

## [2.3]The Matchmaker

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The Matchmaker

Written by Joe Keenan

Directed by David Lee

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Production Code: 2.3

Episode Number In Production Order: 28

Episode Filmed on

Original Airdate on NBC: 4th October 1994

Transcript written on 18th February 1999

Transcript revised on 8th February 2003

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### Premise

When Daphne's love life is in a rut, Frasier acts as a matchmaker and brings his new boss, Tom, to his apartment to try and put him with Daphne. There's just one catch Frasier doesn't realise; Tom's gay and is interested in Frasier.

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### Reviews

#### **Matthew Barr:**

Keenan's first outing (no pun intended) sets the record straight (no pun intended) that Frasier's second season can hold up to the first. After some lacklustre episodes, this episode begins Keenan's tradition of farce that will continue to "The Two Mrs. Cranes" and "The Ski Lodge." Very well acted, with some great lines ("The Perils of Refinement," "If I could pick any man for Daphne, he's the one I'd pick," etc.), the only slow parts were the beginning which could have had more of an impact. Still, watch this episode for a gay old time!

**Grade: B+**

#### **Michael Lee:**

This episode deserves special mention for two reasons: first, it marks the beginning of Joe Keenan's tenure with "Frasier," and a herald of some of the show's all-time funniest episodes. Second, it was a landmark in and of itself, and won a special award from GLAAD (the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation), in recognition of the difficulty of introducing gay humor into a mainstream comedy show without conforming to stereotypes. This is a challenge even for writers who are gay themselves, and Keenan succeeds brilliantly. The misunderstanding he sets up for the premise is perfectly credible, and Keenan hits several existing assumptions without relying on them to keep the plot going. With this episode, "Frasier" (and Keenan) broke new ground and proved some important things, without which later shows like "Will & Grace" would not have been tried.

**A-**

*[This episode is virtually reproduced (but with Martin in the hot seat) in [\[7.15\] Out With Dad](#)]*

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## AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

## Won

### DIRECTORS GUILD OF AMERICA

- **Outstanding Directorial Achievement in Comedy Series:** David Lee, Bill Carroll, Brian James Ellis, Katy Garretson, Rick Beren

### EMMY

- **Outstanding Directing for a Comedy Series:** David Lee

### ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

- **Reader's Favorites:** 4TH

### GLAAD MEDIA AWARDS

- **Outstanding Comedy Episode**

### WRITERS GUILD OF AMERICA

- **Episodic Comedy (TV):** Joe Keenan

## Nominated

### EMMY

- **Outstanding Multi-Camera Picture Editing for a Series:** Ron Volk
- **Outstanding Writing for a Comedy Series:** Joe Keenan

## Transcript {nicholas hartley}

### ACT ONE

*Scene One - Apartment - Night*

*It's late at night and everyone is fast asleep in the Crane household. Suddenly, the fire alarm goes off.*

*Martin and Frasier come running out in their sleepwear, panicking.*

**Frasier:** Oh my God! Fire!

**Martin:** Eddie! Eddie! Where are you, boy?

**Frasier:** Dad, wake up! Dad, are you in there?

**Martin:** Eddie! Here, Eddie! Come on!

**Frasier:** Dad, where are you? Where's the fire?

*Frasier turns the lights on.*

**Martin:** Have you seen Eddie?

**Frasier:** What's burning? Where's the fire?

**Martin:** Eddie!

*Then Daphne comes running out in her nightie.*

**Daphne:** It's alright, it's alright! False alarm! The one above my bed went off.

*Frasier and Martin sag, breathing heavily.*

**Frasier:** Thank God!

**Daphne:** Oh, and don't worry about Eddie - he's back in my room. God, the noise the bloody thing makes! It would be less upsetting just to wake up on fire!

**Martin:** What the hell triggered it?

**Daphne:** Who knows? I was dozing quite peacefully when it started screaming away for no reason at all.

*Eddie runs in and jumps onto the chair with a packet of cigarettes in his mouth.*

**Frasier:** I see. [*takes the packet*] What have we here? Eddie, you've been smoking in Daphne's bedroom, bad dog!

**Daphne:** I know, you have a no-smoking rule. I'm sorry. But every now and again I feel a bit tense and I find a ciggy can be very soothing.

