

CALLBACK SCENE –**F.B.I. Office** –Agents Hanratty, Branton, Cod, & Dollar are drowning in checks

COD Dollar! What have you done!

BRANTON Yeah, Dollar, the next time we tell you to move file boxes, and you stack them ten high, could you make sure you're under them when they fall?

HANRATTY Leave the kid alone.

BRANTON Come on, Hanratty. We always give the rookies a hard time. Don't you remember how they razzed you?

HANRATTY Yes, and it's an experience I see no reason to repeat. Now listen, we have major-league paperhangers somewhere in this mess, so we are going to sort it out, even if it means we drop dead at our desks.

COD C'mon Hanratty it's 4:45. It's Thanksgiving.

HANRATTY Listen—as long as I'm Interim Second Assistant Special Agent in Charge of the Bank Fraud and Forgery Subdivision— thank you very much — we will do the job until it's done.

BRANTON That's easy for you to say, Hanratty. Some of us still have wives.

HANRATTY Low blow, Agent Branton. And, by the way, go home for lunch one of these days, unannounced, and see how that works out for you. *(The men laugh.)*

DOLLAR He got you there.

BRANTON Shouldn't you be in another department? Like maybe daycare?

DOLLAR I was auditing background checks for the Library of Congress and I asked for a transfer. I requested something where I could use my gun. I like guns. And cars. Anything loud or fast, basically.

HANRATTY Come on, Dollar, I know that this job is not as exciting as fieldwork, or counter-intelligence—

COD Or a long, slow death.

HANRATTY Look at these two *(referring to checks)*. He's changing the MICR numbers on the checks.

DOLLAR Micker? Micker Mouse?

COD Who the hell is Micker Mouse?

HANRATTY MICR! M-I-C-R. Magnetic Ink Character Recognition. Jiminy Christmas, Frank Taylor must've got his hands on a MICR encoder. *(looks at the other check)* And Frank Williams too. Look here. If you change a zero-two to a one-two, a check that was cashed in New York gets rerouted all the way to San Francisco and its weeks before the bank that cashed it knows they're bad.

DOLLAR You mean those numbers at the bottom the check actually mean something?

BRANTON They mean that Frank Taylor and Frank Williams and William Franklin are the same person.

COD And that means there must be thousands more checks just like this out there...

HANRATTY And that means no Christmas for you MICR mouse. *(He points at Cod.)* And no Hanukah either.

CALLBACK SCENE –**Abagnale House** - Paula, Frank Sr., Frank Jr.

PAULA It truly is a beautiful tree, Frank.

FRANK SR It's the genuine spirit of real Christmas, right there - one hundred percent acrylic.

PAULA But – so that I understand – you left this morning with a Cadillac and two hundred dollars and come home with a Christmas tree, a television set, and a used Ford?

FRANK SR Can I strike a bargain or what? I left those guys with their heads spinning.

PAULA I think I know the feeling.

FRANK SR It's that Abagnale magic. C'mon – dance with me.

PAULA Frank, I DO have dinner going-

(But she starts to dance with him. Frank Jr. is still with the television.)

FRANK JR Wow Dad, you're right—everything *is* better in color.

FRANK SR How about that thirteen-inch screen?

FRANK JR It's like Andy Williams is right here in our living room.

FRANK SR Nothing's too good for my boy or my bride.

PAULA *(pulls away)* I really should see to dinner. *(She goes.)*

FRANK JR That's great you got the loan, Dad.

FRANK SR Shh. I didn't get the loan.

FRANK JR You didn't – but I thought you said-

FRANK SR I got something better.

FRANK JR But Dad, didn't those guys know you were getting away with something?

FRANK SR People only know what you tell them, Frankie. *(Hands him a checkbook.)* Fifty checks. The account's in your name. I put twenty-five dollars in it so you can buy whatever you want. Don't tell your mother.

CALLBACK SCENE: **The St. Regis Hotel, Manhattan** – Cheryl Ann & Frank Jr.

CHERYL ANN Nice uniform.

FRANK JUNIOR Don't I know you from somewhere?

CHERYL ANN Maybe. I was on the cover of Seventeen ... a few years ago.

FRANK JUNIOR Sure — you're that model! Cheryl Ann—something—in the Plaza. Could I get your autograph?

CHERYL ANN Do you have a pen ... in your room?

FRANK JUNIOR I think I do.

CHERYL ANN So. Captain.

FRANK JUNIOR Call me Frank.

CHERYL ANN Frank. Are you going to make me an offer?

FRANK JUNIOR I'm sorry — an offer for what?

CHERYL ANN A man like you can buy anything he wants. What's a night worth? With me?

FRANK JUNIOR I — gosh, I really don't know, Cheryl. Um. Three hundred? *(pause)* Five hundred? *(she shakes her head)* A thousand dollars?

CHERYL ANN One thousand dollars.

FRANK JUNIOR I have to cash a check. *(pulls one out)*

CHERYL ANN You think this hotel is going to cash a thousand-dollar check at three a.m.?

FRANK JUNIOR They've done it for me before. It's a cashier's check.

CHERYL ANN *(inspecting it)* Endorse it over to me.

FRANK JUNIOR It's for fourteen hundred.

CHERYL ANN You give me the check ... and I'll give you four hundred dollars. *(Hands him wad of cash)*

FRANK JUNIOR *(looks to audience)* Even better.