

# [3.21]Where There's Smoke There's Fired

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Where There's Smoke There's Fired

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## I Summon Thee...

Bebe Glaser has appeared in:

- [\[1.09\]](#) Selling Out
  - [\[1.18\]](#) And The Whimper Is...
  - [\[2.22\]](#) Agents In America, Part III
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## References

- *Biedermeier*  
 Antique furniture brand
  - *"The Grapes of Wrath"*  
 John Steinbeck's novel about an American family during the Depression.
  - *Zane Grey*  
 American outdoorsman and Western novelist.
  - *Yosemite Sam*  
 Cowboy cartoon character.
  - *"young'un"*  
 Western slang for child.
  - *Camembert, Stilton, and Feta*  
 Three kinds of cheese.
  - *"farina"*  
 Finely ground meal, often used to feed horses.
  - *"Mazel Tov!"*  
 Hebrew expression meaning "good luck" and "congratulations" together.
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## Transcript {nick hartley}

ACT ONE

*Scene One - Frasier's Apartment.*

*Martin is reading the newspaper as Daphne is wandering about the living room when the doorbell sounds. She shouts "coming" then opens the door to find Niles on his mobile phone.*

**Daphne:** Oh, Dr. Crane.

**Niles:** [*into phone:*] My God, after all our years together - all the good times, all the bad times - you can't loan me a meager four thousand dollars? You must appreciate how hard it is for me to approach you about this. I thought I meant more to you than this, but apparently I don't. [*hangs up*] And they call themselves "the friendly bank!"

*Daphne goes back to the table to clip coupons.*

**Martin:** What do you need to borrow money for?

**Niles:** I saw the most exquisite Biedermeier footstool.

**Martin:** For four thousand bucks? Niles, your mother and I didn't pay that much for our first house.

**Niles:** I know, dad. I lived there.

**Martin:** Well, I keep telling you, you don't have Maris's money to throw around anymore. You're going to have to start cutting back a little.

**Niles:** I have cut back. Last month I told my masseur I could only see him once a week.

**Martin:** [*sarcastic:*] Oh, I remember that scene in "Grapes Of Wrath" when Ma Joad did that.

**Daphne:** You know, if you need to save a bit, you should do what I do and cut out coupons.

**Niles:** [*interested:*] Coupons. Well, what a wonderful way to economize. Well, I could clip them and give them to my personal shopper.

*Daphne and Martin share a look. Frasier enters from his room.*

**Frasier:** Oh, Niles, good morning.

**Niles:** Hey.

**Frasier:** Daphne, has Bebe Glazer called back yet?

**Daphne:** 'Fraid not.

**Niles:** You're still consorting with that barracuda?

**Frasier:** Well, a barracuda is what you want in an agent, Niles. It's just that the station's been sold, I was hoping she might have some scuttlebutt on the new owner.

*The doorbell sounds.*

**Frasier:** I must admit she's rather hard to get a hold of these days.

**Niles:** Oh, really? I thought one just drew a pentagram on the floor and chanted "I summon thee" three times.

*Frasier opens the door to Roz, who is carrying a file of news clippings.*

**Frasier:** Hello, Roz.

**Roz:** Hey.

*They all shout their greetings.*

**Frasier:** What have you got on the new owner?

**Roz:** Oh, plenty.

**Frasier:** Yeah?

**Roz:** His name is Wilford S. Boone, but he likes to be called

"Big Willy."

**Daphne:** Well, there's a little snapshot of his psyche right there.

**Roz:** He's an eighty-five year-old Texan. Practically no formal education but he went from errand boy at a radio station to owning his own media empire worth six hundred million.

**Niles:** [*distracted by coupon:*] This is great, I don't even know what "Renuzit" is, but it's twenty cents off and I want it.

