

[1.22] Author, Author

Author, Author

Written by Don Seigel &
Jerry Perzigian
Directed by James Burrows

Production Code: 1.22.
Episode Number In Production Order: 20.
Filmed on
Original Airdate on NBC: 5th May 1994.
Transcript written on 17th February 1999.
Transcript revised on 10th March 2003.

David Hyde Pierce Introduces...

During the week of October 5 - 9, 1998, Paramount's Comedy Channel aired the five episodes picked by the Frasier cast as their personal favorites, with a one-minute introduction to each episode by that cast member.

John Mahoney: [\[1.21\] Travels With Martin](#)
David Hyde Pierce: [1.22] Author, Author
Jane Leeves: [\[2.17\] Daphne's Room](#) (a.k.a. A Room With a View)
Kelsey Grammer: [\[4.08\] Our Father Whose Art Ain't Heaven](#)
Peri Gilpin: [\[5.21\] Roz and the Schnoz](#)

Transcript {nicholas hartley}

Act One.

Scene One - Café Nervosa

The waitress is serving Frasier, it's his usual (or is it?).

Waitress: Here you go Doc, your usual.

Frasier: My usual. How lovely it is to have a usual. [*tastes it*]
What is this?

Waitress: Latte with nutmeg and cinnamon.

Frasier: Ah, no, no, no, that's my brother's usual. Mine is the double Kona with cream.

Niles: [*entering:*] Oh, Frasier, am I glad to see you.

Waitress: [*to Niles:*] Your usual, Doc?

Niles: Please. [*she hands Frasier's to Niles, then he carries on:*]
Thank you!

Frasier: Niles, you seem more than usually agitated today. Problem?

Niles: I'm meeting my publisher here in five minutes. Remember the book deal I signed last month, the one you were so jealous of?

Frasier: I wasn't jealous of it, Niles, you just wanted me to be jealous.

Niles: It's all moot anyway, the deal's about to be killed. It turns out the idea I sold them had already been done. They gave me until today to think up an alternative and I've got

bupkes. I've got less than bupkes. I've got what bupkes keeps for lint in the bottom of his pocket!

Frasier: Can't you just ask for an extension?

Niles: No, no, I've asked for two already.

[He sees the publisher walking in.]

Niles: Oh God there he is. Sam, so good to see you.

Sam: Niles.

Niles: Sam Tanaka, my brother Dr. Frasier Crane.

Frasier: My pleasure. [*the waitress brings Frasier's coffee*]

Sam: Nice to meet you.

Niles: Sam, would you like a coffee?

Sam: [*points to Frasier's cup:*] Oh, I'll have what he's having.
[*Niles takes Frasier's cup and gives it to Sam.*]

Niles: So you shall.

Frasier: [*to waitress:*] One more, please.

Sam: Wait a second, you're the doctor from the radio, aren't you?

Frasier: Guilty as charged.

Sam: I listen to your show all the time.

Frasier: Well, thank you.

Sam: I never put it together that you two of you were brothers.

Niles: All our lives. [*laughs*]

Sam: Well, you two must have incredible insight into sibling relationships.

Frasier: No more than your average psychiatrist brothers. [*laughs*]

Sam: So Niles, what's your idea?

Niles: [*nearly crying:*] My idea... Well Sam, you know I've given it a lot of thought, and it's not easy...

Sam: You'd almost think there's a book in that.

Niles: In what?

Sam: Two psychiatrist brothers writing about sibling relationships.

Niles: That, Sam, is why you are the most respected publisher in the greater Seattle area. That is exactly the idea we were going to pitch to you.

Frasier: What? I hate to interrupt...

Sam: Terrific! Gentlemen, I'm going to cancel my lunch date so I can take you two out to celebrate.

Niles: Well, we were going to write today, but OK.

[*Sam leaves.*]

Frasier: Niles, what the hell are you doing? I don't want to write a book. For God's sake, I'm out of here.

Niles: Frasier, I know it's asking a big favor. I mean, I know you're busy. But I want you to know that all of my life I've dreamed of one thing: the day I could go into a library and go to the card catalogue and see my name under "mental illness" - the day I could finally feel what you feel; that I'm somebody, not just one more dusty little psychiatrist in a grey pinstripe suit.

