

# To Catch A Thief

Screenplay by John Michael Hayes

Directed by Alfred Hitchcock

FADE IN:

## 1. MAIN TITLES

A shaft of moonlight indicates that the period is night. In an open jewel case lined with black velvet, a collection of women's jewelry is displayed. Necklaces, bracelets, rings, wristwatches represent an expensive assortment of emeralds, rubies, diamonds and sapphires. They are in careless arrangement, as though the owner had just taken some of them off the night before and had been too tired to put them away in a place of safety.

After the last title has gone off, a pair of black-gloved hands come into the picture—and with soundless and expert dexterity, remove the jewelry from the case.

## 2. EXT. ROOFTOP—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT

A large black cat is seen stealthily going up a steep tiled roof. For a moment, it disappears into the shadow of a tall group of chimneys, and then emerges again into the moonlight.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

## 3. INT. HOTEL ROOM—(DAY)—CLOSEUP

There is a sharp contrast in light. It is now broad day-light. The screen is completely filled with a big head of a middle-aged woman. Her face is covered with cold cream and her grey hair is tied up in a chiffon scarf. She has four gold teeth, which are easily seen in her wide-open, screaming mouth. Still screaming, she looks down.

INSERT—THE EMPTY JEWEL CASE

## 4. INT. HOTEL ROOM—(DAY)—CLOSEUP

Her head moves away from the CAMERA as we now begin to see her full, night-robed figure running around the room in a helpless panic. She sees the open french windows leading to a balcony. She dashes over and through the windows into the sunlight.

## 5. EXT. HOTEL BALCONY—(DAY)—LONG SHOT

Her balcony is on the fifth floor of the hotel. She emerges and starts to scream out at the world at large. Beyond her we see the whole curving sweep of the sea-front at Cannes. The amount of traffic and people indicates that it is nearing midday. Some of the passersby turn to stare up at her.

FIRST WOMAN: *Au secours! Appelez la Police! On m'a volé mes bijoux! On m'a volé mes bijoux!*

LAP DISSOLVE:

## 6. INSERT.

It is night. A dresser drawer, pulled open silently, gives us a glimpse of another collection of expensive jewelry. The same two black-gloved hands move in, and we see them scoop up the whole collection of jewels.

## 7. EXT. ROOFTOP—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT

A black cat stealthily moving across a slate-tiled roof in the moonlight.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

8. EXT. HOTEL--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

A hotel window fills the screen. Again a woman's scream is heard, and a voice exclaims in German:

SECOND WOMAN: *Mein juwelen! Mein juwelen! Ist verschwunden!*

We do not see the owner of the voice.

9. EXT. PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS, NICE--(DAY)--LONG SHOT

A comprehensive view of the sea-front at Nice, with the hotel in the foreground.

LAP DISSOLVE:

10. INSERT

The back of a woman's head, and a pillow. The pair of black-gloved hands skilfully slide under the pillow, and reappear with a suede bag. The hands open the bag which contains an assortment of brilliant jewels.

11. EXT. ROOFTOP--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

A black cat moves furtively across the hotel roof.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

12. EXT. HOTEL (DAY)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

The facade of an elegant hotel. We now see many windows. From one of them, although we cannot determine which one, comes the long, customary scream.

13. EXT. MONTE CARLO--(DAY)--LONG SHOT

A full, comprehensive and beautiful shot of Monte Carlo.

14. EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, NICE--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

There is a uniformed guard at the door. A car waits by the curb. The motor is running, the doors are open on the side facing the buildings. Four men come out of the building, and down the steps. All are in civilian clothes. They quickly enter the car. The doors slam shut and the car moves off. THE CAMERA PANS IT UP the main thoroughfare.. It is soon lost in the stream of traffic.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

15. EXT. MOUNTAINS--(DAY)--LONG SHOT

A panoramic view of the mountains behind the French Riviera. A winding road coils from the foreground into the distant mountains, where it disappears. The police car is laboring up the incline. The CAMERA PANS OFF it and looks farther into the distance.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

16. EXT. MOUNTAINS--(DAY)--LONG SHOT

Another view of the mountains beyond--the snow-capped peaks in the distance. Far away to the left, a villa sits atop a small rise. It is about two or three miles away from us. At that range, it looks small.

LAP. DISSOLVE TO:

17. EXT. VILLA--(DAY)--LONG SHOT

The villa, and its flower gardens, fills the screen.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

18. EXT. VILLA (DAY)–MEDIUM SHOT

The front door of the villa opens. A middle-aged, portly housekeeper emerges and shakes out a dust cloth. She goes back into the villa.

19. INT. ROBIE'S LIVING ROOM (DAY)–LONG SHOT

It is a large, attractive, masculine room. It is lined with books, and a few good oil paintings. There are many flowers in the room. The housekeeper returns from the door and goes on with her dusting. The CAMERA PANS AROUND the room and comes to rest at an armchair. It CLOSES IN on a sleeping black cat. The cat is lying on a folded newspaper. THE CAMERA CLOSES in on the cat and the newspaper.

19A. INSERT

The newspaper, showing the name of it as “The Paris Herald Tribune”. It is open to the leading paragraph in the Art Buchwald Column suggests that the famous, pre-war jewel thief called The Cat—or, as he is known in France, Le Chat—has now become active again on the Riviera. He had reformed after becoming a hero in the war, but apparently has decided not to let well enough alone. The cat's paw reaches out, stretches its claws, and tears down through the center of the column.

19B. INT. ROBE'S LIVING ROOM–(DAY)–LONG SHOT

The. CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN UP from the newspaper to the open window. We see into the garden beyond, where John Robie is snipping dead blooms off his rose bushes.

20. EXT. ROBIE'S GARDEN–(DAY)–MEDIUM SHOT

John Robie, age thirty-five, is dressed in casual country clothes. The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN, and as it reaches his head and shoulders, we hear the faint whine of the approaching car. Robie's head begins to turn suspiciously.

21. INT. ROBIE'S LIVING ROOM–(DAY)–CLOSEUP

The cat in the armchair raises its head as though it senses something disturbing in the air.

22. EXT. ROBIE'S GARDEN–(DAY)–SEMI CLOSE

Robie's head turns and looks out toward the approaching road.

23. EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD–(DAY)–LONG SHOT

Robie's garden is in the foreground, but far beyond we see the winding mountain road and the automobile approaching. A light cloud of dust hangs behind it.

2 . EXT. ROBIE'S GARDEN–(DAY) SEMI CLOSEUP

Robie studies the oncoming car for a moment, then turns back slowly to snip off another bloom. He looks out once more, and turns and makes his way back to the villa, THE CAMERA PANNING with him. We see him pass through the French windows, into the living room.

25. INT. ROME'S LIVING ROOM–(DAY)–MEDIUM SHOT

Robie crosses the living room and makes some comment to his housekeeper who is still dusting around. We see him mount some stairs in the hallway beyond. He does not seem to be in any particular hurry, yet his movements seem definite and purposeful.

26. INT. LANDING–(DAY)–MEDIUM SHOT

We see Robie pass through a door into his second-floor bedroom.

27. INT. ROBIE'S BEDROOM–(DAY)–MEDIUM SHOT

Robie comes into the room, and strolls over toward the dormer window. THE CAMERA MOVES FORWARD TO meet him, until his head and shoulders fill the screen. He looks out of the window with studied caution, standing far enough back to avoid exposing himself.

28. EXT. MOUNTAINS--(DAY)--LONG SHOT

Through the foreground window, we see the car approaching along the main highway. It slows down, and then turns into Robie's driveway.

29. INT. ROBIE'S BEDROOM--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

Robie's eyes travel with the car along the driveway. He makes the slightest movement backward.

EXT. DRIVEWAY--(DAY)--SEMI LONG SHOT

The car circles around and faces the roadway again. It stops, the doors open and four men get out, the driver remaining in the car. We see the leader issuing instructions to the men. He is obviously directing them to surround the house. They move off to their various stations. The leader and his assistant approach the front door, until they disappear under the edge of the roof.

31. INT. ROBIE'S BEDROOM--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

In a business-like way, Robie moves to a clothes closet, opens it, and produces a long canvas case and a small yellow box.

From the case he takes a double-barrelled shotgun. From the yellow box he takes two shells, and loads them into the gun. He snaps the gun shut, then releases the safety catch. THE CAMERA PANS HIM to a nearby chintz-covered armchair, and he lays the loaded gun across the arms. He now assumes a more nonchalant attitude, and strolls through the bedroom door.

During all this, we have heard knocking on the door, the muffled voices of the men and the replies of his housekeeper—all in French. As Robie reaches the bedroom door, we hear the voice of his housekeeper calling up to him.

GERMAINE: *Monsieur Robie!*

32. INT. LANDING--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

In the foreground at the top of the stairs, Robie is emerging from his room. We see Germaine standing at the foot of the stairs. AS he descends, Germaine says:

GERMAINE: *Deux messieurs vous demandent.*

ROBIE: *Mercie, Germaine.*

She stands aside to let him pass, casting a very sour and critical glance at the two policemen. As Robie turns into the living room, Germaine retires to her kitchen, giving another defiant and unfriendly look at the police.

33 INT. ROBIE'S LIVING ROOM--(DAY)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

The two detectives stand in the foreground, their backs to the CAMERA. They are about five feet apart. Beyond them, at the other end of the room, we see Robie enter. He advances into the room a few steps, then stops and looks at them enquiringly. There is something about his manner that seems strange. He waits for them to speak. The man on the right announces his name.

LEPIC: Lepic.

The second man speaks:

MERCIER: Mercier.

Robie looks at them, waiting.

LEPIC: *Monsieur Robie, nous appartenons à la Sureté Nationale. Nous procedons actuellement sur une enquête sur un certain nombre de vols de bijoux et nous pensons que vous pourriez nous fournir quelques renseignements susceptibles de nous aider dans nos recherches. Voudriez-vous avoir l'obligeance de nous accompagner à notre Bureau de Nice?*

34. INT. LIVING ROOM–CLOSEUP

During this, Robie has listened impassively, although by the expression in his eyes, we see an alert brain at work.

35. INT. ROBIE'S LIVING ROOM –(DAY)–MEDIUM SHOT

Robie crosses to the window and looks out.

36. INT. ROBIE'S LIVING ROOM–(DAY)–MEDIUM SHOT The men's heads turn as they follow his movements.

37. INT. ROBIE'S LIVING ROOM–(DAY)–MEDIUM SHOT

Robie crosses the room and looks out another window. His face still shows no expression. He turns to the two men.

ROBIE: *Vous me permettez bien de prendre mon chapeau et mon veston?*

He gestures towards his arms and head.

38. INT. ROBIE'S LIVING ROOM–(DAY)–MEDIUM SHOT

The two men. Lepic makes a conciliatory gesture.

39. INT. ROBIE'S LIVING ROOM–(DAY)–MEDIUM SHOT

Robie turns and moves out of the room towards the stair,– case. As he goes up the stairs:

40. INT. Robie's LIVING ROOM (DAY)–MEDIUM SHOT

The two men exchange suspicious glances. Lepic gestures Mercier to stay where he is. Then Lepic moves softly and quickly toward the staircase, THE CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM.

41. INT. ROBIE'S HALLWAY (DAY)–MEDIUM SHOT

Lepic comes to the foot of the stairs just as the door above is closing. We hear a definite click as the door is being locked. Lepic quickly turns and calls out:

LEPIC: *Mercier!*

He turns back and hurries up the stairs. Halfway up, Lepic, the stairway and the doorway are rocked by the loud EXPLOSION of a gun going off. As Lepic reaches the top, and Mercier dashes in the hallway, we hear the loud THUD of a falling body .

42. EXT. FRONT PORCH (DAY)–SEMI LONG SHOT

The drivers jump out of the car, and rush for the front door.

43. EXT. ROBIE'S GARDEN (DAY)–LONG SHOT

From the roof of the villa we see below us the posted detectives now converging on the house. They run around and pile in through the front door, THE CAMERA PANNING with them.

THE CAMERA PANS BACK to a small dormer window on the roof. The head of John Robie appears. A pair of shoes are tied around his neck. Behind him, and in the house below,

we hear pounding, shouting and loud voices. His expression and manner are business-like. He shows no panic.

44. EXT. ROBIE'S ROOF (DAY)–SEMI LONG SHOT

He emerges from the window, and his stockinged feet, and makes his way along the roof toward the end of the house. He moves with experienced ease over the tiles. Reaching the end of the house, he starts to lower himself down a drain pipe.

45. INT. HALLWAY–(DAY)–MEDIUM SHOT

Lepic and Mercier are at the top of the stairs, trying to force the door open, while the other men are crowding the bottom of the stairway.

46. INT. HALLWAY (DAY)–SEMI CLOSEUP

Lepic and Mercier succeed in bursting the door open.

47. INT. ROBIE'S BEDROOM–(DAY)–SEMI CLOSEUP

As the door swings open with a crash, Lepic and Mercier start to rush in, but are pulled up in sudden alarm by what they see.

48/. INT. ROBIE'S BEDROOM (DAY)–SEMI CLOSEUP

FROM THEIR VIEWPOINT

An overturned wing armchair, with the double-barreled gun propped to point ominously at them.

49. INT. POKE'S BEDROOM (DAY)–SEMI LONG SHOT

Shooting over the armchair and gun. They advance cautiously into the room. At this moment there is the SOUND of a car starting up, and driving away with a burst of speed. Without bothering to go to the window, instinctively knowing what happened, they immediately turn and rush back through the doorway. We hear the thunder of RUNNING FEET on the floor below as the other detectives rush for the outside door.

50. EXT. ROBIE'S DRIVEWAY (DAY)–SEMI LONG SHOT HELICOPTER

The police car in the driveway. Beyond it we see the front door of the house. The detectives rush out, and look out toward the roadway where we hear the SOUND of the other car driving away.

Lepic dashes out, and issues some swift orders. Then they hurry toward the automobile. They pile in quickly, and the car starts off.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK AND AWAY from the villa, as we see the car turn from the driveway into the main, winding highway. THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK until we get a great, wide, panoramic shot of the mountains, with the diminutive police car racing down the twisting road.

Presently, the Robie's yellow-colored convertible comes into view, and we can see the distance between the two cars. We are possibly a mile away from them.

51. EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD –(DAY)–LONG SHOT–(HELICOPTER)

The CAMERA SKIMS the rooftops of a village, and it travels along with the two cars as they tear their way through.

52. EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD–(DAY)–LONG SHOT–(HELICOPTER)

Once more the cars are on the open highway. THE CAMERA MOVES ALONG with them, and they approach a village which is of the medieval, walled-in, type. THE CAMERA, in mid-air, loses them as they enter this village.

THE CAMERA TRAVERSES along the outer walls so that we only hear the SOUND of the cars racing through the village. We reach the other end of the village and, to our surprise, it is the police car which emerges first.

The car pulls up suddenly, and one or two of the policemen get out and look down the highway, on which there is no car in sight. Abruptly, Robie's car roars out of the village past them. The police jump back into their car, and resume the pursuit.

52A. EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD--(DAY)--LONG SHOT

The police car comes alongside Robie's car and forces it to a stop at the side of the road.

52B. EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

The police pile out of their car, and move quickly to the side of Robie's yellow convertible. For the first time we see that Robie is not at the wheel, but that Germaine, his housekeeper, is the driver. She expostulates vigorously for being driven over to the side of the road.

GERMAINE: *Qu'est-ce qui vous prend, hein? Ca vous amuse de coincer les gens sur le bas-côté de la route? Je suis une honnête citoyenne. J'obéis scrupuleusement à la loi! Depuis quand est-ce considéré comme un crime d'aller au marché?*

52C. EXT. ROBIE'S VILLA--(DAY)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

Robie is seen casually crossing the road toward the local bus which is just coming to a stop.

52D. EXT. ROBIE'S VILLA--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

He gets on the bus, and it drives off.

52E. EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD--(DAY)--LONG SHOT

The bus, travelling down the road is forced to move to one side, in order to allow a speeding car to pass it in the opposite direction. It is the police car, returning.

52F. EXT. BUS--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

Robie, calmly looking out the window at the passing police car.

52G. EXT. ROBIE'S VILLA--(DAY)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

The police car dashing to a stop in front of the villa.

52H. INT. BUS--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

As Robie leans back into his seat, he glances at the woman sitting next to him. She has a bird in a cage on her lap. The bird suddenly begins fluttering and flapping its wings in fright.

52I. INT. BUS--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

Robie, looking down at the bird—dead pan.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

53 thru 74 OMITTED

75. EXT. INTERSECTION, MONTE-CARLO--(DAY) SEMI LONG SHOT

In the foreground is an ordinary patrol policeman. At the other side of the street we see the bus pull up. One or two passengers alight, including Robie. He comes around the back of the bus, and crosses the roadway toward the CAMERA.

Halfway across he spots the policeman. We see him stiffen a little, but he comes on cautiously without changing his pace. As he nears the policeman, he raises a flat palm towards his face, while he contorts his face into an exaggerated yawn. It is a simple and effective momentary disguise. As he passes the policeman and move on out of the picture, the

policeman turns casually and follows him with his eyes. Then the policeman also begins to yawn. His mouth opens wide and his eyes close, as he turns away.

76. REVERSE ANGLE--(DAY)--LONG SHOT

We see Robie approaching some steps leading to a smart little restaurant situated on the dock side of Monte Carlo.

77. EXT. BERTANI'S RESTAURANT--(DAY)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see Robie descend the steps, and the garden section at the restaurant. It is mid-day, and the customers are arriving for luncheon. The well-appointed tables indicate that this restaurant has some special quality. There are plenty of waiters, and the clientele are of the well-to-do and fashionable set.

We see Robie approach the garden entrance to the restaurant.

78. EXT. BERTANI'S RESTAURANT--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie enters behind a small group of people who are waiting for a table. The headwaiter motions the group forward to a table, leaving Robie exposed at the entrance, alone. His country clothes contrast sharply with the sophisticated atmosphere.

79. EXT. BERTANI'S RESTAURANT--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

At a nearby table, the wine waiter is uncorking a bottle of champagne for a couple. He looks up, as he turns the cork. A slightly startled look comes into his face as he sees Robie. At this moment, the cork pops. He still stares at Robie.

80. INSERT

The foam from the champagne spills out of the neck of the bottle over the waiter's hands.

81. EXT. BERTANI'S RESTAURANT--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

Robie gives a faint smile and a slight admonishing shake of the head.

82. EXT. BERTANI'S RESTAURANT--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

The waiter recovers, and turns to his customers to mutter an apology. A busboy hurries up with a napkin to dry the bottle and the waiter's hands.

83. EXT. BERTANI'S RESTAURANT--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

Robie's attention leaves the waiter, as he scans the restaurant, looking for someone. Suddenly his eye catches sight of:

84. EXT. BERTANI'S RESTAURANT--(DAY)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

A man who is obviously the restaurant owner. His eye catches sight of something. He hurries across to a table near the center of the garden at which is seated a small party, including a man who might possibly be King Farouk.

A waiter is just about to hand the King a menu, when Bertani intercepts it, and with a nod of his head orders the waiter to another duty. He then bends graciously toward the King, inviting his order.

85. EXT. BERTANI'S RESTAURANT--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie watches him for a fraction of a second, and then moves over toward him, THE CAMERA PANNING. He hesitates by Farouk's table long enough to cause Bertani to glance up at him. Having caught Bertani's eye, he moves on, and the CAMERA PANS HIM toward the entrance to the restaurant proper.

86. EXT. BERTANI'S RESTAURANT--(DAY)--CLOSEUP



A big head of Bertani as we hear the voice of Farouk giving his order in French. Bertani's eyes turn for a moment to follow Robie.

87. INT. BERTANI'S RESTAURANT--(DAY)--SEMI CLOSEUP

At the back of the restaurant, in a small enclosed counter, sits the cashier, Antoinette. She is a plain girl, with a body more interesting than her face. A look of recognition, and slight alarm, comes into her face, as we see her eyes follow Robie's progress through the restaurant. We do not see Robie, until he appears behind her, passing into the glass-enclosed office at the back of her desk.

88. INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

Robie enters the office, closes the door. The office is perhaps twelve feet square, with windows that look out to the kitchen, and toward the cashier's stand which is outside the left wall. There is an open doorway leading to the cashier's stand. Beyond the cashier, the central room of the restaurant can be seen, dark in the daytime, and beyond that the outside garden restaurant, crowded and busy.

THE CAMERA PANS Robie over to one aide of the office, which consists of a large wood and glass partition, beyond which we can see the kitchen.

89. INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

Robie looks out the glass partition toward the kitchen. His glance is an impersonal one, his mind seemingly occupied with his immediate problem. Then something attracts his attention.

90. INT. KITCHEN--(DAY)--MED. SHOT

One of the chefs is staring at him in a rather unfriendly manner. This Man immediately turns and starts to move along the other chefs and kitchen Workers. Here and there he stops to whisper something. As he speaks to each one, they give a half turn and look across toward Robie. Then they turn back to resume their tasks.

9 INT. KITCHEN--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Through the glass partition we see Robie watching this process with sober expression. Suddenly, without warning, a fresh egg smashes against the glass right over his face. The yellow goo appears to run down over him. He moves slowly away, and we see a grim smile on his face.

INT. KITCHEN--(DAY) MEDIUM SHOT

From his viewpoint. No one paying any attention. The activities of the kitchen bustle on.

93. INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE--(DAY).--MED. SHOT

Robie's attention is attracted by the entrance of Bertani, a heavy-set, rather dapper man. Beneath his carefully chosen wardrobe, and a certain professional air that is over-friendly and slightly comic, his strength as a leader of men is still evident. His eyes quickly appraise Robie's rough attire. .

BERTANI: Left in a hurry eh?

ROBIE : They came for me an hour ago.

BERTANI: The police?

ROBIE: Five of them.

BERTANI: Very flattering. Five.

He strolls-to a wall mirror, checks his tie and the hang of his coat. .

BERTANI: They sent only four to arrest Bluebeard.

ROBIE: And *he* was guilty.

BERTANI: (*Friendly but pointed*) And naturally, *you* are innocent.

ROBIE: (*Firmly*) I haven't stolen a piece of jewelry in fifteen years!

Bertani turns from the mirror, reacts with a smile.

BERTANI: Ah—honesty.

ROBIE: It has a good feeling.

Bertani casts a look toward his kitchen.

BERTANI: What do you-think of my kitchen? Works like a machine, yes?

ROBIE: (*Impatient*) Bertani—

Bertani turns and interrupts.

BERTANI: Just like our little band in the Resistance—cutting, slicing—but not good meat, like this.

ROBIE: Have *you* ever gone hungry, Bertani?

BERTANI: (*Chuckling*) Me? Permit me to serve you now. *Roti de veau Marengo, pommes de terre nouvelles, et champignons de Paris.*

ROBIE: Your prices are too high. Now let's get down to business.

Bertani strolls to his desk, looks over a menu.

BERTANI: The recent jewel robberies. Entre nous, what do, you know about them?

ROBIE: Only what I read in the papers.

BERTANI: (*Looks up*) But yet you run from the *flics*?

ROBIE: The guilty have no monopoly on running. I needed time—and distance.

BERTANI: (*Thoughtfully*) Coincidence can be terrible. These robberies all bear your mark—but you claim to be innocent.

Robie's face hardens a little.

ROBIE I do more than *claim*, Bertani—I *insist*.

BERTANI: Naturally—but let's be frank. What do you need, Robie, an alibi for the time of each robbery?

Robie looks at him a moment. The look is unfriendly.

ROBIE: Well, thank you, Bertani. You've been *most* unkind. If I'm ever hungry, I'll eat someplace else.

He starts for the door. Bertani quickly moves around the desk and intercepts him. He gives Robie what passes for a warm smile.

BERTANI: I felt the good thing in here... (*He taps his chest*) but said the bad thing.

At this moment we see Antoinette tapping-the window in the background. The headwaiter is standing beyond her desk, waiting. Bertani turns and opens the door. Antoinette hands him two or three chits to sign.

INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

Robie turns his head and looks out into the kitchen.

95. INT. KITCHEN--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

Beyond the egg-splattered glass partition, we see a couple of the kitchen workers looking around toward the office. They are La Mule, the dishwasher, and one of the chefs. Their appraisal of Robie is distinctly unfriendly.

96. INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

Robie gives them a challenging smile. Bertani's voice breaks in, causing him to turn back. The CAMERA PULLS BACK as Robie takes a step or two towards the returning Bellini.

BERTANI: What can I do for you, Robie?

ROBIE: All I want is someone to look after my villa—pay Germaine and the gardener once a month, and get a good price for my grapes.

Bertani's gestures indicate that the request is so simple that. Robie should never have worried about it.

BERTANI: Simple.

ROBIE: If there's any money left—put it in the bank under another name. Well, the flics might show up here any minute—

BERTANI: *(Interrupting, concerned)* And now—you need clothes and money? *(Indicates his own suit)*

ROBIE: I'm well supplied, thanks.

He moves a little toward the door, Bertani stops him.

BERTANI: Take my boat and go to the islands.

ROBIE: *(Smiles)* I'm thinking of going home to America.

BERTANI: Oh, that's a long way—and you believe you could live without French cooking?

ROBIE: I'll have to struggle along on hamburgers and malts.

BERTANI: *(Holds his stomach)* No, it is better I hide you.

ROBIE: *(Smiles, shakes his head)* America. If my luck holds out.

BERTANI: And if not?

ROBIE: You *(Nods toward kitchen)* and the boys will have won yourselves a villa—heavily mortgaged.

An expression of deep pain and concern comes over Bertani's face. He goes to the window facing the kitchen, THE CAMERA PANNING with him, and CLOSING IN, until the screen is filled with his head and the yellow goo of the egg on the glass partition. Bertani sees the egg, and then quickly looks around it into the kitchen.

97 INT. KITCHEN--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

From his viewpoint, we see the dishwasher, and two of the other kitchen helpers, who have been staring at Robie, turn back to their jobs self-consciously.

98. INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE--(DAY)-- MEDIUM SHOT

As Bertani turns questioningly to Robie, Antoinette taps on the door. She opens it, and, then says urgently, as she points out toward the restaurant:

ANTOINETTE: *Monsieur Bertani! Les clients attendent pour avoir des tables!*

BERTANI: Excuse me, Robie. Business calls—Happy sound.