**Roz:** You're clipping coupons?

**Niles:** [*proudly*] I'm economizing.

**Roz:** Oh well it's about time, you spend money like a drunken sailor.

**Niles:** She said authoritatively.

*Frasier is looking through the papers at the coffee table.*

**Frasier:** Excuse me, could we get back to the subject at hand, please?

**Martin:** What are you so antsy about?

**Frasier:** Dad, Wilford S. Boone-

**Roz:** Big Willy.

**Frasier:** Please, Roz, I just can't say that yet, alright? - Wilford S. Boone owns thirty radio stations across the country. If he likes you he's been known to syndicate your show nationwide. So, I'm trying to find out if we have anything in common - an angle, if you will. So what are his interests, Roz?

**Roz:** Well, it's all in there. He likes whittling, rodeos, the novels of Zane Grey...

**Martin:** [*sarcastic:*] Gee, Fras. It's like you two were separated at birth.

**Roz:** He also owns a 5,000 acre cattle ranch and the world's largest collection of antique six-shooters.

**Frasier:** Oh dear God, I'm sucking up to Yosemite Sam!

*FADE OUT*

*Scene Two - Radio Station.*

*Roz and Frasier are walking along the corridors towards the recording booth.*

**Roz:** I think if we really want to impress Big Willy we should think of some Western theme to do for the show today.

**Frasier:** Great idea, Roz. [*sarcastic:*] Why don't we just start the show off with a segment on how to get in touch with your inner young'un.

*Frasier and Roz bump into Bulldog who is listening to Gil's show through the door.*

**Gil:** [*in booth*] What a fascinating theory! Do go on.

**Frasier:** What's going on?

**Bulldog:** Oh, this is great. I told Gil the new station owner is a Greek tycoon.

**Frasier:** He fell for that?

**Bulldog:** Hook, line, and souvlaki!

*Meanwhile, Gil does his show:*

**Gil:** You can keep your overripe Camembert and malodorous Stilton, they can't compare with the salty insouciance of Greece's glorious Feta. It's not just for shepherds anymore! This is Gil Chesterton saying *Bon Appetite*, or as we say in Athens, *Kali Orexi!* [*presses button*]

*Bulldog falls into the booth laughing as Frasier explains.*

**Frasier:** Oh Gil, you've been had. The new station owner isn't Greek, he's from Texas.

**Bulldog:** [to Gil] You are so easy!

**Gil:** Well, I hope you're happy! I've just given four stars to a restaurant called "A Taste Of Greece." Which, trust me, is no misnomer.

**Bulldog:** Well that's what you deserve, trying to suck up to some senile old coot!

*The senile old coot - dressed in boots, string tie, and a cowboy hat - enters the booth and hears him without Bulldog noticing.*

**Bulldog:** Hell, he probably can't eat anything but strained peas and farina! [laughs]

**Frasier:** [stopping him:] Uh, Mr Boone?

**Boone:** [strong Texan accent:] Yeah, that's right.

**Frasier:** Pleasure to see you. I'm Dr. Frasier Crane. This is Roz Doyle, Gil Chesterton and... [points at Bulldog]

**Bulldog:** [covering up:] I'm Skippy the lunch boy. So, uh, that's two strained peas and a farina for the big guy. [exits]

**Gil:** Oh, uh, Skippy? Change my order! I've got a sudden hankering for baby-back ribs and corn bread. [exits after him]

**Boone:** Oh, I've been looking for you Dr. Crane. I have a little problem and they told me you're just the fella who could fix it. Oh, I hope I'm not imposing.

**Frasier:** Oh, no, don't be silly, Mr. Boone.

**Boone:** Well, actually I prefer "Big Willy."

**Frasier:** Don't be silly, Big Willy. [Roz and Frasier keep in their laughter]

**Boone:** You see, I'm engaged to be married.

**Frasier:** Oh, congratulations.

**Boone:** Well, sweet young thing. Just nuts about me. Problem is, she smokes.

**Frasier:** Oh lord, that is a very bad habit.

**Boone:** Oh, it's a vile habit! Would have destroyed my affection for her if, well she didn't possess certain... compensating gifts. [Frasier and Roz trade a look.] Anyway, as a favour to me, could you help her?

**Frasier:** Well, I'll certainly try. Just keep in mind, though, addiction is fraught with many complex issues. Length of habit, motivation...

