

[9.7]Bla-Z-Boy

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AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

Won

EMMY

- **Outstanding Sound Mixing for a Comedy Series or Special:** Thomas J. Huth, Andre Caporaso, Robert Douglass, Dana Mark McClure
-

The End Of An Era...

"I want the chair I was sitting in when I watched Neil Armstrong take his first step on the Moon. And when the US hockey team beat the Russians in the '80 Olympics. I want the chair I was sitting in the night you called me to tell me I had a grandson. I want the chair I was in all those nights, when your mother used to wake me up with a kiss after I'd fallen asleep in front of the television. You know, I still fall asleep in it. And every once in a while, when I wake up, I still expect your mother to be there, ready to lead me off to bed... Oh, never mind. It's only a chair."

- Martin, after Frasier tries to replace his Barcalounger

Transcript {Mike Lee}

ACT ONE

Scene One - Apartment

It is morning, and Niles is playing the piano softly as Martin sits down to breakfast. Outside, it is pouring rain. Daphne brings a fry-up platter from the kitchen.

Daphne: I love it when he plays the piano. No matter how gloomy it is outside, it makes everything seem a little brighter.

Martin: I feel the same way about bacon. [*serves himself*]

Daphne: He's so lucky to be musical. [*to Niles, who has stopped*]
I'd give my right hand to be able to play the piano the way you do.

Niles: Hmm, sounds a bit like O. Henry meets Steven King... [*kisses her*] but still, if you're serious, I'd be willing to give you lessons.

Daphne: I'd love that! I've wanted to play ever since I was little, and my family would sing rugby songs after my brothers' matches. I can still see them, all muddied and bloodied, belting out songs like "The Old She-Crab" and "I Like A Moose." Once, one of Michael's teeth fell out right in the middle of "Four Old Whores"!

As Martin and Niles trade a look, Frasier comes out in his suit.

Martin: Hey, Fras. How was your date last night?

Frasier: I'm having breakfast with you. You do the math.

Niles: Coffee?

Frasier: Oh, please. Thank you, Niles.

Martin: Well, here's something that will cheer you up: eight years ago today, I moved in with you.

Frasier: Eight years? Are you sure?

Niles: This is quite an anniversary. You weren't even with Lilith for eight years.

Frasier: Please, Niles, I hardly think it's the same thing.

Daphne: It's not that different. If you were a woman, you'd be his common-law wife by now.

Frasier: Oh, well now, I don't think that's-

Daphne: And think about this: if that date of yours had been the perfect woman, you'd still have to be with her nine years before you overtook him!

Niles: Yes, and actually if you add the eighteen years he spent at home prior to college; well, they've been together twenty-six years.

Martin: So we just missed our silver anniversary?

Frasier: All right...

Niles: Yes, but good news: your 30th is Pearl! [*chuckles*]

Daphne: Well, I think it's a remarkable accomplishment. Happy anniversary, Dr. and Mr. Crane!

They all raise their coffee cups - all except Frasier, who looks anything but cheered up.

Niles: Yes, hear hear...

Frasier: [*as they clink their cups together and grin at him; sarcastic*] Ha, ha!

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Cafe Nervosa

Frasier and Roz are sat at a table together.

Roz: I'm so sorry it didn't work out with Lucy last night, but don't worry. I have tons of other friends better than her.

Frasier: Well, thanks for starting at the bottom and working your way up.

Daphne and Martin come in. Daphne is carrying a piano instruction book.

Daphne: Hey Roz, Dr. Crane.

They ad-lib hellos.

Roz: What, are you taking piano lessons?

Daphne: Yeah, Niles is gonna teach me.

Roz: I'm so jealous! I've always wanted to learn to play.

Daphne: Well, why don't you sit in with us?

Roz: Really? Well, do you think Niles would mind?

Daphne: Of course not - and even if he does, he's so polite you'll never know.

A waiter comes over.

Waiter: Hi, I'd like to tell you about our new frozen coffee drink, the "Caffalanche." It comes in three flavors: "FrostyCoffee," "So Cocoa Cold"... [*checks his pad*] and "Chilla In Vanilla"!

Daphne: I'll try the "So Cocoa Cold."

Martin: Uh, black coffee, thanks. [*the waiter leaves*] I hate what's happened to coffee.

Frasier: Dad...

Martin: Well, I'm just saying I'm a regular joe and-

Frasier/Martin: ...I like my joe regular.

Frasier: I know, I know.

Martin: Well, what's wrong with liking plain old coffee, the way God made it?

