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The Pink Panther 2

By Scott Neustadter

I now bring to your attention
one of the most stunning treasures
in the British Library's entire collection.

The Magna Carta.

And now, over here,
perhaps the most cherished
ancient artifact in the Western world.

The Shroud of Turin.

The Imperial Sword!

Chief Inspector Dreyfus is here to see you.

- Chief Inspector.

- Sir.

I'm sure you know why you're here.

The British, the Italians and the Japanese
are assembling an elite squad
of their finest detectives,
an international Dream to track down this Tornado.

- And France will be represented?

- Exactly.

I am honored, but not surprised.

This is the culmination of my career.

The moment
that I've been waiting for all my life.

- No, no, no.

- Well, not all my life, perhaps...

- No, no.

- No. Nevertheless...

They want Clouseau, since he is
considered the top detective in the world.

We have been asked if Clouseau
is available to lead the Dream Team.

- Clouseau?

- Yes, yes.

- Is there something wrong?

- No, no, not at all.

Would you mind if I use your bathroom
just for a moment?

- Certainly.

- Thank you.

Clouseau.

I'm afraid, sir,
that Clouseau is currently occupied.

- What?

- I've assigned him to a mission

so important for our country
that I fear for our national security
if he was taken off it.
Clearly a violation.
Parking ticket.
What is this for?
Thirty-one centimeters from the curb,
nine centimeters too far.
Nine centimeters into
the seamy black underbelly of crime.
- You must take the ticket. Take it.
- Never!
You must take the ticket.
You're not wearing your seatbelt.
You are going to have to go
to traffic school.
Pardon me.
- Stop this car immediately.
- Okay.
Right.
- Are you finished yet?
- Complete and operational.
Chief Inspector,
your new system will monitor and record
every word and every movement
in this room.
So, if anyone breaks in, what happens?
Your office is linked to the elite
Black Berets. They will be here in seconds.
Sir, Inspector Clouseau is here to see you.
Send him in.
- Clouseau?
- I have to appoint him to the Dream Team.
- Clouseau?
- Don't ask, don't...
Good afternoon, Chief Inspector.
I'm here with my report.
This darn Medal of Honor.
You're so fortunate
you never got one, Chief Inspector.
You look so tidy having no honors
or other forms of distinguishing decor.
Why don't you wear it under your shirt,
you know, out of sight?

Brilliant idea, Chief Inspector.
That way it won't clang around.
Now, the parking ticket situation.
Over the last six weeks,
I've given out almost four parking tickets.
One at the muse, overtime.
And one, you'll recall, to you,
in violation of the bent-license-plate law.
- Yes, I recall.
- It's all there in the report.
Fascinating.
Well, I shall waste no time in reading it.
And just in case, I've deftly cataloged,
numbered and cross-referenced
each offense here in my little black book.
Now, Clouseau, you remember when I first
put you on that parking ticket detail...
Yes, you explained
it was a top level assignment.
And that if anyone ever asked you
if I was the one who had assigned you
to this incredibly important mission,
you would deny it.
Chief Inspector, I don't even know
what you are talking about.
Good work, Clouseau.
Now, to business.
I have been instructed to reassign you...
Clouseau?
Clouseau.
We were being recorded.
- The Black Berets.
- The password. What is the password?
- I don't know.
- Four, three...
- We weren't yet told.
...two, one.
Hamburger.
Thank you, sir. Have a nice day.
- The password was "hamburger"?
- No, "hamburger."
- I said "hamburger".
- No, you said "hamburger."
- Hamburger?

- Hamburger.

How did you know
that we were being recorded?

Easy, Inspector.

This pen emits a small beeping noise
whenever it detects microwaves.

- RadioShack. \$12.

- What?

- How did you know the password?

- This little LED chip decodes passwords.

I had it attached to the back
of my Medal of Honor.

- RadioShack?

- EBay. I got this there, too.

- What do you think this is?

- A tape recorder?

No. It only looks like a tape-recorder.

It's actually a pen.

So you can write with it
and no one will know.

Bingo!

Now, you were saying, Inspector.

- You are being reassigned.

- Let me read your mind.

The Tornado is at large, and you want me
to protect the Pink Panther.

- No.

- No?

It is my job to protect the Pink Panther.

You've merely been reassigned
to the Dream Team.

That is quite an honor,

- but I cannot accept.

- What?

If Inspector Clouseau
were to leave France,
the Tornado would surely strike
at the Pink Panther.

- I'm guarding it!

- But...

Don't argue.

You fly to Kyoto in the morning.

But I can't fly.

In a plane!

- But still...

- That's an order.

Nicole.

You are traveling?

Yes, Inspector Dreyfus is sending me on a very dangerous mission.

- For how long? When will you return?

- I will return when the criminal is caught.

It could be a month, it could be a year.

You understand, Nicole.

- Yes, yes, of course.

- Of course, we will have to stay apart.

If the criminal were to, say, kidnap you, he would have power over me.

Why would he have power over you?

Well, because, well,

you are like a brother to me.

A hot, sexy brother in a dress.

Nicole, I hope you have forgiven me for that one evening.

