

[8.2]

And the Dish Ran Away With the Spoon [2]

And the Dish Ran Away With the Spoon [2] Written by David Angell and
Peter Casey
Directed by Pamela Fryman

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Cast List [*in order of appearance*]

DAPHNE MOON.....JANE LEEVES
NILES CRANE.....DAVID HYDE PIERCE
FRASIER CRANE.....KELSEY GRAMMER
SIMON MOON.....ANTHONY LaPAGLIA
MARTIN CRANE.....JOHN MAHONEY
MEL.....JANE ADAMS
ADRIANNA PETTIBONE.....KAREN KONDAZIAN
ROZ DOYLE.....PERI GILPIN
PHOTOGRAPHER.....JEREMIAH MORRIS
PARTY GUEST.....STEPHANIE NASH

Melinda Karnofsky Episodes

- [\[7.08\]](#) The Late Dr. Crane.
 - [\[7.11\]](#) The Fight Before Christmas [2].
 - [\[7.17\]](#) Whine Club.
 - [\[7.20\]](#) To Thine Old Self Be True.
 - [\[7.22\]](#) Dark Side Of The Moon.
 - [\[7.23\]](#) Something Borrowed, Someone Blue [1].
 - [\[7.24\]](#) Something Borrowed, Someone Blue [2].
 - [\[8.01\]](#) And The Dish Ran Away With The Spoon [1].
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Simon Moon Episodes

- [\[7.22\]](#) Dark Side Of The Moon.
- [\[7.23\]](#) Something Borrowed, Someone Blue [1].
- [\[7.24\]](#) Something Borrowed, Someone Blue [2].

- [\[8.01\]](#) And The Dish Ran Away With The Spoon [1].

Transcript {david langley}

This episode was originally broadcast as a one hour show.
 Click here for [Part One](#)

Act 3

Scene 1 - Frasier's Apartment

Fade in. Niles and Daphne are sitting on the couch, Frasier is on the arm of Martin's chair talking to them.

Daphne: Explain to me again how you and Mel masquerading as husband and wife is a good thing?

Niles: Well...

Frasier: If I may? Uh, Daphne, it's basically to give Mel a little wiggle room so she can get out of this debacle with her dignity intact.

Daphne reaches over and takes Niles' hand.

Daphne: And what about Niles' dignity?

Frasier: Well, Maris got that in the divorce. *[laughing]* Sorry, Niles. *[rising]* Would you like some sherry?

Niles: Uh, yes, thanks.

Frasier: Daphne?

Daphne: *[rising]* Yeah, all right, I'll get your precious wedge of brie and your water crackers.

Frasier: No, I meant would you like some sherry?

Daphne: *[stunned]* Oh, love some, thanks. *[She sits back down.]*

Niles: Listen, Daphne, I know this is all very awkward, but if it speeds up the divorce process and avoids the misery I went through with Maris, isn't it worth it?

Daphne: Well, I...

Niles: Oh, come on, Schnookums, we can get through this together. What do you say?

Daphne: What did you just call me?

Niles: Schnookums.

Daphne: Schnookums...

Niles: It was an attempt at a pet name.

Daphne: Well, if it's all the same to you, can we keep looking?

Niles: Absolutely, there's no rush whatsoever... Truffles. *[an awkward pause]* It's the chocolate, not the fungus. *[another pause]* It's a work in progress.

Daphne: Yes.

Frasier returns with the sherry.

Frasier: Here we are.

Niles: Thank you.

Frasier: For you... here it is: To better days. For all of us.

Daphne: Why, what happened to you?

Frasier: Well, I went down to talk to Donny, try to convince him to drop his lawsuit against you. Instead, he's now suing me as well for the part I played in getting you two together.

Daphne: Well, I am so sorry, Dr. Crane. This is turning into such a horrible mess! Not that I expected it to be a bed of roses, mind you, but it's gotten so you're wonder what God-awful calamity's going to befall us all next.

Simon comes in the front door.

Simon: Something smells in your elevator. Oh, now it smells in here, too. I'm beginning to think this is not such a ritzy building after all.

He heads for the kitchen.

Daphne: Did you get my wedding gifts down to the post?

Simon: As we speak, they are winging their way towards their rightful owners.

