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The Return of the Pink Panther

By Frank Waldman

This way, please.
Ladies and gentlemen,
this way, please.
Follow me.
Down there, please.
Thank you.
From the dynasty
of Akbar the Magnificent,
and for over a thousand years
our nation's religious symbol,
the Pink Panther.
Largest and most famous
diamond in the world.
Irreplaceable.
Its value
cannot be estimated
in terms of money.
Isn't the museum worried
that someone might steal it?
The Pink Panther
is protected.
And by forces
more impenetrable
than any army.
Observe.
Deactivate.
Failing the radar shield,
the slightest release
of pressure in the weight
of the diamond...
and the would-be thief
is a prisoner.
A prisoner of
the Pink Panther.
Why is it called
the Pink Panther?
The stone is flawed.
If it is held up to the light
in a certain way,
the figure of a springing
panther can be seen clearly.
Good morning, sir.
Sit.
My department has already

begun rounding up suspects.
His Majesty has been
informed of the theft.
He is flying home...
from Washington.
I expect an arrest
any moment now.
I do not share your optimism.
We know the culprit is
still within our borders.
All the airports...
and railways stations
are being watched.
While your men are
searching for this man
with the Dutch passport,
he has undoubtedly
thrown away his passport
and is making ready...
to leave the country
under a new identity.
When we find the
fingerprints-
If you find the
fingerprints-
You are both in trouble.
But-
But if we-
Do what is necessary...
and conventional.
I am calling in outside help.
The famous French detective
who recovered the Pink Panther
the last time it was stolen.
What was his name?
Clouseau.
Inspector Clouseau.
You have a license?
Monsieur?
City ordinance 47 B
prohibits the playing...
of any musical instrument
in a public place...
for the purpose of

commercial enterprise
without a license.

- I don't understand.

- It is against the "leau"...

- for you to play your
musical instrument.

- The "leau"?

- What?

- You say it's against
the "leau"?

- Yes, unless you have
a proper license.

- What kind of license?

A license that permits
the playing of any
musical instrument...

in a public place
for the purpose of
commercial enterprise.

Commercial enterprise?

Yes. You play that thing and
people give you the money.

People give
the monkey the money.

- It is the same.

- Oh, not at all, monsieur.

I am a musician, and
the monkey is a businessman.

He doesn't tell me what to play,
and I don't tell him
what to do with his money.

Monsieur, don't try
to be funny with me.

He is your monkey,
therefore it is your money.

He lives with me,
but he is not my monkey.

One day I came home,
and I found him sitting
in the living room.

I let him stay,
but he pays for
his own room and board.

Then the monkey's

breaking the law.
But he doesn't play
any musical instrument.
City ordinance 132R
prohibits the begging.
How do you know so much
about the city ordinances?
What sort of stupid
question is that?
Are you blind?
Yes.
Oh, I see. Yes, yes.
Yes, of course.
Well, you happen to be
talking to a police officer.
And because I expect
to be transferred...
back to the detective
division at any moment,
I will let you off this time
with just a warning.
Thank you, monsieur l'agent.
But you must get yourself
a proper license.
- First thing tomorrow.
- Try to do something
about your filthy monkey.
Oh, one moment.
Allez, allez.
Over there!
Arrtez. Arrt-
- Idiot.
- How was I to know
he was the bank manager?
- How were you to know
the bank was being robbed?
- That is correct.
What is correct?
I did not know...
the bank was being robbed
because I was engaged
in my sworn duty...
as a police officer.
You didn't even

arrest the old beggar.

There was some question as to whether the beggar or his "minkey" was breaking the law.

- "Minkey"?

- What?

- You said "minkey."

- That is correct, yes.

Chimpanzee monkey.

So I let them both off with a warning.

The beggar was the lookout man for the gang.

- That is impossible.

- Why?

He was blind. How can a blind man be a lookout? How can an idiot be a policeman?

Answer me that.

It's very simple.

All he has to do is enlist.

Shut up.

- How do you know he was blind?

- Because he told me so.

Oh, he told you so?

And you believed him?

I had no reason to doubt him.

Do you believe me if I tell you that I am not going to get you suspended for six months?

Do you believe me?

If you say so,

sir. Yes.

Because I'm a bigger liar than the beggar.

You are suspended for six months without pay.

Six months?

Effective immediately.

Have you anything to say?

Could you lend me

I-

Will you get out?

Out of my sight!

Yes.

Idiot.

My blood pressure.

Idiot.

One day, Francois.

One day I'll be rid

of him forever.

That'll be the day.

- Something on your mind?

- An order from the commissioner.

- Oh, yes?

- It concerns Clouseau.

- Yes, go on.

- He's to be reinstated

as an inspector.

What? You can't be serious.

