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Catch a Thief, The

By Unknown

My jewels! I've been robbed! Someone stole my jewels! Help! Police! My diamonds! They've gone! Help! Help! Call the police! My jewels have been stolen! You had only one person to tail. Someone who lives in one of the greatest hotels of Cannes, who comes and goes as he pleases, and you manage to let him slip through your fingers! The police is coming! Monsieur Robie? These two gentlemen want to have a word with you. Thank you, Germaine. Lepic, Mercier. Monsieur Robie, we represent the Sret. We are making inquiries in reference to some jewel robberies. We believe you could provide us with information that would be helpful. Would you be good enough to accompany us to our office in Nice? May I put on something more formal? Please, do... Mercier, follow me. Stop! What's wrong you? Do you find this funny to arrest people like that? I'm an honest citizen! I pay my taxes! Sorry! I speak English! - OK. - You left in a hurry? - They came for me. - The police? - Five of them. - Naturally, you are innocent. I haven't stolen jewellery in 15 years. - Honesty! - It has a good feeling. What do you think of my kitchen? Works like a machine. Like our little band in the Underground during the War. Cutting, slicing, just like the old days. They think I'm responsible for these robberies, don't they? - They were in prison with you. - We're the first to be suspected. Since the War, I have obliged them to be honest. I did not want them to break their paroles and return to prison. If my parole is broken, they'll throw away the key. I came to tell them and you that I had nothing to do with the robberies. Perhaps I believe you, but your comrades think you let them down. I wouldn't put it past them to be doing the robberies themselves. Simple men without education? - No, Robie. - Monsieur Bertani? Excuse me, business calls. Don't go. Bonjour, Foussard. Beat it, Robie! Leave that bottle! And go back to your dishes! And quickly! Right? Lunch time! No time for jokes! But, you know, coincidence can be terrible. These robberies all bear your mark but you claim to be innocent. I do more than claim. I insist! I can't understand how this thief can imitate me so perfectly. It's someone who knew my technique, maybe somebody in the police. Ah! But of course! He picks perfect victims and only the right stones. Goes up walls, over roofs, down through the skylights, leaves no clue and then disappears in the night. Just like John Robie, The Cat. - You don't believe me any more than the rest! - You're as nervous as a cat. If somebody caught this imitator, we'd all be off the hook, wouldn't we? - Surely. - No one believes me but the police are chasing the wrong man. Someone's got to chase the right one. - One day he'll make a mistake. - Bertani, there's only one answer and I should have seen it sooner: I've got to catch this imitator myself. You couldn't do more than the police. But I could... and I'm the only one who could, because I can anticipate him, try to figure out his next move and then catch him with his hand in the jewel case. If they catch you, nobody will believe what you say. Who believes me now? The biggest problem is time. I've got to hit this copycat before he hears I'm after him. I need

better information than he has, the kind that takes months to dig out. Like who has jewels to be stolen? Yeah. Where they live, where they keep the stones, what time they go to sleep, how much they drink. Whether they have dogs, guns, servants, insurance. For old times' sakes, perhaps I can help you. - What have you got, Bertani? - You made me remember something. Two days ago, a man came here. - I did not like him. - Why not? He called me to his table, asked me about crime and criminals. Me, a respectable honest restaurateur! - Do you think he may know about the robberies? - He asks me strange questions. I refuse to answer. Then he asks me about the jewels my clients wear. I say to myself: "You are something to do with this new cat." "Maybe you are the new cat." Mr. Bertani, Inspector Lepic is in the garden. - Is he alone? - No, there are two of them. The inspector has arrived. No stunts, right? Keep working! Let me handle it. I'll talk to him. - Has your daughter finished the stocklist? - No, but she shouldn't be involved. Do you prefer to sleep in jail tonight? Take Mr. Robie to her. Foussard's daughter will take you by boat to the Beach Club in Cannes. - Wait for a phone call there. - Alright. Hello. All of you, listen to me, please. I'd like to know if one of you has seen Mr. Robie. No answer, huh? The "flics" have arrived. They're after Mr. Robie. Bertani wants you to take him to the Beach Club. What are you waiting for? Did you get what I said? Hurry up! - OK, Mr. Cat, let's go. - Danielle, do me a favour. - Don't call me a cat. - I only do one favour a day. - Listen Baby, will you do as your father asks? - Did I brush your fur the wrong way? Very well! You'll all hear from me! - Boss! Robie is leaving. - Let's find a telephone. - You're getting us wet. - It must be true, what they say. - Cats don't like water. - Don't mention that word again. - A man should never regret his past. - I only regret one thing. That you never asked me to marry you? No, that I ever taught you English. You only taught me the nouns. I learned the adjectives myself. - The word cat is a noun. - Not the way you use it. For you it means excitement, danger, affluence. What do you think of that word, "affluence"? It means wealth. - What's on your mind? - Nothing. I was thinking about you. Imagining you in your expensive villa. Enjoying life, while we work like idiots for a loaf of bread. I work too, raising grapes and flowers. And rubies and diamonds and pearls. School's open again. Professor Robie will conduct a class on how to get spanked in a hurry. You can't touch me. I've graduated. Are you going to South America? No, just the Beach Club at Cannes. I've always dreamed of going to South America. People say it's a virgin country. I can cook, sew, keep my mouth shut and peddle stolen jewels on the black market. You don't think I'm responsible for all those recent robberies? I think so. Yes, together with your father and my Resistance pals. There's one great difference. They are furious with you. I am not. Listen carefully. I stole once, a long time ago. I went to jail. I know. The Germans bombed, you all escaped, joined the Underground and became heroes. I wanted to make up for the things I'd done. I've never

