

[3.13]Moon Dance

Moon Dance

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AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

Won

EMMY

- **Outstanding Writing for a Comedy Series:** Joe Keenan, Christopher Lloyd, Rob Greenberg, Jack Burditt, Chuck Ranberg, Anne Flett-Giordano, Linda Morris, Vic Rauseo

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

- **Reader's Favorites: 1ST**
-

Transcript {shawne wang}

ACT ONE

Scene One - KACL

Frasier's on air at KACL and he's running out of time. But Roz still hands him over to his next caller.

Frasier: Well, we've got about thirty seconds. I think we've got time for one quick call. [*presses button*] Hello, Marlene, I'm listening.

Marlene: [*v.o.*] Oh my God, I'm really on?

Frasier: Yes, your problem, please...

Marlene: [*dog barking*] Lucky, Lucky, get down. George, get the dog! [*Roz points urgently at the clock*] Oh my God, this is so exciting! [*baby crying*] Honey, honey, get the baby. George, get your son! OK, OK, here it is, Dr. Crane: if my husband and I don't find some time to have sex soon, I think I'm gonna burst. I may even have to go to a department store and pick up a stranger. [*man calling "Hello!"*] Oh, kids! Look who's here without calling first, Nana and Pop Pop! [*sighs*] I'll call you back. [*hangs up*]

Frasier: Well, to all you Marlenes out there, may I suggest that sex with a stranger is not the answer. Why don't you just pack

the kids off with Nana and Pop Pop, lock Lucky downstairs in the basement, grab your husband, take him to the sturdiest kitchen table you have, and let the postman ring twice! Now, to the rest of my listeners, I'll be off on vacation for the next week, so please tune in to my replacement, the noted podiatrist, Dr Garreth Wooten, who'll be discussing the virtues of his new book, "Bunions and Blisters and Corns," Oh My!

He pushes the off-air button; Roz enters the booth.

Roz: I hate it when that weird foot freak subs for you. Couldn't you just have Frederick come and visit you here?

Frasier: Sorry Roz, the taxi's waiting outside to take me to the airport.

Roz: Oh well, have a great time.

Frasier: Oh, thanks. [*hugs Roz*]

Roz: And don't forget to bring me a present!

Frasier: I'll get you a nice T-shirt from Colonial Williamsburg.

Roz: You're taking Frederick to Williamsburg? Eew!

Frasier: No, it's a wonderful vacation spot! We're going to dip candles, tan leather, churn butter...

Roz: Hey, Frederick Crane, you just finished the first grade, what are you going to do now? [*with wide-eyed innocence*] I'm going to Butterworld!

Frasier makes a face and leaves.

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment.

Martin is reading the paper in his Armchair and gets an idea when Daphne comes in with the laundry.

Martin: Hey Daphne, bring that laundry over here, will you?

Daphne: What for?

Martin: Well, I was just reading about an intelligence test you can give your dog. You throw a towel over its head and see how long it takes him to shake it off. [*calling*] Eddie!

Eddie scampers in. As Daphne watches with amusement, Martin takes a small dish towel and throws it over his head.

Daphne: Oh, and the faster he takes the towel off, the smarter he is?

Martin: [*sarcastic*] No, the faster he folds it. All right, they ranked all the dogs and the smartest was a border collie; he did it in seven seconds. [*starts timing*] All right, come on boy, take it off. [*Eddie doesn't move*] Six... seven. OK, the next fastest one was a poodle, I know he's as smart as a poodle. [*counts off on his watch*] OK, so he's no poodle... he's not a beagle either... or a German shepherd... or a Labrador. Oh, for God's sake, Eddie!

Daphne: Yes, well, if you ask me, he's refusing to do that trick because he knows if he does it right, you'll have him doing it every time we have company.

Martin: Hey, I'll bet you're right! [*takes the towel off and shakes a finger at Eddie*] Nice going, Eddie!

The doorbell rings. Daphne opens it to Niles.

Daphne: Oh, hello, Dr. Crane.

Niles: I appreciate the false cheer, Daphne. But I'm sure you've

seen this? [*holds up newspaper*] Today's society page?

Martin: [*covering his ears*] Don't tell me, don't tell me, don't tell me! I'm saving it for after dinner!

Niles: Apparently Maris is going on a three-week cruise. Her friends threw her a bon voyage party. Look at the photo. It's Maris on the arm of Pierson Broadwater.

