

[1.2]Space Quest

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Transcript {john masson}

DEAR GOD, IT WASN'T A DREAM

Act One.

*Scene A: The Frasier Residence, early morning.
Frasier enters wearing a dressing gown. He is obviously still half-asleep. Martin is in the kitchen and Daphne is busy cleaning the dining table. Frasier yawns.*

Daphne: Oh, good morning, Dr. Crane. Not a morning person, are we? Well, never you mind. I am. Can't very well be a good health care provider if you're not up with the cock. I've already taken your father for his morning constitutional. Such a remarkable man - thirty years on the police force. I can understand why you'd want him to live here, although not many sons would do that, not without getting paid for it. Anyway, coffee's made, and I took the liberty of doing a shop. They don't serve much tripe in Seattle, do they?

Frasier: [*still groggy*] And you are...?

Daphne: Daphne. Daphne Moon. I moved in yesterday. You hired me to take care of your father.

Frasier: [*realizing*] Of course. Forgive me, I'm not quite myself until I've shaved and showered.

Daphne: Oh, yes. I completely understand about one's morning ablutions. I, for instance, can't stand myself 'til I floss all that gunk out of my teeth...

Frasier: [*interrupting*] Miss Moon! For future reference, if you could just keep your ablutions on a need-to-know basis? Thank you. [*goes into kitchen*] Now, my coffee.

Martin: [*doing a fry-up*] The half 'n half's curdled, and the garbage disposal's jammed.

Frasier: [*pouring his coffee*] Good morning to you too, dad.

Martin: Morning was two hours ago. And close that barn door, we got a lady in the house now.

Frasier adjusts his robe, then tastes his coffee. He is not amused.

Frasier: Hey, this isn't my coffee. Where's my finely-ground Kenya blend from Starbucks?

Martin: That's it. Daphne put an eggshell and some allspice in it.

Frasier: [*pouring it down the sink*] Didn't that just dress it up?

Martin: I like it. Gives it a zing. Now, come on, sit down. Your breakfast is ready.

He leaves the kitchen with a plate full of fried food.

Frasier: [*following*] Oh, no, dad, dad, look, all I ever have is a bran muffin, and a touch of yogurt.

Martin: Ah, girlie food. Besides, I already fixed your breakfast. Now, I made you "Eggs in a Nest."

Frasier: Ah yes, the Crane family specialty. Fried eggs swimming in fat, served in a delightfully hollowed-out piece of white bread. I can almost hear my left ventricle slamming shut as I speak.

Martin: You want cheese on that?

Frasier: No. I'd like to leave some blood flow for the clot to go swiftly to my brain. [*to himself*] Can't have my coffee, can't have my breakfast, [*sees Martin's chair*] Oh god, it wasn't a dream. I'll get him for this. [*to Eddie*] And his little dog, too. [*opens front door*] Where's my paper? Who's stolen my paper? Mrs. Everly, you old bat, I know it's you!

Daphne: Yoo-hoo? It's right here, we brought it in for you.

Frasier: [*to outside world*] Sorry, sorry. [*closes door and examines paper*] Oh, wait a minute, this... where's the rubber band? This paper has been read.

Daphne: Well don't worry, we won't tell you what's in it.

Frasier: That is not the point. Dad, dad? Come and sit down please, would you?

Daphne: You're going to give a speech, aren't you?

Frasier: Oh, that's right, I forgot, you're psychic.

Daphne: Yes, but I think anyone could feel this one coming on.

Frasier: Let us get something clear. I am not a morning person. I have to ease into my day slowly. First I have my coffee - sans eggshells or anything else one tends to pick out of the garbage. Then I have a low-fat, high-fiber breakfast. Finally I sit down and read a crisp, new newspaper. If I am robbed of the richness of my morning routine, I cannot function. My radio show suffers, and like ripples in a pond, so do the many listeners that rely on my advise, to help them through their troubled lives. I'm sorry if this may sound priggish, but I have grown comfortable with this part of myself. It is the magic that is me.

