

[9.06] Room Full of Heroes

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AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

Nominated

YOUNG ARTISTS AWARDS

- **Best Performance in a Television Series - Guest Starring Young Actor:**
Steven Anthony Lawrence
-

Transcript {Kelly Dean Hansen}

[**Skyline:** An orange sun rises over the city, and as it does, it becomes a Jack-O-Lantern. This season's color for the "Frasier" title is happily appropriate for this episode!]

ACT 1

[Scene 1 - Frasier's Apartment.

Daphne enters from the kitchen. Frasier enters, wearing his Halloween costume. He has gray hair, a gray beard, and is wearing a nineteenth-century suit. Clearly he is meant to be Sigmund Freud.]

Daphne: Wow, look at you! You look just...[at a loss] like him.

Frasier: Oh, Daphne, come on! [indicating costume] Huh? The theme this evening is to come dressed as your hero. [He places a cigar in his mouth.]

Daphne: [guessing] Fidel Castro!

Frasier: [irritated] Sigmund Freud! [Daphne picks up a bowl of candy.] Daphne, don't you think that bowl is a little bit small for a whole night of trick-or-treaters?

Daphne: Oh, I don't think so. The children in the building are too scared to ring our bell.

Frasier: Why is that?

Daphne: They're afraid of "Old Man Crane."

Frasier: [chuckling] Poor Dad.

Daphne: It's not him, Dr. Crane, it's you.

Frasier: [taken aback] What?! I'm Old Man Crane? Good Lord, I have tousled every young head in this building from the laundry room to the rooftop.

Daphne: Yeah, apparently that's how it started. They think you're feeling to see if their brains are ripe.

Frasier: How do you know all this?

Daphne: They have a whole rhyme about you. [*singing*] "Old Man Crane, Old Man Crane, Make him mad and he'll eat your brain."

Frasier: That's absurd. How do children get such crazy ideas?

[*Cut to the hall outside the apartment. Six costumed children are loudly chasing each other with toy ray guns. Martin and Eddie emerge from the elevator.*]

Martin: Whoa! Hey, hey, keep it down, will 'ya?

Boy: We're just playing.

Martin: I know, but...you know how "Old Man Crane" gets. Especially on Halloween, or as he calls it, "Harvest Time."

[*The children run screaming down the hall. Martin chuckles. Fade Out.*]

It's Flu and Party Season

[*Scene 2 - Frasier's apartment.*]

Martin enters, dressed in a New York Yankees uniform and carrying a bat. Frasier is seated at the table, preparing his Halloween game.]

Martin: [*indicating costume and smiling broadly*] Fras...?

Frasier: [*at a loss*] Hello...baseball man.

Martin: Oh, come on! Joe DiMaggio [*he turns to reveal the number 5*]. You know who he is, don't you?

Frasier: Well, of course. Joe DiMaggio was married to Marilyn Monroe... who was also married to Arthur Miller, the playwright who wrote *Death of a Salesman*, *The Crucible*, *A View From the Bridge*... you see, Dad, I know a lot more about baseball than you think.

Martin: How does this party game of yours work? Is it like Charades? 'Cause I don't like Charades.

Frasier: Oh no, no Dad. It's actually much better. You see, I've devised some questions that we will answer as our heroes. What better way to learn about each other than to explore the personalities of those who most inspire us, huh? [*chuckles*]

Martin: Couldn't we just play Charades?

[*Frasier moves to the coffee table with the game questions in a bowl. Martin moves to his chair.*]

Frasier: You know, if this evening goes really well, I may consider marketing my little invention. It's a welcome change from those tiresome theme parties where someone gets murdered.

Martin: [*drily*] It could still happen.

[*Phone rings. Frasier answers.*]

Frasier: Hello? Gil. Good heavens, shouldn't you be on your way by now?...Well, yes, of course we'll be playing my little game. Oh. You don't sound sick...Oh, now I hear it. Oh, all right, feel better [*hangs up*].

Martin: Isn't that like your eighth cancellation?

Frasier: Yes. There must be something going around at the office.

