

ROMANCE
OF THE
PINK PANTHER

by

Peter Sellers
and
Jim Moloney

A United Artists Release
starring
Peter Sellers

Gstaad and Geneva
July 16, 1980

Directed by
Clive Donner

FULL - SITTING ROOM

We SEE that her breakfast has been set up on a small table in front of the double French doors and overlooking the city.

FULL

YO YO, a very cute and pixieish Japanese maid, enters carrying a tray.

YO YO

Good morning, Comtesse.

ANASTASIA

Good morning, Yo Yo.

Anastasia picks up a large scrapbook from her ornate desk and crosses to the breakfast table and sits. Yo Yo serves her, pouring coffee.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING SCRAPBOOK

Anastasia takes a sip of her coffee and slowly begins flipping through the book. We SEE that it is entirely devoted to Jacques Clouseau. She stops on an 8 x 10 GLOSSY of Clouseau, wherein he is being decorated by the President of France. She removes the photograph from the scrapbook.

FRONT CREDITS COMMENCE (TO BE DESIGNED BY RICHARD WILLIAMS)

PETER SELLERS

IN

ROMANCE OF THE PINK PANTHER

END FRONT CREDITS.

EXT. FULL - PARIS STREET - DAY

CAMERA PANS to a sign which reads: AUGUSTE BALLS...DISGUISES EXTRAORDINAIRES.

INT. AUGUSTE BALLS' EMPORIUM

AUGUSTE BALLS and his hunchback assistant, CUNNY, are standing in front of a large, ornate, Louis XIV chair. Balls appears to be talking to the chair.

BALLS

Believe me, Chief Inspector, in this, my unique Louis XIV chair disguise, you can be sat upon without fear of detection anywhere in the world, especially in France. You will hear and feel everything.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CHAIR

CLOUSEAU'S FACE is seen peering through some filigree on the back of the chair.

CLOUSEAU

(his voice muffled)

Excellent, Auguste. Just to be sure, let me test it. Sit on me and pretend to be having a devious conversation with Cunny.

Balls sits on the chair and the chair begins to move awkwardly across the shop with Cunny at its side. They speak in a stage whisper.

BALLS

I have heard that the Duchess de Musset will be wearing her jewels tonight.

CUNNY

Shhh. I have the feeling that someone is listening.

BALLS

You stupid fool! How can anyone be listening, there is no one here except ourselves and this chair.

CUNNY

Of course, of course, and what a beautiful chair it is, so antique.

CLOUSEAU'S VOICE

I must have it! It's hell in here, but nevertheless, I must have it. How do I release myself?

BALLS

Pull the small, luminously painted lever on your right...and then simply push yourself out backward.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BACK OF CHAIR

It opens and Clouseau falls out. He is sweating profusely, his clothes are slightly torn, and his hair is sticking out wildly on his head. He stands, obviously with some pain, in front of Balls.

FULL

CLOUSEAU

Congratulations, August. You have

4.
Balls and Cunny smile broadly.

CLOUSEAU (CONT)

I will take it, Auguste, I will take it. Also the plainer model, suitable for less formal occasions.

CAMERA PANS

to rough wood model.

RESUME CLOUSEAU AND BALLS

BALLS

If you haven't yet retained a new servant to replace Cato, Cunny will be happy to deliver them.

CLOUSEAU

Thank you, Auguste. What do I owe you?

BALLS

Oh, no talk of money now please, Chief Inspector...my oldest and most valued client. You'll receive my invoice in due course.

CLOUSEAU

You're a genius, Balls, a genius.

CLOSE - LARGE PHOTOGRAPH OF CLOUSEAU

It is mounted on a dart board which bears the inscription: YOU DO VODOO. In the b.g. we HEAR a TELEPHONE ANSWERING MACHINE. A dart, with a carved, grimacing face and a small panache of feathers, whizzes into Clouseau's left eye. We HEAR Paul Dreyfus' voice over.

DREYFUS' VOICE

Bronchitis, sinusitis and all types of known Asian 'flu.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing:

INT. PROTECTION DE PARIS OFFICE

This is a very small, two room office which is sparsely furnished. A hotplate sits on top of a file cabinet, keeping a pot of coffee warm. A sign has been painted on the dirty window which we SEE in reverse: PROTECTION DE PARIS : PAUL DREYFUS, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR.

DREYFUS, in a Phillip Marlowe-type trenchcoat, is seated behind his desk. He is twitching furiously as he listens to the telephone

answering machine. A glass filled with voodoo darts is on the desk in front of him.

We HEAR the phone click and a long WHINE as we wait for the next call. Dreyfus hurls another dart at the picture of Clouseau.

DREYFUS

Chronic amoebic dysentery.

PICTURE OF CLOUSEAU

The dart smacks into the tip of Clouseau's nose.

RESUME DREYFUS

The WHINE on the telephone answering device stops and we HEAR another VOICE.

ANSWERING MACHINE

This is Henri Becque, Manager of the Rouge et Noir Casino in St. Tropez. Telephone 54631. We may wish to retain your services. If you are interested, please call today.

Dreyfus writes the information on a pad in front of him. The WHINE commences again. After a beat, we HEAR another voice.

ANSWERING MACHINE

This is Dr. Foch...returning your call. No, the tranquilizers are not interchangeable...green in the morning, yellow at noon, and red at night. You must take them in that order or you will have very serious anxiety side effects. You better come in and see me, Paul.

INSERT - BOTTLES

We SEE three large bottles with little signs in front of them -- "MORNING", "NOON", and "NIGHT".

FULL

Dreyfus quickly changes the order of the bottles, putting them in the sequence described by Foch. He then takes the "GREEN BOTTLE", opens it and takes out a pill, popping it in his mouth and washing it down with a mug of coffee. He giggles, grabs another voodoo dart and hurls it at the picture of Clouseau.

DREYFUS
Terminal shingles all over the body.

We HEAR a KNOCK at the door and Dreyfus looks up.

DREYFUS
(sounding a little like
Bogart)
Come in, Sweetheart.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CLAUDE CUCKHOLD

CLAUDE CUCKHOLD, a very nervous man of less than average height,
ENTERS.

CUCKHOLD
Paul Dreyfus, private detective?

DREYFUS
That's me, baby.

CUCKHOLD
My name is Claude Cuckhold and I
would like to discuss retaining
your services.

FULL

Dreyfus indicates the chair in front of his desk.

DREYFUS
Take a load off, sweetheart...
want some coffee?

Cuckhold crosses to the chair and sits.

CUCKHOLD
I'd prefer cognac.

DREYFUS
You'll have coffee and like it...
I maintain a low overhead.

Dreyfus gets up and crosses to the hotplate, filling his mug
of coffee. He turns to Cuckhold.

DREYFUS (CONT)
Okay, what can I do for you, kid?

Cuckhold becomes very serious.

CUCKHOLD
My wife has been 'sheeting' on
me. Mr. Dreyfus.

Dreyfus' eyes widen in astonishment.

DREYFUS

You're putting me on, sweetheart!

CUCKHOLD

I am deadly serious. My wife has been 'sheeting' on me...for some time.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING DREYFUS

He pulls open his desk drawer and takes out a bottle of Jack Daniels.

DREYFUS

I think I could use a little slug.

He holds the bottle up and looks at Cuckhold.

DREYFUS (CONT)

Here's looking at you, kid.

He takes a long swig and offers the bottle to Cuckhold, who declines.

DREYFUS (CONT)

Are you positive?

FULL

CUCKHOLD

I am absolutely positive. She's a Botticelli beauty, so voluptuous... so fantastic...so coquettish. I notice the men, when we walk down the street, their eyes burning...they look down as she passes lest the lust in their eyes should betray them.

(a beat)

Here, look at this.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING PHOTOGRAPH OF MADAME CUCKHOLD

Cuckhold hands Dreyfus a picture of an absolutely gross-looking woman who weighs over three hundred pounds.

DREYFUS AND CUCKHOLD

Dreyfus tries to control his astonishment.

CUCKHOLD
(adoringly)
Isn't she beautiful?

DREYFUS
Oh, my God!!
(a beat)
Yes...ah...what you said.

CUCKHOLD
She is more than beautiful...
she is very clever.

Cuckhold peruses Dreyfus closely.

CUCKHOLD
(continuing)
You look like a private detective,
you know.

DREYFUS
(flattered)
I should hope so, baby.

CUCKHOLD
I think she might spot you
immediately. She's smart as a
whip.
(a beat)
Do you have some kind of disguise
you could use?

Dreyfus reflects on this request for a beat.

DREYFUS
Disguise? Yes, if my terms are
acceptable...I think I could come
up with a disguise.

INT. LARGE PARIS DISCOUNT SUPERMARKET

It is crowded. Swarms of customers, pushing market baskets, are
doing their shopping.

CLOSE - CANDY BINS INCLUDING SALE SIGN

We SEE two very fat hands and arms shovelling up the sale-priced
candy bars and dropping them into the shopping basket.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

to reveal Claude Cuckhold, pushing the basek, and DESIREE CUCKHOLD
loading the basket. She is, indeed, a whale of a woman.

CUCKHOLD AND DESIREE

as they continue down the aisle with Desiree loading the cart with ICE CREAM, CAKES, PIES etc.

ON TWO ELDERLY CUSTOMERS

as they watch the pair, with unabashed looks on their faces.

FULL - FAVORING CASHIER

as Cuckhold and Desiree arrive for checkout. The CLERK recognizes them as two of his daily customers and proceeds to check them out with a completely deadpan look on his face.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - FAVORING DREYFUS

We SEE Dreyfus dressed as a beggar and wearing Ball's hunchback disguise, kneeling in front of the store, attempting to play a concertina. A small cigar box is on the street in front of him.

ANOTHER ANGLE - PEDESTRIANS PASSING BY - INCLUDING DREYFUS

Dreyfus is clearly in a state of humiliation. A couple of people drop coins into Dreyfus' cigar box, which causes him to twitch violently with embarrassment. Then one of the passers-by inadvertently kicks the cigar box, causing it to move three or four feet away from Dreyfus. He leans over to retrieve it and falls sideways onto his concertina, which makes appropriate sounds. Exasperated, Dreyfus pushes himself to an upright position.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CUCKHOLD AND DESIREE

They exit the store with Cuckhold holding two enormous bags. As they stand there talking we SEE CATO in the b.g. as he enters the supermarket.

CUCKHOLD

While you go browsing through Yves
St. Laurent and Ted Lapidus, my dove,
I'll take these home for you.

Cuckhold gazes at his wife with burning eyes.

DESIREE

(disinterestedly)

Claude, don't wait in for me,
I've many things to try on and I
may be quite late.

CUCKHOLD

As you wish, Desiree. A bientôt.

She bends over slightly and Claude struggles with the bags as he kisses her on both cheeks. Desiree turns and we see her extraordinarily broad beam waddle on down the street.

FULL

Cuckhold crosses quickly to Dreyfus and drops a one centime coin into the box. Dreyfus looks at the coin and gives him a glare.

CUCKHOLD

Quickly! After her...that wicked witch of the West.

Dreyfus sturggles to his feet with difficulty, the hunchback keeping him off balance. With the concertina in one hand and the cigar box under his arm, he stumbles off after Desiree, mumbling loudly to himself.

RESUME INT. SUPERMARKET

Cato is just passing through the checker, having paid for two very large bags of groceries. We SEE a duck's head hanging limply out of one of the bags. Cato looks very tattered and poor as he crosses toward the door. Just as Cato begins to exit through one door, we SEE Clouseau entering through the other.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CLOUSEAU - CATO IN B.G.

Clouseau sees Cato and yells to him.

CLOUSEAU

Cato! Cato, my dear little friend, I must talk with you.

CLOUSEAU'S POV

Cato looks over at Clouseau in shock, then rushes from the store... ripping the bottom of one of the bags on the door as he flies out.

RESUME CLOUSEAU

He waits a beat and then tries to exit through the 'entrance' door, which won't open. He struggles with it furiously.

CLOUSEAU

Swine door!

At that moment a couple of shoppers approach the door, which then opens. Clouseau quickly squeezes out as they enter.

FULL

Clouseau looks around wildly in all directions. After a beat he stands there looking at the ground in total frustration.

CLOUSEAU'S POV

We SEE a large, broken bottle of soy sauce...its label clearly visible.

CLOUSEAU'S VOICE

Aha!

FULL - FAVORING CLOUSEAU

as he charges through the crowd, his eyes glued to the street, looking somewhat like Groucho Marx.

CATO

Cato runs down the street, and we SEE a BUNDLE OF CHOPSTICKS drop from his broken bag and fall to the street like "Mikado" (pick-up sticks).

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING BOUTIQUE

As Cato runs past a small alley next to the boutique, we SEE Dreyfus huddled behind a large garbage can. As Cato passes the store we SEE Desiree in the b.g. entering. Cato runs down the street towards a small hand laundry... We SEE A TIN OF CHINA TEA, VARIOUS CHINESE VEGETABLES, and then A STREAM OF RICE pouring out of Cato's bag.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CLOUSEAU

He rushes down the same street, his eyes glued to Cato's trail of groceries. He passes Dreyfus without noticing him, and after a beat, stops abruptly.

CLOUSEAU'S POV

We SEE the trail of white rice commence.

FULL

CLOUSEAU

Aha! Rice.

Clouseau follows the trail with his eyes and sees that it leads to a Chinese laundry.

CLOUSEAU

(continuing)

Rice...Chinese laundry...Cato!
Of course!-

INT. HAND LAUNDRY

Cato bursts in and runs past the counter into the work area.

INT. WORK AREA

The CHINESE WORKERS look up in surprise as Cato rushes in. He runs an obstacle course among the ironing boards.

CATO
(in Chinese)
Don't tell anyone I'm here.

He rushes through a door into a storage room in the rear of the store.

RESUME CLOUSEAU - FRONT OF LAUNDRY

He has followed the trail of rice to the door and he bursts in.

INT. TRACKING SHOT CLOUSEAU

Clouseau follows the trail of rice past the counter, into the workroom. The Chinese workers are even more surprised at his sudden appearance. He follows the same obstacle course which Cato used.

CLOUSEAU

Where is he?! I know that Cato
is here.

The Chinese workers nod "NO" vigorously, all of them protesting in Chinese. Clouseau continues on to the storage room.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CLOUSEAU AND CATO

As Clouseau bursts into the storage room from one door, we SEE Cato quickly exiting through another door which leads to the alley behind the hand laundry. He manages to slam the door behind him...catching the duck's neck in it.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOUSEAU

He rushes to the door and dashes into the alley.

CLOUSEAU'S POV

We SEE Cato running furiously as he flies out of the alley and around the corner onto the street in the foreground.

CLOUSEAU

He quickly resumes the chase.

EXT. FRENCH STREET

We SEE Clouseau come out of the alley, still following the trail of rice.

CLOUSEAU'S POV

He searches the crowds ahead but Cato is nowhere in sight.

CLOUSEAU

He continues down the street, following the trail of rice, which suddenly veers towards another alley.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING TELEPHONE BOOTH NEAR ALLEY

Clouseau begins to run down the alley and then suddenly realizes that the trail of rice has ended in front of the telephone booth door.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CATO

Cato is crouched down in the phone booth, holding the receiver and pretending to make a call.

FULL

Clouseau smiles in victory, crosses to the phone booth and pulls open the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING DOOR

There is Cato, standing in a very small mound of rice.

CLOUSEAU

Clouseau enters the booth and closes the door behind him.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CATO AND CLOUSEAU

They are clearly stuffed in.

CATO

No! No! I happy now. I will not work again for you. You have broken nearly all my bones and I have severe internal injuries... also maybe fractured skull!!
- Laundry easy work, more dirt, more money.

CLOUSEAU

Cato, what are injuries between friends? I need you! Come back to me, Cato, and I guarantee you will get something substantial.

CATO

But in laundry I get side benefits.

CLOUSEAU

What side benefits?

CATO

Food!

CLOUSEAU

My dear Cato, return to me and I guarantee you will be fat in one week.

CATO

No more lying.

