

# [1.18] And The Whimper Is...

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Written by Sy Dukane &  
Denise Moss

Directed by James Burrows

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## I Summon Thee...

Bebe Glaser has appeared in:

[\[1.09\] Selling Out](#)

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## Transcript {john masson}

*Act One*

*Scene A: KACL Radio Station.*

*Frasier is doing his show.*

**Frasier:** [on-air] Just remember Angela, cosmetic surgery is only a superficial solution. You can lift your eyelids, but it can't lift that little cloud of pessimism that hovers over you. Thank you for your call. So okay Roz, who's our next caller?

*He looks over to find that Roz's booth is empty.*

**Frasier:** Roz? Perhaps this would be a good time to go to commercial break. We'll be right back after these messages.

*He goes off the air and walks into Roz's booth, looks into the corridor, spots Roz coming back and hides behind the door.*

*Roz comes running in, sits down and realizes Frasier's not where he's supposed to be.*

**Roz:** Frasier? [he tilts her seat back so she can see him] Whoa! Hi.

**Frasier:** A little disturbing, looking in the booth and seeing no one there, isn't it?

**Roz:** I'm sorry, but I was up in the newsroom, trying to find out if they've announced the nominations for the SeaBeas yet.

**Frasier:** Oh, I forgot. Are those coming out today?

**Roz:** You forgot? They're only the biggest award in Seattle radio!

**Frasier:** Well, I suppose it's the difference in our ages, but I don't find myself getting excited about... well, much of anything anymore.

Noel Shempsky enters.

**Noel:** Congratulations, guys.

**Frasier:** YES!!! Yes, we got a nomination!

**Roz:** Who did you hear it from?

**Noel:** Oh, I haven't heard anything, I was just congratulating you on doing a great show. If anyone deserves a nomination, you guys do.

*Long Pause.*

**Frasier:** [growling] Get out, Noel.

**Noel:** Okay, catch you later. [exits]

**Frasier:** Well I... I guess I'm a little more excited than I let on. Well, it'll be a big feather in my cap to win this, first year in radio and all that? [goes into recording booth]

**Roz:** Are you kidding? I've been in this business for ten years, I've never produced a show that got nominated for anything. [phone rings, she answers] Hello? Oh hi, Millie. You're kidding. You're kidding! [Frasier comes racing back] Oh, you're kidding, that's great! Thanks, bye. [puts phone down]

**Frasier:** We got the nomination!

**Roz:** No, Millie in Promotions is getting married!

**Frasier:** DAMN IT, ROZ!

*FADE OUT*

*Scene B: Cafe Nervosa.*

*Frasier and Niles are having coffee.*

**Niles:** And then she said she'd been seeing someone else. She couldn't keep living a lie. I was dumbfounded. I mean, what about everything we'd gone through together, didn't that mean anything to her?

**Frasier:** Niles, a patient has a right to change therapists.

*Bebe Glaser, Frasier's unscrupulous agent, walks in.*

**Bebe:** Frasier! Thank God.

**Frasier:** Bebe, what are you doing here?

**Bebe:** What kind of agent would I be if I weren't the first to tell you that you've been nominated for a 1994 SeaBea!

**Frasier:** [jumps up] I WAS NOMINATED! I WAS NOMINATED!

*He notices everyone in the room is looking at him, so he sits down.*

**Frasier:** Well, I was.

**Bebe:** Yes. You, Frasier Crane M.D., PhD, S-T-U-D, are the man of the hour. [notices Niles] Bebe Glaser, Frasier's agent.

**Niles:** Dr. Niles Crane, Frasier's brother.

**Bebe:** You're not a psychiatrist too?

**Niles:** Yes.

**Bebe:** Oh, please! If I'm ever to have a breakdown, let me have it now! [to Niles] Double-double decaf, to go.

**Frasier:** So, this, ah, this is quite a surprise, you know. Actually I'd, ah, forgotten that the nominations were coming out today.

**Bebe:** Oh, isn't he precious? You must be very proud of Frasier.

**Niles:** Well actually... no. This nomination is just one more signpost on the low road of celebrity which my brother has chosen for himself.

