

[9.10] Junior Agent

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Directed by Scott Ellis

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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
 - [\[3.21\]](#) Where There's Smoke, There's Fired
 - [\[4.17\]](#) Roz's Turn
 - [\[5.12\]](#) The Zoo Story
 - [\[7.19\]](#) Morning Becomes Entertainment
-

Transcript {Mike Lee}

ACT ONE

Scene One - KACL

Close-up of a tape recorder sitting on Roz's console. On it, a man is speaking in a suave, suggestive radio voice.

Widen to reveal Roz, Frasier, and Kenny listening to the tape. Frasier is skeptical, Kenny looks worried, and Roz is enjoying the hell out of it.

Zach: *[on tape]* Janet from North Seattle, you're in bed with Dr. Zach. How can I make you feel better?

Roz: Oh, yeah... *[laughs]*

Janet: *[on tape]* My husband isn't the man he used to be, if you know what I mean. It's ruining our marriage.

Zach: Are you sure it's just his fault? The signs on "Love Street" don't all point one way.

Roz laughs again. Frasier stops the tape.

Frasier: My God, this is the competition? Dr. Zach? Please! It's nothing but suggestive, smarmy sleaze.

Roz: And he's great at it!

Frasier: Roz! You know what, I tell you what, I give this guy four, five weeks, tops.

Kenny: He's been on the air ten weeks. And frankly, we're getting spanked.

Roz: Oh, he did a whole show on that yesterday.

Frasier: Stop it! So, well... all right, he's the new flavor of the

month. We've seen them come and go before. Dr. Mary, Professor Hugs, "On the Couch With Jeff and Lars."

Kenny: I don't know, Doc, I think this guy's got staying power.

Roz: He did a whole show on that Tuesday.

Frasier: Cut it out, Roz!

They go into Frasier's booth.

Kenny: Hey, you know, maybe we should try some of those theme shows.

Frasier: You know what, actually we have done theme shows. You know, I still get letters about the show we did on existential angst!

Roz: No, we don't.

Frasier: I get them at home.

Kenny: You know, I'm just saying it wouldn't hurt to spice things up a little. You know, mention people's privates once in a while.

Frasier: Oh, absolutely not. My show is fine the way it is. What it needs is a little more support from this station. How about some advertising?

Kenny: Whoa, whoa, I don't want to just throw money at the problem.

Roz: Thirty seconds, Frasier.

Frasier: Right, right. Well, then how about airing some more promos on my lead-in? I mean, they get a sizable audience.

Kenny: Yeah, they do. That's why we're moving them to evening drive time.

Frasier: You mean I'm their lead-in now?

Kenny: Yeah. They're not too happy about it.

Roz: [on air] And we're back, the final hour of the Frasier Crane Show. Our next caller is Garth from Mercer Island.

Frasier: Go ahead, Garth. I'm listening.

Garth: [v.o.] See, this is kind of weird talking about to a psychiatrist, but it is something couples go through, and since I'm not using my real name, maybe it's okay.

Frasier gives a "there, you see?" look, and Kenny flashes a thumbs-up.

Garth: It's... our household budget.

Kenny leaves in exasperation, as Frasier and Roz sag with disappointment.

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Apartment

Martin and Niles are sat eating breakfast. Daphne brings some coffee from the kitchen.

Martin: Any more sausage, Daph?

Daphne: I told you five links ago, you're cut off.

Martin: Oh, come on! I'm being good, I took my cholesterol pill.

Daphne: Yes, and that was the last one. You'd better call Dr. Stewart.

Martin: Oh, he'll make me go through a whole physical just to get a refill. Hey, Niles, couldn't you write me a prescription?

Niles: Oh, I can't, Dad, sorry.

Martin: Why not?

Niles: I don't have your chart, I'm not familiar with your medical history-

Martin: Oh, come on, you see me every day, you know I'm fine. Just get your little pad out and write "more pills."

Niles: What's the big deal? Why do you hate going to the doctor so much?

Martin: Everybody does.