Daphne: Oh, Dr. Crane, look! She's just standing there, barely touching him, with only the tiniest bit of a smile on her face!

Niles: I know, you can practically hear the zing zing zing of her heartstrings!

Daphne: [*sympathetically*] Oh, Dr Crane... [*goes to the kitchen*]

Martin: Sorry, Niles.

Niles: Oh, it gets worse. This morning I spoke to Marta, my ex-maid and current mole. She reports that Broadwater is just the latest in a parade of escorts. The gigolos are swarming around Maris like ants on a Snickers bar!

Martin: Well, wait a minute, that's good news. If she's seeing a whole bunch of people, that means she's not serious about any one of them.

Niles: You think?

Martin: Yeah, sure! They're probably just her escorts. You know how she loves going to parties.

Niles: Yes, and she never liked going anywhere alone. Except to bed.

Martin: More good news. And Niles, it wouldn't hurt you to go out a little bit every once in a while too.

Niles: If you're suggesting that I start dating, you can save your breath. Women don't exactly find me irresistible.

Martin: Oh, come on, Niles, you've had lots of girlfriends.

Niles: Oh, let's count. There's Maris... oh no, Dora, my childhood pen pal from Costa Rica... I seem to recall a little girl in the fourth grade who lured me to a stairwell to show me her underpants.

Martin: You know, Niles, I think your problem is you still picture yourself as the same geeky kid you were in high school. But you've come a long way since then. And you're not doing yourself any favours sitting home every night. Now just think about it.

Niles sinks back in the couch and whines pathetically. Daphne enters from the kitchen with a bottle of wine in hand.

Daphne: Wine, Dr. Crane?

Niles: Well, wouldn't you?

FADE TO:

HE WAS A BAND LEADER MARRIED TO CHARO

Scene Three - Apartment

Daphne and Martin are going up in the lift. Eddie is on leash.

Martin's a little frustrated after some park trauma.

Daphne: Oh, give it up, the man had every right to be proud of his dog.

Martin: Well, I just don't like show-offs, OK? [*sarcastic*] "Ginger, catch the frisbee. Ginger, roll over. Ginger, do my taxes!"

Daphne: Just because Eddie's not good at tricks...

Martin: The hell he isn't! He just likes the kind that gives him a chance to use his brain! Eddie's a thinker!

The lift doors open onto their floor. Martin and Daphne step off.

Martin: Just watch this. Open the door for him. [*Daphne does*]
Now, I've been teaching him the names of all his chew toys.
[*gives the command*] Eddie, get your banana.

Eddie stays in the elevator, staring.

Martin: Now he's thinking, "which one's the banana?" [*still not moving*]
Now he's thinking, "what the heck did I do with my banana?"

The elevator doors slide shut.

Daphne: Now he's thinking, "which one's the emergency button?"

Martin frantically punches the lift button; the doors open.

Martin: Come on!

*Eddie scampers off, and follows Martin and Daphne into the apartment.
Niles is standing in the living room with a glass of wine.*

Daphne: Oh, Dr Crane!

Niles: Hello. I let myself in, I hope that's all right.

Martin: Fine. What's up?

Niles: Oh, I just stopped by to ask you a question. Are you free Saturday night?

Martin: Sure!

Niles: [*gleefully*] Well, I'm not! I have a date!

Martin: Oh!

Daphne: Oh! Bravo, Dr. Crane!

Martin: Good for you! Who is she?

Niles: Marjorie Nash, the "Fruit On The Bottom" yogurt heiress.
I bumped into her at the Frye museum. Before I knew it, your advice was thundering in my ears. I found myself asking her out. We'll be attending our club's annual winter dance, the "Snow Ball!"

Martin: Good for you!

Daphne: What's she like?

Niles: Well, she's terribly haughty and rumours persist about her husband's death. But still, a date's a date!

Daphne: Snow Ball? Sounds very glamorous.

Martin: I didn't know you could dance!

Niles: Oh, I can't.

Martin and Daphne look at him, alarmed.

Niles: Oh, dear. You don't think she'll want me to? I've taken Maris to dozens of these things, she's never once asked to dance... of course, Maris dislikes public displays of rhythm. Oh, this is terrible! My first date's a miserable failure before it even begins. [*reaches for his phone*] I'll just have to cancel.

Daphne: All you need are a few dancing lessons. Why, I'd be happy to give you some.

Niles: You would?

Daphne: Yeah! Growing up, I used to practise all the time with my brother Billy - the ballroom dancer?

