

FRANK ABAGNALE JR: Excuse me.

GIRL: Oh, yes?

FRANK ABAGNALE JR: Do you know where room 17 French is?

GIRL: Yeah, it's...

*(snickering)*

*(school bell ringing)*

BOY 1: But you frickin' killed him.

*(Loud indistinct conversation)*

You selling encyclopedias?

BOY 2: Yeah, he looks like a substitute teacher.

*(laughs)*

*(loud conversation and laughter continues)*

FRANK ABAGNALE JR: Quiet down, people! My name is Mr. Abagnale! That's Abagnale, not Abagnahlee, not Abagnaylee, but Abagnale! Now, somebody please tell me where you left off in your textbooks. Excuse me, people, if I need to ask again I'm going to write up the entire class. Take your seats!

STUDENT: Chapter seven.

FRANK ABAGNALE JR: Will you please open your textbooks to, uh, chapter eight and we'll get started? Excuse me, what's your name?

STUDENT: Brad.

FRANK ABAGNALE JR: Brad, why don't you get up here in front of the class here and read conversation number five?

BRAD: *(pronouncing poorly)*: "Les Francais sonts "uh, generalement -"dans leur pais que... *(students laughing)* presque tout le monde a cette impression..."

SUBSTITUTE TEACHER: They sent for me. They said they needed a sub for Roberta. I came all the way from-from Dixon.

FRANK ABAGNALE JR: Well, uh, I always sub for Roberta. Excuse me, why aren't you reading?

*(Brad continues reading)*

SUBSTITUTE TEACHER: I'll never come back to-to Bellarmine Jefferson again! You tell them not to call me! *(students laughing)* What do they think, it's easy for a woman my age and all the money that it costs to travel? I tell you, they don't give a damn.

*(students laughing)*