

[2.24] Dark Victory

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Transcript {Iain McCallum}

ACT ONE

Scene One - KACL

Frasier is doing his show.

Frasier: Well, Caroline, if you've been in therapy for two years and you're feeling like you're no longer making any progress, perhaps you've reached a plateau, or you and your therapist have simply gone as far as you can together.

Caroline: [v.o] Maybe it is time for a change. He's kind of dry and long-winded.

Frasier: Well, two years is certainly a long time to spend with a psychiatrist you find dry and long-winded.

Roz: A-men to that!

Caroline: Thanks, Dr. Crane. You've given me a lot to think about. Would it be OK if I called back sometime and picked your brains?

Frasier: Well, just consider me your mental banjo. Well, that's it for this fine Friday, Seattle. This is Frasier Crane saying, "we'll see you next week."

Roz: [coming into the studio] Good show, Frasier.

Frasier: [exhausted] Oh, Roz. I've been waiting for this moment the entire week. [slowly takes off his headphones in happiness]

Roz: That's what I love about you, Frasier. You work hard and you play hard.

Frasier: Roz, you have no idea how much I've been looking forward to this weekend. There comes a time when even the most conscientious of psychiatrists has had his fill of other people's problems.

A delivery boy opens the studio door with a package.

Delivery Boy: Hi. Is one of you Roz Doyle?

Frasier: Yes... that's all the clues we're going to give you.

The delivery boy hands Roz the package, which she signs for and he leaves.

Frasier: A little offering from one of your suitors perhaps? A nice string of pearls? A teardrop pendant?

Roz: [*opening package and tearfully turning to Frasier*] It's a brick of cheese!

Frasier: Well, on the right chain I can see that looking smart.

Roz: It's from my family. They're in Wisconsin at my Uncle's dairy farm having a family reunion.

Frasier: Oh, why didn't you go, Roz?

Roz: There wasn't time. But now I wish I'd gone. Frasier, we always have so much fun. Like this one time there was this huge cheese party and one of my uncles started speaking in cheese language. You know, like instead of saying, "Hello, how are you?" he'd say, "Hello, Havardy." Someone else would go "Oh, I'm Gouda." Oh I don't know, what would come after that?

Frasier: If I'd been there, the sound of a gunshot!

Roz: [*tearful*] Don't make fun. I miss those people.

Frasier: Oh, Roz, oh... [*going to console her*] There, there.

Roz: We play games and sing songs.

Frasier: Oh, of course. I know.

Roz: And Aunt Libby does cannonballs into the lake.

Frasier: Oh yes, the memories must be...

Roz: And Uncle Ned has too much to drink and he starts putting pants on all the cows!

Frasier: Listen, Roz. If what you're looking for is family fun tonight, why don't you come to my place? It's my Dad's birthday. I completely forgot about it last year and I'm going to make up for it this year. There's just one rule. No work, just a good time.

Roz: Frasier, I don't think I'd be much fun.

Frasier: Roz, I insist. There's no one I enjoy partying with more than you and I just hate to see you like this. I Camembert it!

Roz: [*crying*] Oh. So sweet.

FADE OUT

WHAT IF HE HAD TAKEN A REALLY BIG BREATH?

Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment

Frasier comes into the apartment with a cake, parcels and food. Eddie is lying on the couch. Martin and Daphne are nowhere to be seen.

Frasier: All right, it's someone's birthday! I hope you're all in the mood for a party. I know I am.

Daphne: [*from the kitchen*] YOU'RE BLOODY IMPOSSIBLE!

Martin: [*from the kitchen*] AND YOU'RE A BLOODY NAG!

Daphne: DON'T YOU SHAKE THAT CANE AT ME!

Martin: QUACK QUACK QUACK - hey!

The cane comes flying out the kitchen followed by Martin. Daphne storms out after him.

Frasier: Oh, for heaven's sake, not again!

Martin: Just decided what I want for my birthday: fire Daphne!

Daphne: You'd have to re-hire me first, because I quit! I hope I never see this place or that hateful old canker sore ever again.

Frasier: Okay, what is it this time?

Daphne: The usual. I ask him to do his exercises and he twists his face up like a mewling little baby.

Martin: Why don't you tell him how you asked me to do it - by pouring my beer down the sink and banging on the spaghetti pot with

a wooden spoon?

Daphne: I'm here for your health. I don't have to be your friend.

Martin: Well, that's good! Because I've got a friend here [*gestures to Eddie*] who doesn't happen to be a yammering nag!

Daphne: [*throwing Martin's cane away*] Eddie, fetch.