Martin: [*to Daphne, while exiting to the kitchen*] Get used to it.

Daphne: I know this is a stressful time, and this is new for all of us, but I'm sure that soon we'll all be getting along swimmingly. [*looks down at Frasier's robe*] Ooh, six more weeks of winter, I see.

Frasier closes his robe. He sits at the table and starts reading the paper. Eddie comes over and jumps onto a chair to stare at him.

Frasier: Down Eddie, down. [*Eddie doesn't move*] I said down. Good boy Eddie, just get down. Good good, Eddie get down. Eddie, GET DOWN! [*Eddie still just sits there, staring at Frasier*] Dad, dad, I can't read my paper, Eddie's staring at me.

Martin: Why, you do make quite a picture in the morning. Just ignore him.

Frasier: I'm trying to.

Martin: I was talking to the dog.

Frasier goes back to his paper, holding it up to block Eddie's view. He slowly lifts it far enough to see Eddie still staring at him. He gives up and walks towards his private bathroom. Eddie follows.

Frasier: Don't even think about it! [*he leaves, Eddie follows*]

FADE OUT

Scene B: KACL

Frasier is doing his show.

Frasier: You're listening to Dr. Frasier Crane. Our topic today is... intrusion. Those who encroach on our sense of personal space. The neighbor who plays his stereo too loud. The person who sits next to you in the movie theater when there are fifty other vacant seats. Now let's return to our calls, and let me remind you once more, that our topic today is intrusion, since so many of you seem to be forgetting that.

Roz: Dr. Crane, we have Leonard from Everett, on line two.

Frasier: Hello Leonard, I'm listening.

Leonard: [*v.o.*] Oh, hi Dr. Crane. Ah, I'm a little nervous, but ah... well, here goes. Several years ago I became afraid of large, open spaces. Like, if I went to the mall, I'd break out in a cold sweat, I'd get so scared that I'd have to run home.

Frasier: Yes Leonard, and your comments on intrusion?

Leonard: Nothing. Just that, now I'm afraid to go outside at all. I haven't seen another person in eight months.

Frasier: Well Leonard, it sounds like you may have a very serious condition known as agoraphobia. But you're not alone.

Leonard: But I am alone, Dr. Crane.

Frasier: Listen Leonard, I'm afraid your problem is too difficult to deal with in the time we have remaining, so if you stay on the line, someone will give you the name of a qualified therapist. Well, that's all the time we have for today. You've been listening to Dr. Frasier Crane, KACL 780. Stay tuned for the news. Then next up, Bob "Bulldog" Briscoe and the Gonzo Sports Show. I never miss it. [*off air*] Yeah, right.

Roz: You want your messages?

Frasier: Oh, listen Roz, just hang on to them. I think I'll stay in here for a while. Today more than most, I feel an overwhelming need for solitude. I've got a fascinating book here, a comfortable chair and a soundproof booth.

Just as Frasier leans back and opens his book the door opens and Bulldog walks in pushing his props trolley.

Bulldog: Hiya, doc. How're they hangin'?

Frasier: Bulldog, what are you doing here?

Bulldog: We lost transmitter link power in Studio C. I gotta do my show from here.

He bangs the gong and blows his whistle, indicating Frasier should leave.

Bulldog: Hey, where the hell's my Cosell tape? Somebody stole my Cosell tape! THIS STINKS! THIS IS TOTAL B.S.! THIS... oh, here it is.

Frasier: [*preparing to leave*] Let me just get out of your way.

Bulldog: Oh, by the way doc, doc, I heard what you said to that kid who fantasizes about killing his parents? You know what I would have told him? Sports. You go out there, break some heads- [*hits himself on the head to illustrate*] That'll turn him around.

Frasier: Yes. If only Jeffrey Dahmer had picked up a squash racquet. [*goes into Roz's booth*]

Bulldog: Hey, where the hell's my Lasorda tape? THIS IS TOT... ah, got it.

We follow Frasier into Roz's Booth. Roz is on the telephone.