Yes, Inspector, it is forgotten.

- I have not forgotten.

- Neither have I.

So, even though, technically,

we are on duty,

do you think it would be all right

to share a bottle of wine?

I think it would be all right.

Then I will select the wine.

It is one of my specialties.

I would like to select my own wine.

And by the way,

I am Inspector Jacques Clouseau.

Remember this face.

- This is a very special bottle.

- Delicious.

There was something about

burning down a restaurant

that ignited other, more illicit, fires.

- And I'm sorry about that.

- As am I. Terribly remorseful.

It was a night to remember

that we must forget.

We must never forget to not remember it.

And if we do remember it,
we must immediately forget it.
Now, let's have
a professional hug goodbye.
I'll be right there.
I'll see you in several months.

- No problem.

- And I do hope your hearing improves.

Ponton,
I'm worried about my leaving France.
The Tornado is rampant.
The Pink Panther is such a temptation,
and no Clouseau to protect it.
But you visited the museum yourself,
you checked the security.

- It's gonna be all right.

- Yes, I suppose you're right.

- Are you driving?

- I like to stay in practice.

- Okay.

- Remind me where the brakes are.

- Here. Yes.

- There?

- Yes.

- And then you turn here.

- Of course, yes.

- All right.

- And this turns it.

- Yeah.

Okay, here we go.

- Ponton.

- Yes?

- This case is very strange.

- How so, Inspector?

For 10 years,
the Tornado terrorized Europe,
stealing over a quarter of a billion dollars
worth of artifacts.
Then, for no reason, he suddenly stops.
Maybe the Tornado thought
he had enough money.
If he had enough money, then why,
after 10 years of complete inactivity,
does he suddenly spring back into action?

London, the Magna Carta.

Italy, the sacred Shroud.

The Imperial Sword. Why now?

Why all of a sudden? Why? Why?

You need to calm down.

Hey!

What's the matter, Ponton?

You seem a little depressed today.

- Is it your wife again?

- Yes.

She still feels my job

takes up too much of my time.

The same old thing.

Next week is our 10th anniversary.

She thinks we should fuck tonight

Ponton, would you like me

to talk with her?

No.

I mean, this issue must be discussed

between husband and wife.

Well, you must explain to her

that we are men of the law.

Always living in the shadows.

Idiot.

I will miss you, Inspector.

I will miss you, too, Ponton.

- And, Ponton.

- Yes?

I am sorry you can't satisfy your wife.

"I am now leaving France."

This is a bad idea.

The legendary Pink Panther Diamond

has been stolen.

Officials suspect the perpetrator

is the infamous Tornado.

What'd I tell you?

The theft of the Pink Panther would be

the fourth high-profile crime...

Oh, my God! He was right.

The Dream Team was supposed to start

its investigations in Kyoto, Japan,

but it's just been diverted to Paris.

France is in shock.

The international Dream of detectives will begin...

I'm standing outside the Grand Palais
where the Pink Panther has been stolen.
Why are they cheering?
This is a national tragedy.
We live in a media age.
You must learn to adapt.
Then adapt I shall.
- Who do you think did this, Inspector?
- Inspector, any comment?
Tornado, I'm coming to get you.
One more.
Tornado, I'm coming to get you.
There's your one.
Good afternoon, Inspector.
The other detectives have already arrived.
They are waiting for you.
- I'm sorry, I don't remember your name.
- What?
- Yes. I am Nicole.
- Yes, so nice to see you again.
You, too, Inspector.
Well, enough of this foreplay.
Where are the other detectives?
Yes, they're outside fucking
I hope no one has
tampered with your pussy
A crime scene is like a code.
You decipher it,
and it will lead inexorably to the criminal.
That is why it must always be kept
in pristine condition.
Good day. I'm Inspector Jacques Clouseau
of the French Police.
Vicenzo Roccara
Squarcialupi Brancaleone.
And your name?
Vicenzo Roccara
Squarcialupi Brancaleone.
That is your name. I thought you were
ordering in Italian. Once again.
Vicenzo Roccara
Squarcialupi Brancaleone.
Don Corleone.
I'm Kenji Mazuto.

Kenji Mazel Tov.

Randall Pepperidge.

And this is my associate Gilbert Ponton,
and this is Nicole.

Nicole is here to service your needs,
so feel free to use her
in any way you wish.

And now there is a crime scene waiting.

Excuse me. "El sceno de crimo."

- That is not Italian, and I do speak English.

- Really? Prove it.

Gentlemen, we first have to determine
how the crime was committed.

And as I am an expert at deduction...

- You are an expert at deduction?

- That is my field.

I believe deduction is my field
and since you are experiencing hip pain...

How did you know that?

One side of the sole of your shoe
is worn more than the other.

You're favoring your right leg.

Tell me, did you enjoy
your double espresso this morning?

- How did you...

- Your pupils are noticeably dilated.

And will you be moving out
of the Hotel Montmartre?

They are doing construction at night
around the Montmartre
so as not to disturb daytime traffic.

From your puffy eyes,
I deduce you spent a sleepless night.

Speaking of traffic,
are you enjoying your Smart car?

