

[6.14]Three Valentines

Three Valentines

Written by Rob Hanning

Directed by Kelsey Grammer

Production Code: 6.14.

Episode Number in Production Order: 136

Episode Filmed on:

Original Airdate on NBC: 11th February 1999

Transcript written on 15th July 2000

Transcript revised on 8th November 2002

AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

Won

AMERICAN CINEMA EDITORS (Eddie)

- **Best-Edited Half-Hour Series for Television:** Ron Volk

Nominated

EMMY

- **Outstanding Sound Mixing for a Comedy Series or Special:** Thomas J. Huth, Andre Caporaso, Robert Douglass, Dana Mark McClure
-

Transcript {david langley}

Act 1

A VALENTINE FOR NILES

Scene 1 - Frasier's Apartment

Fade in. The apartment is set up for a romantic dinner. Niles is on the phone, Eddie is sitting on the ottoman.

Niles: Francois. It's Niles Crane. You delivered some champagne earlier for Valentine's Day? Well, you brought over the '88 and I asked for the '85. Yes, my date will know the difference, she happens to be the president of my wine club. Thank you, thank you. Yes, remember, I won't be at home. No, I'm not entertaining at the Shangri-La, my brother was kind enough to let me use his apartment.

He crosses the apartment and puts a hand on Martin's chair.

Niles: Well, what could I do? I threw a blanket over it. All right. Now, hurry, please, this woman is very particular. [*He hangs up and looks at Eddie.*] Lucky for you she loves dogs.

[N.B. Throughout the rest of this scene, all of Niles's dialogue is mutters or mumbles as he deals with the situation.]

He starts a CD of Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" on the stereo, then sits on the couch. He examines a crease on his pant leg, then adjusts it. He then uncrosses his legs and compares the creases. He stands up and fluffs his pants legs out, then sits again. He looks at his watch, examines his crease again, then gets up.

He goes to the kitchen and brings back the ironing board and a cloth. He sets up the board and plugs the iron in. He removes his shoes, then his trousers, turning his back nervously on Eddie to do so. Laying them on the board, he covers the crease with the cloth and begins pressing them. After glancing at his watch, he begins pressing faster. Reaching for the cuff, he notices a loose thread. He tries to pull it off, then bite it off, but is unsuccessful.

He rushes over to the desk and gets a pair of scissors from the drawer. He starts to hurry back to the ironing board, but slows and carefully makes sure the scissors are pointing down. As he trims the loose thread, Eddie jumps on a dining chair and starts nosing around a place setting. Niles notices and starts to yell at him, but ends up cutting his finger.

He yelps, puts the finger in his mouth and then looks at it. It is bleeding, and the sight of blood makes him woozy. He recovers, but notices Eddie still licking around the plate. He snaps his fingers at him, which aggravates the injury and makes him look at his finger again. This time, he passes out and falls over the arm of the couch.

Eddie comes over and licks his face, waking him. He glances at his finger, then holds it up away from his face. Looking down, he notices a spot of blood he's left on the couch. He dabs it with his handkerchief, but it isn't effective. He wraps the handkerchief around his finger, and goes to the kitchen, returning with a cloth and a can of solvent.

He sits on the couch and tries to read the instructions, bringing a candle closer for more light. Apparently reaching the part about open flames, he hurriedly pushes the candle away. Opening the can, he soaks a bit onto the cloth and begins dabbing up the blood stain.

He stands up to check his work and is satisfied. When he's reaching for the cap to the can, however, his handkerchief falls off, he sees his bloody finger and again faints over the arm of the couch. This time, the open can of solvent begins spilling onto and soaking into the couch.

Eddie barks loudly, waking him again. He gets up, holding his wounded finger above his head once more. He picks up the handkerchief to put on his finger, then gets the can and caps it, all over his head as Eddie looks on. He goes into the kitchen and -

Reset to: the kitchen where Niles puts the solvent away under the sink and throws the towel into it. Standing there, he begins to smell something. He quickly checks the pots on the stove and in the oven, but they are all right. He looks about in confusion, then exits.

Reset to: the living room. Niles stands around, obviously still smelling something wrong. His gaze travels to the ironing board just in time to see that the iron, which he left face down, has set his pants on fire.

He rushes over and grabs the iron, setting it aside. He then tries to pat the flames out, only spreading them. He tries to bundle the pants up but, burning his fingers, throws them away from himself. This carries them onto the couch where they promptly ignite the soaked-in solvent in a burst of flames.

