

# [2.23]The Innkeepers

---

The Innkeepers

Written by David Lloyd

Directed by James Burrows

---

Production Code: 2.23

Episode Number In Production Order: 43

Original Airdate on NBC: 16th May 1995

Episode filmed on

Transcript written on 15th June 2000

Transcript revised on 8th February 2003

Transcript revised second on 28th June 2004

---

## AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

### Nominated

EMMY

- **Outstanding Art Direction for a Series:** Roy Christopher, Ron Olsen
- 

## Transcript {David Langley}

ACT ONE

Scene One - KACL

FADE IN

*Frasier is in the producer's booth with Roz. Gil is on the air.*

**Gil:** And so, in the opinion of this critic, Mickey's Good Time Tavern is anything but. Dismal decor, perfunctory service, and cuisine which is only marginally preferable to hunger. [He waves to Frasier.] And finally, on a sadder note, after fifty-three years in the same location, Orsini's is closing its doors. And so tonight, a sad adieu to the grande dame of Seattle restaurants.

**Roz:** [aside to Frasier] I thought HE was the grande dame of Seattle restaurants.

*Frasier swallows a laugh and bats her shoulder in mock reproof.*

**Gil:** Until next time, this is Gil Chesterton saying *bon appetite*, *buon appetito* and nifty noshing.

*He goes off the air. Frasier and Roz come into the booth.*

**Roz:** Gil, why is Orsini's closing?

**Gil:** Well, the owner's getting old, he wants to sell. And just between us, I'm afraid Orsini's a bit like wine that's stayed too long in the cellar. It retains only memories of its former glory.

**Frasier:** Not comping your check anymore?

**Gil:** Not for months now. [*He leaves.*]

**Frasier:** You know, Orsini's used to be my favorite restaurant.  
You ever been there, Roz?

**Roz:** Are you kidding? My typical date's idea of a gourmet evening is take out, make out, and home by Letterman.

*Niles enters holding something in a bag.*

**Niles:** Knock knock!

**Frasier:** Hello, Niles. It's not really a good time for a visit, show starts in two minutes.

**Niles:** Just enough time to show you the John Steinbeck first edition I bought at the rare book fair. [*takes the book out of the bag and shows him*] "Saint Katy the Virgin" in like-new condition.

**Frasier:** Yes, well, she'd have to be, wouldn't she?

**Niles:** It's quite a charming book, really. It's a shame more people haven't read it.

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

**Niles:** Don't touch! The smallest smudge decreases its value.

**Frasier:** Oh, Niles, guess what thriving Seattle night spot is closing its doors.

**Niles:** Roz, you're moving.

*Roz glares at him, then plucks the book from his hands and licks the back cover. He is stunned and wipes it off with his handkerchief. She goes back to her booth.*

**Frasier:** No, Niles. Orsini's is closing.

**Niles:** Oh, it can't be. It's part of Crane history. Grandfather took me there for my eighth birthday.

*Roz comes in to drop some papers on Frasier's desk, Niles hides the book in his jacket.*

**Frasier:** Thank you, Roz.

**Niles:** Childhood memories, so vivid. Wearing paper hats, singing Happy Birthday, sending back the Veal Prince Orlov.

**Roz:** Thirty seconds, Frasier.

**Frasier:** Thank you, Roz. Niles, tonight let's go to Orsini's for one glorious farewell dinner.

**Niles:** Why not? I'll make the reservations. We'll take Dad and Daphne.

**Frasier:** Great. Will Maris be joining us?

**Niles:** Ohhh... sadly, no. She had a bad experience there one Christmas Eve. An Italian soccer team was sitting at the next table, Maris announced she was in the mood for a goose, and - perhaps inevitably - tragedy ensued.

*He leaves.*

FADE OUT

## LE FRERES HEUREUX

*Scene Two - Orsini's*

*Fade in.*

*The restaurant is very fancy, but almost completely empty. Martin, Daphne, Frasier and Niles enter down the staircase.*

**Frasier:** What has happened to this place?

**Niles:** I know. It's like running into a movie star you worshipped

as a child, only time has left her hair brittle, her eyes sunken and dull, her skin waxy and sallow...

