

[5.20]First Date

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Transcript {david langley}

Act 1

Scene 1 - Frasier's Booth

Fade in. Frasier's booth - Roz is checking things over when Frasier bursts in.

Frasier: Dear God!

Roz: Hey, Frasier.

Frasier: It's a minefield out there! Everywhere I go, people are talking about this mini-series I've been watching!

Roz: Oh, yeah! Did you see the ending last night? When that...

Frasier: Bup, bup, bup, bup! I attended a benefit last night. I had to tape it, and I have yet to see it.

Roz: Oh, well who would have thought it? Mr. "PBS" watching a trashy mini-series.

Frasier: I don't think it's trashy at all! In fact, I think the intricacies of the plot are downright Dickensian.

Roz: Yeah, Angie Dickensian!

Frasier: Anyway, I'm just having a very difficult time having a conversation without having to avoid people telling me the ending.

A woman, Betty, sticks her head around the door.

Betty: Hi, Roz! Did you watch last night?

Roz: Yes!

Betty: Wasn't it great when...

Frasier rushes to the door.

Frasier: Yes, goodbye, Betty.

He pushes Betty outside and closes the door. FADE OUT.

Scene 2 - Frasier's Apartment.

Fade in. Frasier's Apartment. Frasier comes through the door and slams his keys down on the case beside it.

Daphne: Hey, Dr. Crane, how was your day?

He tears off his coat, stomps over to the hooks and hangs it up.

Frasier: Interminable! Is the tape in the VCR?

Daphne: Yes, all cued up. Oh, you've got to call me when you get to the part with Heather's baby.

Frasier: [*going towards the sherry, turns and stares at her*] Heather had a baby?

Daphne: Sorry.

Frasier: Well, who's the father? Oh no, no, no, don't tell me.

He gets his sherry as Daphne heads for the kitchen.

Daphne: I'll go put your popcorn in the microwave.

Frasier: Thank you.

He takes his sherry over to the couch, sits down and gives out a happy little sigh in preparation for an evening of couch potato bliss. Martin enters.

Martin: Hey, Frasier.

Frasier: Hi, Dad.

Martin: Look, I got some bad news. I guess there isn't a good way to tell you somethin' like this. Your god-uncle died.

Frasier: [*confused*] My...god-uncle? [*Martin nods*] There's no such thing as a god-uncle.

Martin: Yes there is! It's your godfather's brother. You remember your god-uncle Charlie.

Frasier: No! I barely even remember my godfather, he died twenty years ago.

Martin: Oh, yeah? Well now his brother's dead too, so shake a leg! The wake's in twenty minutes.

Frasier: Dad, you know as much as I'd like to pay my respects, catch up with my god-cousins and meet the god-neighbors, I have some urgent business that just can't wait until later.

Daphne comes in with a bowl.

Daphne: All right, here's your popcorn...and the remote. There, enjoy your show.

Martin gives him a sour look.

Frasier: [*getting up*] Oh, all right! One hour! I don't even know why I'm going. The man was a ghoul, he used to hide his glass eye in my marble bag!

Martin: [*excited*] I knew you remembered him!

They get up and move towards the hall, the doorbell rings.

Martin: Just give me a couple minutes to get changed.

Frasier goes to the door, opens it to reveal Niles.

Niles: [*coming in*] Hello, Frasier.

Frasier: Hello, Niles. Ooh, Niles, you'd be smart to get out of here. Dad's dragging me off to a wake for my god-uncle Charlie.

Niles: Is he the one who used to plop his eyeball into his mashed potatoes and say "I'm watching what I eat"?

Frasier: Yes!

Niles makes a very disturbed face, then -

Niles: So, is Daphne here?

Frasier: Uh, yes, she is. Why?

Niles: [*hanging up his coat*] I'm asking her out on a date. And

don't give me that look... why shouldn't I? She's single.
I'm single. That's what single people do.

Frasier: Are you sure you're ready for this?

Niles: Will you stop it? I'm not talking about eloping here,
it's just dinner.

Frasier: Well, all right. I suppose you've thought this through.
Maybe it is time.

Daphne enters on this last line, carrying a laundry basket.

Daphne: Time for what?

Frasier: Time for me to, uh, put this popcorn away for later.

He grabs the bowl and heads to the kitchen.

Daphne: Aren't you going to watch your program?

Niles: Apparently he has to take Dad to a wake.

Daphne: Oh. [*She heads for the door.*]

Niles: Listen, Daphne. Do you have a minute?

