

# [5.22]The Life Of The Party

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Written by Suzanne Martin

Directed by Jeffrey Richman

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Production Code: 5.22

Episode Number in Production Order:

Original Airdate on NBC: 12th May 1998

Transcript written on 17th June 2000

Transcript revised on 5th June 2001

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## Transcript {david langley}

Act 1

**IT WAS EITHER  
"THE WHEAT FIELD"  
OR "SANDSTORM"**

*Scene 1 - Frasier's Apartment*

*Fade in. Martin is in the kitchen, getting a trim from Daphne while he goes over his mail.*

**Martin:** Geez, look at this stuff. "Golden Sunset Retirement Village," "Investments for Seniors," "Willow Brook Mortuary"? What the hell kind of list am I on?

**Daphne:** Well, the good news is I don't think it's the kind of list they keep you on very long.

**Martin:** Oh, ever since I turned sixty-five, all I get is geezer mail. It's very depressing.

**Daphne:** If you ask me, the only thing depressing about being a geezer is looking like one. There's lots of things a person can do to make himself look younger. How he dresses...

**Martin:** Nah, I tried those Jordache jeans. I just think you oughta leave somethin' to the imagination.

**Daphne:** Well, there's always your hair. I know it's not exactly your style, but there's nothing wrong with covering up that gray. [*Martin makes a face.*] I know just the right shade for you: cinnamon sable.

**Martin:** [*thoughtfully*] Cinnamon sable, huh? Sounds nice. Oh wait! I couldn't use that, it's Duke's shade. He'd scratch my eyes out.

*The doorbell rings. CUT TO: the living room as Frasier answers it. It is Niles.*

**Frasier:** Hello, Niles.

**Niles:** [*holding up a folder*] Frasier, prepare to salivate!

**Frasier:** Niles, if that is a picture of your new Biedermeier loveseat, you've already shown it to me.

**Niles:** [*pulling out a photo*] No, this is a photo of my latest purchase: an exquisite, eighteenth-century Turkish prayer rug. Paid a fortune for it, but legend says whatever you pray for on this rug will come to you.

**Frasier:** Certainly worked for the dealer. Oh, I'm sorry Niles, I'm just not in the best of moods. I just had another disastrous blind date today.

**Niles:** Oh, I'm sorry.

**Frasier:** I mean, murderers on death row can find women to marry them! I can't find one to sit through coffee!

**Niles:** It's easy for those men to attract women, they have all that time to work out in the yard.

**Frasier:** I'm serious. I'm getting desperate here.

**Niles:** Don't obsess about this. My love life's not much better than yours, but you don't see me going off the deep end.

**Frasier:** Oh, really. Did it ever occur to you that this recent antique buying binge you've been on is nothing but a way of sublimating your frustrated sexual desires?

**Niles:** That's preposterous! These purchases have nothing to do with sex.

**Frasier:** Oh, don't they? In addition to the loveseat, let's see, your most recent acquisitions have been: a French bed-warmer... a pair of Toby jugs... the less said about that Civil War ramrod, the better.

**Niles:** Oh, you Freudians! Sometimes a ramrod is just a... oh hell, even I can't make that one fly.

*Daphne comes in to set the table.*

**Frasier:** Take heart, Niles. We're both in the same boat. The hard part is, where do you go to meet people?

**Daphne:** Oh, it's not that hard. Just yesterday I met a very nice man at the grocery. We got to talking, and he asked me if I was free Saturday night. I said, "Yes." He said, "Oh, wait, that's my niece's bat mitzvah." I said, "I've never been to a bat mitzvah." He said, "Would you like to go to the bat mitzvah?" I said, "Oh, yes. I'd love to go to the bat mitzvah." So he said...

**Frasier:** Daphne?

**Daphne:** Yes?

**Frasier:** Oh, nothing, I'm sorry. Go on.

**Daphne:** Hmm... Oh, I seem to have lost my train of thought. Oh, well. Anyone like some tea?

**Both:** Oh, love some/Thank you, yes.

*She heads for the kitchen.*

**Frasier:** A little trick I discovered a few weeks ago, it's a lifesaver. Anyway, as I was saying, where does one go to meet available women?

**Niles:** There are singles bars, of course. Uh, we could join a health club.

**Frasier:** Oh, there's a splendid idea. Yes, I can just picture the two of us: tank tops and spandex. Find us a pair of matching headbands, we might as well just sterilize ourselves!

