

FRASIER

"Fool Me Once, Shame on You.

Fool Me Twice..."

#40570-040

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FRASIER

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CAST

FRASIER CRANE.....KELSEY GRAMMER
MARTIN CRANE.....JOHN MAHONEY
DAPHNE MOON.....JANE LEEVES
NILES CRANE.....DAVID HYDE PIERCE
ROZ DOYLE.....PERI GILPIN
MAN.....BERNARD KUBY
MAN (V.O.)/PHIL.....NATHAN LANE
WOMAN.....KAREN PERSON
WAITER.....
DENISE (V.O.).....CEC VERRELL *
HEATHER.....JOAN McMURTREY
POLICEMAN #1.....JAMES WILLETT
EDDIE.....MOOSE

SETS

INT. RADIO STUDIO

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM

INT. CAFE NERVOSA

INT. RESTAURANT

FRASIER - "Fool Me Once..." #40570-040

ACT ONE

Scene A (1)
INT. CAFE NERVOSA - DAY DAY/1
(Niles, Frasier, Roz, Man)

Scene B (10)
INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY/1
LATER THAT DAY
(Frasier, Martin, Daphne, Eddie)

Scene C (15)
INT. RADIO STUDIO - THE NEXT DAY DAY/2
(Frasier, Roz, Man (V.O.))

Scene D (21)
INT. CAFE NERVOSA - DAY/2
LATER THAT DAY
(Frasier, Niles, Woman, Waiter)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene E (25)
INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT/2 *

Scene H (29)
INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY DAY/3
(Daphne, Frasier, Roz, Denise (V.O.)) *

Scene J (35)
INT. RESTAURANT - DAY (A SHORT TIME LATER) DAY/3
(Frasier, Heather, Phil, Policeman #1)

END OF ACT TWO

FRASIER

"Fool Me Once, Shame on You.

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ACT ONE

A

FADE IN:

INT. CAFE NERVOSA - DAY - DAY/1
(Niles, Frasier, Roz, Man)

NILES IS ENTERING AT THE SAME TIME AS A VERY ATTRACTIVE LADY. *
IN GENTLEMANLY FASHION HE HOLDS OPEN THE DOOR FOR HER
SO SHE MAY PASS FIRST.

NILES *

Allow me.

SHE STRIDES PAST HIM WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A SMILE OR *
A THANK-YOU.

NILES (CONT'D)

(SARCASTICALLY) You're welcome.

HE MOVES TO A TABLE WHERE FRASIER IS SEATED.

NILES (CONT'D) *

When did people become so boorish?
Honestly, sometimes I think I'm the
only one on this planet with any
sense of refinement. Smell my hands.

FRASIER

Thank you no.

NILES *

I'm just so proud of myself. I had
to stop for gas and I pumped it
myself. It's part of a kick I'm on.

FRASIER

Which is what?

NILES

It's like an interest, only stronger.

FRASIER

I know what a kick is. What's yours?

NILES *

I'm learning to be handy. I finally
decided I'm too dependent on other
people so I started "doing it"
myself. Just feel this -- tell me
that's not the start of a first-rate
callus.

HE PUTS FRASIER'S INDEX FINGER ON HIS PALM.

FRASIER

I don't feel anything.

NILES FEELS HIS PALM.

NILES

Damn. I over-lotioned.

ROZ ENTERS CARRYING A VIDEOTAPE.

ROZ

Frasier, you left this in your booth.

FRASIER

Oh dear. Thank you, Roz.

HE PROCEEDS TO PUT IT IN HIS BRIEFCASE, WHICH HE WILL THEN PLACE UNDER THE TABLE.

NILES

What is it?

FRASIER

A tape Dad asked me to rent for him. It's part of our new Wednesday night ritual. Dad mixes up a pot of his five-alarm chili, we all curl up on the couch, watch an Angie Dickinson movie, and I wish I were dead. You really should join us.

NILES

No, no, I bought my first work shirt this morning and tonight I'm tackling the squeaky hasp on my cigar humidior.

