

# [2.14]Fool Me Once, Shame On You

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Fool Me Once, Shame On You

Written by Christopher Lloyd

Directed by Philip Charles MacKenzie

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Production Code: 2.14.

Episode Number In Production Order: 40

Filmed on:

Original Airdate on NBC: 7th February 1995

Transcript written on 31st July 2000

Transcript revised on 8th February 2003

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## AWARDS & NOMINATIONS

### Nominated

#### EMMY

- **Outstanding Guest Actor in a Comedy Series:** Nathan Lane
- 

## Transcript {andrea day}

*ACT ONE*

*Scene One - Café Nervosa.*

*Frasier is seated at a table. Niles walks in and is about to shut the door when he spots a woman behind him. He graciously holds the door open for her.*

**Niles:** Allow me.

*She breezes by without a word.*

**Niles:** You're welcome. [*hangs up coat and walks over to Frasier*]  
When did everyone become so boorish? [*wipes down chair*]  
Honestly, sometimes I think I'm the only person left in  
the world with any sense of refinement. [*sits*] Ooh! Ooh!  
Smell my hands!

**Frasier:** Thank you, no.

**Niles:** I'm just so proud. I had to stop for gas, and I pumped it  
myself! [*smells his hands and grimaces*] It's part of a new  
kick I'm on.

**Frasier:** Which is what?

**Niles:** I'm learning to be handy. I've decided I depend too much on  
other people, so I'm doing it myself. [*holds out his hand*]  
Ooh, feel that. Tell me that's not the start of a first-rate  
callus.

*Roz walks in carrying a videotape.*

**Roz:** Frasier, you left this in your booth.

**Frasier:** Oh dear, thank you Roz.

**Niles:** What is it?

**Frasier:** Oh, it's 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 and watch an Angie Dickinson movie and I wish I were dead. You should join us.

**Niles:** No, no. I got my first work shirt this morning and tonight I'm tackling the squeaky hasp on my cigar humidor.

**Frasier:** Oh, well, be sure to wear your hernia belt. So, Roz, you gonna join us?

**Roz:** [*pointedly at Niles*] No, I think I'll just go sit over here.

**Niles:** Roz? Are you trying to avoid me?

**Roz:** Well, can you blame me? I mean, it took you nearly a year just to learn my name and every time we sit together, you have some kind of snide remark to make.

**Niles:** Name one.

**Roz:** Well, last week you told me my bedroom was easier to get into than a community college.

**Niles:** I was hoping that would be the one you'd name.

**Roz:** [*charging at him*] You know, I've got half a mind to...

**Frasier:** No, no, no! Just hold on now, Roz. You and Niles got off on the wrong foot a long time ago. I think if you two sat down and had a real conversation you'd hit it off famously. Here, you sit, Roz, and I will go and get your coffee.

*Roz sits down as Frasier goes to the counter.*

**Niles:** [*pause*] So, how are you?

**Roz:** Fine. You?

**Niles:** Great. [*pause*] I'm handy now. [*Roz stares at him*] So...that's a nice jacket.

**Roz:** Thank you.

**Niles:** Offbeat.

**Roz:** And what is that supposed to mean, "offbeat"?

**Niles:** Well...

**Roz:** No, wait, I think I know exactly what it means. Offbeat as in cheap. Well, excuse me for not being rich enough to shop at the International House of Tight-Ass like you and Maris the heiress! 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 couple of good shots yourself.

**Roz:** I did, didn't I? I'm so glad we did this!

*They shake hands as Frasier returns.*

**Frasier:** You know, sometimes I am such a good therapist, I scare myself! [*notices*] Oh my goodness... where's my briefcase?