Roz: *[to Frasier, as he starts to exit into the corridor]* Hold on a second, I have to ask you something. *[into phone]* Gary? I broke up with him three weeks ago. The sex was okay, but he was kinda limited. *[Frasier moves to leave, Roz stops him]* No, no. *[into phone]* It wasn't that Gary was bad in bed. I mean, he knew where all the parts were. Unfortunately, most of them were his. Yes, totally passionless, it was like he was thinking of someone else. I know I was. Somebody's here, I gotta go. Alright? Talk to you later. Bye, mom. *[hangs up]*

Frasier: That was your mother?

Roz: Yeah, why?

Frasier: You talk to your mother like that?

Roz: Well, we're both adults. We talk about everything.

Frasier: Well, isn't that healthy.

Roz: What, you don't talk to your dad like that?

Frasier: Oh, hardly. We hardly speak at all.

Roz: Really?

Frasier: Ah yes, well you know, we're just not really similar people. In fact, my brother and I are a lot more like my mother. You know, if it wasn't biologically impossible I'd swear that dad was dropped in a basket on our doorstep.

Bulldog: *[from other booth]* Hey sweetcakes, you seen my engineer?

Roz: I think someone's talking to you, Frasier.

Bulldog: Come on, come on, come on!

Roz: *[into mike]* Yes, he called, he'll be right here. *[to Frasier]* So do you want to go across the street and have one of those expensive coffee drinks?

Frasier: Maybe some other time. Right now, I'd like to continue my quest for solitude. I'll go somewhere where my father, Mary Poppins and the hound from hell can't find me. I think maybe I'll just go sit under the shade of a tree and read in a quiet park. *[exits]*

FADE TO:

THE BEST LAID PLANS...

[Over the screen we hear the sounds of a thunderstorm.]

Scene C: Frasier's Apartment.

He enters.

Frasier: Hello. *[realises the room in empty]* Hello? Dad? Daphne? Eddie? *[takes off coat; to himself]* Could it be?

He arranges his book on the couch and pours himself a drink whilst humming the Toreador song from "Carmen."

Frasier: Toreador,
Don't spit on the floor,
Use the cuspidor-a
What do you think it's for-a?

Drink in hand, he relaxes into the couch and starts reading.

Within seconds, the door opens.

Daphne: *[to Martin]*...so the elephant says, "He's with me." *[they both laugh]* Oh, Dr. Crane, you're home. We just got back from your father's physical therapy.

Frasier: Oh, glory be. Oh, happy day. Not that I'm not delighted to see the

two of you, it's just that I'm in the middle of a very exciting chapter.

Daphne: Ooh, I understand. So why don't I pop into the kitchen and brew you up a nice pot of tea?

Frasier: No, I just poured myself a glass of wine, thank you.

Daphne: [*pointedly looking at watch*] I see. [*leaves*]

Martin: [*sitting in the Chair*] Whatcha reading?

Frasier: Oh dad, you wouldn't find it very interesting.

Martin: I might. Any good?

Frasier: Well, I haven't formed a opinion yet. Oddly enough, I'm having a little trouble getting into it.

Martin: [*after a moment's silence, indicates book*] Thick.

Frasier: Dad will you... Listen, I don't want to offend, but if you wouldn't mind, could you just leave me alone, let me read my book?

Martin: No problem.

Martin sits quietly, not looking as Frasier reads. This finally irks Frasier.

Frasier: What are you doing?

Martin: I'm leaving you alone.

Frasier: Well, it's very annoying!

Martin: Ah, what's your problem? You've been sucking a lemon all week.

Frasier: All right, all right, I'll tell you what my problem is, I can't get a moment's peace alone in my own house.

Martin: Well, forgive me. When you invited me to move in I didn't realise I had to stay chained to the radiator in my room [*starts to leave*]

Frasier: [*quietly*] Perhaps only evenings.

Martin: I heard that!

Frasier: Well, of course you heard it, you're never out of earshot!