**Boone:** Forgive me, sometimes I don't express myself too clearly. When I say, "could you help her," what I meant to say was [definite:] HELP HER!

**Frasier:** Consider it done.

**Boone:** Much obliged. She'll be in touch. [exits]

**Frasier:** That's me, Dr. Frasier Crane, bimbo wrangler.

*He sinks into his chair with a groan.*

**Roz:** Frasier, stop it! This is a golden opportunity! You make this little tootsie quit smoking and we're halfway to syndication.

**Bebe:** [enters booth:] Did someone just say the word "syndication," or do I just hear it every time I lay eyes on my favorite client?

**Frasier:** Oh, Bebe. [they kiss cheeks, he continues to moan]

**Bebe:** Is something wrong, dear?

**Frasier:** Well, yes.

**Roz:** We just met Big Willy...

**Frasier:** Oh, he thinks I'm some sort of a magician. He wants me to play therapist to his little fiancéé. No doubt some gold-

digging piranha so devoid of scruples that she's willing to rob the coffin and just...

*Frasier notices that Bebe and Big Willy are now exchanging kisses through the glass partition.*

**Frasier:** Oh, dear God!

**Bebe:** Isn't it wonderful? We met last month and it was love at first sight.

**Roz:** First sight of what - his bankbook and a cardiogram? Two minutes. [*exits to booth*]

**Bebe:** I'm hurt that she can even joke about such a thing. I love that dear sweet old man with every fibre of my being. [*lights a cigarette*]

**Frasier:** [*sarcastic:*] I'm sure you do. I'm afraid there won't even be a wedding if you can't get rid of that rotten habit, and he's just ordered me to see that you do!

**Bebe:** God, you'd think a touch of emphysema were the end of the world!

**Boone:** [*enters*] What's that in your hand, woman?

**Bebe:** Sorry, pudd'n. Bebe slipped.

**Frasier:** Just that all-important last puff. [*stubs it out for her*]

**Boone:** Well, see that it is! Well, Dr. Crane, I'm heading out of town for three days. When I get back on Sunday, I expect my little gal here to be smoke-free by then.

**Frasier:** [*worried*] In... three days?

**Boone:** Now, you do whatever it takes to help her, doc! Drugs, straightjackets, electroshock... [*exits*]

**Bebe:** You see how he dotes on me.

*Frasier gives her a "yeah, right" smile.*

FADE TO:

*Scene Three - Frasier's Apartment.*

*Bebe is laying on the couch as Frasier wanders around the room creating a stereotypical psychiatrist scene.*

**Frasier:** Excellent progress, Bebe! You've really dived into the emotional void that is the route of your addiction. Your fear of abandonment, your fear that those you trust will suddenly turn their backs when you expect them to... [*doorbell sounds*] Excuse me.

**Bebe:** My God, it all seems so clear now. You're a miracle worker.

**Frasier:** If I had a dime for everytime... well... [*opens door*] Niles!

**Niles:** Hello Frasier, I noticed you were out of capers the other night, so I got you this.

*Niles takes a massive jar of capers out of his bag. Frasier holds it.*

**Frasier:** Thank you Niles, but why so many?

**Niles:** I just discovered a place called "Price Buster's Warehouse." You have to buy in bulk, but the savings are extraordinary and they have a huge selection. I found french fries and french doors in the same aisle.

**Frasier:** Well, the next time you go back be sure to buy me a thousand swordfish so I can use these up!

**Niles:** You laugh, but I could do it like that. [*snaps fingers*] So, how goes the great smoke-out?

**Bebe:** Until today, I had no idea what a brilliant therapist your brother is. He has tunneled his way into the very depths of my psyche.

**Niles:** Well, let's hope he sent a canary down first.

**Bebe:** Well, I'll be running along. [to Frasier] I'll see you at ten tomorrow. In the mean time, it's exercise, lots of fresh spring water and nicotine gum for cravings.

**Frasier:** That's my girl.

**Niles:** Oh, Bebe, you know I'm writing a paper on addiction and I'd love to ask you some questions - unless there's some reason you're eager to be off?

