

Side 8

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

- 57 -

Start here

(HANRATTY)

F.B.I.! Come out with your hands on your head.

(Frank Junior calmly emerges from the bathroom. Nods at Hanratty. He's in a different, black suit.)

FRANK JUNIOR

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 Junior ignores the gun pointed at him and walks to the desk.)

FRANK JUNIOR

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 JUNIOR

Relax, buddy, you're late. The name's Allen, Barry Allen, United States Secret Service. Your man just tried to climb out the window—my partner has him in custody downstairs.

HANRATTY

What are you talking about? Keep your hands up!

FRANK JUNIOR

You think the F.B.I. are the only ones tracking this guy? He's been dabbling in government checks. We've been following a paper trail for months. We almost had him in New York, then in a motel outside D.C. near Dulles airport. Would you mind taking that gun out of my face? It makes me nervous.

HANRATTY

Let me see some identification.

FRANK JUNIOR

Here take my whole wallet.

(tosses him wallet)

you want my gun, too?

HANRATTY

I didn't expect Secret Service on this.

FRANK JUNIOR

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

End
here