

[3.5] Kisses Sweeter Than Wine

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AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

Won

EMMY

- **Outstanding Sound Mixing for a Comedy Series or Special:** Thomas J. Huth, David M. Weisharr, Robert Douglass, Dana Mark McClure
-

Transcript {nick hartley}

Act One.

Scene One - Radio Station.

Frasier is nearing the end of his show when he gets another caller.

Frasier: Roz, who's our last caller?

Roz: On line two we have Marilyn. She's feeling a little homesick.

Frasier: Go ahead, Marilyn.

Marilyn: [v.o:] Well, I like living in Seattle but, I don't know, I grew up in this little town in Wisconsin and I really miss that life.

Roz looks excited, and signals to Frasier to let her talk to Marilyn.

Frasier: Well, you're not the only one. My producer Roz has regaled me with many stories of the great Dairy State.

Marilyn: You're from Wisconsin, Roz? What part?

Roz: Bloomer.

Marilyn: Oh my God, I'm from Monomeney.

Roz: No way! You're from Menomonie? My cousins are from Menomonie, do you know the Rayburns?

By this time Frasier is getting a bit irritated, however he plays along.

Marilyn: [v.o:] Billy Rayburn is your cousin? I used to work with him at Bell's Frozen Custard!

Frasier: [bored:] Of course she did.

Roz: Do you remember that guy that used to run the store, with all the moles?

Marilyn: [with Roz] Mr. Sneedy.

Frasier: Ladies, as fascinating as this is, I'm afraid we're out of time.

Marilyn: [with Roz:] Oh!

Roz: That's okay, Marilyn, you can call back tomorrow.

Frasier: Make sure you all tune in tomorrow for Part 2 in our series, "Women of the Cheese Belt." Goodbye for now, and good mental health.

As Frasier signs off, Roz enters his booth with some notes.

Roz: These messages came for you earlier, your wines are ready.

Frasier: Oh, excellent. I'm hosting a tasting tonight for the wine club Niles and I belong to. I'm hoping they name me the Maitre d'Chai. It's a long-standing dream of mine to wear that silver cup around my neck.

Roz: You know, back in Wisconsin if a guy wore a cup around his neck it meant he'd ticked off the gym teacher.

Frasier: Fine! Make sport, but this does happen to be important to me.

Roz: Since when? You used to say that club was nothing but a bunch of arrogant cork-sniffing snobs.

Frasier: Well, that was before I got in.

Roz: Well, when I'm handing out baloney sandwiches this weekend at the homeless shelter, it will do me heart good to know that a bunch of wealthy men are swishing two-hundred-dollar bottles of wine and spitting it into silver buckets!

Frasier: [upset:] It's not like we don't recycle the bottles.

FADE OUT

SIP, SWISH, SPIT

Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment.

That evening Niles and Frasier are practising for their wine tasting evening. Frasier is wearing his blindfold as he smells and sips a wine. Niles holds a silver bucket. Frasier eventually spits it out, however he misses and Niles is forced to wipe it up with his tissue.

Frasier: Big, full-bodied, nicely baked. Essence of truffles, long finish - Chambertin 76'.

Niles: Bravo, Frasier. If only your aim were as accurate.

Daphne: [who is cleaning up:] How is it those same taste buds can't tell the difference between my pot roast and my flank steak?

Frasier: Well, considering you learned to cook in England, it's a wonder I can't tell your flank steak from a braised tennis ball.

Niles: Now, now, let's move on to the number seven.

Frasier: [smells another glass:] Ah, touch of oak. Hint of currant. Whisper of....

Martin enters with Eddie on a leash, however Frasier carries on.

Frasier: [smelling:] ...what is that, what is that? Oh yes, wet dog! [takes blindfold off and looks at Martin]

Martin: You guys still playing that stupid game?

Frasier: Dad, wine tasting is not a stupid game - it's a highly refined skill.

Martin: Yeah, I just saw a couple of guys on the corner practising out of paper bags.

Niles: We're hardly winos. Some very distinguished people belong to our club: the mayor, the commissioner of public safety,

the chief of surgery at St. Lukes...

Daphne: Oh, just the people I want walking around all liquored up. Could you find room for a school bus driver and a couple of air traffic controllers?

Frasier: Well, we would if they had impeccable taste. Which reminds me dad, I have a favour to beg. Would you mind if I moved your chair into your room until after the tasting?

Martin: Forget it, you might as well ask me to stay in my room.