**Frasier:** Well, that's not sibling rivalry rearing its vicious little green snout?

**Niles:** Absolutely not. I'm still in the minority who still believes

that psychiatry is a noble profession that is tarnished by such things as popularity contests, not to mention a bouncy little radio program.

**Bebe:** I bet you two had wicked little hair-pulling fights when you were tots.

*Both Niles and Frasier touch their hair.*

**Niles:** Yes, well. This has been delightful, but I really must run. I'm due at my sexual addiction group, and I don't like to leave them alone for too long. [*he leaves as Roz enters*]

**Roz:** Frasier?

**Frasier:** Roz!

**Roz:** Frasier, Frasier, Frasier!

**Frasier:** Roz, Roz, Roz! [*they hug and do a little dance*]

**Roz:** We did it!

**Frasier:** I know! Come and sit down. You know, I've never really won anything before. Although back in prep school, the Existentialist Club once named me "Most Likely To Be."

**Roz:** You want to hear the greatest part? I've already got a date for the ceremony - Brad MacNamara.

**Frasier:** The Channel Eight reporter? "Television's Most Handsome Man."

**Roz:** Yes. You know, for months he wouldn't give me the time of day, but one nomination and he knew who I was.

**Bebe:** Who are you?

**Roz:** I'm Roz Doyle. Frasier's producer.

**Bebe:** Oh, yes that's right, I've seen you bring him coffee. By the way, would you mind getting mine?

**Frasier:** I'd better get myself on the ball here, I've got a lot to do.

**Bebe:** Oh, not really, darling. I've already got your tux, rented you a limo and your tickets will be waiting for you at the door.

**Frasier:** Well... seems the only thing you haven't taken care of is finding me a date.

**Bebe:** Your subtlety floors me, I'd love to. I am thrilled, thrilled, thrilled for you both. I've got to run. Two of my other clients weren't nominated and I have to tell them what a worthless award this is.

*FADE TO:*

**ROZ AND FRASIER  
HATCH A MERRY PLAN**

*Scene C: Frasier's Apartment.*

*He is opening a bottle of champagne. Martin and Daphne are watching.*

**Frasier:** Daphne, you may not be aware of this, but there is a special secret to opening a bottle of champagne, especially a fine French champagne as unprepossessing as this one - two hundred dollars a bottle. In order to prevent spillage, one does not simply twist out the cork. Instead, one holds the cork stationary, you see, and then gives the bottle three easy turns. One...

*The cork flies out with a loud POP, champagne gushes everywhere.*

**Frasier:** OH, GOD! Oh no, get some glasses!

*Eddie starts licking the spillage from the table. Frasier shoos him away.*

**Frasier:** Eddie, get away from there, you mangy little cur! Oh, Lord. Oh well, that wasn't too bad, I believe we've salvaged most of it.

**Martin:** I'd say this calls for a toast. To my number one son. Congratulations on your first nomination for... well, anything. Frasier, I'm proud of you.

**Frasier:** Thanks, dad. Means a lot to me.

*Martin exits to the kitchen as Daphne sips her champagne.*

**Daphne:** Mmm. Oh, this champagne is delicious.

**Frasier:** Mmm. It's quite exquisite, isn't it? Dad, what do you think?

*Martin returns from the kitchen with a beer, which he pours into his champagne glass.*

**Martin:** I was in the mood for something domestic.

**Daphne:** You know, I must say, Dr. Crane, it's awfully nice that, although I'm an employee here, you include me in all the family celebrations.

**Frasier:** Well Daphne, there's never been any doubt that I, I think of you as my equal in every way.

*The doorbell rings. Frasier sits down while Daphne sips her champagne. When it rings again, Frasier glares at her until she moves.*

