

# [2.21]An Affair To Forget

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Written by Chuck Ranberg &  
Anne Flett-Giordano  
Directed by Philip Charles  
Mackenzie

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## AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

### Won

EMMY

- **Outstanding Writing for a Comedy Series:** Chuck Ranberg & Anne Flett-Giordano
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## Transcript {Mike Lee}

ACT ONE

Scene One - KACL  
Frasier is doing his show.

**Frasier:** You're on KACL with Dr. Frasier Crane. We have time for one more call. [*pushes button*] Hello, Gretchen. I'm listening.

**Gretchen:** [*v.o.; German accent*] Well, you see, Dr. Crane, my husband is a fencing instructor, and lately he spends all his time with his wealthy new student. He's with her day and night, and I'm afraid there's some... *bumsen* going on.

**Frasier:** Well, is this just a suspicion or do you have any evidence?

**Gretchen:** No, it's just a feeling.

**Frasier:** Well, unfortunately, in these matters there's no simple way to know for sure.

**Roz:** Yes, there is.

**Frasier:** Well, Gretchen, you're in luck. It just so happens that we have in our studio today one of the world's five leading *bumsen* experts.

**Roz:** If you want to know if a man is cheating, you offer him two choices for dinner: one that's rich and fattening, and one that's light and sensible. If he picks the one that's calorie-packed, he doesn't mind turning into a bloated pig, which means he's happily married and you're in the clear.

**Frasier:** You know, Roz, when I hear advice like that, it makes me wish there was a law against two or more women gathering at a water cooler. Now, Gretchen—

**Gretchen:** Does it really work, Roz?

**Roz:** Oh, trust me. If he chooses the diet plate, it means he's staying in shape for his main squeeze, and you should get

yourself a lawyer who can sue the sweat off a racehorse.

**Gretchen:** I'm going to do it. Thank you for your help, Roz! Oh, and you, too, Dr. Crane. [*hangs up*]

**Frasier:** Don't mention it. Well, "Dr. Crane and Friends" will be back tomorrow. Thanks for listening, Seattle.

*He goes off the air. Roz comes into his booth.*

**Roz:** I know, you hate it when I butt into your show.

**Frasier:** And yet...

**Roz:** You're gonna forgive me when you find out the wonderful thing I'm doing for you. See, there's this great woman who lives in my building. She's beautiful, and funny—

**Frasier:** Just stop right there, Roz. I do not go out on blind dates. They're demeaning and a hideous waste of time. No, thank you, no.

**Roz:** It's not for you, it's for your father.

**Frasier:** Oh! What time should he pick her up?

**Roz:** Wait a minute. Blind dates are O.K. for your father, but not for you?

**Frasier:** Yes! That also goes for games with balls, domestic beer, and giant trucks that roll over smaller ones.

*Frasier leaves.*

FADE OUT

*Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment*

*Martin and Niles are sitting at the dinner table with a large wooden model ship kit. Martin keeps trying to pick up pieces, but Niles bats his hand away as he reads the instructions.*

**Niles:** [*reading*] "So you want to build a three-masted schooner. Step One: before assembly, take inventory of all parts."

**Martin:** We don't need to read all these instructions.

**Niles:** Yes, we do. It says right here in boldface, "Read all instructions."

**Martin:** Just pass me the right side of the hull, will ya?

**Niles:** You'll get your hands on that piece at step sixteen and not a moment sooner.

**Martin:** Can we get started here?

**Niles:** Oh, all right, Dad. [*reading*] "So you want to build a three-masted schooner."

*Martin rolls his eyes. Eddie picks up one of the masts in his teeth.*

**Niles:** [*grabs it away*] Give me that! You'll put your eye out.

*Daphne comes in with a potted plant.*

**Daphne:** Oh, look at that! What a beautiful ship. I bet you'll have fun building that.

**Martin:** Not as much fun as we're having reading about it.

**Daphne:** Did I ever mention one of my ancestors was a mutineer on the *H.M.S. Bounty*?

**Martin:** No kidding.

**Daphne:** Yeah well, from what we could gather, he made it safely to Pitcairn Island, where he was quite fruitful and multiplied. You know, for all I know there's some girl who looks exactly like me running around the South Seas, frolicking in the surf, all brown-skinned and bare-breasted—