**Niles:** Didn't you put it under your chair?

**Frasier:** Well, yes I did, but someone must have taken it!

**Niles:** Frasier, look, there it is!

*Niles points to a man walking towards the door, carrying a briefcase. Frasier rushes to the door to block the man from leaving.*

**Frasier:** Excuse me.

**Man:** Excuse me.

**Frasier:** Is that your briefcase?

**Man:** Yes, it is.

**Frasier:** 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:** Well, then, "Father" [*grabs the briefcase*], perhaps you'd like to explain why you'd be carrying around... [*opens the case*]...a Bible and some rosary beads?! [*slams the case shut*]

**Man:** What exactly are you looking for?

**Frasier:** An Angie Dickinson movie. I loaned it to the Monsignor. He was supposed to give it to you to give to me. Apparently he forgot. Well, it's a two-day rental anyway, doesn't matter. Off you go. Thank you.

*The priest leaves, confused.*

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

**Roz:** I gave him that briefcase!

**Niles:** [*playfully punching her shoulder*] I know!

FADE OUT

### IT'S LIKE HORATIO

*Scene Two - Frasier's apartment.*

*Frasier is seated at the dinner table, on the phone to the police. Eddie is in Martin's chair, staring at Frasier.*

**Frasier:** Yes, I would mind holding again! Look, I've already held three times! I'm simply trying to report a few stolen credit cards, but every five seconds...damn it! [*He notices Eddie staring*] Don't stare at me, Eddie. I'm a humane man, but right now I could kick a kitten through an electric fan!

*Eddie jumps down and runs off down the hall as Martin and Daphne enter. They ad-lib hellos.*

**Martin:** So, Niles called. Somebody stole your briefcase, huh?

**Frasier:** Yes, all right, Dad, go ahead; tell me how stupid I was to get taken advantage of that way. It's certainly better than listening to "Jumping Jack Flash" arranged for piano and flute.

**Martin:** I don't think it was stupid. These guys are pros. They just need a second and bam, they're out the door.

**Frasier:** Well, that's rather refreshing. I was expecting you to call me every name from a naive dupe to a...

**Martin:** Bone-headed rube?

**Frasier:** But you're not!

**Martin:** No, I'm not. The important thing is you learned a lesson. You got to keep your guard up. The world would be a happier place if everybody would remember two little words: People stink.

**Frasier:** I'm sorry, but that's just a little cynical for me! I don't want to go through life thinking the worst of people. I prefer to think of them as basically good and decent. [*into phone*] Yes, I am here, but you know, I'm sorry, I'm in the middle of a speech right now, so you'll have to hold! [*places phone on hold*] Truth is, I enjoy my life that way. If the price I have to pay is to replace a few credit cards from time to time, well then, so be it.

**Daphne:** This 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 straight with me eyes cast down, never meeting anyone's glance. But,

finally, I decided that was no way to live. So one day, I just 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 came up to me with a note in his hand. He needed help. I realized this was no city full of thieves and muggers. 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.'"

*She exits to her room, leaving Frasier and Martin dumbstruck.*

**Frasier:** So... whose point did she prove?

**Martin:** I have no idea.

FADE TO:

*Scene Three - KACL.*

*The next day. Frasier is finishing up his show.*

**Frasier:** Well, I can't tell you how much fun it's been chatting with you all today, nasty old Gertrude aside. But, I'd like to close the show with a personal message. This goes out to the person who stole my briefcase yesterday. And, as it turns out, also stole my dry cleaning this morning with the claim ticket that was inside. You need help, and I am here to provide it. Oh, also, the double-breasted navy blue suit was meant to be worn with French cuffs and medium heel wing tips. You may be sick, but there's no reason why you shouldn't be stylish. Until tomorrow, this is Dr. Frasier Crane.

*He goes off the air as Roz enters his booth.*

**Roz:** Man, that was 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 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.

