The Pink Panther

By Maurice Richlin
As in every stone of this size, there is a flaw.
- A flaw?
- The slightest flaw, Your Excellency.
If you look deep into the stone, you will perceive the tiniest discolouration.
It resembles an animal.
- An animal?
- A leaping panther.
Yes, a pink panther.
Come here, Dala.
A gift to your father from his grateful people. Someday it will be yours.
The most fabulous diamond in all the world. Come closer.
(wolf-whistles)
(brakes screech outside)
- (camera clicks)
- OK.
Thanks a lot. Don't forget to take the wardrobe back.
- How do you want them?
- I want it right away. I'm in a hurry.
You can't rush a genius.
I'll rush.
Thanks. And don't forget about the wardrobe.
(Pierre) What you doing?
Where is everybody?
- Come outta there.
- (Pierre) Who is it?
- Come out or we'll bust the door in.
- Just a minute.
- Can I help you?
- Where is he?
- Where's who?
- George Lytton.
He owes me 40 grand,
and nobody welshes on Big Joe.
Look, Big Joe. I'm not a bill collector, I'm a photographer. I just took his picture.
- What kind?
- Graduation picture.
- His what?
Graduation.
Get him!
They're worth half a million.
We'll take 300,000.
I'll do what I can,
but the merchandise is extremely hot.
(whistle)
You, stay here. Come with me.
Come on.
-Pardon, madame.
-Certainly.
She's going down. Come on.
(taps in time to ''the Marseillaise'')
We must find that woman.
- What was that?
- We don't have much of a description.
About 5ft 7, black hair,
wearing a light-beige coat.
They let that fence escape.
He might have talked.
- We will catch him.
- We must. We must find that woman.
She is our first link with the Phantom.
(buzzer)
- Yes?
- (man) Your wife to see you, Inspector.
Send her in, please.
All right, Henri, that will be all.
- Hello, my darling.
- My angel.
Amber, how are you?
Hello, Duchess.
So glad you could come. Have fun.
Hello. How are you? Hello, darling!
- You know Monica?
- You were stunning in your last film.
(speaks Greek)
- What's he say?
- He would like you to meet his cousin.
(speaks Greek)
- His third cousin.
- That does make a difference.
(speaks Greek)
(speaks Greek)
Who's that?
Princess Dala.
Oh. Oh!
Excuse me.
(phone rings)
Yes?
Miss Angela Dunning.
- Yes?
- Your Highness?
Yes?
(Angela talks very quickly)
(Angela continues talking)
Ah... Oh!
Your Highness!
Hello there. I can't tell you what an honour this is.
Everyone's just dying to meet you.
- Good morning. You're a wonderful skier.
- Thank you.
- Help! Help! Help!
- (Amber yaps)
Somebody's taking my sleigh. Amber!
- Amber?
- My dog.
Leave this to me, ma'am.
- What happened?
- I don't know.
Suddenly there was a man with a gun and he took the sleigh and Amber.
(yells)
It will be a wonderful chance for a vacation.
Oh!
- I'm sorry.
- Oh!
Excuse me, my leg is caught.
I apologise for this inconvenience.
- Do you know that was Sir Charles?
- Sir Charles?
Sir Charles Lytton. Yes? Hm?
Oh! I am Inspector Clouseau.
This is Madame Clouseau.
Thank you.
I'm sorry, my darling.
— That's all right, my darling.
— Excuse me.
— Do you know that you're really amazing?
— So you've said.
How you can manage on
a police inspector's salary!
How many women could save enough out
of the housekeeping to buy a mink coat?
— Well, it's not easy.
— You are a constant contradiction.
I'm simply a woman in love, my darling.
My darling.
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, my darling.
Please, excuse me.
It's perfectly all right.
Did I hurt you? Are you all right?
— Yes, I'm fine.
— You're sure now?
My darling, I'm so sorry.
Darling, I have a little business
with the manager.
— Yes?
— Ooh.
After which, I'll return to you
immediately... my darling.
All right.
Hello.
— How did it go?
— Perfectly.
(knock at door)
Come in.
Princess Dala is concerned
about your injuries.
Please thank her and say there's
nothing to be concerned about.
It's really not too serious.
In that case, Her Highness
has instructed me to invite you for dinner.
— Eight o'clock at her chalet.
— Thank the princess. I'd be delighted.
— Ispettore.
— Buongiorno.
You know Signor Tucker from Lloyd's.
— Hello.
- Hello, old bean.
- You insure the Pink Panther.
- For half a million.
- Pounds?
- Sterling.

The Phantom could not resist the Pink Panther. He will make an attempt. But when he does, I shall be waiting for him.

Your theory is the Phantom is one of Miss Dunning's guests?

That is the theory. I want the guests' names, also the locations of their rooms.

Of course.

- Princess Dala has the jewel with her?
- She'd only tell me it was in a safe place.
- If it isn't here, it's at her villa in Rome.
- My men are watching that villa.

With such planning, how can the Phantom succeed?

With such planning, he's succeeded for 20 years.

It's a great mistake to underestimate him.

The shrewdest, cleverest criminal in the world.

- And you have never seen him?
- I've seen him once.

Five years ago I got a fleeting glimpse...

Excuse me. A fleeting glimpse as he made his getaway.

In a strange way, one has to admire this man, his - how would you say? - unique flair for the dramatic.

- He actually waved goodbye to me.
- Fascinating.

But this time, gentlemen, I shall be waving goodbye to him... on his way to prison.

Good evening.

Make yourself comfortable. Her Highness will join you. A drink? I'd like a brandy, thank you.