**Martin:** [*coming from the kitchen*] Wow, sounds like fun, Daph. [*muttering*] If she says "bat mitzvah" one more time... Hey, Niles.

**Niles:** Hey Dad. [*to Frasier*] Well, if you're so smart, you come up with an idea.

**Martin:** What're you guys talkin' about?

**Frasier:** Oh, just our pathetic love lives.

**Martin:** Well, you know, why don't you do what my buddies and I used to do when we were young and hard up for dates?

**Frasier:** Invade Korea? [*Niles bursts out laughing.*]

**Martin:** No, we threw a party. With just one rule: only single,

available people were invited.

**Frasier:** Well, I don't know, Dad. That doesn't really sound like us.

**Martin:** Well, I don't know, it works. I used to throw one a month. People used to call them Marty Parties. People would call me up and say, "Hey, Marty, when's the next Marty Party?" "Isn't it about time for another Marty Party?" "Sure had a great time at that last Marty Party!"

**Frasier:** Uh, Dad?

**Martin:** Yeah?

**Frasier:** Oh, I'm sorry, nothing.

**Martin:** Or somebody might say, "Can I host the next Marty Party?"

**Frasier:** [to Niles] It doesn't always work.

**Niles:** Yeah. Thanks Dad, but I don't think we're really quite hard-up enough yet to stage a singles party.

**Martin:** OK, suit yourself. Well, we'll just get ready for the evening. I'll dish out the spaghetti and you guys set up the card table. [tone becomes starker] I got us a new jigsaw puzzle. Ten thousand pieces. It's called "The Wheat Field."

*Frasier and Niles share a look.*

**Frasier:** I'll send the invitations.

**Niles:** I'll call the caterer.

*Fade out.*

#### DOES HE OR DOESN'T HE?

*Scene 2 - Niles Apartment at the Montana*

*Fade in. The apartment is full of people, all mingling and having a good time. The doorbell rings, Niles answers it and greets two ladies.*

**Niles:** Hello, welcome, please come in.

**Frasier:** Niles, this is wonderful. I had no idea we'd get such a turnout.

**Niles:** I know! Everywhere I look, there's another woman I want to get to know better.

*Roz comes in wearing a black dress and very pregnant.*

**Niles:** With some obvious exceptions. [He walks off.]

**Frasier:** Roz, I didn't know you were coming.

**Roz:** Hey, I know it's a long shot, but I figured I better get out and do a little flirting, before I forget how.

**Waiter:** Can I offer you something?

*Roz simply grins like a goof and splutters until the waiter goes away and then buries her face in her hand.*

**Frasier:** My God, Roz, you are rusty.

**Roz:** By the way, I know you've been striking out a lot lately, but I invited someone tonight guaranteed to improve your batting average.

**Frasier:** Not necessary, Roz. I've already met someone quite captivating...

*A young woman in a revealing dress comes up to them.*

**Tina:** Hi, Roz!

**Roz:** Tina, you made it.

**Tina:** Oh, you know me. Have I ever said 'No' to a good time?

**Roz:** That's what I was trying to tell Frasier. Tina Cramer, meet Dr. Frasier Crane. [*They shake.*]

**Frasier:** Hello.

**Tina:** Doctor, huh? [*Roz walks away.*]

**Frasier:** Yes, that's right. Roz? Roz?

**Tina:** Ooh, strong hands. I guess it's true what they say: strong hands, strong mind.

**Frasier:** Yes, well, that's why you'll never see an unopened pickle jar at a Mensa meeting.

**Tina:** Huh?

*We follow Roz as she walks across the room.*

**Roz:** Excuse me. Oh, excuse me.

*The last man she bumped into turns around. It is Martin with a horrible dye job.*

**Roz:** Martin?

**Martin:** You're lookin' at my hair, right?

**Roz:** Well, yeah. Looks great.

**Martin:** Thanks. I did it myself.

**Roz:** Get out.

**Martin:** Yeah, yeah, really. Well, Daphne suggested it, and at first I said, "No way," but then I thought well, you know, a lot of other guys do it, and what better place to try it than here, where nobody knows who I am? Boy, you look great, too.