Your trousers are wrinkled
behind the knees.

And how do you think your favorite
football team, Arsenal, will do this year?

That matchbox is from
the only bar in Paris
that shows English football telecasts.

You have tissues in your shoes
to make you look taller.

You were 14 before you finally learned to enjoy avocado.
Tell me, how did you enjoy your trip to the airport this morning?
Now, how did you know that?
- Perhaps one of you should begin.
- Yes, this is silly.
You've recently lost your favorite cheese grater.
You have an aversion to cow bells.
Stop the insanity and look at this.
Il Tornado is not as careful as he thinks.
Fingerprint. With this small piece of glass, the case is practically solved.
This one has a fingerprint.
This one has a fingerprint, too.
This one has a fingerprint.
You don't need that.
You have plenty of fingerprint evidence.
Guard that.
What do we know about this man, this Tornado.
Well, we know that he's a white male between 50 and 65, with a scar from a bullet hole behind his right shoulder.
In 1996, the Tornado was shot right here in France while trying to steal a gold vase. Blood was found, and as a result, his DNA has been on file for over 10 years without a match.
I'm sorry I'm a bit late.
My flight was delayed.
You're Jacques Clouseau.
The Pink Panther detective.
This is such a thrill.
- And who is it that are you?
- I'm Sonia Solandres.
- Didn't anyone tell you that...
- Yes. I was informed.
- A last-minute addition to our team.
- That's right.
I've written a book on the old Tornado crimes,

but I'm not sure
if I'm really gonna be much help here.
Technically speaking,
I'm not really a detective.
Welcome.

We can always use an extra mind.
Now, let me bring you up to speed.
We know nothing.

You are now up to speed.
In world news today,
members of the Dream Team gathered for
the first time in front of the Grand Palais
to start their investigations
into the Tornado thefts.

Inspector Clouseau had this to say.
Tornado, I'm coming to get you.
There's your one.

I was able to discover this Tornado
hacked the security system
from a remote location and turned off
all the alarms and surveillance scanners.

- Can you trace the source?
- Yes, but it will take time.
- You are new here?
- Yes, hello. Mrs. Berenger.
- I know who you are, Inspector.
- Do you?

Due to the media frenzy
surrounding this case,
I've been assigned to instruct employees
on political and social correctness.

It's always nice
to have a very sexy woman
clomping around the building
in high heels.

- You must never refer to a woman as sexy.
- But I was complimenting you.

No, Inspector, you must not comment
on a woman's body.

- I get it. I get it. I keep it to myself...
- Yes.

...when I am thinking...

- Inspector.

This will be an exercise

and I want you to concentrate.
And no matter what I say,
I want your expression to remain neutral.
That will be easy.
You're here in the corridor
at your employment,
and you see a very pretty young woman
walking toward you,
and her blouse is tight
and is rather bursting at the buttons,
and she drops her pencil,
and as she bends to retrieve it,
her blouse parts,
revealing the cleavage
of her soft, round, white mounds.
And then the pencil rolls around
and she bends again,
and her undulating buttocks
cause the short skirt to rise
revealing other nooks and crannies. Then you fuck her and she gives you a
blowjob
I like you, Mrs. Berenger. I like you a lot.
So, I have made lunch reservations
at four different restaurants,
depending on who wants to eat where.
You know,
I cannot decide what is more beautiful.
Paris or you.
May I have a word in private?
I'm worried that your hot Italian blood
might be leading you into an indiscretion.
Really?
Yes, these attentions
you're paying to Nicole.
What?
I see. You and she, you like the...
Oh, no, no, no.
She and I are co-workers, nothing more.
So I'm not stepping on toes.
How could you, since she and I have
absolutely no feelings for one another.
Good, because I find her very alluring.
No. No. For a man like you, she's too drab.
- Drab?

- And she is disgusting.

- Disgusting?

- Yeah, she's drab and disgusting.

I think you are wrong, Clouseau.

You see, you and I,
we are men of the world, no?
We've had all these
sexy and glamorous women, right?
Yes, in fact, I believe
you've made a conquest of your own
in Miss Solandres.

Clouseau, you are a lover.

And Nicole is a woman for a lifetime,
a woman to have the babies with.

- To have the babies?

- Yes, lots and lots of the babies.

All day long the babies.

All day long the babies?

Ponton.

That Italian and I have locked antlers.

We are like two angry stags
pawing at the ground.

Have we decided on lunch?

Well, I suppose you will be wanting sushi,
my little yellow friend?

What?

Inspector, we never refer to Japanese
people as "our little yellow friends."

- But why?

- Because it is a stereotype.

Inspector, are you prejudiced
against Asians?

Well, of course not.

Except when they drive.

Have you ever seen them drive?

They can hardly see over
the steering wheel.

- Inspector.

- Well, I'm sorry, Mrs. Berenger.

I suppose I'm a bit of a dumb blonde
about this.

- What?

- You must never refer to blondes that way.

- But they are so dumb.

- Oh, my God.

Were you just ogling her?

- No.

- Yes, you were.

I did not.

- You did.

- I did not.

