

[4.19] Three Dates And A Break Up [1]

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Sherry Dempsey Episodes

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Transcript {nick hartley}

ACT ONE

Scene One - Café Nervosa.

Frasier and Niles are sitting in Café Nervosa in the morning, chatting pretentiously about the food and drink.

Niles: Have you noticed there are fewer hazlenuts in these biscotti?

Frasier: So I'm not crazy.

Niles: And yet they've gone up twenty-five cents.

Frasier: Oh, fewer nuts, more money - something I've been aspiring to for my entire professional life! *[they laugh]*

Roz enters through the front door in a rather shabby tracksuit, the front of which is drenched in sweat. Added to this, her hair is clumsily tied up behind her head with sweat beads trickling down her forehead. She is wearing shorts and is out of breath.

Roz: *[catching breath:]* That's the last time I jog in these shorts. My thighs are chafing like a couple of hams wrapped in velcro! *[shouting to waitress:]* Non-fat Mocha, please!

As she sits at their table, Niles and Frasier distance themselves.

Roz: What?!

Frasier: As flattered as we are that you've chosen our company over, say... a shower, perhaps you'd like to go to the ladies room to freshen up a little bit?

Roz: *[angry:]* Hey, at least I try to keep in shape. I haven't seen one of you two run an eight minute mile!

Niles: Stand upwind of us and you might!

Roz, getting the gist, decides to go and freshen up.

Frasier: Oh, by the way Niles, my benefit for the Seattle Theatre Ensemble is tonight - I haven't recieved your check yet.

Niles: Well, that's because I'm still not sure if I'm coming.
Whom should I expect to meet there?

Frasier: Professional people... around our age..

Niles: [*wanting more:*] Hmmmm.

Frasier: Same social standing...

Niles: [*strangely:*] Yoww!

Frasier: Specific-minded... interested in the arts...

Niles: [*angry:*] Oh for God's sake, how many women?

Frasier: Well, why didn't you say so?

Niles: Well, I thought my rutting monkey body language would have tipped you off.

Frasier: Well, pertaining to my RSVP list there should be quite a few available women.

Niles: In that case I'll be there. [*writes check and hands it to Frasier:*] Here's my money - it better be worth my while!

Frasier: [*sharp*] Oh look, here comes Sherry and Dad.

Niles: [*sharp*] Duck!

Frasier: No, no, no, no, I invited them.

Niles: Sherry's not going to be there at your benefit tonight, is she? I can stop that check!

Frasier: Oh, just relax. I came up with a rather ingenious plan to occupy their evening - I bought tickets to an event which is right up their aisle. I felt so mortified just buying the tickets, I paid cash so they couldn't trace it back to me.

Martin and Sherry enter Café Nervosa as the waitress holds up some tickets, shouting.

Waitress: Excuse me, people! Did somebody leave some tickets back here?

Frasier: Oh, good Lord! [*shouting and running:*] Yes!

Waitress: Something called, "Nashville on Ice!"

Frasier: Right here. [*trying to get them off*]

By this time, Frasier is tugging at the tickets as a group stand laughing at him.

Waitress: [*reading:*] "Ice skating country jamboree."

Frasier: [*takes tickets; off the crowd's grins:*] Oh, don't look so smug - try skating and blowing into a jug while your heart's breaking!

Frasier heads his way over to an overjoyed Sherry and Martin.

Sherry: I can't believe you scored tickets to that. You are well-connected in this town.

Frasier: Well, actually these are gifts for you and dad.

Martin/Sherry: [*excited:*] Oh, that's great.

Frasier: I hope you're free.

Martin: [*takes tickets:*] Well, we are now! Wow, Frasier, thanks. Look at this, rink side.

Niles has now put on his jacket and is ready to leave the Café - but now before Sherry has made her mark on him.

Sherry: [*to Niles:*] Oh, what's that on your cheek?

