

[4.20]Three Dates And A Break Up [2]

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Sherry Dempsey Episodes

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Transcript {nick hartley}

ACT THREE

**PROFESSOR CRANE'S
SELF-DELUSION 101**

Scene One - Frasier's apartment.

Frasier is asleep on his couch that same evening as Daphne walks in ready to leave.

Daphne: Dr. Crane, are you alright?

Frasier: Daphne, shh... do you hear that?

Daphne: What?

Frasier: The sound of a Sherry-free apartment. [*Daphne rolls her eyes*]
I've been basking in it for the last thirty minutes. Right now, I feel like a seafront village after the Vikings have left.

The doorbell rings and Frasier jumps off of his couch.

Frasier: That must be Niles! [*opens the door to Niles*]

Niles: Frasier.

Frasier: [*happy:*] Niles. I'd offer you a sherry, but I'm fresh out!

They slam their chests together, causing them both to stagger a bit.

Niles: I can't believe Dad finally came to his senses! Oh, shall we attempt a high-five?

Frasier: Well no, not after what happened last time - your watchband

got caught in my hair.

Niles: What a relief to finally have things back to normal.

Frasier: Yes.

Daphne creeps up behind him and greets him in her American accent:

Daphne: Hey there, Dr. Crane! How's tricks?

Niles turns round and gives a startled scream which even knocks Daphne back a bit.

Daphne: I'm trying my American accent.

Niles: Well, stop it! I mean, we Americans are sensitive about our... crude speech patterns.

Daphne: [reverts back to Manchester:] I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend.

Niles: No, no it's quite alright. You have a real flare for accents. Just out of curiosity, have you ever tried a saucy French chamber maid?

Frasier: Niles! [with hands tells him to quit]

Niles: Frasier's just been telling me how well Dad's been taking the break-up with Sherry.

Daphne: Yes, a little too well if you ask me!

Frasier: Daphne, we had this discussion already - he's fine!

Daphne: He's in a lot more pain than he's letting on. You just don't see it because you like having your apartment back.

Frasier: Leave the complex analysis to the professionals!

Martin comes in.

Martin: Oh hi, Niles. Feel like going to the movies with me and Daphne?

Niles: Oh thanks, but I have plans. Listen Dad, I'm sorry to hear about you and Sherry

Martin: Oh, that's alright. There's nothing to be sorry about. It was kind of fun to go back to my old bachelor days. Yeah, don't worry about me. Easy come, easy go. Do you want a blowmaker?

Niles: No, thanks.

Martin: [nearly all in a sentence:] More for me, I should bake a few of those for the movies, you know-

Daphne: Mr. Crane...

Martin: Come on, I'm only kidding. No, it's kind of fun to laugh at things again. That was the problem with Sherry: she had no sense of humor, just a real stick in the mud, you know? Well hey, we better get going, don't want to be late - I'll get the elevator! [exits]

Daphne: [sarcastic, to Frasier:] Well, what's your diagnosis now?

Frasier: It's a clearcut case of Post-Sherry Euphoria!

A bell is heard from the kitchen as Daphne leaves.

Frasier: Oh, there's my canapés.

Niles: Oh, right. Date number two. I'll be off as well. You can fill me in tomorrow.

Frasier: You'll get a full debriefing - [chuckles] As, hopefully, will I.

Niles grits his teeth and leaves as Frasier prepares his food.

Frasier: [brings food in and talks to Eddie:] Alright, young animal: learn from the master! Now, bottle these time-honored traditions, and you too might get lucky with that young

Pekinese peach you've been eyeing in the park. [*holds up a CD:*] Now, for mood: Vivaldi. And then, for lighting: not so bright as to show the wrinkles, not so dark as to make her think you're hiding anything. [*plays with the lights as the doorbell goes:*] Oops, and leaving nothing to chance: [*holds up wine bottle*] Pouisse Fuisse 1992 - elector a la carte. [*tastes it:*] Dear God, I could teach a course!

Frasier opens the front door to Adair.

Frasier: Adair. Come in, may I take your coat?

Adair: [*enters, takes off her coat:*] Thank you. It's so nice of you to have me over. I hope you didn't go to any trouble.