CLOUSEAU

When have I lied to you?

CATO

Always! And you always change rules.

CLOUSEAU

There will be no new rules, just the one we have always had.

CATO

(suspiciously)
What one?

CLOUSEAU

Attack! When you return, it has to be the greatest surprise-attack of your career.

CATO

(cagily)
How much money I get?

CLOUSEAU

I have just told you, you will receive something substantial. Be content.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Through glass in phone booth we SEE a line of people who have queued up anxiously waiting to use the phone. An ELDERLY WOMAN taps irritably on the door.

RESUME CLOUSEAU AND CATO

Clouseau gestures irritably at the crowd.

CATO

I don't understand something substantial. What it mean?

The tapping on the door becomes more frantic. For a brief moment Clouseau tries desperately to think of a way of commenting on Cato's question. Then he gives up.

CLOUSEAU

It means the opposite to unsubstantial.

CATO

Okay, Chief Inspector, I agree.
Be prepared for big shock.

CLOUSEAU

Au revoir, my dear yellow friend,
until we meet again.

Cato, grasping his bag of bean sprouts and near-empty bag of rice, exits the phone booth. As the queue of people mumbles angrily, he proceeds down the street.

CLOUSEAU

He steps out of the phone booth as the crowd yells even more angrily at him.

CLOUSEAU

Very well - this way for your
telephone calls! Step in line
for your telephone. Come along, don't loiter.

Clouseau marches off.

EXT. BOUTIQUE SHOP

We SEE Desiree exit the shop, carrying a number of parcels and wearing a form-fitting pant-suit which looks absolutely outrageous on her. She has obviously been in and out of every shop along the street. Once again she begins to waddle down the street.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOUSEAU

He crosses the street and walks briskly in the same direction that Desiree has taken.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING DREYFUS

He pops out of the shadows of the storefront and stumbles briskly after Desiree.

FULL - CLOUSEAU AND DREYFUS

Dreyfus rushes past Clouseau. Clouseau watches this apparition with interest until he suddenly realizes that someone is wearing his old disguise. He picks up speed and rushes after Dreyfus, catching up with him.

CLOUSEAU

Excuse me, Monsieur, may I have
a word with you?

DREYFUS

(wildly)

No! Get away from me!

Clouseau immediately recognizes Dreyfus who has already recognized him.

CLOUSEAU

Ah! Former Chief Inspector
Dreyfus! I recognized my old
Hunchback of Notre Dame disguise,
but as usual it was so deceptive
that I didn't recognize you.

DREYFUS

(almost hysterical)

Get away from me, Clouseau, I'm
warning you. Can't you see I'm on
a case?

Clouseau now assumes a hunchback posture himself, as he continues
to walk alongside the protesting Dreyfus.

DREYFUS (CONT)

I'm a private eye now, Clouseau,
and I'm trailing that fat woman.
Now go away, you're going to blow
my cover.

CLOUSEAU

But your heump is not adjusted
properly. Didn't Balls tell you?

DREYFUS

Dammit, Clouseau, never mind the
heump, I mean hump. Get away from me!

CLOUSEAU

But with the heump adjusted properly
you will be able to leap through the
air, over people's heads, like a
kangaroo! Here, let me have the
cartridge and I will adjust it for you.

Clouseau reaches into the pocket of Dreyfus' disguise and takes
out a small cartridge with a rubber hose which is connected to
the inflatable hump.

DREYFUS

Stop!! Don't touch that!

Clouseau makes a deft adjustment on the cartridge and sticks it back in Dreyfus' disguise.

CLOUSEAU
There, now it's perfect.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING DREYFUS

Instantly the hump begins to expand and Dreyfus rises off the street towards the sky.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CLOUSEAU

He stands there watching Dreyfus as he rises with more and more speed. He calls up at Dreyfus.

CLOUSEAU
Don't panic, former Chief
Inspector. Just try to move your
arms and legs as if you are swimming.

INT. CLOUSEAU'S BATHROOM

Six closed circuit TV monitors have been installed directly in front of the commode.

CLOSE - MONITORS

We SEE that the small TV cameras are installed in the living room, bedroom, kitchen, hall, Cato's room, etc.

FULL - CLOUSEAU

He is clearly pleased with the installation. We HEAR the phone RING in the living room. Clouseau exits the bathroom.

FULL - LIVING ROOM

Clouseau answers the phone.

CLOUSEAU
(into phone - impatiently)
Hello.
(a beat)
Yes, this is Chief Inspector
Clouseau speaking.
(a beat)
Ah, Monitor et Beug and Monitor...
Good morning! Yes, your closed
circuit TV system and audio bugs
appear to be working perfectly.

INT. FULL SHOT CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CLOUSEAU'S APARTMENT

We SEE Cato, on the floor above Clouseau's, leaning precariously over the railing. He has a fishing rod in his hands which has a large magnet attached to the end of the line. Cato is attempting to attract Clouseau's door-knocker with the magnet. Cato loses his balance and crashes to Clouseau's floor.

RESUME CLOUSEAU

Clouseau reacts to the crash.

CLOUSEAU

(into phone)

Would you please hold the line for a moment, there seems to be a disturbance outside my door.

He puts the phone down and crosses to the door. He calls through it.

CLOUSEAU

If that is you, Cato...I am ready for you.

RESUME CATO

He has picked himself up and we SEE him running back up the stairs...the fishing pole in his hand.

ON CLOUSEAU'S DOOR

It opens abruptly. Clouseau leaps out in the corridor taking his Karate stance. We SEE an ELDERLY WOMAN carrying two large packages of groceries crossing the hall.

CLOUSEAU

Awhaaaaaaaaaaa!

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CATO

We SEE him pressed flat against the floor above.

FULL

The elderly woman slams herself against the wall, clinging tightly to her packages, as a fearful look registers on her face. She looks wild-eyed at Clouseau.

CLOUSEAU

Have you seen my houseboy, Cato?

ELDERLY WOMAN
 (her voice trembling)
 No, and I wouldn't tell you if
 I had!

ELDERLY WOMAN'S POV

We realize that from her vantage point, she sees both Clouseau and Cato on the floor above.

FULL

The elderly woman, clutching her packages, edges along the wall until she feels she's safe and then rushes out of FRAME. Clouseau quickly checks out the corridor. This accomplished he returns to his apartment, closing the door behind him.

CATO

Once again, he leans over the railing and begins trying to attract the knocker with the magnet at the end of his fishing pole.

INT. CLOUSEAU'S APARTMENT

He returns to the phone.

CLOUSEAU
 (into phone)
 Please excuse the interruption.
 (a beat)
 Yes, I have checked the installations
 and they are excellent. I will see
 to it that your name is circulated
 throughout the force.
 (a beat)
 Good bye.

We HEAR a very slow, rhythmic, KNOCKING on the door.

RESUME CATO

We SEE that he has effected his aim...that of knocking on Clouseau's door from above. He quickly reels in the magnet... pulling the knocker straight up. As the magnet snaps away from it, the knocker slams back into the door with a LOUD CRACK.

RESUME CLOUSEAU

He is listening at the door, exactly at the point of the knocker. The crack causes him to reel back.

CLOUSEAU
 That is very strange.

He crosses back to the door and opens it gingerly.

FULL - CORRIDOR

We SEE Cato, again pressed flat on the floor above, out of sight of Clouseau's vision.

CLOUSEAU!

Very cautiously, he steps out of his apartment and examines the corridor. He then examines the lift. He looks up and down the stairwell, and finally chooses to check out the stairwell, going down to the next floor.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CATO

As Clouseau disappears down the stairwell, Cato comes rushing down the stairs and bolts into Clouseau's apartment.

TRACKING SHOT - CLOUSEAU

He briefly examines the second floor, then climbs back up the stairs.

CLOUSEAU

This is very, very strange.

He crosses to his apartment, enters, and closes the door behind him. He now goes from room to room; checking the refrigerator, the washing machine, the laundry baskets, under and over the bed in his bedroom, all the places where Cato has hidden before. Satisfied, he returns to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

With the closed circuit system blasting away, we SEE Clouseau lower the seat of the commode and sit on it.

CLOUSEAU

He thinks he's too clever for me...
I'll get him!

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING CATO

We SEE Cato crouched precariously on the large, old-fashioned cistern just above Clouseau's head. The top of the cistern begins to give, causing some of the water to splash over and down onto Clouseau. Clouseau looks up sharply.

CLOUSEAU

Ah hah!!

Cato is momentarily stunned at Clouseau's discovery and moves abruptly, causing the top of the cistern to break away from the wall. It begins to sway back and forth.

CLOUSEAU
Aghhhhhhhhhhh!!

The cistern sways even more erratically, causing the pipe to break. We HEAR a horrendous flushing noise as Cato drops down on Clouseau. Water pours out on both of them.

CATO
Aghhhhhhhhhhh!!

FIGHT TO BE CHOREOGRAPHED

Warily Clouseau and Cato begin to circle each other in a posture of the latest martial arts technique, strange BIRDLIKE sounds emitting from both of them. As they circle, each one grabs the toilet paper, using it in an attempt to dry themselves off. As a result, both of them have lengths of toilet paper sticking on various parts of their bodies.

TRACKING SHOT CLOUSEAU AND CATO

Cautiously they move out of the bathroom and down the hall, continuing with the birdlike sounds.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CATO

Abruptly Cato whirls and runs down the hall away from Clouseau.

CLOUSEAU

He stops and watches Cato in complete astonishment.

FULL

When Cato reaches the end of the hall he turns towards Clouseau again and charges towards him in a series of Kungfu cartwheels. Clouseau is even more astonished. He stands there in his Kungfu stance, still emitting the bird sounds, until Cato is almost upon him. At that point he moves deftly to the door of the small store room and opens it. Cato goes sailing through and Clouseau closes the door. We HEAR an ear-shattering crash. After a beat we then HEAR a gentle tapping on the front door.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING INTERIOR OF STOREROOM

Clouseau throws open the door and we see that Cato is impaled in a large box, with the vacuum cleaner hose around his neck and other paraphernalia on top of him.

CLOUSEAU AND CATO

We HEAR the gentle tapping again.

CLOUSEAU

There is someone at the door,
can't you hear that? Answer it.

Clouseau begins to remove the sticking toilet paper as Cato crosses to the door and opens it.

CATO'S POV

Anastasia Puissance, looking absolutely devastating, is standing there. She is momentarily stunned by the strange apparition in front of her.

ANASTASIA

(tentatively)

I would like to see Chief
Inspector Jacques Clouseau.

FULL

CATO

Yes. What is your name, please?

ANASTASIA

I am the Comtesse Anastasia
Puissance.

CATO

There's a lady to see you,
Chief Inspector.

Clouseau, still peeling off the toilet paper, crosses to the door.

ANASTASIA

A mild amusement glimmers in her eyes, as she gazes at the second, toilet paper-wrapped apparition.

CLOUSEAU

He is instantly taken by Anastasia's beauty.

CLOUSEAU

Oh -- er excuse me, please come
in. I am Chief Inspector Clouseau.

ANASTASIA

I am the Comtesse Anastasia
Puissance.

FULL

Clouseau is clearly stunned.

CLOUSEAU

Comtesse Puissance?! This is an honor! I have seen of your beauty... but so few people have heard of it.

ANASTASIA

I have a matter of the greatest urgency to discuss with you, Chief Inspector.

CLOUSEAU

So, why did you not come to my office?

ANASTASIA

As you just mentioned...few people have ever seen me. I am a recluse like the late Howard Hughes.

CLOUSEAU

If I may say so, the late Howard Hughes was never as beautiful as you!

ANASTASIA

Thank you. May we talk in private?

CLOUSEAU

But of course.

He ushers Anastasia into the living room and indicates a chair. Anastasia sits, with Clouseau sitting opposite her.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CATO

He stands in the b.g., continuing to remove the toilet paper. We HEAR the flush again. Anastasia looks in Cato's direction.

ANASTASIA

I did say in private!

Clouseau is becoming progressively mesmerized by Anastasia's beauty.

CLOUSEAU

Yes. Yes, of course.

We HEAR the flush again.

CLOUSEAU

(to Cato)

Those bathroom noises are very annoying, Cato, please take care of them immediately.

Cato exits and Clouseau directs his attention to Anastasia.

CLOUSEAU AND ANASTASIA

ANASTASIA

Chief Inspector...I have suspected for some time that my only brother, Guy, has had a morbid fascination with the world of crime.

CLOUSEAU

Yes, crime can be very fascinating.

ANASTASIA

During the cleaning of our chateau, I discovered the complete details of France's biggest crime ring under Guy's mattress.

(a beat)

Chief Inspector, my brother has become the silent partner of Anton Belmonde... the most infamous living criminal in France!

CLOUSEAU

Anton Belmonde?!

(a beat)

I must tell you, Comtesse, it is more than a morbid fascination to become a partner of Anton Belmonde.

ANASTASIA

I know. That is precisely why I am here. I would like to make a deal, Chief Inspector.

CLOUSEAU

A deal? What kind of deal?

INT. BATHROOM - FAVORING CATO

The toilet flushes again, with the stream of water becoming even more powerful. Cato is ankle-deep in water, trying to stop the deluge by stuffing every available towel into and around the pipe and under the door.

CATO
(urgently)
Chief Inspector...

His call for help is interrupted as another stream of water pours out.

RESUME ANASTASIA AND CLOUSEAU

ANASTASIA
I have photocopies relating to the details of all of Belmonde's illegal activities. However, my brother would never forgive me if he thought I was interfering in his affairs.

CLOUSEAU
Yes. Please continue.

ANASTASIA
From time to time, I could supply you with enough information to ultimately destroy Belmonde...
(a beat)
Would that be interesting to you?

CLOUSEAU
Comtesse, it would be riveting.
But what is the deal?

ANASTASIA
Simply that you keep my brother out of it...and that you keep our little arrangement a secret...even from the Surete.

CLOUSEAU
What?!

ANASTASIA
If you inform the Surete, I shall deny everything and will supply you with no more information.

RESUME CATO

Cato is still frantically trying to stop the problem and is now up to his waist in water. The flushing sounds get even louder.

ANASTASIA AND CLOUSEAU

ANASTASIA

I don't think your man is having too much success with your bathroom problem.

CLOUSEAU

(preoccupied)

Yes. Yes, we shall probably require the services of a water 'plum-ber'.

(then continuing)

You must realize that you have made an extraordinary request. I am a Chief Inspector and I have my sworn duty to the Surete. Further, if your brother were present during a roundup, I would have no choice but to arrest him.

ANASTASIA

That will not be a problem. He will be out of the country for at least two months on family business.

CLOUSEAU

He begins to pace.

CLOUSEAU

I see.

(a beat as he thinks)

Yes. What was that you said again?

FULL

ANASTASIA

I said my brother will be out of the country for at least two months on family business.

CLOUSEAU

Yes.

(a beat)

Well, I must say I'm impressed with your deep concern for your brother and your display of family loyalty. And under these circumstances, I am prepared to consider your proposal and to...ah...think about it.

ANASTASIA

(plainly relieved)

Oh, thank you.

(a beat)

I will be in touch with you
again within the next few days.

(another beat)

Oh, there's one more thing.

She reaches down and takes her purse...removing the glossy of
Clouseau from it.

ANASTASIA (CONT)

I hope you won't think this silly
of me, but I would really treasure
your autograph on this picture I
have of you.

Clouseau crosses to Anastasia and she hands him the photograph
along with a pen.

CLOUSEAU

My autograph...?

ANASTASIA

Yes, I took the photo myself with a
telephoto lens. Now that I've met
you in person, it doesn't do you justice.

CLOUSEAU

Oh really?

ANASTASIA

I have followed your meteoric career
in the force since you were a simple
agent...no, no...simple is hardly
the correct word...a mere agent would
be more appropriate. Yes, a mere
agent...until your genius as one of
the world's greatest detectives
inevitably led to your present office
as Chief Inspector.

(a beat)

And now, who knows what next?

Clouseau looks off in the distance...looking as if he had just
been decorated again.

