

[10.11] Door Jam

Door Jam

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Directed by Scott Ellis

Production Code: 10.11
Episode Number In Production Order: 220
Filmed on:
Original Airdate on NBC: January 7, 2003
Transcript written on January 26, 2002

Skyline: *A monorail crosses the city skyline.*

Transcript {David Langley}

[N.B. This episode originally had a subplot about Daphne trying to expand her physical therapy clientele, featuring actress Ana Gasteyer as a physical therapist observing the techniques Daphne used with Martin. Director David Lee later said the subplot hadn't turned out as well as hoped, so the subplot was scrapped. Gasteyer returned to play housekeeper Trish Haney in [\[10.07\]](#) "Bristle While You Work," which was filmed after this episode.]

[Act 1

Scene 1 -Frasier's Apartment

Martin is lying prone on a gurney. Daphne massages his hip.]

Martin: Ow! All right, all right, I'll talk! Just make the pain stop.

Daphne: Oh, shut up. I'm just trying to get the blood flowing.

Martin: Oh, more like make me hemorrhage.

Daphne: Don't tempt me.

Martin: Oh, God, you broke something!

Daphne: Too bad it wasn't your bloody pie hole! There, we're done, you big baby.

Martin: [*genuinely disappointed*] What, already? [*rising*] Oh, that felt great! Oh! I feel like a new man. I love your new table.

Daphne: Oh, you're sweet. Can I make you a sandwich?

Martin: Oh, that'd be great. Yeah. Oh, by the way, Daph, you know, they're showing the first-ever episode of *Rockford* today. If you're really serious about becoming an American citizen, maybe you ought to watch it.

[*Martin sits in his chair. Frasier and Niles enter. Frasier is holding an envelope.*]

Niles: Well, now you've opened it. That's mail theft.

Frasier: Nonsense.

Martin: What's going on?

Frasier: Nothing. Just another piece of Cam Winston's mail has found its way into our box. It's been happening a lot since we switched mailboxes. Even after I gave the postman a stern lecture.

Martin: Especially after.

Frasier: Anyway, it was an honest mistake. Cam and I are on all the

same mailing lists, and I'm sure mine is in his box. Besides, it's nothing personal, look, it's just an announcement for some place called *La Porte d'Argent*.

Martin: Probably just another froufrou restaurant or froufrou clothing store.

Frasier: No, no, no, this is not "froufrou," Dad, as evidenced by the manly scent of balsam.

Niles: [*taking the letter and sniffing*] Hmm.

Frasier: They obviously deal with a very upscale clientele.

Niles: Hmm. Oh! *La Porte d'Argent!* Someone at the racquet club was talking about this. It's very, very exclusive.

Frasier: [*excitedly*] Yes?

Niles: That's all I know. Some ill-mannered person started up his blow dryer before I could hear any more.

Daphne: [*entering from the kitchen with Martin's sandwich*] Hello!

Niles: Oh, Daphne, Daphne! Did I get one of these [*holding up the announcement*] in the mail today?

Daphne: No, I don't think so.

Frasier: [*grabbing the announcement*] Poor Niles.

Daphne: What's this about?

Martin: Oh, they're all worked up about some smelly invitation Frasier stole to some place they never heard of.

Daphne: [*unsurprised*] Oh.

Frasier: Yes, but that's what's so intriguing, Dad, that there exists an exclusive place in Seattle that neither of us knows about.

[*Niles picks up the phone and starts dialing.*]

Niles: [*rising*] It could be an art gallery, or a new haberdashery.

Martin: Or an Italian shoelace boutique.

[*Daphne laughs at this.*]

Niles: What's happening?

Frasier: It's a machine. It's asking me to enter my six-digit access code. What'll I do?

Martin: Why don't you just punch in whatever keys spell out "SNOBBY"?

[*Frasier glares at him.*]

Niles: You know, it might be worth a try.

[*Frasier punches it in, listens, then grimaces.*]

Frasier: Oh, denied!

Niles: Oh! The allure of the *Porte D'Argent* has increased tenfold!

Frasier: All right, here's our plan. We go to the university computer lab, bribe some hungry hacker, and, once we've tapped into their mainframe, *La Porte D'Argent* will give up her sweet secret like a blushing bride on her wedding night!

Martin: Why don't you just go down there and ask them what they do?

[*Frasier and Niles look taken aback.*]

Frasier: All right, Dad, that's a "Plan B".

