

[9.09] Sharing Kirby

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Dude, That's Awesome!

Kirby Gardner has appeared in the following episodes:

- [\[8.21\]](#) Semi-Decent Proposal [1]
 - [\[8.22\]](#) A Passing Fancy [2]
 - [\[9.01\]](#) Don Juan in Hell [1]
 - [\[9.02\]](#) Don Juan in Hell [2]
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Transcript {Kelly Dean Hansen}

Skyline: A yellow sun rises over the city.

ACT 1

Scene 1 - Radio Station.

Frasier is speaking to an internship applicant named Lucius. He is an intellectual, geeky-looking, lanky Poindexter type. Roz is also present.

Frasier: Well, I'll have to run this by the station manager, of course, Lucius, but barring any unforeseen circumstances, I believe the internship will be yours. *[He shakes Lucius's hand.]*

Lucius: *[sucking up]* That would be wonderful. But just meeting the preeminent radio psychologist of this era has been a most thrilling experience.

Frasier: *[flattered, chuckling]* Well...

Lucius exits. Frasier closes the door.

Frasier: So, Roz, what do you think?

Roz: I think he's a pretentious, arrogant toady.

Frasier: I love him, too! Just think of it Roz - a triple major at Harvard University. Why, he even plays the samisen! *[Roz looks puzzled.]* Come on, Roz, the samisen. *[Roz is still clueless.]* It's a Japanese guitar-like instrument whose strings are plucked with a spatula. Hmm?

Roz: I can hardly wait for the intern talent show.

Frasier: Oh, I'm so excited, Roz. At last, I'll have a superior mind I can mold.

At this point, Kirby Gardner, whom we last saw in "Don Juan in Hell," appears at the window. Kirby is best known to us as the son of Lana. Frasier tutored him in exchange for Lana setting him up with the

now-departed Claire French.

Roz: Speaking of mold, what is *he* doing here? Are you still tutoring him?

Frasier: Oh, God forbid! [*Kirby enters.*] Kirby!

Kirby: Hey, Dr. Crane!

Frasier: Hello!

Kirby: [*flirtatiously*] Hello, Roz! What have you been doing since I took you to my prom?

Roz: Mostly showering.

Frasier: So, what brings you here, Kirby?

Kirby: I heard your radio station's looking for an intern.

Frasier: [*panicking*] Radio station's looking for an intern... you say?

Kirby: I was hoping you could hook me up. [*flirtatiously*] Just think, Roz, with me working here, we'll be together like, 24/7 five days a week.

Roz: [*looking somewhat disturbed*] Okay. [*She exits.*]

Kirby: [*taking out a folded paper*] I was hoping you could go over my resumé.

Frasier: Oh, well, uh, all right, Kirby. Uh... although I must tell you that the station manager has final say in these matters. [*He takes the resumé and sits down.*]

Kirby: I fudged a little bit on my job history.

Frasier: [*irritated*] So you never actually worked at NASA?

Kirby: Or Burger King. [*laughs*]

Kenny enters.

Kenny: Oh, hey, Doc. Oh, is this one of the intern candidates?

Frasier: Uh, well...

Kenny: Kenny Daly. I'm the station manager. [*He shakes Kirby's hand.*]

Kirby: Pleased to meet you. I'm so stoked to get this job.

Kenny: I like that in a candidate, Doc - he looks hungry.

Kirby: That's amazing, dude. 'Cause I-I *am* kind of hungry.

Kenny: There's a vending machine right out there. [*Kirby exits.*] Hey, I love this guy! He's a breath of fresh air. Unlike all these Ivy League snobs you've been prancing around all day. [*He exits.*]

Roz: [*opening the door from the sound booth*] You're not really thinking of hiring Kirby, are you?

Frasier: Of course not, Roz. I've got my heart set on Lucius.

Roz: Me too, he plays the samisen!

Frasier: Just... all right. [*He exits the booth. To Kirby*] Uh, Kirby... listen, I'm terribly sorry about what just happened.