Eddie barks as Niles stares, frozen. Finally, he breaks and runs to the hallway, returning with a fire extinguisher. He runs in front of the couch and squeezes the handle. Nothing happens, and he notices that the safety pin is still in place. He pulls it free and squeezes again. The force of the extinguisher is too much for him to control, and he spins wildly around, dousing all the furniture, the carpet, the table setting, Eddie and himself with foam as Eddie furiously barks at him. He gets it under control just in time to point it at the couch as it runs out of pressure.

He throws the empty extinguisher on Martin's chair and races to the kitchen. He comes back with an oven mitt and pot holder and carrying the pans from the stove. He empties the dinner onto the fire, putting it out and raising a cloud of steam.

Choking on the smoke and fumes, Niles opens the front door. Looking desperately at his watch, he begins fanning the door to try and clear some of the smoke. He then starts fanning with his arms, swinging so wildly that the mitt, pot holder and handkerchief all fly into the hall. He glances at his finger, sees the blood and faints in the doorway.

As the smoke alarm goes off, Eddie jumps on the couch and begins eating the remains of the food. The Mozart piece reaches a crescendo and ends.

FADE OUT

End of Act 1

Act 2

A VALENTINE FOR FRASIER

Scene 1 - A Restaurant

Fade in. It is a fancy restaurant, couples at the tables, a violinist playing. Frasier is seated alone at a table, glancing nervously at his watch. He pulls out his cell phone and dials.

CUT TO: Roz's apartment as she puts on makeup. Her phone rings and she answers. During their dialogue, the scene cuts back and forth between Roz and Frasier:

Roz: Hello.

Frasier: Roz, it's Frasier. Look, I need your help.

Roz: Well, I don't have much time, I'm on my way out.

Frasier: OK, just answer me this: How do you know if you're on a date?

Roz: Are you alone?

Frasier: Yes.

Roz: Then you're not on a date.

Frasier: Very funny. Listen, I'm at a restaurant, waiting for Cassandra Stone - you know, our new publicity director? She asked me out for dinner, and well, I was very flattered. I mean, I think she's a terrific woman. It's just I'm

starting to wonder if this is a business dinner, or more of a romantic date.

Roz: Well, you're going out for dinner on Valentine's Day, sounds like a date to me.

Frasier: Yes, well, she didn't realize it was Valentine's Day until I reminded her. She did say she wanted to go over a new ad campaign.

Roz: Oh, come on, every time I see you two together, she's got her hands all over you.

Frasier: She's always got her hands all over everybody. She's a big flirt.

Roz: That's true. She even flirted with me the first time I met her 'til I took off my baseball cap and parka. Why don't you just ask her if it's a date?

Frasier: Oh, Roz, I can't do that, what if the answer is "No"? For God's sake, it'll be awkward all through dinner. Awkward at work. Imagine how embarrassing it'll be if it gets around the station.

Roz: Well, I guess you're just gonna have to play it by ear. Well, you'll know what she has in mind by the way she dresses, how she acts, how she treats you...

Frasier: Yeah, yeah, I guess you're right.

Roz: [as the doorbell rings] Oh, there's my date.

Frasier: Oh, who are you going out with tonight?

Roz: Oh, Bob. You know, the tax accountant.

Frasier: Isn't he the one who drones on so incessantly you call him "The Cricket"?

Roz: No, I call him "The Cricket" because he rubs his hands together really fast during sex. Bye.

Frasier: Goodbye.

Cassandra comes in, Frasier rises and waves her over.

Frasier: Cassandra.

Cassandra: Sorry to keep you waiting.

They meet and hold hands.

Frasier: Oh, that's OK. I was just starting to wonder if you'd changed your mind.

Cassandra: What, and pass up dinner with the sexiest man in radio?

She leans in and kisses him warmly on the mouth.

Frasier: Oh, well. It's just our plans were so last-minute, I thought maybe I misunderstood.

She takes off her coat to reveal a low-cut, stylish evening dress.

Frasier: My, things have certainly been clarified, haven't they?

Cassandra: Will you excuse me for a second?

Frasier: Of course.

She heads to the coat check, Frasier begins motioning to the violinist.

Frasier: Excuse me. Excuse me. You see that woman over by the coat-check?

Violinist: Yes.

Frasier: She's my dinner companion for the evening and things have taken a turn towards the romantic. I want to make her feel as special as possible. [He gives the violinist some cash.]

Violinist: Then you should have offered to check her coat.

Frasier: Yes, thank you very much! All right, just play something romantic when she gets back.

Cassandra comes back to the table, meeting Mario, the Maitre d', on the way.

Mario: Miss Cassandra, so nice to see you again.

Cassandra: You too, Mario. And how's the sexiest Maitre d' in Seattle?

She leans in and kisses him just like she did Frasier. Mario seats her and Frasier sits as well.

Cassandra: Sorry again for keeping you waiting. I got sucked in at this cocktail party.

Frasier: Oh, you were at a cocktail party.

Cassandra: Some benefit thing. It was very fancy. Obviously, why else would I show up wearing this?

Frasier: Why else indeed.

He waves away the violinist who is approaching.

Cassandra: Oh, they have the best wine list here. Do you feel like sharing a bottle?

Frasier: If you like.

Cassandra: Good thing I took a cab here, I'm a real lightweight. Then again, I'm sure a gentleman like you wouldn't mind escorting me back to my room after dinner, will you?

Frasier: Oh, I think that can be arranged.

He waves the violinist back over.

Cassandra: I love the food here.

Frasier: What do you recommend?

Cassandra: I'll start with the anchovies and red peppers, and then the garlic chicken with scallions.

Frasier waves the violinist away again.

Cassandra: Are you in the mood for oysters?

Frasier: Actually, I'm not sure.

FADE OUT on his confused look.

Scene 2 - Cassandra's Hotel Room.

Fade in. The door opens on Cassandra and Frasier.

Frasier: Well, here we are. Your hotel room. Last stop.

Cassandra: [after a pause] Oh, come on in. [They enter] Oh, thank you so much for this coat.

Frasier: Of course.

Cassandra: Oh, God, I can't believe we got caught in that rainstorm, I'm freezing!

Frasier: Yeah, me too.

Cassandra: [coming close to him and lowering her voice] Oh, I know something we can do to warm up real fast.

Frasier: Yes, all we have to do is...

Cassandra: Have a brandy.

Frasier: Yes! Let's have a brandy!

Cassandra: The mini-bar's over there. I'll be right out.

Frasier: Uh-huh.

She goes to the bathroom. Frasier pulls out his cell phone and dials.

Roz: Hello.

Frasier: Roz. It's Frasier.

CUT TO: Roz. She is in bed. The camera inter-cuts again.

Roz: Where are you?

Frasier: I'm in Cassandra's hotel room. She invited me up here after dinner. I'm just not sure what it means.

Roz: What it means? What it means is that even a blind pig finds an acorn once in a while.

Frasier: I'm still getting a lot of conflicting signals here. You see, maybe she just invited me up here to talk business. I just wish I could get one clear, unambiguous sign.

Cassandra comes out in a robe, Frasier hides the phone behind him.

Cassandra: Oh, I just had to get out of that dress.

Frasier: Oh, here's your brandy.

They clink their glasses and drink.

Cassandra: I'll just go dry my hair.

She heads off again.

Frasier: Roz, I'm back.

Roz: She ditched her dress and she's hitting the sauce. What do you need, runway lights on the mattress?

Frasier: Roz, Roz it's not as clearcut as it seems.

Roz: Look, Frasier, she is way out on a limb here. Do you know how rejected she's gonna feel if you don't make a move? You're gonna blow it forever.

Frasier: You're right. I'm going to take off my jacket.

Roz: Yeah. Go get 'em, cowboy.

He hangs up the cell phone and takes off his jacket.

Cassandra: [calling out] Frasier? Are you making yourself comfortable?

Frasier: Yes.

Cassandra: If it's OK, I still have some questions about the ad campaign I'd like to ask you.

Frasier quickly puts his jacket back on.

Frasier: Well, that's why I'm here.

Cassandra: Or if you prefer, we could just talk about it over breakfast tomorrow.

Frasier: Breakfast, you say?

Cassandra: I hope I wasn't being presumptuous. We will be having breakfast tomorrow, won't we?

Frasier: Absolutely.

He takes off his jacket and begins pulling off his shirt.

Cassandra: Great! So who else will be there?

Frasier: Where?

Cassandra: At the breakfast meeting. The one for the sponsors here at the hotel, tomorrow. You just said you were going, right?

Frasier: The meeting. Of course.

He quickly pulls his shirt back on as Cassandra comes back out.

Cassandra: Frasier, what are you doing?

Frasier: Well, I, uh...

Cassandra: I thought you said you were going to make yourself comfortable. Why don't you check the closet? I'm sure you can find something to slip into. I'm just going to take my lenses out.

Frasier again pulls his shirt off and rushes over to the closet.

Cassandra: [again calling from the bathroom] You know, I'm really glad I asked you to dinner.

Frasier: [taking off his pants] Gosh, so am I.

Cassandra: You may not believe this, but I almost chickened out at the last minute. It just goes to show it's always better to take the risk. I mean, so you say "No." I'm an adult, what's a little embarrassment?

Frasier pulls open the cabinet and pulls out a robe.

Frasier: I couldn't agree more.

Cassandra: Did you find the slippers?

Frasier: What?

Cassandra: In the closet.

Frasier grabs his clothes and starts getting dressed.

Cassandra: You stepped in that puddle after dinner, I thought you might want to get out of those wet shoes and socks. It's up to you, I know some people feel funny about taking their shoes off in someone else's room. My gosh, it's really starting to come down out there. You know what I'm thinking?

Frasier: [a pained look on his face] No. I truly don't.

Cassandra: Well, it doesn't make much sense for you to drive home in this weather, especially since you are coming back for breakfast anyway. Why don't you just stay over tonight?

Frasier: [unsure] All right. When you say "Stay over", you mean of course...?

Cassandra: [coming out, now dressed in just a shirt] Stay here.

Frasier: Oh, here. Right. Splendid.

She sits on the bed and so does he.

Cassandra: Oh, my God!

Frasier: [jumping up] What? I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Cassandra: I just can't believe it's so late. What are you sorry for?

Frasier: Oh, just for... keeping you up so late.

Cassandra: Oh, that's all right. Aren't you coming to bed?

Frasier: Oh, yes. Coming to bed. Coming to... this bed.

Cassandra: Well, would you mind turning the lights out?

Frasier: Oh, no, no, not at all.

He turns out the light, and in the darkness can be heard slipping into bed.

Frasier: You know, Cassandra, I know this may sound like a silly question seeing as how we're... in bed together and... nearly naked, and... I've just been wondering: Is this a

romantic date, or... a business thing?

There is the sound of snoring, followed by clicking noises.

Frasier: Roz, it's Frasier!

FADE OUT

End of Act 2

Act 3

A VALENTINE FOR DAPHNE AND MARTIN

Scene 1 - Another Restaurant, Russano's

Fade in. Again, it is a fancy restaurant with couples at the tables. Martin leads Daphne to a table.

Martin: You know, Daph, I'm really impressed with you. A lot of people get all insecure if they don't have a date on Valentine's Day, but not you.

Daphne: Oh, heaven's no. If you think about it, it's just a silly holiday they made up to sell more flowers and candy.

Martin: Right. Well, you take a look at the menu and I'll check your coat.

Daphne: Oh, no need for that. So, what looks good to you?

Martin: [grabbing her coat] The coat-check girl. Gimme your coat.

Martin goes to check the coat, the Maitre d' comes over.

Maitre d': Happy Valentine's Day, welcome to Russano's.

Daphne: Thank you.

Maitre d': The waiter will be by to take your drink order when your husband gets back. [leaves]

Daphne: Oh, he's not my husband. I don't have a... husband.

She trails off as she notices all the happy couples around her.

Martin comes back.

Martin: [sitting] Wow, I wish there was somethin' else I could check. Besides my blood pressure. Well, I know what I'm in the mood for, a nice big steak. How 'bout you?

Daphne begins to cry.

Martin: What happened?

Daphne: [sobbing] Well, look around you. Nothing but couples in love. It's never gonna be me. I'm just going to end up a dried-up old maid in a quilted bathrobe with a smelly deaf cat on my lap!

Martin: But I thought you said you were OK with that.

Daphne: What?!

Martin: All right, Daph. Come on, now, come on, now, don't get upset, here, have a drink of water or somethin'.

Daphne: Oh, I'm sorry about this.

Martin: That's OK.

Daphne: I don't know what came over me. I haven't cried like that since, well... [crying again] New Year's Eve.

Martin: Oh, geez, come on, Daph. You're, uh, you know, you're going to find someone.

Daphne: You think so?

Martin: Well, sure. Yeah, you're... you have a lot of very great

qualities.

Daphne: Thank you. I'm so sorry about this. I know it makes you uncomfortable to talk about personal things.

Martin: Yeah, well, that's all right. So, you ready to order?

Daphne: Yeah.

They study the menus for a moment.

Daphne: What kind of qualities?

Martin: Well... you know, you're smart, and nice-looking, and fun to be with. So you gonna go with the soup or salad?

Daphne: You really think I'm nice-looking?

Martin: [*flustered*] Well, sure, yeah. Where's that guy with the bread?

Daphne: That is so sweet of you.

Martin: Well, don't mention it. Let's just have a nice happy evening.

Daphne: Of course. I'm fine now. [*after another short pause*] Nice-looking how?

Martin: Oh, geez!

Daphne: Oh, never mind.

Martin: Oh, no it's all right. Well, you know, you're pretty and, uh... tall, and uh... take good care of your hair, you know... You're attractive, what do you want from me?

Daphne: Well, I'm sorry, but I don't here this sort of thing very much lately.

Martin: Well, you're just in a slump, that's all. You ask me, you're a great catch.

A waiter comes over.

Waiter: It's not my place to say so, Miss, but I think your father's right. You're a very attractive woman.

He goes off. Daphne smiles, Martin does not.

Daphne: Well, how about that? That's a nice little ego boost.

Martin: Yeah.

Daphne: I feel so silly all of a sudden. Getting upset out of nowhere like that. Well, I feel better now. Ready to share a nice big steak?

Martin: [*grumpy*] Yeah, fine, whatever.

Daphne: What's wrong with you?

Martin: Why did he assume I was your father? I mean, a lot of guys my age go out with women like you. What's he tryin' to say? That I could never attract someone young and pretty?

Daphne: Well, thank you, Mr. Crane.

Martin: Does this all have to be about you?

Daphne: Oh, for heaven's sakes. You're a very attractive man with lots of wonderful qualities.

Martin: Yeah, yeah, I know. All right, let's order.

Again the look over the menus.

Martin: Like what?

Daphne: Oh, come on now. You're very charming, and you have a good sense of humor. And you've got lovely eyes. [*he laughs modestly*] But most of all, you're good company. I enjoy living with you.

Martin: Well, thank you, Daphne. I like living with you, too.

Daphne: Thank you.

Back to the menus, but...

Daphne: So why do you like living with me?

Martin: Oh, for God's sake, can't we just agree to cut this out?

Daphne: Oh, all right, all right. You're wonderful, I'm wonderful. You know it's funny when I think about the two of us. I mean, sure, we have our little fights, but for the most part we get along so well together. And when I think about how I enjoy looking after you, and how you always seem to miss me when I've been gone for too long, well it's sort of like you're my...

Martin: [*smiling*] What?

Daphne: No, it might sound funny to say this...

Martin: No, come on, that's all right, you can say it.

Daphne: All right. Well, it's sort of like you're my pet.

Martin: What?!

Daphne: In a good sense. Like you and Eddie.

Martin: What the hell you talkin' about? You callin' me a dog now?!

Daphne: It's an analogy, for God's sake...

The two begin loudly bickering as everyone stares at them, Martin throwing in some comment about Eddie eating better than he does on her cooking, Daphne coming back that he could stand to lose some weight, etc. etc. etc. Fade out.

Credits:

Martin is standing in the entrance to the dining room, when the coat-check girl brings his and Daphne's coats. He brings some money out of his pocket and tips her, then digs around again and tips her a little extra. She touches his shoulder and gives him her sexiest smile.

Martin takes the coats to their table, where Daphne is having a drink with the waiter who called her attractive. She shoos Martin away, and he merrily goes back to chatting up the coat-check girl.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Star

VIRGINIA MADSEN as Cassandra Stone

Guest Starring

PETER WALDMAN as Violinist

LAWRENCE LOWE as Waiter

ARMANDO MOLINA as Mario,

DAN KERN as **Maitre d'**:

Legal Stuff

This episode capsule is copyright 2000 by Nick Hartley & David Langley. This episode summary remains property of Frasier, Copyright of Paramount Productions and NBC. Printed without permission.