Frasier: [*catching the cane*] Oh, stop this! You two are having the same argument all the time. You can just pick this up again tomorrow. Tonight we are going to have a party. Dad, I went down and got your favorite lemon cake. I also got some snacks and some champagne. Can we all just agree to try and have a little fun this evening? [*The doorbell rings*] Now that is probably Roz. She's been very down this week and what she's in need of is a very happy and carefree environment. Frankly, I could use the same thing. Now can we just agree to maybe a truce?

Martin/Daphne: [*muttering over each other*] Yeah, well if she keeps her mouth shut.../If he can keep his big...

Frasier opens the door to Roz.

Frasier: Roz! [*kisses her hello*]

Roz: Hey, Martin.

Martin: Hey!

Roz: [*holding up a parcel*] Happy Birthday!

Martin: Oh, you didn't have to do this. [*looks inside and laughs*] Hey, thanks, Roz! [*pulls out a six-pack of Ballantines*] I'll have to model it for you later.

Daphne: He's already modeling the last one someone gave him.

Martin: Quack!

Frasier: Listen, I have a very nice evening planned. Can we all just try to be civil?

The doorbell rings and Frasier goes to answer. It's Niles.

Niles: [*storming in*] You unprincipled charlatan! You unconscionable fraud! [*turning to Martin*] Happy Birthday, Dad.

Martin: Thanks.

Frasier: Niles, what are you talking about?

Niles: You spoke to a patient of mine today, Caroline. As a result of your fast-food approach to psychiatry, she left me!

Frasier: Caroline was your patient?

Niles: Two years of my hard work wiped out by one of your two-minute McSessions.

Frasier: Niles, I merely suggested that she consider a change.

Niles: Based on what diagnostic method? One potato, two potato?

Daphne: Oh, fancy that. A member of the Crane family who doesn't take the time to do something.

Martin: Quack!

Niles: Exactly, Dad. [*at Frasier*] Quack.

Martin: [*pointing his cane in Daphne's direction*] I was talking to her.

Niles: Don't you raise your cane at her!

An unholy rabble begins with everyone arguing and trying to talk over one another. Roz decides she's had enough and tiptoes away to the front door which Frasier suddenly notices.

Frasier: NO, WAIT! Roz, where are you going?

Roz: I think I'd better leave.

Frasier: We were just talking. That wasn't fighting. We were talking.

Roz: I'd really just rather be by myself. Thanks, guys. I had a wonderful time.

Frasier: [*shutting the door behind Roz*] Well, I hope you're happy.

You've ruined her evening.

Martin: Her evening? It's my birthday.

Daphne: Right. Well, let's get that underway right now. Who's ready for cake?

Daphne slams the cake down on the table and stabs a candle into it.

Martin: I certainly don't want to keep anybody here a second longer than they have to be so let's get this over with. Thanks for a great party!

Martin blows out his candle and the entire household is plunged into darkness.

Niles: Well, there's nothing wrong with Dad's lungs.

Daphne: Every light in the city is out. It must be a blackout.

Frasier: Don't panic. There's certainly worse places we could all be in a blackout.

Niles: Like the elevator.

Frasier: [realizes] Oh my God, Roz!

Martin: Why couldn't it be Daphne? [there is a crash and a bang]
STOP DOING THAT!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR TELEVISION
(IT'S A BLACKOUT)**

Scene Three - Frasier's Apartment

The apartment is still in darkness. All that can be heard are voices.

Daphne: We just need to get some light in here.

Martin: Eddie, where are you?

Daphne: Oh, excuse me, Dr. Crane.

Niles: Quite all right, Daphne.

Frasier: Oh, Daphne, where are the hurricane lamps?

Daphne: They're in the kitchen. I'll get them.

Frasier: All right. Dad, why don't you light a fire?

Daphne: Oh, excuse me, Dr. Crane.

Niles: Not your fault, Daphne.

Martin: Eddie! Where are you, Eddie?

There is a sound of a crash and a muffled bark.

Frasier: [annoyed] I've found him!

Daphne lights a hurricane lamp and some light is restored to the apartment. Niles, who has been hovering near her, quickly backs away.

Daphne: Well, that's better.

Martin: I'm going to go get my radio. See what the hell's going on.

Frasier: [struggling up off the floor] All right.

The front door opens to reveal Roz.

Frasier: Oh Roz, Roz! You're all right.

Roz: I'm fine. The blackout hit just as the elevator doors opened on the fourteenth floor. So I stood in the hallway trying to decide whether to come back in here with you guys or take my

chances on the pitch-black streets with the muggers and the weirdos. So I went down a couple of flights... and then I changed my mind. Meanwhile someone's probably looting my apartment!