**Martin:** Oh yeah, it's real soothing. It only should be an hour before my heart stops fibrillating. [*exits*]

**Frasier:** [*reading clock*] Oh, it figures, 3 AM. Of course this would happen the night before I have an early morning meeting!

*He starts to exit, but notices Daphne sitting on the couch, depressed.*

**Frasier:** Daphne, aren't you going back to bed?

**Daphne:** No. I'll just sit up for a bit, I'm feeling a bit blue.

**Frasier:** Anything you'd like to talk about?

**Daphne:** No, you need your sleep, it's nothing important. [*he starts to exit*] Just this feeling that my life's a gaping sinkhole and I'm just marking time while the flower of my youth rots on the vine.

**Frasier:** [*eager to escape*] Well, so long as you're sure.

*He starts to exit again, but then Daphne sinks back, giving off a truly pathetic whine that is an obvious plea for help. He has no choice but to come back.*

**Frasier:** I really wish you'd tell me about it.

**Daphne:** Well, if you must know, it's my love life.

**Frasier:** Really? You've been seeing a man?

**Daphne:** Only when I close my eyes and concentrate.

**Frasier:** Ah, I see. You're going through a bit of a drought, eh?

**Daphne:** No wonder. The rare times I do go out, it's usually with your father. People see us and assume I'm his daughter, or else his girlfriend. Either way, it's like having my own personal can of stud repellent.

**Frasier:** Yes well, I know how bleak these times can be. But believe me, they will come to an end sooner or later. I remember a time back in Boston when I was going through exactly what you're going through now. Just a week later I met a lovely barmaid - sophisticated, if a bit loquacious. We fell madly in love, we got engaged... [*realizes*] Of course, she left me standing at the altar. But the point is, I didn't give up. I took my poor, battered heart and offered it to Lilith... [*thinks, as Daphne lights a cigarette*] Who put it in her little Cuisinart and hit the purée button! But, I rebounded! And look how far I've come... I'm divorced, lonely, and living with my father.

*Frasier takes Daphne's cigarette and takes a drag.*

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Café Nervosa

The next day, Frasier is sitting at a table. Roz comes in.

**Roz:** I figured I'd find you here! You know, you missed your meeting with the new station manager.

**Frasier:** Oh no, I completely forgot.

**Roz:** God, you look like you've been ridden hard and put away wet.

**Frasier:** I was up till all hours of the night with Daphne, competing to see which one of us had the most pathetic love life. On the bright side, I won.

**Roz:** Well, I know what your problems are. What are Daphne's?

**Frasier:** She's just having trouble finding men.

Roz opens her purse and holds up a little black book.

**Roz:** Say no more!

**Frasier:** [trying to be tactful] No, Roz, Roz, it's really not necessary. You do not have to donate one of your boyfriends to Daphne.

**Roz:** Oh, come on, I'd be happy to.

**Frasier:** But still, one hates to break up a collection.

He tries to get her to close the book, as Niles returns to the table with coffees for himself and Frasier.

**Niles:** [sitting down] There we go - double espresso, and my mocha latte. Do those chocolate shavings look any different to you?

**Frasier:** No.

**Niles:** Well, they do to me. I think they've switched to an inferior domestic brand. [takes a sip and swishes them around like wine] Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm - waxy.

**Roz:** [finding a name] Oh, here we go! Sven Bachman, he's an aerobics instructor.

**Frasier:** I don't think so.

**Roz:** Oh, this one's perfect! Gunther Dietrich. He's loads of fun, and he's a runway model.

**Frasier:** A German narcissist; now there's an appealing combination.

**Roz:** Okay, okay, I'll keep looking.

**Niles:** Looking for what?

**Roz:** I'm helping Frasier find a man for Daphne.

Niles puts down his cup and adopts a bland expression and tone that do nothing to hide his outrage.

