

[2.8]Adventures In Paradise [1]

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Production Code: 2.8

Episode Number In Production Order: 32

Original Airdate on NBC: 15th November 1994

Episode filmed on:

Transcript written on 9th June 2000

Transcript revised on 8th February 2003

Transcript {Mike Lee}

ACT ONE

Scene One - KACL

FADE IN

Frasier comes back on the air after a commercial. Roz is reading a magazine in her booth.

Frasier: Hi, we're back. Roz tells me we have Chester on the line.

[connects] Hello, Chester. How can I help you?

Chester: [v.o.] I don't know. I've had a lot of fights with my wife lately. She feels I'm just wasting my life, standing still-

Frasier: Spinning your wheels?

Chester: Huh? I don't follow.

Frasier: Chester, I'm afraid this problem might be just a little too complex for the few seconds we have remaining. Uh, why don't you try to call us back tomorrow, I'll make sure that you get on first thing.

Chester: Gee, it's awful tough to get through.

Frasier: Well, I'll tell you what, hang tight and when I get off the air I'll pick up and try to help you then.

Chester: Take your time.

Frasier: O.K., everybody, I've got to scoot. Bulldog's up next after the news with the Gonzo Sports Show. Today's topic: What's wrong with our Seattle Mariners? If you haven't had a chance to voice your opinion on that in the last eighteen years, you'll want to today! So long, all.

He goes off the air and comes into Roz's booth.

Frasier: Well, Roz, that was a pretty good show!

Roz: [distracted] Mmm-hmm.

Frasier: Well, what are you reading so intently?

Roz: Oh, it's, uh, "Seattle" magazine, it's their "up-and-comers" issue - the hottest hundred men and women in town.

Frasier: Oh, let me see.

Roz: Don't you want to finish up with Chester?

Frasier: Oh, you heard him, he can wait. [flips through it]

Roz: If you're looking for yourself, you're not in there.

Frasier: Oh. [keeps flipping]

Roz: And your brother Niles isn't in there either.

Frasier: Cool! [notices] Oh, my. Who is this fresh angel?
Madeline Marshall, #47.

Roz: Ooh, manufactures her own line of sportswear!

Frasier: God, she's a stunning woman. "Single, patron of the arts, MBA at Stanford" - well, if you have to go to school on the West Coast. Oh, oh, oh, and what she looks for most in a man: "someone who knows how to... listen." Roz, I'm in love!

Roz: Well, why don't you call her up and ask her out?

Frasier: Oh yeah, right.

Roz: Well, I'm serious, Frasier! What have you got to lose?

Frasier: I couldn't just call her out of the blue! She doesn't even know who I am!

Roz: You're on the radio, a lot of people know who you are.

Frasier: Yes, well then why am I not in this magazine?

Roz: Because those are important people. [picks up the phone]
Come on, I'll gonna call her up.

Frasier: Oh, no, no!

Bulldog charges in with his sound-effects cart.

Bulldog: Hey, doc!

Frasier: Bulldog.

Bulldog: Just got back from the gym! Did an hour on the Stairmaster!
What do you think? [turns around and slaps his buttocks]
Like a couple of little cherry tomatoes, huh?

Frasier: Thank you, Bulldog, you've just put me off salads for a month.

Bulldog: [sees the magazine] Hey, what have we got here?

As he picks up the magazine, Roz speaks into the phone.

Roz: Hello, is Madeline Marshall there? Dr. Frasier Crane.

Bulldog: Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait a minute! This Madeline Marshall, you know her?

Frasier: Well, no, no, I found her attractive, and Roz insisted on calling her.

Bulldog: Wow, small wonder: smart, sophisticated, and I like a woman who doesn't wear underwear.

Frasier: She's wearing a business suit.

Bulldog: That was a general comment.

Roz: Hi, Miss Marshall? Could you please hold for Dr. Crane?
Thank you.

She pushes Hold and steps back. She and Bulldog urge Frasier to pick up the phone.