Niles searches as Sherry plants a big kiss on his cheek leaving an imprint of lipstick. Niles gives a polite laugh.

Sherry: My lips!

Niles: Oh, look at the time, I have to go.

Sherry: Oh, it seems that everytime I see you, you're just leaving.

Niles: Yes, and I'd love to stay but I... [excusing:] have my therapy group meeting... and last time I was late the, er, compulsive gamblers were betting the passive/aggressors that they couldn't make the overeaters... cry.

Niles leaves as the threesome head over to the table.

Martin: Well, you two take a seat here, I'll get us a couple of coffees!

Sherry: You know how I like it - hot and sweet.

Martin: Yeah, but how do you like your coffee?

Sherry: [laughs before sitting with Frasier:] Is he always that funny?

Frasier: Oh, yes. [polite laugh]

Roz enters from the powder room. There is less sweat though it is still clearly visible. This time a blotch of soap has been squelched right on top of it. Frasier gives a condoling sound.

Roz: That damn soap dispenser - I just gave it a good tap and splat! [points to mark on shirt]

Frasier: Oh, I'm sorry. Roz Doyle, my producer, you haven't met my dad's inamorata, Sherry Dempsey.

Sherry and Roz shake hands.

Roz: I normally look a lot better than this!

Sherry: Oh now, you don't have to be self-conscious around me, hon. We all have our bad days once we pass forty! [laughs] Nice seeing you. [goes to counter where Martin is]

Roz: [confused:] What did she say?

Frasier: Oh, who cares?! The least I can do to lengthen out a few precious moments of silence without her underfoot. The woman's practically moved in with me.

Roz: What did she say? [sits]

Frasier: Be calm now, come on. You may not look your best today but there's a man sitting right over there - he can't keep his eyes off of you.

Roz: [modest:] Oh, where?

Frasier: Right over there. [points]

Roz looks around. There is a man sitting on the bench seat next to the window. He is squinting at Roz. Roz turns back worried.

Roz: [worried:] Oh my God, that's John Coughlin from my high school! [praying:] Oh dear God, please don't let him recognize me. I swear I'll never leave the house unbeautiful again!

John: [coming over:] Roz?

Roz: [to God:] Thanks for listening!

John: Roz Doyle? It's me, John Coughlin.

Roz takes her coffee away from her mouth. A fine milk moustache is left in its place.

Roz: [nice:] Hi John, look at you.

John: Look at you!

Roz: I hardly recognised you with that moustache! Oh Frasier, I'm sorry. This is John Coughlin, Frasier Crane. So did you just move to Seattle?

John: No, I'm out here for a week on business - now it's back to Wisconsin. Remember Marcy?

Roz: Yeah.

John: She's getting married on Saturday.

Roz: No kidding!

John: Well, I'm late for a meeting but it was great running into you, I can't wait to tell the whole gang I saw you.

Roz: You don't have to do that!

John leaves as Roz goes into depression.

Roz: Frasier, that guy was the biggest gossip in my home town. He saw me with my hair all sweaty, my sweatshirt full of soap! Oh God, what could be worse?

Frasier: Well, here's a hint: Got Milk?

Roz: [*finds moustache:*] Oh, no!

FADE OUT

HAT TRICK

Scene Two - Frasier's apartment.

That night Frasier is at his benefit with Niles aside him.

Upper classes are swarming around them.

Frasier: At first, I was terribly nervous about hosting these things, but it seems to be going rather well.

Niles: Not for me. I haven't made in-roads with a single woman here.

Niles gets excited upon noticing a woman. He gives a strange look with his eyebrow which looks like an inspector after finding a hidden clue.

Frasier: [*confused:*] What are you doing? You look nauseated!

Niles: That woman is flirting with me, this is my "I'm available" face.

Frasier: Stop it! My God, people'll think the shrimp is bad. Alright, which one?

Niles: Er... at nine ó clock: blonde hair, blue dress. [*the woman heads toward them*] Oh, now ten ó clock... 11 ó clock... oh Mama, high noon.

