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# Revenge Of The Pink Panther

By Frank Waldman

So he wants to cut it off  
just like that?  
He doesn't think  
you can handle it.  
The arrangements have been concluded.  
I gave them my word  
because he gave me his word.  
Tell me why.  
You know why.  
You're not strong anymore.  
You lost control.  
You tell him this.  
Nothing has changed.  
We've had a few setbacks.  
That's to be expected in any business.  
But I am still in charge,  
and I am still strong!  
Make no mistake.  
You tell him  
he had better keep his word.  
Tell him the 25th as agreed.  
I'll send him a sign,  
a little demonstration...  
to prove that I'm still strong.  
- Good afternoon, Mr. Douvier.  
- Good afternoon, Simone.  
- Any calls?  
- On your desk.  
What's this "Dr. Herb called"?  
That's your yearly checkup,

**Tuesday at 4:**

Okay. Is New York going to call back?

**Between 5:**

Good.  
Everybody else here?  
Yes. In the boardroom.  
I don't think we should  
keep them waiting any longer.  
- Will I see you tonight?  
- Of course, Miss Le Gree.  
Gentlemen, we have a problem.  
The Gannet transaction

is in jeopardy...  
because New York seems to feel  
I no longer have...  
the power to control  
the situation.  
So I have sent word...  
that I will give them  
a demonstration, a sign...  
to show that I am still in control.  
That France is still  
a viable territory.  
What I want from you,  
are suggestions.  
I have an idea.  
All right.  
Would you ask your secretary  
to bring in the morning paper?  
- Would you bring in the morning paper?  
- Right away, sir.  
Who is the most important man  
in France today?  
Present company excluded, of course.  
Thank you.  
- The president, I suppose.  
- For our purpose.  
A man New York knows even better  
than the president of France.  
A man with which our entire  
world organization is familiar...  
and would like nothing better  
than to see him out of the way.  
Who?  
Who has given us nothing but trouble  
for the past ten years?  
Who has survived  
Including two by his own boss.  
Clouseau.  
You want to impress New York,  
eliminate Clouseau.  
Eliminate Clouseau and we'll have  
every cop in France down on our necks.  
Not if we do it smart.  
There is a rumor  
that he is really a complete imbecile.

I've heard that.  
Yet he continues to survive.  
I have it on good authority  
that he is anything but an imbecile.  
That he only plays at the fool.  
In any case, it is too dangerous.  
Can you do it smart?  
Yes.  
Do it.  
Balls?  
Inspector Clouseau!  
My dear Chief Inspector Clouseau!  
How I have missed you!  
How we have missed you!  
Your disguise is ready for the  
final fitting. You'll be very pleased.  
Cunny! Quick! Quick!  
Inspector Clouseau is here!  
I noticed you have  
some very interesting new noses.  
I will model them for you.  
Cunny, get on with it!  
I will bring you one right away.  
- There were some on the left.  
- Yes, yes.  
The final fitting.  
I call this one "Wino and Roses."  
Magnificent.  
Even though I say so myself.  
This is no small feat.  
Now you can work the Left Bank  
and Montmartre with anonymity.  
Yes. The old anonymity ploy.  
That's it!  
You can do it, Inspector!  
Chief Inspector.  
You can walk, Chief Inspector.  
You can walk!  
Yes! Yes!  
You are a genius, Balls.  
I can! I can walk!  
Thank heavens  
For little girls  
They keep on getting smaller

every day

Yes?

A special delivery.

Thank you.

I'm sorry. I'm a little short.

Forget it.

Special delivery. A bomb.

Were you expecting one?

A bomb?

Yes?

What?

Right.

What's the matter?

The bomb destroyed half the block,  
and Clouseau survived.

I am certain, sir,  
that the bomb was intended for me.

- Bomb?

- What?

- You said, "bomb."

- Yes, yes.

Fortunately, Professor Balls...  
took refuge behind a new shipment  
of inflatable goiters...  
which cushioned the force  
of the explosion.

Inflatable goiters?

Yes. His Valentine's Day collection.

It's amazing that you survived.

Yes, yes.

I must apprehend this mad bomber...  
before he does any more  
of the damage in here.

Or she.

- "Or she"?

- A man dressed as a woman.

"Four armed robberies in three weeks.

Two of the victims were assaulted  
and grappled with the robber.

Both the victims felt the robber  
was much too strong to be a woman.

Three years ago, we sent to prison  
a man named Claude Russo.

Russo committed robberies

disguised as a woman."

Well, sir,

I must be off to apprehend...

this mad bomber now.

Remember, it just could be Russo.

Yes, it just could be Russo. Yes.

- Yes. I just said that.

- Yes, I know that. Yes, sir.

Well, sir, until we meet again,  
and the case is solved.

Fire!