**Bebe:** [covering up:] Me? No. No, not at all.

**Niles:** Well, I just need to discuss a personal matter with Frasier first.

**Bebe:** Of course, I'll give you some privacy. It's time for my water anyway. [exits to kitchen]

**Frasier:** Yes, Niles?

**Niles:** Let her out that door, she'll smoke half a pack before the elevator hits the lobby.

**Frasier:** How can you know that? You hardly spoke to her.

**Niles:** Well, obviously you didn't see the crazed, cunning glint in her eyes.

**Frasier:** She always looks like that, she's an agent.

*In the kitchen, Bebe takes a cigarette from her purse.*

**Niles:** I know about addiction. It's the exact same look Maris used to get during the cough syrup years. The only way to deal with it is to lock her up, take her money, and watch her like a hawk until it's out of her system.

**Frasier:** That means she would have to stay here for the weekend.

*Daphne and Martin have entered and they have heard Frasier's last sentence.*

**Daphne:** Who's staying all weekend?

**Niles:** Bebe Glazer.

**Martin:** [worried:] Here?

**Daphne:** [worried:] What does she have to stay here for?

**Frasier:** She's trying to quit smoking.

**Martin:** [sarcastic:] Oh great, that means she'll be extra lovable.

**Frasier:** Not to worry dad, there is no reason she has to stay for the weekend. Bebe and I made a real breakthrough today. If you don't believe me, just come on into the kitchen and you'll see that I'm right.

*Meanwhile Bebe is smoking in the kitchen. When she hears the previous she licks her fingers, stubs out her cigarette and puts it in her handbag.*

**Bebe:** [exiting the kitchen] I'm sorry I can't stay and help you with your paper, Niles, wedding preparations and all. But I'll remember those helpful hints. It's exercise, gum, and lots of water.

*Bebe turns round and we see that blue smoke is wafting out of her handbag.*

**Niles:** Water should come in handy for putting out those pesky purse fires.

*Bebe begins to whack her bag.*

**Frasier:** All right Niles, secure the door! Bebe, you are not going anywhere, you're staying for the weekend. Now give me that purse.

*She looks to the door, but Niles has already bolted it.*

**Bebe:** All right. Let me remove one very precious momento.

**Frasier:** Very well.

*She presses the bag to her face and desperately sucks up smoke.*

**Frasier:** Oh, stop it! [*yanks it away from her*]

END OF ACT ONE (Time: 10:10)

ACT TWO

*Scene One - Frasier's Apartment.*

*Niles, Frasier, Martin and Daphne are crowded around the dinner table as Bebe eats like a scavenger.*

**Bebe:** More!

**Daphne:** What again?

**Martin:** That's her third serving.

**Frasier:** Now, now Dad, it's flattering to Daphne that Bebe finds her food so tasty.

**Bebe:** I'm orally fixated. I could eat a half-stunned wharf rat if you put some gravy on it!

**Daphne:** I'll bear that in mind come breakfast time.

**Frasier:** No, please, please. Let's all try to remain supportive of Bebe. I think she's really doing rather well.

**Niles:** So, I hear your fiancée is well to do?

**Bebe:** Very. [*to Martin:*] You gonna eat that fat? [*takes it from him*]

**Niles:** Well, marrying money can have it's perils. Ten or fifteen years down the line, after you've adapted to a lifestyle now totally beyond your means, you can find yourself cast aside a hollow husk, penniless and crushed.

**Frasier:** Niles, Big Willy's eighty-five, he's on his third pacemaker.

**Niles:** Ah. [*raises his glass to Bebe*] Mazel tov!

**Martin:** Just out of curiosity, has this guy ever seen you eat?

**Bebe:** After dinner is the time I need a cigarette most. As long as I don't stop eating, I'll be fine.

**Frasier:** Well, this is very good, Bebe. You're already identifying those moments that trigger your worst cravings.

**Bebe:** [*dismissive:*] Yeah, yeah!

**Frasier:** No, really. Perhaps it would help to know that you're not alone. Dad is an ex-smoker. Dad, can you tell us about those moments you crave a cigarette most?

