

# [5.3]Halloween

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Halloween

Written by Suzanne Martin

Directed by Pamela Fryman

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## AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

### Nominated

#### DIRECTORS GUILD OF AMERICA

- **Outstanding Directorial Achievement in a Comedy Series:** Pamela Fryman

#### EMMY

- **Outstanding Costume Design for a Series:** Audrey Bansmer
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## Transcript {mike lee}

ACT ONE

### WHIMSY

*Scene One - Frasier's Apartment*

*It's Halloween! The doorbell rings. Martin opens the door to Niles, wearing a bowler and clenching a cigarette holder in his teeth.*

**Niles:** Trick or treat! Or should I say, "Pip Pip!"

**Martin:** What's with the outfit?

**Niles:** This is part of your costume for tonight. I just picked it up for you.

**Martin:** What? I thought you said you were getting me a Sherlock Holmes outfit. He didn't wear a bowler.

**Niles:** Well, they were all out of Sherlock Holmes, so I put together something else for you. Don't worry, it's another detective. Tonight, you'll be Lord Peter Wimsey!

**Martin:** Who the hell's that?

**Niles:** He's a celebrated *bon vivant* sleuth from a series of novels by Dorothy L. Sayers.

**Martin:** Well, I'm not going anywhere where I have to tell people my name's "Wimsey!" Ah no, forget it, I'm just gonna wear my old police uniform.

**Niles:** You can't. It's a Halloween ball for the Library Association, you have to come dressed as a character from literature.

**Martin:** Oh, why didn't I just tell Sherry I'd go with her to visit her mother in prison?

**Niles:** Come on, Dad, it'll be fun! I'm going to go as Cyrano de Bergerac—musician, philosopher, fighter, poet! [*he grabs Martin's cane and brandishes it like a rapier*] The greatest friend and the bravest swordsman alive! [*notices*] Eew, what's all over your cane?

**Martin:** I don't know. I dropped it in the movie theater last night.

*Niles hands the cane back and wipes his palm with his handkerchief. Frasier and Daphne come out, laughing and admiring a set of photos.*

**Frasier:** I love this picture! You look adorable in that!

**Daphne:** Oh, I do not! You just like it because you look so handsome in it.

**Frasier:** Well, the camera doesn't lie, you know.

**Martin:** What are you two giggling about?

**Daphne:** Oh, we're just looking at the snapshots from our trip to the microbrewery.

**Niles:** That must have been especially fun for you, Dad. [*looks at some of the photos*] You're not in any of these.

**Martin:** That's 'cause I didn't go. That was the day Eddie got into the poison oak. I was up all night rubbing calamine lotion on his belly.

**Frasier:** These really are the golden years for you, aren't they?

**Niles:** So it was just you and Frasier?

**Daphne:** Yes. [*chuckles*] Your brother and I got pretty silly after tasting all that beer.

**Frasier:** Now, now, Daphne there's no need to tell Niles *everything* we did that night.

**Daphne:** Yes, we got a bit naughty!

**Niles:** Well, not too naughty, I hope.

**Daphne:** Oh, now, now, Dr. Crane, I know what you're thinking. But not to worry. After all that drinking, we didn't drive home. We spent the night in a motel.

**Niles:** Well, that takes a load off my mind.

**Frasier:** Well, Niles, uh, what time is this little soiree of yours this evening?

**Martin:** Yeah, I still got to get the velvet in my slippers re-crushed.

**Niles:** All right, Dad, I will find you a Sherlock Holmes outfit. [*to Frasier*] Seven P.M. Which reminds me, I have to get home before Marta arrives to set up. She's arachnophobic, poor thing. Last Halloween she beat my centerpiece to bits with a broom.

**Frasier:** Well, perhaps we should go finish up those costumes, [*British accent*] eh, *waif*?

**Daphne:** Yes!

**Niles:** Did you say "wife?"

**Daphne:** Hasn't your brother told you? Dr. Crane is going as Geoffrey Chaucer from "The Canterbury Tales", and I'll be dressed as the Wife of Bath!

