

Catch Me If You Can Script - Dialogue Transcript

Voila! Finally, the **Catch Me If You Can** script is here for all you fans of the Steven Spielberg movie starring Leonardo DiCaprio and Christopher Walken. This script is a transcript that was painstakingly transcribed using the screenplay and/or viewings of Catch Me If You Can. I'll be eternally tweaking it, so if you have any corrections, feel free to [drop me a line](#). You won't hurt my feelings. Honest.

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Catch Me If You Can Script

25.000

(water splashes)
(lilting melody played on acoustic guitar)
(violins join in)
(French horns playing)
(trumpets join in)
(solo guitar resolves melody)
(xylophone plays halting jazzy theme)
(strings join melody)
(jazzy saxophone plays)
(orchestra repeats melody)
(melody ascending)
(saxophone, bass play mid-tempo, improvisational jazz)
(orchestra repeats melody)

(melody builds)
(melody slows)
(melody repeats)
(airy, descending progression)
(melody repeats)
(theme music ends)
(static crackles)
(applause)

JOE GARAGIOLA: Thank you very much
and welcome to To Tell the Truth.
Our first guest, he's made a career
out of being the most outrageous impostor
that we've ever come across on this show
and you're going to see what I mean.
ANNOUNCER: Number One
what is your name, please?
My name is Frank William Abagnale.

Number Two?

My name is Frank William Abagnale.

Number Three?

My name is Frank William Abagnale.

GARAGIOLA: "From 1964 to 1967
"I successfully impersonated
"an airline pilot for Pan Am Airways
"and I flew over two million miles for free.
"During that time, I was also the chief resident pediatrician
"at a Georgia hospital
"and an assistant attorney general
"for the State of Louisiana.
"By the time I was caught, I was considered
"the youngest and most daring con man in U.S. history.
"I had cashed almost \$4 million in fraudulent checks
"in 26 foreign countries and all 50 states.
"And I did it all before my 19th birthday.

My name is Frank William Abagnale."
You don't know how to tell the truth...
(applause)

You don't know how to tell the truth...
So, for the first time
he's going to have to tell the truth
and we're going to start our questioning with Kitty.
Thank you. Number One, why, with all your talent--
and you're obviously a very bright fellow--
why didn't you go in for a legitimate profession?
It was really a question of dollars and cents.
When I was a young man, I needed the money
and I thought this list of careers
was the easiest way to get it.
I see.

Number Two, I find this all very fascinating.
Who was it that finally caught you?

His name was Carl Hanratty.
(French accent): Han-an-an-ratty.

Ratty.
(American accent): Hanratty.
Han-ratty.
Carl Hanratty.
-Yes. -I...
am... Carl Hanratty.
I represent the FBI from the United States of America.
(speaking French)
Yeah. I have orders
to see the American prisoner, Abagnale.
Marseille, France Christmas Eve 1969
(men speaking French)
(keys jangling)
(lock turns)
(door clanks)

(speaks French)
(thunder rumbling outside)
You sit here.
You do not open the door.
You do not pass him...
anything through the hole.
(wind quietly blowing through building)
(speaking French)
(men conversing indistinctly)
(hoarse coughing)
Aw... Jesus.
(violent coughing)
(thunder rumbling)
(water dripping)
(rain patters on umbrella)
(violent coughing continues)
(retching)

You know, I've got a little bit of a cold myself Me If You Can.
-Frank... -(coughing)
I'm here to read the articles of extradition
according to the European Court for Human Rights.
"Article One: Extradition shall be granted
"in respect of offenses punishable under the laws..."
(weakly): Help me.
"...for the maximum period of at least one year
of a severe penalty."
Help me.
Frank... stop it.
Help me.
You don't think actually you can fool me, do you?
(raspy coughing)
16 pages to go. Stay with me.
Article Two:
"If the request for extradition

"includes several separate offenses
each of which is punishable under the laws..."
(thuds)
"of the requesting party..."
Frank?
Frank?
Goddamn it!
-Get me a doctor in here! -(speaking French)
-I need a doctor! -Yes.
Doctor! Now!
HANRATTY: Don't sweat it, Frank.
We're going to get you right to a doctor.
(man speaks French)
(speaks French)
Frank, if you can hear me, don't worry.
I'm going to take you home in the morning.
Home in the morning, Frank.

(men conversing in French)
What are you doing?
Washing off the lice.
This man has to be on a plane for America.
He has to see a doctor.
The doctor comes in tomorrow.
I have worked too long, too hard
for you to take this away from me.
If he dies, I'm holding you responsible.
(door creaking)
(rain pattering on roof)
Monsieur!
(men shouting in French)
Ah, Frank.
(alarm sounding, cups clanking)
(prisoners cheering and whistling)

(coughing)

(cheering continues)

(coughing)

(cheering continues)

(men shouting in French)

(prisoners continue cheering)

Okay, Carl...

let's go home.

MAN: The New Rochelle Rotary Club
has a history that goes back to 1919.

In all those years

we've only seen a handful of deserving gentlemen
inducted as lifetime members.

It's an honor that, uh

that has seen 57 names enshrined on the wall of honor
and tonight, we make it 58.

So please stand as I present my very good friend
a man who keeps our pencils sharp...

(scattered chuckling)

and our pens in ink--

Frank William Abagnale.

(crowd whistling)

Six years earlier

New Rochelle, New York 1963

(mike feedback whines)

I stand here humbled

by the presence of Mayor Robert Wagner...

(applause)

...and our club president, Jack Barnes.

(applause)

(whistling)

Most of all, I'm honored to see my loving wife Paula...

...and my son, Frank Jr.--

Frank... Aw, stand up. Come on--

(feedback whining): ...sitting in the front row.

(laughter)

Two little mice fell in a bucket of cream.

The first mouse quickly gave up and drowned.

The second mouse... wouldn't quit.

He struggled so hard

that eventually he churned that cream into butter

and crawled out.

Gentlemen, as of this moment, I am that second mouse.

(laughter and enthusiastic applause)

("Embraceable You" playing on record player)

PAULA: You're a better dancer than your father, Frankie.

You hear that, Daddy?

FRANK SR.: Like fun.

PAULA: The girls don't know

what they're in for.

Show him the dance you were doing when we met.

Ah, who can remember?

The people in that little French village

were so happy to see Americans

they decided to put on a show for us.

So they crammed 200 soldiers...

Yeah, we know the story, Daddy.

...into that tiny social hall

and the first person to walk onstage

is your mother, and she starts to dance.

You know, it had been months since we'd even seen a woman

and here's this blonde angel.

Blonde bombshell.

(giggles)

And the men are literally holding their breath.

Holding their breath for you.

You hear that?

(giggles)

Mm-hmm.

And I turned to my buddies and I said...

"I will not leave France without her."

And I didn't.

You didn't.

I didn't.

(liquid spills)

Oh, shit! Oh, shit, the rug!

Aw, Mom...

I can't believe I did that.

No, no, it's nothing. It's nothing.

Oh, Frankie, Frankie, get a towel.

-Yeah, yeah. -Paula...

Come on.
My sweet embraceable you...
Dance with me, Paula.
Ah... (giggles)
(instrumental interlude playing)

Whenever I dance for you
I get in trouble.
(mouthing): Watch this.
(chuckles)
Oh! (laughs)
Frank! Wake up.
Come on, let's go!
Get up. Come on, come on.
Frank, wake up.
(groans): Dad...
You don't have to go to school today.
It's okay.
Why? Is it snowing?
Do you have a black suit?
I overslept again, huh?
We have a very important meeting in the city.
Eat that. Come on, come on, eat.

Ma'am, open up. Just open up, please!
-Ma'am? -It's important.
What?
Oh, gosh!
We don't open for half an hour!
Open the door, please. Just open the door.
It's important.
I-I'm sorry, we don't open for half an hour.
What's your name, ma'am?
Darcy.
Darcy. That's a pretty name.
I'm in a bit of a fix. I need a suit for my kid.
This is my son Frank.
Oh, hi.
He needs a black suit.
Black suit...
There was a death in the family.

My father, 85 years old, war hero.
Yeah?
There's a funeral this afternoon, military funeral
planes flying overhead, 21-gun salute.
Geez.
Frank needs to borrow a suit for a couple of hours.
I'm sorry, we don't loan suits, and we're not open.
Darcy... Darcy, please.
-(sighs) -Come back.
Darcy... is this yours?
(jingles)
I just found it in the parking lot.
Uh-huh.
It must've slipped right off your neck.
(tires screeching)
Don't hit the curb.
(brakes squeaking)

Now get out, walk around the back
and hold the door open for me.
(car horn honks)
All right.
What's next?
Okay, stop grinning.
When I get inside, you go back to the front seat and wait.
Even if a cop comes and writes you a ticket
you don't move the car, understood?
Dad, wha-what's all this for?
You know why the Yankees always win, Frank?
'Cause they have Mickey Mantle?
No, it's 'cause the other teams
can't stop staring at those damn pinstripes.
Watch this.
The manager of Chase Manhattan Bank
is about to open the door for your father.

Mr. Abagnale, um
we don't usually loan money to people
who have unresolved business with the IRS.
That's a misunderstanding.
I hired the wrong guy to do my books.
A mistake, I... anybody could make it.
I just need you guys to help me weather the storm.
Sir, you're being investigated by the government for tax fraud.

My store is a landmark in New Rochelle.
I have customers all over New York.
Well, you're not a customer at Chase Manhattan.
We don't know you.
I'm sure your bank in New Rochelle
they know you, they could help you out.
My bank went out of business.
Banks like this one put them out of business.
Now, I know I made a mistake, I admit that

but these people want blood.
They want my store.
They've threatened to put me in jail.
(stammers)
This is America, right?
I'm not a criminal.
I'm a Medal of Honor winner
a lifetime member of the New Rochelle Rotary Club.
All I'm asking is for you to help me beat these guys.
It's not a question of winning and losing.
It's a question of risk.
You're the largest bank in the world.
Where's the fu...
Whe... Where's the risk?
Dad, how could you just let him take our car like that?
He didn't take anything. We took him.
He overpaid by \$500.

Come on, Frank.
Let's return the suit.
(Paula sobbing)
This place is good.
It's small but, you know
it's going to be a lot less work.
A lot less work for you.
(jackhammer drilling in distance)
(keys clank)
FRANK: Hey, Dad.
Hi.
Where's your mother?
I don't know.
She said something about going to look for a job.
What's she gonna be
a shoe salesman at a centipede farm?
(laughing)

(both laughing)
What are you doing?
(both laughing)
You want some pancakes?
For dinner?
On my son's 16th birthday?
We're not gonna eat pancakes.
Come on, why are you looking at me like that?
You thought I forgot?
-I didn't think you forgot. -I opened a checking account
in your name.
I put \$25 in the account
so you can buy whatever you want.
Don't tell your mother.
I won't.
Thanks, Dad.
Yep.