Frasier: Oh, all right. "Once more unto the breach." [picks up and punches line one] Hello, this is Dr. Frasier Crane. I know we've never met, but you know, from everything I know about you, you just seem like the most fascinating person. I was just wondering if - well, why don't I just come out and say it? Would you be so good as to have dinner with me tonight? Oh well, well, that's very gracious of you to accept, Chester, but I didn't mean you. [to Roz] Roz, you could have told me Madeline was on line two!

Roz: You could have asked.

Frasier switches lines and tries again.

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Apartment

Daphne is writing a letter. Martin is opening a box of authentic Cuban cigars.

Daphne: Mr. Crane, is the proper term "serial killer" or "serial murderer?"

Martin: Serial killer, why?

Daphne: Oh, just letting my old mum know what's going on in Seattle. She worries when she doesn't hear from me.

Niles comes out of the kitchen with a glass of wine.

Martin: Hey Niles, how about a nice Havana to go with that wine?

Niles: Thank you! [then] Aren't Cuban cigars illegal?

Martin: Yeah, I got a friend in Customs over at Sea-Tac. He confiscated them from some high school teacher who claimed he was bringing them into the country for a civics lesson! I mean, when are people going to learn? Rules are only rules when they apply to everyone!

He puts one in his mouth and Niles starts to light him up.

[N.B. Under the 1996 Helms-Burton Act, the fine for smuggling a single Cuban cigar into the United States is \$35,000.]

Daphne: Oh, I love to see a man with a cigar. [Niles turns toward her, leaving Martin hanging] It reminds me of my grandfather. Morning to night, he used to sit with a great big stogie dangling from his lips. Oh, the hours we kids used to spend sitting on his lap, playing with the yellow whiskers beneath his nose. Then he'd take out his teeth with the cigar still in them and chase us around the room! We'd all laugh and laugh... then suddenly Grampa's mood would change and we'd all have to run for our lives. You can't buy memories like that.

Frasier comes out wearing a smart suit, but carrying his shoes.

Frasier: Damn it! Eddie, I know you took the socks that go with this suit. Now where are they?

Eddie pulls a pair of brown socks from under the couch.

Frasier: Brown socks with a blue suit? I think not, try again. [Eddie pulls a pair of black ones from under the cushions] Thank you.

Niles: And where are you off to?

Daphne: Dr. Crane has a blind date tonight.

Niles: Really, with who?

Frasier: Madeline Marshall. She has her own sportswear concern, and according to "Seattle" magazine, she is the forty-seventh hottest person in Seattle.

Niles: That article was a sham.

Martin: Not in it, huh?

Niles: Can you believe it?

Frasier: Yes, well, I'm off! You know, I have a good feeling about tonight. I have a song in my heart, a little dance in my step, and dog saliva around my ankles!

FADE TO:

BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

Scene Three - Degas

A small, quaint French gourmet restaurant. Frasier and Madeline Marshall – an attractive redhead in her thirties – are seated. A young busboy brings them a basket of bread.

Frasier: Thank you.

Madeline: This is wonderful! I've never even heard of this place.

Frasier: Oh well, my goodness, you're in for a treat. Degas is the pinnacle of French country dining. It's just Etienne Degas, his wife and daughter, and they'll treat us as if we were family. Well, you know, I couldn't help being flattered when you told me that you knew my show. Can I count you among my devoted listeners?

Madeline: Well, actually my secretary listens to it – but I try to catch as much as I can when I cross back and forth through her office.

Etienne Degas enters.

Etienne: Bonsoir, monsieur, madame, and welcome to Degas. Our special tonight is our fabulous crispy duck!

Frasier: Oh, yummy. And to start off we'll have a bottle of the Chateau Neuf du Pape '89.

Madeline: Ah, the only one in that decade to outdo the '88. That's the one to get!

Etienne: Ah, excellent choice!

As he leaves, he shakes a "Way to Go!" fist at Frasier, regarding Madeline.

Frasier: You know wine.

Madeline: Well, I try to make it a point to acquaint myself with the finer things in life.