And he's to report immediately

to Colonel... Sharki in Lugash.

I see.

- Sir.

- What? It's a birthday

gift from my wife.

Most realistic.

Get me the commissioner.

Chief Inspector Dreyfus

calling. Hmm.

The commissioner.

Commissioner, I've just

received your instructions...

to send, uh,

Clouseau to Lugash.

But, you see, he's

no longer with the Suret.

I've just given him-

Yes, but-

Yes, but since France

and Lugash have been allies

for nearly 200 years,

it might be a serious mistake

to send someone who is-

I see. Yes, of course.

Very good, Commissioner.

It seems the Shah of Lugash

telephoned the president

personally,
and asked for Clouseau
to be assigned to the case.
The Shah of Lugash.
- Incredible.
- All right, Francois.
The Shah of Lugash.
It seems the army are determined
to prevent renewed fighting...
between shoppers
and market traders,
by sealing the area
around the president's palace.
Supplies for the palace
had to be brought through-
Oh, good evening,
Madame Van Gogh.
Good evening. I was just reading
the headlines in your newspaper.
Opposition newspapers-
Good evening.
Cato?
Cato.
Monsieur Clouseau's residence.
One moment, please.
For you. Chief Inspector Dreyfus.
Yes, sir?
You're back on the force.
Come to my office.
Immediately!
Immediately, sir.
Well, Cato,
I am back on the force.
You know, Cato,
your freezer ambush ploy-
I really congratulate you.
It was very, very good.
But, Cato,
your fly is undone.
And so, my friend, are you.
Yes, my little
yellow friend,
I knew the chief would
have to reconsider.

He did not get
where he is by ignoring
a man's qualifications.
He knows that I am unique,
and therefore indispensable.
We are much the same,
the chief and I.
But of course, Cato,
all great detectives
have one thing in common.
And you know
what that is?
Instinct.
That rare ability...
to know immediately without
having to stop and reason.
And in my business, it can
easily mean the difference
between life and death.
All right, I'll get it.
Ah, thank you.
Yes, that split-second timing
when instinct tells you...
that-
A new wave of assassinations.
An opposition spokesman
has categorically denied-
I tell you,
infamous powers are at work.
The instant you assign me
to a case, the underworld hears
about it, and I am set upon.
Cato is in hospital.
They nearly blew his little
yellow skin off. It is amazing
that I am still alive.
Amazing is not the word.
Do I detect something
in your voice that says
I am in disfavor with you?
Yes. I wish you were dead.
Well, of course you are
entitled to your opinion.
And you are not.

Out. Out of my sight.
You want me to leave?
If you are not out of this room
in five seconds, I shall not be
responsible for my actions.
Five seconds is nothing. I can
easily be out of here in three.
But if you really
want me to leave-
I've had enough!
Oh, thank you very much.
Hmm, a very amusing,
clever, little gadget.
Very realistic.
But, of course, my
instinct told me that, uh-
Something the matter?
You're not feeling well?
It's my blood pressure.
I'll just take my pill.
You're killing me.
Yes. Perhaps some water.
Yeah.
Fool.
You have a defective carafe.
Allow me to blot you.
I will blot you.
Idiot.
I had an aunt who suffered
from high blood pressure.
She was attended
successfully by
Dr. August Balls of Nice.
And after he had attended
her for several weeks, she-
Obviously out of fluid.
Perhaps you would like me
to fill it for you.
No, just-just-
Please, just go away.
Yes. Well,
all right, Inspector.
I will leave,
but remember,

I will be at your service
night or day.
Of course, I will be
on assignment in Lugash.
Unfortunately,
there is, I believe,
some difference in time.
My watch seems to have stopped.
Probably due to the explosion.
You need a new flint.
Well, Chief Inspector,
until we meet again,
and the case is "solv-ved."
Case is "solv-ved."
Idiot.
Don't just stand there,
idiot. Call a doctor.
And then help me
find my nose.
Inspector.
Very interesting museum
you have here.
Inspector-
Please, tell me nothing.
I prefer to investigate
the scene of the crime
spontaneously.
That way it gives
my trained instincts
full rein, you know.
But our security measures-
I'm sure your security
measures are very good.
But-
obviously not good enough.
Let me see-
Yes, very effective.
Very effective indeed.
The element of surprise.
Of course,
I knew it was going to
happen all the time.
But nevertheless,
the element of surprise.

Oh, how very kind of you
to welcome me.

Is there any way of getting in
and out of this place without
this happening all the time?

Deactivate.

Deactivate
the door.

Yes.

Oh.

Ugh, so we meet again.

- Very ingenious.

- He pulled himself
across the floor.

- He did?

- How else could he avoid
the radar field?

Yes, how else? Hmm.