**Daphne:** [sarcastically] Oh, I'll get it.

**Frasier:** Oh, would you?

**Daphne:** Would you like me to announce your visitor?

**Frasier:** Oh, just answer the door!

**Daphne:** [answering door] Oh, hello Roz.

**Roz:** [entering] Daphne.

**Martin:** Roz!

**Roz:** Hey.

**Daphne:** Congratulations.

**Roz:** Oh, thanks. You know, I couldn't believe it myself. Brad MacNamara!

**Frasier:** Roz, I believe she was referring to your SeaBea nomination?

**Daphne:** No, I meant Brad MacNamara. Oh, do you think he wears any pants under that desk?

**Roz:** Not on my TV.

*They laugh like schoolgirls, complete with catcalls and air-pumping.*

**Frasier:** Girls, can we just cut out the pajama party, please?

**Roz:** [to Martin] Hello, Mr. C.

**Martin:** [taps his cheek] Hey Roz, how's my girlfriend?

**Roz:** Well, [gives him a kiss] she's nominated.

**Daphne:** How about a glass of champagne? Apparently it's French and unprepossessing.

**Frasier:** Oh Daphne, save your breath. It could come out of a box and Roz would have a glass of it.

**Daphne:** You know, I must say, I am so proud of you, Roz, being recognized in a male-dominated industry. It's one more step forward for working women. You're a credit to our gender.

**Roz:** Well, thank you Daphne. Oh, that reminds me, do you have a push-up bra I could borrow?

**Daphne:** I'll go and look. [exits]

**Roz:** Thanks. [to Frasier] I'm sorry to barge in like this, but I had to show you this, Frasier. [retrieves a piece of newspaper from her bag] I've got a friend over at "Broadcast Magazine" who sent me a copy. It's a full-page ad.

**Frasier:** [reading] "Wendy Ashiro wishes to thank the members of the voting committee for her nomination, and hopes they consider her for the award." This is nothing but shameless self-promotion. It's in very bad taste.

**Roz:** I know. What are we gonna put in our ad?

**Martin:** Wendy Ashiro's up against you for this award? Oh, I like her, she's a cutie.

**Frasier:** You're not suggesting we put our own ad in this thing?

**Roz:** Frasier, we're falling behind. Mike Sanchez has already sent out tapes of his show.

**Martin:** Mike Sanchez? Oh, I like him.

**Roz:** And who knows what Fletcher Grey's doing?

**Martin:** Fletcher Grey?

**Frasier:** THANK YOU, DAD! [to Roz, about the ad] Well, all right, I - just as long as it's tasteful and understated.

**Roz:** Great. I'll call my friend, and have him work something up for us.

**Frasier:** No, wait a minute, wait a minute, we really want to stand out, why run another boring old ad? We should do something different, something unique.

**Roz:** Hey, I heard last year's winner threw a big cocktail party.

**Frasier:** Okay, okay, we could do that, but we should do something else, something to keep our names in their minds. You know what I mean? Uh, I know. Personalized gifts, uh, from oh, the new Tiffany's catalogue. [picks it up]

**Roz:** That's good. That's it.

**Frasier:** I saw the most incredible cigarette cases in here.

**Roz:** No, no. No cigarette cases, it sends out a bad message.

**Frasier:** Oh, yeah.

**Roz:** Ooh, how about a silver flask?

**Frasier:** No, we've already got your vote, Roz.

**Martin:** Hold on a minute. Look, I may not know anything about show-business, but when you start sending out gifts to people who can do something for you, that's called bribery.

**Frasier:** It's a simple "Thank you" for a nomination.

**Martin:** Well, I'm glad to hear that. [takes catalogue] Because if I had to give somebody a gift to get an award, it's not worth having. Might as well just go on down to the trophy store and buy one yourself. [throws catalogue on fire, then exits]

*Frasier and Roz sit down dejectedly. Silence for a moment, then-*

**Roz:** I really want that award.

**Frasier:** Me too!

**Roz:** Get that catalogue!

*They both make a dash for the fireplace.*

*End of Act One.*

*Act Two.*

### THE PLOT THICKENS

*Scene A: The Seattle Broadcast Awards.*

*A black tie affair. Martin and Frasier are standing by the door.*

**Martin:** Well, you coming in or not?

**Frasier:** Dad, this is a big moment for me. I want to drink it in.

**Martin:** Me, too. Where's the bar?

*They enter, followed by a hobbling Daphne.*

**Daphne:** Hey, not so fast. Me shoes are killing me. I hate these shoes, I should never have let that salesgirl talk me into getting them.