FRASIER

Be sure you wear your hernia belt.

(THEN) Well, Roz, are you going to join us?

ROZ

Um... (EYES NILES) actually I think
I'll just sit over here.

SHE INDICATES A VACANT TABLE.

NILES

Roz, are you trying to avoid me?

ROZ

Well can you blame me? I mean, it
took you about a year just to learn
my name, and practically every time
we sit together you've got some kind
of snide remark to make.

NILES

Name one.

ROZ

Well last week you said my bedroom is
easier to get into than a community
college.

NILES

(PROUDLY) I was hoping that would be
the one you'd name.

ROZ

Look, you pathetic little hand-puppet --

FRASIER

Now hold it. You two got off on the wrong foot a long time ago, but I'll bet if you tried to have one real conversation you'd get along famously. Roz, sit. I'll get your coffee.

VERY TENTATIVELY, ROZ SITS. FRASIER MOVES TO THE COUNTER TO GET HER COFFEE.

NILES

So... how are you?

ROZ

Fine. You?

NILES

Great. (BEAT) I'm handy now. So... that's a nice jacket.

ROZ

Thank you.

NILES

It's offbeat.

ROZ

And what is that supposed to mean?

"Offbeat."

NILES

Well...

ROZ

No, I think I know exactly what it means. Offbeat as in cheap. Well excuse me if I'm not rich enough to shop at the International House of Tight Ass like you and Maris the Heiress, but... (PAUSES) that is what you meant, right?

NILES

Yes, but I had no idea you'd pick up on it.

ROZ

Then you were insulting me.

NILES

Yes. But you got in a good shot yourself.

ROZ

I did, didn't I?

NILES

Roz -- it's our relationship. Let's not fight it.

ROZ

I'm so glad we did this!

THEY SHAKE AND AS THEY DO SO, FRASIER RETURNS TO THE TABLE.

FRASIER

Sometimes I'm such a good therapist I scare myself.

FRASIER GIVES ROZ HER COFFEE.

ROZ

Thank you.

FRASIER

(LOOKING UNDER TABLE) Where's my
briefcase?

NILES

Didn't you leave it under your chair?

FRASIER

Yes, but it's gone! Someone must
have taken it.

NILES

Frasier, look! There it is.

HE INDICATES AN OLDER MAN IN BLACK TURTLENECK AND JACKET HEADED *
FOR THE DOOR. HE CARRIES A BRIEFCASE. FRASIER INTERCEPTS THE
MAN AT THE DOOR.

FRASIER

Excuse me. Is that your briefcase?

MAN

Yes.

FRASIER

And where did you get it?

MAN

Some of the nuns in my parish bought
it for me as a gift.

FRASIER

Ah, your parish. Then that would
make you a priest.

MAN

Yes.

FRASIER TAKES THE BRIEFCASE.

FRASIER

Well then, "Father," maybe you'd like to tell us why you'd be carrying around... (SNAPS OPEN THE BRIEFCASE, LOOKS INSIDE) a Bible... and rosary beads...

MAN

What exactly are you looking for?

FRASIER

An Angie Dickinson movie. (THEN VAMPING) You see, I loaned it to the Monsignor. He was supposed to give it to you to give to me. But never mind, he probably just forgot to rewind it. Not to worry though, it was a two-day rental.

FRASIER GIVES THE MAN HIS BRIEFCASE AND PUSHES HIM OUT THE DOOR.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Off you go.

THE MAN EXITS. FRASIER TURNS TO ROZ AND NILES.

NILES

I'm sorry, Frasier. It looked exactly like yours. They both have the same inferior leather.

*

ROZ

*

Hey, I gave him that briefcase.

NILES

*

I know.

ON HER REACTION, WE:

*

FADE OUT.

