Frasier:** [*with a big smile*] Yes! Off you go!

**Kenny:** You didn't even have to think about it! You always believed in me, Doc!

*Kenny throws his arms around Frasier in a zealous hug. He suddenly spots Charlotte and, whilst still hugging Frasier, holds out his hand.*

**Kenny:** Hi. Kenny Daly.

**Charlotte:** [*shakes hand*] Hi, nice to meet you.

**Frasier:** This is Charlotte.

**Kenny:** [*welling up*] I'm getting all messy here. Let me just pop into the powder room real fast.

*Kenny leaves to the powder room as Martin shouts back down the hallway.*

**Martin:** Ronee! While we're young!

**Ronee:** [*enters*] Too late! [*to Frasier*] Well, have a great evening, you two.

**Frasier:** Yes, thank you. Bye.

**Ronee:** Oh damn it, my contact slipped, hang on.

Ronee opens the powder room door.

**Kenny:** [o.s. from the bathroom] Whoa!

**Ronee:** Whoa yourself. [closes door] Do we know him?

The front door opens revealing the terrible twosome... nearly threesome.

**Niles:** Knock-knock.

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

**Niles:** Now, I know it's your special night but my very pregnant wife insisted we come up.

**Daphne:** [holding up her hands, pushing her legs together] Oh sorry, won't be a minute.

Daphne goes for the powder room door.

**Kenny:** [o.s. from the bathroom] Whoa!

**Daphne:** [closes the door] Oh, sorry! I'll just run down the hall.

**Charlotte:** Maybe I'll start over on that dinner.

Daphne leaves as Charlotte excuses herself to the kitchen. Martin, Niles, and Ronee, to Frasier's great frustration, sit down to wait for Daphne.

**Niles:** I'm sorry for intruding, but nowadays Daphne can't go ten minutes... we're late for everything.

**Frasier:** Yes, well, you know how Chez Henri hates it when people are late, so I tell you what, why don't we call for that elevator right now...

He energetically goes to the door, urging everyone to follow him.

**Frasier:** And tell Henri that the first round of drinks is on me!

Frasier opens the door to find another surprise. A drunken surprise. Of English heritage.

**Simon:** Whiskey, please!

**Frasier:** Simon?!

**Simon:** Oh Frasier, how are ya? [greet Frasier with a hug]

**Frasier:** Please leave immediately.

Simon bellows a laugh as Daphne returns.

**Simon:** Hey! Oh, there's my little sister. You're not so little any more now, are you? [he advances to her pregnant bump]

**Daphne:** [stands back from the drunk smell] Simon, what are you doing here?

**Simon:** Well I heard you was knocked up so I, er, brought you a present. Come on in, lads!

Richard E. Grant and Robbie Coltrane enter... um, sorry, I mean Daphne's brothers, Michael and Stephen Moon, enter from the hallway. Daphne greets them with excitement. Frasier and Niles greet them with immediate concern.

**Michael:** Hello, sis!

**Daphne:** Oh my God, Michael! [hugs him] And Stephen! [hugs him]

**Simon:** We knew you'd be here when we went to your house and you wasn't there.

**Stephen:** So we took the liberty of leaving our things in your guest room.

**Niles:** How did you get in?

**Michael:** [mumbled, pointing at Niles] How did we...

*They burst out into a fit of boisterous laughter.*

*It should be noted that all of Michael's speech is mumbled, which combined with his thick accent makes his speech very hard to understand. Think of the character of Joseph in "Wuthering Heights" and move west over the Pennines.*

*I must say, Coltrane's attempt at the Mancunian accent is easily the best seen so far on the show. Interestingly, he is also a Scot in reality, just like Brian Cox, who played Daphne's father, Harry.*  
--Nick Hartley

*[N.B. Think also of Brad Pitt's character in Guy Ritchie's "Snatch." However, I notice that Nick is uniquely qualified to make some sense of it. The American transcribers doing the closed captioning for the episode simply wrote, "unintelligible gibberish." --Mike Lee]*

**Daphne:** Stephen and Michael, this is my husband, Niles. [hand shakes occur] Oh and his brother, Frasier. And this is Martin and his fiancée Ronee. And, er, [looking over at the previous occupant of the bathroom] sorry, your name again?

**Kenny:** Kenny.

**Daphne:** Kenny.

**Michael:** So, lads, I tell you what... [mumbling] You've a lovely 'ouse. [motioning around the room] It's come rhand thee're, rhand thee're... [mumbling unintelligibly] he's done bloody well for himself.