**Niles:** [lightly] What?

**Roz:** Here we go! He's a tennis instructor, and his name is Brick.

**Niles:** Dear God, Frasier - Sven, Gunther, Brick? Why not just lather Daphne up with baby oil and hurl her over the wall of a prison yard?

**Roz:** Excuse me, but I've dated all these guys.

**Niles:** Well, where do you think I came up with the imagery?

This makes Roz really furious.

**Roz:** Listen, you little titmouse-!

Niles's temper also flares.

**Frasier:** [coming between them] Alright! Niles: you are completely out of line here. And Roz: he does have a point. You and Daphne

are entirely different kinds of women. Whilst Daphne is very shy and inexperienced, you are more... well, a lot more... well, actually it's hard to find anyone who's more...

**Roz:** Oh, I get it! Not one man I've ever dated is good enough for Miss Daphne, is that what you're trying to say?

**Frasier:** No, it's what I'm trying not to say, and you're not making it very easy.

**Roz:** [*getting up*] Oh, I'm out of here.

**Frasier:** Oh, Roz, please wait.

**Roz:** Oh no, I can't stay, the fleet's in!

*She storms out.*

FADE TO:

*Scene Three - KACL*

*Frasier is doing his show, but waiting while a piercing tone sounds over the air. Frasier resumes when it finishes.*

**Frasier:** And this concludes our test of the emergency broadcast system. Had this been a real emergency, your radio would be melting in your hands. We'll be right back after these messages.

*He goes to commercial. Roz stalks in and slams a half-eaten donut onto his console.*

**Roz:** In the future, please keep your disgusting half-eaten food off my console. In fact, just stay out of my sight!

**Frasier:** You're still mad at me, I can tell.

**Roz:** [*nasty*] And there's that keen sensitivity that keeps you in such demand with the ladies.

*She goes back into her booth, he follows her.*

**Frasier:** Look Roz, I'm sorry if I insulted you earlier. But the truth is, I feel very protective of Daphne. See, the kind of man I'm looking for has to be good-looking, smart, successful...

*Behind Frasier, Tom Duran, the new station manager, enters the booth. He instantly seems to embody all the virtues Frasier enumerated.*

**Tom:** Excuse me.

**Frasier:** Yes?

**Tom:** I'm Tom Duran, the new station manager.

**Frasier:** Oh! Tom, hey, it's a pleasure to meet you. I'm so sorry about missing the meeting this morning, I slept right through it.

**Tom:** Oh yeah me too, and I was there.

*Frasier laughs.*

**Tom:** Say, that's a beautiful tie.

**Frasier:** Oh, thank you. Yes, I got this one in London at one of those custom shops just off Sloane Square.

**Tom:** You know, I just came from London. I spent the last five years working for the BBC.

**Frasier:** Really? I love London - the museums, the theatre...

**Tom:** Oh yeah, I'm a big theatre buff, three shows a week. I hated leaving.

**Frasier:** I can imagine. Why did you?

**Tom:** Well, I just kind of went through a messy break-up. I thought I'd sleep better with a continent between us.

**Frasier:** Yes, I know the feeling! [*clicks*] So, I take it then you're

unattached?

**Tom:** Yes, but I haven't given up hope.

**Frasier:** Well, you may have come to the right place.

**Tom:** Really?

**Frasier:** Yes. You say you're very fond of the English?

**Tom:** Oh yes, very much. You know, I think I've always had a weakness for people who are just a little eccentric.

**Frasier:** [*now really interested*] Really?

**Roz:** Fifteen seconds.

**Tom:** Well, it was nice meeting you.

**Frasier:** Likewise.

*Frasier sits at his console. Tom starts to leave.*

**Frasier:** Uh, say Tom, this may sound like short notice, but if you're not busy Saturday, why don't you come round my place for dinner? Nothing fancy.