Frasier: Oh, nothing special.

Adair: I guess I feel so strange. I mean, one night I'm at Dr. Frasier Crane's house for a benefit - two days later I'm back at his house for a date.

Frasier: Well, there's one thing I've learned - that life is nothing without spontaneity.

Frasier spontaneously switches on the Vivaldi music, making Adair wonder what happened.

Frasier: Come and have a look at the city. [*points to window*]

Adair: [*taken aback:*] Oh, what a lovely view. I didn't fully appreciate it the other night.

Frasier: [*staring at her:*] My sentiments exactly.

She turns and smiles at him, understanding very well.

Frasier: Here, a glass of wine. [*hands it to her*] Here we are. To... Possibilities.

They clink glasses and take a drink.

Adair: I wonder if I can see my apartment from here?

Frasier: Well, if you can, don't tell me. I have a telescope and I'm not to be trusted! [*laughs*]

Adair: Funny, charming... next thing I'm going to find out that you're a great cook.

Frasier: Well, [*modest:*] don't get your hopes up! [*showing her his prepared meal:*] Duck confit.

As Frasier begins to toot his own trumpet the doorbell sounds. Frasier, off his stride, runs to answer it to Sherry.

Sherry: Hello, Frasier.

Frasier: [*worried*] Sherry. Er, my father's not here right now. I'll tell him you stopped by.

Sherry: Oh wait, I just came by to pick something up.

Frasier: Well, why don't you tell me what it is, I'll have it messengered over tomorrow.

Sherry: [*upset:*] It's my banjo! Can't I have it?

Frasier: Alright, listen, I'm on a date here. So just try to make it quick.

Sherry: Okay. [*to Adair:*] Hi, how are you?

Frasier: [*worried:*] She's fine, we're fine, go on.

Frasier ushers her out of the room to Martin's bedroom.

Frasier: Father's ex-girlfriend. [*laughs*] Well, where were we?

Adair: Let me just say that this duck is superb. And the way the wine compliments it and the music... I'm guessing you

entertain often?

Frasier: Well, no, actually. I'm really rather lonely. Tell you what, take my telescope home, you can see for yourself.
[laughs with her]

Sherry reappears from the bedroom with Banjo in tow.

Sherry: Got the banjo.

Frasier: Oh well, yes, okay, bye-bye.

Sherry: Bye, Frasier. [to Adair:] It was nice seeing you again.

Adair: I'm sorry, have we met?

Sherry: Well, yes, on your date last night. Kimberly, isn't it?

Adair: [confused:] No...

Frasier: [to Sherry:] Well you got what you came for, off you go...

Sherry: I'm sorry hon', but she does look just like the other girl, and besides you were playing the same makeout music-

Frasier: Alright, off you go! [pushes her out]

Frasier puts on a brave face as he offers more wine to Adair.

Frasier: Some more wine?

Adair: Two dates in two nights isn't bad for someone who's lonely.

Frasier: My God, you could hardly call what happened last night a date. The woman who organised the benefit came by, she just dropped in to say thank you.

Adair: Wait a minute. You mean Kimberly Egan? She broke up my first marriage!

Frasier: Well, I hardly know the woman, she spent all of ten minutes here!

Adair: I'm not going through this again. [gets her coat]

Frasier: Adair! Listen, listen, this is all in your mind! I mean, we spent one night together, she means nothing to me!

Adair: [hateful:] Gee, where have I heard that before?!

Adair slams the door behind her as Frasier looks around feeling sorry for himself. Eddie again runs up to the table and stares.

Frasier: [same tone as before] Go ahead!

Eddie gets onto the table and eats the meal.

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Café Nervosa.

The following afternoon Frasier and Niles are chatting about recent events at the window seat of the café.

Frasier: So, for the second time in two nights Sherry manages to chase away another date! She's like a scarecrow in the cornfield of my love life!

Niles: I don't know how many more of your disastrous love stories I can hear. I'll say "when."

Roz enters the Café wearing a most beautiful green sequined dress. Her hair is tied up sexily behind her head and her makeup has been applied meticulously. She is looking for someone as she chats to the two.

Roz: Hello.