stolen since. I don't know what you want but I know what you've got. Pardons that are not worth anything. They were paroles, and we fought for six years to earn them, those of us who were still around for the graduation. Those paroles don't have much value. They haven't been withdrawn from circulation. - No South America? - No, just the Beach Club at Cannes, please. Well, in that case we should hurry. That airplane probably belongs to the police. - Hey, stupid! The contact! - Oh! - What's he doing now? - He's coming back over us. - Good. Well, wave to him. - Suppose he's not my type. Wave anyway, as if you're a pretty girl out for a ride. Well... Not that pretty! We want to get rid of him. - How much further to the club? - About 15 minutes. When you get there, pull inshore and mingle with the other boats. - And then? - I'm getting out. - I'll leave my clothes with you. - But you hoped to be inconspicuous! Nobody will recognise me in these. Sir, telephone. - Hello? - The man I speak with you about. The man who ask about the jewels. He will wait for you at the flower market in Nice. He will find you. I told him you would be tossing a coin in the air. Tails? HH Hughson, Lloyd's of London. Are you the man who knows who owns the best jewellery in this vicinity? - We insure the important pieces. - Insurance? That's gambling. Shall we say betting? Yes, let's say betting. I have a long shot for you. A little help in return for some of your losses. - So Mr. Bertani told me. - Are you interested? The proposition sounds intriguing, albeit a little unorthodox. Does that mean yes or no? - My dear Mr. Robie... - Smith. I beg your pardon. Ever been married? - No. What has that to do with it? - It might help you to understand. I have two wives, Felicity and the London office. I must return worthy of both. I see. They wouldn't approve of your giving me a list of clients? Officially, you come under the category of extremely bad risk. I'll see you later. It's a pleasure to meet an insurance agent who enjoys paying off claims. - Unofficially, there's hope for you. - I was sure there would be. - We're both taking a big chance. - What happens to you if I'm caught? - I might be embarrassed or censured. - They could put me away for good! You made a bad choice of professions. Let's come to an understanding. I'm doing you a favour. I take the risks, you get the jewellery back. Mr. Smith, it strikes me that only an honest man would be so foolish. - How much of a list do you need? - Half a dozen names. Anything else? Addresses, habits, descriptions of the stones and settings. Suppose it falls into the wrong hands? - It already has, unless you're the thief. - Not such a bad idea! - Where are you staying? - Carlton, Cannes. No, no, no! Old lady! And you there! Could you help me? Leave me! Old nut! No, no, no! Leave me! Stop, Police! No, my dear fellow, not in the middle of the day. Lunch is served! Thank you, Germaine. Bring it to the table with you. Come along. Under the pleasant circumstances, do you think it pays to advertise? He hasn't left the villa in years. - How do you like the place? - Immensely. It's a kind of heaven, where a man dreams he'll go when he retires. About