The woman - Adair Peck - has now arrived where Frasier and Niles are standing.

Adair: I'm sorry, I have to leave early. I just wanted to let you know what a lovely time I had.

Frasier: Oh well, thank you, it's good to see you. Have you met my brother, Dr. Niles Crane?

Niles: [*still with face on:*] Enchanted.

Adair: Hi. [*notices face:*] Are you feeling okay?

Niles: [*deflated*] Bad shrimp. [*Frasier hits him*]

Adair: Oh. [*to Frasier:*] I so enjoyed our chat about Brecht, I'm just sorry we didn't get to finish it.

Frasier: Oh, me too.

Adair: Um... [*laughs self-consciously:*] I never do this - but if you'd like to give me a call sometime, I'd like that. [*gives him her card*] You don't have to call me, only if you want to, and we can talk about other, non-Brecht things... you see why I never do this?

Frasier: Well, I'm certainly glad that you did it with me. [*laughs*]

Adair: Nice meeting you, Miles.

Niles: [*angry:*] Okay.

As she leaves, Daphne comes in from her room pointing at a man.

Daphne: Dr. Crane, who's that gentleman over there?

Frasier: [notices:] Oh, that's Matthew Apinnion - he's one of the theatre's biggest benefactors.

Daphne: Well, I just caught him back in my bedroom.

Frasier: Well, I'm sure he just wandered in there by mistake.

Daphne: He was trying on my shoes!

Frasier: Interesting piece of information. Something tells me that the theatre's going to get that new sound system.

Daphne exits as a woman, Kimberly, calls the crowd.

Kimberly: On behalf of Seattle's Theatre Ensemble, I would like to thank Dr. Frasier Crane, for hosting tonight's benefit. But before we say goodnight, let's try and coax him into saying a few words.

Applause.

Frasier: Alright. Er... Alexander Pope once wrote that the theatre "aspires to wake the soul by tender strokes of art, to raise the genius and to mend the heart." I'd like to say that it's my privelege to help ensure the survival of this noble calling. And, er, thank you all for coming and I'll see you on the opening night of "Run For Your Wife!"

Laughter and applause. After the applause dies down a brunette woman - Leslie Wellman - comes over to Frasier.

Leslie: Well, that was terrific. Are you always this eloquent?

Frasier: Oh well, hardly. My Muse, alas, is somewhat ephemeral.

Leslie: Well, Dr. Crane, I'm glad to meet you. Leslie Wellman, we met earlier.

Frasier: Leslie, of course.

Leslie: Well, I have to run but... I hope I'm not being too forward - I'd love it if you'd give me a call sometime.

Frasier: I'd be delighted too.

Leslie: Here's my card.

Frasier: Thank you. [pockets it]

As she leaves Frasier goes over to Niles.

Frasier: Niles, was that Natalie Spencer I saw you talking with?

Niles: [excited:] As a matter of fact it was. I've been admiring her all evening, so I steeled myself and asked her if she would be free next week.

Frasier: And?

Niles: Well, her lips said "no" but her eyes said "read my lips." [mad:] I suppose you came over here to gloat because a woman came onto you.

Frasier: Not hardly, I wouldn't do that sort of thing. I came over here to gloat because two women came onto me!

Niles: Two?!

Frasier: My God, I've never had a night like this in my entire life! I'm a babe magnet, I'm catnip!

Niles: I think I feel a fur ball coming up. Tell me your second conquest wasn't that haughty filly in the white dress - Kimberly Egan.

Frasier: No, no, no, your path is clear.

Niles: [thinking:] Oh... what's the point? I can't take another rejection!

Frasier: Well Niles, I'll tell you what. Seeing as how Cupid has so amply stocked my quiver this evening, I shall try and shine

on your behalf.

Niles: [*nearly sick:*] Oh my God, you're unbearable!

Niles sits down with disgust as Frasier goes to talk to Kimberly.