[*Fade out.*]

PLAN B

Scene 2 - *La Porte D'Argente*

[*Fade in. Frasier comes into the reception area, admires the stylish decor and then goes to the front desk.*]

Frasier: Hello. Uh, is this La Porte D'Argent?
Receptionist: Yes, it is.
Frasier: Ah, good. Say, someone was asking me earlier today about La Porte D'Argent, and I had a difficult time characterizing it. What would you tell him?
Receptionist: We try to discourage word of mouth.
Frasier: That's exactly what I said. So, well, I'm here to take advantage of your offer.

[*He hands the invitation over.*]

Receptionist: Sure. Can I have your name, please?
Frasier: Yes. Frasier Crane.
Receptionist: [*typing it into the computer*] I'm not finding you.
Frasier: Try Doctor Frasier Crane. Perhaps you've heard my popular radio show.
Receptionist: I'm not really a radio person. I'm sorry Dr. Crane, you're not on the list, I can't let you in.
Frasier: But I have an invitation.
Receptionist: Yes, but you're not on the list.
Frasier: Yes, but I do have an invitation!
Receptionist: But you aren't on the LIST.
Frasier: Yes, well, if I was on the list, I wouldn't need an invitation, I'd just say "I'm on the list." Therefore, the invitation supercedes the list.
Receptionist: No, invitations are given out only to those on the list.
Frasier: Ah-ha. But you do concede that I do have a valid invitation?
Receptionist: Yes.
Frasier: Then it naturally follows that I would be on the list.
Receptionist: But you're not.
Frasier: Then how did I GET the invitation?
Receptionist: I really don't know. You could have stolen it...

[*He returns to his work. Niles comes into the reception area.*]

Frasier: Are you accusing me of deception?

[*He notices Niles.*]

Frasier: Cam! Cam Winston! There you are.

[*He gestures Niles over.*]

Niles: [*in a deep voice*] Hello, Frasier.
Frasier: You know, while I was waiting for you, I decided to test the mettle of this young man. I'm pleased to report that he follows the rules of La Porte D'Argent to the letter.

[*He and Niles laugh heartily.*]

Frasier: Anyway, I am a guest of Mr. Cam Winston's here. He told me to meet him here, gave me the invitation and here I am.

Niles: Yes, I'm Cam Winston and he's my guest and I asked him to meet me here.

[*The receptionist checks his records, then hands folders across to them.*]

Receptionist: Here you are, Mr. Winston. Welcome to La Porte D'Argent.

Frasier: Ah, thank you.

Receptionist: I hope you both enjoy your stay. Take a moment to look over our services and I'll be back in just a moment.

[He heads through a silver door and the boys look over the folders.]

Frasier: [excited] Niles, it's a day spa!

Niles: [still in a deep voice] Good gravy, this is fantastic!

Frasier: Would you stop talking like that? That's the worst impersonation of Cam Winston I've ever heard.

Niles: You've heard another one?

Frasier: Of course not.

Niles: Then it's the best!

[They take seats.]

Frasier: Now you're stuck talking like that all day.

[The receptionist comes back out. Niles and Frasier rise and he holds out cards to them.]

Receptionist: Here are your keys, gentlemen. Your estheticians will be with you shortly.

Frasier: Thank you.

Niles: [booming] Thank you.

[He clears his throat and talks normally.]

Niles: Thank you. Oh, I've been waiting for that all morning.

[Frasier gives him a dry look as the receptionist leaves again. They return to their seats and look over their choices.]

Frasier: Oh, Niles, the arovetic massage sounds splendid: two therapists at once, using hot stones and a blend of essential oils personally created for your dosha.

Niles: I think I'll have the aromatherapy Swedish.

Frasier: Oh, Niles, look at this bounty! Take a risk, be a man!

Niles: [looking at the folder again] The chardonnay/rose hip salt glow?

Frasier: Now that's more like it.

[An attendant comes out and hands them bundles with robes and sandals.]

Niles: Hello.

Frasier: Lovely.

Attendant: Right this way.

[She leads them off.]

Niles: Frasier, Frasier! River rocks and a stalk of wheat!

Frasier: Ooh.

[They follow the young lady through the door. Fade out.]

AFTER THE RUBBIN'

Scene 3 - La Porte D'Argent

[Fade in. Frasier and Niles are putting their jackets back on after their therapies.]

Niles: I knew it was going to be good, but I had no idea it would be this good! I feel like I've been rubbed by angels.

Frasier: Niles, I just wish you had tried the vusattasen aqua-treatment. I feel as if I'd had a rebirthing experience. I've never felt better in my life.

Niles: I'm so polished my entire body is squeaking.

[He shifts. They step up to check out.]

Frasier: Hello.

Clerk: How was everything?

Niles: Heaven.

Frasier: Nirvana.

Clerk: I'm so glad. Now, this is a breakdown of your services.