**Martin:** Well, I got quite an appetite. How 'bout you, Daph?

*They approach the Maitre D'.*

**Maitre D':** Yes, sir. Do you have a reservation?

**Frasier:** Yes, the name is Crane, for four.

*Despite the near-emptiness of the place, the Maitre D' makes a show of checking his book.*

**Maitre D':** Ah, table nine seems to be free. Right this way sir, your waiter will be with you in a moment.

*He leads them to their seats.*

**Frasier:** [*holding Daphne's chair*] Thank you. Over here, Daph.

**Daphne:** Oh, thank you.

*Niles notices an elderly waiter crossing the room.*

**Niles:** Dad, Frasier, isn't that Otto?

**Frasier:** Oh my God, I believe it is. You know, Otto is legendary here. He's been with them forever, he never writes a single thing down, he keeps it all in his head. [*calling out*] Otto!

**Otto:** Oh, coming up. [*He hands Frasier a folder.*] Your check, sir.

**Frasier:** No, no. Wrong table. We would like menus, please.

**Otto:** Sorry. I hate it when we get crowded.

**Martin:** I'm goin' to the john. Order me a beer.

**Frasier:** Oh gee, Dad, for a moment there, I thought you were going to surprise me and order a glass of wine.

**Martin:** Oh yeah, for a moment there I thought you were gonna surprise me and button your yap.

*He goes off.*

**Frasier:** I'd order him the crab cocktail, but I'm afraid the irony would be lost on him.

**Niles:** The owner's going to have his hands full trying to find a buyer for this place.

**Frasier:** Yes, alas. I'm afraid we've found one old relic who's time has come to be put out of his misery. [*Otto has come back and looks worried at this.*] Oh no, Otto, I didn't mean you.

**Otto:** Your menus, sir.

*He hands them out, they all say "Thank you." Otto holds up Martin's menu questioningly.*

**Niles:** It's all right. He's in the men's room.

*Otto nods and heads that way.*

**Frasier:** No, no, leave it here.

**Daphne:** Why are Americans always in such an almighty rush to tear things down? At home, we treasure our antiques but you people just can't wait to bring in the bulldozers.

**Niles:** You know, I'm inclined to agree with Daphne.

**Frasier:** I'll try to contain my amazement.

**Daphne:** It would be a crime to lose a landmark like this. I mean, look at it. It's well built, good structure.

**Niles:** It does have good bones. It's in a very good location.

**Frasier:** Excellent location. If they only had valet parking...

**Niles:** If they just took down those awful curtains...

**Frasier:** Knocked out these pillars...

*Frasier and Niles stop and look at each other with growing smiles.*

**Frasier:** You know, I've always dreamed of owning a four-star restaurant.

**Niles:** What growing boy hasn't?

**Frasier:** Of course, we'd need a new chef.

**Niles:** I happen to know the chef at Emilio's is very unhappy.

**Frasier:** Of course, everyone knows that. The man's scongili is a cry for help.

*Martin comes back and sits down.*

**Niles:** Frasier, are you thinking what I'm thinking?

**Frasier:** I'm picking out china and sandblasting the wine cave!

**Daphne:** Owning a restaurant is hard work. If you don't scald yourself or lop off a finger with a cleaver, you spend your whole time gagging at grease fires, killing rats and brawling with labor racketeers. [*off their shocked expressions*] My auntie had a little tea room.

**Martin:** Wait a minute! Don't tell me you two are seriously considering doing a dumb-ass, idiotic thing like buying this place?

**Frasier:** With all due respect, Dad, we are not exactly neophytes in this field. We know food, we know wine...

**Niles:** Lord knows we have style, taste and refinement...

**Martin:** You see, that's what always gets you guys in trouble. You don't think about the hard work or the long hours. No, to you, owning a restaurant is just wearing fancy clothes, hobnobbing with your friends and turning your enemies away at the door.

**Niles:** [*excited*] I hadn't even thought about that!

**Martin:** Look, when I was a cop walkin' the beat, there was this one restaurant on the corner. In ten years, it must have changed hands twenty times. First it was Ling Fun's Lichi Palace, then it was Tony's Meatball Hutch, then it was A Little Taste of Yorkshire - English food. Huh, big surprise, that lasted about five minutes.