**Tom:** Well thanks, I'd like that.

**Frasier:** Great!

*Tom exits through the door and Frasier goes on the air.*

**Frasier:** Hello Seattle, we're back. Roz, who do we have up next?

**Roz:** We have James from Tacoma on line one.

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

*Tom walks down the hall and enters Roz's booth. While Frasier is engaged with his caller Roz gets up and starts checking the carts on the wall. They begin chatting about his fair Frasier.*

**Tom:** Hi, Roz.

**Roz:** Hi, Tom. How's it going?

**Tom:** Well, you know, it's the same with every job I take. The word flies like wild fire.

**Roz:** What's that?

**Tom:** Oh, you know, you tell one or two people you're gay and before you can blink it's all over the station.

**Roz:** Well, they don't call it "broadcasting" for nothing.

**Tom:** He seems like a nice guy.

**Roz:** Oh, he's OK.

**Tom:** I hope he's more than OK, he just asked me out on a date.

*As Roz turns around in surprise, Frasier notices Roz talking to Tom and waves for her to stop.*

**Roz:** Frasier just asked you out on a date?

**Tom:** Well, he asked me to his place for dinner. So I wanted to ask you, is there any particular wine he likes?

**Roz:** Listen Tom, there is something I think you need to know about Frasier...

**Tom:** What?

*Frasier holds up a card: "HANDS OFF HE'S TAKEN!"*

**Roz:** He's nuts about chardonnay.

**Tom:** Thanks!

*He leaves. Roz shrugs innocently at Frasier.*

FADE TO:

**THE PERILS OF REFINEMENT**

*Scene Four - Apartment*

*Saturday evening, Frasier is setting up the apartment while a furious Daphne is setting the table.*

**Daphne:** Does he ask permission first? Oh no, he just barges in and says he's set me up with God-knows-who, and I'm supposed to turn cartwheels like I'm bloody Cinderella.

**Frasier:** Will you please relax? Look, I told you, this is not a set-up. Tom doesn't even know you'll be here.

**Daphne:** Oh, an ambush then. Much nicer! My girlfriends in Manchester used to set me up all the time. And it was always some gangly bounder with a boarding-house reach. And he wasn't going for the Coleman's Hot Mustard, if you know what I mean!

**Frasier:** Just keep in mind, Tom is just a co-worker who's coming by for a pleasant little dinner. If some sparks should ignite, then fine, but there is no pressure, absolutely no pressure... is that what you're wearing?

*Daphne looks down at her fairly plain housedress.*

**Daphne:** Why, what's wrong with it?

*The doorbell rings.*

**Frasier:** Don't you have something with a little more oomph? Oh, what about that, that strapless number you have? [*motions down his hips*]

**Daphne:** Do you have any idea how uncomfortable a strapless bra is?

**Frasier:** Well, thanks to my fraternity days, as a matter of fact I do!

*He motions for Daphne to go and change, which she reluctantly does. He opens the door to Tom, dressed in a casual suit and carrying a bottle of wine.*

**Frasier:** Tom! Come on in.

**Tom:** Hi, Frasier.

**Frasier:** Good to see you.

**Tom:** [*re: wine*] Oh, I don't know, something told me you might like chardonnay.

**Frasier:** Oh my, that's my favorite. So, what do you think of this place?

**Tom:** [*looking out the window*] That's a hell of a view!

**Frasier:** It's even better from the bedroom.

*Tom reacts to this, but Frasier doesn't realize.*

**Tom:** Why don't we just start with the drink?

*Frasier laughs.*

**Tom:** [*re: dining table*] Oh, four places, who's joining us?

**Frasier:** Oh, just my little household: my father and his charming physical therapist, Daphne.

**Tom:** You live with your dad? I can't even imagine that. Well, I mean it's great that you get along so well, but doesn't, um... having him here put a crimp in your love life?