Daphne: Thank you, Simon.

He returns with a beer and sits in Martin's chair.

Simon: And in a totally unrelated matter, I am pleased to announce that the Winnebago is now fully equipped with a state of the art DVD, complete with surround sound.

Daphne: I don't believe this!

Simon: Tonight's feature is "Braveheart", starring Australia's favorite son, Mr. Mel Gibson. Showtime is at eight sharp, everyone is invited.

Daphne: As tempting as that sounds, I have a date. Niles is taking me to dinner and dancing. At least this day will end on a high note.

Niles: I guess I can't avoid telling you this any longer...

Martin comes from his room.

Martin: I just want you to know, I'm attending this wedding reception under protest.

Daphne: Wedding reception?

Niles: Thanks, Dad. Yeah, well, you know those social obligations I was talking about? One of them is tonight.

Daphne: A wedding reception? For you and Mel?

Niles: It's at the equestrian center. It's nothing major, it's very impromptu. Champagne, cake, we pet the horses, we're out of there by eleven!

Daphne: But what about our...

Frasier: Oh, gosh, Niles, look at the time. I'm sorry Daphne, but we've got to get cross town in an hour. You better get home and get changed.

Niles and Daphne stand up.

Martin: Oh, don't forget to wear that watch Mel gave you.

He and Frasier exit to the bedrooms.

Daphne: Watch?

Niles: Thanks again, Dad! I can explain that. I, I can explain everything. Tomorrow. It's just a twenty-four hour delay. [*He heads for the door.*] I switched all the reservations. Dining, dancing, everything. I promise I will make it up to you... pookie. [*pause*] Even I hate that one.

He leaves.

Daphne: But what about our date?

She sits on the couch and begins to cry. Simon goes over to comfort her.

Simon: Now, now, now, Daphne. Don't cry, don't cry. It's all right. This sounds like a job for Braveheart.

Which just makes her cry harder. FADE OUT.

**MUCKING ABOUT WITH
THE HORSEY SET**

Scene 2 - The Equestrian Center

Fade in. Frasier and Martin are standing at the bar in the club area.

Martin: Don't look now, but there's a guy over there in a bow tie who's been checking me out for the last twenty minutes.

Frasier: Oh, one of Mel's colleagues. I met him earlier.

Martin: What's he keep staring at me for?

Frasier: Well, he's a plastic surgeon. Maybe he's looking at your eyelids and planning his next trip to Maui.

Niles, over with Mel, lets out a very loud, forced laugh.

Frasier: Good lord! Look at him, over-acting. Trying to convince everyone he's happily married. Have you ever seen anything so pathetic in your life?

Martin: How 'bout you and Lilith?

Frasier: It was a rhetorical question!

CUT TO: Mel and Niles meeting with people.

Niles: Thank you.

Mel: Niles, I'd, I'd like you to meet Adrianna Pettibone.

Niles: Hello.

Mel: Adrianna stables General Prescott, our current grand champion right here at the Equestrian Club.

Niles: Wonderful! Speaking of grand champions, how about this little filly, hmm? I didn't even have to check her teeth!

Adrianna walks away with an odd look. Mel stares at Niles.

Mel: What are you doing?

Niles: I'm sorry, I'm a little nervous.

Roz walks up, limping.

Roz: Well, I'm here. Congratulations and all that BS, where's the bar?

Niles: Roz, what are you doing here?

Mel: I invited her. Your side of the guest list looked a little sparse.

Roz: Well, forgive me if I'm not in the spirit of this - wink, wink - "happy occasion," but I'm in a very crappy mood.

Niles: Are you limping?

Roz: Yeah. I twisted my ankle on the stairs. You know how that happened? I couldn't find the shoes that went with this dress, so I had to wear these stupid three inch spikes. And the "check engine" light on my dash keeps coming on.

Niles: What does that have to do with your ankle?

Roz: Nothing, it just really ticks me off! The bar, the bar!
[Niles and Mel both point.] Thank you!

She limps off.

Niles: That was so sweet of her to come.

Mel: Niles, this is important. If anyone should ask about the honeymoon, we're flying to Paris, then we're taking the Orient Express to Venice, where we'll spend two weeks at the Monsarta Palazzetto suite at the Cipriani.

