

# [8.5]Taking Liberties

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Taking Liberties

Written by Sam Johnson  
& Chris Marcil

Directed by Kelsey Grammer

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## Premise

Frasier hires Ferguson, an authentic English butler, to take over Daphne's household chores, improving both his lifestyle and his stock in Seattle society. However, Ferguson has some uncomfortable insights about Niles and Daphne, even as it becomes clear that Mel plans to string Niles along for as long as possible.

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## 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].
  - [\[8.02\]](#) And The Dish Ran Away With The Spoon [2].
  - [\[8.04\]](#) The Great Crane Robbery.
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## AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

### Nominated

EMMY

- **Outstanding Guest Actor in a Comedy Series:** Victor Garber
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## Transcript {Mike Lee}

**Skyline:** a heavy construction crane lifts a load above the skyscrapers.

ACT ONE

Scene One - Café Nervosa

FADE IN.

Frasier is sitting at table reading the newspaper when Roz comes in.

**Roz:** Hey, Frasier.

**Frasier:** Oh hi, Roz.

**Roz:** Oh, checking out the personal ads, huh?

**Frasier:** Actually, I'm looking at the want ads. I'm trying to find a housekeeper. Now that Daphne is Niles's girlfriend, it doesn't feel right to ask her to pick up after me anymore, so-

**Roz:** Mmm.

**Frasier:** Awfully difficult finding someone, though.

**Roz:** It's hard getting what you want these days, isn't it?

**Frasier:** [a little wary] Indeed.

**Roz:** But you can still find convenience and value, if you know where to look-

**Frasier:** Dear God, what are you selling?

**Roz:** [produces a sample book of] Wrapping paper! It's a fundraiser for Alice's school.

**Frasier:** Well, at least it's a worthy cause.

**Roz:** Yeah.

**Frasier:** All right, let's have a look. [looks] Oh, that one's too garish... eh, don't like this one, either... ooh, I'm certainly not crazy about bunnies...

**Roz:** Oh, give me that! [takes the book] You're getting five rolls of "Peace on Earth" and thanks for your support!

She leaves. Niles comes in and goes to the counter.

**Niles:** Machiatto... make it a doup-iato.

**Frasier:** Niles! Niles please, whatever's wrong, the answer doesn't lie at the bottom of an espresso cup.

He pulls Niles over to his table. They sit.

**Niles:** It's Mel again.

**Frasier:** Oh, lord. Still making you humiliate yourself at social functions while she plays the long-suffering wife?

**Niles:** I'm afraid so. But she said a couple more weeks, and I'll have my divorce.

**Frasier:** She said that two weeks ago! What was it this time?

**Niles:** Well, we attended Colonel Turner's very large, very High Episcopalian funeral, during the course of which my cell phone rang repeatedly. I was not allowed to answer it, and Mel had set the ringer on "La Cucaracha."

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

**Niles:** Oh, it's all right.

**Frasier:** No, I called you twice.

**Niles:** Well, I ruined quite a sendoff, with an honor guard, the colonel's butler seating people, two archbishops-

**Frasier:** Excuse me, did you just say "butler?"

**Niles:** Oh yes, I know, an-an honest-to-goodness English butler. The colonel was a bit of an anachronism.

**Frasier:** Ah, yes. That's amusing. [they chuckle] I suppose this butler saw to the colonel's every need.

**Niles:** Oh, oh - clipped his cigars, poured his scotch...

**Frasier:** Laid out his clothes for him, and served him his meals...

Inspiration hits them together. They stop talking and grab for their cell phones.

**Niles:** I saw him first!

**Frasier:** You've had a gardener and a maid!

**Niles:** Yes, but never a butler!

**Frasier:** But it's my turn!

**Niles:** But it's my dream!

**Frasier:** Daphne won't have to clean anymore!

*Niles smiles and folds his phone away.*

**Niles:** I tip my cap, sir.

*Frasier smiles and dials his phone. And we:*

FADE OUT

*Scene Two - Apartment - Morning*

FADE IN.