Frasier: Nothing! What is wrong is subjecting me to the same shop-worn bellyaching every time you come in here.

Martin: Well, excuse me for having an opinion you don't agree with, I thought this was America. [*looks around*] Oh look, it is. [*gets up*] I'm going to get my coffee to go.

He goes to the counter.

Daphne: That was a bit harsh, Dr. Crane.

Frasier: It has been eight years of the same complaints about the same things in the same places. Honestly, sometimes I think he does it just to antagonize me.

Roz: [*to Daphne, laughing*] They're just like an old married couple! It's cute, isn't it?

Daphne: Yeah...

Martin: [*as he leaves*] Well, I got my black coffee - of course, it was more expensive than a whole meal used to be. Time was, you could get two eggs, potatoes, choice of breakfast meats-

Frasier: And still get change back from the nickel! Will you just take your coffee?

Martin: [*to the girls*] See how he talks to me? And on our anniversary, too.

Frasier: Oh!

Martin leaves.

FADE OUT

THE RECLINE AND FALL OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION

Scene Three - Apartment

Niles is seated between Roz and Daphne on the piano bench. All three have their hands poised above the keyboard without touching it.

Niles: Now, I want you to position your hands over the keyboard, fingers relaxed... [*they wiggle their fingers*] elbows loose... [*they wiggle their elbows*] Good. O.K., shoulders low... [*they droop their shoulders*] Good, good, how are we doing?

Daphne: Fine.

Niles: Excellent.

Roz: O.K., I guess.

Niles: Good, good.

Roz: So when do we get to press down on the keys? [*accidentally presses one*]

Niles: Whoa, whoa! We have a lot to learn first. It could be weeks before we press down on the keys.

Daphne: I want to play a song!

Roz: Yeah, isn't that why we're here?

Niles: Well, all in due time. Here, wait, just watch my hands while I play a scale. Watch this...

He plays a scale. Frasier comes out.

Frasier: Pardon me, Niles, but there was a television program I planned on watching.

Niles: Oh, of course. Uh, we'll continue the lesson in Daphne's room.

Daphne: Well, how can we learn without a piano?

Niles: With these workbooks, and a box of adhesive stars!

Daphne and Roz share a look of exasperation as they follow Niles into the hallway. Frasier turns on the TV and sits on the couch, with Eddie sitting next to him. As he gets comfortable, Martin comes out with a bag of pretzels and a beer.

Martin: [*shudders*] That guy sure looks cold. What are we watching?

Frasier: I'm watching "Lost on the Mountain."

Martin: Ah.

He drops the pretzels on the coffee table and sits in his Armchair.

Martin: Is that the mountain?

Frasier: [*coldly*] Yes.

Martin: Well, they sure don't look lost.

Frasier: That's the search party.

Martin: Oh. [*beat*] So who's lost?

Frasier: Apparently you are. If you don't stop interrupting, I will be too.

Martin takes the hint and reaches for the bag of pretzels. It makes a loud crinkle as he grasps it, and another as he tries to open it, unsuccessfully. Catching Frasier's annoyed look, he tries to do it quietly. To the other side of Frasier, Eddie sits up expectantly. After much rattling and crinkling, Martin opens the bag and takes a bite of one, making a loud crunch. The noise has all but drowned out the TV.

Martin: [*mouth full*] Pretzel?

Frasier doesn't even respond. Martin tosses the bag on the table again, and then reclines backward. The Chair squeaks loudly.

Frasier: Do you mind?

Martin: Sorry!

He reaches for the bag again, but it is out of reach. Mindful of the noise level, he inches the Chair forward little by little, making a squeak every time, and a thump when the footrest hits the bottom.

He reaches the bag, making another loud crinkle. He pauses, worried. Frasier eyes him balefully. Then Martin reclines backward again, making another loud squeak.

Frasier: Oh, honestly, Dad! Is there nothing you can do that doesn't create some sort of cacophony?!

Martin: Well, I didn't do it on purpose, I was trying to be

considerate!

Frasier: If you were considerate, you would have oiled that chair when it began squeaking five years ago!

Martin: Boy, I don't know what's gotten into you, but you've been a real jerk lately. Maybe you should watch TV somewhere else.

Frasier: I should go elsewhere? I? Just what do you suggest, that I find a documentary barn and watch it on their big screen? [gets up] You know what, I am- I'm just going to go take a walk, all right, and leave you with the television. [grabs a coat from the rack] You enjoy yourself. Good day!

