

**Scene 8****A Firing Range, FBI Training Ground, Quantico, VA**

(As Frank Junior leaves with Cheryl Ann, Hanratty and the men enter, guns blazing. Hanratty takes aim and fires off a round. )

Start here

(as he reloads)

**BRANTON**

So, Hanratty, why the hell did you drag us out to Quantico? This guy's a pen and ink man. A paperhanger. He probably doesn't even carry a gun.

**HANRATTY**

We're getting closer to this guy. You need to get back some of the skills you've lost, sitting around, sneaking peppermint schnapps from your coffee cup.

**BRANTON**

But we can't fix a location. One day he's in Dallas. The next he's in Stuttgart. Rome. Barcelona.

**COD**

He's gone global. The last bad checks came in from Liechtenstein. Where the hell is Liechtenstein?

**HANRATTY**

The principality of Liechtenstein is a landlocked alpine country in Western Europe bordered by Switzerland to the west and south and Austria to the east.

**BRANTON**

He's just a forger, Hanratty. There's no way the Bureau's gonna give us travel money to Lichten-what.

**COD**

Lichtenstein.

**BRANTON**

Yeah.

**HANRATTY**

This guy's just a forger like Mickey Mantle is just a hitter. He's got my dander up and my interest piqued. (That's "piqued" with a "Q"). It hasn't peaked in a long time. (That's "peaked" with a "K")! He's not just playing the game, boys. He's making the rules. He's a true talent.

**COD**

Jesus, Hanratty. You want to arrest him or hire him?

**HANRATTY**

I see this guy in my sleep. Sixtyish, salt-and-pepper, tall. He's Old School, a virtuoso. He's been honing his craft for years. But, they always make a mistake.

## Side 6 Cont

(HANRATTY)

It's the overconfidence. Or the wine. Or the women.

(Bullets WHIZ and DING and they duck for cover.)

BRANTON

What the hell!

DOLLAR

(entering)

You know, if shooting people is anything like target practice, it's very disappointing. I didn't feel a thing.

HANRATTY

Doggone it, this job is not about shooting at people. And it's not about punching the clock, waiting for retirement, or enjoying a quickie with the secretary on 3. It's about just one guy - this Frank Taylor a.k.a. Frank Williams a.k.a. William Franklin. He's out there, toying with me. Taunting me.

COD

C'mon, Hanratty. He doesn't even know you exist.

HANRATTY

He will. Believe it. He will.

BRANTON

Okay, okay. Stay cool.

HANRATTY

I will not stay cool. I have never been cool and I don't intend to start now.

BRANTON

Hanratty, were you always like this?

HANRATTY

Long as I can remember.

(MUSIC.)

← End here

#5 - Don't Break The Rules

I think I was born this way. Other kids wanted to play cops and robbers. I only wanted to play cops.

IT STARTS VERY EARLY

ONCE THE BABY TOYS ARE GONE

A KID ON THE PLAYGROUND

HAS TO CHOOSE WHAT SIDE HE'S ON