You may not have seen  
these gentlemen before...

but they have at one time or another  
worked for you.

And needless to say,  
they are specialists.

The best in France.

And you expect them  
to take care of Clouseau?

Oh, no. They've been contracted  
to eliminate Mr. Chong.

Who is Mr. Chong?

Mr. Chong was recommended  
by Hong Kong.

Gentlemen, fulfill your contracts.

Why don't you get out of those  
wet clothes? You could catch pneumonia.

Yes, I know that.

I will as soon as I get home provided  
idiot Cato does not attack me first.

Why don't you tell him not to?

Believe me, it's not that easy.

I gave him instructions to attack me  
wherever and whenever possible.

And it has now become a matter of pride  
with him to try to outsmart me.

I guarantee that at this very minute  
his fiendish yellow brain...

is plotting some new ambush.

Yes, I know that.

Cato?

Pay attention!

This is your employer speaking.

I am canceling the attack orders  
for tonight.  
Do you understand?  
I know that I told you  
to show no mercy...  
and to attack  
and to pay no attention to what I say.  
But tonight--  
But tonight...  
I am ordering you  
to pay attention!  
You will not attack, Cato!  
Shut up that row!  
I am trying to save my life,  
madam.  
Obviously the little yellow slime  
is not paying attention.  
It's a very substantial building,  
but we're doing a great deal to it.  
I'm sure when it's finished,  
you'll find it peaceful and delightful.  
Chief Inspector Clouseau's residence.  
One moment, please.  
For you.  
What on earth is going on?  
Excuse me, madame and messieurs.  
I beg your pardon.  
I am so sorry.  
It's still for you.  
Chief Inspector.  
Pardon me.  
I am needed on the phone.  
Hello?  
This is Chief Inspector Clouseau  
speaking on the phone.  
Listen to me carefully.  
If you want to catch  
the French Connection...  
meet me tonight at 11:00...  
in the Bois de Bologne  
near the Grande Cascade.  
And come alone.  
That's so obvious,  
he's bound to think it's a trap.

Yes, or it's so obvious that he's bound  
to think it can't be a trap.  
It's so obvious,  
it's bound to be a trap.  
That is why you will never be  
a great detective.  
It's so obvious,  
it could not possibly be a trap.  
Now, Cato, warm up the Silver Hornet.  
I very much suspect...  
that the Hornet is overdue  
for a service...  
so if you don't mind,  
I'll use your car tonight.  
He's driving a white Peugeot.  
License number is--  
By any chance,  
are you going to Fontainebleau?  
Well--  
Wonderful!  
How lucky can a girl get?  
You're an absolute darling.  
It's green.  
It is?  
The traffic light.  
Generally speaking, it's dangerous  
for a beautiful girl like you...  
to be hitchhiking at night.  
I know. That's because,  
generally speaking...  
beautiful girls like me  
don't carry guns.  
Yes, yes.  
Are you saying  
that you carry a gun?  
I've got it in here somewhere.  
It's not very big.  
Watch it.  
It might go off.  
Only if you don't do  
exactly what I say.  
Listen, Miss--  
Russo.  
But you can call me Claude.



Pull off the road.  
Oh, the old "pull off the road" ploy!  
Yes. Then we will see how you do with  
the old "take off your clothes" ploy.  
And if you don't want  
to freeze to death, put on the dress.  
Never!  
Suit yourself.  
But the dress is an original Dior...  
and you've got sensational legs.  
Yes?  
Oh. Good. Thank you.  
Why don't you just take that  
off the hook?  
Won't be necessary. The great Inspector  
Clouseau won't be bothering us anymore.  
Hello, boys!  
Am I glad to see you!  
And we are certainly glad  
to see you.  
Wait a moment!  
You know me.  
I'm Chief Inspector Clouseau  
of the surete.  
And I am Officer Bardot.  
But you can call me Brigitte.  
Listen, Brigitte. You are making  
an understandable mistake.  
Don't let my legs fool you.  
I'm really a man. Listen!  
The palace flag is lowered  
to half-mast.  
The president has declared a day  
of national mourning.  
Only a few hours ago...  
the great detective stood  
in this very courtyard...  
and was decorated by the president...  
for outstanding service  
to his country.  
According to the coroner's report...  
Chief Inspector Clouseau  
was probably dead...  
before his car hit the telephone pole...