**Martin:** Ah, when I had insomnia. I'd get up, pour a water glass full of Bourbon, light a cigarette - next thing you know, I couldn't keep my eyes open. Nothing relaxes you like a cigarette. [*Bebe gazes at him longingly*] Of course, gives you a hell of a headache in the morning.

**Daphne:** Well, I smoked for years but I never became addicted. To this day, I can buy a pack, have a cig or two, toss them in a drawer and not crave another for months.

**Bebe:** You know there's a word for people who can do that. What is it? Oh, yes - bitch!

*Daphne goes to the kitchen.*

**Niles:** There's no need to be insulting just because you're wrestling with an unhealthy and disgusting habit.

**Bebe:** It isn't disgusting, it's wonderful!

**Frasier:** Oh now, Bebe, tell me. What is so wonderful about smoking?

**Bebe:** Everything. [*with actions:*] I like the way a fresh firm pack

feels in my hand. I like peeling away that little piece of cellophane and seeing it twinkle in the light. I like coaxing that first sweet cylinder out of its hiding place and bringing it slowly up to my lips. [*Daphne comes back with a bowl; getting more erotic:*] Striking a match, watching it burst into a perfect little flame and knowing that soon that flame will be inside me. [*laughs giddily*] I love the first puff, pulling it into my lungs. Little fingers of smoking filling me, caressing me, feeling that warmth penetrate deeper and deeper, until I think I'm going to burst! Then - whoosh! - watching it flow out of me in a lovely, sinuous cloud, no two ever quite the same.

*She's cast her spell. Everyone now has a hungry, longing look in their eyes.*

**Daphne:** More potatoes, anyone?

*No sooner has she put them on the table than everybody leaps at them quickly putting as much as they can on their plates.*

FADE TO:

*Scene Two - Frasier's Apartment.*

*It is half past five in the morning when Bebe is fast asleep on the couch. Daphne, in her dressing gown, slowly creeps into the room. She has a pack of cigarettes in her hand. She checks that Bebe is fast asleep, then slowly opens the balcony door so as not to awake her. She stays fast asleep as Daphne puts the cigarette to her lips.*

*Daphne strikes a match. Bebe wakes up in an instant. The sound is precious to her so she goes over to the balcony door.*

**Bebe:** You're up early, Miss Moon.

**Daphne:** [*spins around*] Oh! God, you startled me! [*chuckles nervously*] Ever since your little speech about smoking, I haven't been able to think about anything else. Please, don't mention this to Dr. Crane.

**Bebe:** Silence has its price, dear. And I think we both know what that is.

**Daphne:** Forget it! You can't make me give you one of these.

**Bebe:** Oh... can't I?!

*Bebe slams the balcony door shut, locking Daphne out.*

**Daphne:** You open up right now!

**Bebe:** All right, missy, here's the drill! You drop those cigarettes, I'll open the door, you kick 'em over to me, *capisce*?

**Daphne:** No!

*Daphne runs to the other door but it is already locked.*

**Bebe:** [*getting to her:*] Oh, is it cold outside?

**Daphne:** All right, you asked for it!

*Daphne takes the packet and holds it over the balcony.*

**Bebe:** No! No! Please, I beg you.

**Daphne:** Oh, oh no. My fingers are getting weak. Oh, oh, I'm losing my grip.

**Bebe:** Stop, please! I'll give you anything you want. I'll... [*quickly:*] I'll make you a star!



*The lights come on. Frasier enters in his dressing gown.]*

**Frasier:** What the hell's going on out here?

**Bebe:** [*childishly*] Daphne was smoking!

**Daphne:** She made me!

**Frasier:** [*opens the door*] Daphne, give me those.

**Daphne:** [*does so and enters*] Oh, look at me! I'm all damp and chilled to the bone.

**Frasier:** I'll get you a towel. My God, it's five-thirty in the morning! [*opens the powder room door*] Dad!

*Martin stumbles out of the powder room with a glass of bourbon. He coughs up a puff of smoke and hides the glass behind his back.*

**Martin:** I couldn't sleep.

**Frasier:** Have you people all lost your minds? [*throws Daphne a towel*] Alright, now listen, get back to bed, every one of you!