Didn't that bank turn you down for a loan, though?
Yes, they all turned me down.
(chuckles)
Then why you opening a banking account with them?
Well, because one day, you'll want something
from these people-- a house, a car.
They have all the money.
There's 50 checks there, Frank
which means, from this day on...
you're in their little club.
I'm in their little club.
You got that, you got it all.
It's even got my name there, huh?
To the moon.
-To the moon! -To the moon.
(bells tolling)
See that? It's just a school.

No different than Westbourne.
Ma... you said you were going to quit.
Frankie, you don't have to wear the uniform here.
Why don't you take off your jacket?

I'm used to it.
(indistinct conversation)
Excuse me.
Oh, yes?
Do you know where room 17 French is?
GIRL: Yeah, it's...
(snickering)
(school bell ringing)
BOY: But you frickin' killed him.
(loud indistinct conversation)
You selling encyclopedias?
Yeah, he looks like a substitute teacher.
(boy laughing)

(loud conversation and laughter continues)
Quiet down, people!
My name is Mr. Abagnale!
That's Abagnale, not Abagnahlee
not Abagnaylee, but Abagnale!
Now, somebody please tell me where you left off
in your textbooks.
Excuse me, people, if I need to ask again
I'm going to write up the entire class.
Take your seats!
Chapter seven.
Will you please open your textbooks to, uh, chapter eight
and we'll get started?
Excuse me, what's your name?
Brad.
Brad, why don't you get up here in front of the class here
and read conversation number five?

(pronouncing poorly): "Les Francais sonts
"uh, generalement
- "dans leur pais que... -(students laughing)
presque tout le monde a cette impression..."
They sent for me.
They said they needed a sub for Roberta.
I came all the way from-from Dixon.
Well, uh, I always sub for Roberta.
Excuse me, why aren't you reading?
(continues reading)
I'll never come back to-to Bellarmine Jefferson again!
-You tell them not to call me! -(students laughing)
What do they think, it's easy for a woman my age
and all the money that it costs to travel?
I tell you, they don't give a damn.
(students laughing)
Mr. and Mrs. Abagnale

this is not a question of your son's attendance.
I regret to inform you that, for the past week
Frank has been teaching Mrs. Glasser's French class.
He what?
Your son has been pretending to be a substitute teacher
lecturing the students, uh, giving out homework.
Mrs. Glasser has been ill and there was
some confusion with the real sub.
Your son held a teacher-parent conference yesterday
and was planning a class field trip
to a French bread factory in Trenton.
Do you see the problem we have?
-Mrs. Davenport? -Yeah.
Uh, I have a note to miss fifth and sixth period today.
Doctor's appointment.
-One moment. -(phone ringing)
I'll be right with you.

(whispering): Hey...
MRS. DAVENPORT : Yes?
You should fold it.
What?
That note. It's a fake, right?
You should fold it.
It's... It's a note from my mom.
I have a doctor's appointment.
Yeah, but there's no crease in the paper.
When your mom hands you a note to miss school
the first thing you do is, you fold it
and you put it in your pocket.
I mean, if it's real, where's the crease?
-(school bell ringing) -(door opens)
(quietly): Frankie.
(both chuckling quietly)
Ma, I'm home.

(romantic music plays on record player)
Oh, you remember that girl Joanna
I was telling you about?
I asked her out today.
Think we're going to go to the Junior Prom.
(record scratches, music stops)
Ma, is this my driver's license?
That's all there is, two bedrooms.
Oh, Frankie.
You remember Dad's friend?
Jack Barnes?
From the club.
Hello.
He came by looking for your father.
I was giving him a tour of the apartment.
It's very, uh, uh, spacious, Paula.
Dad's at the store.

So, Frank... you're getting to look
more like your old man every day.
Thanks for the sandwich, Paula.
I'll see you later, eh?
Wait.
Is this yours?
Oh.
Well, thanks, Frank.
Uh, that's the President's pin.
I'd be in deep trouble if I lost that.
(nervous chuckle)
I'll see you all later, eh?
Are you hungry, Frankie?
I'll make you a sandwich.
Jack wanted to talk business with your father.
He thinks we should get a lawyer and sue the government.
That is not legal, what they're doing to us.

Why aren't you saying anything?
You're not going to tell him... are you?
(quietly): No.
That's right.
There's nothing to tell.
I'm going out for a few hours
to visit some old friends from the tennis club and...
when I get home, we'll all have dinner together.
Right?
But you won't say anything
because it's... it's just silly, isn't it?
How could we sue anybody?
Oh... do you need some money, Frankie?
A few dollars to buy some record albums?
Here, take five dollars.
Or-Or ten.
You promised you were going to quit.

(slams)
(children laughing)
(dog barking in distance)
Ma, I'm home!
(door opens)
Hey, hey!
You... You stay away from me, hear me?
You stay away from me-- I don't know who you are
but if you ever come back here again--
Frankie! Frank, Frank, calm down, will you?
I'm Dick Kesner.
Now, I want you to leave your things here
and follow me into the next room, okay?
They're all waiting for you.
PAULA: You don't have to be scared.
I'm right here, Frank. I'll always be here.
But there are laws.

Everything in this country has to be legal.
So what we need to do is make some decisions.
That's what Mr. Kesner is here for.
Many times these decisions are left up to the courts
but that can be very expensive, Frank
people fighting over their children.
Nobody is fighting.
Look at me, Frank. Nobody is fighting.
(speaking French)
(quietly): Dad, what's going on?
Dad, what's going on?
(speaking French continues)
Do you remember your grandma, Eve?
She arrived this morning.

(speaks French)

Hello.

Do you understand what we're saying to you, Frank?

Your father and I are getting a divorce.

(speaking French)

Nothing's gonna change.

We're still gonna see each other.

Stop it, please, Frank. Don't interrupt.

Frank, you don't have to read all of this.

Most of it's for your parents-- boring adult business--

but this paragraph right here, this is important

because it states who you're gonna live with...

after the divorce...

whose custody you will be in.

And there's a blank space right here.

(Eve speaking French)

And I want you to go into the kitchen

sit at the table

and put a name down.

You can take as long as you want

but when you come back into this room...

I want to see a name on that line.

Frank, just write down a name and this will all be over.

It's gonna be okay.

FRANK: Dad, what name?

Your mother or your father.

Just put the name there. It's as simple as that.

And don't look so scared.

It's not a test.

There's no wrong answer.

(man announcing trains indistinctly)

(melancholy jazz playing)

Hi.

(panting)

One ticket to Grand Central, please.

That'll be \$3.50, sir.

Is it okay if I write you a check?

Carl, when do I get to call my father?

You can call him when we get to New York.

We leave for the airport in seven hours.

Paris, France 1969

Until then, just sit there.

Be quiet.

You know, Carl, on the other side of the hotel

they got suites that face the park.

It's the best room the FBI can afford.

It's okay, I've stayed in worse.

Mr. Mudrick...

Mr. Mudrick, please. You have to listen.

I don't want to hear your story.

This is two checks that bounced.

You know how much trouble I'm in?

No, but listen, I'm telling you, the bank, they made the mistake.

I'll write you another check right now!

What, do I look like I was born yesterday?

Look, it's midnight, Mr. Mudrick.

Where am I gonna go?

You're a goddamn kid.

Go home.

(baby crying in distance)

I mean, I hope you understand.

My boss sent me to Brooklyn, then Queens.

Now he wants me in Long Island

to take a few clients out for a night on the town.

I'm sorry, but we're not allowed to cash checks from other banks.

How would we know if they were any good?

What did you say your name was?

Ashley.

Ashley... you know what I found on the sidewalk out there?

Must've slipped right off your neck.

Is there something I can help you with, son?

Well, you see, it's my grandmother's birthday next week

and I want to get her something extra-special.

Please, I mean

it's my midterm next week and my books were stolen.

(raspy coughing)

Please, it's just five dollars.

No one would have to know.

I'm sorry, but we are not allowed

to take checks from people we don't know.

(horns honking, whistle blowing)

(women laughing)
Pleasure to have you back, Captain Carlson.
What do you think, Angelo?
The tomatoes are ripe this afternoon.
(women giggling)
Well, what have we here?
-Can I have your autograph? -You betcha.

-Can I have your autograph, too? -You gonna be a pilot?
-Mm-hmm! -All right, then.
There you go. Work hard in school.
FRANK: Dear Dad.
I have decided to become an airline pilot.
I have applied to all the big airlines
and I have several promising interviews lined up.
How's Mom?
Have you called her lately?
Love, your son, Frank.
Hello.
I'm Frank Black from Murrow High School
and I have an appointment with Mr. Morgan.
You're the young man
who's writing the article for the school paper.
Yes, ma'am, that's me. I want to know
everything there is to know about being a pilot.

What airports does Pan Am fly to?
What does a pilot make in a year?
And who tells them where they're gonna fly to?
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Slow down.
Just take 'em one at a time.
All right. What does it mean
when one pilot says to another pilot:
"What kind of equipment are you on?"
They just want to know what kind of aircraft you're flying:
Is it a DC-8, 707, Constellation?
And what about those I.D. badges that I've seen pilots wear?
Well, every pilot has to have two things with him
at all times: One is his airline personnel badge--
looks just like this one here, from Pan Am--
the other one is their FAA license...
and that looks just like this.
Oh. Sir, do you think I can make a copy of this

to put into my article?
Oh, Frank, you can have that one.
It's three years expired.
Aw, thanks! And what about your I.D. badge?
You have an extra one I could borrow?
Oh, no, I can't help you there.
Those are special-ordered from Polaroid.
The only way to get one of those
is to become a real live pilot for Pan American Airways.
(dialing phone)
(car horns honking, whistle blowing)
WOMAN (over phone): Pan Am, may I help you?
FRANK (Southern accent): Yeah, hello.
I'm calling about a uniform.
WOMAN: Hold for Purchasing.
FRANK: Thank you.
WOMAN 2: Purchasing.

FRANK (Southern accent): Hi. I'm a copilot
based out of San Francisco.
I flew a flight into New York last night
but the problem is
I'm headed out to, uh, Paris in three hours.
WOMAN 2: How can we help you?
FRANK: I sent my uniform
to be cleaned through the hotel
and I... I guess they must have lost it.
WOMAN 2: They lost a uniform. Happens all the time.
Go down to the Well-Built Uniform Company
at Ninth and Broadway.
They're our uniform supplier.
I'll tell Mr. Rosen you're coming.
ROSEN: You look too young to be a pilot.
I'm a copilot.
Why so nervous?