*Frasier is asleep in his bedroom, with a mask over his eyes.*

*Ferguson, an English butler of about fifty, comes into the room with a serving tray and opens the curtains, letting light in. He then takes a bottle of cologne and squirts a fine puff over Frasier's head. As it settles on his face, Frasier wakes up.*

**Frasier:** Ah, Ferguson. Is it morning already?

**Ferguson:** Indeed, sir. I trust you slept well?

**Frasier:** Best sleep I've had in years.

**Ferguson:** Excellent. Your coffee, sir.

**Frasier:** [takes it] Thank you. To think I was skeptical when you said these pillows could be better arranged.

**Ferguson:** Yes, preparing a suitable sleeping environment is one of the first tasks I learned at my father's knee.

**Frasier:** Oh, your father also "butled?"

**Ferguson:** Oh yes, sir. Even my father's father was a gentleman's gentleman.

**Frasier:** [laughs] Oh, that's a good one, Ferguson.

**Ferguson:** Thank you, sir, it's one of my staples. Will it be breakfast en suite today, sir?

**Frasier:** No, I believe I'll join the rest of the household.

**Ferguson:** Very good, sir.

*He helps Frasier into his bathrobe.*

**Frasier:** Thank you, Ferguson. Ah, you spoil me. Keep it up.

CUT TO:

*Frasier's Living Room:*

*Daphne and Martin are eating breakfast in their bathrobes. The table is now covered by a fine lace cloth and set with elegant silverware. Frasier comes out.*

**Frasier:** Morning, Dad, Daphne.

**Martin/Daphne:** Fras./Morning.

**Martin:** Where's Lord Weirdo?

**Frasier:** Dad, his name is Ferguson.

*As Ferguson comes out, the phone rings. Frasier lets Ferguson answer.*

**Ferguson:** Good morning, Dr. Crane's residence. Oh, good morning, Dr. Crane. Oh, thank you, sir, your phone manner is also delightful. [gives it to Daphne] It's Dr. Crane for you, miss.

**Daphne:** Oh, thank you. [gets up; into phone] Hello, Niles. Oh, yes!

*She goes to the kitchen. Frasier opens the newspaper.*

**Frasier:** Dear God!

**Martin:** What's wrong?

**Frasier:** That politicking Alan Murchie has just been elected president of the opera board!

**Martin:** Yeah, I'll never forget where I was when I heard the news.

**Frasier:** This pinhead is president, I can't even get on the board!

**Ferguson:** And what will you be sending to congratulate Mr. Murchie, sir?

**Frasier:** Curses and epithets is all he'll get from me!

**Ferguson:** Quite right. However, a well-chosen gift might draw the eye of Mr. Murchie as he considers a replacement for his now-vacant seat on the board.

*Martin gives Frasier a "not bad" look.*

**Frasier:** Well, if it'll make you happy, Ferguson, let's send him a bottle of Chateau Belle Veux.

**Ferguson:** If I may, sir, I'm overheard Mr. Murchie speak fondly of the family villa in Umbria. He may consider a wine from that region especially thoughtful.

*Martin gives Frasier another look.*

**Frasier:** It's a little on the nose, but fine.

*Reset to Kitchen:*

*Ferguson comes in to put breakfast away just as Daphne is finishing.*

**Daphne:** I love you, too. Bye. [*hangs up*]

**Ferguson:** Manchester, right?

**Daphne:** Is it that obvious?

**Ferguson:** To me it is. My mum's from Manchester. Used to scream her lungs out for United.

**Daphne:** Is that so? My Uncle Jack once tried to get Bobby Charlton's autograph, until Bobby cracked him over the head with a can of lager. Twelve stitches, and he still has the can! Here, let me give you a hand tidying up.