**Simon:** That's right, Michael. Frasier does very well for himself. Tell you what, let's take the tour.

**Frasier:** [hands up] There will be no tours!

**Martin:** Listen, uh, why don't you guys join us for dinner?

**Stephen:** Good, I'll lay the table. [picks up cutlery] Is this real silver? [attempts to bend it]

**Frasier:** Give me that! [takes it off of him]

*Michael, meanwhile, is man-handling Frasier's Chihuly glass sculpture.*

**Michael:** Oh, wow, see, platey, platey, platey... [mumbling unintelligibly] It's a bloody great ash tray.

**Frasier:** [shrieks in terror] Put that down!

*He rushes over and takes it from him in disgust.*

*[N.B. Since the Chihuly is genuine and valued at upwards of \$75,000, what Robbie Coltrane and Kelsey Grammer are juggling may well be a replica.]*

*CUT TO: Kitchen*

*Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Charlotte is back cooking at the stove, smiling happily - unaware that Simon is the man fondling her from behind.*

**Charlotte:** [teasing:] You know, we could have some real fun if you got rid of some of those people.

**Simon:** Oh, just give us a minute then, love...



*Charlotte screams and runs into the lounge. Simon follows.*

*Reset to: Living Room*

*Frasier runs over to catch Charlotte coming out.*

**Charlotte:** Who is that creep?

**Simon:** You know, I'm getting some very mixed signals.

**Frasier:** All right, that's it! I want you all out of here! [*pushing Simon*] And I do not mean a leisurely exit, I mean a break-neck, trampling-each-other, this-theatre's-on-fire stampede!

*They all leave but Simon holds up for a second.*

**Simon:** Yeah, all right, okay, I can take a hint, Frasier! Right. Look, that's a lovely woman that you've got for yourself. Congratulations.

*He hugs Frasier.*

**Frasier:** Yes, thank you.

**Simon:** Yeah, yeah. [*looks over Frasier's shoulder at Charlotte and gestures to her*] Give us a call, I'll be at Daphne's...

**Frasier:** Oh, get out of here!

*Frasier pushes him out and finally slams the door on them for the peace with Charlotte he desired.*

DISSOLVE TO:

*Scene Four - Apartment, three hours later.*

*Frasier and Charlotte are finishing up their final game of Scrabble.*

**Frasier:** Because it's not a word.

**Charlotte:** Yes, it is.

**Frasier:** No, it's not.

**Charlotte:** Yes, it is.

**Frasier:** Use it in a sentence.

**Charlotte:** "Her grandmother's bed was warm and... *quilty*."

**Frasier:** [*looking at another of her words*] And why is she lying there? Because she's feeling all "befeveled" again?

**Charlotte:** [*smiling sweetly*] Could I borrow your "F"? I've got a little message for you.

*He chuckles. Charlotte's mobile rings. She answers.*

**Charlotte:** Hello. Okay, thanks. [*hangs up*] My car's here.

*Frasier murmurs in understanding.*

[*N.B. In Laura Linney's recent film, "Love Actually" the trademark of her character was a stubborn refusal to turn her mobile off, no matter how many times it rang at just the right moment to kill romance.*]

**Frasier:** I still don't know why you won't let me drive you to the airport.

**Charlotte:** No, I can't stand all that airport goodbye stuff. This is better. [*goes to gather her belongings*]

**Frasier:** Right. Uh, well then...

*Frasier and Charlotte walk towards each other.*

**Charlotte:** Let's not...

**Frasier:** ...right.

**Charlotte:** [*tearing up*] Because if you start...

**Frasier:** Yeah. Me too. Okay. Well then, uh, good luck in Chicago.

*Charlotte and Frasier look into each other's eyes. Frasier is in the middle of yet another goodbye. They hug dearly.*

**Charlotte:** Thanks.

**Frasier:** Got your ticket?

**Charlotte:** [*looks in bag*] Uh, yeah.

**Frasier:** Great, great. Oh, oh, [*darts to set of drawers next to toilet*] listen, I have a little something here for you.

**Charlotte:** Damn it. I knew you were going to do something sweet like that. I didn't get you anything.

**Frasier:** It's just a hair band I found in the shower drain.

*He presents the lost band to her.*

**Charlotte:** Thanks.

**Frasier:** Yeah. [*chuckles*] Uh, let me get your coat. [*he does*]

**Charlotte:** This wasn't supposed to be so hard.

**Frasier:** [*helping her on with her coat*] I don't know about you, but I've had enough easy goodbyes. I'm kinda glad to have the chance to have another tough one.

