

[5.12]The Zoo Story

The Zoo Story

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Production Code: 5.12.

Episode Number In Production Order: 107

Original Airdate on NBC: 20th January 1998

Transcript written on 28th July 2000

Transcript revised on 4th June 2001

I Summon Thee...

Bebe Glazer has appeared in:

- [\[1.09\]](#) Selling Out
 - [\[1.18\]](#) And The Whimper Is...
 - [\[2.22\]](#) Agents In America, Part III
 - [\[3.21\]](#) Where There's Smoke, There's Fired
 - [\[4.17\]](#) Roz's Turn
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Transcript {allie murray}

Act One

Scene One - Int. Cafe Nervosa.

Frasier is ordering his coffee at the counter. Bebe Glazer approaches.

Bebe: Well, well, well, look who's here. It's KACL's Frasier Crane.

Frasier: And Rosemary's Bebe.

Pause. Frasier turns back to the counter.

Bebe: So, quite a little shake-up going on down at the station.

I hear the new owner wants to renegotiate everyone's contract.

Frasier: *[turning head]* Mmm-hmm. And before you drop another gossamer hint, let me tell you that my feelings about you haven't changed.

Bebe: Fine! Actually, I'm here to meet one of my newer clients, a rising star of the Seattle airwaves.

Frasier: Oh, really, and what pathetic do-gooder have you lured into your web now?

Roz enters, looking self-conscious.

Bebe: *[overly affectionate]* Roz!

Frasier: *[surprised]* Oh, dear God.

Bebe walks over to Roz and points her toward a table.

Bebe: You just get off your feet, little mother. I'll fetch you a nice, nourishing muffin.

Roz begins to walk toward the table, still self-conscious, trying to keep her back to Frasier. Frasier follows her, glaring.

Frasier: You signed with Bebe?

Roz: [sitting] Okay, I know, I should've told you, I just wasn't in the mood for one of your lectures.

Frasier: [sitting across from her] I'm not going to give you a lecture. You're entitled to choose whoever you wish to represent you. Someone who's honest, or a woman whose ethics would've raised eyebrows in the court of Caligula!

Roz: Look, she's gotten me three voice-over jobs. She may be a little shifty, but she helps me put food on the table.

Bebe approaches, muffin in hand, and places it before Roz

Bebe: One muffin.

Roz: See?

Bebe: [sitting; pats Roz's belly] So, Roz, I had a brainstorm last night about how to turn this little bundle of joy into a big bundle of cash!

Roz: [confused] I'm going to use my baby to make money?

Frasier: [angry] Yes, it's high time the little slacker started pulling his weight!

Bebe: [to Roz] You know Doctor Clint Weber's medical show? Well, I see a daily segment called, "A Pregnant Pause: Roz Doyle's Term of Endearment." All of Seattle will share in the miracle happening inside you - your joys, hopes, morning sickness, sonograms, even the birth! [excited]

Roz: [still confused] I'll give birth on the air?

Bebe: It's radio. Just make the noises. [laughing] Hell, I'll make them myself!

A waitress approaches.

Waitress: Need anything else here?

Frasier: Just a shower, thank you.

Bebe: You know, Mr. Integrity, word on the street is you still haven't hired anyone to negotiate this big deal for you. [Frasier stands] Could it be because in your heart you know you want to come back to me?

Frasier: Yes, well if I'm taking my time it's because I'm determined to make the right choice.

Roz: Well, you're gonna need somebody good!

Frasier: That's exactly what I intend to find, someone good! I'm going to prove to both of you it's possible to find an agent who can drive a hard bargain and yet maintain the highest ethical standards!

Bebe: [sarcastic] Happy hunting. If things don't work out, you know my number.

Frasier: [walking out door] Still 666, is it?!

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Int. Frasier's apartment

Martin opens the front door to Niles.

Niles: [walks in] Hello, Dad. I believe we switched videotapes on accident.

Martin: Believe me, I noticed.

Niles: Yes, there you go. [hands over video] At first I was dismayed. I popped in the tape, and there was Charles Bronson blowing away street trash, but I actually got into it. It was quite

suspenseful.