(door closes)

- Your Highness.
- Good evening, Sir Charles.
Any news from the police
about your dear little dog?
They expect I'll receive a ransom note.
I am deeply grateful
for what you tried to do.
Ma'am, it was nothing. Nothing.
- Thank you.
- Please sit down.
- Aren't you drinking?
- I don't drink.
Not ever?
I'm quite content with reality.
I have no need for escape.
I enjoy reality. It's just that in my case
reality includes a good stiff belt.
- On the other hand, I don't smoke.
- It's a nasty habit.
Here's to all those nasty little habits
that we hold so dear. Lechaim!
I beg your pardon?
Let's just say it means "Your health,
and thank you for inviting me to dinner."
It's not often I have the chance
to dine alone with a beautiful princess.
I hate to disappoint you, Sir Charles,
but I'm afraid this isn't the night.
- But I understood that...
- We're having dinner, but not alone.
(chattering)
(Angela) Yoo-hoo!
At last! Hello. We've been through
icicles up to our you-know-whats.
Your Highness, I think it's just too
daring of you to invite me here tonight.
You've just made Cortina for me.
Hello, dear boy. Uh-uh-uh-uh.
Now, don't you move a muscle, darling.
Isn't he wonderful, Your Highness?
Such a magnificent sacrifice.
Good evening, sir.
(# slow dance music)
- May I have a cigarette, my darling?
- Yes, of course, my darling.
- There you are, my love.
- Thank you.
- Yes, sir?
- Scotch on the rocks.
That's funny.
Thank you.
- My pleasure.
- Thank you very much.
I'm looking for my uncle,
Sir Charles Lytton.
- Darling!
- May I get you some water?
- Hold your hands over your head.
- Yes. And bend forward.
- Ooh! Darling, I am sorry.
- Are you all right?
You all right, my darling?
- I'll be right back.
- Yes, darling.
Please.
She's got a cough in the throat, you know.
What do you think?
She turned out to be a man.
It's true. It's quite true.
Your Highness, you must
let me give you a party.
I can positively guarantee
it'll be a party to end all parties.
- I'm sure.
- Perhaps Her Highness has other plans.
On the contrary, it sounds like fun.
Will you include Sir Charles?
No. Charles is having a fling in Capri.
He has his own parties.
Yes. I've read about his parties.
They're wonderful. We call him the
Juggler. I've never known a man like him.
He can keep ten girls in the air at once
and make each one happy.
- Amazing. A contemporary Don Juan.
- That's it.
Ah, there's a difference. Don Juan was
forced to climb balconies and fight duels,
and, as I understand it,
to keep his women separate and apart.
Now, Charles drives a Ferrari, enters with a key, and resorts to collective bargaining.

Ooh!
- But they have something in common.
- What's that, Your Highness?

Maybe it's best forgotten.

Don't be silly. Charles doesn't mind.

Everyone takes a pot shot at Charles.
- Go ahead, ma'am. Shoot.
- It seems to me,

any middle-aged bachelor who has never desired the rewards of wife and family, and occupies the major portion of his life making one conquest after another, is trying to prove something that he can never possibly prove.
- And what's that?
- That he's a man.

Oh, you're joking!
- It's complicated, but basically sound.
- Well, Charles?

Not very original. That theory has become rather a tired Freudian cliché.
- But true.
- I've never been on the couch.

Not true. That's part of your problem.

(laughter)

(men) How refreshing to find royalty with such wit.

Charles, are you going to take that lying down?

Yes, as a matter of fact. Ma'am, my leg is hurting rather badly. May I be excused?
- I'll be damned.
- I can't believe it.
- The leg?
- I haven't the faintest idea.

(Angela) That just goes to prove there's a first time for everything. Our turn to laugh.

Simone!

(electric razor humming)

Jacques, I'm still cold.

Perhaps another blanket, my darling?

Yes. All right, darling.
There you are, my darling.
Jacques, the light.
- Jacques?
- What, darling?
I'm sorry, my darling. It doesn't help.
Oh?
(Simone) Perhaps a hot glass of milk.
But I think the room service has finished, my love.
- Yes, of course. I forgot.
- You see...
(Simone sighs)
(Clouseau) Well, no matter.
There, you see.
If my little pigeon wants a glass of milk, she shall have one.
Even if I have to force them to open the kitchen.
She shall have milk wherever she goes, hot or cold.
- Hot.
- I know. That's what I said, hot.
Put it there.
Charles?
Darling, I've got to talk to you.
I've sent Jacques for some milk.
I only have a moment.
- Well, let's make the most of it.
- Stop it.
- It was your idea.
- But you're the wrong...
The wrong what? Man?
Did you think I was...?
No, I thought you were who you are.
But I'm too impulsive.
This is not the right way...
Maybe another time.
- Here you are, my beloved.
- Thank you.
That was all they had.
You can't get a thing in this hotel. I had to force them to give me that. Never mind.
My darling. Lovely darling.
- (Clouseau) Oh!
What's wrong?
My darling, your feet are like two icicles.
Have you been out of bed or something?
No, of course not.
Ah, well. Anyway,
you warm them on me, eh?
(Clouseau gasps)
(phone rings)
Hello.
It's Princess Dala. My guests have gone.
I thought perhaps you would come back.
- I would feel better if we are friends.
- I would, too. And I'd love to come.
- But my leg is rather painful.
- I'm sorry. Another time.
Why don't you come up here?
My leg is only bad if I walk too much,
and I thought maybe you could do
the walking and I could do the drinking.
Unless, of course, you think it would
be indiscreet to come to a man's room.
I'll be there in five minutes.
Goodbye, Sir Charles.
Goodbye.