How would you feel if you, uh
lost your uniform first week on the job?
Relax.
Pan Am's got lots of uniforms.
It's gonna be \$164.
Great. I'll, uh, I'll write you a check.

Sorry, no checks, no cash.
You'll have to fill in your employee I.D. number
and then I'll bill Pan Am.
They'll take it out of your next paycheck.
Even better.
FRANK: Dear Dad.
You always told me that an honest man has nothing to fear.
So I'm trying my best not to be afraid.
I'm sorry I ran away, but you don't have to worry.
I'm gonna get it all back now, Daddy.
I promise. I'm going to get it all back.

(approving murmur)
GIRL: Are you a real live pilot?
I sure am, little lady. What's your name?
Celine.
Celine, it's a pleasure to meet you.
It's a pleasure to meet you, too.
That's fifty, seventy
eighty, ninety, one hundred dollars.
You have yourself Me If You Can a great time in Paris.
I always do.
Excuse me.
I'm John Modiger. I manage this branch.
I want to thank you for coming in
and using our institution.
Well, it's a pleasure to meet you, John.
I'll be back again.
Good.

Have you stayed with us before?
Uh, no, I've been primarily based on the West Coast.
Is it all right if I write you a check for the room?
No problem, sir.
Great.
Uh...
I was also wondering
if I could write you a personal check?
For airline personnel, we cash personal checks up to \$100.
Payroll checks we cash up to \$300.
Did you say \$300 for a payroll check?
(typewriter keys clacking)
FRANK: Dear Dad.
I've decided to become a pilot for Pan American Airways...
the most trusted name in the skies.
They've accepted me into their training program
and told me that if I work hard

I should earn my wings real soon.
Please get in touch with Joanna Carlton from the tenth grade.
Tell her I'm sorry that I could not take her to the Junior Prom.
Love, your son, Frank.
Hello, how are you?
Fine, thank you.
I have a payroll check here I'd like to cash.
Certainly.
Thank you.
Uh, excuse me.
I'm sure you hear this all the time
but you have the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen.
Yeah, I do get that all the time.
(nervous laugh)
How would you like it?
Oh, I'm sorry, sir.
We won't have any cash until the banks open in an hour

but, uh, I'm sure
they can cash your check at the airport.
The airport?
Who cashes checks at the airport?
Well, the airlines, sir.
They've always taken care of their own.
(jet passing overhead)
(indistinct flight announcement over P.A.)
Hello.
Hi. Are you deadheading?
What?
Are you my deadhead to Miami?
Mi...?
Yes, yes.
(laughs)
Yeah, I'm the deadhead. Here you go.
You're a little late, but the jump seat is open.

(chuckling): You know
it's been awhile since I've done this.

Which one's the jump seat again?
(both laughing)
Have a nice flight.
Are you my deadhead?
STEWARDESS: Frank, Captain Oliver.
-John Larkin, the copilot. -Hello.
Fred Tulley, flight engineer.
Frank Taylor, Pan Am.
Thanks for giving me a lift, boys.
Go ahead and take a seat, Frank.
We're about to push.
What kind of equipment you on, DC-8?
Uh, 707.
You turning around on the redeye?
Uh, I'm jumping puddles for the next few months

trying to earn my keep running leapfrogs
for the weak and weary.
No shame in that. We all did it.
Have a seat.
Thank you.
Would you like a drink after takeoff?
M-Milk?
OLIVER: 80 knots.
LARKIN: Check.
V-one. Rotate.
(jet engines roaring)
V-two. Positive rate.
Gear up.
FRANK: Dear Dad.
Today was graduation.
I am now a copilot
earning \$ 1,400 a month plus benefits

and the best part is
they tell me my family can fly for free.
So tell Mom to pack her bags and buy a new swimsuit
because I'm taking us all to Hawaii for Christmas.
I love you, Dad.
Aloha, Frank.
Hello, deadhead.
Hello.
Enjoying your free ride?
Marci...
did you drop this?
Must've slipped right off your neck.
No...
(chuckling)
(giggling): No!
No...
MARCI: Yes, yes, yes, yes!

(Frank moans passionately)
Yes!
(clanking and clattering)
(Marci panting)
Why are you stopping?
I want to tell you something, Marci.
This is by far...
the best date I have ever been on.
(laughing)
WOMAN: I'd like to open a Money Market, please.
Okay.
Welcome to Miami Mutual Bank. How may I help you?
My name is Frank Taylor. I'm a copilot for Pan Am.
I'd like to cash this check here, and then
I'd like to take you out for a steak dinner.
(laughing)
(teller giggling)

And then we feed the checks into the MICR machine
which uses special ink
to encode the account numbers on the bottom of the checks.
And where are these numbers?
They're, um... right here.
Right there?
See?
(both giggling)
They're called routing numbers.
So where do the checks get routed to?
You know, I don't exactly know.
Nobody ever asked me that before.
(both laughing)
AUCTIONEER: Our next item up for bid
is also from the Jersey Central Bank foreclosure.
This is a MICR encoder

a machine used to encode bank checks.

Do I have an opening bid?

HANRATTY: Our unknown subject is a paperhanger who started working on the East Coast. In the last few weeks, this unsub has developed a new form of check fraud which I'm calling "the float." What he's doing is he's opening checking accounts at various banks then changing the MICR ink routing numbers at the bottom of those checks. Next slide, please. (projector clanks) Next slide, please. Uh, the remote thing is broken. You'll have to do it by hand. You've gotta... try the... FBI Headquarters Washington, D.C. Agent Mullen, it should be...

it should be the square button just there by the side. This carousel doesn't work. It's a bad carousel you got there. Thank you, Agent Mullen. Got to move it manually. This is a map of the 12 banks of the U.S. Federal Reserve. Slide. (clicking) MICR scanners at every bank read these numbers at the bottom of a check-- slide-- and then, ship that check off to its corresponding branch. Carl, for those of us who are unfamiliar with bank fraud you mind telling us what the hell you're talking about? The East Coast branches are numbered zero-one to zero-six. The central branch is zero-seven, zero-eight

so on, so forth. You mean those numbers on the bottom of a check actually mean something? All of this was in the report I filed two days ago. If you change... a zero-two to a one-two that means that check, which was cashed in New York does not go to the New York Federal Branch but it is rerouted all the way to the San Francisco Federal Branch. The bank doesn't even know the check has bounced for two weeks which means our unsub can stay in one place paper the same city over and over again while his checks circle the country. You know, you want to talk to my wife. She's the one balances the checkbook at our house. (agents laughing) Next slide.

(three-piece combo plays soft jazz)
Daddy!
(chuckling)
My son, the birdman.
Some uniform, Frank.
What do you think?
Nice.
Sit down.
(clears throat)
So, Dad... Daddy, have you gotten the postcards?
Of course.
This fork is ice cold.
No, no, Dad, th-that's a chilled salad fork.
(whispering): It's a fancy restaurant, you know.
(sighing)
Well, here...
l-I got you something.

What's that?
Open it.
You know what those are, right?
Those are the keys
to a 1965 Cadillac DeVille convertible.
Brand-new, Dad.
Red with white interior
split seats, air conditioning, the works.
Are you giving me a Cadillac?
Yeah. I'm giving you a Cadillac.
Dad, sh-she's parked downstairs.
When we're done eating lunch

why don't you, you know, drive on over to Mom's house
pick her up, take a little joyride?
Do you know what would happen if the IRS found out
I was driving around in a new coupe?
I took the train here, Frank.

I'm taking the train home.
All right.
I have plenty of money.
You know, if you ever, ever need anything...
You worried?
About me?
No, I'm not... I'm not worried.
You think I can't buy my own car?
Two mice fell in a bucket of cream, Frank.
Which one am I?
You're that second mouse.
I went by the store today.
I had to close the store for awhile.
It's all about timing, Frank.
The goddamn government knows that.
They hit you when you're down.
I wasn't going to let them take it from me, so I just...

shut the doors myself Me If You Can, called their bluff.
Sooner or later, they'll forget about me.
I understand, I...
Have you told Ma?
She's so stubborn, your mother.
Don't worry.
I'm not going to let her go without a fight.
I been fighting for us...
(gasps quietly)
Dad?
...since the day we... we met.
Daddy, out of all those men
you were the one that took her home, remember that.
200 men, sitting in that tiny social hall
watching her dance.
What was the name of that town?
Montrichard, Dad.

Yeah.
I didn't speak a word of French
and six weeks later, she was my wi...
She's your wife.
My son bought me a Cadillac today.
I think that calls for a toast.
(soft jazz playing)
(inhaling deeply)
To the best damn pilot in the sky.
It's not what you think.
I'm just a copilot.
You see these people staring at you?
These are the most powerful people
in New York City
and they keep peeking over their shoulders
wondering where you're going tonight.
Where you going, Frank?

Dad, nobody's staring at me.
Some place exotic?
Just tell me where you're going.
Los An... Hollywood.
Hollywood.
(sniffles)
(whispering): The rest of us...
really are suckers.
So, I got on this red dress and these high heels, right?
And I got a bra, like, out here, okay?
And I'm chasing these two Puerto Rican guys
through the park.
Hollywood California
They got a suitcase filled with bank robbery loot.
Okay, I'm screaming out, "FBI, freeze!"
And I'm reaching for my gun, but I can't find it in the bra.
It's so damn big

I thought I was going to shoot my tits off.
(laughing)
You know, that's a funny story.
People always laugh at that story.
Let me ask you a question, Mr. Amdursky.
If you were having so much fun undercover
why did you transfer to bank fraud?
I didn't transfer.

I was censured and reassigned.
It's like being punished. I was punished.
I screwed up in the field.
What about you, Mr. Fox?
Were you... punished for screwing up in the field?
Oh, no, no, no, I've never worked in the field before.
I audited background investigations
of Department of Justice clerical applicants.
Well, that's just great.

I ask for a team
and they drag the bottom of the Pacific.
You mind if I ask you a question, Agent Hanratty?
How come you're so serious all the time?
Does it bother you, Mr. Amdursky?
Yeah. Yeah, it does bother me.
Does it bother you, Mr. Fox?
A little, I guess.
Well, would you like to hear me tell a joke?
Yeah. Yeah, we'd love to hear a joke from you.
Knock, knock.
Who's there?
Go fuck yourselves.
(swing music playing on car radio)
Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema...
MAN: He cashed three checks.