Niles stares at her for a moment.

Mel: What's the matter?

Niles: Sounds like a wonderful trip.

Mel: It's not my fault we're not going.

Niles: I know.

A photographer comes over.

Photographer: Ah, here's the happy couple. All right, you two, show me those pearly whites.

They pose for a shot.

Photographer: All right, now how 'bout a kiss?

Niles: All right, I hardly know you, but...

He takes a step towards the photographer with a laugh, Mel puts her hand on his arm.

Niles: Here we go.

He kisses Mel on the cheek.

Photographer: Come on, Doc, this is your wife, not mine.

Niles: All right, well...

He puts his arms around her and they kiss. Everyone makes an "Aww" sound and claps.

Mel: Thank you.

Niles: Yes, I'll, uh, I'll go check on Dad and Frasier.

CUT TO: the bar, where Frasier is talking to a couple.

Frasier: Yes, they do make a lovely couple.

Woman: Don't they? I'm sure they'll be happy together for many years.

Martin: Well, you never know.

Frasier: Dad?

Martin: Well, you don't, do you? I mean, I'm just saying you never know.

Woman: No, I... guess you don't.

Frasier: Lovely talking with you. Enjoy the party.

The couple walks away.

Frasier: What the hell's wrong with you?

Martin: In a few weeks, I'm gonna look like a genius.

Roz comes over to them.

Roz: Well, I really feel stupid. I just came on to the guy in the tux. They really should make waiters wear name tags.

Frasier: Oh, yes, Roz. Carrying trays and taking drink orders leaves so much room for ambiguity.

Roz: Shut up!

Niles comes up.

Niles: Well, well, I think it's going pretty well. Don't you? You think anyone's suspicious?

Martin: No, no. It's the greatest phony reception I've ever been to. So, how you holdin' up, son?

Niles: Oh, well, if I have to stretch my muscles into a smile one more time, I think my face may crack...

Mel: Niles?

Niles: [*smiling big*] Yes, Darling!

Mel: It's time to cut the cake, so why don't you just gather everyone around?

Niles: OK.

Mel: All right. [*He moves off, she turns to Martin.*] Um, excuse me, I need to borrow Frasier for just one moment.

Martin: Sure.

Martin and Roz move off.

Mel: Uh, Frasier, I had an interesting little phone call from Donny this afternoon.

Frasier: Oh?

Mel: Yes, he said you'd been by to see him earlier today.

Frasier: I may have done so.

Mel: Yes, he said you were a busy little bee before the wedding. First buzzing in Niles' ear, and then you were buzzing in Daphne's ear...

Frasier: Let me explain Mel. You see...

Mel: Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz...

Frasier: Just stop that, please!

Mel: You see, I've been torturing myself trying to figure out how this all happened so quickly, and now I know. I won't forget about this.

She walks away and Martin returns.

Martin: What was that all about?

Frasier: Donny talked to Mel.

Martin: Told you not to go down there.

Frasier: Oh, just stop that!

Mel clinks a spoon against a glass, calling for silence.

Mel: Attention everyone! Before we cut the cake, Niles' brother, Frasier, would like to make a toast in our honor.

Martin: I didn't know you were doin' this.

Frasier: Neither did I.

He gets a glass of champagne and composes himself.

Frasier: Well, ah... Love...is an awesome force. It can make us do things we never imagined possible. For you see, we don't actually choose love, it chooses us. And once it has, we are powerless to do anything about it. Ladies and gentlemen, raise your glasses with me in toasting my brother... and the love of his life.

Mel understands what Frasier is doing, and hides her fury.

Frasier: For she is truly the woman of his dreams, and my father and I could not be more thrilled with his choice. To the happy couple!

Everyone makes "Hear, hear" comments and drinks. Niles begins cutting the cake.

Mel: Well, wasn't that clever of your brother? It's only too bad your little English muffin couldn't be here to enjoy it as well. Which reminds me: you do realize that while we are pretending to be married, you absolutely cannot be seen in public with Daphne?

Niles: I, I...

She cuts him off by shoving the piece of cake in his mouth.

Mel: I love you too, honey!

She turns and smiles for the photographer. FADE OUT.

