

## GET SMART

**Conclusion:** Winter Sunburn

### Characters

Max- a Control agent

Chief- Chief of Control

Larabee- a Control agent

Charlton- Control professor

Myron- a Control agent

Dr. Jacobs- Kaos professor

Mitchell- Kaos agent

***In Part I, Max, Larabee and the Chief were witness to a gruesome spectacle of a Control operative whose hand had been burned off. The Chief then sent Max and Larabee to New York to make contact with Myron Brown. After making the contact, Max was treated to a taste of Kaos's new weapon. Lucky for Max, a jet flying overhead interfered with Kaos's weapon and Max was spared any further agony. What they didn't know then was that Kaos was already on to them.***

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 gunman fortunately missed and high-tailed it out of the terminal building with Max, Larabee and Myron in hot pursuit. They were able to ascertain that Wong's Laundry was connected somehow to their mission.***

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.

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

Chief- Fabulous work, Max!

***It was then time to stake out Wong's Laundry to confirm their suspicions. Max enters Wong's Laundry and attempts to do business.***

Clerk- Can I help you?

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

.....  
Clerk- This very cheap.

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Max- What do you think will happen to it?

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

.....  
Max- How much will this cost me?

Clerk- Depends how much you paid for jacket.

.....  
Clerk- If cheap jacket ruined, you lose cheap jacket. If expensive jacket ruined, you lose expensive jacket.

.....  
Clerk- What name?

Max- Oh. Maxwell Smart.

Clerk- You say, Maxwell Smart?

Max- Yes.

Clerk- Moment please.

***The clerk goes to the back and Max immediately becomes suspicious. Max also finds out that the clerk was a Kaos agent.***

Myron- What makes you so sure 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.

***Unfortunately, in their haste to find out what was in the back, they are captured by Kaos and meet the mastermind behind the diabolical weapon.***

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

Dr. Jacobs- That's right Mr. Smart.

***Kaos then went after the Chief, with Max trying to warn him.***

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- Aaaaahhhh!!!!

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

Larabee- What's the matter, Max?

Max- They got him.

## **GET SMART THEME**

### ***AND NOW THE CONCLUSION OF: WINTER SUNBURN***

*At Control headquarters.*

Chief- Max, are you still there?

Max- I'm here, Chief. Are you OK?

Chief- Yes, Max, I'm sorry if I startled you but a fly bit me right in the ear.

Max- Sorry to hear that Chief. (speaking to the others) The Chief is OK. Was bitten by a fly.

Myron- Hurry, Max. Tell him what he has to do.

Max- Oh, right.(talking to the Chief) Chief, you better order yourself a jet.

Chief- Why?

Max- Because Kaos plans to use their secret weapon on you.

Chief- When?

Max- As we speak, Chief. As we speak.

Chief- Why order a jet?

Max- Because it will prevent their signal from reaching you if you can get the jet to fly directly overhead.

Chief- I guess I'll see if the President can spare one of his. I don't think that the transportation department will allow a commercial jet to fly so close to Control headquarters.

Max- Good thinking, Chief. Oh, one more thing.

Chief- What's that?

Max- I don't think you'll be hearing from me for quite some time.

Chief- Why not?

Max- Because at this very moment there are two Kaos agents pointing sub-machine guns at my head.

*Meanwhile, at Wong's Laundry.*

Man #1- Now give me your shoe.

Max- Eehh....I don't think they'll fit.  
Man #1- Cut the wise cracks Smart. Give me the shoe.  
Max- Which one?  
Man #1- The one in your hand.  
Max- Oh. That shoe.  
Man #1- Yes that shoe. Now hand it over.

*Max hands the man his shoe.*

Chief- Max! Are you alright?  
Man #1- Sorry pal. This phone is dead.

*The Kaos agent shoots Max's shoe.*

Max- Alright gentlemen. There's just one question I want to ask before putting you under arrest.  
Man #2- How can you arrest us when we are holding the guns?  
Max- That was the question.  
Man #2- So what did you tell your Chief?  
Max- I told him our precise location and in a few minutes, 2000 state troopers will be rolling in here like oranges.  
Man #2- I find that difficult to believe.  
Max- Would you believe 500 boy scouts armed to the hilt.  
Man #2- I don't think so.  
Max- How about Little Boy Blue and a couple of his sheep.  
Man #2- No matter. You won't be around long enough to see anyone arrive here. This way gentlemen.

