R O M A N C E

O F T H E

P I N K P A N T H E R

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

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 VOODOO. 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 dysentry.

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 <u>not</u> 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
Awhaaaaaaaaaa!

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
Aghhhhhhhhhhhh!!

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
Aghhhhhhhhhhhh!!

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.

COMISSIONER
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 nineteen. 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 Inpector.

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 plaît.

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 bleuw.

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 Cloueau'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 flauw 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 tuggging 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 <u>new</u> 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 lauw.

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 threshhold 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 lauw!

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 CLOSES

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, Clousea- 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 <u>life</u> is my <u>work</u>. 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 Cloueau 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 Manger 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 <u>two thousand francs an hour</u>!

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 fot 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 'scruntches' 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 <u>both</u> 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, Alphie... 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 commited 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 fingerprint 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 <u>will</u>, 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
Awhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

END CREDITS ROLL OVER FIGHT - TO BE CHOREOGRAPHED.

THE END