Kirby: What?

Frasier: You see, whenever Kenny sends someone out to the candy machine, it's a signal that that person won't be around anymore. [*playing it up*] We call it the "Hershey's Kiss-Off."

Kirby: Oh, man, I really want to get this job. So I can move in with Scoogy and Fat Tyler. You know, live like an adult for once in my life.

Frasier: Yes, well, I-I am terribly sorry.

Kirby: It's not your fault. You did everything you could, right?

Frasier: Well... yes. You know, I'll tell you what. Um... I will keep my ears open for-for any opportunities, all right?

Kirby: That would be great, Dr. Crane. Something in law enforcement would be awesome.

Frasier: [*looking at the resumé*] Yes, well... that shouldn't be too difficult, considering you were trained... by the F.B.O.

He points out the mistake. They part. FADE OUT.

Scene 2 - Frasier's apartment.

Daphne is seated at the table, and Martin is in his chair. He is wearing an electronic blood pressure cuff, which he begins to remove.

Daphne: Leave it, Old Man!

Martin: It's bugging me. I do not have high blood pressure, and it looks ridiculous.

Daphne: I think it looks handsome. Like those armbands gladiators wore, only inflatable.

Frasier enters.

Frasier: Ah, Daphne, Dad.

Martin: Hey, Frasier.

Frasier: Say, how was the doctor's?

Martin: It stunk.

Daphne: Mr. Crane's pressure read a little high, so Dr. Stewart insisted he wear this monitor for 48 hours.

Frasier: [*hanging his coat*] Well *that's* troubling.

Daphne: Oh, don't worry, it's just a precaution. It takes his pressure at random intervals and sends the information right to a computer in the doctor's office. It's very clever.

Martin: It's not clever. It's an invasion of my privacy. Plus, they got me on that damn "Heart Smart" diet. Two days of salt and fat - gone! You don't get that back.

Daphne: Well, stay calm, or you'll be on it forever.

Martin: [*increasingly irritated*] How can I stay calm? I'm just sitting here expecting this thing to go off any second. I'm afraid to move. It's like I'm a prisoner. You know, that's just like doctors, isn't it? They're always finding some new way to torture you. Well, maybe I want my blood pressure to be high. Did they ever think of that? I mean, what...

At this point, the height of Martin's anger, the cuff gives off a beep and begins to inflate. Martin is troubled by this.

Martin: There it goes! You sneaky bastard!

Daphne rolls her eyes.

Frasier: [*sitting*] Dad, you know, here's a suggestion, if I may. Um... the next time you feel yourself getting annoyed, take a deep breath and then picture your anger as a red balloon drifting higher and higher above the clouds till it disappears. [*makes a gesture to illustrate.*]

Martin: And that will get me back on nachos? Well, I better get ready for work. [*rises*]

Frasier: Right.

Martin: Daph, did you get my shirt back from the cleaners?

Daphne: It's in your room. I laundered it myself. There's no sense paying for dry-cleaning a work shirt.

Martin: [*upset*] Well, yes there is! I told you, they make us buy them ourselves. They cost a lot of money, you know. And I have to go all the way down to the uniform supply house and you can't park there because of all the construction that's... [*the cuff beeps and inflates again*] No! No! No! No, wait! Wait! [*very agitated, gives up*] Damn it all to hell!

He goes to his room. We see that Daphne is doing her nails.

Daphne: Oh, you have some messages, Dr. Crane. A Kirby called at 4:00, then again at 4:20 and 4:45. It was upsetting your father, so I turned the ringer off.

Frasier: Oh dear, I promised him I'd help him find a job in some field for which he's qualified. And with the proliferation of self-serve gas stations, I'm afraid that narrows the field even further.

Daphne: Why is it your responsibility to help him?

Frasier: Well, the truth is I really didn't do all I could to help him get a job at the radio station. Poor Kirby. You know, maybe I should just turn the ringer back on.

He does, and the phone immediately rings.