*Niles snaps the mast in two, sending the pieces flying over the table. Martin and Daphne look at him.*

**Niles:** So you want to build a *two-masted schooner*.

**Daphne:** Schooner? I thought it was a frigate.

**Niles:** No, no, a frigate has a fore-and-aft mainsail.

**Daphne:** No, no, that's a brigantine.

**Niles:** Oh, you're right. Well, then what's a frigate?

**Martin:** That's when you just don't give a damn anymore.

*Martin goes to the kitchen for a beer. Frasier comes in the door.*

**Frasier:** Hello, all. [*everyone ad-libs hellos*] Niles, are you going to be spending the evening with us?

**Niles:** Yes. As much as my Maris misses me, she feels family comes first. When she saw this model, she felt it was the perfect project for me to share with Dad.

**Frasier:** She wanted you out of the house, huh?

**Niles:** Like a musty smell.

*Martin comes back with a beer.*

**Frasier:** Oh, Dad, I have a proposal for you. Seems there's a woman in Roz's building who would like to go out with you. Roz says that she's got a wonderful personality.

**Martin:** Oh. I guess that means I'm the pretty one.

**Frasier:** Just hear me out. She likes sports, she likes beer...

**Martin:** Yeah, so does Duke.

**Frasier:** Yes, but Duke won't kiss you good night at the end of the evening.

**Martin:** He will if he's had a few. Look, tell Roz thanks, but no thanks.

**Daphne:** Well, I think you're making a mistake. Trying new things is what keeps us all young and vibrant.

**Niles:** You know, you're right, Daphne. For weeks, all Maris did for excitement was float in her sensory deprivation tank. But now, she's taken up fencing, and I've never seen her more vital. [*Frasier's ears prick up at this.*] She stays up late into the evening, working with her instructor.

**Frasier:** Maris has a fencing instructor?

**Niles:** Yes. Gunnar was the Bavarian champion three years running.

**Frasier:** He's Bavarian?

**Niles:** You're full of questions I've already given answers to.

**Frasier:** Am I?

**Niles:** He doesn't speak a word of English, so Maris gets to brush up on her German while she parries and thrusts.

**Frasier:** Maris is learning German, huh? [*aside to Frasier*] Just when you thought she couldn't get any cuddlier.

**Niles:** Dad, did you take the spanking aft?

**Martin:** Yeah, I pre-glued it for you.

*Niles holds up his hand. There's a piece of the model stuck to it.*

**Niles:** Good job.

**Daphne:** Oh, not to worry. This sort of thing used to happen to my brothers all the time. I can get that off with some nail-polish remover. Come with me.

*She leads him to the powder room.*

**Niles:** So your brothers built a lot of models?

**Daphne:** No, actually, I suspect they just sniffed a lot of glue.

**Niles:** You know that can cause brain damage.

**Daphne:** Well, then, that confirms it.

*They go into the powder room and close the door.*

**Frasier:** Dad! Dad! I have to talk to you about Niles. I got a call on the show today from a German woman whose husband is a fencing instructor who she suspects is having an affair with his wealthy new client.

**Martin:** And?

**Frasier:** Don't you find that the least bit incriminating?

**Martin:** No, I find it a coincidence. Seattle's a big city, I'm sure there's a bunch of German fencing instructors, each one with dozens of students.

**Frasier:** Yes, but are they wealthy students?

**Martin:** No, they're inner-city kids trying to work their way out of the ghetto with nothing but a foil and a dream.

**Frasier:** Yes, well, in the midst of that slag heap of sarcasm, I suppose there may be a kernel of truth. I guess I could just be letting my imagination run away with me.