**Martin:** All right, all right...

**Bebe:** Thank god you came in when you did! She was praying on my weakness. Who knows what I might have done, probably... THIS!

*Bebe snatches the pack and makes a run for it.*

**Frasier:** Oh, get her! Stop that woman!

*Martin blocks Bebe. Daphne gets in her way and Bebe throws her onto the couch.*

**Frasier:** Bebe, you will not be allowed to smoke a cigarette in this house! [*she tries to edge around him*] No, no, don't even think about it! All right, just give me those!

*Frasier corners her and wrestles the pack away.*

**Frasier:** All right now, that's it! Back to bed!

*He turns back to the hallway, but Bebe jumps on his back, reaching for the packet and snarling like a wild animal.*

**Frasier:** Oh my God, you're insane, woman!

*They fall to the floor, wrestling.*

**Martin:** That's it, no more house guests.

*Martin exits to his bedroom. Frasier pins Bebe to the floor, with the pack trapped underneath her.*

**Bebe:** Get off me, you brute!

**Frasier:** Hand them over!

**Bebe:** Never! [*phone rings*]

**Daphne:** That'll be the neighbours! [*answers:*] Hello? Oh, hello! One moment, please. [*whispering:*] It's Big Willy!

**Frasier:** [*takes phone and nicely as Bebe struggles:*] Big Willy, hello! No, no, it's not too early, everybody's up! [*Bebe growls*] Well, you know, there have been a few minor setbacks, but I'm keeping on top of her, yeah. [*Bebe growls again*] Oh yeah, I know she'd love to say hi, hang on.

*Bebe's growling and thrashing abruptly stop as soon as he puts the phone to her ear.*

**Bebe:** [sweet:] Hello, pudd'n. I'm fine, and you? Oh, nothing's too much trouble for you daddy. Bye now!

**Frasier:** [takes phone:] Yes, sir? Oh, oh, really? No, no, I'm very flattered. Yes, of course, I'd love to, I'll talk to you this evening. Bye-bye. [hands phone to Daphne] Thank you, Daphne. [to Bebe:] All right, now listen up! He thinks I'm very gifted.

**Bebe:** Mmm.

**Frasier:** He thinks I'm wasting my talents in just one city! My God, woman, he wants to take me national, don't you get it? Unless YOU ruin it for me!

**Bebe:** [cries] Oh my God, sorry. Here, take 'em. [hands over packet; he lets her up] I don't know what came over me.

**Frasier:** Well, don't be too hard on yourself, Bebe. After all, addiction to Nicotine is a very, very difficult... hey, wait a minute. This pack is half-empty!

*Bebe runs out onto the balcony with half a dozen cigarettes, puts one in her mouth, and pats her pockets for a light.*

**Frasier:** For God's sake... I don't care anymore. You know, I can't help you, nobody can. You want to ruin it for both of us? Here, [tosses her a lighter] go ahead, knock yourself out. [Bebe begins to light cigarette] I only wish I could be there when it happens.

**Bebe:** [stops] When what happens?

**Frasier:** When you see that newspaper headline: "Big Willy Boone, Millionaire, Dead."

*Bebe grins; she can see it too.*

**Frasier:** Oh, how I wish I could be there when you watch the funeral on the news. Watch the casket being slipped into the ground. Only, you won't be watching that. No, no, you'll be watching... the widow Boone. Tiffany, perhaps. Oh no, better yet, "Kelli" - with an "I"!

**Bebe:** Stop it!

**Frasier:** You'll picture her wearing YOUR jewels, sailing in YOUR yachts, sleeping with YOUR gigolos - but, oh, you won't be sad, no, no, no! [chuckles] Because you'll have your cigarette.

*Bebe looks at the cigarette in her hand like it's a baby rattlesnake.*

**Frasier:** Yeah! Clutched in your nicotine-stained teeth, smoke whirling about your once-pretty, now creased, leathery, smoke-ravaged...