Bertani turns and leaves the office. Robie turns, and THE CAMERA PANS him over to the glass door that leads through the partition into the kitchen.

99. INT. KITCHEN—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie stands in the doorway of the kitchen, the office behind him. His attitude clearly indicates that he is not in the least intimidated by their hostility. His attention is drawn to one of the younger members of the kitchen staff.

100. INT. KITCHEN—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

This kitchen helper is a boy about twenty. He is grinning across at Robie. He takes a saucer and pours some milk into it.

101. INT. KITCHEN—(DAY)—CLOSEUP

Robie looks at the boy without displaying any emotion. His eye is caught by something else. He turns to see:

102. INT. KITCHEN—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

The same wine waiter we met when Robie entered the restaurant through the garden. He is coming up the cellar stairs carrying a couple of bottles of wine. He limps slightly. As he approaches THE CAMERA, we hear Robie's voice off:

ROBIE: Bonjour, Foussard.

Foussard gives a cold stare and passes the CAMERA.

103. INT. KITCHEN—(DAY)—CLOSEUP

Robie's eyes follow him briefly, and then stop as they see:

104. INT. KITCHEN—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

A vegetable chef is in the act of twisting the tops of a bunch of carrots. As he stares at Robie, his hands twist viciously and menacingly.

105. INT. KITCHEN—(DAY)—CLOSEUP

Robie grins at this. We hear a voice from the other end of the kitchen.

LA MULE: *Allez-vous en, Robie!*

Robie turns his head in the direction of the voice.

106. INT. KITCHEN—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

At the dishwashing sinks, full of soapy water, with steam rising from them, stands a hairy mountain of a man. They call him La Mule. His look toward Robie is one of pure hatred.

107. INT. KITCHEN—(DAY)—SEMI-LONG SHOT

We now get a view of the whole kitchen. At the sound of La Mule's voice ordering Robie out of the kitchen, the place falls quiet. Work is forgotten as the chefs and their helpers turn to look at Robie. Foussard watches.

Robie stands his ground, keeping his eyes on the dishwasher. La Mule carefully wipes his hands on his apron, and then picks up a plate. He smashes it in half against the sinks, and advances on Robie with a jagged half of plate held threateningly in his right hand.

108. INT. KITCHEN—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie doesn't move. He guardedly watches La Mule.

109. INT. KITCHEN--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

La Mule, coming slowly, and threateningly toward the CAMERA.

110. INT. KITCHEN--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

Robie watching La Mule. His eyes dart down for a moment.

111. INTO KITCHEN--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

Robie's hand slides behind him, and picks up one of the two bottles of wine just deposited there by Foussard, the wine waiter. The hands come forward, and fling the bottle out of the picture.

112. INT. KITCHEN--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

The bottle sails out toward the oncoming dishwasher. He is forced, by instinct, to drop the broken half of the plate, and catch the bottle of wine in both hands.

113. INT. KITCHEN--(DAY)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

The kitchen workers, despite their allegiance to the dishwasher, burst into sudden laughter at seeing La Mule so neatly disarmed and his menacing attitude turned into confusion.

INT. KITCHEN--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

This only serves to increase La Mule's rage. He grips the neck of the wine bottle and advances farther toward Robie. Suddenly, the voice of Bertani sounds off:

BERTANI: *La Mule! Pose cette bouteille et retourne a ta vaisselle! En vitesse, hein!*

115. INT. KITCHEN--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

Robie has turned as Bertani beckons him back into the office. As Robie starts to go, he gives one more glance at La Mule, and then as a parting shot, picks up a glass and tosses it out of the picture.

116. INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE--(DAY)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

Through the open door we see La Mule now catch the glass in his other hand. There are a few more laughs from the kitchen hands. As Bertani closes the door we see the wine waiter, Foussard, cross and snatch the bottle away from La Mule. We cannot hear what he says, but he indicates that the wine is now so shaken up it's not usable. As La Mule turns angrily away, the rest of the kitchen hands resume their various tasks. Bertani closes the office door, then mutters:

BERTANI: *C'est l'heure du déjeuner, pas de la rigolade!*

ROBIE: Even *they* think I'm operating again.

The CAMERA CLOSES IN on them.

BERTANI: Well—once they were all in prison with you—so the police think...

ROBIE: Don't tell me. "One bad apple spoils the barrel."

BERTANI: (*Nods*) But since the Resistance, I have obliged all these men to be honest. I have *beat* honesty into their skulls—I did not want them to break their paroles and return to prison.

ROBIE: Listen, if my parole is broken, they'll throw the key away.

BERTANI: Remember, Robie—some of *them* have families to think of now.

Robie looks out to the kitchen.

ROBIE: I wouldn't put it past any one of them to be doing the robberies themselves.

BERTANI: (*Chuckles*) Simple men—without education? No, Robie. Maybe kill somebody in the dark, but steal jewels, no.

ROBIE: (*Turns*) And I wouldn't put it past you.

Bertani bubbles with good humor as he checks himself in his wall mirror again.

BERTANI: I have restaurant, that's enough. And I can't even climb stairs now without—(*Demonstrates puffing*)

He turns back. There is a look of concern on his face.

BERTANI: It's time to go if the flics come.

Robie seems to be thinking to himself.

ROBIE: What I can't understand is how this thief can imitate me so perfectly. It has to be somebody who knew every detail of my technique. (*Looks up*) Maybe somebody in the police.

BERTANI: (*Chuckles at the thought*) Ah—voilà!

ROBIE: He picks the perfect victims—only the right stones—he goes up walls, over roofs, down through skylights—dresses in black—leaves no clues, and disappears in the night.

BERTANI: Just like John Robie, The Cat.

ROBIE: (*Flashes*) You don't believe me any more than the rest!

BERTANI: (*Appears distressed*) Robie, you're nervous as a c— (*Smiles*) I nearly said "cat".

ROBIE: I know. (*He paces, thinking*) The imitation is so faultless I sometimes wake up thinking I did the jobs myself. (*With some bitterness*) And I don't like running, hiding and leaving a trail of doubt in everybody's mind.

BERTANI: I shall defend you when I can.

ROBIE: Bertani—the only true defenses a man has are his own actions.

He moves restlessly.

BERTANI: (*Sincerely*) John, sometimes a fellow must run. (*He looks off nervously out toward the restaurant*) Robie—the police—any moment.

ROBIE: If somebody caught this—imitator, we'd all be off the hook, wouldn't we?

BERTANI: Surely.

ROBIE: Nobody believes me—and the police are chasing the wrong man. Someone's got to start chasing the right one.

BERTANI: You couldn't do more than the police!

ROBIE: The police always get to the scene of a job *after* it happens. With this kind of a thief, that's a waste of time.

BERTANI: How could you move around the Cote d'Azur?—They're all looking for you.

ROBIE: They were looking for me in Paris fifteen years ago and I gave them a pretty good chase.

BERTANI: One day he'll make a mistake.

ROBIE: (*Shakes his head*) I only made one mistake. If he knows so much about me, he won't repeat it. (*Long pause, then;*) Bertani—there's only one answer. I should have seen it sooner. I've *got* to find this imitator myself—and find him quick!

BERTANI: (*Throws up his hands*) You're mad. *How* could you catch this other Cat?

ROBIE: (*Gets warmed up*) There's only one way. Anticipate his moves. Get there ahead of him, and then find him with his hand right in somebody's jewel case.

Robie paces away, and then returns to Bertani who is watching his performance with fascination.

BERTANI: (*Shakes his head*) Huh uh. If they catch you, nobody will believe what you say.

ROBIE: Who believes me now?

BERTANI: (*A thoughtful pause*) Suppose they catch you—and the robberies continue?

ROBIE: I'd be a free man in an hour.

BERTANI: You believe so?

117 thru 121 OMITTED.

22. INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

Robie stares at Bertani, a little puzzled. Bertani's voice continues:

BERTANI: Think of this. If I am your imitator, and you are caught—what is it I do?

Robie has caught the implications.

ROBIE: Hmmmm.

123. INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

Bertani watches Robie's face.

BERTANI: I stop stealing—and they never find me.

121. INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE--(DAY) CLOSEUP

Robie is thoughtful for a moment. Then he says:

ROBIE: You have a rare skill for inspiring confidence.

Robie moves away, around the room, as THE CAMERA PULLS BACK and includes Bertani. Bertani's eyes follow him.

ROBIE: The biggest problem is time. I've got to hit this copy-cat before he knows I'm after him.

He paces, thinking.

ROBIE: To catch him in the act. I need better information than he has. The kind it takes months. to dig out.

BERTANI: Like—who has jewelry that deserves to be stolen?

ROBIE: *(Adds, quickly)* Where they live, which room they keep the stones in, and what time they usually go to sleep, how much they drink, whether they have dogs, guns, servants, insurance—

He runs out of words. He walks away, stops, turns back. During this, Bertani has seated himself at his desk. He opens the drawer, and begins to rummage through it, a thoughtful look on his face. He seems to find what he was looking for. He takes out a visiting card, studies it. Robie comes forward quickly and leans over the desks THE CAMERA CLOSING IN.

ROBIE: Come on, Bertani—what have you got?

BERTANI: You made me remember. Two days ago a man came into my restaurant. *(Smiles)* I didn't like him.

ROBIE: Why?

BERTANI: He called me to his table; he asked me about crime and criminals. Me! A respectable, honest, restaurateur!

ROBIE: *(Smiles)* See what it is when your past catches up with you, Bertani?

BERTANI: Then he ask me insidious questions, I refuse to answer. But then, he offered—

His speech is broken by a sharp tap at the door.

125. INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE –(DAY)–SEMI-LONG SHOT Antoinette is opening the door. Bertani turns in his chair.

ANTOINETTE: *Monsieur Bertani, le Commissaire Lepic est dehors, dans le jardin!*

Robie immediately moves toward the kitchen side of the office, out of sight of the restaurant. Bertani rises quickly and goes to the door behind Antoinette.

126. INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE –(DAY)–SEMI CLOSEUP

Bertani looking out into restaurant.

127. INT. RESTAURANT –(DAY)–LONG SHOT

In the distant garden, Lepic is talking to the headwaiter. His assistant, Mercier, is scanning the restaurant and the customers.

128. INT. KITCHEN –(DAY)–SEMI LONG SHOT

Foussard, the wine steward, hastily enters the kitchen. He steps quickly from the chef to the dishwasher, indicating the arrival of the police. There is consternation among all of them.

129. INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE –(DAY)–MEDIUM SHOT

Bertani turns from the doorway to the restaurant. He goes past Robie and opens the kitchen door. He sees the alarm among the kitchen hands, then motions Foussard over to him.

BERTANI: *(To the kitchen help)* *Continuez votre travail, vous autres. Et laissez-moi faire. Je vais lui parler.*



He turns to Foussard as the wine steward arrives.

BERTANI: *Ta fille n'a pas encore fini de dresser l'inventaire de la cave, hein?*

FOUSSARD: *Non, mais je ne veux pas qu'elle soit mêlée à—*

Bertani interrupts impatiently;

BERTANI: *Tu préfères sans doute passer la nuit en prison?*

There is no answer.

BERTANI: *Conduis Monsieur Robie auprès d'elle.*

He turns to Robie.

BERTANI: Foussard's daughter will take you out of here by boat.

ROBIE: Where?

BERTANI: The Beach Club in Cannes. Wait for a phone call there.

THE CAMERA PANS Bertani back to Antoinette as Robie takes his exit following Foussard. In the distance, we see Lepic approaching the desk of Antoinette. Bertani arrives, and engages Lepic in animated conversation. We see Bertani protesting at the untimely arrival of Lepic.

130. INT. WINE CELLAR—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

In the foreground, Danielle, sitting atop a short ladder, is using a clipboard to take inventory of the wines. Behind her are the stairs leading down from the kitchen. She turns as she hears her father and Robie descend.

131. INT. WINE CELLAR—(DAY)—SEMI CLOSEUP

Shooting up at Danielle's face, which registers surprise. Moreover, she doesn't move off the ladder. She is a well-built French girl, of perhaps twenty-four years, with a frank and attractive face. Her light summer dress, although not expensive, expresses a definite taste: to show that she is not one of Bertani's regular employees.

132. INT. WINE CELLAR (DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

The two men approach her, and THE CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP to include her in the picture. Robie smiles at her, but she watches her father, who quickly says, pointing upwards

FOUSSARD: *Les flics viennent de s'amener (Nodding to Robie)...Ils recherchent Monsieur Robie.*

Danielle descends the ladder, THE CAMERA GOING DOWN with her.

FOUSSARD: *Bertani veut que tu is conduises en canot jusqu'au Beach Club.*

She turns a blank face to Robie, who waits, genially. She looks back to her father, as if to say, "Are you serious?" Foussard seems to take his annoyance with Robie out, on his daughter.

FOUSSARD: *Eh bien, qu'est-ce que tu attends? T'as compris ce que je t'ai dit? Dépêche-toi!*

Danielle shrugs lightly, then softens and smiles at her father. Then she hugs him affectionately around the shoulders with one arm. They exchange glances that show their fondness for each other. Danielle looks at Robie briefly, then turns and moves for the back of the cellar, glancing over her shoulder to say:

DANIELLE: Okay. Let's go, Mister Cat.

Robie moves quickly after her, THE. CAMERA GOES WITH him.

ROBIE: Do me a favour, Danielle. Don't call me a cat.

Without turning, or stopping, she answers him:

DANIELLE: I only do one favour a day.

She swings open a low door at the far end of the cellar. Strong daylight floods in. We get an impression of the Mediterranean beyond. By now, Robie has reached Danielle. He takes her by the shoulder, and turns her around.

ROBIE: Look—if you don't want to do this...

She lowers her shoulder to get it out from under his hand. She looks at him innocently.

DANIELLE: Did I brush your fur the wrong way?

133. INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE—MEDIUM SHOT

Through the glass partition we see Lepic, followed by an anxious Bertani, entering the kitchen. He moves to the center of the kitchen, and then, one by one, calls several of the kitchen help toward him. Slowly, their faces impassive, they gather around Lepic. He waits a moment for someone to speak. No one does. Then, quickly, and angrily, he jabs a forefinger at each one of them in a threatening manner. They remain expressionless.

134. EXT. WATERFRONT—(DAY)—LONG SHOT

SHOOTING from the garden of the restaurant, we see a twenty-five foot speedboat make a wide, sweeping turn out into the Mediterranean. Robie and Danielle are the passengers.

135. EXT. RESTAURANT GARDEN—(DAY)—CLOSEUP

A big head of Mercier, Lepic's assistant. He is still scanning the restaurant when the SOUND of the motorboat comes to him. He turns sharply toward the Mediterranean. He waits a moment, then turns and runs FROM THE CAMERA.

He meets the exasperated Lepic emerging from the restaurant proper, followed by a suave Bertani. Mercier speaks to Lepic quickly, jerking his head in the direction of the Mediterranean. Both men hurry out of the restaurant garden toward their police car, the CAMERA PANNING them.

136. EXT. SIDE ROAD—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

Mercier and Lepic hurry down the side road of the restaurant toward their waiting police car. Lepic opens the door and reaches for the radio telephone.

137. OMITTED

138. EXT. SIDE ROAD—(DAY)—CLOSE SHOT

On the side road that runs down the back of the restaurant, Lepic is leaning into the police car and talking vigorously into the dashboard microphone. His French is too rapid for us to understand what he says.

139. EXT. MEDITERRANEAN—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

A VERY LOW CAMERA, just skimming the water line, takes in the full length of a speedboat. The spray fans upward from the bow, almost obscuring the passengers. We can just pick out the name on the side of the boat, through the film of water. It reads "MAZUIS MOUSE". In the background we see the coastline, and the high mountains beyond. We are rounding one end of Cap Ferrat.

INT. SPEEDBOAT—(DAY)—SEMI CLOSEUP

SHOOTING ACROSS the passengers. Danielle is in the foreground steering, while Robie sits in the seat beyond. She handles the boat quite well, and appears to enjoy herself. Some of the spray falls on both of them. She doesn't seem to mind. He wipes some of the water off his face.

ROBIE: You're getting us wet!

She laughs, but doesn't slow up a bit.

DANIELLE: It must be true what they say. Cats don't like water.

He gives her a look of annoyance.

ROBIE: I'll thank you not to mention that word again.

DANIELLE: A man should never regret his past.

ROBIE: I only regret one thing.

DANIELLE: That you never asked me to marry you?

ROBIE: That I ever took the time to teach you English.

DANIELLE: You only taught me the nouns. I learned the adjectives myself.

ROBIE: The word "cat" is a noun.

DANIELLE: Not the way you use it. For you it means excitement, danger, escape... affluence... *(She turns, pleased with herself)* What do you think of that word... *affluence?* It means *wealth*.

ROBIE: *(Squints at her)* What's on your mind?

DANIELLE: Oh, nothing. I was just thinking about you... imagining you in your expensive villa, enjoying life—while we work like idiots for a loaf of bread.

ROBIE: *(Losing some humor)* I work for a living, too—raising grapes and flowers.

DANIELLE: —and emeralds, and diamonds, and pearls—

Angrily he reaches over and quickly shuts off the motor. The speedboat comes to a sliding stop, and the silence is sudden. The boat moves gently up and down with the slap of the water on the hull.

ROBIE: School's open again. Professor Robie will now conduct a class on "Bad Manners" —or, "How to get spanked in a hurry".

DANIELLE: *(Smiles challengingly)* You can't touch me. I've graduated. *(After a pause)* You going to South America?

ROBIE: *(Frowns annoyance)* The Beach Club at Cannes.

DANIELLE: I have always dreamed of going to South America. The people say it's virgin country.

Robie looks down a moment in frustrated thought.

DANIELLE: I can cook, sew, be generous to you at the good time, keep my mouth shut, and peddle stolen jewels at the black market.

He looks up at her.

ROBIE: Danielle—you don't think I'm responsible for all these recent robberies.

DANIELLE: I think so, yes.

He shows a trace of anger.

ROBIE: Along with your father—and the rest of my Resistance pals.

DANIELLE: But there's one great difference. They are furious with you. I am not.

ROBIE: *(Takes a deep breath)* Danielle, listen carefully. I stole once, a long time ago. I went to jail.

DANIELLE: And they could not even keep you there—could they?

ROBIE: “They” had nothing to do with it! Maybe you were too young to remember. At least, I thought your father told you.

The sound of a small airplane is heard. They both look up. Danielle turns back to Robie.

DANIELLE: Want me to believe that fairy tale? About the German bombers who hit the prison by mistake? And let you all free? *(She laughs lightly)*

ROBIE: I can show you where some of the characters in that “fairy tale” are buried.

DANIELLE: But you were more smart—as usual. You convinced them to join the Resistance Army.

ROBIE: *(Sternly)* I didn't talk to anybody into joining the Maquis! I joined because I wanted to make up for some things I'd done. You ought to know that.

DANIELLE: I don't know what you *wanted*. I know what you got—pardons that are not worth anything.

ROBIE: They weren't pardons—they were paroles. And we fought six years to earn them! Those of us who were still around for the graduation.

DANIELLE: *(Maliciously)* Those paroles don't have much value today—euh?

ROBIE: As yet, they haven't been withdrawn from circulation.

DANIELLE: No South America?

ROBIE: *(Shakes head “No”)* The Beach Club at Cannes—if you please.

She shrugs, and steps on the starter of the boat.

DANIELLE: Well, in that case, we should hurry. This airplane up there, it probably belongs to the police.

He whips his head around fast, and looks up towards the sound of the plane. The motorboat starts, and moves forward.

141. EXT. MEDITERRANEAN—(DAY)—LONG SHOT

The airplane is beginning to descend toward them in a wide, sweeping circle.

142. INT. SPEEDBOAT-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

Robie moves swiftly out of his seat, and through the too small bow of the boat.

143. INT. SPEEDBOAT-(DAY)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

Danielle glances up and over her shoulder to the oncoming plane.

144. EXT. MEDITERRANEAN-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

The plane sweeping down toward the speedboat.

145. INT. SPEEDBOAT-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

In the foreground Danielle is looking up at the approaching plane, and beyond her, peeping through the doors, Robie also looks up.

146. EXT. MEDITERRANEAN-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

The plane zooms down almost into THE CAMERA.

147. INT. SPEEDBOAT-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

Danielle at the wheel, and Robie peering out. We see the plane rising, and turning beyond.

DANIELLE: If you're caught, would you be angry with me if I pretended that I was going to give you to the cops anyway?

148. INT. SPEEDBOAT-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Robie looks at her with a straight-faced amazement.

ROBIE: From the sound of things, you probably *are*.

149. INT. SPEEDBOAT-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Robie, unperturbed:

ROBIE: Good. What he comes by again—wave to him.

150. INT. SPEEDBOAT-(DAY)-SEMI CLOSEUP

She remains impudent.

DANIELLE: Suppose he's not my type?

154. EXT. SPEEDBOAT-(DAY) CLOSEUP

He's a little irritated with her.

ROBIE: Wave to him anyway! Act as if you're a pretty girl out for a ride.

114-9. INT. SPEEDBOAT-(DAY)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

She looks down at him. innocently.

DANIELLE: I thought that maybe there was a reward. It would be silly to let a perfect stranger profit by it.

150. INT. SPEEDBOAT-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Robie tries to peer out into the sky, as he replies:

ROBIE: Don't buy any new clothes with the money yet. What's he doing now?

151. INT. SPEEDBOAT-(DAY)-SEMI CLOSEUP

She looks up, turning her head to follow the plane, and with her eyes on it, she says:

DANIELLE: He is coming back over us.

She turns back to him with a smile.

155. INT. SPEEDBOAT-(DAY)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie's viewpoint, SHOOTING FROM the forward compartment of the boat. Danielle is seated in the foreground at the wheel, and beyond her, the airplane is swooping down once more. In response to Robie's command, she prepares to wave at the airplane and the pilot. But she adds something of her own—crossing her legs, and pulling her skirt up somewhat. Then she waves gaily. The plane ROARS down behind her, passing over the boat at a very low altitude.

156. INT. SPEEDBOAT—CLOSEUP—(DAY)

His eyes watching the plane.

ROBIE: Not *that* pretty! We want to get *rid* of them!

157. INT. SPEEDBOAT—MEDIUM SHOT—(DAY)

Danielle, and Robie who puts his head cautiously out of the compartment doorway.

ROBIE: How much farther to the Beach Club?

DANIELLE: Oh... maybe fifteen minutes.

Robie disappears from the doorway, into the forward compartment. His VOICE is HEARD off.

ROBIE: (*Louder*) Uh huh. Now when you get there, pull close in shore and move around with the other boats.

DANIELLE: And then?

ROBIE: Then I'm getting out. I'll leave my clothes with you.

158. INT. SPEEDBOAT—CLOSE-UP—(DAY)

Danielle smiles with mild surprise.

DANIELLE: And I thought you hoped to be inconspicuous.

159. INT. SPEEDBOAT—SEMI-CLOSEUP—(DAY)

Robie comes into the doorway, and holds out a pair of bathing trunks.

ROBIE: Nobody will ever recognize me n these. Where's the plane now?

160. INT. SPEEDBOAT—SEMI-CLOSEUP—(DAY)

She glances up briefly. The SOUND of the plane motor is some distance away.

DANIELLE: It's going higher over the coast.

161. INT. SPEEDBOAT—SEMI-CLOSEUP—(DAY)

Robie, standing in the doorway, starts to unbutton his shirt.

ROBIE: After I get on the beach, wait until it's safe—then bring my clothes in.

He starts to turn away from the doorway, then thinks of something that makes him turn back. He speaks with mock concern.

ROBIE: Oh. Uh... sorry about that reward.

162. INT. SPEEDBOAT—SEMI-CLOSEUP—(DAY)

She smiles at him sweetly.

DANIELLE: There's still time.

163. INT. SPEEDBOAT—CLOSEUP—(DAY)

He grins back at her, and closes the compartment door behind himself.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

164. EXT. BEACH MEDIUM SHOT--(DAY)

Robie, floating face upwards on the water. We HEAR the SOUND of other bathers and children off.

165. EXT. BEACH--CLOSEUP--(DAY)

An alert Robie is scanning the sky.

166. EXT. SKY--LONG SHOT--(DAY)

An airplane, too high in the sky to identify, has completed a circle and is moving away out to sea.

167. EXT. BEACH--MEDIUM SHOT--(DAY)

Robie allows his feet to touch the bottom, and he pushes himself into an upright position. The water is quite shallow. He walks casually out of the water, up the beach, the CAMERA PANNING him. As he moves away, and is lost among the other habitués and bathers of the Beach Club, we get a full impression of the Club and its surroundings.

168. EXT. BEACH--MEDIUM SHOT--(DAY)

Robie finds an open spot on the beach, and reclines on the sand. He stares at the sky once more. Beyond him, perhaps twenty-five feet away, a girl is half-kneeling, half-sitting under a beach umbrella. Her hair is covered by a bandana, and she wears dark glasses. The most startling thing about her, next to her natural physique, is her simple but elegant bathing suit. She is putting sun tan oil on her shoulders. Her movements are unhurried.

169. EXT. BEACH--CLOSEUP--(DAY)

Robie's eyes are not turned in her direction, but are looking the other way, as though anticipating the arrival of someone. Presently, two bare male legs come into the picture. Robie's eyes look up.

170. EXT. BEACH--MEDIUM SHOT--(DAY)

From his viewpoint, SHOOTING straight up from the beach, we see a young Frenchman in his early twenties. In short bathing trunks, he displays a tanned and extremely muscular body. As he looks down at Robie, he says quietly:

CLAUDE: *M'sieu--téléphone.*

171. EXT. BEACH--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

Claude turns away as Robie rises and follows, brushing the sand from himself.

172. EXT. BEACH--(DAY)--CLOSE SHOT

The girl in the dark glasses pauses with her bottle of oil. Slowly her head turns as she follows Robie's progress up the beach. Although we cannot see her eyes, her interest in him seems more than casual.

173. EXT. BEACH OFFICE--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

Robie picks up a phone from the open counter. He speaks guardedly into the receiver. We cannot distinguish his few words. There is some activity around him. People are getting towels, buying candy, cigarettes, cold drinks, etc.

171. INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

Bertani sits at his desk. We get an impression of the kitchen beyond. The egg has been cleaned off the glass partition. He speaks cautiously into the phone.

BERTANI: The man with the information you want will wait for you at the entrance of the flower market in Nice. He will find

you. I told him you would be tossing a piece of money in the air.