*Daphne is not amused.*

**Niles:** You know, Frasier, Dad has a point. A lot of people have lost a lot of money in this business for one reason: they picked the wrong name.

*Martin gives Niles a dark look.*

**Frasier:** True, Niles, but I've got something very special. I was thinking about this while Dad was talking.

*Martin gives Frasier a darker look.*

**Frasier:** "Maison Crane." [*then*] Oh, God, you're right, it's a little too obvious.

**Niles:** We want our name to be inviting and welcoming. Oh, oh, what's the word for "lighthearted" in French?

**Frasier:** [*thinking a moment*] There isn't one. I've got it, Niles, I've got it! *Le Freres Heureux*.

**Niles:** "The Happy Brothers"... Brilliant! It's homey, but just hard enough to pronounce to intimidate the riff-raff!

**Frasier:** Yes! We'll make the place very, very exclusive! No sign on the outside, no advertisements and oh, an unlisted number!

**Martin:** Hey, well don't stop there! Maybe you could post some guards on the roof who can shoot people as they try to get in.  
[Daphne laughs.]

**Frasier:** Never mind him. I believe, Niles. Do you believe?

**Niles:** I believe.

*Otto comes back.*

**Otto:** Have you decided what you'd like?

**Frasier:** Yes. I'd like the whole damn place! Right from the wine cellar to the rafters!

**Otto:** And for the lady?

*DISSOLVE TO: opening night at Le Freres Heureux.*

*All the tables are packed with elegant couples and parties. Niles comes from the kitchen in a tuxedo and joins Frasier, similarly attired, to gaze in pride over the redecorated restaurant.*

*FADE OUT*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**NO EELS WERE HARMED DURING  
THE MAKING OF THIS EPISODE**

*Scene One - Le Freres Heureux*

*FADE IN.*

*The same scene.*

**Niles:** We're a hit, a palpable hit. Every table in the place is full. Except for that tiny one, wedged in that horrible dank little corner next to the men's room.

**Frasier:** No, no, no, Niles. That is not a dank little corner next to the men's room. That is the "Enchanted Grotto."

**Niles:** I've been getting nothing but compliments.

**Frasier:** Yes, Chef Maurice has really outdone himself. The menu simply cannot be improved upon.

**Niles:** [tasting a dish] I agree. Mmm, unless it would be to add just a soupçon of brandy to the cherries jubilee?

**Frasier:** [tasting] Mmm. Yes, yes. I want those cherries to be jubilant.

*Niles adds brandy to the cherries as Frasier walks over to Martin and Daphne.*

**Frasier:** Daphne, Dad, everything all right here?

**Daphne:** Oh yes, Dr. Crane. Whatever this anguille is, it's perfectly smashing!

**Frasier:** It's our chef's specialty. The man can do things with eels you just wouldn't believe!

**Martin:** I arrested a guy for that once.

**Daphne:** You and your brother really pulled it off, Dr. Crane.

**Frasier:** Yes, well, sorry to disappoint you Dad, but the restaurant is a success. By tomorrow we'll be the toast of Seattle.

*Martin just shakes his head as Frasier walks away. As he passes the*

*cherries jubilee, he stops and adds more brandy.*

*CUT TO: the kitchen. The sous-chef is puttering around a large aquarium tank. Niles hovers behind him.*

**Niles:** What's in there?

**Sous-Chef:** [*holding up an eel*] Anguille.

**Niles:** Dear God!

**Sous-Chef:** It's Maurice's specialty. He prefers to kill them to order, then serve them with their heads still on.

**Niles:** Thank God his specialty isn't roast beef.

*He turns to Maurice, who is measuring out soufflés into ramekins.*

**Niles:** Are those the soufflés for table nine, Maurice?

**Maurice:** I'm just about to bake them.

**Niles:** I know it's not my place to second guess your presentation, but would you be averse to trying something radical?