**Charlotte:** [*putting her hand in his*] Thank you for a great three weeks.

*They kiss goodbye.*

**Frasier:** Bye, Charlotte.

**Charlotte:** Bye, Frasier.

*She leaves. Frasier looks back at his empty apartment and begins to slowly walk back to the sofa. He is stopped by a knock on the door. He opens it to find Charlotte back again.*

**Charlotte:** Forgot my scarf!

**Frasier:** Oh. Oh, my fault.

*He tenderly winds it around her neck.*

**Frasier:** Right.

*They tentatively kiss once more goodbye.*

**Frasier:** Bye.

**Charlotte:** Yeah.

*She leaves. Frasier looks back again at his once more empty apartment and begins to slowly walk back to the sofa only to find another, albeit similar, interruption. He opens the door again...*

**Charlotte:** Cell phone.

**Frasier:** Oh. Yes. Yes. Oh, here.

*Frasier goes round the room to take the cell phone off of the table. Charlotte chooses a different route. They make a move at the same times and bang their heads together.*

**Both:** Ow!

**Frasier:** Sorry.

**Charlotte:** No, it's my fault.

**Frasier:** My word. Ah....

*They look back at each other, clutching their heads.*

**Charlotte:** See ya.

**Frasier:** See ya.

*She leaves. Frasier looks back and... you know the drill.*

**Frasier:** Oh for God's sake, what now?

*He opens the door and finds Charlotte open-armed. They hug passionately.*

**Charlotte:** We couldn't say goodbye on a head butt.

*They kiss passionately.*

**Charlotte:** Feel better?

**Frasier:** Positively guilty.

*They part. For real.*

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

*Scene Five - Apartment*

*The next morning. Martin opens the door to Niles, carrying a shopping bag.*

**Martin:** Oh hey, Niles.

**Niles:** Hey, Dad.

**Martin:** What are you doing here?

**Niles:** Escaping. I woke this morning to find Daphne's brothers playing a game called "I Can Reach It From Here." Give you a hint, the "It" was a toilet. And there were no winners.

*They sit at the dinner table.*

**Niles:** Oh, also I stopped by to see how Frasier's holding up.

**Martin:** Well, he was asleep when I got home, and he's still in bed.

**Niles:** He's probably depressed. I'm sure this whole Charlotte thing has got him bereft...

**Martin:** Ooh, shh, shh!

*Frasier has entered - looking rested and serene.*

**Frasier:** Morning, Dad. Hey, Niles.

*They ad-lib greetings.*

**Martin:** Let me get you a cup of coffee. *[goes to the kitchen]*

**Frasier:** Well, I can get it.

**Niles:** *[takes out a bag]* I brought you some of those cookies you like.

**Frasier:** Milanos! Oh, well thank you.

*Martin brings a tray from the kitchen.*

**Martin:** Now you just sit down, I made you a little breakfast.

**Frasier:** I see what's going on. You think I'm in tatters because Charlotte's gone back to Chicago. Well, I'm not. [*sits down*] I'm not going to say I won't miss her like crazy. But we knew going in that our time was limited. We made the most of it. I have no regrets.

*The door opens to admit Simon, Michael, and Stephen.*

**Simon:** Morning!

**Frasier:** Except for leaving that door unlocked.

*Daphne follows them in.*

**Daphne:** We thought you might like to join us for brunch.

**Frasier:** Darn! ...Niles and I just reserved a squash court.

**Niles:** Yes! And we're on thin ice with the appointments director as it is. He's already moved our lockers next to the flip-flop drop.

*Simon has already flopped down onto the couch. Daphne lowers herself into Martin's chair.*

**Michael:** [*mumbling unintelligibly, gesturing around the apartment*] ... this whole place... [*mumbling*]

**Simon:** That's right, Michael, Frasier has a very nice flat. But you was here last night.

**Michael:** ...Was I?

**Daphne:** I think I need to sit down a minute before we go. [*sinks into Martin's chair*] Can you believe this baby might be two weeks late?

**Stephen:** [*patting her belly*] He's a Moon, all right! Every lad in our family was at least two weeks late. Once we get comfy, nothing budges us. Right, lads?

**Simon/Michael:** Right!

**Daphne:** Could I get a glass of water, please?

**Niles:** Glass of water, yes. [*motions toward kitchen*]

**Frasier:** Right, right...

**Michael:** Oh, Fras-or? Be a good lad... [*mumbling, miming the shape of a can with his hands*] nice big... [*mumbling*] Right, lads?