Niles: Which takes care of the second favour.

Martin: Oh, all right, move it. At least I don't have to spend the night watching your society pals getting tanked.

Frasier goes to pick it up.

Frasier: Okay, Niles, grab an end.

Niles: [*laughs, then:*] Oh, you're serious. You know I don't lift.

Frasier: Yes, with that stick where it is I'm surprised you can bend. Start hoisting, come on.

Niles does this and the two, with much effort and much ad-libbing, manage to carry it upstage. Of course Frasier is holding his end up higher than Niles's. Frasier remarks it weighs a ton. It is not long before Niles wants to put it down. However, Frasier tells him not to. Yet after much quarrelling he drops it right on the upstage flooring.

Frasier: Look what you've done!

Martin: [*worried:*] You better be talking about the floor.

Frasier: Oh, of course I'm talking about the floor...

Martin: Oh, for Pete's sake, it's just a little scratch. Get me a yellow magic marker. I'll color it in, no one'll know the difference.

Frasier: Dad, you have no idea how critical these people can be: they love finding fault.

Daphne: We could put a rug over it.

Frasier: A rug? Where a rug doesn't belong? Why don't you just throw down a Twister mat, have a few rounds between vintages?!

Niles: Steady Frasier, there's still hope. I'll bring my contractor by in the morning. The man's a genius.

Martin: You know, it's time you guys learned, everything doesn't have to be perfect.

Frasier: Yes, it's that kind of advice that leads to shag carpeting!

Frasier holds his head in his hands as we FADE OUT.

Scene Three - Frasier's Apartment.

The next morning Frasier and Martin are at the table reading the paper. They have both just got up. Daphne enters from her bedroom in a robe.

Frasier: Ah, good morning Daphne - extra pancakes for me this morning! I'm famished!

Daphne: Yes, well you should have thought about that last night before you started making cracks about English cooking. I have hung up my spatula. [*exits to kitchen*]

Martin: Well, you moved my chair, you cut off my pancake supply; why don't you just back out over Eddie on your way to work and make it a hat trick? [*doorbell sounds*]

Frasier: And a hat trick would be?

Martin: It's in hockey where one player...

Frasier: Enough said, thank you.

Frasier goes to answer the door. Niles is standing there with a

seemingly strong and good-looking man.

Niles: Good morning, Frasier. I'm delivering one miracle worker as promised. Joe DeCarlo, Frasier Crane.

Frasier: Pleasure.

Niles: And my father, Martin Crane.

Martin: Hi, Joe.

Joe: Where's the scratch?

Martin: Oh, you mean you didn't see it? We were going to put some orange cones around it so nobody would fall in it!

Frasier and Niles take Joe upstage. He feels the scratch.

Frasier: It's right here.

Joe: I can get rid of that.

Frasier: It has to be done by five. My guests arrive at seven, so it has to be a firm five. Not a five-fifteen or a five-thirty.

Joe: I'll be done by noon.

Frasier: Splendid.

Niles: I told you he was good. We're talking about a man who has satisfied Maris. Something that's still regrettably on my to-do list!

Daphne: Coffee's ready. [*enters with coffee, to Frasier:*] Of course, I'm sure it'll taste like my old bath water to you. You know, how it gets all grey and scummy around the edges with little flecks of... [*notices Joe:*] oh, hello.

Joe: Hi.

Daphne: [*notices him properly; saucily:*] Hello.

Daphne and Joe stare each other with longing as Niles tries to stop it.

Niles: I'd love some coffee, Daphne. [*pause*] Hmm, Daphne?

Martin: Er, Daph', this is Joe DeCarlo. Joe, this is Daphne - she helps me out around here.

Joe: Smells great. Columbian?

Daphne: [*laughs:*] No, English. [*realises:*] The coffee - Costa Rican. Would you like a cup?

Joe: Thanks.

Daphne: I'll be right back. [*whispers to Martin:*] He's adorable, talk me up.

Martin: A plate of pancakes.

Daphne: Deal. [*exits to kitchen*]

Martin: You know, Joe, Daphne's a great gal. You know, she doesn't always go round in that ratty old bathrobe. She cleans up real cute.

Joe: You don't have to convince me.

Niles: You know, I think dad's right - you don't need to fix that scratch, it adds character. [*takes him aside:*] Come, Joe.

Frasier: Niles, forget it!

Daphne: [*enters from kitchen:*] Honeybun?

Joe: [*as if it was a pet name:*] Yes.