Martin: Ah, you know, you've always been like this. You were always a fussy little kid, and it's gotten worse ever since. You and your precious morning routine. You gotta have your coffee, you gotta have your quiet, you gotta have this, you gotta have that. Well, aren't you the little hothouse orchid.

Frasier: Hey, hey-hey-hey! I don't have to sit here and listen to that!

Martin: Ah, if you want everything so perfect, why don't you go live in a bubble?

Frasier: Oh right, oh well, right now it sounds very inviting!

He storms out the front door and slams it behind him.

Martin: [*sitting down again*] Finally, a little peace and quiet around here.

End of Act One.

Act Two.

Scene A: Cafe Nervosa.

Frasier is sitting, reading his book as Niles walks in.

Niles: Hello there, Frasier.

Frasier: Oh, what fresh hell is this?

Niles: That's a nice way to greet your brother. [*to waiter*] Café latte, *per piachere*.

Frasier: I'm sorry, Niles, it's just I've been trying to read this book and it seems no matter where I alight I get interrupted.

Niles: Oh, "The Holotropic Mind" by Stanislav Grolf. I love his conclusion that a change in breathing patterns can induce alternate states of consciousness.

Frasier: Great. [*slams book shut*] Now you've ruined the ending!

Niles: I'm sorry, that was inconsiderate. [*the waiter brings his coffee*] *Mille Grazie.* [*to Frasier*] So, how's father?

Frasier: Father? You mean the man who's driving me crazy? The man who makes me dread the sight of my very doorstep? The man who just drove me out of my own home?

Niles: And how's work?

Frasier: Niles, I don't know what I'm going to do. Dad and I had another fight. I'm afraid if we stay under the same roof together we'll do irreparable harm to the relationship we have as it is.

Niles: Well, what are the alternatives?

Frasier: Well, if I didn't feel so guilty I'd, I'd do what I should have done in the first place: just move dad and Daphne into their own apartment.

Niles: Oh, for goodness sake, Frasier. It hasn't been that long, you have to give it a chance. And you might remember why you moved him in in the first place.

Frasier: Refresh me.

Niles: You wanted to get closer to dad.

Frasier: I still do. There isn't anything I'd like more, but he makes it impossible. I can't read my book, I can't have my coffee, I can't have any peace in my own home.

Niles: So what you're saying is, you want to be closer to dad, but you don't actually want him around. Ask yourself Frasier, have you tried to sit down and talk to him - I mean, really talk to him?

Frasier: Well, I... [*he thinks about it*] Maybe I haven't done my best. I guess I owe that to the old man, don't I? Well ah, thanks for the chat, Niles. You're a good brother, and a credit to the psychiatric profession.

Niles: You're a good brother too.

Frasier gets up and leaves.

**A COUPLE OF WHITE GUYS SITTING
'ROUND TALKIN'**

Scene B: Frasier's Apartment.

He arrives to find some of his furniture piled up beside the door.

Frasier: Daphne? What are my things doing here? My leather wing chair? My Kusami lamp?

Daphne: [*entering from back, carrying a box*] We're putting them in the storage room, in the basement. There was no room for them in the study once we got my furniture in. We discussed it last night, remember?

Frasier: Of course, of course.

Daphne: I was just on my way to ask that peculiar little man from building services to give me a hand moving them.

Frasier: Oh yes, Kyle. Well, give him my regards.

Daphne: Remind me again - which one of Kyle's eyes is really looking at me?

Frasier: The brown one.

Daphne exits via the front door. Martin enters from the bedroom.

Martin: Daphne left your dinner in the fridge, if you're hungry.

Frasier: Well thanks, but I'm not. Ah... Dad, I'm sorry about the blow-up earlier.

Martin: Ah, forget about it. I already have.

Frasier: You know, I guess there's no secret that there's been a lot of tension between us, and I think maybe one of the reasons is that we never have a chance to sit down and talk. And I... I

thought we might have a conversation.

Martin: Right now?

Frasier: Yes, I think now would be a good time.

Martin: Later would be better.

Frasier: It doesn't have to be a long, drawn-out conversation, I'm talking about three minutes of your life.