He grabs his keys and exits, slamming the door. A second later he comes back in.

Frasier: I wish you would stop hanging your coat on my peg!

As he hangs up Martin's coat and grabs his own, we DISSOLVE TO:

Scene Four - Later

The Armchair is lying on its back. Martin is kneeling on the floor, applying oil to the hinges.

Niles comes in.

Niles: Dad?

Martin: [from behind the Chair] Down here.

Niles: [sees the Chair, alarmed] Oh my God, Dad! [runs over and sees him] Oh, I thought you'd capsized.

Martin: No, I was oiling my chair. The squeaking was bugging Frasier.

Niles: Oh. [gasps] The carpet is a whole shade lighter under there. Ooh, except for those little black dots you just made.

Martin: Oh, shoot! I better get a towel. [gets up]

Niles: No, I'll get it.

Martin: No, it's all right, I'll get it-

He takes a step toward the kitchen and accidentally steps on the oil bottle, squirting a huge black streak onto the carpet. They both gasp.

Martin: Oh my God!

Niles: I'll get something to pick up the grease and clean it up!

Even as Niles runs into the kitchen, Frasier comes back from his walk - and gapes at the stain.

Frasier: What the hell's happened?

Martin: Now, don't get upset. I was oiling my chair, trying to get rid of the squeak, and I had a little spill.

Frasier: A little spill? I just this carpet cleaned!

Martin: Well, I'm sorry, it was an accident.

Frasier: Sure, Dad! "It was an accident."

Niles: [applying paper towels] It was an accident, I saw him step on it.

Frasier: Niles, you know as well as I do there are no accidents! Just admit it, Dad: your latent hostility toward me has been building through the years, little by little, until you've finally struck the Achilles Heel of my decor, the Berber carpet!

Martin: I did not do this on purpose!

Frasier: No? I suggest you dig deep into the twisted caves of your subconscious, where malicious acts abide, clothed in the robes of plausible excuses!

Martin: For the last time, this was not malicious, it was an accident!

Frasier: I don't think you know the difference!

Martin: Yes, I do! That was an accident! [*squirts oil all over Frasier's shirt and face*] THIS is malicious!

Martin storms out of the living room, while Frasier just stands there, quivering with outrage. Niles double-checks the label of the cleaning fluid he's holding and gives it an extra-vigorous shake.

FADE TO:

Scene Five - Later

Workmen carry swatches of the old carpet out. Niles and Frasier are sat on the hardwood steps at the back of the room. All the furniture from the carpeted areas has been piled onto the balcony outside.

Niles: What color is the new carpet?

Frasier: I'm going up a shade... to "Harvest Wheat."

Niles: I thought the next shade up was "Buff."

Frasier: It used to be, but they've discovered a whole new color in between.

Niles: So now it's "Tofu, Putty, Oatmeal"...

Both: "Almond, Harvest Wheat"...

Frasier: "and Buff."

Niles: That's going to be hard to get used to. [*Frasier nods*]
Where's Daphne? [*checks his watch*]

Frasier: Oh, she's out taking a walk with Dad. An extra-long walk. Things have been a little tense around here since the quote-unquote "accident."

Niles: It was an accident. [*goes to refill their sherries*]

As they talk, a close-up of the balcony shows disaster irrevocably unfolding:

The telescope is angled towards the sun, and the eyepiece focuses the light like a magnifying glass out to the balcony, onto the seat of the Armchair, which is already beginning to smoke.

Frasier: Well, maybe. But don't you think the man should work on some of his unresolved anger toward me?

Niles: If you're asking me to choose sides, I'm not going to do it.

Frasier: The man just brings such... *hostility* into the room! [*sighs; Niles brings his sherry*] Thank you. You know, I've been thinking, of, uh... sending him someplace.

Niles: Like to a resort?

Frasier: Like to live with you.

Niles: Oh yes, the last resort. Making Dad move in with me does not solve your problem, it simply avoids it.

The Chair is now billowing.

Frasier: Oh, don't you start preaching to me about avoidance. You've been avoiding living with him for eight years.

Niles: I refuse to discuss this.

Frasier: And I refuse your refusal!

Niles: I- [*stops and sniffs the air*] Is something burning?

Frasier: [*sniffs*] Smells like it.

Niles: Are you cooking?

Frasier: And what is that supposed to mean?

They finally notice the balcony.

Frasier: Oh dear God! *The chair!!*

Both: Oh my God!

Frasier: Here, Niles, Niles, hand me this drop cloth here, I'm going

to smother it with it!