Frasier: Kimberly, good evening.

Kimberly: Frasier. Thank you again for tonight. You really are a wonderful host.

Frasier: Thank you. Listen, I don't usually do this sort of thing but there's a gentlemen here tonight who's rather taken with you. He's an eligible doctor, he's just a bit shy about coming over and expressing those interests to you.

Kimberly: [*taken aback:*] Oh, that is so sweet! [*knowingly:*] Well, you tell your bashful friend, he needn't be so coy. I'd love to go out with you some time, Frasier. [*hands him her card*] Call me tomorrow.

Frasier: [*Niles comes over*] Oh, do you know my brother?

Kimberly: Oh, of course I do. [*shakes Niles's hand*] Nice seeing you again, Miles! [*Niles grits his teeth*]

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene One - KACL booth.

It's Friday and Frasier is doing his show on KACL.

Doug: [*v.o.:*] Anyway, Dr. Crane, I've spent months now sending out resumés, pounding the pavement, but nothing.

Frasier: Well Doug, it's possible you're simply going through a dry spell. Good Lord, it happens to all of us. Months go by with nothing, then completely out of the blue you get not one but three offers, without doing anything. Not just for any jobs either, but for desirable ones, with ample salaries and fabulous perks. Be patient. Finding employment is much like dating - opportunities come along when you least expect them.

Doug: Thanks, Dr. Crane. Actually, dating is the one area I don't have any problems in. Right now, I've got two women interested in me.

Frasier: Two? Well, that must make you the envy of MOST men! [*laughs*] Well, that's all for today, Seattle. This is Dr. Frasier Crane, KACL 780. [*signs off*]

Roz enters his booth.

Roz: Alright, you've compared dating to unemployment, claustrophobia and bedwetting. Is there anything you'd like to tell me?

Frasier: Ask me if I'm free this weekend.

Roz: Well, obviously...

Frasier: Roz, ask me, come on. And let me remind you, it's a three-day weekend.

Roz: [*put on:*] Are you free this weekend?

Frasier: No, I have a date this evening. And I've got a date tomorrow night. Oh, and let me check my calendar for Sunday. [*checks it:*] Oh yes, another date! [*laughs*]

Roz: Good, not bad!

Frasier: [*excited:*] Not bad?! If I didn't know better, I'd say someone was a little jealous. After this weekend you may have to give up your dating crown!

Roz: I once had three dates on a single Saturday and still had time to defrost my refrigerator and rotate my tires.

Frasier: [*lost some happiness:*] It's a wonder you could rotate anything after that! Alright, I concede.

Roz: Alright, good. Will you help me with something?

Frasier: Sure.

Roz: Okay, do you think it's weird to send a wedding present to someone you haven't seen or spoken to in eighteen years?

Frasier: Well, it's a bit unusual but it's sweet nonetheless.

Roz: Okay, what about if the wedding gift happens to be a sterling silver picture frame, [*holding it up*] and inside that happens to be a glamour photo of me?

Frasier: Roz, does this have something to do with an old high-school chum you ran into yesterday during your holiday from hygiene?

Roz: I know, it all sounds so silly to you, but you don't understand. Frasier, I grew up in a tiny town and I still care about what those people think of me and John Coughlin will go back there and totally trash me!

Frasier: Come on, you're a beautiful, intelligent woman. Do you really care what impressions people in your past have about you?

Roz: I guess not.

Roz takes this opinion and exits the booth as the phone rings.

Frasier: [*into phone:*] Hello? Why-y-y, Norm Peterson, you old horse thief! [*laughs*] Thanks for calling back so soon. Well... just guess who's got three dates this weekend!

As Roz rolls her eyes we FADE OUT.

A FLY IN THE OINTMENT

Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment.

That evening, Frasier is preparing for his date. Frasier enters the main room with a bottle of wine and two glasses. He tastes his food and makes a smile of delight before placing the wine and filling the glass. Daphne is on the phone and begins speaking into it in a strange American accent. It sounds manly.

