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A Shot in the Dark

By Blake Edwards

' Why must we meet
' In the shadows ofParis
' Where hardly a star
' Seems to shine?
' Why can't we meet
' In the sunlight ofParis
' Where Paris can see
' You are mine?
' Have you come to me
' From another
' Whose lips
' You have tried?
' Do you still belong
' To another?.
' Is that
' Why we hide?
' Why am I cold
' In the sunlight ofParis
' Where laughterand song
' Fill the sky?
' Why am I warm
' In the shadows ofParis
' When I know
' That dawn
' Means goodbye?
' Have you come to me
' From another
' Whose lips
' You have tried?
' Do you still belong
' To another?.
' Is that
' Why we hide?
' Why am I cold
- ' In the sunlight ofParis
- Maria!
' Where laughterand song
' Fill the sky?
' Why am I warm
' In the shadows ofParis
' When I know
' That dawn means
' Goodbye?
(gunfiire)

(phone rings)

Commissioner Dreyfus.

Ah. Yes, my darling.

I was just about to call you.

I'm on my way.

I've got the cheese and the beaujolais.

What?

My love. Kiss the children for me.

- Huh?

- (buzzer)

Hold on.

Yes?

(man) Your wife is on the otherline.

Tell her I'm out of town.

Yes, my love.

I'll be with you in 20 minutes.

(chuckles)

Monsieur Dreyfus. Oh, monsieur.

A catastrophe. A report of a shooting
at the Chateau de la Pierre Blanche.

So?

- M Ballon.

- What, the millionaire?

- Yes.

- That is a catastrophe.

It's not so much the shooting
that is a catastrophe.

The report had few details, just that
someone was shot, and the address.

I only just realised
that it was the home of Ballon.

- So?

- So I made a terrible mistake.

Who did you assign to the case?

- Clouseau.

- Oh, my God.

(' The Marseillaise)

Argh!

(buzzer)

- Inspector Clouseau.

- Good evening, sir.

- What is your name?

- Henri LaFarge.

Make a note of that.

- You are the butler?

- The head butler.

The head butler. Cross out "butler"
and put down "head butler".

(squelch)

(Henri) This is M Ballon.

M Ballon, it is a great honour.

(squelch)

Excuse me.

I am Inspector Clouseau of the Sret.

I apologise for my appearance.

I had a slight accident.

Would you like a bathrobe or something?

No, nothing at all. It's just
a little dampness. It will soon go.

M Ballon, you reported a shooting.

- No, I didn't. Maurice did.

- Maurice?

- Yes, he's guarding Maria.

- Ah.

I was at the airport at the time.

I've just arrived.

Of course. That is not necessary.

I'll have this cleared up in seconds.

Would you like to examine the body?

- I would be delighted.

- This way, sir.

(footsteps squelch)

- You are Maurice?

- Yes, monsieur.

M Ballon said

you were guarding someone.

Yes, monsieur.

This pen has been fired recently.

- And you are?

- Maria Gambrelli.

- I am Inspector Clouseau.

- How do you do?

See what else you can find.

What are you doing?

- I'm checking the gun.

- This is my pistol pen.

- I know.

- Get your own pistol pen, please.

This is my own personal one.

Don't look in here. Look outside.

- What did you say?

- Nothing, monsieur.

All right, you can go.

Now then.

um...

Please.

You found the body.

- Yes, monsieur.

- Mm.

A friend of yours?

- Have you any idea who killed him?

- I've no idea.

- She killed him.

- That's not true.

- She says it's not true.

- She is lying.

- Watch your tongue.

- I heard four shots.

You heard four shots.

You did not see four...

I am sorry.

- You did not see these four shots.

- No.

Then you could not know

who fired those shots.

- The door was locked from the inside.

- What does that prove?

When I broke in I found Miguel where you see him and Maria with a gun in her hand.

- With the gun in her hand?

- Still smoking.

Did you have the gun in your hand?

- And was it still smoking?

- I suppose so, but...

I don't know how it got there.

- Ridiculous.

- I will decide what is ridiculous.

- Monsieur, you surely don't believe...

- I believe everything.

And I believe nothing.

I suspect everyone.

And I suspect no one.

I gather the facts, examine the clues...
and before you know it, the case is solved.
Oh, yes. There is much here that does not
meet the eye. That is quite obvious.

- What was that you said?

- Nothing, monsieur.

All right. You can go now.

Yes, monsieur.

But do not try to leave. Everyone
in this household is under suspicion.

Yes, monsieur.

- (Clouseau) Tell me what happened.

- He was having difficulty with the buttons.

- Buttons?

- The buttons on my dress.

That is strange because
there are no buttons on this dress.

That is because he was having difficulty
with them. He tore the dress off.

- He attacked you.

- Oh, no.

I would have helped him
but he couldn't wait.

The buttons are probably
all over the room.

He was so impetuous.

A passionate Spaniard, you know.

And he tore your dress off, eh?

Yes.

Suddenly someone opened the door.

Miguel leapt up and...

That is the last I remember until Maurice
came in and found me with the gun.

Yes.

There is, if you'll excuse me, something
here that I do not quite understand.

What don't you understand?

I don't understand... when you say
that you don't remember.

- I guess I was unconscious.

- unconscious?

- I have a bump.

- A beump?

- Yes.

- Where? Let me see.

I don't know how it happened

but it is painful.