**Ferguson:** Oh, thank you, miss.

**Daphne:** You know, you needn't stand on ceremony for Dr. Crane's father. He prefers it if you're more informal.

**Ferguson:** Oh, it's rather difficult for me. I'm accustomed to formality.

*Ferguson takes a fruit basket on the stove and begins polishing the apples.*

**Ferguson:** Besides, I find it's more professional. It helps draw the line between a family and its servant.

**Daphne:** Are you referring to Niles and me?

**Ferguson:** Oh, that's none of my business.

**Daphne:** No, it's all right. We're together. He told me he'd been in love with me for seven years, and [*giggles*] I couldn't help but fall head over heels. It's like a fairy tale.

**Ferguson:** Seven years? He sounds shy.

**Daphne:** Oh, he is. He was also married for much of the time.

**Ferguson:** Mm... but now your prince is free.

**Daphne:** Almost. He married someone else.

**Ferguson:** I see.

**Daphne:** No, you don't understand. Once that divorce goes through, we'll be together forever.

**Ferguson:** Well, I hope it's moving swiftly through the course.

**Daphne:** Oh, he hasn't filed yet.

*The ridiculousness of what she's saying is gradually becoming as clear to her as it is to him.*

**Daphne:** But when his wife thinks the time is right, which is soon, he will. Well, not that she's in charge of us... [*flustered*] Oh look, I'm giving you the wrong impression-

**Ferguson:** Miss Moon, please understand that this is not meant to be cruel. But I've witnessed much heartbreak in my career, and I've come to know that an employee-employer romance has little chance of success. The status relationship will always exist.

**Daphne:** Oh, thank goodness I'm not as cynical as you are! True love is stronger than status. I don't care what anyone says or thinks, Niles and I are in love. [*turns to go, then*] And don't spread that around, it's a secret.

*Ferguson smiles.*

FADE TO:

*Scene Three - Apartment*

FADE IN.

*Martin is watching TV in his Armchair, hoisting a beer in one hand and a sandwich in the other. Ferguson stands beside him with the remote. There are the sounds of horses whinnying.*

**Martin:** Next.

*Ferguson changes the channel. Dramatic music.*

**Martin:** Next.

*Ferguson changes again. Sci-Fi laser blasts.*

**Martin:** Next.

*Ferguson changes.*

**Martin:** Ooh, Shark Week! At ease.

*Ferguson puts down the remote. Frasier comes in the front door.*

**Frasier:** Good day, all!

**Martin:** Hey, Fras! How'd your lunch go with that opera guy?

**Frasier:** Excellent! Not only did Murchie rave on and on about the bottle of Umbrian wine I sent, but he intimated that I was "Opera Board timber!" [*chuckles*] Now all I have to do is continue on my charm-offensive with the other board members.

**Ferguson:** Then might I suggest a party, sir?

**Frasier:** Oh, I'm way ahead of you this time. I was thinking of a little post-opera soiree next week after the opening of *Turandot*.

**Ferguson:** If I may take the liberty, sir, perhaps holding the party prior to the opera might be easier on the older guests.

**Frasier:** That's good thinking. Yes, yes, it's a very nice spin on my initial, uh... insight of the party.

**Ferguson:** You flatter me, sir.

*The doorbell rings. Ferguson opens the door to Niles.*

**Frasier:** Hello, Niles.

**Niles:** Hello, Frasier. Ah yes, Ferguson!

**Ferguson:** How do you do, sir?

**Niles:** Very well.

**Ferguson:** May I take your coat, sir?

**Niles:** Certainly.

*As Ferguson takes his coat, Niles and Frasier share a look, like boys over a thrilling toy.*

**Ferguson:** Sherry, Dr. Crane?

**Niles:** Oh, thank you, Ferguson, but even as we speak I have a bottle of Veuve Clicquot chilling in my apartment, and you know the old caution: "champagne after sherry makes tummy grow wary."

**Ferguson:** You have your brother's wit, sir.

*Ferguson goes to hang up Niles's coat. Niles sits on the couch.*

**Frasier:** So Niles, you're awfully chipper today.

**Niles:** And why not? Daphne and I are going out on a date!

*Martin and Frasier exchange worried glances.*

**Frasier:** Wha-? Niles, what if somebody sees you and reports back to Mel?

**Niles:** Mel be damned! Daphne and I are going to have a romantic evening together at my apartment - not only that, she's going in my car, in my backseat, under a pile of my coats and blankets!