175. EXT. BEACH OFFICE—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

Robie listens to Bertani on the phone. THE CAMERA MOVES IN until the head and shoulders of Claude, who is standing by, fill the screen. He is trying to be casual, and at the same time hear the phone conversation. His eyes briefly study Robie.

FADE OUT.

176. OMITTED.

177. OMITTED.

178. OMITTED.

FADE IN

179. EXT. FLOWER MARKET—(DAY)—LONG SHOT

The crowded, colorful and busy flower market in Nice. Into the foreground, a hand appears holding a coin. It begins flipping the coin casually into the air.

180. EXT. FLOWER MARKET . (DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie is looking around nonchalantly for the man he is supposed to meet. The coin flips up into the bottom of the picture occasionally.

181. EXT. FLOWER MARKET—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

A little way from one of the entrances to the flower market is a public phone booth. A man steps out of it. He is Mercier, Lepic's assistant, and he watches Robie.

182. EXT. FLOWER MARKET—(DAY)—SEMI CLOSEUP

Robie is still flipping the coin, looking around anxiously for his contact.

183. EXT. FLOWER MARKET—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

Nearby, with his back to THE CAMERA, a man is bending over a flower display, examining the blossoms. He is dressed in good taste, although a little formal for the Riviera in the summer—a light business suit, homburg hat, bow tie. Still bending over the flowers, he turns in the direction of Robie, and reveals an alert and friendly face. He sports a small mustache. He speaks one word:

HUGHSON: Tails?

184. EXT. FLOWER MARKET—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie catches the coin in mid-air, and brings it down on the back of his other hand. Slowly he lifts the palm of his hand off the coin. Then he looks across and nods to Hughson with a grin.

185. EXT. FLOWER MARKET (DAY)—SEMI CLOSEUP

The man straightens up and strolls over to Robie. THE CAMERA PANS him. The two are brought into SEMI-CLOSEUP.

HUGHSON: H.H. Hughson—Lloyds of London.

ROBIE: You're the man who knows who has all the good jewelry around here?

HUGHSON: We insure most of the important pieces in this area.

ROBIE: Insurance. Tbat's gambling, isn't it?

HUGHSON: A certain amount of betting—but very little gambling.



ROBIE: Too bad. I had a long shot for you. A little help in return for some of your losses.

HUGHSON: So Mister Bertani told me.

ROBIE: Interested?

HUGHSON: The proposition is certainly intriguing—albeit a little unorthodox.

ROBIE: Does that mean yes, or no?

HUGHSON: My dear Mr. Robie—

ROBIE: Smith.

HUGHSON: I beg your pardon. Ever been married?

ROBIE: No. And what does that have to do with “yes or no”?

HUGHSON: It might help you understand *my* problem. I have *two* wives. Felicity, God bless her—and the London Home office. I must return worthy of both of them.

ROBIE: I see. And they wouldn’t approve of your giving me a list of your rich clients.

HUGHSON: Officially, you come under the category of “extremely bad risk”.

ROBIE: Uh-huh.

He starts to move away.

ROBIE: Well, see you later, Hughson. It’s always a pleasure to meet an insurance agent who enjoys paying off big expensive claims.

186. EXT. FLOWER MARKET (DAY)—SEMI CLOSEUP

Hughson hastens after the walking Robie, the CAMERA PULLS HACK until he is alongside. Robie continues to walk, the CAMERA SLIGHTLY AHEAD of them. Hughson keeps pace with Robie.

HUGHSON: However, *unofficially*, there’s hope for you.

ROBIE: (*Smiles*) I was sure there would be.

HUGHSON: (*Smiles*) We’re both taking a big chance.

ROBIE: Really? What happens to *you*, if I’m caught?

HUGHSON: Well, I might be embarrassed. Possibly even censured officially.

ROBIE: And I could get eight years in prison.

HUGHSON: (*Smiles*) You made a bad choice of professions.

ROBIE: Then let’s have an understanding. *I’m* doing *you* the favor. I take all the risks; you get all the jewelry.

HUGHSON: Mr. Smith—it strikes me that only an *honest* man could be so foolish.

ROBIE: Thank you.

Robie glances over his shoulder cautiously.

157. EXT. FLOWER MARKET—(DAY)—LONG SHOT

At the distant entrance to the market, we see two bobbing heads of advancing men, threading their way through the crowd.

188. EXT. FLOWER MARKET—(DAY)—SEMI CLOSEUP

The CAMERA IS STILL MOVING ALONG ahead of the pair. Hughson has followed Robie's glance. Robie increases the pace of the walk. Hughson, understanding, keeps up with him. The speed of their conversation increases with the speed of their walk.

HUGHSON: How much of a list do you need?

ROBIE: Only the top half-dozen names.

HUGHSON Anything else?

ROBIE: The addresses, habits—whatever you've got. Of course, descriptions of the stones and settings.

Robie looks over his shoulder once more.

189. EXT. FLOWER MARKET—(DAY)—SEMI-LONG SHOT

There is no doubt now that two detectives are following Robie and Hughson and are getting much nearer to them.

190. EXT. FLOWER MARKET—(DAY)—SEMI CLOSEUP

Hughson also glances over his shoulder. Instinctively, the two men move even faster.

HUGHSON: Suppose it falls into the wrong hands?

ROBIE: Maybe it already has. Unless you've been pulling the thefts yourself.

HUGHSON: (*Chuckles*) Wouldn't that be one on the Home Office.

Robie glances over his shoulder once more.

191. EXT. FLOWER MARKET—(DAY)—SEMI-LONG SHOT

Robie starts to dash away, as the two detectives come into the picture a few yards away. Robie calls out to Hughson.

ROBIE: Where are you staying?

HUGHSON: The Carlton —Cannes.

The two detectives brush past Hughson, after Robie.

192. EXT. FLOWER MARKET—(DAY)—LONG SHOT

An elevated view of a section of the market, with its masses of flowers. We see Robie hurrying away from the two detectives. He pulls up short, as two new detectives come into the picture from the opposite direction. For a moment, Robie seems cornered. Then quickly, he makes for a side aisle.

193. EXT. FLOWER MARKET —(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

From the ground level. Robie dashing down the side aisle, suddenly collides with a man carrying a huge basket of freshly cut blooms. The basket is so big that we do not see the man behind it.

194. EXT. FLOWER MARKET—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

At the moment of impact, the flowers fly into the air, and shower the screen with a cascade of color. The man is knocked flat, as the flowers clear the picture. Robie turns and sees his pursuers.

195. EXT. FLOWER MARKET—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

From a high angle. Two of the detectives have run around the back while the other two are approaching him from the main aisle. Robie can do only one thing. He turns, and clambers into the middle of a flower stall, trying to find a path of escape. He doesn't quite make it, is grabbed by two of the men, and dragged back among the flowers. By now the merchants and customers of the flower market are in an uproar.

196. EXT. FLOWER MARKET--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

The two other detectives dive in, and now the screen is filled with a turmoil—legs, arms, flowers and heads.

197. EXT. FLOWER MARKET--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

A tall, elderly French lady, dressed in black, with apron, etc., who seems to be the owner of the stall, is busy beating the men with a large bunch of lilies. Fortunately, the noise of the onlookers prevents us from hearing her French profanity.

198. EXT. FLOWER MARKET--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

A grim, flower-covered Robie, fighting off the detectives. He is slowly being subdued.

199. EXT. FLOWER MARKET--(DAY)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

The old lady has dropped her bunch of lilies, and is calling for someone to come to her aid. Four or five husky flower vendors seem to answer her. They dash forward, and begin to tear at the struggling figures among the flowers. They appear to be trying to stop the fight.

200. EXT. FLOWER MARKET--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

Suddenly Robie finds himself without attackers. He rises, and for a moment stands alone amid the debris of the flowers, as the four detectives are being assaulted. Then, quickly realizing his good fortune, he takes advantage of it and continues his escape.

He turns toward the crowd, looking for an opening. People move back in confusion and fright. THE CAMERA PANS him through the crowd, and almost to freedom. His only pursuer is the old lady of the flower stalls, shrieking at the top of her lungs. She grabs him with both hands. Despite her size, she seems to have a bulldog grip.

201. EXT. FLOWER MARKET--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

The flower vendors relax their attack on the police. The police get to their feet, and hurry off in pursuit of Robie. As the police dash off, the leader of the flower vendors crosses to Hughson. THE CAMERA PANNING HIM, and Hughson hands him some large franc notes.

202. EXT. FLOWER MARKET--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

Robie cannot seem to shake the old lady loose without actually knocking her down. Before he can free himself, the police dash in and grab him. He is quickly pinioned.

203. EXT. FLOWER MARKET--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Hughson, who had been smiling in satisfaction, looks up to see Robie's capture. The smile dies, and he turns in dismay to see:

201. EXT. FLOWER MARKET--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

The leader of the flower vendors, handing out Hughson's money for freeing Robie.

205. EXT. FLOWER MARKET--(DAY)--CLOSE SHOT

Hughson turns back in Robie's direction, his face a drama of dismay and unhappiness at having spent money that brought him nothing in return.

206. EXT. FLOWER MARKET--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

Robie, being carted away by the police. The old lady stands shrieking and shaking her fist at him.

FADE OUT.

207 thru 227 OMITTED

FADE IN:

228. EXT. ROBIE'S VILLA--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

A tight TWO SHOT of Robie and Hughson, sitting on a low stone wall outside Robie's villa. The view beyond is interesting. There is an ice bucket between them, holding a bottle of champagne. Each man holds a glass, and Hughson's is empty. Robie takes the dripping bottle out of the bucket, and proceeds to pour the remains of the champagne into Hughson's empty glass. Hughson puts out a protesting hand.

HUGHSON: Please, my dear fellow. Not in the middle of the day.

Robie says nothing, completes the pouring. Hughson makes a gesture of gracious defeat. As Robie replaces the bottle, we hear the SOUND of a woman's voice off:

GERMAINE: *Le déjeuner est servi.*

229. EXT. VILLA --(DAY)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

From their viewpoint, a smiling Germaine is waiting on the terrace.

230. EXT. ROBIE'S VILLA--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

Robie and Hughson rise, glasses in hand.

ROBIE: (*Indicating drink*) Bring it to the table with you.

Hughson, however, swallows the drink quickly. He smiles at Robie. Then he puts the glass down and follows Robie. THE CAMERA PANS them up to the terrace.

231. EXT. TERRACE--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

Robie and Hughson enter the terrace and sit down for lunch. THE CAMERA MOVES IN on them. Germaine has laid a simple, but attractive, table. She has moved inside the house to get the first course.

232. EXT. TERRACE--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Hughson looks about him with considerable appreciation. Robie is busy uncorking a bottle of red wine. As Hughson glances around, his eye catches sight of:

233. EXT. TERRACE--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

Robie's cat, which we saw earlier, is sleeping in a nearby chair.

234. EXT. TERRACE--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Hughson turns back to Robie. He gestures toward the sleeping cat.

HUGHSON : Under the present circumstances, do you think it pays to advertise?

Robie looks at the cat fondly.

ROBIE: He hasn't left the Villa in years.

Robie has pulled the cork from the wine bottle and is now pouring for both of them.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK SLIGHTLY as Germaine arrives with the first course. She places the cups of jellied consommé in front of them, during this, and leaves.

ROBIE: Like the place?

HUGHSON: Immensely. It's kind of a travel-folder heaven—where a man dreams he'll go when he retires.

The two men eat and drink wordlessly for a moment.

ROBIE: Now about that list of your clients who have jewelry worth stealing.

235. EXT. TERRACE—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Hughson in the act of sipping his wine, lowers his glass, and looks away with uncertainty. He turns back with a warm smile.

HUGHSON: Why don't we enjoy our lunch, first? There's plenty of time.

236. EXT. TERRACE—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie assumes a philosophical expression.

ROBIE: I don't want to seem impatient, Hughson—but in ten days I do have to come up with something pretty convincing for that examining magistrate. *(Smiles)* That's a nice custom they have in France—provisional liberty based on insufficient evidence.

During this Germaine enters and takes away the soup cups.

237. EXT. TERRACE—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

As Germaine moves away, Robie refills their wine glasses.

HUGHSON: Bertani said you were something of a celebrity in the Underground Army.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as he rises from the table, and moves over to the edge of the terrace, looking out over the view. As he crosses, he replies:

ROBIE: Yes, I was in the Resistance.

HUGHSON: *(Almost boyish eagerness)* Did you—uh—kill many people?

ROBIE: *(Without hesitation)* Seventy-two.

Hughson, who is at this moment eating part of a roll, chews on it thoughtfully, and uncomfortably. Robie turns.

ROBIE: I know what would have pleased you, Mr. Hughson.

Hughson stops chewing.

ROBIE: *(With a smile)* Not one of them was insured.

Hughson smiles back at Robie's little joke.

238. EXT. TERRACE—(DAY)—SEMI CLOSEUP

As Hughson smiles at Robie, we see that he has quite a warm feeling for him despite his questionable background.

HUGHSON: You're a man of obvious good taste in everything. *(Indicating villa)* How did you—well, *why* did you...

239. EXT. TERRACE—(DAY)—SEMI CLOSEUP

Robie takes a step or two towards him.

ROBIE: Take up stealing?

HUGHSON: *(Off)* Yes.

ROBIE: To live better—to own things I couldn't afford—to *acquire* this good taste you now enjoy.

240. EXT. TERRACE,–(DAY)–SEMI CLOSEUP

Hughson is a little taken aback.

HUGHSON: You mean you were *frankly* dishonest?

241. EXT. TERRACE–(DAY)–MEDIUM SHOT

Robie approaches the table. At the same time, Germaine appears, carrying a Quiche Lorraine and two hot plates.

ROBIE: If you can call a man who climbs the outside of a five-story building, who cuts his way through a glass skylight and escapes over the rooftops with a small fortune in jewels, *dishonest—yes.*

Germaine has laid out the hot plates, and is cutting the Quiche Lorraine. Hughson throws Robie a warning glance concerning Germaine's presence. Robie smiles, shakes his head for Hughson not to worry about her.

HUGHSON: I thought you'd have some defense. Some tale of hardship—your mother ran off when you were young, your father beat you...

ROBIE: No. I was part of an American trapeze act in a circus that travelled Europe. It folded, and I was stranded. So, I put my agility to a more rewarding purpose.

HUGHSON: You have no other defense.

ROBIE: For what it's worth—I only stole from people who wouldn't go hungry.

Germaine holds out the dish to Hughson, who takes his cut portion. She looks up to Robie who, with a gesture, tells her to serve him. She does, and leaves the scene. Hughson lifts a knife and fork, then looks up to Robie.

ROBIE: I think you'll enjoy that, Hughson. It's a Quiche Lorraine. Hughson takes a bite, and murmurs appreciatively.

HUGHSON: Wonderful. And the pastry—it's as light as air.

ROBIE: Germaine has sensitive hands—with an extremely light touch.

HUGHSON: I can tell.

ROBIE: *(Casually)* She shot a German general once.

Hughson pauses with a forkful of Quiche Lorraine.

ROBIE: *(Continues)* At eighty yards.

Hughson's head is up, his mouth open. He looks thoughtfully toward the house, and then slowly returns to his meal. In a moment, he speaks, trying to get back to the main conversation.

HUGHSON: You—you were sort of a modern Robin Hood? I mean, you gave away most of the proceeds of your crimes?

ROBIE: (*Shakes his head*) Kept everything myself. Let's face it. I was an out-and-out thief—like you.

During this, Robie has moved over to the table, while THE CAMERA CLOSES IN. He seats himself on the last word of the speech.

242. EXT. TERRACE—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Hughson is a little shocked.

HUGHSON: Now look here—

243. EXT. TERRACE—(DAY)—SEMI CLOSEUP

Robie interrupts, with apparent innocence.

ROBIE: Ever shortchange the butcher, by mistake?

244. EXT. TERRACE—(DAY)—SEMI CLOSEUP

Hughson's shock melts somewhat.

HUGHSON: Well, if a man makes a mistake in counting—

Robie lumps in quickly:

ROBIE: But you didn't take the money back? (*Before Hughson can answer*) Of course not. Ever take an ashtray from a hotel? Or a towel?

HUGHSON: Souvenirs—they expect that. But—

ROBIE: Of course they do. Are you going to deduct this lunch from your expense account?

Robie smiles mischievously at this. Hughson opens his mouth to speak.

ROBIE: Of course you're not. It would be stupid.

Hughson takes a good drink of the wine, and as he drinks, appears visibly relieved. As soon as he puts down the glass, Robie hastens to refill it.

ROBIE: Do you agree?

HUGHSON: Yes.

ROBIE: (*Gently, but quickly*) You're a thief.

Hughson sits back in his chair and stares unbelievably at Robie.

ROBIE: Only an amateur thief, of course—but it might help you have some sympathy for us professionals.

HUGHSON: (*Still a little stunned*) I don't think I understand fully—

ROBIE: Look at it this way. You're sorry you shortchanged the butcher, or took an ashtray from a hotel, aren't you?

HUGHSON: Right now, yes.

ROBIE: And someday you'll be sorry for not deducting this lunch from your expense account.

HUGHSON: I can't possibly deduct every little item from my expense account. I frankly couldn't spare the time.

ROBIE: Someday you'll wish you had. I'm sorry for ever starting in crime—I look back with horror on every job I pulled—I have since paid out more in regret than I ever took in precious stones—but that doesn't help, because I'll never

stop paying for it. The world won't let me. Every time an ashtray is missing from a hotel they don't come looking for you—but let a diamond bracelet disappear in France, and they shout John Robie, The Cat! You don't have to prove your honesty every day of your life. I do.

He takes a drink of the wine. Then smiles pleasantly at Hughson.

ROBIE: Now, shall we get down to business—the list?

Hughson's hand hesitates as it reaches for his pocket.

ROBIE: Something bothering you?

HUGHSON: *(After pause)* I told the police what you were going to do.

ROBIE: I didn't expect them to like the arrangement.

HUGHSON: You were wrong. They thought it a splendid idea.

Robie is briefly thoughtful.

HUGHSON: They, of course, hope you'll make a mistake—and provide them with the evidence they need against you.

ROBIE: It had to be something like that.

He holds out his hand.

HUGHSON: Suppose the whole thing goes wrong?

ROBIE: Come on, Hughson, we're wasting time.

Hughson reaches for his pocket slowly. He takes out some folded papers, passes them to Robie. Robie takes them eagerly, opens them, scans the names and information. Hughson watches him apprehensively. Robie mumbles and nods appreciatively at what he reads.

ROBIE: Quite a thorough job. *(He looks up)* Have some wine, Hughson.

Hughson automatically reaches for a wine glass, starts to sip some wine.

ROBIE: Wish I'd known somebody in the insurance racket when I *first* started in the burglary business.

Hughson blanches, nervously puts down the wine.

HUGHSON: Tell me how you plan to operate?

ROBIE: Well, The Cat has operated every place but Cannes. He's due there. *(Consults the list)* I think my first bait will be this Mrs. Stevens—the American woman with the diamonds, and the daughter. *(Looks up)* Know them?

HUGHSON: I'm having dinner with them tomorrow. Would you like an introduction?

ROBIE: Hughson—in this business you can't do things the honest way. Remember that. *(Looks at Hughson's plate)* Mr. Hughson, you're not eating.

Hughson has lost his appetite. Robie carefully folds the list and puts it in his pocket.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

245. EXT. TERRACE—(DAY)—CLOSE SHOT

Robie's cat stirs and begins to stretch itself. It stands up, arches its back. Then it jumps to the floor and starts to move away.



FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

246. OMITTED.

247. INT. CARLTON DINING ROOM--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

At a table in the far corner, three people are seated. They have reached the coffee stage of dinner. The man we immediately identify is Hughson, wearing a tuxedo. With him are two women, one middle-aged, one young. Both are extremely well-dressed, but the older woman is conspicuous by a display of jewelry which she wears. The younger woman wears not a single piece of jewelry. There is no distraction from the full force of her beauty.

HUGHSON: Mrs. Stevens, wouldn't it be perhaps better if you left *some* of those jewels back in the hotel safe?

Mrs. Stevens puts out a cigarette she has been smoking. She puts it out in her coffee cup.

MRS. STEVENS: Stop acting like an insurance agent. I didn't buy these things for my old age—I bought them to *wear*.

The waiter comes up with the check. Hughson reaches for some money. Mrs. Stevens stops him. She takes the check and the waiter's pen.

MRS. STEVENS: Keep your money, Hughson. You can cheat a little on your expense account.

At this moment Hughson looks across the room.

248. INT. CARLTON DINING ROOM--(NIGHT)--LONG SHOT

His attention has been drawn to a group of people who are rising to leave. They tip the headwaiter, who bows obsequiously, and goes with them toward the door. Their departure has uncovered a solitary diner at the far side of the room. It is John Robie. He is sipping his coffee.

249. INT. CARLTON DINING ROOM--(NIGHT)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Hughson's expression shows a slight surprise, which he quickly controls. He glances towards Mrs. Stevens and her daughter. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that the mother is signing the check, and the daughter is busy putting things back into her small purse.

MRS. STEVENS: (*Mutters*) *Service compris. Service compris.*

HUGHSON: What does that mean?

MRS. STEVENS: It means that every one from the vegetable scrubbers to the manager gets a tip whether they earned it or not. It's the law.

She finishes signing the check.

FRANCIE: Mother, everywhere you go, you complain about tipping.

MRS. STEVENS: And I will continue to complain. (*Hands waiter the check*) I have just paid for the privilege.

She pushes her chair, preparatory to getting up.

MRS. STEVENS: Well, come on, let's go over to the Casino. I want to hit the tables while they're hot.

FRANCIE: Why don't you just mail them the money?

The waiter moves behind her to assist her with the chair.

MRS. STEVENS: No thanks, Pierre—I can't afford it.

Mrs. Stevens stands. Hughson helps drape a stole around her shoulders. She notices something across the room.

250. INT. CARLTON DINING ROOM--(NIGHT)--LONG SHOT

Robie has risen, and is walking easily toward the entrance door, through an aisle of empty tables.

251. INT. CARLTON DINING ROOM--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

Still looking, Mrs. Stevens comments:

MRS. STEVENS: Handsome.

As Francie stands, she looks toward Robie.

FRANCIE: Mother.

MRS. STEVENS: Want me to buy that for you?

Francie turns back with a look of annoyance.

FRANCIE: Maybe Mr. Hughson doesn't care for gambling.

Hughson opens his mouth to speak, but she interrupts.

MRS. STEVENS: *Everybody* likes to gamble—one way or another.

She starts away from the table, the CAMERA PANNING. She pauses slightly, says over her shoulder:

MRS. STEVENS: Even you.

Francie and Hughson follow her. Francie drags her fur coat along carelessly by one hand.

FRANCIE: I have an intense dislike for it.

MRS. STEVENS: Francie, lamb—when the stakes are right—you'll gamble.

Hughson's face shows some admiration for her rough philosophy. They walk along toward the entrance.

252. INT. CARLTON LOBBY--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

The group is emerging from the dining room, and approaches the CAMERA, which PULLS BACK as they enter the lobby. Mrs. Stevens looks about her, and then spots Robie again.

INT. CARLTON LOBBY--(NIGHT)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

The CAMERA is MOVING in time with Mrs. Stevens' walk. We see Robie, and one of the desk clerks standing by a jeweler's show case. The glass door is open. The desk clerk is taking out a piece of jewelry.

254. INT. CARLTON LOBBY (NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

The group moving towards the CAMERA, as it RETREATS.

MRS. STEVENS: Handsome down there's looking at some of the hotel jewelry. Not even worth insuring, is it H.H.?

HUGHSON: Hardly.

They walk along some more. They are now opposite Robie.

255. INT. CARLTON LOBBY--(NIGHT)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

As the CAMERA PASSES Robie he is examining the piece of jewelry, and speaking to the desk clerk. His voice is raised a shade higher than it need be.

ROBIE: Imitation? Really? You mean costume jewelry? What do you know! The things they make these days. Why you can

hardly tell it from the real thing. Better than anything we have back in Portland, Oregon.

256. INT. CARLTON LOBBY--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

The group still walking toward the CAMERA. Without looking back, Mrs. Stevens comments:

MRS. STEVENS: Almost everything *is*.

The group passes on out of the picture. Robie is revealed in the background. He thanks the desk clerk, who puts the jewelry back in the case. Robie strolls toward the CAMERA.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

257. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

SHOOTING ACROSS the roulette table, with the spinning wheel, we see Mrs. Stevens backed by the standing figures of her daughter and Hughson. The croupier and the watcher sit to her right. Amid the hubbub and the cries of the croupier, and the click of the ball, and the rattle of chips—one VOICE comes out clearly:

MRS. STEVENS: I *knew* I shouldn't have stopped here. Baccarat's my game. Why did you let me get so close to this whirling pickpocket, anyway?

Francie and Hughson exchange glances of amusement. She watches the wheel spin. The ball drops.

CROUPIER: *Vingt-trois. Le numero vingt-trois gagne la mise.*

MRS. STEVENS: (*Slumps a little*) Wouldn't you know!

HUGHSON: Well, shall we move along?

CROUPIER: *Faites vos jeux. Faites vos jeux.*

She holds up one remaining stack of chips.

MRS. STEVENS: Let me get rid of these. Two spins.

As she turns to place her bets, something catches her eye.

258. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

Standing on the other side of the table, and down a little from her, Robie is just about to place a chip on a number. He picks a number, never looking at Mrs. Stevens.

259. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO--(NIGHT)--SEMI CLOSEUP

CROUPIER: *Rien ne va plus. Rien ne va plus.*

The wheel spins.

MRS. STEVENS: Don't be so glum., H.H.—just think, if I win I buy jewelry. If I buy jewelry, you get another policy and a commission.

CROUPIER: *Trente et un! Le numéro trente et un.*

MRS. STEVENS: (*Wryly*) I'm what they call a "good loser".

Immediately she starts placing tier last chips out.

260. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO--(NIGHT)--SEMI CLOSEUP

At the other side of the table, Robie has a large rectangular chip poised in the air. He seems to be looking over the numbers. Seated in front of him is an elegant Frenchwoman. For the briefest moment, Robie looks across at Mrs. Stevens.

261. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

Robie's eyes look down over the woman's shoulder in front of him.

262. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

The Frenchwoman's cleavage as seen from his viewpoint.

263. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

The chip held between Robie's thumb and finger. It moves forward slowly, as though about to be placed on a number.

264. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO (NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

Mrs. Stevens, her daughter and Hughson. She is in the middle of selecting her last number. Her chip is held in her thumb and finger. There is a sudden female yelp. She looks up quickly, as do the others around her.

265. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO --(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

From their viewpoint. The buxom Frenchwoman has her hands clasped to her bosom, and is looking around at an embarrassed Robie.

266. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO--(NIGHT)--SEMI LONG SHOT

The attention of the whole table is held by the incident, some wondering at the reason for the short scream.

267. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO --(NIGHT)--SEMI CLOSEUP

Robie and the Frenchwoman.

ROBIE: I'm sorry, madam, I—!

He looks around helplessly.

268. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

Mrs. Stevens, her daughter, Hughson, and others around them can hardly keep from smiling at his confusion.

269. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO--(NIGHT)--SEMI CLOSEUP

Robie and the Frenchwoman. She looks up at Robie.

WOMAN: *Ne vous excusez pas, Monsieur. Ce n'est pas bien grave.*

She turns back to resume the play. Robie stands, his fingers poised in an undecided way.

ROBIE: But Madame—(*He turns helplessly to the croupier*) That was a ten thousand franc plaque!

270. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM

Including the Stevens group and the-croupier. It is impossible for any of them to suppress their laughter. The croupier leans across and addresses the French-woman with a smile.

CROUPIER: *Madame, ce monsieur dit il s'agit d'une plaque de dix mille francs.*

271. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO--(NIGHT)--SEMI CLOSEUP

Robie and the. Frenchwoman. He looks down at her expectantly, his fingers still poised.

ROBIE: (*Apologetically*) If you'd rather not take my word—

Blushing heavily, she reaches for her pile of chips. Hands him ten thousand francs' worth.

ROBIE: And I'll trust *you*, too. I won't count them.

272. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO--(NIGHT)--SEMI CLOSEUP

Mrs. Stevens is laughing heartily now.

k73. INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO--(NIGHT)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie sees Mrs. Stevens enjoying his discomfiture. He responds with a smile and a little laugh.

274--INT. MUNICIPAL CASINO--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

Mrs. Stevens' general laughter becomes a personal exchange between herself and Robie. Contact.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

275. INT. CARLTON BAR--(NIGHT)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

The Carlton Hotel bar is empty except for a group of four and a couple sitting up at the bar. THE CAMERA MOVES IN until the table of four fills the screen.

Robie is now a member of the Stevens' party. He sits between Mrs. Stevens and Francis. Hughson is opposite Mrs. Stevens. Champagne glasses are in front of Robie and Francie. Hughson's drink is a horse's neck. Mrs.

Stevens has a bottle of bourbon and a straight shot glass in front of her.

MRS. STEVENS: (*Somewhat drunk*) If Jeremiah was only alive—he'd think all of this gadding about from Palm Springs, to St. Moritz to the Riviera—he'd think all of it was foolishness. Or, as he used to say, "I wouldn't be one of them silly society saps if they promised me I could live forever."

She picks up the bourbon bottle, starts to pour a straight shot.

MRS. STEVENS: Well—he got his wish.

She pours. Holds it up. Looks across to Robie sitting next to Francie.

MRS. STEVENS: Where did you say you came from, Mr. Burns?

ROBIE: (*Pleasantly*) Oregon.

FRANCIE: (*Quietly*) The Rogue River.

MRS. STEVENS: Jeremiah would have liked you. A man with both feet on the ground. That's what he was like. (*Squints at drink*) Unfortunately for him—he never knew how valuable the ground was he had his feet *on*. We had a ranch—it wasn't very big, you see.

FRANCIE: Mother, please, isn't it time—

MRS. STEVENS: Mr. Burns would be very interested. We had a ranch. It wasn't very big, you see. No plumbing. A little thing out back. Jeremiah will never know how close he came to twenty million barrels of oil.

Robie laughs, as does Hughson. Francie can't even refrain from something of a smile. Mrs. Stevens drinks. Puts shot glass down.

MRS. STEVENS: Bourbon's the only drink. You can take all this champagne and pour it down the English Channel. Why wait eighty years before you can drink the stuff? Great vineyards, huge barrels, aging forever—monks running around testing it—shippers, waiters—all so some woman in Tulsa, Oklahoma can say it tickles her nose.

Francie seems to want to leave.

FRANCIE: I think we'd better go to bed, mother.

MRS. STEVENS: Nobody calls me Jesse anymore. Mr. Burns—would you call me Jesse?

ROBIE: I'd be happy to.

MRS. STEVENS: Mr. Hughson—would you call me Jesse?

HUGHSON: If you like.

MRS. STEVENS: Good. (*Looks away—then back*) Stop worrying. (*To Robie*) Mr. Burns—you said lumber.

ROBIE: That's right.

She stares at him a moment. Then, slowly and measured—

MRS. STEVENS: How come you haven't made a pass for my daughter? (*To Francis*) And don't say "mother" to me. (*She imitates Francis's tone*)

Robie glances at Francis.

MRS. STEVENS: Mr. Burns—I asked you a question.

ROBIE: She's very pretty. Quietly attractive.

MRS. STEVENS: But too nice. I'm sorry I ever sent her to finishing school. I think they finished her there.

Francis rises, seemingly not disturbed.

FRANCIE: Come on, mother.

Mrs. Stevens rises, a little unsteady, Hughson putting out an arm to steady her elbow.

MRS. STEVENS: And so up to bed—where I can cuddle up to my jewelry.

She turns to Hughson.

MRS. STEVENS: You know, Mr. Hughson—as rare and wonderful as they are—I think I'd rather have eighty thousand dollars worth of Jeremiahs.

Robie helps Francie on with her fur, as Mr. Hughson helps Mrs. Stevens on with her stole.

HUGHSON: (*Stretches*) Well, I think I'll toddle along to my cot.

ROBIE: (*To Francie*) I'd be happy to escort you to your suite.

FRANCIE: (*Over her shoulder*) That's very thoughtful of you— Mr. Burns. (*To mother*) Come on, Jesse.

MRS. STEVENS: (*To Robie*) Do you make much money at lumber, Mr. Burns?

ROBIE: Right now building is booming.

MRS. STEVENS: (*Thinks this over*) Mmmm hmm. Would you mind—if I had you—*investigated*—a little?

ROBIE: Certainly not. Any particular reason?

MRS. STEVENS: If I were Francie's age—you'd sound too good to be true.

Robie smiles.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

276. INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

Mrs. Stevens, Robie and Francie are coming down toward THE CAMERA. They stop at the door to our left. Mrs. Stevens is unsteady. Without even trying the key, she hands it to Robie. He takes it, opens the door.

MRS. STEVENS: Thank you, Mr. Burns—there is very little lumber around here. Just why did you come to the Riviera anyway?

ROBIE: To meet someone as charming as you.

MRS. STEVENS: *(Turns into doorway)* Boy! Now I *am* going to have you investigated!

She starts to close the door behind her. Robie turns to Francis.

ROBIE: Aren't you going in?

Francie starts to move away. The CAMERA RETREATING.

FRANCIE: I'm down the other end.

The door closes behind Mrs. Stevens. Robie walks after Francie, and the CAMERA GOES quite a way down the corridor. It passes one door, and Francie finally comes to a halt at the third door which leads into the suite. She puts her key in the lock. The CAMERA PANS her as she starts to pass through the door. Robie remains in the foreground. She stops in the open doorway, and turns to look back at him. She studies him for a brief moment with a calm expression. Then quickly steps forward and presses her lips on his. At the same time, the CAMERA MOVES IN to big heads. She breaks away, turns, enters the doorway and closes it behind her. Robie stares at the blank door.

When he turns back to the CAMERA, there is a thoughtful look on his face, and a lipstick smear across his lips. He turns away, and retraces his steps slowly up the hall, taking a handkerchief out of his pocket to wipe off the lipstick. He slows up as he reaches the door through which Mrs. Stevens went.

277. INTO HOTEL CORRIDOR—(NIGHT)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie's manner changes, and his expression sharpens somewhat as he looks at Mrs. Stevens' bedroom door. He turns away from THE CAMERA, and goes a few steps down the corridor. He stops at an opening to his left.

278. INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT

SHOOTING OVER HIS SHOULDER we see that Robie is studying a short corridor leading off the main one. It ends in a set of French windows. leading to a balcony. Robie glanced about him cautiously for a moment, and then proceeds toward the French windows. He opens them, and moves out onto the small balcony.

279. EXT. HOTEL BALCONY—(NIGHT)—CLOSEUP

Robie begins an expert appraisal of the exterior of the building. He looks up to his left.

280. EXT. HOTEL BALCONY—(NIGHT) -.MEDIUM SHOT

The coping and wall of the hotel above the Stevens' suite. THE CAMERA PANS down a break in the wall, showing pipes and facade that would afford some foothold. Part of it is in bright moonlight.

281. EXT. HOTEL BALCONY—(NIGHT)—CLOSEUP

Robie looks thoughtfully at the hotel wall, and then swings his gaze up and to the right.

282. EXT. HOTEL BALCONY—(NIGHT)—LONG SHOT

A full moon and clouds.

283. EXT. HOTEL BALCONY—(NIGHT)—CLOSEUP

Robie looks down from the moon, and to the street below.

284. EXT. HOTEL BALCONY-(NIGHT)-LONG SHOT

The street deserted, except for a solitary figure of a policeman standing near a street light.

285. EXT. HOTEL BALCONY-(NIGHT)-CLOSEUP

Robie steps back until he is a complete silhouette against the corridor behind him.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

286. EXT. A ROOFTOP-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

A black cat hurries along a coping, and then makes its way up and across a sloping roof.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

FADE IN:

287. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

A tableau of three people. Mrs. Stevens, Robie and Hughson, frozen for a brief instant. Mrs. Stevens is in a somewhat elaborate, but tasteful, dressing gown. She wears a couple of expensive rings on her fingers, and earrings. There is a startled look on her face, as she stands near the window, and faces the doorway.

On one side of the room stands a portable tea service, with the remains of a petit déjeuner for three on it. Robie dressed in casual sport clothes, sits on a settee. He is also looking toward the door, with a blank expression on his face, which borders on surprise.

Standing in the doorway, hat in hand, is H. H. Hughson.

ROBIE: How much did he get away with last night?

Hughson closes the door behind him, and advances into the room. He puts his hat on a small table.

HUGHSON: The gems were insured for thirty-five thousand. In dollars.

MRS. STEVENS: (Shrugs) Somebody wins—somebody loses.

ROBIE: (*With a show of elaborate sympathy*) Hughson, I sympathize with you—having to send bad news like that to your home office.

288. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM-(DAY)-SEMI-CLOSEUP Hughson looks at Robie slowly.

HUGHSON: I insured Madame Leroux—personally.

289. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM-(DAY)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie gives him a friendly smile.

ROBIE: Well, at least you know that the burglar—uh—what is it they call him? The—uh—

290. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Hughson's glance at Robie is cold and unfriendly.

HUGHSON: The Cat.

291. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

The group. Robie pretends that the information is important to him.



ROBIE: Oh yes. Well, now you know he's here in Cannes—  
(*Smiles*)—and getting closer. (*With innocence*) That's  
*something*, isn't it?

Hughson gives Robie an uncomfortable look. Then he turns to Mrs. Stevens.

HUGHSON: Mrs. Stevens—Would you—would you kindly keep your  
jewelry in the hotel safe?

292. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Mrs. Stevens turns from the window, walks past the breakfast tray and snubs her cigarette  
stub out in an uneaten fried egg.

MRS. STEVENS: And what do I do, Mr. Hughson—wear the safe around  
my neck when I go out?

Hughson's voice is heard off:

HUGHSON'S VOICE: (*Slightly embarrassed*) Well, not literally. It's just that—

MRS. STEVENS: That your insurance company goes into shock every time  
something's stolen. If you haven't any guts, you shouldn't  
have taken my bet. That's what it was—a bet. Now, do  
you want to welch?

HUGHSON: If your jewels are stolen, you'll be paid, of course. But we  
couldn't replace the sentiment and affection you have for  
those particular pieces.

MRS. STEVENS: Mr. Hughson, I have no more "affection" for those jewels  
than I have for a train ticket that gets me somewhere.

She lights another cigarette, and advances on Hughson, smoke puffing out behind her like  
a train. THE CAMERA CLOSES IN.

MRS. STEVENS: They're pretty, and they get attention. But most of all,  
they make it possible for my daughter to go to the right  
places without being ashamed of me. (*She turns away*)  
That is, *too* ashamed of me.

293 thru 302 OMITTED

303. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM—(DAY) CLOSEUP

During her speech, Robie, with an amused smile on his face, has gotten up and strolled to  
one of the windows, the CAMERA MOVING WITH HIM. He parts the curtain slightly and  
looks out and down.

304. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM—(DAY)—LONG SHOT

On the street below, there is a man in civilian clothes talking to another man in a police  
uniform. They separate and take up stations at different ends of the hotel.

305. OMITTED

306. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM—(DAY)—MED. SHOT

At that moment, Francie Stevens enters the room from the hallway leading to her bedroom.  
She wears a house robe. The CAMERA PANS her to the group. They all turn to face her.

FRANCIE: Good morning, Mr. Hughson.

HUGHSON: (*A slight bow*) Good morning, Miss Stevens.

FRANCIE: Mr. Burns?

ROBIE: You sent for me?

FRANCIE: I thought we might go for a swim this morning, or if you're not athletic, sun bathing.

ROBIE: I think I can manage to stay afloat, thank you.

MRS. STEVENS: Mr. Hughson's been telling us about 'a jewel robbery last night—after we went to bed.

FRANCIE: (To Hughson) Oh? Who?

HUGHSON: (Unhappily repeating it) A Madame Leroux, Wife of a high Government official. Thirty-five thousand dollars.

FRANCIE: Too bad. (To Hughson) You should find a more happy business.

MRS. STEVENS: That famous jewel thief—The Cat—is loose again, they say.

FRANCIE: (Cheerfully) Mother, you're next.

MRS. STEVENS: (Shrugs) I'm insured.

307. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM—(DAY)—CLOSEUP

There is a pained expression on Hughson's face.

308. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM—(DAY)—CLOSEUP

Robie's expression seems to sympathize with Hughson, then it seems to shrug and turn its attention to Francis.

ROBIE: I'd better get my bathing trunks and meet you in the lobby.

FRANCIE: (Smiles at him) All right. I'll just throw on something unusual and be down in a few minutes.

ROBIE: Fine.

CAMERA PANS Robie over to the door.

ROBIE: Well, goodbye, Mrs. Stevens. Good hunting, Hughson.

Robie opens the door. Hughson hurries over to him.

HUGHSON: Oh, just a minute, Mr. Burns. Uh—weren't we weren't we—going to—to—?

ROBIE: (Pleasantly) What?

309. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Including Hughson and Robie. Hughson is confused by Robie's lack of cooperation. He is caught between being frank and exposing Robie, and irritated at Robie's maliciousness.

HUGHSON: Well, last night—didn't we discuss—th—going up—(He gets a sudden idea)—going up on the funicular railway?

ROBIE: (Frankly) Mr. Hughson, I can't even *spell* funicular.

HUGHSON: (Desperately) Well, what *are* you going to do this afternoon?

Robie reaches for the list in his pocket.

ROBIE: I was down the Estate Agents. They gave me a list of furnished villas for rent.

310. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Francie shows some interest in this comment.

FRANCIE: Oh, do you plan that long a vacation?

ROBIE: I might retire here. (*Consults list*) Of course, they say some of these villas aren't in too good repair. For example, many of the roofs need careful examination.

311. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM (DAY)—CLOSEUP

Hughson's exasperation with Robie is dangerously near the exploding point.

312. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM.—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

Mrs. Stevens shoos the two young people out of the door.

MRS. STEVENS: Will you kids get out of here?

Robie smiles at her as he goes out the door. Hughson still doesn't see anything funny about the circumstances in which he finds himself. Before he closes the door, Robie turns, looks back to Hughson.

ROBIE: Don't let it spoil your day, Mr. Hughson. It's only money —and not even *yours*, at that.

He closes the door with a smile. Hughson's small pointed mustache twitches.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

313. INT. CARLTON LOBBY—(DAY)—MED. SHOT

The elevator opens to reveal Francie. Robie is obviously surprised at the very startling outfit worn by Francie. She steps out of the elevator expectantly; he hesitates and looks around the lobby apprehensively. Finally Francie speaks.

FRANCIE: Shall I ask the social director to introduce us?

ROBIE: Oh, no—no—I-uh—was just trying to find the best way out of here.

FRANCIE: (*Points toward the main entrance of the hotel*) Well, the Mediterranean always used to be that way.

ROBIE: I'm a gambler —let's try it.

He takes her arm and they start for the door. Robie is quick to notice that people are staring at them.

314. INT. CARLTON LOBBY—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

From his viewpoint, two men, in ordinary business suits, are standing looking in his direction. They immediately start a conversation between themselves.

315. INT. CARLTON LOBBY—(DAY) -SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie and Francie. They walk nonchalantly towards the CAMERA which RETREATS as they walk. Francie is conscious of their being watched. She looks off to their right.

316. INT. CARLTON LOBBY—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

From her viewpoint. Seated in a chair, by the showcase, is a middle-aged man who is looking at them, casually.

317. INT. CARLTON LOBBY—(DAY)—SEMI CLOSEUP

Francie looks ahead a little self-consciously, while Robie is looking suspiciously at this man. Robie theft looks across in another direction. There is a slight change of expression.

318. INT. CARLTON LOBBY (DAY) SEMI LONG SHOT

The undermanager of the hotel, engaged in conversation with a woman resident, looks up over her shoulder toward Robie.

319. INT. CARLTON LOBBY-(DAY)-SEMI CLOSEUP

Robie alone. He is now more alarmed at being so carefully scrutinized. Afraid that Francie will notice something wrong, he half turns to her with a smile, about to say something, when movement behind them catches his eye. He turns to look over his shoulder.

Over his shoulder, we see the same two men who were standing by the elevator. They are casually strolling down towards him.

Robie turns back with an expression of concern on his face. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Francie. He stops walking, turns to her.

ROBIE: I'll turn in my key.

He comes forwards, and goes out of the picture.

320. INT. CARLTON LOBBY (DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

Robie approaches the reception desk, where the clerk is busy with another customer. Robie puts down his key, and asks:

ROBIE: Anything for Burns? Four fifteen?

The clerk replies in broken English.

CLERK: I will look, sir.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN as Robie turns and looks about him cautiously, but casually. His expression starts to change.

321. INT. CARLTON LOBBY-(DAY)-SEMI LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint, we see Francie standing, glancing into a showcase. All the men in the lobby, and also the woman with the undermanager, are staring not at him but at the startling sport clothes which set off Francie's rare beauty.

322. INT. CARLTON LOBBY-(DAY) CLOSEUP

He visibly relaxes, and smiles inwardly at his melodramatics. He turns at the sound of the clerk's voice.

CLERK: Letter for you, Mr. Burns.

ROBIE: Thank you.

Over Robie's shoulder, we see the clerk handing him an ordinary white envelope. Robie turns back to the CAMERA and begins opening the letter. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK until his hands are in the picture. He takes a note out of the envelope, reads it.

323. INSERT

The note is made up from words cut from the London Daily Mails-and pasted on a plain piece of paper in the form of a weather report. "FORECAST: A NEW LOW PRESSURE AREA MOVING IN. STORM CLOUDS GATHERING. POSSIBLE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING AND HEAVY PRECIPITATION. OUTLOOK: UNPLEASANT. WEATHER-MAN SUGGESTS: GET OUT OF TOWN AND MOVE TO A BETTER CLIMATE."

34. INT. CARLTON LOBBY-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

A HIGH CAMERA shows Robie's head filling the screen. He's still looking at the note, his head tilted down so that we do not see his expression, but merely the attitude of the head.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

325. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

THE CAMERA IS SKIMMING the tops of a quantity of gaily colored beach umbrellas. We see the stretch of curving beach, and the harbor of Cannes beyond. The beach is not too heavily populated, it being a little early in the day for the big crowds.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY LOWERS and brings into view a big head of Danielle Foussard, the little French girl who drove Robie in the motorboat from the restaurant. Her gaze is intent on something specific in the distance, down the line of umbrellas. Danielle wears a startling French bathing suit.

326. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-SEMI LONG SHOT

From her viewpoint. Resting on two chaises-longues are Robie and Francie Stevens. Francie is beautiful in her stylish bathing suit. Robie wears a terrycloth sun coat. The two seem to be talking pleasantly, although we cannot hear their conversation.

327. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Danielle tries to attract Robie's attention by gesture.

328. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

Robie's eyes glance up for a moment from Francie. He sees Danielle's gesture.

329. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-SEMI CLOSEUP

Danielle is satisfied that he has seen her. She moves off with a meaningful expression, THE CAMERA PANNING her down toward the water's edge.

330. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-SEMI CLOSEUP

As Danielle reaches the water's edge, she looks back in Robie's direction.

331. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

From her viewpoint, we see Robie rise in the distance. He is saying something to his companion about going into the water. She half rises on her elbow, but apparently he has persuaded her not to come with him. He turns and starts to take off his terrycloth coat.

332. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-SEMI CLOSEUP

Danielle turns and runs into the water. She starts to swim out toward a float.

333. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

Danielle swims into the picture, and proceeds to climb on the float. The CAMERA MOVES IN until she is in CLOSEUP.

Danielle follows the approaching Robie with her eyes. As they lower, indicating his proximity, we cut to:

334. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-SEMI CLOSEUP

Robie's head, just above the water, making the last few strokes toward the float. He puts a hand out and takes hold of the edge, just below Danielle. He sags up.

DANIELLE: You performed a very beautiful burglary last night.

ROBIE: Strictly routine.

DANIELLE: You're marvellous. Last night you steal a small fortune —today you lie on the beach with an American beauty.

ROBIE: Which is why one *needs* a small fortune.

DANIELLE: (*Nodding toward the beach*) Is this your next victim?

Robie glances back to the beach.

335. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

From Robie's viewpoint. Francie, resting on her elbow, looking out in his direction.

336. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-SEMI CLOSEUP Robie looks back to Danielle.

ROBIE: Let's just say she's a wealthy friend.

DANIELLE: You know, your old pals of the Resistance, who work at the restaurant, they called the police all sorts of wicked names when they had to let you go yesterday.

ROBIE: Would it be bad manners to ask who tipped off the police in the flower market?

DANIELLE: They would never say anything to the *flics*. You know that.

ROBIE: Somebody did.

DANIELLE: But still they would be very happy, if you were caught during your next job.

ROBIE: It's good to know I have friends.

DANIELLE: Perhaps it would be better that you were caught.

ROBIE: Any particular reason?

DANIELLE: (*Nonchalantly*) I heard some talk in the kitchen. They said—what a pity if they must kill a cat. (*Looks at him*) They will do all they can to avoid the prison.

ROBIE: (*Shakes his head*) The police want me in jail,, the boys want me dead, the Cat wants me out of town—

DANIELLE: How do you mean—The Cat wants you out of town?

ROBIE: He sent me a note this morning. It seems things are about to get rough around here.

DANIELLE: Then don't you think it's foolish to remain here—without knowing what will happen to you? But if you were in South America, with me, you would know exactly what will happen.

ROBIE: You make it sound dangerous either way?

DANIELLE: (*Smiles*) It would be so much nicer to be killed by love. No?

Robie hits the side of his head with the palm of his hand.

ROBIE: Pardon me, while I get the water out of my ear.

DANIELLE: (*Earnestly*) John, you know what sort of men they are at Bertani's. Another robbery, and they will do something to you.

ROBIE: I think I'd better get back.

337. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

Francie is no longer there.

338. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

His eyes scan the beach. He has a slightly puzzled look. Danielle's VOICE is heard over this.

DANIELLE: What has she got more than me—except money? And you are gathering plenty of that.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to include her, as Robie looks up with irritation, and replies:

ROBIE: Danielle—you're just a girl. She's a woman.

DANIELLE: (*Shrugs*) Why do you want to buy an *old* car? If you can get a *new* one cheaper? It will run better, and last longer.

He looks at Danielle with some amazement. Then he turns, scans the beach again. He is puzzled.

ROBIE: It looks like my old car just drove off.

A splash of water is heard, and a voice sounds off:

FRANCIE: No it hasn't. It just turned amphibious.

He turns quickly toward the voice.

338A. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

Francie is standing, neck deep in the water, having just come up from beneath the surface.

FRANCIE: (*Smiling*) I thought I'd come out and see what the big attraction was.

338B. EXT. BEACH-(DAY -CLOSEUP

Robie's face,, as he studies her, wondering how much of their conversation she might have overheard. He glances up towards Danielle. Francie's voice is heard off:

FRANCIE: And possibly even rate an introduction.

This brings Robie to the present, and he looks to Danielle, saying:

ROBIE: Mademoiselle—

3380. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

The three of them, as he moves toward Francis, and Danielle jumps down in the water to meet Francis. They group together in a little triangle, just their shoulders and heads showing above the water.

ROBIE: (*To Danielle*) I don't think you told me your name.

DANIELLE: (*Looks at him, then at Francie*) Danielle Fouisard.

ROBIE: May I present Miss Francie Stevens.

FRANCIE: How do you do, Miss Foussard.

She puts out her hand, and the girls shake hands under water.

FRANCIE: Mr. Burns has told me so little—about you.

ROBIE: I only met her a couple of minutes ago.

DANIELLE: That's right—only a few minutes ago.

FRANCIE: And you talked like two old friends. But that's warm, friendly France for you.

ROBIE: I was—I was asking her about renting some water skis. Would you like me to teach you water skiing?

FRANCIE: (*Smiles*) I was women's champion at Sarasota, Florida—last season.

ROBIE: Oh, I see. Well, it was an idea.

FRANCIE: Are you sure you were asking about water skis? From where I sat it looked as if you two were conjugating some irregular verbs.

She looks from one to the other. Danielle's face is not friendly, but she doesn't speak.

ROBIE: Say something nice to her, Danielle.

DANIELLE: (*Flatly*) She looks a lot older up close.

Robie can't help laughing, but Francie loses some of her humor.

FRANCIE: To a mere child, anyone over twenty might seem old.