B

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY - DAY/1
(Frasier, Martin, Daphne, Eddie)

FRASIER IS ON THE PHONE. EDDIE IS SEATED NEXT TO FRASIER,
LOOKING AT HIM. *

FRASIER

(INTO PHONE) Yes, I would mind
holding again. I've already held
three times... I'm simply trying to
cancel a credit card and every five
seconds -- Dammit! (HE'S ON HOLD,
THEN, TURNING TO EDDIE) Don't stare
at me, Eddie. I'm a humane man but
right now I could kick a kitten
through an electric fan.

MARTIN AND DAPHNE ENTER THE FRONT DOOR. THEY AD-LIB HELLOS. *

MARTIN

So, Niles called. You got ripped off, huh?

FRASIER

Yes, Dad, so why don't you go ahead and tell me how stupid I was to get taken advantage of that way? (RE: PHONE) It beats listening to "Jumping Jack Flash" arranged for piano and flute.

MARTIN

Hey, I don't think you were stupid. These guys are pros. All they need is a second and "bam," they're out the door.

FRASIER

Well this is refreshing. Here I was prepared to have you call me everything from a naive dupe to a...

MARTIN

A bone-headed rube?

FRASIER

But you're not.

MARTIN

No, I'm not. The important thing is you learned a lesson. You've always gotta keep your guard up. This world would be a much happier place if we'd all just remember two little words: People stink.

FRASIER

That's an awfully broad generalization.

MARTIN

And one to live by.

FRASIER

Well, I'm sorry, but that's a little cynical for me. I could never go through life thinking the worst of people. I take too much pleasure from believing that people are basically good and decent. (INTO PHONE) Yes, I'm still here, but I'm making a speech so now you'll have to hold! (HITS BUTTON) I enjoy my life more that way and if the price I pay for it is once in a while having to replace a few credit cards, then I say so be it.

DAPHNE

The whole thing reminds me of when I first moved to London. I was very mistrusting of people back then. I was convinced the way to stay out of harm's way was to walk the streets with my eyes cast down, never meeting anyone's glance. But finally I decided that was no way to live, so one day I just stopped slouching, lifted up my chin and took it all in. Well, the change was amazing. There were sights I'd never seen, sounds I'd never heard. A tiny old man even came up to me with a note in his hand. He needed help. I realized this was no city full of muggers and thieves. There were people here who needed me. I took his note, read it, and to this day I can remember just what I said to that man. "That's not how you spell 'fellatio.'"

DAPHNE EXITS TO HER BEDROOM.

FRASIER

Whose point did she prove?

MARTIN

I have no idea.

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

C

FADE IN:

INT. RADIO STUDIO - THE NEXT DAY - DAY/2
(Frasier, Roz, Man (V.O.))

FRASIER IS ON THE AIR.

FRASIER

Well, I've enjoyed chatting with all of you today, nasty old Gertrude aside, and now I'd like to close with a personal message. This goes out to the person who stole my briefcase yesterday, and, it turns out, also used the claim ticket that was in there to redeem my dry cleaning this morning: You need help, and I'm here to provide it. Also, the pinstriped navy suit was meant to be worn with

(MORE)

FRASIER (CONT'D)

French cuffs and medium-heel wing tips.
You may be sick, but there's no reason
you shouldn't be stylish. Until
tomorrow, this is Dr. Frasier Crane.

HE HITS A BUTTON. ROZ CROSSES IN.

ROZ

Man, what a great show! It was better
than great, it was brilliant. I can't
remember when you were more --

FRASIER

What do you want?

ROZ

Okay, remember I told you my
girlfriend was coming to town and I
might need a Friday off?

FRASIER

No.

ROZ

"No," you don't remember or "no," I
can't have Friday off?

FRASIER

Take one of each. I'm feeling
generous.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

HE HITS "SPEAKER."

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Hello.

IT'S A MAN'S VOICE.

MAN (V.O.)

Hi. Is this Dr. Crane?

FRASIER

Yes, it is.

MAN (V.O.)

Oh, man. What a thrill! I can't believe I got through.

FRASIER

Yes, well my show is over right now, but if you'll call back tomorrow --

MAN (V.O.)

That's not why I'm calling. I think I found your briefcase.

FRASIER

You're kidding. Are you sure?