**Roz:** Oh, thanks. Yeah, I was really happy with this dress. You can't even tell I'm pregnant in it.

**Martin:** I know. I mean, it's just... Well, you have a great time at the party, the dress looks great, nobody'd know.

**Roz:** Same with your hair, looks completely natural.

**Martin:** Thanks.

*They separate, each with a look of "Who do they think they're fooling?" on their face. Martin walks over to Niles.*

**Martin:** Hey, Niles.

**Niles:** Hey, Dad.

**Martin:** Hey watch that "Dad" business. I've got a few young ladies around here thinking I just might be your brother.

**Niles:** [*deadpan*] Yeah, it's like looking in a mirror.

**Martin:** What's the matter, aren't you having any fun?

**Niles:** Oh, sort of. It's just been so long since I've been single, I'm finding it hard to strike up conversations.

**Martin:** Oh, come on, now, it's nothing. You just need a little confidence. Here, watch this.

*He steps over to a young woman.*

**Martin:** Hi there.

**Vickie:** Hi.

**Martin:** I'm Marty Crane, and this is my son Niles. Yep, my son.

**Vickie:** Hi, Vickie Cantrell. You're the host.

**Niles:** Yeah.

**Vickie:** I was just admiring your beautiful Turkish rug.

**Niles:** Thank you!

**Vickie:** Is that eighteenth century?

**Niles:** Yes, it is. You have quite an eye.

**Vickie:** Well, I work for an auction house. I would love to see some of your other pieces.

**Niles:** Well, It would be my pleasure. You know there's an absurd old legend about that rug that whatever you pray for... [*As they walk along, Vickie puts her arm in his.*] Well, perhaps it's not that absurd after all.

*At another corner of the room, Frasier comes over to Roz.*

**Frasier:** Roz! Roz, that woman is all over me.

**Roz:** Well, of course she is! Didn't you get what I was trying to tell ya?

**Frasier:** Yes of course I got it! I also got it when she showed me how she can tie a knot in a cherry stem with her tongue.

**Roz:** That's a party trick.

**Frasier:** Except the cherry was in my mouth at the time! Roz, I already tried to tell you that I've met a woman tonight.

**Roz:** All right. I'll go talk to her.

**Frasier:** Thank you. [*Roz walks off, Niles comes up.*]

**Niles:** Oh, Frasier.

**Frasier:** Niles.

**Niles:** I'm so glad we had this party! I just met the most fabulous woman.

**Frasier:** Oh that's fabulous.

**Niles:** [*to bartender*] Two white wines.

**Frasier:** I also met someone who's terrific.

**Niles:** Oh, wait, wait. I can't wait. I have to show you mine first. She's over by the buffet.

**Frasier:** Right, so's mine.

*They both wave to the corner, Vickie waves back.*

**Niles:** Frasier, let me ask you something: At what point would you like to acknowledge that we're both waving to the same woman? [*He spins around.*] I saw her first!

**Frasier:** That's not fair! You're the host, you see everyone first!

**Niles:** There are plenty of other women here!

**Frasier:** Exactly, so go pick one!

**Niles:** Oh, let's just stop this. The only civilized thing to do is for us to both stay away from her. We are psychiatrists, not a couple of rutting pigs in a barnyard. What do you say to that?

*They look back at Vickie who has just taken off her wrap, revealing bare shoulders and a clinging dress.*

**Frasier:** Soo-eee.

**Niles:** Very well, may the better man win.

**Roz:** Frasier, your father wants you.

**Niles:** Ah, advantage Niles! [*He grabs the wine and heads off.*]

*Frasier walks over to Martin, who is sitting with a woman in the chairs by the fire.*

**Frasier:** What?

**Martin:** I want you to meet a big fan of yours. Kathy Lockher, this is my son, Dr. Frasier Crane.

**Kathy:** I was just telling your father how much I love your show. You're such a good listener.

**Frasier:** Uh-huh.

**Kathy:** Just yesterday, you gave the best advice to that woman who called in with a problem about her teenage son. What was it you said, exactly?

**Frasier:** [*watching Niles and Vickie*] Oh, what do I ever say? You're in denial, seek help, whatever, blah, blah, blah. [*He walks away.*]

**Kathy:** He's a little different from what I expected.

**Martin:** Yeah, he's not what I expected either, but you get used to it.

**Kathy:** So, you were telling me about being a detective.

**Martin:** Oh, yeah, yeah, I... say, do you ah, feel like getting a drink?

**Kathy:** Yeah, that'd be nice, Marty.

**Martin:** OK, let's go.

*He starts to get up but notices that his hair has left a large stain on the back of the chair. He hurriedly sits back down.*

**Martin:** You know, this is such a prime spot here, I think one of us should stay here and one of us should get the drinks.