**Maurice:** [*suspicious*] What?

**Niles:** Well, instead of individual soufflés, bake one large soufflé and dish the portions out at the table. When people hear the name Niles Crane, I want them to think "Big souffle."

**Maurice:** As you wish.

*Niles heads out to the dining room. He is met by a waiter.*

**Waiter:** There's a party at the door without a tie or a reservation.

**Niles:** Leave them to me.

*He goes to the stairs to find Bulldog and a young lady there.*

**Bulldog:** Hey, Miles, baby!

**Niles:** Good evening, Mr. Briscoe. May I help you?

**Bulldog:** [*indicating the girl*] Does it look like I need help tonight?

**Niles:** Do you have a reservation?

**Bulldog:** Okay, okay, I know what you're sniffin' around for. These guys are all alike. Mr. Lincoln wonders if you've got a table for the Bulldog and his lady.

*He stuffs a five in Niles's pocket.*

**Niles:** Well, Mr. Lincoln's in luck. [*to waiter*] Please, seat these people in "The Enchanted Grotto."

**Frasier:** Niles, the Grotto? Oh, Bulldog, enjoy our finest table.

**Bulldog:** There, you see that? Little flash of green and you get anything you want. But look who I'm telling.

*Frasier heads to the kitchen as Niles adds more brandy to the cherries.*

*CUT TO: the kitchen as Frasier enters.*

**Frasier:** Um, Maurice? It's not to second-guess your creativity, but... [*Maurice glares at him.*] I thought we agreed that we would serve the soufflés in individual cups.

**Maurice:** But I was asked to change.

**Frasier:** Change on opening night? Good lord, no, no. Start pouring, man.

*He goes back to the dining room as Maurice pours.*

**Frasier:** Dad, Daphne, if you're almost finished, I can call for your car.

**Daphne:** You know, your parking attendant looked familiar.

**Frasier:** It was Otto, the waiter. Didn't have the heart to let him go, so... [He pulls out a walkie-talkie] Hello, Otto?

**Otto:** [from radio] Who is this?

**Frasier:** [patiently] Dr. Crane, Otto. Please bring up car forty-four, please. Thank you. [to Martin and Daphne] Little innovation of mine. This way, your car will be waiting when you're finished.

*Frasier heads for the kitchen, but stops to add some brandy to the cherries.*

*CUT TO: the kitchen where Niles spots Maurice with the soufflés.*

**Niles:** Maurice, I thought we agreed, one large bowl for the soufflé.

**Maurice:** This is crazy! This is my kitchen!

**Niles:** Well, it's in my restaurant, so one big bowl, chop chop! [to a waiter] And you, you, you! Table twelve is still waiting for their entrée. Don't force me to send them complimentary zucchini.

*Niles turns to enter the dining room, but the door stops with a thump.*

**Waiter:** Uh, that's the "In" door, sir.

**Niles:** Good lord, I wonder what I hit.

*CUT TO: the dining room. A waiter is laid out in front of the doors, the bartender rushes over.*

**Bartender:** What happened?

**Frasier:** I think this man must've fainted. Here, help me get him into the kitchen.

*They pick the man up and start to carry him, but Frasier hits the wrong door which stops with a thump.*

**Bartender:** That's the "Out" door!

**Frasier:** Well, no harm done.

*CUT TO: the kitchen as they carry the unconscious waiter in. The waiter from the kitchen is holding his bleeding nose.*

**Niles:** Good lord, I think his nose is broken.

**Sous-Chef:** What should we do?

**Niles:** Well for one thing, start ladling out zucchini.

**Sous-Chef:** That one's out cold.

**Bartender:** Give me a hand, I'll take them both to the emergency room.

**Frasier:** Yes, that's a good idea. Please help this man.

*The bartender exits carrying the unconscious waiter, while the other waiter is helped out by one of the kitchen staff.*

**Niles:** [with rising panic] Frasier, true to our name I'm trying to remain a happy brother, but do you find it just the tiniest bit discouraging that suddenly we find ourselves with neither waiters nor a bartender?!