Daphne: Not my brother Billy. He loved going to the doctors. From the time he was a little boy he'd start getting undressed in

the car. And mind you, that was just for the dentist. As he got older, he volunteered for medical studies, supported himself getting all sorts of experimental drugs pumped into him. *[goes into the kitchen]*

Martin: Think she's finished?

Niles: Wait for it.

Daphne: *[comes back with a rack of danishes]* One year, he grew little boobies!

Frasier comes in.

Niles: Hey, there.

Martin: Hey, Frasier.

Frasier: Ah, good morning, all. *[sees the paper]* Dear God. Do you believe this? A full-page ad!

Daphne: *[reading]* "Cuddle Up With Dr. Zach."

Frasier: Yes. As if some air-brushed picture of a pretty boy has anything to do with effective therapy!

Daphne: He is awfully cute.

Niles: *[looking]* Yet not so much you hate him for it.

Frasier: All right! You know, that's the reason I keep losing to him in the ratings. His station keeps flooding the marketplace with this useless tripe! It's my turn now. I'm going to call my agent. Let her earn her ten percent. Tell you what, once Bebe gets through with the station, my face will be splattered all over this city! *[picks up the phone and takes the paper to the couch]*

Daphne: That Bebe is a monster, I don't know why you chose her.

Niles: What possessed you? Yeah, right - she did.

Frasier: Yes, well, Bebe's evil, but she's my evil. *[takes a pen and starts marking the paper]*

Martin: Better bring a newborn baby in case she gets hungry.

Niles: Frasier, all this over a picture in the paper, it seems a little petty.

Frasier: It is not petty. It's about getting my due as a respected member of this community, and as a titan of Seattle radio psychiatry! *[finishes marking the paper and laughs]* Ha-ha! Yeah, you're not so pretty with a mustache and a hairy mole now, are ya?

He proudly holds up the paper, showing off his embellishments.

FADE TO:

Scene Three - Bebe's Office

Frasier is sitting in Bebe's waiting room, while her secretary shuffles around in the background. Bebe comes out.

Bebe: Frasier Crane! I wish my eyes were sore so you could be a sight for them!

Frasier: *[kisses her cheeks]* Thank you, Bebe, thank you for seeing me on such short notice.

Bebe: Oh, there's no such thing as short notice for my favorite client! *[to her secretary]* Get Dr. Crane some coffee, please.

The secretary nods, and Bebe follows Frasier into her office.

Bebe: So, how may I serve you?

Frasier: Well, uh, actually KACL is not doing all it should to promote my show.

Bebe: Say no more. We'll put the fear of God into them. We'll hold their feet to the fire until their skin crackles!

Frasier: Thank you, Bebe, I knew I could count on you.

Bebe: Well, it won't be me personally. I think now is the time to unleash the newest member of Team Crane.

Frasier: What do you mean?

Bebe: Well, you've become too big to be served by the efforts of one adoring mortal. That's why I'm bringing on more firepower!

Frasier: Oh, I like the sound of that!

Bebe: I thought you might! Frasier, meet your new agent, Portia Sanders.

Frasier turns around - and sees Bebe's secretary standing there. Where Bebe is dark, pushy, and brassy, Portia is blonde, wispy, and squeaky-voiced. Frasier cannot believe it.

Portia: Pleased to meet you.

Frasier: [*shakes her hand*] We've met. Several hundred times. [*to Bebe*] This is your assistant.

Bebe: Not anymore. Now she's a full-fledged junior agent.

Frasier: She brings me coffee. [*takes the cup she's brought*]

Bebe: She'll bring you Juan Valdez on a donkey if that's what you want!

Portia: I thought we should start by scheduling a meeting to get more acquainted.

Frasier: We've met!

Portia: You've only met Portia the assistant, the girl who's spent the last four years answering phones and getting your coffee just right. Well, Portia the agent plans to take that same attention to detail when representing you.

Frasier: I'm sorry, but you've never gotten my coffee right. [*hands it back*]

Portia: You never said anything before.

Frasier: Yes, I have, every time.

Bebe: Portia, will you give us a minute?

Portia: Is this about me? Because I would love the opportunity to address any concerns.