Martin: Yeah, well, that's the way Duke and I felt about "My Dinner With Andre." Talk about suspense! [*fake, dramatic anticipation*] Will they order dessert? Will they leave a good tip? [*walks to chair and sits*]

Frasier enters from the direction of his bedroom.

Frasier: Oh, hello, Niles.

Niles: Frasier, I'm sorry to trouble you about this, but could you recommend another couples' therapist?

Frasier: Good Lord, not again. What happened to Dr. Prescott?

Niles: Oh, please, Maris had me can Dr. Prescott weeks ago. Now she wants me to fire Dr. Wilphaum.

Frasier walks in the direction of the kitchen, perhaps to get a drink from the wet bar.

Frasier: What's her problem with him?

Niles: She says his criticism of her is too harsh.

Frasier: Well, some therapists can be rather blunt and hard-hitting. What did he say?

Niles: He asked her to refrain from catalogue shopping during our sessions. [*sits on couch*]

Frasier: You know Niles, if you fire every therapist who finds fault with her, you're never going to make any progress.

Niles: You're right, of course. I'll just tell her, "We're not going to change therapists, that's that." [*stands*]

Frasier: Good! You know, sometimes there's nothing more rewarding than sticking to a principle. Case in point, you know, my contract's coming up, and, uh, well, Bebe Glazer's been angling to negotiate my new one. Anyway, I could've done the easy thing, said yes, taken the money and run, but instead, I said no, and I found myself a new agent, one who's every bit as smart and also ethical.

Niles: Hmmm.

Doorbell.

Frasier: That's him now.

Frasier and Niles head toward the door.

Martin: Well, I don't know what kinda bull that guy sold you, but there's no such thing as an ethical agent. One's just as slimy as the other.

Frasier opens the door. Ben enters.

Frasier: Hello, Ben.

Ben: Hi. Sorry I'm late. I was making my last Meals on Wheels delivery and I swerved to avoid a pigeon. You know, splat went the food all over the stuffed bears for the toy drive. I had to run home, throw the bears in the wash, and cook some more borsht for Mrs. Pavlov.

Frasier: I'm glad you made it. Anyway, this is my brother, Doctor Niles Crane.

Ben: Hi, it's a pleasure to meet you.

Niles: Hi. [*shakes his hand, leaving*] Sorry, I'm running out. [*turns, laughing*] You're certainly a refreshing change from Frasier's last agent. I think she would have swerved to hit the pigeon. [*another laugh*]

Frasier: [*laughing*] Well, she would have swerved to hit Mrs. Pavlov!

[closes door] Ben, I'd like you to meet my dad, Martin.

Daphne enters as Frasier leads Ben toward the couch.

Frasier: Oh, and this is his home health care worker, Daphne. Daphne, this is Ben, my new agent.

Daphne: [shakes Ben's hand] Oh, very nice to meet you.

Daphne sits at breakfast table.

Martin: Well, Ben, it sounds like you're a pretty busy volunteer.

Frasier: Yes, indeed, you know, Ben just won this year's Seattle Samaritan Award.

Ben: [quickly] Well, enough about me. Let's talk about you. [gestures to couch] May I?

Frasier: Oh, please.

Ben: [sitting] I was thinking that before we start this negotiation it wouldn't hurt to raise your public profile.

Frasier: [shrug] I like the sound of that.

Ben: Okay, here's my plan. For a year now, I've done pro bono work for the Mercer Island Zoo - you know, getting the word out, creating awareness --

Daphne: [still sitting at table] There's a zoo on Mercer Island?

Ben: [grin] You betcha. This'll be great PR for both of you. They just bought a rare crane. I convinced them to name it after you - you know, Frasier "Crane." So, there'll be a ceremony with full newspaper and TV coverage.

Frasier: I think it's brilliant! [sits beside Ben] I'm bolstering my bargaining position and also helping out a plucky little zoo! I love this man!