Of course, he would need
a very slippery floor to do that.

- Therefore, the wax.

- The wax?

Are you, uh, all right?

Of course I am all right.

I'm examining the wax.

Have you taken a sample
of this wax?

Wax is wax.

Oh, this is where you are wrong.

Wax is not just wax.

In this case it is a clue.

English wax, French wax,
domestic wax.

The inspector is right.

Have the wax tested
immediately.

It is my guess
that you will find
it is English wax.

Why?

Because your thief
is an Englishman.

How do you know that?

It is my business

to know that.
He is Sir Charles Phantom,
the notorious Litton.
The Phantom?
Yes, one and the same.
His calling card.
Four years ago,
Sir Charles suddenly vanished.
It was rumored
throughout the underworld,
he'd given up his life of crime.
But my instinct told me he would
not remain in hiding for long.
Four years is not long?
Time is not the issue here.
This glove is the issue here.
And it signifies
the Phantom is up to
his old tricks.
But I will catch him
and root him out.
It won't be easy.
He's a master of disguise.
And undoubtedly he has
gone back into hiding
until the heat is off.
How is he?
Unlovable.
Has he seen it?
No. I thought you'd
like to show it to him.
How was Paris?
Expensive.
Good.
Buy anything foolish?
Lots.
How have you been?
Splendid. Fantastic.
I have created something,
oh, something absolutely
extraordinary since breakfast.
Oh, can I see?
No, no, no. Not yet.
Please, come on.

Don't be silly.
No. The impact will be too strong.
Let me see, please?
Well, all right.
There you go.
How about that?
Hmm.
You know what?
What?
I think I came back
just in time.
Damn.
What, darling?
Listen to this.
"Police today were conducting
a house to house search
of Lugash for the thief...
"who Monday night stole the
fabled Pink Panther diamond...
"from the Royal Museum here.
"According to authorities
the only clue is a white
monogrammed man's glove...
with the initial 'P'."
Well, what do you think?
That you didn't spend your time
just painting during my absence.
Oh. You think
I had something to do
with the robbery?
Didn't you?
You little beast.
Three- No.
Four years ago
I swore to you
that I was retired.
I've been faithful
to you ever since.
In your fashion.
What the hell
does that mean?
That you're being teased.
I believe you, darling.
But you must admit it does

sound like the kind of job only
the Phantom could have done.
I mean, the Pink Panther.
No clues except your
well-known calling card.
Yes, I must admit the impostor-
Very clever.
Very clever, indeed.
I'm surprised that half
the police force of France
hasn't descended on us by now.
But of course they will.
Without a doubt.
But if you're innocent?
Look, darling,
I'm not only innocent,
but I'm still smart enough
that if I decided to
get back in the business,
I would not leave my calling card
announcing the fact.
No, but will the police
think of that?
- No.
- But you can convince them.
Not unless
the real thief was caught.
But then you're lost.
If the police think
that you're the real thief,
then who will catch
the impostor?
Hmm?
Well, I- I can only think of
one person really. Can't you?
Charles.
Since the alternative
is prison, I don't have
very much choice, do I?
I'm frightened. This impostor's
obviously very clever.
It could be dangerous.
Oh, darling.
Not to worry.

Trust me.

I may be a bit rusty,
but I'm perfectly capable
of taking care of myself.
I congratulate you, Chief,
on your excellent facilities.

Of course you understand
that my visit here must be
of the utmost secrecy?

Of course. My department
will do everything possible
to assist you.

However, there is
one question...
that only you can answer.

Oui?

Does Sir Charles Litton
have a swimming "peul"?

A swimming "peul"?

Back before you know it.

Take care.

Now what identity
will you travel under?

Well, I shall be, uh,
dreary old

Sir Charles Litton

leaving the country-

and, um,

fearless, dashing,

young Dr. Marvin Tanney...

arriving in Lugash.

Hmm.

Watch it!

I have the report here.

Someone has trifled
with your brakes.

The underworld

will stop at nothing.

This is the second
attempt on my life.

I may have caught
my death of pneumon-

Gesundheit.

I have fixed your doorbell

from the ringing.

There is no charge.

Thank you.

What do you want?

I am from a telephone company.

There is something the matter
with your "pheun."

My "pheun"?

What?

You said there's something
the matter with my "pheun."

Yes.

My "phone"?

That is correct, yes.

That is what I've been saying.

There's no trouble with
the telephones here.

I know when there is trouble
and when there is not trouble.

And I can definitely tell you
that there is trouble.

You may rest assured of that.

Since when?

Since it was reported.

I see.

What is the trouble
with the telephone?

If I knew that I could simply
call you up and tell you
what the trouble is.

What's the trouble?

This man says we have trouble
with our telephones.