that list of clients who have jewellery worth stealing. - Why don't we enjoy our lunch first? - I don't want to seem impatient. But I have to come up with something pretty convincing for the magistrate. It's a nice custom they have here in France. Provisional liberty based upon insufficient evidence. But alas, that may not last long for me. - Bertani said you were in the Underground Army. - I was in the Resistance. - Did you kill many people? - 72. I know what would have pleased you. Not one of them was insured. You're a man of obvious good taste in everything. - How did you... Why did you...? - Why did I take up stealing? To live better, to own things I couldn't afford, to acquire this good taste you enjoy and which I'm reluctant to give up. - You were frankly dishonest? - I tried to be. I thought you'd have some tale of hardship, your mother ran off when you were young, your father beat you. No. I was in an American trapeze act in a circus that travelled in Europe. It folded, I was stranded so I put my agility to a more rewarding purpose. You have no other defence? I only stole from people who wouldn't go hungry. Your plate. - Quiche Lorraine, you'll enjoy this. - I've heard of it. - It looks delicious. - Yes. It's wonderful. The pastry is as light as air. Germaine has sensitive hands, an exceedingly light touch. I can tell. She strangled a German general once... without a sound. Extraordinary woman. I take it you were a sort of modern Robin Hood. You gave away most of the proceeds of your crime. Kept everything myself. Let's face it, I was an out-and-out thief. - Like you. - I say, steady on. Wait. Did you ever take an ashtray from a hotel, or a towel? Souvenirs, they expect that. You're given an expense allowance for your meals, right? This meal is free. Are you going to deduct it from your expense account? - No, it would be stupid. You agree? - Yes. You're a thief. Only an amateur, of course. But it will help you sympathise with us professionals. - I don't understand. - Look at it this way. - You're sorry you took the ashtray? - Right now, yes. You'll be sorry you didn't deduct this lunch from your account. I can't deduct every little item. I couldn't spare the time! Some day, you'll wish you had. If an ashtray is missing, they don't come for you. Let a diamond bracelet disappear and they shout, "John Robie, The Cat!" You don't have to spend every day proving your honesty but I do. Let's get down to business. The list. - Is something bothering you? - I told the police what you were going to do. - I didn't expect them to like it. - They thought it a splendid idea. They hope you'll provide the evidence against you. Ah, yes. It had to be something like that. - Suppose it all goes wrong? - Come on, you're wasting time. Quite a thorough job. Have some wine, Hughson. Yes, I think I will. I wish I'd known someone in insurance when I started in the burglary business. Let me see, my first bait will be this Mrs. Stevens, the American with the diamonds and the daughter. I'm having dinner with them tomorrow. I could possibly arrange a meeting. In this business you can't do things the honest way. Remember that. Wouldn't it be better if you left that jewellery in the

hotel safe? I didn't buy these things for my old age. I bought them to wear. Put your money away. You can cheat a little on your expense account. Service come free. That's France. Everyone gets a tip, whether he's earned it or not. It's the law. Mother, everywhere you go, you complain about tipping. And I shall continue to complain. I've just paid for the privilege. Let's go to the casino. I want to hit the tables while they're hot. Perhaps I should just mail them the money. No, Pierre, I can't afford it. Handsome! I wouldn't mind buying that for you. - Mother! - Come along. - Mr. Hughson may not like gambling. - Everyone likes to gamble, even you. I have an intense dislike for it. When the stakes are right, you'll gamble. This is imitation? Really? You mean, costume jewellery? The things they make! You can hardly tell it from the real thing. Better than anything in Oregon. - Almost everything is! - Thank you. Baccarat's my game. Why did you let me close to this whirling pickpocket? Ah, wouldn't you know? End of bets! - 31, black! - Place your bets! Ladies and Gentlemen, place your bets! I'm terribly sorry, madam. Don't apologise, sir. But, madam, that was a 10,000 franc plaque. Madam, this gentleman says it is a 10,000 francs plaque. Maybe she... Madam, if you'd rather not take my word, it's all right. Thank you. I'll trust you too. I won't count it. If Jeremiah were only here! This flying around from Palm Springs to St. Moritz to the Riviera, he'd think it was foolishness. He used to say, "I wouldn't be a society gadabout" "if they promised me I could live forever." He got his wish! Mr. Burns, where did you say you were from? - Oregon. - Jeremiah would have liked you. A man with both feet on the ground, that's what he was. He never realised the value of the ground he had his feet on. - We had a ranch... - Mother, please. Mr. Burns would be interested. We had a ranch, not a very big one. No plumbing. A little thing out back. Jeremiah will never know how close he came to 20 million barrels of oil. Bourbon's the only drink. You can pour that champagne down the Channel. Why wait 80 years to drink the stuff? Great vineyards, huge barrels ageing forever, poor monks running around testing it, so some woman in Oklahoma can say it tickles her nose! Mother, we ought to go to bed. Nobody ever calls me Jessie any more. Mr. Burns, would you call me Jessie? - I'd be happy to. - Good. Mr. Hughson, would you call me Jessie? - If you like. - I like. - Mr. Burns, you said lumber? - That's right. How come you haven't made a pass at my daughter? Don't say, "Oh, Mother!" - Mr. Burns, I asked you a question. - Very pretty. Quietly attractive. But too nice. Sorry I ever sent her to that finishing school. - They finished her there! - Come on, Mother. And so to bed, where I can cuddle up to my jewellery. You know, Mr. Hughson, as rare and wonderful as they are, I'd rather have 100,000 Jeremiahs. - I'll toddle along to my cot. - I'll escort you to your suite. - Very thoughtful, Mr. Burns. Come on, Jessie. - Do you make much money at lumber? Right now, building is booming. Would you mind if I had you investigated? Not at all. With what object? If I were Francie's age, you'd sound too good to be true.