Daphne: [*laughs*] Hee hee, I meant would you like one of these with your coffee? [*holds up a honeybun*]

Joe: Oh, I'd love one.

Daphne: Anything...?

Joe: No. [*then:*] Sugar?

Daphne: [*as if it was a pet name:*] Yes.

Joe: I meant in the coffee.

Daphne laughs, then exits back to the kitchen.

Niles: You know, Maris is quite keen on gutting my library to make

more space for her hats. Why don't you come home with me and you can send one of your men over to do this little job. Bruce would be good - the large sweaty gentleman with the chili dogs on his breath.

Frasier: Niles, Joe is here already and we do have a deadline.

Niles: But, don't you think it would be prudent...

Frasier: Niles, it's settled.

Joe: That's great, because I'm kinda anxious to get at her. [*goes upstage*]

Niles: [*angry:*] I'll just bet he is, the testosterone is just dripping...

Frasier: Niles, Niles, he's talking about the scratch.

Niles: [*angry still:*] I knew that! Only I know that! I mean, watch him!

Niles exits out the front door as we FADE OUT.

Scene Four - Elevator In Frasier's Building.

Later that day Frasier is going up in the elevator with two workmen. He is curious and so begins to chat.

Frasier: Someone remodelling?

Electrician: No, bad wiring in one of the condos.

Frasier: Ah, well I hope you won't be here this evening. I'm entertaining some very important guests and you know how sound travels in this building.

Painter: Ah, can't make any promises. We're here as long as this poor sap is willing to pay us. [*laughs*]

RESET TO: Hallway Outside Frasier's Apartment.

They both get off on the same floor. Frasier goes to put his key in the lock and notices the electrician and painter are standing behind him ready to enter his apartment.

RESET TO: Frasier's Apartment.

Frasier enters his apartment to find sawing and drilling around his fireplace. There are a few cloth sheets on the floor and a hole in the wall.

Frasier: What is happening?

Joe: Hold on, guys. [*they all stop:*] Er, sorry about this, Dr. Crane, but I plugged in the sander to start on the floor, you blew a circuit.

Frasier: So naturally you're sawing a hole into my wall.

Joe: The circuit blew - it started a fire. You've got some real bad wiring in here.

Frasier: But how long? [*they start again*]

Joe: A couple of hours.

Frasier: "A couple" is vague. That would mean the big hand would be on the twelve and the little hand would be...?

Joe: On the four.

Frasier: On the four? Oh, the four is okay, fine.

Martin: You know the fire, Eddie smelled it first. [*exits to room*]

Frasier: Oh, well he's a regular canary in a coal mine, isn't he!

Niles: [*enters from front door with a case:*] My God, what's going on?

Frasier: Don't ask, Niles. [*notices case:*] Oh, I see you've got the Romani Containe.

Niles: Yes, but unfortunately they only had the one bottle.

Frasier: That's funny, the importer told me he had two.

Niles: Really? [*nervous:*] How strange.

Frasier: You know, if I didn't know you better I would swear you had squirreled one away for yourself. But then we both know

that you must be telling the truth, because you're such a slave to your ethics that even the slightest transgression would cause your nose to bleed.

Niles: Which it isn't! [sniffs up]

Frasier: You just sniffed.

Niles: I didn't sniff, it was a snort of contempt. [sniffs again]

Frasier: A snort is out, that was in.

Niles: [takes a tissue and holds it to his nose:] Oh, alright - the other bottle's in the car in my bowling bag.

Frasier: Thank you. [curious:] You have a bowling bag?

Niles: Yes. Maris and I have taken to giving each other gag gifts. I gave her a cook book.

Daphne enters from the kitchen with a drink and rushes over to Joe.

Daphne: Oh, yoo-hoo. I noticed how your shirt was [knees turning to jelly:] clinging to your back and... I thought a nice cup of iced tea might hit the spot.

Joe: Thanks, Daph'.

Joe takes the drink from him. At that moment they both shudder.

Daphne laughs.

Daphne: Ho-ho, I got a spark.

Joe: Me, too.

Niles: [jealous:] That's just static electricity from the carpet - it can happen to anyone. I'll show you.

Niles shuffles backwards along the carpet, then shuffles forward and pokes Frasier in the stomach, without result. He shuffles further back, then shuffles forward and pokes Frasier again, without result. Digging his heels in hard, he shuffles back even further, then shuffles forward and-

Frasier: STOP POKING ME!