and burst into flames.  
The president called me at 6:00  
this morning.  
A dozen countries have offered the  
services of their finest detectives...  
but the president  
made it painfully clear...  
that this must be solved by Frenchmen,  
and quickly...  
or we can all hand in  
our resignations.  
I spoke with Dr. Laprone  
at the hospital...  
and he assures me that Dreyfus  
is completely cured.  
It's amazing.  
I've seen some lunatics  
in my time.  
They were all pikers compared  
with Dreyfus. He was like a wild animal!  
Didn't he actually bite you?  
Oh, yes. On the leg.  
I had to take rabies shots  
just in case.  
The doctor swears  
that his recovery is complete.  
He said that in the last 12 hours,  
Dreyfus has literally become a new man.  
Thank God for that because we need him.  
If anyone knows about Clouseau  
and who might have murdered him...  
that man is former  
Chief Inspector Charles Dreyfus.  
Isn't it fantastic, Doctor?  
Reinstated at my former rank  
with no loss of pay or social benefits.  
Yes. It could actually be called  
a psychic rebirth.  
I am in your debt.  
I shall be eternally grateful.  
I only helped.  
I led the way.  
But in the final analysis,  
it was your victory, Charles.

Our victory, Paul.  
But only at the expense of another.  
Huh? Oh, Clouseau, you mean.  
It could be said that he died  
so that you might live.  
I wish I could feel sorry.  
You feel no guilt?  
None.  
To be honest,  
when I first heard he was dead...  
there were a few moments...  
when I was actually convinced  
I was in a state of grace.  
Is that wrong?  
It isn't a matter of right or wrong.  
Look, I hated him.  
He literally drove me out of my mind,  
as you know.  
Isn't it natural that  
I should feel happiness, even joy...  
at the thought of him being dead,  
out of the way and gone forever?  
Natural, yes.  
But there is a danger  
that such feelings might promote guilt.  
Clouseau could come back  
and haunt you.  
- I have no guilt.  
- Not now.  
Not ever. Clouseau is gone,  
and I am free forever.  
Now, have a cigar.  
Thank you, Charles.  
I've made the necessary arrangements  
for your release.  
The surete is sending a car  
for you to be picked up at 5:30.  
Remember, you're on probation  
for 12 months.  
If you have any problems,  
call on me immediately.  
Thank you, Paul.  
Listen to me, Officer.  
You are making a serious mistake.

Unless you release me immediately,  
I will personally see to it...  
that you are transferred to Martinique  
where you will spend your career...  
writing traffic citations  
and checking parking meters.  
The man who was killed in that car,  
my car, uh, Cato's car, was not me.  
He was wearing my clothes, yes.  
These are his clothes!  
I am Chief Inspector Jacques Clouseau.  
Miss or Missus?  
You fool! The president himself  
when he decorated me said...  
"Clouseau, you are a man of courage."  
And he called me the greatest detective  
in all of France.  
Charlatan! Impostor!  
All right, calm down, Mr. Poirot.  
Poirot?  
Yes. Yes.  
But you can call me Hercule.  
And I am the greatest detective  
in all of France...  
the greatest in all the world.  
That man is obviously crazy.  
We do not use that word around here.  
- What do you normally use around here?  
- Now, now!  
He is very now-now,  
I can tell you that.  
Court order.  
I shall need your signature  
on the transfer document.  
Ninety days comprehensive--  
Thank you.  
Psychiatric examination.  
Peekaboo.  
Your car's at the entrance, Inspector.  
Good-bye, Chief Inspector Dreyfus.  
Good evening, Chief Inspector Dreyfus.  
Good evening, Francois.  
It's good to have you back on the job,  
Chief Inspector.

Is it true that you will personally take charge of the Clouseau investigation?

Yes.

You must feel torn.

On the one hand, it is your duty...

to send the guilty parties

to the guillotine for killing Clouseau.

On the other hand...

I'm sure you'd rather

congratulate them, eh?

Can you imagine,

a state funeral for that idiot?

The president, dignitaries

from all over the world will be coming.

Why, there's a rumor

the pope might even show up.

Pope?

Pope?

What?

You said pope.

Do you have a cold?

Yes, yes. I have the cold

in the chest, you know.

You sound terrible.

Do you want me to send you a doctor?

No, no. It's much better

than it sounds.

Anyway, I want to go directly

to the Clouseau apartments...

to commence the search

for the clues.

Yes, sir.

This is the Clouseau residence?

Yes.

This is also the residence

of the Clouseau manservant Cato Fong?

Yes.

Then be so good as to tell him...

that I wish to have speaks with him.

Who shall I say wish to have speaks

with Mr. Fong?

Tell him it is an old friend.

Mr. Fong has many old friends.