**Martin:** Ah, just trust me, forget it. Come on, help me put this model together.

**Frasier:** God, I remember how Niles used to love these models. Oh God, remember that Christmas Mom got him the "Visible Man and Woman?" He had to glue all of the internal organs in the right place.

**Martin:** All I remember is you two fighting over it.

*Daphne comes out of the powder room.*

**Frasier:** Yes, well, Niles was getting on my nerves, so I had to go in and steal his ovaries.

**Daphne:** Now there's a conversation I'm glad I missed the beginning of!

FADE TO:

#### BAVARIANS AT THE GATE

*Scene Three - KACL*

*Roz is setting up Frasier's booth. Frasier comes in.*

**Frasier:** Sorry I'm late, Roz.

**Roz:** Oh, hey, Frasier. Did you get a chance to ask your dad about the date?

**Frasier:** Yes. He's not interested.

**Roz:** Oh, darn it. I already got her hopes up. I don't suppose you'd consider going out with her.

**Frasier:** I'm sorry. I've had my quota of pity-dates.

**Roz:** Yes, but this time you wouldn't be the one being pitied.

*He gives her a "very funny" look. She goes into her booth.*

**Roz:** Oh, listen, we have a great call to start the show off with. Get this: the guy on line three just found out that his girlfriend is his long-lost sister.

**Frasier:** Wow!

**Roz:** Oh yeah, and that German woman called back about her husband's affair.

**Frasier:** Gretchen!

**Roz:** Yeah.

*She closes the door to her booth.*

**Frasier:** [through intercom] I want her first!

**Roz:** Are you kidding? What am I supposed to say to the guy who's dating his sister?

**Frasier:** Oh, just tell him to hang on and relax, we've all been there!

*Roz, somewhat bewildered, cues him.*

**Frasier:** Hello, Seattle, this is Dr. Frasier Crane on KACL. Let's get right to the phones. Roz?

**Roz:** We have Gretchen calling back about her husband's affair. She thinks she has more evidence.

**Frasier:** Hello, Gretchen. I'm listening.

**Gretchen:** [v.o.; crying] Oh, Dr. Crane! I took Roz's advice and gave my husband two choices for dinner, and he picked the diet plate!

**Frasier:** But that is no proof that he's having an affair!

**Gretchen:** But Gunnar has a healthy appetite!

**Frasier:** No, no, the proof is-is phone bills, uh, credit card receipts... Gunnar?

**Gretchen:** I also found a love letter he wrote to her.

**Frasier:** And how long were you going to keep that a secret, Gretchen? Come on, work with me here! What does it say?

**Gretchen:** "Mein kleine leberknodel..."

**Frasier:** I-I'm sorry, I don't speak German.

[N.B. It is unusual for a confirmed Freudian such as Frasier to not have read Freud in the original German. In fact, later episodes take it for granted that Frasier does in fact speak German.]

**Gretchen:** It means, "my little liver dumpling." That used to be his pet name for me.

**Frasier:** Well, maybe he's writing to you.

**Gretchen:** It can't be me. He says he loves her beautiful *little* body, as thin as his sword, and her skin as white as bratwurst, and that she's his *NichteinmenschlichFrau*.

**Frasier:** What is that?

**Gretchen:** I don't know if there's a word in English. The closest translation is, "not quite human woman."

*Frasier covers the microphone, a look of horror on his face.*

**Frasier:** Oh dear God, it is her!

**Gretchen:** What should I do?

**Frasier:** I don't know! I-I need time to think! Let's go to commercial!

*He goes to commercial. Roz plugs a cart in.*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene Four - KACL

*Roz cues Frasier that the commercial is over.*

**Frasier:** Hello, we're back. Gretchen, I have considered your problem, and I believe that what you must do is confront your husband, and insist that he end this affair.

**Gretchen:** But what if he won't?

**Frasier:** But he has to! Look, innocent people are being hurt! Remind him of how much he means to you, of all your years together. Are there children?

**Gretchen:** No.

**Frasier:** Damn! Still, still, it must be a clean break, he must never,

ever see this woman again, not even accidentally!