Frasier: Well... [*He turns it back off.*] Maybe after dinner.

Niles enters.

Niles: Hello. Hey, Daphne!

Frasier: Oh, Niles.

Daphne: I'll get my things. I'll be just a minute. [*She exits.*]

Frasier: Oh, uh, care for a quick sherry before you go?

Niles: Oh, thank you.

Frasier: So, how was your weekend?

Niles: Fine, and yours?

Frasier: Good. You know, something curious did happen, though. I was in a cheese shop, and I... ran into Reynolds. [*Niles looks apprehensive.*] And he told me that he saw several bottles of Chateau Haut Brion '61 at your place. I wasn't aware that you had Brion '61.

He offers Niles, who is now seated on the couch, the sherry.

Niles: Really? Didn't I tell you, I stumbled across a case.

Frasier: Really? That's wonderful news, Niles. It's virtually unattainable. So, how much do I owe you for my half?

Niles: [*laughs*] That's very funny. Reynolds made that same joke. [*drinks*]

Frasier: Niles... we had a deal. Whenever I've found a case of rare wine, I've offered you half.

Niles: I understood that our deal only applied to vintages post Nineteen... Sixty-five.

Frasier: That wasn't part of the agreement.

Niles: Well, I'll have to reread it.

Frasier: It was oral!

Niles: Oh, pity.

Frasier: [*angry*] This is outrageous! I can't believe you're cutting me out like this.

Niles: [*breaking*] I'm sorry. I try to be an ethical person, but wine is my weakness, and... this is really too good to share.

Frasier: [*unimpressed*] I see.

Niles: I will find a way to make it up to you.

Frasier: Why don't you just sell me my half?

Niles: I said I'll find a way to make it up to you. [*Frasier shakes his head.*] You have my word.

Frasier: Really? Your oral agreements aren't worth the air into which they are uttered!

Daphne enters.

Daphne: Are we ready to go?

Niles: Yeah. [*rising*] Look, Daphne, I was, uh, I was thinking rather than go to another boring movie [*getting his coat*] why don't we go back to my place and kick off our shoes and, uh, rearrange my library? [*Places Daphne's coat on her.*]

Daphne: Are you still doing that? You said you'd be finished by now.

Frasier: [*seated, indignant*] Yes, he says a lot of things!

Niles: It's a bigger project than I'd anticipated.

Niles and Daphne head for the door.

Daphne: Can't you hire someone to help you?

Niles: And let someone else touch my books? Where would I find someone with your unimpeachable fastidiousness?

He opens the door, and they begin to leave.

Frasier: [*rising, getting an idea*] Fastidious, you say? Niles, I believe I know just the lad that can help you! Kirby Gardner!

Daphne: Is he that boy who's been calling you all afternoon?

Frasier: Yes, yes, he's very persistent. One of his many fine attributes. You know, I've wanted to hire him myself, but there was nothing available for him at the station.

Niles: I don't know. My books are the one thing I'm fussy about.

Daphne gets a knowing, but loving, grimace on her face at that comment. Frasier also doesn't quite know what to make of it.

Daphne: Oh, please, Niles? [*plying him*] It'll give us more time together.

Niles: [*giving in*] Well, if you put it that way. [*Frasier begins to chuckle with satisfaction*] Wait! If I hire this protégé of yours, will that make us even on the wine?

Frasier: [*pleased at this good fortune*] Niles, you are too crafty for me. [*Niles looks as if he has put one over on Frasier.*] All right, yes, very well. That will make us even. [*They shake hands.*] Have a good night, you too!

Niles and Daphne leave. Frasier chuckles in a sinister manner, delighted that he has gotten back at Niles and dealt with the Kirby problem at the same time. FADE OUT.

A MOUNTAIN OUT OF A MULVEHILL

Scene 3 - Niles's Library in his apartment at the Montana.

