

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

Written by
Jeff Nathanson

1 INT. - GAME SHOW SET. - DAY 1

BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE FROM 1978

MUSIC UP:

A simple GAME SHOW SET -- one long desk--that houses four
"CELEBRITY PANELISTS," a small pulpit with attached
microphone

for the host, BUD COLLYER, who walks through the curtain to
the delight of the audience. Bud bows and waves to the
celebrities -- ORSON BEAN, KITTY CARLISLE, TOM POSTON, and
PEGGY CASS.

BUD COLLYER

Hello, panel, and welcome everyone
to another exciting day on "To Tell
The Truth." Let's get the show
started.

THE CURTAIN STARTS TO RISE

BRIGHT LIGHTS SHINE on the faces of THREE MEN who walk
toward

center stage. All three wear identical AIRLINE PILOT
UNIFORMS, each with matching blue blazers and caps.

(cont'd)
Gentleman, please state
your names.

PILOT #1

My name is Frank Abagnale Jr.
THE PILOT IN THE MIDDLE steps forward.

PILOT #2

My name is Frank Abagnale Jr.
THE THIRD PILOT does the same.

PILOT #3

My name is Frank Abagnale Jr.
Bud smiles, grabs a piece of paper.

BUD COLLYER

Panel, listen to this one.
(he starts to read)
My name is Frank Abagnale Jr, and
some people consider me the worlds
greatest imposter.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

2.

1 CONTINUED: 1

As Bud reads, the CAMERA SLOWLY PANS the faces of the three

PILOTS.

BUD COLLYER (cont'd)

(READING)

From 1964 to 1966 I successfully
impersonated an airline pilot for
Pan Am Airlines, and flew over two
million miles for free. During that
time I was also the Chief Resident
Pediatrician at a Georgia hospital,
the Assistant Attorney General for
the state of Louisiana, and a
Professor of American History at a
prestigious University in France. By
the time I was caught and sentenced
to prison, I had cashed over six
million dollars in fraudulent checks
in 26 foreign countries and all fifty
states, and I did it all before my
18th birthday. To this day, I am the
only teenager ever to have been placed
on the FBI' s most wanted list.
My name is a Abagna l e Jr.
Warm applause as the THREE MEN walk behind
a desk that faces the pa They all sit down at exactly
the same time.

BUD COLLY (cont'd)

Okay, panel, you have ork cut

out for you. Kitty Carl , you
have the first question.

KITTY CARLISLE

Imposter number one, how many years
were you in prison?

PILOT #1

I served two years in France, and
five years in Atlanta, Georgia.

KITTY CARLISLE

Imposter number two, I find all this
very fascinating. Who was it that
finally caught you?

SLOWLY PUSH IN ON THE PILOT IN THE MIDDLE --

A thin smile across his lips as he faces the panel -- his
manicured hands out in front of him on the desk -- his back

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

3-

1 CONTINUED: (2) 1

straight in his chair -- his cap pulled slightly forward on
his head -- the way pilots like to wear them.

2 EXT. - PAPIGONE MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON. - MARSEILLE -

NIGHT 2

SUPER: MARSEILLE, FRANCE DECEMBER 25, 1967

A heavy rain falls on JOE SHAPE, 40's, who wears a black
hat

and holds a black umbrella as he bangs on the window of a
small GUARDHOUSE in front of a LARGE GATED PRISON. Joe is
sneezing as he holds up an IDENTIFICATION CARD TO THE GUARD.

JOE SHAPE

Joe Shaye, FBI.

3 INT. - PAPIGONE PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE. - DAY 3

Joe is walking down a long corridor inside the prison, struggling to close his umbrella as he faces WARDEN GARREN and TWO GUARDS.

JOE SHAPE

I have orders see a prisoner named Abagnale, t e his statement and solicit a c n ^ n so I can prepare for tomorrow' tladition.

Joe takes a roll of CASH out of h` ocket, casually slips the money to the Warden.

JOE SHAPE

If I give you another twenty, will you turn up the heat in here?

4 INT. - PAPIGONE PRISON - FRANK'S CELL/CORRIDOR. - DAY 4

Warden Garren is leading Joe down a small, isolated corridor just off the main floor. They pass CEMENT DOORS with metal SLIDE HOLES and numbers taped to the front. There are no bars or windows in this area, and complete silence. Garren stops at the last cell and opens the SLIDE HOLE.

WARDEN GARREN

Don't pass him anything through the

HOLE-

looking
Garren walks off, and Joe immediately starts to smile, around for a long BEAT as he stares at the cell door.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

4.

4 CONTINUED: 4

JOE SHAYE

Yoohoo. Hello? Is the lady of the house at home?

Joe tries to control his excitement as he kneels down and

looks through the metal slide hole.

THROUGH THE HOLE

5 INT. - PAPIGONE PRISON - FRANK'S CELL. - NIGHT 5

WE SEE FRANK ABAGNALE JR., his face partially hidden in the dim cell, which gets its only light from a hanging bulb. Frank is lying on the cement floor, his back up against the far wall. He wears only a pair of underwear and clutches a torn blanket.

JOE SHAYE

Jesus, Frank, you look terrible. I heard about French prisons, but this is positively barbaric.

WE HEAR a sound come from the cell, and then heavy coughing.

JOE SHAYE (cont 'd)

That doesn't sound good. I have a little cold my
Help me.

JOE SHAYE

Help you? Yes, I'll help you, Frank.

N

Why do you think I've been fighting to have you extradited. Why do you think I came to take you home? Do you know that 21 other countries want you in their prisons? I saw the list -- Egypt was on there. Who the hell goes to Egypt to write bad checks?

FRANK

I'm sick... please...

JOE SHAYE

Don't worry, Frank, you just have to make it through one more night. And then tomorrow I'll help you onto a plane, clean you up, and put you in a cell for the next twenty-five years.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

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5 CONTINUED: 5

INSIDE THE CELL

CLOSE ON FRANK ABAGNALE JR.

His face covered by a beard and matted black hair. Frank closes his eyes and starts to cough.

FRANK

Help me, please. I can't breathe...

OUTSIDE THE CELL

Joe listens to Frank, who is coughing so hard he starts to choke.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Can't... breathe...

JOE SHAYE

Don't start this shit, Frank.

FRANK

Can't ...Can't

Joe looks through the slot in cell door, but can only see faint images of Frank roll the floor holding his

THROAT-

JOE SHAYE (cont'd)

Frank, what's happening? Damn it, just calm down! Somebody help me!!

SMASH CUT

6 INT. - PAPIGONE PRISON - FRANK'S CELL/CORRIDOR. 6

THE CELL DOOR IS THROWN OPEN

Frank is being dragged across the floor by Warden Garren and a second GUARD, each holding an arm as they drag Frank's emaciated six-foot frame through the halls. Joe Shaye jogs behind the guards.

JOE SHAYE

He's not breathing. I think he stopped breathing!
Debbie Zane -

6.

7 INT. - PAPIGONE PRISON INFIRMARY. - DAY 7

A small, empty room with four empty hospital beds. Frank is lifted onto one of the beds, his legs and arms flailing out to the sides, kicking a thin curtain out from the wall.

JOE SHAYE

What's happening to him?

Garren and the Guard quickly move toward a sink, where they start to wash their hands.

JOE SHAYE (cont'd)

What are you doing?

ASSISTANT WARDEN GARREN

Washing off the lice.

JOE SHAYE-

He can't breath. You have to call a doctor.

STANT WARDEN GARREN

The doctor p fnl'sf in the morning.

You can't just t him die. I have orders from the Embassy!

This man is going t tradited to the United State am holding you responsible if ant happens!

Suddenly Garren looks past Shaye -- eyeing the curtain that partially encloses Frank's bed. Garren slowly moves toward the curtain, pushes it open.

FRANK IS GONE

CLOSE ON GARREN

drawing his gun and sprinting out the open door of the infirmary, yelling in French for the Guard to follow. Joe Shaye stands motionless, staring down in horror at the empty bed.

JOE SHAYE (cont'd)

Oh, shit... .Frank!

8 INT. - PRISON. - CONTINUOUS 8

The prison ALARM has sent every prisoner to the front of their cells, where they see Frank stumbling through the prison --

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

7.

8 CONTINUED: 8

a thin smile on his lips as he tries to move his starved legs toward the main door. As Frank makes his way past a row of cheering prisoners, he trips and falls, his body too weak to run as he starts to crawl across the prison floor.

Joe and Garren easily catch up to him, Garren quickly kneeling

down and holding his gun against Frank's head --cocking the weapon. Frank stops crawling, rolls over on his back and smiles up at Joe Shaye.

FRANK

Okay, Joe...let's go home.

9 INT. - NEW ROCHELLE ROTARY CLUB. - BANQUET ROOM. - NIGHT 9

SUPER: NEW ROCHELLE. NEW JERSEY 1964

A smoke filled oak dining room packed with CLUB MEMBERS -- HUNDREDS OF MIDDLE AGED WHITE MEN wearing black suits and holding long cigars as they drink from brandy glasses. FRANK ABAGNALE, 15, a BUCKLEY PRIVATE SCHOOL BLUE BLAZER AND WHITE PANT with his mother, PAULA, 33, at a center table near themes Paula is a stunning blonde dressed in diamonds and and since she's the only woman in the room -- she's getti t of attention. CLUB PRESIDENT JACK WRIGHT takes rophone at the front of the stage.

JACK WRIGHT

The New Rochelle Rotary Club has a history that goes back to 1859. In

all those years, we have only inducted a handful of deserving men as lifetime members, an honor that has seen 187 names enshrined on the wall of honor. Tonight, we make it 188. So please stand, as I present my good friend, Frank William Abagnale.

Applause all around as FRANK ABAGNALE SR. steps up to the MICROPHONE. He is handsome and impeccable groomed -- wearing a black suit and holding onto his plaque with two hands.

FRANK SR.

Two little mice fell in a bucket of cream. The first mouse quickly gave up and drowned, but the second mouse wouldn't quit. He struggled so hard,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

8.

9 CONTINUED: 9

FRANK SR. (cont'd)
that he eventually churned that cream into butter -- and crawled out. Gentleman, as of this moment, I am that second mouse.
Laughter from the men in the room as Frank continues.

FRANK SR. (cont'd)
I stand here today humbled by the presence of Mayor Allen, and our club President, Jack Wright. But most of all, I am honored to see my loving wife, Paula, and my son, Frank Jr., sitting in the front-row. I'm just a business man, a working stiff -- but tonight you have made me royalty. And for this, I am eternally grateful. The men applaud as Frank Sr. smiles down at his wife and son, giving them a wink as he raises the plaque in the air.

10 EXT. - FRANK'S HOUSE. -/W ROCHELLE. - DAY 10

A tree lined, picture ce of suburbia, with large homes splashed with snow, Ca n the driveways and kids sledding in the street.

11 EXT. - FRANK'S HOUSE CHRISTMA4ER2MF , - DAY 11

DEAN MARTIN is singing EVERYBOD SOMEBODY on the radio, as Frank Sr. hammers his PLAQUE i the wall. in the middle of the DEN, Frank is dancing with his mother, who is holding a glass of wine as she dances.

PAULA

You're a better dancer than your father, Frankie. The girls don't know what they're in for.

FRANK SR.

Paula, show him the dance you were doing when we met.

PAULA

Who can remember?

FRANK SR.

The people in that little French Village were so happy to see Americans, that they decided to put on a show for us.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

9.

11 CONTINUED: 11

FRANK

I know the story, Dad.

FRANK SR.

So they cram two hundred soldiers into this tiny social hall, and the

first person to walk on stage is
your mother. And she starts to
dance...

ballet,
Paula steps away from Frank, and she starts to dance a

smiling as she tries to remember the steps.

FRANK SR. (cont'd)

It had been months since we had even
seen a woman, and here's this blonde
angel on stage -- and the men are
literally holding their breath. And
I turned to my buddies, and I said..

FRANK

(imitating his father)

I will not lea France without her.

Paula spins around, accidet 49, ILLS HER GLASS OF WINE --

PAULA

Oh, shit, the rug! I b relieve I
did that. Frankie, run /get a
towel...

As Frank runs off, Paula drops to her knees and scrubs the
stain with the hem of her dress.

PAULA (CONT'D)

This will never come out.

She looks up at her husband.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Whenever I dance for you, I get in
trouble.

12 INT. - FRANK'S HOUSE. - MORNING 12

Frank is asleep in his bedroom. His father walks in carrying
a plate of scrambled eggs.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

10.

12 CONTINUED: 12

FRANK SR.

Wake up, Frank... it's eight-thirty.
Frank opens his eyes, stares at his father.

FRANK

I overslept. Mom's gonna kill me.

FRANK SR.

It's okay. You don't have to go to
school today.

FRANK

Is it snowing?

FRANK SR.

Do you own a black suit?

FRANK

A black suit? Why?

FRANK SR.

We have a vermportant meeting in
the city.

13 EXT. - MEN'S SHOP. - 13

THE WHITE CADILLAC is park ont of A MEN'S CLOTHING
STORE -- Frank Sr. banging o tme lass door, trying to get
someone's attention.
pli;½y(l

FRANK SR.

Ma'am, open the door. Just open up,
please, it's important.

THE DOOR OPENS A CRACK AND DARCY, 40's, low cut blouse, a
bagel in her hand, stares at Frank Sr.

DARCY

we don't open for half an hour.

FRANK SR.

What's your name, ma'am?

DARCY

Darcy.

FRANK SR.

Darcy, that's a pretty name. I'm in
a bit of fix -- I need a suit for my
kid. This is my son, Frank, he needs

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

11.

13 CONTINUED: 13

FRANK SR. (cont'd)
a black suit. There was a death in
the family, my father, eighty-five
years old, a war hero, there's a
funeral this afternoon -- a military
funeral -- planes flying overhead,
twenty-one gun salute. Frank needs
to borrow a suit for a couple of
hours.

DARCY

I'm sorry. We don't loan suits, and
we're not open.
As she closes the door, Frank Sr. takes a small GOLD
NECKLACE
OUT OF HIS POCKET, holds it up to the glass.

FRANK SR.

Is this yours, Darcy? I just found
it in the parking lot?
Darcy stares at the necklace through the door.

14 EXT. - NEW YORK CITY. - DAB O 14

The Cadillac is parked somewh
Frank, now wearing a BLACK SUIT a
his father gets out of the car andclimbs into the back seat

FRANK SR.

Slide over. You're gonna take me to
Chase Manhattan Bank. Just head up
to seventy-second and Madison, pull
up to the front and park next to the
fire hydrant.
Frank looks back at his father.

FRANK

Dad...I don't know how to drive.

15 EXT/INT. - CADILLAC. - DAY 15

Frank is driving through Manhattan, his father in the back seat screaming directions as he teaches him to drive. They are both laughing as Frank speeds through the city.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE ZANE

12.

15 CONTINUED: 15

FRANK SR.

A little more gas -- now slip it into second. That's good, more clutch, now pull into this lane here -- slowly!

THE CADILLAC SWERVES HARD, ALMOST HITTING A CAB -- CARS

HONKING AND SLAMMING ON THEIR BRAKES AS FRANK SR. STICKS HIS

HEAD OUT THE WINDOW.

FRANK SR. (cont'd)

(yelling out the window)

Don't honk at us you son of a bitch -- I'm teaching my kid to drive! You're doing fine, Frank, just pick a lane and slip it into third -- about one-o'clock -- push it hard.

< A

Frank slips it into third.

FRANK SR_ (cont'd)

Perfect! Now you got it! Look at you, Frank, t is your town -- you're goin s aight up Broadway!

16 INT. - CHASE MANHATTAN. 16

1

EMPLOYEES ARE HELPING CUSTOMERS the hushed silence of the MASSIVE BANK. Suddenly all eyes to the street, where A

CHAUFFEUR IN A BLACK SUIT AND OPENING THE BACK DOOR OF A WHITE CADILLAC THAT IS P T TO A FIRE HYDRANT.

17 EXT. - CHASE MANHATTAN BANK. - DAY 17

Frank Sr. steps out of the Cadillac, gives his son a wink.

FRANK SR.

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?

FRANK

Dad... is this really gonna help?

FRANK SR.

You know why the Yankees always win, Frank?

FRANK

They have Mickey Mantle?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

13-

17 CONTINUED: 17

FRANK SR.

No. It's because the other teams can't stop staring at those damn pinstripes.

Frank Sr. steps out from the Cadillac, grabs his briefcase.
FRANK SR. (cont'd)

Watch this, Frank. The manager of Chase Manhattan bank is about to open the door for your father. As Frank Sr. casually walks toward the doors of Chase Manhattan, the MANAGER rushes through the bank to open the doors for him.

18 INT. - LOAN DEPARTMENT. - CHASE MANHATTAN BANK. - DAY 18

Frank Sr. is sitting across from a LOAN OFFICER, who is looking over his file.

LOAN OFFICER

You've owned stationery store for how many years?

LOAN OFFICER

Mr. Abagnale, we don't usually loan money to people who have resolved business with the I.R.S..

FRANK SR.

That's just a misunderstanding. I hired the wrong guy to do my books, a mistake anyone could make. I wouldn't even consider that if I were you.

LOAN OFFICER

You want me to ignore the fact that the government is demanding two years back taxes?

FRANK SR.

My store is a landmark in New Rochelle. I have customers all over New Jersey.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

LOAN OFFICER

Sir, you're not a customer of Chase Manhattan. We don't know you. I'm sure you're bank in New Rochelle...

FRANK SR.

My bank went out of business. Banks like this put them out of business. Frank Sr. leans in, lowers his voice.

FRANK SR. (cont'd)

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. 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 you to do is help me beat these guys.

LFRX OFFICER

This is not estion of winning and losing. It, question of risk. I'm very sort

FRAN

You're the largest ion the world. Where's the fucking

19 EXT. - USED CAR LOT. - DAY 19

A SALESMAN is handing Frank Sr. A CHECK and a set of KEYS.

SALESMAN

The Impala is parked right over there. Frank and his father glance toward an OLD, DENTED CHEVY

IMPALA

at the back of the lot.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

it was great doing business with you.

THE SALESMAN gets in the CADILLAC and drives it toward the front of the car lot. Frank Sr. looks down at the CHECK in his hand.

FRANK SR.

Come on, Frank. Let's go return the suit.

Debbie 7 ana - S

15.

20 EXT. - FRANK'S HOUSE. - DAY 20

A MOVING TRUCK IS DRIVING AWAY FROM THE HOUSE. The Chevy Impala is packed with boxes as it slowly pulls out of the driveway, passing the SOLD SIGN on the front lawn as it follows the moving truck through the neighborhood.

21 EXT. - EASTCHESTER TRAIN STATION. - DUSK 21

A CARGO TRAIN shoots through the rain as it pulls into a run down station that is flanked by the dilapidated APARTMENT BUILDINGS AND TENEMENT HOUSES that make up the town of

EASTCHESTER, NEW JERSEY.

22 INT. - EASTCHESTER APARTMENT - NIGHT 22

A TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT with cracks in the ceiling that seem to grow with each passing train. There are MOVING BOXES STACKED AGAINST THE WALLS, and a dining room table that

seems

to take up half the apartment.

Frank is in the kitchen making dinner as his father walks in from work -- his suit wX kled, his briefcase in hand.

J P

ank laughs with him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm making pancakes.

FRANK SR.

We're not gonna eat pancakes for dinner on my son's sixteenth birthday.

Frank turns to his father.

FRANK SR. (cont'd)

Why are you looking at me like that?

You thought I forgot?

Frank opens his BRIEFCASE, takes out a CHECKBOOK FROM CHASE MANHATTAN BANK. He walks over and hands it to Frank.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

16.

22 CONTINUED: 22

FRANK SR. (cont'd)
I opened a checking account in your name. I put twenty-five dollars in the account so you can buy whatever you want. Don't tell you mother. Frank slowly opens the CHECKBOOK, sees his name at the top of the first check.

FRANK

But they turned down your loan?

FRANK SR.

Yeah. They all turned me down.

FRANK

So why open a bank account with them?

FRANK SR..