Frasier: Oh well, what would you like to know about me? *[laughs]*

Madeline: *[laughs, then]* Well, for starters, why is a man as charming as you still out there?

Frasier: Well, actually, I... I'm recently divorced.

Madeline: Oh, thank goodness. For a second there I thought you were one of those strange single men still living with his parents! *[laughs]*

Frasier: Yeah, yeah, your heart really has to go out to those sad sacks.

Madeline: I'm divorced also.

Frasier: Oh well, we have so much in common.

Madeline: I caught him cheating with my sister.

Frasier: Fabulous! *[off her look]* The same thing happened to me.

Madeline: Boy, my sister gets around!

Frasier: It's good to see that you've still kept your sense of humor.

Madeline: Yeah, but it isn't easy to get over something like that, is it?

Suddenly, this is something beyond a run-of-the-mill date.

Frasier: No... no, it's not. *[sighs]* Those nights when you ask yourself how could this have happened? Was I insensitive to her needs?

Madeline: Was I too devoted to my work?

Frasier: Was I simply not good enough in bed? *[off her look]* You'll reach for anything!

The busboy comes and fills their water glasses. From the kitchen, the voices of the Degas family suddenly explode.

Etienne: *[o.s.]* *Qu'est-ce que tu me racontes, alors?!*

Yvette: [o.s.] No, Papa!

Etienne: What are you telling me, you are pregnant?!

Mrs. Degas: [o.s.] Keep your voice down!

Yvette: [crying] I told you, Mama! I told you he would be like this!

Etienne: Who is the father?! I want to know!

The busboy looks in panic towards the kitchen and he spills water as he is filling Frasier's glass, until Frasier stops him.

Etienne: Who is the father?!

Yvette: I won't tell you!

Etienne: Ha, ha, ha! When I find this man, I will kill him! And snap his neck like a stale baguette!

The busboy flees the room as Etienne, all smiles, comes out with a bottle of wine.

Etienne: Monsieur, Madame, your wine.

Frasier: Yes, that's the one.

Etienne: *Bon, bon, bon*, I will just go and open it. Ah, this will be a night to remember, *non?*

Frasier: Oh, yes!

Etienne goes back to the kitchen. The busboy comes back in.

Etienne: [o.s.] Are you going to tell me?!

Yvette: [o.s.] No, no!

Frasier: You know, there's a clam house up the road that has a late seating...

Madeline: Oh no, I think we're getting the most bang for our entertainment buck right here.

From the kitchen:

Mrs. Degas: [o.s.] Oh, thirty-five years of marriage, what did I ever see in you?!

Etienne: Ah, you don't think I am sick of you? You and your cuttlefish bisque! I spit in your cuttlefish bisque!

The busboy huddles into a corner as Etienne, smiling again, comes out with two soup bowls and sets them before Madeline and Frasier.

Etienne: *Voila*, monsieur, madame - it's a delicacy from our little village in France: cuttlefish bisque.

He exits to the kitchen.

Madeline: What are the odds? I had cuttlefish for lunch.

From the kitchen:

Etienne: [o.s.] Ah, no, no, no, you don't have to! You can leave my house, Yvette! No, no, no, go, go to wherever he is!

Mrs. Degas leads a tearful Yvette out of the kitchen. By now, everyone's attention is on the unfolding drama.

Mrs. Degas: Pardon, monsieur, are you not the one who gives advice on the radio?

Frasier: You listen to my show?

Mrs. Degas: No, but my sous-chef does, and I hear you when I walk back and forth through the kitchen. Monsieur, you must

help me. Etienne!

Etienne enters.

Frasier: No, no, listen, if-if everyone comes out here, how will you know when our duck is crispy?

Mrs. Degas: Etienne, this is the doctor from the radio, eh?

Etienne: Ah, *oui, oui, oui!*

Mrs. Degas: Please, monsieur, you must talk to my husband. My daughter is with child, and he does not understand that these things happen!

