

[6.8]The Seal Who Came To Dinner

The Seal Who Came To Dinner

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Production Code: 6.8.

Episode Number In Production Order: 127.

Episode filmed on:

Original Airdate on NBC: 19th November 1998

Transcript written on 28th July 2000

Transcript revised on 8th November 2001

Details

It's time for the Gourmet Club's annual "Golden Apron Awards." Niles wants to win desperately to salvage his fragile ego after the year he's been through. There is just one glitch - the candidates vying for the award have to throw a dinner party. Having moved out of The Montana and into the Shangri-La, Niles searches for a place to hold the dinner party when he comes upon a brilliant idea... break into Maris's beach house while she is out of town. Just when everything appears to have fallen into place, Niles's dinner party curse strikes yet again in the guise of a dead seal that has washed ashore.

Transcript {david langley}

Act 1

Scene 1 - Cafe Nervosa

Fade in. Roz is sitting at the table by the bookshelves, Frasier comes up and joins her.

Frasier: What a glorious day! Can't help but put a bounce in one's step, can it?

Roz: [*trying to open some aspirin*] If you're gonna be cheerful, sit somewhere else. Damn it! I broke a nail.

Frasier: Here.

Frasier takes the bottle as Niles comes up.

Frasier: Oh, hello, Niles.

Niles: If my life gets any worse, I'm phoning Hell to ask about their exchange program. [*He sits.*]

Frasier: Well, lucky me, I stumbled in at happy hour.

He opens the aspirin and gives it to Roz.

Frasier: Here. So, Niles, Maris at it again?

Niles: Oh, worse. It's so depressing I can barely talk about it. My gourmet club is holding elections to see who will win this year's Golden Apron...

Roz: Wait. I can see I'm gonna need a hanky for this.

Niles: [*to waiter*] Latte, please, to go. Normally, the finalists compete by giving lectures. I'd written mine, a waggish look

at food fads of yesteryear entitled "Fondue: What Were We Thinking?"

Frasier chuckles and nods approval.

Niles: Suddenly last night, disaster. Someone proposed that instead of giving lectures, this year's finalists compete by hosting dinner parties in their homes.

Roz: So? Why don't you invite 'em all over and cook 'em a meal?

Niles: At the Shangri-La? I can't tell the cream of Seattle's gourmet set that I've moved out of the Montana and into that gulag with a game room. I'll just have to drop out of the race.

Frasier: Let's not be hasty. Let's give this some thought. Every problem has a solution.

Roz: Do you call that a problem? A problem is when your kid keeps you up three nights in a row with colic, and you're so burned out you rear-end a Lexus, with four passengers, each and every one a lawyer, so you'll probably be sued and spend the rest of your working life, if you ever even GET a job, lining the pockets of four blood-sucking, whiplash-faking fat cats. THAT'S what a problem is.

Frasier: Can you have it at a restaurant?

Niles: It's against the rules.

Roz: Thanks for the sympathy!

She stomps off.

Frasier: Well...

Niles: Sympathy for what?

Frasier: Oh, I don't know, she broke a nail.

The waiter brings Niles his coffee.

Frasier: Anyway, Niles, try as I might, I can't think of a single thing. I'm sorry.

Niles: Well, don't blame yourself. Blame Claudia Kynock, the whole dinner scheme was her greedy notion.

Frasier: Claudia Kynock? Kevin's widow?

Niles: Can you believe it? She owns six newspapers and nine radio stations, she'll still cadge a free meal faster than that bulbous cartoon fellow who mooches hamburgers from Popeye. I know I must sound...

Frasier: Wimpy.

Niles: And whiny too. But... I wanted this. And after the year I've been through, I needed something to restore my pride, my dignity, my manhood. That Golden Apron could do it.

Frasier: And you are going to have it. You can have the dinner party at my house.

Niles: You mean it?

Frasier: Yes. I'll tell you what: I'll rent an extra-large table and I'll share in the hosting chores.

Niles: You are a saint.

Niles's coffee comes, and he and Frasier get up.