Daphne: [stands and walks over with bowl; places it on coffee table] I think it would be fun to have a crane named after me. I just love those big pouchy mouths they scoop up the fish in.

Ben: I think those are pelicans.

Daphne: Oh, right. [walking back toward breakfast table] Cranes are the ones who always sound like they're laughing. No, wait, I'm thinking of loons.

Martin: That's a coincidence.

Ben: [stands] Oh, shoot, I've got borsht on my sleeve. Do you have any club soda?

Daphne: Oh, yes, right through here. [walking toward kitchen, Ben follows]

Frasier: Help yourself.

Ben: Thank you.

Ben and Daphne exit.

Martin: Frasier, you told me this was a pretty big deal. Are you sure you want to send in that Mouseketeer?

Frasier: Oh, why does everybody assume that in order to be an agent you have to be some unscrupulous huckster? It is possible for a good and decent man to be every bit as intimidating as the toughest shark out there.

Ben: [entering] Well, time to skedaddle. I have to pick up a friend. [walks toward door; Frasier follows] The poor guy just went bankrupt, so I'm letting him bunk in my ruckus room for a while.

Frasier: Well, that's awfully generous of you.

Ben: Well, he's not just a friend, he's a client.

Ben lets himself out, and Frasier closes the door and looks back at Martin shrugging.

FADE TO:

BYE BYE BIRDY

Scene Three - Ext. Mercer Island Zoo.

The Director of the zoo leads Frasier into a tent, where the buffet is. The bird is also in this tent in a small cage.

Director: Um, and then the press and the board members will join us in here for a buffet.

Frasier: So I finish my speech, and then I give Mr. Twembly here the cue and he brings out this marvelous creature.

Twembly: [*kneeling beside cage*] Just give me the signal.

Martin: [*enters*] Aw, this is great! Look at this! Turkey, chicken wings! [*leans down toward crane*] Hey! Gotta make you a little nervous, huh?

Daphne: [*walks up to Frasier*] [*hushed voice*] Look! It's Toffee Macintosh, from the news! I just love her!

Frasier: Oh, yes, really?

Toffee: [*approaching*] Frasier.

Frasier: Toffee. Thank you for covering us.

Toffee: [*laugh*] Aw, you know my motto, "If it happens in Seattle, it's news to me." [*laugh*]

Frasier: Listen, I'd like you to meet one of your biggest fans, Daphne Moon.

Daphne: Hello. I just love the way you get all somber when you describe a flood or a murder, then you cheer right up the minute you're done! Makes me think, well, if she can get over it, so can I.

Toffee: That's what I'm here for.

Ben: [*enters*] Ready to greet your public?

Frasier: Well, uh, yes! Come on, Dad!

Martin: [*eating*] All right, I'll be there in a sec.

All but Martin walk toward the seating area.

The outdoors, grassy area is set up for Frasier's program. In front of a large sign that says "Mercer Island Zoo" is a podium. In front of this is a row of chairs for the audience.

Roz sits to the side smiling brightly with a monkey in her lap. Bebe is beside her. Several cameras are on them.

Bebe: Why, you see what maternal instincts this woman has? Even little Bobo here can sense it.

Frasier: [*approaching Bebe and Roz*] Well, I can see I'm not the only one getting some publicity today.

Ben: [*joins them*] Frasier, they want to start pretty soon.

Frasier: Oh, Ben, Ben, just a moment, I'd like you to meet some people. This is Bebe and Roz. This is Ben, my new agent.

Improv hellos.

Ben: Hey, talk about your small worlds. Turns out Mr. Twembly and I both sang tenor for the same choir back home in Salt Lake City. Nice meeting you ladies.

Bebe: [*evil laugh; very sarcastic*] Well, when there's a dirty job to be done, you can't go wrong with a Mormon.

Frasier: [*indignant*] Scoff all you like, the man is a genius at PR.

The program starts. The audience in the front row, from left to right, is: Bebe, Roz, Daphne, and a few places over from them, Ben.

Ben looks excited.