(romantic music on record player)
- Jacques?
- Yes, dear?
I don't know what's wrong.
I'm just a bundle of nerves.
Don't worry. We've solved
that problem before.
You don't mean... I don't think you should.
Don't worry, my darling.
I shall do it ever so softly.
- Jacques, are you sure?
- Of course. It's always worked before.
There's no reason why it should not work
now. Relax and leave everything to me.
(tuneless scraping on violin)
Jacques?
- Yes, my darling?
- I really don't think it's such a good idea.
- You mean that it's not helping?
- I'm afraid not.
l think l'll just take a sleeping pill.
Very well. l'll get it for you.
And why don't you take one yourself?
You need the rest, you know.
Yes. l think perhaps l will do.
(pills spill on floor)
(pills crunching underfoot)
Here, my darling.
- Thank you, my angel.
- Thank you, my angel.
(steps on violin)
My poor Jacques.
No matter. When you've seen one
Stradivarius, you've seen them all.
(knock at door)
Ma'am.
l hadn't realised it was so late.
Come in, sit down, relax.
Have a nice glass of champagne.
- l told you, l don't drink.
- Champagne's not drinking.
It's the minimum of alcohol
and the maximum of companionship.
- It's still against my principles.
- l thought it might break the ice.
- You took me to task properly.
- No, thank you.
l thought your analysis
was very perceptive.
- But not very polite.
- No, it wasn't. What made you do it?
l resented you. l find it hard to
understand a man of your reputation.
We both have reputations.
Perhaps mine is a little more publicised,
but you have presented
the press with a definite image.
- Yes, l know.
- Well, are you?
- What?
- What they call you? The Virgin Queen?
- l'm not a queen.
- (chuckles) That's only half an answer.
The strong-willed ruler,
sitting in her ivory tower, untouched, unwed and unapproachable? If you had known my father, you would understand me. He was an absolute ruler. He governed his people with an iron hand. But he gave me a white pony for my fifth birthday. He was wrong about many things, but he made his decisions according to the ways of his predecessors. I learned the way of the West, so I've become a little of both, a paradox. And it is hard to reconcile the extremes. Have a glass of champagne. Does wonders for extremes. It's been known to launch some lasting friendships.

- Don't you trust me?
- No.
- Are you afraid?
- No.
Lechaim.

I was three years old when I rode my first elephant. I was six when I went on my first... safrari. Frasari. Wild-animal hunt. And I was ten when I bagged my first tiger. But I'll never forget my lovely little pony.

- When'd you bag him?
- Hm?
You're making fun again!
You really don't like animals. Don't trust a man who doesn't care about animals. And don't trust an animal who doesn't care about people. Why you don't like people?
- I like people.
- Oh.
It's supposed to be me who doesn't.
Like people. Right?
If you say so.
I don't say so.
- You say so. Right?
- I said so.
And another thing you did -
you didn't tell me the truth.
- About what?
- About champagne. About this.
Oh, boy, did you fib.
You said... something about extremes.
It does wonders for them.
It does more than that.
It makes your lips numb.
I can't feel them. Are they still there?
Let's have a look.
You didn't tell me about that part.
Won't do you any good. I can't feel it.
(giggles)
Hoisted on your own petard.
Ooh. Don't try to say that
when you haven't got any lips.
I'm plastered.
- If that's the right expression.
- Yes, that's the right expression.
You're a fraud and a liar. And you think
you are going to take advantage of me.
- Oh, no. You think I am.
- I know you are.
That's the plan, isn't it?
Feed me champagne, break down
the inhibitions, and tally-ho!
No more Virgin Queen.
Oh. We're all out of champagne.
- I'll get another bottle.
- Oh, no.
I prefer to remain conscious, so I may
view the attempted seduction at first hand.
Because you got
a surprise coming, Charlie.
I got friends in low places.
You make one pass at me
and I'll set him on you.
(whispers) Understand? If he moves
a muscle... attack without mercy.
You see, Charlie?
You're outnumbered, two against one.
And I don't care if you can juggle.
- What?
- I didn't say anything.
Hm? Cat got your tongue?
(whispers) Got his tongue?
My friend says he hasn't got it.
Then why don't you say something?
I couldn't think of anything to say.
Why don't you kiss me again?
All right.
You know what, Charlie?
I could feel that one.
Again.
If I were my father, I'd have you tortured.
You know, if you were your father, I doubt
very much if I would've kissed you.
Good thinking, Charlie.
Then, now that we've
straightened out who I am,
what are you going to do about it?
(Dala laughs)
What kind of a friend are you?
You were supposed to attack.
No friends, Charlie.
Now you got me outnumbered.
I thought we were friends.
You're the Juggler.
I'm the Virgin Queen.
Somebody's got to win.
Friends don't act like that.
Want to be friends, Charlie?
Or want to win?
Do you really want to know?
No.
Oh, Charlie!
What's wrong?
I don't feel... I think I'm going...
Goodbye, Charlie.
Dala.
Darling.
Dala?
Ma'am?
Your Highness.
Thank you. Up!
There we are.
Hello, Uncle Charles.
George!
Hello. Good morning.

Listen, what about this nephew?
- How did you find out?
- I met him in the bar.
- That's what I was trying to explain.
- What happened?
- Jacques. He found me.
- I looked everywhere for you.
  I looked for you.
I nearly climbed in bed with your nephew.
- You what?
- Don't worry, I took care of it.
Phew! He had a heavy night.
I almost put the princess in bed with him.
- Really?
- What you got there?
A note. ''Uncle Charles... Dear Uncle
Charles, don't worry about a thing.''
''I've gone to see the princess
to apologise for last night.''

Apologise for what?
That must have been embarrassing,
expecting one man and...
She didn't expect anybody. She had
some champagne and had to rest awhile.
- Of course.
- Think of him taking over my room!
- Didn't you know he was coming?
- No.
- But who is he? What is he?
- He is my nephew, really.
He's my late brother's son. I've been
responsible for him since he was ten.
I sent him to all the best schools
in America. He did very well.
He's just graduated from college. Look.
- Isn't he a bit old for school?
- He did two years in the army.
Then he lost another year
through some tropical disease.
He's certainly attractive.
A slight family resemblance.
But we have nothing in common.
He's dedicated to education. He was top
of his class, cares nothing about sports,
and in all his letters
he's never mentioned girls.
He may not have, but he's got
a good idea what they are.
- I nearly didn't get out of here.
- You're joking!
No. It was a relief to get back
to Jacques and his fiddle.
If we don't do something,
he'll ruin everything.
You mean, if I don't do something.
He's just a young man
who's not been out in the world.
Because he's been spending
all his time in the bedroom.
- I'm surprised at you!
- I can handle it.
As a matter of fact,
it might be intriguing.
Particularly if the resemblance
goes deeper than you think.
- I'm envious.
- It seems that we're in the same spot.
You envy George, and I envy the princess.
I don't know what I'm going to do. I might
go back to college and get my doctorate.
But I'm torn.
There's so many things to be done, so
many countries where I might be useful.
I've even been considering
the Peace Corps.
You're certainly not much like your uncle.
I don't know much about him,
except what I've read in the newspapers.
- But one mustn't judge by that.
- No?
No. After all, whatever I am today,
he made it possible.
Everyone has at least
one redeeming quality.
Yes.