**Martin:** They look real good on you, though.

**Daphne:** [brightening up] You think so?

*A man calls Frasier over.*

**Peterson:** Dr. Crane? Bob Peterson, voting committee. [they shake hands]

**Frasier:** Hi, Bob.

**Peterson:** Look, I just wanted to wish you good luck tonight.

**Frasier:** Thank you, thank you.

**Peterson:** Oh, and uh, thanks for the bathrobe.

**Frasier:** Oh, it's nothing. People get out of the shower, they're cold.

*A woman comes over as Peterson leaves.*

**Woman:** Dr. Crane. Love the watch. [indicates her wristwatch]

**Frasier:** It's nothing, really. It's a pretty good likeness of me though, isn't it?

**Daphne:** Can we please sit down? I have got to sit down. [she sits at the nearest table]

**Frasier:** Daphne, we're at table eight. This isn't our table.

**Daphne:** [ripping up the card with the table number on it] It is now.

**Martin:** [indicating distinguished man] Hey, isn't that Fletcher Grey?

**Frasier:** Oh yes, I believe it is.

**Martin:** Oh boy, you really got your work cut out for you here. Let me tell you, that guy's a class act. I been listening to him for twenty years. You know, I don't usually do this, but I'm going over to shake his hand. [leaves table as Roz enters]

**Roz:** Hey, guys.

**Frasier:** Oh, Roz. There's my fellow nominee.

**Roz:** Frasier, those gifts were such a great idea. Everybody's talking about them.

**Frasier:** I know. Did you see the valet parking board? Half the key chains there are ours!

**Roz:** Look, Frasier, this is a very big night for me, so please, PLEASE don't spoil it by making fun of who I brought.

**Frasier:** I thought you were bringing Brad MacNamara?

**Roz:** Well I was, but he got called out on a story at the last minute. Some hospital went up in flames. Do you know anyone who has worse luck than I do?

*Roz's date enters. It's Noel.*

**Noel:** Hi, Dr. Crane. [gives Vulcan peace salute]

**Frasier:** Oh, hi Noel. [to Roz, quietly] Noel Shempsky's your date?

**Roz:** Mmm-hmm.

**Noel:** [arrives at table and puts his arm around Roz] A tip, Dr. Crane? If you're ever nominated again, there's a metered parking block three blocks away. They don't check after six! [to Roz] Oh, here are the car keys so you can drive us home. [to Frasier] I have night blindness. [goes to table]

**Roz:** I wish I did.

**Noel:** [sits next to Daphne] Hi. I'm Noel.

**Daphne:** Nice to meet you. Can you rub my feet?

**Frasier:** Daphne!

*Niles arrives.*

**Niles:** Good evening, everybody.

**Frasier:** Oh, hi Niles. Listen, thank you so much for coming. I know how you feel about this award, and about coming downtown after dark.

**Niles:** Don't be silly. You're my brother and I wouldn't miss a gala affair like this. Hello, Daphne.

**Daphne:** Can you rub my feet?

**Niles:** Yes.

**Frasier:** [*stopping him*] Niles. So, where's Maris?

**Niles:** Well, we were just getting ready to leave the house, when Maris got a glimpse of herself in the hall mirror...

**Frasier:** Niles, at the end of this story, will I roll my eyes?

**Niles:** I did.

**Frasier:** Well then, just skip it. Listen, get me a scotch, will you?

**Martin:** [*returning*] That Fletcher Grey, he's aces. Would you believe he remembered me from 1968?

**Frasier:** No!

**Martin:** Yeah, I was working on a murder case he was covering. He just looked at me and said, "Hey, you're the guy who found the head." He's been nominated for this award eleven times and he's never won it.

**Frasier:** Really? Jeez, I didn't know that.

**Daphne:** Well, I'm afraid he's just going to have to lose again, right Dr. Crane?

**Martin:** Well, if he does you can always cheer him up by sending him something nice from your little gift shop.

*Fletcher Grey comes over to the table.*

**Fletcher:** Dr. Crane?

**Frasier:** Fletcher Grey!

**Fletcher:** Been meaning to come over and wish you luck. Even though I don't think you need it.

**Frasier:** Well, that's very kind. I, I hardly think I have a chance against you tonight.

**Fletcher:** Well you know, I hope you're right? I'd really love to win it this time. Eleven losses in a row, it's starting to get a little embarrassing.