Niles: Though I did note you only offered after you found that out our club includes a rich station owner who could give you a job.

Frasier: Well, Niles, I must say I'm hurt. I offer you something out of the goodness of my heart, you make it sound like I'm a shallow opportunist.

Niles: I'm terribly sorry. How can I make it up to you?

Frasier: Oh, I don't know. Sit me next to someone interesting.

Niles: Oh, Claudia, perhaps.

Frasier: Yes. Put her on my left, it's my best side.

They leave. Fade out.

SEOUL MATES

Scene 2 - Frasier's Apartment

Fade in. Daphne is sitting on the couch with her friend Pam, drinking wine.

Pam: He actually marked the bottle so he'd know if you took some?

Daphne: Yeah. Then he marched into my room and confronted me with the evidence. I said "All right. If you want to be such a miser, then fine, I'll buy my own bath salts."

Martin comes in from his room, trying to act casual. He is wearing a sweater which notably is the same garish-yet-typically-Martin one that Daphne gave him for Christmas in "Perspectives On Christmas" last season.

Martin: Oh, hi, Pam. I didn't know you were here.

Daphne: I told you this morning she was coming by.

Martin: It musta slipped my mind. Don't you look nice tonight.

Pam: You too, Martin. I love your sweater.

Martin: Yeah, pretty cheerful, huh? Not everyone can wear these colors.

Daphne: It helps if you're a matador. [to Pam] Come on, we don't want to be late for the movie.

They get up, Daphne grabbing the wine and glasses.

Pam: Can I freshen up first?

Martin: Oh, yeah, yeah, right through there.

Pam goes into the powder room, Daphne turns on Martin.

Daphne: You dirty old man! Flirting with a girl her age!

Martin: Well, she was flirting right back. I saw her giving me the once-over.

Daphne: Yeah, she looked once and it was over.

She heads into the kitchen, Martin follows.

Daphne: You've never acted this silly with any of my other girl friends. What's so special about Pam?

Martin: Oh, nothing. She's just young and friendly, and... she reminds me of the girls I used to date back during the war.

Daphne: What, you mean Korea? Mr. Crane, it's not dating when you're an occupying force.

Martin: Well, just ask her if she's interested.

Daphne: Have you lost your mind?

Martin: Hey, the gals in Pyong Chang used to think I was pretty damn cute.

Daphne: Yeah well, this is a bit different. You're not twenty-one and her village hasn't just burned down.

Cut to - the living room as they come out of the kitchen.

Daphne: You're not going to get her with a kind smile and a Hershey bar.

Martin: Oh, just ask her, OK?

Daphne: [*grabbing her coat*] You know, this explains that so-called "mix-up" with those mail order videos. Mistake my fanny, you ordered "The Joy Luck Club"!

Niles and Frasier come in the front as Pam comes out of the powder room. Martin sits in his chair.

Frasier: Oh, hi Dad, Daphne. Pam, nice to see you.

Daphne: Good night, all.

Martin: Pam?

She turns to him, he waves goodbye and says something in Korean. From her confused look, we can tell that Martin has either butchered her language or said something extremely rude.

Daphne: Just keep moving.

They leave. Niles dials his cell phone as Frasier hangs up his coat.

Niles: What's with Dad?

Frasier: It's a Korea thing, don't ask.

He heads over to pour sherries.

Niles: [*on his cell phone*] Oh, my God! He said yes, I've got him! [*hangs up*] That was a message from Marcel DeBoeuf! He's agreed to cater my dinner for the gourmet club.

Frasier: Oh, Niles, that is a coup.

Martin: Who?

Frasier: Marcel DeBoeuf, Dad. He's the famous sculpter-turned-chef. Each plate is a work of art. [*brings Niles his sherry*]

Niles: He's doing his all-truffle menu. [*Frasier gasps*] For the appetizer, he sculpts tiny mushroom trees, then he carves radishes to look like truffle pigs, snuffling around the roots.

Martin: Oh. Maybe I should do that for Eddie. I could mold his Alpo into a cow.

Niles: [*laughs, then*] That reminds me...