Niles: Right! [does] Be careful, be careful, be careful! Quickly, quickly, quickly, just-just-just...

Frasier: All right...

He reaches out to drape the cloth, and accidentally pushes the Chair off the balcony.

Frasier: OH MY GOD!!!

Niles: [yelling down] OH, LOOK OUT!!!

CUT TO:

Down on the street, Martin and Daphne are walking Eddie. Above them, Frasier and Niles' yelling can be faintly heard, but they don't notice.

Daphne: ...Dr. Crane's moods never last very long. I'm sure we've seen the worst of it.

CRASH! The still-smoking Armchair hits the sidewalk less than two feet in front of them and disintegrates. Daphne clutches Martin's arm, while Eddie cowers between their legs. They gape up at the 19th floor.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene Six - Hallway

Frasier is frantically calling the elevator. Niles tries to calm him.

Frasier: What do we do?! What do we say?!

Niles: All right, all right, calm down. The important thing is it didn't hit anyone.

Frasier: Yes, at least we have that! But how do we explain this?!

Niles: We-we just tell them what happened as clearly and rationally as possible.

Frasier: Right! Right! Rational!

The doors open to reveal Martin, alone.

Frasier: Oh my God, did you feel that earthquake?!

Martin: What the hell happened?!

Niles: Where's Daphne?

Martin: She's down cleaning up the mess!

Niles hurries into the elevator. Frasier follows Martin inside.

Frasier: Dad, I can explain!

Martin: You threw my chair off the balcony?!

Frasier: I'm so sorry! Just hear me out...

Martin: Are you crazy?

Frasier: Well, I didn't mean to!

Martin: Forget what it means to me, you could have killed someone!

Frasier: It was an accident!

Martin: You said there are no accidents!

Frasier: But clearly I was wrong! I mean, why on earth would I do such a thing?

Martin: [seething] Because you've always been gunning for that chair! I accidentally stain your carpet, and you set fire to the one thing in this apartment I care about and HEAVE it out into the street!

Frasier: Dad, I am so sorry, I didn't mean to! Please, forgive me! I'll buy you another chair-

Martin: Ah, don't do me any favors! [stalks to his room]

Frasier: No, please, Dad, look, I know you're angry right now, and that's normal. I'll tell you what, the healthiest thing you can do right now-

Martin: Want to know the healthiest thing you can do?

Frasier: Shut my yap.

Martin: BINGO!

He exits.

FADE TO:

KNEES OFF THE KEYS PLEASE

Scene Seven - Apartment

Niles stands over Daphne, who is trying to play a simple scale.

Niles: [*as she slowly plays each note*] Yes... yes... yes...
[*she hits two keys together*] No.

Daphne: [*gets up in frustration*] I don't like this exercise, it's too hard!

Niles: [*takes her place*] No, no, no, no, you're doing fine, you just have to loosen up. Look, I'll show you. See? [*plays a fluid ripple of notes with one hand*] It's just a little finger exercise.

Daphne: [*fondles his ears*] I know another little finger exercise.

Niles: [*chuckles, then*] Daphne, you're not paying attention.

Daphne: Yes, I am. [*sits next to him*] Why don't we just cancel the lesson and spend the day together?

Niles: No, no. What kind of teacher would I be if I did that?

Daphne: Oh, that's right. You're the teacher... [*strikes a prim and penitent pose*] And I'm the naughty student who wouldn't do her homework.

Niles looks at her... and grabs her, bending her over the bench, half-raising his knee and plunking it down loudly on the keys...

The doorbell rings.

Niles: [*stops*] Oh. That'll be Roz. [*realizing his hard-on*]
Could you get that?

She gets up and opens the door to Roz.

Daphne: Hey, Roz.

Roz: Hey, Daphne.

Niles: Hey, Roz!

Roz: Niles!

As Niles stands up to face her, he holds the sheet music low, over his crotch.

Niles: How'd it go this week?

Roz: OK, I guess. [*hangs her coat up*] But those exercises aren't easy.

Daphne: See?

Niles: All right, all right, look, if I'm going too fast, we'll make some adjustments. Just-just do the best you can.

Roz shakes herself loose, sits at the piano, takes a deep breath, and plays a simple one-handed scale - slowly, but without a single mistake.

Niles: [*ecstatic, slaps her shoulder with the book*] That's great!

Do it again.

Roz repeats the scale, and Niles plays a different one beside her, producing a slow a slow but sure-footed duet of Mozart's "Concerto No. 21." Roz is excited, Daphne looks hurt.

