

[9.20] The Love You Fake

The Love You Fake

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Nemesis

Cam Winston, Frasier's sworn enemy at the Elliott Bay Towers, has appeared in the following episodes:

[\[7.11\]](#) The Fight Before Christmas. (by reference only)

[\[9.12\]](#) Mother Load [I].

[\[9.13\]](#) Mother Load [II].

[\[9.20\]](#) The Love You Fake.

Transcript {Kelly Dean Hansen}

Skyline: Doppler Waves emanate from the top of the Space Needle.

ACT 1

[Scene 1 - Frasier's apartment.

Eddie is sprawled lethargically on Martin's chair. Martin and Daphne enter from the kitchen.]

Martin: Well, gosh...What did I just find in my pocket? Is that tri-tip with peanut butter? [He moves to the couch and holds a bag in front of Eddie.] It is! [Eddie does not respond.]

Daphne: Hmm, no luck? He's definitely coming down with something.

Martin: Well, I guess I'm going to have to eat these myself.

Daphne: Good idea. Reverse psychology!

Martin: [munching on the food] What do you mean?

[Frasier enters from the direction of his room, followed by a maintenance man.]

Frasier: Well, Joe has found the source of the leak in my ceiling. It is Cam Winston's brand new washing machine! By God, for this time he's gone too far! As if his noise and noxious presence at the condo board meetings weren't bad enough. Have you ever heard of anything more...*fury inspiring!*

Daphne: I certainly have not. Imagine the cheek of the man, installing an illegal washer-dryer.

Joe: Oh, they're not illegal. A lot of the units have them. You guys have a hookup in the hall closet where you keep all those hats...

[The look on Daphne's face at this revelation shows that she has found

something more "fury-inspiring" than Frasier's issues with Cam.]

Frasier: [*quickly, to Daphne*] First of all, I had completely forgotten about the hookup. Second of all, I believe the homburg is poised for a comeback, and third, we have a more immediate problem, in the form of the evil waters of Cam Winston!

Joe: Yeah, about that, maybe you could ask Mr. Winston to not use the machine till we get that leak patched.

Frasier: Wrong! We've got to teach Cam a lesson and shut his water off right now!

Joe: That's, uh, not our standard operating procedure.

Frasier: [*reaching for his pocket*] Well, I could compensate you for your pains.

Joe: I gotta go all the way to the basement...

Frasier: [*handing him some bills*] Perhaps this will help persuade you?

Joe: This might get me as far as six.

[Frasier counts out more bills and hands them to Joe. The doorbell rings. Niles rushes in on a fancy motorized pedestrian vehicle. He is wearing a billed cap.]

Niles: Hello, all. [*Daphne looks curious and excited about the machine.*] It's called a Segway. My friend Raul at the university is doing an experiment on the psychological effects of technology, and he asked me to ride it around.

Martin: Well, how do you like it?

Niles: Oh, walking is but a distant memory! Better yet, I can redirect the unused energy to other pursuits [*scooting near Daphne*] like playing Squash... or lovemaking.

Daphne: Oh... Niles! [*They kiss.*]

Frasier: I'm sorry, I'd love to stay and gawk, but I'm at war! Come, Joe.

[Frasier and Joe exit. Niles scoots around the back of the couch.]

Niles: What was that about?

Martin: Oh, Cam Winston. Hey, can I get a ride on that thing?

Niles: Nothing would please me more. [*Scoots up to Martin*] But, no. [*He scoots past him.*] One of the conditions of the experiment is that I can't share the Segway with anyone - not even you, Daphne, I'm sorry.

Daphne: I can't believe you agreed to that!

Niles: [*insincerely*] Well, it was damn difficult, let me tell you. But I'll make a note of your disappointment in my daily write-up.

[Niles continues to scoot and gyrate around the room. The doorbell rings.]

Martin: Well, I know we can't ride it, but there's a poor, sick little dog here...

Niles: [*interrupting*] Dad, again, saying "no" is one of the prices we all pay for science. Now, who wants a Fudgesicle? [*He scoots toward the kitchen.*]

[Daphne answers the door to reveal Cam Winston, who is damp and wearing a bathrobe.]

Cam: [*haughtily*] Good afternoon.

Daphne: Hello, Mr. Winston.

Martin: Hey, Cam, come on in!

Cam: [*entering*] Is Frasier at home? Someone has shut off my water, and I suspect his hand is at the spigot.

Martin: Oh, geez, that doesn't sound like Frasier.