Allow me to introduce myself.

I am Emile Flournoy,
communications expert
and chief troubleshooter
for the Nice telephone company.

Oh, please come in,
monsieur.

Now what can we do
to help you?

Which is your nearest phone?

- There.

- What? Ah, yes.

Hmm. Yes.

This phone will not do at all.

Show me another phone.

It won't do at all, I'm afraid.

Show Monsieur Flou-

Flournoy.

Flournoy the telephone
in Sir Charles's study.

I hope you locate

the trouble, monsieur.

Madame, it is my business
to locate trouble.

No trouble back there.

If you require anything-

Monsieur, all I require is a phone,

my little bag of tools,

and some privacy

in which to work.

That is all I require.

Take that phone, but don't

pick it up until I tell you.

Raymond?

S.

I'm taking the 5:00

plane to Switzerland.

Have you got that?

S. Switzerland.

Have you got

the merchandise?

S.

Good. I'll see you

tomorrow...

at the Palace Hotel

in Gstaad.

- S.

- Good-bye.

S. Good-bye.

Inspector?

Do not come in.

Do not come in.

I am making final delicate
adjustments to the phone.

I will tell you when

it is safe to enter.
These adjustments must not be
interfered with, you know.
Do not come in.
I am just putting my tools away.
As I surmised, a slight
malfunction with your phone...
which I have repaired.
Well, I must now
return to my office and
report my adjustments.
According to the
authorities in Nice,
he has so far demolished
one swimming pool
and two trucks.
And he's on his way
to Gstaad.
Gstaad?
Yes. Today, a paradise
in the Swiss Alps,
tomorrow, a wasteland.
Compared to Clouseau,
Attila the Hun was
a Red Cross volunteer.
- Careful.
- Huh?
I put the real one
in the bottom drawer. See?
Follow that car.
Good day, Lady Litton.
Oh. So nice
to have you back again.
Thank you.
Excuse me.
Yes?
Do you know the way
to the Palace Hotel?
Yes.
Bag, sir?
No, thank you.
This bag never leaves my hand.
Your bag, sir.
Thank you.

Scuse, signore.
May I take your coat?
Thank you very much.
Your gloves?
Of course.
Your hat?
Hmm.
Grazie, signore.
Prego.
Oui, monsieur?
- Do you have a "reum"?
- A "reum"?
- What?
- You said, do I have a "reum"?
I know perfectly well
what I said. I said,
do you have a "reum"?
You mean,
do I have a "room"?
That is what I have been
saying, you fool.
Do you have a reservation?
I am Inspector Clouseau
of the Suret,
and I am here on
official police business.
Whether you're here on official
police business or not,
this is the height of the season
and the hotel is full.
Listen, my friend.
This is a matter
of national importance.
And if you continue
to be difficult with me,
I shall have
no alternative but to have
speaks with my superiors.
Well,
in that case, monsieur,
we do have a "reum."
I thought as much.
Lugash Airways
announce the arrival...

of Flight 12
from Paris and Nice.
Passengers wishing to travel
to the city terminal by bus...
should proceed to
the Lugash Transport Council.
The nature of your visit
to Lugash, Dr. Tanney,
is it business or pleasure?
Purely pleasure.

Next?

Incoming passengers
are reminded...
they should retain
the white card,
as this must be surrendered
to Lugash authorities
before departure.
The loss of this card
may cause considerable delays.

Have my bags sent up to
my room like a good fellow.

How are you, Pepi?

Ah, what a surprise.

Sir Charles Litton,
isn't it?

Not necessarily.

Un Cognac,
s'il vous plat.

Well, where do I, um,
find the Fat Man?

I have not- I have not
seen the Fat Man in years.

Really?

If you are not working
for the Fat Man, then, um,
who are you working for?

I-You're
breaking my finger.

Why don't you
call a policeman?

All right, all right.

You can find the Fat Man
at the Salamander.

Thank you, Pepi.
Why don't you, um,
order yourself
some liniment...
on the rocks?
Well, Charles.
Well, my old friend.
It's good to see you.
Come, sit down.
I really missed seeing you.
You look wonderful.
What can I do for you?
Well, I- I need
a favor from you, old man.
Of course. But first,
I need your help.
And my two associates-
They're here to guard
the Pink Panther.
When you've finished
your drink, you will
hand it over, please.
- But I haven't got it.
But you took it.
Oh, I wish I had, truly.
But I didn't, I swear it.
Normally, I'm a man
who detests violence,
but in your case...
I'm forced to make a most
regrettable exception.
Would it upset you too much
to explain why?
Under the pretense of trying
to catch the thief,
the general is hurting
many innocent people...
and a group
of my very good friends.
If I give him the thief,
he'll have to stop hurting them.
Of course, if you didn't
steal the Panther,
one might almost conclude