It is as outrageously resplendent as everything we have seen of the Montana so far. It could pass for a public library in a small city or certainly for a school library. There are books lining shelves on every wall from top to bottom, and there is a sliding ladder that moves along the shelves. There is a complete set of furniture in the center. The middle of the wall separating the upper and lower stacks is decorated with proverbs and quotations, such as one might find at a university library. (This is the first time this set has been used.)

Niles: [*as we fade in*] How's it going, Kirby? I hope you're not getting lost in the 17th...

Kirby is standing on the ladder looking at an open book. He is eating Chee-tos. He wears headphones and rubber gloves. Niles enters the library and is horrified.

Niles: Oh, my Lord! [*He removes a book that has been draped open on a bust.*] Kirby!!

Kirby: [*removing his headphones, still chewing on Chee-tos*] Hey, Dr. Crane.

Niles: What are you doing? You're eating in my library! You're

ruining my books!

The books behind Kirby's head are in disarray on the shelves. Niles takes the book and the bag of Chee-tos from Kirby and begins to blow the cheese crumbs off of the book.

Kirby: Relax, bro. I'm wearing the gloves.

As Niles turns on a light, Kirby places his foot on a column between the shelves and shoves off hard, sending the ladder quickly to the other end of the range of shelves. He grabs a soda that he has placed on a shelf there.

Niles: Kirby!

Kirby turns, sipping on the soda.

Niles: Come down here. [*Kirby places the can back on the shelf and begins to descend.*] No, no, bring your can. [*He does, and then comes down.*] Sit down. [*He complies.*] Kirby, this is completely unacceptable. I-I just cannot allow this.

We see that the entire library is in chaos. There are books piled on one of the tables and in various other places.

Kirby: Whoa! Are you gonna fire me? [*He places the can on an end table. Niles quickly grabs it.*]

Niles: Well, I know that you have good intentions. But I'm afraid... [*The phone rings.*] Excuse me. [*He answers it.*] Hello? [*irritated, to Kirby*] It's for you.

Kirby: Could you find out who it is?

Niles: Who's calling please? [*to Kirby*] It's Kristi Mulvehill.

Kirby: Tell her I'll call her back. [*chuckles*]

Niles: He'll call you back. [*hangs up*] Kirby... your friend Kristi - she's not related to William Mulvehill? [*He sits down.*]

Kirby: Yeah, that's her grandfather. So weird how all you old dudes all know each other.

Niles: Well, I-I don't actually know him, just know of him and his [*breathes*] wine collection.

Kirby: Wine collection. It's famous among the old dudes.

Niles: Legendary, except he's so reclusive! No one gets to see it. Frasier and I have tried everything but sealing ourselves in casks and rolling in.

Kirby: Really? I go there a lot.

Niles: [*extremely envious*] You've been to the Mulvehill wine cellar? Have you seen the bottle that was owned by Thomas Jefferson?

Kirby: Well, I'm usually with Kristi so, uh, I'm looking at the jugs, not the bottles, if you know what I mean. [*chuckles gleefully*]

Niles: [*joining in Kirby's chuckle*] Oh, you! [*He hands back Kirby's soda.*] You know... [*clears throat*] it would be quite a thrill for a wine connoisseur like me to meet William Mulvehill. Do you think you could... get me in?

Kirby: I bet Kristi could.

Niles: Well, let's just get her on the phone and ask her, shall we?

He runs excitedly to the phone.

Kirby: Well, I would, but... if I were unemployed I'd-I'd just be too depressed to talk to her.

He places the soda on the end table.

Niles: Oh... unemployed, what are you talking about? [*He removes*

the soda from the end table.] That was just a few harsh words spoken in a moment of haste. So the library isn't challenging enough for you, we'll find something more suited to your particular... [hesitates] talents. [He hands Kirby the phone.] Here's the phone.

The doorbell rings. He looks at his watch.

Niles: Oh, that'll be Frasier. Umm... why don't you call from the kitchen?

Niles pulls at one of the book stacks, which moves forward to reveal a secret passageway.