Daphne: [*into phone:*] Hi, is this Johnny's Steakhouse? Yeah, I'd like a table for two at eight o'clock. Sure, no problem, I'll hold.

Frasier: [*confused:*] What the hell are you doing?

Daphne: [*still in accent:*] Making dinner reservations.

Frasier: Not that, the voice.

Daphne: [*still:*] I'm trying my American.

Frasier: You're certainly trying this American!

Daphne: [*still, into phone:*] Anything on the patio? Alright, cool. I'll see you then.

Daphne hangs up as Frasier pours a second glass. She reverts to her Manchester accent.

Daphne: You see, I'm just sick of people making such a fuss about my accent. I like to be able to blend in on occasion, so I'm learning to speak American.

Frasier: And who is your tutor, a drag queen?

Daphne: You know, it's not very kind of you to mock me. Especially after I've agreed to clear out for your big date.

Frasier: Yes, alright, thank you, Daphne - very much.

Daphne: [*American:*] I'll see you later. [*Manchester:*] You see, that's the problem when I speak American, I don't know what to do with my "R"'s!

Frasier: Try hauling it out of here!

Daphne understands this and exits. Frasier meanwhile is getting excited. He switches on some classical music to which he dances around a bit at before dimming the lights. The doorbell rings and he makes a gesture that it's perfect timing. He goes to the door and waits a second before opening it to Kimberly.

Frasier: Kimberly, hello.

Kimberly: Hello. *[enters:]* Frasier, it's so nice to see you again.

Frasier: Oh, well let me take your things. *[takes them to coat rack]*

Kimberly: Thank you again for hosting the benefit.

Frasier: Oh, well thank you again for chairing. Listen, did we make as much money as we hoped to?

Kimberly: Well, we haven't tallied all of it but I'm guessing the evening will exceed our wildest expectations.

Frasier: My favorite sort of evening. *[laughs]*

Kimberly goes over to the window over Seattle.

Kimberly: Oh, I can admire this view for hours.

Frasier: *[staring at her:]* As could I. *[hands her a glass:]* Here we are - some wine, perhaps?

Kimberly: Thank you.

Frasier: To... Possibilities. *[they clink glasses]*

They both have a sip of wine. Frasier lightens up with a pleased look.

Kimberly: So, tell me: how did you become interested in the theatre?

Frasier: Well, actually I first caught the acting bug back at prep school. The very first production I ever did was "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream." Not to toot my own horn but my Bottom recieved a standing ovation.

Kimberly: *[taking the ulterior meaning:]* I'm not surprised.

Frasier: *[laughs as they sit:]* And you? How did you get involved?

Kimberly: Well, I worked in a lot of charities. I actually founded one that promotes pet adoption.

Frasier: Really?

Kimberly: I'm quite the dog lover. You?

Frasier: *[lying:]* Heavens, yes. You know, I have dream of some day owning a big house in the country where I can have as many dogs as I like.

Kimberly: I just love a man who loves animals. Is it too much to ask that you are also a vegetarian?

Frasier: I just recently became one!

As they look at one another the front door opens, revealing Sherry and Martin loudly laughing their heads off.

Martin: Hey, Fras'. The pharamcy left your ointment with the doorman.

Sherry: Somebody has a date! *[covering:]* Don't worry honey, it's just for prickly heat.

Frasier: Well, thank you, Sherry. Kimberly Egan, this is my father Martin Crane, and this is his companion Sherry Dempsey.

Sherry: Can I tempt you to some Peppermint Schnaps? It really settles the tummy.

Frasier: Yes, as much as I could use that right now, I think I'll pass.

Martin: Oh hey, sweetie, tell them that joke you told down at the bar. When she told it I did an honest-to-God spit take. I'm not kidding you. So much beer gushed out of there I was like Mt. St. Pauliga.

Frasier: Well, actually I don't think...