that the general, in order to get
rid of his political enemies,
- engineered the robbery himself.
- Oh, I bet he even offered a reward.
- A considerable reward, dead-
- Or alive.
- And if you are dead-
- I can't prove I didn't
steal the Pink Panther.
I knew you'd figure it out.
Deliver the body
to the general
with my compliments.
I'm awfully sorry,
old boy.
Well, you know the old saying,
"With friends like you,
who needs enemies."
All, all, all!
Good evening, Dr. Tanney.
Good evening.
I am Colonel Sharki.
Oh, yes.
I thought we might be
running into one another,
sooner or later.
I, uh-
I need your help.
Now, Colonel Sharki,
what could
a simple doctor do...
to help the head
of the Lugash Secret Police?
A simple doctor,
nothing.
But the notorious Phantom,
oh, he could do quite a bit.
For instance?
I want your cooperation in, uh,
recovering the Pink Panther.
The Fat Man seems to think
you cooked up this robbery...
as an excuse to...
do a little political

housecleaning.

The Fat Man is not the
only one with that opinion.

And if you can prove
that you are not guilty-
You have a bad leg?

Oh, it's nothing.

If you can prove you're not guilty,
then I am in serious trouble.

Because of the religious
significance of the Pink Panther,
it's imperative to the government
that sooner or later...

the thief be apprehended
and the jewel returned.

But you would prefer it
to be later than sooner?

I can't tell you how reassuring
it is to know that we
understand each other so well.

And if... I do...

catch the thief?

Oh.

I have every confidence
that you will.

How does the saying go,

"Set a thief
to catch a thief"?

Good night, Dr. Tanney.

You hate him?

Yes, I hate him all right.

How much do you hate him?

How much?

How high is up?

I hate every little
molecule in his body.

You'd like to kill him?

To kill him?

Oh, God, yes, to kill him.

Why don't you?

Oh, to kill him.

What? Why don't I?

It's not so easy. You try it.

I mean, kill him

psychically.

Ridiculous.

Why?

Because there's nothing I can do psychically that would have the slightest effect on him.

Why not?

Why not? Because he's got the brain of a "minkey."

"Minkey?"

What?

You said "minkey."

I did?

You see, I'm beginning to talk like him.

No, Doctor. You'd better come up with a better suggestion, or I'll get myself another analyst.

Now, just relax.

Relax.

I haven't slept for a week.

I just lie there, thinking the same thoughts over and over and over again.

Describe your thoughts.

Get them out in the open.

You'll feel much better.

All right.

See, it's always the same.

Clouseau is sitting there, in a chair, just like you, with his back to me.

And then suddenly, my hands go round his throat, and I begin to squeeze.

It's wonderful. It's marvelous.

I'm squeezing.

And the more I squeeze, the freer I feel.

I'm in ecstasy.

And then suddenly-suddenly my problem is "solv-ved."

Doctor.

Doctor!

Sir Charles arrived at my office
this morning at 10:00, and we
reviewed all the evidence to date.

He was interested.

Asked all the right questions.

Then I showed him the film...

taken from the museum's
hidden monitoring cameras.

This was the last group
to go through the museum
before it was robbed.

You recognize any
of these people?

No.

No.

He appeared to study
the film very carefully,
and he claimed not to
recognize any one of them.

No.

We questioned
him three times about each one.

No.

You sure?

Absolutely.

This one?

No.

How about that one?

No!

Each time the results
were identical.

Little or no stress until
questioned about number three.

Then, hard stress.

Number three?

A young man.

The museum guide remembers him.

Good morning.

It could be better.

How?

You could go... away.

All right.

But first,

I'll need your truck.
I haven't got a truck anymore.
I sold it.
Wh-Wh-What do you
want it for?
You're gonna help me
get across the border.
It's impossible.
The border is closed.
You have to have a special pass.
Then get one.
It's out of the question.
If I go to the Fat Man
to buy a special pass
he wants to know the reason.
Then tell him that
I've threatened your life,
unless you help me
to get across the border.
Tell him that for half
the sum of the reward,
plus a forged pass to
get you out of the country,
you will deliver me
into an ambush at some
prenamed place...
of the Fat Man's choosing
this side of the border.
What if he doesn't
believe me?
I'm sure you'll be able
to convince him.
And if,
my dear Pepi,
you double-cross me,
it'll be a very long while
before you give
your next piano recital.
Yes?
You asked me to keep you informed
of Lady Litton's activities.
Yes.
Well, she's going

skiing at 2:

Skiing in this weather?

On the glacier.

On the glacier?

Psst.

How long have you

been a bellboy?

Oh. Too long, monsieur.