Daphne: [picking up bags:] Should I put these little fingery foods for tonight in the fridge?

Frasier: Oh, yes please - the Brie is sweating up a storm.

Joe: Let me help you with those.

Niles: No Daphne, let me help you.

Daphne picks them up and begins to hand a drink to Bruce. However, Niles takes the drink and gives it to Bruce. He feels a spark.

Niles: Spark! Spark!

Niles follows Daphne into the kitchen as Frasier announces to his workmen:

Frasier: I will be back after work at five-thirty - I hope I have your word that my apartment will be perfect for then.

Joe: Okay.

Frasier: Alright, think think before you answer. This is not like marriage vows, or a promise to a dying parent. This really, really counts.

Joe: You have my word.

Frasier: Thank you.

Bruce: God, I'm sweating like a pig. I've got to air myself out. [to Frasier:] Hey, hold the elevator, will ya?

Frasier: I'm sorry, I need this nose tonight, thank you.

Frasier exits out the front door. Meanwhile, Niles and Daphne are busy in the kitchen putting the foods away.

Niles: You don't have to keep feeding these men. Actually, Maris finds they work faster if you keep them hungry.

Daphne: Hee hee, I don't mind. Of course, I probably don't cook as well as their wives or girlfriends. That is, if they all have girlfriends. I'm sure Joe's probably mentioned some girl to you.

Niles: [*honestly:*] No.

Daphne: Really?

Niles: [*worried:*] That is... not any one girl. Not old "love'em and leave'em" Joe. From what I've heard, he's wrecked more homes than he's fixed. Mimsie Stanshope has him over all the time, and I don't just mean to strip her entryway.

Daphne: [*disappointed*] Oh, I see.

Niles: I'm sorry, Daphne.

Daphne: No, it's better I should know now before I get my hopes up. Thank you for being honest with me.

Daphne exits as Niles pulls out of the fridge. He stands for ages against the fridge holding a tissue to his nose to stop it bleeding.

End Of Act One. (Time: 12:20)

Act Two.

THE CLOT THICKENS

Scene One - Hallway Outside Frasier's Apartment.

It's half past five when Frasier gets off the lift and realises there is no sound. It is as if all the workers have gone home. However, just as he puts the key in the door he hears all the commotion.

Frasier enters his apartment only to hit the door on his mantle piece, which has been taken off the fireplace and stuck near the door. Now, all the furniture has been either covered by dust sheets or moved to other corners of the room. There is a vast amount of dust soaring through the apartment and there is a scaffolding around the fire on which a man stands. Also, even more people are scurrying around in the room including Joe and Bruce. Martin and Eddie are sat at the table.

Frasier: [*conspicuous:*] Joe...

Joe: Dr. Crane, don't panic, I can explain everything.

Frasier: Wonderful. Perhaps you can explain [*points to man on scaffolding:*] these legs.

Joe: That's Cecil. He's the best ceiling guy in Seattle. We were lucky to get him. When we opened up the wall to get to the faulty wiring, we found that the gas pipes leading to your fireplace were cracked. Had to be fixed.

Frasier: Tonight?

Martin: I OK'd it. It just seemed wiser to do it before the explosion.

Martin gives a smug smile as Niles tries to enter. However, he bangs against the mantelpiece.

Niles: Frasier, the club members arrive in forty-five minutes. Have you lost your... [*notices legs and waves upwards:*] Cecil!

Frasier: Niles, don't yell at me. If you were able to lift anything heavier than an emory board we wouldn't be in this position.

Martin: Maybe next time you'll listen to your old man.

Frasier: Thank you, dad. You know, I was just considering whether I should go shave or slit my wrists. You made my choice a little easier.

Joe: Don't worry, we are gonna make it. Only... about that shaving. We had to shut the water off to replace a valve.

Frasier: Oh, well, that explosion idea's sounding better and better. [phone rings:] Could someone at least move that mantle piece away from the door! [answers phone:] Hello? [can't hear him:] Just hold on, will you?

Frasier moves over to upstage to take the call as Martin talks to Joe.

Martin: Hey Joe, you know you're going to be through by seven? It gives you plenty of time for [points at Daphne who has now entered:] a dinner and a movie.

Joe goes over to ask Daphne out. However, the noise is so intense neither we or Daphne can hear him. Daphne keeps asking what he said and she eventually lip-reads his question. She answers, however now he nor we can hear her. Joe asks everyone to quiet down and all of a sudden the following erupts:

Daphne: I said I don't want to go out with you!