Sherry: Okay, this really horny 80 year-old man goes into a confession box...

Martin: [to Kimberly:] You're not Catholic, are you?

Kimberly: Yes, I am.

Martin: Oh, then you're really going to love it! [laughs]

Sherry: So anyway this horny old guy...

Frasier: You know, Sherry, I think we've both heard this joke.

Sherry: Ohhh, Marty, I think we're cramping somebody's style.
[remembers:] Oh hey, before I forget, this is for you.
[hands Frasier a small box] I couldn't finish my veal chops. [to Kimberly] If you want to know the way to this man's heart, that is his favourite dish.

Kimberly: [angry:] Veal?!

Frasier: [covering:] Free range!

Martin: Well, hey listen, we're just going to take the dog for a walk. Eddie? [shouting:] Eddie??

Barking is heard from the corridor.

Martin: [angry:] Oh, you locked him in the back room again, didn't you?

Kimberly: [outraged:] What?!

Martin: Oh, listen to him! He's crying, that poor little thing.

Sherry and Martin head off to the back room as Kimberly gets her coat.

Kimberly: Well, I guess you'll need a lot of extra room in that dream house to lock up all those dogs.

Frasier: Good, we can joke about this. Kimberly, please, can I at least call you in a few days?

She answers this question by simply slamming the door as she exits. Then Eddie comes running out and jumps on the dining room chair. He stares at the food that Frasier prepared.

Frasier: Go ahead!

Eddie jumps up and begins eating with content.

FADE OUT

Scene Three - Frasier's kitchen.

The next morning, Martin is standing at the stove, looking somewhat guilty. Sherry comes in and hugs him from behind.

Sherry: Good morning, handsome.

Martin: Yeah, hi. I was wondering when you were getting up. Hungry?

Sherry: Well, a litte bit. [opens fridge:] How about some Chinese?

Martin: Chinese for breakfast? Who eats that?

Sherry: About a billion Chinese people. [they laugh, Martin less so]

Martin: Alright, I'll get the plates and forks.

Sherry: Look, why don't we do it authentic this time. Get the chopsticks!

Martin: No, I don't want to.

Sherry: Come on.

Martin: [irritated:] I don't feel like it.

Sherry: Oh, just try it one time - it's not hard.

Martin: [getting mad:] It's not a question of hard - I just don't like using them, they don't work.

Sherry: Well, they've been around a lot longer than forks.

Martin: Well, our hands have been around a lot longer than that, why don't we just eat everything with our fingers?!

They enter the dining area.

Sherry: Oh, somebody's in a mood!

Martin: I'm not in a mood.

Sherry: You are.

Martin: Look, I just don't like you telling me to do things that I really don't want to do! [*tries to smile*]

Sherry: Fine, I will never mention the word "chopsticks" again. [*to herself:*] So touchy!

She walks up to the piano and whilst Martin is reading his paper begins to play. Of course the melody is "Chopsticks." Martin, in a huff, gets up and exits to the kitchen.

Martin: Thanks for taking what I said so seriously!

Sherry: Marty! [*enters kitchen with him*]

Meanwhile, Daphne and Frasier are coming up to the apartment on the elevator. They are talking about last night.

Frasier: So, Sherry's not there for longer than thirty seconds and she chases Kimberly right out of the apartment.

Daphne: [*American accent:*] Gee, I'm sorry, Dr. Crane. That woman sure can be difficult.

Frasier: Look, this accent thing's getting downright annoying! Well anyway, I've been trying to call Kimberly all day to apologize...

Frasier notices Daphne waving to the corner of the lift.

Frasier: What are you doing?

Daphne: [*Manchester:*] Saying hello to Mr. Hicks in security.

Frasier: There's a hidden camera up there?

Daphne: Yes, but he said don't worry about it. He said lots of people pull down their pants to tuck in their shirts. Though he did recommend having that rash looked at.

Frasier: [*angry:*] Oh!