Good morning, Your Highness. Hair of the
dog. May I present Madame Clouseau?
- This is my nephew, George.
- We met at the bar last night.
- How is your cough?
- It's completely gone.

Ma'am, you should have some of this.
It'll put everything in perspective.
My perspective is excellent this morning.
I see your leg is much better.
It's a vast improvement, thank you.

George and I had a family reunion, after
we carried you home. He's quite a lad.
- So I've discovered.
- He may be joining the Peace Corps.
Imagine, a Lytton in the Peace Corps.
You'll give the family a good name.
- Please, sit down.
- No.

I was on my way to ski
when I ran into Sir Charles. Do you ski?
Ski? No, not very well.
You should learn. If it wasn't for this leg,
I'd take you in hand.
I'm hardly in your uncle's class, but
I'd be happy to give you my experience.
I'm sure Madame is an excellent teacher.

She can get you started out right.
- If it wouldn't be too much trouble, yeah.
- Not at all. It would be a pleasure.
Perhaps you'd like to come along now?
- You can't pass up an invitation like that.
- I haven't got the clothes or any skis.
The shop'll fix you up.
Just charge everything to me.
Thanks. Your Highness,
I hope to see you again.
If you're back early.
I'm leaving on the afternoon train.
- Have a nice trip.
Thank you.
Thanks, Uncle Charles.
Have fun.
Goodbye.
Goodbye. 
Mind the instructor, she knows what she's doing.
Not staying?
No, we're off to the slopes.
So long, Uncle Charles.
Have fun.
Just in time. You sure you won't join me?
Quite sure.
Do you have to leave this afternoon?
Yes.
Isn't this departure rather sudden?
Not at all. Why do you think so?
I just thought that after last night...
My leaving has nothing
to do with last night.
Hasn't it?
You don't know me very well.
No, but I thought I was making progress.
That was champagne, nothing more.
Whatever it was, it was very interesting.
I don't remember.
That's such an awful old clich.
It's true.
Women have half a glass too much
and let down the barriers a little,
then wake up guilty and try to reclaim
their virtue by saying ''I don't remember.''
Are you saying my virtue is not intact?
You know it is.
Then why should I feel guilty?
You're not worried about what happened,
but about what might have happened.
That makes you vulnerable.
That makes you a woman.
You're an arrogant fool.
Perhaps I am. But after what I just said, a
real woman would have slapped my face.
I'm glad that's over. Friends again?
Friends.
Good. The least you can do is let me take you to the station.
All right.
- You really have to go?
- Yes.
That's too bad.
Nothing I can say to make you stay?
- Nothing.
- What time do you have to be there?
- Three o'clock.
- Three o'clock, on the dot, I'll be here. Your Highness.
Three o'clock.
Do we have to start the lessons right away?
That's what we're up here for.
I was hoping we could talk about last night.
We can talk about that later.
- You were more fun in bed.
- Will you do me a favour, Mr Lytton?
- If you call me George.
- Forget about last night.
I was impetuous. I had too much to drink.
I'd just had a fight with my husband.
That might make it easier for you to forget, but I didn't sleep a wink.
It was a very frustrating experience.
That's your problem.
But I wouldn't make any plans.
I never make any plans. I just sort of... follow my instincts, you know?
George... it's four miles down the mountain and I'm a very good skier.
Follow your instincts too closely and you'll break your neck.
The first things to learn about skiing are the fundamentals.
Let's see you turn around.
It's not as easy as it looks.
Let me give you a hand.
- Let's try something easier.
- Now, George!
- It's a lot easier.
- You were going to watch those instincts!
- I'm busy. You watch 'em.
- You're abominable!
That's me, the abominable snowman.
Now, George, stop it!
Oh, George!
Imbecile!
Perhaps we'll meet again.
Goodbye, Sir Charles.
Just a minute.
- That's him. There he goes.
- Who?
The man who stole your dog.
In that little car.
Hup!
Hah-hup!
Hah-hup! Wah-hup!
Whoa.
- How's it going?
- I'll miss her.
Never get too involved with your victims.
- Shall we get out in the open?
- No, it's a bit hard here. Come on.
That's good. That's OK.
All right. Start. Give it to me now.
Now my turn.
- How close are they?
- Now!
Ready?
Come on, little doggy. Here we are.
Look out!
She's got the dog. I will see you later.

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(## 'Meglio Stasera')
## Meglio stasera
## Che domani o mai
## Domani chi lo sa
## Quel che sar
## Non mi dire d'aspettare
## Il domani che verr
## E una porta che tu chiudi fra me e te
## Se stasera ti decidi
## A rispondermi di s
## Il domani che verranno
## Li dedico solo a te
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## Meglio stasera
## Che domani o mai
## Domani chi lo sa
## Quel che sar
## Nasce il giorno, il giorno muore
## E la notte porter
## L'incertezza del domani
## Chiss, chiss
## Ma se un desiderio solo
## A non farti riposar
## E una pulce sul lenzuolo
## Che dormire non ti fa
## Meglio stasera
## Che domani o mai
## Domani chi lo sa
## Quel che sar

Ragazzi!
## Se stasera ti decidi
## A rispondermi di s
## l domani che verranno
## Li dedico solo a te
## Meglio stasera
## Che domani o mai
## Domani chi lo sa
## Quel che sar