- You did it again.

- No, I didn't.

- Yes, you did. I saw it.

- I did not.

- No, you didn't.

- You did it.

- You did it again!

- No, I didn't.

- Yes, you did.

- I did not.

- Yes, you did.

- Oh, my God, look!

Oh, my God...

Ponton?

I had it out with my wife.

I told her that she must not

question me about my work,

and that my home life must take

second place to my career.

Good for you. Congratulations!

You are now a real man.

So, then, can I stay here with you?

- What?

- May I stay here? I got kicked out.

- Yes, I suppose. Temporarily.

- Thank you.

It's okay, boys.

What are these?

Ponton?

They are my sons, Louis and Antoine.

They took my side of the argument.

And this is Jacques.

They named him after you.

They idolize you.

Uncle Jacques, what's that?

That is an award given to me

by the President of France.

Go ahead.

- Is that the Pink Panther?

- No, it's a replica.

A copy given to me

for recovering the real diamond

and returning it to France.

Let's show Uncle Jacques what we won.

We won these in a competition

in karate school.

That is so cute.

Now, let me show you a real trophy.

One I won at a karate competition

just recently.

Wow!

- You like karate?

- We love it.

Remember, boys.

The secret to a successful karate attack

is the element of surprise.

- Good one.

- Thank you.

To find the Tornado,

we must consider his motives.

I'm worried that right now,

the thief is trying to sell the goods.

Right.

"Hey, buddy, do you want to buy

the Shroud of Turin?"

No. These items are too famous to be sold.

Only the Pink Panther can be cut up

and sold as smaller gems.

I suspect that's what he wants.

I have something.

This says the computer that hacked into

the museum is located in Rome.

- Rome?

- Yes. Is something wrong?

No. No. Rome means nothing to me.

I mean...

Rome? Do you know who lives in Rome?

- Alonso Avellaneda!

- The black market art dealer.

The man rumored to be

the Tornado's fence.

There's always been a suspicion
that Avellaneda's not just the Tornado's
fence, but the Tornado himself.

He is the right age.

Do we have a sample of his DNA?

Not yet, but we should be in Rome
in one hour.

Where is our pilot?

I don't trust any other pilot
for my plane but myself.

Your plane.

Nicoletta,

would you like to be my co-pilot?

- Come.

- Okay.

- Would I be disturbing you if I joined you?

- No, no. Please disturb me.

I've been thinking a lot
about what you said outside the museum,
about the psychology of the criminal.

The "why?"

Perhaps romantic disappointment.

A foolish young woman
who leaves a man for a younger man.
That could never happen.

But of course.

What a man such as that should do
is start a new romance
with someone more appreciative.

That is so funny. "Start a new romance."

I'm not quite sure what you mean,
but that is funny.

It appears that Inspector Clouseau
does not find Miss Solandres drab.

"Drab"?

The very word
that he used to describe you.

- He called me drab?

- And disgusting.

Disgusting?

Thank you.

Hey, Ponton.

Tell me more about Inspector Clouseau.

He's a brilliant man, unorthodox, oblique.

But I can tell you
with absolute confidence,
he's the man who will solve this case.
Ponton-san, you are crazy.
If Clouseau solves this case,
I am perfectly willing to run around
like a bare-bummed idiot
wearing nothing but a tutu.
Well, let's talk about Avellaneda.
- What are his proclivities?
- He's an art connoisseur,
but because of his questionable dealings,
he was thrown out of Spain
and must live here.
You see?
He has squandered his reputation,
and he is forced to live in the woods
like an animal
with the shame of being a criminal.
If there is one absolute truth in this world,
it is that crime does not pay.
You say the bullet hole is
behind his right shoulder?
Yes.
Then all we have to do is figure out a way
to get him to remove his shirt.
I was half expecting you.
Are you the so-called "Dream Team"?
And who is it
who is inquiring of us who we are?
I am Alonso Avellaneda.
Is this more of that Tornado nonsense?
We shall see who is the one
who will be saying nonsensical things
that are something of nonsense.
Well, I suppose I must bow
to the inevitable.
Please, come inside.
I'll join you in a moment.
Nicole.
While the Dream Team plays its
little games, I am going to snoop around.
Who cares?
So, gentlemen and ladies,

please make yourselves at home.
Now, how can I help you?
Seor Avellaneda,
where were you last Friday evening?
Dining with my daughter and my ex-wife.
Don't believe me, call them.
Why call them?
They already lied for you
on the stand 10 years ago.
I am not the Tornado.
Do you mind
if I examine your computer system?
Be my guest. I have nothing to hide.
Sometimes things hide in plain sight.
My security system.
Answer this question.
In the past, you admitted to dealings
with II Tornado?
Yes, but that was 10 years ago.
Besides, I never saw his face.
How did you conduct these transactions
if you never saw his face?
He was in disguise.
He always wore a mask.
Did you call him Zorro?
Or the Power Ranger?
Come, come, seor Avellaneda,
you expect us to believe
that two grown men
do millions of dollars of business
with each other
and you never saw his face?
Perhaps I saw him once.
Did it look something like this?
Or this? How about this?
No, I've told you. I am not the Tornado.
How did you pay him?
With deposits into Swiss bank accounts.
Numbered. Untraceable.
I understand.
Look, I know my answers
are less than satisfactory.
I realize that.
Does this mean

I must spend the rest of my life
living under a cloud of suspicion?