**Frasier:** Oh, not at all. Except when I bring my dates home, he tries to steal them.

*Tom reacts to this as well.*

**Frasier:** He's quite the old rascal!

*Daphne enters in a short red strapless dress.*

**Frasier:** Well, look who we have here. Tom, I'd like you to meet Daphne. Daphne this is Tom Duran.

**Tom:** [shaking hands] Pleasure to meet you.

**Daphne:** Likewise. Oh, Dr. Crane, you didn't take his coat!

**Frasier:** Oh, sorry.

**Daphne:** May I?

*Tom turns around. As Daphne takes his coat, she turns to Frasier, ecstatic, and mouths, "HE'S GORGEOUS! THANK YOU, THANK YOU!"*

*Frasier mouths back, "YOU LOOK FABULOUS! YOU LOOK FABULOUS!"*

*They stop as Tom turns round again. She drapes the coat over her arm and starts to carry it to the rack, then stops.*

**Daphne:** Oh, this is strange, I'm picking up a vibration from your coat.

**Tom:** Excuse me?

**Frasier:** Yes well, Daphne feels she possesses psychic powers - you know those English eccentrics.

**Daphne:** [comes back and takes Tom's hand] Oh, you've just been through a very painful break-up, haven't you?

**Tom:** Yes! [then, to Frasier] Oh, wait a minute, you told her that, didn't you?

**Frasier:** No, no.

**Daphne:** There was a bitter dispute about ownership of opera recordings.

**Tom:** [drops onto the couch] Whoa!

*Having made her mark, Daphne makes a graceful exit.*

**Daphne:** Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll nip into the kitchen. I have a bird to baste. [exits]

**Frasier:** Quite something, isn't she?

**Tom:** Yeah, she's great. I love hearing that accent again.

**Martin:** [entering] Hey Frasier, I don't have to put a tie on for this joker, do I? [sees Tom]

**Frasier:** Tom, this is my father, Martin Crane.

**Tom:** Tom Duran, nice to meet you.

**Martin:** [shaking hands] I'm sorry about that "joker" business. [Tom waves it off] I call everybody joker, jerk, pinhead, bozo...

**Frasier:** And amazingly he's free for dinner on short notice. Why don't I just open some of this wonderful wine?

*He goes into the kitchen, where he checks on Daphne's feelings.*

**Frasier:** Well?

**Daphne:** Oh, he's a looker. I'm glad you made me put on my lucky bra. He's worth every wire digging into my ribcage.

**Frasier:** Yes, you've made quite an impression on him too. He thinks you're great!

**Daphne:** Oh, go on! [giggles] God, listen to me getting carried away like a school girl when I've just met the man. No, I'm not raising my hopes tonight - though I'm glad I raised my bosom.

*Meanwhile, Martin and Tom are having a chat in the living room.*

**Martin:** Yeah, let me tell you, you're gonna love Seattle. It's a real

people place. Great food, great bars...

**Tom:** I've heard that. Any you recommend?

**Martin:** Yeah, I usually hang out at a place called Duke's. Great crowd, lot of young cops. *[Tom is pleased]* So, do you like football?

**Tom:** Yeah, yeah, I really missed it when I was living in London.

**Martin:** Yeah, well maybe we can take you to see a Seahawks game sometime. Frasier hates it, so it'd just be us.

**Tom:** Hey, Frasier warned me about you!

**Martin:** Yeah, I guess I yell at the players too loud. *[laughs]*

**Frasier:** *[entering]* Here we are, Tom. *[hands him wine]* Dad, I took the liberty of selecting an amusing little vintage for you too. *[hands him a Ballantine]* Sorry, I didn't bring the pull-tab so you could sniff it.

**Martin:** Merci beaucoup. *[pronounces it "mercy bow-coop."]*

*The doorbell sounds so Frasier goes to answer it. Niles is standing there with a book.*

**Niles:** Hello, Frasier. *[takes Frasier's wine glass]* Oh, thank you. I just stopped by to return your book. *[hands it over]*

**Frasier:** Oh yes, thank you, well don't let me keep you.

**Niles:** Am I interrupting something?

**Frasier:** As a matter of fact, I'm introducing a man to Daphne.

**Niles:** Ah! Guess you don't want me around then. *[walks in]* How do you do? I'm Dr. Niles Crane.

**Tom:** Hi, I'm Tom Duran.

**Daphne:** *[peeks out]* Bird's all done. Now all I need is a pair of big strong arms to haul it out of the oven.

**Niles:** Well, I certainly don't need to be asked twice.

*He quickly walks into the kitchen, to Daphne's disappointment and Frasier's anger.*

END OF ACT ONE (Time: 14:10)

ACT TWO

Scene Five - Apartment

*During dinner, Tom is telling a story about the queen in the middle of an interview.*

**Tom:** So, halfway through the interview her stomach starts rumbling. And her body mike's picking it up, but I have to ignore it. Because what am I going to say; "Would her majesty care for a Tums?"