Frasier: I got him Sonics tickets.

Martin: Bless you. Oh! And did I mention, they're predicting meteor showers for that evening! So not only will I have a great meal, in a perfect setting...

Frasier: Oh, Niles.

Niles: But we'll have nature itself putting on a show for us. [*points out to the balcony*] Oh, we'll have an excellent view from right...

He gasps suddenly, and moves closer to the balcony. There is a large piece of tape across one of the windows.

Niles: Dear God, what's that?

Frasier: Well, it's just a small crack, a little bird flew into it the other day. I'm replacing the pane next week.

Niles: Next week?

Frasier: Yes.

Niles: Well, that's too late.

Frasier: It's just a piece of tape! No one will even notice.

Niles: You have no idea how cutthroat my rivals are. They will leap on the tiniest imperfection. Last night, Sebastian Melmoth threw a lavish Japanese banquet. A certain rival spent the entire evening carping about how the *obis* on the geishas' kimonos were improperly tied.

Frasier: "A certain rival?"

Niles: All right, me.

Martin: He had geishas?

Frasier: That's enough, Dad.

Niles: Well, I'll just have to have the party somewhere else.

Frasier: But Niles, you promised you'd have it here. You promised me Claudia Kynock.

Martin: Nobody's gonna notice that window, and besides, who else is gonna loan you their place? It's not like you can ask Maris.

At that, Niles has a brilliant idea.

Niles: I don't have to ask her. She's out of the country. She's in Antwerp having her elbows done. She has that stunning beach house. I'm sure I can get past the alarm.

Martin: Isn't that breaking and entering?

Niles: Oh, pish. It can't be a crime if it's catered.

Frasier: Well, Niles, I hope you have a lovely time.

Niles: Oh, don't sulk Frasier. You can still come. I've got to start planning. Wait 'til you see this place. It's right on the beach, it's ideal for viewing the meteor shower.

Niles heads for the door.

Martin: Maybe Chef Marcel can make your truffles look like little meteors zooming around the plates. *[laughs]*

Niles: We make fun of him, but every now and then he has a fantastic idea.

They leave. Fade out.

NOT WHAT GOOD HOUSEKEEPING HAD IN MIND

Scene 3 - The Beach House

Fade in. Niles and Frasier are on the front porch opening the door. They each have garment bags, Niles has some flowers and Frasier has a grocery bag.

Frasier: I hope you're right about the alarm code, Niles. People do change them.

Niles: Maris will never change this one.

Niles opens the door, a beeping can be heard. Cut to - the interior of the beach house as they enter.

Niles: It's her ideal weight. What she weighed at her debutante ball. *[He punches into a small key pad.]* Let's see, this many pounds, and that many ounces.

Frasier: Good lord, no one could weigh that and live!

The beeping stops. A voice, Gretchen, is heard calling.

Gretchen: *[off stage; German accent]* Maris!

Niles: Oh no, not her.

Frasier: Neighbor?

Niles: Yes, Gretchen Kuntz. The old girl's been smitten with Maris ever since she taught falconry at Maris's finishing school. *[He hands Frasier the flowers.]* Here, put these in water and I'll get rid of her.

Gretchen: *[o.s.]* Maris, *liebchen*. Is that you?

Frasier heads to the kitchen, Niles opens the door to her.

Gretchen: Oh, Dr. Crane.

Niles: Hello, Gretchen.

Gretchen: I'm surprised to see you here. When last I spoke to Maris, she said your marriage had come to a timely end.

Niles: Yes, well, it's all patched up now, we couldn't be happier. [running water is heard from the kitchen] In fact, that's Maris in the kitchen now. We're terribly busy. [calls] I'll be right with you, muffin! But I'll tell her you looked in.

Gretchen: Do. Ask her to stop by. My wolfhound had puppies.

Niles closes the door on her. Frasier comes out with the flowers in a vase.

Niles: Let's get some lights on.

He claps his hands and a rather garish lamp shaped like an anchor comes on.

Frasier: Good lord, what the hell is that?