Twembly: Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. On behalf of the Mercer Island Zoo, I'd like to welcome our very special guest, Doctor Frasier Crane. [applause]

Frasier: [steps up to podium] Thank you, Mr. Twembly. I suppose it's only appropriate that the zoo has called upon me to introduce you all to its newest resident. You see, he happens to be a relative of mine. [laugh]

Bored looks from Bebe and Roz.

CUT TO:

Martin is alone in the tent with the Crane, still eating.

Martin: Hey, what're you lookin' at? This is human food. You don't see me lookin' at your bird food, do you? [turns away from bird and toward the buffet; bird bites the seat of Martin's pants; turns back around] What do you think you're doing, huh? That's not very nice! [shakes his cane at the bird; cane catches on cage, opening gate; bird jumps out]. Oh, wait, wait, no, no, no, wait, where you goin'?!

CUT TO:

Frasier is at the podium speaking. As he speaks, the bird runs behind him. Then, Martin runs by in hot pursuit of the crane, shaking his arm at the bird. They exit to the right. Frasier is entirely oblivious.

Frasier: ...We're both tall and have distinctive profiles, we've both been known to winter in Mexico, and let's not forget our voices. Is there anything as stirring as the crane's majestic cry?

Martin: [o.s] Yeyaaaaaaaa! Get this thing off me! [hobbles in, holding ear]

Frasier: Dad, are you all right? What's happening? [uproar; bird runs behind him, chased by several men] My goodness! What is going on! [turns toward audience, attempting to cover] Oh, I'm sorry! Nothing to be alarmed about! Just a little family squabble!

The audience is in uproar; Frasier rushes to Martin's aid.

End of Act One

Act Two

Scene One - Int. Frasier's apartment.

Focus on TV. Toffee Macintosh is reporting in front of the chaos of the crane ordeal.

Toffee: In a gruesome incident this afternoon, the Mercer Island Zoo seemed more like the Island of Doctor Moreau....

Shift to: Living room. Martin is sitting in chair with Frasier to his right and Daphne behind him, all watching the TV.

Toffee: [v.o]...as a distinguished senior citizen was savagely attacked by Frasier Crane, Bird of Prey.

Frasier: I can't watch any more of this.

Martin: Well, that makes us even. I can't hear any of it.

Frasier: Oh, you weren't hurt that badly! Of course, you wouldn't know that to listen to Toffee. She makes the whole thing

sound like a disaster!

Daphne: I know. [*brightens*] But did you see the way she could smile right after?

Frasier glares at Daphne, and she rushes away.

Frasier: [*sitting on couch*] Lord, this entire affair's turned into a PR nightmare!

Martin: Well, it's your own fault for hiring Howdy Doody as your agent!

Doorbell.

Frasier: [*walking to door*] Dad, I'm sorry. Ben had no idea that bird was going to attack you. Besides, there is a school of thought that says there's no such thing as bad publicity.

Frasier opens door. Niles enters, laughing wickedly.

Niles: Frasier, I was just hearing about you on the car radio. The deejay was offering a cash prize for the best Frasier Crane joke. Wait, what was the front-runner? Oh, yes, how can you tell Frasier the Crane's a psychiatrist?

Frasier: [*closing door*] I can't wait to hear.

Niles: He ignores what you say then sticks you with a large bill.

Laughs all around, except Frasier.

Niles: [*walking toward Martin's chair as Frasier goes to his bookshelves*] You must excuse my jolly mood, but Maris was over tonight for our weekly conjugal visit.

Martin: [*clearly disgusted*] Eeww, Jeez.

Niles: I've never seen her look so seductive. She wore a clingy gown, crimson lipstick, even earrings, which she tends to avoid as they make her head droop. She pulled me down upon the bed and began playing my spine like a zither. And then, just as things were heating up, she renewed her request that I dismiss Doctor Wilphaum. So tremulous with desire was I that I almost relented, but then I remembered your advice, Frasier, and I said I wouldn't fire the good doctor - at which point Maris told me I wouldn't be firing anything else in the foreseeable future!! And she left!

Frasier: Now, now, now, Niles, withholding sex may be just as difficult on Maris! She may crumble first!