[*The doorbell rings. Frasier opens it to reveal Roz and Alice, who is dressed as a puppy.*]

Frasier: Hi!

Roz: [*noticing Martin*] Hey, it's Joe DiMaggio!

Martin: [*tippling his cap*] Ma'am.

Frasier: I see you've brought a little puppy.

Roz: Yes, we've been trick-or-treating all afternoon and she's exhausted.

Frasier: That's strange. The children in our building haven't even started trick-or-treating.

Roz: Are you kidding? I just rode up the elevator with five Britney Spears and a sweaty Harry Potter. I'm going to go put her down in your room. Can I change there?

Frasier: Well, as you know, Roz [*assuming an Austro-German accent*], change can only occur after years of hard work *und* analysis. [*He places the cigar in his mouth.*]

Roz: [*to Martin*] It's going to be a hell of a party.

Martin: Yeah.

[*Daphne enters, wearing very loud blue pants and jacket, which are covered with silver musical eighth notes. Her shirt is yellow with a huge collar, and she is wearing a bowler hat in the same loud shade of blue over a wig with large sideburns. Last, but not least, she sports a pair of glasses with very large, thick frames.*]

Martin: What the heck are you supposed to be?

Daphne: [*delighted*] Reginald Dwight. You might know me as Sir Elton John.

Frasier: Daphne, I must say, I hardly think of Elton John as an heroic figure.

Daphne: [*defensive*] Yes, he is! He's been a great musician for over thirty years. There's also his charity work and his knighthood!

Frasier: Well, I must say I never thought about it that way, which is exactly the point of this evening. Thank you for putting so much thought into your costume rather than just throwing on something frivolous.

[*Daphne is pleased at having vindicated her costume. At this point, Roz enters in a complete Wonder Woman costume with full black wig.*]

Roz: Ta-Da! [*She twirls her cape, poses proudly, and smiles broadly.*]

Martin: Wow, Roz, you look great!

Frasier: [*annoyed*] Oh, Roz, are you serious?

Roz: [*taken aback*] What?

Frasier: Your hero is Wonder Woman? You're supposed to come dressed as the person you most admire, whom you most wish to emulate. I'm not even sure you can do that to the flag!

Roz: [*clearly hurt*] I'm sorry. When you said "hero" I thought you meant "superhero."

Frasier: Yes, and when you saw me dressed in a beard with a cigar, what "superhero" did you think I was, hmm?

Roz: That butler who cooked for Batman?

Daphne: Speaking of which, would you help me bring out some cheese, Wonder Woman?

Roz: [*in her "heroic" pose*] I'd be glad to, Elton John!

[*The phone rings. Frasier answers.*]

Frasier: Hello? Kenny...Gosh, don't you think you should have left by now?...Well, actually, you know, there have been a few cancellations, so that will allow us to delve even deeper into our psyches... [*Martin looks concerned, knowing what is about to happen.*] Really, what kind of sick?... [*credulous*] Oh, gosh, that sounds horrible...Yes, all right, well, um, take care [*hangs up*]. You know, we might be wise to take some echinacea.

[*The doorbell rings. Frasier answers to reveal Niles, who is clearly dressed as his father. He wears a gray wig, a flannel shirt, khaki pants with a belt, and he carries a cane and a stuffed Jack Russell*

terrier.]

Niles: [*imitating Martin*] Somebody get me a beer!

[*Martin is delighted. Frasier is not.*]

Frasier: Niles! What in the world?

Niles: Well, you said dress as your hero. Hello, Dad!

[*Martin rises and moves toward Niles.*]

Martin: Holy Moly! Niles, this is unbelievable!

Niles: You like it?

Martin: Oh, I love it! [*embraces Niles*] But Frasier said to dress as your hero, not as the handsomest man in the world!

[*They simultaneously execute the characteristic "Martin" laugh: a single "Ha!" followed by a backward-leaning gesture. They laugh hysterically and pat each other on the back. Frasier walks away, unamused.*]

Frasier: Niles, I thought you were going to come as Carl Jung!

Niles: Well, I changed my mind!