Niles: Maris had it made after she lost power in a storm. Battery operated, works on a clapper [claps it off] so you can find it in the dark. [claps it on] Only problem was, the poor thing, try as she might, she could never clap hard enough to activate it.

Frasier opens the curtains revealing the French doors to the back deck.

Frasier: Oh, Niles, this view is breathtaking! You know, with a setting like this and Chef Marcel in the kitchen, I think that Golden Apron is as good as yours.

Niles: Well...

They open the doors and step out. Cut to - the rear deck. The two take a deep breath of the sea air... and begin choking and gagging.

Niles: What is that revolting smell?!

Frasier: It smells like it's coming from the beach.

Niles: Oh, it's like garbage or rotting fish...

Frasier: Or a dead seal.

Niles: No, it's more like a rendering plant.

Frasier: No, Niles. There's an extremely large dead seal right by this dinghy.

Niles: Oh, dear God!

He rushes back inside. Frasier follows slowly.

Frasier: You know, on the bright side, there's not a single crack in these windows.

He closes the doors behind him. Fade out.

End of Act 1

Act 2

Scene 1 - The Beach House

Fade in. Frasier and Niles are standing on the back deck. Frasier has a handkerchief over his nose and mouth, Niles is on his cell phone.

Niles: Yes, Animal Control? A large seal washed up on my property,

I need you to come remove it right away. Its condition? It's deceased. What? Oh, you're not serious. [to Frasier] He says they only handle live seals. [into phone] What kind of policy is that? If it were alive, I wouldn't need you, I could just scare it away myself.

Frasier: I'd pay to see that.

Niles: Oh, wait, I was mistaken. It's not dead after all, it's sitting up. It looks very disoriented. Come quickly!

Frasier: [grabbing the phone] Give me that. Hello, this is Frasier Crane. You may remember me from my radio show.

Niles: Oh, yes, that should send the Seal Mobile racing over here.

Frasier: Just how do you suggest we dispose of a dead seal? I see. I see. Charming. [He closes the phone.] Well, we have two options. We can either bury it or haul it out to sea, in which case they suggest we stab some holes in it.

Niles: Stab holes in it?

Frasier: To make it less buoyant.

Niles: It would certainly make me less buoyant. Well, we'll have to bury it. Help me find a shovel.

Frasier: Right.

Cut to - the interior. As they come in, the doorbell rings.

Niles: Oh, no. That's Chef Marcel. If he finds out what's out there, he will walk.

Frasier: Over a dead seal?

Niles: He won't let anything upstage his food. He stormed out of Kate York's christening party over an ill-timed diaper change. You let him in, I'll find a shovel.

Frasier: Right.

Niles heads upstairs, Frasier opens the door.

Frasier: Ah, Chef Marcel, this is indeed an honor. I'm Frasier, Niles's brother...

Marcel: Where is my kitchen?

Frasier: It's, uh, right through there.

Marcel comes in, followed by his staff. He stops in the living room.

Marcel: What is that smell?

Frasier: Uh, what smell?

Marcel: Is there a baby here?

Frasier: No. I mean, yes. Well, there was a baby, but it's gone now, and we can air the place out.

Marcel: Do.

He exits to the kitchen. Niles comes down the stairs with two children's beach pail and shovel sets. He hands one to Frasier.

Niles: Al right, let's do this. Quick, quick, quick.

Frasier: What's the matter, Niles, you couldn't find any demitasse spoons?

Niles: I'm sorry. This is all we have.

Frasier: Niles, for God's sake, it'll take us until doomsday with these things. Let's just stick it in the dinghy and haul it out to sea, come on.

Niles: I'm not touching that thing with my bare hands!

Frasier: All right, just go find a sheet or something to wrap it in.

Niles head back upstairs. Cut to - the deck as Frasier comes out and looks at the seal.

Frasier: Poor noble creature. At least in death, you've achieved a kind of tragic dignity.

Niles comes out with a frilly nightgown.

Niles: We can wrap it in this. Quick, quick, quick.

Frasier: A peach peignoir?