**Frasier:** Oh, don't be silly. You'd have to lose fifteen, sixteen times before you'd feel the least bit ashamed.

**Fletcher:** Would you believe I even considered campaigning for it this year? You know, sending out gifts, throwing one on those parties. Bet you'd have something to say on your radio program about someone who's THAT self-absorbed.

**Martin:** I bet he could do a whole hour on it.

*Fletcher's Mom comes over.*

**Mrs. Grey:** Fletcher dear, they're starting to serve the salads.

**Fletcher:** Oh, Mom. [*to Frasier*] I'm sixty years old, and I'm still her little boy.

Dr. Crane, I'd like you to meet my mother, Hannah.

**Frasier:** What a pleasure, Hannah. Nice to meet you.

**Fletcher:** Mom just flew in from Scottsdale. This is her eleventh year.

**Mrs. Grey:** I hope he wins it this time. It's getting harder and harder to get on that plane.

**Fletcher:** Mom, why don't you go back to the table before your legs swell up? I'll get you another Pink Lady. No, no mom, over there.

*They go back to their table as Bebe arrives.*

**Bebe:** Sorry I've been detained, dear.

**Frasier:** Oh hi, Bebe.

**Bebe:** Civilization will not advance one iota until they start putting more toilets in the ladies room.

*Niles returns with Frasier's scotch.*

**Frasier:** Oh, thank you Niles.

**Bebe:** [to Niles] Some champagne.

**Noel:** Ah, a diet root beer?

*Niles leaves to get the drinks.*

**Bebe:** I have to tell you that the buzz in line was that all those lovely gifts you've been sending have really paid off. It looks like you're in a neck-and-neck race with Fletcher Grey, that wrinkled old war... [notices Martin] ...rt. Hello, Mr. Crane. You're even more handsome than the last time I saw you. If I were twenty years older they couldn't keep me away from you.

**Martin:** That's why I keep this cane.

*The ceremony begins as Keith Bishop, the emcee, takes the podium.*

**Keith:** Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Would everybody please take their seats? I'm Keith Bishop, and I'd like to welcome you to the fifteenth annual SeaBea awards. Assisting me tonight in handing out the awards is Miss SeaBea 1994, Tawny Van Deusen.

*As the Emcee carries on with the ceremony, Frasier talks to Roz.*

**Frasier:** Listen Roz, I'm starting to feel uncomfortable about all the campaigning we did. Did you know Fletcher Grey has been nominated eleven times and never won? He didn't lift a finger to win this thing.

**Roz:** Frasier, don't worry about him. Besides, he can win it next year.

**Keith:** Before we start this evening's program, I'd like to take this moment to make a very sad announcement. I just found out moments ago that the dean of Seattle radio, my mentor Fletcher Grey, will be retiring this year.

**All:** Awww...

**Keith:** Take a bow, Fletcher.

*Fletcher does so, to the applause of the audience.*

**Keith:** Well, we're gonna start things off with a bang. The award for "Outstanding Achievement For Informational Programming in Radio..."

**Roz:** That's us, that's us!

**Keith:** Whoops. Can't see a thing without my glasses.

**Frasier:** You know, Fletcher Grey really deserves this award. If we win, can't we just not accept it?

**Roz:** [grabbing him by the shirt] Listen, Frasier! I have waited ten years to get this award and if I have to crawl over Fletcher Grey's mother to get it, I'll DO IT!

