

## GET SMART

EPISODE: The Mark of Mr. Big

### Characters

Max- a Control agent

Chief- Chief of Control

Larabee- a Control agent

13- a Control agent

Mr. Big- X Corporation leader

Sims- X agent

Tims- X agent

*Max is walking on a busy downtown Washington street with another Control agent, when a black car slowly drives by. The rear passenger window is rolled down and a man with a machine gun starts to spray bullets at the Control agents.*

*Max runs and scrambles for cover, managing to hide behind a nearby garbage can. The other Control agent is shot dead. Max shoots at the black car but it swerves and takes off. Max runs toward the other Control agent and finds out he's dead. Max takes off his shoe and dials Control's secret number.*

Max- 86, calling Control. 86, calling Control, come in please.

Chief- This is the Chief, Max, go ahead.

Max- Chief, agent 54 was just shot dead by a man with a machine gun in a black car!

Chief- Are you hurt?

Max- No, I'm fine Chief. I managed to hide behind a nearby garbage can and it stopped the shots.

Chief- Which garbage can?

Max- The one in front of Joe's Delicatessen.

Chief- That makes two Max.

Max- Two what?

Chief- Two dead Control agents.

Max- Why two? I only reported one killed!

Chief- Max, that garbage can was a Control garbage can and agent 27 was stationed in there.

Max- Really?

Chief- Yes, really!

Max- That's terrible Chief. You would think that he would have been stationed in an area other than in front of a delicatessen.

Chief- Why?

Max- Hanging around a delicatessen can kill you.

## GET SMART THEME

*At Control headquarters.*

Chief- Max, the man you're after is Mr. Big.

Max- Of course, Chief, Mr. Big. ....Chief!

Chief- What?

Max- Who is Mr. Big?

Chief- He is one of the most dangerous hit men alive today.

Max- Who was it, yesterday?

Chief- Max!

Max- Tomorrow?

*The Chief pulls a picture out of his desk drawer and hands it to Max.*

Chief- Study it carefully, Max.

Max- Chief, I'll never forget a face like that!

Chief- Good, because you are going after him.

Max- I am?

Chief- Yes.

Max- Eh...Chief!

Chief- What?

Max- Who is this?

Chief- MR. BIG, MAX!!!

Max - Mr. Bigmax? Is he related to Mr. Big?

Chief- MAX! That is a picture of Mr. Big!!!

Max- Oh. Well what's this mark on his left cheek?

Chief- Oh, nothing, Max. He doesn't have a mark on his left cheek.

Max- But Chief, look at the picture.

Chief- Yes I know, Max, that's a coffee stain.

Max- On his cheek?

Chief- If you really must know, I spilled some coffee on it earlier.

Max- Oh, was that before or after you took the picture?

*The Chief hands Max a beard, moustache, a wig and pair of sunglasses.*

Chief- This is your disguise. I don't think anyone will recognize you with it on. Put it on and let me see how you look in it.

*Max puts on the disguise, when Larabee walks in.*

Larabee- Hi, Chief. Whose this?

*Larabee draws his gun.*

Larabee- Allright fella, put your hands up!

*Max puts his hands up.*

Larabee- Now empty your pockets. Chief, you never know with these hippies. They might be smuggling drugs or something.

Chief- Larabee!

Larabee- Yes, Chief?

Chief- That is Max.

Larabee- Max who?

Chief- Maxwell Smart.

Larabee- Really?

Chief- Yes, really!

Larabee- Hm. Doesn't look anything like the Max that I know.

*Max takes off his disguise.*

Larabee- It is you, Max.

Max- Of course it's me. And by the way...you can put away your gun.

Larabee- Oh, right, Max.

Chief- Now, Max, listen carefully. The only clues about Mr. Big is that black car and the man with the machine gun. Do you think you could identify it?

Max- Well, it was black, had a trigger and a fairly long barrel.