- Forgive my intrusion.

- Yes.

There is one way to prove your innocence.
Back in 1996, while perpetrating a crime...
Yes, yes, yes. He received a bullet wound
in the shoulder.

Is this what it's come to?

That I must strip down
and remove my clothes
in the sanctity of my own home
before a group of people I've only just met
just to prove my innocence?

Well, it wouldn't hurt.

Fine. Let's get it over with, then.

I believe it was the right shoulder.

So I hope this proves beyond doubt
that I am not the Tornado.

We will have to leave you in peace.

He's already shown us his shoulders.

There is no wound.

He did?

- The man is guilty.

- There's no physical evidence.

Clouseau!

He removed his shirt twice,
and there was no bullet hole.

Haven't you ever heard
of cosmetic surgery?

Yes. Of course you have.

Clouseau Inspector,

I even checked all the house's computers.

None of them are used
to hack into the museum.

Still...

Clouseau, can't you see
what's plain in front of you?

Your unrelenting stubbornness
is maddening.

And I'm telling you I sense
the presence of the Tornado in that house.

They don't know anything.

That blasted bullet wound. It's my mark.

One day they'll find me.
You're in no danger, Laurence.
This is all very strange.
I even know one of them.
You do?
- Which one?
- You know me.
Isn't it obvious?
Inspector, excuse me.
Are you familiar with a Spanish restaurant
here in Rome called La Plata de Nada?
Know it? I destroyed it.
I found this in a jammed paper shredder.
The grand re-opening of La Plata de Nada.
And I thought, "Why would Avellaneda
"shred a simple reminder
of a dinner appointment?"
Good work, Ponton.
- So what should we do?
- Our jobs, Ponton.
We investigate, see who he's eating with.
Perhaps the Tornado.
You go on ahead.
Ponton and I will get a taxi
and do a little sightseeing.
This stakeout was a good idea, Ponton.
Fortunately, I'm an expert lip-reader.
He's saying, "Never retune a wet piano."
Why is he saying that?
No, he is saying, "My wife will not be back
in Italy until Sunday."
- No wonder he shredded the message.
- What is all this?
Before they opened tonight, I snuck in,
found out which table he'd reserved,
and planted a bug.
But how did you find out which table
they would be seated at?
You rubbed your fingers together.
That is surprising.
What is she doing here with him?
I'm sorry, Inspector.
We've got to find out
what they are saying.

Why?

We've got to move the bug
from that table to that table.

- How?

- Let me handle it.

Hello. Remember me?

Don't you come back.

What's wrong?

You don't like this restaurant?

Oh, no.

No, I have been here one time before.

It's very nice.

There. It is out.

We've been able to confirm
that the Pope's ring has been stolen.

Ironically, the Dream was no less than five miles away in Rome.

The Italian people are outraged
that the Tornado was able to pull this off
right under their noses.

Mr. Clouseau.

Mr. Pepperidge, was the Dream sleeping last night during the theft?

No comment.

Do you think

they will ever recover the ring?

If I made a comment after I'd said,

"No comment,"

I'd look like a complete ass, wouldn't I?

Do not worry.

Vicenzo Roccara Squarcialupi Brancaleone
swears to you by all that is holy,
that St. Peter's ring
will be restored to the Church.

Please sit down.

Now, Mr. Pope,

do you happen to know right now
the whereabouts of your hat?

- My hat?

- Yes, your big, pointy hat.

No, I don't know.

Then I am probably sitting on it.

I thought I felt a little...

This can be fixed.

As good as new.

Now...

How do we know

it wasn't you who stole the ring

so you could collect

on the insurance money?

- I am the Pope.

- Forgive me, Mr. Pope,

it's just that sometimes

when I speak so forcefully,

people just crack instantly.

Now, was the ring insured?

The ring is priceless. It cannot be insured.

- So you had no reason to steal the ring.

- I own the ring.

Perhaps you wanted to sell the ring

so you could live in a big, fancy house.

I kind of do.

Now, let me reconstruct the crime.

You came into the room when?

- **At 9:**

- And what was the first thing you did?

I went out on the balcony

to admire the Lord's handiwork.

The moon that night was so beautiful.

It made me close to the Lord.

I'm picking up on something.

You're a very spiritual man, aren't you?

It's part of my job to read people.

I think I'm quite good at it, too.

- And then what did you do?

- I removed my robes.

- And you put them...

- In the closet.

- May I?

- Certainly.

You know,

if you organized your closets by color,

it would save you time

in your rush to get to work in the morning.

It's what I do, and it saves me time.

Now, in order to better

visualize the crime,

I'm going to place myself in your position.

- With your permission.

- Certainly.

So, I come home, it's 9:00 p.m.

"I think I'll go look at the moon."

I am going out onto the balcony.

I walk out on the balcony.

I am now out on the balcony.