[She hands them bills and they choke slightly upon reading them.]

Frasier: Nirvana ain't cheap. Well, it's worth it, I suppose. What do you say we make this a standing appointment, Niles?

Niles: Well, I think we owe it to ourselves.

Frasier: Yes.

Clerk: I'd be happy to set that up. Now, I've also put together a personal La Porte D'Argent product system for each of you, based on the recommendations of your estheticians.

[She hands them bags and they gasp in delight at the contents. Frasier tries a mist spray.]

Frasier: Oh, Niles, this smells great. Try that.

Clerk: Ah, the mid-afternoon anti-stress spritz.

Niles: *[studying something]* I've never even heard of eyelash conditioner.

Frasier: Ah, hence the brittle lashes.

[Niles brushes some on, then notices a man going through a gold door.]

Niles: Say, isn't that Senator Ogden?

Frasier: It is! Oh, Niles, this just gets better and better. Balanced skin and social advancement all in one setting. I'm going to go say hello.

[He heads over, but the Senator has already gone through. Frasier presses on the door.]

Clerk: I'm sorry. That area is restricted to our gold level members.

Niles: You have a gold level? How do you get in?

Clerk: You'd have to be on the list.

Frasier: Well, we ARE on the list.

Clerk: The GOLD list.

Frasier: This is absurd! I am a member of every exclusive club in this entire town. You must have a reciprocal membership with one of them.

Clerk: I'm sorry. But you're more than welcome to enjoy the many amenities of the silver level.

Frasier: And just how are we supposed to enjoy this!?

[He angrily sprays the anti-stress spritz in his face.]

Frasier: And this isn't working!

[He stands there fuming as Niles applies more eyelash conditioner. Fade out.]

End of Act 1

Act 2

Scene 1 - Frasier's Apartment

[Fade in. Martin is in his chair and Daphne is on the couch, watching TV.]

Daphne: You never told me Rockford was Maverick.

Martin: Well, technically he isn't Maverick in this, he's Rockford. Even though we all know he's secretly Maverick.

Daphne: I can see why you like this show.

Martin: Yeah, what's not to like? Solving crimes, pretty girls, car chases...

Daphne: Leisure suits.

Martin: Yeah.

Daphne: Rockford's dad reminds me of you.

Martin: [*brow furrowing*] What are you talkin' about?

Daphne: Rockford's dad. You're just like him: cranky but loveable.

Martin: The hell I am! I'm like Rockford.

Daphne: How'd you get that?

Martin: Well, come on: he solves crimes, I solved crimes. We're both in tune with the beat of the street. He's the kind of guy that men want to be and women want to be with. When this show first came out, everybody used to say I was like Rockford.

Daphne: I'm sorry, I don't see it. You still remind me of his dad.

Martin: Rocky? But he's old. [*realizing the implication*] Oh, I see.

Daphne: I didn't mean that. I just meant there's something about him that reminds me of you.

Martin: His oldness?

Daphne: Oh, stop it! If you want to be Rockford, you can be Rockford, I don't care.

Martin: Fine, then let's just watch it.

[*They watch for a few moment, Martin quietly stewing. Then he grabs the remote and turns off the TV.*]

Martin: I don't want to watch this anymore. Congratulations, you ruined Rockford for me.

[*Frasier and Niles come in the front door.*]

Niles: I had a nagging feeling the whole time they were holding something back on purpose.

Frasier: "Blended for your dosha," indeed! They wouldn't know my dosha if they fell over it!

Daphne: So what kind of hoity toity place did it end up being?

[*Frasier paces around as Niles goes to get sherry.*]

Frasier: It was a hell-hole! They had the nerve to call it a day spa, when it's nothing more than a mere front for a bona fide luxury spa which taunts those kept at bay outside its golden door!

Martin: If you didn't go in, how do you know it's better?

Frasier: It had to be! The door was gold, ours was only silver. Gold is better than silver.

[*He sits down as Niles brings sherries over.*]

Niles: [*muttering*] Stupid silver.

[He hands Frasier his sherry as Daphne rises and gives him a hug.]

Daphne: Well, you'll always be in my exclusive club, honey.

Niles: Oh, thanks. And that's all I need.

[He sits next to Frasier.]

Niles: There must be somebody who can get us in.

Frasier: Let's go comb our Rolodexes!

[They both rise.]

Niles: Yes, there has to be a way out of the slum they call the silver room.

[Frasier heads to his room as Niles goes out the front.]

Niles: Why do I keep squeaking!?

[He closes the door behind him. Fade out.]

Scene 2 - Cafe Nervosa

[Fade in. Frasier is sitting at a table. Roz comes in.]