**Gretchen:** We never had these problems back home.

**Frasier:** Well, maybe that's where you should return, to the loving bosom of Bavaria.

**Gretchen:** How did you know we were from Bavaria?

**Frasier:** Well... you see, I'm a master of dialects. I noticed there was a glottal quality to the occlusion of your diphthongs.

**Gretchen:** But I'm originally from Austria.

**Frasier:** Look, do you want to split hairs, or do you want your husband back? Uh, Gretchen, I'm afraid it's time for another commercial.

**Roz:** Another commercial?

**Frasier:** Yes, Roz, another commercial!

*He goes off the air. Roz plugs in another cart and comes into his booth.*

**Roz:** What is going on?

**Frasier:** What makes you think there's something going on?

**Roz:** Well, when the person giving advice sounds crazier than the person calling in, I think there's something going on.

**Frasier:** Nothing's going on.

**Roz:** Wait a minute. You know who the liver dumpling is, don't you?

**Frasier:** All right, yes! But it's nobody you know. Her husband's a good friend of mine. Oh, how can I tell him, he'll be crushed.

**Roz:** Well, you don't tell the person being cheated on, you confront the person doing the *cheating*. Didn't they teach you anything at Harvard?

**Frasier:** I-I can't do that!

**Roz:** It's easy, Frasier. You just tell her you know she's been mattress-surfing with some other guy, and if she doesn't knock it off, you'll tell her husband.

**Frasier:** It's-it's not that easy, you don't know this woman! She doesn't deal with confrontation very well. I once questioned the political correctness of her serving veal. An hour later, we found her locked in the garage with the engine running on her golf cart!

**Roz:** Whoa, it's Maris.

*FADE TO:*

**IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING,  
IT'S A SENSORY  
DEPRIVATION TANK**

*Scene Five - Niles's Bathroom*

*Marta (Niles's 78-year-old Guatemalan maid) leads Frasier into the bathroom in Niles's mansion. The room is dominated by a huge rectangular steel tank with a hatch on the side.*

**Marta:** *Missy Crane esta en la caja.*

**Frasier:** "Mrs. Crane is in the box."

**Marta:** *En la caja.*

*Marta leaves.*

**Frasier:** Maris? This is Frasier. I am tired of waiting for you to come out of this ridiculous deprivation tank. Now, listen. We've got to talk, we've got to talk about Niles.

*Silence.*

**Frasier:** Will you come out of there! Look, Maris... I know that you're having an affair. But I care for you both, and I want to help you do what's best for your marriage.

*Silence.*

**Frasier:** Oh, will you stop this! Just come out of this box! All right, all right! I'm going to open this door! I'm going to count to three and I don't care if you're naked! [*reconsiders*] I'm going to count to ten! Oh, the hell with this! All right!

*Frasier yanks the hatch open – and gasps. Sitting in the tank is Niles – naked, dripping wet, and speechless with horror. Marta comes back with fresh towels.*

**Frasier:** Niles... I'm so sorry. Marta, you said Mrs. Crane was in the box!

**Marta:** [*looking*] Si, Missy Crane.

**Frasier:** No, that's MISTER Crane!

**Niles:** Marta has trouble with her pronouns.

*FADE TO:*

*Scene Six – Frasier's Apartment*

*It's evening. Frasier and Martin are pacing the apartment.*

**Martin:** I'm worried about him. He's always been such a sensitive kid.

**Frasier:** You're right, Dad, and you know what? Maybe it's wise for us not to let on how worried we are. It'll only add to his anxiety.