DANIELLE: A child? Shall we stand in shallower water, and discuss that?

Robie is enjoying the conversation immensely, perhaps too much.

FRANCIE: Enjoying yourself, Mr. Burns?

ROBIE: Well, uh it is pleasant out here—the sun and all.

FRANCIE: Well, its too much for me. I'll see you back at the hotel.

ROBIE: I'll go with you.

DANIELLE: But, Mr. Burns you didn't finish telling me how French women are more seductive than American women.

Francis is gone in a quick dive. She swims quickly away toward shore. Robie turns to watch her, and then looks back at Danielle with anger. Danielle is gone. She has ducked down under water. Suddenly his feet are pulled out from under him, and he falls beneath the water. Danielle pops up, laughing and happy at his discomfort.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

339 and 340 OMITTED

341. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

Robie comes out of the beach cabana, with his light summer coat over his arm. He locks the door, then puts on his coat as he turns. As he approaches THE CAMERA, he puts the key into his outer pocket. Then a cautious thought comes over his face. He reaches to his inner pocket, and comes out with the list of jewelry owners given him by Hughson. He looks at it with some relief. Then, he stops, and emotion drains from his face as he notices something on the list.

342. INSERT The top corner of the list has a wet thumbmark.

343. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Robie looks about him. His eyes come to a stop.

344. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-SEMI-LONG SHOT

Claude, exercising on the horizontal bar. He is unaware that Robie is watching him.

345. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie replaces the list in his pocket, and strolls over to Claude, the beach attendant. THE CAMERA PANS him.

346. EXT. BEACH-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

As Robie approaches Claude, the latter stops his exercising, to take the key which Robie holds out to him. Claude seems relaxed, and there is no particular expression on his face.

347. EXT. PROMENADE-(DAY) CLOSEUP



A detective is leaning over the rail, looking down at, the cabanas below. He is obviously watching Robie and Claude. We see by the travel of his eyes, that Robie has left Claude, and is moving away to the right. The detective's eyes turn to their fullest extent in following Robie. He then straightens up and moves away out of the picture.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

361. EXT. CARLTON HOTEL-(DAY)-SEMI-LONG SHOT

A group of people on the bottom step are just dispersing to uncover Francie Stevens standing in the center of the steps. She looks smilingly in Robie's direction. She is now dressed in a summer frock.

Robie enters the foreground, and THE CAMERA follows him up to her, until they are in TWO SHOT. Her smile of greeting is friendly.

FRANCIE: Do you think you have time for me now?

ROBIE: (*Smiling in return*) Sorry I was so long out there on the float.

FRANCIE: From what I saw of that girl, I thought you'd be a lot longer.

ROBIE: Yes. Well, now about cocktails. Six o'clock suit you?

FRANCIE: We can talk about that on the way.

He looks at her quizzically.

ROBIE: To where?

FRANCIE: To rent you a villa.

For a brief moment, he doesn't know what to say.

ROBIE: Uh, Miss Stevens—picking out a villa is a personal thing, and—

FRANCIE: I have my car, and the hotel packed us a basket lunch—with beer, and chicken, and—

ROBIE: Nonsense, Miss Stevens. It's too much to expect of you. It'll be a tiring, dusty trip through mountain roads—

FRANCIE: Where you're bound to get lost—a perfect stranger—who doesn't know a word of the language—

ROBIE: I was going to hire an English-speaking chauffeur.

FRANCIE: You have one. And I'll give you a wholesale rate, with no tipping.

362. EXT., CARLTON HOTEL-(DAY)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie's eyes wander slightly to the left, as he sees:

363. EXT. CARLTON HOTEL-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

The two detectives watching them from the distance. During this we HEAR:

ROBIE: I must say, the terms are generous—

361i. EXT. CARLTON HOTEL (DAY)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie's eyes glance in the opposite direction.

365. EXT. CARLTON HOTEL-(DAY)-SEMI-LONG SHOT.

Lepie and Hughson have paused in their conversation to observe Robie.

366. EXT. CARLTON HOTEL--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie turns back casually, and continues:

ROBIE: Too generous to refuse.

FRANCIE: *(Smiles)* My terms usually are.

ROBIE: Where's your car?

FRANCIE: *(Pointing)* Right there.

ROBIE: *(Looks toward car)* Well, I guess there's no way to get out of it gracefully. Let's go.

The CAMERA PANS Robie and Francis over to her car—a flashy convertible. They get in and drive off.

367 thru 372 OMITTED

373. INT. POLICE CAR--MEDIUM SHOT--(DAY)

SHOOTING across two detectives waiting in the front seat. There is the sudden BUZZ of the radio-telephone. The detective not behind the wheel reaches for the phone, says hello, and listens. He quickly hangs up, nods to the driver who starts up the car. They both turn toward the street, looking across their shoulders, as if waiting for another car to pass them. We HEAR the other car pass. They immediately start off to follow, the CAMERA PANNING them. In the distance we can see the open convertible containing Francis and Robie.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

37i. EXT. GRANDE CORNICHE ROAD--LONG SHOT--(DAY)

A spectacular shot showing the convertible followed at a discreet distance by the black police car.

375. EXT. GRANDE CORNICHE ROAD--MEDIUM SHOT--(DAY)

The black police car following at a reasonable pace.

376. INT. POLICE CAR--SEMI-CLOSEUP--(DAY)

The two detectives, their heads inclined toward each other in barbershop quartette style—singing. They are harmonizing a lively French song. At the same time, the driver is careful to keep his eyes on the road.

377. INT. POLICE CAR--MEDIUM SHOT--(DAY)

The windshield and hood in the foreground. We get a distant impression of the convertible way ahead.

378 INT. CONVERTIBLE--MEDIUM SHOT--(DAY)

Francie and Robie are seated quietly, just looking ahead at the road. Finally Francie speaks:

FRANCIE: I've been waiting all day for you to mention that kiss I gave you last night.

Robie looks at her.

ROBIE: You know back home in Oregon, we'd call you a headstrong girl.

FRANCIE: Back home in Oregon, I'd have cleared out long ago.

ROBIE: Now don't knock my home state. Where were you born?

FRANCIE: In a taxi, half-way between home and the hospital.

He has no comment. She turns, smiles at him.

FRANCIE: I've lived in twenty-seven different towns and cities.

ROBIE: Somebody chasing you?

FRANCIE: Boys.

ROBIE: Well, you can stop running now.

FRANCIE: When I was ten, father died, and they struck oil on our land. Then I *really* started to travel.

ROBIE: Now the boys' *fathers* were chasing you.

FRANCIE: Yes—but I began to get the uncomfortable feeling they only wanted to get their hands on my money.

ROBIE: I'm impressed. On *second* thought, back home in Oregon we'd have called you a *rich* headstrong girl. (*He smiles at her*) That would make it all right.

FRANCIE: Money handles most people.

ROBIE: You honestly believe that?

FRANCIE: I've proved it. And don't go thinking I'm just a spoiled play-child of wealth: Sure, we have money—but we had common sense first.

ROBIE: Never doubted it for a minute. You're a singular girl.

FRANCIE: Is that good or bad?

ROBIE: Good. Quite good. You have what we call at home "a mind like a steel trap". You know what you want—you start out after it—and nothing stops you until you get it.

FRANCIE: You make it sound corny.

ROBIE: You are a jackpot of admirable character traits.

FRANCIE: I already knew that.

ROBIE: I will say you do, things with dispatch—no wasted preliminaries. Not only did I enjoy that kiss last night, I was awed by the efficiency behind it.

FRANCIE: I'm a great believer in getting down to essentials.

ROBIE: Inviting me for breakfast—planning a swim—and now this drive—Miss Stevens, you're one in a million.

FRANCIE: A routine compliment—but I'll accept it.

ROBIE: May I ask you a personal question?

FRANCIE: I've been hoping. you would.

ROBIE: What do you expect to get out of being so nice to me?

FRANCIE: Probably more than you're willing to offer.

He looks at her closely. She shows no reaction.

ROBIE: (*After a pause*) I know. You're here in Europe to buy a husband.

FRANCIE: (*Smiles at him*) The kind of than I want doesn't have a price.

He relaxes against the seat, smiles to himself.

ROBIE: Well, that eliminates me.

379. INT. POLICE CAR-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

The detective who is not driving, has his open wallet in his hands. One by one, he is slipping snapshots out of it, and showing them to the driver who momentarily takes his eyes off the road. Although we cannot see the pictures, from their mutual reactions of pleasure and astonishment they must certainly represent something startling in the way of feminine display. Suddenly the driver's attention is caught by something more immediate on the road ahead.

380. INT. POLICE CAR-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

Shooting through the windshield and over the hood of the police car, we see Francie and Robie in the convertible, just turning into the gate of a huge villa.

381. EXT. GRANDE CORNICHE ROAD-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

The police car slides to a stop at the side of the road. The detectives get out and advance cautiously.

382. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

In the foreground, their car has just come to a stop inside the main gate. A long gravelled walk leads to a grand, imposing villa. The walk is lined with attractive flowers and trees. Robie helps Francie out of the car. They start to walk toward the villa.

383. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(DAY)-SEMI CLOSEUP

As they approach THE CAMERA, which moves back with them, we get a vague impression of the watching detectives outside the gate.

FRANCIE: You don't *like* women who have brains and know what they want, do you?

ROBIE: On the contrary. What thinking man likes the beautiful-but-dumb type?

FRANCIE: Only about four-fifths of the population. They like a woman beautiful enough to make them feel like Casanovas, but dumb enough not to know when they are—

ROBIE: (*Interrupts*) Being taken advantage of?

FRANCIE: That's the long version.

384. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

The CAMERA MOVES at the same tempo of their walk toward the villa.

385. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(DAY)-SEMI CLOSEUP

The two continue walking leisurely.

ROBIE: You're absolutely right. Give me a woman who knows her own mind every time.

FRANCIE: No one *gives* you that kind of a woman. You have to capture her.

ROBIE: Any particular method?

The CAMERA PANS them away toward the villa. They approach the steps leading to the front door.

FRANCIE: Yes. But it's no good unless you discover it yourself.

386. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—SEMI CLOSE-UP

Francis surveys the front of the villa.

FRANCIE: Are you sure you have the right address?

Robie half pulls the list out of his pocket.

ROBIE: It is a little large, but it's on the real estate agent's list.

She turns, reaches quickly for the list.

FRANCIE: Let me see.

Hastily he pushes the list back into his pocket.

ROBIE: Let's look at the gardens first. No need to bother the people.

They start to move around the house. The CAMERA PANNING with them.

ROBIE: With all your money, you should own a place like this.

FRANCIE: Palaces are for royalty. We're just common people with a bank account.

ROBIE: That sounds more like your mother than you.

FRANCIE: There isn't much difference between us but a few years and some grammar.

They are now walking along the front of the house.

387 and 388 OMITTED.

389. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—CLOSEUP

A big head of Robie. As he talks, his eyes turn upward surreptitiously toward the roofline.

390. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—SEMI-LONG SHOT

THE CAMERA PANS down the slope of the roof, and over the edge to the top windows. It moves along the windows. Robie's voice is heard over:

ROBIE: And jewelry. You never wear any.

FRANCIE: I don't like cold things touching my skin.

ROBIE: With your money you could probably invent some hot diamonds.

FRANCIE: I'd rather spend it on more tangible excitement.

ROBIE: What do you get a thrill out of most?

FRANCIE: *(After a pause)* I'm still looking for that one.

391. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—CLOSEUP

Robie's eyes lower from scanning the building, and he is startled to discover that:

392. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—CLOSEUP

Francis is staring at him casually.

FRANCIE: I thought we were going to look at the gardens.

393. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

The two.

ROBIE: I couldn't help being intrigued by the architecture. Turn-of-the-century Mediterranean, I would say—with a touch of too much money.

3914. EXT. GRANDE CORNICHE ROAD—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

Outside the gate, on the other side of the road, one of the two detectives is watching.

395. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—LONG SHOT

From the detective's viewpoint, we see Robie and Francis walking around to the side of the house. Robie is looking up, his head tilted towards the roof.

396. EXT. GRANDE CORNICHE ROAD—(DAY)—SEMI-LONG SHOT

The detective hurries back to his waiting car. He opens the door, leans in.

397. INT. POLICE CAR—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

The detective leans into the car, picks up the radio-telephone. He starts to call in. He speaks French.

398. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—LONG SHOT

Another beautiful view of the garden. Robie and Francis strolling among the flowerbeds in the distance.

399. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

Robie and Francie now seem to have become preoccupied in their conversation, and are barely looking at the garden.

FRANCIE: You never mention your wife.

ROBIE: Never found the time to get married.

FRANCIE: You don't appear to be pushed for time now.

He looks at her, but doesn't answer.

FRANCIE: Or did you just come over to add interesting items to your diary? Like the name and description of that French girl you swam out to meet.

They have now turned, and are approaching towards the CAMERA, bringing themselves into closer shot.

ROBIE: *(Smiles)* You *are* husband-hunting, after all.

FRANCIE: That wasn't jealousy you heard working—but only disappointment in your limited imagination. Teen-aged French girls yet.

Robie tries to look properly uncomfortable, as they come in to a close TWO SHOT.

FRANCIE: I'll bet you snowed her under. The big, handsome rich lumberman from America. I'll bet you even told her all your trees were Sequoias.

ROBIE: That certainly sounds like jealousy to me. *(Looks at her)* Well, don't be ashamed of it. Let it out.

They both glance up casually at something in the distance.

400. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—LONG SHOT

In the far distance, we see the tiny figure of a man emerging from a side door of the villa. He comes towards THE CAMERA. He is so far away we cannot see who he is.

401. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie and Francis, after a casual glance, resume their discussion.

FRANCIE: You're somewhat egotistical.

ROBIE: Anybody near you would almost have to be.  
FRANCIE: (*Enjoys this*) There's hope for you yet.  
ROBIE: Miss Stevens—  
FRANCIE: Yes, Mr. Burns—?

Robie glances toward the oncoming figure again.

402. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—SEMI-LONG SHOT

The figure becomes clear as it approaches. It is a heavy-built man.

403. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

The attention of the pair lingers a little longer on the approaching figure. Then Robie turns back and resumes the conversation.

ROBIE: Know what I think?  
FRANCIE: About what?  
ROBIE: You.  
FRANCIE: I don't really care.

Despite himself, Robie has to glance back to the figure again. She follows his glance.

404. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—SEMI-LONG SHOT

The figure of the man has now become much nearer. It is nearly possible to identify him, if it were not for the fact that the brim of his hat shades his eyes.

405. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Francie and Robie. Robie cautiously begins to express a slight uneasiness. Francis's glance at the man, however, remains casual.

ROBIE: You care more than *I* do what you think about *me*. Right, or wrong?  
FRANCIE: You tell me.  
ROBIE: I will. You're an insecure, over-pampered woman who thinks men only like her for her money—and is probably right.

Robie is now staring at the oncoming figure. He has not recognized him.

406. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

It is Bertani—the restaurant proprietor, who approaches them. He is glancing at them quite casually, without recognition.

407. EXT. SANFORD VILLA (DAY)—SEMI CLOSEUP

Robie is staring at the approaching Bertani apprehensively. Francie brings him back to the conversation.

FRANCIE: Anything more?  
ROBIE: What you need is something I have neither the time, nor the inclination to give you.

He stares back at Bertani.

408. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(DAY)—SEMI CLOSEUP

As Bertani approaches the CAMERA he gives not the slightest sign of recognition. As THE CAMERA PANS OVER, Bertani's head and shoulders fill the screen as he passes out of the picture.

409. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

Robie, half-turning from the departing Bertani stares ahead with a thoughtful look. Over this we hear Francis's voice:

FRANCIE: And just what is *that*?

He turns completely to her.

ROBIE: Two weeks, with a good man, at Niagra Falls.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

410. EXT. SANFORD VILLA GATE--(DAY)--SEMI LONG SHOT

A little way up the road, away from the entrance gate, we see the waiting police car. The two detectives are in the middle of the road, and in some apparent scheme to hide their real identity, are playing a game of soccer, using a medium-sized stone as a ball. Then, over this, we hear the sound of a car. The men look up, and suddenly, into the foreground, moving across the picture, as it emerges from the gates, is the convertible carrying Francie and Robie. It sweeps out of the picture, to the right.

The two men stop their game, and hurry to the waiting black sedan. They jump in, and we hear the starter grind. The engine starts up, and the car moves away at an easy pace.

411. INT. CONVERTIBLE --(DAY)--SEMI CLOSEUP

Robie looks at Francie, who is driving.

ROBIE: I'm hungry. Let's open up that picnic basket.

FRANCIE: Not until we get to the picnic grounds—

ROBIE: Which you've already picked out.

FRANCIE: Which I've already picked out.

He looks forward again, his eyes straying toward the side-view mirror.

ROBIE: Is it far?

FRANCIE: A few miles.

ROBIE: (*Looking toward mirror*) Uh-huh. Lonely and secluded?

FRANCIE: Naturally.

412. INSERT

The side-view mirror on the right of the car. In it we can see the black sedan of the police appearing in the distance.

413. INT. CONVERTIBLE--(DAY)--SEMI CLOSEUP

Robie turns from the mirror to Francie.

ROBIE: Well, what are we dawdling along like this for?

Francie gives him a real sexy look.

FRANCIE: That's exactly what was running through *my* mind.

She steps on the gas. The car seems to jump forward.

414. INT. CONVERTIBLE--(DAY)--LONG SHOT

Shooting through the windshield, we see the hood and the road ahead. The car begins to take the curves a little dangerously.

415. INT. CONVERTIBLE--(DAY)--SEMI CLOSEUP

Robie half glances over his shoulder with a look of smug satisfaction.

416. , INT. CONVERTIBLE--(DAY)--LONG SHOT



Shooting over the back of the car we see the fast-retreating road. Now and again we get a glimpse of the police car following. It has also increased its speed.

417. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY) SEMI-CLOSEUP

The two. Robie turns back and glances at Francie. She's calm, but intent on her speed.

418. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

Shooting through the windshield. She takes the next corner a little too near the center of the road. Another car suddenly appears coming around the corner toward them.

419. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

Completely confident, Francie swings the wheel over.

420. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

Shooting through the windshield again. The other car swings over, as Francie's car swings out toward the side of the road with a screech of the tires.

INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie's expression sobers for a moment, but he manages to remain completely deadpan.

422. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-SEMI-LONG SHOT

Shooting over the back of the car, we see the car that has just passed getting back into the center of the road, and then proceeding on out of sight. We hear another screech of tires.

423. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY) SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie, hearing the screech, smiles to himself. He turns back and looks ahead.

INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

Through the windshield and over the hood, the hazardous and twisting road rushing toward us.

425. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Francie enjoying herself. The wind blowing her hair furiously.

426. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Francie's hands gripping the wheel.

427. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Robie's hands on his knees. He wipes them slightly.

428. INT. CONVERTIBLE (DAY)-CLOSEUP

Robie's sober expression. He turns and glances down to his right.

1429. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

Prom his viewpoint. The vertical drop of the landscape from the side of the road. There is a sheer view of the coastline at the bottom.

430. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Robie. He looks down toward the front of the car.

431. EXT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

The screeching front wheel of the car in the foreground turning at terrific speed. We see the winding road beyond.

432. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Robie holding his breath.

433. EXT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

The back wheel of the car in the foreground, the retreating road beyond. The police car can be seen in the distance. It is losing ground.

434. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie and Francie. Francie glances at him with a slight smile as though to ask “Enjoying the ride?” Robie forces a faint smile in response.

INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

Through the windshield. Around the next bend, the road suddenly turns into a village. Less than a hundred yards away, an old lady is crossing the roadway. She carries a very heavy bundle, and moves slowly. THE CAMERA bears down on her, but apparently she is deaf, for she does not look around.

436. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

A profile shot of Francie and Robie. Robie leans forward in alarm. Francie, however, is in control.

1.37. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY) CLOSEUP

Her foot bears down on the brake pedal.

438. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Robie’s foot stretches out to do the same on the bare floor mat in front of him.

439. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Robie straining back with the effort of putting on the imaginary brake.

440. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-SEMI-LONG SHOT

Shooting through the windshield. The car comes to a screeching stop within a few yards of the old lady. She turns and glances at them with an expression of a pedestrian’s right.

441. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-CLOSEUP Robie. half glances over his shoulder.

442. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

The car moves on again and gathers speed. We see the old lady completing her crossing, and the police car turning into the village in the distance. The old lady has dropped something and decides to return to pick it up. The police car comes to a screeching stop in front of her.

443. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

Francie is now putting on an extra burst of speed as they go through the village. Robie wonders whether to suggest that they might be going a little too fast. He restrains himself.

444. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-SEMI-LONG SHOT

Through the windshield. The road ahead emerges from the village into the open mountain road-again.

445. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Francie, her hair blowing wild.

446. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Robie’s eyes half-closed due to the pressure of the wind.

447 EXT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

A LOW CAMERA shooting toward the oncoming car, its wheels screaming. Underneath the car we see the police car in the distance. We lose it as the road turns.

448. INT. POLICE CAR-(DAY)-SEMI CLOSEUP

The two detectives in their car rhythmically swaying in unison as the car takes the bends in the road. There seems to be some expression of terror on their faces.

4J.19. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-SEMI CLOSEUP

Profile shot of Francie and Robie. The wind in their faces, getting wilder.

450. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY) SEMI LONG SHOT

Through the windshield the road is starting to curve ahead. Suddenly a chicken is seen to cross in the distance. It stops on seeing the oncoming car, and decides to turn back. It just reaches the side of the road in time as the car whizzes by.

INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-SEMI CLOSEUP

The speed is getting so great that Robie has now made up his mind to say something. But first, he glances over his shoulder.

INT. CONVERTIBLE (DAY)-SEMI LONG SHOT

Seen over the back of the car. The retreating road behind them. There is no sign of the police car.

453 EXT. GRANDE CORNICES-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

The police car has come to grief. It is perched precariously astride the low wall above the sheer drop below. One slight tip and the car would be crashing down thousands of feet. The door of the car is open, and both detectives are safe and sound. One of them has the radio telephone to his ear. By his pitiful gestures he is explaining to headquarters something of their problem. Across the road, a chicken stands watching them.

454 INT. CONVERTIBLE -(DAY)-SEMI CLOSEUP

Robie, now looking anxiously ahead, speaks to Francie. Both he and Francie have to shout to make themselves

heard over the rush of wind.

ROBIE: Slow down!

FRANCIE: And let them catch us?

He looks sharply toward her.

ROBIE: Let *who* catch us?

FRANCIE: The police—in the black car. (*After a pause*) The ones who are following you.

ROBIE: I don't know what you're talking about.

He looks closely at her, with studied innocence.

ROBIE: Police following *me*? *Conrad Burns*?

FRANCIE: (*Smiles*) No. Police following you—*John Robie—The Cat*.

455. INT. CONVERTIBLE-(DAY)-CLOSEUP

Robie's face is blank.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

456. EXT. LA TURBIE-(DAY)-LONG SHOT

The car comes to a stop at a magnificent view overlooking Monte Carlo. The spot Francie has chosen is quite isolated and shaded by some trees.

457. EXT. LA TURBIE-(DAY)-MEDIUM SHOT

Francie stretches her arms up and out into the air. Then she takes a comb out of her purse, and begins arranging her hair. She talks as she does this.

FRANCIE: My, it's a lovely day. *(Takes a deep breath)* Did you ever see any place in the world more beautiful than this? Look at the colors of the sea off there, and the sky, and those pink and green buildings on the hill. Think of all the roofs down there you could climb over.

ROBIE: *Who* did you call me?

FRANCIE: Robie. John Robie. One of the world's cleverest jewel thieves—known as The Cat. I've read all about you, in the Paris paper.

ROBIE: You might have read about somebody called The Cat, but—

FRANCIE: *(Interrupts)* I thought you were hungry.

ROBIE: I am.

She takes out the key, and hands it to him with a smile.

FRANCIE: The picnic basket's in the trunk.

Robie opens the door, and starts to walk around the car. THE CAMERA PANS with him. He starts to open the trunk.

458. EXT. LA TURBIE—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Francie combing her hair in the rear view mirror, and at the same time, watching Robie.

FRANCIE: I hope you try to bluff me, Mr. Robie. Then I can have the fun of telling you how clever I was.

459 EXT. LA TURBIE—(DAY)—CLOSEUP

Through the rear view mirror, we see Robie opening the trunk in back. He pauses in doing so, as he replies:

ROBIE: Since I am not Mr. Robie, but W. Burns, Miss Stevens—there would hardly be any point in bluffing you. Nevertheless, tell me how clever you were.

Robie takes out the picnic basket, and closes the trunk.

460. EXT. LA TURBIE—(DAY)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Francie turns, with delight, and leans over the back of the seat to face him.

FRANCIE: Well, the first thing I noticed about you, was—

Her eyes follow Robie as he is moving from the trunk to the front seat of the car. His VOICE is HEARD off:

ROBIE: *(Interrupting)* Don't sound so pleased with yourself.

FRANCIE: I never caught a jewel thief before. It's stimulating. It's like, like—

The CAMERA FULLS BACK as Robie comes into the picture and puts the basket on the front seat.

ROBIE: Like sitting in a hot tub?

She laughs. There is something about her manner that seems flushed and exaggerated.

FRANCIE: Here, let me serve.

Robie seats himself on the floor of the car, with his feet on the ground. His back is to her. She opens the picnic basket. Takes out two bottles of beer and an opener, which she hands him.

FRANCIE: The first time I saw you was on the beach in Cannes. You swam ashore from a motor boat driven by that little French girl. (*Looks up to him*) Do you want a leg or a breast?

ROBIE: *You* make the choice.

Robie makes no reactions to her revelations. He forces himself to be outwardly calm and nonchalant. Francie reaches into the basket, and hands him a chicken leg. She takes a piece of breast meat for herself. He has opened the beer bottles by now, hands one to her.

Each of them takes a bite of the chicken. She reaches in the basket for some salt, and salts his chicken, and then hers.

FRANCIE: That was two days before you showed up at the hotel as Mr. Conrad Burns, just over from America. Did you swim?

ROBIE: Somehow, Miss Stevens. you've lost me.

FRANCIE: Now don't be disappointing, and act like Mr. Burns.

ROBIE: I can only be myself.

FRANCIE: Then *be* yourself, John.