Martin: Well, I hope it is only three minutes, 'cause my program's coming on.

Frasier: Well, alright. If it'll make you any happier I will get the egg-timer and I will set it for three minutes.

He does so, and they sit at the table.

Martin: So what do you want to talk about?

Frasier: Well, the idea is for us to have a normal, honest conversation like two normal people without getting on each other's nerves. Ready? [*sets timer*] Go.

Martin: This is stupid.

Frasier: [*stops timer*] One second? That's our personal best? Let us see if we can beat it. [*sets timer*] Ready? Go.

Martin: So how about those Seahawks?

Frasier: [*stops timer*] No sports.

Martin: All right. But no opera.

Frasier: Agreed. [*sets timer*] Ready? Go.

Martin: [*pause*] This is your idea, you say something first.

Frasier: Alright, alright. I'll, I'll tell you something about myself that ah, that you don't know. Ah, six months ago, when Lilith and I were really on the rocks, ah, there was a time of depression I went through that was so terrible I actually climbed out on a ledge and wondered if life was worth living. I... And then I thought of Frederick.

Martin: And you didn't jump, huh?

Frasier: Good, dad.

Martin: Wow. I never knew that.

Frasier: Well, that's the point of this whole experiment. To tell one another something that we don't know about each other. Something vulnerable. Now it's your turn.

Martin: Okay. [*thinks*] Well, about two months ago, I was in the basement, going through some old pictures of your mother and me... and all of a sudden something flew up in my eye. And, when I was trying to get it out, I realised I could turn my eyelid inside out, the way kids do at camp.

Frasier: That's it? You call that vulnerable?

Martin: It hurt.

Frasier: Oh well... I'm not talking about that kind of pain, I'm talking about your emotions, your soul. Some sort of painful, gut-wrenching experience.

Martin: Other than this one?

Frasier: Oh, God! Always the flip answer.

Martin: Well, this whole thing's stupid.

Frasier: Well, not to me. Oh, how should I expect anything out of you? You are the most cold, intractable, unapproachable, distant, stubborn, cold man I've ever known!

Martin: You said "cold" twice, Mr. Egghead.

Frasier: Egghead? Egghead?

Martin: You said "egghead" twice, too.

Frasier: Oh, you are so infuriating!

Martin: Well, you're no day at the beach either. You know what you are? [*the timer bings*] I'll tell you later, it's time for my program. [*moves towards Chair*]

Frasier: Dad, I don't think you see how serious this is.

Martin: Oh, will you give it a rest?

Frasier: We're not getting along, and it's not getting any better. I'm

not sure how to say this, but ah... I ah, I'm afraid I'm gonna have to...

Martin: I know what you're trying to say. "You want what's best for both of us." You want to get me out of here, then you can have your own space, and I'll have my own space, and we can put an end to all this bickering.

Frasier: Well, yes. I guess it wasn't so hard to say after all.

Martin: Except for one thing. I'm not going.

Frasier: What?

Martin: Look, you want us to forge some great father-son relationship, to make some connection. Well, that kind of thing takes a couple of years, not a couple of days, doesn't it? You're the shrink.

Frasier: Couple of years, huh?

Martin: Ah, it'll go by before you know it.

Frasier: Either that, or it'll seem like eternity.

Martin: I'm willing to give it a shot if you are.

Frasier: Okay.

Martin: Great. How about you and me having a beer together?

Frasier: Wow. You know, in all these years you've never asked me that. I'd love to have a beer with you, dad.

Martin: Well then, you better haul ass, 'cause the store closes in ten minutes.

Frasier: Right. [exits]

End of Act Two.

**ONE MAN'S STORAGE ROOM
IS ANOTHER MAN'S SANCTUARY**

Credits:

Close up of Frasier, reading his book. The camera pulls back to reveal he's in the storage area, sitting on his leather recliner.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

DAN BUTLER as Bulldog

Guest Callers

CHRISTOPHER REEVE as Leonard

Legal Stuff

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