- You have a wonderful smile.
- I have a great deal to smile about.
I have Amber back,
and I'm having a wonderful time.
- You missed your train.
- There is one at midnight and tomorrow.
Perhaps I should arrange to have your dog
kidnapped again. You'd be bound to stay.
Did you arrange to have
her kidnapped the first time?
Of course.
Well, I am willing to bet you 10,000 francs
that the Phantom is in Cortina at this very
moment. Even, perhaps, in this room.
How exciting!
What do you think, Mr Tucker?
I agree. Ten of his last 15 victims have
been guests at Angela Dunning's parties.
What are we all talking about?
- The notorious Phantom.
- I'm afraid I've never heard of him.
He seems to be quite a fellow.
There are few thieves
who are as clever as the Phantom.
Each theft is completely different
and unique, classic in its conception.
I thought your theory is
that he does repeat himself.
Only as far as Angela Dunning's
parties are concerned.
However, there is one other duplication.
But that is his... trademark,
his calling card, so to speak.
He always leaves
a white monogrammed glove.
Sounds theatrical.
Your Highness, if I were the Phantom,
I'd have chosen my victim already.
Really? And who would that be?
Who owns the most fabulous
diamond in the world?
- I suppose I do.
- Exactly. The Pink Panther.
Such a prize, he could never resist.
He'd be disappointed.
The Pink Panther is in my safe at...
Your Highness, please.
Don't say it, not here.
Your Highness, I read there was a dispute
over the ownership of the Pink Panther.
It belongs to me.
It was a gift from my late father.
- I shall never surrender it.
- Why should you?
When the government seized power, they
claimed it was the property of the people.
There's talk of the international court
deciding the issue.
Why don't I steal the diamond,
and you and I can split the insurance?
All right.
I feel like dancing. Your Highness?
I'd love to.
- How about you, madame?
- Yes, of course.
- Your leg is better, Sir Charles?
- What?
- I say, your leg is better.
- Yes. Much better, thank you.
You know, Mr Tucker... Argh!
- That's my beer, old man.
- My hand, I burnt it. I'm sorry.
Sit down.
- It is working out better than we expected.
- We've only found out that it's not here.
You'll have no trouble
discovering where it is.
Her Highness seems
to be completely captivated.
I'd say that's an exaggeration.
You're either showing a touch of senility
or you need glasses.
When I'm showing my senility, you'll
be playing with your grandchildren.
- One has to have children first.
- You wouldn't dare.
Jacques would make a wonderful father.
He has many redeeming qualities.
- Name one.
- He's kind, loyal, faithful, obedient.
- You married a boy scout or a dachshund.
- And he adores me.
That eliminates the boy scouts.
- Good night.
- Thank you.
- Ah.
- You seem to have lost something.
- Yes.
- How'd you like to borrow mine?
- Thanks, Uncle Charles. Yes.
- Madame.
- You've been avoiding me.
- That about describes it.
- Know what I've been thinking?
- Yes. That's why I've avoided you.
I don't think you were really looking
for me in my uncle's bedroom.
- Don't be ridiculous!
- I mean it.
Not the way you treated me today.
Know what I think?
- What?
- Well, I...
- Oh, yeah.
- What do you think, George?
- I think maybe I was wrong.
- Mm-hm.
(whistles)
I'm sorry I have to leave but I must
make a very important phone call.
- Can't it wait?
- I'm afraid not. Good night.
Ooh, that's better.
Just a quick shower, my love,
and I will be right with you.
(shower stops)
(shower starts)
(phone rings)
One moment, please.
Hello? Oh! Inspector Clouseau.
Clouseau? This is the prefect of police.
I have information regarding the Phantom.
- The Phantom?
- You must come at once. I'm in Brunico.
Brunico? But that's in Brunico.
I mean, that's 30 miles from here.
It is here that I discovered the information.
Come immediately.
I cannot say more, I am being watched.
Yes. I understand. Yes.
I'm sorry. Important police business. I will
be back with you as soon as possible.
I understand, my love.
- Darling?
- Yes?
I am a husband that must be
envied by all other husbands.
I'm sure no one ever had
a husband like you.
My darling.
My darling, don't move, don't panic.
All that has happened is that my hat has caught in one of your naughty hairpins. Voil.
You know, at times like this I wish I was but a simple peasant. It's times like this that make me realise how lucky I really am.
He's gone to Brunico. Another call about the Phantom. There's something going on. I don't quite know what, but there's something wrong.
- Do you want to call it off?
- I'm considering it.
- Have you considered something else?
- What?
- That you're growing a conscience.
- A conscience? About what?
- The princess.
- You're being ridiculous.
No. I'm just being a woman. This time you've chosen a fascinating victim. You've broken the first rule and allowed yourself to become involved. You're being a woman, all right. That's obvious. Competition always makes a woman obvious.
(knock at door)
- Who is it?
- Bellboy.
Wait a minute.
- What is it?
- Flowers.
- George!
- Trick or treat.
- Wait a minute.
- I found these growing in the hall.
- You get right out of here.
- What kind of hospitality is that?
- My husband could be back...
- He must be halfway to Brunico by now.
''You must come to Brunico immediately.''
''I have information regarding the Phantom.''
''And while you're in Brunico waiting
Ah. One never knows, huh? Perhaps the Phantom is hiding under the bed.
George... Oh!
- That's more like it.
- You should be ashamed.
- I'm planning on it.
- Suppose Jacques doesn't go to Brunico?
- You're beautiful.
- Now stop this.
You are the damnedest woman I've ever met. First you jump in my bed. Then you push me off a mountain. Then you seduce me.
Look, George, you're terribly attractive, and I'm naturally... But not here.
- Where?
- I don't know. But not tonight.
- You just can't make up your mind.
- Well, I am married.
Where's your husband?
Out chasing the Phantom.
- That was your idea.
- But if he was any kind of a man,
- he wouldn't have gone.
- (door rattles)
- (Clouseau) Darling.
- ''Darling''?
It's locked!
Halfway to Brunico, hm?
(Clouseau) Angel?
- What do I do?
- Answer the door.
- (Clouseau) Simone?
- Yes, dear?
- But, Jacques, I thought...
- That phone call was a ruse.
Oh, dear! Are you hurt, my darling?
- I don't recall that.
- No, it was sent a while ago.
- I thought it was from you.
- No, it certainly was not from me.
There are some very strange things
going on here.
I passed the prefect on the road.
He never made that call.
- No?
- No.
- There was no card with these?