Cam: Then you don't know what he's capable of. [*notices Eddie*] What's the matter with your dog? He looks a little

glassy-eyed.

Martin: Yeah, he's got a bug. I've got to take him to the vet.

Cam: Well, my mother's a vet, and she happens to be staying with me. I'm sure she wouldn't mind taking a look... even if it is Frasier's dog. [*He moves toward Martin and Eddie.*]

Martin: Oh, no, he's mine. Frasier can't stand him.

Daphne: Yeah, when he's healthy he jumps on Dr. Crane's bed, drools on his pillow, chews on his slippers...

Cam: [*suddenly pleased*] Really? We've got to get this little rascal back up on his feet!

[*He and Martin laugh as he pets Eddie. Fade out.*]

[*Scene 2 - Frasier's apartment.*]

Martin is lying on the couch, playing with Eddie, who is obviously back to normal.

Daphne enters, carrying a basket of laundry from the direction of her room.

Daphne: I've done some calculating, and in the last nine years, I've carried 2.8 tons of laundry approximately 106.4 miles back and forth to the basement. That's the same as carrying an SUV on my back to Canada!

Martin: [*sprawled on the couch petting and feeding Eddie*] Maybe we should ask him to buy a washer-dryer.

Daphne: [*sarcastically*] Oh, there's an idea! I was going to suggest moving the apartment closer to the laundry room. [*She opens the door as Cam's mother is about to knock.*] Hello, Dr. Winston.

[*Cam's mother is an attractive African-American woman in her early 60's. She enters.*]

Cora: Hello, Daphne. Martin. I just came by to check on my patient.

Daphne: Oh, he's much better. I'm off to do the laundry.

Cora: You don't have your own here?

Daphne: [*pausing*] No. We have a hat museum.

[*She exits with the laundry.*]

Cora: [*approaching the couch*] How's our boy?

Martin: Oh he's doing great! Those antibiotics workes wonders. How about a cup of coffee?

Cora: Thanks. Cream, no sugar.

Martin: Okay. [*He goes to prepare the coffee.*]

Cora: [*examining Eddie*] He looks good!

Martin: Well, Eddie's tough. Plus the smartest dog ever!

Cora: I always thought Border Collies were the smartest dogs.

Martin: [*laughing with mock disdain*] Well, it's obvious you haven't had much exposure to dogs. What were you, a zoo doctor? [*He returns with the coffee.*]

Cora: No, I just treat pets...and their owners' egos.

Martin: Oh, yeah, tell me! Cat people. Well, it's really handy having a vet right here in the building.

Cora: Well, it's only temporary. They're doing some remodeling on my house. It was only supposed to take a few weeks... then Cam found out. Suddenly I'm getting new bay windows and a kitchen based on something he saw in English Home Magazine. You have no idea.

Martin: No, unfortunately, I do.

[*Frasier enters from his room.*]

Frasier: Hello, Dad. Oh, Dr. Winston.

Cora: Hello, Frasier. Martin, I've got to be going.

Martin: Oh, well thanks for stopping by to see Eddie.

Cora: It was no problem. Oh, Frasier, I almost forgot. This is for you from Cam.

[She hands Martin an envelope which she was holding when she entered. Martin passes it to Frasier.]

Frasier: Oh, well, thank you, Dr. Winston. Nice seeing you again.

[Martin and Cora approach the door and exchange goodbyes. Cora exits.]

Frasier: *[suspicious]* What was that about?

Martin: Well, she just came by to see Eddie. Kind of a medical-slash-social visit. *[He moves to his chair.]*

Frasier: Social! Dear God, don't tell me that you and that scoundrel's mother...

Martin: Hey, Frasier, take it easy. We just had a cup of coffee.

[Frasier opens the envelope and reads the paper inside. He gives a scornful laugh.]

Frasier: Yes, all the pieces suddenly fit. *[He sits at the table.]*

Martin: What is it?

Frasier: It's a bill from Cam. Apparently turning off his water has ruined the clothes that were in his washing machine. Those clothes were already ruined just by being on Cam Winston!

Martin: *[reacting to Frasier's childishness]* Well, then don't pay him. Have another fight.

Frasier: *[rising]* The battle is joined. I will not let that--that Mata Hari drag you into this. From this day forward, no more Winstons in this, my house!

[Frasier exits toward his room in a huff. Fade out.]

[Scene 3 - The lobby of Frasier's building. Martin is checking the mail. Cora approaches.]