Frasier: Oh Niles, I...

Niles: Come on! We haven't collaborated on anything together since we wrote the spring musical in prep school.

Frasier: Well, it was well received. And it did get us out of gym class.

Niles: It could be like that again.

Frasier: I don't know, Niles...

Niles starts humming the tune from their old musical; Frasier starts bouncing in rhythm to it.

Niles: Ump-da, ump-da, ump-da, da-da-da, ump-da, ump-da, ump-da...

Both: [*singing:*]

Though some boys go to college,
But we think they're all wussies,
'Cause they get all the knowledge,
And we get all the...

[*dancing in a circle*]

Ump-da, ump-da, ump-da, da-da-da, ump-da, ump-da, ump-da...

Frasier: Alright, I'll do it!

Niles: Yes!

FADE OUT

**IT WAS PROBABLY
LAKE SMITH**

Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment

Later, Frasier answers the door to his partner, Niles.

Martin is by the television.

Frasier: Tu ma frere.

Niles: Tu ma frere.

Martin: Hello Niles, what are you doing over here?

Frasier: Oh Dad, I told you it's our first writing session tonight.

Martin: But I thought you were doing it over at Niles's house.

Niles: Er, we were supposed to. Unfortunately, it's Maris's turn to host her sherry tasting group and things tend to get a little raucous when she does.

Martin: But "The Silencer"'s on in twenty minutes.

Frasier: Dad, I've solved that problem.

He produces a pair of wireless headphones, the type you can use to hear your television while the sound is muted.

Frasier: I've bought you these headphones, see? You'll be able to listen to the TV, without disturbing Niles and me as we work.

Martin: What about Eddie? How's he going to hear?

Frasier: He can read about the game in tomorrow's paper. Try 'em out, Dad.

Martin puts them on and listens while watching the TV.

Martin: [*shouts:*] Hey, not bad! [*watches the TV*]

Niles: Very clever solution.

Frasier: Yes, and it also has another little feature that I like a lot. Watch this.

While Martin watches the TV, Frasier speaks out of his sight.

Frasier: Hey, Dad! Nice shirt. Did they throw that in the last time you had your tires rotated?

Martin doesn't respond, Frasier and Niles laugh.

Niles: Hey Dad? Tell us about the time you met Dwight Eisenhower. We haven't heard that story this hour! [*they laugh again*]

Frasier: Okay, okay, my turn. Hey, Dad? Remember-

Martin: [*obviously hearing:*] Say another word and I'll club you both with my cane.

The brothers hastily back off and sit at the dinner table. Martin settles down to watch the TV.

Martin: This is great, thanks a lot. [*puts earphones around Eddie's neck*] You better watch out for this for me, Eddie. I'm going to get myself a little snack. Who wants some beer?

Frasier: Just you! Alright now, Niles, this is no time to procrastinate.

Niles: [*poised at the keyboard of his laptop*] OK, here we go. Chapter One. Page One. Paragraph One. I'm indenting!

Frasier shuts the laptop.

Frasier: I hate to squash your enthusiasm, but don't you think before we start actually typing the book, we should discuss what the book is going to be about!

Niles: Forgive me for just barreling ahead, but damn it, I'm jazzed. You know we have to approach this book from a completely different angle from all of our previous writings, our dissertations, out theses...

Frasier: Hmm, that's right. Yeah, this has to be interesting!

Niles: Well, the obvious approach is case histories. We'll fill the book with anecdotes with brothers and sisters we've dealt with in our practice.

Frasier: Yes, and if we throw in a few references to heaving bosoms, we're bound to make Book of the Month Club.

Martin: Why, I could tell you a couple of stories about you guys you could throw in there.

Niles: That's an idea, we could use ourselves, it would make a delicious introduction to our book.

Frasier: I like the introduction idea. Dad, OK, give us a story which depicts little Frasier and little Niles at their conflicted best.

Martin: Oh, that has to be when we went trout fishing up at that lake whats-its-name. Boy, you guys were at it tooth and nail.

Niles: This is good, this is interesting.

Martin: Now, what was the name of that lake again.

Frasier: Dad, the name of the lake is immaterial.