Frasier: But the idea of this evening is to come as a classic hero, someone who truly inspires you. No offense, Dad. You know, someone of truly unquestioned greatness! Again, no offense, Dad.

Martin: [*irritated*] Blow it out your whistle. No offense.

[*Roz and Daphne enter from the kitchen. Roz carries a food plate, Daphne two filled wine glasses. Both are delighted with Niles's costume.*]

Daphne: Oh, my goodness!

Roz: Ohh, isn't that the cutest thing?

Niles: [*to Daphne*] What the heck are you supposed to be?

Martin: That's exactly what I said!

[*Again, they simultaneously do the "Martin" laugh and lean backwards at the same time. Niles moves to embrace and kiss Daphne.*]

Frasier: Well, I guess we have a full complement. We may as well get on to the main event. Wonder Woman, Elton John, Martin Crane, Joe DiMaggio--I think you all know each other. Why don't you have a seat and we will proceed to a night of frivolity and enlightenment.

[*Niles and Martin both move to the barcalounger.*]

Niles: Oh, Joe, I insist you take my chair.

Martin: Thanks, Marty! [*Niles takes a chair from the table.*]

Frasier: All right, then, let's dive into the question bowl. Now remember, our job is to answer these questions as the people we honor tonight.

Niles: Well, what if I'm someone who just wants to watch TV. Can I do that? [*He reclines and places his feet on an ottoman.*]

Martin: Yeah, can he?

Frasier: Very amusing. Oh, yes, yes, I took the liberty of jotting down a few reminders and regulations for your edification. [*He begins to hand out sheets of paper.*]

Martin: [*handing Niles a beer*] Here you go, Marty!

Niles: Oh, uh,...

Frasier: Oh, Niles, you don't really have to drink that.

Niles: Well, I'm already wearing black shoes with white socks. I may

as well go all the way. [*He sips the beer. Martin laughs.*]

Frasier: All right. Question number one. [*taking a slip of paper from the bowl*] The inaugural question in the first game ever of "Hero Worship." Copyright Frasier Crane, boilerplate, boilerplate. [*reading from the paper*] "As your hero, please share your reaction to the human genome project, not only as a scientific venture, but as a regulatory challenge to governments--foreign and domestic."

Martin: No.

Niles: Are you insane?

[*Roz and Daphne also express irritation.*]

Frasier: [*putting the paper down*] Oh, all right, all right. Maybe we'll just save that for the lightning round. [*He takes another paper from the bowl.*] Well...as your hero [*reading*] "describe the most significant relationship in your life."

[*They find this more agreeable.*]

Frasier: I'll tell you what. I'll go first. [*assuming Austrian accent and posing as Freud.*] So it is common for a parent to deeply impact the life of her child. Consider the exponential power that parent wields when she loves one of the children above the rest, singling him out as "My golden Sigi," and referring to him...

[*Niles and Martin simultaneously interrupt him with "Boring!" and begin to laugh hysterically. Frasier is unamused.*]

Roz: Really, Frasier, mother-Freud. We get it.

Frasier: All right, very well. Now, in the first of many wrinkles, the game will proceed *counterclockwise*. Joe.

Martin: Oh, all right. Well, even though I had a big family, I'd have to say that my most important relationship was probably with Marilyn Monroe...although I might have been married before that, I'm not sure.

Daphne: [*in a bad Elton John imitation*] I wrote a song about Marilyn Monroe: "Candle in the Wind."

[*They all stare bemused at "Elton John."*]

Frasier: Yes, that's very good. I can't believe I'm saying this, but Wonder Woman, you're next.

Roz: OK, my...greatest relationship was with my alter ego, who was a nurse in the army and her name was Diana Prince.

Daphne: [*same bad Elton John accent*] Hey! I wrote a song about Princess Diana...and it was the same song I wrote about Marilyn Monroe!

Roz: That's weird!

Martin: Really weird!

Niles: You would never think that two such disparate characters across half a century of time could be connected like that.

Frasier: [*very annoyed*] That's because they're not connected! The song was written about Princess Diana, not Diana Prince!

Daphne: Still, it's a pretty odd coincidence...