*From his coat, Niles's cell phone rings.*

**Niles:** Oh, cell phone.

**Ferguson:** Shall I?

**Niles:** Can he?

**Frasier:** Uh, would you?

**Ferguson:** [answering] Dr. Crane's line.

*Niles mouths, "I love that!" to Frasier. Daphne comes out in an evening dress.*

**Daphne:** I'm ready.

**Niles:** Oh Daphne, you look ravishing.

**Daphne:** [giggles] Oh, thank you.

*As they kiss, Ferguson holds out the phone.*

**Ferguson:** It's Mrs. Crane, sir.

*Her name lands between Niles and Daphne like a brick wall.*

**Niles:** [taking the phone] Hello, Mel. What? Wait a minute, I thought we agreed twenty-four hours' notice, you can't just... all right, fine. I'll see you then.

*He hangs up.*

**Frasier:** Everything all right, Niles?

**Niles:** It's Mel, she's having tea with her sorority sisters and would like me to show up - late, of course, and preferably boorish.

**Martin:** Oh, for Pete's sake, I thought this was supposed to be over by now.

**Niles:** Yes well, so did I, but as Mel so politely reminded me, if I

want this divorce to be quick and simple, I have to dance to her tune.

*Daphne sits at the table. Niles kneels in front of her.*

**Niles:** I'm sorry. You understand, don't you?

**Daphne:** I guess so.

**Niles:** That's my girl. [*kisses her cheek*] I will make this up to you, I promise.

**Daphne:** You better get going.

*Niles leaves. Daphne goes into the kitchen, where Ferguson is.*

**Daphne:** You heard, didn't you?

*Ferguson offers her his handkerchief.*

**Daphne:** No, I don't need that! I mean, I know he loves me... and it took him seven years to tell me. His ex-wife walked all over him, and now Mel's doing the same thing! What, is it going to take another seven years before he stands up for himself, or for us?

**Ferguson:** Why do you suppose he hasn't?

**Daphne:** I don't know. For the first time I'm beginning to wonder if... if maybe there are too many differences. Maybe he feels he has too much to lose. Oh God, Ferguson, maybe you were right.

*She breaks down sobbing. Ferguson, with his usual prescience, spreads his handkerchief on his lapel just as she bows over and cries on his shoulder. He puts his arm around her.*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

### WHAT THE BUTLER SAW

*Scene Four - Apartment*

*FADE IN.*

*The Apartment is now decorated for Frasier's party. A tasteful easy chair stands in place of Martin's Armchair.*

*As Ferguson pops champagne, Frasier comes out in his tuxedo.*

**Ferguson:** I hope everything meets with your approval, sir.

**Frasier:** Oh yes, indeed, indeed. [*notices*] Where's Dad's chair?

**Ferguson:** I took the liberty of removing it for the party.

**Frasier:** But Dad'll be furious! And I completely forgot: he'll be here! Swigging from a can and guessing women's weight, I'll be blackballed!

*Martin comes out in his letterman jacket.*

**Frasier:** Oh, Dad, uh, listen, about tonight-

**Martin:** Yeah, yeah, I'd love to hobnob and whatnot, but the Towncar's waiting to take me to the game. Thanks for the tickets, Frasier. [*clears throat*] Fergie?

*Martin holds out his arms. Ferguson places a paper bag in one hand, and a giant foam "We're #1!" hand (with extended index finger) in the other.*

**Ferguson:** Your meatloaf sandwich, sir, and your finger.

*Martin goes out the door, and Ferguson closes it behind him.*

**Ferguson:** I hope you don't mind, sir.

**Frasier:** [*still surprised*] Not at all.

*The doorbell rings.*

**Frasier:** Ferguson, positions.

*Ferguson opens the door to Niles.*

**Frasier:** Oh Niles, what are you doing here?

**Niles:** Oh Frasier, don't panic, I'm not crashing your party.

I'm here to pick up Daphne. We're going to the mall.