**Frasier:** [*accent*] Yes, and a saucy little strumpet she is too!

**Daphne:** [*laughing*] Oh, you naughty rogue! We've been having quite a time talking to each other like that.

**Martin:** Yeah, it's been Ye Olde Laugh Riot around here.

*Niles cell phone rings.*

**Daphne:** Join me in my bedchamber, my lord?

**Frasier:** After you, my juicy wench!

**Niles:** "My juicy wench?" [*into phone*] No, no, not you, Maris! Wait, wait! [*to Frasier*] I hope you're happy, she's run for

her water pills!

*Scene Two - KACL*

*Frasier is doing his show. The booth is decorated for Halloween—orange and black streamers, jack-o'-lanterns, etc.*

*Roz is a wreck—she's wearing a dingy sweatsuit, her hair is shabby and unkempt, and she looks exhausted.*

**Roz:** On line three we have, uh, Ted, who is feeling a little disconnected.

**Frasier:** Go ahead, Ted.

*Roz pushes a button to connect Ted. Frasier hears a dial tone. Roz gasps and covers her mouth with her hands.*

**Frasier:** Well, I hope Ted appreciates irony.

**Roz:** On line two we have Bill. He's going through a very difficult transition.

*This time Frasier pushes the button himself.*

**Frasier:** Hello, Bill.

Dorothy: [v.o.] Uh, hello? Is someone there?

**Frasier:** Well, I see we're pretty much through our transition, aren't we, Bill?

Dorothy: This is Dorothy.

**Roz:** Oh, Bill's on line one!

**Frasier:** Yes, well, let's just stick with Dorothy for the time being. How can I help you?

Dorothy: You can get me Roz. I'm her manicurist, and she called for an appointment.

**Roz:** I'll call you back later, Dorothy.

**Frasier:** Perhaps we'd better take a moment to regroup. I'd like to apologize for the unusually high number of technical difficulties we've experienced today, and now we will go to these public service messages.

*Roz looks around her booth for the P.S.A. cart, then realizes she left it in Frasier's booth. She rushes in and jams it into the player. Frasier goes off the air.*

**Frasier:** Explain yourself!

**Roz:** I'm just a little off my game today.

**Frasier:** A little?

**Roz:** O.K., a lot.

**Frasier:** Roz, you come in here looking ghoulish even for Halloween, and you sleepwalk your way through my entire show!

**Roz:** Oh... I'm sorry, Frasier.

**Frasier:** "Sorry" just doesn't cut it, Roz! What possible explanation can there be for this level of unprofessionalism?!

*Beat.*

**Roz:** I think I'm pregnant.

*Roz goes back to her booth. Frasier, dumbstruck, follows her in.*

**Frasier:** Pregnant?

**Roz:** Well, I don't know for sure. I took one of those home tests, and it was kind of iffy, so I went to see my doctor, and he's gonna call me with results.

**Frasier:** But, Roz, how—?

**Roz:** I don't know how! No one is more careful than I am when it comes to birth control. But then again, even the best protection is only effective ninety-nine out of a hundred times. I can't beat those odds.

**Frasier:** Yes, I suppose you've been dodging that bullet for a long time now.

**Roz:** Frasier, promise me you won't tell anyone.

**Frasier:** Oh, of course not, Roz. But frankly, we don't know if we have anything to tell yet.

**Roz:** What if there is?

**Frasier:** Then we'll deal with that when we have to. No use crossing that bridge till we come to it.

**Roz:** I can't get my mind off it!

**Frasier:** Well, you know Niles's party is tonight. That should serve as a distraction.

**Roz:** Oh, Frasier, I don't think I'm up for that.

**Frasier:** Oh, come on, Roz!

**Roz:** Well, I did rent a costume and everything.

**Frasier:** For me? It'll be fun! You know you want to.

**Roz:** That's exactly the kind of talk that got me into this.

*Bulldog comes in.*

**Bulldog:** Hey, tell your brother I'm coming to his charity thing tonight. I just found the perfect costume!

**Frasier:** And as what literary character will you be attending?

**Bulldog:** Waldo! [*Frasier looks at him blankly*] From "Where's Waldo?" He's like in sixteen books! You call yourself well-read.