Roz: Hey, Frasier. Wait 'til you see this. It is so cool.

[She sits down.]

Frasier: Really? Well, I could use something to balm my wounds. Painful as it is, I've come to accept that I shall never pass through that spa's gold door.

Roz: Anyway, I was filing your new head shot...

Frasier: Yes?

Roz: And I started looking at your old ones, I went back to when you first started?

[She holds up a stack of photos and quickly flips through them, laughing. Frasier gets a sour look on his face as she does it again.]

Roz: Woo.

Frasier: What am I looking at?

Roz: Oh, it's like an animation of your hairline receding. Isn't that great? Okay, wait now, here's the good part: [she flips them the other way] it's growing back! Receding... growing back.

Frasier: Yes, yes, all right Roz, that's enough! All right!

[He grabs at the photos to stop her. Niles comes in.]

Roz: Oh, don't be so sensitive.

Niles: Hi.

Roz: Hi.

Frasier: Oh, Niles, no good news, I suppose.

Niles: I've had no luck getting us into the gold level.

Roz: Are you guys really this bent out of shape over that gold spa?

Frasier: Yes!

Roz: Why can't you be happy with the silver one?

Niles: Gold is better.

Roz: Bull! The only reason why you want to go there is because you can't!

Frasier: We saw a senator go in there. A senator! We elected him, he works for us! How is it fair that our employee is admitted while we are shunted off to the icy depths of silver level?!

Roz: It's a spa! How much better could it be? I mean, are they gonna carry you around like a sultan? You gonna be massaged by supermodels? And what if you do get through the gold door? What next, the diamond door? And after that a titanium door! And after that a plutonium door!

Niles: Oh, that's ridiculous. Plutonium's radioactive, no one's going to make a door out of it.

Frasier: Although Roz does make a point, Niles. What kind of fantasy are we chasing?

[He sighs.]

Roz: See? I'm right.

Frasier: Oh, I'm sorry. I'm just imagining supermodels with that crook Senator Ogden.

Roz: It was Senator Ogden? [laughing] I know him.

Niles: You do?

Roz: Yeah, he really owes me one, too. Want me to give him a call?

Frasier: Would you? Absolutely!

Niles: How do you know Senator Ogden?

Roz: Well, I knew him a few years ago when his marriage was on the rocks. We kept it very hush-hush. Thank God I knew CPR.

[The brothers sit, digesting this. Fade out.]

Scene 3 - Frasier's Apartment

[Fade in. Daphne is on the couch, thumbing through TV Guide. Martin is in his chair.]

Daphne: Rockford's on.

Martin: Not interested.

Daphne: Oh, come on, it looks like a good one. Tom Selleck's in it.

Martin: Oh, those are good. Not that I care.

Daphne: You know, I caught a few episodes at home, and I see the resemblance between you and a young Jim Rockford.

Martin: No you don't.

Daphne: Yes I do. No one gives him credit when he has a good idea. He likes to drive a little too fast...

Martin: He has my chin! He knows how to work the system and the babes love him.

Daphne: Yes they do. So what do you say?

Martin: Oh, okay, why not?

[He turns on the TV.]

Martin: Ah, this is good. Sorry I got so worked up.

Daphne: Oh, you can't help it. You've got principles, like Rockford.

Martin: Okay, let's not lay it on too thick. Oh, and look at that. Malibu, California. FYI, those mountains you see in the background are the same ones you see at the beginning of MASH.

Daphne: Oh, I love MASH. Whenever I watch it, I think of you. Serving in Korea all those years ago, just like Colonel Potter.

[Martin lets this sink in, then grabs the remote and shuts off the TV.]

Martin: That's it, go home.

Daphne: Why?

Martin: Colonel Potter was old when he did Dragnet!
Daphne: Colonel Potter, that funny young doctor that used to mix martinis in his tent?
Martin: Oh, you're thinking of Hawkeye.
Daphne: Yes, that's who I meant.

[Martin gives her a calculating look, while she looks back innocently. He reaches for the remote again.]

Martin: Okay.

[He turns the TV back on and settles down happily. Daphne sits back with a wide-eyed, sarcastic look at his willingness to go along.]

DOOR JAM

Scene 4 - La Porte D'Argent

[Fade in. It is a plant-filled room with the sounds of running water and birds. A woman wheels Niles in on a gurney. He is wrapped up like a mummy and has a facial and cucumber slices on his eyes.]

Attendant: I've taken you to the relaxation grotto. We'll just let the wrap and your orange honey-butter mask soothe you while you listen to the healing sounds of the Javanese rain forest, okay?