Thank you. You know, there's very little lumber around here. Why did you come to the Riviera? To meet someone as charming as you. Boy, now I am going to have you investigated! - Aren't you going in? - I'm down the other end. How much did he get away with? The gems were insured for 35,000 in dollars. Somebody wins, somebody loses. I sympathise. Pretty rough having to send bad news back to your office. I insured Madame Leroux personally. At least you know that the burglar... What do they call him? - The Cat. - Yes. He's still around and getting closer all the time. That's something. Mrs. Stevens, would you keep your jewellery in the hotel safe? - Do I wear the safe round my neck? - Not literally. Your insurance company goes into shock every time something's stolen. If you haven't any guts, you shouldn't have taken my bet. - Do you wanna welch? - If they're stolen, you'll be paid. But we couldn't replace the affection you have for those pieces. I have no more affection for that jewellery than I have for a train ticket that gets me somewhere! They're pretty and make it possible for my daughter to go to places and not be ashamed of me, that is, too ashamed of me. - Good morning, Mr. Hughson. - Good morning. - Mr. Burns. - You sent for me. I thought we might go for a swim or, if you're not athletic, sunbathing. I think I can manage to stay afloat, thank you. Mr. Hughson's been telling us about a robbery, last night. Who? Madame Leroux, wife of a high government official. \$35,000. Too bad. You should find a more happy business. The famous jewel thief, The Cat, is loose again. Mother, you're next. I'm insured. - I'll get my bathing trunks. - I'll be down in a few minutes. - Good hunting, Hughson. - Just a minute. - Weren't we going to...? - Weren't we going to what? - Last night we discussed going up. - Up? - Up the funicular railway. - I can't even spell funicular! What are you doing this afternoon? A real estate agent gave me a list of villas for rent. Do you plan that long a vacation? I might even retire here. Some of the villas aren't in good repair. The roofs need examination. Don't let the robbery spoil your day. It's only money, and not even yours! Shall I ask the social director to introduce us? No, I was wondering which was the best way out. - The Mediterranean's this way. - I'm a gambler. Let's try that. There's a message for you. Thank you. You performed a beautiful robbery last night. Strictly routine. You steal a small fortune and then lie on the beach with an American beauty. That's why one needs a small fortune. - Is this your next victim? - She's a useful friend. Your old friends of the Resistance who work at the restaurant, they called the police terrible names when they let you go yesterday. Would it be bad manners to ask who tipped off the police at the market? They never say anything to the flics. Somebody did. But they would be happy if you were caught during your next job. It's nice to know I have friends. - Perhaps it would be better if you were caught. - Any particular reason? I heard some talk in the kitchen: What a pity if they must kill the Cat. They will do all they can to avoid prison. The police want me in jail. My old friends want me dead. - The Cat wants me out

of town. - What do you mean? He sent me a message. The sky is about to fall in on me. Don't you think it's foolish to remain here without knowing what may happen to you. If you were in South America with me, you would know what will happen. You make it sound dangerous. It would be so much nicer to be killed by love, no? Pardon me while I get the water out of my ear. John, you know what sort of men they are at Bertani's. Another robbery and they will do something to you. Yes. I better get back. What has she got more than me, except money? And you are getting plenty of that. Danielle, you are just a girl. She is a woman. Why do you want to buy an old car if you can get a new one cheaper? It will run better and last longer. My old car just drove off. No, it's turned amphibious. I thought I'd see what the big attraction was. - And rate an introduction. - You didn't tell me your name. - Danielle Foussard. - Miss Stevens. How do you do? Mr. Burns has told me so little about you. - We met a couple of minutes ago. - That's right, a few minutes. Only a few minutes ago? And you talk like old friends! That's warm, friendly France for you! I was asking about renting some water skis. Would you like me to teach you? Thank you, but I was women's champion last season. - It was just an idea. - Were you talking about water skis? It looked as though you were conjugating irregular verbs. - Say something nice, Danielle. - She looks a lot older up close. To a mere child, anything over 20 might seem old. A child? Shall we stand in shallower water and discuss that? - Enjoying yourself? - It's very nice, the sun and all. It's too much for me. I'll see you at the hotel. Finish telling me why French women are more seductive than Americans. You know what I'd like to tell you! Here. Thank you. Do you have time for me now? - I'm sorry I was so long out there. - I thought you'd be a lot longer. Well, what about cocktails? Six o'clock suit you? We can talk about that on the way. - To where? - To rent you a villa. - Picking a villa is personal. - I have my car. And a basket lunch with chicken and beer. It's too much to expect. A tiring, dusty trip... You're bound to get lost. A stranger who doesn't know the language. I was going to hire an English-speaking chauffeur. You have one. I'll give you a wholesale rate. - And no tipping. - Your terms are generous. - Too generous to refuse. - My terms usually are. - Where's your car? - Right there. I can't seem to get out of this gracefully, so let's go. I've been waiting for you to mention that kiss I gave you last night. Back home in Oregon, we'd call you a headstrong girl. - Where in Oregon? The Rogue River? - Where were you born? In a taxi, halfway between home and the hospital. I've lived in 27 different towns. - Is somebody chasing you? - Boys. You can stop running now. When my father died, they discovered oil on our land. I started to travel. - The boys' fathers were chasing you? - Yes. I had a funny feeling they wanted my money. I'm impressed. Back in Oregon, we'd have called you a rich, headstrong girl. - Money handles most people. - You believe that? - I've proved it. - You're a singular girl. - Is that good or bad? - Good. You know what you want, you go after it.