MAN (V.O.)

Pretty sure.

FRASIER

(EXCITEDLY) Well, there's a way we can be positive. Turn the briefcase over. In the upper right corner you should find a small half-moon shaped water mark such as would be left by the careless resting of a champagne flute.

MAN (V.O.)

It's full of your stuff, Dr. Crane.

FRASIER

That's another way. So, is everything still there?

MAN (V.O.)

Well, there's a nice gold pen, a set of car keys, a datebook...

FRASIER

What about my wallet?

MAN (V.O.)

Sorry.

FRASIER

I guess that was hoping for too much.

MAN (V.O.)

It was the damndest thing. I was driving my kids to school, my eyes drifted off, and "bam" there it was by the side of the road.

FRASIER

Well, bless you for being such a careless driver. So how can I get it back?

MAN (V.O.)

I could drop it off.

FRASIER

How's this? Why don't you meet me at a place called Cafe Nervosa on Pike and Third? I'll be happy to give you a reward.

MAN (V.O.)

Hey, meeting you is reward enough. Half an hour okay?

FRASIER

Perfect. Bye.

MAN (V.O.)

Bye.

FRASIER HANGS UP.

ROZ

Well, that was pretty great.

FRASIER

Yes, but not surprising. Haven't I always told you to have faith in people?

ROZ

You were right. People are basically good.

FRASIER

Yes.

ROZ

And fair.

FRASIER

Indeed.

ROZ

We do nice things for each other in
this world because there's a little
thing called Karma that --

AS FRASIER EXITS:

FRASIER

You're not getting Friday off.

ROZ FOLLOWS.

ROZ

(WHINING) Why...?

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

D

FADE IN:

INT. CAFE NERVOSA - LATER THAT DAY - DAY/2
(Frasier, Niles, Woman, Waiter)

FRASIER IS AT THE COUNTER. NILES ENTERS. SIMULTANEOUSLY, YET
ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IS ALSO ENTERING. HE HOLDS THE DOOR
OPEN FOR HER.

NILES

Allow me.

SHE MOVES PAST HIM, THROUGH THE DOOR, WITHOUT SAYING A WORD.
NILES IS MIFFED. HE JOINS FRASIER.

NILES (CONT'D)

Do you believe that woman?

FRASIER

Well, there might be a little
padding, but for the most part, yeah.

NILES

I meant her rudeness. That's the
second time this week that's happened.
I've got half a mind to say something.

FRASIER

Then why don't you?

NILES

Well, because something happens to me when I talk to a beautiful woman. The minute they start staring into my eyes, my knees turn to jelly.

FRASIER

Still Niles, the only way we can break people of their rude habits is by confronting them.

NILES

That's true.

FRASIER

So...

HE INDICATES THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO HAS JUST MOVED TO THE COUNTER NEXT TO NILES. HE LOOKS AT HER FOR A BEAT. A WAITER BEHIND THE COUNTER THEN APPROACHES.

WAITER

Who's next here?

WOMAN

I'll have...

NILES

No, you won't! You weren't next here, I was. (LOOKS INTO HER EYES) Of course, people like you who glide

(MORE)

NILES (CONT'D)

through life wrapped in a cozy little cocoon of narcissism never notice such things. (STARTS MELTING) But you'd do well to learn this lesson, sister. There's still such a thing as good manners in this world. And that's why... (HE'S LOST IT) I insist you let me buy you your coffee. And try one of these poppyseed cakes, too.

HE DROPS A TEN DOLLAR BILL ON THE COUNTER.

WOMAN

Thank you.

NILES

My pleasure.

NILES TURNS BACK TO FRASIER A LITTLE STUNNED.

FRASIER

Kind of brutal, weren't you?

NILES

All I remember is "I was next," and then the sound of blood thundering through my ears.

FRASIER

There, there, Niles. Soon you'll be home with Maris and you'll forget you were anywhere near a beautiful woman today.

THEY MOVE TO A TABLE.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

We may as well sit by the window so
we can see him coming.