Martin: Indian word, Lake Whatchahatchi?

Frasier: Dad, you're missing the point here.

Martin: [*ignoring:*] Oh, your mother would know. Too bad she's dead! Er, whatacouchi, whatawoochi. It was an Indian word, it meant "Land of a thousand..." No! This is driving me nuts! I'm going to have to go in there and look it up.

Frasier: Dad, we just wanted the story!

Martin: No, it's alright. Now where the hell did I put my atlas?
[*leaves*]

Frasier: Quite a resource, isn't he?

Niles: Alright, we'll just put the introduction on hold.

Frasier: Okay, back to case histories. Well, I suppose I could go take my files out of storage after the re... [*thinks of something*] Niles, is there a light bulb over my head?

Niles: You have an idea?

Frasier: No, [*sarcastically:*] I'm actually asking you if there's a light bulb over my head! Of course I have an idea, it's my radio show. I mean, what better source of case histories can there be? I'll just ask my listeners to call in with their personal stories of sibling conflict, and you could be my guest on the show.

Niles: So, what you're suggesting, is that exploit your listeners' lives for our own personal game?

Frasier: In essence, yes. What do you think?

Niles: I think it's borderline sleazy. Let's go for it!

FADE TO:

THE MOTHER LODE

Scene Three - KACL

So, on the next day, Frasier is standing in Roz's booth, setting up for his show. Niles is sitting to the side of his console, in front of the guest's mike. Roz comes in and isn't too pleased.

Frasier: Hello, Roz.

Roz: Hey, Frasier. What's your brother doing here?

Frasier: He's going to be my guest on the show today.

Roz: Oh, no! I don't think so! I am the producer, and I approve all the guests. This wasn't run by me and I do not approve him!

Frasier: OK, Roz, bye-bye, have a good show.

He puts down his script and starts to leave the booth.

Roz: Okay, okay. But I won't make him coffee, I won't run his Errands and I'm not taking any of his crapola. [*through mike:*] Hey, Niles, welcome aboard. [*to Frasier:*] Five seconds till air.

Frasier: [*into booth with Niles:*] OK, Niles, sit down, take a deep breath and try not to spit on the mike! [*on air:*] Hello Seattle, this is Dr. Frasier Crane. I have a very special guest with me today - my brother, the eminent psychiatrist, Dr. Niles Crane.

Niles: Hello, Emerald City! What's doing, what's happenin'?

Frasier: [*off air:*] What the hell do you think you're doing?

Niles: That was my radio persona. Every successful radio personality has one.

Frasier: I don't.

Niles: My point exactly.

Frasier: Just try to be yourself, will you? [*on air:*] Our topic today is siblings: what makes you love them, what makes you hate them...

Niles: What little things do they do that especially annoy you? These could be things from your childhood OR they could be things from your adolescence, OR they could be things from your young adulthood OR...

Frasier: They could be things that are going on right now! Roz, who's our first caller?

Roz: We have Donald from Bainbridge Island. He hasn't spoken to his brother for over twenty years.

Frasier: Hello, Donald.

Niles: I'm listening!

Frasier: We're listening!

Time Fade.

The show is now nearing to a close. A woman called Laura is on the line, talking to Frasier whilst Niles is scribbling down all the details.

Laura: [*v.o.*] I'll never forget it, Dr. Crane, I cried for two hours straight.

Frasier: So, you were completely bald.

Laura: Yes, the perm destroyed my hair. I was sure my sisters were going to laugh at me. But, they all kissed me and then they marched into the bathroom and shaved their heads too, just

so I wouldn't feel like a freak.

Frasier, Niles, and Roz share an amazed look over this story.

Frasier: Amazing! Well, there you have it, Seattle - the miracle of the sibling relationship spelled out in an unselfish act of head-shaving. Well, that's about all the time we have. I'd like to thank my brother Dr. Niles Crane for being here today. Niles, I would shave my head for you.

Niles: A gesture which becomes less significant with each passing year. [*Roz hides a grin*]

Frasier: This is Dr. Frasier Crane, I'll be back tomorrow. One Crane flying solo.

He goes off the air.