**Bebe:** Enough! [Frasier looks at her triumphantly] God! [hands over cigarettes and comes in] You are one hell of a therapist.

*Frasier closes the door. Bebe lets out a sigh and sinks back onto the couch.*

FADE TO:

**THREE SMOKE-FREE  
WEEKS LATER**

*Scene Three - Frasier's Apartment.*

*Bebe is dressed in her wedding gown on the balcony. She has her back turned away from us and her veil is covering her face. Roz and*

*Frasier, formally dressed, are sitting on the couch looking glum as Martin enters.*

**Martin:** Hey, you back from the wedding already?

**Roz:** No.

**Frasier:** There was no wedding.

**Roz:** No wedding, no syndication deal...

**Martin:** [notices Bebe:] What's she doing here?

**Roz:** No money, no fame...

**Frasier:** Well, you might say things hit a bit of a snag.

**Roz:** No beach house, no pool boys...

**Frasier:** Oh will you get a grip, Roz?!

**Martin:** Well, what went wrong?

**Frasier:** Well, they were halfway down the aisle - Big Willy beaming proudly, Bebe radiant, supporting Big Willy on her arm - when suddenly he clutched his heart, and his head slumped against Bebe's shoulder. Of course we were all concerned at first, but then suddenly it seemed like he was all right because they kept moving on down the aisle. But if you looked carefully, you could see Bebe's little biceps bulging through her wedding gown, and I swear I noticed daylight between Big Willy's dress boots and the carpet. Well, once they got up to the minister the jig was pretty well up, despite Bebe's valiant attempts to animate his features by twisting the loose skin at the back of his neck. [imitates] You know, I've never seen a woman more crushed.

**Martin:** Well, if I were you I'd get her away from that balcony rail. The doorman gets ticked if you even through a piece of gum over the side. [exits]

**Frasier:** [opening balcony door:] Bebe, dear? Please, come on in. [she does] That's a girl. All right, let me have a look at you. Come on, here we are.

*Frasier lifts the veil to reveal Bebe with a cigarette clenched between her teeth.*

**Frasier:** Well, I don't really blame you, dear. You know, Roz and I are both upset too. You know, look at it this way: at least you're no worse off than you were before.

**Bebe:** [angrily stubs out her cigarette] You don't know the things I did for that man - the depraved, Western-themed appetites I satisfied!

**Roz:** He was eighty-five, how bad could it have been?

**Bebe:** Ever worn a saddle? [Frasier grimaces]

**Roz:** Do I have to answer that?

**Frasier:** Well, you know, Bebe, there are other Big Willys out there, better ones! Richer, older... [she's not convinced] Impotent!

**Bebe:** [cheering up] Oh dear, you always know what to say. I know what hell I put you through over this. I insist that you take this, [hands over something] as a small token of my gratitude.

**Frasier:** Oh Bebe, really... [gasps] Look, Roz! It's a gold Rolex! Oh my goodness...

*Bebe goes to the door and starts to light up a fresh one.*

**Frasier:** [realizes] Bebe... where did you get this?

**Bebe:** [beat] Just don't wear it to the funeral.

*She leaves. Frasier debates whether he really wants the watch or not. He holds it out to Roz, who recoils in disgust.*

END OF ACT TWO (Time: 21:05)

**Credits:**

Gil is in the radio booth doing his show, wearing a cowboy hat and string tie, eating barbecued chicken and proclaiming his delight over the air.

An intern, Hank, enters and hands him a note. Gil reads it, covers the mike and whispers, "Dead?!" Hank shrugs and nods. Gil goes to commercial, quickly throws off his hat, wipes his mouth in disgust and drops the remaining Texan delights into the trash.

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## Guest Appearances

**Special Guest Star**

HARRIET SANSOM HARRIS as Bebe Glaser

**Guest Starring**

RICHARD HAMILTON as Big Willy

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## Thanks To...

Transcript written by Nicholas Hartley.

Transcript revised by Mike Lee.

Edited by Nicholas Hartley.

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## Legal Stuff

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