NILES

Your good Samaritan?

FRASIER

Yes. You know, all in all, I feel
pretty good. Granted, I did lose my
wallet but everything else was intact:
my datebook, my spare car keys, my
fountain pen... Best of all what's
still intact is my belief that people
are basically trustworthy. My faith
has been affirmed.

NILES

Frasier, this person who has your car
keys asked you to meet him here
knowing you'd bring your car?

FRASIER

Before you go off on one of your
paranoid riffs, my car happens to be...

(LOOKING OUT WINDOW) Moving down the
street! Oh, my God! Stop! Stop!

Stop that well-dressed man!

FRASIER AND NILES RUSH OUT THE DOOR. AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

E

FADE IN:

INT. FRASIER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - NIGHT/2
(Frasier, Martin, Niles) *

MARTIN IS ON THE PHONE. NILES IS FINISHING A CUP OF COFFEE.
DURING THE FOLLOWING, HE EXITS INTO THE KITCHEN.

MARTIN *

(INTO PHONE) Yeah, Charlie, it is my son, Frasier's car, so if you could put a little extra man power on this, I'd appreciate it. Yeah, I know... he fell for that old scam. I told him you gotta keep your guard up. But you know Frasier. He always knows better. "Mr. Up With People..." Remember what we used to call guys like him when I was on the force?

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(STARTS TO LAUGH, THEN HIS FACE
FALLS) Hey, we're still talking
about my son here, Charlie. I'll
talk to ya.

MARTIN HANGS UP THE PHONE. FRASIER ENTERS THROUGH THE FRONT
DOOR.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Hey, Frasier, how's it going?

FRASIER

Actually, terrible. You won't
believe what happened.

MARTIN

What?

FRASIER

My car was stolen.

MARTIN

You're kidding!

FRASIER

Yes, once again I was the victim of a
master criminal.

MARTIN

How'd they do it? They hot wired
you? Those guys got fingers like
concert pianists.

FRASIER

No, he had the key.

MARTIN

Wow, a real pro. Made a wax impression then had a duplicate key made, huh?

FRASIER

Actually, no, it was the same miscreant who stole my briefcase. He used the spare set of keys that were inside.

MARTIN

What? He tailed you for a few days and learned your routine so he'd know where to find your car?

FRASIER

Not exactly. He called the station and we agreed to meet.

MARTIN

What for?

NILES ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN.

NILES

Non-fat lattés and biscotti.

NILES AND MARTIN LAUGH.

FRASIER

(TO NILES) What are you, the town crier?

THEY KEEP LAUGHING.

FRASIER (CONT'D) *

Go ahead, laugh. But this hasn't
done anything to shake my belief in
the basic goodness of people.

MARTIN *

Oh yeah, he's probably using your car
to deliver hot meals to shut-ins.

NILES AND MARTIN LAUGH AGAIN.

FRASIER *

Well I'm glad my misfortune provided
you with so much glee. But now, Dad,
I have two requests to make. First,
wipe that father-knows-best smirk off
your face. I am not a child.

MARTIN

What's the second request?

FRASIER

Can I borrow your car tonight to go
to the movies?

ON MARTIN'S REACTION, WE:

FADE OUT.

H

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY - DAY/3
(Daphne, Frasier, Roz, Woman (V.O.))

ROZ IS THERE. FRASIER LEADS DAPHNE IN. HE'S BEEN GIVING HER
A TOUR.

FRASIER

And last stop on our tour, my booth,
where all the magic happens.

ROZ

Hey, Daphne. What are you doing here?

DAPHNE

Oh, Dr. Crane needed a lift in so I
decided to come up for a little tour.
But don't mind me. Just go on about
your business. It's not like...

(INTO MICROPHONE) I'm listening.

DAPHNE LAUGHS.

ROZ

Have we had one visitor yet who
didn't feel the need to do that?

FRASIER

Well, thanks for the ride, Daphne,
but we do have a show to do so if you
don't mind...

DAPHNE

(INTO MIC) Hello, there, Seattle.
This is Daphne Moon spinning the
platters that matter.