Bebe: Just go outside.

Portia: I'll be outside if you need me.

Frasier: Yes, yes, that's good to know.

Portia steps out.

Bebe: Seems innocent, doesn't she? Almost naive. That's the quality that sets the trap. Then, when she's lulled her prey, she pounces, pounces like a tiger-

Frasier: All right! Bebe, what's going on here? Are you fobbing me off?

Bebe: Ouch! Do you want the knife back, or shall I just keep it in my heart? Portia will merely be looking after the day-to-day details, freeing me up for the big picture.

Frasier: Really?

Bebe: Of course. You are the rock upon which this agency is founded, upon which we continue to thrive!

A handsome young man comes into the office.

Zach: Oh, sorry to interrupt, Bebe, but we have reservations at one o'clock.

Frasier: Dr. Zach! What is he doing here?

Bebe: Dr. Who? I'm confused, who are you?

Frasier: For God's sake, Bebe!

Bebe: [*pushes Dr. Zach out*] You were supposed to meet me in the restaurant - whoever you are! [*closes the door*]

Frasier: Bebe, how could you? I feel so betrayed.

Bebe: And I am just as outraged as you are!

Frasier: You know, I see what's going on here. You're trying to pass me off to your assistant so that you can devote all your attention to your new number one client!

Bebe: Nonsense. There is no one more important to me than you.

Frasier: Then let him have the junior agent.

Bebe: Frasier... we have done great things, you and I. We've climbed this mountain together and planted your flag. Now I've discovered another young man who... wants to plant his flag. Would you deny me the chance to share in that adventure?

Frasier: Yes.

Bebe: Oh, come on, don't be selfish! You'll be fine with Portia. Don't forget, she reports directly to me.

Frasier: Bebe... throughout our relationship, I have put up with a lot. But I never doubted for an instant your devotion to my career. Apparently, that is at an end. And so, therefore, is my association with this agency. [goes to the door] And, screw, may I add, YOU!

He walks out of the office.

Portia: I was thinking we could have that meeting next Tuesday.

Frasier: We have met! [leaves]

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**IN MARTIN'S DEFENSE,
EDDIE ATE SOME TOO**

Scene Four - Apartment

Frasier comes in the door. Martin is in his chair, Niles and Daphne are pouring sherries by the bar. On the table is a pot of flowers.

Martin: Hey, Fras. You just missed your new agent. She sent those. [points to the flowers]

Frasier: I didn't miss her. I was hiding in the stairwell until she left. And Portia is not my new agent. She's Bebe's minion! Her little winged monkey! The woman has been hounding me - you know, I had to turn off my cell phone. God only knows how she got the new number.

Daphne: Oh, Dr. Crane, did the woman from the Publisher's Clearing House reach you? She seemed quite insistent.

Martin: Wow, she sounds like a real go-getter.

Frasier: I don't care if she is, it'll be a cold day in hell before I go back to Bebe's agency.

Martin: Well, uh, you're not going to send back the flowers and muffins, are you?

Frasier: I don't see any muffins.

Martin: I mean, if she had sent muffins.

He quickly drops his paper over the remains of one on the side table.

Frasier: Don't worry, Dad, there will be muffins a-plenty. Now that I am agent-less, the word will spread like wildfire! You be prepared for this phone to start ringing right off the hook!

Everyone glances expectantly at the phone, Martin cupping a hand to his ear.

Frasier: I didn't mean literally.

Daphne: I know, but how great would that have been? You saying, "phone's gonna start ringing," and boom!

Frasier: Yes, yes, yes. The truth is, I'm excited. I'm excited about having a new agent, I'm excited about being excited about my career again!

The phone rings.

Daphne: Ooh, so close! [Niles tries to take away her sherry, but she waves him off]

Frasier: And so it begins. The sharks smell Crane in the water. Let's just see which one of them's hungriest, shall we? [picks up] Hello? Yes, could you hold on for just one moment, please? [holds out the phone] It's for you, Dad.

Martin: Oh, thanks.

He takes the phone. Frasier goes to his room.