*Stephen and Simon yell and raise their hands.*

**Michael:** [*holding up four fingers*] Three!

*Frasier and Niles, at a loss, go into the kitchen.*

*Reset to: Kitchen*

*Frasier gets Daphne's water while Niles removes some kind of electronic device from the shopping bag he's carrying.*

**Frasier:** Do you have any idea what he's saying?

**Niles:** Not a word. Apparently Stephen was dropped as a child.

**Frasier:** Well, I thought the mumblor was Michael.

**Niles:** He was dropped on Michael. The idea that our son might take after them is making me crazy!

**Frasier:** Now Niles, just remember, those hearty Crane genes are in there too.

**Niles:** Oh, please. Those Moon genes have probably beaten our genes up and stolen their lunch money! That is why I am taking action. I was going to wait to do this until tonight, but I

can see that every minute is critical.

**Frasier:** What's this?

**Niles:** This is called "The Born Musician." You put this speaker on the mother's stomach, and it bombards the baby with classical music, thus instilling a taste for higher culture.

**Frasier:** Huh. Closest thing we had to that was Dad bongo-ing out "Babalu" on Mom's belly.

*They go back out.*

*Reset to: Living Room*

*Daphne is admiring a new watch on her wrist as Stephen looks on.*

**Frasier:** Here we are.

**Daphne:** Niles, look what Stephen just gave me. You know who'll be jealous? Mrs. Zicklin from our building. Doesn't she have one just like this?

**Niles:** [knowingly] No, I don't think she does.

*He exchanges a look with Stephen, who grins and swaggers back to the couch.*

**Niles:** I brought you a present too. This plays soothing music for the baby. You put this speaker here [places it on her stomach] just like that, and then if you want to hear a selection of, say - oh, I don't know, Vivaldi? - you turn this dial, and then...

*As Simon and Stephen sit up with interest, the baby kicks, knocking the speaker to the floor.*

**Daphne:** Oh, goodness! He's never kicked like that before.

**Stephen:** We've got a little foot-baller in there!

**Simon:** Finally we got something we can drink to!

**Michael:** Well, let's go to the pub!

**Stephen/Simon:** YEAH!

*They immediately rise and go to the door.*

**Simon/Michael/Stephen:** [singing] We hate Nottingham Forest, we hate Liverpool too...

**Simon:** And Leeds!

**Simon/Michael/Stephen:** We hate Manchester...

*They exit, leaving Niles even more anxious.*

**Daphne:** Are you coming, Martin?

**Martin:** Oh, I'm still waiting on Ronee. We'll meet you at the restaurant.

**Daphne:** Okay.

*Daphne exits. Ronee enters with the cordless phone.*

**Ronee:** Marty?

**Martin:** Hmm?

**Ronee:** I just got off the phone with the Branford Inn. They called to confirm our wedding reservation - for May 15th.

**Martin:** But we're getting married July 15th.

**Ronee:** Yes, but they have us down for May. Apparently July 15th is booked, along with every other weekend between now and October.

**Martin:** What happened?

**Ronee:** I don't know, you made the reservation.

**Martin:** For July 15th! [*to the boys*] Well, I love how she blames me!

*Ronee goes into the kitchen.*

**Martin:** Why would I randomly pick a...? [*realizes*] Oh, no.

**Frasier:** What?

**Martin:** May 15th - Eddie's birthday.

*Ronee comes out of the kitchen, Martin hugs her.*

**Niles:** Well, I'm-I'm sure you can find someplace else.

**Martin:** Oh, but we had our hearts set on the Branford Inn. It's where we had our second date.

**Ronee:** Yeah, we had a little too much wine, and the couple at the next table said "get a room," and so we did. Oh, well, guess we better start thinking about Plan B.

*She exits.*

**Martin:** Oh, damn. Well, I just feel sorry for Ronee. You know, her first wedding was kind of bare-boned, and that's why she had her heart set on something special. You know, a fancy menu, swing band, flowers everywhere. You need that once in your life.

*While he has been saying this, Frasier and Niles have been exchanging looks with growing delight.*

**Frasier:** You know, Dad... Niles and I have been wondering what to get you for your wedding, and... maybe we could just give you the wedding.

**Niles:** You still have the Branford Inn on the 15th.

**Martin:** But that's, that's eight days away! You have to get a caterer, a justice of the peace...

**Frasier:** Well, I can officiate. I still have my license from that time I married those commitment-phobes on my Valentine's Day show.