Niles: Yes, and I found perfume.

Frasier: We're giving it a burial, Niles, not a day of beauty.

Niles: It's to cover the smell, and the peignoir was all I could find. The beds were all stripped, the linen cupboard's locked.

Frasier: All right, get on with it.

Niles sprays the seal with the perfume.

Niles: Do you think that helped?

Frasier: Oh, yes, Niles. It smells so lovely now it's almost a shame to bury it. Give me a hand with this. All right, OK, now let's turn it over.

The wrap the seal up while making noises of disgust.

Niles: Oh, have you ever seen anything so heartbreaking? That sullied nightgown, that cold vacant stare, those limp little whiskers...

Frasier: Stick a corncob pipe in its mouth, it could be Nana on Dad's side. Come on, let's go!

The grab the seal. Fade out.

Scene 2 - The Beach House

Fade in. Niles and Frasier are dragging the boat up onto the beach. They are soaking wet.

Niles: Nice oarsmanship, Mr. Oxford Rowing Champ!

Frasier: Well, it's not very easy to keep your balance when your crewmate jumps on your back and shrieks like a tea kettle.

Niles: Oh, I'm sorry. The thing's tongue lolled out and licked my ankle. I just hope the wind changes before the party, they'll be here in fifteen minutes. *[sniffing]* The stench is so strong. I could almost swear the damn thing was still... AH! It's back!

Frasier: Oh, my God, the tide must have washed it back in. I knew we should have taken their advice and stabbed some holes in it.

Niles: No. I refuse to even contemplate something so disgusting. We'll just row it back out, only this time we'll weigh it down with something.

Frasier: Oh, Niles, what about that hideous anchor lamp?

Niles: Perfect. We'll tie it to the peignoir's sash, it'll sink like a brick. *[checks his watch]* Would you mind terribly doing that alone?

Frasier: Alone?!

Cut to - the interior as they come inside.

Niles: Yes, I have to get ready. Frasier, please, I beg you.

Frasier: All right, Niles. But the entire time I'm gone, you'd better be singing my praises to Claudia Kynock.

Niles: Done.

Chef Marcel comes from the kitchen.

Marcel: Excuse me, where do you keep the...

Niles: Chef Marcel, it's so nice to meet you at last!

Marcel: You have been swimming?

Frasier: Just a dip.

Marcel: In your clotheses?

Frasier: Well, it is November. You know, it was so refreshing, I think I'll go back for another.

Niles: Don't forget your lamp.

He takes the anchor lamp to Frasier.

Frasier: Oh, yes, thank you.

Frasier goes outside with the lamp.

Niles: [off Marcel's look] It's getting dark in that water.

He heads upstairs. Fade out.

THERE FETE IS SEALED

Scene 3 - The Beach House

Fade in. Niles, in his tuxedo is circulating around the living room which is filled with people.

Niles: Sebastian, you must try one of these truffled scallops.

Sebastian: I'm allergic to bivalves, a good host would know that.

Claudia: Don't mind Sebastian, he's just afraid you'll outshine his geisha party.

Niles: Now, now, no rivalries, we're all friends tonight. And I'm sorry about the scallops. In the future, I'll try to cater more to your shellfish demands. [moves off]

Sebastian: [after a pause, then irritated] I got that!

Niles grins at him, then notices Frasier coming down the stairs.

Niles: Oh, thank God you're back. I can open the deck? People are beginning to get suspicious.

Frasier: I hauled it out as far as I could. I just hope that lamp is heavy enough. Is Claudia here?

Niles: Yes, and she's dying to talk to you.

Frasier: Good. Smell my fingers.

Niles: [sniffing] Ooh, lovely. Tubla root?

Frasier: Jasmine.

Niles: Really? Everyone? As you may know, I've arranged a small meteor shower for our entertainment this evening. [laughter] So feel free to claim your spots now on the observation deck.

He waves them out to the deck, but stops Claudia on her way.

Niles: Claudia. This is my brother Dr. Frasier Crane.

Claudia: Oh, well. Just the man I wanted to meet.