Kirby: Whoa! Do they all do that? *[He pulls at the next one.]*

Niles: No! No!

He stops Kirby and hands him the soda. Kirby exits and Niles closes the book stack/door.

Frasier: *[in the background]* Niles?

Niles: I'll be right there!

Frasier enters.

Frasier: Are you ready to... *[observing the chaos in the library]*
Oh, dear! Is this Kirby's work?

Niles: Mm-hmm.

Frasier: Niles, I owe you an apology.

Niles: No, no. I understand. I had it coming. We're even.

Frasier: Let me help you clean up.

Niles: No, don't be silly. I will be through this in a trice.
Just you scoot.

Frasier: Nonsense. Let me help you.

Niles: No, no.

Frasier begins to pick up some books. Niles stops him.

Frasier: Really, Niles, let me do this for you.

Kirby enters through the secret passage, interrupting them.

Kirby: Oh, hi. Grampy Mulvehill says only one person can go into the wine cellar.

Niles has fruitlessly tried to stop Kirby as he said the above.

Frasier: *[shocked]* Grampy Mulvehill? As in William Mulvehill?

Kirby: I told you. Old dudes, they all know each other.

Niles frantically hurries Kirby back through the passageway.

Frasier: I knew something was up. You weren't going to tell me about Mulvehill, were you?

Niles: *[with feigned shame]* I'm sorry. I have *le vin fou*.

Frasier: Don't hand me that. That is just a flimsy excuse for your outrageous selfishness, and what's worse is you are actually using that boy!

Niles: Well, you used him to get back at me!

Frasier: As you said, it made us even.

Niles: Oh, I said that to get you out of here. Look at my library!
I hope you're happy!

Frasier: Well, I didn't think it would be this bad! I thought the boy

could at least put a book on a shelf!

The volume of the argument has steadily increased. Kirby quickly enters through the passageway.

Kirby: I can hear you fighting about me from down the hall. You're right, I don't deserve a job.

Frasier: Kirby, that's not true.

Kirby: It is. Forget it. [*slamming the soda can on the table*] I'm a hopeless screw-up, just like my priest said!

He exits, clearly upset and hurt.

Frasier: [*calling after him*] Kirby! Wait!

Niles: What happened? What have we done?

Frasier: Isn't it obvious, Niles. You've hurt his feelings. [*Niles reacts to this.*] You know, I have a special relationship with Kirby. Maybe I'll just take him out to dinner. Smooth things over.

Niles: Well, I'm perfectly capable of making my own apologies. I'll take him out to dinner.

Frasier: Well, you know, on second thought, I actually did say some rather hurtful things myself.

Niles: I think it's incumbent upon both of us to help repair his damaged self-esteem together.

Frasier: Very well. We'll be two trained therapists working in tandem.

Niles: Yes. To repair the wounded innocent.

Frasier: Yes, yes, that's very high-minded of you, Niles.

They both move to sit down.

Niles: Yes, you too, Frasier.

Frasier: You know, this is an utterly altruistic act, isn't it?

Niles: As utterly as it gets.

Frasier: I think we're of the same mind.

Niles: [*brushing his shirt*] Oh, I think so, too.

They continue the charade, tapping their chairs with their fingers, as we FADE OUT.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

Scene 4 - Frasier's apartment.

Martin is in his chair. Daphne enters with Eddie.

Martin: Where have you been? I'm starving.

Daphne: Sorry, I was walking Eddie. Haven't even been to the market yet.

Martin: Oh, Daph, it's almost six o'clock. How many times do I have to... [*stopping himself, staring upward*] Red balloon... red balloon... [*smiles*] It's all right.

Daphne: Well, good for you. And I'll nip out to the market now.

Martin: Oh, don't bother. Let's just open a can of soup.

Frasier enters. Daphne moves toward the kitchen.

Frasier: Well, I'm off.

Daphne: Enjoy your dinner.

Frasier: Thank you.

Martin: Who took the batteries out of my remote?