*Bulldog exits. Frasier and Roz share a look.*

*Scene Three - The Montana*

*Niles's party is in full swing. The stereo plays classical music. The living room is filled with guests dressed as a variety of literary characters.*

*Niles comes down the stairs dressed as Cyrano de Bergerac, right down to the huge nose. Somewhat incongruously, his cell phone rings.*

**Niles:** Niles Crane. Maris! Where are you? Still at the beauty parlor? What-no, calm down, calm down, stop crying. It can't be as bad as all that. Exactly how much hair do you have left? Oh...

*He ducks into the empty kitchen.*

**Niles:** Well, don't panic, we just have to find another character for you to be tonight. Uh, there's an Ionesco play called "The Bald Soprano!" [*chuckles*] No I'm joking, Maris. What? You've got to come! Maris, for God's sake, you have thirty-seven wigs, just go down to the wig vault and pick one! Maris, this evening means a great deal to me. I need you here with me. Do you care about my feelings at all? [*Maris hangs up*] Well, that answers that.

*He puts away his phone and gulps down a glass of champagne. [In each scene from here on, Niles will be getting progressively drunker]*

*Out in the living room, Martin and Daphne come in, dressed as Sherlock Holmes and the Wife of Bath. They are followed shortly by Frasier, dressed as Geoffrey Chaucer.*

**Frasier:** So, how's the party?

**Daphne:** Actually, we just got here. We had a bit of a delay when Sherlock here led us to the wrong apartment.

**Martin:** Oh, so we're a minute late. I noticed you didn't complain when the old lady gave us peanut butter cups.

*Niles comes over.*

**Niles:** Evening, all! Oh, what lovely costumes! Daphne, you look particularly beautiful.

**Daphne:** Oh, thanks. I'm not sure I agree. It's a bit tight—must have put on a pound or two.

**Frasier:** [accent] That's enough out of you, you wanton troll, or I'll smite your bawdy backside with the flat of me sinewy right hand!

*Daphne and Frasier laugh.*

**Martin:** At least on the ride over her I could stick my head out the window. So where's the bar?

**Niles:** That's right over here, I'm serving grog and mead.

**Martin:** Which one tastes most like beer?

*Niles leads Martin to the bar. Daphne drifts into the crowd. Behind Frasier, Roz comes in, wearing fright makeup and a trench coat.*

**Frasier:** Oh, Roz! Oh, I'm so glad you came! Any word from the doctor?

**Roz:** No, and I am going crazy. I can't even picture myself as a mother, can you?

*She removes the trench coat. She's decked out in a saucy black leather S&M outfit.*

**Frasier:** Well, I don't think discipline will be a problem.

*Frasier hangs her coat up. Daphne notices Roz.*

**Daphne:** Wow, Roz, don't you look smashing!

*"Eve"—a young woman wearing a peach body stocking and a waist-length blonde wig—also notices Roz.*

*[N.B. Eve is played by Kelsey Grammer's real-life wife, Camille Donatucci Grammer]*

**Eve:** What an interesting costume! Who are you?

**Roz:** I'm "O", from "The Story of 'O'".

**Guests:** Oh . . .

**Roz:** It's gonna be a long night.

**Daphne:** Well, I think you look particularly lovely tonight. There's a real glow about you.

**Roz:** Oh no! Oh God, not a glow! [calms down] I'm sorry, I'm just a little jumpy. I had... kind of an accident, and I just haven't found out what the damage is yet. Actually, I need to check my machine. Do you know where a phone is?

**Daphne:** Yeah, there's one at the top of the stairs.

**Roz:** Thank you.

**Daphne:** Try not to worry. A few years back, I got rear-ended. Is that what happened to you?

**Roz:** Not exactly.

*Roz heads up the stairs. She passes a good-looking guy.*

**Guy:** Oh, hello.

**Roz:** Hi.

Guy: Are you here alone?