Niles: Yes. I hear there's a thriving black market in badly-designed Formica coffee tables.

Roz: At least I have my own sense of style. You won't even buy a chair unless some fey French aristocrat has sat his fat satin fanny in it!

Niles: Louis the Fourteenth was not fey! Everyone wore garters in the eighteenth century.

Niles and Roz begin arguing with each other which Frasier is forced to break up.

Frasier: People... people... [*they keep arguing*] SILENCE, ENFANTS!!! [*they shut up*] Now we can all sit here in the dark and be miserable or we can try to have some fun.

Niles: I'm going to call Maris.

Frasier: Well, Niles has voted. Who votes for fun?

Roz: I'm going to go and get a big glass of wine.

Daphne: Well, it looks like the steaks we were going to have are out. I better go and see what I can find.

Frasier: Thank you, Daphne.

Niles quickly drops his handkerchief and is bent over to pick it up when Daphne turns quickly and bangs into him.

Daphne: Oh, sorry, Dr. Crane

Niles: Excuse me, Daphne.

Martin: [*coming through with the radio to his ear*] The power is out all over south Seattle. They're working on it now.

Niles: [*talking on the phone to Maris*] Hello, Maris. Thank God I got you. Listen, darling, there is no need to panic. The most important thing is to stay calm... About the blackout. Maris? Take off your slumber mask. [*Niles suddenly holds the phone away from his ear*] Ooh! No darling, darling, don't panic. Honey, no, honey, hon, ho- ho- h... [*turns the phone off and puts it back in his pocket*] She's fine.

Reset to: Kitchen

Roz is drinking a glass of wine while Daphne pulls ice cream out of the fridge.

Daphne: Ooh, yum, scrum, pig's bum. Here's something nice. Half-gallon tubs of Cookies & Cream and Vanilla Fudge.

Roz: Mmm, well let's take care of these right away before they melt.

Frasier: Well, there's no need to worry, ladies. The freezer will keep them cold for at least 24 hours.

Daphne/Roz: Shut up!

Reset to: Living Room:

Martin: [*bored*] Well, I don't like to get nostalgic but it was sure great last year when you forgot my birthday!

Frasier: You know what we need to do? We need to liven things up a little bit. How about a game? What was that game we played at the Rambican's when they were costuming the servants for the living chess match. It was... er... oh yes, I remember - "I'm the dullest person."

Roz: At least pick a game someone else has a chance of winning.

Frasier: Well, that's got things shakin'. OK, come on, Dad.

Martin reluctantly gets up.

Frasier: What the game is - we all get pennies and we're supposed to try and get the other person's pennies.

Martin: [sarcastic] Please, slow down!

Frasier: [gathering everyone round the table] All right now. If I was going to go I would say, "I am the dullest person because... I have never been on a rollercoaster." All right? And then all of you that have been on a rollercoaster would give me a penny. Now we all have our pennies. Who would like to go first? Daphne?

Daphne: [bored] I can't think of anything.

Frasier: Of course you can. Just say the first thing that comes into your mind. I'm the dullest person because...

Daphne: [becoming increasingly exasperated] Oh, I don't know. Because I've never made love in a lift or a phone booth or on an aeroplane or a merry-go-round.

Frasier: OK - that's good, but strategically speaking that's not the best way to get our pennies. You see it should be something that someone else might have actually... [Roz throws in a penny] ...done.

Roz throws in three more pennies while everyone around the table just looks at her in amazement.

Roz: I was in college. I was trying to find myself.

Niles: All you needed to do was look under the nearest man.

Roz kicks Niles under the table.

Frasier: All right, Dad. Get our pennies.

Martin: All right. I'm the dullest person because... I've never been to France.

Frasier: [as the others throw pennies in] Good, Dad. That's getting into the spirit of it. All right, Niles. What's something you've never done?

Niles: Well, let's see. I'm the dullest person because I've never sabotaged my brother's career.

Frasier: Will you give it a rest!

Daphne: Oh, your father could show you how to do that.

Martin: Quack Quack!

Yet another argument breaks out between everyone while Roz sits in the middle.

Roz: WILL YOU PEOPLE STOP? You are torturing me. I could report you to Amnesty International.

Martin: [getting up] That's it, I'm outta here.

Frasier: Oh, Dad, Dad. You haven't even cut your cake yet. Where are you going?

Martin: I'm going to sit in the tub with a hairdryer and wait for the power to come back on.