Niles: I couldn't prevail upon you like that, it would be too much trouble. [*beat*] We'll have to move this!

He slides the coffee table against the couch.

Niles: OK, now push the chair back [*shoves ineffectively at it*]
Or not.

Daphne drags it easily out of the way. As they take their positions, Martin settles at the dinner table to watch them.

Daphne: Alright, we'll start with the box step.

Niles: Box step...

Daphne: It's very simple. Take my hand like so, and your other hand goes around my waist. [*Niles does*] Now, start with your left foot.

Niles: OK, which one?

Daphne: Oh, hush! Step towards me, then bring your right foot forward-and-over, and slide the left over to meet it. Then the right foot goes back, the left back-and-over, and the right slides next to it. And that's it! All right, once again. A one-two- [*he steps on her foot*] Oh!

Niles: Sorry.

Daphne: -three, a two-two-three, a three-two-three, a four-two three...

Niles: [*struggling and staring at his feet*] This is boring yet difficult.

Martin: Aw, there's no trick to dancing. It's just a matter of coordination. Hell, if you can ride a bike, or skip rope, or kick a ball, you can certainly...

He pauses, looks at Niles, gets up and leaves. Niles rolls his eyes.

Daphne: Alright, once again. A one-two- [*he steps on her foot again*]
Oh!-three...

The scene FADES OUT...

Scene Four - Apartment

...and fades back in later on in the evening. "Isn't It Romantic," is playing on the stereo and Niles and Daphne are dancing a slow waltz, with his head resting on her shoulder. Niles seems to have gotten the hang of it.

Daphne: You're really doing very well, Dr. Crane. Earlier you seemed a bit tense. You've really relaxed now though, haven't you?

Cut to Niles's face: he's in a dream world of his own. Martin comes in.

Martin: Hey, you two are looking pretty sharp.

The music ends, and Niles finishes by giving Daphne a graceful twirl.

Daphne: Well, I think we're ready to move on to the samba. [*to Eddie*] Eddie, fetch me a samba tape. Xavier Cougat. [*Eddie just stares*] Now he's thinking, "the later Hollywood stuff, or the early New York recordings?" [*Niles and Daphne laugh*]

Martin: Now guess what I'm thinking.

Daphne: I'll get it myself. [*runs off to her room*]

Martin: [*moving off*] Well, I'm going to hit the hay.

Niles: [*in a rhythm, he acts out his verbs*] Good-night -- bend-and-turn - see-you-in-the-morning - spin-and-dip -- [*cell phone rings*] there's-my-phone -- flip-and-push - Niles-Crane. [*loses rhythm into the phone:*] Oh, Marjorie. How are you? Oh, what a shame. Well, er, no no it's alright, there'll be other dances. No, no, I understand completely. Take care. [*flips his phone shut*] Guess I won't be needing those

dancing lessons.

Martin: [*sympathetically*] I guess not. I'm sorry, son.

Martin leaves for his room, Daphne comes running back in with a tape.

Daphne: I couldn't find any Cougie, but this'll do!

She pops the tape into the stereo. A fast Latin beat plays.

Daphne: Alright now, in the samba you have to hold me a little closer.
You ready?

*She grabs his hand and starts moving back and forth against him,
as if it were almost sexual.*

Niles: Daphne, there's one thing I wanted to mention...

Daphne: Yeah? [*dancing more against him*]

Niles: [*entranced*] I'm a dancer, a dancer dances!

He sways with her with gusto.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**WHERE ELSE WOULD CORONERS
GET TOGETHER?**

Scene Five - Cafe Nervosa

*Niles is at a table, Martin & Daphne come towards him. Daphne and Niles
greet each other with their "pet" names.*

Daphne: Here's my dancing partner. Hello, Fred!

Niles: Hello, Ginger!

Daphne: [*to Martin*] It's a little joke we have!

Niles: Look Daphne, I got two new CDs today. Tonight we master the
mambo and the conga. I can feel myself growing a pencil-thin
moustache just saying that.

Martin: You're having more lessons tonight?

Daphne: Oh, yes! He's going to be the best dancer at the ball.
I'll just go get us some coffees.

She goes to the counter. Martin crosses his arms.

Martin: Why didn't you tell her your date had cancelled? You don't
need more lessons.

Niles: I wanted to, but she's just having so much fun!

Martin: Come on, Niles, you think I don't see the way you look at
Daphne?