Frasier: Really?

Niles: Well, now I should warn you, Claudia's in radio, so you're probably in for more of that arm-twisting you've been getting from so many of those other station owners.

Frasier: Oh, my brother, the publicist. Before long, he'll be telling you about my two SeaBeas and my Broadcaster of the Year award.

Cut to - the deck as they come out.

Claudia: Well, now we don't have to talk all business. But I do want to mention that we may be replacing one of our nationally syndicated hosts, The Happy Traveler.

Frasier: Oh, yes. The Happy Traveler. How's that coming?

Claudia: Not well. Unless they get more realistic with those ransom demands, he's never coming out of that jungle.

Sebastian: There certainly are a lot of gnats buzzing around out here.

Claudia: Yes, there are.

Frasier: Here, allow me.

He smacks his hand together over a bug. The noise activates the anchor lamp which is now on the beach with the seal.

Niles: Oh, dear God!

He claps his hands quickly to shut off the light.

Sebastian: There were no bugs at my party.

Sebastian smacks a gnat on his face, activating the lamp, Niles claps it off.

Claudia: What's that on the beach?

Sebastian: I don't know, but it's wearing a boa.

Frasier: No, no. That's preposterous. It's just a rock with some seaweed on it.

Another guest smacks at an insect, the lamp goes on, Niles claps it off.

Claudia: Niles, there seems to be something with feathers flashing at us.

Niles: Yes, yes, that's my neighbor. Don't clap, it just encourages her.

Claudia: Does anyone else smell something?

Niles: I know what I smell! [*He takes a deep breath and chokes.*] Truffles!

Frasier: Everyone, time for dinner.

Niles: Yes, step lively. Mm-mmm. Truffles.

They herd everyone back inside and close the doors.

Niles: All right, get out there and stab that thing.

Frasier: No. I'm sick to death of chaperoning that carcass.

Niles: Well I can't do it, I'm the host.

Frasier: Niles, because of that woman in there and a scrappy band of Third World rebels, I am this close to getting a national radio show of my own. You have to do it.

Niles: All right. Get me a knife, close those curtains and don't let anyone out on this deck until I come back.

Frasier: Fine.

Niles: Where's the damn thing gone to?

Frasier claps his hands and the lamp comes on.

Niles: Got it, thanks.

He claps his hands and the light goes out. Fade out.

Scene 4 - The Beach House

Fade in. Frasier is on the sofa with Claudia.

Claudia: I've listened to your show. And what impressed me most is your ability to focus.

Frasier: Yes, well I'm very proud of that. I try to give each of my callers my complete, undivided... [*He notices Sebastian headed for the deck.*] Excuse me. Would you please just stay inside? We're about to start dinner.

Sebastian: You said that ten minutes ago.

Frasier: Yes, so it's even truer now, isn't it? Just sit down. [*Frasier sits back down with Claudia.*] I'm sorry. Back to my show.

Claudia: I must say, I was wondering myself when we'd be eating. It's getting late.

Frasier: Well, Niles is in the kitchen, right now, trying to prod Marcel along. You know how it is with these perfectionists.

Marcel comes out of the kitchen.

Marcel: I am waiting to serve. Where is Niles?

Claudia: You mean he's not with you?

Frasier: Well, I'm sure he's around here somewhere. You know, perhaps he's upstairs making a phone call. If you could just keep everything warm, I'm sure he'll be down in a minute.

Marcel: He'd better be. I reheat for no one.

Frasier: Well, I'm terribly sorry about all these interruptions. Now, let's get back to that job.

Claudia: Well, you'd be in ninety-three markets...

Frasier goes to a woman headed for the deck.

Frasier: Excuse me, can I help you?

Guest: I just saw a meteor.

Claudia: Oh, have they started?

Frasier: Please, everyone, stand back and witness the spectacular view through this transom.

Claudia: Can't we see them better outside?

Frasier: No, no, it's much safer in here. You see, you never know where they might land.

The doorbell rings.

Frasier: Perhaps that's Niles.

Frasier opens the front door, two policemen are standing there.