ROBIE: I prefer Conrad.

FRANCIE: You can't be serious. And it's about time you called me Francie.

She eats some more of the chicken, then takes a swig of beer.

FRANCIE: I have to look out for Mother. They've tried to steal her jewelry before. When I read about the—uh, *you*—in the papers—just a small item but I picked it up—I was sure that mother would catch your eye.

ROBIE: She did. Because I liked her. So far, Miss Stevens—You haven't said anything that even remotely sounds clever.

FRANCIE: (*Nods*) Stick around. The next thing I noticed was something remarkable. All evening long, you only looked at my mother—never at me.

ROBIE: I kissed you, didn't I?

FRANCIE: *I* kissed *you*.

ROBIE: At least I wasn't looking at your mother.

FRANCIE: You were thinking about her. Otherwise you'd never have let me say goodnight so easily.

ROBIE: I'm a gentleman.

FRANCIE: A rough lumberman from the big Northwest?

ROBIE: I'll remember to shout "timber" occasionally.

FRANCIE: Now here comes some of the clever part— (*She smiles defiantly*) You're not quite convincing, John. You're like

an American character in an English movie. You don't talk quite the way an American tourist ought to talk.

ROBIE: *All* the guidebooks say *don't* act like a tourist.

FRANCIE: It's just that you never mention business, or baseball, or television, or politics, or taxes, or wage freezes, or senate probes.

ROBIE: Everything I left home to forget.

FRANCIE: You're just not American enough to carry it off. How long has it been?

ROBIE: Since Boston won the pennant?

FRANCIE: Since you were in America last?

ROBIE: Three days ago. Just after Kukla, Fran and Ollie.

FRANCIE: And Oregon?

ROBIE: A week ago. The day they found a Communist in the Russian Embassy.

FRANCIE: Name me three deciduous trees indigenous to the Northwest.

ROBIE: You're a nice girl with too much imagination. If you go around talking like this about me, end up in a French jail for something I didn't do.

FRANCIE: (*Smiles triumphantly*) Are you going to rob Mother first, or somebody else?

ROBIE: Under the circumstances, somebody else.

FRANCIE: That's nice. Mother likes you.—I think Lady Kenton should be our next job.

He puts down the beer and chicken.

ROBIE: Now look—

FRANCIE: Isn't she on your list? She ought to be. The Kenton jewels are famous. I know every inch of her villa.

ROBIE: I can already hear your next line.

FRANCIE: The cat has a new kitten. When do we start?

He turns, reaches up and takes her wrist.

ROBIE: Don't talk like that.

FRANCIE: (*Pleasantly*) You're leaving fingerprints on my arm.

ROBIE: I'm *not* John Robie, The Cat.

FRANCIE: (*Speaking rapidly*) Why are the police following you? Show me that "real estate" list. That villa you went to isn't for rent, and you know it. The Sanfords have owned it for years—and I'm going to a party there in a week—You have a very strong grip. The kind a burglar needs.

He relaxes his hand a little, but still holds her. He smiles at her. He pulls her down to him, and kisses her After they part:

ROBIE: That's why you came out here, isn't it?

FRANCIE: We'll have cocktails at eight—dinner at eight-thirty. All in my suite. We'll talk about it there.

ROBIE: Can't come. I'm going to the Casino and watch the fire-works display.

FRANCIE: You get a better view from my place.

ROBIE: Already got a date.

FRANCIE: Everywhere you go, I'll have you paged as "John Robie, The Cat".

He doesn't say anything to this.

FRANCIE: Eight o'clock. Be on time.

ROBIE: I don't have a good watch.

FRANCIE: Steal one.

She smiles sweetly at him.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

460A. INT. BERTANI'S OFFICE—(DAY)—CLOSE SHOT

Bertani is sitting at his desk, phoning,

BERTANI: Excuse me. I could not speak with you today, Mr. Robie. I did not know your new name.

ROBIE: (*Filter*) I figured you had a good reason.

BERTANI: Who was the pretty girl?

ROBIE: Francie Stevens. Her mother is loaded with catnip.

BERTANI: I saw you examine the villa Sanford. You prepare—eh? It will be a grand gala—many women, rich jewels!

ROBIE: I'm counting on it.

BERTANI: This time we might help you—me and my boys.

ROBIE: In what way?

BERTANI: I supply drinks and food. We shall be everywhere.

ROBIE: I might just need you.

BERTANI: Tell me then.

ROBIE: Thanks, Bertani. See you around.

BERTANI: And bring Miss Stevens in my restaurant for dinner.

ROBIE: Not tonight. She's made some small plans for the two of us.

BERTANI: Well, soon. Bonjour.

ROBIE: Bonjour.

Bertani hangs up, chuckling warmly, as if the conversation had already become a pleasant memory. He rouses himself, and takes up his paper work on the desk before him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

461. INT. STEVENS' SITTING ROOM—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT Robie and Francie are standing at different windows, looking out on the harbor at Cannes. Outside the corner window, where Robie stands, we get a distant impression of a firework display at the Casino.

In the foreground, a waiter is passing behind the two of them, pushing away a portable dinner table containing the used dishes, glassware, etc., of their dinner. Right below the CAMERA, and very prominent in the picture, is an empty sofa.

WAITER: *Bonsoir, Madame.*

FRANCIE: *Bonsoir.*

WAITER: *Bonsoir, Monsieur.*

ROBIE: Good evening.

Francie turns away from her window and crosses Robie to a standard lamp at the other side of the room. He half turns, watching her. As she walks, she says:

FRANCIE: If you really want to *see* fireworks, it's better with the lights out.

She snaps out the light. Then she crosses and comes down behind the sofa. Robie turns again, his eyes following her. As she walks, she says:

FRANCIE: I have a feeling that tonight you're going to see one of the Riviera's most fascinating sights.

She comes into the foreground, pauses in front of a table lamp, bending over it slightly. The jewels around her neck catch the light and seem quite prominent. She turns her head and looks across at Robie.

FRANCIE: I was talking about the fireworks.

ROBIE: Never doubted it.

FRANCIE: The way you looked at my necklace, I didn't know.

She. out the light, leaving the room in darkness,

except for what light comes in from outside. Her jewels still seem to give off a glow. She walks to her window, then half turns to look at him.

FRANCIE: You've been dying to say something about the necklace. Go ahead.

ROBIE: Have I been staring at it?

FRANCIE: No. You've been trying to avoid it.

He doesn't answer her, engaged in watching another display of fireworks go off. The room is suffused by the glow from the fireworks.

He turns, takes a look at her. The light from the fireworks dies out. THE CAMERA moves back slightly as Robie turns from the window and goes to a small bar at the far end of the room.

ROBIE: Care for some cognac?

462. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM-(NIGHT)-SEMI CLOSEUP

Francie fingers the necklace abstractedly.

FRANCIE: No thank you. Some nights a person doesn't need to drink.

463. EXT. STREET-(NIGHT)-SEMI LONG SHOT

A black cat moving along a quiet sidewalk, seemingly keeping close to the wall.

464. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM-(NIGHT)-SEMI LONG SHOT Francie still at the window. Robie pouring himself a drink at the bar.



FRANCIE: Doesn't it make you nervous to be standing in the same room with twenty thousand dollars worth of diamonds—and unable to touch them?

Robie turns, faces her.

ROBIE: (*Simply*) No.

He drinks. She turns, looks at him.

FRANCIE: Like an alcoholic standing outside a bar on election day?

ROBIE: Wouldn't know the feeling

FRANCIE: All right. (*She begins painting a mood picture*) You've studied the layout, drawn the plans, worked out the timetable—put on your dark clothes, with your crepe-soled shoes and your rope. Maybe your face blackened. You're over the roofs in the darkness, down the side of the wall to the right apartment—and then, the window is locked! All that elation turned into frustration.

The fireworks flash again, flooding the room with colored light. Her face seems animated and eager, although that might result only from the angle of the light.

FRANCIE: *What* would you do?

ROBIE: Go home and get a good night's sleep.

FRANCIE: What would you do? The thrill is right in front of you, but you can't quite get it. The gems glistening on the other side of the window. Someone on the bed, asleep, breathing heavily.

ROBIE: (*Flatly*) I'd go home and get a good night's sleep.

465. EXT. ALLEYWAY—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT

The black cat comes to a stop and then leaps to the top of some garbage cans. It doesn't pause to eat, but moves on into the darkness.

466. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM—(NIGHT)—SEMI-LONG SHOT

The two are in the same position as before.

FRANCIE: Wouldn't you use a glass cutter—a brick—your fist—anything to get what you wanted? Knowing it was there, just *waiting* for you?

Robie pours himself another glass of cognac, drinks some of it.

FRANCIE: Drinking dulls your senses.

Francie moves closer to the couch. Robie takes a step down into the room.

ROBIE: And if I'm lucky, some of my hearing.

FRANCIE: Blue white, emerald-cut diamonds. The settings, just hair-like touches of Platinum.

ROBIE: I have about the same interest in jewelry that I have in horse-racing, politics, modern poetry, or women who need weird excitement. None.

FRANCIE: Hold this necklace in your hand and tell me you're not John Robie, The Cat.

She moves a step closer to the couch.

ROBIE: Sorry, I'm warming my brandy.

FRANCIE: John—

He doesn't answer.

FRANCIE: Tell me something.

He takes a step forward. His look seems to invite the question.

FRANCIE: *(A little pleased with herself)* You're going to rob that villa we "cased" this afternoon—aren't you?—I suppose "rob" is archaic. You'd say "knock over".

467. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT

Through the corner window we see a brilliant display of fireworks shooting into the sky. The sudden light bathing the room reveals Robie glancing sharply at her.

468. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT

Francie has noticed his glance. Robie turns, puts down his glass, then moves a little closer to the sofa. His eyes are on her all the time. She doesn't move away.

FRANCIE: Don't worry, I'm good at secrets.

ROBIE: Have you ever been on a psychiatrist's couch?

FRANCIE: Don't change the subject. I know the perfect time to do it. This weekend. The Sanfords are holding their annual gala. Everybody who counts will be there.

ROBIE: I never learned how to count.

FRANCIE: I'll get you an invitation.

1.69. EXT. BRICK WALL—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT

The black cat hurrying along the top of a brick wall.

470. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT Francie leans up against the back of the sofa. He is near the other end.

FRANCIE: It's an Eighteenth Century costume affair. There'll be thousands upon thousands of dollars worth of the world's most elegant jewelry. Some of the guests will be staying for the weekend. I can get all the information. We'll do it together. What do you say?

ROBIE: My only comment would be highly censorable.

471. EXT. HOTEL BALCONY—(NIGHT)—LONG SHOT

The CAMERA is now outside the window. This enables us to see the fireworks display more clearly. There is a big display of rockets.

1472. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT

Francis is now seated on the near end of the sofa. Robie, standing, leans lightly against the far end.

FRANCIE: Give up, John. Admit who you are.

He doesn't answer.

FRANCIE: Even in the dark, I know where your eyes are looking.

473. EXT. FIREWORKS—(NIGHT)—SEMI-LONG SHOT

A nearer view of the fireworks enables us to see a large set piece bursting into brilliant colors.  
474. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT Robie has just seated himself in the center of the sofa. The colors of the set piece are reflected on the two of them.

FRANCIE: Come. over and look, John. Hold them--diamonds--the only thing in the world you can't resist. *(She pauses, speaks almost in a whisper)* Then tell me you don't know what I'm talking about.

Robie slowly puts a hand out, and encircles her wrist.

475. EXT. FIREWORKS--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

Another set piece fills the screen. We are much closer to the fireworks this time.

476. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM--(NIGHT)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

The heads and shoulders of Francie and Robie fill the screen. The two are looking into each other's eyes. Robie's fingers softly move down the side of her cheek, then down her neck. Francie reaches up and takes his hand. She turns it, and kisses the fingertips. Then she lifts the necklace over them until the diamonds rest in his fingers.

FRANCIE: Ever had a better offer in your whole life? One with everything?

477. EXT. FIREWORKS--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

We are closer to the fireworks which are now building up to a greater intensity.

478 INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM--(NIGHT)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

The two are in big heads. Robie moves closer to her lips.

ROBIE: I've never had a crazier offer, I'll say that.

FRANCIE: Just as long as you're satisfied.

Their lips all but come together.

479. EXT. ROOFTOP--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

The black cat jumps up on the edge of a roof and trots straight up toward the CAMERA until it is in full head, filling the screen.

480. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM--(NIGHT)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Their lips are touching lightly. There is a slight smile of amusement on his face as he says:

ROBIE: You know, as well as I do, that necklace is imitation.

FRANCIE: Well, I'm not—John Robie.

She smiles a little herself, then crushes her lips against his.

481. EXT. FIREWORKS--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

A veritable inferno of fireworks spins and whirls dervishly, throwing off violent colors. It ascends into a peak of intensity, and then dies away slowly into red glowing embers, and then darkness.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

482. INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR--(NIGHT)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie is standing in front of open French Windows at the end of the short corridor leading off the main corridor next to the Stevens suite. He is smoking a cigarette, and looking out into the night. Then he steps out cautiously onto the small balcony, snaps his cigarette out into the darkness) and turns to scan the exterior of the building.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

483, INT. ROBIE'S BEDROOM--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

He is sitting in the dark, next to the window. He appears to be looking out thoughtfully into the night. His bed has been turned back, but unoccupied. A flood of light suddenly fans into the room, and over his figure, as the door is thrown open. Robie, in complete control of himself, hardly moves. He just turns his head carefully as he looks toward the door.

484. INT. ROBIE'S BEDROOM--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

From his viewpoint. The figure of a woman stands framed in the doorway.

485. INT. ROBIE'S BEDROOM--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

Robie rises to face her.

486. INT. ROBIE'S BEDROOM--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

She speaks without moving. There is no friendliness in her voice.

FRANCIE: Give them back to me.

She advances into the room.

487. INT. ROBIE'S BEDROOM--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

THE CAMERA PANS Robie over to the door, as he says:

ROBIE: Just what did you have in mind, Francis?

She doesn't move.

FRANCIE: Give them back to me. Mother's jewels.

ROBIE: I don't have them.

Suddenly and angrily, she attacks him, almost sobbing. Her fists beat him, and she tries scratching, kneeling, anything she can think of. He fights her silently.

He succeeds in dragging her into his room, and in closing the door behind.

Inside, he subdues her somewhat, pressing her up against the wall. THE CAMERA MOVES IN on the two of them. They are in big closeup. His face has become alive with strength.

ROBIE: When did it happen?

Her disappointment forces her to fight tears.

FRANCIE: When I was asleep.

He releases her, and starts for the door.

ROBIE: Let's look.

She reaches after him, grabs his arm.

FRANCIE: There's only one place to look—and that's obviously here.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK as he wrenches his arm away from her, then opens the door.

ROBIE: Help yourself.

He's gone out the door. She stands pressed against the wall a moment, then reaches for the light. She snaps it on. Slowly her eyes travel around the room.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

488. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT Mrs. Stevens is just in the act of opening the door that leads to the main corridor. Robie arrives simultaneously. He passes into the sitting room, and she closes the door to behind him. The CAMERA PANS her in as she says:

MRS. STEVENS: Did you meet Francie? Did she tell you what happened?

ROBIE: (*Looking around*) Yes. She's downstairs now—searching my room.

Mrs. Stevens follows him, drawing her negligee tighter about her.

MRS. STEVENS: Well, that doesn't make sense. She said she *knew* where my jewelry was.

ROBIE: She was wrong. (*Finishes examining living room*) Could I look at your bedroom?

MRS. STEVENS: If it will do any good. I think we should call the police and the hotel manager. They always like to get in on these things.

ROBIE: Will you let me look around first, Mrs. Stevens?

MRS. STEVENS: (*Shrugs*) I don't care. I'd be just as happy if you *didn't* find anything.

Robie, who has turned toward Francie's bedroom, stops, looks directly at Mrs. Stevens.

ROBIE: Why?

MRS. STEVENS: I'm a little tired draping those things over me. It was exciting at first—but now I think it's more exciting to have them stolen.

Robie starts for Francie's bedroom, Mrs. Stevens following. The CAMERA PANS THEM.

ROBIE: And, of course you don't lose anything financially—with Hughson around to make out the check.

L.89. INT, FRANCIE'S BEDROOM—(NIGHT)—SEMI CLOSEUP

THE CAMERA DOLLIES BACK with the two of them as they enter Francie's bedroom from the sitting room. doorway.

MRS. STEVENS: I'd be crazy to take this attitude if I did.

Robie looks around. vaguely. He glances to his right.

490. INT. FRANCIE'S BEDROOM—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT

Draped over the back of a dark green chair is the upper half of the bathing suit Francie wore the same morning. It makes us almost feel she's in the room.

491. INT. FRANCIE'S BEDROOM —(NIGHT)—SEMI CLOSEUP

The two continue through the bedroom, the CAMERA PULLING BACK with them.

MRS. STEVENS: Why in the world did Francie suspect *you*, Mr. Burns—a simple wood cutter from Oregon?

ROBIE: I am anything *but* that, Mrs. Stevens. My real name is John Robie. I used to be a jewel thief. Some years ago.

The two are passing through the bathroom, as Mrs. Stevens' voice boons off the tiling.

MRS. STEVENS: *Well*, what a wonderful surprise!

ROBIE: Somehow, I can't get worked up over it.

The two have now entered Mrs. Stevens' bedroom. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK until they are in MEDIUM SHOT.

We see a little more of the room around them. Robie gives the room a searching glance.

Mrs. Stevens smiles at him almost shyly.

MRS. STEVENS: Yes.

He turns away, and looks into the bathroom, checking it.

ROBIE: He came down through the airshaft.

MRS. STEVENS: If you're not Mr. Burns from Oregon, why do you call yourself him? And not—what was that other name?

ROBIE: Robie. John Robie.

He turns back into the room.

ROBIE: Where did you keep your stuff?

She points to a dresser.

MRS. STEVENS: The top drawer. Watch out for fingerprints.

ROBIE: (*Crosses to dresser*) There won't be any.

He examines the drawer, and the empty jewel case inside. Mrs. Stevens sits on the edge of the bed.

ROBIE: Did they get everything?

MRS. STEVENS: Everything. Francie must have known about you all along.

Robie begins examining the window and frames.

ROBIE: She guessed today. (*He turns to her*) Do you sleep soundly?

ROBIE: Mrs. Stevens—

MRS. STEVENS: Oh, I know the whole story. You want to go straight, but the gang won't let you.

ROBIE: In this case, the gang is the law—

492. INT. MRS. STEVENS' BEDROOM—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT The door to the short passage opens, and Francie enters. She is Still wearing the imitation necklace. Robie's voice is heard over.

ROBIE: —and now that I think of it, your daughter.

493. INT. MRS. STEVENS' BEDROOM,—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT The three of-them.

FRANCIE: Mother, don't talk to him. (*To Robie*) Don't touch anything. You're not going to cover up any clues.

ROBIE: There aren't any clues to cover up. He came in there—(*Points to bathroom*)—took the stones, and went out the same way.

FRANCIE: You know how he got in here as well as. I do.

ROBIE: Did you find anything in my room?

FRANCIE: I certainly did!

He looks at her sharply.

ROBIE: Not any of your mother's things.

She strolls around the bed toward the both of them, the CAMERA CLOSING IN. Her attitude seems somewhat smug.

FRANCIE: You gave them to your accomplice. But I *did* find that the clothes of Mr. Burns—the American—all had French labels in them. And—I found *this*!

She produces the list from behind her. She addresses her mother.

FRANCIE: A list of everyone on the Riviera who has jewelry worth stealing. (*She opens the list*) Listen to what it says about *us*.

Robie quickly moves, grabs the list away from her.

FRANCIE: (*Undisturbed*) What good is that going to do *you*? You're already caught—I called the police from your room. I told them *who* you were and *what* you did tonight.

He looks at her calmly, and with a straight face.

ROBIE: That'll make great reading down at police headquarters.

He turns to Mrs. Stevens.

FRANCIE: Mother—his name isn't Burns—he's a notorious jewel thief called "The Cat."

Mrs. Stevens nonchalantly rises from the bed, gets a cigarette from a nearby table. She reaches for a match. Robie and Francie watch her. She has taken the news quite easily.

MRS. STEVENS: And what's he doing here now, lamb? If he's already got the junk.

She scratches the match, lights the cigarette.

FRANCIE: Returning to the scene of his crime.

Mrs. Stevens blows the smoke away, as she looks at Francie.

MRS. STEVENS: Since when is love a crime?

Francie burns with anger.

494 INT. MRS. STEVENS' BEDROOM—(NIGHT)—CLOSEUP

Robie smiles from one to the other. His gaze, resting on Francie, softens a little.

495. INT. MRS. STEVENS' BEDROOM—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT The three again. Mrs. Stevens strolls to a chair, sits down, looks up to Francis.

MRS. STEVENS: His name is Robie—and for *my* money, he's a real man—and not one of those milk sops you generally take up with.

FRANCIE: Mother—after all—

MRS. STEVENS: After all, my foot. Why do you think we moved so many times? Your father was a swindler—but a loveable one. (*Looks at Robie*) If you ask me, this one's a bigger operator—on every level.

ROBIE: (*Smiles*) Thank you, madam.

FRANCIE: (*To mother*) This is why I've had to waste half my life travelling around the world with you! To keep men like—like this *away* from you.

MRS. STEVENS: (*Simply*) Well, next time, let me run my own interference. Looks like the blockers are having all the fun.

FRANCIE: (*To Robie*) If she doesn't have any common sense, I—

MRS. STEVENS: (*Interrupts loudly*) Shut up!

She gets up, strolls between the two of them.

MRS. STEVENS: They were my baubles that were stolen. If I don't care—why should you? They were insured. (*She pauses, takes a reflective puff on the cigarette*) Now, the real question is—where do we go from here?

There is a loud KNOCKING at the outside door. Francis looks across to Robie with a grin.

FRANCIE: To jail.

She turns and leaves the room, heading for the front door, the CAMERA PANNING her over.

496. INT. MRS. STEVENS' BEDROOM—(NIGHT)—SEMI-LONG

SHOOTING down the corridor to the main door, we see Francie open the door and admit an assistant manager with two uniformed and two plainclothed policemen. She turns, and beckons them to follow her. The group bears down toward the CAMERA with a grim and business-like manner.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK A LITTLE as Francie enters the bedroom. She stops short, with a bewildered look on her face.

497 INT. MRS. STEVENS' BEDROOM—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT

Mrs. Stevens is sitting comfortably in the bedroom holding an open book in her hands. There is absolutely no sign of Robie. She looks up with a mock startled expression.

498. INT. MRS. STEVENS' BEDROOM—(NIGHT)—SEMI-LONG SHOT

The full room. The police crowd into the room behind Francie.

FRANCIE: Where is he?

MRS. STEVENS: (*Innocently*) Who?

499. INT. MRS. STEVENS' BEDROOM—(NIGHT)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Francie is livid as she looks at her mother. OVER this a policeman is HEARD, off:

POLICEMAN: John Robie.

500. INT. MRS. STEVENS BEDROOM—(NIGHT)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Mrs. Stevens shifts her eyes to the police.

MRS. STEVENS: Never heard of him.

501. EXT. CARLTON HOTEL ROOF.—(DAYBREAK)—MEDIUM SHOT

In the foreground, a crouching Robie is listening over the edge of the roof. Dawn is just breaking in the sky. There is a touch of color from the rising sun. Francie's VOICE drifts up from an open window below.

FRANCIE'S VOICE: Mother—the book you are reading is upside down.

Robie doesn't wait for any further information. He turns and moves over the dangerously steep roof with quick, sure, cat-like movements. He passes behind a nearby chimney. We see him continue on over the gables and roof with increasing speed until he is lost from sight. OVER this we HEAR the excited VOICES of the French police hastily searching the Stevens apartment below.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

502. INT. LEPIC'S OFFICE—(DAY)—SEMI-LONG SHOT

A small office, now crowded with police detectives. Here and there a uniformed man. The doorway is open, and beyond it we can see some secretaries, a corridor, and some



newspapermen waiting for a story. Lepic is standing behind his desk, and next to him is his assistant Mercier. Lepic is in a high rage, and while he talks, there is an undercurrent buzz of excitement both in and outside of the office.

LEPIC: *J'ai bien envie de tous vous recommander pour une diminution de salaire—ou même de vous faire fiche à la porte! Vous êtes une belle équipe! Cent gaillards spécialement chargé de surveiller un seul individu qui habite un des plus grands hôtels de Cannes, qui entre et sort au nez de toute la Croisette, et vous le laissez stupidement vous filer entre les doigts!*

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

503. INT. STEVENS SITTING ROOM—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

Francie and Mrs. Stevens are in the sitting room. They are standing some distance apart, and obviously in the middle of an argument. Their eyes flash, and their manners are belligerent.

MRS. STEVENS: What right did you have to tell the police that Robie did the robbery?

FRANCIE: Who else could have done it?

MRS. STEVENS: We might be in France—but I'm still an American *legally*. A man is innocent until proved guilty! *Proved!*

FRANCIE: That won't be hard!

MRS. STEVENS: What's bothering you is that Robie is the first man who wouldn't fall down and roll over for you.

FRANCIE: Mother—he played both of us for fools and you know it!

MRS. STEVENS: I know that you ought to be spanked with a hair brush and sent back to a good *public* school where they could pound some sense into you during recess.

FRANCIE: He's a low, worthless thief!

MRS. STEVENS: Just what did he steal from *you*?

FRANCIE: Oh, mother —I—

MRS. STEVENS: Sit down while I tell you about *life—and* John Robie! (*A pause; shouts*) Sit down before I *knock* you down!

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

504. INT. BERTANI'S KITCHEN—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

Three detectives move into the kitchen at Bertani's restaurant. They take La Mule and two other chefs by the arms, preparatory to leading them out.

LA MULE: *Moi? Quest-ce que vous voulez que je sache! Vous vous imaginez que je passerais toute la sainte journée dans l'eau de vaisselle si j'avais volé pour plusieurs millions de bijoux?*

The other two men are similarly protesting, but the detectives are overcoming their vocal and physical resistance. Bertani hurries into the kitchen.

BERTANI: *Montrez voir vos mandats d'amener.*

DETECTIVE: *Les voici, Mr. Bertani!*

He puts the paper, down on a bench, and the three men are hustled out of the kitchen as Bertani and the others watch with startled and frightened looks.

