

GET SMART

Continuation: Winter Sunburn

Characters

Max- a control agent

Chief- Chief of control

Larabee- a control agent

Charlton- control professor

Dr. Jacobs- Kaos professor

Mitchell- Kaos agent

In our last episode, Max, Charlton, the Chief, and Larabee were shocked to find:

Max- Chief, look! It looks like that man's hand has been...eaten away.

For a while it looked like Max may have been on to something.

Max- I think I have a hunch, Chief.

Chief- Let's hear it.

Max- I think...someone doesn't like us.

Chief- That may be a hunch but it's not much to go on.

It was clear that there were other important matters to attend to as well.

Larabee- Chief, can I go now?

Chief- Why?

Larabee- I'm hungry. I haven't had a bite all day.

As luck would have it, a lead came up.

Chief- Not only were all the victims control agents, they were all based in New York City.

Max- Wait a minute, I thought Charlton was supposed to be here too.

Chief- Well, he couldn't make it. When his men were blowing up the balloons, they all popped, so now he's busy buying new ones.

Max- New men?

Chief- No Max! New balloons!

Max and Larabee were then sent to New York to make contact with another control agent. After several misses, Max managed to find Myron Brown.

Myron- Sorry 86, but I had to dress like everyone else does around here to avoid looking suspicious.

Max- Yes but you didn't have to look like everyone else's twin. What information do you have for me?

Myron- Well, I have it from a reliable source that Kaos has just recently developed a new weapon.

Max- What kind of a weapon?

Myron- My source was one of those 15 members of control that were killed. He was about to reveal what type of weapon it was when he was killed.

Max- Well that cinches it. Kaos is behind this. Any leads as to where they might be located?

Myron- I had hoped-----

Max- Ouch!!!

Larabee- What is it Max?

Max- My head. It's....burning up.

GET SMART THEME

AND NOW THE CONTINUATION OF: WINTER SUNBURN

Just then a jet is heard flying overhead.

Myron- What's happening, 86?

Max- I don't know. Whatever it was, it's stopped now.

Myron- You better sit down and take it easy.

Larabee- We better get you to a hospital.

Max- No time for that, Larabee. Whatever it was, it stopped just as that jet was flying overhead.

Myron- It sounds as if maybe the jet interfered with whatever was happening to you.

Max- Don't be ridiculous. What could the jet possibly interfere with when it's in the air?

Myron- Radio signals, radio waves, that sort of thing.

Max- You mean...

Myron- Yes....Kaos' new weapon. Aimed at you and interfered with by the jet.

Max- Gee, I didn't know we had a control agent flying the jet. I better thank him the first chance I get.

Myron- Max, that pilot was not a control agent.

Max- He wasn't?

Myron- No. The jet interfering with the radio signal was purely accidental.

Max- I better call the Chief.

Larabee- Max.

Max- What?

Larabee- I think you better call the Chief.

Max- That is what I just said, Larabee.

Larabee- You did?

Max- Yes.

Larabee- I guess that man standing by the pay phone with the gun pointed at us must have distracted me.

Max- Well, if you would pay more attention to the task at hand, you might-----GUN POINTED AT US!!!!

Larabee- Duck, Max!

The man near the payphone fires a couple of rounds at the three control agents and then takes off toward the main exit.

Max- Is everyone OK?

Larabee- I don't know. I'll go ask everyone.

Max- Never mind, Larabee. Are you OK?

Larabee- Yes, I'm fine, Max.

Max- We better go after him. He obviously was not with airport security.

The three make chase after the man with the gun. They go out the exit and find the man jumping into the back of a van. The side of the van has "Wong's Laundry" marked on it.

Max- Now, I'm going to call the Chief.

Max takes off his shoe and dials control's secret number.

Max- 86, calling control. This is 86 calling control.

Operator- Hello, this is the operator. What number are you calling from?

Max- I'm calling from my shoe.

Operator- I'm sorry, I don't have your shoe listed here.

Max- Of course, you don't, it's a secret shoe. Now would you mind please putting me through to control.