Daphne: [*turning back*] Sure.

Niles: There's something I wanted to ask you. Nothing earth-
shattering, it's just, uh...

Daphne: Yes?

Niles: [*after a nervous pause*] What's that perfume you're wearing?

Daphne: [*smiling*] Leave it to you to notice. It's Obsession.

Niles: No! No it isn't! I was just curious.

Daphne: No, I'm quite sure it's Calvin Klein's Obsession.

Niles: Oh, yes! It's very pleasing.

Daphne: I've even spray a bit on my brush and comb it through my hair.
Silly really, as if anyone's going to smell my hair.

*She leaves, Niles stares dreamily at the door for a second, then
rushes to the kitchen.*

Frasier: Well, what did she say?

Niles: I couldn't do it! I was about to ask the question, then
all I could think of was, what if she said "No'?"!

Frasier: Oh, Niles. No surprise. After all you've been through
with Maris, you were just scared of another rejection.

Niles: I was more than scared, I was terrified. I can't go on
like this. [*He goes to the refrigerator to get a bottle of
water.*] Worshipping Daphne from afar... Do you have any
idea how frustrating it is to be completely in love with
someone and not be able to tell her how you feel?

*He turns and drops his bottle in a start. Daphne is standing in the
kitchen doorway with a surprised look on her face. Frasier is as
shocked as Niles.*

Daphne: Sorry. I, I just came back for the fabric softener. I didn't
mean... I'm sorry. [*She turns and rushes from the kitchen.*]

Niles: [*completely panicked*] Oh, my God!

Frasier: Oh, my God!

Niles: Oh, my God! Frasier, how long was she standing there?

Frasier: I don't know. If I'd known Daphne was standing there, I would
have said "Shut up, Daphne's standing there."

Niles: You saw how she ran out of here. She heard. She heard
everything.

Frasier: Niles, Niles, Niles. Listen, calm down. Now listen, this
may even be for the best. You said you wanted to take the
next step.

Niles: Next step?! I was just hurled down the entire flight of
stairs! I can't believe this is actually happening! Did

Daphne really hear me say that [*Daphne comes back in*] I'm completely in love with - AAHH!

Daphne: I'm sorry! I really do need that fabric softener.

She gets it out of a cabinet while Niles clutches the bottle of water with a look of panic and apprehension on his face, then exits.

Frasier: Niles, you've got to talk to her!

Niles: Now?! I can't!

Frasier: If you wait, it will only become incredibly awkward! You can't leave things like this, Niles. [*He grabs a sputtering Niles around the shoulders and pushes him towards the living room.*] Come on, you've got to resolve it now.

Go, go! [*Frasier heads for the bedrooms.*]

Niles: Daphne!

Daphne: Oh, Dr. Crane, I didn't mean...

He starts talking and they interrupt each other. They grind to a halt and -

Niles: Go ahead.

Daphne: I'm terribly sorry. I know I wasn't supposed to hear that.

Niles: No, I'm glad you heard. It's something I've been wanting to tell you for the longest time.

Daphne: Well, what took you so long? [*She smiles.*] I think it's wonderful.

Niles: [*breaking into a surprised grin*] You do?

Daphne: Yes, of course I do! [*She puts the softener down and runs to him.*] Oh, you dear sweet man, give me a hug!

She throws her arms around him. Niles, stunned and ecstatic, returns the hug. They share a happy laugh and smile at each other. Daphne takes his hands in hers.

Daphne: So, who is she?

Niles: [*confused*] Who?

Daphne: Well, this woman you're so in love with. Who is she?

Niles: [*a grin frozen on his face*] You didn't hear that part, did you?

Daphne: No, so come on! What's her name? You can't back out now.

Niles: No, you're right, I can't. OK, her name. Well, her name just happens to be Da - Phyllis. [*A look of "WHAT did I say?" crosses his brow.*]

Daphne: Oh, I've never heard that name. DaPhyllis.

Niles: It's a family name. Her friends call her "Phyllis." 'Scuse me. [*He turns and goes to the kitchen.*] I'll get some water.

She smiles after him. Frasier comes in.

Frasier: Where's Niles?

Daphne: Oh, he's in the kitchen. I'm sorry to barge in on the two of you like that.

Frasier: Oh, that's all right Daphne. Did you and Niles have a little chat?

Daphne: Oh, yes! He was a bit shy at first, but then he came clean. I must say, I couldn't be happier!