505. EXT. THE BEACH CLUB—(DAY) MEDIUM SHOT

Two detectives are questioning Danielle at a distance. She is protesting that she knows nothing about Robie and his activities. She seems almost in tears. Claude steps in between her and the police belligerently, but they turn on him with questions that make him lose his bravery. Claude and Danielle are in bathing suits. Other people on the beach are watching the episode. Although we cannot clearly distinguish the voices, it is evident that the detectives mean business.

506. INT. ROBIE'S VILLA —(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

Two detectives move through the doorway of Robie's villa. Germaine tries to block their way, but they push her aside, one of them shoving a search warrant into her hand.

GERMAINE: *Vous n'avez pas le droit d'entrer ici! Attendez un peu que Monsieur Robie apprenne ça! (She looks at warrant in her hand) Qu'est-ce que vous voulez que j'en fasse de votre papier —je ne sais pas lire!*

One of the detectives immediately begins searching the room; the other moves toward a chest of drawers and abruptly stops when a black cat stands up in a chair hissing and spitting at him.

GERMAINE: *Et le chat ne sait pas lire non plus!*

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

507. OMITTED.

508. EXT. CANNES HARBOR—(DAY)—LONG SHOT

A lone figure sits out on the end of a pier extending into the gentle blue waters of the Cannes Harbor. The figure sits next to a tall brick tower, possibly a lighthouse.

508A. EXT. CANNES HARBOR.—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

Shooting back toward the shore. The fisherman is John Robie. Another person stands in front of the brick tower behind Robie. H. H. Hughson. He takes off his hat, and mops his forehead with a handkerchief. Robie looks forward without turning around.

ROBIE: Do you believe I did the Stevens job?

HUGHSON: Until you sent for me. If you had done it, you would hardly risk my bringing the police with me.

ROBIE: Thank you.

HUGHSON: As you've been safely in hiding for several days... why did you come out in the open?

ROBIE: I need your help.

HUGHSON: Perhaps I need your help even more. You see my superiors at the London Office—

Robie lifts a hand to stop his conversation.

ROBIE: This time I might solve some of your problems. Possibly all of them.

HUGHSON: That's too much to hope for.

ROBIE: For three nights I've been watching one of the villas on your list.

Hughson's interest picks up.

HUGHSON: Which one?

ROBIE: The Silvas—that South American couple. (*Significantly*) Somebody else is watching it too. I've seen him in the dark—but haven't managed to get close enough to catch him.

HUGHSON: Has he seen you?

ROBIE: Probably. I want to set a foolproof trap tonight—and I need the assistance of the police. Naturally, I can't approach them.

Hughson thinks a moment, then looks back to Robie.

HUGHSON: How do you know he'll be there tonight?

Robie takes out a folded piece of paper, hands it to Hughson, interrupting his speech.

ROBIE: Somebody gave this to Germaine, my housekeeper.

Hughson takes the paper unfolds it, and reads:

509. INSERT

The note: ROBIE-N'ALLEZ PAS À LA VILLA DES SILVA CE SOIR... C'EST À MOI TOUR DE FAIRE LE CHAT—PAS À VOUS.

510. EXT. CANNES HARBOR—(DAY)—MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Hughson looks up. The note definitely interests him.

HUGHSON: What does it say?

ROBIE: "Robie—stay away from the Silvas Villa. It's my night to howl, not yours."

HUGHSON: Who gave it to Germaine?

ROBIE: It was left in her shopping basket.

Robie quickly follows up the advantage of Hughson's interest.

ROBIE: Look, Hughson—get back to town. Tell Lepic to have the police surround the Villa Pampas sometime after midnight.

HUGHSON: You're actually going there?

ROBIE: Of course.

HUGHSON: But Robie—this note is obviously the bait for a trap. Someone *wants* you to go to the Silvas tonight.

ROBIE: I know it.

HUGHSON: Possibly to kill you.

ROBIE: (*After a slight pause*) Will you talk to Lepic?

HUGHSON: (*Disturbed*) All right, but if this—this—Cat doesn't show up—the police might get you—and the whole thing will turn out badly. Maybe I'd better go along tonight as your alibi.

ROBIE: Hughson, I know you get your insurance rates at a discount—but why be foolhardy!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

514. EXT. SEA VILLA--(NIGHT)--LONG SHOT

A large villa, surrounded by dark cypress trees, on a promontory jutting out into the sea. A high stone wall, with wide steps, rises up from the rocks at the water's edge.

515. EXT. SEA VILLA--(NIGHT)--LONG SHOT

A closer view shows us the steps rising up toward the front of the house. Except for a slight breeze stirring the cypress trees, there is absolutely no sound or movement about the villa. A light is seen behind the shades of a second floor right room. It goes out.

516. EXT. SEA VILLA--(NIGHT)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

The side of the villa, and the dark shrubbery beyond. There is the slightest movement in the foliage, possibly caused by the breeze.

517. EXT. SEA VILLA--(NIGHT)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

A dark cypress tree fills-part of the screen in the foreground. Beyond it, a parkway, and shadows of trees across it. The shadows seem to move. In the distance we can almost seem to hear the slip and grind of gravel, as though someone was stepping cautiously over it.

518. EXT. SEA VILLA--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

The CAMERA SLOWLY PANS along the edge of the roof, following the line of the rain trough. It follows a rain pipe down to the ground as though awaiting the arrival of someone. There is no sound.

519. EXT. SEA VILLA--(NIGHT) SEMI-LONG SHOT

Across a stretch of lawn there is a series of short trees, any one of which could be mistaken for the figure of a man. One or two of them move slightly in the breeze.

520. EXT. SEA VILLA--(NIGHT)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

Shooting down the stone steps which lead to the water, we see the waves swirling around the rocks below.

THE CAMERA holds on this for a while, because there seems to be someone moving on the rocks below—although we cannot be sure.

521. EXT. SEA VILLA--(NIGHT)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

Shooting along the top of the sea wall, showing the over-hanging trees. They shudder successively down the wall, as though someone was passing behind them, brushing them with his body.

522. EXT. SEA VILLA--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

Another part of the garden, near the sea wall. The shrubbery is completely still, the breeze having died away. The CAMERA STAYS ON THIS for a second or two. Then suddenly, a muffled, strangled shout shatters the silence. The wind seems to spring up again. THE CAMERA WHIPS around. Two big heads fill the screen. In the front is Robie, an arm clutched around his neck. A dark-face slightly behind him. It is Foussard, Bertani's wine steward. The two men begin to twist and struggle.

523. EXT. SEA VILLA--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

A man's arm is seen, as we SHOOT UP toward the moonlit sky. The hand grips a long blackjack. It descends successively and heavily down on one of the struggling men. Suddenly the blackjack remains poised in mid-air, because the assailant has heard shouts, police whistles, the screech of tires, doors slamming, etc. from a distance.

The blackjack and arm disappear from the picture.

524. EXT. SEA VILLA--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

We now see the position of Robie and his attacker. In the struggle, Robie has turned their positions so that the other man's head is back to the CAMERA, and has obviously received all the blows. The man's grip on Robie has relaxed, as Robie twists free. The man's body spins, and is lost to sight as it tumbles over the rail of the sea wall.

525. EXT. SEA VILLA (NIGHT)--LONG SHOT

We see the body of Robie's attacker falling to the rocks below. Robie stops for a moment until the body hits the rocks. We see his silhouetted figure dash into the shrubbery. The sound of the police has increased.

526. EXT. SEA VILLA--(NIGHT) SEMI-LONG SHOT

Shooting up the long flight of stone steps toward the house, we see the silhouettes of half a dozen police hurrying down. They are carrying flashlights.

527. EXT. SEA VILLA--(NIGHT)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

The police dashing down the stone steps to the rocks. They turn and quickly climb over the wet rocks to the body.

528. EXT. SEA VILLA--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

The dead face of Foussard, the wine steward, eyes staring, mouth open, blood trickling down one side of his head is bathed in the light of their flashlights.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

529. EXT. STREET CORNER--(DAY)--CLOSEUP

The blazing headline of a French newspaper, *Le Nice-Matin*. It reads in large black letters, with an exclamation mark: "LE CHAT EST MORT". Coins are being tossed into a cigar box, and many hands are pulling papers off the pile.

530. EXT. STREET CORNER--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

Ten or fifteen people are standing around the news stand, reading the front page of the paper. Some slowly walk past THE CAMERA. On the fringe of the crowd, coming toward THE CAMERA, are Francie and her mother. As they come into semi-closeup, they slow up, both of them look at the scene with interest.

MRS. STEVENS: Almost everybody in Philadelphia reads the *Inquirer*.

FRANCIE: Just a minute, mother.

She moves toward the news stand, and buys a paper. Once she looks at the headline, she holds the paper in front of her, and like the others walks slowly along the sidewalk, in her case toward her mother. Mrs. Steven's curiosity is aroused, increased by the fact that she cannot read French.

MRS. STEVENS: What is it? What's the excitement?

Francie looks up.

FRANCIE: The Cat burglar is dead.

MRS. STEVENS: (*Alarmed*) John Robie?

Francis refers again to the paper.

FRANCIE: A man named Foussard—a wine steward from a restaurant.

531. EXT. STREET CORNER—(DAY)—CLOSEUP

She stares over the paper into space. Over this we hear Mrs. Stevens' voice, full of relief:

MRS. STEVENS: Honey, you'd better start practicing your apologies. In two languages.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

532. INT. LEPIC'S OFFICE.—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

In a small office, Lepic is seated at his desk, while Hughson stands at the side. The latest edition of the newspaper lies in front of Lepic, possibly with his picture included with the story. Hughson holds a check in his hand.

HUGHSON: You're positive Foussard was the Cat?

LEPIC: I do not have any reason to change the story that I have given to the newspaper.

HUGHSON: That's hardly a direct answer, Commissioner.

LEPIC: (*Displaying some impatience*) I cannot give you another. Now if you excuse me—

HUGHSON: (*Interrupts*) One more point, Monsieur Lepic. (*Holds up check*) This is a check for eighty thousand dollars. That's nearly twenty-eight million francs. Since you have caught, and unfortunately killed, The Cat—

LEPIC: In our opinion, he killed himself attempting to escape justice.

HUGHSON: Either way. I've been instructed by my company to pay off the Stevens claim. I'm disinclined to do this, if recovery of the jewelry is imminent. Is it?

LEPIC: (*After an uncomfortable pause*) It will take time.

Robie's voice is heard off:

ROBIE: Several centuries.

The men turn, look toward the doorway.

533. INT. LEPIC'S OFFICE—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

Once again well-dressed, and with a look of slight amusement on his face, Robie leans up against the open doorway.

ROBIE: ,Congratulations on your capture, Commissionaire.

He enters the room, THE CAMERA PANNING him over to the desk.

ROBIE: All's well that ends well.

He sits down in a nearby chair as the two men watch him.

ROBIE: The newspapers have their headlines.

The rich tourists can relax. You, Lepic, have your publicity and possibly a

commendation from the Paris office. We all got something good out of it, except of course Hughson's company. But they can afford it, eh, Hughson!

HUGHSON: Well it has cut into their assets.

ROBIE: Poor Foussard. Never guessed it was him. Ordinary wine waiter. Family man. Wooden leg

Hughson's face shows a sudden startled look. He puts the check back into his pocket. Robie catches his look.

ROBIE: Oh, didn't you know? Lost it in the War. Isn't it remarkable? A man with a wooden leg teaching himself to climb up walls and over roofs with the agility of a four-footed cat?

Hughson quickly looks at Lepic.

HUGHSON: Is that true?

LEPIC: I believe he had a—bad leg.

Robie gets up from the chair.

ROBIE: And it was certainly in good taste of you to keep it out of the newspapers.

He walks to the door, THE CAMERA PANNING HIM.

ROBIE: Well, I think it's only fitting to drop into Foussard's funeral and pay my last respects. *(He turns, pauses, turns back)* Oh, and at the same time, to get a good look at the real Cat—who will certainly be there, *purring*.

534. INT. LEPIC'S OFFICE—(DAY)—SEMI-LONG SHOT

The full office. Hughson visibly startled by this last statement, takes a step forward.

HUGHSON: You *know* who the Cat is?

ROBIE: In a phrase—I do.

Lepic tenses, moves forward and upward a little in his chair, looking intently at Robie.

HUGHSON: Well—well, tell the commissioner who it is.

ROBIE: *(Smiling)* He wouldn't believe me.

HUGHSON: Then try *me*.

ROBIE: *You'd* find it hard to believe. When I catch the Cat on a rooftop, with a handful of stolen diamonds, then—

Lepic jumps to his feet, his face scarlet.

LEPIC: *(Interrupting)* Monsieur Robie! It is only because I have given this story to the newspapers that you are in freedom! But the day where I catch you on the top of a roof, with or without jewels, I shall be more than happy to call the reporters again!

ROBIE: *(Smiles)* Lepic—that's all I wanted to know. Good day, gentlemen.

He goes out the door, and down the corridor, whistling a light melody. Lepic sits heavily back in his chair, angry at his outburst, and annoyed by Robie's whistling.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

535. EXT. CEMETERY--(DAY)--LONG SHOT

The small graveyard on Cap Ferret is occupied by a moderate crowd, the core of which surrounds a flower-decked grave. Along the wall overlooking the cemetery are groups of sightseers, because this is a funeral of more than ordinary interest. Now and again a flashlight goes off to indicate the presence of a news photographer. There are newsreel photographers around, and quite a number of uniformed police.

536. EXT. CEMETERY--(DAY)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

A nearer high view of the burial. Apart from the black-clothed figure of Danielle, most of the mourners appear to be men. There seem to be very few women around, except among the spectators. At the head of the grave is the priest wearing his stole, and beside him a small altar boy holding a container of holy water. We now hear his voice intoning the burial service in Latin.

537. EXT. CEMETERY--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie stands among the mourners at one end of the grave. His eyes move slowly over the faces of the other mourners.

538. EXT. CEMETERY--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

The CAMERA PANS slowly along their faces. They are the men of the kitchen staff at Bertani's restaurant. Claude of the Beach Club is among them. One by one they notice the presence of Robie, and look up with no unusual expressions, absorbed as they are in the sadness of Foussard's funeral.

539. EXT. CEMETERY--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie looks at Danielle compassionately.

540. EXT. CEMETERY--(DAY) -SEMI-CLOSEUP

The CAMERA PANS BACK from Danielle to Bertani's face. He has now seen Robie. He gives a slight nod and smile of recognition. He starts to move out of the picture towards Robie. Claude follows closely behind him, like a bodyguard.

541. EXT. CEMETERY--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSED?

Robie does not acknowledge the greeting of Bertani. Instead, he studies him for a moment, and then follows the approach of Bertani with his eyes. In a moment, Bertani appears by the side of Robie, and slightly behind him. He speaks to him with a low whisper. We can still hear the priest intoning the burial service.

BERTANI: (*Half-whisper*) A most unhappy affair, eh, Robie?

ROBIE: Unhappy because it isn't *me* down there?

BERTANI: Poor Danielle—I have great compassion for her.

ROBIE: I'll look out for her. What do you suppose happened to the things he stole?

BERTANI: (*Shrugs*) That's a mystery. The Police have looked in every place.

ROBIE: Someday they'll turn up.

BERTANI: The boys owe you many thanks.

ROBIE: What for?

BERTANI: You know... for risking the prison to capture Le Chat.

ROBIE: Oh, that.



BERTANI: (*Smiles*) But *you* have no reason to complain, eh?  
 ROBIE: Could you be a little more specific?  
 BERTANI: The American girl—what’s her name?  
 ROBIE: Ohhh—Francie Stevens! That the one?  
 BERTANI: What lucid A beautiful woman, in love with you—rich beyond your dreams—  
 ROBIE: I dream pretty rich—  
 BERTANI: When are you going to America?  
 ROBIE: Didn’t know I was?  
 BERTANI: You will make a great mistake if you don’t marry her and return to your native country.  
 ROBIE: That would make it *quite* a mistake. Tell you what. We’ll talk about it at the Sanford Gala this weekend—between your catering duties.  
 BERTANI: You are not invited.  
 ROBIE: I will be.  
 BERTANI: (*A slight pause*) What costume will you wear?  
 ROBIE: Oh, I’ll figure out something to surprise you.  
 BERTANI: Good luck.  
 ROBIE: Isn’t that generous—considering that you have so *little* luck to spare.

542. EXT. CEMETERY—(DAY)—MEDIUM SHOT

The conversation of the two men is suddenly interrupted by an outburst from Danielle. She takes a step toward them along the edge of the open grave.

DANIELLE: *Nous enterrons mon pere, aujourd’hui—et je vous prierai de ne pas confondre ce cimetiere avec la Champre des Deputes! (Glances at Robie) Qui vous a demandé de venir ici, John Robie? Personne ne vous a invité. Sans vous, mon pere vivrait encore.*

Robie looks uncomfortable. Everyone is turning to look at him. The news photographers close in and begin taking pictures. The priest breaks off the funeral service with a shocked expression on his face as he tries to fathom the meaning of the interruption. Danielle steps closer toward Robie.

DANIELLE: *Voila ce que vous etes—un ignoble assassin, cynique et sans pitié! Killer! It’s because of you he’s dead!*

She closes in on Robie. Bertani reaches out to keep her from him. She pushes his arm aside.

BERTANI: *Danielle, mon petit—pas en public, voyons! Vous avez tort.*

DANIELLE: *Si personne n’ose le dire. Moi je le ferai. Vous êtes tous une bande de laches. (English to Robie) Get out of here you American killer—voleur—murderer—!*

543. EXT. CEMETERY—(DAY).— CLOSEUP.

A big head of Danielle as Robie's hand comes into the picture and slaps her sharply across the cheek. Danielle stops her tirade, stunned by his reaction.

EXT. CEMETERY--(DAY)--SEMI LONG SHOT

Everyone is frozen in gesture and sound. It is one large tableau of shock and indecision. Then Robie alone moves, turning and threading his way through the people and away from the grave.

545. EXT. CEMETERY--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

A high shot showing the people falling back to create a passage for Robie. Press photographers hurry forward. The silence now has risen into a low, undercurrent murmur. A few of the Maquis men advance threateningly while Bertani comforts Danielle, who is now sobbing. The priest resumes the service. Robie ignores the reporters and photographers, and makes his way through the now thinning edges of the crowd toward the gate.

EXT. CEMETERY--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

Robie is walking toward the CAMERA. Behind him the staring faces of the crowd, who one by one turn away and resume their attention to the burial services. Robie comes right up into CLOSEUP. He is grim, tight-lipped. His eyes catch sight of something. They show a slight surprise.

517. EXT. CEMETERY--(DAY)--LONG SHOT

In the street outside of the cemetery stands a horse-drawn hearse and two carriages. There is also a local private bus. Gathered in a little knot to one side are two or three of the drivers, and a motorcycle policeman, whose motorcycle can be seen parked in the distance. There is another car pulled up, and a woman stepping out on seeing Robie. It is Francie.

518. EXT. CEMETERY--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie, still looking at her, almost pauses—and then moves on. She calls out to him:

FRANCIE: John!

He stops, turns, waits for her to come up.

510. EXT. CEMETERY--(DAY)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

Francie hastens toward him, the CAMERA PANS HER. As she gets to him, she says:

FRANCIE: Are you going to make it hard for me to apologize?

550. EXT. CEMETERY--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

As Francis comes up to the waiting Robie.

ROBIE: Not at all. I'm sure you're sorry.

FRANCIE: You know I am. Until mother told me, I had no idea the things you were up against.

ROBIE: We all make mistakes—only some are a little less bizarre than others.

FRANCIE: *(She takes a breath of control)* What are your plans, now?

ROBIE: *(Interrupting)* Now *what*?

FRANCIE: That The Cat burglar is dead.

ROBIE: *(Looks toward the cemetery)* Foussard isn't The Cat.

FRANCIE: *(Follows his glance)* But the newspapers—

ROBIE: *(Back to her)* The man had a wooden leg.

FRANCIE: But wasn't he caught at a villa—trying to rob it?

ROBIE: He wasn't there to rob. He was there to kill me.

FRANCIE: *Why?*

ROBIE: Because I was getting too close to The Cat.

FRANCIE: (*Slowly*) Then—who killed *him*?

ROBIE: I'll let you know when I find out. Goodbye, Francie.

He starts to turn away. She reaches for his arm, detains him.

FRANCIE: John—why bother?

ROBIE: It's sort of a hobby of mine—the truth.

FRANCIE: Let me do something to help you.

ROBIE: The one time you helped me was enough—for both of us.

FRANCIE: Oh, don't talk like a road show actor!

ROBIE: (*Equally sharp*) Look—I'm all out of thrills. I'm down to the hard work now. It's not your style. Go find a bull-fighter to play with.

FRANCIE: I *knew* you were going to act like this—injured, childish.

ROBIE: You've made your apologies—now don't take up my time with a scene from some old page in your diary.

He starts to move around her. She stops him, confronts him.

FRANCIE: Mr. Robie—I was wrong about you, I think—you might possibly be wrong about me.

ROBIE: I'm doomed to go through life never knowing. Now, if you'll pardon me, I have a bus to catch.

FRANCIE: I won't pardon. you. I'm in love with you.

She stops, as if she hadn't meant to say it. They look at each other briefly.

ROBIE: Now that's a ridiculous thing to say.

FRANCIE: Is it?

ROBIE: With you, words like that are routine playthings.

FRANCIE: (*Quite sober*) *Were* playthings.

ROBIE: (*Pauses*) Tell you what. A sporting, exciting, romantic offer.

FRANCIE: I—don't know if I'm up to it now.

ROBIE: Get me an invitation, and I'll take you to the Sanford Gala.

FRANCIE: It's costume, you know. Nobody can go without a costume.

ROBIE: What are you wearing?

FRANCIE: Louis the Fifteenth. Mother and I got them from Paris.

ROBIE: I'll have Germaine make me something to go with them—I'll call you in a day or so.

He starts away, turns back. She stands there, watching him with a reserved sort of love.

ROBIE: Oh, you probably wonder why I want to go.

FRANCIE: I have an idea.

ROBIE: Thought you might get a kick out of seeing a real live burglar. Of course, it won't be *all* laughs.

FRANCIE: (*A flat statement*) And maybe a little danger?

ROBIE: (*Nods, smiles*) *Figured* you'd go for it. I'll try not to let you down. So long, Francie.

He turns, walks away. The CAMERA MOVES IN on her eyes, they are sad and water-filled.  
FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

551. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--LONG SHOT

A view of the deserted rooftop of the Sanford Villa, looking in a direction that shows us the moonlit Mediterranean beyond. The roof area is large, complex in structure with many brick chimneys and tiled gables.

552. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

Another view of the roof.

553. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--LONG SHOT

Shooting from the roof we see a courtyard below, and the gardens beyond. The guests are beginning to appear in the grounds. They are all in Eighteenth Century French costumes, varied and colorful. Buffet tables are in evidence. A dance area has been cleared, with a bandstand at one end.

554. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--LONG SHOT

The entrance gate at the bottom of the driveway leading to the villa. A long line of cars edging their way through the main gate. There are motorcycle police in evidence. A knot of people are rubbernecking. They are local people and some tourists taking pictures. There are a couple of news photographers in evidence as well. The police check the people in each car entering for their invitation cards.

555. OMITTED

556. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

This is the main doorway from the house to the grounds. A flight of broad, wide stone steps lead from a terrace. We get a glimpse of a large entrance hall brightly-lit inside. Through this doorway and onto the terrace where Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, in their costumes, greet the arrivals. Having made their Eighteenth Century curtsies to the hostess and host, each new arrival moves on down the steps and approaches THE CAMERA.

THE CAMERA concentrates on the central figure of each new tableau. As the figure comes nearer, our attention is centered on the jewelry being worn. We are therefore successively treated to displays of fabulous stones and elegant settings.

The SOUND of music is heard off, flourishing the entrance of the guests.

557. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

A section of the richly gowned and costumed onlookers who applaud each new arrival. The people seem to be enjoying themselves.

558. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

Two rather drab-looking 18th Century characters stand together in the line of onlookers. By contrast to the others, they seem to show an indifference. However, their eyes study every new entry. THE CAMERA PANS DOWN their bodies, past their knee-breeches, over their

rather ill-fitting, twisted stockings, to two pairs of heavy, modern shoes with thick soles. The shoes are also highly polished for the occasion.

559. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-SEMI-LONG SHOT

Another grand entry, to a round of applause. The woman again walks past THE CAMERA until her jewelry fills the screen.

560. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-CLOSEUP

A big head of Bertani. He is looking across, keenly, at the arriving guests. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that he is in the center of the activities in and around the kitchen quarters. Actually we are in a small yard, and in the background, we can get a glimpse of a station wagon, and a small black. sedan. In the foreground are trestle tables, covered with various cold foods, etc.

When THE CAMERA FIRST MOVES BACK, we are near enough to catch sight of a sad-faced Danielle who is unpacking champagne, and putting the bottles into large, ice-filled tubs. Antoinette, Bertani's cashier, is seated at a small table checking off items. There are three other serving girls, in addition to three or four chefs, and La Mule doing the heavy lifting. They are all in 18th Century costumes, the women dressed identically as serving maids. The waiters move in and out, taking trays of food and supplies to the various buffet tables in the main grounds. These are also dressed as lackies. Claude, of the Beach Club, is carrying a bucket of iced champagne bottles to a garden table.

THE CAMERA PANS Bertani over to Danielle. He gives her an affectionate pat on the shoulder, after which he passes Antoinette.

THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN Bertani. into the garden proper. He moves over to survey one of the buffet tables,

561. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-SEMI-LONG SHOT

Back around the grand entrance, the crowd has become much greater, and noisier. They are just applauding a grande dame who has two Afghan hounds at the leash.

As she passes out of the picture, the Stevens and Robie appear. Mrs. Stevens comes first, and is then followed by Francie with Robie as her blackamoor attendant. They are applauded in, and continue on down the steps to be greeted by the Sanfords. They move on, into THE CAMERA, and out of the picture.

562. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

The buffet tables are beginning to become busy. Bertani is supervising the work of his chefs, when he notices the arrival of Lepic, and his assistant Mercier, at the table. He crosses to them genially. The CAMERA MOVES IN until the three of them are in CLOSER SHOT.