Joe: [embarrassed, turns to colleagues:] Whatcha looking at? Get back to work! [to Martin:] Thanks a lot!

Martin: [turns to Niles:] Why would she do that? She's crazy about him!

Niles however is stood looking up at the ceiling. You can tell that he is trying to hold the blood in his nose. Martin realises this.

Martin: Niles, is your nose bleeding?

Niles: No, no, I was just admiring Cecil's handiwork.

Niles exits to the powder room as Frasier puts the phone back on the recieving and tells Martin who it was.

Frasier: That was the mayor on the phone. Apparently his wife can't make it tonight so he has invited [mad:] Senator Adler! Can anything else possibly go wrong?

Martin: Take a look at that. [points to floor]

Frasier: Oh, dear God. Is that blood on my floor? [walks along a trail:] And another drop.

He crosses to the powder room and opens the door. We see Niles sitting on the toilet holding a tissue back on his nose.

Frasier: Niles!

RESET TO: Powder Room

The scene continues as Frasier enters the powder room and closes the door behind him.

Along with Martin, Frasier now realizes the cause of Daphne's behavior, and is clearly intolerant of any excuses Niles plans to make.

Frasier: Well?

Niles: Is it terribly wrong to mislead someone even if it is for his or her own good?

Frasier: What did you tell Daphne?

Niles: I made up a story that Joe seduces all the women he works for so she wouldn't go out with him.

Frasier: [*angry, yet calm:*] Oh Niles, how could you be so selfish?

Niles: I didn't do it for me, I did it for her. She deserves a doctor, or a lawyer - someone for whom a T-shirt is an undergarment.

Frasier: Look, I don't know what sort of twisted fantasy you've concocted about you and Daphne. I suppose it involves a comet hitting the earth and you and she having to rebuild the species! But trust me, Niles, it is not going to happen. She needs a man - one who can do more for her than just smell her hair.

[*N.B. This speech was originally written by Joe Keenan for Scene Two of [2.3], "The Matchmaker," but was used here instead.*]

Frasier: [*opens door and calls:*] Daphne!

Niles: What are you going to do?

Frasier: You are going to fix this.

Niles: What am I going to tell her?

Frasier: Tell her the truth. Only the truth shall make you clot.

Daphne: [*enters:*] Yes, Dr. Crane?

Frasier: Yes Daphne, er, Niles has something he wishes to discuss with you.

Frasier exits and closes the door behind him.

Daphne: What is it, Dr. Crane? [*points at tie:*] Oh look, you have a spot on your tie.

Niles explains to Daphne whilst she mops up the blood that has fallen to his tie.

Niles: Well, earlier, what I said about Joe - I made a mistake. He doesn't sleep around, he hasn't wrecked any homes, and the business about Mimsie Stanshope...

Bruce: [*enters:*] Oh sorry, is there a john around here to air out my paddle?

Niles: You can use the master bedroom. [*to Daphne:*] Joe never worked for Mimsie Stanshoe..

Bruce: He sure didn't. I do all the work at Mimsie's. She is one tough lady to satisfy.

Daphne: It's you?

Bruce: I'm the only guy that can make her happy, everyone knows that. Jeez. [*exits*]

Daphne: [*realising:*] So, that was the mistake you heard. Those stories you heard weren't about Joe, they were about Bruce?

Niles: Hard to believe, isn't it? But you know, when society women go slumming they go all the way! So, you can tell Joe that you've changed your mind about going out with him.

Daphne: Oh no, I couldn't. What would I say?

Niles: Just tell him the truth. Tell him that I heard stories that he... [*nose starts bleeding:*] No, bad idea! Here. You... [*cleans toilet seat with tissue:*] wait here.

Daphne sits down as Niles exits.

Outside, Niles walks over to Joe calling him.

Niles: Joe.

Joe: Yep?

Niles: [*goes over to him*] You have to ask Daphne out again.

Joe: Are you nuts? You heard what she said.

Niles: Yes, but if you ask her again; she'll say yes.

Joe: Hey, maybe I've changed my mind.

Niles: Oh no, you haven't changed your mind. You're just letting masculine vanity and hurt feelings keep you from something that other men can only dream of in their oxblood seated leather wingback chair with the lights off.

Joe: Look, Dr. Crane, I just don't think it'll work out - okay?

Niles: No, it's not okay. If you had ever... smelt her hair, you'd know she's worth at least one more try. She is an angel, and she is a goddess - and she's waiting for you in the bathroom.