Listen, you, tell him

it is Chief Inspector...  
Clouseau.  
Why didn't you say so  
in the first place?  
Please come in.  
Good evening...  
and congratulations!  
You are our first Caucasian...  
and that entitles you  
to a 10% discount until midnight.  
- Who are you?  
- Mrs. Wu. But you can call me Madam.  
- Yes?  
- Inspector Clouseau.  
Please come in.  
- Welcome.  
- Good evening.  
Please, make yourself at home.  
That man just called himself  
Inspector Clouseau.  
It was Mr. Fong's idea...  
but personally I think  
we should have a better password.  
Password?  
I demand to know exactly  
what is going on in here.  
Just about anything  
your little heart desires.  
But first,  
why don't you relax?  
Give Benson your hat and coat...  
have a drink,  
get to know the girls...  
and then when you are up to it...  
you can choose from a wide variety  
of exciting little diversions.  
But I see that you already have  
a preference.  
Allow me to introduce Tanya,  
the lotus eater.  
What else does she do?  
I warn you, Tanya, the Easter lotus...  
I am opposed  
to the women's libs.

Man is the master,  
and women's place is in the home.  
And another round-eye  
bites the dust.  
Cato!  
Take your hands off me,  
you Oriental fool!  
You are under arrest.  
Anything you say will be taken down--  
Arrest? Arrest?  
You have the right to remain silent,  
but let me tell you this.  
I am not your ordinary  
run-of-the-mill transvestite.  
Say no more!  
What was that talk  
about arresting us?  
-He was just kidding. Weren't you, boss?  
-Boss?  
I used to work for him.  
He used to be a cop.  
A cop?  
Tell them you were kidding, boss.  
Yes, he is right.  
I was just kidding.  
Cross my heart...  
and hope to meet you again sometime.  
And you, madame...  
and you, too.  
You two should be ashamed  
of yourselves.  
And you! I want to talk to you!  
- You come in here! Listen, now.  
- Please, boss!  
I thought you were dead.  
As a tribute to my memory,  
you open up...  
this Chinese nooky factory!  
I had to do something  
to keep busy.  
Besides, a first-rate joint like this  
can make 300,000, 400,000 a year!  
- Is that net?  
- No, gross.

But even so, a smart operator can  
clear himself a couple hundred grand.  
And that ain't exactly chicken feed.  
And ten years on Devil's Island ain't  
exactly the chicken's feed, either...  
my greedy little yellow pimp.  
I'll have to close up anyway  
now that you're alive.  
Yes, yes.  
Normally, that is precisely  
what you would have to do.  
But these are not normal times.  
Someone has just tried to kill me.  
That's normal.  
But this time, that someone thinks  
he has succeeded.  
Except for you and me,  
the whole world believes that I am dead.  
And in this case,  
death has its advantages.  
No one will know it is me...  
as I glide through the underworld  
like a shadow.  
- Good evening, Commissioner.  
- Charles!  
Thank you.  
I'm sorry to be late,  
but as you must have heard...  
some lunatic was hiding in my closet.  
Yes. Russo.  
Russo?  
You remember.  
Why wouldn't I remember?  
It was only three years ago.  
Of course. Claude Russo,  
alias Claudine Russo.  
Armed robbery dressed as a woman.  
But he got five years.  
He was released on parole  
three months ago.  
So it could have been Russo.  
He is clever.  
Clever enough to fool Francois?  
I like Francois, but fooling him



no longer constitutes...  
an act of more than average cleverness,  
shall we say?  
I always thought  
he was rather a good policeman.  
When he was my assistant,  
he was a very good policeman...  
with a bright future.  
But then he was assigned to Clouseau.  
Now, Charles.  
- All that's in the past.  
- Yes, of course.  
Tomorrow morning...  
when they plant him six feet deep  
and shovel in the dirt...  
I shall be truly free.  
Unless he's figured out a way  
to come back from the dead...  
nothing that anyone does or says about  
him will ever make any difference again.  
- Shall we do some work?  
- That reminds me.  
What is it?  
The chief thinks  
that you should give the eulogy.  
- The what?  
- The tribute.  
Me?  
- You knew him intimately.  
- I hated him intimately.  
But you're the expert who's going  
to track down his murderers.  
I'm the expert who would love  
to kiss his murderers. Understand?  
The P.R. people loved the angle.  
Sacrilege! I won't do it.  
Politics.  
No. I'm a good Catholic.  
- So is the chief's wife.  
- I don't care.  
- What's she got to do with it?  
- She wrote the speech.  
Ladies and gentlemen...  
honored guests...

dear friends...  
we are gathered here...  
to say good-bye to a, uh...  
a great man.  
Not only was he  
a model police officer...  
a brilliant detective...  
admired and respected  
by his fellow officers...  
and all those  
who were fortunate enough...  
enough...  
enough to know him...  
he was above all else...  
a modest man.  
His kind will not pass this way again...  
and our loss is surely...  
heaven's gain.  
Present arms!  
Fire!  
- Get rid of that woman.  
- We'll talk about it later.  
I want your answer now  
or I sue for divorce.  
- I'm warning you.  
- Are you going to have me killed?  
Gentlemen...  
you will be relieved to know  
that our friend in New York...  
was very impressed  
by our little demonstration.  
It was a good idea, Guy.  
The Gannet transaction is on again.  
-The same delivery date?  
-Unless there is something I don't know.  
I spoke to Hong Kong.  
They say the Gannet's on schedule.  
Good. That means  
that this time next week...  
we can declare ourselves  
a very healthy dividend...  
Letting our international colleagues  
know that the French connection...  
is back in business.