**Roz:** Oh God, I hope so.

*She goes up the stairs. At the buffet, Martin is standing next to Gil, dressed as an Indian. Gil tries a hors d'oeuvre.*

**Gil:** Oh my! What a delectable medley of frommagian splendor! You must try one.

**Martin:** [tries one] Mmm, cheesy.

**Gil:** Mmm, yes. "Cheesy"—the *mot juste*. It must be glorious to have such a happy knack for clarity and concision.

**Martin:** Yep. So who're you suppose to be?

**Gil:** Chingatchkook — I'm the Last of the Mohicans!

**Martin:** Oh! Well... that little mystery solved.

*Dissolve to: A While Later*

*Frasier wanders around the room, looking for Roz. He finds Daphne at the bar.*

**Frasier:** Daphne, have you seen Roz?

**Daphne:** Probably on the phone. Seems like every fifteen minutes she's calling her machine again. This little accident's got her pretty worried.

**Frasier:** She told you about it?

*Niles comes up with two glasses.*

**Niles:** Champagne?

**Frasier:** Oh, not now, Niles. Excuse us, we need a moment alone.

*He pulls Daphne aside to a corner of the room.*

**Daphne:** Roz told me all about it. It's no big deal. Accidents happen even when you're being careful. I had one myself a few years back.

**Frasier:** Oh, Daphne, really?

**Daphne:** Yeah. It was one of those real wham-bam numbers. He was drunk and I wasn't paying attention...

**Frasier:** Oh...

**Daphne:** I called and called, but never got a penny out of him.

**Frasier:** I had no idea.

**Daphne:** Oh, it's not that bad. For goodness' sake, back in Manchester, what with all those drunken louts out and about, it must have happened to me at least a dozen times.

*This blows Frasier's mind for a few seconds.*

**Frasier:** Really? I had no... really? Well, of course nothing's certain until we get the pregnancy test results.

**Daphne:** Pregnancy? We're not talking about a car accident, are we?

**Frasier:** Oh dear.

**Daphne:** Roz is pregnant?

**Frasier:** Absolutely not! Where could you get such an insane notion?

**Daphne:** Well, you just said she was!

**Frasier:** Shut up! Or I'll smite you with the back of me sinewy — oh, just get in here!

*He drags her into the kitchen.*

*Niles wanders the room looking for them. He runs into Martin, who is busy demonstrating his magnifying glass to a pretty woman.*

**Niles:** Did you notice where Frasier went?

**Martin:** No idea.

**Niles:** What about Daphne?

**Martin:** Haven't a clue.

**Niles:** Holmes, you astound me.

*In the kitchen, Frasier and Daphne are sitting at a small table. Daphne's eyes are getting increasingly teary.*

**Frasier:** Oh, I feel so guilty. Roz swore me to secrecy. I never should have said anything.

**Daphne:** It's not your fault, you thought I knew. Do you have a tissue? These silly lashes are killing my eyes. I must be allergic to the adhesive.

*Frasier gives Daphne a handkerchief from his sleeve. Behind his back, Niles cracks the door and eavesdrops.*

**Frasier:** Just promise me you won't tell a soul. We've got to keep this secret.

**Daphne:** Oh, right! But we can't keep it a secret forever. My God, we are talking about a baby.

*Niles's eyes bug out.*

**Frasier:** Oh, how could I have been so careless?

**Daphne:** These things happen, it's not your fault.

**Frasier:** Yes, well, you know who'll get the blame if this ever gets out!

**Daphne:** Don't worry, I'll protect your reputation. I'll tell everyone I forced you to it.

*Niles cannot believe what he's hearing.*

**Frasier:** All right. We'd better get back to the party before people start wondering about us.

*Frasier gets up and swings the door open. It thumps into something. The door swings back, showing Niles, whose prosthetic nose is now sticking up at a crazy angle.*

**Frasier:** Oh, hello, Niles. What's your nose all bent out of shape about?

*Laughing, Frasier moves off into the crowd. Niles glares after him.*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

### PANACHE

*Scene Four - Party*

*As Eve walks across the room, Frasier tracks her with his eyes. Niles comes up to him.*

**Frasier:** Well, there's a literary "figure" I'd like to know better.

**Niles:** Just a moment, I need a word with you.

**Frasier:** What about?

*The doorbell rings.*

**Niles:** Stay there, I've guests to greet.

*He goes to the door and opens it to a group of trick-or-treaters.*

**Kids:** Trick or treat!

**Niles:** How did you get past the doorman?

**Dracula:** We live in the building.

**Niles:** Well, I'm sorry, this isn't a good night for this.

**Dracula:** But it's Halloween!

**Niles:** Uh! Very well! [*grabs an hors d'oeuvre tray from a maid*]  
Crab puff for you, and some gravlax for you, and pate for  
Dracula. Now off you go!