Niles: What are you implying?

Martin: You know damn well what I'm implying. Take my word for it,
you're sticking a fork in the toaster here.

Niles: Well, my muffin's stuck! Besides, what's the harm in a few
dance lessons?

Martin: It's nighttime. You're alone. The music's on. You've got
your arms around her. You'll end up saying something you
can't take back.

Niles: I have no intention of saying anything.

Martin: No one ever does. Take my word for it. When I was separated
from your mother, there was this pretty coroner in the city
morgue. I always had a bit of a crush on her. So whenever
we'd find a dead body, I'd yell out, "OK boys, I'll take it

from here!" So one night, I invited her down to the corner bar.

Niles: Coroners have their own bars?

Martin: [exasperated] No, *corner*, Niles, the corner bar! Anyway, we had a few drinks, the lights were low, Sinatra on the jukebox. Before I knew it, it just all came pouring out of me. I told her how I felt. I mean, I knew the second it was out of my mouth that it was a mistake. She let me down easy but we still had to go on seeing each other all the time. It sure was no fun going to the morgue after that!

This story seems to have the right effect on Niles. Daphne returns to the table with coffees in hand.

Daphne: So, what time are we starting your lessons tonight, Dr. Crane?

Niles: Actually, that won't be necessary. I just got a call from Marjorie. Something's come up. I won't be going to the ball.

Daphne: Oh. Well, I'm sorry.

Niles: It's quite all right, and thank you for all your help.

[*Martin puts a comforting arm on his shoulder*]

Daphne: [*thoughtfully*] It seems such a shame to waste all that hard work... I hope you don't think I'm being too forward, but what would you say about our going to the dance together?

Martin: Now, now, he's already taken up too much of your time, Daphne, he couldn't ask you to do that.

Daphne: No, but it would be as much fun for me as it would be for him! I'd love an elegant evening out! What do you say, Dr. Crane?

Martin: [*sure Niles will say no*] Tell her what you say, Dr. Crane.

Niles: Pick you up at seven?

Daphne: [*excitedly*] Ooh, yes! [*claps her hands*] Great!

Niles looks decidedly contented whilst Martin is appalled.

FADE TO:

Scene Six - Frasier's Apartment

A few nights later, Eddie comes bounding in, handing Martin one of his chew toys.

Martin: No, Eddie that's not your banana, that's Mr. Pig. Listen to the difference: pig, banana! Pig, banana! Pig, banana!
[*Eddie shows no reaction*] Ah, I still love you, you little pinhead. Go sit down.

The door opens: Frasier is back from his vacation.

Martin: Oh Frasier, am I glad you're back! Listen, all sorts of....

Frasier: Dad, please, please! I have just spent the most wonderful six days with Frederick. I am technically still on vacation till ten a.m. tomorrow.

Martin: Yeah, but listen...

Frasier: [*waving off Martin's protests*] Bup-bup-bup-bup-bup! Dad, I do not care to know how hard Daphne made you exercise, or about the boring foreign film Niles made you sit through, or about the progress of Eddie's on-again, off-again romance with the ottoman!

Martin: But you don't understand...

Frasier: Dad, please! For all intents and purposes, I am not here.

The doorbell rings. Daphne rushes out of her room in a ravishing red evening gown.

Daphne: [*excitedly*] That'll be my date! Ooh, I'm so excited, this is me first ball! Oh, I hope he likes my dress...

Frasier: Daphne?

Daphne: [*rushing by Frasier*] Hello, Dr. Crane, welcome back!

She opens the door to Niles, dressed in a tuxedo and carrying a red rose.

Daphne: Hello!

Niles: [*captivated*] Wow!

Daphne: Ohhh, [*giggles*] you! [*takes the rose*]

Frasier: [*mystified*] Niles?

Niles: Oh, Frasier, you're back! [*to Daphne*] Well, our carriage awaits.

Martin: And you'd better get her home at a decent hour, I'm gonna be waiting up for you!

Daphne: [*laughing*] Oh, Mr. Crane!

The two leave.

Frasier: [*dumbstruck*] What the hell was that?

Martin: [*looking around curiously*] Eddie, did you hear sumpin'? [*heads off towards the kitchen*] Can't be Frasier, he's still on vacation!

Frasier: [*following Martin doggedly*] Dad, what was that? Dad, will you stop kidding around? Was that a date? Dad!