I'll be at the farm. I do not want to be contacted except in extreme emergency.

Meeting adjourned.

Guy, stick around.

I might need you.

Right.

Miss Le Gree, would you come in for a moment, please?

What's wrong with you?

- We have to stop seeing each other.

- Your wife?

That witch!

How long this time?

I'm afraid permanently.

Permanently?

- Permanently?

- Yes.

- She gave me an ultimatum.

- Like you have no choice in the matter.

- I haven't.

- You have to. Get rid of her!

- My own wife?

- Get rid of her. Out! Why can't you?

She's got enough evidence in her safety deposit box to ruin me. Her attorney has been told that if anything accidental happens to her... to give her box to the authorities.

- Then get rid of the authorities.

- What do you think I am?

Get rid of her attorney.

- I couldn't afford the scandal.

- I'll show you a scandal.

You know I don't love her.

I need her respectability.

- Permanently?

- Yes!

Six years together, just washed up?

Just over with?

- I'm afraid so. I'm sorry.

- That's just wonderful, isn't it?

You obviously can't go on being my secretary.

I have deposited a substantial amount  
of money in your bank account--  
- I don't want your money.  
- What do you want?  
I don't know what I want.  
But I'll think of something!  
Leaving early?  
Later than you think, Mr. Algo.  
Something you want me to do?  
Not unless she decides  
to be indiscreet.  
If you have to, be sure  
you make it look like an accident.  
Ahoy!  
Ahoy, the skipper!  
Hello, up there in the fog.  
Don't worry.  
It's only an old salty  
Swedish sea dog...  
out there from the salty seas,  
you know.  
Pumpin' the air in the parrot.  
Naughty bird afraid of the fog.  
Swine leg.  
Hello, Inspector.  
Chief Inspector.  
I will keep under the covers.  
No one must suspect a thing.  
What do you have of special interest...  
to my secret investigations?  
There's something big going down  
at Le Club Foot.  
Le Club Foot? Remarkable.  
Keep your--  
Keep your eyes and ears peeled.  
Keep in constant contact.  
I am extremely grateful  
for this excellent piece of information.  
Thar she blows!  
Once again, I thank you  
for this most useful tip.  
And if there is anything  
I can ever do to repay you--  
Now that you mention it,

Chief Inspector--  
Sixteen chests  
on a dead man's rum  
Yo ho ho in the bottle  
of the chest  
Drink to the devils  
and some for the rum--  
Do it some more  
Yeah, give me some more  
All right  
Come on, yeah  
Slide it  
Move 'em out  
Move 'em out  
If you mess around with women, boy  
You wanna fix the trimmin'  
Better listen to me, cousin--  
She's coming in now.  
- Bonsoir, Vic.  
- How you doing, Simone?  
Mr. Toledo, Mr. Vancouver.  
What's happening?  
You can show us to my usual table.  
How about something near the floor?  
Easier for dancing.  
No, thank you.  
I want my usual table.  
Is something wrong?  
It is Mr. Douvier's table,  
ain't it, love?  
No, it really ain't, love, but if  
you're worried about Mr. Douvier...  
why don't you give him a call?  
I wouldn't want you to get in trouble  
with your boss.  
- He ain't my boss.  
- He ain't?  
Then why you paying him  
all that money every month?  
- That ain't cool, baby.  
- You ain't seen nothing yet. Come on.  
Where we going?  
We don't want to be obvious. We've got  
to make our entrance through the back...

in disguise,  
as I told you, you fool.  
Get up here.  
- It's a bakery.  
- I know that.  
Come on. At least  
you're not yellow anymore.  
This time I'm going to stand  
on your shoulders.  
What good would that do?  
- Because I'm taller than you, you fool.  
- Oh, yeah.  
Make a cradle.  
Get rid of that.  
I can't reach it.  
You'll have to find something  
to stand on.  
All right! Let me see some, baby.  
Come on.  
Do it, baby.  
Let me go!  
- Can you reach it?  
- Yes.  
- Hey, are you okay?  
- No.  
- You know something? You're terrific.  
- What?  
You're terrific. You saved my life.  
Come with me.  
- Where?  
- Over here. I want to save your life.  
- Let's go. Come on.  
- Oh, God.  
-Come with me before the killers see us.  
-What killers?  
- I'll tell you at my apartment.  
- What apartment?  
My apartment.  
Oh, my God!  
And mine, too.  
I'm soaked to the skin.  
Yes, I have received  
considerable soak also.  
Get out of those wet clothes before