Because one day you'll want something from these people -- a house, a car -- they have all the money. There's a hundred check ere, Frank, which means from i day on -- you're in

THEIR LITTL

23 EXT. - MONROE HIGH SCHOO MORNING 23

O FLL

THE IMPALA pulls up to the f the local public High School. Frank wears his BLUE WHITE PANTS as he gets out of the car and smiles r mother. Paula wears an OLD FUR COAT over her pajamas.

I

PAULA

See that, it's just a school. No

different than Buckley.
Frank reaches through the window of the car, takes the
CIGARETTE out of his mother's mouth.

FRANK

You promised you were going to quit.

PAULA

Frankie, you don't have to wear the
uniform here. Why don't you take the
jacket off?

FRANK

I'm used to it.
Debbie Zane - 5

17.

24 INT. - MONROE HIGH SCHOOL. - DAY 24

Frank walks through the crowded halls looking lost as he
holds a CLASS SCHEDULE. He gets odd looks and stares from
the kids around him.

25 INT. - CLASSROOM. - DAY 25

Frank walks into a packed classroom, the STUDENTS turning to
stare as he checks his schedule.

FRANK

Is this Ms. Glasser's sixth period
French?
Some of the students laugh, most just turn back to their
friends as Frank nervously adjusts his tie. A GIRL in the
front row stares at Frank.

STUDENT

Are you the sub?
Frank looks around for his teacher, then slowly starts to

NOD_

Frank walks toward the blackboard writes his name on the
board -- MR. ABAGNALE. HE SLAPS OFF AN ERASER against
the board to get the students' attention.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I

Listen up, class. My name is Mr. Abagnale and I'll be your substitute today. Would somebody please tell me where you left off in your text book?

GIRL

Chapter seven.

FRANK

Open your books to chapter eight, read quietly to yourselves.

TEACHER The classroom door swings open, and a frail, confused walks in and motions to Frank.

TEACHER

Are you subbing for Roberta?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

18.

25 CONTINUED: 25

FRANK

Yes.

TEACHER

They sent for me -- they said they needed a sub. I rushed over here from Dixon.

FRANK

I always sub for Roberta.

TEACHER

I'll never come to Monroe again. You tell them not to call me!
The WOMAN storms out, and Frank turns back to the students.

FRANK

I suggest you start reading people.

26 INT. - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. - MONROE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY 26

PRINCIPAL EVANS AND VICE-PRINCIPAL BROWN are standing in front of Frank Sr. and Paula, who sit in two small chairs facing the Principal.
been coming to school? Not?

VICE-PRINCIPAL BROWN

Mr. and Mrs. Abagnale, is this a question of your son's attendance.

PRINCIPAL EVANS

For the past week Frank has been teaching Ms. Glasser's French class.

PAULA

He what?

PRINCIPAL EVANS

Your son has been pretending to be a substitute teacher, lecturing the students, giving out homework.

VICE-PRINCIPAL BROWN

Ms. Glasser has been ill, and there was some confusion with the real substitute -- we're still not sure what happened.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

19.

26 CONTINUED: 26

PRINCIPAL EVANS

Your son held a teacher-parent conference yesterday. He was planning a class field trip to a French bread factory in Trenton. Do you see the

problem we have?
Frank Sr. and Paula seem a bit confused.

PAULA

This is our fault, Principal Evans.
Frank had been at Buckley since he
was a little boy. We had to take him
out for personal reasons, away from
his friends -- you know how kids
are. He's all alone here.

FRANK SR.

He's not alone. He has us.

27 EXT. - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. - SAME TIME 27

Frank is sitting outside the Principal's office wearing his
coat and tie, waiting for his parents to come out. He
watches
as a FOOTBALL PLAYER hands- SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR a note.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

I have a note for try on. I need to
miss sixth period she's taking
me to the doctor.

N

SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR

Thank you, Roger.
As the Football player walks off, Frank leans over to look
at the note. The Administrator catches him looking.

FRANK

It's a fake.

SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR

Excuse me?

FRANK

There's no crease in the paper.

SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR

I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

20.

27 CONTINUED: 27

FRANK

When your mom hands you a note to miss school, you put it in your pocket. And if it was in his pocket, where's the crease?

28 INT. - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. - DAY 28

Frank Sr. lights a cigarette as he stands up to leave.

FRANK SR.

Excuse me. I have to go to work.

PRINCIPAL EVANS

Sir, we have no choice but to suspend Frank for one week, and transfer him out of French and into German.

FRANK SR.

You're not suspending anyone. if you go after my son I'll go before the school board and ask them who's minding the ste at Monroe High. I'll ask my4bbd friend Tom Walsh how it's po s' or a little kid to teach a Fr n ajZa, t ss for an entire week without tP incipal of the school knowing a i%- I might even mention the f t my son doesn't speak Frenc

29 INT. - MONROE HIGH SCHOOL. -DAY w/ 29

Frank closes his locker, sees FOUR CHEERLEADERS standing in front of him. The leader of the group, JOANNA, steps

forward.

JOANNA

Are you that transfer from Buckley?
Frank looks a bit confused as he stares at the girls.

FRANK

Yes.

JOANNA

My name is Joanna Carlson, and I was

wondering if you were going to the Junior Prom?

FRANK

No. I don't have a date yet. My name is Frank Abagnale.

(CONTINUED)

21.

29 CONTINUED: 29

JOANNA

Frank, do you think you could buy my friends and I some beer before the dance? All the other guys are afraid to try.

FRANK

I'm only sixteen. How could I buy you beer?

JOANNA

If you're old enough to teach French, you're old enough to buy beer.

30 INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT. - DAY 30

Frank walks in from school, throws his books on a chair
and opens the refrigerator. The radio is on and there's a bottle of wine on the counter.

FRANK

Mom, I'm home.
Nobody answers, and Frank slowly walks toward the back bedroom door, which is closed.
Frank's about to knock when that bedroom door suddenly opens, and Paula walks out with JACK W - the Rotary Club President -- who wears a tailored check suit. Paula wears a dress and holds a tray of food.

PAULA

That's all there is, two bedrooms,
but we're getting used to it. Frankie,
you remember Dad's friend Jack Wright
from the club, he came by looking
for your father -- I was giving him
a tour of the apartment.

JACK WRIGHT

Very spacious, Paula.

FRANK

Dad's at work.

Frank stares at Jack, who walks over and picks up his HAT
off the chair.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

22.

30 CONTINUED: 30

JACK WRIGHT

You look more like your old man every
day. Thanks for the sandwich, Paula.
I'll see ya later.

FRANK

Wait.

Frank walks to the couch, picks up a small ROTARY PIN that
is lying on the cushions. He holds it up to Jack.

JACK WRIGHT

Thank you, Frank. That's the
President's pin. I'd be in big trouble
if I lost that.

Jack clips the pin to his jacket, turns and walks out the
door.

PAULA

Are you hungry, Frankie? I'll make
you a sandwich.

Paula walks into the kitchen, opens the refrigerator and
starts making a sandwich

PAWcont ' d)

Jack wanted to t ob ness with
your father. He sa' we should
sue the government, a 's not
legal what they're do us. Why
aren't you saying anyth

Frank stares at his mother, who continues to make his
sandwich.

PAULA (CONT'D)

You're not going to tell him, are
you?

Paula walks over to her son, her hands shaking as she hands
him a sandwich.

FRANK

No.

PAULA

That'sright. There's nothing to
tell.I'mgoing outfor a few hours,
visitsomeold friends from the tennis
club.Andwhen I get home we'll all

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane . 5

23.

30 CONTINUED: (2) 30

PAULA (cont' d)
have dinner together, right? But your
won't say anything, because it's
just stupid, isn't it?
Paula lights a cigarette, walks toward the door.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Do you need some money, Frankie, a
few dollars to buy some record albums?
Here, take five dollars.
Paula holds out five dollars, and Frank walks toward her,
reaches up and takes the cigarette out of her mouth.

FRANK

You promised you were going to quit.

31 EXT. - ABAGNALE STATIONERS. - NEW ROCHELLE. - DAY 31

A large stationery store sits right in the middle of the upscale neighborhood of New Rochelle.

32 INT. - STATIONERY STORE A DAY 32

Frank is working behind the counter of his father's store, gently placing a SILVER cross on a velvet display pad. A WOMAN stares down at the pen.

FRANK

This is a 925 sterling silver Waldmann ballpoint pen with a two-color twist action top. Just turn it

0.

like this -- the ink changes from black to blue. Nine dollars.

WOMAN

They have them in the city for six. As the woman walks out of the store, Frank Sr. comes running out of his office, which doubles as the stockroom. He holds a letter in his hand.

FRANK SR.

It's over. I did it, Frank. The sons of bitches have called off the dogs -- read it and weep. I beat the United States government. Take a look at that.

Frank Sr. hands Frank a letter.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

24.

32 CONTINUED: 32

FRANK SR. (cont'd)

See what it says -- the I.R.S is backing off. They're gonna take their money and run -- no charges filed, no further investigations into this matter. They thought they could get me, and I sent Uncle Sam running for the hills.

FRANK

Does this mean we can move home?

FRANK SR.

We're gonna move back here, Frank, get a new house, a new car --

FRANK

A red Cadillac with white interior.

FRANK SR.

It's gonna take a little time, but we're gonna get it all back --every fur coat, eve goddamn piece of silver! Com o help me lock up. We're going tg4 brace!

33 INT. - VILLAGE INN BAR. ='rEASTCHESTER. - DAY 33

Frank follows his father int ILLAGE INN BAR, a neighborhood dive that is ful 'lway workers coming off the night shift. Frank and his are greeted with cold stares from a handful of REGULARS are drinking and watching a mounted black and white TV.

NEWSCASTER (V.O. ON TV)

The Warren Commission has concluded their investigation into the assassination of President Kennedy, and has found that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone, with no evidence of conspiracy, domestic or foreign.

FRANK SR.

(to the bartender)
Bring us a couple of beers and two shots of Canadian.

BARTENDER

I need to see the kid's I.D..

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

25.

33 CONTINUED: 33

FRANK SR.

This kid is the head salesman in my company. He's twenty-two and he's making five bills a week, so just bring the drinks and mind your business.

Frank and his father sit at a small table in the middle of the bar. Frank looks uncomfortable as his father lights a cigar.

FRANK

Maybe I should wait in the car.

FRANK SR.

Are you afraid of these men? Look at the way, they sit, the way they dress, the way they drink. What are they, railway men? Cargo loaders? Those men haven't earned the right to judge us. I beat Uncle Sam, what have they ever done?

The WAITRESS brings o the drinks, and Frank Sr. quickly downs both shots. He ak DIME out of his pocket and sets it on the table.

FRANSR. %cont d)

Frank, I wa nt you that dime and go put it in th u x. Pick something loud. We're ating.

Frank glances to the bar, where the MEN are quietly watching the-TV. The JUKEBOX is directly under the television.

FRANK SR. (cont'd)

You know who I like? Lesley Gore.

FRANK

Dad... they're watching TV.

FRANK SR.

Yes. But in a moment they'll be listening to Lesley Gore. We're gonna teach the drunks to mind their manners.

FRANK

I think they know I'm not eighteen.

FRANK SR.

People only know what you tell them.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

26.

33 CONTINUED: (2) 33

Frank Sr. picks up the dime and holds it up to his son.

FRANK SR. (cont'd)

Take the dime, son. Just take the dime and walk over there like you just closed a big deal. Walk over there like you got a roll of twenties right next to your pecker.

Frank gets out of his chair and nervously faces his Father.

FRANK SR. (cont'd)

And don't forget to smile while you're shoving it down their throats.

Frank holds his father's dime as he slowly walks toward the JUKEBOX. THE MEN AT THE BAR see him coming, slowly turn on their stools.

MAN #1

Don't play that thing, kid.

Frank nervously stands alt " ukebox. Some of the men have gotten off their stools drinks in hand.

MAN #2

We asked you not to' , kid.

The President is about to give a speech.

Frank looks toward his father, who sits back in his chair, smoking and smiling. Frank's hand shakes as he reaches out, drops the dime into the jukebox.

MAN #1

We're not gonna tell you again.

Step away from the jukebox.

FRANK SR.

Why you bothering the kid? You got a problem, come bother me.

Frank watches as TWO DRUNKS walk toward his father. They both hold PITCHERS OF BEER in their hands.

FRANK SR. (cont'd)

Hit the button, Frank. You hit that goddamn button!

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

27.

33 CONTINUED: (3) 33

As Frank reaches out and hits the button, the men start to pour their beers over his father's head. Frank Sr. does nothing to stop them, the smile never leaving his face as he screams at his son.

FRANK SR. (cont'd)

That's right, Frank! Who are they!

Who are they!

THE JUKEBOX springs to life, and WE HEAR LESLEY GORE singing "IT'S MY PARTY." The men continue to pour their beers over Frank Sr.'s head, the entire bar screaming with laughter.

FRANK SR. (cont'd)

Bus drivers! Security guards! Fry cooks! Now they understand! They can't win, Frank, they can't beat me!

34 INT. - EASTCHESTER COURTHOUSE. - DAY 34

of A LARGE COURTROOM -- ONLY FIVE PEOPLE INSIDE. On one side the room WE SEE FRANK S wearing a white suit that doesn't quite fit -- a notice stain on the shirt. His weathered black briefcase is on the floor in front of him. Paula is on the other side of the courtroom, wearing a blue church dress and holding a lit cigarette in her hand. Paula and Frank Sr. sit with lawyers facing JUDGE LARKIN, who is examining the evidence for the first time.

JUDGE LARKI

Would the boy step forward and state his name for the record.

Frank is seated in the middle of the courtroom -- a backpack on the floor at his feet. Frank slowly walks toward the bench.

FRANK

Frank William Abagnale Jr.

JUDGE LARKIN

Frank, the court apologizes for pulling you out of school this morning. Are you aware of the fact that your parents have filed for divorce?

Frank glances at his mother, then slowly shakes his head "no."

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

28.

34 CONTINUED: 34

JUDGE LARKIN (cont'd)

Again, I apologize. This is a custody hearing to determine who you are going to live with after the divorce. Your mother and father are leaving this decision up to you. For the record, I would like to praise both parents for showing such confidence in their son, who they believe will make the best decision for himself and his family.

Frank stares straight ahead, his breathing forced as he stares at Judge Larkin.

JUDGE LARKIN (cont'd)

Okay, Frank, I'm going to ask you a difficult question. Who's it going to be, your mother or your father?

mother Frank looks to his father, then turns and stares at his
for a long BEAT.
Can I have
it?

35 EXT. - EASTCHESTER. - DAY \z:i;½/O 35

abandoned town, of sheer desperation
on s hif ace as h e runs pas t dil ai;½ d shops and
buildings -- racing a train that lowing pulling into the
Eastchester station. fi

36 INT. - EASTCHESTER TRAIN STATION. - DAY. 36

Frank runs up to the ticket window at the TRAIN STATION.

FRANK

One ticket to Grand Central, please.

TICKET CLERK

Three dollars and fifty cents.

FRANK

Can I write you a check?

37 INT. - PAPIGONE PRISON. - MARSEILLE. - NIGHT 37

three THE CELL DOOR IS PULLED OPEN, and Frank slowly walks out and
faces Joe Shaye, who is holding a pair of HANDCUFFS and
standing with FBI AGENTS EARL AMDURSKY and TOM FOX- All

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

29.

37 CONTINUED: 37

quickly AGENTS get a glimpse inside the cell -- and they all
turn away.

JOE SHAYE

Frank, this is Agent Amdursky and Agent Fox. They'll be helping with the extradition.

Joe puts the handcuffs on Frank, who can barely stay on his feet as he slowly turns to Warden Garren.

FRANK

Your wife is sleeping with one of the guards. Just thought you should know.

38 INT. - HOTEL ROOM. - FRANCE. - NIGHT 38

Joe Shaye, Amdursky and Fox are all watching Frank as he sits naked in a bathtub, his handcuffs still on as he tries to shave his beard.

39 INT. - HOTEL ROOM. - FF5?% - NIGHT 39

Frank has one hand 4N L1 to a chair, and both legs SHACKLED to the corner ed. He's eating a sandwich and drinking a glass of s Joe Shaye sits across from him.

JOE SHA

Just sit back and get table.
We leave for the airpor nine hours.

FRANK

I want to call my father.

JOE SHAYE

You can call him when we get to New York? I apologize for the room -- it's the only place the agency could afford.

FRANK

Don't worry, Joe. I've stayed in worse.

40 EXT. - TIMES SQUARE HOTEL. - NIGHT 40

Frank wears blue pajamas as he's THROWN OUT OF A DILAPIDATED TIMES SQUARE HOTEL ROOM BY THE NIGHT MANAGER, who is dragging him toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

30.

40 CONTINUED: 40

SUPER: OCTOBER. 1964

MANAGER

I don't want to hear your story.
That's two checks that bounced, do
you know how much trouble I'm in?

FRANK

The bank made a mistake, Andy, I'll
write you a check right now! Please,
it's midnight, I have no place to
go.

The Manager pushes Frank into the cage elevator.

MANAGER

You're a goddamn kid. You should be
in school.

41 INT. - NEW YORK HOTEL ROOM. - NIGHT 41

A decrepit Times Square hotel room. Frank sits up in bed
staring down at his NEW RSEY DRIVER'S LICENSE -- which is
a simple I.D. CARD wi picture. Frank uses a pen to change
the date of birth fro lf o 1938.

42 INT. - NEW YORK SAVINGS BTKf - DAY 42

O

Frank holds a BLACK BRIEFCAS st ands in front of a
FEMALE BANK TELLER holding a HATTAN CHECK.

FRANK

My boss sent me to Brooklyn, then
Queens, now he wants me in Long Island
and I'm short train fare. It's my
first week -- I don't think I'm cut
out to be a salesman.

ASHLEY

I'm sorry, but we're not allowed to

cash checks from other banks. How
would we know if they were any good?

FRANK

What's your name?

ASHLEY

Ashley.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

31.

42 CONTINUED: 42

FRANK

You do me this favor, Ashley, and
I'll give you this sterling silver
Waldmann pen. It's German. What do
you say?
Frank takes the PEN out of his pocket.

ASHLEY

I feel so bad. I'm really not supposed
to take the check. How about if I
just loan you a few dollars myself?
Ashley takes some money out of her own pocket.

FRANK

That's okay, Ashley. I'll find my
way to Chase Manhattan.

43 EXT. - BANK. - DAY 43

As Frank walks out of the bank, he watches A PILOT AND TWO
FLIGHT ATTENDANTS step of a cab right in front of him.
They are all laughing A s hey head for the revolving doors
of the MAYFAIR HOTEL.
Frank watches as the PIL IPS THE DOORMAN A FIVE DOLLAR

BILL.

44 INT. - MAYFAIR HOTEL. - MORNING, N\ v- 44
Frank follows the Pilot into the 'air, seesthe hotel

0;

MANAGER rushing over to greet him. The entire lobby seems to be focussed on the Pilot, with BELLMEN running over to carry

his bags -- the FLIGHT ATTENDANTS following his every move. Frank turns to an aging BELLMAN.

FRANK

Excuse me, do you know that pilot?

BELLMAN

He's just one of those airline jerks. Just because you fly at thirty thousand feet, doesn't make you God. Frank watches as the Pilot walks into the elevator, the Attendants by his side.

Flight

FRANK (V.O.)

Dear Dad...I've decided to become an airline pilot. I've applied at all

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

32.

44 CONTINUED: 44

FRANK (V.O.) (cont'd)
the big airlines, and have several promising interviews lined up.

45 EXT. - PAY PHONE. - NEW YORK. - DAY 45

A packed street corner in the center of New York. Frank is eating a hot dog as he talks on a PAY PHONE.

PAN AM OPERATOR (V.O.)

Pan Am, how may I help you?

FRANK

I'd like to speak to someone about a uniform.

PAN AM OPERATOR

Hold for purchasing.

Frank turns and looks directly behind him, where WE SEE the FIFTY STORIES OF THE PAN AN BUILDING standing tall in the middle of the city.

HASING SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

Purchasing.