*He closes the door, hands the tray back, and goes back to Frasier, who is now talking to Eve.*

**Niles:** I need to talk to you!

**Frasier:** Not now, Niles! [*to Eve*] Let me guess... Lady Godiva?

**Eve:** No, Eve – from the Bible.

**Frasier:** Well, now I know why they call it "The Good Book."

*They laugh.*

**Niles:** What are you doing? Are you just going to abandon Daphne?

**Frasier:** Niles, just because I gave her a ride doesn't mean I have to spend the whole evening with her!

*The doorbell rings again, stifling Niles's outraged reply. He goes back to the door and opens it to Bulldog, dressed as Waldo.*

**Bulldog:** Hey! Hey, get a load of that schnozzola!

*Niles hurriedly ushers him in, and turns back towards Frasier.*

**Bulldog:** No, wait, wait! Guess who I am?

**Niles:** I give up.

**Bulldog:** I'm Waldo! From "Where's Waldo?" You know, that guy you can't find because he blends into the crowd?

**Niles:** I don't know, but I'd love a demonstration.

*He shoos Bulldog away. Frasier is still flirting with Eve.*

**Frasier:** And to think, all that time your cat was curled up in your sock drawer. They're almost human, aren't they?

*Eve laughs. Niles grabs Frasier's elbow.*

**Niles:** Pardon me, I need a word alone with my brother.

**Frasier:** [*whispering*] Not now, Niles! I'm doing really well here. This pointy hat is a babe magnet!

**Niles:** It's urgent!

**Frasier:** Just keep your voice down! [*to Eve*] I'm sorry, will you excuse me?

**Eve:** Sure, but hurry back.

*Frasier turns to face Niles.*

**Niles:** Your boorish behavior is simply appalling! I can no longer hold my tongue!

**Frasier:** Replace "tongue" with "liquor," and I'll believe you! You're drunk, Niles!

**Niles:** Drunk like a fox! [*looks around, then*] I know about the baby.

**Frasier:** You do?



**Niles:** Yes!

**Frasier:** Who told you?

**Niles:** I heard it from Daphne's own lips!

**Frasier:** Daphne! That blabbermouth! I'll wring her neck!

**Niles:** Listen to yourself! Have you no conscience?

**Frasier:** Niles, you're getting awfully exercised about this.

**Niles:** We're talking about a single woman with a baby! What do you intend to do about it?

**Frasier:** Well, I suppose I could give her a raise!

**Niles:** That's your idea of responsibility? Give her a raise?

**Frasier:** Well, what do you want me to do, marry her? Let's look at something here, buddy, *she's* the one that got pregnant!  
[*notices Roz standing next to them, glaring*] Hello, Roz.

**Roz:** Beat it, Niles!

*Niles starts to protest, then the doorbell rings a third time.*

**Niles:** Stay here!

*He moves off.*

**Roz:** I am so mad at you I could scream! How could you tell Niles about the baby?

**Frasier:** I didn't! Daphne told him, the damnable chatterbox!

**Roz:** And who told Daphne?

**Frasier:** Well... that would be me!

*Niles opens the door to two children wearing Halloween masks—Frankenstein and Alice in Wonderland.*

**Niles:** Ah! What is it with all you children, isn't it past your bedtime?!

*"Frankenstein" takes off his mask—he's a midget.*

**Krovitz:** Dr. Crane, it's me, Dr. Krovitz.

**Niles:** [*recovering quickly*] Of course it is, and this must be your lovely wife Sylvia.

**Krovitz:** I don't know her.

**Alice:** Trick or treat!

*Krovitz comes in. Niles shuts the door in Alice's face. Roz is still talking to Frasier.*