*The phone rings in the studio, Frasier puts it on speakerphone.*

**Frasier:** Hello?

**Man:** [v.o.] Hi, is this Dr. Crane?

**Frasier:** Yes, it is.

**Man:** Oh man, what a thrill! I can't believe I got through!

**Frasier:** Yes, well, actually, my show is over. You'll have to call in again tomorrow.

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

**Frasier:** Oh, really? Really, are you sure?

**Man:** Pretty sure.

**Frasier:** Well, there's a way we can be positive. Simply turn over the briefcase and in the upper right-hand corner you should find a half-moon-shaped watermark, such as would be left by the careless resting of a champagne flute.

**Man:** It's full of your stuff, Dr. Crane.

**Frasier:** Oh. Well, that works as well, yes. Say, listen, is everything still there?

**Man:** Well, there's a nice gold pen, a set of car keys, a date book...

**Frasier:** What about my wallet?

**Man:** Oh, sorry.

**Frasier:** Well, I suppose that was asking for too much. Well, how can I get it back?

**Man:** I could drop it off.

**Frasier:** Oh, better yet, why don't you meet me at the Café Nervosa on Pike and Third. I'd be glad to give you a reward.

**Man:** Hey, meeting you is reward enough! Half an hour okay?

**Frasier:** That's perfect. Bye.

**Man:** Bye.

*He hangs up the phone.*

**Roz:** Well, that was pretty great.

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

**Roz:** Yes, and you were right. People are basically good.

**Frasier:** Yes.

**Roz:** And fair.

**Frasier:** Indeed.

**Roz:** We do nice things for people in this world because there's a little thing called karma...

**Frasier:** There's no way you're getting Friday off.

*He walks out into the hallway, with Roz whining "Why?" behind him.*

*FADE TO:*

*Scene Four - Café Nervosa.*

*Frasier is waiting at the counter. Niles enters and holds the door open for a pretty blonde woman.*

**Niles:** Allow me.

*As before, the woman breezes past him without a word.*

*He walks over to Frasier in a huff.*

**Niles:** Do you believe that woman? That's the second time that's happened to me this week. I have half a mind to say something.

**Frasier:** Well, then why don't you?

**Niles:** Oh, you know. Something happens to me when I talk to a beautiful woman. From the moment they begin staring into my eyes my knees turn to jelly.

**Frasier:** Still, Niles, we both know the only way to break people off their bad habits is by confronting them.

*The blonde walks up to the counter and stands next to Niles.*

**Niles:** Oh, that's true.

**Frasier:** So? [*gestures toward the woman*]

**Waiter:** Who's next here?

**Woman:** [*cutting off Niles*] I am! I'll have a cafe...

**Niles:** Oh, oh, oh, oh! No, you're not! You weren't next here, I am! [*turns to face her*] I suppose people like you who glide through life wrapped in a cozy little cocoon of narcissism never notice such things. But you'd do well to learn this lesson, sister! [*beginning to wobble*] There's still such a thing as good manners in this world, and that's why I would like to insist that you let me buy you your coffee and also please try the poppy seed muffins.

**Woman:** Thank you.

**Niles:** You're welcome.

*He places some money on the counter and then staggers to a table, unsure of what just happened.*

**Frasier:** [sarcastic] Kind of brutal, weren't you?

**Niles:** All I remember was, 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. [*moves toward the window seat*] Please, why don't we sit here by the window so we can see him when he comes?

**Niles:** Oh, your good Samaritan?

**Frasier:** Yes. You know, I have to tell you Niles, I'm feeling rather good about this whole thing. Granted, I did lose my wallet and my favorite suit. But, still, mostly everything else was intact. My date book, my spare set of car keys, my fountain pen. But, best of all, what has remained intact is my sense that people are basically trustworthy.

**Niles:** Frasier, the person who has your car keys asked you to meet him here, knowing you'd bring your car?

**Frasier:** Now, now... before you launch into one of your little paranoid riffs, my car happens to be... [*looks out the window*] MOVING DOWN THE STREET!!