F

Yes. My name is illiams, and I'm a co-ilot basp of San Francisco. I flew a into New York last night, and ving for Paris in three hours.

PURCHASING SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

How can we help you?

FRANK

I sent my uniform out to be cleaned through the hotel...

PURCHASING SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

Let me guess. They lost the uniform. Happens all the time.

46 EXT. - NEW YORK STREET. - DAY 46

As the telephone conversation continues, WE SEE Frank running down a busy street, a big smile on his face as he cuts in and out of an endless stream of people.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

33.

46 CONTINUED: 46

PURCHASING SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

Go down to the Well-Built Uniform

Company at Ninth and Broadway --
they're our uniform supplier. I'll
tell Mister Ross you're coming.
Frank sprints through the doors of the WELL-BUILT UNIFORM

COMPANY.

47 INT. - WELL-BUILT UNIFORM COMPANY. - DAY 47

Frank poses in front of a full length mirror wearing a brand
new PAN AM UNIFORM. MISTER ROSS kneels in front of him,
cuffing his pants. In the B.G., WE SEE rows and rows of
uniforms waiting to be shipped.

ROSS

What's your rank?

FRANK

I'm a co-pilot.

Z

Right seat.

look too young to be a pilot.

Ross places a single GOLD BAR lapel of Frank's
jacket.

ROSS

How does that feel?

O

FRANK

It feels great.

ROSS

It's gonna be \$164 dollars.

FRANK

No problem. I'll write you a check.

48 EXT. - NEW YORK. - DAY 48

Frank walks down Broadway in his new uniform, enjoying the
obvious glances he is getting from men and women who pass
by. He sees a little boy pointing at him, and he gives the
boy a playful salute. Frank can't help but smile as he drops
his briefcase in the nearest trash can, then turns and walks
into a bank.

Debbie Zane -

34.

49 INT. - BANK OF NEW YORK. - DAY 49

A FEMALE BANK TELLER is sneaking glances at Frank as she counts out his money on the counter.

BANK TELLER

That's eighty, ninety, one hundred dollars. You have yourself a great time in Paris.

50 INT. - MAYFAIR HOTEL LOBBY. - NEW YORK CITY. - DAY 50

A busy, upscale business hotel in the heart of the city. Frank stands in uniform at the front desk.

FRANK

I'm flying out to Paris in the C. morning. Okay if I write you a check for the room?

FRONT DESK CLERK

No problem, Sir.
I was also Sao if you could cash a person for me. I've got a date wit Cig^{1/2} ute little hostess this evening.

FRONT DB'Ui^{1/2},C K

For airline personnel O h checks up to three hundred dol

I

FRANK

I won't need that much. Let's make it two-fifty.

51 INT. - MAYFAIR HOTEL ROOM. - NEW YORK. - NIGHT 51

An episode of THE RIFLEMAN is on the black and white TV in the hotel room. A ROOM SERVICE CART sits next to the bed, piled high with half-eaten plates of french fries, hamburgers, and slices of apple pie.

As Frank sleeps on the king sized bed, the PILOT'S UNIFORM lies next to him on top of the sheets.

52 EXT. - ABAGNALE STATIONERS. - NEW ROCHELLE. - DAY 52

Frank Sr. gets off the bus in front of his store. He is wearing his black suit and holding a briefcase as he starts

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

35.

52 CONTINUED: 52

to unlock the front door to the store. TWO POLICE DETECTIVES walk up behind him.

DETECTIVE #1

Frank Abagnale?

Frank turns around, stares at the TWO COPS as they show him their BADGES.

FRANK

What is this? The IRS said no charges would filed.

DETECTIVE #2

Sir, we'd like to talk to you about a checking account at Chase Manhattan bank. The account is four thousand dollars overdrawn, and checks are bouncing every day.

DETECTIVE #1

The account is in your son's name, and he was re ted as a runaway in

H MARC

DETECTI

Do you know where you Abagnale?

FRANK SR.

You guys are looking for the wrong person.

DETECTIVE #2

And how do you know that? Has Frank been in contact with you?

FRANK SR.

if I tell you where he is, will you promise not to tell his mother?

The two Detectives nod.

FRANK SR. (cont'd)

(lowering his voice)

Frank made up a fake I.D and enlisted in the Marine Corps -- he's over in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

36.

52 CONTINUED: (2) 52

FRANK SR. (cont'd)
Vietnam right now. Somebody must have stolen his bank book, because he's half way around the world crawling through the jungle and fighting the fucking communists. So don't come to my place of business and call my boy a criminal, because that kid has more guts than either of you will ever know.

DETECTIVE #1

I'm sorry, Sir. We didn't know.

FRANK SR.

It's okay. Nobody knows.

53 INT. - PLAZA HOTEL. - NEW YORK. - DAY 53

Frank walks up to the front desk of the PLAZA HOTEL.

FRANK

Do you rent twriters?

F ESK CLERK

Of course, M ms. Would you
like electric m ual?

FRONT DESK K

You should try it. I'll send our

I

typist up to give you a lesson.

54 INT. - PLAZA HOTEL SUITE. - NIGHT 54

CLOSE ON

A BLANK COUNTER CHECK

The ELECTRIC STRIKING BALL of the typewriter is going over
the same words again and again, making them appear PRINTED.
The top of the phony check reads:

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS EMPLOYEE NUMBER 15415

PAY TO THE ORDER OF FRANK WILLIAMS \$513.12

Debbie Zane - 5

37.

55 INT. - PLAZA HOTEL BATHROOM. - DAY 55

Frank kneels over the bathtub, looking down at a PLASTIC 707
MODEL AIRPLANE. The small plane is soaking in the tub,
floating up-side-down in a pool of bubbles.

CLOSE ON

THE WING OF THE MODEL PLANE_

The PAN AM LOGO is on the wing. WE WATCH as a TWEEZER lifts
the corner of the logo right off the plastic, carefully
slipping it off the wing so that the words PAN AMERICAN

AIRWAYS hang in mid-air.

ON FRANK

takes meticulously placing the LOGO on top of the check he has just made. The words stick to the paper, and he quickly the check and places it in the middle of a hotel BIBLE. He sticks the bible under his bed, the way a kid breaks in a new baseball glove.

56 INT. - CHASE MA.NHATTAW/BANK _ - DAY 56

Frank is still in uniform " s 0 walks past two MALE TELLERS and deliberately approach YOUNG FEMALE TELLER-

CN

FRANK

I was wondering if ?bk `i;½ptad cash this payroll check f Frank takesthecheck out of a phony PAN AM ENVELOPEand

M ;

hands it totheTELLER.ThePAN AM LOGO on the check is crooked andoffcenter,thetype blurred and almostillegible.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You have beautiful eyes. The TELLER smiles at Frank, barely glances at the check as she opens her CASH DRAWER.

TELLER

How would you like it?

57 INT. - NEW YORK HOBBY SHOP. - DAY 57

A small HOBBY SHOP in Times Square. Frank sets FIFTEEN BOXES of PAN AM MODEL AIRPLANES on the counter.

HOBBY SHOP OWNER

That's a lot of planes.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

38.

57 CONTINUED: 57

FRANK

I give them away at Christmas to needy children.

58 INT. - PLAZA HOTEL SUITE. - NIGHT 58

CLOSE ON

A HOTEL BATHTUB FILLED WITH MODEL AIRPLANES THAT ARE SOAKING
IN WARM WATER.

Frank sits at a desk, pulls a CHECK from the carriage of an electric typewriter. The check is perfectly centered, the Pan Am logo straight, the lines and words looking thick and heavy -- as if they were printed.

Frank takes the check and sets it on the hotel bed, where FIVE HUNDRED FRESHLY MADE CHECKS are sitting in neatly

stacked

piles.

59 INT. - PLAZA HOTEL. - MORNING 59

Frank walks downstairs his uniform, CHECK IN HAND. The HOTEL MANAGER rushes a to greet him.

E'.

What can I do ou, Mr. Williams.

FRANK

I'm headed out to S morning
and I need a little s money.

MANAGER

0

I'm sorry, Sir, we won't have any cash until the banks open in an hour. But I'm sure they can cash your check at the airport.

FRANK

The airport? They cash checks at the airport?

60 INT. - LA GUARDIA AIRPORT. - MORNING. 60

Frank wears his pilot's uniform as he walks through the crowded airport holding a thick wad of cash. As he stuffs the money into his pockets, he walks toward a sign that

reads:

AIRLINE PERSONNEL ONLY.

Debbie Zane - 5

39.

61 INT. - PERSONNEL AREA. - LA GUARDIA. - DAY 61

A giant warehouse filled with PILOTS, CO-PILOTS, FLIGHT ATTENDANTS, and BAGGAGE HANDLERS. There is a CAFETERIA, NEWSSTAND, AIRLINE SHOP, and SHOE SHINE BOOTH.

Frank sits down in one of the SHOE SHINE CHAIRS, two TWA PILOTS next to him. He stares at their I.D. BADGES, which are laminated pictures clipped to the front of their

jackets.

FRANK

Morning.

The TWO PILOTS turn and look at Frank.

TWA PILOT

Morning. You mind if I ask you a question?

FRANK

Sure.

PILOT

I see you hfe"dll the time, and I was wonderi g Pan Am is doing out here at L ah_ubia? Pan Am doesn't fly into La Gu

Frank stares at the Pilot, hag==(,d/,idea what to say.

TWA PILOT

You working charters?

FRANK

Yeah. Charters. I'm headed out to Kennedy in a few minutes.

TWA PILOT

I figured as much. What kind of equipment you on?
Frank thinks for a long BEAT, has no idea what to say.

FRANK

General Electric.

TWA PILOT #2

General Electric? What the hell do you fly, washing machines?
Debbie Zane -

40.

62 EXT. - LA GUARDIA. - DAY 62

Frank is running out of the airport.

FRANK (V.O.)

Dear Dad. I have been accepted to Pan Am's flight school, and will be starting my training immediately. I am sending you a picture of me in my uniform, so that you can show it to mom, and let her know that I am a pilot for the greatest airline in the world.

63 EXT. - PAN AM BUILDING. - DAY 63

Frank enters building.

64 INT. - PAN AM BUILDING - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 64

The massive CORPORATE OFFICES of PAN AM, which look out over the Manhattan. Frank, dressed like a student and wearing a backpack, gets out of televator and walks up to a

RECEPTIONIST.

I'm Frank Black'cr#4m Monroe High School. I have a opdIntment with Mister Mulligan.

RECEPTION

Go on in, Frank. He' s w i4 ng for
you.

Frank hesitates as he walks toward a door marked, PAUL

MULLIGAN, DIRECTOR OF AIRLINE SECURITY.

65 INT. - MULLIGAN'S OFFICE. - DAY 65

PAUL MULLIGAN, 70's, a small, rock of a man, stands behind a

AWARDS,
WALL OF PICTURES, MILITARY MEDALS, PAN AM ACHIEVEMENT
and **EMPLOYEE OF THE YEAR CERTIFICATES** that are neatly
displayed on the wall behind him.

MULLIGAN

Frank, I'm Paul Mulligan, head of
security for Pan American World
Airways. I understand you're writing
a report about Pan Am, and you'd
like to speak to a real live pilot.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

41.

65 CONTINUED: 65

FRANK

Yes, Sir.

MULLIGAN

Well you're in luck, son. Because I
was one of the best.

66 INT. - PAN AM BUILDING. - DAY 66

Frank is following Paul Mulligan through a large **GALLERY**
which shows the history of **PAN AM** in black and white
pictures
and detailed **PLASTIC MODELS**.

FRANK

What does it mean when one pilot says to another pilot, "what kind of equipment are you on?"

MULLIGAN

He's asking what kind of plane they're flying. DC-10, 707, 727. What about a D. badges I've seen pilots wear. e

MU G

A pilot is requi of things with him at airline personnel b e similar to this Pan AA wearing, and his FAA li Mulligan pulls an old FAA LICENSE out of his wallet.

FRANK

Do you think I could make a copy of this license to put in my report?

MULLIGAN

You can have it, Frank. It expired five years ago.

FRANK

What about your I.D. badge? Do you have an extra one I could borrow?

MULLIGAN

I'm afraid I can't help you there. These badges are special ordered from Polaroid. The only way to get

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -!

66 CONTINUED: 66

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

one is to become a real live pilot
for Pan Am.

67 INT. - POLAROID CORPORATE OFFICES. - NEW YORK. - DAY 67

A LARGE OFFICE IN NEW YORK CITY. A POLAROID SALESMAN has
opened a SAMPLE BOOK and is showing off page after page of

LAMINATED I.D. BADGES.

FRANK wears a suit and tie as he sits across from the
salesman
examining the book.

FRANK

Caribbean Air will be expanding our
routes next year to include most of
the East coast. I'm thinking we'll
need several thousand badges.

POLAROID SALESMAN

As you can see, we make the I.D.
badges for almost every major airline.

POLAROI

That's Pan Am. Would o' Qke the
brochure on that one?

FRANK

My boss wanted me to bring back an
actual I.D. badge, not a brochure.

POLAROID SALESMAN

That's no problem, Mister Anderson.
We make all the badges right here
with this equipment.
The Salesman motions to a large CAMERA AND LAMINATOR.
POLAROID SALESMAN (cont'd)
I can make you one in a few seconds.

FRANK

I have an idea. Why don't you use me
as the subject.
Debbie Zane - 5

43.

1 f 68 INT - KENNEDY AIRPORT. - DAY 68

Frank is walking through KENNEDY AIRPORT, his authentic PAN AM I.D. BADGE secured to the front of his uniform. He walks up to an EASTERN AIRLINES ticket counter and smiles at the

TICKET AGENT.

FRANK

Hello. I'm a Pan Am co-pilot and I'd like to fly on your two-thirty to Miami.

EASTERN TICKET AGENT

You want to dead-head to Miami?

FRANK

Yes. Dead-head.

Frank hands the AGENT his I.D. BADGE and Mulligan's FAA license, which has been cropped at the top where Mulligan's name used to be. She barely glances at either-

ERN TICKET AGENT

You' re in lyk""Sir. The jump seat is open.

The Ticket Agent starts to la ,i:~i:~Y}ci:~i Frank laughs with her.

69 INT_ - EASTERN 707. - DAY 69

MARCI, a cute 27-year-old EASTERN STEWARDESS with short blonde

hair and glasses, stands at the front of the plane smiling at Frank -- who holds out his pink boarding slip.

MARCI

Are you my dead-head?

70 INT. - COCKPIT. - 707. - DAY 70

Frank is led into the cockpit by Marci, trying not to react to the intensity of the tiny space. He immediately looks around for the jump-seat -- or any seat -- but sees nothing.

MARCI

Frank, this is Captain Oliver. That's John Paxton, the Co-Pilot, this is Ron Vega, flight engineer.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -!

44.

70 CONTINUED: 70

FRANK

Frank Williams, Pan Am. Thanks for giving me a lift.

CAPTAIN OLIVER

Go ahead and take a seat, Frank, we're about to push.

Frank continues to search for the JUMP SEAT, the panic starting to show on his face as Marci reaches her hand

around

to the back of the cockpit door and pulls down the small

METAL SEAT_

MARCI

There you go. Would you like a drink after take-off?

Frank quickly sits in the jump-seat, his hands shaking as he tries to strap himself in.

FRANK

A glass of milk, please.

71 EXT. - KENNEDY AIRPORT 'RMWAY. - DAY. 71

72 INT. - EASTERN COCKPIT. - 72

CLOSE ON FRANK -- inside the -- his hands gripping the sides of the JUMP-SEAT, his face clenched into a silent scream as the plane lifts, banking left as it shoots out over Manhattan.

Frank is staring out the cockpit window in disbelief, the way all kids do the first time they ride in a plane.

73 INT. - EASTERN 707. - LATER IN FLIGHT 73

Frank walks through the COCKPIT DOOR, sees Marci preparing

drinks at the beverage station.

MARCI

Hello, dead-head. Enjoying your free ride?

FRANK

Marci, did you drop this?
Frank takes a SMALL GOLD NECKLACE out of his jacket pocket.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

45.

73 CONTINUED: 73

7 FRANK (CONT'D)

Must have slipped right off your neck.

74 INT. - FRANK'S HOTEL ROOM. - MIAMI. - NIGHT 74

Frank is lying on top of Marci -- losing his virginity -- not moving -- just staring down at her with a bizarre look on his face. The lights are low, the radio is on.

FRANK

Are all hostesses as nice as you?

MA.RCI

Stewardess. You know we like to be called stewardess now. Why are you stopping?

FRANK

I want to tell you something, Marci. This is by far the best date I've ever been on.

75 INT. - AIRPORT. - DAY 75

Frank walks toward a COUNTER with a big smile on his face.

U O

FRANK

Is the jump-seat op no '1 j. ur four
o'clock to Dallas?

76 INT. - DALLAS BANK. - DAY 76

0

Frank is wearing his pilot's uniform as he walks up to LUCY,
the pretty ASSISTANT MANAGER of a small Dallas bank.

LUCY

Welcome to Dallas National Bank, how
may I help you?

FRANK

What's your name, Ma'am?

LUCY

Lucy Rogers. I'm the Assistant
Manager.

FRANK

Lucy, my name is Frank Williams, and
I'm a co-pilot for Pan Am. I'd like

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

46-

76 CONTINUED: 76

FRANK (CONT'D)

to cash this check and then take you
to dinner.

77 INT. - DALLAS HOTEL ROOM. - NIGHT 77

Frank is dancing with LUCY, who is laughing uncontrollably as he twirls her around the room.

LUCY

Okay, enough! I'm gonna be sick. I have to get home and get some sleep.

FRANK

It's only midnight.

LUCY

One of my tellers got married last night, and I'm gonna be short handed all week.

FRANK

What if I came and helped you out down at the

L

Now why would Frank want to work in my stupid bank?
Frank twirls Lucy, dipping her in the middle of the room.

FRANK

To be close to you.

78 INT. - DALLAS NATIONAL BANK. - DAY 78

Frank is standing with Lucy behind the counter of the bank, watching as she feeds a stack of CHECKS into a MICKER

ENCODING

MACHINE.

LUCY

We feed the checks through the micker machine, and the magic eye reads the micker ink and then sorts the checks by numbers.

FRANK

What numbers?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

47.

78 CONTINUED: 78

LUCY

See the numbers on the bottom of the`
checks. Those are called routing
numbers.

FRANK

Where do the checks get routed to?

LUCY

Well, I'm not exactly sure.
Nobody ever asked before.

79 INT. - NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. - DAY 79

Frank wears his pilots uniform as he sits across from a
group
of HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS who are writing term papers. As the
students talk and laugh at their desks, Frank leans over to
them.

FRANK

would you keep it down, please?
The students immediatel uiet down as Frank turns a page in
his book -- THE HISTO BANKING IN AMERICA. He is reading
a chapter called - - T E, NKS OF THE U.S. FEDERAL RESERVE

80 INT. - NEW JERSEY AUCTION 80

A SIGN READS: FORECLOSURE AU

BANS

WE SEE rows of desks, chairs, cou and cash drawers --
everything you could possibly find at a bank. The
AUCTIONEER
stands in front of a room filled with BANKERS and
BUSINESSMEN
in dark suits.

AUCTIONEER

Our next item up for bid is also
fromtheJersey National foreclosure.
Thisisa micker encoder, a machine
usedtoencode bank checks. Do I
haveanopening bid?

raises In the audience, Frank, dressed in a suit, smiles as he
his paddle.

FRANK

Five dollars.
Debbie Zane - 5

48.

81 **81 EXT. - VILLAGE INN BAR. - EASTCHESTER, NEW JERSEY. - DAY**

The parking lot is packed with cars. A light snow is falling
as FRANK SR. walks out of the bar and buttons his jacket.

FRANK

embrace Happy birthday, Dad.
Frank turns to face his son, who is standing in front of a
RED CADILLAC that still has the sticker in the window. The
two men stare at each other for a long BEAT, and then
in the middle of the lot.

FRANK SR.

Jesus, look at you? My son the
birdman. That is some uniform, Frank.