FRASIER

Daphne...

DAPHNE

(INTO MIC) That was a little disk
from 1966, the Beatles' "Help."

FRASIER

Daphne...

DAPHNE

(INTO MIC) And now my request line
is open.

FRASIER

I have one: Get out.

HE USHERS HER OUT THE DOOR.

DAPHNE

Sorry, sorry, I'll be on my way.

SHE EXITS, THEN POKES HER HEAD BACK IN.

DAPHNE (CONT'D) *

This is Daphne Moon, signing off.

FRASIER SLAMS THE DOOR. *

SFX: PHONE RINGS

ROZ PICKS UP THE PHONE.

ROZ

Hello? Who's calling, please? Just
a second. (TO FRASIER) It's a
Denise. She says she was out with
you last night.

FRASIER

I wasn't out with anyone named Denise
last night.

ROZ

Ooh! Speaker phone, speaker phone!

FRASIER HITS THE SPEAKER BUTTON.

FRASIER

Hello. This is Frasier Crane.

IT'S A SULTRY WOMAN'S VOICE, THAT OF DENISE. *

DENISE (V.O.) *

Hey, tiger. I miss you already.

FRASIER

I beg your pardon?

DENISE (V.O.) *

That was pretty sneaky of you running
out this morning. I woke up to see
your BMW pulling down my driveway.

FRASIER

You did?

DENISE (V.O.)

Oh, I'm not mad. How can I be after
the best first night I have ever
spent with a man? Boy, am I glad you
walked into that bar last night.

FRASIER

Would you hold on, Denise?

DENISE (V.O.)

Sure.

HE HITS THE HOLD BUTTON.

FRASIER

Do you realize what this means?

ROZ

The guy who stole your stuff told her
he was you.

FRASIER

And it worked! She slept with him on
the first date. No one ever sleeps
with me on the first date!

FRASIER HITS THE BUTTON AGAIN.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Hi. It's me again.

DENISE (V.O.) *

Look, I'm sorry to do this on short notice, but I won't be able to meet you for that drink. The agency called -- they booked me for a swimsuit layout.

FRASIER BITES HIS FIST IN FRUSTRATION.

DENISE (V.O.) (CONT'D) *

It's killing me to miss it.

FRASIER *

It's killing me too.

DENISE (V.O.) *

I've always wanted to go to Alberto's. But some other time. I've got to run. I'll call you tomorrow. Kisses.

SHE HANGS UP. FRASIER DISCONNECTS THE LINE.

ROZ

Unbelievable.

FRASIER

Yes, apparently he wasn't content to steal just my possessions. Now he's going after my identity.

ROZ

I'll call the police.

FRASIER

No. I'm handling this myself.

(PUTTING HIS COAT ON) I'm going down
to Alberto's.

ROZ

You've got a show.

FRASIER

Just run something from the "Best of
Frasier Crane." This jackal still
thinks he's meeting Denise down
there. He'll meet me instead.

ROZ

You're crazy. He could be dangerous.

FRASIER

(BLOWING) I don't care, Roz! He's
gone too far this time. For God's
sake, the man is trying to steal my
very soul! What was it Shakespeare
wrote? "He who steals my purse,
steals trash. But he who steals my
good name... steals... well..." Oh,
I forget the rest but it makes me
good and mad!

FRASIER EXITS, AND WE:

FADE OUT.

J

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY (A SHORT TIME LATER) - DAY/3
 (Frasier, Heather, Phil, Policeman #1)

AN ATTRACTIVE BISTRO, WITH SEVERAL TABLES AND A SMALL BAR AT ONE END. A WOMAN, HEATHER, IS AT THE BAR FINISHING A MEAL. FRASIER ENTERS, OBVIOUSLY STILL IN A LATHER. HE LOOKS AROUND, AND NOT FINDING HIS MAN, MOVES TO THE BAR.

FRASIER

*

(TO HEATHER) Excuse me. Has there
 been a man in here wearing an
 impeccably-tailored Italian suit?