Frasier: Well, that is wonderful! Let me be the first to raise a glass to... [*Niles charges in from the kitchen, alarm in his eyes and waves him off with a big gesture.*] to god-uncle Charlie. You know, Daphne, as long as you're doing the laundry, the kitchen towels could use a washing. Oh, and my oven mitts are getting a bit crunchy.

Daphne: All, right then.

Daphne heads to the kitchen. Niles has sunk onto a chair at the table.

Frasier: What the hell is going on?

Niles: All she heard was that I was in love with someone. She never heard who. And when she asked, I panicked and blurted out the first name that popped into my head - Phyllis.

Frasier: Phyllis?!

Niles: It's a neighbor I saw on the elevator this morning. The woman had a sesame seed stuck between her front teeth. It was the size of a blanched almond.

Frasier: Oh, lord.

Niles: Maybe it was a blanched almond. If she had Muselix for breakfast it could have been...

Frasier: [*grabbing his hand*] Niles, stop! You have got to clear this up.

Daphne comes from the kitchen with the towels and mitts.

Frasier: Oh, well, I'm off to...bring the car around for Dad.

Daphne: Bye-bye.

Niles: Bye.

Frasier goes out the door. Niles nervously sits on the couch.

Daphne: All right now: Tell me more about this Phyllis.

Niles: Oh. Actually, Daphne, I'd rather not.

Daphne: Oh, come on, you said you wanted to talk about it. So, have you asked her out, yet?

Niles: No.

Daphne: And why not? You said yourself you were in love with her.
[*Martin enters.*]

Martin: In love with who?

Daphne: Phyllis.

Martin: Who's Phyllis?

Niles: [*getting up*] A woman I met.

Daphne: And he's quite keen on her. I've just been giving him some dating advice.

Martin: Oh, Niles. All you need to know is that women go crazy for flattery. It doesn't matter if it's a big fat lie: They'll still buy it. But whatever advice Daphne's giving you too, must be great. 'Cause she's smart as a whip.

Daphne: Oh, thank you Mr. Crane.

Martin winks at Niles behind her back and goes out the door.

Daphne: So, tell me about this dream woman of yours.

Niles: Oh, I don't know.

Daphne: Oh, come on! I can see you're crazy about her.

Niles: Well, all right. She's very beautiful. And very sweet. And she has a smile that makes my knees weaken. [*Daphne smiles at this and Niles looks away as his heart speeds up a bit.*]

Daphne: You know Dr. Crane, if this woman is as wonderful as you say she is, then you shouldn't waste another moment. She won't be on the market forever.

Niles: You're right. I've been a fool to hesitate as long as I have.

Daphne: That's the spirit!

Niles: I'm gonna do it!

Daphne: Good for you! Don't leave time for second thoughts. [*She grabs his coat from the hall.*] You go ask her out this instant.

Niles: Daphne, that won't be necessary.

Daphne: I know you're feeling brave, but it's quite nasty out.

Niles: No, you don't understand. I don't have to leave this room to ask "Phyllis" on a date.

Daphne: You don't?

Niles: No, because, [*he steels himself*] because you see, Daphne: [*he looks her right in the eye*] I know her work number by heart!

Daphne: Well, then!

Daphne turns to grab the phone, and Niles clenches his fists and stomps his feet in a tantrum against his own cowardice. When Daphne turns back, he puts a big smile on his face and turns the stomping into a happy little jump. Daphne bounces up and down a couple of times with him.

Daphne: Oh, look at me! My heart's racing!

Niles: [*dialing*] Mine, too. Phyllis, hello! Niles Crane! How are you? ... Um, I was wondering if you would want to have dinner with me sometime?

CUT TO: Niles' apartment at the Montana. The answering machine is on a table.

Niles: [*voice over from machine*] You would? How 'bout tonight at my place? ... Eight o'clock sounds great!

FADE OUT

End of Act 1

Act 2

THE POTATOES ARE THE POLITICIANS

Scene 1 - Niles' Apartment

Fade in. Niles's apartment. He is sitting on the sofa, playing solitaire while talking on the phone.

Niles: So, anyway, what would you do, if you were in my position? Would you tell her everything and just let the chips fall where they may, or...? Uh, yeah. Well I do see your point. [*Doorbell rings.*] I have to run. So, I'll take the three-year subscription and the travel clock.

He hangs up and answers the door. Daphne is there with a pie.

Niles: Daphne!