I am looking at the moon.

I am looking at the moon.

I'm feeling very, very spiritual.

I come back in.

- And what did you do next?

- I went out for the second time.

You went out a second time

to look at the moon.

It's the Pope.

Looking at the moon,

for the thief to have gained entrance.

Now, you see why it is important

to re-create the events.

Or perhaps the thief was hiding

in a ledge or recess.

Or perhaps he was clinging

to the underside of the...

Thank you, God. Thank you.

Chief Inspector,

Joubert wants to speak to you.

He wants Clouseau off the case.

- No!

- No?

No, let's wait till he does

something really embarrassing.

Home.

- Surprise attack!

- Surprise attack!

- Not now, I'm depressed.

- Perfect for our advantage.

The secret to an attack

is the element of surprise, remember?

Now I will teach you

who is the karate master.

Now watch what I will do to your head.

Now, Antoine.

Let's talk about this, boys.

Come, little ones. All is forgiven.

Ponton, can we see Clouseau?

Is the French idiot home?

How does he feel about his disgrace?

Inspector Clouseau

is the consummate professional.

He always exhibits grace under pressure.

Die, little piglets!

My God, do you understand

what you have done that is wrong?

- Just remind me.

- You cannot beat up children

- and call them piglets.

- The world is changing so fast.

Inspector, you have failed to improve
at every opportunity.

You are the most small-minded nitwit

I have ever encountered.

- I am sure I can do better.

- Very well, we'll give you one more try.

I'm going to hold up a series of images,
and I want you to tell me what you see.

Just say the first thing
that comes into your mind.

A drunken Irishman.

An Englishman with bad teeth.

A San Francisco Nancy boy.

A Polish army officer driving a septic tank.

Where did you get these cards?

It's in every newspaper all over the world.

We're all being made to look like idiots.

Reputations built up over a lifetime
utterly ruined.

I had to quit being a Buddhist
because I feel so much hate.

He sat on the Pope's hat!

Look, he recovered the Pink Panther once,
and I believe he can do it again.

If he solves this case, I'm perfectly willing
to run around for 24 hours

wearing nothing but a tutu

and carrying a big, pink, fluffy handbag.

I say we take a vote to get rid of him.

All in favor?

Whatever it is, count me in.

Clouseau, while you were
falling off of the Pope's balcony
dressed as the Pope,
I discovered a key piece of evidence.
And what is this key piece of evidence?
A key.
I found this on the Pope's bedroom floor.
Something, of course, you overlooked.
That could mean anything.
But if this key is so important,
I will take it and duly examine it.
Inspector Clouseau.
It is my not-so-sad duty to inform you
that you have been voted off of the team.
Off the team?
You are no longer part
of this investigation.
Cheerio.
Nicole.
- Nicole?
- Inspector.
I was just returning a file.
What are you doing in Nicole's office?
- When I got fired...
- You thought Nicole was the one person
- you could share it with.
- Well, we do go back.
Story of my life,
the men I'm interested in
aren't the ones interested in me.
Really? I would think all men
would be interested in you.
- Why do you say that?
- Because...
...you are very attractive.
- I will see you in my office in five.
But really, there is no one?
Frankly speaking, the one big love
of my life didn't quite work out.
You poor thing.
Nicole!
No, no, no, don't let me interrupt.
I only have a message from Vincenzo.
He wants you both at this address,

immediately.

He has decided he needs my expertise.

No. They've solved the case.

- What?

- They've solved the case.

Inspector, welcome.

Even though

we've had certain disagreements,
we are willing to share the glory with you
out of our respect for la Francia.

Pepperidge examined the key
and knew right away
it was made by a French locksmith.

Kenji did research on the locksmiths
in Paris who sell this brand.

We asked for a list of addresses
and we found this apartment.

When we got here,
we found the owner licking the carpet.

His name is Laurence Milliken.

And the stolen items?

The Shroud of Turin!

We should have it dry-cleaned
before we return it.

The Pope's ring.

His wife will be happy to have that back.

- And where is the Pink Panther?

- Unfortunately, that cannot be recovered.

No Pink Panther?

- He explained in his suicide note.

- Yes.

"Life had become horribly dull
and uninteresting.

"Nothing matched the excitement
of stealing great treasures,

"so I returned,

"but I found that even stealing
no longer interested me.

"Without a purpose,
I no longer wish to live.

"I am returning every treasure but one.

The Pink Panther.

"Having it in my possession
for even a few days

"made me realize its fabulous beauty.
"No one must have it but me,
so I destroyed it.
"The Pink Panther is dust, a final revenge."

"Laurence Milliken, the Tornado."
I spent four years researching and writing
my book. I hoped to meet him alive.

The Tornado was an expert
on gems and their value?
Yes, in fact, Milliken was the author
of the most authoritative book
on the subject.

This man did not commit these crimes.
The case has not been solved.
But, look, there's the wound
from 10 years ago.

- I stake my reputation on it.
- Well, that's not much.
- The media are outside.
- Then I will announce
- that we have solved the case.
- I wouldn't.
- I will.
- I wouldn't do it.
- I am going to.
- I wouldn't.