CLOUSEAU

(musing)

Yes. Yes, it has to happen sooner
or later I suppose.

(coming out of it)

I mean...ah...how very flattering
of you. Very flattering.

He begins to sign the photograph.

CLOUSEAU

Reading to himself "To Anastasia, with fond affection and admiration, Commissioner Jacques Clou... He looks up at Anastasia who smiles demurely at him.

ANASTASIA

I hope you don't mind, but I took the liberty of dedicating it to myself. If you would sign please.

CLOUSEAU

Of course. You have made an error here. I am not a Commissioner, I am a Chief Inspector.

ANASTASIA

Oh - but as you were saying, it has to happen sooner or later.

CLOUSEAU

Did I say that?

Clouseau signs the photograph.

ANASTASIA

Yes. Thank you so very much.

CLOUSEAU

(continuing)

A pleasure and you will most certainly hear from me.

He hands the photograph to Anastasia.

ANASTASIA

Oh, more than that. We must meet again very quickly.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING ANASTASIA

She crosses to the door and turns back to Clouseau, giving him a dazzling smile.

ANASTASIA

Au revoir.

She turns and exits.

CLOUSEAU

He is clearly both enchanted and bewitched.

INT. HALLWAY .OUTSIDE CLOUSEAU'S DOOR

As Anastasia gets into the lift we HEAR one more horrendous flush. After a beat, we SEE a river of water pour out from under Clouseau's door.

INT. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

François is sitting in front of the Commissioner, pulling on the strands of hair behind his other ear. Clouseau is seated in a chair next to him.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING WINDOW BEHIND COMMISSIONER'S DESK

We SEE two WINDOW CLEANERS as they lower their platform and begin to clean the Commissioner's window.

FULL

COMMISSIONER

(to François)

We have reason to suspect the recent robbery of the Louvre was executed by Anton Belmonde.

François clears his throat as his hair twisting becomes more agitated.

FRANCOIS

(dramatically)

Either Belmonde...or the Frog!

COMMISSIONER

No, it wouldn't be the Frog. The technique and modus operandi were far too unsophisticated for the Frog.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CLOUSEAU

With steely eyes he watches the window cleaners as they go about their job. After a beat he gets up abruptly and crosses to the sideboard near the Commissioner's desk. He takes an aerosol can of bug spray from the sideboard and crosses to the window. He sprays the window with the white contents of the can, giving it an opaque look. The Commissioner watches this with astonishment.

COMMISSIONER

(resignedly)

What are you doing, Clouseau?
Those window cleaners can't hear
a thing.

CLOUSEAU

We can't be too cautious, they may
be lip-reading window cleaners.

FRANCOIS

We must get Belmonde!

FULL

CLOUSEAU

(blurting it out)

We won't have to concern ourselves
about Belmonde much longer. I
intend to have him behind bars in
the very near future.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING WINDOW CLEANERS

One of them opens the window slightly and calls in.

WINDOW CLEANER

Excuse me, Sir, but we could get
the bug spray off the window for
you. We just lower this upper window
here, then reach down and pull up
the lower window, hop in and we'll
have it cleaned in a jiffy.

Clouseau watches the window cleaners with even more intensity.
He moves over to the Commissioner and whispers to him.

CLOUSEAU

Commissioner, I do not think it
wise to allow those two window
cleaners to be in this room while
we're discussing police business and
secret documents on your desk are
exposed.

COMMISSIONER

What do you suggest?

CLOUSEAU

I have an idea. One moment please.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CLOUSEAU

Clouseau crosses the room and exits into the corridor. After a couple of beats he returns, leading TEN GENDARMES and stations them strategically around the Commissioner's desk.

FULL

Clouseau crosses back to the Commissioner.

CLOUSEAU

There, now everything is safe.

COMMISSIONER

Good, Clouseau. Very prudent.
But I don't want the gendarmes
listening.

CLOUSEAU

Then I suggest the three of us
step into your bathroom - follow me
please.

The three men cross the room and enter the Commissioner's bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Clouseau closes the door.

COMMISSIONER

(to Clouseau)

Now, what was that you said, Jacques?
Do you have something on Belmonde?

Clouseau raises his finger to his lips and then turns on both faucets of the sink and the large faucet in the shower. We HEAR a tremendous whooshing and clanking of pipes. Clouseau nods that they can proceed.

COMMISSIONER

Do you have something on Belmonde?

CLOUSEAU

(hedging and raising his
voice)

Yes...I mean no...I mean I'm
working on it.

COMMISSIONER
(raising his voice)
Well then, why did you say that you
intended to put Belmonde behind bars
in the very near future?

CLOUSEAU
(raising his voice)
What was that?

FRANCOIS
(raising his voice)
The Commissioner wants to know why
you think you can put Belmonde
behind bars in the near future.

CLOUSEAU
(now really hedging and
almost screaming)
I have reviewed all the files on
Belmonde...and...ah...submitted them
to a very complicated analysis utilizing
a new technique in crime detection which
I have been developing for some time.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING COMMISSIONER

Suddenly his eyes glass over as if he were hit by a bolt of
lightning, as he realizes the absurdity of the situation.

COMMISSIONER
(screaming)
In God's name, what are we doing?
(with growing anger)
This is ridiculous!! Three grown
men, locked in a bathroom screaming
at each other...

CLOUSEAU
We can't be too cautious, Commissioner.

EXT. TROIKA (LEFT BANK RESTAURANT) - NIGHT

We ESTABLISH the restaurant, hearing spirited RUSSIAN MUSIC
inside; punctuated by loud "Heys!" A taxi drives up and Clouseau
gets out, wearing a Russian peasant outfit and sporting a long,
black beard, looking like Rasputin. He enters the restaurant.

INT. TROIKA

It is candle-lit and romantic. On stage we SEE a TRIO OF COSSACK DANCERS. The CLIENTELE is mixed, composed of left bank hoodlums, American tourists, right bank French etc. (Like Pepe Lo Moko's Club in the Casbah).

CLOUSEAU

He squints, looking around the room.

CLOUSEAU'S POV

His eyes stop on Anastasia, sitting in the shadows in a booth at the very rear of the restaurant. As usual, she is incredibly beautiful.

FULL - FAVORING CLOUSEAU

He crosses the restaurant to Anastasia's table. She looks up, recognizing him immediately.

CLOUSEAU AND ANASTASIA

He takes her hand.

CLOUSEAU

Good evening, Comtesse.

ANASTASIA

Good evening, Chief Inspector, won't you sit down?

CLOUSEAU

Oh, you recognized me.

ANASTASIA

Who else would have thought to disguise himself as Rasputin in a White Russian restaurant?

Clouseau sits and then takes hold of his beard and holds it up to Anastasia.

CLOUSEAU

True, true. This is an authentic White Russian beard. You can't get the hair these days you know.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING RUSSIAN WAITER

RUSSIAN WAITER comes up to the table. He can't resist staring at Clouseau, an involuntary look of amazement crossing his face.

ANASTASIA

The gentleman has arrived.

The waiter snaps out of it.

WAITER

(to Clouseau)

Yes. Ah, good evening, sir, are you expecting any other guests?

CLOUSEAU

(without thinking)

Other guests?!

His eyes then dart to Anastasia. A fleeting smile crosses her lips and she nods 'no' almost imperceptibly.

CLOUSEAU (CONT)

No, we are not expecting anyone else.

The waiter gestures to a nearby BUSBOY, who begins removing two of the place settings. He then hands MENUS to both Anastasia and Clouseau.

WAITER

(to Clouseau)

May I suggest Beluga caviar and some vodka before you select dinner.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CLOUSEAU

His eyes widen slightly as he immediately realizes the expense of the waiter's suggestion, reflecting on the possibility he may get the check. Anastasia nods happily.

ANASTASIA

Oh, just perfect.

(leaning over and
speaking sotto voce
to Clouseau)

I insist that you be my guest this evening and no arguments.

(then continuing)

I find that a little caviar and vodka sharpen the senses.

(very intimately to
Clouseau)

Don't you agree?

Clouseau's reservations immediately melt and he looks up at the waiter.

ANASTASIA

The caviar and vodka, waiter.
And make it a large Beluga.

CLOUSEAU

I'll have a large Beluga as well.

The waiter nods and exits FRAME.

FULL

A quintet of RUSSIAN VIOLINISTS begins playing very soulful music in the background. Anastasia moves closer to Clouseau and looks deeply into his eyes.

ANASTASIA

I can't tell you how much I
appreciate your generous offer to
help my brother.

Clouseau has become completely mesmerized...he smiles at her almost foolishly.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING ANASTASIA

She hands Clouseau a packet of papers.

ANASTASIA

You have heard of the infamous
Rouge et Noir Casino...catering
principally to the Arab trade? I
believe it is located in St. Tropez.
It has unlimited assets.

CLOUSEAU

Yes.

ANASTASIA (CONT)

Their principal game is Baccarat...
the profit comes from the roulette
wheel...which is rigged.

CLOUSEAU

You mean the games are rigged?
But that's against the leuw.

ANASTASIA

(nodding)

It is one of Anton Belmonde's biggest
sources of income.

The waiter returns and quickly serves the vodka and then places a large serving of toast and caviar in front of the two of them. Anastasia serves both herself and Clouseau a healthy portion.

ANASTASIA

(brightly)

The trouble in life is not the insufficiency of caviar, it's the difficulty of getting enough hot buttered toast to eat with it.

Clouseau chuckles at Anastasia's little quip.

CLOUSEAU AND ANASTASIA

Clouseau notices Anastasia's napkin has fallen to the floor.

CLOUSEAU

Comtesse, your napkin has fallen from your lap onto the floor.

(a beat)

Allow me to retrieve it for you.

Precipitously, Clouseau bends down to pick up the napkin and accidentally plops his face and beard squarely into the caviar. Clouseau is crushingly embarrassed.

CLOUSEAU (CONT)

Oh, excuse me! Please excuse me! I don't know what...er...I'm so terribly sorry, my Rasputin beard has become saturated with caviar.

ANASTASIA

(sympathetically)

Oh, how annoying. Why don't you remove the beard, it might be cooler for you.

CLOUSEAU

Yes. Yes, yes. But then there is the problem that I might be recognized.

ANASTASIA

I don't think there's any fear of that. After all, this table is in the shadows. If the waiter is suspicious, just tell him you decided to shave it off.

Clouseau quickly removes his beard and places it on the side of the table, with the tip a little too near the candle. Very slowly, the beard begins to burn.

CLOUSEAU

Ah, that's better.

ANASTASIA

Now...to get back to Belmonde.

(speaking very
confidentially)

There is one flaw with the wheel,
even though they are able to change
the code each hour. From nine to
ten o'clock, the number ten will
always come up after the number nine-
teen. From ten o'clock until eleven
o'clock, the number thirteen will
always come up after the number ten...
and so on.

Clouseau's beard is now on fire, burning slowly, somewhat like
a wick. He is so preoccupied with Anastasia, he doesn't notice
it -- but she does.

ANASTASIA

(with the same
intonation)

Your beard is on fire, Chief Inspector.

CLOUSEAU

(he is memorizing her
instructions)

Nine to ten...ten after nineteen.

Ten to eleven...a beard on fire.

(he sees the burning
beard)

What?! Oh my God!!!

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CLOUSEAU

He quickly grabs the bottle of vodka and pours it onto the
burning beard. The vodka immediately explodes, causing the
tablecloth to catch on fire.

FULL

Clouseau and Anastasia leap up from the table as the flames
become higher. WAITERS and BUSBOYS charge across the room and
begin extinguishing the fire with pitchers of ice water...
creating one hell of a mess. The HEADWAITER approaches the table.

ANASTASIA

(to Headwaiter)

Waiter, a fresh table please.

HEADWAITER

Yes, certainly, Comtesse.

The headwaiter picks up Clouseau's beard.

HEADWAITER (CONT)

Should I have this dry cleaned,
sir?

CLOUSEAU

(grabbing the beard
from him)

Certainly not! That beard never
leaves my face except when it's on
fire!

HEADWAITER

I understand. Please follow me.

TRACKING SHOT - ANASTASIA, CLOUSEAU AND HEADWAITER

As the headwaiter leads them across the room to a new table,
Anastasia addresses Clouseau.

ANASTASIA

(admiringly)

You have a very dry sense of
humour, Chief Inspector and I
think you know it.

FULL

The headwaiter seats them at their new table.

HEADWAITER

(to Anastasia)

I'll have another order of vodka
and caviar sent over immediately,
Comtesse.

ANASTASIA

(to headwaiter)

Thank you.

The headwaiter exits as Anastasia reaches into her purse and
removes an envelope. She hands it to Clouseau.

ANASTASIA

The code I mentioned to you before
you had that little problem with
your beard is all in this envelope,
along with your membership of the
Club...

(then dramatically)

Sheik Alegg.

Clouseau smiles knowingly at her acknowledgement of his impersonation talents. Clouseau then taps the envelope.

CLOUSEAU

And this is foolproof?

Anastasia looks at him for a beat.

ANASTASIA

Er...yes...completely.

CLOUSEAU

With this I would be able to strike a devastating blow at Monsieur Belmonde?

ANASTASIA

You have a very quick mind, Chief Inspector.

CLOUSEAU

In my job it's a quick mind or a quick death. Why don't you call me Jacques?

Again Anastasia looks deeply into Clouseau's eyes.

ANASTASIA

(huskily)

Jacques!

There is a long beat as Anastasia's eyes continue to penetrate Clouseau's, making him very nervous and flustered.

CLOUSEAU

(searching frantically
for something to say)

Have you seen any good films recently?

Anastasia smiles, her eyes twinkling.

ANASTASIA

You mean, have I seen any good films...Anastasia.

Clouseau picks up on Anastasia's little joke and chuckles.

CLOUSEAU

Yes...Anastasia.

They both smile at each other.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING RUSSIAN MUSICIANS

A GROUP OF RUSSIAN MUSICIANS composed of a Balalaika player, violinists, an accordeon player and a guitarist commence playing a very romantic and sad song near Clouseau's and Anastasia's table. ('Evening Bells' would be appropriate).

During the next sequence they will play and sing in the b.g.

RESUME CLOUSEAU AND ANASTASIA

ANASTASIA

We were talking of the Rouge et Noir, Jacques.

CLOUSEAU

The Rouge et Noir is a private club, I believe.

ANASTASIA

Yes.

CLOUSEAU

Then I should make a reservation.

ANASTASIA

Oh, don't worry about that, everything has been taken care of.

(a beat)

It's only 2.30, Jacques, why don't we go up and have a rave-up at Castel?

CLOUSEAU

But I can't go in this!

ANASTASIA

Don't worry, just put your beard back on and they'll think you're Serge Gainsbourg.

Anastasia looks up in the direction of the headwaiter.

ANASTASIA

Monsieur, l'addition s'il vous plait.

EXT. ROAD IN SOUTH OF FRANCE - DUSK

A Rolls Royce roars down the highway.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE

Cato is driving with Clouseau beside him, dressed in an Arab Sheik costume and wearing appropriate make-up. On the back seat we SEE his headdress. Cato is dressed as his servant, wearing a long burnoose.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CLOUSEAU

He is copying Anastasia's instructions onto the palm of his hand.

CLOUSEAU

...between ten and eleven, nineteen
will always appear after ten. Between
eleven and twelve...Ah, I have no more
space on this hand...I will have to
use the other.

He switches his ballpoint pen to his other hand, and once again begins writing.

CLOUSEAU (CONT)

(to Cato)

You see, Cato, it's a good thing I trained myself to write with my left hand...If I hadn't I would be in trouble now.

CATO

You write in palm of hand?

CLOUSEAU

Yes, on occasions when my right hand might be temporarily incapacitated.

CATO

Looks okay to me.

CLOUSEAU

No, you fool! I told you I ran out of space on my left hand. I cannot use my right hand to write a code in the palm of my right hand. Therefore I must use my left hand!

Clouseau continues to write the code. They drive in silence for a beat.

CATO

You lucky to have lady friend who loan you this fancy car, Chief Inspector.