**Roz:** What is wrong with you? I specifically asked you not to tell anyone.

**Frasier:** I'm sorry, Roz, but the way she spoke it sounded as if she already knew you were having a baby!

*Martin has drifted by in time to hear this last.*

**Martin:** What, you are?

**Roz:** Oh, great! Nice going, Frasier.

**Frasier:** Well, I'm sorry, Roz, but he is the Master of Deduction! He would have figured it out anyway!

*Martin nods. Roz storms away. Niles is hovering next to Daphne, whose eyes are filled with tears again.*

**Niles:** Just let it out. I'm here for you.

**Daphne:** I keep telling you, I'm not crying. It's my damn lashes.

**Niles:** As courageous as you are beautiful. Oh, you shouldn't be drinking this poison! [*takes her champagne glass, then*

*notices Roz*] Here, Roz, drink this.

**Daphne:** Roz, do you have a tissue?

**Roz:** If you don't see it, I don't have it! [*calms down*] I'm sorry. Do you want to go get a cocktail napkin?

*Roz leads Daphne to the kitchen. Martin comes over to Niles.*

**Niles:** Hurry back, brave girl! Oh, just look at her, poor thing.

**Martin:** What are you talking about?

**Niles:** Oh, I suppose you'll find out soon enough. There's a baby on the way.

**Martin:** Oh, you know about that too?

**Niles:** Who told you?

**Martin:** Well, I heard Frasier and Roz talking about it.

**Niles:** You don't seem very surprised.

**Martin:** Well, [*chuckles*] I mean I'm fond of her. But let's face it, she's no Sunday school teacher. She's been around the block a few times!

**Niles:** Well, instead of heaping scorn on her, you might put the blame where it belongs, on Frasier! Look at him, the shameless Casanova!

*He points to Frasier, who is back flirting with Eve.*

**Martin:** What's Frasier got to do with this?

**Niles:** He's the father!

**Martin:** *What?!* Are you kidding me?

**Frasier:** Well, I heard it from his own mouth!

**Martin:** Well, I don't believe it! I've got to go talk to him!

**Niles:** Wait, wait! [*words slightly slurred*] I've just made a momentous decision! There's one person in this family who still has a sense of honor and decency. Frasier may not be able to do right by that woman, but I will!

**Martin:** What are you talking about?

**Niles:** I'm going to propose to her.

**Martin:** Are you nuts? You're still married.

**Niles:** Maris never needed me. But there's a woman here who does.

**Martin:** Boy, I didn't know you even liked her.

**Niles:** Yes, I wore that mask well. But now it's time to do the honorable thing!

**Martin:** Oh, you mean divorce your wife and marry the woman who's carrying your brother's child?

**Niles:** [*confused for a second, but*] I've made up my mind. Nothing's going to stop me, Dad!

*He moves toward the kitchen, but is intercepted by Gil.*

**Gil:** Uh, excuse me, Niles. I'm afraid there's been a bit of an hors d'oeuvre mishap on your Persian rug. Just call me "Fumbles With Crab Puffs."

**Niles:** Not now, Gil.

*In the kitchen, Daphne is dabbing her eyes again. Roz pours herself a glass of milk.*

**Daphne:** There's no use fretting until you know for sure. God, my eyes are just getting worse. I suppose I should ask Dr. Crane to take me home. But I feel bad ruining his good time. I was having fun too—there are some very attractive men here!

*Niles comes in just in time to hear her say:*

**Daphne:** But who's going to want me in this condition?

*This nearly breaks Niles's heart.*

**Roz:** Oh, don't worry about Frasier. He'll take care of you.

**Niles:** [*cackling drunkenly*] That's a laugh! Beat it, Roz.

**Daphne:** Dr. Crane!

**Roz:** Never mind, I got to go check my machine.

*Roz exits. Niles, with some difficulty, kneels beside Daphne's chair.*

**Niles:** Daphne, we've known each other for four years now, so I want to take the time to phrase this just right.

**Daphne:** Yeah, well, you take all the time you need. I have to go find your brother.

*She gets up and exits. Niles cannot immediately do the same.*

*In the main room, Daphne taps Frasier on the shoulder.*

**Daphne:** Dr. Crane, can I talk to you for a second?

**Frasier:** [*to Eve*] I'm sorry, will you excuse me?

**Eve:** It's all right. I'll go freshen my lipstick. I feel naked without it.

*Frasier chuckles. Eve moves off. Frasier turns to Daphne. Niles comes up behind her.*