Niles: Well, this blackout could go on all night. It's time I braved the dark streets and got back to my Maris. I just hope it isn't like the lightning storm last month. The only way I could coax her out from under the bed was by tying a Prozac to the end of a string!

FADE TO:

Scene Four - Frasier's Apartment

Frasier heads out to the balcony to find Roz there. No one else is to

be seen.

Frasier: Roz. Like to have a little cake?

Roz: No, thanks. This reminds me of Wisconsin. All dark and deserted.

Frasier: That's on the license plate, isn't it? Roz - what's the real reason you didn't go to your reunion? You've always made it before.

Roz: Well... no, no. You said you didn't want to hear any more problems today and I don't blame you.

Frasier: I think we have time for one more caller.

Roz: Well... every year I go to my reunion. My relatives crowd around me and I answer the same questions. No, I'm not married. No, I don't have any kids. Yes, I still have that tattoo. No, you can't see it. It would just be so nice if I could at least say I have a great career.

Frasier: Roz, you do have a great career.

Roz: Tell that to my relatives. You know according to them I spend four hours on the phone every day with a bunch of losers and wackos, then I turn them over to some tedious know-it-all who gives them pointless advice. [*Frasier looks none too amused*] Oh, that's not me talking. That's my Uncle Ned.

Frasier: Oh, yes - the cow haberdasher. You know, Roz - ten years ago KACL didn't have any women producers? You're a pioneer. You've won awards. You help people.

Roz: Sounds right when you say it.

Frasier: Maybe you're just looking for too much from your job. Start exploring other areas of your life. Interests. Maybe a serious relationship?

Roz: Maybe you're right. I mean, how long can I go on chasing these hunky twenty-five year-olds that are all looks and no substance?

Frasier: Exactly, Roz.

Roz: No, I'm serious. I'm asking, how long? Three, four years?

There is the sound of breaking china from the kitchen.

Daphne: [*from the kitchen*] Oh, bloody hell!

Frasier: [*going through to the kitchen*] Daphne? Are you all right?

Daphne: I've broke your father's souvenir spoon rest from Atlantic City.

Frasier: Oh, good.

Daphne: You know - when I have my own kitchen I'm going to put my food right on the damn counter. I've always said as soon as I've saved two thousand dollars I'll get my own place.

Frasier: Well, how much have you saved?

Daphne: Four thousand. Oh, I know what you're thinking. What's wrong with me? Why do I stay here?

Frasier: No, I was just thinking I must be paying you too much.

Daphne: My friends all say you should be on your own. Have a place. Have a life. Why do I stay here?

Frasier: Could it be that, maybe, you like us? You know my Grandmother used to have a cat. A mangy old thing. Kept ruining the furniture and stuff. I asked her why she kept it and she said that maybe it was because she liked having another heartbeat around the house.

Daphne: It just makes me feel like I'm not very ambitious. I could be working in a hospital or a clinic.

Frasier: Of course you could, Daphne, but maybe that's not what's important to you right now. I think you like being part of a family. What's wrong with that?

Daphne: Nothing, I suppose. Although my friends wonder how I can live with such demanding men?

Frasier: They call me demanding, do they?

Daphne: No. Actually they call you a pompous ass!

Frasier: And now you've learned that I'm not?

Daphne: No. I've learned to work around it.

Martin storms into the kitchen and heads for the fridge.

Martin: Excuse me, I'm getting a beer. And yes, I know it's not good for me. And yes, I know it's going to make me fat. And yes, I know it'll keep me from doing my exercises. Do you have anything to add to that?

Daphne: Yes! Happy Birthday, you old sod!

She kisses Martin on the cheek then leaves.

Martin: They try to confuse you on purpose. [takes a swig from his beer before putting it down in disgust] Room temperature! Just like merry old England. Another place that I'll probably never get to.

Frasier: Dad, you used to talk about going to Europe when your hip improves. Now you're saying you'll never get there? What's changed?

Martin: Nothing! My hip's the same as it was a year ago. I had it in my head it would be better by now, but I'm not and I'm probably never going to be. Ah, you don't understand. You're happy just sitting on your can, doing your little radio show, living inside your head. But I'm used to being out there.

Frasier and Martin walk back through to the living room to find Eddie standing on the table trying to get off an ice cream tub, that has got stuck on his face, with his paws.

Martin: Eddie!

Frasier: Listen, Dad. You can still travel. [Martin dismisses him] You can. You can't walk around Paris - you can sit at a nice café and let Paris walk past you. Maybe buy a glass of wine for a beautiful Mademoiselle. Get yourself a nice bottle of imported beer.