- No.
Why should anybody
want me to go to Brunico?
- Oh!
- Darling.
I'm sorry. I was trying to kiss your foot.
Let me kiss your face.
- It's all right.
- Darling. I'm sorry. Come here.
That's it. Nice and comfortable
on the bed there.
Listen, why don't we go down to the bar
and have a nightcap?
My darling, listen.
Why don't I have a nice bath?
And afterwards,
we have our lovely warm bed.
Don't worry about this mess.
We can have it cleaned up later.
My dear, would you mind if I bathed first?
But did you not bathe earlier?
Yes, I did. But it would warm me up,
help me to relax.
I'll tell you what we'll do. Like we did
in the old days, I will scrub your back.
You're so romantic.
But I'll only be a moment.
(bath water running)
(water stops)
(splashing)
- Darling?
- Yes?
- Hello, my darling.
- Hello, my darling.
- Why did you draw the curtains?
- Just to keep me warm.
Warm? Warm is one thing,
it must be hell in there.
lt's wonderful.
Why don't you let me wash your back?
lt's already done. As l told you before, l just want to relax.
We must have no secrets.
l know, my darling.
(Simone laughs)
l will brush my teeth, keep you company.
That's sweet of you.
(phone rings)
Hello?
Ispettore.
l thought you would like to know.
Princess Dala has just checked out.
Thank you very much.
Oh, darling. (mumbles)
l beg your pardon?
l said... (mumbles)
Yes, l did.
Hey, come...
Come out, quick!
(knock at door)
Who is it?
Bellboy.
One minute.
Yes?
The inspector's violin.
Madame, the flowers.
lt's nothing. lt doesn't matter.
lf they found out downstairs, l'd lose my job. l'll ring for the maid.
(shower running)
Darling? How would you like to wash my back?
l'd love to, but, you see, l have to...
l mean, l have... l'm cold.
Oh.
Yes.
Get the broom.
But...
Come on!
Hurry up. Go.
(knock at door)
Shan't be a moment.
l'll just put on my pyjamas.
Darling, I think I've got
something in my right eye.
- Let me...
- I mean the left. No, this one.
Darling, it hurts!
Well, then, stand still for a moment.
I can't see. Stand in the light a moment.
- Where?
- Right here. Here.
- There's nothing in your eye.
- Nothing?
Only your eye. That's all that is there.
What are you doing?
Put it back in. There's no time. He's gonna
come back! Get under the bed. Quick.
Aha. Why aren't you in bed, my darling?
Uh... I was. I mean, I was just go...
Oops. I'm just going, dear.
Ooh! I'm cold.
- My Stradivarius.
- The porter just brought it in.
Ah! I sent it to the village to be repaired.
I just hope they know how to fix plastic.
I hope so, too.
So far so good.
We shall see.
(tuneless scraping)
Better than ever.
You know, I doubt
if we shall need it tonight.
I'm sure we won't, darling.
What is it?
Very strange.
Jacques, why don't you come to bed?
You know, I don't understand this.
You see...
these, uh, footprints...
they were...
they were made by sh-shoes...
and they were not made by... my feet...
Oh! Ow!
The light.
(Clouseau) At last! Darling, my little...
(Simone) Darling? What's the matter?
It's very strange, my love,
but suddenly I'm freezing cold.
You are freezing cold?
- The window is open.
- The window is open.
Sometimes it's healthy
to have a little fresh air.
Healthy is one thing,
but it's hell in here, my love.
Ten below zero outside, my darling.
Ah, my darling. My darling.
(Clouseau) At last!
(cork pops)
(Clouseau screams)
What are you doing?
- Yes?
- I just arrived. No trouble with the police.
But the princess is expecting
some visitors tomorrow.
- Did she say anything about leaving?
- Who is this?
- (woman) Yes?
- Princess Dala, please.
Her Highness checked out
a short while ago.
(tapping from suitcase)
(whistles)
Uncle Charles!
Uh-oh. Oh! Ah!
(laughter)
I said he could come as a Borgia, and then
he wouldn't have to explain his cousin.
Good evening.
(whistles cheerfully)
I mean, I enjoy champagne in bed
as much as the next man, my angel,
but, from now on, perhaps
a more practical approach?
I'm sorry, my darling. I just wanted
to surprise you, that's all.
- It's been a night of surprises.
- You can say that again.
It's been... (chuckles)
- Anyway, anyway, my love...
- Yes?
(Phone rings)
Shall I say you're not here?
No. It's all right, darling. I'll answer it.
- Yes?
- Tucker here, Inspector.
The man who kidnapped the dog
was driving a rented car.
He's been identified
as a man named Artoff.
London says that a man of his description
is employed by Sir Charles Lytton.
I see. Come up immediately. Sir Charles!
- Sir Charles?
- The Phantom. I've got him this time.
Oh.
(Gunshot)
Sir Charles, open that door.
I know you're in there, Sir Charles.
Open up. This is the police.
- Stand back while I fire.
- Don't do that, old man.
- Jacques knows.
- Somebody else.
George has got my do-it-yourself
Phantom kit. I've gotta get out of here.
- His clothes are still here.
- Perhaps he's already escaped.
Unlikely. He doesn't realise
that I am on to him.
Now listen. We've no proof that Artoff was
actually the man driving the Innocenti.
Sir Charles is our man.
My every instinct tells me so.
Careful. This gun is loaded.
What I must do now is get dressed
and search the rest of the hotel.
- Did you find him?
- No. But he can't be far. I must dress...
- It's gone.
- What's gone?
My coat. My Sretn Scotland-Yard-type
mackintosh, it's gone.
Good evening, Inspector.
- (Dala) What is it, Saloud?
- Inspector Clouseau.
Please excuse this interruption.
I have news of great importance.
This is Mr Tucker of Lloyd's of London, and we have met before.
- I've met her, too.
- I know, but we are meeting her again.
What is this news?
I have discovered the identity of the Phantom.
- You don't say.
- I do say.
- Of course, you're not positive.
- I am. He is, I believe, here in Rome.
- Really?
- Yes.
Have you heard from Sir Charles Lytton?
Not since I left Cortina. Why?
Sir Charles and the Phantom are one and the same.
- You're not serious.
- I am serious.
I can understand how difficult it is for Your Highness to accept the facts.
Sir Charles is a very persuasive and attractive man.
He is also Sir Charles Lytton, a man of considerable influence and reputation.
- She's got quite a point there.
- He is a fraud, and I shall prove it.
Meanwhile, I would like to surround the house with armed guards.
I take it the gem is in the villa?
It is. But as you know, I'm having a large party this evening.
I assure you, your guests will be caused no embarrassment.
They will not be aware my men are present in their disguises.
In that case, you have my permission.
Your Highness, mark my words, if Sir Charles is foolish enough
to attempt to steal your diamond tonight, you will be witness to the capture of the notorious Phantom.