FRANK

I bought you a Cadillac.
Frank motions to the car, holds up the keys.
K (cont' d)
ission. She goes
s an hour. It
btj speedometer.
Frank Sr.

FRANK S

She's beautiful. Only\i:½ @i:½nna get
myself another white on r already
ordered it. You keep that one, Frank,

I

maybe one day we'll race to Atlantic

City.

FRANK

I went by the store today. Since when do you close on a Friday?

FRANK SR.

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, and I wasn't gonna let them take it from me. So I just shut the doors myself, called their bluff.

FRANK

I can get you money, whatever you need. We can buy ten stores.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

49.

81 CONTINUED: 81

FRANK SR.

No. It's better this way. I'm laying' low for awhile, letting them have their fun. It's just a stationery store -- sooner or later they'll forget about me.

FRANK

Have you talked to Mom?

FRANK SR.

She's so stubborn, your mother. But I won't let her go without a fight. I've been fighting for her since the day we met.

FRANK

Out of all those soldiers, you were

the one that took her home.

FRANK SR.

That's right. Two hundred men were sitting in th' little social hall watching he d ce. What was the name of tha d I/ ..il lage? Montpelier.

FRANK S

I didn't speak a word six weeks later she was A WOMAN PULLS UP IN AN OLD FORD AND HONKS FOR FRANK SR.. She smiles and waves at him through the window, and he waves back.

FRANK SR. (cont'd)
Shit. I have to go, Frank.

FRANK

I was hoping I could buy you a steak.

FRANK SR.

Jesus, tonight is no good. That's my friend, Darlene. She's cooking me dinner for my birthday. She used to be the pastry chef at Elaines. Why don't you come home with us?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

50.

81 CONTINUED: (2) 81

FRANK

No, I should probably get out to the airport. I'm flying the red eye tonight.

FRANK SR.

Where are you going?

FRANK

Dad, I'm serious about what I said.
I can get you money --whatever you
need.

FRANK SR.

Just tell me where you're going.
I bet it's someplace warm.

FRANK

Yeah. Hawaii.

FRANK SR.

Hawaii. My son is going to Hawaii
tonight. The x t of us really are
suckers.

82 INT. - FBI OFFICES. - WASHIN , DAY 82

SUPER: FBI BUILDING, WASHINGTON

CLOSE ON

A SLIDE PROJECTOR -- the circular tray turning clockwise as
an AGENT JOE SHAYE stands at the front of the room
addressing

FIVE FBI AGENTS.

JOE SHAYE

John Doe 2172 is a paperhanger who
started on the East Coast. During
the last few weeks 2172 has developed
a new form of check fraud, which I'm
calling "the float". Next slide.
The slide doesn't change.
JOE SHAYE (cont'd)
Next slide, please.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

51.

82 CONTINUED: 82

FBI AGENT

The remote thing is broken.
You'll have to do it by hand.
Joe reaches in and turns the slide.
JOE SHAYE (cont'd)
What he's doing is opening checking
accounts all over the country, then
changing the micker ink routing
numbers on the bottom of those checks.

CLOSE ON

THE FACES OF THE FIVE FBI AGENTS, looking bored as they all
listen to Joe, having no idea what he's talking about. Some
of the agents are yawning, while other are doodling at their
desks.

JOE SHAYE (cont'd)
This is a map of the 12 branches of
the U.S. Federal Reserve. The optical
scanners at t bank read the numbers
on the bott a check -- then
ship the ch c}i;2i;2i;2f,? to the

CORRESPONDING

SPEC _____

Joe, for those of
with bank fraud, wo
telling us what the h
talking about?

III

JOE SHAYE

The East Coast branches are numbered
seven through twelve, the midwest
four, five, and six...

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES

You mean to say that those numbers
on the bottom of a check actually
mean something?

JOE SHAYE

Yes. And if you change a number one
to a number nine -- a check cashed
in New York won't be sent to the
East Coast Reserve -- but will be re-
routed all the way to California.
The bank won't know the check has
bounced for two weeks, which means

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

52.

82 CONTINUED: (2) 82

JOE SHAYE (cont'd)
this guy can stay in one place --
rob the same banks over and over.
The AGENTS literally scratch their heads, trying to follow.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES

And this is why you called for an
emergency briefing? Because of a
couple of bounced checks?
Laughter from the other Agents as Joe tries to smile.

JOE SHAYE

Sean, I was hoping to get-some back-
up on this.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES

You want my wife to help you? She's
the one who balances the checkbook
at home?

83 INT. - RENTAL CAR. - LO GELES. - DAY 83

SUPER: HOLLYWOOD, CAL FOR - JULY, 1964

FBI AGENTS AMDURSKY AND

Hollywood. Fox sits in the

AMDURSKY 1/2

.I'm wearing a red nd high
heels, running through park and
chasing these two Puerto Rican's
with a suitcase filled with marijuana
and I reach for my radio to call for
back-up, but the radio is stuck in
my bra...

Joe turns up the volume on the radio, keeps his eyes on the road as he drives.

AMDURSKY (CONT'D)

That's a funny story. People always laugh at that story.

JOE SHAYE

Let me ask you something, Amdursky. if you had so much fun working undercover, why did you transfer into bank fraud?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

53.

83 CONTINUED: 83

AGENT AMDURSKY

I didn't transfer. I was demoted.
(off Joe's look)
Demoted is the wrong word. It was more like-punished. I screwed up in the field.

JOE SHAYE

What about you, Mr. Fox? Did you fuck up in the field and get punished?

FOX

No. I've never worked in the field before. I was in the L.A. public relations office, but we were shut down after the riots.

JOE SHAYE

That's just great. I ask for backup, they drag the bottom of the Pacific.

AMDURSKY

Can I ask you mething, Joe? How come you're o erious all the time?

JOE SHAYE

Does it bother you, Mr. Fox?

0.

FOX

A little, I guess.

JOE SHAYE

Would you guys like to hear me tell a joke?

AGENT AMDURSKY

Yeah. We'd love to hear a joke from you.

JOE SHAYE

Knock Knock.

AGENT AMDURSKY

Who's there?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

54.

83 CONTINUED: (2) 83

JOE SHAYE

Go fuck yourselves.

84 INT. - TROPICANA MOTEL. - HOLLYWOOD. - DAY 84

The unmarked FBI SEDAN pulls up to TWO STORY MOTEL on the SUNSET STRIP. Joe, Amdursky and Fox walk into the motel office, all in black suits and sunglasses.

85 INT. - TROPICANA MOTEL.- LOS ANGELES. - DAY 85

Joe approaches the front desk of the motel, where the OWNER stands in front of a fan.

MOTEL OWNER

He's been here two weeks, written lots of checks. The one that bounced was for twenty dollars, and he took care of it right away.

JOE SHAYE

Nobody is goin to blame you. The bank called u He's probably not the man we' oking for.

ER

I don't want m-i;Y u Comers harassed. He took care of ' o '

JOE SHA

Do you have any of th 1 (ys he's written you?

MOTEL OWNER

He gave me one yesterday. The owner takes a check out of the register, hands it to Joe. Joe stares at the check for a BEAT, slowly starts to smile.

JOE SHAYE

I don't believe it. You guys stay here, watch the front.

AMDURSKY

Stay here? This guy's a check forger, a goddamn paperhanger. He doesn't even carry a gun.

FOX

Why can't we go with you, Joe?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

JOE SHAYE

Just be quiet and watch the front.
And if you're good, I'll take you
both for ice cream when we're
finished.

86 EXT. - TROPICANA MOTEL. - LOS ANGELES. - DAY 86

Joe Shaye walks through the busy pool area of the motel,
passing a few FLIGHT ATTENDANTS who are sitting by the tiny
pool. Joe makes his way up the main stairwell.

87 INT. TROPICANA MOTEL - HALLWAY. - DAY 87

Joe walks through a fire door with his gun leading the way.

CLOSE ON

ROOM 212

at the end of the second floor hallway, the DO NOT DISTURB
SIGN hanging off the door. Joe slowly makes his way down the
hall, passing a MAID wh 's about to scream -- until he shows
her his badge and vio y motions for her to hide inside a
room.

Joe creeps along the walYh s gun straight out, his face
covered in sweat. He free Jow he hears a door creak,
his breathing labored as the s of ROOM 212 slowly swings
open and Frank walks into the ly u He wears a dark brown
suit and holds a black suitcase

JOE SHAYE

FI

Freeze! FBI! Don't you move! Put
your hands on your head or I'll shoot
you!

Frank slowly turns to face Joe. The two men stare at each
other for a BEAT_

FRANK

Relax, buddy, you're late. My name
is Johnson, Secret Service. Our boy
just tried to climb out the window --
my partner has him cuffed in the
alley downstairs.

JOE SHAYE

Secret Service? What are you talking
about? Keep your hands in the air.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

56.

87 CONTINUED: 87

FRANK

You think the FBI are the only ones tracking this guy. We've been following a paper trail for months, almost had him in New York. Would you mind taking that gun out of my face, it makes me nervous.

JOE SHAYE

Let me see some identification.

FRANK

Here. Take my whole wallet. Frank throws his wallet to Joe, who catches it with his free hand, but doesn't open it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You want my gun, too? Come over here and take my gun! Frank opens his jacket, but not wide enough for Joe to see that he's not armed.

F (CONT'D)

Are you gonna e that weapon? We're supposed a on the same team. Joe hesitates, then slowly louW6Xs`J`3,. gun and holsters

it.

JOE SHAYE

I'm sorry. I got a little carried away. I didn't expect Secret Service on this.

FRANK

Counterfeiting is our thing.

JOE SHAYE

I know. I know. I just wasn't

expecting...

FRANK

Don't worry about it.
(showing him the briefcase)
This is his typewriter. I'm gonna go
lock it in my trunk. Do me a favor
and guard his room for a minute.
Frank starts moving toward the back stairwell.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

57.

87 CONTINUED: (2) 87

FRANK (CONT'D)

And yell down to my partner in the
alley -- tell him I'm on my way.
Frank starts to walk down back stairwell. He looks back at
Joe, who stands at the front of room 212.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What's your name, anyway?

JOE SHAYE

Joe Shaye.

FRANK

Tough luck, Joe. Five minutes earlier
and you would have landed yourself a
pretty good collar.
Frank starts walking down the stairs.

JOE SHAYE

Wait.
,i;¼4back to Joe. Frank stops, slowly ty

(CONT' D)

Your wallet.

FRANK

Hang onto it for a pu`% , I trust

you.

88 EXT. - TROPICANA MOTEL. - LOS ANGELES. - DAY 88

0

Frank walks downstairs, opens the EMERGENCY EXIT that leads
toward to a back alley. He looks both ways, then starts to run

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD.

89 EXT. - ROOM 212. - MINUTES LATER. 89

Joe Shaye is guarding the entrance of room 212. He's
standing tall, almost at attention. After a BEAT he looks down at the
wallet in his hand, his mind starting to consider a single
horrible thought.

90 INT. - FBI OFFICES. - WASHINGTON. - DAY 90

Joe Shaye is sitting in the office of Special Agent Wilkes,
the office window facing out on the Washington Monument.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

58.

9 0 CONTINUED : 90

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES

I've cleared Amdursky and Fox in
this John Doe thing.

JOE SHAYE

Thanks, Sean. It was my call all the
way.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES

Sometimes we all get a little lost
out there. No shame in being rusty.
You want to talk about it?

JOE SHAYE

Not really. I made a mistake.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES

Forget about it. There are hundreds of John Doe's out there.

JOE SHAYE

Yeah, but I'm gonna get this one. The worst thi a paperhanger can do is show is I saw him, I heard his voice -- r s nothing for him to hide beiin (ni:½

SPECT-ALOA T WILKES

Just be careful, J u've got 12- years in, nobody bo r u down on the first floor. You ally wrote the book on bank d, and that's good enough to make you F-4 { some day. There's no reason to put yourself in this type of position.

JOE SHAYE

what position is that?

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES

The position of being humiliated. Joe stares at Wilkes, slowly stands and heads for the door. He's about to leave when he turns and looks back at Wilkes.

JOE SHAYE

Hey, Sean, you want to hear a joke?

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

59-

90 CONTINUED: (2) 90

JOE SHAYE

Knock knock.

91 INT. - WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL. - NEW YORK. - NIGHT 91

A ROOM SERVICE WAITER opens a metal lid on a serving tray, revealing a huge steak and french fries.

FRANK

Do you have any ketchup, Richard?

WAITER

It's in the little bowl, Mr. Williams.

FRANK

Thanks. Here ya go. Keep the change.
Frank takes a crumpled fifty dollar bill out of his pocket, hands it to the waiter.

WAITER

Thank you very much, Mr. Williams.
you want some `5'v

WAIT O

I would, but my sh' over. I'm
going home to my ki thank you
for asking, Mr. Willi d merry
Christmas.

FRANK

Merry Christmas.

92 INT. - FBI FINGERPRINT LAB. - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT 92

CLOSE ON A FINGERPRINT UNDER A MICROSCOPE -- WE SEE ONE

PRINT

AFTER ANOTHER.

JOE SHAYE

is looking through a giant PRINT BOOK -- tediously searching for a match. Joe is alone in the fingerprint lab, where a pathetic looking Christmas tree sits in the corner of the room. The phone rings, and Joe quickly answers.

JOE SHAYE (ON PHONE)

This is Shaye. Merry Christmas.

INTERCUT WITH SC. 93

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

60.

92 CONTINUED: 92

FRANK

Hello, Joe.

JOE SHAYE

Who is this?

FRANK

Johnson, Secret Service.
Joe sits up at his desk, grabs a pencil and paper.

JOE SHAYE

John Doe 2172?

FRANK

I've been trying to track you down
for a couple of hours. Did you know
that most people in the FBI have no
idea who you are or what you do?

JOE SHAYE

What do you want?
happened out li'n>Zo ngeles .

JOE

Fuck you. Don't yo ize to me.
I'm the one that's Rn t you in
jail.

FRANK

Joe, do you always work on Christmas
Eve?
Joe looks around the room before he answers.

JOE SHAYE

I volunteered, so that men with
families could go home early.

FRANK

You were wearing a wedding ring in L.A.. I thought maybe you had a family?

JOE SHAYE

No. I've never been married.

FRANK

How come?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

61.

92 CONTINUED: (2) 92

JOE SHAYE

You want to talk to me, let's talk face to face.

FRANK

Okay. I'm at the Waldorf Astoria in Manhattan. Suite 3113.

Joe starts to write this down, then suddenly stops himself.

JOE SHAYE

You think you're gonna get me again, don't you? You'd love for me to send twenty agents out on Christmas Eve to barge into that hotel, break down doors so you can make a fool out of me again?

FRANK

Joe, I'm sorry if I made a fool out of you.

J SHAYS

Goddamn it, o t you feel sorry for me. The tru h knew it was you. Maybe I didn l {he trigger, but I knew.

FRANK

People only know wh r,y` iV tell them.

JOE SHAYE

Then tell me something. How did you know I wouldn't look in the wallet?

FRANK

The same reason the Yankees always win. Nobody can keep their eyes off the pinstripes.

JOE SHAYE

The Yankees win because they have Mickey Mantle.

FRANK

I have to go. I'm catching a flight in two hours. Merry Christmas, Joe.

JOE SHAYE

You didn't call to apologize, did you John Doe?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

62.

92 CONTINUED: (3) 92

7 FRANK

What do you mean?

JOE SHAYE

You've got no one else to call. Joe hangs up the phone. He cups his hands to his face, then stares at a picture of his WIFE AND DAUGHTER -- which sits on the desk in front of him.

93 INT. - WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL. - ROOM 93

Frank slowly hangs up the phone. He walks over to the chair

in the room, picks up his Pilot's Cap and puts it on.

94 INT. - LAS VEGAS SAVINGS AND LOAN. - DAY 94

Frank stands across from a NEW ACCOUNTS MANAGER at a LAS VEGAS BANK.

NEW ACCOUNTS MANAGER

You account balance will be three hundred dolls Mr. Williams. And these are y r emporary checks.

NEW AC

Just take a deposit counter, then fill in ou wish to the amounty

FRANK

I don't need to fill in my account number?

NEW ACCOUNTS MANAGER

At Nevada Savings and Loan, we treat our customers by name instead of by number.

Frank walks over and stares at the deposit slips. He grabs A THICK STACK and shoves them into his coat.

95 INT. - CAESAR'S PALACE HOTEL. - NIGHT 95

CLOSE ON

A DEPOSIT SLIP AS IT'S FED INTO THE MICKER MACHINE.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

63.

95 CONTINUED: 95

When the deposit slips comes through the other side, WE SEE a NINE DIGIT ACCOUNT NUMBER printed on the bottom. Frank

sits on the edge of his Las Vegas hotel room -- HUNDREDS OF
DEPOSIT SLIPS COVERING THE BED.

96 INT. - NEVADA SAVINGS AND LOAN. - DAY 96

Frank walks into the bank, casually switches his stack of
deposit slips with the ones on display.

97 INT. - FBI OFFICES. - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY 97

Joe Shaye uses a slide projector as he files a report in
front of TEN AGENTS.

JOE SHAYE

I'm calling it "The Switch." Next
slide.

The slide doesn't change.

JOE SHAYE (cont'd)

JOE HITS

JOE SHAYE (i;½?i;½ CO)

John Doe 2172 took two red and
fifty deposit slips from Nevada
Savings and encoded his account number
on the bottom of each one.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES

Wait a second, Joe. Those slips don't
even have his name on them.

JOE SHAYE

The bank scanners read the micker
ink before they read pen ink. So
even though those deposit slips are
filled out correctly, each person
who made a deposit that day was
actually putting money into his
account.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES

How much did he get?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -!

64.

97 CONTINUED: 97

JOE SHAYE

Forty-six thousand, four hundred and twelve dollars. It was the second largest bank robbery in the history of Las Vegas.

98 INT. - PAN AM BUILDING COMMISSARY. - DAY 98

Paul Mulligan sits across from Frank eating lunch. Frank is dressed in school clothes and holding a notebook.

FRANK

What's the fuel consumption of a 707 in flight?

MULLIGAN

Kid, I'm really not in the mood for this today. That damn Skywayman is driving me crazy. There was another article.

FRANK

Who's The Sk an?
Mulligan hands Frank _ f the NEW YORK TIMES.

UG

Some nut flying
posing as a Pan Am
has devoted a weekl
Frank stares down at the TIMES, h yes wide as he stares
at the headline: SKYWAYMAN VISITS WASHINGTON: ELUSIVE PHONY

STILL FLYING THE FRIENDLY SKIES.

FRANK

The Skywayman...

MULLIGAN

I keep telling them it's not my problem. He doesn't fly on Pan Am planes -- he flies on everybody else. The damn paper is in love with this clown -- they call him the James Bond of the sky.

FRANK

Did you say James Bond?
Debbie Zane - 5

65.

99 INT. - MOVIE THEATER. - NIGHT 99

Frank is sitting in a movie theater watching GOLDFINGER, his eyes glued to the screen. He's eating a box of popcorn, a big smile on his face as he stares up at SEAN CONNERY.

100 INT_ - CLOTHING STORE. - DAY 100

Frank is wearing a three button black suit with a sweater vest and narrow black tie. He's looking at himself in a full length mirror, with a SALESMAN standing behind him.

FRANK

And you're sure this is the suit?

SALESMAN

Positive. That's the same one he wore in the movie.

FRANK

Okay. I'll take three.

S SMAN

Now all you a is one of those little Fore gny-ijts cars he drives.

101

The lab is packed with AGENT re searching for a fingerprint match. Joe Shaye i s head from a microscope, rubs his eyes.

FOX

Joe, I got something!
Joe rushes over to Agent Fox, who is holding up TWO SETS OF

FINGERPRINTS.

FOX (CONT'D)

I was looking through the wanted

criminal file, and there it was!
Look at that!
Joe takes the file from Fox and opens it.

JOE SHAYE

The Skywayman. Holy shit, a perfect match.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

66.

101 CONTINUED: 101

AMDURSKY

They describe The Skywayman as a thirty-year-old -- dark hair --six-feet -- same fucking guy!

JOE SHAYE

It doesn't make any sense. A thirty-year-old has to register for the draft, which means his prints have to be here.

FOX

Maybe there's a reason he didn't register. He could have a wooden leg for all we know. Maybe he was born in Peru and he's not an American

CITIZEN-

JOE SHAYE

Maybe he's not thirty. Somebody call New York, get a list of juvenile runaways from the NYPD.

102 EXT. - PAULA ABAGNALE'S HOME. `e_ VMIGL ISLAND. -

MORNING 102

TEN FBI AGENTS have surrounded a 4 /STORY HOME IN LONG ISLAND. Joe Shaye, wearing a black hat and black overcoat, is knocking on the door with Amdursky and Fox. Paula answers with a cigarette in her hand.

JOE SHAYE

Good morning, ma'am, we're the FBI Agents who called.

PAULA

Yes. I've been waiting. I hope you're all hungry. I made biscuits-

103 INT. - PAULA'S HOME. - LONG ISLAND. - MORNING 103

Paula sits on the living room couch pouring three cups of coffee. There is a tray of BISCUITS on the table in front of her.

PAULA

My husband is a lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

67.

103 CONTINUED: 103

Paula motions to a FRAMED PICTURE of Jack Wright.
PAULA (cont' d)
He advised me not to speak to you.
So I'd appreciate it if you didn't mention this to him.

JOE SHAYE

Of course, Ma'am. Do you have a current address for your ex-husband, Frank Abagnale?

PAULA

No. He moves around a lot these days. How are those biscuits?

AMDURS KY

Very good.

JOE SHAYE

Ma'am, you filed a police report

last year for a juvenile runaway
named Frank Anale, Jr.

PAULA

He's forging checks? That's why you're
here?

(LAUGHING)

Half the kids his age are on dope,
throwing rocks at police, and you're
scaring me to death because my son
is forging checks?

JOE SHAYE

What he's doing is a federal offense.

PAULA (CONT'D)

A young boy has to eat, has to have
a place to sleep. What do you want
him to do? His father can't help
him.
Paula gets off the couch and grabs her purse.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -'

68.

103 CONTINUED: (2) 103

PAULA (CONT'D)

I'm working part-time now at the
Church. Just tell me how much he
owes and I'll pay you back.
Paula takes out her CHECKBOOK.

JOE SHAYE

So far it's about two million dollars.

104 INT. - DALLAS BANK - DALLAS. - DAY 104

LUCY, one of the BANK TELLERS we met earlier, sits in her
office. Joe Shaye and the other agents open up the BUCKLEY
SCHOOL HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK. On a page marked, SOPHOMORES,

Joe points to tiny black and white picture of Frank wearing a coat and tie.

LUCY

Yes, Sir, that's him. But I didn't know he was sixteen! I swear to God I didn't know!

Joe gets out of the cy , -6loses the door on Lucy and smiles at Amdursky and Fox.

We got him.

105 EXT. - JFK AIRPORT. - DAY v til " _ 105

Frank is wearing his James Bond sl'/as she pulls up to the airport in a German sports car. He parks the car and jumps out of the convertible, leaving the keys in the ignition.

106 INT. - JFK AIRPORT. - DAY 106

UNIFORMED Frank is walking through the airport, eyeing several

COPS who are scattered throughout the terminal, all holding the yearbook picture of FRANK. Frank sees FOUR UNDERCOVER COPS walking toward him, then sees TWO DETECTIVES checking the identification of a PAN AM PILOT.

Frank nervously steps into the NEWSSTAND, hides behind a magazine rack as he slowly reaches up and takes off his Pilot's cap and sunglasses.

FRANK (V.O.)

Dear Dad. I'm no longer an airline pilot for Pan Am. I'm now an FBI Agent working undercover for the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

69.

106 CONTINUED: 106

FRANK (V.O.) (cont'd)
United States government. How are you? Please get in touch with Joanna Carlson at Monroe High School, and

tell her that I won't be able to go
to the Junior Prom with her.
Frank is staring at the cover of PLAYBOY MAGAZINE. He smiles
as he reads the headline: RIVER BEND -- THE BEST SINGLES

COMPLEX IN AMERICA

107 EXT. - RIVER BEND APARTMENT COMPLEX. - ATLANTA. - DAY

107

SUPER: ATLANTA, GEORGIA AUGUST 1964

A sprawling APARTMENT COMPLEX that lines a picturesque golf
course. There are two swimming pools, tennis courts, but
most of all -- WOMEN. Everywhere you look, there are women
walking the grounds, swimming, playing tennis.
Frank is carrying the MICKER BANK MACHINE into his
apartment,
passing TWO WOMEN in bikinis.

FRANK \1i;½ (0)

This is a micker encodifi achine.
It's what banks use to print numbers
on checks. I collect them.

WOMAN #2

Very cool. Where's the party tonight?

FRANK

I'm doing fondue at my place.

108 INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT. - NIGHT 108

CLOSE ON

A bubbling FONDUE POT with skewers lining the rim. The
apartment is packed with men and women who are drinking,
smoking pot, and eating fondue.

R.B.WOMAN #1

Frank, this is great fondue.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

70.

108 CONTINUED: 108

FRANK

Thanks. Did you see my new phonograph system? It's reel-to-reel, the best sound system you can buy. Frank motions to the phonograph system in the living room, with giant speakers against the walls.

R.B. WOMAN #2

I still want to see that bedroom of yours. I hear you have thirty suits.

FRANK

Thirty-one. Come on, everyone, I'll show you my closet!

109 INT. - FRANK'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT 109

Frank is standing in front of the master walk-in closet. His bed is round, -and there are mirrors on the ceiling.

FRANK

Okay, you guyeady? Frank throws open his "c doors, revealing FOUR ROWS of SUITS, all different st all arranged by color.

R. B. 0#1

Whoa, look all tho

i;½li;½

FRANK i;½ no Some of those Manhattan le suits were three hundred dollars. And those shoes are Stacy-Adams slip-ons.

R.B. MAN #2

I didn't know the FBI .paid so well. A drunk WOMEN comes running into the bedroom.

R.B. WOMAN #3

Come quick. Lance just fell into the conversation pit.

110 INT. - MARIETTA GENERAL HOSPITAL. - ATLANTA. - NIGHT 110

Frank walks through the hospital, looking into rooms, smiling at patients. He walks toward a RECEPTION DESK, sees a YOUNG

bottom

DOCTOR yelling at BRENDA STRONG, 17, a thin, awkward looking candy striper with her hair in a bun and braces on her teeth.

(CONTINUED)

nohhic 7mno - s

71.

110 CONTINUED: 110

YOUNG DOCTOR

These bottles need to be labeled when you pick them up. Do you realize what would happen if they got mixed up -- do you understand how dangerous this is? Don't stand there crying, just nod your head and tell me you won't do it again!

starts

Brenda nods her head, quickly walks away from the Doctor and sits behind the RECEPTION DESK. She buries her head and

to write a letter, her body still sobbing as Frank walks up to her.

FRANK

crying.

Are you okay?

Brenda looks up at Frank, her eyes and nose puffy from

She covers her mouth when she talks.

BRENDA

i He told me to ck up the blood, so I did. He nev told me to label it. Brenda.

FRANK

Brenda, I wouldn't worr-out it. These Doctors don't know everything.

BRENDA

It's my first week. I think they'.re going to fire me.

FRANK

No. Nobody will fire you. I'll bet you're good at your job.

BRENDA

No, I'm not.

FRANK

I'll bet if I asked you to check the status of my friend, Lance Applebaum, you could do that in a second. He hurt his foot tonight. Brenda grabs a chart, starts to read it out loud.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - f

72.

110 CONTINUED: (2) 110

BRENDA

Mr. Applebaum fractured his ankle. Doctor Ashland is treating him in exam seven.

FRANK

See that. No problem. Brenda smiles, covering her mouth.

BRENDA

This is the emergency chart. See the blue star, that means the patient has been diagnosed. After he's treated, we put a red circle here.

FRANK

How do you like those braces? Brenda looks embarrassed as she stares at Frank.

BRENDA

I guess they',okay.

FRANK

Mine were bottoms. I h 'e(E hhem. I
still have my mouth qua

BRENDA

You have really nice teeth.

FRANK

And you have a pretty smile.
Brenda tries not to smile, shaking her head and covering her
face.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm serious. I think those braces
look really good on you.
Brenda starts to blush as she continues to write her letter.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What are you writing?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

73.

110 CONTINUED: (3) 110

BRENDA

A letter to Ringo.

FRANK

What does it say?

BRENDA

I can't tell you. I'm embarrassed.

FRANK

Come on. What does it say?

BRENDA

It says I love him. Pretty stupid,
right. Ringo Starr is never going to
read my letter.

letter Frank stares at Brenda, starts to smile as she puts her
in a drawer.

FRANK

Brenda, do you know if they're hiring
here at the hospital?

C O

111 INT. - JOHN GRANGER'S OFFICE. - TAL. - DAY.

HOSPITAL Frank is sitting across from JOHN GRANGER, 60's, the
ADMINISTRATOR, who is reading over a RESUME.

GRANGER

Harvard Medical School, top of your
class, Children's Hospital of Los
Angeles, Peace Corps volunteer in
North Africa. A pretty impressive
resume, Doctor Connors? Why do you
want to work here?

FRANK

I came to Atlanta to relax, to get
away from my practice for a year.
But to be honest, I'm a little bored
out at River Bend.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

74.

111 CONTINUED: ILL

GRANGER

Unfortunately, the only thing I need
is an emergency room supervisor for
my midnight to eight shift, someone
to baby-sit six interns and thirty
nurses. But I doubt you'd be
interested in that.

FRANK

Would I get to pick my own nurses?

112 INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT. - RIVER BEND. - NIGHT 112

Twenty people are partying in the living room.

113 INT. - FRANK'S BEDROOM. 113

Frank is lying on his bed making a phony MEDICAL SCHOOL DIPLOMA. He's using a HARVARD BROCHURE to guide him as he carefully places the STICK-ON letters on the aged paper. A WOMAN walks into the bedroom.

114 INT. - CONFERENCE ROOM. - DAB ^ 114

Frank is sitting in front of DO GER and FIVE DOCTORS, all of whom are looking over FRAM ' FILE, which consists of the fake HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL DIPLOMA -- fake letters of recommendation from CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL OF LOS ANGELES, and a fake CALIFORNIA MEDICAL LICENSE.

DOCTOR GRANGER

Doctor Connors, here is your temporary license, which allows you to practice medicine in the state of Georgia for up to one year. And now let me be the first to say, welcome to Marietta General.

115 EXT. - HOSPITAL. - NIGHT 115

Frank is standing in front of the thirty CANDY STRIPERS, NURSES and INTERNS who will be working under him during the night shift. He wears Doctor's whites, holds a clipboard as he takes roll.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5-

115 CONTINUED: 115

FRANK

Brenda Strong?
He smiles at Brenda, who covers her mouth as she smiles
back.

BRENDA

Here.

FRANK

Doctor Paul Ashland.

DOCTOR ASHLAND

Sir... will you be taking role every
night?

FRANK

Yes. And if you're going to be late,
I suggest you bring a note.

116 INT. - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. - NIGHT 116

Frank walks down along hospital corridor holding his
clipboard, passing several NURSES in the hall.

V

(FLIRTING

Good evening, tJr Connors.

FRANK

Button your shirt, M
can see you bra strap. i is s a
hospital, not a sororit

117 INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT. - NIGHT.

ON A BLACK AND WHITE TV, DR. KILDARE approaches a hospital
bed.

DR. KILDARE (ON TV)

Any change in the patient, Doctor
Marks?

DOCTOR MARKS (ON TV)

Doctor Kildare, I think we should
try the shock therapy before it's
too late.

Frank sits alone in his apartment eating popcorn and
watching

DR. KILDARE on TV.

DOCTOR KILDARE (ON TV)

Doctor White, do you concur?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

76.

117 CONTINUED: 117

DOCTOR WHITE (ON TV)

Yes. I concur.

118 EXT. - FRANK'S OFFICE. - HOSPITAL. - NIGHT. 118

The name on the office door reads FRANK CONNORS, M.D.. Frank sits at his desk in front of a brand new IBM ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER. He is making COUNTERFEIT CHECKS for himself as Brenda walks in holding a clipboard.

BRENDA

Doctor Connors, you need to sign these.

Brenda walks in and hands him the clipboard. Frank starts to scribble on the charts, the way Doctor's scribble out prescriptions.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Do you notice anything different about me, Doctor Connors?

F

You got your i^{1/2}e ff! Let me see.
Frank moves toward her, st dkA her bottom teeth.

BRENDA

I kept trying to show '4) l night.

FRANK

Did it hurt when they took them off?
Mine felt so weird after.

BRENDA'

I keep rubbing my tongue over them.
I can't stop. It's so slippery.

FRANK

It feels good, doesn't it?

BRENDA

Yes_ It feels incredible.
Frank leans toward Brenda, gently starts to kiss her. As the
passion increases WE HEAR the HOSPITAL P.A. SYSTEM.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

77.

118 CONTINUED: 118

P.A. OPERATOR

Doctor Connors, please come to
Emergency. Doctor Connors to
Emergency.
Frank continues to kiss Brenda.

BRENDA

Shouldn't you go?

FRANK

There's a staff Doctor in the
emergency ward.

BRENDA

What if he's in surgery?

FRANK

Do you really think I have to go?

119 INT. - HOSPITAL ELEVATOR. - DAY 119

Frank nervously paces i d,i;½ he elevator, taking deep
breaths
as he tries to calm d

120

The elevator doors open, a3W Pr slowly walks into the EMERGENCY WARD, where Nurses rushing toward a closed curtain.

EMERGENCY N

In here, Doctor Connors.

Frank walks toward a closed curtain, stands in front of a bed and forces himself to look-'He sees a blood splattered sheet and three young INTERNS standing over the leg of an

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY.

FRANK

Well, what do we have here?

DOCTOR ASHLAND

Bicycle accident. A fracture of the tibia, about five inches below the patella.

Frank stares at the boy's face, trying not to look at the open wound.

FRANK

Doctor Hollis, do you concur?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

78.

120 CONTINUED: 120

DOCTOR HOLLIS

Concur with what, Sir?

FRANK

What Doctor Ashland just said.

DOCTOR HOLLIS

(CONFUSED)

Well, it was a bicycle accident. The boy told us.

FRANK

So you concur?

DOCTOR HOLLIS"

Well, I'm not sure we can...

DOCTOR ASHLAND

I think we should take an x-ray,
then stitch him up and put him in a
walking cast.

K

Very good, cb?6r Ashland. You don't
seem to hav Tm4x a ed for me. Carry
on.

DOCTOR HO

I blew it, didn't I? Wh idn't I
concur? I panicked!

I

121 INT. - HOSPITAL MEN'S ROOM. - NIGHT. 121

Frank walks into the MEN'S ROOM, steps into an empty stall
and immediately starts to throw up.

122 INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT. - RIVER BEND. - NIGHT 122

Frank is writing a letter at his electric typewriter. He
pulls it out and reads it over, then takes out a pen and
signs the name RINGO STARR.

123 INT. - HOSPITAL. - NIGHT 123

Brenda is running through the halls holding the letter.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

79.

123 CONTINUED: 123

BRENDA

He wrote me back. Ringo wrote me back! Doctor Connors, come quick! I got a letter from Ringo Starr, he signed his name and said I was his biggest fan!

124 INT. - HOSPITAL CAFETERIA. - NIGHT 124

Frank is sitting across from Brenda in the cafeteria.

BRENDA

I bought you a present.
Brenda hands him wrapped present.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Open it.
Frank quickly opens the box, takes out a TINY GOLD DOCTOR'S

CADECUS.

(CONT'D)

doctors wearing r
left yours back
ld plated.

BRENDA

Now when you're walking in the hospital, you'll feel like the real thing.
She pins the Cadecus on his lapel, and Frank can't help but smile.

FRANK

Brenda, I want to go away with you.
I'll take you anywhere you want to go.

BRENDA

I haven't really been anywhere.

FRANK

Just name the place, and we can go.
Africa, Egypt, it doesn't matter.

BRENDA

Can we go to Liverpool.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -'

80.

124 CONTINUED: 124

FRANK

Where's Liverpool?

BRENDA

It's where the Beatles are from in Europe.

FRANK

Okay. We'll go to Liverpool.

BRENDA

You're joking, right. We're not really going to Liverpool, are we?

FRANK

Brenda, how would you like to be head nurse at the hospital? is

BRENDA

But I'm not a nurse. I'm a candy striper.

K

We'll get y nurses uniform. Nobody will know the rence. I'll make the announcem`L:dri

V

BRE

They'll laugh at m k, please don't make me the h e. Promise me you won't do that, t even give a shot.

4

FRANK

Just think about it, Brenda. You and I could run this hospital one day.

125 EXT. - FRANK SR.'S EASTCHESTER APARTMENT. - DAY 125

Joe Shaye is eating a slice of pizza as he talks with the LANDLORD of the apartment building.

JOE SHAYE

I just need to go inside and take a quick look around?

LANDLORD

He's at work, so search all you want. But if you find any money in there, it belongs to me.
Debbie Zane - 5

81.

126 INT. - FRANK SR'S EASTCHESTER APARTMENT. - DAY 126

Joe Shaye is walking through the two bedroom apartment. There's a bed pushed against the wall, stacks of drafting paper, envelopes, and other STATIONERY SUPPLIES lying around the room.

WE SEE a black and white picture of Paula and Frank Sr. sitting on the front of a U.S. ARMY TANK.

Joe takes Frank Sr.'s black briefcase off the shelf and

flips

it open. He reaches inside and pulls out a stack of

POSTCARDS --

all sent by Frank to his father. Joe smiles as he flips over the postcard, stares down at a picture of CLARK GABLE and

VIVIAN LEIGH.

127 EXTINT. - EASTCHESTER PHONE BOOTH. - DAY 127

Joe is inside a phone booth, dropping dimes into the slot and holding the POSTCARD.

JOE SHAYE

He's in Atlan Sean! No, I'm not coming back o ashington. I'm going straight to G and I'll meet

each

the team they hit, I'm out of
dimes. Sean, w 3, I'm out of dimes!
128 INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT. - Rc JEND. - NIGHT. 128
Frank and Brenda are lying in bed together, staring at
other in the ceiling mirrors.

FRANK

It's okay. You don't have to cry.

BRENDA

I'm sorry, I just can't do this.

FRANK

Brenda, it's okay. I don't care about
you being a virgin. I can wait.

BRENDA

I want to sleep with you. I really
do.
Brenda sits up, starts getting dressed.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

82.

128 CONTINUED: 128

BRENDA (CONT'D)

I haven't told you the truth. I'm
not a virgin. I had an abortion two
years ago. My parents found out and
kicked me out of the house.
Brenda covers her face with a pillow, starts to cry.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

I had an abortion, and they said I
wasn't their daughter anymore.

FRANK

It's okay.

BRENDA

Then a few months ago they apologized and said I was their daughter, but I couldn't come home for awhile. I'm so sorry, Frank, please don't be mad.

BREN 10

I ask them all the but they won't let me come h M Y Da d' a lawyer, and he and this contract. He calls it a al agreement.

FRANK

What if you were engaged to a doctor, would that change anything?
Brenda removes the pillow from her face, stares at Frank.

BRENDA

What?

FRANK

What if I went to your parents, spoke to your father and asked his permission to marry you?

BRENDA

Don't tease me, Frank.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

83.

128 CONTINUED: (2) 128

FRANK

I'm not teasing.

BRENDA

You would go home with me to New Orleans?

FRANK

We can leave right now, never come back.

129

129 INT. - RIVER BEND APARTMENT COMPLEX. - ATLANTA. - NIGHT

TEN FBI AGENTS burst through the doors of Frank's apartment. Joe Shaye is out front, leading the men inside with his guns drawn.

FBI AGENT

We're clear. It's empty.
There's a fondue pot in the kitchen, bean bag chairs in the living room. Joe walks over to the wall -- stares at the framed HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL DIPLOMA.

130 EXT. - MARIETTA HOSPITAL/;NIGHT 130

TEN POLICE CARS, sirens blaring, pull up to the front of the hospital. JOE SHAYE and his group out of sedan, sprint into the hospital.

131 INT. - HOSPITAL. - NIGHT "Y (Q) 131

Joe Shaye is leading an army of cops down a hallway, holding the Harvard Diploma in his hand. They make their way to the front of a door marked: FRANK CONNORS, M.D..

JOE SHAYE

Okay. Kick it in.
The Agents kick down the door, and Joe Shaye walks into the office, stares at an electric typewriter that is humming on the desk.

132

132 EXT. - BRENDA'S PARENTS' HOUSE. - NEW ORLEANS. - NIGHT

A WHITE CADILLAC is parked in the driveway of a large, two story house.
Debbie Zane -

133 INT. - BRENDA'S PARENTS' HOUSE. - NIGHT 133

Frank, dressed in a plain white suit, sits at the dinner table with Brenda and her parents, ROBERT and CAROL STRONG. The house is old and warm, the table jammed with food.

ROBERT

Doctor Connors, are you a Lutheran?

FRANK

Yes, Sir. I'm a Lutheran.

CAROL

Have you been to New Orleans before, Doctor?

FRANK

No, Ma'am. This is my first time.
And please, call me Frank.

ROBERT

Frank, would you like to say grace?
Frank stares at Brenda and her parents, who bow their heads. He hesitates for a B T, WE SEE that he has no idea how to say grace.
ROBERT c `''c d)
Unless you're not i V able.
Brenda peeks at Frank, who close 2)eyes and bows his head.

FRANK

Two little mice fell in a bucket of cream. The first mouse gave up and drowned, but the second mouse struggled so hard that he churned that cream into butter -- and he walked out. Amen.
They all lift their heads, clearly impressed. Robert turns to Frank and smiles.

CAROL

Amen. That was beautiful.
Frank turns to Brenda, gives her a wink.

134 INT. - BRENDA'S PARENTS' HOUSE. - LIBRARY. - NIGHT 134

Frank stands next to Robert in the library, the two men sipping brandy as they stare at some paintings on the walls.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

85.

134 CONTINUED: 134

FRANK

Who is this?

ROBERT

President Johnson.

FRANK

Right. That's very good, Sir.

ROBERT

It's just a hobby. Every Sunday night I go into the garage, pretend I'm an artist. Sometimes I stay in there for hours, hiding from the world, making a fool out of myself.

FRANK

No, Sir. You are an artist.

ROBERT

What about you, Frank? Where do you go when you need to hide?

ROBERT

Have you decided which
want to work at here in

A

FRANK

To be honest, I've been thinking
about getting back into law.

ROBERT

What do you mean? Are you a lawyer
or a doctor?

FRANK

Before I went to medical school I
passed the bar in California. I

practiced law for a year, then decided to try my hand at pediatrics.

ROBERT

A doctor and a lawyer. I'd say Brenda hit the jackpot. Where did you go to law school?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

86.

134 CONTINUED: (2) 134

FRANK

Berkeley.

ROBERT

Berkeley. Well, now she's hit the Irish Sweepstakes. Would you be interested in coming to work for an old man who barely made his way through Stanford. My office is desperate for Assistant Prosecutors.

FRANK

You would give me a job?

ROBERT

If you're going to marry Brenda, it's the least I can do.

FRANK

What would I have to do to take the bar here in New Orleans?

135 INT. - STATE BAR EXAMINE OFFICE. - NEW ORLEANS. - DAY

135

CLOSE ON

BERKELEY TRANSCRIPTS, come with Berkeley Logo and stationery. Frank hands materials to a WOMAN sitting

behind a desk, who hands him WUISIANA BAR EXAM.

BAR EXAMI

Good luck, Mister Conno
136 INT. - AIR FRANCE PLANE. - DAY 136 it

SUPER: DECEMBER 26. 1967. AIR FRANCE FLIGHT 676.

Joe Shaye is sitting next to a handcuffed Frank at the back of the plane. Amdursky and Fox are sitting across from them.

JOE SHAYE

Look at that. They show movies on planes now. What's next?
Frank and Joe stare at a small MOVIE SCREEN thirty rows in front of them.

FRANK

Are you gonna eat that eclair?

JOE SHAYE

Yeah. I'm gonna eat it later.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

87.

136 CONTINUED: 136

FRANK

Do you want to split it?

JOE SHAYE

No.
Joe moves his eclair away from Frank.
JOE SHAYE (cont'd)
You know what I could never figure out, Frank? How you cheated on the bar exam in Louisiana.

FRANK

What's the difference?

JOE SHAYE

Did you have somebody else take the test for you?

FRANK

I'm going to prison for a long time, Joe? What's the difference?

137 INT. - LOUISIANA DISTRICT ATTORNEY OFFICE - DAY 137

III

Frank wears a new TAN SUIT and holds a TAN BRIEFCASE as he walks through the busy law office with Brenda's father.

ROBERT

You'll be working under Phillip Rigby in corporate law, handling small claims made against the state, trespass-to-try-title suits, most of it won't get past a pre-trial motion. Frank looks down at his desk, picks up the nameplate which reads: FRANK CONNORS, ASSISTANT PROSECUTOR.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Why don't you settle in, organize your desk. We're having lunch with the District Attorney and Governor Davey at twelve-thirty. Debbie Zane -

88.

138 INT. - BRENDA'S PARENTS' HOUSE. - NIGHT 138

Frank, Brenda, Robert and Carol are eating popcorn and watching an episode of PERRY MASON on a black and white TV.

RAYMOND BURR (ON TV)

But if you were at your office on the day of the murder, Mr. Darius, then how could you know your wife had left the gate open? Your honor, ladies and gentleman of the jury, this is irrefutable evidence that

the defendant is lying!

139 INT. - NEW ORLEANS COURTROOM. - DAY 139

Frank stands in a small, empty courtroom, presenting a case before a JUDGE AT A PRE-TRIAL HEARING.

FRANK

I have four letters in my hand that were sent to the defendant's apartment, ea one warning him that his buildin to be sprayed with insecticide, at he should cover his belonging o honor, ladies and gentleman t e jury, this is irrefutable evid e tat the defendant is lying

JUDGE

Mister Connors, this is reliminary hearing. There's no defendant, no jury, it's just me. What the hell is wrong with you?

140 INT. - NEW ORLEANS COURTROOM CORRIDOR. - DAY 140

Frank walks out of the courtroom, where Robert is waiting for him.

ROBERT

Well?
Frank starts to smile.

FRANK

Case dismissed!
Frank shakes Robert's hand, and Robert pulls him close and "' gives him a hug.
Debbie Zane - 5

89.

141 EXT. - NEW ORLEANS GARDEN DISTRICT. - DAY 141

Frank is covering Brenda's eyes with his hands as he slowly

walks her toward the front door of a LARGE HOUSE.

FRANK

Okay. Reach your hand out and feel that. What do you think it is? Brenda reaches out and touches a DOORKNOB.

BRENDA

What is it, Frank?

FRANK

It's our front door. I made an offer today. Frank removes his hands, and Brenda looks up at the giant, six bedroom house that sits on a cul-de-sac.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What do you think?

BRENDA

It's so big. Are you here? Can afford it?

FRANK

We're gonna have it all, Brenda.

BRENDA

But where will we get the money for a house like this?

FRANK

The same place everyone gets it. The bank.

142 EXT. - FRANK'S CADILLAC. -- NIGHT. 142

Frank is parked in front of the airport. He turns to Brenda and gives her a kiss.

BRENDA

Why do you have to go?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -'.

90.

142 CONTINUED: 142

FRANK

I agreed to speak at this medical conference six months ago. Your father understands.

Frank grabs his briefcase and gets out of the car.

BRENDA

Why can't I go with you?

FRANK

Next time. I promise.

143 INT. - AIRPORT. - NIGHT 143

Frank walks into the airport, immediately goes to the MEN'S ROOM.

144 INT. - AIRPORT MEN'S ROOM. - NIGHT 144

Frank opens his briefcase, pulls out his PILOT'S UNIFORM.

145 INT. - PRINTING SUPPLY P. - NEW JERSEY. - DAY 145

Frank wears a black s a PAN AM pin on the lapel. He stands with the OWNER o e?RINT SHOP.

FRAN

As I stated on the Pan Am has been unhappy for so t about the quality of their expe cks. we're looking for a new m to handle the printing.

PRINT SHOP OWNER

How large would the order be?

FRANK

About twenty thousand checks a year.

PRINT SHOP OWNER

Oh, God, I want that account. What do I have to do to get it?

FRANK

For starters, why don't you show me how you make your checks.

146 INT. - NEW YORK OFFICE BUILDING. - DAY 146

TWO DELIVERY MEN are carrying an I-TEK camera into a small office, where Frank is setting up a large PASTE-UP BOARD.

(CONTINUED)

tlahhia Tana . 5

91.

146 CONTINUED: 146

FRANK

Just put it anywhere.

They set the camera down, AND WE SLOWLY PULL BACK, see that Frank has turned this office into his own print shop-

DELIVERY MAN

This stuff is heavy. What kind of business you in?

FRANK

I make checks for Pan Am.

BUILDING Frank motions out the window, where WE SEE THE PAN AM directly across the street.

147 INT. - FRANK'S NEW YORK OFFICE. - LATE 147

Frank is working at the paste-up board, making a 16-by-24 inch copy of a PAN AM EXPENSE CHECK.

WE WATCH AS he takes the check and places it directly under the lens of the I-TEK C RA.

M

The PLATE ENGRAVING i fib around the drum of the small

PRINTING PRESS-

CLOSE ON

A PAPER CUTTER SLICING the edge of a newly printed PAN AM

EXPENSE CHECK.

148 INT. - FBI BUILDING. - WASHINGTON D.C. 148

SUPER: NOVEMBER, 1965

A large, smoked filled conference room, the drapes closed to block the afternoon sun. JOE SHAYE holds one of Frank's new checks as he stands before FBI DIRECTOR MARSH, who sits at the head of a long table. Deputy Director Deever handles the introductions.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES

Sir, I've called this briefing to update you on the Frank Abagnale situation.

DIRECTOR MARSH

Who?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

92.

148 CONTINUED: 148

7

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES

The Skywayman. Agent Shaye from bank fraud has been the point man on this case, and I'll let him fill you in. Joe walks to the front of the room, stands in front of a

SLIDE PROJECTOR.

JOE SHAYE

Director Marsh, Frank Abagnale is no longer forging checks. He's moved on to counterfeiting, making his own Pan Am expense checks from scratch. Next slide.

The slide changes.

JOE SHAYE (cont'd)

The amounts have increased to almost one thousand dollars per check, and the quality, as you can see, is virtually flawless.

CTOR MARSH

How much ha' glen so far?

JOE' E

Our latest estim of about three and a half million s. He's now the most successful bber in the history of the Un ates.

DIRECTOR MARSH is holding one of Frank's checks, running his hands along the printed blue and white surface.

DIRECTOR MARSH

And how close are you to getting him?

JOE SHAYE

Sir, with your help I feel an arrest could come at any time. We believe he could be in New Orleans.

DIRECTOR MARSH

I'll give you thirty more agents and I'll bump him up to the ten most wanted list.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

93.

148 CONTINUED: (2) 148

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES

Sir, he's only seventeen-years-old. We've never put a child on the ten most wanted list before. What are we gonna tell the President?

DIRECTOR MARSH

The President keeps his money in a bank. We'll tell him he's fair game like the rest of us.

149 INT. - VILLAGE INN BAR. - AFTERNOON 149

Frank walks into the bar wearing a black suit. He sees his father sitting in the corner wearing a POSTAL UNIFORM and drinking a beer. The place is filled with the afternoon regulars, all watching TV. Frank walks up to his Dad and sets a DIME in front of him.

FRANK

How about a little music, Dad?

FRANK SR.

I took a job. A government job. You see what I'm doing? Do you have a good lawyer?

FRANK

Dad, I am a lawyer.

FRANK SR.

Look at this letter.
(handing Frank a letter)
They kicked me out. They took away my membership at the Rotary Club. They accused me of terrible things, made up a list of lies just to keep me out. I'm gonna sue them, a lifetime membership is what I have. I have the plaque, the letters of congratulations.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -'.

94.

149 CONTINUED: 149

FRANK

Has Mom seen you dressed like that?

FRANK SR.

Your mother doesn't know what she wants.

FRANK

We'll go out together and get you a suit. A new black suit. One of those Manhattan Eagle three button black pearls.

FRANK SR.

Those are nice. We'll have a drink first.

FRANK

Dad, I'm getting married in two weeks- I'm buying a sixty thousand dollar house, a new Cadillac. I'm getting it all back, everything they took from us. I wa you and Mom to come to the wedd' g ogether.

FRANK

You have to ask herd o ve to fight for her. Prom is Q u won't let her see you dressed a this.

FRANK SR.

She won't come, because she just had a baby.

Frank stares at his father for a long BEAT.

FRANK SR. (cont'd)

A little girl. She had a little girl.

150 INT. - MIDWAY AIRLINES COCKPIT. - NIGHT 150

Frank is clearly upset as he sits in the jump-seat, lost in thought. The PILOT gets out of his seat, turns back to

Frank.

PILOT

Were leveled off. You mind taking her for a minute, I need to use the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

r,, hhin 7rnn _ r+

95_

150 CONTINUED: 150

Frank stares at the empty seat as the Pilot moves past him.

FRANK

Wait. What are you doing?

PILOT

I need five minutes. I'd do it for you.

The Pilot walks out of the cockpit, and Frank turns to the

CO-PILOT.

FRANK

He left .

CO-PILOT

He's got an ulcer.

Frank gets out of the JUMP-SEAT, walks over and sits in the PILOT'S SEAT. He looks at the instruments, the WHEEL moving on it's own in front of him.

Frank stares out the front window; his w' p the cockpit --
the
blackness in front of him -- his starting to shake as
he slowly reaches up and puts his hands on the wheel --

14

FRANK

Okay. Shut it off.

The Auto-Pilot flips the switch, and Frank holds on for dear life as he flies the plane into the darkness.

151 INT. - JOE SHAYE'S OFFICE. - NIGHT 151

Joe is sleeping in the chair in his office. The phone
rings,
and he quickly answers.

JOE SHAYE (ON PHONE)

This is Shaye.

INTERCUT WITH

Debbie Zane -

96.

1 f 152 INT. AIRPORT. - NIGHT 152

FRANK

Hello, Joe. Merry Christmas.
Joe grabs a pad and pencil.

JOE SHAYE

I thought you might call. Where are
you?

FRANK

I don't know, exactly. An airport
somewhere.

JOE SHAYE

What do you want, Doctor Connors?

FRANK

Joe, I haven't been Doctor Connors
for months now.

SHAYE

Fuck you. I'm fitting here in my
office on Christmas Eve, so just
tell me what you want.

FRANK

It's over. I want to get married.
I'm getting married. I'm getting
down.

JOE SHAYE

You've stolen four million dollars. t
You think we're just gonna call it a
wedding present? This isn't something
you get to walk away from, Frank.

FRANK

I want to call a truce

JOE SHAYE

There is no truce. You will be caught,
and you will go to prison. Where did

you think this was going?

FRANK

Please, leave me alone, Joe. I don't want to do it anymore. Don't make me do it anymore-

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

97.

152 CONTINUED: 152

JOE SHAYE

I'm close aren't I? You're scared because I'm getting close. How close am I?

FRANK

Will you stop chasing me?

JOE SHAYE

I can't stop. This is my job.

FRANK

It's okay, Joe. I just thought I'd ask.

153 INT. - NEW ORLEANS BALLROOM. - FRENCH QUARTER. - NIGHT

153

MARDI GRAS is in full swing. A crush of people walking down BOURBON STREET. Joe Shaye is pushing through the crowd of people, Amdursky and Fox next to him as he makes his way into the crowd. Joe motions behind him TWENTY AGENTS quickly split up and start walking through Quarter.

CLOSE ON FRANK

Standing on a HOTEL BALCONY after Bourbon Street, wearing a MASK and watching the FBI AGENTS move through the French Quarter. JOE SHAYE turns and looks up at the balcony, staring right

at Frank for a BEAT before he continues through the chaos.

154 INT. - HOTEL BALLROOM. - DAY 154

An ENGAGEMENT PARTY is going on - - A HUNDRED PEOPLE IN ELABORATE COSTUMES AND GOWNS. Brenda, dressed in a mask and corset, is standing with some girlfriends -- showing them her engagement ring. Frank takes off his mask, and WE SEE the fear in his eyes-as he walks over to Brenda.

FRANK

Come with me.
Debbie Zane -

98.

155 INT. - COAT ROOM. - NEW ORLEANS HOTEL BALLROOM.. - NIGHT

155

Frank pulls Brenda into the COAT ROOM. They are surrounded by fur coats, expensive black overcoats, a row of black hats.

Brenda kisses him.

BRENDA

Frank, can you believe this party is for us?

FRANK

We have to leave, Brenda. You love me, right? I mean, you would love me no matter what?

BRENDA

Of course.

FRANK

If I was poor, or sick, or if T' had a different name. A name means n i g, right? My name is Frank Co i;½s. That's who I am with you. We al secrets. Sometimes when I tr 1 use the

name Frank Williams t ri:½ my secret.

BRENDA

Frank Williams?

FRANK

It means nothing -- Frank Williams,
Frank Black -- when I'm with you,
I'm Frank Connors -- that's all that
matters.

BRENDA

Why are you saying this?

FRANK

Brenda, I don't want to lie anymore.
I'm not a doctor. I never went to
medical school.
Brenda smiles, thinks he's joking.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

99.

155 CONTINUED: 155

FRANK (CONT'D)

And I'm not a lawyer or a Harvard
graduate or a Lutheran. I ran away
from home a year and a half ago when
I was sixteen.

BRENDA

Stop teasing me, Frank. You're Frank
Connors, right? You're Frank Connors
and you're 28-years-old. Why would
you lie to me?
Brenda turns to Frank, trying not to get upset.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Frank, what's your name? I want you
to tell me your name.

FRANK

We'll go to Liverpool. We can live there, Brenda, you and I can live wherever we want. I have money, enough for the rest our lives. But you're gonna have ust me. Do you trust me? Do you lov,
I love you.

FRANK

No matter what. Even ave to live in Liverpool, or I a different name -- you'll still love

II

me?

BRENDA

(UPSET)

I love you, Frank. I love you.

FRANK

But we'll never tell anyone the truth. You can't tell you parents.

BRENDA

No. We won't tell anyone. And we'll go away. I don't care if I ever see my parents again. I just want to be with you.

FRANK

We'll leave tonight.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

100.

155 CONTINUED: (2) 155

BRENDA

But the wedding is next month. It's

all planned. We can leave right after the reception, just like a honeymoon.

FRANK

No, we have to leave today. I'll pick you up at your parents house in two hours.

BRENDA

Two hours?

FRANK

We'll get married in Liverpool. Would you like that?

BRENDA

Yes. I love you, Frank. But please, before we go -- tell me your name.

156 INT. - FRANK'S APARTMENT. - NEW ORLEANS. - NIGHT 156

Frank is packing a suitcase with HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. He is trying to get the suitcase close, sitting on top of it -- the money spilling out.

157

A heavy rain is falling as Frank drives toward Brenda's parents' house. As he turns onto street, HE SEES FIVE PATROL CARS parked in front of the house. Neighbors have lined the street, and TWO STATE TROOPERS are guarding the front of the house with SHOTGUNS.

FRANK stops the car, stares in stunned disbelief at the police in front of the house.

Sirens are wailing in the distance as Frank puts his head on the steering wheel and closes his eyes.

158 INT. - BRENDA'S PARENTS' HOUSE. - NIGHT. 158

Robert and Carol are sitting in the living room with Brenda, holding her in their arms as two POLICE OFFICERS stand across

from them. Brenda is crying, holding her cat as Joe Shaye kneels in front of her.

JOE SHAYE

Hello, Brenda. My name is Joe Shaye, and I'm with the FBI.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

101.

158 CONTINUED: 158

Brenda keeps her face buried in her father's shirt.

JOE SHAYE (cont'd)

That's a pretty cat. What's his name?

BRENDA

Ringo.

JOE SHAYE

I know this is all a bit scary, but I need you to tell me where Frank is going. A lot of people are looking for him out there, and the last thing we want is for Frank to get hurt. And I swear to you, Brenda, if you tell me where he's going -- I'll keep him safe.

BRENDA

You promise?

J SHAPE

Yes. I promise. Just tell me where he's going.
Liverpool.

159 INT. - NEW ORLEANS AIRPORT. 159

Frank is walking through an airport /He rushes over to a TWA TICKET COUNTER that is closing down for the night.

FRANK

Are there any more flights tonight?

TICKET AGENT

I'm sorry, Sir, there's nothing until morning. This airport shuts down at eleven.

160 INT. - FBI OFFICES. - MIAMI. - DAY 160

Joe Shaye stands in front of TWENTY FBI AGENTS, pacing.

JOE SHAYE

We have to stop him before he leaves the country. I want everyone we have inside Miami International. He's used that airport before, he knows

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

102.

160 CONTINUED: 160

JOE SHAYE (cont'd)
the layout. One way or another, he'll end up there.

FOX

He doesn't have a passport, Joe.

JOE SHAYE

In the last six months he's gone to Harvard and Berkeley -- I'm betting he can get a passport.

AMDURSKY

I already talked to the Miami police, they've offered fifty uniformed cops in two shifts of twenty-five.

FOX

Joe, with our guys that's almost a hundred men in one airport. Don't you think we should spread it around.

SHAYE

No. Miami is his exit point. Now all we have to do is catch him.

161 INT. - HALL OF RECORDS. " I I - DAY 161

0

Frank walks into the HALL OF

FRANK

Excuse me. Where do you p the
death records?

162 INT. - STATE DEATH RECORDS ARCHIVE ROOM. - DAY 162

Frank is looking through a thick book. All of the entries
are for 1938, and Frank is quickly scanning pages. He stops
when he sees the following entry.

FRANK TAYLOR BORN DEC. 3. 1938. DIED DEC. 8 1938.

AGE -- FIVE DAYS. MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME - PENNER.

163 INT. - BIRTH CERTIFICATE OFFICES. - CITY HALL. 163

Frank walks up to a window at MIAMI CITY HALL and smiles at
the WOMAN behind the counter.

FRANK

Hello. I'd like to get a copy of my
birth certificate, please.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

103.

163 CONTINUED: 163

CITY HALL WOMAN

I'll need your name, date of birth,
mother's maiden name and the county
and hospital you were born in_

FRANK

The name is Frank Taylor. I was born
December 3, 1938, in Tampa.

164 INT. - PASSPORT OFFICE. - FEDERAL BUILDING. - MIAMI. 164

Frank walks up to the window at the passport office.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'd like to get a passport, please.

PASSPORT EMPLOYEE 11.

Have you ever had a passport before?

FRANK

Never.

P PASSPORT EMPLOYEE

I'll need a 0 0 of your birth certificate.

F \ \ /,

I brought it with me.

Frank takes the birth certificate out of his pocket and sets it on the counter.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Will this take long. I'm trying to catch a flight.

165 INT. - FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL. - MIAMI. - DAY 165

A NEW PASSPORT

sits on a desk in the plush, PENTHOUSE SUITE of the FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL. Frank stands at the window looking out at a perfect Miami sunset as he talks on the phone.

FRANK (ON PHONE)

This is Frank Taylor, 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 be stopping by your campus tomorrow morning.
Debbie Zane - 'â€¢

166 EXT. - UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI. - DAY 166

Frank wears his pilots uniform and carries a black briefcase as he walks past a group of students who are protesting the war.

167 INT. - GYMNASIUM. - UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI. - DAY 167

Three hundred students, ALL FEMALE, sit on the bleachers of a gymnasium staring up at MR. HENDRICKS, the DIRECTOR OF

STUDENT PLACEMENT.

MR. HENDRICKS

Ladies, quiet down, please. As you all know, Pan Am has sent 'a pilot here to interview prospective stewardesses for a new Summer internship program. This is Captain Taylor, and he'll be talking to you today.

Frank stands in front of the girls, who suddenly get very quiet.

F

Thank you all ing. At the end of the day Ill icking eight young ladies to of Pan Am's first "future stew ' flight crew program. Thes Ai girls will accompany me on onth public relations tour o rope this Summer, where they will learn first hand what it takes to be a Pan Am stewardess.

168 EXT. - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. - DAY 168

WE SEE FBI AGENTS, UNIFORMED COPS, UNDERCOVER COPS and local detectives all taking their positions in and around the airport. it looks like they're preparing for war, and Joe Shaye is in the middle of it all.

169 INT. - INTERVIEW ROOM. - UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI. - DAY 169

Frank sits behind a desk holding a notebook as he INTERVIEWS a young FEMALE STUDENT.

FRANK

Judy, what does the word "abroad" mean to you?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

105.

169 CONTINUED: 169

JUDY

When I hear the word abroad, I think of crossing the ocean and traveling to distant lands.

FRANK

Thank you.

170 INT. - INTERVIEW ROOM. - LATE 170

Frank has drawn a picture of an AIRPLANE ON A CHALKBOARD. He is pointing to various sections of the plane.

FRANK

And what's this, Monica?

MONICA

The wing.

FRANK

Very good- And this?
The tail.
Excellent.

171 INT. - GYMNASIUM. - DAY 171

and This is the moment of truth. All the girls are standing,
Frank is reading from a list.

FRANK

Debra Jo McMillian.
DEBRA JO comes screaming out from the sea of girls, hugging friends and crying as if she had just won the Ms. America Pageant.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Heather Shack.

HEATHER SHACK screams and rushes into Debra Jo's arms, the two girls screaming as Frank continues to announce the winners.

172 EXT. - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. - DAY 172

airport,
Miami Police Officers are spread out in front of the
looking bored as they drink coffee and pace back and forth.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

106.

172 CONTINUED: 172

middle
A STATION WAGON pulls up to the front of the airport, and TWO COPS WATCH as EIGHT BEAUTIFUL COLLEGE GIRLS walk out, all dressed as flight attendants, all holding luggage. The cops never even glance at Frank, who stands in the
of the girls as they walk into the airport.

173 INT_ - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. - DAY 173

Frank walks through the packed terminal surrounded by the EIGHT GIRLS, all walking in stride, their hair and make-up perfect, every man in the airport turning to stare. Frank and the girls walk past TWO FBI AGENTS, who can't help but smile at the girls -- who in turn smile back.

FBI AGENT #1'

Did you see that blonde in front?

FBI AGENT #2

I should've been a pilot.

174 INT. - MIAMI AIRPORT COE SHOP. - DAY 174

Joe Shaye is sitting 'ln FEE SHOP that looks down over the entire INTERNATIONA R 1AL. HE HEARS an announcement over the airport P.A. sy

P.A. O (V.O.)

Will Mr. Joe Shaye k a white
courtesy phone. Mr. J e, please
pick up a white courtes one.
in the distance, JOE watches as the eight girls walk toward
him. He hesitates for a BEAT, then walks to the back of the
restaurant and finds a WHITE PHONE.

JOE SHAYE

This is Shaye.

INTERCUT WITH

175 INT. - MIAMI AIRPORT TICKETING AREA. - DAY 175

AMDURSKY

Joe, you're walkie talkie wasn't
working. There's a guy in a Pan Am
uniform sitting in a white Cadillac
in front of terminal J!

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

107.

175 CONTINUED: 175

JOE SHAYE

That's the charter terminal. Can you'
see his face?

AMDURSKY

He's got his Pilot's cap on. I think
it's him!

176 INT. - AIRPORT. - DAY 176

Joe Shaye is running through the airport, sprinting past
Frank and the college girls as he makes his way outside.

177 EXT. - MIAMI AIRPORT - WHITE CADILLAC. - DAY 177

FORTY FBI AGENTS and MIAMI POLICE OFFICERS slowly approach

the white Cadillac. Joe Shaye has his gun drawn.

JOE SHAYE

Frank, get out of the car! Put your hands on the hood! There's no place to run, so just make it easy on yourself!

The car door opens, and YEAR-OLD kid gets out of the car, his hands shaking as he stares at Joe -- the pilot's cap falling off his head.

KID

Don't shoot me! I'm a driver!
A man paid me a hundred dollars to wear this uniform and pick someone up at the airport!

II

JOE SHAYE

who are you picking up?

KID

Joe Shaye.

Joe lowers his gun, immediately turns back toward the airport

--

overhead, watches as a BRITISH AIRWAYS JET takes off and flies banking left and sailing out over the ocean.

178 INT. - JOE SHAYE'S OFFICE. - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY 178

Snow is falling outside Joe's office window, which overlooks a parking lot. Joe sits at his desk staring down at some COUNTERFEIT CHECKS. A SECRETARY WALKS in and hands him an envelope.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

108.

178 CONTINUED: 178

SECRETARY

This just came for you, Sir. Who do you know in Liverpool?

Joe takes the envelope and slowly opens it. He pulls out a stack of BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS, all of which show the EIGHT COLLEGE GIRLS in various locations. There are shots of them on the SPANISH STEPS IN ROME, at the EIFFEL TOWER, in front of BUCKINGHAM PALACE, and in front of SCOTLAND YARD. A POSTCARD OF THE MONA LISA is inside the envelope, with the words "WISH YOU WERE HERE" written across the back.

179 EXT. - MONTPELIER FRANCE. - DAY 179

The vineyards of Montpellier stretch across the Bas Languedoc valley, where tourists drive through on their way to the Mediterranean. Frank is eating an ice cream as he walks down the main street, the shops and restaurants open and busy for the summer. Frank stops a DELIVERY BOY on a bicycle.

FRANK

Excuse me. Do u know where the Lavalier fa lives?

180 EXT. - LAVALIER HOME. 180

Frank is knocking on the dbc Oo the main house of a small vineyard. MONIQUE LAVALIER, answers the front door holding a baby.

FRANK

Hello. Do you speak English?
Monique nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)

My name is Frank. My mother is Paula Lavalier. I was hoping to find my family.
Monique takes Frank by the hand, starts to smile.

MONIQUE

I am Monique, your aunt.
Monique hugs him, kisses his cheeks.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

(IN FRENCH)

Pappa! Paula's boy is here!
Debbie Zane - 5

109.

181 INT. - LAVALIER HOME. - DINNER TABLE. - LATE 181

The entire family is sitting around the dinner table,
staring at Frank as he takes a sip of wine.

FRANK

It's very good wine.
The family starts to laugh at him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What?

MARCEL

The wine here is shit. This valley
only grows shit wine. It is used for
stretching.

FRANK

What's stretching?

MONIQUE

They send our ne by truck to the
famous vine r of Bordeaux and
Burgundy, a d mix it with the
good wine to r (he people.

PAPP

The Americans thi
only the best. But
drinking the shit fro
Everyone laughs hysterically, and Frank joins in, the family
laughing together as they eat Sunday dinner.

182 INT. - LAVALIER HOME. - NIGHT. 182

Frank is sitting in the living room staring at a photo
album.

He sees the old picture of his mother and father sitting on
the American tank.

MONIQUE

Here. Your mother sent me this to me
a few months ago.
Monique hands Frank a color photograph. Frank looks at the

picture, sees Paula standing with Jack Wright, holding a BABY in her arms.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

You look like your new sister.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

110.

182 CONTINUED: 182

Frank stares at the picture, then hands the picture back to Monique.

FRANK

Everyone says that.

183 INT. - UNIVERSITY OF MONTPELIER. - DAY 183

Frank walks into a large classroom filled with COLLEGE FRESHMAN. He turns and writes his name on the blackboard:

MR. WAGNER.

FRANK

My name is Frank Wagner, and I'll be teaching the Summer session of American History, the same course I taught at Yale last year. Why don't you all open your books to chapter one, read quietly to yourselves.

184 INT. - LAVALIER HOUSE. - NIGHT 184

The family is eating dinner together, and Frank looks surprised as Pappa Lar brings a birthday cake out from the kitchen. As everyone is to sing-..

F o.)

Dear Dad. I'm reading now, living a quiet life in a smallage in France. I hope you go well, and you're not mad at running away.

Frank blows out the candles on the cake.

FRANK (V.O.) (cont'd)

Yesterday was my 19th birthday, and when I blew out the candles I wished that we could all be together, the three of us living in our old house in New Rochelle.

185 EXT. - LAVALIER HOUSE. - DAY 185

Frank is working in the garden, surrounded by roses. Monique walks out of the house.

MONIQUE

I have to pick Pappa up, his car is dead. Come with me, Frank, you can see where he works?

Debbie Zane - 5

186 EXT. - WAREHOUSE. - OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN. - DAY 186

Frank and Monique pull up to the front of a large warehouse.

FRANK

What is this place?

MONIQUE

The family business.

FRANK

I thought the family business was wine?

MONIQUE

No. Paper.

187 INT. - PRINT SHOP. - DAY 187

CLOSE ON A PROFESSIONAL PRINTING PRESS, 90 FEET LONG, TEN FEET WIDE.

The giant machine fills warehouse. SIX MEN work in the

shaking

massive press room, t r afening THUMP of the machine
the walls as it strugYle, it out 10 COLOR PAGES a minute.
WE SEE samples of their ning the walls -- FRENCH

NEWSPAPERS, COLOR POSTER RTISEMENTS.

CLOSE ON FRANK

staring up at the giant PRINTIN his body limp, h is
face cold. Pappa Lavalier, shift and smoking, walks
toward him with a big smile.

PAPPA

What do you think?

FRANK

I've read books about these machines.
But I've never seen one.

PAPPA

You want me to show you how it works?

FRANK

Yes.

PAPPA

For color printing we set the back
gears, then put the plates in up-
side-down, pour the ink in last,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

112.

187 CONTINUED: 187

PAPPA (CONT'D)

never when it's cold, then we roll
the cylinder brakes until they
catch...

CLOSE ON FRANK

Lost in his own world, his mind racing as he stares at every part of the machine -- his eyes cold with excitement and dread.

188 INT. - PRINTING ROOM. - NIGHT 188

The PRINTING PRESS is thumping and grinding, the lights low, the press room empty except for Frank, who stands at one end of the machine, his shirt off, working like a man obsessed as he operates the massive press by himself -- THOUSANDS OF

PERFECT BLUE AND WHITE PAN AM CHECKS SLIDING OFF THE PAPER ROLLS AND DROPPING TO THE FLOOR.

189 INT. - LAVALIER HOUSE. - MONTPELIER. - NIGHT 189

Frank reaches into the k of the closet and pulls out his PILOT'S UNIFORM. As h s ps on the jacket, Monique walks in and turns on the light. i ees his suitcase on the bed.

FRANK

I don't know.

190 INT. - FBI OFFICE. - WASHINGTON.

Joe Shaye is sitting in his office trying to use an electric pencil sharpener, which is broken. As Joe pulls out a half-eaten pencil, Fox and Amdursky walk in holding an envelope, big smiles on their faces.

AMDURSKY

Joe...he cashed a check in Madrid.

191 INT. - FBI OFFICES. - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY 191

Joe, Wilkes, Amdursky and Fox are facing Director Marsh, a stack of checks on the desk in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

191 CONTINUED: 191

JOE SHAYE

Singapore. Australia. South America: ' Egypt. He's also hit almost every major bank in Europe.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH

How many checks?

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES

Thousands.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH

Why wasn't I called?

JOE SHAYE

Nobody was called, Sir. The banks didn't know what was happening until last week. We think he's been on the run for five months.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH

That's impossible. Pan Am would have called us. They didn't c forging -- and counterfeiting.

JOE SHAYE

He's making real checks, Sir. These are so perfect, Pan Am cashed them all.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH

where is he?

JOE SHAYE

The last check was cashed in Paris a week ago. He'll stay there another week before he moves on. We have to go now, Sir, today!

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH

Go where?

JOE SHAYE

Paris.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

114.

191 CONTINUED: (2) 191

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH

I'm sorry, Joe. If we couldn't catch him here, we're not gonna catch him there.

192 INT. - JOE SHAYE'S OFFICE. - NIGHT 192

Joe paces in his office, holding the phone and talking much too loud, his voice echoing through the hallways.

JOE SHAYE

English. Do you speak English? I'm an American FBI Agent. Hello? Shit! Joe slams down the phone, walks out of his office.

JOE SHAYE (cont'd)

Does anyone here speak French. I need someone who speaks French!

193 INT. - FBI CONFERENCE ROOM. - DAY 193

Amdursky and Fox walk in the conference room with OLIVER, a heavy set man who is terrified as they sit him down next to Joe.

JOE SHAYE Jp

Agent Luc, I need you to translate for me.

FOX

He's not an agent, Joe. He's a waiter at the restaurant around the corner.

194 INT. - FRENCH POLICE STATION. - DAY 194

POLICE DETECTIVE JULIEN, 40's, sits at his desk doing a crossword puzzle in the middle of a busy French police station. His phone rings, and he answers.

DETECTIVE JULIEN

Julien.

195 INT. - JOE SHAYE'S OFFICE. - DAY 195

Oliver is on the phone, nervously sitting behind Joe's desk.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

115.

195 CONTINUED: 195

JOE SHAYE

Who answered the phone? What's his name.

OLIVER

His name is Detective Julien. He works in the vice squad in Paris

JOE SHAYE

That's fine. Tell him I have a proposition for him. Tell him the FBI has a proposition for him. Oliver translates as Joe paces in front of him.

OLIVER

Okay. What's the proposition?

JOE SHAYE

Ask him if he'd like to catch the greatest bank robber the world has ever known.

196

CLOSE ON

suddenly
DETECTIVE JULIEN sitting at his desk, his expression
changing as he glances around. He quickly puts
the crossword puzzle away and rips into the phone.
Abagnale.

197 EXT. - PARIS. - DAY

Frank steps out of the lobby doors of a hotel, walks toward a waiting limousine. A DRIVER opens the door for him -- a YOUNG KID that wears a black suit and hat.

FRENCH CHAUFFEUR

Where to, Mister Wagner?

FRANK

Let's go for a drive. I need some supplies.

The limo drives off.

Debbie Zane - 5

116.

198 EXT. - PARIS STREETS 198

JOE SHAYE (V.O.)

When he gets to a new city he starts out slow, hitting the banks on the outskirts of town. At first it's small checks in small banks that pose little or no threat.

WE HEAR OLIVER'S TRANSLATION behind Joe's voice.

JOE SHAYE (V.O.) (cont'd)

Then he starts moving in, circling the city like a mother hawk, picking off every little bank he can find -- slowly inching his way toward the center of the city.

199 INT. - STATIONARY STORE. - PARIS. - DAY 199

Frank stands at the counter of a stationery store, looking into a glass case filled with expensive pens.

JOE SHA ¹/₂

There's always one ba 's bigger and richer than all the ers. This is what he came for, and he'll watch it for days. He'll know if they add a security-guard, or bring in a new

teller. And if he sees anything out of place, a new cleaning man, a window shade that's up instead of down, he'll move on to the next one. That's the luxury of having the entire world as your mark.

200 EXT. - PARIS STREET. - DAY 200

CLOSE ON

DETECTIVE JULIEN -- standing in the middle of Paris, looking down an endless row of massive banks.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

117.

200 CONTINUED: 200

JOE SHAYE (V.O.)

He'll make his move right before lunch, when everyone's mind is on food and the lines are short. And he likes to stand out -- draw attention to himself.

201 EXT. - BANK OF PARIS. - DAY 201

driver
A massive bank in the middle of the city. WE SEE Frank's limo pulling up to the curb, and Frank waiting for the to open the door before he gets out.

JOE SHAYE (V.O.)

The more people see him, the more invisible he becomes.

202 INT. - BANK OF PARIS. - DAY 202

opens
Frank walks into the bank, takes out a leather case and it, revealing a checkbook. He takes his Waldmann pen from

his pocket, smiles at a female TELLER.
Hello. I need sh this. My wife
and I are goi o(orway this
afternoon.
Frank turns the check over a tees L.
check to the teller, but she s take 1 it.

FRANK (CONT

Is there something wrong?
The bank teller is shaking and staring at Frank. He slowly
turns around, sees DETECTIVE JULIEN standing behind him with
his gun drawn.

203 INT. - FBI CONFERENCE ROOM. - NIGHT 203

Joe, Amdursky, and Fox are all half asleep, waiting in the
FBI CONFERENCE ROOM. The clock on the wall reads 3 a.m. --
and the phone finally rings.
Before he even picks it up, Joe Shaye starts to smile.

204 INT. - FRENCH COURTROOM. - DAY 204

A packed courtroom. Frank's hands and legs are shackled. He
stands before a JUDGE who is reading his sentence.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

118.

204 CONTINUED:

204

FRENCH JUDGE

(IN FRENCH)

Frank William Abagnale Jr., I sentence
you to two years in Papigone prison.

205 INT. - PAPIGONE PRISON. - PARIS. - DAY 205

A cell door closes.

206 INT. - AIR FRANCE AIRPLANE FLIGHT 676. - DAY 206

Frank and Joe Shaye are sitting next to each other in the back of the plane. Through the window Frank can see the skyline of Manhattan. Amdursky and Fox are smoking in the aisle.

FRANK

Joe, you have to let me call my father when we land- I want to talk to him before he sees me on television.

JOE SHAYE

Your father is dead, Frank. I'm sorry.
Frank turns to Joe.
Joe (cont'd)
He committed suicide. Dad didn't want to be the one to t

FRANK

Suicide. No. That's impossible.

JOE SHAYE

They found him inside his car, the motor running, the garage door shut.

FRANK

Who are they to think that? Who are they to say something like that?!

JOE SHAYE

It's okay, Frank.

FRANK

Joe, I'm gonna be sick! I have to use the bathroom.
Joe quickly takes off Frank's handcuffs, and he jumps from his seat and runs into the bathroom. Joe stands in the aisle with Amdursky and Fox.
Debbie Zane - 5

119.

207 INT. - AIR FRANCE PLANE BATHROOM. - MOMENTS LATER. 207'

Frank is on his knees, tears running down his face as he uses the METAL TIP OF A FORK to unscrew a hard plastic plate above the toilet. The screws come free, and Frank is able to pull the entire TOILET UNIT away from the wall. He makes his way into a tiny crawispace, then pulls the toilet back against the wall.

208 EXT. - AIR FRANCE PLANE MAIN CABIN. - MINUTES LATER. 208

Joe Shaye checks his watch as a FLIGHT ATTENDANT walks past him and smiles.

AIR FRANCE STEWARDESS

You'll have to take your seat, Sir.
We're about to land.
Joe knocks on the bathroom door.

JOE SHAYE

Frank.

(CONT' D)

Frank! Come on; 'rMnk, open the door!
Damn it...Frank! O

JOE SHAYE

1.4

Break it down.
Amdursky starts kicking at the bathroom door, slamming his heel against the metal release. The door breaks free, and the three men stares in disbelief at the EMPTY BATHROOM.

209 EXT. - AIR FRANCE PLANE/KENNEDY AIRPORT RUNWAY.-MOMENTS
209

LATER.

The plane has landed and stopped short on the runway. WE SEE Frank crawling through a HATCH near the landing gear. He drops fifteen feet to the ground below, starts running
across
the runway.

210 INT. - AIR FRANCE PLANE MAIN CABIN. - MOMENTS LATER 210

All of the passengers remain seated as Joe, Amdursky and Fox stand in the aisle.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

120.

210 CONTINUED: 210

JOE SHAYS

Look under every seat, in every bathroom. Check it all again, even the cockpit!

As Joe starts moving through the plane, something outside the window catches his eye.

211 EXT. - KENNEDY AIRPORT TARMAC. - DAY 211

He sees Frank sprinting across the tarmac, making his way toward the terminal.

' 212 INT. - AIR FRANCE PLANE MAIN CABIN. - DAY 212

JOE SHAYE

God in heaven...

213 INT. - LONG ISLAND CHURCH. - MORNING. 213

A CHURCH CHOIR is singing COME HOME JESUS, Paula sitting in the front row in a pale blue dress and snow white hat. As the song ends, Paula se Frank enter the large, empty church.

He is dazed and off b a e, his body still weak from prison. Mom...

Frank stumbles down the cent e, dropping to his knees and fainting before he reach= h ter.

214 INT. - CHURCH OFFICE. - DAY. 214

FI

Frank opens his eyes, sees his mother standing at the window in a PRIEST'S PRIVATE OFFICE -- a cigarette in her hand, a row of collection plates on the desk in front of her...

PAULA

You want a sip of water?

Paula hands Frank some water. He sits up and stares at his

mother.

FRANK

Why didn't you help him?

PAULA

I did help him. Near the end I sent him money, did you know that?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

121.

214 CONTINUED: 214

PAULA (CONT'D)

I paid his rent. I was a kid when we met, Frankie. I didn't even speak English -- I didn't even know his last name.

FRANK

Then why did you marry him?

PAULA

Because he got me pregnant. I was seventeen, and I was told I was going to marry him. They put me on a plane, and said I was the luckiest girl in the world.

FRANK

What about the baby?

PAULA

The baby died an hour after it was born. The Doctor's knew as soon as he came out.
Paula lights a fresh

CONT'D)

It was a boy. T telling me
I should hold him, didn't want
to. I was scared he ie in my
arms, so I said no. C imagine
that, Frank, I didn't to hold
my own son?

Frank walks toward his mother and takes the cigarette out of
her mouth.

FRANK

You promised.

He doesn't look back at her as he walks out the door.

215 EXT. - CHURCH. - DAY 215

Frank looks dazed as he walks out of the small Church- As he
makes his way down the steps, FOUR BLACK VANS speed up next
to him, TWO TEAMS OF FBI AGENTS jumping out and grabbing
him, throwing him to the ground as he rolls over without a
fight, his body limp as he stares up at Joe Shaye.

Debbie Zane -

122.

216 INT. - COURTROOM. - DAY 216

Frank stands before a JUDGE who is sentencing him.

JUDGE

Taking into account your refusal to
give back the money, your history of
bold escape and your complete lack
of respect for the uniform of the
law, I have no choice but to sentence
you to eighteen years in Atlanta's
maximum security prison in Dixon
county, and recommend strongly that
you be kept in an isolation cell for
the entirety of that sentence.

217 INT. - MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - ATLANTA 217.

Frank stands in front of his cell in the isolation wing of
the prison. There are no bars, no windows, just square,

individual cell boxes. Frank walks into his cell, the door closing behind him.

218 INT. - PRISON VISITING/RSM. - DAY 218

Frank is wearing his prison suit as he's led into the visitor's room and placed in a chair that faces bulletproof glass. Joe Shaye is sitting across from him. They both pick up their phones.

JOE SHAYE

Merry Christmas, Frank.

T

Frank doesn't answer him.
JOE SHAYE (cont'd)
I got some cigarettes here.

FRANK

I don't smoke.
An awkward moment as Joe puts the cigarettes on the floor.

JOE SHAYE

They say the first year inside is the hardest.

FRANK

You caught me. What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

123.

218 CONTINUED: 218

JOE SHAYE

I don't know. Maybe this was a bad idea. I'll go.
As Joe starts to put the phone down.

FRANK

You're still wearing a wedding ring.

JOE SHAYE

Yeah. The truth is, I'm divorced-

I have a daughter who's nine.

FRANK

What's her name?

JOE SHP_YE

Vanessa. She lives in Chicago with her mother. I don't see her much. Frank stares at Joe for a BEAT. I'm on my way el tJe airport. I'm tracking a paper ge who's working his way through Miü;½t This guy is driving us crazy.

FRANK

Do you have any of the checks?

FL

Joe hesitates, then opens his briefcase and takes out a CHECK.

He holds it against the glass.

JOE SHAYE

This is a counterfeit from Great Lakes Savings and Loan. You can see that he's using a...

FRANK

It's a teller at the bank.

JOE SHAYE

What?

FRANK

It's a teller.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE ZANE

124.

218 CONTINUED: (2) 218

JOE SHAYE

How do you know?

FRANK

Every bank uses hand stamps for the dates. They get used over and over, so they're always worn down, and the numbers are always cracking -- the sixes and nines go first. Look at the date on that check -- the ink is worn flat, the nines and sixes are cracking -- that's the stamp of a teller, Joe. Looks like you got yourself an inside job.

219 INT. - PRISON. - NIGHT 219

Frank is lying in his cell, staring into the darkness.

FRANK

Eastern flight 794 you are clear to taxi on runway_two-zero-four. That's a big thank y, and goodbye, Newark. Ladies and eman, we are leveled off here at't five thousand feet. The sm gns have been turned off for of you in a designated smoki My name is Captain Frank Will so just sit back, relax, an the flight to Milan.

220 INT. - JAIL CELL. - ATLANTA PRISON. - NIGHT 220

The prison is locked down, the lights out for the night. Joe Shaye and Director Marsh are passing rows of dark cells as they make their way through the prison.

221 INT. - INTERROGATION ROOM. - NIGHT 221

Frank is sitting across from Joe and Director Marsh, a glass of milk in front of him. TWO GUARDS stand behind him with rifles. Frank is 23-years-old, but still has the boyish face of a teenager.

FRANK

Joe, one of these days you should get yourself a new jacket. What is that material?
Frank touches Joe's jacket.

(CONTINUED)

125.

221 CONTINUED: 221

JOE SHAYE

Cashmere.

FRANK

That isn't cashmere -- look at the lining. It's some kind of polyester. You should see my tailor in New York.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH

Can we do this, please?

JOE SHAYE

Frank, this is FBI Director Marsh. He wanted to meet you.

FRANK

At four in the morning? 1 1

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH

Mr. Abagnale, you've served five years of an eighteen year sentence

F K

That's right five years, two months.

TOR MARSH

I'd like you to look at something for me, tell me what you think. Director Marsh takes an envelope of a briefcase, slides it over to Frank. Frank opens the envelope and pulls out a PAYROLL CHECK. He holds the check in hand, never looks at it.

I;

FRANK

It's a fake.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH

How do you know? You haven't looked at it.

FRANK

There's no perforated edge, which means this check was hand cut, not fed. The paper is double bonded, much too heavy for a check. The ink is raised against my fingers instead of flat.

Frank brings the check to his nose, sniffs it.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

126.

221 CONTINUED: (2) 221

FRANK (cont' d)

This doesn't smell like micker. It's probably drafting ink, the kind you buy at a stationery store.

Joe and Director Marsh exchange a look.

FBI DIRECTOR MARSH

Frank, would you be interested in working with the FBI's fraud and counterfeiting unit?

FRANK

I already have a job here. I deliver the mail.

JOE SHAYE

No, Frank. We'd get you out.

FRANK

Why are you saying this, Joe? You caught me, isn't that enough? Why can't you leave me alone?

ECTOR MARSH

Frank, we have to take you

out of prison. be placed in
the custody of t where you'd
serve the remainde ur sentence
as an employee of t al
government.

FRANK

Whose custody?

JOE SHAYE

Mine.

222 INT. - FBI FIELD OFFICE. - DALLAS, TEXAS. - DAY 222

SUPER: MARCH 29 1973

Frank wears a brand new black suit as he walks into the
massive FBI BUILDING. He approaches a SECURITY GUARD.

FRANK

I'm Frank Abagnale. I'm supposed to
start work here today.

SECURITY GUARD

First floor, Mr. Abagnale.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

127.

222 CONTINUED: 222

FRANK

Call me Frank.

223 INT. - FBI BUILDING. - THIRD FLOOR. - DAY 223

Frank makes his way down a long hallway, passing other young
men in dark suits who have come out of their offices to see
him pass. Frank sees Joe Shaye standing at the end of the
hall.

FRANK

Morning, Joe.

Frank turns and stares at a door marked FRAUD. He casually walks inside.

224 INT. - FRANK'S FBI OFFICE. - DAY 224,

A stack of files sit on Frank's desk. There are hundreds of CHECKS, MUG SHOTS, PILES OF COUNTERFEIT MONEY. Frank looks out the window of his office, stares out at the DALLAS

SKYLINE.

Look at me,

225 INT. - APARTMENT. - DALLAS H DAY. 225

O

Frank walks through the door ny, run down apartment.
Joe Shaye stands at the door.

FRANK

I'd rather stay in a hotel.

JOE SHAYE

That's not possible.

Frank opens the drapes and looks out at a POLICE STATION that sits across the street from his apartment.

FRANK

One of the men gave me a check today.
It was for nine dollars.

JOE SHAYS

That's right. The FBI is paying you prison wages.
Joe turns to walk out the door.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

128.

225 CONTINUED: 225

FRANK

Tomorrow's Christmas Eve. Would it be okay if I went to work with you?

JOE SHAYE

Tomorrow night I'm flying to Chicago to see my daughter. But I'll be back at work on Monday.

FRANK

Joe. . .what do I do until Monday?

JOE SHP_YE

I can't help you there, kid.

226 INT. - FBI OFFICES. - DAY 226

Frank sits alone eating a sandwich, looking through a BOOK OF MUG SHOTS. He stops when he sees his own MUG SHOT, the black and white picture staring up at him.

Frank carefully rips the mug shot out of the book and puts it in his pocket.

227

Frank is walking the stre' s carrying a small bag of groceries as he makes his Oh e. Something in a STORE WINDOW catches his eye, and F ,tands frozen on the corner, looking across at a WINDOW DI

CLOSE ON

THE WINDOW OF A COSTUME SHOP.

There are several MANNEQUINS dressed in different costumes. Frank slowly approaches the window, stares at a mannequin wearing an AIRLINE PILOT'S UNIFORM.

228 EXT. - DALLAS AIRPORT. - NIGHT 228

Frank gets out of a taxi wearing the PILOT'S UNIFORM. He pulls his cap down tight as he makes his way into the busy airport.

229 INT. - DALLAS AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP. - NIGHT 229

Frank sits alone at the airport coffee shop eating a hamburger and reading a COMIC BOOK. Joe Shaye walks into the restaurant and sits next to him.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

129.

229 CONTINUED: 229

JOE SHAYE

That's a nice uniform, Frank.

Here, let me get your check.

Joe grabs the check from Frank, puts some money on the table.

JOE SHAYE (cont'd)

Did you know I was recruited by the FBI while I was still in law school? The government said I was the best the country had to offer, top of my class -- and they chased me until I said yes.

FRANK

I'm sorry, Joe.

JOE SHAYE

I spent four years arranging your release. I convinced the Attorney General of the United States that you wouldn't run.

Frank gets out of his fir, walks out of the restaurant. Joe follows him throw h, irport.

JO' : E (cont' d)

You go back to E pe ri:pd you'll die in Papigone. You run here in the states and w 1 d you back to Atlanta for f' ars.

FRANK

I never asked for your help.

JOE SHAYE

Please, Frank, you leave and I'm finished. I got you out, I convinced them to let you out.

FRANK

Why did you do it?

JOE SHAYE

You're just a kid.

FRANK

I'm not your kid. I'm not your son.
I'm nothing to you. And you're nothing
to me.

Frank walks toward the AMERICAN AIRLINES ticket counter.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

130.

229 CONTINUED: (2) 229

JOE SHAYE

I'm gonna let you fly tonight. I
won't even try and stop you, because
I know you'll be back on Monday.

FRANK

Why would I come back?

JOE SHAYE

Because nobody is chasing you.
Frank stares at Joe for a long BEAT.

FRANK

Two mice fell in a bucket of cream.
The first mouse gave up and drowned,
but the second mouse struggled so
hard he churned that cream into butter
and he crawled out.

JOE SHAYE

Which one are you, Frank?
Frank turns to the gin? ar the TICKET COUNTER.

11:12V

Hello, Amanda, i:½ i:½ s s i:½Jh e jump-seat open
on the ten-thirt Â® N,wYork?
Joe watches as Frank walks thk oor marked CREW ONLY,

casually making his way toward D une.

230 INT. - JOE SHAYE'S OFFICE. - DAY 230 4

Joe sits at his desk drinking coffee. He checks his watch, then calls out to his SECRETARY.

JOE SHAYE

is Abagnale in yet?

SECRETARY

No.

231 INT. - FBI OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM. - DAY 231

Joe Shaye is using the slide projector and standing in front of TEN AGENTS, including Special Agent Wilkes.

JOE SHAYE

Good morning. I've called this emergency briefing to discuss a check

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane -

131.

231 CONTINUED: 231

JOE SHAYE (cont'd)
fraud and counterfeiter who's been hitting banks all over Arizona.

SPECIAL AGENT WILKES

Just tell us how much he's gotten, Joe?

JOE SHAYE

Don't ask.
The briefing room door opens, and Frank walks in. Joe spots him in the darkness.
JOE SHAYE (cont'd)
Good. You're here.

The two men stare at each other for a BEAT.
JOE SHAYE (cont'd)
At this time I'd like my point man
on this to fill you in. Frank, are
you ready to Ake over?

FRANK (
John Doe 6116 is a pa ; er who
started in Phoenix, usz at I
call a double deposit forgery system.
Next slide. What he's doing is opening
two accounts at the same bank under
two different names...

232 INT. - AIRPLANE. - DAY 232

Frank and Joe are sitting next to each other on a plane,
both holding magazines and eating nuts. Joe is wearing a
brand new BLACK SUIT. There are several other agents on the
plane, including Amdursky and Fox.

FRANK
Joe, do you guys always fly coach?

JOE SHAYE
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)
Debbie Zane -:

132.

232 CONTINUED: 232

FRANK
You want me to talk to someone? See
if I can get us bumped to first class?

JOE SHAYS
Just relax. We'll be there in two
hours.
Frank looks out the window.

FRP.NK

I've never been to Arizona.

JOE SHAYE

It's hot. Let's just hope-we catch this guy fast.

FRANK

Joe, you ever seen the Grand Canyon?

JOE SHAYE

No.

K

You think i w e time we can take a quick ?((-o
JOE SHAYE (cont'd)
I feel a little silly in this suit.

FRANK

It looks good. You just have to get used to it.

JOE SHAYE

How much did you say it cost?

FRANK

Eight hundred dollars.

JOE SHAYE

Where did you get eight hundred dollars?

FRANK

Credit card.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie Zane - 5

133.

232 CONTINUED: (2) 232

JOE SHAYE

Somebody gave you a credit card?

That's a horrifying thought.
The two men sit in silence for a BEAT, staring down at their
magazines, lost in thought.

JOE SHAYE (cont'd)

Can I ask you something, Frank?

FRANK

Sure.

JOE SHAYE

How did you pass the bar exam in
Louisiana?

FRANK

I studied every night for two weeks.

JOE SHAYE

Is that the truth?

Frank turns to the wipf'or?, slowly starts to smile as he

looks

out at the clouds.

FRANK ABAGNALE JR. HAS BEEN Qf MOR 25 YEARS. HE HAS
THREE TEENAGE SONS, AND LIVES r V LIFE IN TULSA, OKLAHOMA.

SINCE HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON IN Z, FRANK HAS HELPED THE

FBI CAPTURE SOME OF THE WORLDS MOST ALLUSIVE CHECK FORGERS

AND COUNTERFEITERS. FRANK HAS ALSO DEVELOPED MANY OF THE

SECURITY FEATURES THAT BANKS USE TO PREVENT CHECK FRAUD.

HE HOLDS SEVERAL PATENTS ON THESE FEATURES, AND TO THIS DAY

FRANK MAKES A ROYALTY ON ALMOST EVERY CHECK WRITTEN IN THE

UNITED STATES.

THOSE CHECK ROYALTIES PAY FRANK ABAGNALE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS

A YEAR.

TITLE CARD #2

JOE SHAYE RETIRED IN 1986, HAVING BEEN AWARDED THREE

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AWARDS FROM THE FBI.

FRANK ABAGNALE HAS FOUR.

THEY REMAIN CLOSE FRIENDS TO THIS DAY.

Debbie Zane -