*They both rush outside.*

**Frasier:** Oh my god! [o.s.] Stop! Stop that well-dressed man!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

*Scene One - Frasier's apartment.*

*Later that evening. Niles sits on the couch, drinking coffee while Martin is on the phone with an old cop buddy of his.*

**Martin:** Yeah, Charlie, it's my son Frasier's car. So, if you could put a little extra manpower on this, I'd appreciate it. Yeah, I know. I know, fell for that old scam. [*Niles exits to the kitchen*] I told him you gotta keep your guard up, but you know Frasier, he always knows better - Mr. Up With People. Yeah, remember what we used to call guys like him when I was on the force? [*laughs, then*] Hey, we're still talking about my son here, Charlie! Yeah, I'll talk to you.

*He hangs up the phone as Frasier enters.*

**Martin:** Hi Frasier, how's it going?

**Frasier:** Terribly. Guess what happened today?

**Martin:** What?

**Frasier:** My car was stolen!

**Martin:** [*pretending*] You're kidding!

**Frasier:** Yes, once again, I fell victim to a master criminal.

**Martin:** How'd they do it? Hot-wire it? Boy, you know, those guys got fingers like concert pianists.

**Frasier:** No. He had the key.

**Martin:** Oh, a real pro, huh? He made a wax impression and then had a duplicate key made?

**Frasier:** No... It was the same miscreant who stole my briefcase. He used the spare set that was inside.

**Martin:** What? He tailed you for a few days, learned your routine, so he'd know where to find the car?

**Frasier:** [*sheepishly*] Not exactly. He called the station and we

agreed to meet.

**Martin:** What for?

**Niles:** [*entering from the kitchen*] Low-fat lattes and biscotti.

*He and Martin fall apart laughing.*

**Frasier:** Oh, what are you, the town crier?! Oh, go ahead and laugh! You know, it still doesn't shake my belief in the basic goodness of people.

**Martin:** Well, sure. He's probably using your car to deliver hot meals to shut-ins. [*he and Niles laugh again*]

**Frasier:** Yes, well, I'm glad that my misfortune has given you two so much glee! But Dad, I have two requests. First, wipe that father-knows-best smirk off of your face! I am not a child!

**Martin:** And, what's the second request?

**Frasier:** Can I borrow your car? I want to go to the movies.

*Niles and Martin continue laughing as the scene fades out.*

FADE TO:

### BRIEFCASE OF LOVE

*Scene Two - KACL.*

*Frasier is giving Daphne a tour of KACL before his show begins.*

**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. Oh, don't mind me. Just go on about your business.

*She stoops over his console, holds his headphones to her ear, and talks into the microphone.*

**Daphne:** It's not like... I'm listening. [*giggles*]

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

**Frasier:** Thank you for the ride down, Daphne, but we do have a show to do. So if you...

**Daphne:** You know, people are always telling me I have a natural talent for this.

**Frasier:** Yes, yes, of course. Your soothing voice, your calming manner. [*walks her to the door*] I could listen to you for hours.

**Daphne:** Oh, wow, do you really think so?

**Frasier:** Oh, yes. Absolutely. All right, now get out. [*shoves her out the door.*]

*The phone in the studio rings.*

**Frasier:** Roz, could you get that, please?

**Roz:** Sure. [*in phone*] Hello? Who's calling please? Just a second. [*to Frasier*] It's Denise. She said 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:** Oh, all right. [*places it on speaker phone*] Hello. This is Frasier Crane.

**Denise:** [*v.o.*] Hey, tiger. I miss you already.

**Frasier:** I beg your pardon?

**Denise:** Oh, I'm sorry to call you at work, but you just snuck out of here this morning without giving me your number and I woke up to see your BMW pulling down my driveway.

**Frasier:** [realizing] You did?

**Denise:** Mm-hmm. But I'm not mad. How can I be after the best first night I ever spent with a man?

**Frasier:** Denise, could you just hold on for a moment?

**Denise:** Sure.

*He places the phone on hold.*

**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! Nobody ever sleeps with me on the first date! [takes phone off hold] Hi, it's me again.