Niles: *[murmuring sleepily]* Okay.

[She leaves him and passes Frasier as he comes in. Blinking and shuffling in his robe, he runs into a potted tree.]

Frasier: Oh, excuse me.

Niles: Frasier? Frasier, is that you?

Frasier: Niles.

Niles: What?

Frasier: I just had a, a color therapy treatment, my eyes haven't readjusted yet. They sent me in here to relax.

Niles: I'm letting my orange honey-butter mask set.

[They both sigh contentedly. Frasier sits down.]

Frasier: Roz was so wrong. Completely wrong. Oh, there. My eyes are better. Oh, Niles, you should see this place.

Niles: Be my eyes, Frasier.

Frasier: *[rising]* Well, it's just paradise. From the rare exotic orchids, to the trompe l'oeil sky, to the perfectly bubbled stream, to the...

[He stands there, stunned at what he sees.]

Niles: To the what?

Frasier: There's a platinum door.

Niles: Platinum? Are you sure?

Frasier: Yes!

Niles: Is it guarded?

Frasier: No! It's just brazenly standing there!

Niles: Then rip the cucumbers from my eyes and let's go!

Frasier: Right!

[He takes the slices off Niles' eyes and helps him sit up.]

Frasier: Niles! What are we doing?

[He lets Niles fall back onto the gurney.]

Niles: Oh.

Frasier: This is exactly what Roz said!

Niles: No! Roz said, "diamond door"!

[He throws his legs over the side and manages to sit up, only to fall down the other way.]

[N.B. During the filming of this scene, David Hyde Pierce fell off the gurney and hit his head on the floor. He had to be rushed to the hospital, but no major injuries were reported.]

Frasier: Niles, this is heaven, right here and now! Why do we have think about someplace else?

Niles: This is only heaven to the people that can't get into the real heaven. The platinum heaven.

Frasier: Niles, why can't we be happy? Why must we allow the thought of something that at this point can only be incrementally better ruin what is here and now?

Niles: I don't know. Let's figure it out on the other side!

[He heaves himself upright again, only to fall to the other side once more.]

Frasier: No! I am through chasing the eternal carrot. Whatever is behind that door shall remain behind that door, unseen!

[Niles thrashes again, finally managing to get up off the gurney.]

Niles: Stay if you want, I have to know!

[He starts towards the door, but since he is wrapped down to the ankles, he can only take four inch steps. Nonetheless, he shuffles rapidly and heads for the door.]

Frasier: Oh for God's sake, you can't even walk, you ninny! All right, all right, I will go, just to take a peek.

[He heads for the door as an attendant comes into the grotto behind them to change the water pitcher.]

Attendant: I'm sorry. Sir? You're not allowed through there. Please remain in the relaxation grotto.

[He heads out. Frasier stands there, outraged.]

Frasier: "Please remain... in the relaxation grotto"?

[Niles is heartbroken and almost sobbing.]

Frasier: Have crueler words ever been spoken? Well, that's it. I am determined to see where they think I don't belong!

Niles: Take me with you!

[Frasier strides over, wraps his arms around Niles, lifts him up and carries him to the door. He then kicks it open with his foot and sunlight streams into the room. They gasp in delight.]

Frasier: Niles! Healing warmth and light! It must be a magnificent solarium!

Niles: Goodbye sweet and edible facials, hello radiant life-giving sun!

[Frasier carries him through the door. Cut to - the other side of the door as they come through it, blinking in the light, letting the door close behind them.]

Niles: It's beautiful, it's beautiful!

Frasier: Yes! This is where we belong.

[The shot pulls back to show that, rather than a solarium, they are in an alley behind the building, next to a trash dumpster.]

Niles: Do you smell garbage?

Frasier: Oh dear, Niles. I don't think this is part of the spa!

[Leaving Niles propped against the dumpster he pounds on the door.]

Frasier: Hello! Hello! Anyone in the relaxation grotto!

Niles: Frasier, look at all those bees.

Frasier: Bees?! Niles! Our sweet and edible facials! Run!

[He takes off down the alley. Niles, still wrapped can only desperately shuffle after him. Fade out.]

Credits:

Roz is at Cafe Nervosa with Senator Ogden. She shows him the flip book of photos with Frasier's receding hair line. They both laugh. After a moment, though, the senator clutches his chest and falls to the floor. Everyone rushes over while Roz, a frustrated look on her face, gets down to give him CPR again.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

Hal Sparks as Receptionist
 Sarah Shahi as Reservationist
 Monica McSwain as Facialist
 W. Scott Strassner as Attendant
 Annie Wersching as Esthetician

Legal Stuff

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