They all cleared.
I was going to deposit this one today.
I don't want any trouble.
No trouble.
No trouble at all.
We'll just take this check and be on our way.
Thank you.
Good.
Because I don't want my customers harassed.
...Each one she passes goes ahh...
What are you saying, he's still here?
201.
...Oh, but he watches so sadly...
Thank you.
Corner here.
Oh, thanks, son.
...How can he tell her he loves her...

Some steps.
Steps.
Hey, Mr. Murphy, how are you?
Is that Frank?
Yeah, it's Frank.
Hey, Frank, how are you?
How's the knee?
Come on, I'll race you right now.
(chuckling): Take care.
Okay, Frank.
AMDURSKY: "Eyeball the back"
Come on, Carl, this guy's a pen and ink man.
A goddamn paperhanger.
He doesn't even carry a gun.
Why can't we go with you, Carl?
You just keep your eyes open, do your job
and I'll buy you both a Good Humor bar.

(grunts)
(gasps)
It's all right, ma'am. FBI.
(whimpers)
201... 201, 201.
201...
201... 201... 201... 201...
(anxious breathing)
(music building dramatically)
FBI!
(crunching)
(toilet flushing)
FBI!
Come out of the bathroom!
Step out of the bathroom!
Hands on your head.
Oh, that's the new IBM Selectric.

Put your hands on your head.
You can change the print type in five seconds.
-Shut up! -Just pop out the ball.
Put your hands on your head! Put your hands...!

You know, he's got over 200 checks here, a gallon
-of India ink, drafting. -Hands on your head!
Even has little payroll envelopes
addressed to himself Me If You Can from Pan Am.
Put it down! Drop it!
Relax.
You're late, all right?
My name's Allen, Barry Allen
United States Secret Service.
Your boy just tried to jump out the window.
My partner has him in custody downstairs.
I don't know what you're talking about.
You think the FBI are the only ones on this guy?

I mean, come on.
Come on, he's dabbling in government checks here.
We've been following a paper trail on this guy
for months now.
Hey, you mind taking that gun out of my face?
Please. Really.
I mean, it makes me nervous.
Let me see some credentials.
Yeah, sure.
Take my whole wallet.
(clears throat)
You want my gun, too?
Come over here. Take my gun.
Hey, hey, look, just do me a favor.
Take a look outside. Look.
Look out the window.
My partner's walking him to the car as we speak-- Look.

Old guy almost pissed in his pants
when I came through the door.
He jumped right through the window
onto the hood of my car.
Hey, Murph?
-Yeah? -Call the LAPD again.
I don't want people walking through my crime scene.
(raspy cough)
I didn't expect the Secret Service on this.
Don't worry about it.
(clears throat)
Well, what's your name?
Hanratty, Carl Hanratty.
(sighs)
Mind if I see some identification?
Sure.
You never can be too careful these days.

Well, tough luck, Carl.
Five minutes earlier
you would've landed yourself Me If You Can a pretty good collar.
It's all right.
Ten seconds later, and you'd have been shot.
Mind if I come downstairs with you?
I-I got to take a look at this guy.
Sure thing.
Just, uh, do me a favor and sit tight for a second
while I get this evidence downstairs.
You know, I don't want some maid walking through here
and making the bed.
LAPD should be here any sec.
Wait.
Your wallet.
You hang onto it for a minute.
I trust you.

(sighs)
(exhaling)
(groans)
Oh...
(chuckling)
Yeah...
Secret Service.
(ominous music begins)
(music building)
Hey!
Oh, goddamn it!
It was stupid.
I made a stupid mistake.
Forget about it.
There are hundreds of unknown subjects out there.
I-I can get this guy, Sean.
The worst thing a paperhanger can do is show his face.

I read the report.
Six feet tall, brown hair, 27 to 30 years of age
160 pounds.
This could be almost anybody.
I heard his voice, Sean, I saw his face.
There's nothing for him to hide behind anymore.
Just be careful.
You got 12 years in.
Nobody bothers you down on the first floor.
You practically wrote the book on bank fraud.
That's the kind of thing
that can make you section chief someday.
Just don't put yourself Me If You Can in this type of position.
What type of position?
Position of being humiliated.
Sean, would you like to hear me tell a joke?
Yeah, sure.

(pointedly): Knock, knock!
FRANK: So, my-my next question is, when a pilot retires
uh, Pan Am sends them a check every single month?
Uh, yeah, pension program sends a check and benefits.
How much is that check for?
Uh, kid, I'm really not in the mood for this right now.
This Skywayman's driving me crazy.
Who's the Skywayman?
Ah, some nut that's flying around the country
posing as a Pan Am pilot.
There's a column about him in the paper today.
I keep telling them this is not my problem.
This guy doesn't even fly Pan Am.
Flies everybody else.
Flies United, TWA, Continental, Eastern...
(whispering): The Skywayman.
Newspaper loves this clown.

They call him "the James Bond of the sky."
(chuckles)
Did you say...?
Bond, James Bond.
("007" theme playing)
BOND: Tell me, Joan, why does he do it?
WOMAN: He likes to win.
MAN: Come on, come on.
WOMAN: We'll be landing in 20 minutes.
Do you want to play it easy or the hard way?
And this isn't a tranquilizer.
Well, Pussy, you do know a lot more about planes than guns.
(imitating Sean Connery): Hello, Pussy.
(normal voice): Now, you're sure
this is the suit, right?
Positive.
It's the exact suit he wore in the movie.

(Connery voice): Okay. I'll take three.
Certainly, Mr. Fleming.
Now what you need is one of those
little foreign sports cars that he drives.
("007" theme playing)
(engine revving)
(final "007" chord strikes)
The look of love
Is in your eyes...
Hello.
Hi.
...The look your heart...
Haven't I seen you before?
...Can't disguise...
Maybe.
A couple years ago, I was on the cover of Seventeen.
Yeah.

You're that model, right?
Cheryl.
Yes.
The guys used to put your picture on their lockers.
Isn't that your silver car I saw parked out front?
Yeah. One of them.
Well, it takes my breath away...
So, think I could get an autograph?
...I can hardly wait to hold you
Feel my arms around you...
Do you have a pen in your room?
...How long I have waited...
(rhythmic mechanical thumping)
You've got the look of love

It's on your face
A look that time can't erase...
Shh.

...Be mine tonight...
Man like you can buy anything he wants.
...Let this be just the start
Of so many nights like this...
He buys a deck of cards at the hotel gift shop.
...And then seal it with a kiss...
Well, you want to see a card trick?
...I can hardly wait to hold you...
How much did these cards cost?
...Feel my arms around you...
Oh, 55 cents, I think.
...Waited just to love you...
And if they sold me downstairs at the hotel gift shop...
how much would you pay?
I'm sor...
I'm sorry, how mu... how much would I pay for what?
(romantic instrumental music playing)

The entire night.
How much would you pay me for the entire night?
Cheryl, I... I really don't know.
...I can hardly wait to hold you...
Don't be scared.
...How long I have waited...
Make me an offer.
...Now that I have found you
Don't ever go...
\$300?
Go fish.
(sheepish chuckle)
Uh, \$500?
Go fish.
(chuckles)
\$600.
(both chuckling)

Go fish.
(saxophone playing sexy riff)
\$1,000.
Okay.
\$1,000.
Okay.
I'll be right back.
Wait a second. Where are you going?
I'm going downstairs to cash a check.
You think this hotel is going to cash a \$1,000 check
at 3:00am?
It's a New York Savings and Loan check.
It's like gold.
They'll cash it.
Don't you think they might get a little suspicious?
Let me see that.
It's a cashier's check.

Endorse it over to me.
No. I couldn't do that.
See, this check is for \$1,400.
We agreed upon \$1,000.
Why don't I give you back \$400 and you give me that check?
Even better.
The look of love
Is in your eyes...
(saxophone continues melody)
Does this belong to anybody?
Mele Kalikimaka is the thing to say...
(phone ringing)
On a bright Hawaiian Christmas Day...
This is Hanratty. Merry Christmas.
FRANK: Hello, Carl.
Hello.
...That we send to you, from the land...

Barry Allen, Secret Service.
I've been trying to track you down now
for the last couple of hours.
What do you want?
I wanted to apologize for what happened
out in Los Angeles.
Uh-uh, uh-uh.
No, no, you don't apologize to me.
Do you always work on Christmas Eve, Carl?
I volunteered

so men with families could go home early.
Looked like you were wearing a wedding ring
out in Los Angeles.
I thought maybe you had a family.
No. No family.
You want to talk to me...
let's talk face-to-face.

All right.
I'm at my suite at the Stuyvesant Arms, room 3113.
In the morning, I leave for Las Vegas for the weekend.
You think you're going to get me again?
You're not going to Vegas.
You're not in the Stuyvesant Arms.
You'd love for me
to send out 20 agents Christmas Eve
we barge into your hotel, knock down the door
so you can make fools out of us all.
I'm really sorry if I made a fool out of you.
I really am.
Uh-uh, no.
No, listen, I really am.
No, no, you-you do not feel sorry for me.
The truth is, I knew it was you.
Now maybe I didn't get the cuffs on you, but I knew.

Ah, people only know what you tell them, Carl.
Well, then tell me this, Barry Allen, Secret Service.
How did you know I wouldn't look in your wallet?
The same reason the Yankees always win.
Nobody can keep their eyes off the pinstripes.
The Yankees win because they have Mickey Mantle.
No one ever bets on the uniform.
(Frank chuckles)
You sure about that, Carl?
I'll tell you what I am sure of.
You're going to get caught.
One way or another, it's a mathematical fact.
It's-It's like Vegas.
The House always wins.
Well, Carl, I'm sorry, but I have to go.
Ah. You didn't call just to apologize, did you?
(laughing)

What do you mean?
You... you... you have no one else to call.
(laughing)
Oh, ho, ho.
(phone bell dings)
(guffaws)
(humming)
...Morn and night...
(melancholy melody playing)
(melody fades)
You got that burger up?
Yep.
("He's So Fine" playing on radio)
-Hi. -Hi!
How are you?
...Doo-lang, doo-lang, doo-lang...
The one with the wavy hair...

More coffee, sir?
Are you a collector?
Of what?
"Captives of the Cosmic Ray," "The Big Freeze"
"Land of the Golden Giants."
I've got them all.
What are you talking about?
Barry Allen.
The Flash.
Wait, kid, kid, kid.
You mean like the comic book?
Yeah, the comic book.
When he's not The Flash.
That's his name, Barry Allen.
Thank you.
Now get this: He reads comic books.
Comic books! Barry Allen is The Flash!