FADE TO:

Scene Seven - Ballroom

And so, Niles and Daphne, arrive at the elegant "Snow Ball." Soft romantic music is being played by the orchestra as the Beautiful couple enter.

Daphne: Oh, Dr. Crane, it's so beautiful!

Niles: Just for tonight, could you call me Niles?

Daphne: You know, when I was at school I knew a boy named Niles. I called him Niley.

Niles: [*pause*] Just for tonight, could you call me Niles?

He steers her toward an empty table.

Niles: You're a vision... everyone's staring at you!

Daphne: Well, you look awfully handsome yourself... Niles. [*sniggers*]

He sits her at a table.

Niles: Would you like some champagne?

Daphne: Oh, that would be lovely.

Niles: Be back in a moment.

He goes to the bar. A haughty woman, Lacey, and her husband, Andrew, are standing there.

Niles: Two champagnes, *tout de suite*.

Lacey: Niles, dear! How are you!

Niles: Just fine, thanks.

Lacey: Andrew, say hello to Niles.

Andrew: Haven't seen you for ages. Feel just terrible about you and Maris.

Lacey: Oh yes, we were just devastated. Positively everyone's talking about it.

Niles: Oh, and how is positively everyone?

Daphne comes up behind Niles and listens to the conversation.

Lacey: Devastated. We were just saying that to Maris, when we ran into her and Bradley Paxton at the Breever's Cup.

Andrew: No, she was with Calvin Oldi at the Breever's Cup.

Lacey: Well, it's so hard to keep track anyway. [laughs] Niles, if there's anything we can do to cheer you up? Just let us know...

She leaves with Andrew.

Niles: [muttering to himself] Perhaps a murder-suicide pact.

Daphne: [takes their champagnes from the bartender] Well, they weren't very nice!

Niles: Well, everyone in our set seems to have this idea that while Maris is out living the high life, I'm sitting at home, crushed and lonely.

Daphne: Yeah, well, never mind those gossipy twits. Tonight, you're all mine. [puts the glasses on the table and opens her arms] Now take me in your arms, Niles, and let the music carry us away...

She leads him out onto the dance floor and just as they assume the right position, the conductor turns around.

Conductor: Thank you, we'll be back in ten minutes.

Sheepish, Daphne and Niles join in the light applause.

DISSOLVE TO:

Scene Eight

Ten minutes' later: Niles & Daphne are waltzing together.

As the music ends, he dips her.

Daphne: [laughing] I can't remember when I've had a better time. I'm on Cloud Nine!

Niles: I'd have to look down to see Cloud Nine! [leads her back to the table] Daphne, I must tell you again, that is an exquisite gown.

Daphne: Oh, thanks! It was way out of my price range, but did you ever see something and say, "I just have to have it?"

Niles cannot help but gaze longingly at her. Then, out of breath, he starts to sit down.

Niles: Where's my chair?

The orchestra begins a tango just as Niles sinks into his chair thankfully.

Daphne: [gasps] A tango! [stands and grabs his hand]

Niles: Oh, you never taught me a tango!

Daphne: Oh, you'll love it! It's perfect for you! This is a passionate, full-blooded dance that rose up from the slums of Buenos Aires.

Niles: Well, the parallels between me and an unemployed gaucho aside, I think we probably should just sit this one out.

Daphne: Oh, nonsense! There's only one rule in the tango: our bodies must be in continuous contact, with not a sliver of daylight between us. [she presses her body close to his]

Niles: [overwhelmed] I can do that.

She starts to lead him onto the floor, but he hesitates.

Daphne: Stop! Don't be afraid! Daphne won't let anything happen to you.

Niles: I don't think-

Daphne: [*grabs his face*] Don't think! Just feel. [*holds his lapels and seductively pulls him forward*] You're an Argentine slum-dweller. You have no house, no car, you don't know where your next meal is coming from. But none of that matters. Because tonight... [*they join hands and cast their eyes toward some imaginary moon*] we have the tango!

Niles: [*dips her; in an Argentine accent*] Oh mama, I've got it all!

They proceed to cross the dance floor in an eye-catching tango step. The conductor notices them and smiles.

Daphne: That's it! You're dazzling! You're brilliant! But I feel you're holding back!

Niles: I am.

Daphne: Oh, this is no time for inhibitions!

Niles: I know.

Daphne: Oh. let it out Niles. Let everything out!

Niles: [*passionately*] Oh Daphne, I adore you!