Niles: Are you serious? One hour of passion can sustain her for months. She stores it up like some sexual camel.

Frasier: [*defensive*] All right, Niles. You know that my advice was solid.

Niles: I hope you're right. [*phone rings*] I'll get it. Hello? Oh, hello Roz. [*to Frasier*] It's Roz.

Frasier: Thank you. [*takes phone*] Roz, hello. Yes, what is it?

Niles: [*pointing at flowers on table*] That's a striking arrangement.

Martin: It's from Bebe. After what happened today, she's trying to woo him back.

Niles: Birds of Paradise, I suppose that's her idea of floral irony.

Frasier: [*on phone*] Yes, well, ah, thanks for the warning, Roz.

Martin: What's that about?

Frasier: Oh, well, it turns out the station manager won't be renegotiating the contracts himself. Apparently he's brought in one of these hired guns stations use to reduce costs. Some fellow nicknamed "The Hammer."

Niles: [*examining flowers*] I'm assuming they call him "The Hammer" because he's tough.

Frasier: No, Niles, because he loves the lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein!

Martin: You know, Frasier, if I were you, I'd give Bebe a call. Now, I'm no fan of hers, either, but this is a pretty big negotiation.

Doorbell.

Frasier: [*walks toward door*] No, Dad, I am sticking with Ben. Oh, sure, maybe Bebe could use her dark arts to get me a dollar or two more, but, you know, my integrity is worth more than that. [*opens door*] Hello, Ben.

Ben: Hey, big guy. How ya doing?

Frasier: Well, uh, fine.

Ben: Good. Boy, people sure are being mean about this! I was just listening to the radio on the way over. Ouch. But I always say, if life hands you a lemon, make lemonade.

Frasier: That's the spirit. [*hopefully*] So you've got some sort of damage-control plan?

Ben: You betcha. I got a way to turn this whole mess around and show that station manager just what you're made of.

Frasier: Excellent! But you won't be dealing with him. You'll be dealing with this free-lancer they call "The Hammer."

Ben: Hoo-boy. [*sits*]

Martin: You've gone up against him?

Ben: Oh yes, and I had to take a pretty firm line with him.

Frasier: Well, I'm glad to hear that.

Ben: Yeah, I finally said, "You better just clean up your language, Pal. I walked out on that Mamet play, I can walk out on you."

Frasier: [*hesitates*] So, uh, about your plan.

Ben: Yeah, right! Um, I think there's a way to show people you're laughing right along with them. You do a photo op where you, Seattle's best-loved psychiatrist, give the crane therapy. You know, you sit in a chair with a pad on your lap, and the crane - properly sedated, of course - sits on... [*pulls out a miniature psychiatrist's couch*] THIS.

Skeptical looks exchanged.

Niles: Where on earth did you find a couch that size?

Ben: Oh, I built it myself. I have a little workshop in my attic where I make toys for the neighborhood kids.

Martin: Look at you! Agent, samaritan... elf.

Frasier: Dad, I like this idea! It's droll... and self-mocking. It's the perfect way to turn a PR embarrassment into a triumph!

Ben: Great. I'll set up the photo op. And don't you be nervous about The Hammer, all right? Because I can be a pretty tough customer myself!

Frasier: [*walking him to the door*] I'm sure you can! I know you're gonna go in there and you're gonna give him hell!

Ben: Boy, I love show business, but I'll never get used to the cursing!

Ben opens door and leaves.

FADE TO:

MAYBE IT WAS A DISGRUNTLED FORMER ZOO WORKER

Scene Two - Int. Café Nervosa

Frasier walks toward and sits at Niles's table. He has a large white bandage on his forehead. Waitress approaches.

Frasier: [*quietly*] Latte, please.

Waitress: Hey, didn't I see your picture in the paper today? There was a big bird chasing you around a little couch!

Frasier: [*glares*] Latte, please.

Waitress leaves.

Niles: Well, I think you have a real case against the maker of those crane sedatives.

Frasier: Thank you for the sympathy!