Niles: You look like an almost presentable version of someone who works with my brother.

Roz: Bite me!

Niles: Oh, it is you.

Roz: [*sitting saucily:*] You haven't seen my high school friend John around here, have you?

Frasier: Well no, we haven't, Roz. I suppose you finally tracked him down?

Roz: Yeah, I'm meeting him here for coffee. I'm going to tell him I'm on my way to a chic cocktail party. This is the "Roz" I want him to talk about when he goes to that wedding this weekend.

Frasier: The vain, neurotic, lying Roz?

A Waitress comes over.

Waitress: Oh, are you Roz?

Roz: Yes.

Waitress: There was a call for you from a John Coughlin; he said he's sorry that he can't meet you but he had to take an earlier flight.

Roz: Oh, great!

Waitress: Roz Doyle, right?

Roz: Yeah.

Waitress: Sorry, you don't look anything like he described on the phone.

The waitress leaves as Roz falls back into the chair.

Roz: All right, before I do anything crazy - like, go to the airport, fly to Wisconsin and crash a wedding - did I really look that bad the other day?

Sherry enters before either of them get the chance to answer.

Sherry: Hiya, guys.

Frasier: Oh hi, Sherry.

Sherry: [*to Roz:*] Gee, you look familiar. Did I see your older sister in here the other day? Oh, she must be jealous of you!

Roz gets up and exits the Cafe:

Roz: [*o.s.:*] TAXI!

Sherry sits next to Frasier.

Sherry: Mind if I join you?

Frasier: Oh, of course not.

Sherry: I was hoping that I'd catch you here. Well, I've been thinking about what happened yesterday between your dad and me and well, I just can't figure it out. One minute we were having a stupid argument about chopsticks and the next minute we were broken up. Well, I hate to put you on the spot like this, but did he say anything to you?

Frasier: Well, not really. You know how closed up Dad is. Well, he did say that the breakup was a long time coming.

Sherry: Now I really am confused! I mean, I thought everything was going fine. Well, better than fine... Ah, the other night we both said "I Love You" for the first time.

Niles: You did?

Sherry: Yes.

Niles: It's just that in the past he's been rather reserved about expressing himself that way.

Sherry: Well, I guess he sort of hesitated before he said it, but, I mean, a lot of guys do that when you spring it on them for the first time.

Frasier: Yes, well I certainly can tell why you're confused. Well... if you'd like, I could speak to him on your behalf. [*Niles*

kicks him under the table] Ow!

Niles: Oh, I'm sorry, is that your shin?

Sherry: No thanks, Frasier, I don't want to put you in the middle of this. I'm just frustrated. Listen, er, thanks for listening.

Frasier: Of course.

Niles: Anytime.

Sherry: Well, I really thought I'd hit the jackpot with Marty. It isn't easy finding someone you think the world of.
[*to Frasier:*] Oh, I know, you go tom-cattin' around with a different girl every night, but you can't find happiness that way.

Frasier: I haven't so far.

Sherry leaves. As soon as she's gone, Frasier kicks Niles hard in the shin.

Niles: OW! I didn't kick you that hard.

Frasier: You didn't have to kick me at all!

Niles: Well, were you seriously considering playing couples' therapist with Dad and that woman, after we just got rid of her?

Frasier: I have no intention in repairing the rift. God, last night for the first time in months I wasn't jolted awake at two a.m. by her rousing rendition of "Funky Mountain Breakdown"! It seems a little odd that Dad chose to break up with Sherry just after he told her he loved her.

Niles: As I recall she said, "hesitantly said it back to her." To me that's a clear picture of a man who didn't share her feelings.

Frasier: Yes, well I think he does share her feelings. He just panicked out of fear.

Niles: Fear of what?

Frasier: Well, lots of things: change, commitment, becoming vulnerable to someone again. I'm just afraid he broke up with her for all the wrong reasons.

Niles: Well, if he'd like a list of the right reasons it's available on request.

Frasier: The least I can do is have a talk with him.

Niles: No, the least you can do is nothing. Dad hasn't asked for our help. You should just let nature take its course.
[*getting an idea:*] It's like one of those wildlife films with the lion chasing down the antelope. You don't ask why the photographer doesn't interfere - you just accept it!