*Everyone laughs - except Niles, who is being rather immature as usual.*

**Daphne:** I could listen to your stories all night. They're so funny.

**Niles:** And all involving bodily functions.

**Daphne:** Tom, I could use a little hand in the kitchen...

**Niles:** No, no, sit Daphne, after all that cooking you must be... *[looks down her frock]* absolutely strapless.

*Niles exits to the kitchen, leaving Daphne disappointed again.*

*In the kitchen, Niles puts a few things into the sink. Tom enters, slightly piqued.*

**Tom:** Er, Niles, can I speak with you for a moment?

**Niles:** Yes. *[slaps down silverware]*

**Tom:** I was wondering, did I do anything that offended you?

**Niles:** No. [*angrily throws pots into the sink*]

**Tom:** Oh. It must be all in my head, but I sensed that you had a problem with me dating Frasier.

**Niles:** [*turns round*] Well, if you must know...

*A twenty-second pause ensues while he wonders if his hearing is faulty.*

**Niles:** I'm sorry, what was the question?

**Tom:** [*crosses his arms*] Do you have some problem with me dating your brother?

*Now Niles understands all, and becomes as serene as a Buddha.*

**Niles:** [*graciously*] No.

**Frasier:** [*entering*] Now Niles, I didn't ask Tom to dinner so he could talk with you all night in the kitchen. There are others who would like to have a crack at him!

*Frasier and Tom exit. Niles just stands there with a small smile that threatens to explode into hysterics. Rocking slightly, he twirls once on his heel, as Martin enters with some plates.*

**Martin:** That Tom's a great guy, huh? You think maybe him and Daphne...

*Niles shakes his head, combining laughter with a negative "Mmm-mmm."*

*On the balcony, Tom, Frasier and Daphne are having a little chat.*

**Tom:** You know, I can't remember the last time I had such a wonderful evening.

**Daphne:** Oh no, we should be thanking you. I can't remember when I've laughed so hard.

*From inside the apartment they suddenly hear Martin roaring with laughter. They look and see him doubled over in the kitchen, while Niles laughs along.*

**Daphne:** You've still got Mr. Crane going.

**Frasier:** Daphne, I think a little after dinner music would be appropriate.

**Daphne:** Good idea. [*she goes to the stereo*]

**Frasier:** She's, er, quite a woman, isn't she?

**Tom:** [*flatly:*] Yes, she's really something, [*suggestive:*] Um, Frasier, I was wondering.

**Frasier:** Yes?

**Tom:** Do you think before the evening's over we could get a little one-on-one time?

**Frasier:** Oh, I think I can arrange that.

*He goes inside while Daphne is putting on music. They both whisper:*

**Frasier:** Daphne!

**Daphne:** Yes?

**Frasier:** He says he wants to be alone with you!

**Daphne:** No!

**Frasier:** Yes!

**Daphne:** This really is my lucky bra! Keep the wine flowing, I'll go fix my lipstick.

**Frasier:** Okay.

*She exits to her room. Martin and Niles come back from the kitchen.*

**Martin:** Yeah, I guess I'd better be hitting the old sack. Don't want to stand in the way of young romance! [*hides a grin*]

**Frasier:** Thanks, dad.

**Martin:** Goodnight, Tom.

**Tom:** Goodnight, Martin.

*Martin exits to the hallway.*

**Frasier:** And Niles, isn't it time you were running along too?

**Niles:** Yes, I must be on my way. And, Frasier, I must apologise, I was wrong about Tom. If I had to choose a man for Daphne, he's the one I'd pick.