That is beautiful perfume.

- It's bath oil.

- Is it?

I can't figure it out.

Someone must have hit me.

Yes. You have received

a mild concussion with that beump.

- You have cream on your nose.

- That's nothing.

- It's from that thing over there.

- You're all wet.

- What?

- Is it raining?

No, it's just that my stupid driver

parked too close to the fountain.

You should get out of these clothes.

You'll catch pneumonia.

I probably will, but it's all part

of life's rich pageant, you know.

We police put up with a lot of things

in the course of our duties

that in private life

one wouldn't normally tolerate.

(Clouseau) Why don't we have a smoke?

Helps to calm the nerves

and enable us to think more clearly.

- It is lovely perfume.

- That's not perfume. That's bath oil.

Oh, is it? Well, it's very beautiful.

- Thank you.

- I can still smell it.

- Now, where were we?

- My bump.

That's right. That you received

when somebody hit you.

- At least, we presume somebody hit you.

- How else could it have happened?

In the police force, first,

we presume, after, we find out.

That is the way we work.

Because if we work the other way...

Goodness, it's a bit stuffy in here.

- Your coat!

- Yes, it is my coat.

- But it's on fire!

- What?

My coat is on fire!

My goodness, I'm burning!

- Clouseau?

- Argh!

He fell out of the window!

(Dreyfus) Clouseau?

(Maria) Are you all right?

Mm? Oh, yes.

I'm perfectly all right, thank you.

- In that case, you may go home.

- Go home?

- You are relieved.

- Relieved?

I am taking charge. Good night, Clouseau.

Good night, sir.

- Argh!

- I'm sorry, sir.

You idiot. You fool. It's a good job

I was able to check my reflexes.

I might have killed you with a karate chop.

You...

you fool!

Just for that you are... you're off the case.

Back to town.

- When can I have the report?

- First thing in the morning.

- Excuse me. M Ballon?

- Yes.

- I'm Commissioner Dreyfus.

- Ah. Where's Inspector Clouseau?

I'm taking charge of this investigation.

You and Mme Ballon

will not be inconvenienced

and the Ballon name will not suffer

the sensationalism of the press.

He was a strange fellow,

but I rather liked him.

- Huh?

- I mean Clouseau.

Oh. Yes, yes.

He's a... he's an extraordinary man.

(creak)

Argh!

- Argh!

- (phone rings)

Inspector Clouseau's residence.

One moment, please.

Commissioner Dreyfus.

(breathes heavily)

- Hello, Inspector Clouseau here.

- Get down here immediately.

- You're back on the Gambrelli case.

- The Gambrelli case?

Maria Gambrelli.

The maid who killed the chauffeur.

Oh, Maria Gambrelli, the maid. Yes, yes.

Excellent. I'll be down there

right away. Thank you.

Well, Kato, I am back on the case.

I tell you, Maria Gambrelli is beautiful.

Innocent. Hah!

That was a good work-out.

You're improving.

Every day you're getting better.

(mutters)

Facts, Hercule, facts.

Nothing matters but the facts.

Without them, the science

of criminal investigation

is nothing more than a guessing game.

Listen to me, Hercule,

and you will learn something.

The facts in this case are...

the body of the chauffeur was found

in the bedroom of the second maid. Fact.

Cause of death - four bullets

in the chest. Fact.

The bullets were fired at close range

from a .25 calibre Beretta automatic. Fact.

Maria Gambrelli was discovered

with the murder weapon in her hand. Fact.

The murder weapon was registered in

the name of the deceased, Miguel Ostos,

and was kept, mark you, in the glove compartment of the Ballon Rolls-Royce.

Fact.

Members of the household staff have testified that Miguel Ostos beat... Careful, you fool. You broke my pointing stick. I've got nothing to point with now.

..have testified that Miguel Ostos beat Maria Gambrelli frequently.

Finally comes the sworn statement of M and Mme Ballon, as well as all the members of the staff, each of them with perfect alibis.

Now then, Hercule, what is the inescapable conclusion?

- Maria Gambrelli killed the chauffeur.
- What? You idiot.
- Impossible. She's protecting someone.
- How do you know?
- Instinct.
- But the facts...
- You are forgetting the motive.
- He beat her.
- He was Spanish.
- He tore her dress off.

Don't be ridiculous. Would you kill somebody who tore your dress off?

- No, I suppose not.
- No, of course not.

No, no. There is no doubt in my mind whatsoever, Hercule. Maria Gambrelli is most definitely protecting somebody.

Find them

and you have found the murderer and I shall find the murderer before the day is out.

Maria Gambrelli will tell me who he is. Oh, yes.

- What was that you said?
- uh, nothing.

I see. All right.

Well, you can go, Hercule.

Argh!

I don't understand.

Why in the name of heaven did you
reassign Clouseau to the Gambrelli case?

That is a good question,
and it deserves an answer.

But what I'm about to tell you
must remain in the strictest confidence.

This morning, at six o'clock,
I received a phone call from a superior.
I was informed that certain extremely
influential parties were interested
in having Clouseau back on the case.

- I had no choice but to comply.

- Amazing.

If I told you the identity of the caller
you'd realise how amazing it really is.

But why?

That's another good question,
and for that I have no answer.

Ah. They're bringing in
the Gambrelli woman.

Sit down, Miss Gambrelli.

Sit down, Miss Gambrelli.

Now, where were...