Keep up this good work

and very soon I will see to it

that you become a "bellman."

Ah, bonjour, milady.

Hello. Good afternoon.

I've changed my mind

about the skiing. I'm going to

the tennis matches instead.

Ah, yes.

If my husband calls,

tell him I'll be back around 4:00.

Oui, madame.

Thank you.

Hello.

Guten Tag.

Hello.

Wie geht's?

Wie geht's?

Swine bird.

That is my private mustache,

you naughty bird.

Schwein.

No, no, no, wait. It's me,

Inspector Clouseau of the Suret.

She's coming.

Yes, in the elevator.

What?

Oh, de-

Hello?

What are we going to do?

What are we going to do?

She's coming.

I'm so sorry.

I'm-

Oh, come in, please.

Some towels you have, bitte?

Oh, yes. I'll-
I'll go get them.
What are you doing?
Wie geht's?
Staubzucker.
Staubzucker.
Halt. Out.
Schnell. Schnell!
Mein Gott.
Guten tag.
Wie geht's?
What took you so long?
The Fat Man does not convince
so easily or so quickly.
Oh, but you've managed.
Here is the pass.
And, uh,
you gave him?
Oh, as you suggested.
For- For the pass and half of the
reward, I will hand you over.
Quickly,
we must hurry.
Where?
What?
Where did you agree
to hand me over?
The Fat Man will be waiting
at the point one mile south
of the roadway...
seven miles
from the border.
I know the place precisely.
I will avoid it absolutely.
Quick, we must hurry.
No, um, after you.
What?
Try "why."
Why?
Shh.
Because I know you precisely
and doubt you absolutely.
Sir Charles, please.
Please, Sir Charles.

Now don't worry.
As long as you've told the truth
there's nothing to worry about.
Nothing to worry about.
Yes. Right?
Oh, be careful.
Ah, thank you very much.
Open it.
Be careful.
He tricked me.
From the gentlemen
at the bar, madam.
Good evening.
Good evening.
Monsieur Guy Gadbois...
at your service.
How do you do?
I'm Lady Litton.
Yes, I know.
Oh.
I took the liberty of finding out.
I hope you are not offended.
That depends
on your intentions.
Strictly honorable,
I can assure you.
A man sees a beautiful chick,
and he can't help but be
inquisitive, you know.
Would you think it
naughty of me if I offered...
to buy you a drink?
But you already have.
I knew that.
How about I buy myself one,
and we drink it together, huh?
All right.
Waiter, another Kahlua
and ginger ale, please.
Well,
if there is a Lady Litton
there must be "leud."
A what?
"Leud" Litton.

Oh, yes, he's in, uh-
Yes?
plastics.
Oh, the plastic.
In, uh-
Yes?
industrial plastics.
Aah.
Very interesting.
Well,
here is looking at you, kid.
You have anything
to declare?
Nothing.
You may proceed.
I come here very often.
I come here for the winter sports,
for the skiing.
So do I.
Why have we never met?
Well, it's quite simple really.
I get up at the crack of da-
Ooh, I'm so terribly sorry about that.
I get up at the crack of dawn
always. Up the mountain,
down the slopes, on the piste.
You must be
a very good skier.
Well, I started
when I was a mere
babe in arms.
I could ski before
I could even crawl.
Terribly sorry. I beg your pardon.
It's all right.
This hotel is deteriorating rapidly.
Well?
Here's to you,
Monsieur Gadbois.
Is that your
own parrot?
No.
It comes with the hotel.
Does it?

Someone let it out of its cage,
and I can't get it back in.

Hmm.

Oh, you need
another glass.

I most certainly do.

Swine parrot.

What is it you do,
Monsieur Gadbois?

Well, you know,
I do a little bit of this
and a little bit of that.

A man of mystery.

One might say that, yes.

I would of course tell you more,
but it would be safer for you
if I did not.

Are you all right?

Of course I'm all right.

Yes.

Excuse me.

For a moment I thought
I was in your apartment.

Hello?

I am in your apartment.

It's for you.

For me?

Oh.

Uh, there is
no need to leave...

on my account.

There's need to leave

on my account.

Hello?

Monsieur Gadbois?

Yes, this is Monsieur Gadbois.

Who is that speaking?

Don't you know?

Can't you guess?

I'll give you a clue.

This is the man who hates you.

This is the man who more
than anything would like

to see you dead and buried.