you catch your death of pneumonia.  
Yes. What shall I do with my coat?  
I don't want to spoil your beautiful--  
Just put it down anywhere.  
Put it on the floor. That's fine.  
Help yourself.  
I'm going to change.  
I'll bring you a robe.  
I'm gonna put on some music.  
- You know, it's strange.  
- What?  
I say, it's strange.  
Yes, I know.  
And I said "what?"  
- You mean, what is strange?  
- Yes.  
It's strange...  
that I have never yet  
set foot in this building...  
but I have the distinct impression  
that I have been here before.  
It's called deja vu.  
I have it all the time.  
Yeah, deja vu.  
Thank you.  
You're welcome.  
- You okay?  
- Yes.  
That feels good.  
It's not going to do you much good  
if you don't take your pants off.  
- What?  
- Take your pants off.  
Forgot about those.  
Look at me.  
Look at my hands.  
I'm shaking like a leaf.  
I can't stop shaking.  
I know what it is.  
You know what it is?  
I'm just not used to being killed.  
- That's my first time, you know?  
- I know, but listen.  
When you have been killed as many times

as I have, you get used to it.

- Really?

- Yes, oh, yes.

Yes, indeed. I'll put this here.

- Cheers.

- Cheers.

- This is for you.

- Yes, of course.

- Then this must be yours.

- Thank you. Cheers.

Yes. Anyway--

- You have nothing to fear.

- Yes, I have.

- No, you don't.

- Yes, I have.

No. You see, I am an officer  
of the law.

- The "lew"?

- What?

You said you are an officer  
of the "lew"?

That is correct. Yes, yes.

I am Chief Inspector of the surete.

What?

You doubt me.

No, I don't doubt you.

Why should I doubt you?

- That's right. Why should you?

- If you say so, I don't.

Who were those men

who tried to kill you?

- Killers.

- How do you know?

- Because they work for Douvier.

- Douvier? I know that name.

Everyone in France knows that name.

He's a millionaire businessman.

Yes, of course. Douvier the

millionaire businessman. I knew I knew.

But, how many people

do you think know...

that Douvier the millionaire businessman

is also Douvier the French connection?

How many?



I suppose his mother, for one.

Why do you suppose he wanted  
to have me killed?

Elementary.

He wanted you dead.

- You all right?

- I got singed.

- I'm sorry about your robe.

- That's all right.

Tell me about this Douvier.

I was his mistress and  
private secretary for two years.

I know enough about Philippe to send him  
to prison for his whole life.

You keep talking about this Douvier.

But who is Philippe?

- Philippe Douvier.

- His son?

Whose son? He has no son.

- His brother then?

- His brother is Fred.

- Then it has to be his father.

- His father's dead.

Now we're getting somewhere.

Who killed him?

- No one. He died of natural causes.

- Then who is this Philippe?

I want to see some identification.

Right now.

Right now.

I want to see some identification.

If you're not a policeman, then I  
shouldn't be telling you these things.

- Can you keep a secret?

- I don't know. That depends.

Brace yourself for what

I'm about to tell you.

I am none other...

then Staff Inspector

Jacques Clouseau.

No, you're not.

- Yes, I am.

- No, you're not.

I am.

You're not.

Yes, you are.

Oh, my God!

I admit it's not

a good photograph, but--

But I saw your funeral on television.

Yes. Yes.

Even the pope was there.

Cheers.

But if you're not dead, who's dead?

A wandering transvestite

took my car...

and stole my clothes at gunpoint.

I have been working under the covers

tracking the killer.

- The killer's Douvier!

- What?

He wanted to impress the godfather.

What? You mean Douvier killed

a wandering transvestite...

just to impress his godfather?

The man's unthinkable.

The door.

- What's wrong with it?

- I saw the knob turn.

Hurry.

- I wonder whose apartment this is.

- I don't know.

The other one's probably upstairs

waiting in my room.

How do you know there's another one?

Because assassins always travel

in pairs. It's a company rule.

Do you know what

the Gannet Transaction is?

The Gannet Transaction? What is that?

It's a code name for

a 50-million franc heroin sale.

Philippe's going to Hong Kong on Tuesday

to meet with the American buyer.

Hong Kong.

I don't know how it fits in,

but the Gannet's a boat.

What are you doing?

- I know why this place looks familiar.

- Why?

Chief Inspector Dreyfus lives here.

I think he has received a faint.

Wake up, Chief Inspector.

Wake up.

Chief Inspector?

Hello? Are you in there,

Chief Inspector?

Hello?

There's no reply.

It's no use.

We will have to go to Hong Kong  
without him.

- We?

- Yes.

You, I and Cato,  
who will translate for us.

Not me. I am not going to Hong Kong.

Are you kidding?

Douvier would shoot me on sight.