Cora: Hey, Marty!

Martin: Oh, hi, Cora!

[She approaches him and bends to pet Eddie.]

Martin: Ooh, be careful. If Frasier catches you petting Eddie, it'll be the pound for him.

Cora: Cam actually forbade me from coming to your apartment. And they're so alike you'd think they'd get along.

[Martin laughs. Cam crosses the hall to the elevator. Martin sees him.]

Martin: Hi, Cam.

Cam: Good afternoon, Mr. Crane. *[The elevator opens.]* Come along mother. *[singsong]* I've already checked the mail.

[He is very uncomfortable.]

Cora: I'll be up in a minute! Don't worry.

Cam: Very well. *[He pauses, unsure of what to do or say.]* Carry on.

[He enters the elevator, which closes. He continues to display an uncomfortable, indignant look on his face.]

Cora: I can't believe that's my son! What has gotten into him?

Martin: Oh, why would they want to drag us into their feud?

Cora: I think it's because if we're friends, then they at least have to try to be nice.

Martin: You know what, we should get married. Really make them suffer.

Cora: [laughing] Oh, my! It'd be worth it just to see the looks on their faces!

[They laugh, obviously enjoying each other's company as well as making fun of their sons. Frasier enters, witnessing the laughter from behind.]

Frasier: Dad!

Martin: Oh.

Frasier: Dr. Winston. I see you've checked the mail already.

Martin: Oh, yeah, here you go.

[Frasier takes the mail. Martin waves. Frasier moves to the elevator and nods for Martin to join him at the elevator. He repeats this gesture. The elevator opens.]

As Frasier enters, Martin and Cora have their backs turned to him. Martin, seized with a sudden inspiration, slips his hand into Cora's. The elevator closes on Frasier, who has a look of utter horror on his face.

Martin and Cora double over with laughter. Fade out.]

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

[Scene 4 - Cam's apartment.]

The layout is exactly the same as Frasier's, and the decor is tastefully eclectic, emphasizing how similar Cam and Frasier really are.

Cora, wearing a long pink dressing gown, opens the door to reveal Martin, who is wearing the robe we have seen many times before.]

Cora: [whispering] Good morning.

Martin: Good morning. Is he still asleep?

Cora: I just heard his alarm so we have to hurry. *[they rush to the dining area]*

Martin: I can't believe we're doing this. It's so mean!

Cora: I know. Isn't it great?

[As they run offstage, Cam enters the living room in a fashionable dressing gown. He opens the door to get his newspaper, and turns to see Cora and Martin entering from the opposite hallway.]

Cora: Good morning, Sweetheart!

Martin: Oh, hello, Cam.

[Cam stares in a stupor of disbelief. Cora goes into the kitchen as Martin sits at the dinner table.]

Cam: Hi...

Martin: Oh, flip you for the sports page! Oh, I don't have a quarter. I'll just get my pants.

[He gestures toward the back of the apartment and starts to rise. Cam immediately hands him the whole paper.]

Martin: Oh, thanks, buddy!

Cora: [*sticks her head out*] Can I fix you some breakfast, baby?

Martin: Oh, just toast and coffee.

Cora: [*suggestively*] I was talking to Cam!

Martin: [*chuckling with feigned embarrassment*] Oh... whoops.

Cam: [*stonefaced*] You know, actually, I'm not that hungry. I'll... get something on the way to work.

[*Cam turns, knocking one of his knickknacks off a shelf and nervously catching it. He exits to the rear. Martin hurriedly stands up.*]

Martin: [*toward the kitchen*] Psst!

Cora: [*entering*] That was perfect!

Martin: You don't think we went to far, do you?

Cora: Not yet.

[*They hurriedly exit.*]

[*Scene 5 - Quick dissolve to Frasier's apartment, which as we know is directly below Cam's.*]

Martin and Cora hurriedly enter. They rush to the dining table, as Frasier is heard in the background bellowing "Daphne!" with anguish.]

Frasier: Daphne! Daphne! Daphne!!

[*He runs into the living room wearing pajamas and stops short at the sight of Martin and Cora, who is looking at a newspaper. He grins stupidly.*]

Frasier: Dr. Winston!

Martin: Morning!

Cora: Morning.

[*Throughout the scene, Frasier enunciates in a strained voice, concealing a combination of nervousness, embarrassment, and seething anger.*]

Frasier: Yes. Good morning. How did this... How did you... sleep?

Martin: [*grinning widely*] Like a couple of logs.