Chief- Not the gun, Max, the car!!!

Max- Oh, it was black too, Chief.

Chief- Max, do you think you could identify the make of the car?

Max- Let's see now...eh...ehh...which car, Chief?

Chief- The black one, Max!!!

Max- Oh, right. If I saw it again I am positive I would recognize it.

Chief- Good. What about the man?

Max- I didn't get a good look at the driver.

Chief- Not the driver, Max, the man with the machine gun!!!

Max- Oh, no I didn't get a good look at him either, Chief.

Chief- That doesn't give us much to work with. Max, Mr. Big has to be captured, dead or alive, preferably alive because we don't know how big his organization is.

Max- What is his organization, Chief?

Chief- The organization is called X and we don't know much except that Mr. Big is its leader. I think you should check out the area around Joe's Delicatessen. I have stationed agent 13 inside the delicatessen.

Max- Where inside?

Chief- In the juke-box.

Max- There's a juke-box inside the delicatessen?

Chief- Yes, the owners were getting tired of all the riff-raff hanging around so they installed a juke-box.

Max- Oh.

Chief- And remember, Max, as soon as you step outside you'll be facing, death, torture and extreme danger at every turn.

Max- And...loving it.

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*Max steps inside the delicatessen, wearing his disguise, looks around, and then walks over to the juke-box.*

Max- 13, 13, are you in there?

13- No, I'm in Hawaii having a nice vacation on the beach. Of course I'm in here.

Max- 13, have you seen anything suspicious around here?

13- In this neighborhood? Everything looks suspicious, even the saurkraut.

Max- Even the saurkraut? What are you talking about, 13?

13- Well, every night at about 6:00, the shop owner closes up and sets his alarms.

Max- What's so suspicious about that?

13- I'm not finished yet. But before he leaves he takes a jar of saurkraut with him.

Max- What's so suspicious about that?

13- I'm still not finished yet. At about 7:30 a man shows up but no alarm goes off and he replaces the jar of saurkraut that was taken by the shop owner with another one.

Max- Now that's suspicious.

13- No, it's not. What is suspicious is the fact that the alarms are supposed to be set off when someone either breaks in or if someone keys open the front or rear doors after hours. The alarms don't go off when this man shows up.

Max- Which door does he use to come in?

13- That's just it, 86, he doesn't use any door.

Max- How do you know? You can't see the back door from here.

13- I know, but the alarm should still go off.

Max- Mmm. I see what you're getting at.

13- You do?

Max- There must be another door or a secret entrance to this place. I think I'll go scout around.

13- Oh, Max.

Max- What?

13- You should try some of the liverwurst in here. It's delicious.

*Meanwhile at the headquarters of Corporation X.*

Sims- You know? You are a genius, Mr. Big. No one would ever think that a rich evil corporation like this one would have its headquarters down in the sewers right below a German delicatessen.

Mr. Big- Yes you are right on all counts, Sims. But Tims here seems to be having a little problem with his aim lately.

Tims- I killed him didn't I?

Mr. Big- You killed a two-bit Control agent. You didn't kill Maxwell Smart.

Tims- Smart is a bumbler. He'll never find us here. The information we got on Smart from Kaos fit him to a tee. He is a bumbling idiot.

Mr. Big- Well, how come this bumbler is still alive?

Tims- Luck. Pure luck.

Mr. Big- His luck may still be good, but I'm warning you. If he's not killed soon, your luck with me will run out. Is that understood?

Tims- He's as good as dead, Mr. Big.

Mr. Big- I'm glad to hear it.

*Meanwhile at Joe's Delicatessen. Max walks up to the counter and is greeted by an elderly gentleman with a white beard and thick glasses.*

Clerk- Can I help you?

Max- Yes. I'm looking for some sauerkraut.

Clerk- Bottom shelf, third aisle.

Max- Thanks.