McLean: Hello, is Niles Crane here? We're investigating a possible homicide.

Claudia: What?

McLean: Your neighbor saw Dr. Crane and another man row out to sea with a third party dressed in a nightie. The men returned alone. We suspect they dumped the body overboard.

Frasier: Oh... all right, now, now, there's nothing to be alarmed about. Please gentlemen, come in, you see, I can clear this whole thing up. You see, I was the other man in the rowboat.

Claudia: You dumped a body overboard?

Frasier: Well...

Gretchen rushes in.

Gretchen: Thank God you're here! I just saw a murder!

Claudia: What?

Gretchen: Dr. Crane was on the beach with his wife, Maris. I recognized her peignoir. I could even smell her perfume. He was

stabbing her again and again.

Frasier: Ah, no, clearly this woman is delusional. Listen, search the entire house, I defy you to find one scrap of evidence that there's been foul play here.

Marcel: [*from the kitchen doorway*] My butcher knife has disappeared from the kitchen.

McLean: [*to his partner*] Go check the beach.

The other officer goes to the deck.

Frasier: Please, people, I assure you there is nothing sinister going on here.

The officer opens the drapes, revealing Niles standing on the deck, wearing gloves and wiping blood off the butcher knife with his handkerchief. Noticing the officer, he throws them both over his shoulder. He comes in and the officer rushes to the beach.

Niles: Hello, all. Meteor shower's started. Oh, excuse me.

He takes off his gloves and hands them to Sebastian.

Frasier: Niles, there's been a little misunderstanding. Perhaps it's time you explained to everyone about the dead seal.

Niles: [*laughing*] Dead seal? At my Golden Apron dinner? That's enough bubbly for you!

Frasier: Niles, they think you murdered Maris!

Gretchen: I saw him stabbing her!

Niles: Oh, I see what's happened! Oh, this is funny! Oh, you are all going to laugh when you hear this. I was simply stabbing a seal.

Claudia: You killed a seal?

Niles: Oh, no, no, I didn't kill it, it was already dead when we found it.

McLean: You found a dead seal?

Frasier: Yes.

McLean: And it was wearing a peignoir?

Frasier: Now that is ludicrous. We put the peignoir on it.

McLean: And the perfume too?

Frasier: Yes, of course.

McLean: So you found a dead seal, dressed it in a peignoir, doused it in perfume, and stabbed it?

Niles: I told you you'd laugh.

The other policeman comes in with the torn, bloody peignoir.

Athanis: I found this washed up on the beach.

Niles: Well there, if that doesn't prove my innocence, I don't know what does.

Gretchen: *Gott im himmel!* It's covered in her blood!

She collapses onto a chair. Marcel comes out.

Marcel: Dinner is served.

The guests head for the door, McLean stops them.

McLean: Sorry folks, no one can leave. This is a crime scene.

Niles: Well, it certainly would be a crime if we missed that dinner! Everyone, sit down! There's place cards all around the table.

Athanis: OK, gentlemen, let's go.

Niles: Well, he said no one can leave.

He cuffs Niles, McLean cuffs Frasier.

Frasier: Claudia, perhaps we can discuss that job tomorrow. You know, I've got some business cards in my breast pocket if you'd like to fish one out. No? Fine, I'll just call you then.

Niles: Officer? You can't arrest me. My wife is alive! She's in Antwerp, getting her elbows done!

Frasier: Oh, give it up, Niles, even I didn't believe that one.

The police escort them out the door. Fade out.

Credits:

The beach house is empty, the French doors at the deck swinging in the wind. With each slam of the door, the light, once again on the beach, goes on and off.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

SUSIE PARK as Pam
 MARILYN CHILD as Gretchen Kuntz
 ARNIE BURTON as Chef Marcel
 CHRISTOPHER DURANG as Sebastian
 CATHERINE DENT as Claudia Kynock
 SUZANNE BLAKESLEE as Party Guest
 RAYMOND HANIS, JR. as Officer McLean
 EUGENE LEE as Officer Athanis

Thanks To...

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