**Martin:** Yeah, you're right. If we coddle him, he'll think this is the end of the world.

*The doorbell rings. Frasier and Martin exchange a look, then open the door to Niles.*

**Frasier:** [*cheerful*] Hello, Niles!

**Martin:** [*cheerful*] Hi, son!

*Niles breaks down and holds out his arms. Immediately, Frasier and Martin are hugging him, patting him on the back, saying "It's OK," "It's not the end of the world," "Everything's gonna be all right," and so on.*

*They steer him over to the couch. Eddie jumps up into his lap and starts licking his face.*

**Martin:** Frasier, pour him a glass of brandy.

**Frasier:** Yes, yes, yes. Oh God, you know, I'm all out of brandy. I have a marvelous sherry here, a couple of fine ports... oh, and this lovely new bottle of twelve-year-old unblended scotch. It's a little bit peaty—

**Martin:** Just pour him a drink! [*to Niles*] What happened, son?

**Niles:** Oh, nothing.

**Frasier:** Nothing? Well, when I left, you were about to storm up to Maris's bedroom and have it out with her.

**Niles:** I know. And with every step I thought of another question to fire at her, but when I reached her door, I froze. I turned on my heel, walked out of the house, got in the car and just started driving.

**Frasier:** Well, I'm glad you ended up here. [*hands him a glass of Scotch with a lemon wedge*]

**Niles:** Actually, I ended up at the Oregon border check. I had fruit in the car, so I had to turn back. What am I going to do? She's my whole life.

**Frasier:** You know, Niles, Maris may have temporarily succumbed to Gunnar's Teutonic charms, but in the end I'm sure she'll choose the man who's intelligent and sensitive.

**Niles:** Oh, Frasier. That's just something we used to tell ourselves in chess club. The truth is, women don't want men like us — men of intellect. They want men of action — men like Gunnar.

**Frasier:** Yes, well, you know this has nothing to do with Gunnar and everything to do with you and Maris. Do you remember the advice you gave me when I was having my problems with Lilith? You said that I should talk to her and find out why she did what she did.

**Niles:** It's one thing to give advice, it's another to take it.

**Martin:** Hey, hey, Fras, didn't you and Lilith once write a bunch of articles together about the keys to a successful marriage?

**Frasier:** Yes, we did.

**Martin:** Well, maybe it'd help your brother to read 'em right now.

**Frasier:** Oh. Oh, well, all right. I've only got half of them, though. Lilith got the rest in the divorce settlement.

*Frasier runs off to his room.*

**Martin:** Now, listen, now that we've gotten rid of the foghorn, here's the way you're gonna handle this. Now, you remember something like this happened between your mother and I, right?

**Niles:** Right.

**Martin:** Right. Well, the way I handled it was I took it up with the other man. I told him if it ever happened again, he'd be the other woman! Now there was a lot more that we had to do to keep our marriage together, but at least that let your mother know how much I cared for her.

**Niles:** What would you have me do? Grab Gunnar by the scruff of the neck and escort him out of my house?

**Martin:** Well, why not?

**Niles:** Well, I've been fantasizing about it! It's just not me, though... although, maybe it should be me! No, no, I've got to speak to Maris eventually... although, if I do it your way, I'm going at it from a position of strength. I'm gonna do it, Dad! Maris has fencing practice tonight, but it's Gunnar who's going to be taught a lesson!

**Martin:** That's my boy! You're sure you're up to it?

**Niles:** Yes, I am! [*he guns down the rest of his drink*] I'm pumped, I'm psyched, and I'm fairly certain I just swallowed an entire twist of lemon!

*Niles clears his throat and leaves. Frasier comes back with a sheaf of papers.*

**Frasier:** Did I just hear Niles leave?

**Martin:** Yeah, he went to straighten out that Gunnar guy!

**Frasier:** My God, Dad, how could you let him go? [*grabs his coat*] What if this Gunnar guy doesn't want to get straightened out? What if he wants to fight?