CLOUSEAU

(smiling wisely)

Lucky for me...unlucky for Monsieur Belmonde!

He finishes the balance of the code.

CLOUSEAU (CONT)

Now I shall destroy the evidence.

Clouseau rips up Anastasia's instructions and throws them out of the window.

EXT. ROUGE ET NOIR CASINO - ABOUT MIDNIGHT

It is typical of the French Riviera Casinos. It is situated at the far end of a yacht basin. At the other end, we SEE the Ritz Splendide Hotel. The yacht basin, Casino and the Hotel share a common parking area.

The Rolls Royce pulls up and stops. Clouseau and Cato get out as HENRI BECQUE, the Casino's manager, rushes out to meet them, shaking both of Clouseau's hands enthusiastically.

BECQUE

Bonsoir, Monsieur, Bonsoir.

CLOUSEAU

I am Sheik Alegg and this is my travelling companion, Deudeu.

BECQUE

(to Cato)

Welcome, Prince Deudeu.

(to Clouseau)

It is a great pleasure to see you.

Cato smiles broadly at the 'prince' reference, Clouseau gives him a withering look.

CLOUSEAU

Some swinging sheiks have told me the gamble is very good here. You have money to cover all debts.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING BECQUE

His eyes glow with avariciousness at the prospect of another high roller to fleece.

BECQUE

We pride ourselves on unlimited stakes, your Highness.

CLOUSEAU

Good, because I have unlimited funds with which to make the gamble.

Becque, fawningly, ushers them into the Casino.

INT. ROUGE ET NOIR CASINO

It is opulent. We SEE an international CLIENTELE, dressed formally, playing at the various tables. The tables are manned by teams of CROUPIERS in white tie. Clouseau, Cato and Becque enter. We SEE Dreyfus, in a tuxedo, with his arm in a sling and a large square bandage on his forehead. He is watching the play at a nearby table.

BECQUE

Do you have a preference, your Highness?

CLOUSEAU

I play the roulette, you know.

BECQUE

Of course...follow me.

FULL

As the trio begin to cross through the Casino we SEE Becque make a surreptitious gesture to the CHIEF CROUPIER at the roulette table. He leans over and speaks to one of the patrons who is sitting at the place of honor at the head of the table. The patron moves to a seat in the center, carrying his chips with him.

DREYFUS

As Clouseau and Cato make their way through the crowded casino, we SEE Dreyfus standing with a group watching the play at a Baccarat table. Cato sees Dreyfus and does a double take.

CLOUSEAU AND CATO

Cato whispers to Clouseau.

CATO

(urgently)

I think I just see former Chief Inspector Dreyfus, Boss!

Clouseau stops and searches the room.

CLOUSEAU

Where?!!

Cato gestures with his head towards the Baccarat table.

CATO

Over there!

THEIR POV

More people have crowded around the table, obscuring their view of Dreyfus.

RESUME CLOUSEAU AND CATO

Clouseau shrugs and begins following Becque again.

CLOUSEAU

Impossible! Dreyfus is in Paris,
trailing a fat lady who is cheating
on her husband.

Cato takes another glance and quickly follows after Clouseau.

ROULETTE TABLE

The trio arrives and Becque indicates the empty seat to Clouseau.
Clouseau sits. Becque speaks to the Chief Croupier.

BECQUE

His Highness, Sheik Alegg.
(to Clouseau)
Enjoy the play, your Highness.

Becque exits.

CHIEF CROUPIER

May I have your wager, your
Highness?

CLOUSEAU

Most certainly. The sky's the limit.
Where I come from we have money to
burn...that's how we keep warm at
night.

Clouseau laughs at his own joke. The Chief Croupier is clearly
taken aback.

CHIEF CROUPIER

Hmmm. Yes, of course. Which unit
would you like?

CLOUSEAU

I want those square things to make
the gamble.

Clouseau gestures to Cato, who reaches into his burnoose and brings
out a leather bag. He counts out 100,000 francs and hands them
to the Chief Croupier. The Croupier, in turn, pushes one large
black plaque over to Clouseau. Clouseau looks at it in disbelief.

CLOUSEAU

(continuing and outraged)
You mean I only get one square thing
for my hundred thousand francs?!!!

CHIEF CROUPIER
(containing himself)

You may have 'square things' in any denomination you wish, your Highness. That 'square thing' has a value of 100,000 francs.

CLOUSEAU
One hundred thousand francs. Very well. I will make the gamble with a one hundred thousand franc square thing. It is written.

CLOSE - THE ROULETTE WHEEL

The ball has been spinning during the above conversation. It lands on number eleven.

CROUPIER'S VOICE
Rouge...onze.

FULL

As the sidemen collect the losing bets and pay the winning ones, we SEE Clouseau peek at the palm of his hand.

INSERT - CLOUSEAU'S PALM

We SEE the code has become so smudged, that it can't be read.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CLOUSEAU

He slaps his hand on the table and looks wildly up at Cato. After a beat, he leaps to his feet.

CLOUSEAU
Sheeps eyes! I forgot to have the Captain of my Boeing 747 to get my bedroom repainted bleu.

He continues conversationally to the rest of the table.

CLOUSEAU (CONT)
I must get to a private pheun immediately and issue my blue bedroom instructions.

CHIEF CROUPIER
A 'pheun', your Highness?

CLOUSEAU
(irritably)
Yes, a pheun...a telephone!

The Chief Croupier signals to one of his AIDES...who crosses to him.

CHIEF CROUPIER
(to Clouseau)
Please use my humble pheun and
unworthy office, your Highness.

The Chief Croupier puts a marker on top of Clouseau's plaque.
Clouseau looks at it for a moment, resisting the urge to shove
it inside his robes.

AIDE
Step this way, your Highness.

TRACKING SHOT

As Clouseau and Cato cross, we SEE Dreyfus in the b.g. talking
with the Croupier at one of the other Roulette tables. Cato
does another double take...then whispers again to Clouseau.

CATO
I'm sure that him, Boss!

CLOUSEAU
Who?

CATO
Dreyfus!

DREYFUS

He squats down, out of sight, and begins removing the cash drawer
from the table. OVER THE TABLE, we SEE Clouseau turn and look.

RESUME CLOUSEAU AND CATO

Clouseau jabs his elbow into Cato's side.

CLOUSEAU
How many times must I tell you? I
saw Dreyfus only four days ago and
he was busy flying through the air,
playing a concertina and trailing a
fat woman who is cheating on her husband.

INT. ROUGE ET NOIR OFFICE

The Aide ushers Clouseau and Cato into the office.

AIDE

The phone is right over there,
your Highness.

Clouseau crosses to the phone as the Aide exits, closing the door behind him. With the Aide gone, Clouseau begins searching for bugs...with Cato right behind him.

CLOUSEAU

(mouthing the words)
This room may be bugged. Guard
the door!

Cato crosses to the door and turns the lock.

FULL

Clouseau quickly moves through the room, checking for bugs. Then he crosses to the telephone and dials.

CLOUSEAU

(after a beat)
Give me the Orchid Suite, please.
(a beat)
Hello? This is Sheik Alegg calling.

INT. ORCHID SUITE - FAVORING ANASTASIA

As usual she looks absolutely breathtaking. She is on the phone.

ANASTASIA

Yes, Sheik Alegg.

CLOUSEAU'S VOICE

Is my Boeing 747 captain there?

Anastasia isn't sure she's heard correctly.

ANASTASIA

747 captain, Sheik Alegg?

CLOUSEAU'S VOICE

Yes!

(now trying desperately
to convey his double
meaning)

I forgot to select the paint for
my bedroom on the plane! My
captain must refresh my memory as
to the color code!!!

At the word 'code', Anastasia realizes the purpose of Clouseau's call.

ANASTASIA

I understand. One moment, please.

She opens up her purse and searches through, finally removing some papers. She rustles through them until she finds what she wants.

ANASTASIA (CONT)

If you choose the blue number ten or eleven...then we would apply number ten trim after a number nineteen base.

RESUME CLOUSEAU

He is now frantically looking for something to write on.

CLOUSEAU

Please...one moment.

He becomes inspired, and crawls up under Cato's burnoose.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CATO

Clouseau writes the code inside Cato's burnoose. We HEAR his muffled voice.

CLOUSEAU

Yes. Yes, I have that. Yes.
Thank you...that is a very good code!

CLOSE - ROULETTE WHEEL

We SEE NUMBER 19 come up on the wheel.

CHIEF CROUPIER

Noir! Dix-neuf.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

revealing Clouseau back at his seat. He glances up at Cato and smiles. There are few bets on the table and the Croupier quickly clears them.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CLOUSEAU AND TABLE

Very carefully he moves his one plaque to number 10.

CLOSE - ROULETTE WHEEL

The NUMBER 10 comes up!

CAMERA PULLS BACK

Huge stacks of plaques are moved over to Clouseau.

MONTAGE

of the roulette wheel; crowd's reaction; Clouseau checking the time on his watch; Clouseau winning, with the plaques piling up in front of him. The MONTAGE ENDS ON Clouseau's watch showing eleven o'clock. We SEE Dreyfus among the crowd.

FULL

Clouseau pushes back his chair and stands.

CLOUSEAU

It is time for my devotions.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOUSEAU AND CATO

Clouseau rises and begins to walk to the corner of the Casino, which is adjacent to a line of slot machines. Cato follows him. When they arrive at the corner, Cato pulls back the end of his burnoose, and Clouseau pops under it. We HEAR Clouseau mumbling 'mumbo jumbo' under the burnoose.

CATO

Are you all right in there, your Highness?

CLOUSEAU

It's hot in here, Deudeu...and very dark. It is taking longer than I expected for the devotions.

(a beat - finding his scribbles)

Ahhhh!

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING MAN PLAYING SLOT MACHINE

He glances over at the strange apparition of Clouseau searching for the code written under Cato's burnoose. Without showing any expression at all, he resumes playing the slot machine.

FULL

After a couple of beats Clouseau pops out from under the burnoose.

CLOUSEAU

Now the spirit is refreshed. It is written that I can resume the gamble.

INT. ANTON BELMONDE'S OFFICE

It is large and expensively furnished. ANTON BELMONDE, a handsome, well-groomed and intense man in his fifties is sitting behind his desk. A very nervous Henri Becque is reporting to him.

BECQUE

He's on a run, Boss...he hasn't lost a bet.

BELMONDE

How much so far?

BECQUE

Maybe eight...ten million. He's doubling on numbers...two more wins and the bank is busted.

RESUME CLOUSEAU

He is watching the play keenly. Becque crosses the casino with Belmonde behind him. Belmonde walks up to Clouseau.

BELMONDE

Good evening, Sheik Alegg. I am Anton Belmonde...your host.

Hearing the name, Belmonde, Clouseau looks up sharply.

BELMONDE (CONT)

I'm happy to see you are on a winning streak.

CLOUSEAU

I bet you say that to all the sheiks.

CLOSE - ROULETTE WHEEL

We SEE the NUMBER 10 come up, the code for Clouseau to place his next bet.

FULL

Belmonde continues to try to distract Clouseau.

BELMONDE

You obviously have a very interesting system, your Highness.

CLOUSEAU

Yes, it was developed by my own private holy man. He's more reliable than a computer, you know.

Clouseau nonchalantly pushes his plaques (now occupying the entire end of the table) onto NUMBER 19.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING BELMONDE

He looks upon this bet in near horror.

CLOUSEAU

It is very late...one more bet and I am finished for the night.

BELMONDE

If your luck continues, your Highness, one more bet will break our bank. In that event I trust a draft will be acceptable for the balance when the banks open in a few hours?

CLOUSEAU

A draft will be unnecessary for such a trifle. I may pop in to see you next week...just make sure you have enough money to cover your responsibilities.

FULL

The ball slows in the roulette wheel and drops into NUMBER 19. The crowd sucks in their breaths. Belmonde looks steely-eyed at Clouseau.

CHIEF CROUPIER

Rouge -- dix-neuf!

The stick-man pushes a huge pile of plaques over to Clouseau. He loads them into Cato's leather bag.

CLOUSEAU

Come, Deudeu, time to cash in.

CATO

I not seeing things, Boss!
Former Chief Inspector Dreyfus
just peeked at us over his
newspaper.

CLOUSEAU

Peeked at us? Where?

Cato POINTS across the room.

CATO

Over there...that end table.

CLOUSEAU

He looks across the room and squints his eyes intensely.

CLOUSEAU'S POV

Dreyfus again drops the paper slightly, and peers over.

RESUME CLOUSEAU AND CATO

Clouseau's eyes widen in recognition and shock.

CLOUSEAU

You're right, Cato!!!

Clouseau quickly scans the restaurant.

CLOUSEAU (CONT)

But what's he doing here?

CATO

I think Dreyfus following us!!!

Clouseau leaps to his feet, grasping the bag of money.

CLOUSEAU

Yes...we can't take any chances.

Clouseau begins to run, with Cato behind him.

CLOUSEAU

Let's get out of here!

They run along the front of the stores.

DREYFUS

He puts down his paper, rises, and slowly begins to follow them.

CLOUSEAU AND CATO

They rush along. After a beat, Clouseau looks behind him.

CLOUSEAU'S POV

We SEE Dreyfus following at a discreet distance.

RESUME CLOUSEAU AND CATO

CLOUSEAU

You were right, Cato! Former Chief Inspector Dreyfus is trailing us.

CATO

What he want?

CLOUSEAU

I don't know, I don't know!
know! But he must not recognize us.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING ALLEY NEXT TO TOY STORE

Clouseau and Cato dart down the alley.

REAR OF TOY STORE

A number of large boxes have been unloaded next to the rear entrance to the store. A couple of SETS of POGO STICKS are seen lying against one of the boxes. TWO DELIVERY MEN begin carrying the boxes into the store.

CLOUSEAU AND CATO

They come running out of the alley, with Clouseau almost tripping over the pogo sticks. Clouseau anxiously looks behind him.

CLOUSEAU'S POV

Dreyfus is following...inexorably.

RESUME CLOUSEAU AND CATO

Clouseau spots the pogo sticks and becomes inspired. He gestures wildly to Cato and they both grab a pair... 'pogoing' speedily toward the YACHT BASIN.

DREYFUS

He picks up speed.

YACHT BASIN - EMBANKMENT

Clouseau and Cato 'pogo' along an embankment which looks down on the moored yachts.

FULL

Dreyfus, now running with all his might, is closing the distance between them.

RESUME CLOUSEAU AND CATO

They 'pogo' past a yacht whose roof is almost even with the embankment. Clouseau gestures to Cato and they 'pogo' off the embankment onto the roof.

INT. SALON OF YACHT

A very sex, layed-back, GIRL in a brief bikini is sitting in the lotus position...meditating. One after another, Clouseau and Cato crash through the roof and smash onto the floor. They pull themselves to their feet and Clouseau tries to get his bearings.

The sexy girl tries desperately to maintain her concentration. She closes her eyes and proceeds with her meditation. We HEAR a MAN'S VOICE emerge from the cabin area below.

MAN'S VOICE

What in hell's going on up there,
Penelope?!

The sexy girl tries to ignore him. Clouseau peers out onto the deck.

DREYFUS

He is rushing up the gangplank.

SEXY GIRL

MAN'S VOICE

PENELOPE!!!

Exasperated, she opens her eyes and looks in the direction of the man's voice.

SEXY GIRL

Two Arabs on Pogo sticks just
crashed through your roof!!!

MAN'S VOICE

You really must stay off that stuff, Penelope. You're getting worse.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING DREYFUS

Dreyfus is agitated and out of breath.

DREYFUS

I am former Chief Inspector Paul Dreyfus. Have you seen two Arabs on pogo sticks?!!

MAN

I haven't, but my girl friend has. Mind you, she's a bit off her rocker. Too much of the old stuff, y'know.

TRACKING SHOT - DREYFUS

He rushes across the lounge and down the stairs into the passageway below. We SEE that all of the cabin doors are closed. Dreyfus rushes from door to door, opening them, searching for his prey.