He spins around so he can't see her and slaps a hand to his mouth in shock. Oops. He spins back around to face her.

Daphne: [*eyes closed in rapture*] I adore you too!

Niles: What?!?!?

Daphne: I adore you too.

Niles: [*thrilled*] Oh, how I've longed to hear those words!

Daphne: Oh, how I've longed to say them!

Niles: You're beautiful! You're a goddess!

Daphne: I don't ever want this moment to end!

Niles: Then let's not let it!

By now everyone is watching them and the music is nearing its end. He spins her back and forth across the floor, a passionate whirlwind. He spins her again, and this time she throws her bare leg up on his shoulder.

Angle on Andrew and Lacey's table: Andrew is openly gawping at Daphne, while an upstaged Lacey does her best to look indifferent.

The music swells to a crescendo, Daphne slides down to position herself next to Niles's thighs, and Niles grips his own lapels like a knight-errant. The music ends. Applause. He pulls her to her feet.

Niles: This is the most glorious night of my life.

Daphne: Oh, mine too...

They kiss, tenderly and strongly.

[*N.B. Niles and Daphne will not kiss for another four years, at the end of Season Seven.*]

As they break apart, Niles gives a sly look to Lacey & Andrew as if to say "Ha! I bet Maris hasn't done this!" He leads her back to the table. Daphne is now constantly throwing glances over her shoulder. They sit, and Niles caresses her hand.

Niles: Oh, Daphne! I'm a new man! Do you have any idea what I'm feeling?

Daphne: Of course I do! Your friends look positively dumbstruck. From now on there'll be no more of that "oh poor Niles" attitude...

Niles: Far from it!

He kisses her hand reverently; she looks over her shoulder then turns back to him.

Daphne: I knew you were a good dancer, but I had no idea you were such a good actor!

Niles: [*shocked*] Actor?

Daphne: Yeah! "Daphne, you're a goddess, Daphne, I adore you..." We fooled everyone, didn't we?

Niles: [*heartbroken*] Oh...oh. We certainly did, didn't we?
[*lets go of her hand*]

Daphne: I'm surprised it was so easy!

Niles: Well, given the right circumstances, anyone can be fooled.

The music starts again.

Daphne: Ooh! What do you say to another dance?

Niles: No thanks, it's getting late and I've danced enough.

Daphne: Alright, then! I'll just go powder my nose and then we'll be off.

She leaves; Niles sinks down into his chair, dejected. A blonde woman who has been watching Niles comes over.

Claire: Niles? [*he turns*] No, no, please. Claire Barnes? I was an associate in your attorney's office.

Niles: Oh, yes, Claire. Uh, it's good to see you again.

Claire: Well, I heard about you and Maris. And I just wanted to give you my card and tell you you're free to call me anytime.

Niles: [*taking it*] Oh, thank you, but I'm happy with my attorney.

Claire: I meant to go dancing.

Niles looks up, surprised. She nods and gives him a warm, come-hither smile. As she moves off, Daphne comes back.

Daphne: Well, are you ready?

Niles: [*looking at the card*] No, I don't think I am. [*drops it on the table*]

Daphne: I beg your pardon?

Niles: Er, I mean yes. Uh, let's go.

She takes his arm, and they start to leave the room.

Daphne: Well, we certainly had fun tonight, didn't we?

Niles: [*laughing wryly*] We certainly did.

Daphne: And to think you almost didn't come to the ball! You know, it's such a shame when people let fear stop them from trying new things.

Niles: [*pauses and removes Daphne's arm from his*] Excuse me.

Turning back to the table, he picks up the card, puts it in his jacket pocket, returns to Daphne's side and offers his arm. He smiles.

Niles: I'm ready now.

They leave. The music swells up again, as Miss "Cinderella" Moon and Mr. "Handsome Prince" Crane gracefully exit the ball room along with an experience to last for a life time: "Moon Dance"

END OF ACT TWO

Credits:

Martin is showing Eddie a placard with a sketch of a banana with the word BANANA scrawled across the bottom. Eddie runs offscreen, and returns with a banana. Martin looks very proud and congratulates Eddie.

The camera widens, revealing that the entire living room is littered with nothing but bananas.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

CHRISTINE MCGRAW as Lacey
HANK STRATTON as Andrew
NANCY STAFFORD as Claire Barnes
MICHAEL G. HAWKINS as Conductor

Guest Callers

JODIE FOSTER as Marlene

Legal Stuff

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