**Frasier:** Haven't you ruined my evening enough already?!

**Daphne:** What are you talking about?

**Frasier:** I am talking about you and your blabbermouth! Niles told me you told him about the baby!

**Daphne:** I did not!

**Frasier:** Oh, don't play innocent with me!

**Daphne:** Look, I don't mean to ruin your evening, but I can't stay at the party like this. Look at my eyes!

**Frasier:** Oh well, I am dreadfully sorry for your condition, Daphne, but it's your own fault! You should have read the directions on the package before you used it!

**Daphne:** I don't know why you're blaming this whole mess on me! I just know I need a lift home right now!

**Frasier:** Oh, all right! But I am not leaving here until I get Eve's phone number. So you can just sit down, have a drink, smoke a cigarette if you like! I'm sorry, I am very attracted to this young woman, and I am not going to let you and your little problem stand in my way!

**Niles:** [*can take no more*] THAT'S ENOUGH!

*Everyone in the room falls silent and looks at Niles.*

**Frasier:** Niles, get your big nose out of this! And lower your voice, you're embarrassing yourself!

**Niles:** The only thing I'm embarrassed about is that you're my brother! You cad, you bounder, you *roué*!

**Frasier:** What is so wrong about trying to get a woman's phone number?

**Niles:** We're not interested in your next conquest, we're talking about your last one! And before you deny it, I have plenty of proof!

**Frasier:** From here, it smells like eighty proof!

**Niles:** A woman stands here before you in dire need...

**Daphne:** It's really not that bad. I can find someone else who'll take me.

**Niles:** Indeed you can.

**Martin:** *[realizing what he thinks]* Niles—

**Niles:** I told you, don't try to stop me! *[to Frasier]* You have the audacity to seduce this poor woman, and then you aren't man enough to stand by her?!

*Daphne looks at Frasier with total incomprehension.*

**Frasier:** Niles, before you make a complete ass of yourself—

**Niles:** Stop, or I'll teach you a long overdue lesson in chivalry!

*He draws his sword. Unfortunately, the blade breaks off and he is left with just an empty handle. Martin offers Niles his cane.*

**Daphne:** But, Dr. Crane—

**Niles:** No, no! No, don't defend him! *[takes off his hat and kneels in front of Daphne, taking her hand]* There may be one bastard in this family, but as long as I have anything to say about it, your baby won't be another. Daphne... will you marry me?

**Frasier:** Oh, for God's sake, you drunken imbecile! Daphne's not the one that's pregnant, Roz is!

*The guests react. Gil and Bulldog, jaws hanging, exchange a look.*

**Niles:** *[derailed]* Roz is?

**Eve:** Who's Roz?

**Bulldog:** She's the one dressed like "O."

**Guests:** Oh...

**Daphne:** That was very gallant, Dr. Crane. Perhaps you should propose to Roz.

**Martin:** If anybody's gonna propose to Roz, it's Frasier!

**Frasier:** What?

**Martin:** How could you do that? Get her pregnant?

**Gil:** It was Frasier?

**Frasier:** No! Listen, everybody, I am not the father of Roz's baby!

*Roz appears at the top of the stairs.*

**Frasier:** In fact, we don't even know for sure if there IS a baby!

**Roz:** We do now.

*Everyone looks at her. She shrugs and nods.*

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

*Scene Z - Niles's Apartment*

*The party is over, and the last of the guests are going home. Eve walks out the door on the arm of a man dressed like the Devil. As the maid starts clearing things up, she walks by Niles, sprawled on his fainting couch, fast asleep. Baby, his cockatoo, perches on the end of his fake nose.*

## Guest Appearances

### Guest Starring

CAMILLE DONATACCI GRAMMER as Eve

JONATHAN FRASER as Guy at Party

EDWARD HIBBERT as Gil Chesterton

MARK MUNOZ as Dr. Krovitz  
JOEY ZIMMERMAN as Dracula

**Guest Callers**

CINDY CRAWFORD as Dorothy

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