Good morning, monsieur.

- Oh. Good morning, Miss Gambrelli.

- Good morning.

- You slept well?

- No.

- Wonderful.

- It is not easy to sleep in prison.

It isn't? No, no, no, of course it isn't. No.

We shall have to do something
about that, won't we?

uh...

Stupid box. Yes.

But, anyway, first, a few simple questions.

- Is it all right if I smoke?

- Oh, yes, of course.

- Have one of mine.

- Thank you.

- Ah.

- Well, have one of mine.

Mm? Oh, thank you.

That's very kind of you.

Very, very kind of you.

- That's all right.

- Allow me.

- Thank you. Other way around.

- Hm? What? Oh.

It tastes very bad when you do that.

Well, now...

Are you comfortable?

- They should have these chairs in prison.

- Most certainly.

- As I recall, the furniture is deplorable.

- Terrible. Might as well sit on the floor.

Yes, it's high time that somebody
did something about it, don't you think?

Sure.

As a matter of fact, I will do
something about it this very moment.

- Give me the prison superintendent.

- (man) Yes, sir.

Sometimes it's necessary to cut through
red tape and strike directly at the heart.

Prison is bad enough
without uncomfortable furniture.

(phone rings)

Yes?

Superintendent,
this is Inspector Clouseau.

When are you going to do something
about that terrible furniture?

We are not savages.

This is not the Middle Ages.

I mean, you are running a house
of correction, not a torture chamber.

That made him think. I suggest you take
the matter under serious consideration.

If one is to cope with a modern criminal,
it is necessary to use modern methods.

You can't have a contemporary prison
without, uh, contemporary furniture.

Yes. Well, that's my opinion anyway.

Oh. And the same to you, Superintendent.

Filthy swine.

You're not at all like a policeman.

Your dossier.

I always keep my important documents
under lock and key
because one can never be too sure.
Now, here...

Oh.

Oh, uh...

Excuse me.

Stupid.

Oh.

Now, um...

Miss Gambrelli, your dossier contains
some very, very interesting facts.

It seems that you have known
this Miguel Ostos for quite some time.

Yes.

- And were you in love with him?

- Yes.

You're in love
with the man that raped you?

That what?

Testimony of Georges Duval, gardener.
Referring to Ostos, you described him,
and I quote, as "that crazy Spaniard
who raped me in my father's field".

He did not rape me.

- He did not force you?

- Well, you see, I tripped over a root,
and I grabbed Miguel to keep me
from falling, and somehow we both fell.
I cried a little bit afterwards but that
wasn't because I was sorry it happened.

- It was something he said.

- He insulted you.

Oh, no. He lit a cigarette
and took a long puff, and...

Tell me, why do so many men
smoke afterwards?

No wonder tobacco companies get rich.

Yes, I must admit I had never
thought of it quite that way.

Hm. Last night, it was to be our last night.

It was all finished.

- You were leaving him?

- Oh, no. He was leaving me.

Poor Miguel. He was really in one of his moods last night.

First he babbled in Spanish, and then he cried.

He really broke down and cried.

- You don't say.

- I do say.

And then when I tried to console him, make him feel better, suddenly he was tearing off my clothes and cursing like a madman.

Hm.

Very strange.

Very strange.

The thing I don't understand...

Ostos was leaving you and yet by your own account he was behaving like a jealous madman.

Well, you see, I thought if he was leaving me he'd suffer, thinking that I was alone.

And... and so I told him there was someone else.

Mm-hm.

It was a lie. I admit that.

But only out of kindness.

Ah!

- Oh, uh...

- I'm sorry.

- It's nothing at all, really. Stupid tailor.

- Beautiful suit.

Yes, I know, but don't worry.

A few stitches and you'll never know.

Miguel? Ah!

Hercule?

Must I go back to prison?

unfortunately, yes.

But... don't give up hope.

- What do you want?

- You sent for me.

Of course I sent for you!

Goodbye.

Goodbye, my dar... uh, Miss Gambrelli.

Well, there's no doubt in my mind
she is shielding someone.

- Do you think you can break her down?

- Mm.

Given enough time I could
have her eating out of my hand.

Anyway, we have no time. We must
catch him before he leaves the country.

- But if you don't know who he is...

- She will lead me to him.

- Release her.

- Release her?

How can she lead me to him
if she's in prison?

- But Commissioner Dreyfus...

- I will assume responsibility.

Release her. I will apprehend
this culprit within 24 hours.

Argh!

Get me out of here.

Quick, nurse, the screens.

I've got Africa all over my hand now.

Nice balloons.

Do you have a licence
to sell these balloons?

Licence?

(siren)

- Yes?

- Good morning, monsieur.

Good morning, Georges.

Is there something I can do for you?

Well, yes. And perhaps

there's something I can do for you.

What could you possibly do for me?

You remember the night of the murder?

- Is that a rhetorical question?

- What?

Now, come along, Georges.

What is it you want?

I saw you climbing down
from Maria's room.

- You have sharp eyes.

- Oh, yes.