**Frasier:** First rule of the kitchen, Niles: remain calm.

*He notices Maurice and the soufflés.*

**Frasier:** NO, NO, NO! I told you individual cups, you oaf!

**Niles:** I told him one large bowl.

**Frasier:** Are you out of your mind?! You told him what?

*They start bickering. Maurice takes off his apron and hat and heads for the door. They plead with him to stop, but he is gone.*

**Niles:** Oh, fine, now what?

**Frasier:** Simple. We'll just make a battlefield promotion.

*He hands Maurice's hat to the sous-chef.*

**Frasier:** Congratulations! You are our new head chef.

**Sous-Chef:** Sank you.

**Frasier:** Now make us proud! We've got a lot of very important clientele out there.

**Niles:** Yes, the Governor's table alone has two state senators and the head of the Immigration Bureau.

**Sous-Chef:** *Sacre Merde!*

*At the words "immigration bureau" the Sous-Chef and everyone in the kitchen runs out the back.*

**Frasier:** Any other names you'd like to drop?

**Niles:** Fine, now we have no chef!

*Frasier picks up the chef's hat and looks at Niles.*

**Niles:** No... No... Put the hat down! No, no...

**Frasier:** [*puts it on Niles's head*] You are our new head chef.

**Niles:** Don't be absurd, I can't possibly cook all this food!

**Frasier:** Oh, of course you can, Niles. My God, most of the meals are already started. Dad and Daphne can help us out. [*into the walkie-talkie*] Otto, cancel car number forty-four.

**Otto:** Who is this?

**Frasier:** It's Dr. Crane! It's always Dr. Crane, I'm the only one on here!

*Frasier runs out and catches Martin and Daphne as they are about to head out.*

**Frasier:** Dad, Daphne, we need your help, we've had a little disaster.

**Martin:** [*loudly*] Disaster?!

**Frasier:** Will you...! The entire staff has walked out, it's a long story, but Daphne, I need you in the kitchen; and I need you behind the bar, Dad. [*off Martin's look*] You can gloat later.

**Martin:** I'll pencil it in.

**Daphne:** Well, it won't be the first time I've had to wash dishes for my supper, but who's going to wait on all these tables?

*Behind them, Roz arrives with her date.*

**Roz:** Oh, Frasier...

**Frasier:** [*kissing her on the cheeks*] Roz! Roz! Roz! Oh, Roz!

**Roz:** I'm glad to see you too. Frasier, this is my date, Brad.

**Frasier:** Brad, pleasure.

**Roz:** Pretty great, huh?

**Frasier:** Oh, yes, yes.

**Roz:** So, you've got our special table?

**Frasier:** Yes, I certainly have. But before you sit at it, there's something I want to discuss with you. [*He leads her to the kitchen.*]

**Roz:** It's probably some kind of surprise.

**Frasier:** Oh, try to fool you...

*Brad sits at the bar.*



**Martin:** What's your poison?

**Brad:** Oh, I don't know. Maybe I should wait for Roz.

**Martin:** I'd have one now.

*Roz storms out of the kitchen, followed by a hushing Frasier.*

**Roz:** Blackmailer!

*She goes over to Brad.*

**Roz:** Honey? Listen, I'm really, really sorry, but Frasier's a dear friend and his waiters have had a terrible accident and this is his grand opening and he really, really needs my help so I hope you'll try to understand.

**Brad:** No problem. Listen, could I get a menu and maybe some bread and butter?

*Roz grits her teeth and goes back to the kitchen. Frasier approaches Martin.*

**Frasier:** Dad...

**Martin:** [*grinning*] Hey, buddy. You from around here? How 'bout those Supersonics?

**Frasier:** Listen, Niles is starting to panic in the kitchen. I don't know if we're going to be able to pull this thing off.

**Martin:** Why don't you just level with them? Tell 'em what happened. People are more understanding than you think.

**Frasier:** Well, maybe you're right. Maybe honesty is the best policy. Everyone? Excuse me. Ladies and gentlemen, I would just like to say...

**Gil:** [*entering with a party*] Good evening, Frasier.

**Frasier:** *Bon appetite!* Gil! Gil, my God, what a surprise to see you. I thought you never reviewed opening night.

**Gil:** You're my friend. I made an exception. And as a special surprise, I brought an entire table of restaurant critics.