**Kathy:** You're right.

**Martin:** So, I'll have a beer.

**Kathy:** [*unsure*] OK. [*She gets up.*] Oh, shoot, I think I lost an earring.

**Martin:** Oh, oh, there it is, by my foot. [*Kathy looks expectantly at him. He flicks the earring to her with his foot.*] There you go.

**Kathy:** Thanks. Enjoy the party.

*CUT TO: Niles and Vickie coming from the buffet.*

**Kathy:** These eggrolls are delicious.

**Niles:** I, uh, made them myself.

**Kathy:** Really, a psychiatrist and a chef? Impressive.

**Niles:** Yes, well they both came in handy when I cured the ham.

*They laugh, Frasier comes up.*

**Frasier:** Hello Niles.

**Niles:** What do you want?

**Frasier:** Actually, there's something of an emergency in the kitchen.

**Niles:** Oh, that's very cadgy, Frasier. Why don't you just run out and yell "Fire?"

*Frasier motions towards the kitchen. The door is open, smoke is coming out, and a caterer is waving Niles over while mouthing the word "Fire."*

**Niles:** Dear God. Excuse me, Vickie, for just for a moment.

**Vickie:** Of course.

*Niles runs to the kitchen, holding his hands down and moving stiffly.*

**Vickie:** Is it a serious problem?

**Frasier:** Oh, no. He's always run like that. Oh, oh you mean the kitchen. No, no, Niles can handle it.

**Vickie:** You two seem very close.

**Frasier:** Oh, yes. I'm his best friend. Well, his only friend really.

**Vickie:** Well that surprises me. He seems very outgoing.

**Frasier:** Doesn't he, though? Yes, the medication seems to be working wonders. Just hope he sticks with it this time. Well, shall we hit the buffet?

*CUT TO: Roz sitting at one end of the fainting couch and talking to a young man.*

**Roz:** What a great story.

**Man:** Thanks, this is fun.

**Roz:** Yeah.

**Man:** I usually hate these kinds of parties.

**Roz:** Oh, me too. People are always so superficial.

**Man:** Yeah, seems like everybody nowadays is all about appearances. Well, shall we get a drink?

**Roz:** Yeah, sure.

*Roz stands up and the man steps down from the landing. He is a head shorter than her and stares at her stomach. They freeze.*

**Roz:** I'm not really very thirsty.

**Man:** Me either.

**Roz:** OK.

**Man:** See ya.

*They walk off. Cut to Frasier talking with Vickie by the door.*

**Frasier:** Then I top it all off with brandied cherries and a dollop of creme fraiche.

**Niles:** Excuse me, Frasier.

**Frasier:** Not now Niles. I'm telling Vickie my recipe for crepes cateau.

**Niles:** Oh, I'm sure she's had enough of your crepes by now. I'm terribly sorry to interrupt, but I believe Dad needs you, Frasier.

**Frasier:** No, he doesn't.

**Vickie:** Oh, I think he might. [*Martin is frantically waving at Frasier.*]

**Frasier:** All right, then. If you will excuse me.

**Vickie:** Do you live with your father, Niles?

**Niles:** [*laughing*] Oh, no. A grown man, live with his father? Frasier lives with Dad. Champagne?

**Vickie:** Oh, yes.

*CUT TO: Frasier talking to Martin again. Martin has something dripping down his forehead.*

**Frasier:** What is it?

**Martin:** You gotta get me home!

**Frasier:** Why?

**Martin:** Well, something's happening with my hair dye. It's melting or somethin'. Look at this stain! [*indicating chair, not his head*] It must look terrible.

**Frasier:** No, no it doesn't actually. It looks terrific.

**Martin:** You sure?

**Frasier:** Well, maybe the fire is making you perspire just a little bit. Here.

*He wipes at Martin's forehead, smearing it.*

**Frasier:** Well, actually you look quite young and attractive. You know by the warmth of the fire glow, I'd say that you actually look like you're back in your Marty Party days.

**Martin:** You're not BSing me?

**Frasier:** No, no.

**Martin:** OK, then, I'll stay.

**Frasier:** Great!

*He walks over to Vickie.*

**Frasier:** Vickie. Hello, where's Niles?

**Vickie:** Oh, he had to take a call.

**Frasier:** Oh, well, that's terrific. Ah, would you be interested in maybe finding some place where we could talk, just the two of us, no interruptions?