Cora: More like two baby kittens curled up in a tight fuzzy ball.

[*Martin laughs with feigned embarrassment. Frasier looks like he is about to explode.*]

Martin: God, you're cute! Isn't she, Frasier?

Cora: [*notices time*] Oh dear, I should probably go.

Martin: Aww...

Cora: Bye, Sweetie.

Martin: Bye, Sweetheart.

[*They kiss briefly on the lips.*]

Cora: Bye, Frasier.

[*She goes toward the door, followed by Martin.*]

Frasier: Good-bye. Nice to see you.

[*Cora exits, Martin closes the door.*]

Frasier: What the hell is going on?!

Martin: What does it look like?

Frasier: Dad, are you crazy? She's a Winston! She's probably just leading you on so she can break your heart! That's exactly the kind of thing Cam would do to hurt me.

Martin: Boy, you know, I finally find a woman I like, and who seems to like me, and all you can think about is your stupid feud.

[*Frasier retreats, but tries another tack.*]

Frasier: I'm just a little surprised. I didn't realize things were going so fast.

Martin: Well, then it's a good thing you found out, because things could get more serious--a lot more serious.

Frasier: What does that mean?!

Martin: Well, let's just say, I wouldn't mind having a stepson.

[*Martin exits to the hall, leaving Frasier gaping with horror.*]

Frasier: [*recovering*] Dad, now you're just provoking me, aren't you? [*calling after him*] Dad? Dad! Are you?

[*Daphne enters from her room.*]

Daphne: Good morning, Dr. Crane.

Frasier: [*seething*] Theeeeere you are.

[*He holds up a dark sock.*]

Frasier: What is the meaning of this? Where is his mate?

Daphne: I'm sorry. I don't know what you're talking about.

Frasier: My favorite pair of socks reduced to a single argyle! Nor is this the only example. The keen observer yesterday would have noticed that I left the apartment wearing *two shades* of black! Explanation, please!

Daphne: I'm sorry, Dr. Crane. I'm forced to do the laundry downstairs, and I guess your socks are just too tempting to the neighbors. Of course, you're welcome to go down there yourself and stand guard.

[*Frasier nods in indignation during this speech.*]

Frasier: I see. But if we had our own washer-dryer, there would be no more lost socks. [*seething*] I will not be strong-armed by threats against my laundry!

Daphne: Suit yourself. I'm off to do a load of your pinks.

Frasier: I don't have any pinks.

Daphne: [*exiting to the kitchen*] You will.

[*Frasier has a mortified and defeated look on his face. Fade out.*]

SPEAKING OF SEGWAYS...

[*Scene 6 - Cafe Nervosa.*]

Fade in over the opening lines. Roz and Frasier are sitting together.

Roz: Are you okay?

Frasier: [*with repressed agitation*] I'm fine.

Roz: You seem like you've been in a lousy mood lately.

Frasier: It's just that they put soy milk in my latte. I don't like soy milk. If it doesn't come from a teat or an udder, it isn't milk. [*looks out the window*] Oh, terrific. Here comes Niles on his fabulous "showing up Frasier" contraption.

All he wants is attention, so don't give him any!

[Niles cruises toward them on the Segway, still wearing the cap. Frasier looks away, while Roz and everyone else points and chatters in excitement.]

Niles: Greetings, foot people! How are things back in the 20th Century?

Roz: *[rising]* Wow! That looks like fun!

Niles: Fun? Well, I suppose it is. I never really thought about it. You see, the Segway is more of a productivity tool.

Roz: Do you think I could...

Niles: *[interrupting]* No, go away. *[He cruises away from them.]*

Roz: It's not the only tool.

[The waiter hands Niles a coffee. This is the same waiter that Frasier was unable to stymie in the previous episode, "Deathtrap" [\[9.19\]](#).]

Niles: Oh, I haven't ordered yet.

Waiter: It's on the house. We love the machine.

[A crowd of onlookers looks admiringly at Niles. Frasier shakes his head in disgust.]

Niles: That is sooo nice!

Frasier: You know, I think I've seen just about enough. Free food and drink, just because you showed them something new. I'll tell you what. Let's all paint our bottoms and run to the sandwich shop!

Niles: My, my, feelings of inadequacy... typical reaction from the unwheeled. I'll make a note of your grumpiness.

Frasier: If I'm grumpy, it's because of Cam Winston. Do you realize that Dad and Cam's mother are dating?