Nothing stops you. You make it sound corny. You're a jackpot of admirable character traits. I knew that. You do things with dispatch. No wasted preliminaries. Not only did I enjoy that kiss, I was awed by the efficiency behind it. I believe in getting down to essentials. Inviting me for breakfast, planning a swim and now this drive. Miss Stevens, you are a girl in a million. That's a routine compliment, but I'll accept it. - May I ask a personal question? - I've been hoping you would. What do you expect to get out of being nice to me? - More than you're willing to offer. - I know. You're in Europe to buy a husband. - The man I want doesn't have a price. - That eliminates me. You're right. Give me a woman who knows her own mind. No one gives you a woman like that. You have to capture her. - Any particular method? - Yes. But it's no good unless you discover it yourself. - Are you sure this is the address? - It's on the estate agent's list. Let me see. Let's look at the gardens. No need to bother the people. Why don't you own a place like this? Palaces are for royalty. We're just common people with a bank account. That sounds more like your mother than you. We're not that different. A few years and some grammar. And jewellery. You never wear any. I don't like cold things on my skin. - Why not invent some hot diamonds? - I prefer more tangible excitement. - What do you get a thrill out of most? - I'm still looking for that one. We were going to look at the gardens. I was interested in the architecture. Turn of the century, isn't it? You never mention your wife. - I never found time to get married. - You don't seem pushed for time now. Did you come over to add items to your diary, like the name of that French girl you swam out to meet? - You are husband-hunting after all. - That wasn't jealousy you heard. Merely disappointment in your limited imagination. Teenage French girls yet! I bet you snowed her under, the handsome lumber man from America. I'll bet you told her all your trees were sequoias. That sounds like jealousy to me. Don't be ashamed of it. Let it out. - You're somewhat egotistical. - Fighting fire with fire. - Miss Stevens? - Yes, Mr. Burns? - You know what I think? - About what? - You. - I don't really care. Tell me. You're an insecure, pampered woman, accustomed to attracting men. You're not quite sure whether they're attracted to you or your money. - You may never know. - Anything else? You need something I haven't the time or inclination to give you. And what is that? Two weeks with a good man at Niagara Falls. I'm hungry. What about that picnic? Not till we get to the picnic grounds. - Which you've picked out. - Which I've picked out. - Is it far? - A few miles. - Lonely and secluded? - Naturally. Then why are we dawdling like this? That's exactly what was running through my mind. No, a chicken! Yes, a chicken. Chicken... Chicken! - Slow down. - And let them catch us? - Let who catch us? - The police who were following you. I don't know what you're talking about. Police following me? Yes, police following you, John Robie, The Cat. Lovely day! Have you ever seen any place in the world more beautiful? Just look at the colours of the sea down there and the sky, and

the pink and green buildings on the hill. Think of all those roofs you could climb over. - Who did you call me? - Robie, John Robie. The clever jewel thief known as The Cat. I read about you in the Paris paper. You may have read about somebody called The Cat... - I thought you said you were hungry. - I am Well the picnic basket is in the trunk. Try to bluff me, and I can have the fun of telling you how clever I was. Since I'm not Mr. Robie but Mr. Burns, there would be hardly any point, but tell me how clever you were. - The first thing I noticed... - Don't sound so pleased! I never caught a jewel thief before. It's stimulating. It's like... Like sitting in a hot tub? Let me serve. First time I saw you was on the beach at Cannes. You swam ashore from a motor boat driven by that French girl. - You got an opener? Thank you. - Do you want a leg or a breast? You make the choice. That was two days before you showed up as Mr. Conrad Burns, just over from America. - Did you swim? - Naturally. Don't be disappointing and sound like Mr. Burns. - I can only be myself, Miss Stevens. - Then be yourself, John. - I prefer Conrad. - You can't be serious. It's time you called me Francie. They've tried to steal Mother's jewellery before. When I read about the... you in the paper, a small item, but I picked it up, I was sure Mother would catch your eye. She did, because I liked her. - So far, Miss Stevens... - Francie. - You haven't said anything clever. - Stick around. The next thing I noticed was something remarkable. All evening, you looked at my mother, not at me. - I kissed you, didn't I? - I kissed you. - I wasn't looking at her then. - You were thinking about her. - You let me say goodnight so easily. - I'm a gentleman. A rough lumber man from the Northwest? I must remember to yell "Timber!" occasionally. Here comes the clever part. You're just not convincing, John. You're like an American character in an English movie. You don't talk like an American tourist. The guidebooks say, "Don't behave like a tourist." You never mention business or baseball or television or wage freezes or Senate probes. The things I left America to forget. You're not American enough to carry it off. - Tell me, how long has it been? - How long has what been? - Since you were in America. - Four or five days. - And Oregon? - Two days before that. Name three deciduous trees indigenous to the Northwest. You're a very nice girl with too much imagination. Talk like that and I'll go to jail for something I didn't do. Will you rob Mother or somebody else? - Somebody else! - That's nice. Mother likes you. Lady Kenton should be our next job. Isn't she on your list? She ought to be. The Kenton jewels are famous. I know her villa. - I can hear your next line. - The Cat has a new kitten. - When do we start? - Don't talk like that. - You're leaving fingerprints on me. - I am not The Cat. Why are the police following you? Show me that list. That villa isn't for rent. The Sanfords own it. I'm going to a party there. You've a very strong grip. The kind a burglar needs. That's why you came up here. We'll have cocktails at 8.00 and dinner at 8.30 in my suite. We'll talk about it there. I can't come. I'm going to the casino and watch a firework display.