**Denise:** Look, I'm sorry to do this on short notice, but I won't be able to meet you for that drink at Alberto's. The agency called. They booked me for a swimsuit layout.

*Frasier is nearly in tears. Over the phone a horn honks.*

**Denise:** Oh, there's my cab. I'll call you tomorrow. Kisses!  
[hangs up]

[N.B. The celebrity who plays Denise is uncredited.]

**Roz:** Unbelievable!

**Frasier:** Yes. Apparently he wasn't content just to steal my possessions. Now he's after my identity as well!

**Roz:** [picking up phone] I'm calling the police.

**Frasier:** No, Roz, no! I will handle this myself. I am going down to Alberto's.

**Roz:** You have a show!

**Frasier:** Just run something from the "Best of Frasier Crane." This jackal thinks he's meeting Denise down there, but he's going to meet me instead!

**Roz:** Are you crazy?! He could be dangerous!

**Frasier:** I don't care, Roz! My god, this man's gone too far. He's after my very soul now! 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!

FADE TO:

*Scene Three - Alberto's.*

*Frasier enters Alberto's just as two men are leaving. He quickly looks them over to see what they are wearing. He then approaches a woman, Heather, seated at the bar.*

**Frasier:** Excuse me. Have you seen a man in here wearing an impeccably tailored Italian suit?

**Heather:** Just you.

**Frasier:** [blushes] Oh, well... thank you. Giorgio Armani.

**Heather:** Nice to meet you, Giorgio. [they laugh] My name's Heather.

**Frasier:** Yes, uh, Frasier Crane, it's a pleasure. [gestures to a barstool next to her] Do you mind?

*She complies and he sits down.*

**Heather:** Wait a minute. Dr. Frasier Crane from the radio?

**Frasier:** Yes.



**Heather:** Well, I've heard your show. You're great!

**Frasier:** Oh, thank you.

**Heather:** This is exciting! [pauses] Hey, didn't you say 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 that you're not the impersonator?

**Frasier:** Oh, good heavens, if you're looking for identification, I... [reaches for his wallet] Uh-oh.

**Heather:** I thought so. [gets up to leave]

**Frasier:** Yes, but, 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!

*She heads for the door. He follows her.*

**Frasier:** Heather, this is absurd! Can't you recognize my...

*She's gone before he can get the chance to explain further. He stands at the door for a moment, defeated. Then, a man enters the bar. He is nowhere near Frasier's size, but Frasier recognizes the suit. He slowly looks the man up and down as the man grows more and more nervous.*

**Frasier:** Nice suit.

**Phil:** Oh my god, it's you!

*We recognize his voice as the man who called in to Frasier's show. He rushes to the door, but Frasier catches him.*

**Frasier:** Oh, no you don't! You're mine now!

**Phil:** All right. All right, I give up.

*He tries to make another dash for it, but Frasier grabs him.*

**Frasier:** Damn it! How did you find me?

**Frasier:** Well, a certain Denise called the station today. She had to cancel your little rendezvous.

**Phil:** Great. And I put on my best suit.

**Frasier:** No. You put on my best suit!

**Phil:** Well, I guess this is it. Party's over. I'm so stupid! [sits at a table] You probably want to call the police, huh?

**Frasier:** No. What I would like to do is throttle you until your eyes shoot across the room like champagne corks! But I won't, because this is still a civilized world. But it won't be for long if you lowlifes have your way, because with every wallet you steal, you put bars on someone else's windows! With every purse you snatch, you put mace on another key chain! Everyday you make our lives a little less livable, and I hope that burns on your conscience! Well, what do you have to say for yourself?

**Phil:** You're right.

**Frasier:** Oh, oh... I see. I see. You think by agreeing with me, I'll let you off the hook.

**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. The car's out front with your briefcase in it. [pulls out a cell phone] Here, go ahead and call the police. That's your new car phone, by the way. I upgraded. I should have known things were gonna turn out like this for me.