Niles: Frasier, we have hit the mother lode. We've got enough information here for two volumes! I must apologise for ever criticizing your radio program.

Frasier: Oh, it's all water under the pont-neuf.

Roz: [*peering round:*] I hate to break up the stroke-a-thon, but there's a Sam Tanaka on line one.

Frasier: [*presses button*] Oh, hello Sam, you're on speakerphone.

Sam: I caught the show today, fellas.

Frasier: You did! And?

Sam: Jackpot! [*Frasier and Niles make ecstatic faces at each other*] How's the writing coming?

Niles: Oh, incredible, it's just falling like water. We've got, what, two or three chapters already.

Sam: That's good to hear, because I just got off the phone with Reader's Digest. They're interested in the serialization rights. I need first few chapters to give them a taste, can you fax them right over?

Niles and Frasier share a look of panic.

Frasier: Well, Sam Of course we could, but you know, they're a little rough, Sam.

Sam: No problem, you've got till Friday to polish them up. You can do that, right?

Niles and Frasier look at each other in total dismay.

Niles: Absolutely!

Frasier: Friday's fine!

Sam: Terrific, I love you guys! [*hangs up*]

Frasier: My God, what are we going to do?

Niles: Well now, let's remember we have all this material and now it's just a matter of putting it all together.

Frasier: It's due on Friday!

Niles: We'll settle down and do it by [*stressed:*] Friday!

Frasier: Wait, wait, I just remembered a story about George and Ira Gershwin when they had to meet a deadline. They would lock themselves in a hotel room, free from distractions, and not come out until their task was complete.

Niles: Brilliant! If we get hot we'll not only finish this volume but we can write another chorus to "Betsy Who Is My Woman Now."

End of Act One (Time: 11:52)

Act Two.

GEORGE AND IRA

Scene One - Hotel Room

The Crane boys arrive at their hotel room. It's time to get to work.

Niles: It's clean, it's sparkling, [*re: paintings on walls*] it's mass-produced art, it's totally devoid of charm - it's perfect. Let's get to work.

Frasier: I'm with you, mon frere. We cannot be intimidated by the tyranny of a blank page. All we need to get a good start here is... Room Service!

Niles: Frasier!

Frasier: Niles, you're right! All we need is a good opening sentence. Something that will smack the reader right between the eyes and then take him on a virtual roller-coaster ride of self awareness and discovery.

Niles: [*typing*] Frasier, while you were out there mixing metaphors like a Cuisinart, I've had a breakthrough. Voila! Our opening sentence!

Frasier: [*reading:*] "From Romulus and Remus to the Le Nain Sisters, sibling relationships have sparked psychological debate throughout the world." [*thinks*] Interesting.

Niles: You like it?

Frasier: Well, I said it was interesting. The task ahead of us now is to decide whether we'd like an interesting opening or a good one.

Niles: You're just being negative because you didn't think of it first.

Frasier: No! In truth I'm not. I never cared for Romulus, I never cared for Remus and the reference to the Le Nain Sisters is from the friggin' moon.

Niles: Well, alright, if you can do better, please be my guest.

Frasier: I will.

Ten-second pause.

Niles: My fingers are poised over the keys... I'm waiting.

Some time later, Frasier and Niles have taken off their jackets, they are sitting in the same exact spot and Niles is still twiddling his thumbs above the keyboard. They look more tired.

Niles: I'm still waiting!

Frasier: Alright, alright, put this down! "The key to a good sibling relationship is the ability to be open and honest."

Niles: That actually sounded good to me.

Frasier: Well, put that in there.

Niles: [*typing:*] "The key to a good sibling relationship is the ability to be open and honest, while still respecting each other's boundaries."

Frasier: What are you doing? What was that crap about boundaries?

Niles: I was just finishing the thought.

Frasier: The thought was finished. It didn't need finishing, for God's sake. Now it's a run-on sentence.

Niles: I think it's much better this way.

Frasier: Well, I don't!

Niles: Well, I'm at the keyboard.

Frasier: Alright then, let me type!

Niles holds onto the keyboard, whilst Frasier tugs it.

Niles: No, I can only write at the keyboard.

Frasier: Niles, you haven't written a thing all day, except to ruin a perfectly good opening sentence.