Martin: Hello? Oh, hi, Dr. Stewart, thanks for calling me back. Um, I was hoping you could refill my prescription without me coming into the office. Oh, come on, doc! My son's a doctor, he says I look fine. [smaller voice] A psychiatrist. Okay, okay, I'll be in there tomorrow. Bye. [hangs up; to Niles] I hope you're satisfied.

Niles: Oh, Dad, we've discussed this. I'm happy to drive you to the doctor, but I can't just write you a prescription. I would never violate my ethics like that. Have you asked Frasier?

Martin: Yeah, he said the same old baloney you do. Look, I've been taking this medicine for four years, Niles. I don't need an exam, I just need a refill.

Niles: No!

Daphne: Here's a thought: Niles, you're a doctor. Why don't you give your father a full medical examination? That way you'll both be satisfied.

Niles and Martin look equally terrified.

Martin: Can you pick me up at one?

Niles: Yeah.

Martin does a hasty about-turn and heads for the hallway, while Niles gulps down the rest of his sherry.

FADE TO:

Scene Five - KACL

Roz is sat in her booth as usual. Frasier's voice is on the air, but his booth is empty. Portia enters Roz's booth.

Frasier: [on air] I'm telling you that most problems are resolved...

Portia: Knock, knock. I'm looking for Frasier.

Roz: Oh, he's not working today.

Portia: Then why am I hearing his show?

Roz: Well, we play "The Best of Crane" on Wednesdays.

Portia: Oh. Well, would you please ask him to call Portia? It's really important. [gives Roz her card]

Roz: Sure.

Portia leaves. Roz knocks on the glass partition, and Frasier emerges from under the console, still holding the mike.

Frasier: And I know it's never easy, Rachel, but you and your husband

won't get anywhere until you confront your problems head-on.
[disconnects] We'll be right back, Seattle, after the news.

He goes to commercial. Roz comes into his booth.

Roz: Can't dodge her forever.

Frasier: I won't have to, Roz, as soon as I have a new agent. Have there been any calls?

Roz: Nope, sorry.

Frasier: What? What the hell is going on? Surely someone would be interested in representing me. I still have a viable career, even if, arguably, it may or may not be going through what might be perceived by some as a... tiny lull.

Portia: [re-enters] There you are! [Frasier turns and gasps] I was leaving you a note on the windshield of your car, and I said to myself, "His car's here, so he's here, so why am I leaving a note on his windshield?" [giggles, and hands him the note] Here.

Frasier: Portia, I'm sure you're a lovely person, and I applaud your effort to find a new career - but not at the expense of my own.

Portia: But you haven't heard my ideas yet.

Frasier: Nor will I. [hands back the note] How can I make this any clearer to you? You are not my agent. You're not going to be my agent. Not now, not ever. So go practice on someone else's time, and leave me alone.

Portia leaves the booth, seemingly on the verge of tears.

Roz: That was brutal.

Frasier: [sighs] Don't worry, Roz, I'll be okay.

Roz: She seems very persistent. That's not such a horrible thing to have in an agent.

Frasier: I'd rather have no agent at all, than let Bebe win! [thinks] You know, that's not such a bad idea. I don't need an agent, I can represent myself! I mean, I have some insight into the human mind. I think that would be helpful in negotiations. My God, I should have thought of this sooner! Just think of the money I could save!

Roz: Isn't that what you said when you cut your own hair?

Frasier: No! That was just an emotional response to an unruly cowlick.

Roz: Okay, fine. So, you represent Frasier Crane. Now what?

Frasier sees Kenny out in the hallway.

Frasier: Well, for one, I'll do what Bebe couldn't do: I'll get Kenny to boost the advertising budget for our show. [knocks on the glass]

Roz: Yeah, but you already asked him that and he said no.

Frasier: Yes, that was Dr. Frasier Crane asking. Now, it's Agent Crane - licensed to charm.

Kenny: [enters] What is it, Doc? Is this about promos?