*Max spots 8 jars of sauerkraut and attempts to take them all at once to the counter. In his attempt, 2 jars fall to the floor and break open. Max puts the rest on the counter then makes his way back to the broken sauerkraut jars. Max takes a sample of the sauerkraut and tastes it. Max immediately spits it out. Just then Mr. Big walks into the store.*

Mr. Big- Don't touch that sauerkraut.

Max- Why?

Mr. Big- Because it's mine.

Max- But I was going to buy it.

Mr. Big- Listen mister, are you out to cause trouble or do you do as your told?

Max- I guess I'll do as I'm told.

*Max walks out of the delicatessen and into a restaurant nearby. Max sits down at a table, takes off his shoe and dials Control's secret number.*

Max- 86, calling Control. This is 86 calling Control, come in.

Chief- This is the Chief, go ahead, Max.

Max- Chief, while I was in Joe's delicatessen I spotted Mr. Big.

Chief- Good work, Max.

Max- And another thing. There is definitely a connection between the X Corporation and Joe's delicatessen.

Chief- What makes you so sure?

Max- Well, first of all, their sauerkraut tastes terrible.

Chief- What has that got to do with it?

Max- It tastes like paper.

Chief- What kind of paper?

Max- Secret message paper.

Chief- Are you sure?

Max- I'm positive Chief. I know that taste better than anything. Another interesting thing is that each and every night the owner takes a jar of sauerkraut out of there. Someone else comes in later and replaces the missing jar with another one.

Chief- That can only mean one thing Max.

Max- What's that?

Chief- They must be smuggling out top secret information and disguising it as sauerkraut.

Max- Either that or they have a rotten supplier.

Chief- Max, you've got to get your hands on a jar of that sauerkraut and bring it back to Control for analysis.

Max- Right Chief. What about Mr. Big?

Chief- Just concentrate on that sauerkraut for now.

Max- Right Chief. Over and out.

*Max makes his way back to Joe's Delicatessen and tries to sneak in unnoticed.*

Clerk- Hey fella, what is it with you? First you come in here and break two jars of my finest sauerkraut and now you're sneaking around like some kind of thief.

Max- Ehh, yes well, sorry about the eh sauerkraut but eh could I buy one jar.

Clerk- You can buy 15 if you want but this time pay for them before you drop them.

Max- What about the other fella who wanted the ones I dropped?

Clerk- So the guy likes a good bargain. He knows I will sell opened jars for less.

Max- Oh.

Clerk- So?

Max- Ehh, so what?

Clerk- Do you want to buy the other 6 that you left on my counter?

Max- Ehh, yes.

Clerk- You got money?

*Max hands him a 20 dollar bill.*

Clerk- That's just right.

Max- It is?

*The clerk stares at Max.*

Max- Of course, it is.

*Max takes the 6 jars of sauerkraut and walks out of the delicatessen.*

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*At Control headquarters.*

Chief- Max. I'm telling you, the lab went over that sauerkraut inch by inch. The only things that the lab technicians came up with was severe heartburn and intestinal cramps.

Max- But Chief, I'm telling you, the sauerkraut I tasted was not sauerkraut but message paper.

Chief- Alright, Max. Perhaps you're right and while you were gone they switched the jars that had the message paper and replaced them with real sauerkraut.

Max- Well, I think I better get back there. It's almost time for that man to show up with a jar of sauerkraut.

Chief- Alright, Max, but be careful. Your cover might be blown.

Max- Don't worry, Chief. You have absolutely nothing to worry about.

*Max turns away from the Chief's desk and trips over a chair.*

Max- Would you believe you only have to worry this much?

*Max spreads his thumb and finger about one inch apart.*

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*Max makes it to the back alley behind Joe's Delicatessen, parks his car and scouts around. He tries the rear door and to his surprise finds it unlocked. Max slowly opens the door and enters the delicatessen. Max does not hear an alarm go off and the inside is very dark. Max takes out his miniature flashlight and makes his way to the aisle with the sauerkraut. He spots a shadowy figure near the sauerkraut and so far it appears that Max has not been noticed. Max grabs the figure from behind and has him in a full-nelson.*

Max- Alright buddy. Who are you working for?