**Frasier:** Oh, well, that's... We're so booked up I don't know if we can accommodate you.

**Gil:** Oh, we'll take that one over there. We don't mind squeezing in.

*They seat themselves.*

**Gil:** We're simply salivating to try your anguille. We hear your chef's an absolute wizard with eels.

**Frasier:** Well, that was his old specialty. You really must try his new specialty: scrambled eggs. [*Gil gives him a very dry look*] Eels it is.

*CUT TO: the kitchen. Niles and Daphne are frantically making dishes. Roz comes in.*

**Roz:** Okay, table four wants to make some changes: they want the sole beranica without the grapes. [*Daphne begins flicking off the grapes.*] Spinach instead of broccoli and risotto instead of pasta. They also want the swordfish but hold the capers...

**Daphne:** Oh, for heaven's sakes, can't you just tell them no substitutions?

**Roz:** I have trouble saying no.

**Niles:** So the guidebooks tell us.

**Roz:** You want to get thrown in the tank with the rest of the eels?

**Daphne:** Well, you're not making this very easy. You waltz in here, queen of the waitresses, la-di-da, extra broccoli, hold the

capers, and then you go back out on the fun side of the door.

**Roz:** You want to trade places with me, Mary Poppins? Be my guest!

**Niles:** How dare you use that tone with her!

*They begin yelling at each other. Just as Daphne threatens Roz with her fists, and Roz motions her to bring it on, Frasier comes in and slams a hand onto a counter.*

**Frasier:** ALL RIGHT, STOP IT! [*they shut up*] Get a grip. You're not being asked to do anything that none of us hasn't done before in our own kitchens in our own homes. Now quick, Niles, kill five eels!

*He starts to exit, as Roz sullenly grabs two plates and carries them out.*

**Niles:** Wait, wait! [*Frasier stops*] What?!

**Frasier:** I'm serious! Every restaurant critic in Seattle is out there and they all want anguille, so start killing eels!

**Niles:** Wait, wait! How do you suggest I do that?

**Frasier:** How do I know? You're the chef. Throw a toaster in the damn tank for all I care!

*He heads back to the dining room, as Roz re-enters and grabs two more plates.*

**Frasier:** Not to worry, Gil, the eels are on their way.

**Gil:** Our mouths are watering, Frasier.

**Frasier:** Our chef is in the process of...

*The lights flicker, a humming sound is heard from the kitchen.*

**Frasier:** ...frying them now.

*Frasier heads towards the kitchen, but is stopped by a customer.*

**Customer:** Excuse me. This is veal piccata, I ordered veal marsala.

**Frasier:** So it is. I'll rectify that at once. I'll be right back.

*He takes the plate and goes to the kitchen. Niles is working on the meals, Daphne is at the sink.*

**Frasier:** Niles, this veal piccata has to be veal marsala!

*He hands the plate to Niles who picks up the veal with his tongs and flings it over his shoulder. Daphne snatches it from the air and rinses it off under the spray nozzle. Niles wipes the plate clean and holds it out while getting a dipper of sauce. Daphne tosses the washed-off veal onto the plate, Niles covers it with sauce and hands it back to Frasier who grabs some garnish from a bowl and sprinkles it on top. All this is done in less time than it takes you to read it.*

**Niles:** Now it is.

*Roz comes in.*

**Roz:** The mayor's table all want cherries jubilee for dessert.

**Frasier:** All right, fine. You flame them, I'll be out to serve them.

*He tosses a box of matches at Roz. She makes no effort to catch them and they sail through the door, which she lets close behind her.*

*Still holding the plate, Frasier turns to Niles, who is standing at the*

tank.