FOX: Carl, slow down. Slow down.
I don't know what the hell you're talking about.
He's a kid. Our unsub is a kid.
That's why we couldn't match his prints.
That's why he doesn't have a record.
Now, I want you to contact NYPD

for every all-points juvenile runaways in New York City.
And don't forget the airports.
He's been kiting checks all over the country.
But why New York?
The Yankees!
He said something about the Yankees!
HANRATTY: So where are we on the list?
(rings doorbell)
FOX: Number 53, "Abagnahlee."
HANRATTY: Good morning, ma'am.
We're the FBI agents who called.

Yes, I've been waiting.
I hope you're all hungry.
I put out the Sara Lee.
My husband Jack is a lawyer.
What about your first husband, Mrs. "Abagnahlee"?
Abagnale, but I prefer to be called Barnes.
"Frank William Abagnale."
It says here he was in the service.
Did... Did you two meet during the war?
Yeah, I lived in a very small village
in France-- Montrichard-- the kind of place
where they never heard of Sara Lee.
Help yourselves.
"Nobody doesn't like Sara Lee."
You filled out a missing person's report
for a runaway juvenile by the name of Frank Abagnale Jr.
Is Frankie okay?

You're aware of the fact that he wrote some checks
on a closed account at Chase Manhattan Bank?
Oh, yes.
The police think he's some type of criminal.
What he did was a felony, Mrs. Barnes.
It was \$1,000.
Half the kids his age are on dope
throwing rocks at police
and they scared me to death
because my son made a little mistake.
Huh. A 17-year-old... boy has to eat
has to have a place to sleep.
We understand, ma'am.
Would you happen to have a picture of your son?
Oh, yes. I have his old yearbook.
Okay.

Okay, okay, we, uh...
we need to send out an all-office teletype.
Our unsub's name is Frank Abagnale Jr., age 17.
Is Frankie okay? Is he in trouble?
Ma'am, I'm sorry to have to tell you:
Your son is forging checks.
Forging checks? Wait!
I'm sure we can take care of that.
I am working part-time at the church now.
Just tell me how much he owes and I'll pay you back.
So far, it's about \$1.3 million.
(timer dings)
Girl, you really got me goin'
You got me so I don't know what I'm doin'
Riverbend Apartments Atlanta, Georgia
Yeah, you really got me goin'
You got me so I can't sleep at night...

Hi, Melanie, how are you?
When you're in the house, please, just use an ashtray.
Frank, this fondue is so good!
Great. Here, take this for me.
Ooh, good! I love Moet!
Oh, yeah...
Hey. How are you?
You really got me goin'
You got me goin', got me goin' and goin'...
(music slows and distorts)
James, James, please!
Just stay away from the hi-fi system, all right?
It's reel-to-reel.
You can't wind it like that.
Don't ever set me free...
(drink sloshes)
Christ! Terry!

This is Italian knit!
Watch where you're going!
It's just a shirt, man!

Frank! Come quick!
Lance just fell into the conversation pit!
Excuse me, you know where Lance Applebaum is?
Thank you.
DOCTOR: These bottles need to be labeled when you pick them up.
Do you understand how dangerous this is?
Do you?
Don't stand there crying, just nod your head
and tell me you won't do it again.
Now dry up and get back to work.
WOMAN (over P.A.): Dr. Blair, Dr. Blair
Dr. Sherwood Blair.
(gently): Hey, hey... you okay?
(sniffing): He told me to pick up the blood,

so I did, but he never told me to label it.
Hey, it's okay.
Stop crying.
What's your name?
-Brenda. -Brenda.
Brenda, I wouldn't worry about it.
You know, these doctors
you know, they don't know everything.
It's my first week
and I think they're going to fire me.
No, no, nobody's going to fire you, Brenda.
I bet you're good at your job.
No, I'm not.
Yeah, I bet if I asked you to check on the status
of my friend Lance Applebaum
that you could do that for me in a second.
WOMAN (over P.A.): Nurse Fitzsimmons to Recovery.

Nurse Fitzsimmons to Recovery.
Um...
Mr. Applebaum fractured his ankle.
Dr. Ashland is treating him in exam room seven.
You see that? No problem.
This is the emergency chart.
See that blue star there?
That means that the patient has been diagnosed.
And then, after he's been treated
we put a red circle here, see?
How do you like those braces?
I guess they're all right.
I got mine off last year.
Boy, I hated them. They were bottoms.
You know, I still got to wear my mouth guard.
You have really nice teeth.
Well, thank you.

And you have a pretty smile.
WOMAN (over P.A.): Custodial to cafeteria.
(giggles)
No, I mean it.
I really think those braces look good on you.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
Brenda.
Yeah.
Do you know if they're hiring here at the hospital?
I'm not sure.
What do you want to do?
I'm a doctor.
FRANK: Dear Dad.
I've decided to get off the road for awhile.
I've taken a night job at a hospital
and met some really nice people.

Feels good to have my feet on the ground
to wake up in the same bed every night.
Who knows, maybe I'll even find someone to settle down with.
Harvard Medical School...
top of your class.
Southern California Children's Hospital.
Well, that's a pretty impressive resume, Dr. Connors
but unfortunately, uh... the only thing I need
is a... an emergency room supervisor
for my midnight to 8:00am shift
someone to baby-sit six interns and 20 nurses
but, uh...
Hell, I doubt that, uh, you would be interested in that.
Well, in the past
they've always let me choose my own nurses.
Dr. Connelly?
Dr. Harris?

Present.
Dr. Ashland?
Dr. Conners...
You gonna take roll every night?
Uh, yes, I will, Dr. Ashland
and if you're going to be late, I suggest you bring a note.
(snickering)
Miss Basmann.
Miss Mace.
Miss Strong.
Here.
Nurse Brown.
-Nurse Sanford? -Here.
SURGEON (on TV): 30 milligrams of codeine
every four hours.
Run the plasma at 60 drops a minute
until we calculate the fluid requirements.

What do you estimate the degree and extent
of the burns, Kildare?
DR. KILDARE: Second and third-degree burns
over about 20 percent of the body surface.
Do you concur?
I concur.
Let's get him up to Pediatrics.
WOMAN (over P.A.): Nurse Hopp to the Nurses' Station South.
Nurse Hopp to the Nurses' Station South.
Hello, Brenda.
Hi, Dr. Conners.
You need to sign these.
Thank you.
Do you notice anything different about me, Doctor?
-You got your braces off! -Yeah!
Come here. Let me see.
I've been trying to show you all night!

(thunder rumbling)
Wow. Good job.
Yeah?
So, did it hurt when they took them off?
Mine felt so weird after.
Mm, I keep rubbing my tongue over them.
I can't stop. They're so slippery.
It feels good, though, doesn't it?
Yeah, it feels incredible.
(thunder rumbles)
Oh, my.
I'm... I'm sorry.
(thunder crashes)
(passionate moaning)
WOMAN (over P.A.): Dr. Conners to the ER.
Dr. Conners to the ER.
Shouldn't you go?

No. No, no.
They have a staff doctor in the emergency ward.
We'll be fine.
(panting): What if he's in surgery?
Do you really think I have to go?
Oh. In here, Dr. Conners.
(child sobbing)
(sobbing)
Gentlemen, what, uh... what seems to be the problem?
Bicycle accident.
Fractured tibia about five inches below the patella.
Hmm.
-Dr. Harris. -Yes?
Do you concur?
C... Concur with what, sir?
With what Dr. Ashland just said.
Do you... Do you concur?

Uh... well, it was a bicycle accident.
Um, the boy told us.
So you concur?
Concur? Uh...
I think we should take an X ray
then stitch him up and put him in a walking cast.
(moans)
That's very good, Dr. Ashland. Very good.
Well, you don't seem to have much need for me.
Carry on.
I blew it, didn't I?
Why didn't I concur?
WOMAN (over P.A.): Dr. Henning, call extension 219.

Dr. Henning, extension 219.
(vomiting)
(distant jackhammer drilling)
FRANK SR.: Make yourself Me If You Can at home!

Frank Abagnale Sr.
You're not a cop.
Special Agent Hanratty, FBI.
You're not a cop.
My landlord said you were not a cop.
Well, if you're going to arrest me
I'd like to put on a different suit
if that's okay with you.
No, no, I'm not here to arrest you.
I'm looking for your son. He's in trouble.
Do you know where he is?
If I tell you where he is
will you promise not to tell his mother?
Sure.
Frank made up a fake I.D.
and enlisted in the Marine Corps.
He's over in Vietnam right now.

That kid is halfway around the world
crawling through the damn jungle
fighting the Communists, so...
(shuts refrigerator door)
please, don't come to my home and call my boy a criminal
because that kid has more guts...
I never said he was a criminal, Mr. Abagnale.
I said he was in trouble.
If you'd like to give me a call and talk, here's my number.
(pen scribbling)
You're not a father, are you?
Pardon me?
If you were a father, you'd know.
I would never give up my son.
I would never give up my son.
Yes, sir. I understand.
Sean, Sean, now get this:

"Riverbend Apartments
415 Landover, Atlanta, Georgia."
Atlanta, Georgia.
Yeah, I'm on my way to the airport.
I'll meet the team in, uh, in four hours.
Bye-bye.
Come on, it's okay.
(Brenda sobs)
You don't have to cry.
I'm sorry.
I'm so sorry, Frank.
I can't do this.
Brenda, listen to me.
I don't care if you're a virgin, all right?
Really, I can wait.
I'm not a virgin.
I had an abortion two years ago.

My parents had a friend do it
a man that my father plays golf with.
And then, when I got better, they kicked me out of the house.
I had an abortion and I wasn't their daughter anymore.
(gently): Hey...
I'm so sorry.
Please don't be mad at me.
Please, please, don't be mad at me.
No, no.
Please don't be mad at me.
Shh. Now... what if...
what if I spoke to your parents, right?
May-Maybe I can straighten things out, huh?
Well, I ask them all the time
but they said I still can't come home.
And my daddy's... a lawyer.
Aw...

Brenda...
what if you were engaged to a doctor?
Will that change anything?
What?
What if I went to your parents...
and I spoke to your father...
and I asked permission to marry you?
It's empty.
Nobody here.

(classical music playing)
New Orleans
(woman laughs)
Dr. Conners, are you Lutheran?
Yes, I-I am a Lutheran, but, please, call me Frank.
Frank, would you like to say grace?
Unless you're not comfortable.
Absolutely.

(clears throat)
Two little mice fell into a bucket of cream.
The first mouse quickly gave up and drowned
but the second mouse, he struggled so hard
that he eventually churned that cream into butter
and he walked out.
-Amen. -Amen.
Amen. Oh, that was beautiful.
The mouse, he churned that cream into butter.
(sighing happily)
That's right.
That's pretty good.
Thank you.
Frank, have you decided which hospital
you want to work at here in New Orleans?
Well, um, to be quite honest
I'm thinking about getting back into law.