Niles: You're not the only one going through a rough patch. Maris has strained my libido to the breaking point!

Frasier: Niles, you can't give in!

Niles: I'm getting desperate! This morning, I found myself flirting with my manicurist!

Frasier: The one with the thing on her face?

Niles: I told you, I'm desperate!

Frasier: What can be keeping Ben?

Niles: After all this, you're still using Ben? Shouldn't you just go back to Bebe?

Frasier: [*points finger*] I see what you're doing. You think if I bail out on my principles it gives you an excuse to go crawling back to Maris. Well, I'm not going to do it. Ben may have made some mistakes, but he is a good man, and he's going to make me a good deal!

Gil has just entered the Cafe. He's standing in the doorway in a state of shock.

Frasier: Oh, Gil! How'd it go with the Hammer?

Gil: You've never seen such cold, dead eyes! It was like bargaining with Nosferatu. My salary's been slashed!

Frasier: Oh, I'm sorry.

Waitress approaches.

Waitress: Can I do anything else for you?

Niles: [*holding up biscotti*] Yes, would you mind nibbling on this provocatively?

Frasier: Niles! [*to waitress*] We're fine, thank you. [*waitress leaves*]

Gil: I wish you good luck, Frasier. I don't see anybody squeezing blood from that stone.

Bebe and Roz enter, both waving their hands in the air.

Bebe: [*triumphantly*] Lattes for everyone!

Gil: [*shocked*] Dear God, don't tell me you did well!

Roz: [*thrilled*] I got a weekly spot on Clint Weber's show and a thirty percent raise!

Gil: How on earth did you get all that?

Bebe: [*evil laugh*] Oh, we go way back, the Hammer and I. I know where the bodies are buried. [*pause*] Usually, that's just a metaphor.

Roz: So, Gil, what'll you have? My treat?

Gil: I think I'll be happier at the losers' table with Aunt Penny, the story lady. [*calls offstage*] Penny! Don't put that flask away! [*moves off*]

Frasier: Well, congratulations, Roz. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm waiting for Ben. We have to discuss our bargaining position.

Bebe: Oh, there're so many to choose from. Kneeling, crawling, groveling. I'm sure he'll pick the right one.

Bebe and Roz leave for the counter to order.

Frasier: *[muttering]* God, she is obnoxious!

Niles: *[watches her]* Mmmm. Though alluring, in a buxom, bad-girl kind of way.

Frasier: Oh, shut up, you horny idiot! *[pause]* My bandage seems a little loose. If Ben gets here, just tell him I went in to fix it. *[leaves for bathroom]*

Bebe watches Frasier go toward restroom.

CUT TO:

Int. restroom

Frasier enters and closes the door. He walks to the mirror to examine his bandage. Bebe opens the door and enters right behind him.

Bebe: Frasier, we have to talk.

Frasier: *[angry]* Are you aware that you are in the men's room?

Bebe: Oh, please, if I paid attention to signs with little pictures on them... I'd never get a parking space. *[closes door]* Now, it's time we both dropped the masks. You need me, and I want you back. Just sign this contract. I'll cut you a deal that'll make Roz's look like lunch money.

Frasier: Isn't there a zebra carcass somewhere you should be hovering over?

Bebe: You wanna see a carcass, chum? *[grabs Frasier and faces him toward mirror]* Look in the mirror. Look what you've let that man do to you. Your face is riddled with bird bites, your name's a punchline, and your career is five minutes from over, and he's only been your agent for three days!

We see Frasier in the mirror. He holds a hand up to his mouth, looking horrified at "what he has become."

Bebe: Send him in against the Hammer and you'll be doing fog reports from a lighthouse in Puget Sound! *[turns him around toward her almost violently]* Admit it! You're scared!

Frasier: *[desperately]* All right, maybe I am scared! But... there is one thing that is stronger than fear! Faith! Faith that a good man with a good heart can make a good deal! *[pushes her back]* Now get out of my way!

Bebe: No, I won't let you! D'you know what I've been through building your career? I have been to hell and back so often I have frequent flier miles! *[runs to him, grabs the lapels of his coat and pulls him toward her]* You owe me a second chance!