Niles: Yes, I do and I think it's great. Honestly, Frasier, you have to loosen up. *[enunciating to everybody as he cruises away]* Openness to new ideas is the hallmark of our new century!

[As he exits, the crowd erupts in applause. Roz and Frasier look at each other with disgust.]

Roz: Don't you hope he gets hit by a car?

Frasier: Mmm... Excuse me, can I please get another cup of coffee? No soy milk this time.

[He hands his cup to the waiter.]

Roz: So that's what's bugging you. Your dad has a new girlfriend.

Frasier: No, I'm just afraid he's going to get hurt.

Roz: No you're not, you're afraid you're going to have to be nice to Cam.

Frasier: I am nice! Cam's insufferable.

Roz: Okay, fine, whatever, here's what I'd do. Be the first one to make peace. Then you'll be the bigger man to your dad and to his girlfriend, and it'll drive Cam nuts.

[Frasier's cell phone rings.]

Frasier: That's good, Roz. Seize the high ground. You know, I'll offer Cam an apology and he'll be trumped. *[He chuckles as he answers his phone.]* Hello? Cam! I was just about to call you. A truce, you say? I'm sorry, I can't hear you. You're break...

up! I'm afraid my bat... is low on pow-

[He quickly cuts off the line and folds up the phone.]

Frasier: Son of a bitch is trying to steal my high ground!

[Fade out.]

[Scene 7 - Cam's apartment.]

Cam opens the door to Frasier.]

Cam: Hello, Crane. Glad you could make it... I guess.

Frasier: Spare me your honey-glazed pleasantries, Cam. I am here to roll up my sleeves and end our feud.

Cam: As am I. That's why I called you.

Frasier: Just for the record, it was my idea to apologize first.

Cam: Well, that seems appropriate, since you're the one who shut off the water and ruined my clothes.

Frasier: That, sir, is a fraction of the story. Since you moved into this building, you have encroached upon my parking space, you have undermined my position with the condo board, and you killed a magnificent Virginia Creeper.

Cam: Which you gleefully encouraged to climb the balcony and choke my dangling ivy!

Frasier: I thought it was marijuana!

Cam: Dangling ivy looks nothing like marijuana!

Frasier: Well, I'm sure I wouldn't know.

[With that, he turns away as if he's just scored a point.]

Cam: This is getting us nowhere, Crane.

Frasier: *[relenting]* Agreed, agreed. I guess we'll never really see eye to eye, but I am resolved to put aside our differences for the sake of our parents.

[Cam has produced a bottle of sherry and two glasses.]

Cam: For the sake of our parents. Where are they anyway?

Frasier: Downstairs watching *Court TV*.

Cam: Ah. It's all about romance with you Cranes, isn't it?

Frasier: Now, you see, there you go again. I lower my guard and you slap me in the face.

Cam: All right, I apologize. And as a token of my sincerity, I pledge to pay whatever damage my washer-dryer may have caused.

[Cam offers Frasier a glass.]

Frasier: Well done. And in the same spirit of hatchet-burying, I agree to pay for your ruined clothes. Cheers.

[They toast, then Frasier offers his hand. Cam starts to take it, but pulls it away.]

Cam: Since things seem to be off on such a good foot, perhaps now is a good time to discuss the mailbox situation.

Frasier: You want to switch, don't you?

Cam: As a tall man, I dislike having to stoop for my mail.

Frasier: Indeed. Well, I would prefer to put aside that explosive issue until we're sure the truce will hold.

Cam: I see. Fair enough.

[Cam offers his hand. Frasier starts to take it, but pulls it away.]

Frasier: Unless you're willing to agree on some sort of noise abatement framework. You see, you have a unique sliding gait, Cam. When you wear your heeled boots, the resultant shh-clop, shh-clop, shh-clop... well, it just sounds like a dancing pony in my apartment.

Cam: Perhaps we should get some paper so we can write all this down.

[As Frasier nods in agreement, and Cam puts down his glass, we dissolve to:]

[Scene 8 - Time fade.]

Frasier and Cam are now seated. The sherry bottle sits nearly empty on the coffee table, surrounded by seven or eight pieces of crinkled yellow paper. Cam and Frasier are seated on the couch with their sherries, as Cam finishes writing on the tablet that was the source of the yellow paper.]

Cam: Fine. I will arrange an introduction to my sweater weaver.

Frasier: Good. Thank you.

Cam: But, then I must insist on the formula to your bath blend.

[Frasier looks concerned. He pauses and takes a drink.]