I am delighted to announce
that we have found II Tornado.
The dead man in the apartment
is indubitably
the perpetrator of these crimes.

Actually, one of us disagrees
with this hypothesis.
I am sure that Milliken is not the thief.
Hold it. We're getting the report
on the DNA evidence.

The DNA taken from the body
of Laurence Milliken today
and the DNA taken 10 years ago
from the blood of the Tornado
are a 100% match.

The man inside is the Tornado.
I'd like to thank my colleagues
for their assistance,

and especially one of your own
here in la Francia.

My most heartfelt appreciation
to Nicoletta.

You are a beacon of light
in a forest of darkness.

Nicole is no less a thief than II Tornado
because she has stolen this.

Your mama is here.

Say goodbye to Uncle Jacques.

- Goodbye, Uncle Jacques.

- We love you, Uncle Jacques.

You are two fine, young, little pig persons.

- Goodbye, Papa.

- Goodbye.

- When will you be coming home, Papa?

- I'm not sure.

Goodbye.

Well, Ponton,
we are two available men alone in Paris,
the most exciting city in the world.

How should we spend our evening?

- What sort of shampoo is this?

- Jojoba.

- Jojoba.

- Jojoba.

Let me see the bottle.

- It's spelled "Jojoba."

- It's pronounced "Hohoba."

It's spelled "Jojoba,"

but it's pronounced "Hohoba."

- "Hohoba."

- Why would they do something like that?

Well, Ponton, I think our bachelor night
is going very well. Who needs women?

I'm going back home

to my wife and children.

- What? What brought this on?

- You. I don't wish to end up... I mean...

I have decided that love and family
must not come second.

If I may, Inspector,

look what that thinking has done for you.

What? I'm very happy living alone

with my various shampoos.
Inspector, I still think you are
the best detective in the world.
Yet, when it comes to love, you never see
what is staring you right in the face.
Take Nicole, for example.
Do you know the color of her eyes?
Her pet's name? Her favorite song?
You can recite an entire section
of every statute in French criminal law,
but you don't know the first thing
about the woman who loves you.
Her eyes are brown.
She loves the smell of vanilla.
She's allergic to shellfish.
She has a small scar on her ankle,
which I gave her.
She loves her cats, Mindy and Wendy,
and Cindy, Delores, Frank,
Maxime, Caligula and Louise.
And she does not think she is pretty.
And I can never tell her she is pretty.
- Otherwise...
- Otherwise what?
If she knew how pretty she is,
she might choose someone other than me.
- Ponton.
- Yes?
I need a hug.
Okay.
And now, conditioner.
After more than a decade, the infamous
Tornado has finally been unmasked.
Thanks to the work
of the international Dream Team.
Their success is being celebrated tonight
in a very exclusive event.
Let's go live now to the Petit Palais
in Paris, where the gala is underway.
So, tell us about the case.
This was really not
one of my most challenging cases.
I'm surprised it even took us this long...
My powers of observation

are so finely tuned by this point
that just one look at any situation,
and ideas come flooding into me.

Modern technology makes
the modern criminal obsolete.

And what about the Pink Panther?

- Too bad it was destroyed.
- Yes, we're very sorry about that.

Three out of four isn't bad.

- 75%.
- Yes, brilliant.
- Inspector.
- Miss Solandres.
- Quite a snarl here.
- Yes, I know.

A spot just opened up. Take it.

I'll watch the meter for you.

- Nice car.
- It's a rental.

I figured Paris, excitement,
romance, you know.

- I'm leaving Paris tonight, on the redeye.
- Bon voyage.

Goodbye, Inspector.

- You know Mrs. Dreyfus?
- Yes, sir.

Well, let me know immediately
if she arrives.

- Nicole.
- Yes.
- I thought you might be hungry.
- Well...
- That is very thoughtful of you.

- Cute car.

It's Miss Solandres' car.

- Well, it's a little chilly out here, so...
- Nicole?

You are very pretty.

Well, that's odd. Some would say
I was drab and disgusting.

Well, who in their right mind
could call you drab and disgusting?

Whoever could say something like that,
would...

I said it.

- He told you?

- Yes, he did.

I only said it

because I didn't want him to...

To what?

To fall in love with you.

I don't know what to think.

- Ponton speaking.

- Ponton, here's what I want you to do.

I'm thinking of recommending
the establishment of a permanent
international police force,

which, of course,

I would be prepared to command.

Excuse me.

- What?

- I have solved the case.

- What?

- I have solved the case.

The case has been solved, Clouseau.

That is why we're having the party,
you see, because we've solved the case.

Are you all right, Chief Inspector?

- It's clueless Clouseau again.

- Is he here?

He's so desperate to regain his status
as the Pink Panther hero
that he's come up with
the most ingenious theory.

- What theory?

- That you are the thief.

Me?

And that you have the Pink Panther
here with you.

Now I'm feeling guilty.

I've been feuding with a man
who is mentally handicapped.

For one thing, how could Sonia
have performed the theft in Rome?

We were all there together.

Actually, the rest of us were all at the bar.