INT. MASTER CABIN

Clouseau is trying to help Cato through the porthole, which is clearly too small for him. The door bursts open and Dreyfus enters. He stops in his tracks when he sees the two Arabs. Clouseau whirls on him, leaving Cato stuck in the porthole.

CLOUSEAU

How dare you intrude. I will have you beheaded!!

ON DREYFUS

He really isn't quite sure what to do...now that he has cornered them.

FULL

DREYFUS

(awkwardly)

Yes...well...ah!

CLOUSEAU

Get out immediately. I am Sheik
Alegg and this is my reum!

DREYFUS

(hysterically)

Your 'reum'!!!

CLOUSEAU

Yes, this is my personal Sheik
reum and admissible only by
special invitation.

Dreyfus, simultaneously, begins twitching, giggling and crying.

DREYFUS

Your 'reum'!.... Your 'REUM'!!!
(a beat)

CLOUSEAU!!!

CLOSE - DREYFUS

His eyes glass over and he falls into a dead faint.

FULL

Clouseau pulls the struggling Cato from the porthole and they
run from the cabin.

FULL - LOUNGE

Clouseau and Cato run up the stairs into the lounge. They both
grab their pogo sticks. The sexy girl and the man watch them
in abject bewilderment.

CLOUSEAU

There's a man downstairs having
a seizure...he might require
medical treatment.

Clouseau rushes out of the lounge. The sexy girl and the man
cross to the lounge door to watch their departure.

THEIR POV

Clouseau and Cato rush down the gangplank and mount their pogo
sticks...and 'pogo' away. We HEAR the sound of the pogo sticks,
"Whoosh...eee, eee! Whoosh...eee, eee!"

EXT. RITZ SPLENDIDE HOTEL - MORNING

TWO YOUNG COUPLES are exiting the hotel in tennis attire. As Clouseau and Cato 'pogo' up, and get off their pogo sticks... they begin to enter the hotel with Clouseau still grasping the 'Bora Bora' bag.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING TWO COUPLES

They watch Clouseau and Cato with a kind of bewildered curiosity and then continue on their way.

CLOUSEAU AND CATO

Clouseau gestures to Cato to come closer...he then speaks sotto voce to him.

CLOUSEAU

Call the Orchid Suite immediately
if you see anything alarming.

CATO

Yes, Chief Inspector.

Clouseau continues on into the hotel.

INT. TRACKING SHOT - CLOUSEAU

The CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he crosses the lobby and climbs the stairs. At the top of the stairs, he rushes down a corridor to double doors marked: 'ORCHID SUITE'. He knocks urgently on the door.

INT. SUITE - ANASTASIA

She quickly crosses to the door and opens it slightly.

HER POV

She SEES Clouseau.

FULL

She throws open the door and Clouseau enters.

CLOUSEAU AND ANASTASIA

She shuts the door and turns to him.

ANASTASIA

Thank God, you're here! I had
this nightmare that something
awful had happened

Clouseau hands her the 'Bora Bora' bag.

CLOUSEAU

It is Belmonde who had the nightmare!
Your code worked perfectly and I
broke the bank. He had me followed
by former Chief Inspector Dreyfus...
but, he's almost insane, I can
handle him.

ANASTASIA

I'm at a loss for words, Jacques...
you are without doubt a genius...
a genius!

Anastasia takes Clouseau's hand in hers and begins leading him
across the room.

ANASTASIA

(continuing)

We'll have Dom Perignon with
breakfast and you will tell me
how it went with Belmonde.

They cross to a breakfast table which has already been set up.
Serving carts are nearby. Anastasia takes a bottle of champagne
out of an ice bucket and hands it to Clouseau.

ANASTASIA

(continuing)

Oh Jacques...Jacques, would you,
please?

He struggles with the cork, but is unable to open it.

CLOUSEAU

The French always make their champagne
bottle necks too small for their corks...
(struggling more
furiously)
Swine cork!!

Anastasia reaches over and takes the bottle.

ANASTASIA

(seductively)

Maybe it needs a woman's touch.
Here, let me try.

She opens it immediately. Clouseau is clearly chagrined.

CLOUSEAU

It's a good thing I loosened
it up for you.

ANASTASIA

Yes, "Sampson".

She hands the bottle back to Clouseau who fills a couple of glasses. He then helps Anastasia to her seat and crosses back to his and sits. Clouseau takes his glass and raises it in a toast to Anastasia.

CLOUSEAU

To the beginning of the end of
Belmonde.

They clink glasses and drink.

ANASTASIA

(excitedly)

Now...tell me all.

CLOUSEAU

The flaw in the Roulette Wheel
was as you said. There are thirteen
million francs in the 'Bora Bora'
beach bag...all of the cash that
Belmonde had in the casino.

Anastasia is visibly very pleased.

ANASTASIA

Thirteen million francs...that's
even more than I thought!

(gazing at Clouseau
deeply)

Do you realize Jacques, one more
blow and Belmonde will be out of
business.

They both drink again.

CLOUSEAU

(very serious)

Yes. The question is, what will
that blow be that he must receive?

ANASTASIA

I am working on that and I'll let
you know within a few days.

(a beat - she smiles
brilliantly at him)

ANASTASIA (CONT)

In the meantime, there's a little present waiting for you when we get back to Paris.

INT. SURETE - COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

The Commissioner is pacing back and forth in front of the window. We HEAR the "DOoo-doooo" of a French police siren. The Commissioner glances out of the window.

HIS POV

A brand new ROLLS ROYCE pulls up. It is painted in the colors of a Surete POLICE CAR and has a blue light attached to the roof. We HEAR another blast of the French siren... "DOoo-doooo"! Then Clouseau gets out of the car and rushes into the building.

RESUME COMMISSIONER

He LOOKS for a very long beat, clearly unable to believe his eyes.

FULL

The Commissioner is in shock! He crosses to his desk and flips on the INTERCOM.

COMMISSIONER

(into intercom)

Has the force acquired a Rolls Royce, Inspector?

FRANCOIS' VOICE

No, sir. It must be a private car.

COMMISSIONER

You'd better come and see this then. Clouseau just drove up in a Rolls Royce with a Police sign on it, a siren and a blue light on the roof!

After a beat, Francois rushes in and crosses with the Commissioner to the window. He is tugging nervously at his hair, and we see a bald spot beginning to appear. They look out the window.

THEIR POV

Again, we SEE Clouseau's Rolls Royce.

FULL

FRANCOIS

Clouseau got out of that car?!!!

COMMISSIONER

Yes, he got out of that car!

FRANCOIS

Well, I certainly couldn't afford
a car like that on my salary.

COMMISSIONER

Neither can I, believe me.

We HEAR a KNOCK on the door.

COMMISSIONER

Yes, who is it?

CLOUSEAU'S VOICE

Chief Inspector Clouseau

The Commissioner GLANCES from Francois to Clouseau's car and back
again.

COMMISSIONER

Yes...yes, come in.

Clouseau enters.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CLOUSEAU - COMMISSIONER AND FRANCOIS
AT THE WINDOW.

CLOUSEAU

Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER

You did just drive up in a Rolls
Royce, Clouseau?

CLOUSEAU

Yes. My vacation was not all play
you know, Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER

(impatiently)

What does that have to do with the
car?

CLOUSEAU

Wearing a disguise, I played roulette
for an Arab Sheik friend of mine...
at the Rouge et Noir.

FRANCOIS

(stunned - pulling out
a tuft of hair)

CLOUSEAU

The luck was very good...and I won handsomely for him.

(to the Commissioner)

The car is a small gesture of his appreciation.

(to Francois)

Belmonde is almost finished, Francois.

COMMISSIONER

(very seriously)

Do you really believe that?

CLOUSEAU

Yes. If you allow me to continue to work under the covers.

The Commissioner paces back and forth for a beat.

COMMISSIONER

Very well, Clouseau. I must have Belmonde, so I will approve your undercover plan.

(a beat)

But, that car cannot stay on the French police force...it's British!!

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OF ANASTASIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clouseau is standing there holding a small bouquet of flowers. After a beat, Yo Yo answers the door.

CLOUSEAU AND YO YO

CLOUSEAU

Good evening, I am Chief Inspector Clouseau of the Surete. I believe the Comtesse Puissance is expecting me.

Yo Yo looks at him appraisingly.

YO YO

(with great deference)

Oh, yes, Chief Inspector, please come in.

Clouseau enters and Yo Yo closes the door.

INT. SITTING ROOM

As Yo Yo leads Clouseau into the sitting room, Anastasia crosses to him, truly radiant in a white Empire gown. She sees the flowers and is obviously touched.

ANASTASIA

Jacques. They are absolutely beautiful.

Clouseau hands Anastasia the flowers and she, in turn, hands them to Yo Yo.

ANASTASIA

(to Clouseau)

Thank you.

(to Yo Yo)

Put them in the special blue vase.

CLOUSEAU

And thank you for that magnificent motor car you have given me. My flowers pale beside it.

Yo Yo exits with the flowers. Anastasia takes Clouseau's hand and begins to lead him to the sofa.

CLOUSEAU

Your apartment is very beautiful.

ANASTASIA

That's a compliment, I decorated it myself.

They arrive at the sofa and Anastasia pours them both a glass of champagne out of a waiting, opened bottle.

CLOUSEAU AND ANASTASIA

They sit and toast.

ANASTASIA

I have good news for you. The time has come to administer the coup de grace to Belmonde.

CLOUSEAU

What?!! That is wonderful!
With Belmonde behind bars I can
devote all of my time to arranging
the same fate for the 'Froeg'.

Anastasia's eyes twinkle.

ANASTASIA

The 'Froeg'?

CLOUSEAU

Yes, the 'Froeg'! He is the most
shrewd and cunning master criminal
in the world.

Anastasia smiles.

CLOUSEAU

(continuing)

What makes it particularly
difficult is that no one really
knows his identity...not even one
picture.

ANASTASIA

I've read that some place. This
is very exciting.

Anastasia pours them both another glass of champagne and they
both drink. Clouseau drinks his glass down. Then he gets to
his feet.

CLOUSEAU

Yes...but I shall get him.

FULL ON CLOUSEAU

CLOUSEAU

(continuing)

I shall get him, as I
have got them all...Nothing
can stop me now!! Holmes, Poirot,
Charlie Chan, Sam Spade, Columbo,
Kojak...

(he raises his arms in
the same frenzy seen in
some of Hitler's newsreels)
I am the greatest! The greatest!

Clouseau, caught up in the frenzy and energy of the moment, suddenly starts to do his version of the Can-Can.

RESUME ANASTASIA AND CLOUSEAU

ANASTASIA
(sincerely worried)
Jacques, have you gone mad?

Clouseau now realizes that he had just flown off into the wild blue yonder. He pulls himself together.

CLOUSEAU
No. No...it's nothing. The
champagne went to my head.

Anastasia gives him a look.

ANASTASIA
Calm down, Jacques. Calm down.
I have something important to tell you.

Clouseau sits and Anastasia gets down to business.

ANASTASIA
(continuing)
In an attempt to recover the losses
that we inflicted on him at the
Rouge et Noir, I have heard that
Belmonde is going to kidnap the
Mahuma of Kabaka and hold him for
ransom. I have a plan where you
could prevent the kidnapping and
at the same time arrest Belmonde.

EXT. DESERTED FARMHOUSE - OUTSIDE OF PARIS

A caravan of THREE LIMOUSINES pulls up outside the farmhouse. GUARDS rush out of the first and last limousine, throwing a cordon around the middle car.

INT. MIDDLE LIMOUSINE

The MAHUMA OF KABAKA, an ancient, decrepit, old man, is bound securely and is seated between VAUTRIN and RASTIGNAC, two of Belmonde's vicious, ugly-looking henchmen. Belmonde is seated in the front seat, next to the driver.

The Mahuma has long white hair and beard, which blend into his robes. He has only one front tooth which protrudes slightly and causes him to whistle when he talks. The Mahuma turns to Vautrin.

MAHUMA

(talking and whistling)

When the moon shines on the sacred
toes of Isis, I will be revenged!!!

(to Rastignac)

The sacred cockroaches of Lalkaka are
angry. You are doomed, all of you.

(leaning forward -

to Belmonde)

Have you got that, Mac?!

INT. FARMHOUSE

Belmonde's group enters with the struggling and decrepit Mahuma. The farmhouse obviously hasn't been occupied for some time. Dust and cobwebs are everywhere. Next to a small table we RECOGNIZE Clouseau's latest disguise, the Balls' ROUGH WOOD LOUIS XIV CHAIR.

FULL

The Mahuma is carried across to the chair. Vautrin and Rastignac tie him securely to it. Belmonde begins to pace back and forth across the room, as the four henchmen cross to a corner table. They sit and begin playing cards. Vautrin and Rastignac guard the door.

BELMONDE

(to the Mahuma)

The money better be here precisely
on time, Mahuma, or Kabaka will
have to get itself a new Mahuma!

MAHUMA

You will get your ransom. But
remember this, it will be little
more than camel droppings across
a blazing desert.

BELMONDE

If you want to call 40 million
francs, camel shit, that's your
business!

Belmonde turns and crosses to the back of the room and looks out of the window. Rastignac and Vautrin begin talking to each other in the b.g. as the four henchmen at the table concentrate on their card game.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING THE MAHUMA AND CHAIR

Very slowly the chair begins to stalk Belmonde. A look of terror and panic crosses the Mahuma's face as he tries desperately to understand the significance of this latest development. He gives short whistles through his one tooth as the chair moves directly

FULL - INCLUDING BELMONDE AT THE WINDOW

He nervously checks his watch. He turns and faces in the direction of where he left the Mahuma, almost falling over the chair. He looks at the Mahuma incredulously, then yells to his men.

BELMONDE
Who moved the Mahuma?

ANGLE ON VAUTRIN AND RASTIGNAC

They look over in surprise.

MEN AT TABLE

They look up in surprise.

BELMONDE
(continuing - more
impatiently)
Who moved the Mahuma?!

None of the men speak.

BELMONDE
(continuing)
Well, I sure as hell didn't
move him.

Belmonde bends over the Mahuma and yells at him, nose to nose.

BELMONDE
(continuing)
Don't try to pull any smart tricks
with me, Mahuma, I know them all.

ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING MAHUMA

The Mahuma is now clearly unglued and shitting himself.

FULL

Belmonde snaps upward and abruptly crosses to the door and gestures to Rastignac and Vautrin.

BELMONDE
Come on, let's check the outside.

The three men exit.

CLOSE - MAHUMA AND CHAIR

We HEAR Clouseau whispering through the back of the chair.

CLOUSEAU'S VOICE

Have no fear, Holy One...you are
safe sitting upon me!

The Mahuma looks around wildly and begins hissing and whimpering through his one tooth.

CLOUSEAU'S VOICE

(continuing)

Just remain calm. I am an officer
of the law.

FULL - FAVORING BELMONDE, RASTIGNAC AND VAUTRIN

They barge just as abruptly back into the room. The Mahuma looks over at them.

MAHUMA

Could I have an Alka Seltzer,
please?

BELMONDE

We don't carry Alka Seltzer,
Mahuma. We're the ones that give
the indigestion.

CLOUSEAU'S VOICE

Be quiet, Holy One, until I give
you further instructions.

The Mahuma is now on the threshold of going completely mad.
His voice rises appreciably.

MAHUMA

By the sacred Ding of Dong,
you are a speaking chair!

CLOUSEAU

Yes, I'm a chair of the law!

The Mahuma shrieks with fright. Belmonde looks sharply over at him.

BELMONDE

What are you yelling about, Mahuma?

MAHUMA

(pronouncing Clouseau's
'lauw' as "Loo")

I heard a voice say the "Loo".

BELMONDE

The "Loo"?

MAHUMA

Yes. Loo.

Belmonde gestures to one of his men.

BELMONDE

Take the poor old looney to the
outhouse.

Vautrin and Rastignac cross to the Mahuma and begin to untie
him. The Mahuma looks up at them terrified.

MAHUMA

Where are you taking me?!

BELMONDE

You said you want the loo.

MAHUMA

I don't want the loo. I just
heard the loo.