Frasier: Gosh, I'm sorry, Dad. I needed them for my foot spa. [*He finishes putting on his jacket.*]

Martin: And you had to take them out of the one thing I need batteries for in this house? God forbid your royal feet go without eucalyptus for...

Frasier: [*warning*] Dad!

Martin pictures the red balloon again. He smiles.

Martin: That's all right. There's got to be some other way to switch the channels.

Frasier exits.

Daphne: Bye. Well, Mr. Crane, I'll go and open that can of soup.

Martin: Oh, would you turn the game on?

Daphne: Sports? Mmm. Might be a bit too exciting. Why don't we just watch a nice soothing movie?

Martin: [*suspicious*] Like what?

Daphne: How about "Message in a Bottle"?

Martin: Oh, is that one of those movies that takes 45 minutes for anything to happen, and then you're sorry it did?

Daphne: If you don't like that, we could watch "To Gillian on her 37th Birthday."

With a mighty effort, Martin raises his eyes to the ceiling and pictures the red balloon again. He smiles.

Martin: You pick.

Daphne: [*excited*] Yes.

She runs to the TV. FADE OUT.

Scene 5 - Café Nervosa.

Frasier and Kirby are seated at a table near the door. Niles enters.

Frasier: Niles!

Niles: Well, imagine my surprise seeing the two of you here, [*with veiled vexation*] when the three of us have reservations for dinner at *Le Cigar Volant* in half an hour.

Kirby: Hi, Dr. Crane. Dr. Crane invited me here for a before-dinner cocoa.

Niles: Isn't that nice? Frasier, may I have a word?

Niles puts down his briefcase.

Frasier: Yes, of course. Kirby, we'll be right back.

They move away from the table.

Frasier: All right, now before you get started - I brought the boy here in order to ease him into this evening. I was afraid that the sight of the two of us might bring up some unpleasant memories.

Niles: I see. So this has nothing to do with you trying to get into Grampy Mulvehill's wine cellar instead of me.

Frasier: The fact that you even said that speaks volumes about you. Now let's get back before the boy starts to think we're talking about him. [*They go back to the table.*] We're back now!

Niles: Kirby, I just want to tell you how sorry I am for both Frasier and my behavior earlier.

Kirby: It's no problem. I forgave you as soon as I got that DVD

player you sent me.

Niles fruitlessly tries to quiet Kirby.

Frasier: Niles, may I see you for a moment?

They move again to the spot of their earlier discussion.

Frasier: DVD player?

Niles: OK, you caught me in a selfish moment. I was trying to assuage my guilt for the way I treated him.

Frasier: And you weren't trying to buy Kirby's loyalty so that you and you alone could benefit from your Mulvehill connection, reviving your woefully flagging reputation in the wine community?

Niles: [*feigning offense*] I categorically deny that!

Frasier: So you did it just to burn me?

Niles: I deny that.

Frasier: But not categorically.

Niles: Frasier, do I have to remind you, this is not about us? It's about Kirby, whom we've abandoned in order to have this petty spat.

They go back to the table.

Frasier: We're back again. [*They sit.*] So, Kirby, where were we?

Kirby: You were asking me about Grampy's wine cellar.

Niles: [*moving to stand*] Frasier...

Frasier: [*cutting him off*] Not now, Niles.

Niles: Fine. I was going to leave this till later, [*he reaches down and grabs a box*] but Kirby, I saw these and I thought of you. [*He places the box on the table.*]

Kirby: No way! [*He opens the box and pulls out athletic shoes.*] 13's - how'd you know my size?

Niles: Oh, I measured the footprint you left in donut powder on my floor, you rascal. [*He grins wickedly at Frasier.*]

Kirby: [*to Frasier*] These are awesome, [*hinting*] aren't they, Dr. Crane?

Frasier: Oh, yes, indeed they are, Kirby. You know, you're going to need some togs to go with them. I have an account at Bidwell's. What do you say I call them tomorrow and set you up?