Operator- You were trying to call control with your shoe?

Max- Yes, operator.

Operator- Well you must be Maxwell Smart, the secret agent.

Max- Of course.

Operator- One moment please.....

Chief- Max, is that you?

Max- Yes, it's me, Chief.

Chief- Any leads?

Max- Yes. If you ever have a burning sensation in your head, call for a jet.

Chief- What?

Max- I don't have time to explain, Chief, but can you check out Wong's Laundry?

Chief- Why, did you leave some clothes there?

Max- No, not the one in Washington, the one here in New York.

Chief- Why?

Max- I think there might be a connection between Wong's Laundry and the deaths of those 15 control agents.

Chief- Good work, Max! What tipped you off?

Max- Well, I've been suspicious about that outfit for quite some time now.

Chief- Why?

Max- Well, every time I sent clothes there, they always came back with holes in them.

Chief- Why would that make you suspicious?

Max- Well, it took me while to figure out what those holes reminded me of, but an incident that happened earlier today gave me the clue that I needed.

Chief- So what did you find out?

Max- That those holes were bullet holes, and that they used their laundry van to make their getaways after completing their hits.

Chief- Fabulous work, Max! What else did you find out?

Max- We better deal with a new phone company.

Chief- Why?

Max- The operators with this company know all of the top secret information that gets communicated with my shoe.

Chief- That is unfortunate, Max, but we can't afford another phone company. This one gives us the best rates and a free gift when you join up.

Max- Alright, Chief.

Chief- I'll do a computer check on Wong's Laundry and get back to you.

Max- Right Chief. Over and out.

Myron- 86, I suggest we stake out Wong's Laundry immediately.

Max- Good idea. Do you have a vehicle?

Myron- Yep! It's parked right over there.

Max, Larabee and Myron climb into the car and speed away.

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The car stops in one of New York's numerous business districts and about 1/2 block away across the street is Wong's Laundry.

Myron- There it is.

Max- I think one of us should go in there and check the place out.

Larabee- Good idea, Max.

Myron- Well, whoever is going to go, should take an item of clothing with them to avoid looking suspicious.

Max- Good thinking, Myron. Larabee, your jacket looks like it could use a dry cleaning.

Larabee- Oh, no you don't. My wife bought this for me and if it gets ruined, she'll kill me.

Max- Larabee, if you don't get it cleaned, she'll kill you. That jacket is filthy. Plus it's a matter of national security that you hand me your jacket.

Larabee- Oh, alright, Max!

Max takes Larabee's jacket, gets out of the car and heads toward Wong's Laundry.

Inside Wong's Laundry.

Clerk- Can I help you?

Max- Yes, I'd like to get this jacket cleaned.

Clerk- Where you get this jacket?

Max- I can't remember, it was a gift.

Clerk- This very cheap. Me not guarantee jacket in same shape when finished.

Max- What do you think will happen to it?

Clerk- Not know exactly, Maybe jacket come back without sleeves or collar.

Max- That cheap eh?

Clerk- Yes, very cheap. Next time you buy Chinese jacket. Quality material and workmanship never go wrong.

Max- How much will this cost me?

Clerk- Depends how much you paid for jacket. If you paid much, it will cost you much. If you paid little, it will cost you little.

Max- Why's that?

Clerk- If cheap jacket ruined, you lose cheap jacket. If expensive jacket ruined, you lose expensive jacket. You still want jacket cleaned?

Max- Yes, I think I better.

Clerk- What name?

Max- Wha?

Clerk- What name?

Max- Oh. Maxwell Smart.

Clerk- You say, Maxwell Smart?

Max- Yes.

Clerk- Moment please.

The clerk steps into the back and a few moments later steps back out.

Max- Anything wrong?

Clerk- No, nothing wrong.

Max- Then why did you have to go to the back.

Clerk- Had to check credit card.

Max- But I didn't give you my credit card!

Clerk- Oops!

Max takes out his gun.

Max- Alright, put 'em up where I can see 'em.