**Frasier:** Roz, I... I've never seen you like this before.

**Roz:** It isn't pretty, is it?

**Keith:** The nominations: "Community Forum," Wendy Ashiro, talent, Mike Freedman, producer.



*Light applause.*

**Keith:** "Consumer Update," Mike Sanchez, talent, T.J. "Chester" Nuevo, producer.

*More light applause.*

**Keith:** "The Frasier Crane Show," Dr. Frasier Crane, talent, Roz Doyle, producer.

*Still more light applause.*

**Keith:** "Fletcher Grey: From Where I Sit," Fletcher Grey, talent, Fletcher Grey, producer.

*There is a huge round of applause.]*

**Keith:** And the envelope, please?

**Frasier:** If we win this thing, they're gonna lynch us!

**Roz:** So what? At least everyone will see my dress.

**Keith:** Well... this is a first. It seems we have a tie.

**Frasier:** Good. We can share it with Fletcher.

**Roz:** I don't want to share it! I'm already sharing it with you!

**Keith:** And the winners are... Wendy Ashiro and Mike Sanchez!

**Frasier:** What??

**Roz:** What!!

**Mrs. Grey:** What?

*FADE TO:*

### **THE THRILLING DENOUEMENT**

*Scene B: Time Lapse.*

*The staff are cleaning up. Roz and Frasier are still drowning their sorrows.*

**Martin:** Well, the party's over. Are you coming home?

**Frasier:** No, dad.

**Martin:** Then I'll guess we'll just go on without you.

**Frasier:** Fine with me.

**Martin:** Listen, Frasier. I don't agree with the way you went about it, but I'm still sorry that you lost. It's never easy to lose.

**Frasier:** Thanks, dad.

**Martin:** Of course, if you were to have joined some organized sports when you were a kid, when the lessons of winning and losing could have been learned at an early age, you might have...

**Frasier:** DAD!

**Martin:** All right. Sorry, wrong time. We'll talk about it tomorrow, over breakfast. Okay, Daphne. Let's get you home, and soak your feet in some hot Epsom Salts.

**Daphne:** Oh, I have the life of a princess. [*they leave*]

**Noel:** Don't feel bad, Roz. it's an honor just to get a nomination.

**Roz:** Will you stop saying that?

**Noel:** Okay. I'm leaving.

**Roz:** Oh Noel, I'm sorry, I'm just despondent. [*he waits, expectantly*] ...No no, go ahead. [*waves him away*]

**Frasier:** ROZ!

**Roz:** Noel? Noel? I'm sorry. Thank you. I'll see you at work, on Monday?

*He shows her the thumbs-up sign and leaves. Fletcher comes over.*

**Fletcher:** How you guys doing?

**Roz:** Well, I've been better.

*Niles enters, hands Fletcher a drink, then leaves.*

**Fletcher:** You know, when you feel this sting of losing, you have to realize that it all boils down to the fact that it's not about awards. It's not about accolades. It's about a body of work. If you can look at yourself in a mirror and say you've done a good job, that's all that matters. If you can do that, let the awards fall where they may.

*He leaves.*

**Frasier:** Wow. All those nominations, nothing to show for it, he still walks out of here with his head held high and a smile on his face.

**Roz:** [*bursting into tears*] I'm never going to get nominated for a SeaBea again!

**Frasier:** Oh, come on Roz.

**Roz:** I mean it, I'm not!

**Frasier:** Oh, no.

**Roz:** The world is full of winners and losers, and I'm just a loser!

**Frasier:** Aw, I wouldn't be with you if you were a loser. Come on, we're a team. Look, before we're done, we're gonna win lots of these things. You and I are amigos, compadres, okay? Now listen, I am not gonna leave your side until I see a little smile on that face.

*Tawny, Miss SeaBea, wanders toward Frasier.*

**Tawny:** Dr. Crane? I really love your show, and I was just wondering, would you like to have a drink with me?

**Frasier:** [*to Roz*] Do I see the beginning of a little smile?

**Roz:** Oh, go ahead.

**Frasier:** Thanks, Roz.

*He gets up and leaves with Tawny*

**Frasier:** So, it's a very interesting name you have.

**Tawny:** You mean Miss SeaBea?

**Frasier:** Well actually, I, er... yeah.

*End of Act Two.*

#### **Credits:**

Roz and Fletcher's Mom are having a drink together. When Roz has another crying jag, Mom takes the opportunity to steal her drink.

## **Guest Appearances**

### **Special Guest Star**

HARRIET SANSOM HARRIS as Bebe Glaser

### **Guest Starring**

JOHN McMARTIN as Fletcher Grey

PATRICK KERR as Noel

WREN J. BROWN as Keith Bishop  
MAXINE ELLIOTT as Mrs. Grey  
TRISH RAMISH as Tawny Van Deusen  
MARK SAWYER as Bob Peterson  
AILEEN FITZPATRICK as Committee Member

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## Legal Stuff

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