Daphne: Hello. I was out doing some shopping, and I, I thought you might need some desert for your big dinner with Phyllis tonight. [*She comes in.*]

Niles: Oh, yes! Well, I was just doing some last minute tidying up [*grabs up the playing cards*] for that...

Daphne: And I suppose you've got about eight things cooking on the stove.

Niles: Of course.

Daphne: So, I'll get out of your way. Soon as I pop this in the fridge.

She heads for the kitchen, Niles desperately trying to stop her.

Niles: No, no. Please, don't trouble yourself. I'll do it.

They enter the kitchen. It is spotless, with nothing being cooked at all. There is a box by the stove.

Daphne: Dr. Crane! There's barely enough pasta her for one person. Is this your idea of a romantic dinner?

Niles: Well...

Daphne: Ugh, thank heavens I stopped by. [*Opens up the refrigerator.*] I can whip up a salad with what's in here, I'll stick this roast in the microwave to defrost, where do you keep the cooking sherry?

Niles: You know what, Daphne, you're right. I am completely under-prepared for this. Why don't I call Phyllis and put her off until next week?

Daphne: You're not backing out of this now! Don't worry, I'll fix this place RIGHT up for a nice intimate evening. Candles, some soft music... I know those things always put me in a romantic mood.

Niles: Well I suppose it would be rude of me to cancel...

Daphne: Course it would. Now hurry up and get ready! And wear that blue blazer of yours, no woman can resist you in that.

Niles gets a faraway look in his eyes.

Niles: Right.

Daphne: Good lord, look at the time! [*She grabs him by the shoulders and pushes him out of the kitchen.*] Honestly, Dr. Crane, sometimes I wonder what kind of a fantasy world you're living in. Now go on!

She slaps him on the backside. He jumps and a silly grin joins the faraway look as he races up the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

Scene 2 - Niles' apartment. There is a small, intimate dinner table set for two. Daphne has lit candles all over the apartment. An opera is playing on the stereo. Niles (in his blue blazer) comes down the stairs, stunned at what she has done to the place.

Daphne: Oh, don't you look handsome.

Niles: Thank you. Daphne, this place looks wonderful. And excellent choice of music, I love this aria!

Daphne: Yes, she has a gorgeous voice, doesn't she? It's a pity she never got quite the recognition of a Joan Sutherland or a Renata Tebaldi.

Niles: [*surprised at the depth of her comment*] I had no idea you knew so much about sopranos.

Daphne: Yeah, well, you don't live with your brother for five years and not learn a thing or two about divas. [*They laugh as she moves to the kitchen.*] By the way, the roast is coming along nicely. How are you at chopping vegetables?

Niles: Are you kidding? You don't get forearms like these from just... conducting your stereo.

He follows her in.

Daphne: Oh, I'm very excited for you. I just love first dates. [*They wash their hands in the sink together.*]

Niles: I don't see why. They're always so awkward.

Daphne: Yeah, but once in a while, when the chemistry's just right, they can be magical. The "me, too's" as you realize all you have in common, the electricity of that first accidental

touch... Soon, you're letting your guard down and saying the silliest things.

They both reach for the paper towels and brush hands.

Niles: Oh, sorry. You touched me, now we have to get married.

Daphne: [giggling] Here you are. [She hands him a towel. Again, he has a "WHAT did I just say?" look.]

Niles: [brushing past her] Sorry.

Daphne: Sorry. Now, I was thinking for the salad: some cucumbers and carrots. How 'bout some celery? [She begins cutting carrots as he slices the cucumber.]

Niles: Oh, no. No celery, hate the stuff.

Daphne: Me, too. Why do you have it, then?

Niles: I guess it's just habit. Maris used to liked to have it around in case she felt like binging.

Daphne: When I was little, I actually thought celery was the meanest vegetable. Radishes were the smartest, beets were the policemen...

They begin to chop at the same pace.

Niles: Do you hear that? We're chopping in rhythm.

Daphne: Yes, we are, aren't we? [To the rhythm of the chopping -] Dum-da, dum-da, dum-da, dum-da...

She keeps this up as Niles begins to sing.

Niles: Heart and soul,
I fell in love with you,
Heart and soul,
The way a fool would do...

Daphne joins in, and -

Both: Madly!
Because you held me tight, and stole
a kiss in the night!

Niles: Buh-buh-buh...

The break up laughing and playfully slap each other on the arms. The doorbell rings.

Niles: Oh, damn! Who could that be?

Daphne: [excited] It's Phyllis!

Niles gets a look on his face along the lines of "You're probably right.", followed by "HUH?"