And a big stomach. It's so hard

to keep it filled, prices these days.
Are we going to discuss the economy
or will you come to the point?
The point is 100,000 francs.
You know, for the groceries.
Then perhaps my eyes
will grow small again.
Yes. Well, we'll certainly have
to do something about your stomach.
(dog barks)
Hey!
Nice dog. Nice dog.
(dog barks)
Nice doggie.
Oh. Excuse me. I just happened
to be passing and I...
Ah. Ah.
Ah.
Ah, my little...
You have been cutting flowers.
You must have been cutting something.
- There's blood all over your shears.
- Ah. Ah.
That's very strange.
Ah!
(Clouseau) Ah.
Facts, Hercule. Facts.
Behind them lies the whole fabric
of deductive truth.
Now, Hercule, let us examine these facts.
One - she was found
with the murder weapon in her hand.
Two - the murder weapon
was fresh with blood.
Three - there were no fingerprints
on the murder weapon but hers,
and four - all the members of the Ballon
household staff have perfect alibis.
Now then, Hercule,
what do these facts add up to?
Maria Gambrelli killed
Georges the gardener.
Idiot. Only a fresh-faced novice would
come up with a conclusion like that.

- But the facts...

- Listen.

Whoever killed Miguel killed Georges

to cover up the first crime.

He is trying to blame this poor servant girl.

Well, who do you suspect?

I suspect everyone.

- I suppose that is possible.

- Possible?

What do you mean "possible"?

I deal in certainties.

I have only to break her down, make

her admit she's protecting somebody

and then force her to divulge his identity.

There can be no more cat and mouse.

No more subtle interrogation.

For her own sake,

and for the sake of justice,

I will resort to any means, short

of brute force, to drag it out of her.

True, she will suffer.

But in the end she will be free

and we will have our killer.

- You released her again?

- Yes, sir.

(siren)

Shall we settle this now, or do you intend

making me late for the recital?

We can't just fire her.

She has given us no cause.

Cause? We are up to our necks

in dead bodies.

What are you waiting for?

The last act of Hamlet?

If you compare our household

with a Shakespearean tragedy,

I suggest that Macbeth

would be more appropriate.

Oh, darling, my cue ball.

That was Mme Ballon.

Follow her. When you have discovered

her destination, call me immediately.

(Maurice) Inspector Clouseau.

- Good evening, M Ballon.

- Good evening, Inspector.

There are one or two questions

I'd like to ask.

- Of course.

- Some points need clearing up.

Certainly. Do you play billiards?

Billiards. Yes, I have played
some billiards in my time.

I find it makes for a more relaxed and
friendly conversation. How about you?

- Yes.

- Take a cue.

Ah. A cue. Yes.

Hm.

That should do.

- That's strange.

- You'd be better with an ordinary cue.

- That's what we call a bridge.

- Ah, the bridge cue, yes.

Yes, I much prefer the good,
old-fashioned, plain cue.

Yes, yes.

Oh, I'm most terribly sorry.

I'm dreadfully sorry.

That's all right.

I've broken a few in my time.

Try this one. This is my favourite cue.

You'll find that it's great for curved shots.

You, uh, had some questions, Inspector.

Yes.

I had rather hoped

to have a talk with your wife.

- Well, she's out. You just missed her.

- On the contrary.

She just missed me

in the driveway going out. Ah!

M Ballon, did you not state...

that, uh... on the night of the murder...

you had, uh, just arrived from London

on the 11 o'clock flight?

Yes. Why?

- It was cancelled due to bad weather.

- I arrived on an earlier flight.

I put it to you directly, M Ballon, that

it was you who murdered Miguel Ostos.

Don't be ridiculous.

Oh.

uh... Look, if you can just move...

That's it.

These curved cues can be difficult.

Now pull.

Yes, I disliked Miguel intensely.

But I am not in the habit of killing people because I dislike them. I beg your pardon.

(Ballon) I may as well tell you the whole thing.

The night Miguel was killed, I arranged for him to meet the 11 o'clock plane.

I arrived on the nine o'clock.

He would be on his way to the airport while I was on my way home.

My wife was at a dinner party.

This would give me a whole hour, at least, alone in the house.

For what?

For Maria.

What?

Does that surprise you?

(phone rings)

Then I submit, Inspector Ballon, that you arrived home, found Miguel with Maria Gambrelli, and killed him in a fit of jealous rage.

I admit to the affair, but to kill for her?

- Would you kill for her?

- Of course... uh, not.

- Well, it's still your shot.

- Yes. Mm.

Ah. Mm.

Mm.

(rip)

I'm dreadfully sorry, M Ballon.

I appear to have grazed your billiard table.

Telephone, monsieur,

for Inspector Clouseau.

Ah, that will be for me.

Yes? This is Inspector Clouseau.

All right. If you stay there

I will come over immediately.
M Ballon, I wonder if you could oblige.
I have to meet my assistant
and I am without a car.
- I'll have Pierre drive you.
- Excellent.
Well, I suppose it's the end of our game.
Do you mind putting my cue away?
Have Pierre bring the car around.
Your car is ready, monsieur.
Look, I'm, uh, dreadfully sorry, M Ballon.
Please don't concern yourself.
Maurice will do it for you.
(Clouseau) Let go of my back, you...
Thank you, monsieur.
Really, whoever invented that rack
should have his head examined.
Well...
- We will continue at another time.
- A pleasure at any time.
(thud)
I suggest you have your architect
investigated as well.
Mme Ballon is in apartment 12.
You stay here. If I'm not out within
ten minutes, send reinforcements.
(' opera music coming from apartment)
(' soprano sings)
Argh!
(bird squawks)
(bird squawks)
(bird squawks weakly)
(bird squawks)
(gunshot)
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
I'm the game warden.
- Do you have a hunting licence?
- Hunting licence?
(siren)
He was shooting crows?
He was disguised as a hunter
in order to watch the Ballon house.
Mm-hm.