**Niles:** Are they still together?

**Frasier:** [*raises a hand*] Not the time, Niles.

*Ronee comes back in with her purse.*

**Martin:** Ronee, the boys think they can throw a fancy wedding together by May 15th.

**Ronee:** But that's in eight days!

*The boys rise.*

**Niles:** Well, it only took us four days to throw together our seafood-themed "Friends of the Marina Bouilla-bash."

*Frasier raises a hand, inviting applause.*

**Ronee:** Well, all right, that-that's great of you guys, thank you!

*Martin and Ronee head for the door.*

**Martin:** Wow, what do you know?

**Ronee:** Yeah, leave it to the Duke and Duchess to save our behinds!

**Martin:** Yeah...

*Frasier and Niles stop grinning and look up.*

**Frasier:** I'm sorry, leave it to whom?

**Ronee:** What, they don't know about that one?

**Martin:** Just keep walking.

*They exit, leaving Frasier and Niles.*

**Both:** [*pointing*] Well, obviously you're the duchess...

*They start arguing hotly.*

FADE TO:

### THE HAPPY ISLES

*Scene Six - The Branford Inn*

*Jazz music is heard playing. The scene fades in on the dining room of the Branford inn, which has been sumptuously prepared. Caterers are still rushing about the room. Champagne and hors d'oeuvres have been laid on a buffet table, flowers adorn the windows - the whole nine yards.*

*As the scene fades in, Frasier, wearing a morning suit, claps his hands and halts a group of dancers who have been rehearsing a swing routine. The male dancers are dressed like cops, the female dancers like showgirls. The music stops.*

**Frasier:** Dancers, rehearsal is over. Please wait upstairs. I don't want anyone to see you until the floor show.

*The dancers exit. A guest taps on the glass door leading outside, rather urgently. Frasier runs over and cracks the door.*

**Frasier:** I'm sorry, we're still setting up.

*He closes the door in the man's face and addresses Clint, the Inn's host.*

**Frasier:** Clint, would you please go outside and tell everyone they can't come in here until after the ceremony. It will spoil the entire reveal.

*Niles enters, adjusting the coat of his morning suit.*

**Niles:** You can't blame them, it's ninety degrees out there. It's dripping wet- [*realizes*] I hope our Chinese acrobats are sufficiently rosined.

*Frasier re-locks the door. Martin and Ronee enter, casually dressed.*

**Martin:** Holy Mackerel!

**Ronee:** You guys are amazing!

**Frasier:** Well, I'm glad you like it, you two, but listen, you've gotta go get changed, you're getting married in ten minutes.

**Martin:** Oh yeah, sorry, traffic was bad. We got stuck behind this old bus. A church group, I think.

**Frasier:** Good, our gospel choir is here! Niles, go make sure they're fitted with their angel wings and give them all a meal voucher!

*Niles, Martin and Ronee exit. Roz knocks on the glass.*

**Roz:** Frasier!

*Frasier cracks the door.*

**Frasier:** Roz, I'm sorry, I can't let you in, I know it's warm out there. I'll tell you what, go have a cool drink with Kenny.

**Roz:** I just did, he told me all about his new D.J. job.

**Frasier:** Oh, well good for him! I'll come down and give him a hug.

**Roz:** Well, bring a towel, he just sweated through a hammock. This sucks! The softest boss we ever had is leaving. Come on, Frasier, let me in.

*He protests, but she pushes past him and immediately takes off her jacket.*

**Frasier:** Oh, all right, Roz. I can't say I blame you, it's like the Ninth Circle of Hell out there!

*Bebe sweeps into the doorway.*

**Bebe:** Do you love this weather or what?

**Frasier:** Bebe! What are you doing here?

**Bebe:** Your strategy worked, you genius.

**Frasier:** What strategy?

**Bebe:** Turning down the San Francisco job. They've offered you twenty percent more money, and thrown in a weekly TV gig on the morning news.

**Frasier:** Television... well, that certainly sounds tempting, but, but my home is here! There are more important things than money!

**Bebe:** Yes, I know. There's power. But money can buy that.

**Frasier:** Bebe!

**Bebe:** Fine!

*Bebe goes back to the open door.*

**Bebe:** You don't like the terms of the deal, I'll have another swing at it. [looks out] Did that old man just faint?

**Frasier:** What? [runs out beside her] Oh, good lord! That's my cannon operator! At the end of the ceremony, he's supposed to fire that antique cannon. I'm not sure there's anybody else who knows how to work the damn thing. Oh...