Are you the head waiter
that works at the little bistro
on the rue de Brossard?
No! This is Chief
Inspector Dreyfus!
Idiot!
You understand that anyone
could call up here and ask
for Monsieur Guy Gadbois,
and say that there were
Chief Inspector Dreyfus.
What is your code name?
Code name, huh?
Code name?
I don't have a code name.
I never had a code name, lunatic!
I understand that, sir,
but only the real Inspector Dreyfus...
would know that he
did not have a code name.
Clouseau, why are you
still in Switzerland?
Because I am here attempting
to interrogate Lady Litton.
I'm trying to find out
where her husband is.
Her husband is in Lugash.
- He's been there since Tuesday.
- Well, in that case, I will leave
on the next available plane.
Um, yes, sir, yes,
quite, quite.
I quite understand what you mean.
I'm not arguing with you about that.
That would be my advice
as well. Yes, absolutely.
But, um-
Yes, and I can understand your
feeling under the circumstances.
Absolutely.
Yes, that is quite right.
But I must say to you, sir,
whatever your feelings are,
you must not call me here...

at any hour of the night or day,
even in an emergency.

- Little bit of this and a little bit
of that add up sometimes.

Thank you.

Did I understand you just said you
were leaving on the next plane?

Regrettably, yes. Yes.

One of life's little
tragedies, you know.

Oh.

So, until we meet again,

I will say, here is

looking at you, kid.

Is anything the matter?

Yeah.

Strange taste.

Well, au revoir.

Au revoir.

The concierge, please.

Monsieur Gadbois's room.

Oh, no.

- Yes!

- Clouseau.

Since you have seen fit
to disregard my orders
and remain in Switzerland-

- Uh-

- Don't interrupt! I want
you to arrest Lady Litton.

Arrest the Lady Litton?

Immediately.

If she's not in your custody
within five minutes,
you'll be checking
parking meters in Martinique.

Yes, sir.

Five minutes?

No, Cato, you fool.

This is not the time.

This is not the time, Cato.

Come out of there.

Come out of there.

This is the time.

You stupid fool. You forgot
the first rule of self-defense.
Never allow yourself
to be taken by surprise.
I didn't expect to see you
out of the hospital so soon.
My brown suit.
Give me the valet.
I see they've done
an excellent job of restoration
on your little yellow skin.
Valet, this is Inspector Clouseau.
Please send up my brow-
Well, please send down my brown
suit immediately. I cannot wait.
Well, as quick as you possibly can.
Quicker, please. Thank you.
I can't wait for them.
Help me get dressed.
I have to go and arrest Lady
Litton. Arrest Lady Litton,
but on what charge?
All, all.
This is Inspector Clouseau.
Please connect me with Paris,
France. Trocadero, 3-7-1 -
All. Oui?
What? Who?
Oh. Yes, yes, okay,
I'll accept it.
All, Clouseau.
No, he's not here.
He's on vacation.
He won't be back for a week.
But I just spoke with him,
and he instructed me to arrest
Lady Litton immediately.
What? Yes.
That's very easy for you to say.
Yeah, I would be delighted
to arrest her, yes.
But on what charge?
It could be very embarrassing
for me if I go to her and say,

"Lady Litton, I arrest you," and
she says, "On what charge?"
and I do not have the answer.
What? Oh, yes.
And the same to you!
Filthy swine.
Cato, very strange.
Chief Inspector Dreyfus
calls me up,
tells me to go and arrest
Lady Litton immediately,
without a charge.
I call him back,
I find he's not in his office.
Even stranger, I find
he's gone away on vacation.
Cato, things are
very fishy in Denmark.
Switzerland.
Yes, there too.
No more. No more.
I've had enough.
This time it ends with a bullet
in his brain. Brain?
Bonjour.
Shh, shh.
Oui. Merci beaucoup.
Bonjour, madame.
Breakfast. Voila.
Leave it over there.
I'll sign for it later.
How about a little tip?
Charles, darling.
Mmm. Mmm.
All right, all right.
Now, where is it?
After all these years
you need to ask?
I'm quite serious.
Oh, I hope so.
You hotel waiters lead
such interesting lives.
No, no, no, no.
Not now, darling.

Now, please, where is it?

Hmm?

That depends on what
you're looking for.

Now, come on, Claudine.

Now, where is it?

I'm losing patience.

I should ask the hotel
to send up another waiter.

I should like very much...

if you would hand me over
the Pink Panther,
if it is not too much trouble.

How did you find
out so quickly?

Feminine intuition.

I thought it would take you
at least another week.

You know, you are very good
at what you do.

Thank you.

I was prepared to surrender
my body to Clouseau
if it was necessary.

Why did you do it?

I didn't. I said

I was prepared to.

Aren't you a little
bit proud of me?

You nearly had me killed.

It's better than
dying of boredom.

Me, bored with you?

I'm sorry, darling.

It's just that

I never realized...
how tedious life could be...
for a retired jewel thief.

Yuck.

Clever little beast.

Better than
the hotel safe.

Now tell me,
how did you find out

it was me?