Frasier: I think we were closer on an earlier draft.

Cam: Concur.

[They begin to straighten the crinkled pages, looking for the more promising earlier draft. Fade out.]

[Scene 9 - Frasier's apartment.]

Martin, Cora, and Daphne are seated at the dining table drinking coffee. Niles is still on his Segway, also drinking coffee.]

Niles: Mmm.

Daphne: Hey, Niles. That Truffaut film you like is playing down at the La Salle.

Niles: Oh. Sounds tempting. But the people behind me wouldn't be able to see.

Daphne: I guess we'll stay in, then. *[gets up]* I'm going to go take a bath. It's too bad you have to stay on that. *[seductively]* I could use a third, and a fourth hand.

[She cranes upward to give him a teasing kiss, then walks toward her room. Niles spins around, following her with his eyes and whining softly.]

Niles: Uh... wait! Daphne, Daphne, Daphne...

[He parks the Segway and finally dismounts.]

Niles: There we go. You wait there, I'll light the candles.

[He runs off, passing Daphne, who waits for him to exit.]

Daphne: So long, sucker!

[Martin and Cora laugh as she runs over and jumps onto the Segway.]

Niles: *[running back]* Daphne, what are you doing?

Daphne: Whoo! Hold the door!

[She cruises to the door, where Cam and Frasier have just entered. They make room for her.]

Daphne: Whoo-hoo! Whoa-hoh!

Niles: [*running after her, distressed*] Daphne! Daphne...

[*They exit, Niles in desperate pursuit. Frasier and Cam exchange a look and close the door.*]

Martin: Hey, boys!

Cora: Have you two been fighting?

Frasier: On the contrary. Cam and I are here to announce the cessation of all hostilities between us. We are officially friends.

Cam: As defined by the treaty. [*They shake hands.*]

Cora: Well, that means a lot to us.

Cam: Oh, I think it's safe to say that we've entered a whole new era of coopera...

[*He catches himself, noticing one of Frasier's knick-knacks.*]

Cam: Did you get that at Mueller's Antiques?

Frasier: [*excitedly*] Well, yes, as a matter of fact, I did. It represents a great triumph for me. You see, I snatched it from under the nose of another collector who had actually put a... [*catching himself as he notices Cam's glare*]

Cora: [*rising and running to them*] You were saying, it's a new era of cooperation. How wonderful. You should celebrate. The two of you should go to the symphony tonight.

Cam: But I thought you and I were going.

Cora: I'm going to stay here with Martin.

[*She goes back to sit at the dinner table.*]

Frasier: Well, I suppose.

Cora: Well, then you'd better hurry. Cam likes to pre-order his intermission cocktail.

Frasier: Oh. Then you don't have a standing order? Well, we'd better hurry, then. We'll take my car.

[*Frasier rushes to the door.*]

Cam: I've seen you drive. We'll take mine.

Frasier: What, your Humvee? I think not.

Cam: Not in front of the parents, Crane.

[*Frasier opens the door. Daphne whizzes by on the Segway, with Niles in pursuit.*]

Daphne: Whoo-hoo!

Niles: Darling, darling, darling!

[*Frasier allows them to pass, and then ushers Cam out the door.*]

Martin: I can't believe they're going to spend the whole evening together.

Cora: Oh, I know! If they get through it alive, we should probably tell them the truth.

[*They move to the door.*]

Martin: Too bad. It was fun being your boyfriend for a few days.

[*He opens the door.*]

Cora: [*laughing*] It was! Still, all good things must come to

an end.

[Martin nods. There is palpable romantic tension. They lean to each other for an extended and tender kiss.]

Cora: But who knows when?

[She smiles suggestively and exits. Martin closes the door, beaming. Fade out.]

END OF ACT 2

*[Scene Z - End Credits.
Frasier's lobby. The whole sequence is in fast motion. Daphne exits the elevator on the Segway. Niles attempts to head her off. They exit to the rear. Niles now cruises back aboard the machine with Daphne in pursuit. They go inside the elevator, which closes. When it opens again, the Segway has been commandeered by Joe, the maintenance guy. Daphne and Niles pursue him. He exits to the rear with Daphne running after him. Niles remains behind and kicks at the air in disappointment.]*

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Star

BRIAN STOKES MITCHELL as Cam Winston

Guest Starring

EMILY YANCY as Dr. Cora Winston

Co-Starring

STEVE O'CONNOR as Joe
JAMES OLIVER as Waiter

Legal Stuff

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