Frasier: [*annoyed*] As a general rule Niles, the photographer is not related to the antelope!

Niles: Obviously you and I don't see eye to eye. [*Frasier gets up to leave:*] Where are you going?

Frasier: I have a date in forty-five minutes, and a bleeding antelope sitting in a Baracalounger in my apartment!

Frasier leaves as the waitress is handing a drink to a neighboring table. She overhears this strange part of the conversation. Niles, overridden with jealousy, decides it's the perfect opportunity to try his flirting skills.

Niles: I suppose that sounded strange to you - I'd be happy to explain it. Are you by any chance free at the end of your shift?

Waitress: [*half embarrassed, half laughing:*] Sorry. [*walks away*]

Niles: I've still got it!

He slowly punches a fist into the air. The fist droops as he realizes how awful he really is.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

**HE COULDN'T HAVE WAITED
'TILL HE GOT INTO THE HOUSE**

Scene One - Frasier's Apartment.

That evening Frasier is riding the elevator to his apartment. He gets shuffly and begins taking his belt off in order to tuck in his shirt. However, he remembers Daphne's little friend.

Frasier: Not so fast, Mr. Hicks. You won't find me doing anything foolish.

He opens his umbrella over his head. He is very proud of what he has done until he finds how hard it is to adjust his shirt with one hand. By the time the elevator comes to a stop on his level his trousers are halfway down his legs. And guess who's waiting to be taken down: Daphne.

Frasier: [*shuffling out, still holding the umbrella over his head*]
Daphne.

Daphne: Hello, Dr. Crane. Enjoy your evening.

Frasier: Yes, you too.

She enters the lift and presses a button.

Daphne: [*to the camera:*] He's been under a lot of stress lately.

Frasier enters the kitchen of his apartment where Martin is eating nibbles.

Frasier: Oh Dad, listen, I'm glad you're home. We've gotta talk.

Martin: I can't think which conversation started that way!

Frasier: We have to talk about you and Sherry.

Martin: Why? Look, I'm fine with it. Come on now, let it go.

He enters the main room - Frasier follows.

Frasier: Dad, listen, I spoke with Sherry today.

Martin: You did what? What for?

Frasier: Well, she came to see me. She was a bit confused about what happened the other day and well, from her story, I think what you're contending with here is a classic case of panic induced by fear of commitment.

Martin: Did you hear that, Eddie? That's who buys your dog food!

Frasier: Yes, well she also told me about a little incident that took place the other evening, where she expressed her feelings for you and you hesitantly reciprocated.

Martin: Oh jeez, she told you about that? Look, to cut it short: she told me how she felt about me, I said it back, but I only said it because I felt I had to. That's not really what I feel, so, end of story.

The doorbell sounds and Frasier tries to usher Martin away.

Frasier: Well, listen Dad, there's my date. I'm sorry for butting into your life but I happen to be concerned about you. You may find it hard to believe but your welfare happens to be very important to me.

Frasier pushes Martin into the kitchen before switching on his Vivaldi. Frasier opens the door to Sherry. He quickly turns off the music as Martin sees who it is.

Sherry: Hi, Frasier.
Frasier: Ah, Sherry.
Sherry: Hi, Martin.
Martin: Hey.
Sherry: You left your Sinatra tape in my car.
Martin: Oh thanks, I've been looking for that.
Sherry: Well, there you go. [*places it on table*] Bye.
Martin: So long.

She leaves and Frasier goes back to his Spanish inquisition.

Frasier: I saw that, Dad! I saw the way you looked at her. You can't convince me you don't feel the same way about her that she does about you!
Martin: I appreciate what you're doing, I really do, but STOP!
Frasier: Alright, fine, it's your life. I wouldn't interfere.

As Martin exits to his bedroom as Frasier decides to interfere anyway and steps out into the corridor to get back Sherry.

Frasier: Wait, can you just stay for a few minutes? I think I can straighten this whole thing out.
Sherry: Oh, it sure didn't look like he wanted to.
Frasier: Yes, well he's just being his stubborn, ornery self.
Sherry: I do miss that!
Frasier: Alright, I'll just go and talk to him. Stay here.