Frasier: [*cutting her off*] It's not a coincidence at all! It's just two names that barely sound alike when one of them is pronounced in reverse order! Now, if we could just return to my game...

Roz: It says right here that one of the objectives is "lively conversation."

Martin: Which is what we're having.

Frasier: I think I know what my game's objectives are, and they do not

include this nascent migraine! All right, Martin Crane. Why don't you tell us about your most significant relationship.

Niles: All rightly. In 1952, I met a woman named Hester Palmer. And even though she's been gone fourteen years, she was not only the greatest relationship in my life but also the greatest blessing. I miss her every day.

Martin: [*touched*] You're a good boy, Niles.

[*Daphne and Roz share in the warm, sweet admiration of Niles's speech. Frasier does not.*]

Frasier: Niles, could I see you in the kitchen? [*He walks to the kitchen alone.*]

Niles: Did Niles finally get here? Where is that boy genius?

Frasier: It's okay! Dad, can I see you in the kitchen please?

Niles: Why is he looking at me? I'm not Freud's "Dad."

Frasier: [*highly irritated*] Martin Crane!!

[*Niles finally rises and heads to the kitchen, limping Martin-like on his cane.*]

Frasier: It doesn't take Freud to see what's going on here.

Niles: What are you talking about?

Frasier: Oh, your little ploy is working out brilliantly, isn't it? Not only have you stolen my thunder as host, you have also won the approval you so desperately crave from Dad.

[*Niles has taken another beer from the refrigerator.*]

Niles: This is not about craving approval. This is about honoring someone I respect and admire. The fact that you're threatened by it speaks volumes about your insecurity. [*He begins to drink the beer. Frasier grabs him.*]

Frasier: Don't you turn this on me! I am perfectly comfortable in my relationship with Dad.

Niles: Then you should be glad that he's having fun. It rarely happens at your parties...or mine. So why don't we both take pride in that and just be happy for him? Or, as Dad would say: "Shut your big bazoo and stop thinkin' so much!" [*He does the "Martin" laugh and leans backwards, then exits the kitchen.*]

Daphne: Let's play "Scattergories!"

Roz: Oh, do you have one of those murder mystery games?

Frasier: [*emerging from the kitchen*] So that's it, then? The party's over?

Martin: What are you talking about? We're just getting started.

Frasier: You're not playing my game. This is chaos. We're just five people in costumes drinking.

Martin: Amen! [*handing Roz a camera*] Here, Roz, would you take a picture of Marty Crane with his hero, Joe DiMaggio?

[*Martin and Niles pose near Martin's chair. Roz snaps the picture.*]

Martin: That'll make a great Christmas card.

Frasier: [*moving to the coat rack*] Yeah, good idea, Dad. You've already ruined Halloween, why not ruin Christmas too? [*He heads for the front door.*]

Niles: Oh, Frasier, come on, relax. We're just having fun. Hey, have a beer. It really takes the edge off.

Roz: Yeah, don't be a spoilsport!

Frasier: Spoilsport? I haven't spoiled anything. I'm not the bad guy here.

[*A group of costumed children is at the door as Frasier exits. They*

scream in horror and run away. Frasier leaves and the rest of them stand in the living room wondering what to make of his behavior.

Fade out.]

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

[Scene 3 - Elliot Bay Towers Lobby

Four costumed kids are outside the elevator. Two are struggling over a bag of candy. The larger of the two wins. All of the kids except the one whose candy was stolen run off. Frasier emerges from the elevator. The kid, Justin, is wearing a cowboy costume and looks about ten years old.]

Justin: Hey, that's mine!

Frasier: Did that boy just steal your candy?

Justin: Yeah.

Frasier: Tell me his name. I'll go speak to his parents for you.

Justin: His parents are my parents. He's my brother. [sits on a bench]

Frasier: Ah, it isn't easy having a brother, is it?

Justin: No.

Frasier: They can be selfish and thoughtless.

Justin: And butt-faces.

Frasier: Butt-faces, yes. And butt-faces, too. [Joins Justin on the bench] But you know what might put things right?