BERTANI: *Un peu de Champagne, Commissaire? Au moins que vous ne buviez pas pendant le service?*

Lepic, answering Bertani's smile:

LEPIC: *Je ne bois jamais en dehors du service.*

Bertani insists on serving them himself. He gets glasses, and a bottle, pours out three glasses. They toast each other silently.

563. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

Francis, her mother and Robie. They have come down into the grounds. Robie no longer has the large umbrella he was holding over Francie. As the three fill the screen, Robie nudges Francis and nods his head toward the buffet tables.

564. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(NIGHT)—SEMI-LONG SHOT

They see Bertani and the police sipping their champagne. They are just two other people at the same table.

565. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(NIGHT)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Francie reacts to the sight of the police. She gestures a warning to Robie, trying not to be obvious. Robie's answer is to grip the arms of the two women and move them over toward the buffet table, THE CAMERA PANNING them.

566. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT

As the three of them come up to the table, Bertani and Lopic are in discussion. Mercier, Lopic's assistant, watches the approaching group.

LEPIC: *Je m'excuse d'avoir dû faire ramasser par mes hommes quelques-uns de vos garçons de cuisine. Moi aussi j'obéis aux ordres.*

BERTANI: *Bah! Je comprends ces choses-là! Que voulez-vous, la Loi est la Loi.*

The attendant, who is Claude of the Beach Club, noticing their arrival, asks:

CLAUDE: *Champagne, Mesdames—Monsieur?*

FRANCIE: Yes, please.

Claude gets the glasses, and pours. Lopic, Bertani and Mercier seem to pay no attention to the group. Lopic and Bertani carry on a conversation in French, possibly about the large quantity of food and drink which will be served at the gala. Mrs. Stevens appears to suddenly remember something.

MRS. STEVENS: Oh, my heart pills! *(She turns to Robie)* I can't drink champagne without my pills. It makes my heart pound.

FRANCIE: Where did you leave them?

MRS. STEVENS: In our room, when we put the luggage up there. They're probably in my purse. *(To Robie)* Would you be sweet, John, and go get my purse for me?

ROBIE: Of course.

He turns and walks toward the villa.

567. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(NIGHT)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

Lopic and his assistant have picked up their ears during this last conversation. They look cautiously toward Francie and her mother. Then their eyes follow the retreating figure of Robie.

568. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(NIGHT)—CLOSE SHOT

A quick flash to Francie, as she puts a cautioning hand on her mother's arm, and speaks guardedly.

FRANCIE: Mother—!

The mother answers in a hoarse kind of stage whisper.

MRS. STEVENS: Well, Francie—all I said was—

Francie interrupts her, with:

FRANCIE: Never mind what you said!

569. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(NIGHT)—LONG SHOT

Robie, moving through the crowd, toward the main villa.

570. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

The two detectives finish their drinks, put down their glasses and stroll away casually in another direction. The CAMERA PANS them into the crowd, until we lose them.

571. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

Lepic and his assistant have a hurried consultation and we see them divide and go off in different directions.

572. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

Mercier stops in front of two costumed men and almost in pantomime describes Robie to them. He moves off and the two men separate and go in different directions to spread the word.

573. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

Lepic comes up to the Sanfords and whispers to them. They look toward the party grounds with apprehension. He calms them with confident assurances.

574. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-SEMI-LONG SHOT

Bertani has just left the buffet table and we see him striding purposefully toward the kitchen section. He glances over his shoulder for a brief moment without interrupting his walk.

575. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

We pick up Robie moving through the crowd and PAN HIM OVER to the Stevens. He hands Mrs. Stevens her purse. Francie whispers something to him and he looks around. The music for dancing begins and before they have time to drink the champagne which was poured for them, Robie invites Francie to dance. He is accepted; and they leave Mrs. Stevens standing at the buffet table.

576. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-CLOSEUP

Mrs. Stevens looks around to see if she is being observed. Finding she is not, with great relief she quickly drains the three glasses of champagne, one after another. Just as she puts down the third glass, the attendant has turned around and noticed her consumption of champagne. He picks up the bottle and offers her more.

MRS. STEVENS: Have you got any bourbon?

The attendant smiles, produces a bottle of bourbon. Mrs. Stevens begins pouring herself a stiff drink.

577. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-SEMI-LONG SHOT

Robie and Francie move onto the dance floor and are soon lost among the other couples, except that Robie's feathered headdress towers above the rest of the people.

578. EXT. SANFORD VILLA (NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

Another view of the dance floor. Two ominous figures step into the foreground and watch the dancers.

579. EXT. SANFORD -VILLA-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

Another view of the dance floor from a different direction. Two more policemen step into the foreground and watch Robie and Francie, who appear to be having a wonderful time.

580. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

SHOOTING DOWN on the far side of the dance floor we see two more police step up and watch. Robie's feathers go by in the foreground.

581. EXT. SANFORD VILLA (NIGHT)–MEDIUM SHOT

SHOOTING OVER the heads of the dancers into a fourth corner. Two more police step in so that the floor is now completely surrounded by watching police.

582. EXT. SANFORD VILLA–(NIGHT)–SEMI CLOSEUP

A little farther away,. Lepic moves into the scene like a commanding general watching operations. He rocks on his heels with satisfaction.

583. EXT. SANFORD VILLA–(NIGHT)–LONG SHOT

A HIGH TOP SHOT showing the crowded dance floor. Robie, in his black costume, stands out easily as he whirls and dips with Francie in his arms.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

584. EXT. SANFORD VILLA–(NIGHT)–LONG SHOT

Another TOP SHOT of the dance floor from a different angle. The number of dancers has thinned out considerably, as well as the spectators. Robie and Francie are still having a wonderful time. The still figures of the watching police are slightly more conspicuous.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

585. EXT. SANFORD VILLA–(NIGHT)–LONG SHOT

Still another TOP SHOT of the dance floor from a different angle. It is much later. The band SOUNDS a little tired. Six couples are dancing on the floor, one of which is Francie and Robie. They seem tireless. The onlookers are now so few in number that the watching police are as obvious as store detectives.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

586. EXT. SANFORD VILLA–(NIGHT)–LONG SHOT

From a HIGH TOP SHOT of the dance floor, we see Francie and Robie dancing close and romantically to the slow and sleepy music of the band. They are alone on the floor. Some of the detectives are grouping together in apparent consultation. They look over their shoulder occasionally at the dancing pair.

587. EXT. SANFORD VILLA–(NIGHT)–MEDIUM SHOT

Bertani, who is supervising the cleaning up of one of the buffet tables, takes a step or two towards the CAMERA. He smiles with satisfaction at Robie's predicament.

588. EXT. SANFORD VILLA–(NIGHT)–SEMI CLOSEUP

Lepic has now been joined by his assistant Mercier. The commissioner seems quite pleased by the way he has bottled up Robie. He and Mercier exchange looks of satisfaction. The MUSIC ENDS.

589. EXT. SANFORD VILLA–(NIGHT)–LONG SHOT

Robie graciously escorts Francie off the dance floor, past the watching police. The police begin to half-heartedly edge forward after the pair. Lepic stops them with a gesture, and indicates that just two men should follow them.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

590. EXT. SANFORD VILLA–(NIGHT)–MEDIUM SHOT

Francis and Robie move arm in arm down the corridor of the Sanford Villa toward Francie's room. She opens the door of her room.

591. INT. SANFORD VILLA–(NIGHT)–SEMI CLOSEUP

Two police cautiously peer around a corner.



592. INT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

From their viewpoint we see Francie in the half-open door, Robie in the corridor. Francie enters the room, but Robie seems to hang back, hesitating. Then Francie's arm reaches out, takes him by the hand, and starts to pull him in.

593. INT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

On the landing, at the end of the corridor, one of the two police hurriedly gestures his colleague to dash to a window from which he will be able to see the side of the building. The second policeman obeys the order, leaving the first policeman on guard at the corridor. We see the second policeman open a window at the end of the corridor, and lean out to peer down the side of the building.

594. INT. SANFORD BEDROOM--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

The bedroom assigned to Francie and her mother, looking out on the courtyard of the Villa. Mrs. Stevens is sleeping in an armchair in the foreground. There is one bedside lamp burning. Francie sits down on a chair, almost exhausted. Robie leans in a slumped attitude against the wall by a dresser. He takes off his plume and tosses it onto the bed.

FRANCIE: Wasn't that fun?

595 INT. SANFORD BEDROOM--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

A big head of Robie, as he takes off his mask. It is not John Robie at all—but H. H. Hughson. There is an exhausted expression on his face.

HUGHSON: I hope the home office appreciates what I've gone through for them. Oh, my feet are about to fall off.

596. INT. SANFORD BEDROOM--(NIGHT)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Francie stands up, looks over to the sleeping figure of her mother.

FRANCIE: Mother was quite a little actress tonight.

HUGHSON: *(off)* I thought she played her part rather well. *(Chuckles)*  
Heart pills.

Francie goes to the window, turning out the light on the way. She looks through the curtains.

HUGHSON: *(o.s.)* Don't worry about him, Francie.

FRANCIE: How can I help it?

597. INT. SANFORD BEDROOM--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

The big head of Francie as she looks up into the moonlight.

598. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

A big head of Robie, looking down. He is crouched in deep shadow, against a brick backing. The CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK to reveal a big expanse of roof beyond Robie.

599. .EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

He hears the SOUND OF A CAR STARTING UP. He looks down to the driveway.

600. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--LONG SHOT

Bertani is helping one of the serving maids into his car, into the back seat. He follows her in. The car pulls away. The rest of his helpers make their way toward the truck, climb in, and the truck pulls off.

601. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--CLOSED?

Robie is extremely puzzled at Bertani's departure.

602. INT. SANFORD. VILLA--(NIGHT)--LONG SHOT

The lights go out in the main entrance hall of the villa. There is just moonlight. Suddenly, out of the shadows, a black cat appears and starts to ascend the broad staircase to the second floor. For a moment it is bathed in moonlight, and disappears into the shadows again at the top of the stairs.

603. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie, now completely disturbed, starts to rise from his position. He cannot make up his mind whether or not to go down.

604. INT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

The black-gloved hands taking jewelry from a bedside jewel case and stuffing it into a black velvet bag.

605. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

Lepic, his assistant Mercier, and a group of the costumed policemen. Although we do not hear what he says, he is obviously explaining that nothing is going to happen tonight. His waiting car stands by.

606. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

Robie is making his way down the slope of the roof. He suddenly stops.

607. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)

Robie, alert, listening and watching along the roof.

608. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint, some yards away, a dormer window slowly squeaks open.

609. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

Robie quickly flattens himself on the shadowed side of the roof and peers over the top, his eyes just showing.

610. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--LONG SHOT

A dark-clad figure in sweater and slacks, immediately moves from the moonlight into the shadows by the dormer window. It starts to move cautiously along the roof-top in Robie's direction.

611. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

Robie, watching tensely.

612. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

The figure, now silhouetted against the dark sky, moves even closer.

613. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

Robie, tense.

614 EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

The dark figure, looming up closer, silhouetted against the sky. It comes nearer and nearer—and suddenly stops, as though sensing something. It turns and starts to move away as quickly as the roof will allow.

615. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

Robie quickly rising after the retreating figure.

616. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--CLOSEUP

Robie's foot suddenly dislodges a slate from the roof.

617. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--SEMI-LONG SHOT

Robie gains on the figure, but the slate skitters noisily down the roof and is heard to hit the court-yard below with a loud, shattering crash.

618. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

Lepic, about to get in his car, freezes, whirls around looking up. Other police turn, look up, then dash out of the picture toward their assignments.

619. INT. SANFORD BEDROOM-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

Francie and Hughson spring to the window and look out.

620. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

Robie closes in on the dark-clad figure, and is just about to grab it. More tiles are kicked loose by the chase. They clatter to the courtyard below.

621. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

Police, taking the colored gelatines off the floodlights under the trees, and turning the lights in the direction of the rooftop.

622. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie has grabbed the figure and is wrestling with it, fighting for control so that he can tear off the mask covering the face. Beyond them we see the lights of windows below being turned on as guests hear the excitement.

623. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-CLOSEUP

The dark figure is twisting and fighting to keep the mask out of Robie's grasp. Robie's hand finally goes out, tears the mask off. It is Danielle. Her hair falls down from underneath the black beret she's wearing. She looks up at him, caught, but defiant.

DANIELLE: (*Breathing heavily*) You think you've caught The Cat?

ROBIE: I caught you the night your father died. He couldn't climb anything—and you always did his leg work during the war. You had to be in this somewhere.

DANIELLE: What a mistake! John Robie—*ici!* John Robie, *Le Chat!* I've got him! *Ici!* Here! John Robie!

The two heads are suddenly flooded in a white light from many searchlights below. Robie turns, surprised. Danielle immediately takes advantage and twists away, ducking into the shadows.

EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-LONG SHOT

The full scene showing the police below, the beams of the light shooting up, Danielle no longer in view, and Robie left standing in the light a solitary figure.

625. INT. SANFORD BEDROOM-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

Francie turns quickly from the window and runs to the door, followed by Hughson. They pass the sleeping figure of Mrs. Stevens, who is snoring with open mouth.

626. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT.

Robie looks about him desperately while still bathed in the floodlights. He dashes over, crouches behind the shadows of a tall chimney.

627. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-CLOSEUP

Robie scanning the rooftop, with every sense at his command, looking for some sign of Danielle.

628. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-SEMI-LONG SHOT

A shot of the whole length of the rooftop. There is no sign of Danielle. Over this we hear a booming voice from below.

LEPIC: *(Off, booming)* Come down, Robie, or we shall be forced to shoot!

629. EXT. SANFORD VILLA (NIGHT)–CLOSEUP

Robie is intently looking for Danielle. He seems to pay no attention to the threat. He gathers himself for a dash forward, and then suddenly runs out of the picture, crouching low.

630. EXT. SANFORD VILLA–(NIGHT)–FULL LONG SHOT

Taken from the highest point on the rooftop, shooting past the running figure of Robie down onto the courtyard below. The courtyard is filling rapidly with excited guests. The searchlights across the roof in pursuit of Robie. Suddenly bright spurts of orange flame appear below, and almost before the SOUND of gunfire reaches us, bullets begin rattling off the roof and chimneys. We see Robie safely reach the shadows of another group of dark chimneys. As soon as he reaches new protection, the firing stops. Below, Francie and Hughson run into the courtyard.

631. EXT. SANFORD VILLA–(NIGHT)–SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie, breathing hard, sweeping the roof again for sight of Danielle. There is a cold determination expressed in his manner.

632. EXT. SANFORD VILLA–(NIGHT) SEMI LONG SHOT

Another sweep of the roof. No sign of Danielle.

633. EXT. SANFORD VILLA–(NIGHT)–MEDIUM SHOT

On the back side of the villa, Danielle is hanging from the rain trough of the roof, moving hand over hand along the roof edge. All we can see of her are her black-gloved hands, and the top of her head. There is a sheer drop below. The black bag of jewelry is around one of her wrists. She is approaching the end of one wing of the building. Unable to go farther, she is forced to pull herself back up on the slant of the roof.

631. EXT. SANFORD VILLA–(NIGHT),–MEDIUM SHOT -

Francie, almost frantic with fear, dashes into the group of police, and up to Lepic. His eyes remain on the rooftop, as do the eyes of the other police.

FRANCIE: Put those guns down! He isn't The Cat!

LEPIC: *(Still looking up)* Then what does he do on the top of that roof?

FRANCIE: *Your* job! That's what he's doing!

LEPIC: Madame, I can only believe what my eyes show me.

FRANCIE: You shoot him, and I'll—

LEPIC: *(Interrupts, shouting over her)* John Robie is exactly where I knew he would be some day!

He looks down to one of the other policemen, and says in French:

LEPIC: Get her away from here!

The policeman grabs her, and tries to pull her away, and she struggles, too choked with anger to talk.

635. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-SEMI-LONG SHOT We do not see Robie in the shadows of the chimney, but Danielle is now climbing the corner of the roof, and is coming into view, although she is not exposed by the searchlights.

636. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

Robie suddenly sees Danielle. With a quick glance below, he decides to risk it and emerge after her. He moves forward, and two shots ring out.

637. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

Lepic and his group, Francie, being held by a policeman, looks up in horror, as another shot is fired. Lepic, suddenly sees something on the roof, shouts to his men, in French:

LEPIC: Hold it! Hold your fire!

638. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT) SEMI-LONG SHOT

Robie advancing across the roof toward Danielle. Retreating, now exposed by the searchlights which play on her, she reaches the edge of the roof. There is a wide gap to another section.

639. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

Danielle looks down and then back toward Robie.

640. EXT. SANFORD VILLA, -(NIGHT)-SEMI-LONG SHOT

Robie advancing towards her.

641. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT) CLOSEUP

Danielle, now thoroughly scared, turns from Robie and looks across to the other roof.

642. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-SEMI-LONG SHOT

The drop below, and the other section of roof beyond. The jump looks all but impossible.

643. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-SEMI-LONG SHOT

The CAMERA is now on the other roof, looking back. Danielle, with a desperate look at Robie, takes the leap. She hits the sloping roof right in FRONT OF THE CAMERA. For a second she seems to have secured a hold, but then starts slipping toward the edge of the roof. Involuntarily, she gives a slight SCREAM of fright. There are SCREAMS and SUDDEN SHOUTS from the onlookers below, as she goes over the side of the roof.

644. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-CLOSE SHOT

We see the tremendous drop beyond her hanging figure. She is holding the rain gutter with one hand, and trying to shake the bag of jewelry loose from her other wrist.

645. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-SEMI-LONG SHOT

The CAMERA is now below, SHOOTING UP between the gap of the roof edges. Robie, after a slight hesitancy, makes a leap successfully and lands on the sloping roof just beside Danielle.

646. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-MEDIUM SHOT

Robie secures a foothold as best he can, and reaches down for Danielle's hand, which is beginning to slip from the edge of the rain trough. There is almost utter silence from the onlookers below.

647. EXT. SANFORD VILLA-(NIGHT)-CLOSEUP

Robie's hand grabs hold of Danielle's wrist. Her hand twists, holds his wrist.

648. EXT. SANFORD VILLA (NIGHT)-SEMI-CLOSEUP

The bag of jewels drops from her other hand. We HEAR it land. below with a THUD and CLATTER.

649. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(NIGHT)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

On the courtyard below, the jewels scatter from the broken bag in a wide circle.

650. EXT. SANFORD VILLA—(NIGHT)—SEMI-CLOSEUP

There is a genuine fright on Danielle's face as she looks up to Robie.

DANIELLE: Pull me up!

ROBIE: I'm trying to think of a reason why I should.

DANIELLE: (*Louder*) Now pull me up!

ROBIE: Don't shout. It makes me nervous. I might drop you.

DANIELLE: Then go ahead—drop me!

ROBIE: Whatever you say.

He lowers his arm slightly. Even greater fright passes over Danielle's face. She quickly shouts:

DANIELLE: No!

His grip tightens and holds.

ROBIE: You've got a full house down there, Danielle. Now shall we begin the performance?

DANIELLE: What performance?

ROBIE: The one in which you tell them who is really who—and what is really what.

DANIELLE: Please, John—I might slip!

ROBIE: I figure I can hold you another thirty seconds. No more.

DANIELLE: (*Desperately*) I did it for my father!

ROBIE: That's fine...but I already know it. We're telling *them*—down there—remember?

Danielle looks down and the sight frightens her even more. She looks up again.

DANIELLE: I'll kill you when I get up there.

ROBIE: *If* you get up here. (*Sharply*) Tell them!

She gives him a look of hatred, then shouts down:

DANIELLE: I was working for my father! (*She looks up*) Now, please—

ROBIE: Your father is conveniently dead. Who else?

DANIELLE: (*Shouting down*) And Claude, too! (*To Robie*) That's all.

ROBIE: I'm out of training. I think my fingers are beginning to open.

DANIELLE: (*Anguish*) I don't know anything more!

ROBIE: (*Patiently*) Now why protect him? He's probably keeping all the jewels himself. Tell that: who was behind it—who engineered everything—who sent me the "weather reports"—who knew as much about as I knew myself. Go on.

DANIELLE: *(After hesitation, shouts down)* Bertani! Augustus Bertani was behind it! *(Looks up)* Now, you miserable—

ROBIE: You left out one important thing. —Of course, I'm selfish.

DANIELLE: I know nothing more. You're frightening me to death!

ROBIE: You'll, probably think of it—just before you hit the ground. I'm getting a cramp in my arm.

He seems to lower her slightly. She is terrified.

DANIELLE: *(Looks down, closing her eyes, shouts)* John Robie had nothing to do with it! Nothing! *(Looks up, frightened almost to tears)* Now, please—please pull me up! I'll die—

Slowly Robie pulls her up to the roof. She freezes against the tiles, sobbing with relief and shock. Robie leans back against the roof and takes a deep breath of the night air.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

651. INT. SANFORD VILLA—(NIGHT)—MEDIUM SHOT

In the main entrance hall of the Sanford villa, lighted sparingly. Standing in a casual group are Lepic, Mercier, Danielle, Bertani and Hughson. Robie, Francie and Mrs. Stevens cross the hallway on their way to the door. They pause. Lepic, who is speaking, seems much more affable than we have known him to be.

LEPIC: Well, I think we have discussed all the details. Is anything not clear to you, Monsieur Bertani?

BERTANI: *(Shrugs pleasantly)* No—but one little request.

LEPIC: Yes?

BERTANI: That I come to the police station at *twelve* tomorrow, instead of ten.

LEPIC: *(Smiles)* Ten, please. Be on time.

BERTANI: But I must find somebody to manage my restaurant. *(He winks broadly)* I may be away a long time, eh?

LEPIC: *(Shrugs)* A private matter—between you and the judge.

BERTANI: *(Smiles)* Twelve o'clock, then?

LEPIC: *(Pleasantly)* Ten. And bring a lawyer, if you desire.

BERTANI: *(Skeptically)* No thank you. *(Bows slightly to the group)* *Bonne nuit, mesdames et messieurs.*

They nod silently in, return to him.

BERTANI: *(To Robie)* I regret having given you such trouble, Monsieur Robie.

ROBIE: Well, Bertani—had it ended differently, I might have been a little put out. As it is, I have no personal complaints.

BERTANI: You'll eat at my restaurant again?

ROBIE: The very day you get out.

BERTANI: Ah...we'll have a great feast!

ROBIE: Hurry back.

BERTANI: *(Smiles to him, turns to go, remembers something)* Oh—Monsieur Lepic, *pardon*—Danielle Foussard. May I bring her with me at ten?

LEPIC: Unfortunately, no. She comes with us tonight.

BERTANI: *(Shrugs)* If you must. *Bonne nuit*.

He turns and walks across the hallway and out of the picture.

651A. INT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

Robie turns to Francie and Mrs. Stevens.

ROBIE: I think we had better “bonne nuit” ourselves.

Francie isn't listening to him. She seems to be staring at Danielle with a look that could be either sympathy, or wonder. Robie follows her glance. Danielle is nonchalantly yawning.

DANIELLE: I'd like to get some sleep.

LEPIC: I'm afraid that your next bed will be a hard one.

DANIELLE: I don't mind. I've slept on prison beds before.

ROBIE: *(Looks at her quickly)* When were *you* ever in prison, Danielle?

DANIELLE: *(Stops, looks directly at him)* I was born in jail.

Robie and Francie look at each other, not too happily. Mrs. Stevens starts moving for the door.

ROBIE: *(To Danielle)* Goodnight.

Danielle smiles at him, then quickly walks up to him and impulsively kisses him.

DANIELLE: Well, no South America.

ROBIE: Guess not.

They separate and Robie takes Francie's arm, and follows Mrs. Stevens out of the hallway.

651B. EXT. SANFORD VILLA--(NIGHT)--MEDIUM SHOT

Robie, Francis and Mrs. Stevens come down the steps of the villa. They are met by La Mule and a couple of the chefs from Bertani's restaurant. The men rush up to Robie, to embrace him, shake his hand, punch him affectionately.

LA MULE: Ah, Monsieur Robie!

CHEF: *Nous avons honte de vous avoir si mal jugé. Nous vous prions de nous excuser.*

Robie smiles happily at the group.

LAP DISSOLVE TO

652. OMITTED.

653. EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY--(DAY)--LONG SHOT

Robie's red convertible, moving at high speed up a mountain road. It is being pursued, at some distance, by a black sedan.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

654. EXT. ROBIE'S VILLA--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

Robie enters the patio of his villa. He walks over to the low wall beyond which lies the hills and valleys of St. Gennet. He seems disturbed about something. He hears someone coming into the patio from around the house. He turns, and looks with some surprise.



655. EXT. ROBIE'S VILLA--(DAY)--MEDIUM SHOT

Francie stands, watching him briefly. She isn't smiling, but seems composed. She begins to walk forward, the CAMERA PANNING her.

656. EXT. ROBIE'S VILLA--(DAY)--SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

Robie is still surprised to see her.

ROBIE: Who brought you up here?

Francis comes into the picture, approaching Robie.

FRANCIE: The police. And we'd have caught you, if this dress hadn't gotten all over the gear shift and the wheel.

She stands next to him, looking out over the valley.

ROBIE: But it was only twenty minutes ago that I said goodbye!

FRANCIE: As quickly as you could.

ROBIE: Didn't I thank you?

FRANCIE: Politely.

ROBIE: Then what—uh—?

She turns to him.

FRANCIE: John—you left in such a hurry you almost ran.

ROBIE: I had things to do up here.

FRANCIE: Were you afraid I'd make you admit that without me you couldn't have saved yourself?

He doesn't answer.

FRANCIE: That you needed the help of a "good woman? That you're not the lone wolf you think you are?

Robie throws out a hand in a gesture of gracious admission.

ROBIE: All right—without you I couldn't have done it.

He begins to see some of the humor in his situation.

ROBIE: I needed the help of a woman.

He gives in.

ROBIE: I guess I'm not the lone wolf I thought I was, Francis.

FRANCIE: (*She is pleased*) I just wanted to hear you say it. Thank you, and goodbye.

She turns, and starts to leave. But he quickly reaches out, takes her by the arm, and turns her around. He pulls her close to him, kisses her. It is full, passionate—more of love than of sex. Then he buries his face in her shoulder. She looks up, with a shining and happy face. Her eyes are somewhat misty, but she manages a lightness to her voice as she says:

FRANCIE: So this is where you live?—I think I'm going to like it.

FADE OUT.