BELMONDE

(to Rastignac)

I've got a hunch you'd better
check out the outhouse anyway.

Rastignac crosses the room and exits, Vautrin secures the lines
on the Mahuma as Belmonde looks at his watch again and crosses
to the window near where the Mahuma had originally been placed
in the chair. Vautrin crosses to the men playing cards.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING BELMONDE

He stares out the window.

BELMONDE

Your boys had better get here soon,
Mahuma, or you've had it.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BELMONDE INCLUDING MAHUMA AND CHAIR

As Belmonde continues to nervously stare out the window, once again Clouseau slowly inches the chair over to him. This time the Mahuma is frozen with fear, he holds his breath. After a beat, Belmonde turns back to his men and, once again, almost falls over the chair, this time unable to control his rage.

BELMONDE

That Mahuma's moved again!

FULL

MAHUMA

The curse is on all of you!
I have been blessed by the sacred
chair of the Poo! I am saved!

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING BELMONDE

He steps in front of the Mahuma, facing his men.

BELMONDE

(nervously)

I don't like the smell of this!
Come on, let's get the hell out
of here!

FULL

Just as Belmonde begins to cross to the door, Clouseau pops out of the back of the chair and quickly rises, holding a gun to the back of Belmonde's head.

CLOUSEAU

Stop! Raise your hands Belmonde!

(a beat, to Belmonde's men)

I am Chief Inspector Jacques Clouseau
of the Surete, if you have the desire
to stay alive, drop your guns.

EXT. PARK AVENUE FOCH - FAVORING PARK BENCH

Dreyfus, wearing his Sam Spade outfit, with his arm still in a sling, is seated on the park bench. He looks from side to side nervously, obviously expecting a visitor.

DREYFUS POV - FAVORING TREE

After a beat, Claude Cuckhold leaps out from behind the tree and rushes over to Dreyfus, sitting down beside him.

DREYFUS AND CUCKHOLD

CUCKHOLD

Ah, Monsieur Dreyfus, it is a
pleasure seeing you again.

Dreyfus looks straight ahead and speaks out of the side of his mouth to Cuckhold.

DREYFUS

Hold it right there, baby. I
want to tell you right up front
that if this has anything to do
with tailing your wife, my rates
have gone up. So forget it!

CUCKHOLD

Oh no, Monsieur. And I want to say again that I am most grateful. You cannot imagine what a relief it was to me to find out that my suspicions were unfounded.

DREYFUS

Well, thanks, sweetheart.

Cuckhold moves closer to Dreyfus and speaks very intimately.

CUCKHOLD

But now I have a much more serious matter for you than just a petty domestic misunderstanding.

Dreyfus looks at him sharply...his interest piqued.

CUCKHOLD

(continuing after a beat)

Monsieur Dreyfus, I have very good reason to believe that my mistress is 'sheeting' on me.

Dreyfus can't believe that it is happening to him again. He begins to giggle and twitch simultaneously. Cuckhold pulls a photograph out of his pocket and hands it to Dreyfus.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING DREYFUS - INCL. CLOUSEAU

As Dreyfus looks at Cuckhold's picture we SEE Clouseau in his Rolls Royce police car pull up to the stop light.

INSERT PICTURE OF TANDA LEI AND CUCKHOLD

Tanda Lei, in a very, very brief bikini, is standing next to Cuckhold, towering over him. She is easily over six foot three inches tall and looks as if she weighs about a hundred pounds. She is shockingly ugly with her only good feature being the yards of jet black hair that cascade off of her head and down below her waist. Dreyfus' giggling becomes uncontrollable.

CLOUSEAU'S POV

As he waits for the light to change, he glances around casually and sees Dreyfus. Dreyfus is giggling even more uncontrollably as he looks at the picture.

FULL

Clouseau calls over to Dreyfus.

CLOUSEAU
Paul! Hello, Paul!

At the sound of Clouseau's voice, Dreyfus' head snaps upwards. He does a double take as he suddenly realizes that he sees Clouseau in a brand new Rolls Royce. The shock of Clouseau's appearance in the Rolls Royce police car causes Dreyfus to snap. He leaps up from the bench and pulls out a small service revolver. He starts running and then shooting at Clouseau.

CLOUSEAU
No, Paul! It's me!

DREYFUS
Clouseau!

Clouseau quickly speeds off. Dreyfus runs after him into the middle of the Avenue Foch and charges down the street still shooting his gun.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCL. TRADITIONAL SURETE POLICE CAR

A Surete police car comes into FRAME. Upon seeing Dreyfus the sirens commence and the blue light starts revolving. The police car literally runs Dreyfus off the Avenue Foch as two policemen then leap out of the car and take Dreyfus into custody.

INT. EIFFEL TOWER - SECOND STAGE LIFT - DAY

A crowd is waiting to get on the lift. We SEE Anastasia and Clouseau queueing up.

CLOUSEAU AND ANASTASIA

The lift arrives and the crowd begins to board...with Clouseau and Anastasia getting on last.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CLOUSEAU AND ANASTASIA AS LIFT DOOR CLOSSES

We HEAR the sounds of a ZITHER as the lift door closes on Clouseau and Anastasia. (ZITHER MUSIC punctuates the following scenes in the lift.)

INT. LIFT

Clouseau and Anastasia are pressed together as the lift rises.

ANASTASIA

I find the Eiffel Tower one of
the most relaxing places in Paris.
I do a lot of my thinking here.

(a beat)

Do you have any facts about this
incredible structure, Jacques?

CLOUSEAU

Some little known facts you may
find interesting. Do you realize
that if a man was to jump from the
very top of the Eiffel Tower, wearing,
say a Harris tweed suit, it would take
8 seconds for him to hit the ground
due to the friction and air resistance
set up by the hairs on the Harris
tweed.

Anastasia gives Clouseau one of her looks.

ANASTASIA

Really?

CLOUSEAU

Oh...yes. And if another man jumped
from the top wearing a suit of some
smooth material such as mohair, he
would hit the ground in 5 seconds,
due of course to the lack of air
resistance in the material.

ANASTASIA

I see.

CLOUSEAU

And, if a man, if you'll excuse me,
"in the nude", were to leap from the
top, in theory he would hit the
ground before he was halfway down.
There's not many people know that.

ANASTASIA

Fascinating!

CLOUSEAU

Yes. But naturally he would be arrested for indecent exposure.

Anastasia looks at Clouseau enigmatically as the lift stops at the second stage. We HEAR ZITHER THEME OVER.

INT. SECOND STAGE - EIFFEL TOWER

Anastasia, Clouseau and the crowd get off the lift. The crowd goes in one direction as Clouseau and Anastasia cross to the loading area for the third stage lift.

INT. LIFT AREA - THIRD STAGE

The lift opens and Clouseau and Anastasia enter.

INT. LIFT

As the lift begins to ascend Clouseau gets a strange look on his face. He keeps his eyes glued straight ahead. After a beat, Clouseau speaks very softly.

CLOUSEAU

Anastasia, I am in love with you!!!

ANASTASIA

(tenderly)

What was that you said?

CLOUSEAU

(his voice rising perceptibly)

I said I am in love with you!

Clouseau still finds it difficult to look at Anastasia. He stands there awkwardly, still looking straight ahead. Anastasia nods to herself.

ANASTASIA

You're very sweet, Jacques, but your loving me would complicate both of our lives.

(a beat)

I haven't been totally honest with you. For example, I don't have a brother, Guy...

CLOUSEAU

But why did you want to destroy
Belmonde, then?

ANASTASIA

Belmonde was my competition. I
wanted him out of the way. Not by
killing him...that would have been
too easy.

(a beat)

I used you, Jacques...because...

The lift stops at the third and final stage. Clouseau and
Anastasia step out onto the windy observation stage. The
ZITHER MUSIC reaches a crescendo.

CLOUSEAU

(questioningly)

Because...?

ANASTASIA

I am the Frog!!!

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER OBSERVATION STAGE

Clouseau reels backward.

CLOUSEAU

You are The Froeg?!?!

For a split second, it appears as if Clouseau may attempt to jump off the Tower. Then he begins to walk around the observation stage.

CLOUSEAU
(continuing - almost
hysterically)

I am in love with the Froeg and
my career is finished!!

I am in love with the Froeg and
my career is finished!!!

I am in love with the Froeg and
my career is finished!!!!

As Clouseau marches, Anastasia comes up beside him and takes his arm. She waits for Clouseau to take a breath.

ANASTASIA
We must try to be mature about
this...your career is certainly
not finished.

CLOUSEAU
My life is my work. I have no
alternative but to arrest you.

Anastasia instantly becomes serious.

ANASTASIA
On what grounds would you arrest
me?

CLOUSEAU
On the grounds that you have
confessed to me that you are the
Froeg.

Anastasia relaxes and laughs lightly.

ANASTASIA
Don't be silly, Jacques...who
would believe you?

Clouseau stops his circular march and turns to Anastasia.

Anastasia laughs lightly and then she takes Clouseau's hands in hers.

ANASTASIA

(tenderly)

You know, I've never met a man like you. Most of the time you don't know what you're doing... you're not young, you're not God's gift to women...and yet...

(a beat)

I'm very fond of you.

They begin walking again, arm in arm. After a beat Anastasia turns to Clouseau as they walk.

ANASTASIA

Would you consider giving up your career for me?

Clouseau is completely shocked at this suggestion.

CLOUSEAU

No!

(then hopefully)

Would you?

ANASTASIA

No.

(a beat)

Can you possibly realize how much sacrifice and discipline has gone into becoming the...

(catching herself

as they pass within

earshot of another couple)

...you know who?

I had to work hard. I was a comparatively small time operator. Harry Winston one week...a few days in the country...then trinkets from Cartier...sapphires and pearls from Van Cleef & Arpels...

Clouseau is listening to Anastasia intensely...then he bursts out emotionally.

CLOUSEAU

Don't tell me! Don't tell me!
I shall be forced into action!

ANASTASIA

(logically)

Then resign from the police, Jacques.

CLOUSEAU

You don't understand! It is not
the same!

ANASTASIA

It is the same, Jacques. Impasse!
Neither of us are prepared to give
up our careers. And...

(a beat)

...you have said you love me!

CLOUSEAU

(passionately)

I do love you!

ANASTASIA

Well, how can you arrest the
person you love? Unless you
have someone else...

CLOUSEAU

There is no one! I am alone in
the world except for you and Cato
and Professor Balls.

Anastasia has become progressively more irritated.

ANASTASIA

Well, you have made it quite clear
then that duty and love don't mix.

(becoming more furious)

And if you really think you can
arrest the one person you love,
I will make it easy for you.

Anastasia stops him by standing directly in front of him. She
clearly throws the gauntlet.

ANASTASIA

I intend to go shopping at Baubles,
Bangles and Beads...for their most
expensive necklace...at 10.30 tomorrow
morning!

She whirls and storms away from Clouseau and in a half-run, half-walk heads for the lift.

CLOUSEAU

He is the picture of heartbroken, dejected frustration.

EXT. BAUBLES, BANGLES ET BEADS ET CIE - MORNING

Anastasia approaches the store. She is wearing a very chic sack dress and carries a huge Gucci tote bag. Clouseau leaps out of a nearby doorway and stops her. He is dressed in an ankle-length fur coat, a top hat, and pearl grey gloves. Further, Balls has provided him with a vein-lined, bulbous nose which is attached to his face with two thin rubber bands. The rubber bands are barely hidden by make-up. He is also wearing a monocle.

CLOUSEAU

Anastasia! Please! I beg
you, don't force me to arrest
you!

ANASTASIA

If you think going to prison is
good for me, Jacques...then you
have a very strange sense of
values.

(a beat)

Why on earth are you dressed like that?

She turns abruptly and walks briskly to the entrance of Baubles, Bangles Et Beads. Clouseau waits a beat and follows after her.

INT. BAUBLES STORE

Anastasia enters, followed a few seconds later by Clouseau. A GUARD glances at both of them, clearly amused by Clouseau's appearance. Anastasia CROSSES to the diamond section at the rear of the store. Clouseau nervously watches her. The Guard crosses to Clouseau.

GUARD

Do you need some assistance, Sir?

Clouseau raises his voice, so that Anastasia can hear him.

CLOUSEAU

Yes, I may need some assistance!
And I think you may need some
assistance as well.

The Guard is completely confused.

GUARD

I beg your pardon, Sir. Why would
I need assistance?

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING ANASTASIA

She glances back at Clouseau, expressionlessly...then a tentative
look crosses her face. Clouseau nods 'no' almost imperceptibly.

GUARD

(continuing)

Sir?

CLOUSEAU

(double-talking)

You might need some assistance,
because all of us need assistance
in this life now and then.

(a beat)

Now I will begin looking at your
things.

Clouseau begins looking into the display cases.

CLOUSEAU

Ah, yes...I see you're not short
of a thing or two.

The Guard watches Clouseau in astonishment.

ANASTASIA

Anastasia places her tote bag on the floor, under a large mirror
which is next to the diamond counter. She turns slightly and
sits at a small stool in front of the counter. An immaculately
tailored SALESMAN crosses to Anastasia.

ANASTASIA AND SALESMAN

SALESMAN

Madame?

ANASTASIA

I am Princess Anna Turgenev Gogol.
My friend, the Countess Romanoff,
mentioned that you have a diamond
and sapphire necklace which might
have some appeal.

SALESMAN

(very impressed)

It is an honor, Princess, the
Countess is one of our best

SALESMAN (CONT)
(reflectively)
Now, which necklace was it?

ANASTASIA
I believe King Hussein had
admired it.

SALESMAN
Oh, that necklace! Of course!
One moment, Princess...I must go
to the vault.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CLOUSEAU

He has moved down the aisle to get closer to Anastasia...the fur coat is causing him to perspire profusely. Anastasia glances casually over her shoulder...Clouseau catches her eye, desperately nodding "No!!!". Anastasia smiles sweetly at him and turns back to the counter. Clouseau turns and begins looking into a display case which is directly in front of him.

A very effete SALESMAN approaches, behind the display case. Clouseau raises his voice again for Anastasia's benefit.

CLOUSEAU
Where is your manager? I have a
matter of the greatest urgency to
discuss with him.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ANASTASIA AND CLOUSEAU

Anastasia's head darts around again...a look of anticipation on her face.

FULL - FAVORING EFFETE SALESMAN

He gazes at Clouseau haughtily.

MANAGER (EFFETE SALESMAN)
It is not necessary to shout, Sir...
I am not deaf!
(a beat)
And I am the manager. Now, what
is this matter of the greatest
urgency?!

Clouseau is still staring in Anastasia's direction.

CLOUSEAU
Matter?

MANAGER
...of the greatest urgency!

Clouseau looks back at the Manager.

CLOUSEAU

I...must make you aware...
that...

(he pauses - torn by
ambivalence)

...that, I wish to select a gift for
my nephew before I leave the store!

RESUME CLOUSEAU AND ANASTASIA

He looks back at her again. She smiles sweetly at him...fully
aware of her victory.

CLOUSEAU AND MANAGER

Clouseau points quickly into the display case.

CLOUSEAU

That bracelet with the bleuwbird
and little pink bears.

The Manager displays a renewed interest in Clouseau.

MANAGER

Exquisite, is it not?
(fishing)

But do you think it would be
appropriate for your...nephew?

Clouseau continues to be preoccupied with Anastasia's actions
and gives only marginal attention to the manager.

CLOUSEAU

Of course it's appropriate...
my nephew is a charming and handsome
young man...and a keen bleuwbird
watcher.

The Manager leers knowingly at Clouseau...and brings the bracelet
out from the display case.

MANAGER

It must be seen on the wrist to
be appreciated.

The Manager puts it on his wrist.

RESUME ANASTASIA AND SALESMAN

He returns with a blue satin jewelry case. He opens it and removes an absolutely exquisite necklace, passing it to Anastasia. We SEE Clouseau in the b.g., as he converses with the manager.

Anastasia examines the necklace carefully, then looks up at the salesman.

ANASTASIA

May I have an eyeglass, please?