*He shuts the door and turns back just as Niles comes running back in.*

**Niles:** Frasier...!

**Frasier:** Niles...!

**Both:** Disaster!

**Niles:** Dear God, you first.

**Frasier:** Our cannon man is down - heatstroke.

**Niles:** Our flower girl is down - drunk.

**Frasier:** The flower girl?!

**Niles:** Apparently someone gave her champagne.

**Frasier:** Who would give liquor to a six-year-old girl?

*He had to ask? - Simon, Michael, and Stephen enter in their suits, with cigarettes and glasses of champagne.*

**Simon:** Party's here, lads.

**Frasier:** Simon! Did you give our flower girl champagne?

**Simon:** I may have. [off Frasier's glare] Well, the poor little thing was nervous about getting her part right.

**Michael:** Nervous.

*Daphne enters, leading Eddie wearing a little tuxedo and a lacey cushion strapped to his back.*



**Daphne:** Here's our little ring-bearer. Ronee will be down in two minutes.

**Frasier:** Oh, great! Still no flower girl, and now no one to fire our cannon!

**Michael:** [looks up] Cannon?

*Frasier and Niles look at him, surprised.*

**Stephen:** If it's a cannon you need fired, Michael's your man.

**Daphne:** Oh yeah, he's a great one for shooting things. Which foot is it that's missing two toes?

**Michael:** Um... [looks from one foot to another, then points to Simon's] That one!

*The three brothers bellow with laughter again.*

[N.B. Michael, of course, lost at least one toe to frostbite as a child - after his brothers rolled him across thin ice on a frozen lake. He'd be missing more if his family hadn't stopped him from sawing off the rest of them. For the full story, read [\[6.19\]](#) "IQ."]

**Frasier:** All right then, come along, all of you. See if you can figure out this thing.

*He leads Michael to the door.*

**Frasier:** Now your cue to fire it is when I say, at the end of the ceremony, "ladies and gentlemen, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Crane." You got it?

**Michael:** Right... [mumbles unintelligibly at length]... Boom!

*He walks outside, leaving Frasier more uncertain than ever.*

**Niles:** Is Eddie growling?

**Daphne:** It's his stomach. The poor thing hasn't eaten since morning.

**Frasier:** Oh, for God's sakes, we can't have him rumbling up the aisle. Uh, give him some of that pate over there.

*As Daphne and Niles lead Eddie to the buffet table, Roz enters with Alice.*

**Frasier:** Ooh, Roz! Do you think that we could enlist Alice to be our flower girl?

**Roz:** What do you say, honey?

**Alice:** Sure!

**Frasier:** Oh, that's splendid news! Here, here, take these rose petals. [gives her a basket] You're supposed to strew them in the aisle as you lead the procession in and out.

**Niles:** You know what, I guess I'd better give our ring-bearer his precious cargo.

*Frasier sends Roz and Alice outside and shouts after them as Niles spoons some pate into a little dish and puts it on the floor. Niles takes the ring out and lowers it to the basket...*

**Frasier:** Roz, her cue to lead the procession out at the end of the ceremony is when I say, "ladies and gentlemen, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Crane!"

*BOOM! Screams come from the guests outside, and Frasier jumps. Inside, Niles jumps higher, sending the ring flying up into the air.*

**Frasier:** NOT NOW!

*His nerves nearly shot, he closes the door, exhaling - then from outside comes the sound of tires squealing, a horn blaring, and a very heavy THUD.*

**Frasier:** [Walter Matthau] What the hell was that?!

*He runs out of the dining room, through to another exit. Daphne notices Niles peering around the floor.*

**Daphne:** What are you looking for?

**Niles:** The ring. I dropped it when that cannon-

**Daphne:** [sees it] It's in the pate! Eddie, no!

*Too late. Eddie has scarfed the pate and swallowed the ring.*

*Frasier runs back in.*

**Frasier:** This is just our luck! When the gun went off, it startled a truck driver, he slammed into a lamppost. Now the entire roadway is blocked! Can anything else go wrong at this wedding?

*He looks up and sees Niles and Daphne's shifty looks.*

**Frasier:** What?

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

**Credits:**

[The British broadcast of this episode ended with a tag featuring Daphne's brothers. In the U.S. it was broadcast as a straight one-hour show.]

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**This episode was originally broadcast as a one-hour show.**

[Click here for Part Two](#)

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