The elevator gets to the right level. The doors open and they step out. Frasier notices Sherry's umbrella next to the front door.

Frasier: Oh fine, Sherry's still here! You know, she stays later each morning and more nights each week! It's not what I had in mind when I moved in here. It's bad enough I have to deal with Eddie and Dad and... [*realizes who he's talking to:*] their shenanigans!

They enter the apartment. The two stop as they hear Sherry and Martin still arguing in the kitchen.

Sherry: I can't believe you're getting upset over nothing.

Martin: Well, I don't consider it nothing.

Sherry: I think we should talk about this.

Martin: I don't want to talk about it.

Sherry: To not talk about it is just plain stupid!

Martin: Oh, so I'm stupid now, am I?

Frasier and Daphne comment.

Frasier: They're arguing. [*hopeful:*] Could there be trouble in paradise?

Daphne: This is awkward. Should we let them know we are here?

Frasier: No, they might stop!

However, Sherry and Martin exit the kitchen and spot them.

Martin: When did you get back?

Frasier: Just now.

Sherry: Oh, well don't worry, we were just talking.

Martin: We're finished talking. [*exits to bedroom*]

Sherry: Maybe you have. Marty, I think we should talk about it.
[*exits with him*]

Martin: [*o.s.:*] Well, I don't want to.

Frasier and Daphne start thinking.

Frasier: I've never heard them talking like that before. Dare I get my hopes up?

Daphne: Don't count on it. Once an argument moves into the bedroom, a woman can always get the man to make up.

Frasier: I wouldn't be so sure about that.

Daphne: Oh come on now: men and women have been having this conversation for centuries. The woman always says, "do we always have to fight?"

Frasier: Well, the man would say, "well it's your own fault, you started it!"

Daphne: Can't we at least talk this out? [*sits on the couch*] Come on, sit with me on the bed.

Frasier: I don't feel like sitting!

Daphne: Do you have to be so cold?

Frasier: Well, you made me angry!

Daphne: [*crying:*] You could at least put your arms around me!

Frasier: Oh Daphne, I'm sorry...

He moves to hug her, but she looks up at him with a knowing smile.

Frasier: You're right. We're made up already.

Daphne: Well, at least they'll be in a good mood when they come out. There's nothing like make-up sex.

Frasier: Daphne, please, Sherry and dad don't have make-up sex.

Daphne: Well of course, they're probably at it...

Frasier: [*stops her:*] My dad and Sherry do not have sex!

Sherry enters with her bag and coat.

Sherry: So long kids, it was nice knowing you.

She exits out the front door. Frasier and Daphne stare.

Frasier: Did that actually just happen?

Daphne: I guess I called that one wrong.

Martin enters from his bedroom.

Daphne: Is everything alright?

Martin: Oh yeah, fine, it was a long time coming.

Frasier: Are you okay with this?

Martin: Well yes, I mean I'm not jumping up and down but I think it's better for both of us - yes.

Frasier: Are you sure?

Martin: Yeah, yeah, Sherry and I had a lot of laughs but you know there's a lot of things about her that bugged me, and Lord knows I'm sure she was bugged by a lot of things that I did. So, well, no really, this is fine. Fine. [*exits to kitchen*]

Daphne: He seems to be taking it very well!

Frasier: Perhaps I should go see if he feels like talking about it.

The phone rings and Frasier answers.

Frasier: [into phone:] Hello? Oh yes, hi, Niles. Well, actually it isn't a very good time. No, well dad and Sherry just broke up. He seems to be taking it okay, I guess. Oh no, I don't think it's appropriate. Well, it's just too soon for us to be celebrating right now.

*Daphne shakes her head as Frasier replaces the receiver.
The phone rings again.*

Frasier: [answering] It's still too soon, Niles! [hangs up]

END OF ACT TWO (Time: 22:30)

This episode was originally broadcast as a one hour show.
Click here for [Part Two](#)

Legal Stuff

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