Daphne: Well go on! Go and let her in. [Pushes him towards the door.]

Niles exits the kitchen and crosses the living room.

Niles: [singing under his breath]
Go away,
whoever's at the door,
Go away,
And don't come back no more...

He opens the door to reveal Frasier.

Niles: Frasier! I thought you were supposed to be at a wake.

Frasier: We left! Even the mourners were babbling about the mini-

series.

Niles: Well, I'm sure you're in a rush to get back home and watch the rest of the show...

Frasier: No, no, Niles. Actually, everybody's heading over to the Kiwanis club to have a post-wake kegger. Could you please take Dad?

Niles: Me?

Frasier: Please!

Niles: Well, they're your god-family!

Daphne comes out of the kitchen.

Daphne: Oh, Dr. Crane. I thought you were Phyllis.

Frasier: Phyllis?

Daphne: Yeah, she's due any moment, so you better be runnin' along. I'll be leaving meself as soon as the roast is done.

Frasier's mouth is open in shock, Niles is staring at the floor in embarrassment.

Frasier: Daphne... is cooking dinner... for your date with a fictitious woman. Why not just set a place for the March Hare and the Mad Hatter?!

Niles: I didn't plan for this to happen, but we are having the most perfect evening! I'm feeling my confidence return, I just need a few more minutes alone, and I'll be able to tell her everything. [*The doorbell rings.*]

Frasier: Niles, the longer you continue with this absurd lie, the more likely it is to blow up in your face!

Niles: Why are you always such a doomsayer? As long as I keep track of what I'm saying, nothing is going to blow up on anyone! [*He opens the door, a woman is standing there.*] Phyllis!

Frasier: [*whimsically*] Ka-Boom!

Phyllis: Hello, Dr. Crane. Some of you mail wound up in my box today.

Niles: Oh, well, aren't you considerate?

Phyllis: [*to Frasier*] Hello.

Frasier: Hello, I'm Frasier, Niles's brother.

Phyllis: Oh, well, I hope I'm not interrupting anything.

Niles: As a matter of fact, we...

Daphne comes in from the kitchen. Frasier watches all of the next bit with a very bemused smile on his face.

Daphne: Hello... You must be Phyllis!

Phyllis: Yes. Do I know you?

Daphne: I'm Daphne. [*as a private aside*] I'm just a friend. [*She heads back to the kitchen.*] Make yourself comfortable. We were starting to worry about you.

Phyllis: Excuse me?

Daphne: Can I get you a glass of wine?

Phyllis: Well, all right, I guess. I mean I really just came by to drop off...

Daphne: I'll be back in a snap. [*She goes into the kitchen.*]

Phyllis: That woman seemed to think that you were expecting me.

Niles: Yes, I've been making an effort to meet my neighbors, and I guess you didn't get the invitation.

Phyllis: No. It's just dumb luck that I happened to stop by tonight.

Daphne brings a glass of wine to Phyllis.

Daphne: Here we are. Now, the appetizers are almost ready, and it won't be too much longer before the roast is done. I hope you're hungry. [*She goes back into the kitchen.*]

Phyllis: Oh, the invitation was for dinner?

Niles: Yes, but don't you worry about it a bit, we'll do it another time!

Phyllis: Well, I'd love to stay.

The doorbell rings, Niles opens it to find Martin.

Martin: Hey, Niles. Frasier, you comin' or not?

Frasier: In a minute, Dad.

Daphne brings a few things out and sets them on the table.

Martin: Oh, Daph! What are you doing here?

Daphne: Helping Dr. Crane with his dinner.

Martin: [*to Phyllis*] Oh, hi! How ya doin'? Marty Crane.

Phyllis: Hi, I'm Phyllis Conrad.

Martin: Oh, ho, ho. You're Phyllis, hunh?

Daphne: Don't worry, we'll be going soon. I know Dr. Crane's eager to have you all to himself.

Phyllis: Really?

Martin: Oh, yeah, he's been going on about you all week.

Niles: Now, Dad...

Martin: How pretty you are, how nice you dress...

Niles: Dad, you don't want to be late for your kegger...

Martin: Look at him! I've embarrassed him. He's blushing!

Phyllis: He's not the only one!

Niles: Excuse me, Phyllis. Frasier? Could I, uh, just... [*jerking his head towards a private corner*] You've gotta help me get rid of her!

Frasier: Me?

Niles: Yes!

Frasier: I've got my hands full with Dad.

Martin: So, you really never had any idea he had his eye on you?