**Martin:** Well, that's all right, it's still better this way! At least he's found his manhood.

*Daphne comes out of the hallway.*

**Martin:** I tell ya, I'd be happy if Niles traded in a couple of teeth for his *cojones*!

*Frasier leaves.*



**Daphne:** I've got to stop walking in on the middle of conversations!

FADE TO:

**GET OUT YOUR DICTIONARIES**

*Scene Seven - Niles's Mansion*

*In the living room of Niles's house, Gunnar - a tall, thin-faced German - is on the couch, getting his fencing gear ready for Maris. Niles comes down the stairs, followed by Frasier and Marta.*

**Niles:** There you are! [Gunnar looks up] Yes, I'm talking to you, strudel boy! No one seduces my wife and gets away with it! You probably thought because of my refined bearing and swimmer's build that I wouldn't put up a fight for the woman I love. But you're dead wrong, because real men have a thing called "honor!" [Gunnar stands up; he's a full head taller than Niles] Yow! You wouldn't know about that, would you?

**Frasier:** Niles...

**Niles:** You wouldn't know how decent people behave.

**Frasier:** Niles...

**Niles:** You wouldn't know the meaning of the word "rectitude!"

**Frasier:** Niles, he wouldn't know the meaning of the word "dog," "cat," or "pencil!" He doesn't speak English, remember?!

**Gunnar:** [to Marta] *Wieso ist er so böse?*

**Marta:** *Ich weiss nicht.*

**Niles:** Marta! You speak German?

**Marta:** *Que?*

**Frasier:** Uh, *habla aleman?*

**Marta:** *Si! Yo trabajo para una familia alemana que llego a Guatemala despues a la Guerra.*

**Frasier:** Apparently she worked for a German family that turned up in Guatemala... [deep voice] just after the war.

*Marta frowns, while Frasier gives her a very Jack Benny look.*

**Niles:** Well, well, good, good! She can translate for me! Tell her to tell him-

**Frasier:** Niles, Niles, just wait!

**Niles:** What?

**Frasier:** Look at him! God, if he knew you were calling him "strudel boy," he'd be wiping his feet on your face!

**Niles:** Hang that, Frasier! If there're going to be scuffs, they'll be scuffs of honor. [to Gunnar] How dare you steal my wife! [to Frasier] Translate!

**Frasier:** Oh, all right. [to Marta] *Senor Crane quiere que preguntas a Gunnar, uh, "Como se atrevez a robar mis zapatos!"*

**Marta:** [to Gunnar] *Was fallt Dir ein meine Schuhe zu stehlen?*

*Finally understanding, Gunnar draws his sword on Niles.*

**Gunnar:** *Schweinehund!*

*Frasier and Marta jump back in alarm.*

**Niles:** All right, fine, you want to challenge me? [throws off his jacket and grabs the other sword] *En garde!*

**Frasier:** Oh yes, Niles, that's just what we need, a fourth language! Niles, you can't possibly fight this man!

**Niles:** Are you forgetting? I've been fencing since prep school!

**Frasier:** Yes, oh, so what? The man was obviously born with a sword in

his hand! He probably performed his own Caesarean!

*Gunnar attacks. Niles scrambles to defend himself.*

**Niles:** Oh my God, he's gonna kill me.

*Gunnar attacks again, driving Niles back to the fireplace.*

**Niles:** [pointing] *Farvegnugen!*

**Gunnar:** [looking] *Farvegnugen?*

*Niles breaks away and dashes across the room, tipping over the couch as he goes. Gunnar chases him, and they fight near the stairs. Gunnar makes a sudden slash, shattering a Ming vase.*

**Gunnar:** [apologizing]

**Niles:** Oh, very nice, very nice, thank you!

*Realizing what's going on, they start to fight again. They lock their swords together, and Gunnar pushes Niles upstairs, out of sight.*

*A moment later, Niles runs downstairs and hides behind the stairwell pillar. When Gunnar comes down looking for him, Niles ambushes him.*

*Niles fends off Gunnar's attacks and jumps up onto the piano. Laughing with sheer adrenaline, he shakes his hips and gives Gunnar a "Take Your Best Shot!" grin.*

*They fight some more. Niles slashes at Gunnar's head, but he ducks. Gunnar slashes at Niles's ankle, but he hops over it. Niles grins and swashes his sword back and forth. Gunnar swashes his own sword. Niles swashes his sword again, but loses his grip and drops it on the floor.*