**Frasier:** Really? Well, no chance of running into Mel there.

**Niles:** It should be a night to remember. We're going someplace called "the Limited."

*Daphne comes out in her bathrobe.*

**Niles:** Daphne! Why aren't you dressed?

**Daphne:** I'm not sure if I'm up to going out tonight. I really hate all this sneaking around.

**Niles:** It's not sneaking around! We're going to be out in public, at the Tacoma Mall! But the most important thing is, we'll be together.

*He kisses her.*

**Daphne:** All right, I suppose that really is what matters.

*She leads him to her room.*

**Niles:** All right, now tell me again, what are we going to eat?

**Daphne:** Curly fries!

**Niles:** Ooh...

*The doorbell rings. Ferguson opens the door to Roz.*

**Ferguson:** Good evening, and welcome to the home of Dr. Frasier-

**Frasier:** Oh save it, it's just Roz. [*Roz is not flattered*]  
What are you doing here?

**Roz:** [*holds up boxes*] Um, your gift-wrapping came in.

**Frasier:** I thought I just ordered a few rolls!

**Roz:** You were more generous than you thought.

**Ferguson:** I'll put it in your room, sir.

**Roz:** You look like a gift-giver-

**Frasier:** Roz, you put it in my room, he's working!

*As he hustles her away, the doorbell rings a third time. Ferguson opens the door to Alan Murchie, his wife Diane, and Mr. Worth, a man in his sixties.*

**Frasier:** Alan Murchie, lovely to see you!

**Murchie:** [*shaking hands*] Likewise. I don't think you've met my wife, Diane.

**Frasier:** *Enchanté.*

**Murchie:** And this is Henry Worth, another board member.

**Frasier:** Ah, Henry, lovely to meet you.

**Ferguson:** May I take your coats?



**Murchie:** Oh, thank you.

*As they enter, Ferguson takes their coats and goes to hang them up.*

**Diane:** Frasier, isn't that the colonel's old butler?

**Frasier:** Yes, Ferguson. My sense of duty compelled me to take him in after the colonel passed.

**Murchie:** [*amused*] Yes, we felt the same sense of duty toward his art collection.

**Frasier:** [*laughs nervously*] Oh, that's very droll...

*He turns and sees Roz standing with Mr. Worth at the bar.*

**Frasier:** Excuse me.

*He rushes over.*

**Roz:** ...collection. And the family pack really is your best value-

**Frasier:** [*grabs her*] Roz, what are you doing out here? I'm sure Mr. Worth isn't interested in gift-wrapping.

**Worth:** Nonsense, she's delightful. Now, what kind of deal would you give me if I bought a hundred rolls?

**Roz:** Oh, I'd take off twenty percent.

**Worth:** And what would you take off if I bought five thousand rolls?

**Roz:** [*unfazed*] Everything but my bracelets.

**Worth:** [*laughing*] Yes, sir!

*Frasier, shocked, turns away to see Ferguson open the door to a second couple, Ted & Lois.*

**Frasier:** Ah, Ted and Lois! Oh please, come in.

**Lois:** I hope you don't mind, but we had an extra ticket, so we brought a friend.

**Frasier:** Well, of course, the more the merrier!

*As Ted and Lois come in, they part to reveal - Mel!*

**Mel:** Good evening, Frasier.

**Frasier:** Mel... what a delightful surprise. I had no idea you knew the Fischers.

*Niles and Daphne come out of the hallway, laughing.*

**Frasier:** Niles, uh, look who's here!

**Niles:** [*stops dead*] Darling!

**Mel:** Niles, I didn't think I'd see you here tonight, I thought you were working late... [*sweet*] Oh well, lucky me!

**Niles:** No, [*kisses her*] lucky me!

**Frasier:** [*before Daphne can scream*] Lucky all of us! Please, won't you sit down?

*As the guests sit, Niles pulls Mel close and drops his voice.*

**Niles:** What, uh - what are you doing here?

**Mel:** Look, I didn't know we were stopping by here on our way, so just put on your party face and deal with it.

**Niles:** Well, I'm sorry, I have plans.

**Mel:** Yes, you do - to be by your wife's side.

*Frasier, sensing trouble, rushes to calm them.*

**Frasier:** Everybody good? Everybody happy? Let's try to respect the feelings and long-held dreams of others.

**Mel:** Don't worry, Frasier, everything's going to be fine.

*She moves off.*

**Frasier:** "Fine?" Fine for whom? Is that code, what does that mean?!

*Niles rushes to Daphne.*

**Niles:** Daphne, Daphne, I'm so sorry. Listen, this party can't last more than an hour, after that we'll have the whole evening together, I promise.