Not if he doesn't recognize you.

And he won't.

Why not?

We will leave that  
up to the great Balls.

The great Balls?

At your service!

Please forgive the condition  
of my establishment...

but as the Inspector knows--

- Chief Inspector knows--

- Auguste.

So sorry. I beg your pardon.

But as the Chief Inspector knows,  
we were bombed.

Sounds like you still are.

Almost all my collection  
was either destroyed or damaged.

Starting Monday,

I have to have a fire sale.

You could call it

"The Great Balls of Fire" sale.

A catchy suggestion.

Very good.

Cunny!

I can't tell you how good it is  
to see that you are still alive.

It has been my privilege  
to serve the good Inspector...

the Chief Inspector,

for, lo, this many years.

Thirteen, to be precise.

And his reported demise  
was a real blow to me.

Something's coming.

Yes, Cunny, you are not dreaming.

Our friend, our customer,  
is alive!

Hello, Cunny.

Now, how can I serve you?

Through wind and mud,  
snow and hail...

whether long or short,

dark or pale, remember...

that when duty calls...

you've got Balls.

I gotta sit down.

Yes, of course. Cunny! Quick.

Please, please, please.

Come along. That's right.

There you are.

- Sit. Come, come, come. Sit, sit.

- You're not serious.

There has been no time  
to get new furniture.

Believe me, since the blast,  
he's much more comfortable.

Please sit.

Matter of fact,

I've been sleeping on him.

Chief Inspector?

I'm leaving for Hong Kong  
in the morning.

Hong Kong?

Could you pick me up  
some cheap coolie hats?

My dear Auguste,

I need your best Hong Kong disguise.  
Also, I will need something  
extra special in the godfather line.  
Doctor, please, you must help me.  
Is Clouseau real...  
or am I going mad again?  
- What do you think?  
- What do I think? What can I think?  
If that nincompoop is really alive...  
and the things I heard are true,  
he'll probably be decorated again...  
for rounding up  
the biggest drug ring in France...  
and I'll be a laughingstock.  
That sounds reasonable.  
What are you going to do?  
What choice do I have?  
I either commit myself and come back  
to be locked up in here...  
or...  
I go to Hong Kong.  
- I don't think I can do this.  
- Of course you can.  
Just think yellow and follow me.  
"Mr. and Mrs. Low Key."  
You stupid lunk! What the hell  
do you think you're doing?  
Absolutely ruined my suit!  
Why the hell don't you look  
where you're going?  
I'm Mr. Algo. When Mr. Scallini arrives,  
have me paged in the bar.  
Certainly, Mr. Algo.  
Who is gonna pay for my suit?  
See that man there?  
That's Guy Algo,  
Philippe's right-hand man.  
This Scallini must be Mr. Big  
from New York.  
Listen, we'll go up to the room.  
You stay here ten minutes,  
then tell Mr.--  
- Algo.  
- Right, yes. Algo.

That Mr. You-Know-Who has arrived,  
and bring him to the room.

- Mr. You-Know-Who?

- Right. I will be Mr. You-Know-Who.  
Come, Ming Loy.

You got a reservation for Scallini?

Page Mr. Algo in the bar.

Tell him Mr. Scallini is here.

- What do you think you're doing?

- Mr. Scallini in lobby.

You heard what I said to him?

Dumb Frenchman.

"Cochon."

That means pig.

I tell Mr. Scallini you're here.

- Listen, boss--

- It's not boss. It's me!

Where is he?

In the bathroom getting into  
his godfather disguise.

Algo's in the next room. Scallini's  
down the hall in the Tang suite.

- Marvelous.

- We rode up in the same elevator.

Maybe I can reach him

before he contacts Philippe.

- What are you going to do?

- I'm not sure. Keep your eye on Algo.

- Ice?

- Please.

- Soda?

- Yes.

I hope it's not too strong.

I'm sure it will be fine.

Hey! Mama Mia.

Spaghettoni du AI Pacino!

Carlo, Cato and me got a little business  
to talk over.

We won't be long.

Have another drink.

Viva Zapata!

- Where is she?

- I don't know.

Get out--

Hello, Mr. Marchione.

- Hey. Come on in.

- Thank you.

- Thank you very much.

- Can I get you a drink?

No, nothing, thank you.

It's Simone.

You have a good memory.

I never forget a pretty face.

Boss, this is Simone.

That's Duvier's personal--

Secretary. How do you do,

Mr. Scallini?

We never met before.

If we meet before, you call me Julio.

- That's a nice hand.

- Thank you. That's only the right one.

- You type, too.

- 100 words a minute.

I may faint.

Mr. Duvier has asked me to apologize.

He's going to be a little late.

If you like, I'd be happy

to keep you company until he arrives.

If I like?

Does my mother cook spaghetti?