*As Gunnar presses forward, Niles turns, jumps, and swings across the room on the chandelier like a pirate in a movie – only the roof plaster cracks, and Niles falls sprawling onto the floor.*

**Frasier:** Niles! Niles! Niles, my God, are you all right?

*Before Niles can get up, Gunnar presses the tip of his sword into the soft flesh of his neck.*

**Gunnar:** *Entschuldige Dich sofort! Ich habe nicht Deine Schuhe gestohlen!*

**Niles:** [meekly, to Frasier] Is he giving up?

**Marta:** *Piedme perdon! Yo no te robo sus zapatos!*

**Frasier:** He says he wants you to apologize. He didn't steal... your shoes.

**Niles:** My shoes?!

**Frasier:** Yes, I'm sorry. Apparently I mistranslated. [to Marta] Look, he didn't mean, uh... not shoes, wife! *No zapatos, esposa!*

**Marta:** [to Gunnar] *Nicht Schuhe, Frau!*

**Gunnar:** *Frau?*

*Mumbling in German, Gunnar takes his sword away and sinks into a chair.*

**Gunnar:** *Maris ist unwiderstehlich.*

**Marta:** [to Frasier] *No me puede contralar. Maris est irresistible.*

**Frasier:** [to Niles] He couldn't help himself, Maris is irresistible. [to Marta, in Spanish] *Irresistible?*

**Marta:** [to Gunnar] *Unwiderstehlich?*

**Gunnar:** *Ja.*

**Marta:** *Si.*

**Frasier:** O-kayy.

**Gunnar:** *Aber sie hat mich abgewiesen.*

**Marta:** *Pero me rechazo.*

**Frasier:** Oh, but she refused him.

**Niles:** Really?

**Frasier:** *Verdad?*

**Marta:** *Wirklich?*

*Gunnar throws up his hand. Marta throws up her hand to Frasier, who throws up his hand to Niles, who also throws up his hand.*

**Niles:** Well, what did Maris say?

**Frasier:** *Que decia?*

**Marta:** *Was hat sie gesagt?*

**Gunnar:** *"Ich liebe Niles."*

**Marta:** *"Yo amo Niles."*

**Frasier:** "I love Niles."

**Niles:** She loves me! [*hugs Frasier*] Oh, she loves me! [*hugs Marta*] My marriage is whole!

*He moves to hug Gunnar, but ends up just patting him on the shoulders.*

**Niles:** Give me five seconds, then tell him he's fired. [*running upstairs*] Maris!

*He exits.*

**Frasier:** Oh lord, if only I can do something to help Gunnar and Gretchen.

**Gunnar:** [*looking up*] Gretchen?

**Frasier:** *Ja, ja, uh...* [*to Marta*] Tell him that his wife loves him very much. Uh, I mean, *diga a Gunnar que su esposa le ama mucho.*

**Marta:** *Diem Frau* [*points at Frasier*] *liebt ihn sehr.*

*Frasier smiles beatifically. Gunnar draws his sword, enraged.*

**Gunnar:** *SCHWEINEHUND!*

**Frasier:** No, no, not me! You, you! Marta, damn your pronoun problems!

*He scrambles to the other side of the room. Then, getting into the spirit, he takes a sword down from the mantle and roars a challenge at Gunnar.*

**Frasier:** All right, then, you hapless wretch!

*They start to fence.*

END OF ACT TWO

**Credits:**

Niles enters the bathroom wearing a bathrobe and carrying a tray. On the tray are an ice bucket with a bottle of champagne, and a red rose.

He knocks on the hatch. It opens. He pours a glass of champagne and holds it into the hatchway. An unseen hand takes it. He puts the rose in his mouth, but pricks himself on one of the thorns. He hands Maris the rose, then slides into the tank with his own glass of champagne, pulling the hatch closed behind him.

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## Guest Appearances

### Guest Starring

BRIAN COUSINS as Gunnar

IRENE OLGA LOPEZ as Marta

### Guest Callers

GLENNE HEADLY as Gretchen

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## Legal Stuff

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