Niles: You see, Daphne, that's a song.

Daphne: You said we weren't going to be playing songs.

Niles: [to Roz] Wait, wait, go down one.

She does, easily, and they start the piece again.

Niles: Yes, good!

Roz: Oh my God, this is so cool!

Daphne: I want to play a song.

Niles: Well... and you will, Daphne, as soon as you master your exercises. You know, why don't you try playing along on your practice pad?

Daphne goes to the coffee table. Niles and Roz start the piece again while Daphne tries to follow along.

Daphne: [makes another mistake] Oh, shoot.

She sinks her head down onto the table.

FADE TO:

Scene Eight - Cafe Nervosa

Frasier and Niles are sat at a table. Martin comes in with Eddie, at which Frasier stiffens up.

Martin: Hello, Niles.

Niles: Hey, Dad. Um, taking Eddie for a walk?

Martin: Yeah, I was afraid if I left him home, Frasier would set him on fire and throw him off the balcony. [goes to the counter]

Frasier: You see what I'm putting up with?

Niles: Are you going to let this go on forever?

Frasier: Me? He's the one who keeps insisting I was lashing out deliberately - which I was not, although God knows it would have been justified.

Niles: What, because of the oil?

Frasier: This is a lot deeper and a lot darker than oil, and you know it. The man will not get off my back.

Niles: It seems to me you've been giving as good as you've been getting.

Frasier: Oh, please. Ever since our so-called anniversary, he keeps insisting on-

Niles: Wait, whoa, whoa. What does your anniversary have to do with this?

Pause, as Frasier decides to be honest with himself.

Frasier: Well, I guess it just set me off. It was as though everyone was saying that the only significant relationship I'll ever have again is with my father.

Niles: So you're not mad at Dad. You're just mad that he isn't a woman.

Martin comes back with his coffee.

Martin: Well, I got my coffee, nothing fancy. But if you don't like it, you're welcome to set it on fire and throw it off the

balcony. Bye, Niles.

Niles: No, wait, Dad. Frasier just said something very interesting to me...

Frasier: Niles-

Niles: -that I think you should hear.

Frasier: Niles-

Niles: No, please, let me help you through this. [*sits Martin next to Frasier*] Don't forget, I've done my share of couples' counseling.

Frasier: We are not a couple!

Niles: I'm sorry, I only meant that I'm an experienced mediator. Now, Frasier, tell Dad what you were just telling me.

Frasier: [*long pause*] All right. I think... that anniversary talk stirred up some issues for me. That our relationship is the only one I'll ever have. That for all intents and purposes... you are my significant other.

Beat.

Martin: And that's my fault?

Frasier: I didn't say it was your fault, Dad!

Martin: You know, you think it's a picnic living with you? It's not exactly my dream either, you know...

Niles: OK, no, wait, wait, honesty, this is good.

Frasier: I'm just saying, that I-I've had a bit of a breakthrough.

Martin: Oh, dandy! You've had a breakthrough and I've lost my chair! Maybe I can sit on your breakthrough!

Frasier: I'll tell you what you can sit on...!

Niles: [*as they lean towards each other, glaring*] OK, OK, OK, wait, wait, wait. Let's just keep this constructive. Now, if you're going to make any progress, you're both going to have to compromise. Now which one of you is willing to take the first step?

Long pause.

Frasier: Allow me.

He gets up and purposefully strides out of the cafe. Martin gets up.

Martin: Do this for a living, do you? [*leaves*]

Niles: [*chokes out the words*] I do it because I enjoy working with people!

FADE TO:

Scene Nine - Apartment

Daphne and Niles are at the piano again.

Daphne: Niles, I've been thinking: maybe you and Roz should continue without me.

Niles: Why would we do that?

Daphne: Because she's good!

Niles: Just a second-

Daphne: No, no, no, don't worry about me. I'll find something easier to play - like a stick.

Niles: Daphne, I'm not going to let you quit. You're just a slow starter. It may require a little more time, but you'll improve.

Daphne: You really think so?

Niles: You have to trust me. [*kisses her*] I don't care how long it takes, I'm going to make a pianist out of you.

Daphne: Thank you. [*hunches over the keyboard again*] You know, you're

much nicer than my old piano teacher. [*starts playing slow, halting notes*]

Niles: [*taken aback*] You took lessons in this before?

Daphne: Oh, yeah. Eight years of them. Mr. Cruikshank. You know, he once played at the Royal Albert Hall.