**Frasier:** Niles, how are those eels coming?

**Niles:** I'm just trimming them now. [*hacks at the water with a cleaver*]

**Frasier:** Oh no, Niles! Take them out of the tank!

**Niles:** Not until I'm sure they're dead! [*keeps hacking*]

**Daphne:** Oh, for heaven's sakes!

*Daphne throws down her wash cloth, marches over to the tank, reaches in, grabs an eel, and, in a wild overhand swing, smashes it against the cook's table. She then hands the eel to a shocked Niles.*

*Suddenly there is a flash of light and a whump sound from the dining room, the doors swing inward and a billow of smoke curls into the kitchen.*

**Frasier:** What was that?

*Roz comes in. Her hair is blown back, her face is covered in soot, her dress is stained red.*

**Roz:** [*in a shell-shocked voice*] Big blue flash... cherries everywhere...

**Daphne:** Lucky it didn't set off the sprinkler system.

**Frasier:** Yes, fortunately we have a built-in safety delay for just this sort of thing. It gives you fifteen seconds before the sprinklers... [*The sprinklers kick in.*] ...kick in.

**Daphne:** Where do I turn that off?

**Frasier:** Right over there.

**Niles:** I hope you're satisfied! You've thinned my brown sauce!

*Daphne shuts off the sprinklers. Frasier reenters the dining room. Everyone is soaked and getting up to leave.*

**Frasier:** Good news! That was just a test!

*The veal customer comes up and mashes a ticket against his chest.*

**Customer:** I want my car, now!

**Frasier:** Yes, ma'am, right away. [*He grabs the radio.*] Quick, Otto, bring car twenty-three right away.

**Otto:** [*v.o.*] Who is this?

**Frasier:** It's the voice of God!

*As the guests angrily file out the door, Bulldog appears, standing on a chair.*

**Bulldog:** Hey Doc, Doc. Great touch with the sprinklers! My date's dress is clinging to her like Saran Wrap!

**Frasier:** Ladies and gentlemen, every restaurant has its little adjustment period. I'm sure someday you'll look back on this and remember it as an adventure!

**Gil:** And if they don't remember it, I'll remind them.

**Frasier:** Now for those of you who are leaving, please keep us in mind for your next special occasion. We plan many new and exciting innovations in the weeks to come.

*A car smashes through the wall, scattering the screaming guests.*

**Frasier:** Starting with our... our drive-through window.

*As the final guests stampede out the door, Otto sticks his head out the*

car window.

**Otto:** Number twenty-three is ready.

FADE TO:

Scene Two - Le Freres Heureux

FADE IN.

The room is deserted, the car is still in the wall, there is water everywhere, and angry red stains on the walls. We pan across to where Niles is sitting, staring at the ceiling. Frasier is sitting next to him, eating the remains of a cherries jubilee.

**Niles:** How much firepower do you suppose is necessary to imbed a cherry in an acoustic ceiling tile?

**Frasier:** [*glancing up*] Another question we should have asked ourselves before we entered the exciting world of food service.

Martin enters from the kitchen.

**Martin:** Man, those eels are starting to stink.

**Niles:** Dad, for an hour you've been circling us like a shark. Why don't you just give us your little speech and get on with it?

**Martin:** Hey, come on, I know you guys. You're gonna punish yourselves enough without me chimin' in.

**Frasier:** Thanks.

**Niles:** Appreciate it.

**Martin:** Hey, I'm your dad.

The phone rings, he answers it.

**Martin:** Hello, Happy Brothers Restaurant. Table for two? Yeah, no problem. Smoke-damaged or non-smoke-damaged?

He laughs.

**Frasier:** You know, we could tell people he died in the explosion.

As Niles nods in agreement, we FADE OUT.

**Credits:**

Bulldog comes from the back room, putting on his shirt. He has a lipstick stain on his forehead. He stares around the ruined restaurant, collects wine from several glasses into one, puts a flower in his waistband and heads back.

## Guest Appearances

### Guest Starring

EDWARD HIBBERT as Gil Chesterton

MIKE NUSSBAUM as Maitre D'

NATHAN DAVIS as Otto

DIEDRICH BADER as Brad

JAY BELL as Maurice

ALAN SHEARMAN as Sous Chef

ROBERT LEE JACOBS as Waiter

TOM HEWITT as Bartender

DEBORAH LACEY as Customer

## Legal Stuff

This episode capsule is copyright 2000 by Nick Hartley, D Langley.  
This episode summary remains property of Frasier, Copyright  
of Paramount Productions and NBC. Printed without permission.