

phyllis /10/ thank heavens

Niles's apartment. He is sitting on the sofa, talking on the phone.

Niles: So, **anyway**, what would you do if you were in my position? Would you tell her everything and just **let the chips fall where they may**, or...? ... Yeah. Right. ... Well, I **do see your point**. (*doorbell rings.*) I have to run. So, I'll take the three-year **subscription** and the travel clock. (*opens the door*) Daphne!

Daphne: Hello. I **was out doing some shopping**, and I **thought you might** need some dessert for your big dinner with Phyllis tonight.

Niles: Oh, yes! Well, I was just doing some **last minute tidying up** for that...

Daphne: And I suppose you've got **about** eight things cooking on the stove.

Niles: Of course.

Daphne: So I'll **get out of your way**. As soon as I **pop** this in the fridge.

Niles: No, no. Please, don't **trouble yourself**. I'll do it.

They enter the kitchen.

Daphne: Dr. Crane! There's **barely enough** pasta here for one **person**. **Is this your idea of** a romantic dinner?

Niles: Well...

Daphne: Thank heavens I stopped by. I can whip up a salad **with what's** in here, I'll **stick** this roast in the microwave to defrost, where do you **keep** the cooking sherry?

Niles: You know what, Daphne, you're right. I am completely **underprepared** for this. **Why don't I** call Phyllis and **put her off until** next week?

Daphne: **You're not backing out of** this now! Don't worry, I'll **fix this place right up** for a nice intimate evening. Candles, some **soft** music... I know those things always **put** me in a romantic mood.

Niles: Well, I **suppose** it would be **rude of** me to cancel...

Daphne: Of course it would. Now hurry up and get ready! And **wear** that blue blazer **of yours**, no woman can **resist** you in that.

Niles: Right.

Daphne: Good lord, look at the time! **Honestly**, Dr. Crane, sometimes I **wonder** what kind of a fantasy world you're living in. Now go on!

phyllis /11/ **mean** vegetables

Daphne: Oh, **don't you look** handsome.

Niles: Thank you. Daphne, **this place** looks wonderful. And **excellent** choice of music, I love this aria! And this singer, too.

Daphne: Yes, she has a **gorgeous** voice, doesn't she? I **wonder** why she never got quite the recognition she deserves.

Niles: I had no idea you **were interested in** the opera.

Daphne: Yeah well, **you** don't live with your brother for five years and not learn a thing or two about **this stuff**. By the way, the roast **is coming along nicely**. How are you at chopping vegetables?

Niles: **Are you kidding?** You don't get forearms like these **from just conducting** your stereo.

Daphne: Oh, I'm very **excited for** you. I just love first dates.

Niles: I **don't see why**. They're always so **awkward**.

Daphne: Yeah, but **once in a while**, when the **chemistry's just right**, they can be magical. The "me, too's" as you realise all the things you **have in common**, the electricity of that first accidental touch... Soon, you're **letting your guard down** and saying the silliest things.

They both reach for the paper towels and brush hands.

Niles: Oh, sorry. You touched me, now we have to get married.

Daphne: Yes, **like that**. Now, I **was thinking** for the salad: some cucumbers and carrots. **How about** some celery?

Niles: Oh no. No celery, I hate **the stuff**.

Daphne: Me too. Why do you have it, **then?**

Niles: I guess it's just **habit**. Maris **used to liked to** have it **around in case** she **felt like** binging.

Daphne: When I was little, I actually thought celery was the **meanest** vegetable.

The doorbell rings.

Niles: Oh, **damn!** Who **could that be?**

Daphne: It's Phyllis! Well, go on! Go and **let her in**.