**Daphne:** Please don't make any more promises you can't keep.

**Mel:** Oh, Niles! Come over here and listen to Tedd's funny joke about communists in heaven!

**Niles:** Oh, I'm laughing already!

*He goes over to Mel.*

*DISSOLVE TO: Later.*

*Near the kitchen, Murchie is standing with Frasier.*

**Murchie:** Frasier, this party is a triumph! I shouldn't be telling you this, but if my straw poll is any indication, we may be seeing you at the next board meeting.

**Frasier:** Oh well, I-I hope you don't think that's why I did this! But it's certainly a nice fringe benefit.

**Murchie:** [amused] I'm no farmer, Crane, but I can smell manure a mile away. You'll be a welcome addition.

*Frasier laughs, then catches Ferguson passing by.*

**Frasier:** Oh, Ferguson, Ferguson, listen, make sure that everyone has champagne. I have a little toast in mind that I daresay will seal the deal.

*Nearby, Todd and Lois are chatting with Niles and Mel. Daphne, whom Frasier has conscripted to serve hors d'oeuvres, is forced to stand right in front of them and play the mute serving girl.*

**Ted:** By the by, don't make any plans for New Year's Eve. Lo and I are having a blowout at our Mercer Island Place.

**Niles:** Well, that's a very generous offer, but, uh-

**Mel:** Oh, we'd love to. It'll give you a chance to wear that new Valentino I might be getting you-

*Daphne, unable to take any more, puts down the tray and runs to her room, passing Ferguson.*

**Ferguson:** Miss Moon?

*Niles sees her go.*

**Niles:** Uh, Mel, may I see you for a moment?

**Mel:** Uh, well actually I-

**Niles:** Yeah, thank you, thank you, excuse us, excuse us, just one second.

*He drags her into the kitchen, where Ferguson is refilling the glasses. Ferguson sees them and makes a hasty exit.*

**Niles:** New Year's Eve with you? Are you out of your mind?

**Mel:** Keep your voice down!

**Niles:** Look, I have gone along with this charade because I hurt you, but now you're just dragging it out to be vindictive. I'm not going to tolerate it any longer.

**Mel:** Oh, really? And what are you going to do about it?

**Niles:** Keep pushing me, you'll find out.

**Mel:** Don't threaten me. You made a promise, and you're going to keep it!

*In the living room, Ferguson brings an armful of coats and wraps to the guests.*

**Ferguson:** [*handing Diane her wrap*] Your wrap, madam, Dr. Crane thanks you for coming...

*Frasier grabs him and pulls him aside.*

**Frasier:** Ferguson, Ferguson, what in blue blazes are you doing?

**Ferguson:** Perhaps to spare you some embarrassment, sir, I took the liberty.

**Frasier:** Stop! You're taking far too much liberty with the liberty-taking! Please, just see that everyone has some champagne.

**Ferguson:** [*obeying*] Sir.

*He replaces the coats, and Frasier calls for attention and raises his glass.*

**Frasier:** There's no need to leave. Uh, I would like to propose a toast...

*From the kitchen, the voices of the happy couple burst out loud and clear.*

**Niles:** No Mel, why don't you listen for once? I'm through!

**Mel:** I'll tell you when you're through, you spineless twit, AND YOU'RE NOT EVEN CLOSE!!!

*Frasier runs to the light switch and frantically flicks it on and off, like the house lights at an intermission.*

**Frasier:** Opera time, opera time! On to the show!

*To no avail. Everyone's attention is on the kitchen - including Daphne, who has entered from her room just in time to see Mel storm out of the kitchen, followed by Niles.*

**Niles:** That's it, Mel, I'm sick of these games!

**Mel:** Niles, don't make a scene.

**Niles:** I don't care! I love Daphne, and I'm not putting her through this torture another second! This sham of a marriage is OVER!