However, just as Frasier's about to go back in, Frasier's third date comes up on the elevator.

Leslie: Frasier.
Frasier: Oh, Leslie.
Leslie: Sorry, I'm a little early.
Sherry: Way to go, Frasier!
Frasier: [*worried:*] Oh, dear God. Sherry, this is Leslie; Leslie, Sherry. Leslie, come on in. [*she does*]
Sherry: Frasier, can I use the girl's room?
Frasier: No! [*Leslie looks at him*] Oh, no... need to ask.

Sherry enters the powder room as Frasier takes Leslie's coat.

Frasier: May I take your coat? Yes, [*takes it*] there we are. You see, Sherry is my father's lady friend and they're going through a bit of a rough patch. If you'll excuse for just a moment, I have to talk with him. Just a minute...
Leslie: No, take your time. I can always chat with Sherry!
Frasier: No, no. I mean, look at this fabulous sunset, isn't that something?
Leslie: [*at window:*] Wow. Even more stunning than I remembered.
Frasier: [*staring at her:*] Yes, it is! Excuse me for a minute... [*remembers:*] Oh wait, some wine?

As before he holds the glass to her and they clink:

Frasier: To... [*getting bored:*] possibilities.

Martin enters the room from his bedroom - walking to the kitchen.

Frasier: Oh, Dad.

Martin: Oh, don't worry, I won't get in the way. I'll just go grab a beer!

Frasier: Oh, no trouble at all, Dad.

Martin enters the kitchen as Frasier rushes with him.

Frasier: Dad, you and Sherry...

Martin: [*had enough:*] Oh jeez, I don't believe this! Frasier, it's over. She's gone, she's out of my life!

However she comes back into his life when he sees her coming out of the powder room.

Martin: What the hell's she doing here?

Frasier: She came in to borrow the powder room, I'll be right back.

To avoid Sherry and Leslie chatting Frasier pops back out again.

Frasier: How's everything out here?

Sherry: Fine, how's everything in there?

Frasier: Fine, fine. I think I just need a few more minutes.

Leslie: [*to Sherry:*] Are you through with the powder room?

Sherry: Oh sure, it's all yours!

Leslie enters the powder room.

Sherry: Frasier, take all the time you need. I'll entertain your friend.

Frasier: [*laughing worriedly:*] Oh, what and miss this fabulous sunset?

Sherry: [*at window:*] Oh yeah, look at that! I forgot how beautiful it is.

Frasier: So it is!

Now very scrambled, Frasier hands a glass of wine to Sherry.

Frasier: Here we go, to possi- oh, what am I doing?!

He just pushes Sherry out onto the balcony instead.

Frasier: [*shouting:*] Two minutes, no more!

Leslie opens the powder room door, confused.

Frasier: Oh, not you, Leslie.

She reenters the powder room as Frasier runs into the kitchen to his father.

Martin: Look, I don't know what you're doing. But you go right back out there and get rid of her.

Frasier: Dad, I am not trying to torture you.

Martin: Well, then you're doing a bad job.

Frasier: Alright, listen, I'm still a bit confused about something, maybe you can help me understand it. You said that you don't have any feelings for this woman. Alright then, fine. Why is it for the last three months you've been happier than since my mom died?

Martin: Hey, you just leave your mother out of this!

Frasier: I didn't mean to bring her into this. That's not what I'm talking about... [*realises:*] Dad, is that what this about? Mom?

Martin: No! Alright?

Frasier: Listen, I'm a psychiatrist.

Martin: Well, I don't need a psychiatrist and I don't need your help!

Frasier: Dad, that is just classic defensive...

They carry on arguing until Martin picks up a dinner plate and smashes it against the counter. They look at each other with guilt.

In the living room, Leslie is now sitting on the couch and looks up at the noise. Frasier sticks his head out.

Frasier: Excuse me, butterfingers!

He goes back to Martin.

Frasier: Now listen, Dad, I do not mean to upset you. I believe that the feelings that you're going through here are feelings of guilt. It's probably natural to feel that way - my God, I understand exactly what you're going through.