Niles: Oh. Why did you stop taking the lessons, honey?

Daphne: Well, it turns out Mr. Cruikshank was an unstable man. Took his own life. Do you know, I was the last person to see him alive.

As she continues playing, Niles looks borderline terrified.

Frasier comes in.

Niles: Dad! Frasier's here!

Frasier notices a large something sitting where Martin's Chair was, wrapped in blue cloth and tied with a pink bow.

Martin comes out, anticipatory.

Frasier: What's this?

Martin: It's something I got to tell you how sorry I am for being such a sorehead.

Frasier: Oh, Dad... I'm overwhelmed.

Martin: Tied the bow myself. Just pull on it, it'll come right off.

Frasier pulls the cloth away, revealing a simple-but-tasteful black leather recliner.

Frasier: Oh... oh, how unexpected.

Martin: You don't like it.

Frasier: No, no, I-I do. It's just that-

Martin: I got some guy named Eduardo to help me, I figured I couldn't miss.

Frasier: It's divine.

Martin: That's what Eduardo said.

Frasier: There's just... one problem.

Martin: Well, now, if you don't like it...

Frasier: I know - I can set it on fire and throw it over the balcony.

Martin: No, I just meant you could take it back. I want you to be happy.

Niles: [*pointedly*] Frasier, I think this is a wonderful gesture on Dad's part.

Frasier: I do, too, Niles, I do. I'm-I'm very touched, Dad. Thank you, thank you so much. [*hugs Martin*] Uh, it's just that... I had something else in mind. Uh-

The doorbell rings. Frasier goes to answer it.

Martin: Well, I give up. Try to do a nice thing...

Niles: Frasier, what is the matter with you?!

Frasier opens the door to two moving men, carrying a familiar-shaped object wrapped in a white dropcloth.

Frasier: Ah, good, gentlemen, come right in, please. Uh, just set it right over here. [*moves the new chair out of the way, they set it down*]

Martin: You bought a chair? Thanks for telling me!

Frasier: No, just give me a chance here, I think you'll be pleasantly surprised.

Man: I need somebody to sign for this.

Frasier: Yes, of course. Uh, in just a moment, please. Could you wait for me at the door? *[they do]* Thank you.

He stands behind the chair.

Frasier: Everyone, I would like to introduce you to the newest member of our furniture family!

He whips off the dropcloth. Everyone gasps: it is a perfect replica of Martin's Armchair (minus the duct tape). As they admire it, Frasier, obviously proud of himself, signs for it and sends the moving men on their way.

Martin: Oh!... Where did you find this?

Frasier: You can't find that, Dad - it doesn't exist anymore. Which is why I contacted a master builder, showed him some photographs, and had him duplicate it. As for the material, I tracked down the original manufacturer, and once I got them to admit they made it, I had them reweave it!

[N.B. This is not too far from the truth. The original chair was in fact destroyed, and the technical crew had to build a replacement. They had a great deal of trouble trying to find the original material, until one of them saw an exact match to it adorning a set left over from the original "Star Trek" series, which of course was also filmed at Paramount Studios.

This puts a strange spin on Roz's line in Season One's [\[1.19\]](#), "Give Him The Chair!" when she says that someone saw Martin's chair flying over his house, but "thought it was just a spaceship from a tacky planet."]

Daphne: It must have cost a fortune!

Frasier: Yes - ironically, this is now the most expensive piece of furniture in the entire apartment!

Niles: It's beautiful!

Martin: *[as he sits down]* Thank you, son!

Niles: Well done, Frasier.

Martin: Oh, it feels just the same - I don't want to get up!

Frasier: Well, that's a shame, because I was planning on taking us both out to dinner this evening, Dad - anywhere you'd like!

Martin: *[gets up]* Even the steakhouse?

Frasier: Even the steakhouse! *[gets their coats]* Niles, Daphne, you're welcome to join us.

Daphne: Oh, sorry, but we're in the middle of my piano...

Niles: Oh, we'd love to.

Frasier: You know, I'll bet we can get free pie if we just tell them it's our anniversary!

They all laugh as they go out the door.

END OF ACT TWO

Credits:

Eddie comes out the hallway and sizes up the new chair. He barks at it cautiously, then jumps on to the seat and rolls around. Seemingly satisfied, he settles on it to take a nap.

Guest Appearances

Co-Starring

JAMES OLIVER as Waiter

LAMONT THOMPSON as Deliveryman

Legal Stuff

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