HEATHER

*

Just you.

FRASIER

*

(FLATTERED) Oh, thank you. Georgio
 Armani.

HEATHER

*

Nice to meet you, Georgio.

THEY LAUGH AT HER JOKE. FRASIER TAKES THE SEAT BESIDE HER.

*

HEATHER (CONT'D) *

My name's Heather.

FRASIER

Frasier Crane. How do you do?

HEATHER

Wait a minute. Dr. Frasier Crane,
from the radio?

FRASIER

Yes.

HEATHER

Oh, I've heard your show. You're
great.

FRASIER

Thank you.

HEATHER

This is so exciting! (THEN) Wait a
minute. You said on your show the
other day that someone had
impersonated you at the dry cleaners.

FRASIER

Yes, someone did.

HEATHER

But how do I know you're not the
impersonator?

FRASIER

Oh, well for heaven's sake, if you
need identification... (REACHES INTO
HIS POCKET) Uh oh.

HEATHER

I thought so.

FRASIER

No. He stole my wallet the other
day.

HEATHER

Who did?

FRASIER

Frasier did. The bad Frasier!

HEATHER

You're pretty sick, you know that?

Maybe you ought to just get a life!

WITH FRASIER MUMBLING FUTILE PROTESTS LIKE "BUT WAIT.", "I'M
THE REAL ONE.", ETC., SHE EXITS. FRASIER BEGINS PACING AGAIN,
LOOKING AROUND THE RESTAURANT. AFTER A COUPLE OF BEATS, A MAN
ENTERS, WEARING AN IMPECCABLY-TAILORED BLUE ITALIAN SUIT.
FRASIER EYES HIS QUARRY. THE MAN, PHIL, BEGINS LOOKING AROUND
-- FOR HIS DATE. HE MOVES PAST FRASIER.

FRASIER

Nice suit.

PHIL TURNS TO HIM.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

Frasier Crane, I presume.

PHIL

Oh, my God. It's you!

HE STARTS TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT BUT FRASIER GRABS HIM.

FRASIER

Forget it, buddy. You're mine now.

PHIL

All right, all right, I give up.

Damn it! How'd you find me?

FRASIER

A cert in Denise you spent the night
with called the station to cancel
your lunch today.

PHIL

Great. And I put on my best suit.

FRASIER

No, you put on my best suit!

PHIL

Right. Sorry. Well, I guess this is
it. Party's over. (HE SITS) You
probably want to call the police,
huh?

FRASIER

No, what I'd really like to do is to
throttle you 'till your eyes fly
across the room like champagne corks.
But I won't. Because this is still a
civilized world. But it won't be
much longer if lowlifes like you have
your way. Because with every wallet

(MORE)

FRASIER (CONT'D) *

you steal you put bars on one more person's window. And with every purse you snatch, there's Mace on another keychain. Every day you make all our lives a little less liveable and I hope that burns on your conscience! (A BEAT) Well, what do you have to say for yourself?

PHIL

You're right.

FRASIER

Oh, I see. You think by agreeing with me I'll let you walk.

PHIL

No, I'm saying you're right. I'm not trying to weasel out of this. I'm guilty and I deserve what I get.

Look, here's your keys. (PRODUCE KEYS) The car's out front with your briefcase in it. (PRODUCE PORTABLE PHONE) Go ahead and call the police. That's your new car phone, by the way. I upgraded.

FRASIER

You're too good to me.

FRASIER BEGINS DIALING. DURING THE FOLLOWING HE WILL HAVE TROUBLE MAKING IT WORK.

PHIL

I should've known things were going to turn out like this for me.

FRASIER

Oh, here it comes, the old sob story. Daddy didn't love me, Mommy ignored me, and the bully next door stole my baseball glove.

PHIL

No, Dad loved me, Mom spoiled me and I was the bully next door.

PHIL NOTICES FRASIER'S DIFFICULTY WITH THE PHONE.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Why don't you let me do that? It's kind of tricky.

FRASIER

Thank you.