There's a better view from my place. Already got another date. Everywhere you go, I'll have you paged as John Robie, The Cat. - I haven't got a decent watch. - Steal one. I could not speak with you today, Mr. Robie. I did not know your new name. What were you doing at the Sanford villa? I supply food for the grand gala. I was inspecting the kitchen. I do not ask you what you were doing there. You prepare also, no? There will be many women, rich jewels. - Just the bait I need. - Something The Cat can't resist? - I suppose your boys will be there. - Naturally. They threatened to put me away. They'd be much too busy to do anything like that. - You keep them busy. - Goodbye, Robie. Who was the pretty American girl? You bring her to my restaurant for dinner? - Not tonight. She made plans for the two of us. - Well, soon. - Good day. - Good day. Good evening, Madam. Good evening, Sir. If you want to see the fireworks, it's better with the lights out. You're going to see one of the Riviera's most fascinating sights. - I was talking about the fireworks. - I never doubted it. The way you looked at my necklace, I didn't know. You've been dying to say something about it. - Have I been staring at it? - You've been trying to avoid it. May I have a brandy? Care for one? No, thank you. Some nights a person doesn't need to drink. Aren't you nervous to be in a room with diamonds, unable to touch them? No. Like an alcoholic outside a bar on election day. - Wouldn't know the feeling. - All right. You've studied the layout, worked out your timetable, put on dark clothes with crpe-soled shoes and a rope, face blackened. Over the roofs, down to the right apartment... and the window's locked. All that elation turned into frustration. What would you do? I'd go home, get some sleep. What would you do? The thrill is in front of you, but you can't get it. The gems glistening on the other side of the window. - Someone asleep, breathing heavily. - I'd go home, get some sleep. Wouldn't you use a glass cutter, your fist, to get what you wanted, knowing it was there waiting for you? - Forget it. - Drinking dulls your senses. And if I'm lucky, some of my hearing. Blue-white with hairlike touches of platinum. I have the same interest in jewellery as in politics, horse racing, modern poetry or women who need weird excitement: none. Hold this necklace in your hand and tell me you're not John Robie, The Cat. John, you're going to rob that villa we cased this afternoon, aren't you? I suppose "rob" is archaic. You'd say "knock over"? Don't worry. I'm good at secrets. - Have you been to a psychiatrist? - Don't change the subject. I know the perfect time. Next week is the Sanfords' annual gala. Everyone who counts will be there. I'll get you an invitation. It's an 18th-century costume affair. There'll be thousands of dollars' worth of jewellery. Some guests stay for the weekend. We'll do it together. What do you say? My comment would be highly censorable. Give up, John. Admit who you are. Even in this light, I can tell where you're looking. Look, John. Hold them. Diamonds, the only thing in the world you can't resist. Then tell me you don't know what I'm talking

about. Ever had a better offer in your whole life? One with everything? - I've never had a crazier one. - Just as long as you're satisfied. You know as well as I do this necklace is imitation. Well, I'm not. - Give them back to me. - What did you have in mind? Give them back. Mother's jewels. I don't have them. Wait a minute. - When did it happen? - When I was asleep. - Let's look. - The place to look is here! Help yourself. Did Francie tell you what happened? Yes, she's searching my room. - She knew where my jewellery was. - May I look in your room? If it'll do any good. We ought to call the police and the manager. Would you let me look first? I'd be happy if you didn't find anything. Why do you say that? I'm tired of draping them over me. It's exciting to have them stolen. You can't lose, as long as Hughson makes out the cheque. I'd be crazy to take this attitude if I did. Why did Francie suspect you, Mr. Burns? A woodcutter from Oregon! I'm anything but that, Mrs. Stevens. My real name is John Robie. I used to be a jewel thief years ago. - What a wonderful surprise! - I can't get worked up over it. - Where did you keep the stuff? - In the case. - Watch out for fingerprints. - There won't be any. - Did they get everything? - Everything. Francie must have known about you. She guessed today. You must sleep soundly. I do. He came down through the air shaft. If you're not Mr. Burns, why do you call yourself that and not... - What was the other name? - John Robie. Mrs. Stevens... - The gang won't let you go straight? - The gang is the law. Mother, don't talk to him. Don't touch anything to cover any clues. There aren't any clues. He came down the air shaft and went the same way. - You know how he got in. - Did you find anything in my room? - I certainly did. - Nothing of your mother's. You gave those to your accomplice. But the clothes of Mr. Burns, the American, all had French labels. I found this: Everyone on the Riviera with jewellery worth stealing. Listen to what it says about us. What good is that? You're already caught. I called the police and told them who you are and what you did tonight. Everything? The boys must have enjoyed that down at headquarters. He isn't Burns. He's a jewel thief called The Cat. What's he doing here now if he's already got the junk? - Returning to the scene of crime. - Since when is love a crime? Robie is a real man, not one of those milksops you take up with. - Mother, after all. - After all, my foot. Why do you think we moved so many times? Your father was a swindler. But a lovable one. This one's a bigger operator on every level. Thank you. I've had to travel round after you to keep men like this away from you. It looks like the blockers are having all the fun. - She doesn't have common sense, I do. - Oh, shut up! They're my baubles. If I don't care, why should you? They're insured. Now, where do we go from here? To jail. - Where is he? - Who? - John Robie. - Never heard of him. Mother, the book you're reading is upside down. We may be in France, but a man is innocent till proved guilty. - Proved! - That won't be hard. John Robie's the first man who wouldn't roll over for you. He played us both for fools. You ought to be sent back