*Roz comes over, grabs his arm and pulls him away.*

**Roz:** Frasier.

**Frasier:** Not now, Roz.

**Roz:** Come here.

**Frasier:** Can't you see I'm busy?

**Roz:** My water just broke!

**Frasier:** Well... maybe you sat in something.

*Roz stares at him. Then Niles ices it.*

**Niles:** [hollering from a corner] Oh my God, what's all over my Turkish prayer rug?!

**Roz:** You gotta get me to a hospital.

**Frasier:** Yes, yes, I'm sorry, of course. Vickie, Vickie? If you'll excuse us, my friend Roz just went into labor.

**Vickie:** Oh, how exciting! Good luck.

**Roz:** Thanks.

**Frasier:** Oh, wait, wait just one second. Vickie, I know this may not be the most appropriate moment, but I was wondering if perhaps you'd like to have dinner with me sometime.

**Vickie:** Oh, well, that's very sweet of you, Frasier, but I'm not really interested.

**Frasier:** Oh, well, thank you for your honesty. [to Roz] My God! What is wrong with me? Why can't I find a single woman who's interested in me?

**Roz:** Those are two different questions, really, so we should just sit down and talk them both over. Oh, wait, I can't - BECAUSE I'M IN LABOR!!

*They rush out the door. FADE OUT.*

*End of Act 1*

*Act 2*

*Scene 1 - The Hospital*

*Fade in. Frasier and Martin are at the vending machines in the waiting area.*

**Frasier:** How's the coffee, Dad?

**Martin:** Better. This time it's hot and it's got extra cream. Of course, it's still chicken soup.

*He throws the cup away. They go over to the chairs and Martin sits.*

**Frasier:** Well, who needs coffee when we can keep alert by perusing these very up-to-date magazines? [picks one up] Oh, look, Dad. That cute Tricia Nixon's getting married.



*A nurse walks by.*

**Frasier:** Oh, excuse me? May we get an update on Roz Doyle?

**Nurse:** Sure. [*checks her clipboard*] Uh, she is still in early labor. Hang in there.

**Frasier:** Thank you.

**Martin:** She's pretty. I should make a play for her - considering how young and attractive I am tonight!

**Frasier:** I said I was sorry! Not half as sorry as I was when I went over that speed bump and you left a head print on the ceiling of my BMW.

*He sits down, Niles comes around the corner.*

**Niles:** Ah, hello.

**Martin:** Hi.

**Frasier:** Hello, Niles. Didn't expect to see you here.

**Niles:** Oh, well, the doorman found Roz's purse in the lobby. I thought she might need it.

**Frasier:** I suppose you also came to gloat. You got Vickie, I didn't.

**Niles:** [*sitting down between them*] Neither of us got Vickie. She went home with the bartender.

**Frasier:** Really? Well, you know what I say? Her loss.

**Niles:** Absolutely right. Her loss! [*pause*] Has saying that ever made you feel any better?

**Frasier:** Not a whit.

**Martin:** It's been a hell of a night for all of us.

**Niles:** Well, it certainly was for me. I lost Vickie, my rug is ruined, someone left weird brown stains on my wing chair...

*Martin sinks lower in his chair. Daphne comes around the corner.*

**Daphne:** Hello.

*Niles and Frasier rise, they all greet her.*

**Daphne:** Yes, I came down as soon as I heard. [*She notices Martin.*] What the hell happened to your hair?

**Martin:** Well, what do you think? I colored it, just like you told me to.

**Daphne:** Yeah, but this isn't cinnamon sable.

**Martin:** Well, I couldn't use that, it had a woman's picture on the box. So I used some stuff called "Color In A Can" instead. It said "As seen on TV - Just spray on and go." How did I know it was a lousy product?

**Frasier:** If only there had been some clue!

**Martin:** Don't you start on me, mister, you left me melting by that fire.

**Niles:** Wait a minute! You're the one who left stains on my wing chair!

**Frasier:** I was wondering when you'd crack that, Miss Marple!

*The men begin yelling back and forth.*

**Daphne:** Stop it! What is wrong with the three of you?! Our friend is having a baby in there!

**Niles:** I'm sorry, Daphne, we've all had dreadful evenings, but you're absolutely right. We should be thinking of Roz. [*They all sit.*]

**Daphne:** Exactly. Besides, nobody could've had as horrendous an

evening as I did. I got stood up. At a bat mitzvah! I waited there an hour. Oh, he left some lame excuse on the machine, but if he thinks he's got another chance with me, he's *meshugge*.