Etienne: Don't talk to me, talk to this tramp! [*to Madeline*] Do you believe my daughter, madame?

Madeline: You should meet my sister.

Mrs. Degas: As if I wasn't pregnant when we got married, eh?

Etienne: Oh, I wish I had been killed in the war!

Mrs. Degas: Oh, it's hard to get killed when you run the other way!

They start arguing hotly.

Frasier: [*taking charge*] All right, *silence! Silence!* Both of you just try to calm down. I'll see what I can do. Monsieur Degas, you are angry now. That is a temporary emotion. You are devastated because you think the bond between a father and a daughter has been broken. She is no longer your little girl. But that's not possible. That bond cannot be broken – not even by that young man cowering there in the corner who is so obviously the father.

The busboy cringes as the whole restaurant reacts.

Frasier: Come out. [*the busboy shakes his head*] Come out, it's all right. [*he still won't come*] We need more water!

That persuades him to come over.

Etienne: You? You can't even get water in a glass! [*motions to Yvette*] How did you do this?!

Despite the embarrassing scrutiny, Yvette cannot help but gaze adoringly at her lover.

Frasier: Monsieur Degas, please – hold your daughter in your arms and tell her how you really feel.

Etienne: [*takes her hands*] Yvette... ah, Yvette, Yvette, *ma petite*, I love you...

They hug and kiss. All the customers applaud, including Madeline. Etienne and Yvette go back to the kitchen. Mrs. Degas hugs Frasier.

Mrs. Degas: Thank you, monsieur, thank you! You are a god! [*to Madeline*] And you, mademoiselle, are very lucky.

Madeline: I'm starting to realize that.

Frasier: [*modestly*] Just another evening out... with Dr. Frasier Crane.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

LET'S GET AWAY FROM IT ALL

Scene Four - KACL

Roz is checking the carts on the wall. Frasier, ebullient, comes in.

Frasier: Hi, Roz!

Roz: Hey, Frasier.

Frasier: Again, thank you.

Roz: It's O.K., Frasier, you've thanked me every day for the last two weeks.

Frasier: Yes, yes, but if it hadn't been for you, I never would have met... [sighs] Madeline. It's just — you know, we went out again last night, and it's just perfect between us! We talk, we can laugh at the same—

Roz: Just stop. Did it ever occur to you that since I'm in one of the worst dating droughts of my entire adult life, that to hear you prattling on like a giggling schoolgirl about your storybook romance might be the teensiest bit irritating?

Frasier: No, it hadn't, and you're right, Roz. I'm sorry, sometimes I can be so insensitive. But, you know, Madeline's helping me with that, she is so good, she is so good, in, like, every way!

Roz screams "God!" and batters her clipboard against her forehead.

Frasier: All right, I'm sorry. It's just that I haven't felt this way since, since my divorce. Everything seems so right. You know, I haven't said this out loud, but here goes: it's possible that she could be the woman I spend the rest of my life with.

Roz: Go. Go do that. Get married, have a couple of kids, move out to the country, buy a puppy, live happily ever after! Just don't tell me about it, I need a boyfriend!

Frasier: Dear Roz. Dear, silly Roz. Dear, silly, horny Roz.

Madeline comes into Frasier's booth at the other end.

Frasier: Oh, oh, look! It's—

Roz: That must be Madeline!

Frasier: Yes!

Frasier runs in to greet her, and hurriedly introduces her to Roz.

Frasier: Oh, God, what a surprise to see you.

Madeline: Well, I hope you don't mind me stopping by, but I have a meeting with a buyer across the street in ten minutes, and there's something that I wanted to talk to you about.

Frasier: Oh well, here, please, have a seat.

Madeline: [sits in his chair] Well, you know when we first started going out, we both agreed we didn't want to rush into the physical part, that we'd save ourselves for the right moment.

Frasier: [looking around in surprise] It's now?

Madeline: No, actually, uh, I was wondering what you thought about us going away for the weekend — just the two of us.

Frasier: Well, uh... I'd miss my favorite shows, but sure.