Give me ten men like Clouseau
and I could destroy the world.

- Where is he now?

- I don't know.

After I got his release he got a phone call.

He ran out of his office saying he had an
important lead that would crack the case.

This case is already so full of cracks

I guess one more won't make a difference.

- Francois?

- Yes, Commissioner?

I've just cut off my thumb.

(horn)

Now then. You say you followed Maria
Gambrelli to this godforsaken place.

She took a taxi this far,

then I followed her up the pathway

to the entrance to Camp Sunshine.

- Camp Sunshine?

- Yes.

I'd have called you but then

I saw Dudu the maid also enter.

- up the path?

- Yes, but...

Look, you return to the Ballon residence
and look for more clues.

- Inspector...

- I will try to see what is afoot here.

- Inspector, I think I should...

- Hurry up. There's not a second to lose.

Good afternoon.

Hm.

I am Inspector Clouseau of the Sret.

Oh.

Tell me, have you anyone registered here
by the name of Maria Gambrelli?

Gambrelli. Yes, I believe

she checked in about an hour ago.

Yes. Gambrelli.

- 1 1 .45.

- Where can I find her?

Well, she could be most anywhere, but

my guess would be the recreation area.

Thank you.

- Can I ask you something?

- Yes?

Have you been... swimming?

Why, yes. How did you know?

It is my business to know.

Ah, ah, ah.

And where do you think you're going?

I do not think, sir.

I know where I am going.

I am going to the recreation area.

- Not like that, you're not.

- What was that you said?

I said you're not going

to the recreation area like that.

- I am Inspector Clouseau of the Sret.

- How do you do? I'm Turk.

I am on official business, looking

for someone at the recreation area.

Not unless you take off your clothes.

- You, sir, are under arrest.

- Arrest? What for?

Making lewd and suggestive

remarks to an officer.

- Lewd remarks?

- Also for indecent exposure.

- Does no one wear clothes here?

- No.

- What?

- This is a nudist colony.

- A nudist colony?

- Right.

And nobody gets in

unless they take their clothes off.

What, all of them?

All of them.

Right down to your moustache.

('jazz music)

Argh!

- Did you call the police?

- I?

- Someone called and reported a murder.

- Murder?

- Tell the men to search the camp.

- One of your men is already here.

- One of my men?
- Yes. Inspector Clouseau.
Hm.
- Ah!
- I can't understand.
Murder?
Oh!
Pssst!
- Beg your pardon.
- Clouseau.
Over here.
Quick.
Listen, that's Dudu.
- Dudu?
- She's dead.
Dead? Dudu?
(woman screams)
(people scream)
Come out! Out.
Round up everyone.
Get me that idiot, if you can find him.
Straight away, sir.
If someone has been murdered here,
please, let it be Clouseau, hm?
- (Maria) What are we going to do?
- We can't leave without clothes.
(Maria) I am getting cold.
Just look at those goose pimples.
Clouseau!
(horn)
- I know how you feel but...
- I'm having a bad dream. A nightmare.
It's nothing to what could have happened.
- What do we do now?
- Well, you keep down,
and then they can only see
the top half of me.
Perhaps they will think
that I have just come from the beach.
- We can't just keep driving around?
- No.
- Please.
- No, that's right.
I will take us to my apartment and

somehow I will try to get us inside.

Please, whatever happens,

try to keep calm.

- I can assure you she's not in the house.

- Sorry, but I must see for myself.

- She has not been in the house all day?

- She left before I did this morning

and she wasn't here

when I got back an hour ago.

- Henri can verify that.

- Henri?

- The head butler.

- I'd like to talk to Henri.

Well, he could have verified it.

- Only a few more blocks now.

- I feel like I'm losing my mind.

I'll start screaming

and I won't be able to stop.

Please, try to hold on to yourself.

(horns)

(wails)

- Control yourself, please.

- (wails)

(screams)

(screams)

(siren)

You are off the Gambrelli case.

- Report to the Department of Records.

- Records?

- In Martinique.

- What?

Tomorrow,

or you can forget your pension.

But that is not fair.

I was only doing my duty.

And I am right, you will see.

Maria Gambrelli is not a murderer.

There's something personal in this.

Yes. Deeply personal.

I hate you.

Every little bit of you. Now get out.

You want me to leave?

You are making a terrible mistake.

If Maria Gambrelli is not a murderer,

and I say she is not,
you are sending an innocent girl
to the guillotine.
Excuse me, Francois.
And another thing.
Martinique?
He's on his way.
What about those influential parties
that wanted Clouseau on the case?
Whatever they do to me now,
it is not half of what he has done already.
Ah.
Besides, I feel certain I know
who is behind those influential requests.
- Ballon.
- Ballon?
- He was having an affair with Gambrelli.
- Most likely.
At first I couldn't understand why anyone
would want a man like Clouseau
in charge of a murder case,
especially a case of this importance.
- But why would Ballon?
- He wouldn't.
unless he was protecting someone.
If you were protecting someone, who
would be the perfect man on the case?
A fool. A detective
who is a complete and utter fool.
- Clouseau?
- Of course.
If Gambrelli is convicted,
Ballon is up to his ears in a nasty scandal
and Clouseau was his insurance policy
against such a scandal.
Well, he has gone.
Ah.
I feel like a child again.
It's an interesting theory,
but what if you are wrong?
I know it's a remote possibility,
but what if you are wrong and
Ballon is not protecting Gambrelli?
What if she is innocent,

as Clouseau claims?