(Dala) Gentlemen.
- The plans will have to be changed.
- No.

We just have to make sure that Sir Charles doesn't steal the jewel.

(## dance music)

Hello.
- Hello, Tucker.
- Like a drink?
No. I never drink whilst I'm on duty.
You should know that. Never.
- Cheers.
- Cheers. Warm.
Yes. It must be hell in there.
Bet it's not so good in there.
- Anything suspicious?
- No, no, no. Nothing to worry about.
My men are everywhere - mingling here, mingling there, watching all the time.

How dare you drink whilst you're on duty?
Who is inside there?
- Sergeant Walter.
- Sergeant Coff.

Any more behaviour like this and I'll have your stripes! Get out and start mingling.
- Funny that, the zebra and the stripes.
Not bad, not bad. I think I'll mingle.

Goodbye.

Didn't I say I'd make this the biggest social success of the year?
Yes.
The only thing that worries me is, what do we do for your next one?
- How can I possibly top this?
- You'll think of something. Excuse me.
Of course, love. Have a ball. Hello, you!
May I see your invitation, please?
All right.
- Wasn't there a gorilla in a Rolls Royce?
- Yes. Probably a rich uncle.
You see, gentlemen? Perfectly safe. One cannot be too careful. This party, all your guests wearing masks — it was possible that the Phantom had already done his work. Without an invitation, how could Sir Charles get past your guards? Where the Phantom is concerned, Your Highness...
- What's wrong?
- Sshh.
- What are you doing?
- I protest.
- Remove your head at once.
Tucker, remove his head. Ah!
- Good grief. It's our ambassador.
- Ambassador?
My apologies, Lord Cravenwood. He was only acting with the best of motives.
Your Highness.
Lord Cravenwood, what would your wife think?
(gorilla growls)
- What's he got that I haven't?
- George!
- In the flesh.
- What are you doing?
- Tarzan let me use the car tonight.
- Listen, you've got to get out of here.
(gorilla laughs)
- Darling.
- Lord Cravenwood, I'm so terribly sorry. I was talking with Her Highness, and when I discovered you, naturally I thought...
(gorilla gibbers)
- The ambassador.
- Yes, I know.
You haven't danced with me all evening. I'm sorry, my darling. That's all for now.
Pardon me.
I'm lost. I must have gotten off the road,
the main road. I'm on my way to Frascati.
You'll have to go down the road
a half-mile. You'll see a sign.
Turn right, it'll take you
right to the highway.
Excuse me. I've got
to talk to Lord Cravenwood.

- That's OK. He's making me itch anyway.
- Fine.
(crunche)
Listen to me. I know what you're up to,
and it won't work. You'll ruin everything.
Excuse me, Your Excellency.
May I cut in?
Thank you so much, sir.
Having a good time?
- Yes, an extremely good time.
- Good.
(gorilla chuckles)
Fine party, Angela, darling.
Wait till you see the fireworks at midnight.
(Lord Cravenwood) Hello, old boy.
May I have this dance?
I've never learned to dance.
I've just got natural rhythm.
Yes.
By Jove! That looks... It is. It's Sir Charles.
(screaming)
Tucker!
- Inspector.
- Tucker!
Tucker! Tucker!
Inspector!
- Argh!
- Take your filthy hands off my asp.
Tucker!
- Charles?
- Where's the safe?
In the library.
George is robbing it. Come on.
But it's not midnight.
But they turned the lights out. Her
Highness must have changed her mind.
- Be careful. I can't see a thing.
- Tucker! Tucker, where are you? Tucker!
- Tucker?
- Watch where you're going!
Hey, Tucker!
Tucker, Tucker, Tucker.
(crash)
Tucker, Tucker.
It's hell in here.
A candle. Tucker!
- Waiter, have you got a match?
- Yes, sir.
Quick, quick. Quick.
Ah!
Tucker. Tucker.
Tucker. Tucker.
(screaming)
What kind of a candle is this?
- In there. George is in a gorilla suit.
- Gorilla?
Good luck.
(Lord Cravenwood) ## Rule Britannia!
Britannia rules the waves
## Britons never, never,
ever shall be slaves
## Oh, rule Britannia!
Britannia rules the waves
Oh, I say!
Inspector. Inspector.
Inspector, Sir Charles is here.
- George?
- Uncle Charles?
- Have you got it?
- No. Haven't you?
No. And the safe's empty.
(George) What's that?
- (Charles) Somebody's being dishonest.
- (Clouseau) Follow me, men.
(Clouseau) You idiots! Get away from me.
Help me to my feet, someone. Mr Tucker!
After them. Come on, Tucker.
(Charles) Come back. It's me!
(tyres screech)
(horn)
(tyres screech)
(horn)
(horn)
(Clouseau) Come on, now! Faster, faster!
Hurry. What's the matter with you?
Can't you drive this thing faster?
(horn)
(Clouseau) This is the road
they have gone up.
(horn)
(horn)
(horn)
- George, any idea how we get outta here?
- I don't know. I've been all over this place.
- How do we get out?
- You try the high road.
I'll take the high road,
you take the low road. So long.
Ciao, George.
(horn)
(Clouseau) I see them! That's them!
(brakes squeal)
(crash)
(horn blares continuously)
(Clouseau) Tucker! Tucker!
Then, when I was thrown out of college,
I made up my mind.
I decided to live a little.
I knew if I continued my academic life
I could depend upon that cheque of yours.
You know what I did?
I took a plush Hollywood apartment.
Surrounded myself with all of
the advantages of a wealthy bachelor.
And sent you glowing reports
of a brilliant academic career.
A certain amount of dishonesty is bound
to beget a certain amount of dishonesty.
- Hey.
- But, Inspector...
Come on, please. I have not much time.
(knock at door)
Better be right this time.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
- Everything all sharp and shiny?
The trial is set for tomorrow morning.
Shouldn't take too long.
- That sounds encouraging.
- Yes, it's encouraging for me.
- But bad for you.
- Have some coffee, Inspector.
You could save a lot of trouble
if you told me where the jewel is.
Tuck into some of
that porridge, Inspector.
- You refuse to cooperate?
- We've offered you porridge and coffee.
l am glad that you
are enjoying yourselves.
Because you're going to be here
for the next 20 years.
Madame Clouseau.
- Your Highness.
- Madame.
Won't you sit down?
l'll be brief. My husband feels
he has enough evidence
to prove that Sir Charles is the Phantom
and to convict George as his accomplice.
As l see it, they only have one chance.
What is that?
If Your Highness were
to testify on their behalf,
somehow convince the jury that
they didn't even take the diamond.
- You surprise me, madame.
- l expect to.
And l'm taking the chance that you will
keep what l say in strict confidence.
- l think l can guess.
- It's not too difficult.
Being the wife of Inspector Clouseau, you
could have been very helpful to Charles.
l have been.
Was stealing my dog all part of the plan?
That was the plan.
But I think you should know that Charles wanted to call it off.
You've had it all the time. You stole it before the international court decided.
I'd gladly sacrifice it to save Charles. But it's not so simple.
Couldn't you say you just found it on the grounds?
They'd claim he dropped it making his escape.
No. To save Charles, we must prove that someone else stole it.
But we'd never be able to do that.
I have an idea.