Niles: [*mad:*] I was merely finishing it, it was an incomplete thought.

Frasier: You're an incomplete thought! What happened to the iced tea?

Niles: I finished that too!

Much later, both men are stripped down to their undershirts (Niles, of course, wears suspenders). Frasier is lying on the bed, guzzling drinks from the mini bar. Niles is barely awake over the keys, yawning.

Frasier: Niles, I've just had an epiphany.

Niles: Oh wonderful, we could use a second sentence.

Frasier: No, it's not for the book. I've just realised why so many writers become bloated alcoholic suicides. [*Niles types*] No, don't type that in.

Niles: I'm not, I'm adding up our tab from the mini-bar. We now owe... two hundred thirty-two dollars.

Frasier: [*looks out of window.*] Oh, Dear God!

Niles: Well, you're the damn fool that ate the whole jar of Macadamia nuts!

Frasier: No, it's dawn. It's Friday! Oh Niles, why don't we just admit it. We can't work together, there's never going to be any book!

Niles: [*brushing up hair:*] Not with that attitude, there isn't.

Frasier: Oh, will you get off it! Come on, the fat lady has sung! The curtain has been run down here. I'll type it for you in capital letters! [*he does*]

Niles: [*reading:*] "IT'S UVER?"

Frasier: Let's just go home.

Frasier gets up and goes to the door, while Niles picks up a bottle that came from the mini-bar.

Niles: Well, I guess I shouldn't be surprised you'd give up so easily. It's not your dream, after all. Why should it be, Mr. Bigshot Radio Host?

Frasier: Oh, so that's what this little tantrum is all about, huh? You're jealous of my celebrity?

Niles: It's not a tantrum, and I'm not jealous. I'm just [*angry:*] FED UP! I'm fed up with being second all the time. You know, I wanted to be a psychiatrist like Mom way before you did, but because you were older you got there first. You were first to get married. You were first to give Dad the grandchild he always wanted. By the time I get around to doing anything, it's all chewed meat!

Frasier: You're crying about something that we can't change!

Niles: Oh, you wouldn't change it if you could, you love it!

Frasier: Oh, let it go, Niles!

Niles: I can't let it go! My nose is rubbed in it every day! I'm the one on the board of the Psychiatric Association, my research is well respected in academic circles, four of my patients have been elected to political office, but it's your big fat face they put on the side of buses!

Frasier: I do not have a fat face!

Niles: Oh please, I've been wondering how long you're going to store those nuts for winter!

Frasier: Well, at least I'm not SPINDLY!

Niles: Who you calling spindly, Fat Face?

Frasier: You, Spindly.

Niles: Fat Face!

Frasier: Spindly!

Niles: Fat Face!

Frasier: Spindly!

Niles: Fat Face!

Frasier: You take that back!

Niles: You make me.

Frasier: I will make you.

Niles: I don't see you making me.

Frasier: Well, here's making you...

Frasier reaches forward and pulls a hair out of Niles's chest.

Niles: OW!

Frasier turns toward the door. Niles runs after him and jumps on his back.

Growling, Frasier spins around and slams Niles against the wall, twice. Losing his wind, Niles drops off Frasier's back, and they grapple with their arms.

Niles: [levering Frasier's chin] Here's your fat face! Gimme that-

Frasier: Gimme that-

As they wrestle, Niles gets the upper hand by placing Frasier in a headlock. He laughs triumphantly.

Frasier: Niles! Niles! Stop it! We're psychiatrists, not pugilists!

Niles, looking stunned, releases him.

Frasier: I can't believe you fell for that! [seizes Niles in a headlock]

Niles tries to break free, Frasier throws him onto the bed, then leaps onto him with a yell. He starts to throttle Niles.

Niles: My God, my God, I'm having a flashback: you're climbing in my crib and jumping on me!

Frasier: YOU STOLE MY MOMMY!

Suddenly realizing his insanity, Frasier stops and gets off the bed.

Frasier: Oh my God, oh my God. Niles, I've gotta get out of here. This entire idea has been a fiasco since the start. It's the stupidest idea you ever had, I should never have agreed to it! Goodbye!