Justin: What?

Frasier: The smallest pinch of fiberglass in his bed. It'll get under his skin. It'll itch for days with no clue how it got there. Have you seen those spare rolls of insulation they keep in the basement?

Justin: That sounds pretty mean.

Frasier: He stole your candy, didn't he? And embarrassed you in front of your friends.

Justin: I guess. But still he's not so bad.

Frasier: Seemed pretty bad a moment ago.

Justin: Well, he was just showing off. But most days he's all right.

Frasier: Still, the man stole your candy. And ruined your much-anticipated evening. [Frasier is now clearly talking about himself.] Shouldn't there be repercussions?

Justin: Are you okay?

Frasier: Yes. I suppose I'm just having a bit of a temper tantrum, that's all.

Justin: Yeah, I get those too. [Frasier chuckles.] Well, I'm going home. See you later. [He heads to the elevator.]

Frasier: Yup, see you later. Say, you know, maybe I'll go home too. [He rises to join Justin at the elevator.] If your brother doesn't give back your candy, you can always come trick-or-treating at my apartment. I got bags of the stuff. You can have all you want.

Justin: Really? Awesome! [They enter the elevator.]

Frasier: Apartment 1901.

Justin: [suddenly fearful] 1901? [The elevator door closes on his troubled face. Cut to interior of elevator.] You're the guy who eats brains.

Frasier: Now, come on. If I really ate brains, children would be disappearing from the building all the time. You haven't noticed anything like that, have you?

Justin: No.

Frasier: That's because I don't eat brains. [musing] Not human brains, anyway. [Justin is startled.] A nice fresh order of calf's brains in a beurre noir sauce, now that would be...[seeing

Justin's uneasiness] I don't eat brains.

[*Fade out.*]

[*Scene 4 - Frasier's apartment.*

Martin emerges from the kitchen to witness an amorous display between Niles and Daphne. Roz is also there.]

Martin: All right, stop it.

Niles: What?

Martin: I don't want to watch myself make out with Elton John.

[*Frasier enters.*]

Frasier: Hello, all.

All: Hello.

Frasier: I would like to apologize for my petulant departure. I just want us all to enjoy ourselves this evening. And Niles, I never should have questioned your motives for this wonderful tribute.

Niles: Thank you son. [*He belches. He is drinking yet another beer and is clearly beginning to show the effects. We see that there are about six empty cans on the TV tray.*]

Daphne: It was our fault too, Dr. Crane. We really didn't give your game a chance.

Martin: Yeah, let's give it another shot! [*placing baseball cap on his head*] Joltin' Joe wouldn't quit, and neither will I.

Frasier: All right, Roz, since you misunderstood tonight's theme, tell you what, why don't you answer this question as your true hero, whomever that may be.

Roz: Actually, I didn't misunderstand anything. You made so much fun of my costume, I got so embarrassed, so I lied. Wonder Woman really is my hero. I mean, she's smart and beautiful, moral, and totally independent.

Niles: [*increasingly inebriated*] And talk about hooters!

Martin: [*slightly irritated*] Hey, I keep that to myself.

Frasier: Roz, I never should have criticized you. I am terribly sorry. [*to Daphne, who is handing him a wine glass*] Thank you.

Niles: Oh, Daphne, you didn't bring me a brewster.

Martin: I think you've had enough.

Niles: Oh, you can never have enough beer, Jodi.

Martin: That's Joe D.

Frasier: Niles, I believe that you're next.

Niles: Huh?

Frasier: Tell us about your hero's greatest disappointment.

[*Niles is now very drunk. Everybody becomes increasingly uneasy during his next speeches. He is now standing and leaning on the cane.*]

Niles: Oh, um, that I never got to take my kids to see Joe DiMaggio play.

Martin: Oh, that's not your fault, Marty, I retired when they were infants.

Niles: Guess it's not that important. My kids wouldn't know a baseball if it hit them in the face. In fact, that pretty much describes their one day in Little League. [*imitating Martin's characteristic chuckle*] No offense, Joe, my kids did not care about baseball. Hell, they didn't care about anything that was important to me.