Madeline: I was thinking, two-three days...

They kiss. The kiss gets deeper. They throw their arms around each other, with Roz watching from the other side.

Frasier: I was thinking more like a week.

Madeline: O.K., now for the really big question: When?

Frasier: Well, the minute we get there.

Madeline: No, actually, I meant when do we go?

Frasier: Oh, oh, let's see.

They both take out their appointment books.

Madeline: Now, let's see, I am good for the week of the sixteenth.

Frasier: The, uh, sixteenth – oh, no, sweeps week. How about the twenty-third?

Madeline: Uh, no – trade show. Uh, thirtieth?

Frasier: No.

Madeline: That puts us into the next month. No, no – uh, the twentieth?

Frasier: No.

Madeline: Well, this was a great idea, but we're both obviously too busy. We'll do it another time. I got to run.

Frasier: O.K.

They kiss each other goodbye. The kiss deepens again, and she drops her briefcase to the floor and they throw their arms around each other.

Frasier: Let's go tomorrow.

Madeline: You're on.

Frasier: I know the perfect place – Bora Bora!

Madeline: Hubba Hubba!

Frasier: I'll make the arrangements.

Madeline: I'll meet you at the airport.

Frasier: O.K.

Madeline: O.K. Bye.

Frasier: Bye. [*she heads out the producers' booth door*] Oh, oh, Madeline– [*points her the other way*]

Madeline: Bye.

She leaves. Frasier turns and sees Roz on the phone.

Roz: Hello, you don't know me, but I saw your picture in "Seattle" magazine...

FADE TO:

Scene Five - Apartment

That night, Niles and Martin are both relaxing with cigars.

Martin leans against the piano, singing as Niles plays

"I Don't Want To Walk Without You," finishing with a flourish.

Martin: Ah, they don't write songs like that anymore.

Niles: This is really what "men" do, isn't it, Dad?

Martin: Yeah. This, and some things outdoors, but we'll just stick to this for now.

Niles: You know, these last few nights have been very pleasant, Dad. You and me, sitting together, appreciating these fine cigars. Who would have thought a simple Cuban peasant somewhere in the Sierra Maestra would bring a father and son closer together?

Martin: Yeah. Must make that dime he gets for a whole day's work a lot more satisfying.

Daphne comes out of the kitchen with a cigar of her own.

Daphne: I'm going to miss these little sweethearts.

She puckers her mouth and blows two perfect smoke rings.

Martin: Ooh, now there's a talent.

Niles: [mesmerized] I'll say. Just how do you do that?

Daphne: Oh, it's really very simple. Let me show you, it's all in the tongue. [pulls him close and purses his lips with her fingers] That's right, just purse your lips and pucker up like a little goldfish. Just like that, you got it.

Frasier comes in and sees them – nearly mouth-to-mouth, sticking their tongues toward each other's.

Frasier: Niles, what are you doing?

Niles: I'm learning how to blow smoke.

Frasier: Where? Dad, I thought I asked you to smoke those things out on the balcony.

Martin: It's cold out there.

Frasier: Fine, all right. Maybe an errant ash will flick off and ignite your easy chair.

Martin: You're in a fine mood. What's the matter with you?

Frasier: Madeline and I are going to Bora Bora tomorrow.

Martin: [sitting] Why do bad things happen to good people?

Niles: When did this come about?

Frasier: Just about an hour ago, when Madeline came down to the station. We got caught up in a moment of passion, before I know it I'm going halfway around the world with a woman I hardly even know! It just isn't like me, I guess I'm getting caught up in the romance.

Daphne: Well, I'm not sure about the psychological ramifications of this, but it seems like a good thing to me.

Frasier: Yes, well, to the untrained eye, yes, but what if we hate each other? End up being stuck together for a week!

Daphne: Oh, that won't happen. If anything, you'll come back even more in love than ever.

Frasier: Even worse! If it goes perfectly, then it means we'll start talking about a serious commitment, then living together and then marriage, and...