**Frasier:** Good.

**Niles:** Goodnight Tom, nice to meet you.

**Tom:** Goodnight.

**Niles:** Frasier, a word in your ear?

*Surprised, Frasier motions "one second" to Tom, and follows Niles out the front door into the corridor.*

**Niles:** There's something I have to tell you. Dad wanted to but I won the coin toss.

**Frasier:** Yes, what is it?

**Niles:** Well, I had a little chat with Tom in the kitchen and he told me he's interested in pursuing a romantic relationship. But, the object of his affections is not Daphne.

**Frasier:** Damn that Roz!

**Niles:** No, no. It's you.

*Beat.*

**Frasier:** Me? That's impossible, Tom's not gay!

**Niles:** He seems to be under that impression.

**Frasier:** Well, what on earth could have made him think I was interested in him? All I did was ask him if he was attached, and then we talked about the theatre and men's fashions... [*clicks*] Oh my God! Niles, do you realise what this means?

**Niles:** Yes, you're dating your boss. You of all people should know the pitfalls of an office relationship.

**Frasier:** Yes, but he... he just never mentioned the fact he...

**Niles:** [*in elevator:*] I'll call you tomorrow. But not too early, of course. [*the doors close on Niles's laugh*]

*Frasier, sweating like a pig and as red as a beetroot enters the room. The romantic music that Daphne put on is playing. Tom is lounging on the couch, massaging his neck. His glasses are off, and he casts a sly look at Frasier that leaves no room for doubt.*

**Tom:** So...

**Frasier:** So... God, I hate this song.

*He runs over and turns the stereo off.*

**Tom:** You know, I've broken my rule for you. I usually don't date guys I work with.

**Frasier:** Yes, well, I've sort of relaxed my rule for you too.

**Tom:** You're cute when you're nervous.

**Frasier:** I must be downright adorable now then. Listen Tom, I'm sorry, but we seem to have gotten our lines crossed here. The truth is I'm entirely straight.

**Tom:** [*puts on his glasses*] Hey, if you're not interested just say so.

**Frasier:** Oh no, it's true, I really am. I just invited you to dinner because you seemed so charming and you were so fond of the British, I thought you might be the perfect man for Daphne.

*Daphne enters from the hallway just in time to hear:*

**Tom:** I can't believe this. You really had no idea that I'm gay?

*Daphne stops, unclasps her not-so-lucky bra and walks back to her bedroom, chucking the bra up in the air as she goes. The two men stand in embarrassed silence for a moment.*

**Frasier:** Don't take this wrong, but it never even occurred to me you might be gay.

**Tom:** Well, it never even occurred to me that you might be straight.

**Frasier:** [*uncertain*] Thank you. Geez, Tom, I feel just awful. Seems I've just been leading you on all night.

**Tom:** [*getting his coat*] Oh, it's OK. It's an honest mistake.

**Frasier:** Yes, but I've been pouring you drinks, building up your hopes, making you think you might have found a man sophisticated and sensitive enough to help you...

**Tom:** [*amused*] Frasier, I'll learn to love again.

**Frasier:** [*chuckles*] Yes, of course.

*Tom goes to the door.*

**Tom:** You'll apologize to Daphne?

**Frasier:** For the rest of my days.

**Tom:** [*starts to leave, then*] Does this mean your dad's not gay either?

**Frasier:** No, no, dad's not gay.

**Tom:** [*starts to leave again, then*] But Niles - come on! [*laughs*]

**Frasier:** [*smiles*] No, I'm afraid not.

**Tom:** Huh... so wait a minute, this Maris guy he kept mentioning is a woman?

**Frasier:** Well, the jury's still out on that one.

*Tom grimaces and leaves, waving goodnight.*

END OF ACT TWO (Time: 21:16)

#### Credits:

Frasier and Daphne are sitting up late at night, smoking and drinking cognac. Frasier picks up the packet and reads the health warning and ingredients list on the side. He shows it to Daphne. They stub out their cigarettes immediately, then throw back the rest of their cognacs.

## Guest Appearances

#### Guest Starring

ERIC LUTES as Tom Duran

## Legal Stuff

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