Martin: No, you don't, no you don't. You don't understand at all: when you've been married for thirty-five years, you never thought there could be someone else, and one day you hear yourself say, "I love you" to another woman, maybe then you'll understand what I'm going through.

Frasier: Dad, there was a time after my first marriage was breaking up, I was talking to Mom. She said to me, "Frasier, you've got to promise me you're not going to give up." I said, "Mom, please, the last thing I want to hear is a bunch of clichés, and that we're all put on the earth to love each other, and how it's certainly possible for the human heart to love more than one person." I said, "Alright, Mom, give me one good reason to ever let myself fall in love again." She said, "Because I said so and I'm your mother!"

Martin: [*smiles:*] Yeah, but it sure doesn't help reminding me what a great lady she was.

Frasier: Well, does it help to remind you that Sherry's a pretty great lady too? God, dad, she makes you happy. Niles and I would give anything to have what you have. Well, not WHAT you have but what you HAVE.

Martin: Yeah, she's a pretty great lady, isn't she? I don't know, she'd probably be better off with some guy who isn't going through all this.

Frasier: Well, don't you think you should let her decide that?

He takes these words and slowly walks up to the balcony. Sherry is on the balcony overlooking Seattle as Marty enters.

Martin: Hiya.

Sherry: [*emotionally:*] Hi.

Martin shuts the door as Frasier comes out into the living room. He and Leslie watch the two embrace, happy together at last with the whole city at their feet.

Frasier: Well, it looks like those two could use a little privacy. You mind if I take you to the restaurant a little early?

Leslie: I think that's a good idea.

Frasier: We can finish off the wine later... not that we're coming back here... not that I'm oververse to that, of course... I mean, if you're in the mood for a night count.... a nightcap!

Leslie: Well, it looks like your dad and his girlfriend are patching things up.

Frasier: [*getting coat:*] Yes. Gee, I can't thank you enough for being tolerant about the time delay.

Leslie: [*laughs*]

Frasier: You'd be surprised, lately women just fly into rages of intolerance under the slightest provocation....

Sherry and Martin enter from the balcony.

Sherry: Wait, Leslie. Before you go, I just want to say something.

Frasier: [to Leslie:] Oh, good Lord, step lively!

Sherry: Listen, you are a lucky girl to be with someone as sweet as Frasier. He just did a real nice thing for his dad and me.

Frasier: Thank you, Sherry. [precarious:] Off we go!

Martin: We'll ride down with you, we're going down the street to get a little Chinese.

Leslie: Why don't we give you a lift?

Frasier: No! I mean, don't you think the walk would do them good?

Leslie: But I think it's starting to rain! [looks out window] Come on, ride with us.

Sherry: [laughs:] Oh, you're such a doll.

As they all head out the door:

Sherry: Leslie, what do you do?

Leslie: Oh, I'm a dermatologist.

Sherry: Good news, Frasier! If you get lucky tonight she might just look at that rash of yours!

Frasier: [resigned:] Yes...

Sherry: Oh, that reminds me of a great joke....

They shut the door. After a few seconds Frasier walks back in.

Frasier: Hold the elevator, will you? [calls:] Eddie!

Eddie runs into the room and jumps straight onto the table to eat the food a third time.

Frasier: Well, you could at least act surprised!

Frasier exits as Eddie finishes it off.

END OF ACT FOUR [Time: 43:00]

Credits:

Café Nervosa - the next day.

Frasier and Niles are chatting at the counter about last night's disaster. This time Niles has a date, a pretty brunette who walks in and sits with him as Frasier leaves.

However, while Frasier is leaving the Café he spots Sherry.

He begins chatting with her and ushers her over to Niles's table.

Niles ends up giving his seat to Sherry. His date looks somewhat bewildered by it all. He gets up to get coffee from the counter - and hits Frasier on the arm, who shrugs.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Star

MARSHA MASON AS Sherry

Guest Starring

REBECCA BUSH as Kimberly Egan

DONNA BULLOCK as Adair Peck

MARIA DEL MAR as Leslie Wellman
PAULEY P. as Waitress
JEFFREY CORBETT as John Coughlin

Guest Callers

DAVID BENOIT as Doug

Thanks To...

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Revised by MICHAEL LEE

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