SALESMAN

I beg your pardon, Princess?

ANASTASIA

(imperiously)

I said.. may I have a jeweler's eyeglass?

He reaches into his pocket and hands her the jeweler's eyeglass.

CLOUSEAU'S POV

Anastasia examines the necklace, then turns slightly and looks through the eyeglass at Clouseau, winking her other eye.

FULL

Clouseau nods "No!!!" again. Anastasia directs her attention back to the necklace...and continues to study it with the eyeglass.

RESUME CLOUSEAU AND MANAGER

Clouseau is becoming more and more distracted...forcing himself to pay attention to the Manager. The Manager reaches into the display case and takes out a long strand of huge, gaudy, PINK PEARLS, putting them on.

MANAGER

This is a perfect complement to the bracelet, if your Nephew wears basic black.

Clouseau pays marginal attention to the Manager and keeps glancing at Anastasia.

FULL - FAVORING ANASTASIA

She is now holding the necklace up to her throat and admiring it in the mirror.

SALESMAN
Breathtaking, Princess...
absolutely breathtaking.

ANASTASIA'S POV - CLOUSEAU'S REFLECTION IN MIRROR

A look of growing panic is on his face, as we SEE the manager become more disgruntled at Clouseau's inattention. He attempts to remove the pearls but the clasp is stuck.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING ANASTASIA

She pretends to attach the clasp.

ANASTASIA
It is, isn't it?

She brings her hands down, and the necklace slips down the front of her dress.

ANASTASIA'S BACK - FAVORING CLOUSEAU

We SEE the necklace drop through her sack dress into the Gucci tote bag...which she is slightly straddling.

RESUME ANASTASIA AND SALESMAN

Anastasia instantly retrieves a duplicate paste necklace from inside the top of her dress.

ANASTASIA
(sweetly - to salesman)
How awkward of me...would you mind.

The salesman is thrilled. He takes the necklace and puts it around Anastasia's throat, clasping it.

CLOUSEAU AND MANAGER

Clouseau has become completely mesmerized by the smoothness of Anastasia's switch. The Manager continues to struggle with the pearls.

MANAGER
Would you help me with the clasp,
Sir?

Clouseau is jolted back into reality by the Manager's voice. He turns back to the Manager, and awkwardly begins struggling with the string of pearls.

CLOUSEAU
This clasp seems to be jammed.

ON CLOUSEAU - FAVORING CLOUSEAU

He gives them a tug and the strand of pearls breaks , the pearls spraying out in all directions.

FULL

The Manager immediately drops to the floor, and begins crawling on all four to retrieve the pearls.

MANAGER

(yelling to Salesmen)

I need help! Quickly!!

A number of SALESMEN begin running towards the Manager. Clouseau begins to back-pedal away from the area...steps on some pearls, with his feet going out from under him...he falls, spread-eagled, onto the floor.

ANASTASIA AND SALESMAN

Anastasia is watching the imbroglio with a very calm disdain. She gestures impatiently to the Salesman to remove the necklace.

ANASTASIA

Well, I certainly can't make a decision in this kind of commotion!

(an order - to salesman)

Bring the necklace to my hotel at four o'clock. I will consider it then. I'm at the Ritz.

FULL

Anastasia picks up her tote bag and abruptly begins to exit the store...carefully circling the disaster area.

CLOUSEAU AND ANASTASIA

As Anastasia passes near Clouseau, she impishly gives a couple of bounces on her tote bag. He makes a desperate effort to get to his feet, in order to follow her. He steps on more loose pearls and again crashes to the ground...as Anastasia exits the store.

CLOUSEAU, MANAGER, AND SALESMEN

The Manager and Clouseau end up nose to nose, as they crawl on all fours. Clouseau is now perspiring heavily...causing his veined nose to slip slightly to the side of his face... he Manager looks at it in suspicious astonishment.

MANAGER

Do you realize, Sir, that your
nose is falling off?!

Clouseau's hand darts to his face, as he puts his nose back in place.

CLOUSEAU

Yes, I suffer from chronic
Noseoff...sometimes it disappears
completely!

The Manager pulls Clouseau's nose and lets it snap back on the elastic.

MANAGER

Noseoff?! There is no such
disease! You are wearing a false
nose!

The Manager YELLS at the guard and then reaches up and pushes the ALARM BELL under the nearby display case. We HEAR an awful din.

MANAGER

(continuing - to
guard)

Claude! Guard this man!

Clouseau PULLS OFF his fake nose.

CLOUSEAU

Halt!! I am Chief Inspector
Clouseau of the Surete.

MANAGER

And I am General de Gaulle!

CLOUSEAU

I am testing your security.

MANAGER

And I am testing yours!

EXT. BAUBLES, BANGLES ET BEADS

A POLICE VAN pulls away...its sirens BLARING.

EXT. THE SEINE - FAVORING BATEAU MOUCHE

A Bateau Mouche is moving slowly down the Seine, its lights twinkling brightly. We HEAR the MUSIC of the BATEAU MOUCHE BAND OVER.

INT. BATEAU MOUCHE - FAVORING TOUR GROUP

A TOUR GROUP of about a hundred sightseers are all crowded to one side of the Bateau Mouche...peering out. We HEAR a TOUR GUIDE'S VOICE OVER in English, German and Japanese.

TOUR GUIDE'S VOICE

On the port side, that large building with all the lights, is Le Siège du Parlement...our Parliament building

(a beat)

Now, coming up on the starboard is Le Jardin Botanique.

The entire tour group RUSHES to the starboard side of the boat... we should have the feeling that the boat might list slightly because of their weight.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOUSEAU AND ANASTASIA

We SEE the tour group in the b.g...with the tour guide's voice FADED. We also HEAR the MUSIC of the Bateau Mouche Band... playing very romantically.

ANASTASIA

You're very silent, Jacques, you haven't spoken since we passed Notre Dame. Are you seasick?

CLOUSEAU

Seasick on the River Seine in a Bateau Mouche?! I should think not! I served in the Navy, you know.

ANASTASIA

What did you do?

CLOUSEAU

(after a beat)

I was a 'froegman'.

ANASTASIA

(groaning)

Oh no!

CLOUSEAU

I'm sorry, that was not intended. I'm not myself. The embarrassment in that shop yesterday...

ANASTASIA

(interrupting).

Ecoute. J'ai pris la décision
de monter ce coup dans la
chaleur du moment sur la
troisième étage du la Tour Eiffel.

CLOUSEAU

What was that?

ANASTASIA

The whole affair was a decision
made in the heat of the moment on
the third stage of the Eiffel Tower!

CLOUSEAU

I can't even speak French now,
I'm in such a state.

ANASTASIA

That's because of your nerves.

CLOUSEAU

Yes...because of my nerves.
That's it.

ANASTASIA

But your English is improving.

Clouseau smiles for the first time.

CLOUSEAU

Do you think so? 'Hey diddle
diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
the cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed to see such
fun, and the dish ran away with
the spoon'.

Anastasia breaks out in laughter.

CLOUSEAU

Laugh on, my dear...laugh on!
But you try to get that lot into
ordinary conversation.

They both gaze out of the Bateau Mouche for a long beat. Clouseau
is clearly in agony. He turns back to Anastasia, his words
rushing out.

CLOUSEAU

(continuing)

This must be our last time together,
Anastasia. I can't see you anymore.
For the first time in my life, I
have compromised my responsibilities
to the Surete...

Anastasia reaches over and takes his hand.

ANASTASIA

There is more to life than the
Surete, Jacques...

(then very tenderly)

Especially with someone who is
in love with you.

Clouseau swallows hard and takes a long beat, as he tries to
comprehend the significance of her last statement.

CLOUSEAU

Did you say that someone is in
love with me?

Clouseau gazes at Anastasia cautiously.

ANASTASIA

(simply)

Yes.

CLOUSEAU

...Who?

ANASTASIA

I am!

CLOUSEAU

Good heavens!!!

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CLOUSEAU

Anastasia puts her arms around him and gives him a very long
and passionate kiss. Clouseau reacts as if a shock has gone
through his entire body. When she finishes, Clouseau sits
there in a state of shock.

FULL

Anastasia takes his hands in hers.

ANASTASIA

Darling, I know that if by some remote chance you married 'The Frog', you would be forced to leave the force.

(a beat)

But, we could make a compromise.

CLOUSEAU

What possible compromise?

ANASTASIA

There is a special Dali at the Galerie Fagette. I am committed to deliver that painting to a very vicious client...if I don't, he will kill me!

CLOUSEAU

Ha! Let me see anyone try to kill you!

ANASTASIA

He wouldn't mind if you were there! He'd probably kill you too!

(a beat - then passionately and sincerely)

Darling, I'm pleading with you. Resign from the Surete and help me with this very last job, then that will be the end of 'The Frog' ...with some sadness and many happy memories.

(a beat)

You have my word of honor.

INT. CLOUSEAU'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Anastasia, dressed very smartly, is carrying some breakfast dishes toward the kitchen. She calls to Clouseau.

ANASTASIA

I hope you're almost ready, Jacques.

INT. CLOUSEAU'S BATHROOM

Clouseau is standing at the sink, just putting the finishing touches to shaving off his moustache. He is disguised as Anastasia's great-aunt Martita, wearing a grey wig with a blue rinse, a very conservative dress with a large chocker of pearls around his throat. Clouseau calls back.

CLOUSEAU

I have just shaved off my
moustache, my darling.

Clouseau exits to his bedroom.

INT. CLOUSEAU'S BEDROOM

Cato is tidying up as Clouseau enters and examines himself in
a long mirror.

CATO

You and lady do big job today,
Chief Inspector?

CLOUSEAU

Mr! Mr! There is no more Chief
Inspector.

CATO

You need me?

CLOUSEAU

No. After you finish your duties
you may take the day off.

CATO

Boss! I heard and seen many things.
I should get raise to keep mouth
shut.

CLOUSEAU

A raise?! That sounds like blackmail,
Cato.

CATO

Yes, it is.

CLOUSEAU

Wait here...I'll be right back.

INT. CLOUSEAU'S LIVING ROOM

Clouseau enters and crosses to Anastasia.

ANASTASIA

(anxiously)

Good. Let's go.

CLOUSEAU

Wait. I am having a problem with Cato...he is blackmailing me for a raise.

ANASTASIA

Blackmailing you? The ungrateful little devil...

She reaches in her purse and takes out a small revolver, handing it to Clouseau.

ANASTASIA

(continuing)

Agree to a moderate raise, otherwise, threaten to kill him.

CLOUSEAU

Yes. Yes, that is the solution. Threaten to kill him, my darling. Excuse me.

INT. BATHROOM

Clouseau returns to the bathroom and points the gun at Cato.

CATO

You pointing gun at me, boss?

CLOUSEAU

Cato, I will consider a moderate raise...otherwise I will have to kill you.

CATO

That would be murder, boss!!

CLOUSEAU

(patiently)

Cato, I am now a master criminal. Master criminals shoot people all the time, you know that! All I have to do is squeeze my master criminal finger on this trigger, and that will be the end of you.

CATO

Ah, I guess I better take moderate raise, boss.

CLOUSEAU

I thought you would come to your senses. How much are you making now...I can't remember.

CATO

Two francs an hour.

CLOUSEAU

Yes, I knew it was quite substantial.

(a beat)

Well, what have you in mind?

CATO

Two thousand francs an hour!

CLOUSEAU

What?!!! Two thousand francs an hour?!!!

Cato nods.

CLOUSEAU

You fool! You greedy fool!!

Clouseau places the gun on a table.

CLOUSEAU

Wait here.

INT. CLOUSEAU'S LIVING ROOM

Clouseau rushes back in to Anastasia.

CLOUSEAU

You won't believe this...I gave him the choice of death or a moderate raise...and he wants two thousand francs an hour!

ANASTASIA

Well, tell him he can't have it! It's ridiculous, no valet gets two thousand francs an hour.

CLOUSEAU

But he's seen and heard everything! It's pure and simple blackmail.

ANASTASIA
Well, then, shoot him!

CLOUSEAU
Yes...that's obviously what I have
to do. Excuse me.

INT. CLOUSEAU'S BEDROOM

He comes rushing back in. Cato now has the gun.

CLOUSEAU
(to Cato)
You're mad! You are absolutely mad!

He crosses to Cato and reaches for the revolver.

CLOUSEAU
(continuing)
Here...give me that.

Cato leaps back, keeping the gun pointed at Clouseau.

CATO
No! No! I got it now, boss. You
idiot to leave it on table. Two
thousand francs an hour for little
me or I shoot. Make deal or I kill
you on spot!

CLOUSEAU
(very flustered)
Don't do that, Cato...wait just a
moment!

INT. CLOUSEAU'S LIVING ROOM

Anastasia is at the door as Clouseau comes charging in again.

ANASTASIA
(insistently)
We've got to go, Jacques!!

CLOUSEAU
I know...I know! But, I haven't
finished with Cato.

ANASTASIA
Then you should have shot him!

CLOUSEAU

I stupidly forgot what I was doing and left the gun on the table. Now he's got it.

ANASTASIA

Jacques, you didn't?! Well, let's get in there and straighten this out right now. We must leave immediately!

INT. CLOUSEAU'S BEDROOM

Clouseau and Anastasia enter. Cato is sitting dejectedly on a chair...still holding the gun.

ANASTASIA

Cato, we want to be reasonable with you. You'd certainly prefer a raise in wages to shooting Mr. Clouseau on the spot, so we agree to two thousand francs.

CATO

Done, thank you, lady. Thank you.

CATO - FAVORING CLOUSEAU

Clouseau gives Cato a look of despair and hatred as he exits the room.

INT. CLOUSEAU'S CORRIDOR

Anastasia and Clouseau exit the apartment.

CLOUSEAU

Two thousand francs a week?!?! I don't pay that to him in a year!

ANASTASIA

I didn't say two thousand francs a week. I said we agree to two thousand francs.

EXT. GALERIE FAGETTE - CLOUSEAU AND ANASTASIA

The Galerie Fagette is ultra-chic and owned by ALPHONSE TWERGE and DOMINIC LE MODES. Its windows are filled with wild, post-impressionistic, PAINTINGS. Clouseau and Anastasia, with Anastasia carrying a large, wrapped, framed painting, ENTER.

INT. GALERIE FAGETTE - ALPHONSE TWERGE

Alphonse, the 'butch' proprietor of the store has been nervously waiting for them...he crosses to Anastasia and Clouseau with a tray bearing a bottle of Louis Roederer Brut Cristal and glasses.

FULL

ALPHONSE

Comtesse, how wonderful you are here! I thought you'd never arrive.

He puts the tray down nearby.

ANASTASIA

I do apologize, Alphonse, but my Aunt Martita had a small fracas with her houseboy...he went beyond his position.

Alphonse gives Clouseau an appraising glance then crosses to him.

ALPHONSE

Oh, how painful and disturbing for you.

He takes Clouseau's hand and kisses it.

ALPHONSE

(continuing)

Enchanté, Madame...enchanté!

CLOUSEAU

Enchanté.

Alphonse moves quickly back to the champagne and begins opening it.

ALPHONSE

It's never too early in the day for the champagne.

(to Clouseau)

We pass through this world but once.

ANASTASIA

Oh, look, Roederer Brut Cristal. I especially love the Brut!

ALPHONSE

(bubbling)

Oh, and so do I! In fact, I don't know how Dom Dom and I would manage without it.

Anastasia laughs lightly. Alphonse looks at Clouseau.

ALPHONSE

(continuing)

And how shall I address you,
Madame?

ANASTASIA

Call her Marty...She loves it.

Alphonse is thrilled.

ALPHONSE

(a beat - to Clouseau)

You know, Marty, I never forget
a face...particularly one as
attractive and...ah...aristocratic
as yours. Did I glimpse you in the
Flea Market the other day?

CLOUSEAU

Yes, yes, it might easily have
been me...I quite often pick up
the odd thing there.

Alphonse leers at Clouseau, assuming an innuendo. Clouseau
gives him a look in return. Alphonse pours the champagne and
hands them their glasses.