- Ridiculous.

- But a possibility.

What if Ballon is protecting someone else,
or what if Ballon himself
is the guilty party?

- It's a sadistic thing to suggest.

- But for the sake of discussion,
what if you are wrong,
and Clouseau - a fool,
a complete and utter fool...

- I'd be ruined.

- It's something to consider.

- Francois?

- Yes, Commissioner?

Would you please call for a doctor?

Are you ill?

I seem to have stabbed myself
with a letter opener.

Argh!

Kato, you fool. Get off of me,
will you? Get off me!

Kato, what are you doing? Not now.

Kato. Release me, you fool.

(phone rings)

Inspector Clouseau's residence.

Give me that telephone, you idiot.

- Inspector Clouseau here.

- This is the commissioner.

You are back on the Gambrelli case.

(yelps)

Well, Kato, I'm back on the case.

(karate cry)

Now to set the trap, catch the killer,
and prove to the world that Maria
Gambrelli is innocent of murder.

Hello? This is Clouseau. Connect me
with my assistant immediately.

I am ashamed of myself, Kato.

I forgot the first rule of self-defence.

No matter what,

always anticipate the unexpected.

A real assassin might have killed me.

We have to accelerate our training.

You must attack me when I least expect it
and you must give no quarter.

understand?

Hello, Hercule? This is Clouseau.

I am back on the case.

Right, release Maria Gambrelli at once
and make a reservation
for two tonight at the Caf Ol.

Right. Bye bye.

Kato, unpack my things
and lay out my new blue suit.

I'm going to have a lovely hot soak
in a nice warm bath,
and I will plan out my strategy.

(Clouseau hums)

- (karate cry)

- Argh!

(chuckles and whimpers)

He released her again.

And he's taking her out to dinner.

Every paper in Paris has the story,
including the Christian Science Monitor,
and he gave them the story.

You see, he claims
she's protecting her lover
and the best way to force him
into the open is to make him jealous.
Jealous!

That nincompoop. That megalomaniac.
He's setting the science of criminal
investigation back a thousand years.
And I can't do anything about it.

- Why not?

- Why not?

What if he's right?

- What if he is?

- I'm finished. Washed up.

Sanity and reason become
things of the past. Madness reigns.

- Just relax.

- Relax?

With Clouseau loose? Go about offering
irresponsible suggestions like that
and you better find a good analyst.

- Now, just lie down.
- Just lie down.
- And relax.
- Relax.
(chuckles) Don't you think I want to relax?
Don't you think I'd give my arm
for a good night's sleep?
I haven't closed my eyes in three days.
I've only eaten a chicken leg
and some clear broth since Wednesday.
I'm cracking up.
I'm coming apart at the seams.
(chuckles)
Look at my eye. I used to have
a perfectly good eye. Two eyes, I mean.
No, Doctor, there is no hope. There is
no hope unless I can get rid of Clouseau.
I must get rid of Clouseau.
(whimpers)
(Spanish music)
Ese gitano de Cordoba,
o sea que eres unico, arsa, mira.
(Polynesian drumming music)
(Russian music)
(all chant) Pei do dna! Pei do dna!
Pei do dna! Pei do dna!
(rip)
(audience stops clapping and laughs)
(dancer) What's wrong?
I'm not gonna let you look at me
going up the stairs, you naughty thing.
Come on, then.
No, I'm just unlocking the door. No.
You just split up your pants so you could
lure me into this apartment of yours.
Well, this is my apartment.
I know this is your apartment.
- How about a little lure?
- You mustn't lure. You're luring me.
Oh, lu-lu-lu-lu-lure.
- Do you know?
- What?
I know this is your apartment.
But that won't help you in the least bit.

Why won't that help me in the least bit?

- Because...

- Question...

- Question, answer, Mr Police Inspector.

- Jacques Clouseau is the name.

I've given up sex.

Oh.

Quel brutto momento.

I've given up sex.

- Promise me.

- What, darling?

Afterwards, you will not smoke, hm?

I give you my word

as an officer and a gentleman.

Also, a policeman.

Policeman.

- Jacques?

- Yes, darling.

Carry me.

All right, my darling.

Jacques?

- Yes?

- I swore I'd never...

- Ooh!

- Oh.

- Sorry, my darling.

- I swore I'd never do it again.

- Yes, darling.

- And I resolve to be so strong.

- Yes, darling.

- We all pay for our sins, don't we?

Could you open the door, my darling?

Anything... worth waiting for is worth...

Oh.

(thud and smash)

Oh, darling.

My darling. My dear, sweet darling.

My sweet darling, let's have the...

- Jacques?

- What?

- It may be somebody important.

- What could be more important than this?

Jacques, look what you are doing.

Look at my sleeve.