Kirby: Wow, thanks. I never had togs before. [*Frasier laughs.*] You guys are so great, the way you keep trying to build up my self-esteem and all. I wish there was some way I could take you both to the wine cellar, but I can't.

He looks shrewdly from one to the other, knowing that he has them both in the palm of his hand - and suddenly very far from the dim youth they have taken him to be.

Frasier: Niles.

Niles: Frasier.

They stand and move again to the spot of their earlier discussions.

Frasier: Do you believe the nerve of this boy, pitting us against each other?

Niles: Well, we're not going to be manipulated like this.

Frasier: No, we certainly aren't. Let's put a stop to it right now.

They go back to the table.

Frasier: All right, Kirby, I'm afraid your little game is up, and I want to tell you something else...

Niles: [*interrupting, reaching into his wallet*] A hundred dollars.

Frasier: [*countering*] Two hundred dollars!

Niles: Three hundred dollars!

Frasier: [*getting angry*] FIVE hundred dollars!

Niles: [*pulling out more money*] Kirby, have you ever been to Vegas?

Frasier: [*playing his trump card*] He can't go to Vegas! He'll be too busy interning at the radio station!

Kirby has collected the money, and he sets it back down after hearing this.

Kirby: No... way! I got the job? Thank you, Dr. Crane! [*He shakes Frasier's hand.*] You just got yourself a wine tour.

Frasier: [*chuckling*] Well... and thank you Kirby! Ha, ha!

Kirby collects the money again. Niles, indignant, puts away his wallet.

Kirby: This is so awesome, and I promise, I will *not* let you down. I'm going to soak up as much as I can from you. I'm going to be like your shadow. You and me, Dr. Crane, from now on! You know, we should probably carpool to work.

Silence. With a look of intense regret, Frasier understands the full weight of the devil's bargain he's made. Niles watches, immensely enjoying the consequences of Frasier's desperate one-upmanship.

Frasier: Niles, could I see you for a moment?

Niles: [*smugly*] No.

Kirby counts his money. Frasier looks defeated. FADE OUT.

Scene 6 - Frasier's apartment.

Daphne is on the couch with Eddie. She and Martin are watching a movie. Both are clearly engrossed, but Martin is trying to hide it.

Daphne: [*sobbing*] Isn't this the most romantic thing you've ever seen?

Martin: If you say so.

Daphne: There's no greater passion than that between a woman and a ghost.

She sobs again. The telephone rings.

Martin: I'll get it.

He rises to answer it. As he moves to the phone and it continues to ring, he looks back toward the screen. He answers the phone.

Martin: Hello? [*He glances back again. He lowers his voice.*] Oh, um, yeah. Really? [*He glances yet again; still speaking soft enough so that Daphne can't hear him.*] I don't have to wear it anymore? That's great! [*He glances back.*] Yeah, thanks, Dr. Stewart.

He glances as he hangs up. Keeping his eye fixed to the screen, he moves back to his chair.

Daphne: Who was that?

Martin: Dr. Stewart.

Daphne: Are you all right?

Martin: I'm fine.

Daphne: I suppose you want me to put the game on, then.

Martin: Well, uh, actually, he said there was a bit of a foul-up with the computer and, uh, maybe I should wear it for a couple more hours.

Daphne: [*still sobbing*] Well, that's too bad. Do you want me to rewind?

Martin: [*quickly, slightly irritated*] If you're going to keep talking!

Daphne looks at him knowingly and grins. FADE OUT.

END OF ACT 2

Credits:

Niles's library. Lucius, having meticulously placed Niles's books in order, climbs down the ladder. He asks for Niles's approval, who is sitting reading a book and drinking a glass of wine. Niles nods. Lucius takes his samisen, sits, and begins to play. Niles apparently finds the samisen music soothing. He continues to read and sip, looking quite content.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

BRIAN KLUGMAN as Kirby Gardner

DEVON MICHAELS as Lucius

and

TOM MCGOWAN as Kenny

Legal Stuff

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