ALPHONSE

Now, Anastasia darling, what is
your pleasure?

ANASTASIA

Well, as fate has it, Aunt Marty
was at the flea market the other
day and picked up from a man, very
cheaply, what appears to be an
original Dali.

Clouseau is obviously very impressed with Anastasia's audacity.
Alphonse reacts with unguarded surprise.

ALPHONSE

Ooh...at the flea market?!!

Anastasia removes the painting from its wrapping and places it on
the floor in front of Alphonse.

ANASTASIA

(very seriously)

Yes. As you can see, it's Dali's
"Two Elbows in a glass of beer"!!

ANOTHER ANGLE - ALPHONSE - INCLUDING PICTURE

We SEE a ridiculous PICTURE of two red, rough, elbows in a huge mug of frothy beer. Alphonse is in shock! He stares at the picture incredulously...then gets down on his knees and examines it.

ALPHONSE

Oh! Oh, this appears to be an original Dali!

(confused - to Clouseau)

But, the flea market?!!! Why not along the Seine?

Alphonse begins pointing out features of the picture.

ALPHONSE

(continuing)

Look at the angular fragmentation of pigment.. and its all pervading theme of hermetic anarchy...yes, it is true Dali.

In spite of the shock, Alphonse's enthusiasm rises.

ALPHONSE

(to Clouseau)

We must go to the flea market together and see what else this man may have tucked away.

(a beat)

Mon Dieu! What am I saying? I must fetch Dominic!

Alphonse quickly gets to his feet and rushes from the gallery.

CLOUSEAU AND ANASTASIA

Clouseau whispers to her.

CLOUSEAU

Anastasia! You'll never get away with it!.

ANASTASIA

I told you, Jacques...this was done by the best forger in the world.

Anastasia quickly opens her purse and takes out a small vial. She opens the vial and drops a couple of small white pills into the open bottle of champagne.

ANASTASIA

(continuing)

But, just to make sure, these
'speedy' pills will make them
agreeable to almost anything.

(a beat)

But, no more champagne for us.

FULL - FAVORING ALPHONSE AND DOMINIC (DOM DOM)

DOMINIC (DOM DOM) LE MODES, dressed in 'high camp', with a flowing
scarf and patent leather boots, comes sweeping into the room...
followed by Alphonse. Alphonse carries the OTHER DALI PICTURE.

DOMINIC

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!!!

(to Alphonse)

I can't believe what you have
told me is true, Alphie!

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING DOMINIC AND BOTH PAINTINGS

Dominic lays his painting down beside Anastasia. They are exact
duplicates. Dominic reacts precisely as he would if there were
a death in the family. Dominic rises and crosses to Anastasia.

FULL

DOMINIC

(continuing)

My dear Comtesse! What a terrible,
terrible tragedy!

(a beat)

But you see, Dali dedicated his
"Two Elbows in a Glass of Beer"
to us...when we opened the galerie.
It is unique among Dalis.

He returns to his picture and shows Anastasia the back of it.

DOMINIC

(continuing)

See here on the back.

ANASTASIA

She crosses and turns over her picture.

ANASTASIA

Yes, and here on the back.

(reading the inscription)

"To Alphie and Dom, Dom, with
love, Salve"!!!

FULL - FAVORING DOMINIC

He is totally overcome and begins to cry:

DOMINIC

Oh, Alphie! If this is true, I
am devastated...absolutely devastated!!

(a beat - trying to pull
himself together)

I must have some champagne and some
smelling salts before I can face
this cruel world.

Dominic takes out a small bottle of smelling salts and sniffs
them, as Alphonse pours him a glass of champagne. Anastasia
introduces Clouseau.

ANASTASIA

Dominic, my love...I would like
you to meet my Aunt Martita.

Very bravely, Dominic Takes Clouseau's hand and kisses it.

DOMINIC

Madame Martita...this is a cruel
day for you.

(a beat)

How much, if I may ask, did you
pay for this forgery?

CLOUSEAU

Well, he wanted the 'moeney' so we
haggled...

Anastasia gives Clouseau a "shut up, leave the talking to me"
look.

Alphonse gives Dominic the champagne. Dominic sniffles, then
drinks the glass down. He then holds the glass out and Alphonse
fills it again. Dominic takes another sip, then begins to compare
the two pictures. He 'tch-tches' while doing so.

FULL

Dominic gets down on his knees and examines the pictures more
thoroughly...including using a jeweller's eye glass. After a
beat, he rises to his feet, holding out his glass to Alphonse.
Alphonse fills it again.

DOMINIC

Well, if it's any consolation, it is
a superlative forgery...

Clearly self-satisfied, he downs his glass of champagne...and hiccups! Anastasia CROSSES to the two pictures and points to their picture.

ANASTASIA

But could you tell them apart, if you didn't know this was yours?

(a beat)

Why not shut your eyes and let me switch them...then you examine them again.

ALPHONSE AND DOMINIC

Alphonse takes Dominic's hand.

ALPHONSE

What harm, Dom Dom?

DOMINIC

Yes, what harm Alphie?

(a beat)

Hug me with your eyes.

Dominic sucks in his breath as Alphonse 'scrunches' up his eyes sexily.

DOMINIC

(sotto voce)

Oh...not too hard!!

FULL

Anastasia briskly moves the two pictures...then leaves them exactly in their original position.

ANASTASIA

Right then...open your eyes.

Dominic is now clearly feeling the effects of Anastasia's 'spiked champagne'. He becomes very ebullient...looking at the two Dalis.

DOMINIC

Ah! What art! They are brother and sister. His elbow period was his most brilliant and inspired, you know.

Clouseau is doing his best to hold his own..

CLOUSEAU

Yes. Ah, yes. The famous 'elbow' period.

DOMINIC
(intimately)
It began soon after his 'Three
Eyeballs in an Ashtray':
(a beat - POINTING AT
THE FORGERY)
But nonetheless, that is our painting.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ALPHONSE

He is becoming guarded. He points to Anastasia's forgery.

ALPHONSE
(a slight note of
suspicion in his voice)
That painting is ours Dom, Dom?

Anastasia goes for the kill.

ANASTASIA
You are absolutely brilliant,
Dominic...that is yours.

ALPHONSE
(to Dominic)
You seem to be very certain, darling.

Alphonse looks from Anastasia to Dominic. His suspicions are growing and he is also very clearly concerned about Dominic's condition.

ALPHONSE
(directly to
Dominic)
But can we be sure, my little Dom
Dom, that this is our picture?
(a beat)
In a matter of such delicacy and
importance, we must be absolutely
sure!

Dominic is slightly nettled...he holds out his glass to Alphonse again. Alphonse fills it. Dominic takes a couple of sips... then flamboyantly throws the rest of it down his throat.

DOMINIC
Well, if it would make you feel
happier, I'll examine them again!
(after a beat)
On the floor and close up!

Alphonse's eyes dart from Anastasia to Clouseau...then back to Dominic. Dominic smiles sweetly at Alphonse and gets down on the floor. Alphonse then also gets down on the floor next to Dominic as he begins to examine the pictures again.

DOMINIC

Oh dear, I don't know...I really don't know.

Alphonse takes a long beat, looking at Dominic, then he quickly gets to his feet.

ALPHONSE

Excuse me all...but whenever I have the Brut in the morning, it makes me dash to the bathroom!

Alphonse runs out of FRAME.

INT. ALPHONSE'S OFFICE

Alphonse is on the PHONE.

ALPHONSE

Hello, Surete? This is the Galerie Fagette. I want to speak to someone in the fraud department.

RESUME ANASTASIA, CLOUSEAU AND DOMINIC

Dominic is now flying high on Anastasia's 'happy pills', as well as being smashed. He has given up his champagne glass and is now drinking from the bottle. He crosses to Clouseau and puts his arm through Clouseau's.

DOMINIC

Even if we're both victims of a fraud, I don't give one fig leaf! At least both of us have a genuine fake Salve!

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING ALPHONSE

He returns, carrying a fresh bottle of champagne.

ALPHONSE

Let us all have another 'drinky-poo' while Dom Dom makes his decision.

Dominic drinks from the bottle, then staggers over to Alphonse.

DOMINIC

I've already made it, Alphonse...
I'm afraid we both have a priceless
forgery.

ALPHONSE

Just what I suspected. I've
telephoned the police. All
forgeries must be reported, you
know. They said they'd drop by sometime today.

Alphonse crosses and fills all of their glasses. He lifts up
his glass to the others.

ALPHONSE

(continuing)

So, we shall be brave about it,
and drink to the noble forger...
whoever and wherever he may be.

CLOUSEAU

(very nervously)

I really think we should be going...
I have a very pressing...

ANASTASIA

(interrupting -
confidently)

Oh, come Marty...we can certainly
spare a few more minutes.

EXT. GALERIE FAGETTE

THREE SURETE POLICE CARS PULL UP. Francois gets out of the
first car and leads some of his men toward the front of the
galerie, while directing others to the rear.

INT. GALERIE FAGETTE

Francois ENTERS with THREE of his MEN. He immediately crosses
to the group, taking out his badge.

FRANCOIS

Messieurs Twerge and Le Modes?

ALPHONSE

Yes.

FRANCOIS

The police.

ANASTASIA AND CLOUSEAU

Clouseau pales visibly upon seeing Francois.

FULL

Francois shows Alphonse his identification.

FRANCOIS

I am Inspector Chevalier of the
Surete.

Francois turns to Clouseau.

FRANCOIS

(continuing)

What is the problem?

CLOUSEAU AND FRANCOIS

CLOUSEAU

Problem? There's no problem!!!

Francois looks at Clouseau closely.

FRANCOIS

Problem?!!! I recognize your voice,
Madame! Former Chief Inspector
Clouseau...what are you doing here?!!

CLOUSEAU

(thinking furiously)

Well...I...ah?!!!

FRANCOIS

(continuing - to
Clouseau)

We were called because of some art
forgery. Do you know anything about
this, former Chief Inspector?

ON CLOUSEAU

He is devastated...but cannot lie.

CLOUSEAU

Yes, I do. I know all about it,
but only one is a forgery!

FULL - FAVORING ANASTASIA

She is jolted...then a deep wound!

ANASTASIA

Jacques!!!

CLOUSEAU

(to Anastasia)

I'm sorry, Anastasia...I'm sorry!!
It's automatic after so many years!

ON CLOUSEAU

He takes off his wig...and stands there, hardly able to control his tears.

INT. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - CLOUSEAU, FRANCOIS, COMMISSIONER

Clouseau is pacing back and forth. Francois is seated at the side of the Commissioner.

CLOUSEAU

(emotionally)

I do not understand why the
Comtesse is still being held
in custody...after all, no crime
was committed.

COMMISSIONER

Correct, no crime was committed at
the Galerie Fagette...

(a beat)

but the Comtesse Puissance is now
under suspicion for a number of
other crimes, Jacques.

Clouseau's eyes dart to the Commissioner. Nervously, he continues with his bluff.

CLOUSEAU

Other crimes?!!! What other
crimes?

The Commissioner gestures to Francois, who opens a file which is on his lap.

FRANCOIS

Fingerprint analysis on at least
three jewel robberies during the
last seven months prove that the
Comtesse Anastasia Puissance is,
in reality...

(very dramatically)

The Frog.

Clouseau's mind is now clearly racing furiously.

CLOUSEAU

The Froeg?!!! But, that can't be...
The Froeg is a man!

COMMISSIONER

Fingerprints, Jacques....fingerprints
never lie.

Clouseau attempts to laugh carelessly.

CLOUSEAU

Fingerprints? Hah, hah, hah!
In this modern age, fingerprints
mean nothing. Professor Balls has
a collection of counterfeit finger-
print kits which are worth a fortune...
Napoleon, Shakespeare, Hugh Hefner,
John Travolta, Blake Edwards...

FRANCOIS

Blake Edwards?! You mean the Blake
Edwards?

CLOUSEAU

Yes, of course. He's Julie Andrews
husband.

FRANCOIS

Mary Poppins! Ah, Ahh. I love
'The Sound of Music'. I see it
every year.

(starts to sing)

"The hills are alive with the sound
of music".

CLOUSEAU

Be quiet, Francois...

(a beat - then to
the Commissioner)

The point is that Professor Balls
has perfected counterfeit fingerprints
which are undetectable if they are
glued on properly.

COMMISSIONER

(impatiently)

Jacques! We just arrested one of
the most ruthless and vicious 'fine
art fences' in France. We made a
deal with him and he has positively
identified the Comtesse Puissance as
The Frog!

CLOUSEAU
(beginning to panic)
But it is only his word against hers.

COMMISSIONER
We understand that! But, with his testimony, we have enough evidence to keep her in custody while we continue our investigation.
(a beat - almost cynically)
She has no one, Jacques...and we certainly can't release her on her word of honor.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOUSEAU

At this point, Clouseau stands up and is counted!

CLOUSEAU
I beg your pardon, Commissioner, she has me!!!

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE COMMISSIONER AND FRANCOIS

They look at Clouseau in bewilderment. Francois pulls out a large tuft of hair.

COMMISSIONER
What was that, Clouseau?

FULL

The moment of truth has come for Clouseau and he meets it valiantly and nobly.

CLOUSEAU
I said, she has me. The Comtesse Puissance and I have become engaged to be married.

COMMISSIONER
But you said she was a recent acquaintance...she was a client of Auguste Balls and you were testing a Mardi-Gras costume for her at the Galerie Fagette.

CLOUSEAU

I was lying, Commissioner!!

The Commissioner rises and begins pacing back and forth...with Clouseau next to him.

COMMISSIONER

I cannot believe what you're saying!
You intend to marry her?! A woman
who might very well be The Frog?!

CLOUSEAU

I do, Commissioner!

The Commissioner paces more energetically.

COMMISSIONER

Clouseau, you have received the
Légion d'Honneur while on the Force
for your years of medicated, I mean
dedicated, service...but you must
understand that you have resigned!

CLOUSEAU

(passionately)

Yes! For love!

COMMISSIONER

I would like to help you, Jacques,
but we no longer have a professional
relationship.

CLOUSEAU

Reinstate me to my former rank,
then I can, and will, take full
responsibility for my wife.

CLOSE - TELEVISION SCREEN

The CAMERA is close on Clouseau and Anastasia as they are
being married. A suction-type dart sticks squarely on the
television screen on the back of Clouseau's head.

PAUL DREYFUS' VOICE

Incurable dandruff and eczema.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

revealing Paul Dreyfus sitting behind his desk watching Clouseau's wedding. He is twitching, giggling and has plainly gone completely bananas. He picks up TWO TOY PISTOLS from his desk and shoots them both simultaneously at the television screen.

INT. TYPICAL FRENCH COUNTRY CHURCH

The ceremony is over and Clouseau is just placing the ring on Anastasia's finger. The church is packed and we SEE the television crew with telephoto lens shooting the wedding.

CLOUSEAU, ANASTASIA AND PRIEST**PRIEST**

...I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride.

A FULL CHOIR begins to SING. Clouseau kisses Anastasia, then turns and kisses the maid of honor, Yo Yo, as Anastasia kisses the best man, the Commissioner.

CLOUSEAU AND COMMISSIONER

They shake hands.

COMMISSIONER

Congratulations, Jacques. May I confess something to you that has been on my mind for years?

CLOUSEAU

Of course, Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER

You remind me very much of that fellow in the Pink Panther pictures.

ANASTASIA

(joining in)

Yes, that's right...you do look like him, darling.

CLOUSEAU

Strange, when most people chase me for my autograph they think I'm Paul Newman.

We HEAR the chords of the organ reverberate through the church as the organist breaks out with the traditional wedding celebration music.

CLOUSEAU AND ANASTASIA

They turn and begin to run happily down the aisle.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CATO IN THE CHOIR BALUSTRADE

Just as Clouseau and Anastasia pass under the choir balustrade we SEE Cato, dressed in a choirboy's outfit, pop up. He leaps over the balustrade and down on Clouseau.

CATO

Awhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

END CREDITS ROLL OVER FIGHT - TO BE CHOREOGRAPHED.

THE END