Phyllis: Well, I did catch him staring at me in the elevator, this morning. Now I know why.

Daphne: Dr. Crane, would you give me a hand with the appetizers?

Niles: Frasier? [*He goes to the kitchen.*]

Frasier: Dad? You know, I guess it was time we were going. Maybe you could just press for the elevator and I'll be right there in a minute.

Martin: All right. Very nice meeting you, Phyllis.

Phyllis: Yeah, bye-bye.

[Martin leaves.]

Phyllis: Well, I must say: Your brother certainly kept his feelings to himself; until tonight.

Frasier: Yes, well, he's always been the quiet type. Especially... since all the trouble with Heather.

Phyllis: Heather?

CUT TO: the kitchen; Daphne is giving Niles a plate of appetizers and last minute instructions.

Daphne: Now remember, the pie should be heated, and there's fresh whipped cream to put on the strawberries. [*In a risqué voice*] Or anything else if the night should take that turn...

Niles lets out a little laugh, with an 'Oh my God' face, then goes to the living room, where -

Phyllis: [*whispering*] His wife was poisoned?

Frasier: [*also whispering*] Don't worry. He stood trial, they never

proved a thing.

Niles comes up behind Phyllis and offers the plate up. He is very nervous/anxious for Phyllis to be gone, but in light of Frasier's comments, looks a lot like Peter Lorre in a dangerous mood.

Niles: Crab puffs?

Phyllis: No. Thank you. I, I just remembered. There is someplace... that I HAVE to be. Thank you very much for the wine. [to herself] Oh my God, I drank the wine!

She desperately fumbles with the door and departs as quickly as possible.

Niles: Well, thank you! What did you tell her?

Frasier: I'll explain later, Niles. Tell you what, though: don't plan on running for the co-op board here anytime soon.

He leaves.

Daphne: [bringing the salads out] Where'd Phyllis go?

Niles: She left. She said she wasn't feeling well.

Daphne: I hope you don't mind my saying so, you almost seem relieved that she's gone.

Niles: Relieved? Well, Daphne, to tell you the truth, I am relieved.

Daphne: I knew it. This is all my fault.

Niles: Hmm?

Daphne: It's as clear as day, now. You're just not ready for a relationship, and there I was pushing you into it

Niles: Daphne...

Daphne: Even I could see how uncomfortable you were with Phyllis. Well, she must have picked up on that, too, and that's the real reason she left. What was I thinking? [She sits down on the couch.]

Niles: [sitting beside her] No, Daphne, this is not your fault.

Daphne: Yes, but I should have seen. You're on the rebound, you're still vulnerable... That's probably why you have so much trouble asking for a simple date in the first place.

Niles: [realizing] Yes, I, I suppose you're right.

Daphne: I'm so sorry, Dr. Crane, I guess you just need to take some more time. You know, if you rush things you may end up ruining something that has a real chance. No smart woman would ever get involved with a man that's in the middle of a divorce, anyway. I know I never would.

Niles: Well, thank you, Daphne. This has all been very helpful. [He rises.] AND thank you for everything you did tonight, even if it didn't work out exactly as I'd hoped.

Daphne: Oh, what are friends for?

Niles takes the plate of crab puffs towards the kitchen.

Daphne: I suppose we should start clearing all this up. [She rises.]

Niles turns, without excitement or nervousness, but instead a pure calm resolution.

Niles: Actually, Daphne... would you like to stay and have dinner with me?

Daphne: You mean that?

Niles: Yes.

Daphne: Well... yes, that would be lovely.

Niles: Wonderful. May I pour you some wine?

Daphne: Oh, yes. [She goes to him by the bar.] You know, I know it

seems hopeless right now, but I have a feeling that before very long you'll be sitting down to a nice, romantic dinner with the woman of your dreams.

Niles: I think you may just be right. Shall we?

They go to the table, where Niles holds out Daphne's chair.

Daphne: Oh, thank you.

Niles leans forward and smells her hair. He gets that faraway look again. Then he sits opposite her.

Daphne: [*raising her glass*] Here's to us!

They touch glasses. The opera comes up as they chat animatedly over dinner.

FADE OUT

Credits:

Frasier is sitting on the sofa with a bowl of popcorn and Eddie, watching the end of the mini-series. He has tears in his eyes and is moved by it. He takes some popcorn and offers some to Eddie, holding back tears.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

CAROLINE AARON as Phyllis

BETTE RAE as Elizabeth

Legal Stuff

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