End of Act 3

Act 4

**ACTUALLY A GOAT GOT
MOST OF THE HOT DOG**

Scene 1 - Frasier's Apartment

Fade in. Simon comes through the front door.

Simon: Hello? Hello, is anybody home?

Martin: [from the kitchen] Hey, Simon. Just making coffee, you want some?

Simon: [lying down on the couch] Ahh, I was thinking of something colder with a bit more of an amber hue.

Martin: Beer?

Simon: Brilliant! if you aren't the finest detective in Seattle, I am the Prince of Wales.

Martin: How did Eddie like his walk?

Simon looks around nervously and gets up.

Simon: The little nipper loved it. I think nature's callin' him again. His bladder's worse than mine. I'll be back in a flash.

He leaves. Martin comes in and sits in his chair as Frasier enters from the bedrooms, putting his tie on.

Frasier: Was that Simon's voice I heard just now?

Martin: Yeah, he just took Eddie on a walk for me.

Frasier: Well, it's about time that chowder made himself useful.

Martin: Ah, don't be so hard on him. He tries.

The doorbell rings.

Frasier: Yes, well, if you're talking about my patience, he certainly does.

He opens the door to reveal Niles.

Frasier: Ah, Niles, come on in.

Niles: Frasier. Oh, hey Dad, about a block from here, I saw a dog that looked remarkably like Eddie tied up outside a bar.

Martin: Impossible, he was just here.

Niles: [*sitting on the couch*] Oh. So, uh, did you say anything to her?

Frasier: No, no, you told us not to.

Martin: You want us out of here when you drop the hammer?

Niles: No, I think I'll be safer with witnesses.

Daphne comes from her room.

Daphne: Niles. I didn't hear you come in.

Niles: [*rising*] I just got here.

Daphne: Hey.

Niles: Hey.

He goes to her. They lean to kiss each other, but again are uncomfortable with the others watching, so they kiss on the side of the mouth.

Niles: How are you today?

They go to sit on the couch. Frasier sits at the dining table.

Daphne: Wonderful. I realize that postponing our date one day doesn't really amount to much in the great scheme of things. So how was your wedding reception?

Niles: Oh, it was your average night in hell.

Daphne: Well, that's behind us, now. We have a wonderful evening to look forward to. I bought a new dress. It's much too expensive, but you're worth it. And I'm getting me hair done and me... [*to Frasier*] Why are you looking at each other like that?

Frasier: We're not looking at each other like that. Like what? What, like anything.

Martin: Uh-uh.

Daphne: Yes you were. Those darting little glances mean something's up. Niles?

Niles: About tonight...

Daphne: I hate the way this is starting.

Niles: Mel feels that as long as she and I are acting to be married, you and I can't be seen together in public. So that means...

Daphne: I know what that means.

Niles: But it's just until the divorce.

Daphne: Whenever that bloody is.

Niles: Daphne...

Daphne: If you'll excuse me, I have a splitting headache.

She gets up and heads for her room, Niles following. Frasier gets up and moves over to the couch to be out of the way.

Niles: You know, if you look at it from Mel's point of view, it really does make a lot of sense.

Daphne stops and slowly turns around.

Frasier: He came so close.

Daphne: What did you say?

Niles: I said "Damn that Mel!"

Daphne: No you didn't. You should have, but you didn't. It sounded to me like you were taking her side.

Niles: All right, all right. Can we just turn the clock back two minutes and pretend this conversation never happened?

Daphne: Why don't we just it back to ten minutes before my wedding and save everybody all this trouble?

She heads back to her room.

Niles: What are you saying?

Daphne: [*stopping again without turning*] What do you think I'm saying?

Niles: It sounds like you're saying you're sorry you did this.

Daphne: [*turning to him*] Maybe that's what I'm saying.

Martin: Oh, boy.

Frasier: Now listen, before anyone says something they'll regret...

Daphne: Butt out! If you hadn't opened your big mouth we wouldn't be in this mess! Donny wouldn't be suing me and everyone else in sight and I wouldn't be out two weeks salary for a dress I'm apparently never going to wear, [*to Niles*] and you wouldn't be kowtowing to that shrew of a wife of yours!

Frasier: This is all my fault?!

Niles: Oh shut up, Frasier! The only thing more hollow than your protest of innocence is your big fat head!