He grabs his briefcase and exits without bothering to get dressed. As he slams the door behind him, Niles, whipped, tumbles off the bed onto the floor.

FADE TO:

Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment

The next morning, Frasier enters the main room of his apartment where Martin and Daphne are sitting.

Frasier: Morning, all.

Martin: Morning.

Daphne: You seem cheerful this morning, Dr. Crane.

Frasier: Why shouldn't I be?

Martin: Well, it's going to rain again, jobless rate's up, [Frasier bites into a muffin] and about two minutes ago Eddie was licking that muffin.

Frasier puts the muffin down and washes out his mouth, the door bell goes.

Daphne: Oh, I'll get it.

Frasier: Dad, the mark of a pure man is that one that realizes he can't control his circumstances, he can only control his response.

Martin: Have you talked to your brother yet?

Frasier: *[going to kitchen]* I do not have a brother! I'm an only child!

Daphne: *[answering door to Niles]* Oh, hello Dr. Crane.

Niles: Hello Daphne, *[walks in]* Dad.

Frasier comes out of the kitchen and sees Niles.

Frasier: What are you doing here?

Niles: *[to Martin:]* Dad, I would like you to convey a message from me to Frasier.

Martin: What makes you think I know where he is?

Niles: Tell him, he owes me half this hotel bill. Tell him I'll accept cash but no personal checks, as I know he has trouble writing things!

Martin hands the bill to Frasier.

Frasier: I'm not paying any of this!

Niles: So, you're cheap as well as intellectually barren.

Frasier: And you're a no-talent hack.

Niles: And you look stupid in a t-shirt!

Martin: Alright, that's enough. Sit down and listen to me. Sit down. *[they do.]* I never had a brother, but I had a partner once, my first, Mitch Gussy. Big bear of a guy, arms like tree-trunks. Mitch and I would go to ball games together, we'd play cards, and this was after work with eight hours together...

Frasier: Dad, that's all very nice...

Martin: Just listen to me. Three months into our partnership, Gus and I got assigned to a stakeout. Three days in the front seat of a Chevy Nova together. Sitting up, drinking too much coffee. It didn't take long before we started getting on each other's nerves.

Niles: Because he was a big, egotistical fat-face?

Martin: Because we were human. He didn't like this about me, I didn't like that about him, so it got ugly. When the stakeout was over Gus requested a transfer and that was fine by me. Three months later, he was stabbed after breaking up a bar fight. By the time I got to the hospital, it was too late.

Beat.

Martin: Take what you want from this story, guys. All I know is, it ain't worth it.

Daphne: *[runs to the kitchen, crying:]* Excuse me, I need a hanky.

Martin: Isn't there something you'd like to say to your brother?

Frasier: Yes Dad, I suppose there is. *[holding the muffin Eddie licked:]* Niles, would you like a muffin?

Martin: Frasier!

Frasier: Alright! Niles, sorry things didn't work out with the book. You have no reason to feel inferior to me. You're an accomplished psychiatrist, a decent man, and you stand second to no-one.

Niles: Thank you Frasier. The truth is, I've always looked up to you and admired you.

Martin: Alright, enough of this mushy girly stuff. Just shake hands,

punch each other on the shoulder and be done with it.

Frasier: Oh, what the heck!

Niles and Frasier hug, which just disappoints Martin. Martin walks into the kitchen for a Ballantine and finds Daphne crying.

Martin: What are you crying about?

Daphne: I just keep thinking about poor Gus, it must be so hard on you carrying all that pain around.

Martin: There was no Gus, I just made him up.

Daphne: What?!

Martin: Well, at least there's one good writer in this family.

Daphne hits Martin with a cloth, after feeling used.

End of Act Two. (Time: 22:10)

Credits:

That night, in the kitchen, there are some muffins on a plate. Eddie jumps up onto the side, knocks the muffin on to the floor and jumps down so he can have his feast.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Star

MAKO as Sam Tanaka

Guest Starring

LUCK HARI as Waitress

Guest Callers

CHRISTINE LAHTI as Laura

Legal Stuff

This episode capsule is copyright 1999 by Nick Hartley. This episode summary remains property of Frasier, Copyright of Paramount Productions and NBC. Printed without permission.