to public school. - They could pound sense into you. - He's a low worthless thief. - Just what did he steal from you? - Oh, Mother! Sit down while I tell you something about life and John Robie. Sit down before I knock you down. ...to get you all fired! You're a hell of a team! One hundred big fellows specially charged of watching one single man! Hurry up! But what more can we tell you! We don't know him! So for three days, you've been doing nothing but fishing? Keep it down. Do you still believe I did the Stevens job? Yes, until you sent for me. If you had done it you'd hardly risk my bringing the police. Thank you. As you've been safely hiding these past few days, why did you come out in the open? - I need your help. - Perhaps I need yours even more. My superiors at the London office... I might solve some of your problems, possibly all. - That's too much to hope for. - I've been watching a villa. - Which one? - The Silva's, the South American couple. Somebody else is watching it too, but I haven't managed to find out who it is. - Has he seen you? - Probably. I want to set a foolproof trap. I need the assistance of the police. I can't approach them. - How do you know he'll be there? - Somebody gave this to Germaine. It's in French. What does it say? "Stay away from the Silvas' villa. It's my night to yell, not yours." - Who gave it to Germaine? - It was left in her shopping basket. Look, convince Lepic to have police at the villa soon after midnight. - You're actually going there? - Of course. That note is bait for a trap. Someone wants you to go to the Silvas' tonight. - I know it. - Possibly to kill you. - Will you talk to Lepic? - All right. But if this Cat doesn't show up, the police might get you and the whole thing will turn out rather badly. I'd better go along as your alibi. I know you get insurance at a discount but why be foolhardy? Here! It's Robie! Oh! Foussard! Bertani's wine waiter! Everyone in Philadelphia reads "The Bulletin". Just a minute. It can't be true! The Cat is dead? - What's all the excitement? - The cat burglar's dead. John Robie? No, a man named Foussard. A wine steward in a restaurant. Honey, you better start practising your apologies in two languages. You're positive Foussard was The Cat? We have no reason to change the story I gave to the newspaper. - That's hardly a direct answer. - I cannot give another. Now, if you'll excuse me. One more point, Lepic. This is a cheque for \$280,000. That's nearly 92 million francs. Since you've unfortunately killed The Cat... We believe he killed himself attempting to escape justice. Either way I've been instructed to pay off the Stevens claim. I'm disinclined to do so if recovery of the jewellery is imminent. Is it? - It will take time. - Several centuries! I just came in to congratulate you on your capture, Inspector. All's well that ends well. The papers have headlines, rich tourists can relax. You, Lepic, got your publicity and possibly a commendation from Paris. Everyone got some good out of it, except Hughson's company. - But they can afford it. - It has cut their assets. Poor Foussard. Never guessed it was him, a wine waiter. Family man, wooden leg.