Well, there's...

something about a wife,
even with a beard.

Now, come on, darling.

Hmm?

It's time to get dressed,
pack and go home.

Mmm.

Now, come on, darling-

Oh.

Forgive the intrusion, madam,
but you see before you
a very disillusioned man.

Disillusioned
and with a gun.

He's obviously not
with the hotel.

No, no.

Allow me to introduce
Sir Colonel Sharki
of the Lugash Secret Police.

Aha. That explains
the gun.

Hmm.

I foolishly believed
that your husband
was a man of integrity.

Oh, that
was foolish.

Oh, thank you.

You see, your husband and I,
we had an arrangement.

He was to do certain things,
and if he didn't-

You were to do
certain things.

Regrettably.

Coffee, darling. I'm sorry.

There's only one cup.

I know I'm going to be
sorry I asked this, but, uh,
want to give me
a for instance?

First, you will hand over
the Pink Panther.
And second?
- I will be forced to shoot you.
- Who's forcing you?
Open the door
in the name of the law.
Would you, please, sir,
answer the door?
Excuse me, darling.
Lady Litton,
I am "force-ed"
to arrest you.
And if you do not open
this door, I will have no...
alternative but to
break it down.
Very well.
Guy, you're all wet.
There was a defect
in my plumbing.
Lady Litton, listen to me.
I have-
I have deceived you.
I am not Guy Gadbois.
I am Inspector Clouseau
of the Suret,
and it is my painful duty
to arrest you.
Do you know my husband?
Yes, I must confess I do.
I met him several years ago.
When I meet him again
I shall arrest him immediately.
Then you must've met Colonel Sharki?
Oh, that idiot from
the Lugash Secret Police.
Yes, I know him. And when I-
Sir Charles Litton,
I arrest you in the name
of the law, and I warn you-
What?
Before you get all worked up,
there's something you must know.

He intends to kill all of us.

Who?

Colonel Sharki.

Good Sharki, Colonel God,
we were just talking about you.

Well, as you can see, I've got
the whole case buttoned up.

Everything is sewn up.

This is Sir Charles Phantom,
the famous Pink Litton,
who stole the-

What did you say?

He was going to kill us.

If you can persuade him
to change his mind-

You're joking,
of course?

No.

You're going to
kill me as well?

With pleasure.

Is there anything I can do that will
make you change your mind?

Uh, well, there's nothing
that I can think of.

Supposing that

I thought of something.

Hmm, for instance?

Well, uh,

for instance,

supposing I told you

that your fly was undone?

By remarkable coincidence,
so is yours.

Oh, no, not again.

Ah, I see you are familiar
with the "open fly" ploy.

Well, so am I.

Oh, you are so naughty.

"Falling on the bed with
the arm on the floor" ploy.

Very interesting.

He's been shot dead, idiot.

Don't you call me an idiot.

What? Who's that?
Be careful, darling.
Well, he's either reloading
or out of ammunition.
He's out of his mind.
That's what he's out of.
I'll kill him.
I'll kill him.
Monsieur!
Kill you!
Out of my way.
Chief Inspector Dreyfus
was tried and found not guilty
by reason of insanity.
Clouseau, the famous detective,
was decorated by General Wadafi.
Then, he went back to France
where I believe he took
over the position...
vacated by
the madman Dreyfus.
There it is, ladies
and gentlemen.
The largest diamond
in the world.
And surely the most famous,
or infamous if you prefer.
The Pink Panther.
What ever happened
to Sir Charles?
As far as anyone knows, he still
is living the quiet life...
at his villa
in the south of France.
Although, there has been a rumor
that the notorious Phantom...
is back at work, and although
it has long been suspected...
that Sir Charles and the Phantom
are one and the same,
it has never been proved.
Mark my words, Francois,
before the week is out...
I will definitely have proof that

Sir Charles Litton is the Phantom.
Did you enjoy your food?
Oh, yes. Very nice.
You probably guessed
I've got a passion
for the Oriental food, huh?
Cato usually does some cooking
for me, but recently he has taken
to attacking me at every chance.
It's very bad for the digestion.
That is very strange, Francois.
I don't ever recall receiving...
the fortune cookie
in a Japanese restaurant.
- What does it say?
- We shall see.
"Beware of Japanese waitress...
bearing fortune cookies."
Japanese waitress?
Cato! Cato!
No, you idiot!
Oh, I'm so terribly sorry-
Stop, Cato, no.
Enough, enough.
Enough I say.
Get your little yellow hands
off of me.
You must remember
my new position in the force.
You've devastated my-
my sukiyaki in there.
Ah, you fool.
You raving oriental idiot.
There is a time and a place
for everything, Cato.
And this is it.
Kill him. Kill him.