Joe thinks about it, then chucks Niles on the elbow and knocks on the powder room door.

Joe: You got a minute?

Niles watches as Daphne and Joe disappear to the bathroom.

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment.

Later that evening, everything is still as it was. Frasier enters from the bathroom with bits of blood-stuck tissue paper on his face from where he cut himself shaving. He goes over to the table where Martin and Niles are sitting. The phone sounds.

Frasier: I'm never going to make it. Daphne, would you please get that? *[she does]*

Martin: Jeez, I thought you were just going to slit your wrists. It looks like you went for "death of a thousand cuts."

Frasier: I cut myself because I was shaving without water. And why was there no water? Because I had to move your chair, which gouged the floor, which made me call for Joe, who found bad pipes, who called for Cecil, who ate the cat that killed the rat that lived in the house that Frasier built!

Daphne: *[to Frasier, re: phone call]* That was the doorman. Senator Adler's limousine just pulled up.

Frasier: Oh, it's over, it's over. Sing, fat lady, sing.

Niles: Frasier, what are we going to do?

Martin: Will you give me your cash? Both of you, come on! Hurry up!

Frasier: Why?

Martin: Never mind why, just hand it to me. Come on, be quick, Niles.

Niles: *[takes money out of wallet:]* Oh all right, do you want all seven hundred dollars?

Martin: You carry seven hundred dollars in your wallet?

Niles: Well, Maris asked me to stop by the drugstore later.

Martin: Just hand it over. *[shouts to workmen:]* Okay, guys. I've got seven hundred and some odd dollars here. If you can get everything cleared up before Frasier's buddies get here it's yours to split any way you want on your way out.

Frasier: Bribery? That's your big plan?

However, it does actually work as the workmen suddenly move with lightning speed and impeccable precision; furniture is replaced, the scaffolding is removed, and dust sheets are zapped away.

Frasier: Oh my God, it's starting to work! Hey, here's another hundred I was holding out on my old man!

Martin: Hey! *[takes it]*

Daphne: Dr. Crane.

Niles: Yes?

Daphne: Joe told me what you did. I think that's the nicest thing anyone's ever done for me. Thank you. *[kisses Niles on cheek and jumps back]* Oh!

Niles: Did you feel that? We made a spark.

Daphne: Oh yes, we did. I guess you were right, it is just the carpet!

Joe: [*shouting:*] Okay everybody, come on. Move it, move it, move it. We're out of here.

Joe picks up the seven hundred dollars as everyone except Frasier, Niles, Martin, Daphne and Joe hurry out. The room is restored as Joe asks Daphne:

Joe: Are you ready?

Daphne: [*to rest:*] Good night.

Frasier: Goodnight Daphne, have a good time.

Joe and Daphne exit. The room is now in perfection and is seamlessly rid of workmen and any sign of them. Frasier is ecstatic.

Frasier: Oh, my God, we did it, we actually did it. [*Martin begins to exit*] Oh dad, please don't leave, I'd like you to stay. I mean, you helped me to get this put together tonight.

Martin: Oh well, thanks Frasier. That makes me feel good. Not good enough to hang around that bleeding-heart-softie-on-crime Senator Adler, but good. [*calls:*] Come on Eddie, the politicians are coming!

Martin exits to his room as Eddie quickly follows him. The doorbell goes and the brothers are excited. Frasier answers the door.

The camera goes to a P.O.V from the guests who receive Frasier's welcome:

Frasier: Senator Adler, Mayor - welcome to my humble abode.

Bruce appears behind Frasier, pulling up the crotch of his pants and holding up a bare cardboard roll.

Bruce: You know you're out of T.P. in the can?

Frasier smiles at his guests covering up for Bruce as we FADE OUT.

End Of Act Two. (Time: 21:00)

Credits:

Frasier's Apartment.

Frasier and Niles are bringing Martin's chair back into the lounge again. They are upstage at the same point they dropped it before. Niles asks to put it down but he's obviously under strict orders not to. He then crashes against the central pole of the lounge and drops the chair before eventually falling on the couch with a hurt back. Frasier then kicks the chair in disgust.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

TONY CARREIRO as Joe DeCarlo

PETER STRAGUSA as Bruce

KEV O'NEIL as Electrician

KEVIN WEISMAN as Painter

Guest Callers

BROOKE ADAMS as Marilyn

Legal Stuff

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