*Angle on Daphne: "And the trumpets sounded for her on the other side..."*

*For a moment, there is a standoff. Then everyone from the board rushes to comfort Mel.*

**Diane:** It's all right, dear, we've known for some time he doesn't deserve you.

**Mel:** Well, you've seen what I have to put up with. I've tried so hard, I really have.

**Lois:** I don't know how you've put up with him this long.

**Mel:** I just want out.

**Ted:** Don't worry, I'll handle the divorce papers personally! This jackass will be out of your life by the end of the week!

**Niles:** You mean it?

*Everyone leaves. Before he goes, Alan gives Frasier an amused look that spells doom to his prospects for a board seat.*

**Murchie:** See you around, Crane.

*Murchie and Diane leave. Niles hasn't heard Daphne come up behind him.*

**Daphne:** I love you, too.

*They hug. Frasier is still crestfallen.*

**Roz:** Oh, come on, Frasier, you don't want to spend the evening with those snobs anyway.

*Worth sticks his head back through the door.*

**Worth:** Coming, Roz?

**Roz:** Yeah, I'll be right there.

*She gets up and goes to the door.*

**Roz:** [off everyone's looks] I'm just getting an early start on the candy drive.

*She leaves.*

**Niles:** Frasier, I'm-I'm sorry I ruined your evening.

**Frasier:** It's all right, Niles. It's a small price to pay to finally see you and Daphne together.

**Niles:** It's true - we're free! [Daphne laughs] No more hiding! Where do you want to go? Dinner? Dancing? London? Paris?

**Daphne:** Why don't we go for a walk?

**Niles:** Even better.

*Ferguson appears with their coats.*

**Ferguson:** If you'll allow me.

**Niles:** Thank you, Ferguson.

**Ferguson:** My pleasure, sir.

**Daphne:** [with all her heart] Thank you, Ferguson.

**Ferguson:** It was my privilege, Miss Moon.

*They leave.*

**Frasier:** All right, Ferguson, we got some fences to mend with the board. What do we send and to whom do we send it?

**Ferguson:** Actually, sir, I regret to inform you that I must tender my resignation.

**Frasier:** Please, don't be upset that things didn't go so well this evening. I'll make it up to you - send yourself something!

**Ferguson:** Thank you, sir, but it's not you. It was your brother and Miss Moon. His willingness to break social rank has inspired me. And there's a certain Lady Westerfield whose acquaintance I'd like to renew.

**Frasier:** Ah. True love and all that. Well, [extends his hand] good luck, Ferguson.

**Ferguson:** [shakes it] Thank you, sir.

**Frasier:** Now, if you'll excuse me, I've had rather a difficult evening. Think I'll just go take a sad soak in the tub.

**Ferguson:** Sir, after such an evening, it's not right for a man to draw his own bath. So, if I may take the liberty...

**Frasier:** Carry on, Ferguson.

*Ferguson bows and goes to the bathroom. Frasier lets out a wistful sigh.*

**Credits:**

Frasier's Room:

Frasier is sleeping as before. Suddenly Eddie comes in, yanks open the curtains with his teeth, and jumps on Frasier's stomach. Frasier awakens violently.

Martin comes in and chases Eddie around the room, finally herding him out. Frasier collapses back down and pulls the covers over his head.

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## Guest Appearances

**Special Guest Stars**

JANE ADAMS as Mel

VICTOR GARBER as Ferguson

**Guest Starring**

NICHOLAS HORMANN as Alan Murchie

FRANCIS GUINAN as Ted Fischer

NOEL CONLON as Mr. Worth

B.J. WARD as Diane Murchie

HEATHER EHLERS as Lois Fischer

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