Clerk- Put what up?

Max- Your hands!

Clerk- I make deal with you.

Max- What kind of a deal?

Clerk- You let me go and I do jacket for free.

Max- No deal. You're working for Kaos aren't you?

Clerk- Kaos? Me not heard of Kaos.

Max- You're lying.

Clerk- Aaaaahhhhh!!!!!!

The clerk while screaming in agony falls to the floor.

Max- What's the matter?

Max kneels down beside the clerk when Larabee walks in the door.

Larabee- Max, what happened?

Max- I don't know. I was talking to him and he all of a sudden fell to the floor screaming in pain.

Larabee- Could it have been something you said?

Max- No, but I better listen, he's trying to say something.

Max puts his ear near the clerk's mouth.

Larabee- What's he saying, Max?

Max- He told me to get my knee off his chest. Who are you working for? Where is Kaos's secret weapon located?

Larabee- Easy, Max. You can't expect a dying man to answer more than one question at a time.

Max continues to try and listen for an answer.

Larabee- Anything yet, Max?

Max- It's no use, Larabee. He just keeps saying the same thing over and over again.

Larabee- What's he saying?

Max- Clean Kaos, clean Kaos!! I wonder what he means by that?

Just then Myron walks in the door.

Myron- Is everyone OK.

Max- All except for Charlie here.

Myron- Who is he?

Max- A very cleverly disguised Kaos agent.

Myron- What makes you so sure that he's a Kaos agent?

Max- Because of something he said just before he died.

Myron- What was that?

Max- I'm a cleverly disguised Kaos agent.

Myron- We better check out the back.

The three enter the back of the laundromat and to their amazement find a host of electronic equipment apparently functioning but for an unknown purpose. There doesn't seem to be anyone in sight and the equipment seems to make a slight audible hum. Just then the floor opens beneath them and the three of them fall through into what seem like nothingness.

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The three land on a bed of straw in a small room with no windows and one door. The walls are made of rough concrete and the ceiling is 12 feet above and appears also to be made of concrete except for the trap door. Just then the door opens and two men carrying machine guns step in.

Man #1- Alright put 'em up where I can see 'em.

Max- Put what up?

Man #1- Your hands stupid!

Max- Oh.

Man #2- Drop your weapons now!!

Max- And what will you do if we don't?

Man #2- I'll shoot you.

Max- Gentlemen, we better do as the nice man says.

Just then a rather small elderly man walks into the room.

Dr. Jacobs- Gentlemen, gentlemen. There's no need for these machine guns. Mr. Smart is all too well aware of the power of our latest weapon. Aren't you Mr. Smart.

Max- So that burning sensation in my head was caused by your weapon.

Dr. Jacobs- That's right Mr. Smart. But that was a very weak demonstration. And a very short one. I should like to show you around this very remarkable facility of ours but I'm afraid you don't have much time.

Max- Let's see it's 6:00PM...Actually I don't really call it a day till about..oh..midnight, usually.

Dr. Jacobs- I'm afraid you're not in a position to make choices at the moment. And as for your friends, they'll have the unique experience of watching you die. But first, I'm going to take care of your Chief.

Dr. Jacobs and the two armed men leave the room, locking the door behind them.

Max- I've got to warn the Chief!

Max takes off his shoe and dials control's top secret number.

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

Operator- Hello, this is the operator. Where are you calling from?

Max- I'm calling from my shoe.

Operator- What's the number of your shoe please?

Max- 555-8686.

Operator- I'm sorry but your shoe number is not listed.

Max- It's not supposed to be. It's a top secret shoe number. Now would you put me through to the Chief. This is an emergency.

Operator- That's what they all say.

Chief- This is the Chief. Is that you Max?

Max- Yes Chief. Now listen carefully. Kaos is about to use their secret weapon on you. The only way-----

Chief- Aaaahhh!!!!

Max- Chief are you OK? Chief! Chief!!!

Larabee- What's the matter, Max?

Max- They got him.

TO BE CONTINUED