Frasier: Take your tentacles off of me! *[shoves her away, rushes out]*

Bebe: *[calling after him]* Please! I won't be the same Bebe you knew! I'll change! I'll be like Ben! *[pause]* Only competent!

At the table, Roz is nibbling on Niles's biscotti. He has his hand on her shoulder and is holding the plate up to catch crumbs. He's watching with a dazed, dreamy look on his face. He looks up when he sees Frasier and Bebe emerge from the men's room.

Bebe: *[chasing Frasier]* Darling, you forgot to sign!

Niles: *[starting to stand]* Oh, you reconciled. Congratulations, I'll just be off to Maris's.

Frasier: Sit down, Niles! I'm still with Ben.

Ben enters in a black trench coat.

Frasier: Ben!

Ben: Sorry I'm late. I took my son's troop on a nature hike and little Noah got a bee sting, so I rushed him to the emergency

room, then I came straight here.

Frasier: It's all right, we've got five minutes.

Ben: Excuse me. [*leaves*]

Roz: Now, Frasier, you know Bebe can make you a better deal.

Niles: Listen to Roz.

Bebe: Listen to Niles.

Frasier: I'm not listening to any of you! My God, am I the last man on God's green earth that's still willing to stand up for a principle?

Ben comes back sans trench coat. He is wearing a boy scout uniform, complete with shorts and red tie/sash.

Ben: Should we go over those demands for ol' Mr. Hammer?

There is a long pause. Frasier looks very regretful. Before he even begins speaking, Niles takes out his cell phone and dials.

Frasier: [*hesitantly*] Ben, could we have a word?

Niles: [*into phone*] Hello, Maris!

Ben and Frasier go to corner booth.

Frasier: Uh, listen, I don't think it's news to you that things haven't been going so smoothly with us, and I think I'd feel more comfortable with Bebe. I know this must seem a bit of a shock to you, but, ah-

Ben: [*laugh*] No, I saw this coming. Yesterday, when you threw that little couch at me, I thought to myself, "This is not a happy client."

Frasier: Thanks for understanding.

Frasier and Ben stand, Ben leaves to get his coat, Frasier walks over to where Bebe is standing beside the counter and Roz is sitting at the closest table. Niles has just closed his cell phone and is now rushing out the door.

Niles: [*o.s*] Taxi!

Frasier goes to stand by Bebe at the counter.

Bebe: [*handing over paper and pen; almost affectionately*] Sign right here, darling.

Frasier: You know, I'm holding you to that promise about changing. I won't stand for any more shady doings.

Bebe: [*almost sincerely*] Those days are all behind me.

Frasier: Once you've worked out this thing with the Hammer, maybe you can see what you can do about defusing this bird situation.

Ben walks back over with his trench coat.

Ben: Oh, you don't have to worry about the crane anymore. The poor thing choked to death this morning. They have no idea who would feed a bird a jawbreaker. Bye, now.

Ben leaves. Frasier turns slowly to Bebe.

Frasier: [*hopefully and fearfully at once*] Is there any chance it wasn't you?

Bebe: Oh, darling... [*looks around, trying to come up with an answer he'll be satisfied with*] There's always a chance.

Frasier: [*ponders*] I can live with that. [*signs papers*]

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

Credits:

Frasier walks into his apartment to see Daphne, holding a pad wearing dark, Sigmund Freud-ish glasses, sitting on the coffee table beside Eddie, who is lying on the little toy couch, also on the coffee table. She puts a finger to her lips, gesturing for Frasier to be quiet. She writes on the pad. Frasier goes to his bookcase, gets a book, walks over, and hits Daphne in the head. She laughs as he walks away.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Stars

HARRIET SANSOM HARRIS as Bebe Glazer
ROBERT STANTON as Ben

Guest Starring

EDWARD HIBBERT as Gil Chesterton
AMY LANDERS as Waitress
HEATHER LEE as Toffee Macintosh
PALMER SCOTT as Twembly

Legal Stuff

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