the rigors of the job of Chief Inspector. Some men are born
to lead, my friend, and some are destined to follow.

DREYFUS (nodding). No. Yes! And you, you, my old friend.
A leader.

CLOUSEAU (modestly). Well...

DREYFUS. Always a leader, eh? Onwards and upwards...
to the top.

CLOUSEAU. It is my karma.

DREYFUS. Hmmm?

CLOUSEAU. My destiny.

DREYFUS. Ahhh.

CLOUSEAU. Who knows, a few more years on the force and I
might run for public office.

DREYFUS (giggling). Ha, ha, ha. You can count on my vote.

CLOUSEAU. You do not know how that touches my heart.

This tells me something, Paul Dreyfus. Most men in your
position would be bitter and vindictive.

DREYFUS. Yes — very.

CLOUSEAU. After all, I have taken over your former job and all
the glory and prestige that goes with it. While you...
you have been cast aside in disgrace, a hapless, dishonored, shattered
man. I sit on a lofty pinnacle, basking in the adoration of my
peers and the people of France. While you...
a shadow of
your former self, must forever bear the scars of your disgraces
and your lunacy. But do you wish me ill?

DREYFUS (nodding). No.

CLOUSEAU. To think that you would honor me with your
vote...

(He dabs his eyes.)... I am speechless. (He sobs.)
You can count on me to do everything in my power to get you
out of this place. (He rises and leaves DREYFUS as the full
weight on the end of the bench. The bench tips up and DREY-
FUS rolls off.) CLOUSEAU rushes to help him and steps on
THE PINK PANTHER STRIKES AGAIN

ACT I

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