Oh, my!
Are you a doctor or a lawyer?
Before I went to medical school, I passed the bar in California.
I practiced law for one year
then I decided why not try my hand at pediatrics?
You're just full of surprises.
Yeah.
MOTHER (laughing): Oh, my.
A doctor and a lawyer.
Well, I'd say that Brenda hit the jackpot.
Where did you go to law school?
Uh, Berkeley.
(gasping)
Berkley, Berkley. Oh, my gosh.
Isn't that where you went, Daddy?
Maybe Frank could come work for you, Roger.
You're always saying how hard it is

to find Assistant Prosecutors.
Could he, Daddy? Could he, please?
Could he come work with you, please?
Was that snake Hollingsworth still teaching there
when you went through Berkley?
(laughs quietly)
Hollingsworth.
Yes. Grumpy old Hollingsworth, right?
I tell you. Meaner than ever.
And that dog of his?
Tell me, Frank, what was the name of his little dog?
I'm sorry. Uh...
The dog was dead.
(women cooing)
How unfortunate.
Yeah.
A doctor, a lawyer, a Lutheran...

So what are you, Frank?
'Cause I think you're about to ask
for my daughter's hand in marriage
and I have a right to know.
Know what, sir?
The truth.
Tell me the truth, Frank.
What are you doing here?
What is a man like you doing with Brenda?
If you want my blessing
if you want my daughter
I'd like to hear it from you now.
The truth is, sir, that...
The truth is that...
I'm not a doctor, I'm not a lawyer...
I'm not an airline pilot.
I'm... I'm nothing, really.

I'm-I'm-I'm just a kid who's in love with your daughter.
No.
You know what you are?
You're a romantic.
Men like us are nothing without the women we love.

I must confess, I'm guilty of the same foolish whimsy.
I proposed to Carol after five dates
with two nickels in my pockets and holes in my shoes
because I knew she was the one.
So go ahead, Frank.
Don't be afraid.
Ask the question you came here to ask me.
Sir, uh, uh...
w-what would I have to do
to take the bar here in New Orleans?
(laughing)
No, the... the other question.

(ticking)
WOMAN: Right through that door.
Good luck, Mr. Connors.
Thank you.
December 26, 1969
Hey, Frank...
you know what I could never figure out?
How did you cheat on the bar exam in Louisiana?
Why? What's the difference?
Someone else took the test for you, didn't they?
Carl, I'm going to prison for a long time.
Seriously, what's the difference?
It's a simple question.
Are you going to eat that éclair?
Yeah. I'm saving it for later.
Well, you want to split it with me?
No.

Give me half that éclair and I'll tell you.
I'm going to figure it out sooner or later.
You'll be working under Phillip Rigby in corporate law.
Why don't you settle in, organize your desk?
Thank you.
We're having lunch at 12:30 with the Attorney General
and Governor McKeithen.
Himself Me If You Can.
The Governor.
Did we spell it right?
You sure did.
Congratulations.
Thank you, sir.
Welcome aboard.
Now...
Look at this photograph, Mr. Stewart.
It's a photograph of Prentice York

where they found him, dead.
Now, here is an enlargement of part of that photograph.
This is a photograph of the defendant's signature
on a canceled check.
Now, here is an enlargement of that same signature
which matches
the signature on the letters that he wrote to Mrs. Simon
which discuss the possibility
of defrauding the great State of Louisiana.
Your Honor, ladies and gentlemen of the jury
this is irrefutable evidence
that the defendant is, in fact, lying.
(echoing thud)
(chair slams against floor)
Mr. Connors, this is a preliminary hearing.
There is no... defendant.
There is no... jury.

It's just me.
Son...
what in the hell is wrong with you?!
-(applause over TV) -Is that Mitch?
Roger! It's Mitch!
Oh, my, I lost all track of time.
MITCH MILLER (on TV): As studio guests for the sing-along tonight
we have the children's choir of St. Monica's Church
in New York City.
Won't you join them and the gang
in a few songs for the Irish? Everybody!
Has anybody here seen Kelly?
(all but Frank joining in): K, E, double L, Y
Has anybody here seen Kelly?
Have you seen him smile?
Sure his hair is red, and his eyes are blue
And he's Irish through and through

Has anybody here seen Kelly

Kelly from the Emerald Isle?
Has anybody here seen Kelly?
K, E, double L, Y
(joining in): Has anybody here seen Kelly?
Have you seen him smile?
Sure his hair is red, and his eyes are blue
And he's Irish through and through
Has anybody here seen Kelly...
JUDY GARLAND (on record): Embrace me
My sweet embraceable you
Embrace me
You irreplaceable you
Just one look at you
My heart grew tipsy in me
You and you alone
Bring out the gypsy in me

I love all
The many charms about you
Above all
I want my arms about you...
(whispers): Dad.
...Don't be a naughty baby...
What are you doing here?
I... I-I came to see you.
...My sweet embraceable...
What are you doing dressed like this?
I took a job. A government job.
You see what I'm doing?
Do you have a good lawyer?
Well... I sort of am a lawyer now.
Look at this letter. The IRS wants more.
I had a deal with them: two penalties.
They ate the cake, now they want the crumbs.

I want to sue them.
Now they want the crumbs.
They... Here, sit down.
They're trying to scare me, intimidate me.
You know what?
You know what? I'll make them chase me...
for the rest of their lives.
Hey, it's great to see you, Daddy.
Listen, sit down, I... I want to show you something.
I came here to give you this.
It's an invitation to an engagement party.
Daddy, I'm getting married.
Can you believe that? I'm getting married.
You don't need to worry about anything now, Dad.
Listen, I'm getting a brand-new Cadillac.
I'm getting a \$60,000 house.
I'm-I'm getting it all back.

All-All the jewelry, all the furs, everything, Dad.
Everything they took from us, I'm going to get it back.
Now...
has Ma seen you dressed like this?
Yeah, she came to pick up some boxes.
That's okay, that's okay, you know why?
'Cause she... she's going to the wedding with us.
I'm going to get you a brand-new suit, Dad.
I'm getting you a brand-new suit.
One of those Manhattan Eagle, three-button, black pearl suits.
You'll look great.
Those are nice. Yeah.
She won't see me.
Well, have you tried to call her?
Uh-uh.
Why don't... why don't you call her right now?
Dad, why don't you call her right now? Here.

Dad, just call her. Call her for me.
You call her, and you tell her
I have two first-class tickets to go see her son's wedding...
Your mother's married now, to my friend Jack Barnes.
They have a house in Long Island.
(whispering): I had an FBI agent come see me.
You got their number, son.
The guy looked scared.
The United States government, champ, running for the hills.
Pow! To the moon!
Dad... it's over.
I'm going to stop now.
But y-you've...
They're never going to catch you, Frank.
-Dad, she wouldn't do that. -Why won't you sit down?

-Why would she do that to you? -Come on, sit.
Come on, sit with me. Have a drink.

I'm your father.
Then ask me to stop.
(quietly): Then ask me to stop.
You can't stop.
Where are you going?
Come on, Frank, where are you going?
Where are you going?
Where are you going tonight?
Someplace exotic?
Where are you going tonight?
Tahiti, Hawaii?
(phone ringing)
This is Hanratty.
FRANK: Hello, Carl.
Merry Christmas.
How are you, Dr. Connors?
Carl, I haven't been Dr. Connors for months now.

(Hanratty snuffles, clears throat)
Well... I'm sitting here in my office on Christmas Eve.
What do you want?
(instrumental version "I'll Be Home for Christmas" playing)
(sighs): Okay.
I want it to be over.
Uh... I want it to be over.
I'm getting married.
You know, I'm settling down.
You've stolen almost \$4 million.
You think we can just call that a wedding present?
Nah, this isn't something you get to walk away from, Frank.
I want to call a truce.
No truce.
You will be caught, you will go to prison.
Where did you think this was going?
Please leave me alone, Carl.

Please?
I'm getting close, aren't I?
You're scared because I'm getting close.
I know you... you rented that car in Shreveport
and you stayed in that hotel on Lake Charles.
You want to run, be my guest.
Your checks don't lie as well as you do.
Stop chasing me.
I can't stop.
It's my job.
It's okay, Carl.
I just thought I'd ask, you know?
Hey. Merry Christmas, huh?
(click and dial tone)
I love my job.
All right... (clears throat)
let's get every newspaper we can

every newspaper in Louisiana for the last two months.
What are we looking for?
Engagement announcements, name of Connors.
Connors?! Come on, Carl, the kid would've
changed his name by now.
Mm-mm. He can't change it.
She thinks he's Connors.
If he loses the name, he loses the girl.
I can't give you anything
But love, baby
That's the only thing I have plenty of
Baby
Dreamin' a while, schemin' a while...
-Congratulations. -You having a good time?
...You're sure to find
-Happiness, and I guess -Keep dancing, huh?
All those things you've always pined for...

-Oh. -Hi.
Oh, me too. Thank you.
I'm going to, uh, the little boys' room.
-Okay. -Okay.
Hurry back.
(car approaching)
(brakes squeaking)
Good evening.
I'm Agent Hanratty with the FBI.
We'd like to have a few quiet words
with your host, if possible.

MAN: I'll get him.
Right over there, sir.
-Hi, Roger. How are you? -Hi, Vin.
Good evening, gentlemen. I'm Roger Strong.
Carl Hanratty, FBI.
This is Agents Amdursky and Fox.

Sorry to crash your party, sir.
Not at all. What can I do for you?
If it's not too much trouble, I'd like to meet the groom.
Is there a problem?
-(laughter) -Frank! Frank!
Can you hold all these?
(whispering): Yeah. Come here.
They're checks. They're from my dad's friends.
They're for us, so we can start a new life... Hey!
What are you doing? What's wrong?
We have to leave.
What?!
Brenda, you love me, right?
Yes.
I mean, you'd love me no matter what.
Yes.
I mean, you'd love me

whether I was sick or whether I was poor
or even if I had a different name.
Frank, where'd you get all that money?
Brenda, listen. A name, right?
A name, it doesn't matter.
My name is Frank Connors, right?
-That's who I am with you. -Yes.
But-but we all have secrets.
You know, sometimes when I travel
I use the name Frank Taylor. That-That's my secret.
-Frank Taylor?! -Yeah, Frank Taylor, you know?
-Frank Black. -Frank Black?!
Yeah, it doesn't matter.
Why are you saying all this?
Brenda... Brenda, I don't want to lie to you anymore.
All right? I'm not a doctor.
I never went to medical school.