- It's all right. It looks better that way.
- Jacques, go to the door.
- Probably somebody important.
- Don't go away.
- Don't go away.
- Darling, hurry.
Hurry, yes.
- Darling!
- Coming, my lovely little darling.
That's very strange.
Darling.
- Oh, my darling.
- Come here.
Oh! Oh, this is too much
for a simple policeman.
(gargles)
Oh, my darling.
Wait, l... Wait, wait, wait.
Wait, my darling. Wait.
You beautiful, wonderful...
- You're like a... Like a little pin.
- Like a pin?
(both laugh)
- (Kato) Argh!
- (Clouseau) No!
(Maria screams)
- (Maria) No!
- (Clouseau) Kato! Kato, you fool!
(Kato shouts in Japanese)
Kato!
Kato!
(Maria shrieks)
(shouts and screams)
(shrieks)
Jacques!
Don't worry, my darling. It's only Kato.
This poor fool.
Jacques, Jacques! Oh, Jacques!
- I killed him.
- Don't worry, you didn't.
He's all right. It's nothing to worry about.
Nothing can happen now.
(clock chimes)
"Trail of death

follows Inspector Clouseau."

Four people - a doorman,
two customers, and a Cossack.

Most regrettable.

Regrettable? Including the Ballon murders
this brings the grand total to eight.

Well, that just goes to prove
what I have said all along.

What you've said all along
qualifies you as the greatest prophet
since General Custer said he was
going to surround all those Indians.
Maria did not kill those four people.

- Which four people?

- The last four people.

Someone else did.

I was with her all the time.

Whoever he is,
he killed the first four people.

- A doorman? A Cossack?

- Innocent bystanders.

He was after me. Fortunately he missed.

"Fortunately" is not the word.

It proves my theory is correct.

Because of misguided loyalty Maria will
not divulge the name of her former love
and he is so jealous

he will kill rather than lose her.

Are you saying that the man

Gambrelli is protecting -

her former lover - killed eight people
because he was jealous?

Insanely jealous.

So jealous he made it look
like Gambrelli was the murderer?

He's a madman, a psychotic.

- What about the maid?

- The maid?

Was he jealous of her too?

He strangled her.

Possibly his intended victim
was a man and he made a mistake.

- In a nudist camp?

- Nobody's perfect.

- Idiot! Nincompoop!

- Sir. Commissioner.

Lunatic!

I will have your murderer by tonight.

What?

- I have a plan.

- What sort of plan?

A plan that cannot possibly fail.

Right. Now, remember,

at eight o'clock sharp,

you pull the master switch

just as I am about to name the murderer.

- Lights off for five seconds.

- No longer.

Just long enough for the murderer

to leave the room. understand? Clear?

Right, now we synchronise watches.

In seven seconds it will be precisely...

- 2.43.

- Your watch must have stopped. I've 7.46.

Yes. 7.46, yes.

- No, no, no. Now it's nearly 7.47.

- Yes, all right. 7.47.

- Are we synchronising on 7.47?

- That is what you said.

No, I said it was nearly.

I've now, ooh... ten seconds to 7.47.

- I've got ten seconds after 7.47.

- Put your watch back.

- Yes, all right.

- Five seconds.

- Yes.

- Four.

Three.

(both) Two. One.

Now.

That's strange.

The second hand is not moving.

- It's ticking.

- It's moving now.

What? Yes. Yes, it is. Yes.

I know that. I can see that is moving now.

- And now I've 7.47 and 23 seconds.

- All right.

- Let's synchronise on 7.47 and a half.
- Very good.
(both) Five. Four.
Three.
Two. One.
- Now.
- My watch has stopped.
Your watch has stopped?
A remarkable coincidence.
It's stopped completely.
Hm.
- Look here. Take my watch.
- What about you?
- I'll keep talking till the lights go out.
- We won't be synchronised.
Yes, it'll be all right. Don't worry.
I'll find a way out of it.
(door opens)
Very kind of you. There's no need
for you to stand. Please sit down.
Now then. I expect you're wondering
why I've asked you all here.
Whatever the reason,
it's a damn nuisance.
We eat at nine and
you've brought everything to a standstill.
You will not be inconvenienced
for long, M Ballon.
Your clock has stopped, M Ballon.
Yes, but if you want to know the time
it's exactly 7.50.
You are slow, darling. It's 7.52.
No, my darling. This watch has not lost
a second since the day you gave it to me.
I didn't give it to you.
I have 7.55, monsieur.
- That is what I have.
- You are both fast.
No, my watch is right. I'll prove it to you.
Would you tell me the right time, please?
(phone rings)
Yes? It's for you, Inspector.
Ah, it's for me.
- Yes?

- What time is it?

What?

- Your watch has stopped.

- Where are you?

In the basement.

I had the operator call you.

I can't pull the switch at eight
if I don't know what time it is.

- It's, uh, 7.54.

- 55 now.

I just realised something.

I still won't know when it's eight o'clock.

- Count.

- What?

Count.

Oh, count. You mean seconds?

Yes, that is exactly what I mean,
and don't dare call me here again.

Now then.

Now then. I will tell you...

why I have called you all here tonight.

One of you... is a murderer.

Before I name the killer...

I will explain to you the facts
that led me to discover his...
or her... identity.

Now then.

The night the chauffeur was...

- What was the chauffeur's name?

- Miguel.

- Migwell, yes.

- No, Miguel.

- Migwell.

- Miguel.

- Well, this Italian...

- Well, he was a Spaniard.

Well, this Spaniard, um, Mingwell,
he was furious with Maria Gambrelli.

He tore her dress off.

He protested violently.

Argh! Ooh, my foot!