**Frasier:** Oh yes, here it comes - the old sob story. "Daddy didn't love

me. Mother ignored me. The bully next door stole my baseball glove."

**Phil:** No! Dad loved me. Mom spoiled me. And I was the bully next door. [*gesturing to the phone*] Say, why don't you let me do that, it's kind of tricky.

**Frasier:** Thank you.

**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. Lazy, lazy, lazy! [*into phone*] Oh, sweetheart, I don't have the energy to look for a pencil. Could you just connect me? Thanks, hon.

**Frasier:** You expect me to believe that your entire life of crime can be attributed to your laziness?

**Phil:** Hey, it's the truth. I don't like to work, never have. And believe me, 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*] Yeah, thank you. [*hands phone to Frasier*] You're on hold.

**Frasier:** Story of my week. You know, you seem to be taking this awfully well.

**Phil:** Well, it's like I said. It was bound to happen.

**Frasier:** Or perhaps... perhaps you wanted to get caught.

**Phil:** Huh?

**Frasier:** Yes, well, think about it. You've been taking greater and greater risks. Isn't that the behavior of a man who wants to get caught?

**Phil:** I'm telling ya, Doc - lazy! [*lifts up his leg*] Look at your pants, for god's sake! You'd think I'd take them in to be hemmed, right? Staples!

**Frasier:** [*horrified*] Oh, dear god!

**Phil:** Staples!

**Frasier:** Well, I still say that you really wanted to get caught. [*sits*] It's a classic cri de couer.

**Phil:** Cri de what?

**Frasier:** Well, it's a ballet, it... it just means that you don't like the life that you're living.

**Phil:** 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:** Then why don't you change?

**Phil:** Haven't we been over this? [*shouting*] Gimme an "L", gimme an "A"...

**Frasier:** As a psychiatrist, I just don't buy that. You're not lazy. What you are is afraid. There are any number of things you could do in a 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 believe everyone can change because I believe in the basic goodness of people. [*into phone*] Oh yes, hello. Yes, uh...just a moment, please. [*to Phil*] Start now. Take responsibility for yourself. [*offers the phone to him*] For once, don't take the easy way out.

**Phil:** [*into phone*] Hello. Yeah, I'd like to report a crime.

*Frasier looks pleased with himself. Suddenly, Heather, the woman from the bar, returns with a couple of police officers.*

**Heather:** [*pointing at Frasier*] There he is. He's the man who's been

impersonating Frasier Crane.

Officer: All right, let's go.

**Frasier:** Oh, what are you talking about? I am Frasier Crane!

Officer: Do you have identification?

**Frasier:** Well, no... no. But it's the truth! [to *Phil*] Tell them.

**Phil:** Thank god you got here when you did, officer! I detained him as long as I could!

**Frasier:** What?!

Officer: [*grabbing Frasier's arm*] Move it!

**Frasier:** But he's lying! He's the imposter! Don't you people recognize me?!

*They start dragging him to the door.*

**Frasier:** Oh, for goodness sake! This is madness! I can't believe this is happening! [*shouting*] People of the world, listen to me! Trust no one, especially THAT lazy bastard!

END OF ACT TWO

#### Credits:

Niles walks into the Café Nervosa and tries again to hold the door open for the pretty blonde lady. This time, however, she stops to shake his hand and thank him. He is clearly pleased with this. She leaves and he then walks over to join Frasier at a table.

He appears to be very happy about this turn of events. As he talks, he starts to check the time and realizes his watch is missing. Knowing that the blonde must have taken it, he jumps up and rushes out the door after her.

## Guest Appearances

#### Special Guest Star

NATHAN LANE as Phil

#### Guest Starring

JOAN McMURTREY as Heather

BERNARD KUBY as Priest

KAREN PERSON as Customer

JAMES WILLETT as Cop

PAUL CUSIMANO as Waiter

## Legal Stuff

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