*Martin and Niles turn to Frasier with confused looks.*

**Frasier:** Oh, boo-hoo, anyway. At least you had a date tonight!

**Niles:** Oh, at least your apartment wasn't decimated!

**Martin:** I went to a party tonight with shoe polish on my hair!

*Four-way bickering ensues. Then Roz is pushed in a bed around the corner, breathing heavily.*

**Nurse:** That's it, breathe. You're doing great.

*The four friends stop and begin calling words of encouragement to Roz. "You're doing great!" "Hang in there!" "We love you." As soon as the bed is pushed into a room, they begin fighting again.*

FADE OUT.

*Scene 2 - Roz's Room*

*Fade in. The nurse comes in and holds the door for the others.*

**Nurse:** She's very tired, so I'll have to ask you to make it quick.

**Frasier:** OK.

*The four of them enter. Roz is sitting up in bed, exhausted and drenched in sweat - but radiant. Sleeping in her arms is a beautiful baby girl.*

*Everyone whispering:*

**Frasier:** Roz. Congratulations.

**Martin:** Oh, look at her!

**Niles:** Oh, she's beautiful.

**Daphne:** *Mazel tov!*

*Roz looks questioningly at Frasier.*

**Frasier:** It's a long story.

**Daphne:** So, what's her name?

**Roz:** Alice. Alice May Doyle. My daughter. My God, it's the first time I've ever said that.

**Martin:** Well, you look great. How do you feel?

**Roz:** Oh, fine. Just a little tired.

**Martin:** Sure.

**Daphne:** Maybe we should go.

**Frasier:** Right.

**Daphne:** I'll drop by and see you tomorrow, OK?

**Roz:** OK.

**Martin:** [*reaching out*] You know, I sure would love to hold her for just a second?

**Frasier:** [*intercepting and taking Alice*] You know, maybe we should just wait until you're not dripping toxins.

**Martin:** Oh. OK, we'll see you, then.

**Niles:** Congratulations.

**Frasier:** I'll be along in a second.

*Martin, Niles and Daphne leave.*

**Frasier:** Oh, Roz. Congratulations again. I'm so proud of you.  
Your little girl is just perfect.

**Roz:** [*strokes Alice's head*] She is, isn't she?

**Frasier:** Mm-hmm. My God, look at your face.

**Roz:** Oh, yeah, I must look real lovely.

**Frasier:** Yes, that's exactly how you look: lovely. I don't think  
I've ever seen your face more purely happy than right now.

*He lays Alice into a bassinet by the bedside.*

**Frasier:** Oh, little Alice, how I wish you could wake up right now  
and see how beautiful your mother looks. [*Roz is now  
dead asleep, head thrown back and snoring.*] Then again,  
you need your rest.

*He puts the baby in her little bed. The nurse comes in behind  
him.*

**Frasier:** [*sotto voce*] You did great, honey. [*He kisses her on the  
forehead*] Sleep well. [*He turns and notices the nurse.*]  
Oh, hello.

**Nurse:** Hi.

**Frasier:** This may seem like an odd time to ask you this, but I  
was convinced that we sort of made some eye contact in  
the waiting room and I was wondering if I could get your  
number.

**Nurse:** [*thinking Roz is his wife*] What about your...?

**Frasier:** Oh, no, forget about her, she's asleep.

**Nurse:** What kind of monster are you?! [*She leaves in a huff.*]

**Frasier:** Her loss.

FADE OUT.

*End of Act 2*

#### Credits:

Niles is escorting a cleaning woman around his apartment. He  
points to the stain on the wing chair and she nods. Then he  
turns around a lampshade and exposes another stain, leads her to  
the door where there is a third, then lifts a pillow to show her  
a stain on the arm of the fainting couch. He then turns the  
throw pillow over to temporarily cover the stain, only to find  
one on the pillow. He just walks away, depressed.

## Guest Appearances

#### Guest Starring

NICK DeGRUCCIO as Short Man

LYNNDA FERGUSON as Kathy

ADAMO PALLADINO as Waiter

LESLIE SACHS as Tina

SUSAN WOOD as Nurse

CLAIRE YARLETT as Vickie

## Legal Stuff

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