Frasier: No! [laughs, to Roz] Will you believe this guy? No, Kenny, listen, I've been thinking. You know, I think it's high time that you and I got together outside of the workplace. So, there's a little club downtown that I go to. How would you like to join me tomorrow for a little... uh, a little massage, and a little steam, huh? What do you say?

Kenny: Are you kidding? I'm front and center with a fistful of singles!

Frasier: [taken aback, laughs] Kenny, hah! It-it's not that kind of club.

Kenny: Oh... fives?

Roz: What is wrong with you?

Frasier: It's an athletic club, with squash courts and a swimming pool.

Kenny: Oh, right! [*confidential whisper*] Gotcha. [*leaves*]

FADE TO:

Scene Six - Niles's Mercedes

Niles is driving Martin to the doctor's.

Martin: Hmm, I'm sure you're happy. You're not gonna be spending the next hour sitting bare-assed on some cold steel table.

Niles: And neither are you, you big baby. I'm sorry, I'd help if I could, Dad, but I swore an oath.

A siren wails. Niles looks behind him and sees a patrol car.

Niles: I wonder what this is about. [*pulls over*] I'm sure it's just a misunderstanding.

A traffic cop walks up to the car and leans over on Niles's side.

Niles: Good afternoon, officer. Uh, I didn't do anything wrong, did I?

Martin: Actually, son, you made an illegal left turn back there.

Niles: Thank you, Dad.

Cop: License and registration, please.

Niles: [*as he's fishing them out*] Uh, you know, officer, my father here is no stranger to the rules of the road. Isn't that right, Dad?

Martin just shrugs.

Niles: Yes, sir, he is, uh, intimately acquainted with Lady Law. Aren't you, Dad?

Martin: Just a concerned citizen.

Cop: I'll be right back. [*walks back to his car*]

Niles: Why didn't you flash your badge and get me out of the ticket?

Martin: Well, I would have, Niles, but I took an oath too. However, if you were to take out that prescription pad...

Niles: Are you blackmailing your own son?

Martin: I'd write fast, there's nothing I can do once he writes that ticket.

Niles hurriedly takes out his pad and scribbles on it. Martin leans out his window.

Martin: Officer?

As the cop comes back, Niles tears off the slip. Martin tucks it inside his jacket.

Cop: Yes?

Martin: Uh, yeah, officer, I was wondering if maybe you could give my son a break. [*flashes his badge*] I don't think he'll be doing that again.

Cop: Well, uh, I guess this time I could let it slide. [*rips off the ticket and gives it to Niles*] Drive carefully.

Niles: Oh, I will. Thank you, sir.

As the cop walks away, Martin starts laughing.

Niles: What?

Martin: I got news for you: you didn't make an illegal left turn.

That's a buddy of mine. I set the whole thing up to get you to write me my prescription! *[laughs]*

Niles: *[fastens his seat belt]* I got news for you: I just drew you a picture of a dog.

Martin stops laughing, checks the slip, and sees HE'S the one who's been had.

Niles: *[starts the car again]* R-R-Ruff!

FADE TO:

Scene Seven - Locker Room

The empty locker room at Frasier's upscale health club. There are two rows of lockers along opposite walls, and two benches.

Frasier and Kenny, wearing only towels, exit the steam room.

[N.B. Check out Kelsey Grammer's performance in the 1998 HBO comedy, "The Pentagon Wars" for more Turkish bath humor.]

Frasier: So, what'd you think?

Kenny: Oh, I could get addicted to that! What was that stuff?

Frasier: Steam!

Kenny: Oh, it felt so great! Everything's great here! I can't believe I never heard of this place. *[sits on a bench]* They should advertise or something.

Frasier: *[sits opposite him]* You know, speaking of advertising, I think our recent dip in the ratings is due to a lack of advertising.

Kenny: What's to advertise, Doc? Your show's nine years old. Unless there's some new angle to promote, it's money better spent elsewhere. Now if you'll excuse me, I noticed a basket of free combs by the sink.

Kenny leaves. Frasier throws down his small towel in frustration, then turns and opens his locker. Behind him, Portia walks into the locker room. Just as Frasier unwraps his towel from his waist-

Portia: Dr. Crane?