Man- Is that you, 86?

Max- 13?

Man(13)- Yes it's me.

Max- 13, what are you doing?

13- I got hungry and wanted to try some sauerkraut. How did you get in? I didn't hear any alarms go off.

Max- They're probably silent alarms.

13- That means that somebody'll be here soon.

Max- How did you get out of that juke-box?

13- There's a secret latch.

Max- Well, you better get back in there before somebody shows up.

*13 makes his way back to the juke-box with 2 jars of sauerkraut. In the meantime, Max shuffles his way to the rear of the delicatessen, trips on a piece of cardboard, falls to the floor, hitting a shelving unit on the way down. This causes part of the floor to open up with a stairway leading down...somewhere. Max climbs down the stairs.*

*Meanwhile, at the headquarters of Corporation X.*

Mr. Big- I think our courier is coming. Tims, go meet him at our usual rendezvous.

Tims- Right.

*In the dark and steamy sewers, Max and Tims bump each other unexpectedly.*

Tims- Hey, you're a little early. What's up?

Max- I think I was being followed.

Tims- By who?

Max- A Control agent.

Tims- Well?

Max- Well what?

Tims- Do you have a jar for us today?

*Max snaps his fingers.*

Max- Of course, I knew I forgot something.

*Max starts walking away and then turns around.*

Max- A jar of what?

Tims- Sauerkraut, of course. What's with you today?

Max- By the way, what do you use that sauerkraut for anyway?

Tims- What business is it of yours? You're just a courier. Or are you.

*Tims takes out his flashlight and shines it in Max's face.*

Tims- Hey, you're not our regular courier.

Max- Your regular courier got sick.

Tims- Well how did you find the secret entrance?

Max- Our company is trained to find secret entrances, no matter which courier is sent.

*Tims takes out his gun.*

Tims- Get your hands where I can see them.

*Tims rips off Max's disguise.*

Tims- Well, well, well. A little early for trick or treating isn't it, Maxwell Smart. Come with me.

*Tims escorts Max to Corporation X's headquarters.*

Tims- Look who I found Mr. Big.

Mr. Big- Maxwell Smart, I presume.

Max- You presumed correct.

Mr. Big- How nice of you to drop in. It saves us having to chase you all over kingdom come.

Max- I don't work in that area.

Mr. Big- It's amazing how you are able to keep your sense of humour knowing full well you don't have much time to live.

Max- I don't think I have to tell you that in a few seconds 75 Control agents with sub-machine guns will be storming the place and arresting every one of you.

Mr. Big- I find that very hard to believe.

Max- Would you believe 20 Control agents armed with 22 calibre pistols.

Mr. Big- I don't think so.

Max- How about 3 Boy Scouts armed with pea shooters.

*Just then the Chief along with 5 agents burst into the room.*

Chief- Alright, nobody move! Larabee, Smith, take them away.

*Later, at Control headquarters.*

Max- Chief, you got there just in time. How did you find us?

Chief- Well, 13 made his way back to headquarters with the 2 jars of sauerkraut. That sauerkraut contained top-secret code which our men in the decoding department were able to decipher. It contained information on the X Corporation and where they were located along with their mission statement.

Max- Oh, so were they smuggling out top secret information?

Chief- No. They were soliciting advertising from various groups such as Kaos, the mafia and the C.I.A. and shipping it to notorious crime figures all over the world. They were also posting job ads and tenders for hits on high level politicians in the western world.

Max- You got all that from a jar of sauerkraut?

Chief- That and the fact that one of those jars accidentally ended up in a nearby restaurant. When they used it as an ingredient for a cake the sauerkraut broke out in messages all over the top of the cake.

THE END