PHIL TAKES THE PHONE, BEGINS DIALING.

PHIL

There's only one person to blame for my problems and that's me. (INTO PHONE) Yeah, hi. The number for the Seattle P.D., please. (TO FRASIER) I take the easy way out of everything. I always have. And you want to know why? I'm lazy.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D) *

Lazy, lazy, lazy. (INTO PHONE) Oh,
I don't have the energy to look for a
pencil. Could you just connect me?
Thanks, Hon.

FRASIER

You expect me to believe your entire
life of crime can be attributed to
your laziness?

DURING THE FOLLOWING, PHIL SPOTS SOME CASH LYING ON THE BAR.
JUST AS HE SLIDES IT INTO HIS POCKET, FRASIER SPOTS HIM IN
THE ACT AND SHOOTS HIM A LOOK. PHIL PUTS THE TIP BACK ON
THE BAR. *

PHIL *

Hey, it's the truth. I don't like to
work. Never have. It's a lot easier
to take something than to get a job.
And I'm even a lazy criminal. A
briefcase here, a set of car keys
there, maybe a little light
shoplifting. But a bank robbery?
All that planning and split second
timing? Forget it. And that second
story stuff. The grappling hooks,
glass cutters... Who does that?
(INTO PHONE) Uh huh... thank you.
(HANDING FRASIER THE PHONE) You're
on hold.

FRASIER

The story of my week. (THEN) Well, you seem to be taking this awfully well.

PHIL

It's like I said, it was bound to happen.

FRASIER

Or perhaps you wanted it to happen.

PHIL

Huh?

FRASIER

Well, think about it. The risks you were taking were getting greater and greater. Doesn't that sound like the behavior of a man who wanted to get caught?

PHIL

(SHAKES HEAD) I'm telling you, Doc, lazy. Look at your pants for God's sake. You'd think I'd take them in to be hemmed, right? (SHOWS FRASIER THE CUFFS WHICH ARE STAPLED) Staples.

FRASIER

I think you wanted to get caught because you're not happy living the life you're living.

PHIL

(THINKS ABOUT THAT) Well, it's not a great life. Half the time I don't know where my next month's rent is coming from. And I haven't been in a solid relationship in I don't know how long.

FRASIER

So then, why don't you change?

PHIL

Haven't we been over this? Lazy!

FRASIER

As a psychiatrist, I don't buy that. You're not lazy. What you are is afraid. There are any number of ways you could make it in the legitimate world. You're just afraid to try one of them and fail at it.

PHIL

You really think I can change?

FRASIER

Yes. I think anyone can change because people at heart are basically good. (INTO PHONE) Yes, hello. One moment please. (TO PHIL) Start now.

(MORE)

FRASIER (CONT'D) *

Take responsibility for yourself.
For once don't take the easy way out.
(HANDS PHIL THE PHONE)

PHIL

(INTO PHONE) Hello? Yeah, I'd like
to report a crime.

HEATHER RE-ENTERS. WITH HER ARE TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN.

HEATHER

There he is! He's the man who's been
impersonating Frasier Crane.

HEATHER POINTS TO FRASIER. THE POLICE GO TO HIM.

POLICEMAN #1

All right, let's go.

FRASIER

What are you talking about? I am
Frasier Crane!

POLICEMAN #1

Do you have identification?

FRASIER

Well, no. But it's the truth. (TO
PHIL) Tell them!

PHIL SNAPS SHUT THE PORTABLE PHONE.

PHIL *

(TO POLICE) Thank God you got here
when you did, Officer. I detained
him as long as I could.

FRASIER

What?!!

POLICEMAN #1

Move it.

THEY TAKE FRASIER.

FRASIER

(LIVID) But he's lying! He's the
impostor. Don't you people recognize
me?

THEY HAUL HIM OUT.

FRASIER (CONT'D)

This can't be happening. This is
madness! People of the world, listen
to me -- don't trust anyone!
Especially that lazy bastard!!

AS FRASIER IS HAULED INTO THE NIGHT, WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO