

Catch Me If You Can Callbacks

Sides

Frank Jr & Paula

Frank Jr: Mom, Dad I met this girl-

Paula: Frankie! You remember your father's friend, Jack Barnes?

Jack Barnes: Frank. Good to see you. Paula, take care.

Paula: Are you hungry, Frankie? I'll make you a sandwich. Frankie? You're not going to tell him.

Frank Jr: No.

Paula: That's right. There's nothing to tell. I'm going out for a few hours to visit some old friends from the tennis club, and when I get home, we'll all have dinner together, right?

Do you need some money, Frankie? To buy some comic books? Here, take two dollars.

Frank Jr: Two hundred soldiers in that tiny social hall, and you... you...

Paula: I was sixteen years old when I met your father. I was your age. How could I know what I wanted? Dites donc?

Frank Jr: You wanted him.

Paula: And I wanted to get out of France. And I wanted to have a child. It was a long time ago, Frankie. Believe me, one day you'll look at yourself, and you won't be who you were.

Frank Sr & Frank Jr

Frank Sr: This place...something else. They have a guy to give you towels to the guy who gives you towels.

Frank Jr: I heard about it in Paris. I thought it might be just the place to take you when I got back to the States.

Frank Sr: My son the birdman. On top of the world! Where're you flying that plane tonight?

Frank Jr: Well, I don't- I don't really fly. I'm just sort of just a co-pilot. - Dad. I went by the store today.

Frank Sr: I had to close the store for a while. It's all about timing, Frank. The goddamn government knows that, they hit you when you're down. I wasn't going to let them take it from me. So I just shut the doors myself. Called their bluff. Sooner or later, they'll forget about me. (Frank Jr slides him an envelope full of cash) What's this?

Frank Jr: Let's open up the store, dad! Pay off the Feds. Get things back the way they were. I can help out now.

Frank Sr: Keep it. You got your own worries. Take good care of yourself.

Frank Jr: But maybe if Mom sees-

Frank Sr: Do I look like I need your help?

Frank Jr: If she saw you had the store back-

Frank Sr: Two hundred GI's in that tiny social hall, watching her dance. I didn't speak a word of French. And six weeks later, she was my wife.

Frank Jr: Listen, dad, everything's different now. I got this great job, I make lots of money. I can have breakfast in Rome, lunch in Miami, and dinner in San Francisco.

Frank Sr: And here I thought you were just a copilot. I'm proud of you, son.

Hanratty & Frank Jr

Hanratty: FBI! Come out with your hands on your head.

Frank Jr: Guy's got a MICR encoder, can you believe that?

Hanratty: Don't move. Put your hands on your head or I'll shoot.

Frank Jr: He's got about two hundred checks here- a gallon of India ink, drafting glue- he even makes little payroll envelopes addressed to himself from Pan Am.

Hanratty: Keep your hands where I can see them.

Frank Jr: Relax, buddy. You're late. The name's Allen, Barry Allen, United States Secret Service. You man just tried to climb out the window- my partner has him in custody downstairs.

Hanratty: Let me see some identification.

Frank Jr: Here, take my whole wallet. You want my gun too?

Hanratty: I didn't expect the Secret Service on this.

Frank Jr: Don't worry about it. What's your name, anyway?

Hanratty: Hanratty. Carl Hanratty.

Frank Jr: You mind if I see an ID, Carl? Can't be too careful these days.

Hanratty: Oh, sure!

Frank Jr: Tough luck, Carl. Five minutes earlier and you would have landed yourself a pretty good collar.

Hanratty: That's okay, ten seconds later you would have been shot.

(they laugh, then stop laughing)

Hanratty: Hey listen. Tell me something. What does he look like?

Frank Jr: He's a handsome fella.

Hanratty: I had him figured for an older guy.

Frank Jr: He is pretty damn old. He must be you age at least.

Hanratty: I asked for that one!

Frank Jr: Just do me a favor. Sit tight a minute while I get some of this evidence downstairs. I don't want people walking through my crime scene.

Hanratty: Wait.

Frank Jr: What?

Hanratty: Your wallet.

Frank Jr: Hang on to it till I come back for the rest of the stuff. I trust you.

Hanratty: Nice guy. (unable to contain himself) We got him! I love my job. I love it, I love it, I love it! (He stops and thinks for a moment. Opens the wallet. Fingers through the IDs) Frank Taylor.

Frank Black. Frank Williams. FRANK!

Branda & Frank Jr

Brenda: Frank, where should I put these? They're checks, engagement gifts from Daddy's friends- What're you doing? Everyone's downstairs waiting to meet the groom-to-be.

Frank Jr: I have to leave.

Brenda: What?

Frank Jr: Brenda, you love me, right? I mean, you love me no matter what?

Brenda: well- of course. Frank, what's going on?

Frank Jr: You'd love me whether I was sick, or whether I was poor, or whether I had a different name?

Brenda: Frank, where'd you get all that money?

Frank Jr: Brenda, listen to me. What's a name right? Doesn't matter. My name is Frank Connors, right? But sometimes when I travel, I use the name Frank Taylor. I don't want to lie to you anymore. I'm not a doctor. I'm not a lawyer or a Harvard or Berkeley graduate or a Lutheran. I ran away from home two years ago when I was sixteen.

Brenda: Frank... you're not a Lutheran?

Frank Jr: I have to go. But you're going to come meet me at Miami International Airport in two days. And you're not going to tell anyone.

Brenda: Frank, I can't do this. I'm afraid.

Frank Jr: You know you can do this. Act like you're brave and you will be.

Brenda: Frank! Please- before you can. Please tell me your name.

Frank Jr: My name. Is Frank. William. Abagnale. Junior.

Brenda: I love you, Frank.

Frank Jr: I love you too. - I have to go now.

Brenda: Frank!!

Songs

Don't Be a Stranger:

I always knew I'd see this day

I can't say it's a shock

What's that expression?

Qu'est-ce que c'est?

He's "a chip off the old block"

But if you see him

Please pass on this plea

Don't be a stranger

Tell him that for me

Goodbye:

Goodbye, Goodbye to every night alone.

Goodbye,

Goodbye to lives I don't own.

I'm tired of living on the stage.

A life that's only on the page.

Empty lies are in the past,

I've tried before but here's the last goodbye.

Now goodbye,

Goodbye,

GOODBYE!!!!

Fly Fly Away

Baby, when you're in the clouds, please keep a lookout

Maybe, darling, find a hideaway for you and I, you and I

And now I wanna see you fly, fly

I'll be your alibi, my baby

Fly, fly, fly away

We didn't get to say goodbye, goodbye

No need to tell me why, my baby

Maybe it's because you'll fly back home to me one day

And I'll be waiting for you there

You'll fly back home to me one day

Don't Break the Rules

When you steal somebody's money
Screw his daughter or his wife
You don't think of repercussions
As you tap dance through your life
Though you smile like you're a hero
You're an outlet through and through
But the odds are in my favor man
And one day I'll catch you
So don't sneak into a movie
Or the red light to sell some pot
It's all the same to me
You're either guilty or you're not
You're the only one we wanted
If every time we failed the earth
The world would be total chaos
It's already on the verge

Butta Outta Cream

There was a cockroach in Brazil
Got drunk at his local coffee mill

He thought his time was up until
He made coffee out of beans

When he came to, he heard such a sound
Much to his shock when he looked around
He had been scooped and was about to be ground
So he made coffee out of beans