Niles: If you ask me, Frasier, your trepidation is well-founded. It is possible to move a relationship along too fast, and ultimately marry too hastily. You could find, a few years down the line, that the person isn't really right for you, [more emphatic] and then what happens if you meet the right person, someone who really excites you and makes you feel alive, but you can't act upon it because you're trapped in a stale, albeit comfortable Maris! [everyone stares at him] ...marriage. I have to go now.

He grabs his coat and makes a hasty exit.

Martin: Hey, let me ask you one question, Frasier: did you feel a spark when you met this woman?

Frasier: Like fireworks.

Martin: Well, then go for it! You know, these things don't happen that often. It's like when I met your mother, it was at a crime scene. Hester was a psychiatrist, so every now and again the department would have her run up a profile on a suspect. I remember the first time I met her – it was over the chalk outline of a murder victim. She drew a little smile on the head of the outline, and I drew a pair of eyes, and before you knew it we were laughing like a couple of kids.

Frasier: Dad, you're a ghoul.

Martin: I was joking. We couldn't draw on the outline, they hadn't moved the body yet.

Frasier: Yes, well, your corpse-strewn romance notwithstanding,

I still feel just a little bit skittish about this whole thing.

Daphne: Well, Dr. Crane, if you'd like a feminine point of view — just shut your bloody cake hole and go! I mean, look what happened when you took a chance and called this woman. You've been whistling a happy tune ever since.

Frasier: Well, that is true.

Martin: Yeah! So make another bold move! Do something to make yourself happy.

Daphne: Yeah, go on!

Martin: Hey, you won't regret it!

Frasier: Oh, all right, I'll do it!

Martin: Attaboy! That's great, that's terrific!

Frasier: O.K., but don't think I don't know that you're mostly excited just to get me out of the house for a week!

Martin: It will be sweet, won't it?

Martin and Daphne sit back, savoring their cigars.

FADE TO:

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GRASS HOUSES

Scene Six - Bora Bora

Frasier and Madeline enter their beachside bungalow. In the background are the sounds of waves and tropical birds.

Frasier: [*tipping the bellboy*] Thank you.

Madeline: This is gorgeous, I'm so glad you suggested it.

Frasier: It's even more beautiful than I remember. You know what the natives say, they say that Bora Bora is the end of the world and the doorway to heaven.

Madeline seductively lies down on the bed.

Madeline: This could be the doorway to heaven for us.

Frasier: [*turns around*] I'm certainly glad that you're the one that said that first. You know, I didn't want this to seem like our trip was just about sex, but... who are we kidding?

He jumps down beside her. They embrace, kissing... and stop.

Madeline: I'm a little hot in these clothes, aren't you?

Frasier: I'm sweating like the pig that knows he's dinner!

Madeline: I'll be right back.

Frasier: Oink!

Madeline goes to the bathroom. Frasier gets up, opens the door and goes out onto the balcony. A woman in the adjacent bungalow is sunning herself in a deck chair with her back to Frasier. Frasier breathes in the sea air. Everything is just perfect. Behind him, Madeline crosses the room wearing only a towel.

Madeline: Frasier...

Frasier turns around. The towel drops to the floor.

Frasier: Oh, my God...

Lilith: Frasier?

The woman turns around. It's Lilith!

Frasier: OH, MY GOD!

And if that isn't the perfect place to say

TO BE CONTINUED...

I can't imagine one better.

Credits:

KACL:

Roz flips through "Seattle" magazine, finds a likely possibility, and then flips through the phone book. Finding the number, she calls, but it doesn't pan out. Finally, she opens the door and throws the magazine out into the hallway.

[Click Here For Part Two](#)

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Stars

JobETH WILLIAMS as Madeline Marshall

BEBE NEUWIRTH as Lilith

Guest Starring

PIERRE EPSTEIN as Etienne

KIRSTEN DEVERE as Mrs. Degas

JESSICA PENNINGTON as Yvette

RICK SCHATZ as Busboy

Guest Callers

ART GARFUNKEL as Chester

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