Frasier: I AM WOUNDED! I intervened only out of love for the two people who are most important to...

Daphne: Oh, put a sock in it! I am sick and tired of listening to you yammering on about everything under the sun!

Niles: Daphne...

Daphne: And I'm sick of listening to you, too. You got anything to say, old man?!

Martin, wide-eyed, says nothing and holds his hands up placatingly.

Daphne: Good!

She storms off to her room.

Frasier: I'm waiting!

Niles: For what?

Frasier: An apology. For that unprovoked broadside you leveled at me.

Niles: You expect me to apologize to you?

Frasier: Expect it, sir, and demand it!

Niles: Well, then, here's my answer: No!

Frasier: No?!

Niles: [*heading for the door*] No! And furthermore, why don't you take your broadside, stuff it in a chair, and keep your unlimited supply of opinions, suggestions, proposals and recommendations to yourself?!

Frasier: Well, I never!

Niles: No, you always!

Frasier: GET OUT!

Niles leaves, slamming the door.

Martin: [*rising*] How's a corned beef sandwich sound?

Frasier: I am appalled!

Martin: Well, no problem, there's some smoked turkey in here, too.

He goes into the kitchen.

Reset to: the kitchen as he enters. He goes to the refrigerator and starts pulling things out. Frasier comes in.

Frasier: What is my offense? What egregious sin have I committed, that I should be so maligned? Was I to just sit idly by and watch these two misguided souls embark on doomed relationships? Would they have thanked me for that? Not

very likely, I dare say.

Martin: Who moved the mustard?

Frasier: Top shelf, door.

Martin: Bingo.

Frasier: And then, when they were perched on the very brink of disaster, I snatched them from the gaping maw and placed them gently into one another's arms. But am I accorded a hero's welcome for my troubles? Am I hoisted on their shoulders and paraded about the room?

Martin turns and hands him a jar.

Martin: I don't have my glasses, what's the expiration date?

Frasier: Last week.

Martin: I'll chance it.

Frasier: No! Those two ingrates turn on me like vipers, and make me the villain of the piece. Well, hear me now, this day forward, Frasier Crane will not interfere with those two! This is it! Finished, finito! *Non quam postea!*
[N.B. Latin, "never again"]

Martin: Uh-huh.

Frasier: I know I've made declarations like this before, but I tell you what, Dad, you mark the calendar! You note the time on your watch! [*points to his own*] This - Is - It!

Martin: Well, if you figure out a way to get them back together, I'll be in my room if you need any help.

He leaves.

Frasier: Have you been listening to me?

Martin: [*from the living room*] Well, I tried not to, but some of it still got through.

Frasier starts putting everything away. Daphne comes into the kitchen.

Daphne: Hello, Dr. Crane.

Frasier: Daphne.

Daphne: Making yourself a sandwich?

Frasier: No, Dad did.

Daphne: Hope he didn't use the mayonnaise, I meant to throw it out.

Frasier: I've seen him eat worse.

Daphne: I'll say. Remember when he dropped his hot dog at the petting zoo?

Frasier wipes down the counter.

Daphne: Oh, Dr. Crane, I'm so sorry I said those things about you! I didn't mean them.

Frasier: Oh, I know, Daphne. Come here.

They hug.

Daphne: I guess this all finally came crashing down on me.

Frasier: Yes, I know. It's perfectly understandable. Listen, I know you can't go out on your date with Niles tonight, but what's to stop two friends from going out to dinner? My treat, you can even wear that new dress of yours.

Daphne: Thank you. That's a lovely offer, but I, I think I'll just stay home tonight, have a quiet night.

Frasier: I understand.

Daphne: Thank you.

They exit.

Reset to: the living room as they come out.

Frasier: Sure you won't change your mind?

Daphne: Positive.

Simon comes in with Eddie.

Simon: Hello, all. My furry friend and I have just concluded our daily constitutional, with young Edward here dropping a few amendments along the way. So what's on the docket tonight, eh?

Frasier puts on his coat, gets his briefcase and goes to the door.

Daphne: All I want is a quiet night at home.

Simon: [*lying on the couch*] Oh, Stilts, you and I are of one mind. I'll hoist a beer while you get dinner started, and then when our bellies are full and you've done the dishes, we will adjourn to the Winnebago where Mr. Jean Claude van Damme, the "Muscles from Brussels", will ply his trade against the forces of evil.