I'm not a lawyer or a Harvard graduate or a Lutheran.
Brenda, I ran away from home a year and a half ago
when I was 16.
Frank...
Frank?
You're not a Lutheran?
Brenda... you see all this money?
You see all this money? I have more.
I have plenty more.
I have enough money
to last us for the rest of our lives
-(gasps) -Look.
Frank, stop teasing me.
You're Frank Connors.
You're Frank Connors, and you're 28 years old and...
(whispering): Brenda...
Why would you lie to me?

-Brenda, Brenda... -I want to know your name.
-Listen to me, Brenda. -Tell me your name.
We can live anywhere we want
but you have to trust me, Brenda.
-Do you trust me? -Yes.
-Do you love me, Brenda? -Yes.
-You love me? -I love you.
Excuse me, Mother.
Honey, this is Mr. Hanratty. My wife Carol.
-Oh, Mister...? -Hanratty, ma'am.
-Ratty. -Yes.
Have you seen Frank or Brenda?
l-I think they went upstairs.
Frank...
(whispers): Brenda, come here.
Okay, in two days, you're going to meet me
at Miami International Airport, all right?

You're going to leave the house after your parents go to sleep.
You're going to take a taxicab.
You give the taxi driver this money right here
and you tell him to drive all through the night.
Brenda, you're going to leave at 10:00am.
-10:00am, all right? -But...
(scattting)

I never stop
Till I get to the top...
(jazz continues in distance)
Which room, sir?
In the corner.
You have to listen to me, all right?
The International Terminal in Miami, all right? Say it.
Okay, the International Terminal in Miami.
-No matter what... -No matter what...
-You're going to take a taxicab. -I will take a taxi.

You're going to be there at 10:00am.
I will be there at 10:00am, no matter what.
-In two days. -Two days.

Two days, Brenda. Two days.
In two days, I'll be there
no matter what, at 10:00am.
You're not going to tell anyone, Brenda.
You have to promise me, now.
(crying): Frank, please!
Before you go, please tell me your name.
Please, tell me.

Frank William Abagnale Jr.
(ominous music playing)
(light, childlike theme plays)
(wind blowing)
(ominous theme building)
(childlike theme returns)

(shuddering)
WOMAN (over P.A.): National Airlines
flight number 27, serving Fort Myers, Sarasota, Tampa
and New York Kennedy, is now available at gate n...
Skycap, Gate 14. Skycap, Gate 14.
Taxi!

(announcements continue indistinctly over P.A.)
MAN (over P.A.): Your attention...
(sighing)
Brenda.

AMDURSKY: This guy's a no-show.
He must've got wise to us.
HANRATTY: Maybe he was tipped.
If he's not here today, he'll be tomorrow.
We'll get him before he leaves the country.
He doesn't have a passport.
For the last six months, he's gone to Harvard and Berkeley.

I'm betting he can get a passport.
So we have all our men waiting for him here
in Miami International.
He's used it before. He knows the layout.
I talked to Miami police; they've offered us
50 uniformed cops in two shifts of 25.
With our guys, that's almost 100 men in one airport.
Don't you think we should spread it around?
No, no, this is the exit point.
Well, how do you know he hasn't rented a car
and driven to airports in New York, Atlanta?
Because I'm not in New York.
I'm not in Atlanta.
Yes, this is, uh, Frank Roberts
and I'm letting all the universities
in the area know that Pan Am will be initiating
a new recruiting program this year.

I'll, uh, be stopping by your campus tomorrow morning.
Thank you all very much for coming.
At the end of the day
I'll be choosing eight young ladies to be a part of...
(cheering and laughter)
...Pan Am's future stewardess flight crew program.
Now, these eight young ladies will accompany me
on a two-month public relations tour through Europe.
(women squealing)
They will discover firsthand what it takes
to be a Pan American stewardess.
(cheering)
HANRATTY: Give me at least two men...
Nah, one man per every two counters.
-Mm-hmm. -All right?
Amdursky?
Yeah?

Make sure your uniforms are covering
the sidewalk entrances and exits.
Hey... let's have, uh, periodic sweeps of the men's lav.

You, here.
What qualifies me to be a future stewardess?
Well, I think that I'm really friendly
and I can really help out
and, um, make people feel welcome on the plane and...
We'll be traveling at 6,000 miles per hour
at an altitude of 300 feet.
All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go...
(playing dramatic piano intro)
Ilene Anderson.
(squealing and applause)
(pianist playing "Come Fly With Me")
Miggy Acker.
(excited squealing)

Debra Jo McMillan.
Candy Heston.
FRANK SINATRA: Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away
If you can use some exotic booze
There's a bar in far Bombay
Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away
Come fly with me, let's float down to Peru
In Ilama land there's a one-man band
And he'll toot his flute for you
(appreciative whistle)
Come fly with me...
Hi.
...Let's take off in the blue
Once I get you up there
Where the air is rarefied
(wolf whistle)
We'll just glide starry-eyed

Once I get you up there...
You see that blonde out front?
I should have been a pilot.
Exactly.
WOMAN (over P.A.): Mr. Carl Hanratty
please pick up the courtesy telephone.
Hanratty.
AMDURSKY: Carl, your walkie-talkie wasn't working.
There's a guy in a Pan Am uniform
sitting in a white Coupe DeVille out in front of Terminal J.
That's the charter terminal.
Can you get a look at his face?
He's got his pilot's cap on.
Carl, I think it's him!
...Just say the words, and we'll beat the birds
Down to Acapulco Bay...
(siren blaring)

Watch out, watch out, watch out!
...It's perfect for a flying honeymoon, they say...
(agents shouting)
Out of the car, Frank.
(patrol cars' tires squealing)
Frank?!
Step out of the car!
Keep your hands where I can see 'em.
Don't shoot me! I'm just a driver.
A man paid me \$100 to wear this uniform
and pick someone up at the airport.
Who you picking up?
Hey!
Pack up, let's fly away.
(engine roaring)
Seven months later
HANRATTY: South America, Australia

Singapore, Egypt.
The kid's gone completely out of control.
Why wasn't I called?
FOX: Nobody was called, sir.
The banks didn't know what was happening till last week.
That's impossible.
They didn't call 'cause it's not counterfeiting.
-It's something else. -Well, what is he doing?
He's making real checks, sir.
These are so perfect
the airline didn't know the difference.
Last check was cashed in Madrid a week ago.
My guess is he's still there.
We have to leave now, sir. Today.
Go where?
Spain? You want to go to Spain?
Well, eventually, he's got to go back

to where the checks were printed.
I think that's why he's moving back through Europe.
Look at the map, sir. He's making a circle.
He's running out of checks.
I know it's a... it's a long shot, sir
but if we track him from Madrid, sir, we could still catch him.
I'm sorry, Carl, if you couldn't catch him here
you're not going to catch him there.
But, sir, we're going to let him get away.
No, Carl, you let him get away.
(tapping map)
A perfect one-16th all the way around.
Hmm!
Color separation is flawless.
There's no bleeding. Hmm.
Nobody does work like this in the States.
Nobody but us.

HANRATTY: Where was it printed?
(chuckling): It was printed on a monster...
A monster.
...a Heidelberg, an Istra...
Heidelberg.
...a dinosaur, four colors.
You can smell the weight.
Two tons, without the ink.
(inhales, clears throat)
Where do they do printing like this?
Germany, Great Britain...
France.
BOTH PRINTERS: France!
France. Frank's mother said the name of a village in France
where they didn't have Sara Lee.
The village where she met Frank's father.
Oh, yeah, I don't remember, uh...

It started with an M. It was, uh, "Mont" something.
"Mont." Mr. Fox?
Uh, yes, yes.
Question: "You met your husband during the war?"
Answer: "Yes, I lived in a small village in France.
Yeah, right.
"The kind of place where they never heard of Sara Lee."
Tell me you wrote down the name of the village, Mr. Fox.
Montrichard.
CHORUS (in distance): Laeti triumphantes
Montrichard, France Christmas Eve 1967
Venite, venite
In Bethlehem
Natum videte
Regem angelorum
Venite adoremus, Venite adoremus
Venite...

(rhythmic clattering)
(bell ringing)
(thumping and fluttering)
(clattering slows)
Carl?
Carl!
Merry Christmas!
How is it that we're always talking on Christmas, Carl?
Every Christmas I'm talking to you!
(laughing)
Put your shirt on, Frank. You're under arrest.
Hey, are you hungry? Do you want some beans, Carl?
They got the best French beans here.
Here, give these a try.
There's two dozen French police officers outside.
Carl, I gotta tell you, they're delicious.
They wanted to bring you in.

You want a bite?
But they needed the help of an American.
Are you hungry? You want a bite?
But I told them I wouldn't bring them to you
unless I could put the cuffs on you myself Me If You Can.
Well, you have a gun? You have a gun?
-No gun? -No.
No gun.
And-and you're... and you're telling me what?
There's, uh, there's uh... (chuckles)
there's two dozen French police officers out there
right now on Christmas Eve?
That's what you're telling me?

Yeah.

(chuckling): All right, all right.

Well, there's no windows here.

I'm going to take a look out the front door.

No! No!

I told them I'd walk out first and give a signal.

Here, you can put these on yourself Me If You Can.

No, I can't do that! I can't do that.

You know why?

(panting)

'Cause I think you're full of shit.

I don't... I don't think there's anyone else out there.

I think... I think it's just me and you.

That's right.

I think it's just me and you, and you know what?

You're going to have to catch me yourself Me If You Can!

I wo... we don't have time for this.

Ah, that's good. That's good.

Tell me what you want me to see, huh?

I wouldn't lie to you.

Look, you're wearing a wedding ring.

You're wearing a wedding ring, Carl!

You lied to me about that!

Didn't you lie about that?!

You asked me if I had a family.

I did, but I don't anymore.

(phone ringing)

(anxious breathing)

(ringing continues)

Yes? No, no, no, there is no problem.

We're coming out right now.

(laughing)

Whoa, that was good. That was good.

What, did you... you pay some hotel desk clerk

to make that call for you, is that what you did?

It was Captain Luc.

I've got one minute to bring you out.

Captain Luc? Captain Luc!

Ooh, Captain Luc.

Well, Carl, I gotta say

that-that sounds pretty official to me

but like I said, I... I think it's just

me and you here, it's me and you.

So you're going to have to catch me.

Frank. Frank!

You have to trust me on this!

These people have been embarrassed, Frank.

They're angry.

You rob their banks, you steal their money

you live in their country.

I told you this was what was going to happen

that there was no other way for it to end.

Don't make a mistake!

That's good.

That's good, Carl, you know?

Keep pushing that lie.

Keep pushing it.

Keep pushing till you make it true.