Martin: Hey, now that's not fair.

Niles: No, no, no, no, no, I'm just saying that you and me, we're regular guys. You know, we know how to hang out with regular guys and shoot the breeze and, and, and knock a few back. But,

uh, not my kids. No, they're too good for that stuff. [*Frasier and Daphne have concerned looks on their faces.*] They got all their fancy degrees, but they never learned how to be regular guys. [*Martin looks very hurt and angry.*] So I guess if I had to pick my two biggest disappointments...

Martin: [*angrily*] You stop right there! [*rises, confronting Niles*] You will not put these words in my mouth. I was always proud of you boys, and I will not be portrayed as some drunken, judgmental jackass!

[*Martin leaves the room. Niles seems shocked at his own behavior and the reaction it has elicited.*]

Frasier: [*grasping*] That's why I didn't dress as you, Dad!

Martin: [*sincerely, while exiting*] You're a good son, Frasier.

Roz: I'll go round up Alice. [*sarcastically*] Another great party! [*She exits.*]

Niles: I am so sorry. I, uh, I don't know what got into me!

Daphne: [*indicating the empty beer cans*] I'd say about six of these. [*She cleans them up and goes into the kitchen.*]

Niles: Everything was so perfect, and I just...blew it. I, I... feel terrible.

Frasier: Niles, why don't you just go talk to him?

Niles: [*sadly*] I'm sure I am the last person he wants to see right now.

Frasier: Oh, I wouldn't be so sure about that. He's not your hero for nothing.

Niles: [*agreeing*] Right. Thank you, Frasier.

Frasier: But maybe you should talk to him as Niles.

Niles: Ah, good idea.

[*Daphne re-enters. Niles attempts to take off his wig, but it appears to be stuck.*]

Niles: Hey, uh, help me get this wig off. [*He moves toward Frasier.*]

Frasier: Right. [*He begins to pull off Niles's wig.*]

Niles: Ow!

Frasier: I'm sorry.

Niles: Ow! [*slaps Frasier*]

Frasier: Ow!

Niles: [*louder*] OW! [*He fidgets and slaps Frasier again.*]

Frasier: Ow! Stop it!

Niles: Ow! Ow!

Frasier: All right! You put too much spirit gum on it. You know, I'm going to need something to pry it off.

[*Doorbell rings.*]

Daphne: I'll get it. [*handing Frasier a ladel*] Here, try this.

Frasier: Oh, thanks, Daphne. All right now, come on, now, now hold still.

Niles: Easy, Easy.

Frasier: All right.

[*Frasier begins to use the ladel to pry off the wig. Daphne opens the door to reveal a group of kids, led by Justin, who has a bright and enthusiastic smile on his face.*]

Kids: Trick or Treat!!

Daphne: Oh, how lovely! One moment.

[*Daphne moves away, and the kids witness the following while Frasier is prying at Niles's head with the ladel.*]

Niles: Wait, you're hurting me!

Frasier: That's because you keep fighting me!

[Niles screams in pain and collapses to the ground as the wig is finally removed. The kids, having thus seen "Old Man Crane" performing a painful "operation" on somebody's head, scream in terror and run away.]

Frasier: *[still holding the wig]* No, children, come back! I've got candy!!

[Frasier runs out the door after the children, leaving us the view of Niles holding his head in pain. Fade out.]

END OF ACT 2

Credits:

Daphne and Frasier are cleaning up after the party. Daphne is using the vacuum while Frasier is taking dishes to the kitchen. Frasier has removed his beard, and Daphne her hat and glasses. Eddie is on the couch. Niles's stuffed "Eddie" is on the floor near Martin's chair, and the real Eddie is viewing it with deep mistrust. After Daphne and Frasier leave, Eddie mercilessly attacks the imposter, jumping on the floor and grabbing it in his mouth and then leaping upon Martin's chair.

Guest Appearances

Guest Starring

SOREN FULTON as Justin

STEVEN ANTHONY LAWRENCE as Kid in Hall

HOPE & TESS CRUICKSHANK as Alice May Doyle

Legal Stuff

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