Frasier: Ready at eight?

Daphne: Make it seven-thirty.

Frasier leaves. FADE OUT.

Scene 2 - Frasier's Apartment

Fade in. Martin and Niles are leaving the apartment to the hallway.

Niles: Good idea, Dad. An evening out, just the two of us. I had no idea you enjoyed the Natural History Museum.

Martin hits the button for the elevator.

Martin: Oh, sure. And that documentary on the rain forest is supposed to be great.

Niles: That's what I hear.

Martin: Hope it has pygmies, I like pygmies.

Niles: I know you do. So, where's um...

Martin: Oh, she went out with Frasier to a restaurant for dinner.

Niles: Oh. She happen to ask about...?

Martin: Sorry.

The elevator arrives and they get in.

Reset to: the interior of the elevator.

Martin pushes a button and they start moving.

Niles: Dad, we're going up.

Martin: Oh, oh, I'm sorry. Well, we'll just have to take the long way.

They ride up for a beat. Niles begins to get suspicious.

Niles: Why do you like pygmies so much?

Martin: They're short and they blow darts. What's not to like?

CUT TO: the roof of the Elliot Bay Towers.

Martin comes out the access door.

Martin: Come on, come on up here.

Niles: What could possibly be so important for me to see up here?

Martin: The guy in 1708 got some homing pigeons. He built a coop up

here for them.

Niles: [*coming up*] Pigeons? I don't like pigeons, they have no respect for public art.

Martin: Trust me, you're gonna like this.

Niles: Dad, I don't think I handled things very well today. Do you think Daphne will ever forgive me?

Martin: Why don't you ask her for yourself?

Niles leans past the door to see Daphne. She is sitting at a table set up for a dinner. There are candles all around. Frasier pours the champagne, then starts some music.

Frasier: Your table is ready, sir.

Niles: You look stunning.

Daphne: Thank you. You look dashing.

Frasier: [*holding a chair for Niles to sit*] I trust this will be to your liking?

Niles: Everything is to my liking.

Daphne: Looks like we're having that first date after all.

Niles: You went to so much trouble!

Daphne: It wasn't me, it was your brother.

Frasier: Well, you know me, I hate to butt in.

Niles: Oh...

Frasier: I had planned to take Daphne to dinner, when suddenly inspiration struck. Since you two couldn't go to Au Pied du Cochon this evening, my faithful companion [*Martin bows.*] and I would bring it to you courtesy of their caterer. If dancing at the Starlight Room was impossible, we'd give you the real thing.

Daphne: It's all so overwhelming.

Niles: Frasier, Dad, I don't know what to say. You even got that man to move his pigeons.

Martin: There were no pigeons.

Niles: Ohhh...

Daphne: How can we ever thank you two?

Frasier: Just have a beautiful evening.

Niles: I think we can do that. And Frasier, listen...

Martin and Frasier head for the door.

Frasier: Apology accepted, Niles. Oh, just remember to give the lingonberry sauce a little stir...

Martin: They can figure it out.

Frasier: Right.

He follows Martin inside.

Niles: Daphne, about today...

Daphne: Let's just forget about that. Why don't we start from here?

Niles: I would love that. To us!

Daphne: To us.

They touch glasses and drink, then they lean in and kiss.

Daphne: I'm usually so nervous on a first date. But not tonight.

Niles: Would you like to dance?

Daphne: I'd love to.

They get up and start dancing. Slowly the camera rises from the room and backdrops them against the Seattle night.

Niles: So where you from?

Daphne: Manchester, England.

Niles: Oh, my. Big family?

Daphne: Hideously. And you?

Niles: I'm from a small mountain village in Tibet.

She laughs.

Niles: Tenzing Norgay used to carry me to school.

She laughs again.

Niles: You know what I've always wondered?

Daphne: I think I can guess.

Niles: Yeah...

FADE OUT.

Credits:

Simon comes up to the roof and sits at the table, tucking a napkin into his collar. He scrapes the leftover food onto one plate and pours the champagne into one glass. He polishes a fork on his shirt and finishes off the champagne in one drink.

Thanks To...

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