To the Gannet Transaction.

Shall I tell Duvier

we're on our way?

Don't forget the money.

What?

Throat! Back!

Choking!

You want me to hit you on the back.

We're on our way.

- Mr. Duvier will meet us in the lobby.

- Yeah. Great.

- Is that it?

- Yeah.

Listen, buddy, I take care of my body,  
my body takes care of me.

You know what I'm driving at?

I'll buy some cigarettes, huh?

Yeah, smoke a few. When Duvier shows,

I'll meet you in the lobby.

Right.

Be right with you.

What the hell is going on here?

Lee Kee shipyards.

- Where'd he go?

- I think to Lee Kee shipyards.

My cart!

You see this? I can tell by  
your heart line you're a passionate man.

See how long this is?

Keep watching.

It's going to get longer.

- Hello.

- Lee Kee shipyards. Douverier.

It was Douverier!

The doorman heard him tell the driver  
to go to the Lee Kee shipyard.

Something is caccuzza around here.

Your boss and a couple boys  
just left the hotel.

Really? I wonder why they did that?

You got me.

Why don't we go ask him?

Yes. Okay, I understand.

Douverier left the hotel  
about five minutes ago.

He was with two men. He told the driver  
to go to the Lee Kee shipyard.

I'm sure it was that nincompoop.

I'm sure Mr. Douverier didn't intend  
to be gone very long.

- We'll see.

- It doesn't make much sense.

If you leave,  
and then he comes back--

Stop worrying.

You give yourself wrinkles.

What about this Lee Kee shipyard?

Perfectly legitimate  
as far as I know.

They build a line of  
expensive power cruisers and sailboats.

Maybe Mr. Douverier



is just buying himself a yacht.  
Lee Kee shipyards?  
Yeah, that's what  
the como si chiamare said.  
Move it!  
Come along!  
This is Mr. Chow,  
our Far Eastern representative.  
- Mr. Scallini.  
- It's an honor to meet you.  
- You remember Mr. Algo. Shall we go?  
- This way, please.  
After you launch the boat,  
we'll go to Mr. Chow's office.  
You can sign the ownership papers.  
Everything legal and aboveboard.  
Above the board. Good, good.  
- Where is it? You know--  
- I understood you were told.  
No. I was told.  
But I'm checking, you know.  
- In the keel.  
- The old keel ploy. Yes.  
All you have to do is sail her  
around the Caribbean for a while...  
haul her out of the water,  
take the midsection out of the keel...  
and voila, 40 kilos  
of the finest merchandise...  
your experts have ever tested.  
I'll tell you, it better hell be  
the best merchandise...  
'cause my experts  
certainly have tested some.  
- We have faith in our merchandise.  
- That's good.  
All right. Now, would you like  
to launch her?  
I would be delighted.  
September. A good month for the vintage.  
Congratulations!  
He must be a cop!  
Get him! Get him!  
Hey, boss!

Look out, you are an idiot!  
What are you doing?  
Jesus Christ!  
You crumb!  
Get back here, you slob!  
It's me!  
I know!  
Wait!  
Hey, cancel the artillery!  
I don't care! Get out of my way!  
- Al, where are you?  
- How do I know?  
Wherever you are,  
this is Chief Inspector Clouseau.  
I'm warning you  
that if you are not careful...  
I will arrest you all  
in the name of the law.  
You and your bright ideas.  
Let me get my hands on you.  
Clouseau?  
Yes?  
- Are you wounded?  
- No.  
Fortunately I was saved  
by the darkness.  
So what we need is more light.  
Look what you did to my shoes!  
Hello, Philippe.  
Simone, what the hell  
are you doing here?  
I'm waiting for the firecrackers  
to go off.  
- What firecrackers?  
- The ones I stuck in your pants.  
Hello.  
I'm sorry I'm late.  
I had some important police business  
to attend to, you know.  
- Everything's all right?  
- Yes, absolutely fine.  
Allow me to let you in the car.  
Please.  
- It's beautiful.

- It's rather neat, isn't it?  
I call it the Silver Hornet.  
Yes.  
It's a little overdue for service,  
unfortunately.  
Perhaps it's better  
to leave that there.  
It's a beautiful night.  
Why don't we walk?  
What an excellent idea.  
- I'm sorry about that.  
- It's quite all right.  
You look ravishing tonight.  
- Yes, I know that.  
- You know that?  
I knew that you knew that.  
You did? I knew you knew  
I knew that.  
What made you decide  
to become a detective?  
It's not something one decides  
every day of the week, you know.  
But in my case, it began  
when my great aunt was kidnapped...  
and held for ransom  
by an unlicensed Armenian phrenologist.  
An Armenian phrenologist?  
Yes, you know. A man who reads  
the "bimps" on the head.  
- The "bimps"?  
- What?