I'm terribly sorry. I beg your pardon.

I did not notice her. Excuse me.

He tore her dress off, and at that

precise moment, the door opened...
and somebody... somebody shot him.
Maria could not see who the killer was
because she was unconscious.

She was unconscious because
she had received a beump on the head.

A what?

A beump.

There is only one way she could
have received a beump like that.

She was hit upon the head by an object,
and the object was the knob
on the closet door.

Somebody was hiding in the closet,
and when they opened the door
she received a beump upon the head.

- For heaven's sake, come to the point.

- Don't tangle words with...

- Ow! You clumsy idiot!

- Sorry. I'm terribly sorry.

Ow!

- (thud)

- (both) Oh!

Oh, those feathers.

Oh, I am coming, Maria, my darling.

My darling, I...

Ooh.

Careful, monsieur, with me.

Do not tangle with me.

I'm a trained expert in karate.

My hands are lethal weapons.

Hm.

Now then.

There is something that I am very
interested to know. These rumours...

- What happened? What?

- You fell off the sofa, you stupid...

I know I fell off the sofa, madame.

There is no need to tell me.

Everything I do

is carefully planned, madame.

I know that.

Now then.

uh...

What was I saying? uh...

Listen, you, you daydreaming fool.

What are you doing there?

Can't you pay attention when I'm talking?

You're not listening to me.

With the greatest respect,
I heard every word.

Would you be kind enough
to tell me what I said?

- You were talking about the closet.

- Well, yes?

You said that when the door was opened
Maria received a bump on the head
and from that that you inferred
that someone was hiding...

She received a bump on...

And listen, monsieur.

Next time I may test you without warning
so pay attention at all times.

- Yes, monsieur.

- Now then.

Whoever was in that closet opened
the door and knocked Maria unconscious.

Whoever the man was that was in that
closet had a reason to be in that closet.

- How do you know it was a man?

- Because we found his fingerprints.

And... they were your fingerprints.

It's my house.

I've often been in that closet.

- For what reason?

- Last time it was moths.

Meuths?

- Moths.

- Yes, meuths.

Maria was complaining of meuths.

Meuths?

Is that right, that you were
complaining about these meuths?

Yes, I did complain about moths.

Oh, you mean meuths. Yes, the flying
meuths, you mean. Yes, of course.

No, but what I do not understand is
that in a household of this size,

the question of meuths is brought
to the attention of M Ballon,
not one of the servants
or the local meuth exterminator.
However, we will pass over that,
and we will continue to concentrate
on another type of local exterminator.
Maria Gambrelli, even though
she now realises it was a mistake,
is not a sort of a woman to have an affair
with a man and then expose him.
And we cannot condemn her, because
she does not believe this man was a killer.
But this man was not only a killer.
He was an unprincipled villain
who would rather see Maria go to the
guillotine than lose her to another man.
He was hiding in the closet when she
came into the room with the Spaniard.
He shot the Spaniard,
and put the gun in Maria's hand.

- You don't know what you're on about.
- Benjamin. Shut up.
- You have something to say, M Ballon?
- He has nothing to say.
No, but she has. Why don't you ask her?
How dare you.
- She was sleeping with my husband.
- Liar!
Your husband was having
an affair with my wife.
- Liar!
- Thank you.
- And what about you and Simone?
- Oh, no!
- And you and Georges?
- You killed him.
- I saw you go to the greenhouse.
- He's crazy. Why should I kill Georges?
- You were having an affair.
- Kill him for that?
No, because you knew
he was carrying on with Madame.
- I saw you kill Dudu.

- Liar.
- I saw you.
- It's insane. Why should I kill Dudu?
Because you discovered...
that she was having an affair with Pierre.
- Not true.
- She told me.
Of course, because you and Dudu
were blackmailing Madame.
- You liar!
- She said she saw Madame kill Miguel.
- Shut up!
- That's not possible.
Georges saw M Ballon climb out
of Maria's window after the shooting.
I didn't kill him. I was the one in the closet.
My wife expected to find me with Maria
and shot Miguel by accident.
- I put the gun in Maria's hand.
- I arrest you for putting the gun there.
- Keep out of this.
- You self-righteous hypocrite.
- What about Henri?
- What?
- You killed him.
- Why should I?
- I arrest you.
- Shut up!
I saw you drag his body into Maria's room.
- It was you.
- Yes.
(Ballon) Why should I kill Henri?
(woman screams)
(Clouseau) Hercule, turn on the lights.
Let me in, Benjamin. Ow!
No!
No! Stop! Come back, you fools!
Come back!
Clouseau!
- Stop them. Stop them!
- What?
- The bomb!
- The what?
(explosion)

A bomb?

- It was meant for you.

- What do you mean it was meant for me?

The doorman, the two customers

and the Cossack,

and now, six more innocent people.

They were all murderers

except Maurice who was a blackmailer.

- Compared with you they were all saints.

- Commissioner, what are you doing?

- I hate you, Clouseau.

- Commissioner.

- I hate you.

- What are you doing to me? Let go of me.

- (Commissionergrowls)

- Let... Commissioner, let go of my leg.

Hercule! Get him off me.

- Commissioner.

- Commissioner.

- (Commissionergrowls)

- Argh, Commissioner!

Jacques.

Jacques? Are you all right?

It's all over now, darling.

You're free.

Argh!

- (Maria screams)

- (Clouseau) Whoa!