(man) The trial is in its third day. Seldom in the history of Italian law has a trial created such excitement. Thousands of people — most of them women — have gathered daily, hoping to glimpse Sir Charles Lytton, the man accused of being the notorious Phantom. The court adjourned yesterday, as the defence investigated new evidence. It is rumoured that when the court convenes today, the defence will call a surprise witness. The defence has only one witness, Mr President. Would you please call Inspector Jacques Clouseau to the stand? — Me, a defence witness? — Inspector Clouseau.
Nothing to worry about, my darling. You'll make fools out of them. Inspector Clouseau, you have testified under oath to certain pertinent facts concerning this case. Your testimony alone has been the major factor in casting suspicion on the defendant. Aside from the Phantom himself, you are the foremost authority on the Phantom.
I have made the Phantom my life's work.
You have testified that
the Phantom has been a guest
at the parties given by
Miss Angela Dunning.
Yes.
You have testified that it was either
during or sometime soon afterwards
that certain of
Miss Dunning's guests were robbed.
Yes.
- How many times did this happen?
- 16.
- 16 parties, 16 thefts?
- Yes.
And Sir Charles attended
all 16 of those parties?
- All of them.
- And how many parties did you attend?
- All of them.
- Oh, yes? Very interesting.
- You attended the first party?
- Yes.
The jewels were stolen
during or after the party?
- After.
- So, then, you knew they would be stolen.
- Yes.
- How did you know?
Because that is the modus operandi of
the Phantom. He always works that way.
I see.
Were the same people
always present at each party?
No. The guest list varied.
Outside of Sir Charles, was anybody else
always present at each of these parties?
Uh... no, no, no.
Only Sir Charles was present at
each party when there was a robbery?
- Yes, yes.
- I see.
- What about you?
- Me?
- Yes, you.
- What about me?
- You were there.
- Yes.
Then, Sir Charles was not the only one
always present at each party.
- What are you suggesting?
- I'm not suggesting anything... yet.
- Now, Inspector Clouseau?
- Hm?
How much money do you make?
- What has this got to do with it?
- Your salary.
How much does
a police inspector get paid?
Enough to buy your wife
a $10,000 mink coat?
No.
You're aware that your wife spent $7,000
at Yves Saint Laurent only last month?
- What?
- And two months before that, $4,000?
Impossible.
We know that your wife spent $30,000
on clothes during the past year.
So my wife is frugal. She saves
out of the housekeeping money.
(laughter)
(bell)
$30,000 out of the housekeeping money?!
- Yes. We have been married for ten years.
- (laughter)
(bell)
At the time these robberies began, the
Phantom came into existence. Correct?
Yes. No! No, not correct.
Of course not correct. Of course...
Wait. You see...
(gasping)
(woman) It's not Sir Charles.
He must be the Phantom!
(woman # 2) It must be the inspector.
- Now, Insp...
- (crash)
(cheering)  
No, I'm not the Phantom!  
No. Please, please.  
- Thank you, darling.  
- Thank the princess.  
- Look at that.  
- You're wrong. I'm not the Phantom.  
No, no, no!  
- We can't let him rot in prison.  
- It takes years for people to rot.  
Besides, when the Phantom strikes again, the inspector will be free.  
Want to come to South America?  
Family rates.  
- I wouldn't miss it.  
- That's good.  
And who knows? When I retire, you might take over the business.  
(crowd cheers)  
Go back! Go home!  
Crazy woman!  
- She tried to tear off all his clothes.  
- My wife.  
Wife?  
You can thank my mother for the flowers.  
You're a national hero. I envy you.  
- For going to prison.  
- A few years.  
But after you get out... aha!  
Tell me, Inspector... Signor Phantom... all those robberies, how did you ever manage it?  
Well, you know... it wasn't easy.