If you recall, Miss Solandres
stayed home with a headache.

Well, that's right, but...

But where would you get the expertise for these crimes?

Well, she is the world's foremost authority on II Tornado.

Just as a parlor game, what if she obtained this expertise directly from...

What if she were his daughter?

- No, that wouldn't...

- A lover.

- Yes, a scorned lover.

- Better. Motive.

That would explain stealing the unfenceable items

- to direct attention...

- To II Tornado.

So she can bring him out of hiding and set him up as the perpetrator.

- Then she could kill him, forge a note...

- And keep the Pink Panther.

As Clouseau said, the one fenceable item.

Congratulations, gentlemen, a very diverting and amusing puzzle solved in two minutes.

Bravo.

Open your purse.

Nicoletta, you misunderstand.

This is a game, an exercise.

Yes, but just to complete the game, let's have a look.

I have a plane to catch.

Seriously, gentlemen!

Okay, let's get this over and done with.

Oh, my God! He was right.

Stop! I am the one you want, not her.

Only I possess the evidence that will keep you in prison for the rest of your life.

So if you're going to shoot anyone, shoot me.

Okay.

Perhaps I did not think that through.

Jacques!

I wish I'd shot him.

Look, his Medal of Honor

absorbed the bullet.

- What?

- Not exactly.

The bullet ricocheted and killed the waiter.

Where's Sonia?

She mustn't escape. I'll stop her.

Get back.

That gun is pointless. There are four of us,
and you only have four bullets left.

That doesn't add up.

All right, I'm warning you, Miss Solandres,
I've got a...

Spoon?

I've got a knife.

Stop. You cannot escape.

- You don't have a match.

- That's right.

Never use an elevator during a fire.

Fire? Leave this to me.

In the name of the statutes and laws
of the great nation of France,
you are under arrest for the theft
of the world's most priceless...

You are under arrest!

Let me go, or I will destroy it.

- Let her go.

- Let her do it.

Are you insane?

Good work, Ponton.

You moron! You twerp!

You sad excuse for a human being!

You have just destroyed
the sacred symbol of France!

- Ponton, did you bring what I asked for?

- Boys.

- Here it is, Uncle Jacques.

- Yes, yes.

I knew the Tornado would eventually
come after the Pink Panther.

So I went to the muse
with a simple plan in mind.

I had convinced my old friend,
Robert the night guard,
to turn off the security system

for the few moments necessary
to save the most beautiful object
in France.

I then switched the Pink Panther
with the replica I had at home.
This is the real Pink Panther.
It was the fake that was stolen.
Nightmare. Nightmare.
And when the Tornado,
an expert on the quality of gems,
wrote in his supposed suicide note
of its great beauty,
I knew he could never have been the thief.
He would have recognized it as a fake.
How did you figure out it was Sonia?
It was because I spent the last 17 months
on parking duty.

What?

Today, I was staring
at Miss Solandres' license plate.
I recognized it because of
my unique system of cross-referencing.
I became aware that I had
given a ticket to the same car
two days before Miss Solandres
claimed she arrived in Paris.
One day before
the Pink Panther was stolen.
You followed my instructions
very well, Clouseau.
It was I, of course, who put Clouseau
onto the parking ticket assignment.

- Isn't that so, Inspector?

- No.

And at Avellaneda's mansion,
when I sensed the presence
of the Tornado,
he was there, all right.
But it was not a he, it was a she!
Clouseau is the greatest detective
in the world.

His mind is sharper
than all of us combined.

- Should we tell him?

- Absolutely not.

Inspector Clouseau.

Sometimes a man must be bold enough
to speak from the heart.

You deserve to know the truth
about Nicole and I.

- Stop. I don't want to hear.

- But nothing happened.

- Nothing?

- Nothing.

- It pains me to admit, but no.

- Not even a little smoochie-woochie?

I never had a chance,
because she only has eyes for one man.
You.

Yes, you. Now please, for God's sake,
kiss her already.

Nicole, I have learned that
no man is an island.

So would you,
even though it may lead to possible injury,
marry me?

Inspector Dreyfus, thank you again
for agreeing to conduct the ceremony.

It makes everything
that much more special.

Jacques Clouseau and Nicole Durant.

Do you promise to love, honor and obey...

Wait! A wife does not
have to obey her husband.

Okay, scrap "obey." Do you promise
to love and honor each other?

- I do.

- I do.

Good! So by the powers vested in me
as Chief Inspector
of the 13th Arrondissement,
I now declare you husband and wife.
Here's to peace and harmony.

- The password?

- Hamburger!

That's not it.

- Hamburger!

- No!

- Hamburger!

- No!

They must have changed it.

Clouseau, your gadget!

Clouseau, what's the new password?

It says "low battery."

- Low battery.

- No!

No, wait. That means the battery is low.

It wants me to go online

and renew my subscription.

- For God's sake, Clouseau!

- Kenji, please take care of this.

We have a plane to catch.

- Was it beautiful?

- Very beautiful.

- Here are your glasses.

- Thanks.

Wait.

- Was my mother there?

- Yes, absolutely!

- Can't you hear her screaming?

- Not really.