Martin: I only like Ballantines.

Frasier: In Paris, Ballantine's is imported beer. And you are the handsome *american* with the adorable accent.

Martin: [thinks about it, then smiles] They like moustaches over there, don't they?

Just as Martin is warming to the idea the door bursts open to reveal Niles, breathless and panting like he's just run a mile.

Niles: Nineteen floors down to my car! Garage door's electric! Can't open! Twenty floors back up! Lost count! Bad lady upstairs! Big dog! Need place to die!

Frasier gets up to help him, while Roz and Daphne are yelling down over the balcony.

Roz: [from the balcony] Same to you, buddy!

Martin: Who are you talking to?

Roz: Some rowdy guys downstairs. Come on out here, Martin. I want you to introduce us.

Martin: [going outside] All right. Keep your pants on.

Frasier: Here, Niles. Let me take your coat.

Niles: Oh, haven't you taken enough from me today?

Frasier: Oh, Niles. You're being silly and irrational.

Niles: Sticks and stones.

Frasier: You're acting just like Dad.

Niles: [*furious*] You take that back!

Frasier: You know you're not really mad at me, Niles. You know I didn't tell that woman to leave you. I merely suggested it as an option. It was all her choice. Could it be that you're really upset just because you couldn't help that woman?

Niles: You know, I really hate that. When you take a simple criticism and you turn it back on me.

Frasier: I think I'm right.

Niles: Well, of course you're right. Why do you think I hate it? Do you have any idea what I went through trying to help that woman?

Frasier: Yes, I think I do. Niles, you're a perfectionist. As faults go that's not such a bad one to have.

Niles: It just would have been nice if I could have been the one to tell her that it was time to go. Instead she had to hear it from some glib, albeit insightful radio pundit!

Roz: [*coming back in with Martin and Daphne*] Those rowdy guys downstairs invited us to a blackout party.

Martin: They have cold beer.

Roz: And Carlsberg.

Daphne: You know, it's funny. I was feeling a bit down before but suddenly I'm in a party mood.

Frasier: What about our party?

Roz: There are people downstairs.

Martin: They have a barbecue.

Niles: Come on, Frasier.

Frasier: No, no, no thank you. I'm not really in the mood anymore.

Daphne: Don't be a party pooper.

Martin: Oh, let him be. He's always been that way.

Frasier: Excuse me! Just a second. I think maybe it's time for a little lesson about what it's like to live the life of this particular party pooper. I spend the whole damn week ministering to the troubled and the neurotic and the sometimes just plain goofy. Then I hang up my earphones and it doesn't end there. Out on the street, at the café, even in this building - more people come up for help, more problems. I suppose they just think it's OK, it's what I do. But every time I try to help them it costs me a little piece of myself. A little bit here, a little bit there, a little bit here, a little bit there... until I end up feeling like a zebra carcass on the Serengeti surrounded by burping vultures! Well, this happened to be one of those weeks. I had my escape planned. I was going to come home for an evening of fun with my extended family. What do I get? I get the four of you going at each other like the Borgias on a bad day! So I roll up my sleeves, and I tend to each one of you. And you all feel better. And the minute you get a whiff of mesquite coming from down below, you are out the door without so much as a "thank you." Well, thank you for the invitation, but I am, frankly, fed up with people and their problems. The Doctor is out.

Everyone starts to apologize and come towards Frasier to say sorry.

Frasier: Okay, apologies accepted!

Everyone about turns and heads for the door, assuming he's coming with them now.

Frasier: No, no... look, I-I love you all. I really do. But what I want right now is to be left alone, right here, where no one

needs anything from me.

They head out, inviting him to come if he changes his mind.

Martin: Well, OK. I'll bring you some barbecue.

Roz: Oh my God, it's dark out here...

The four of them exit leaving Frasier alone in the apartment in silence. Frasier sits down in happiness and picks up his book. Eddie comes in and leaps up on the sofa next to Frasier. He lies on his back and wriggles about.

Frasier: Oh, for God's sake, Eddie. No, I'm not going to do it. No.

Frasier looks away from Eddie who lies prostate on the sofa. Eventually Frasier turns back towards him and tickles his stomach.

Credits:

THANKS FOR CALLING

Kevin Bacon
 Macaulay Culkin
 Sandra Dee
 Shelley Duvall
 Art Garfunkel
 John Lithgow
 Amy Madigan
 Rosie Perez
 Sydney Pollack
 Carly Simon
 Gary Sinise
 James Spader
 Mary Steenburgen
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