They're going to kill you!

You walk out that door, they're going to kill you.

(panting)

Is that the truth?

Yeah.

You have any children, Carl?

I have a four-year-old daughter.

You swear on your daughter?

You swear?

You swear?

(handcuffs clacking)

CHORUS: Redit ce chant melodieux

Gloria

In excelsius Deo

Gloria...

That was really good, Carl.

(car approaching)

(sirens blaring)

(chorus continues singing)

(tires screeching)

(officer shouting in French)

I have him in custody.

I got him.

I got him! It's all right!
(shouting continues)
It's all right!
I got him!
(speaking in French)
(officer shouting excitedly)
Hey, I want it... I want it on the record.
Frank Abagnale surrendered of his own accord.

Understood? Understood?
Where are you taking him?
(speaking in French)
I'm... I'm supposed to go.
Where are you taking him?
Let me in the...
Let me in the car!
(shouting continues)
Hey! Let me in the car!
Gloria...
(engine starts)
Don't worry, Frank!
I'll have you extradited back to the United States.
Don't worry.
(siren wailing)
Gloria
In excelsius Deo.

Carl...
Carl, you have to remember
to let me call my father when we land.
I just want to, I want to talk to him
before he sees me on television or something like that.
Carl, look.
That's LaGuardia right there.
Runway 4-4.
Frank, your father is dead.
I'm sorry.
I didn't want to say anything till we got closer to home.
He-He... He fell down some steps at Grand Central Station
trying to catch a train.
I didn't want to be the one to tell you.
You're lying, right?
You said I could talk to him.
Carl, who are you to...

who are you to say something like that, huh?
Who are you to say something like that?
You said I could talk to him.
He fell, and he... and he broke his neck.
I'm sorry.
I'm really sorry.
(panting)
(hits seat)
(sobbing): Goddamn it!
Carl, I'm going to be sick!
-(people muttering) -It's all right.
It's all right. It's okay.
Carl, I got to go to the bathroom.
I'm going to be sick.
Sure. Let's go in the bathroom.
(panting)
Goddamn it!

(sobbing)
(pounding)
(murmuring)
(panting)
(panting slows)
(Frank panting)
(whispering): Oh, Daddy...
You'll have take your seat, sir.
I've told you twice. We're landing.
-Sorry. Thank you... -All of you.
Frank! Come on now.
-Frank? -We're landing in six minutes.
All of you need to be in your seats
-with your seat belts fastened. -Frank, open the door!
Frank!
-You do it. -Yeah.
(engines decelerating)

(grunting)
(frustrated sigh)
(grunting)
Frank! Frank!
(engines roaring)

(tires squealing)
HANRATTY: All right, remain seated, everyone, please.
FBI. Stay seated. FBI. Stay seated.
(engines whining)
-Please remain seated! -Stay seated.
STEWARDESS: You must stay seated
until the aircraft has come to a complete stop.
HANRATTY: God almighty.
NAT KING COLE: Chestnuts roasting on an open fire...
(panting)
Jack Frost nipping at your nose
Yuletide carols being sung by a choir

And folks dressed up like Eskimos
Everybody knows
A turkey and some mistletoe
Help to make the season bright
(quietly blowing notes)
Tiny tots with their eyes all aglow
Will find it hard to sleep tonight...
What's your name?
(blows note)
They know that Santa's on his way...
Where's your mommy?
...He's loaded lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh
(blows note)
And every mother's child is gonna spy
To see if reindeer really know how to fly...
(brakes squeaking)
And so I'm offering this simple phrase...

(men shouting indistinctly)
To kids from one to 92
Although it's been said many times
Many ways: "Merry Christmas..."
Hands behind your head!
...To you.
Carl, get me in the car, please.
Get me in the car.
HANRATTY: Put him in.
(piano playing interlude in "The Christmas Song")
(handcuffs latching)
JUDGE: Taking into account the gravity of these crimes
your history of bold and elusive behavior
and your complete lack of respect
for the laws of the United States
I have no choice but to ignore your request
to be treated as a minor

and sentence you to 12 years
in Atlanta's maximum security prison
and recommend strongly that you be kept in isolation
for the entirety of that sentence.
..."Merry Christmas to you."
(song ends with guitar playing "Jingle Bells" riff)
Use that door over there.
(phone ringing)
(indistinct voices)
PRISONER: ...and give everyone my love.
I think about them all the time.
(indistinct conversations in distance)
(sighs deeply)
Merry Christmas, Frank.
Hey, I got you some comic books here.
How's your daughter?
What was her name?

Grace.
Well... I don't know.
She lives with her mother in Chicago
and I don't get to see her much.
What's in the briefcase?
Oh. I'm on my way to the airport.
It's a paperhanger
who's working his way through Minnesota.
(chuckling)
Aw, geez, he's... he's driving us crazy.
You got any of the checks?
Yeah, yeah, I got a... a counterfeit that he drew
on the Great Lakes Savings and Loan.
See, he's just using a stencil machine
and an Underwood.
Yeah, it's a teller at the bank.
Say again?

1-It's definitely a teller, Carl.

I mean, banks, they always use hand-stamps
for the dates, see.
They get used over and over again
so they always get worn out
and the numbers are always cracking.
The sixes and the nines... see, they go first.
Thanks.

(buzzer sounding)
MAN: I'd like you to take a look
at something for me.
Tell me what you think.
(clears throat)
That's a fake.
How do you know?
You haven't looked at it.
Well, there's no perforated edge, right?

I mean, this... this check was hand-cut, not fed.
Yeah...
Paper is double-bonded
much too heavy to be a bank check.
Magnetic ink, it's, uh, raised against my fingers
instead of flat.
(sniffing)
And this doesn't smell like MICR.
It's some kind of a...
you know, some kind of a drafting ink.
You know, the kind you get at a stationery store.
(clears throat)
(paper rustling)
Frank...
would you be interested in working
with the FBI's Financial Crimes Unit?
(shuffles cards)

I already got a job here.
You know, I, uh, deliver the mail.
Frank, we have the power to take you out of prison.
You'd be placed in the custody of the FBI
where you'd serve out the remainder of your sentence
as an employee of the federal government.
Under whose custody?
(phone ringing)
Hi. I-I'm Frank Abagnale.
I'm supposed to start work here today.
It's a tour company operating out of the BVI.
Sir, Mr. Abagnale is here.
I'm going to call you back.
(melancholy melody playing)
Hello, Carl.
Welcome to the FBI.
I'll show you where you're working.

Carl... how long do I have to work here?
It's 8:15 in the morning to 5:00 in the afternoon.
45 minutes for lunch.
No, I...
I mean, how long?
Every day.
Every day, Frank, till we let you go.
-(tapping) -Yeah.
-Hey, Carl. -Hi.
How you doing?
It's not a good time, Frank.
I'm clearing my desk for the weekend.
Carl, you mind if I come to work with you tomorrow?
Tomorrow is Saturday.
I'm flying to Chicago to see my daughter.
I'll be back to work on Monday.
You're going to see Grace, huh?

Well, that's the plan.
(heavy sigh)
So what should I do till Monday?
I'm sorry, kid, I can't help you there.
Excuse me.
(phone rings)
This is Hanratty.
Oh, yeah, put him on.
Mr. Sawyer.
How are you?
I have a half a dozen more checks
on that tour operator at the BVI.
(laughs quietly)
(opens and shuts drawer)
WOMAN (over P.A.): American Airlines 355

serving Chicago and San Francisco
is now open for passenger check-in.

How'd you do it, Frank?
How'd you pass the bar in Louisiana?
What are you doing here?
Listen...
I'm sorry I put you through all this.
You go back to Europe, you're gonna die in Perpignan Prison.
You try to run here in the States
we'll send you back to Atlanta for 50 years.
I know that.
I spent four years trying to arrange your release.
Had to convince my bosses at the FBI
and the Attorney General of the United States
you wouldn't run.
Why'd you do it?
You're just a kid.
I'm not your kid.
You said you were going to Chicago.

My daughter can't see me this weekend.
She's going skiing.
You said she was four years old.
You're lying.
She was four when I left.
Now she's 15.
My wife's been remarried for 11 years.
I see Grace every now and again.
I don't understand.
Sure you do.
Sometimes it's easier living the lie.
I'm going to let you fly tonight, Frank.
I'm not even going to try to stop you.
That's 'cause I know you'll be back on Monday.
Yeah? How do you know I'll come back?
(chuckles quietly)
Look.

Frank...
nobody's chasing you.
WOMAN (over P.A.): American Airlines flight 131
to Pittsburgh is now ready for boarding.
Passengers with boarding passes, please proceed to Gate 23A.
Okay.
Alice, has he still not called?
No, he hasn't.
HANRATTY: Good morning.
I've, uh, called this meeting to discuss
a new type of check fraud and counterfeiting
which the unsub is washing and altering checks
then passing them throughout Arizona.
(panting)
This unsub is a big dog
passing checks as large as five figures.
(door opening)

Sorry I'm late.
Sorry.
We have a recovered check on Agent Reiter's desk.
Why don't we step out to the bullpen?
There's impressions on every line.
Looks like the original amount was for \$60.
Mind if I take a look?
Cashed in Flagstaff a week ago.
Cost the bank \$16,000.
It's a real check.
Yeah.
Yeah. It's been washed.
The only thing original is the signature.
But it's perfect, Carl. I mean...
I mean, this isn't hydrochloride or bleach.
No.
Something new.

Maybe a nail polish remover where the acetone
removes the ink that's not been printed?
How did you do it, Frank?
How did you cheat on the bar exam in Louisiana?
I didn't cheat.
I studied for two weeks and I passed.
Is that the truth, Frank?
Is that the truth?
I'll bet this guy steals checks out of mailboxes.
He washes off their names and he puts on his own.
You're saying that he's a local?

Well, if it were me, you know
I'd call the bank first, I'd check out the balance...
Make sure there's enough money in there
to make it worth your while.
Exactly.
You know, Carl, I think this guy's pretty smart.

I guess all we have to do now is catch him.
We'll start first thing in the morning.
We'll run the name Eric Anthony Feeders.
In Nevada, Arizona, California.
Frank Abagnale, Jr. has been married for 26 years. He has three sons and lives a quiet life in the midwest.
Since his release from prison in 1974, Frank has helped the FBI capture some of the world's most elusive check forgers
and counterfeiters, and is considered one of the world's foremost authorities on bank fraud and forgery.
Frank has also designed many of the secure checks that banks and Fortune 500 companies use every day.
For his services, these companies pay Frank Abagnale, Jr. millions of dollars a year.
Frank and Carl remain close friends to this day.
(music ends)

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