Frasier: *[gasps, jerks his towel back on]* Portia, what the hell are you doing here? This is a private club and a men's locker room, get out!

Portia: Not until you give me a chance.

Frasier: Look, I told you, I'm not interested.

Kenny re-enters, not noticing Portia, and opens his locker.

Kenny: Hey, Doc, can I borrow your roll-on? I left mine at home- *[unwraps his towel, turning around]* HEY!

He fumbles his towel, dropping it to the floor, and shields himself with the locker door.

Portia: You must be Kenny Daly. I'm Portia Sanders, Frasier's agent.

Frasier: She is not my agent!

Kenny: I'm naked.

Portia: How much are you prepared to increase this man's advertising budget?

Kenny: Zero, and again, naked.

Frasier: *[hands him his towel]* Kenny, look, I apologize for this. Portia, you're leaving!

Portia: Not until he hears me out.

Kenny: [*grabs his pants*] Well, forget it, I'm out of here. [*Portia snatches them away*] Hey! What are you doing?

Portia: Taking your pants. You'll get them back when I'm finished. Okay, you're saving a few bucks on advertising, but with a little investment now, you can make a bundle when we syndicate!

Kenny: Are you kidding? Who's gonna want to syndicate Frasier?

Frasier: Hey!

Kenny: No, no, no offense, Doc, but if you were to syndicate-

Frasier: Kenny, I take offense! [*they start arguing*]

Portia: [*Bebe-ish*] All right! Sit down, and listen up!

Surprised, they shut up. Kenny bumps into the locker and rewraps his towel. He and Frasier sit on a bench together.

Portia: Legs together!

They clap their knees together.

[*N.B. Kudos to Chenoweth :-)*]

Portia transforms before their eyes - the hypnotic pitch, the expansive gestures, the haunted eyes - leaving us no doubt whose protégée she really is.

She drapes Kenny's pants over her shoulder and begins.

Portia: All right, maybe you two don't see the potential for syndication... but I do. Sure, the big markets are harder to crack. But we'll start smaller - KBCD in Medford, KBAB in Boise. They're both changing their formats. After the beginning of the year, they're going to need new programming. Soon, we'll have a vast and viable audience. [*gestures with the pants*] Oh, think of it! The obsessive-compulsive on his tractor... the bipolar cop on his beat... the soccer mom seething with rage! [*points to Frasier*] And they're all out there across this great land of yours, just waiting for you to help them!

Frasier: [*enraptured*] I've always thought that!

Portia: Yes! [*to Kenny*] But I can't do any of this unless you start backing us up with some advertising! [*to Frasier*] And you! You've got to be ready to schmooze every station manager from Portland, to the other Portland! [*steps back*] I'm hungry for this. I need you both to be as hungry as I am! Are you hungry?!

Frasier: [*jumps up*] I'm starving!

Kenny: [*jumps up*] Me, too!

Portia: [*normal voice*] Great. Call my office Monday morning, we'll go over the details.

She walks out, still carrying the pants, leaving Frasier and Kenny awestruck.

Frasier: Wow! That was my very first locker room pep talk!

Kenny: Mine, too!

Frasier: She took your pants, you know!

Kenny: [*laughing*] I know!

The realization slowly hits Kenny, but Frasier still trembles with excitement.

END OF ACT TWO

Credits:

Locker Room:

Frasier is now dressed and ready to leave. Dr. Zach walks in wearing a towel. Frasier greets him, shaking his hand and exchanging a few amiable words, then Dr. Zach goes back to his locker and gets a can of something.

He says goodbye to Frasier and goes into the steam room, not noticing Frasier swipe his pants out of the open locker as he walks out the door.

Guest Appearances

Special Guest Stars

HARRIET SANSOM HARRIS as Bebe Glaser

KRISTIN CHENOWETH as Portia

Guest Starring

CHRIS BERG as Dr. Zach

MARCUS FOLMAR as Cop

Guest Callers

CHERRY JONES as Janet

PAT BOONE as Garth

and

TOM MCGOWAN as Kenny

Legal Stuff

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