Didn't you know? Certainly. He lost it during the War. That's remarkable. A man with a wooden leg climbs up walls with the agility of a cat. - Is that true? - I believe he had a bad leg. You showed good taste keeping it out of the newspapers. I'll drop into Foussard's funeral, pay my last respects. Oh, and get a look at the real Cat, who'll be there purring. - You know who the real Cat is? - I do. - Tell the Commissioner. - He wouldn't believe me. - Try me. - You'd find it hard to believe. When I catch The Cat with a handful of stolen diamonds... Mr. Robie, it's because I gave this story you're at liberty. If I catch you on a roof, I'll call the reporters again. Lepic, that's all I wanted to know. Good day. A bientt! - A most unhappy affair, Robie. - Because it isn't me down there? Poor Danielle. I have a great compassion for her. I'll look out for her. What happened to the stuff he stole? That's a mystery. The police have looked in every place. - Some day, it'll turn up. - The boys owe you many thanks. - For what? - You know. For risking prison to capture The Cat. Oh, that. But you have no reason to complaining. Could you be a little more specific? The American girl, what's her name? Francie Stevens, that the one? What luck. A beautiful woman with love for you, rich beyond your dreams. - I dream pretty rich. - When are you going to America? I didn't know I was. You will make a great mistake if you don't marry her and return to your native country. Let's talk about it at the Sanford gala, between your catering duties. - You are not invited. - I will be. - What costume will you wear? - Something to surprise you. Good luck. I interrupt you Father. This is not a public house! Who invited you here? No one! If it weren't for you, my father would still be alive. But you're just a cynical merciless murderer. Killer! It's because of you he is dead! Danielle, dear. Don't make a fuss. You're wrong. But you're just a bunch of cowards. And if no one says so, then I will! Get out! Get out of here! Killer, voleur, murderer! John? John? - Will you make it hard to apologise? - Not at all, I'm sure you're sorry. You know I am. I had no idea of the things you were up against. What are your plans now? - Now what? - That the cat burglar's dead. Foussard isn't The Cat. The man had a wooden leg. - Wasn't he trying to rob a villa? - He was trying to kill... me. - Why? - I was too close to The Cat. - Who killed him? - If I find out, I'll let you know. - Bye, Francie. - John, why bother? - It's a hobby of mine, the truth. - Let me do something to help you. No, thanks. You've made your apology. Let's go back to mutual disregard. Mr. Robie, I was wrong about you, I think. You might be wrong about me. Well, I may never know. - Pardon me... - I won't pardon you! I'm in love with you. - That's a ridiculous thing to say. - Is it? - To you, words are just playthings. - Were playthings. - I'll make you a sporting exciting offer. - I don't know if I'm up to it now. Get me an invitation to the Sanfords. I'll take you there. - You can't go without a costume. - What are you wearing? Louis XV. Mother and I got them in Paris. I'll phone you in a day or two. You probably wonder why I want to go. I have an idea. I thought you might like

to see a real burglar in action. Will it be dangerous? Not for tourists. We're in! Any man without a lady on his arm can only be a policeman. - My nerves could stand a drink. - Your nerves and your mother! - Good evening, Mr. Bertani. - A glass of Champagne, Inspector? Unless you don't drink on duty. I never drink off duty! Cheers! There they are, Commissioner Lepic and one of his men. Wigs, pantaloons and flat feet. Come on. Champagne? Yes, thank you. My heart pills! I can't drink champagne without my pills. - Where do you think you left them? - In our room. They're in my purse. - Be a sweetie, John, and get them. - Of course. I'd be delighted. - Mother! - All I said was... Never mind what you said. Did you spot Robie? Go tell the others what's his costume. And don't lose him! - What is it? - Robie the Cat is here. - Here? - Yes. He's just gone to the rooms. Don't worry. We're watching him. Thank you, dear. Shall we dance? - Any Bourbon? - Yes, Madam. Go to the balcony. And watch the window. Well, I hope the London office appreciate what I've done for them. My feet are killing me. Mother was quite an actress. She played her part well. Heart pills! I didn't think this scheme of yours would work, Francie. But it has. I think now we can relax. You can remove your wigs. I figured it was you the night your father died. You always did his legwork! Come down, Robie! Come down, Robie, or we shall be forced to shoot! Come over here. Hold out your gun. - He's not The Cat! - What does he do on that roof? - Your job. - I only believe what I see. - Shoot him and I'll... - Robie's where I knew he'd be. He's not alone up there. - Pull me up! - Don't shout, it makes me nervous. I might drop you. - Then drop me. - Whatever you say. You've got a full house. Begin the performance. - What performance? - Tell them who is really who. Please, I might slip. - I can hold you for 30 seconds. - I did it for my father. That's fine, but I already know. Tell them down there. - I kill you when I get up there. - If you get up there. Tell them. I was working for my father! Now, please! - Your father is conveniently dead. Who else? - That's all. You know I'm out of training. My fingers are beginning to open. Tell them who was behind it. Who knew as much about me as I knew? Go on! - Bertani's was behind it. - You're telling them, remember. - Bertani's was behind it! - That's right. Now, please, I'll die! - Who brought you up here? - The police. We'd have caught you if my dress hadn't got caught on the gear shift. - I only just said goodbye. - As quickly as you could. - Didn't I thank you? - Politely. You left in such a hurry you almost ran! I had work to do up here. Were you afraid to admit you just can't do everything by yourself? You needed the help of a good woman. You aren't the lone wolf you think you are. Without you I couldn't have done it. I needed the help of a woman. I guess I'm not the lone wolf I thought I was, Francie. Well, I just wanted to hear you say that. Thank you. - Goodbye. - Goodbye. So this is where you live. Mother will love it up here!