*The Kaos agents take Max, Larabee and Myron into another room filled with electronic equipment, mostly unrecognizable to the average agent. In the center of the room is what appears to be a large laser gun surrounded with mirrors and many different gadgets. The three Control agents are greeted by Dr. Jacobs and his assistant.*

Dr. Jacobs- This is it Mr. Smart. My invention. Mitchell, is everything ready?  
Mitchell- Yes, sir.  
Dr. Jacobs- Alright, activate the transducer.  
Max- The what?  
Dr. Jacobs- The transducer.  
Max- Oh.  
Dr. Jacobs- It's really quite simple. This device homes in on a specific molecular structure and changes the molecular structure so as to destabilize the integrity of it thereby creating an environment of chaos within the body, causing the body to break down.  
Max- That's easy for you to say.  
Dr. Jacobs- In a few minutes your Chief will be dead. And you are powerless to stop me, ha ha ha ha ha!!!  
Larabee- I don't find that very funny.  
Max- I didn't think it was too bad.  
Larabee- Max!

*Meanwhile high above Control headquarters, a jet is flying in circles around Control.*

*And meanwhile at Control headquarters, the Chief is at his desk waiting...and waiting...and waiting.*

*Back at Wong's Laundry.*

Dr. Jacobs- Your Chief is now dead. No one could have survived the intensity of the transducer's homing signal at full power.  
Max- Tell me. What is it they call you anyway?

Dr. Jacobs- Forgive me for not introducing myself. How rude of me. I am Dr. Jacobs, Kaos's smartest and most brilliant scientist and medical doctor, of course.

Max- If you are a medical doctor, then may I remind you that you took an oath to preserve life, not destroy it.

Dr. Jacobs- You know, you are right, Mr. Smart. I did take that oath.

Max- Then you also know that you have a legal obligation to tend to our Chief.

Dr. Jacobs- Take me to your leader, and I shall do everything in my power to help him.

Larabee- Max, are you sure we can trust him?

Max- Don't be ridiculous, Larabee. If you can't trust a doctor, who can you trust nowadays?

Dr. Jacobs- Mitchell. Turn that blasted machine off until I return.

Mitchell- But, sir. What about killing Mr. Smart?

Dr. Jacobs- I am a doctor. I must return to my roots. My morals have been corrupted by my own geniusness. Do not activate the transducer until I return.

Mitchell- I hope you know what you're doing. Kaos isn't going to like this.

Dr. Jacobs- Kaos Shmaos! Let's go!

*Max, Larabee and Myron take Dr. Jacobs to Control Headquarters.*

Dr. Jacobs- I still don't understand how you managed to survive the transducer.

Chief- I ordered a jet.

Dr. Jacobs- A jet?

Max- You see Dr. Jacobs, the jet interfered with the transeh..tranped...the signal.

Dr. Jacobs- Of course, why didn't I think of that?

Chief- Well it's a good thing you didn't. Otherwise you wouldn't be standing here now.

Dr. Jacobs- Why?

Chief- I would have killed you.

Dr. Jacobs- Eh?

Myron- Chief, we're going to have to storm the place and destroy that transducer.

Chief- I'm afraid you're right. Dr. are you ready to defect to Control?

Dr. Jacobs- Not before I give my notice.

Chief- Your what?

Dr. Jacobs- It's customary in my business to give two weeks notice before quitting.

Chief- But you're not quitting as a medical doctor, you're quitting Kaos as a spy and defecting to Control.

Dr. Jacobs- If you look at it that way, I guess you're right. But I am really not working for Kaos.

Chief- What do you mean?

Dr. Jacobs- I have been hired by Kaos on a contract basis. That way they wouldn't have to give me all the benefits that I would otherwise be entitled to.

Max- I knew Kaos was corrupt, criminal and evil but I didn't think they were cheap.

Chief- Dr., what is the best way to destroy the transducer?

Dr. Jacobs- By using it on itself. It would destabilize its structural integrity thereby causing a molecular breakdown to the point where it would simply melt.

Chief- Then that is exactly what we'll do. Okay you three, destroy that device as quickly as possible. Kaos is sure to be suspicious of Dr. Jacobs by now and will do anything to get their hands on that device.

Max- Right Chief. Oh one question. How do we turn this thing on itself.

Dr. Jacobs- Here, I'll explain it to you.

.....

*Later...*

Dr. Jacobs- Did you get all that?

Max- All except for one part.

Dr. Jacobs- What part was that?

Max- The part after, here, I'll explain it to you.

Myron- That's okay, I understood it.

Chief- You better see Charlton before you go. He's got some special equipment for you.

Max- Right Chief.

*Down with Charlton.*

Max- Hi, Charlton.

Charlton- Hi fellas. I'm glad you came down. I have a handy little device here. Can you guess what it is?

*Charlton points to a table with a hairpiece and an unlit cigarette on it.*

Max- I know you Charlton. Ha ha...you're up to your old tricks again aren't ya? Well you haven't fooled me. This may look like an ordinary hairpiece to the untrained eye. But it's really a floppy satellite dish with minute antennas. How did you get those antennas to look like hair?

Charlton- Max.

Max- And one more thing. What made you think of disguising this very ingenious device as a hairpiece?

Charlton- Max. The hairpiece was not what I was referring to.

Max- You weren't?

Charlton- No.

Max- Well what is it then?

Charlton- That hairpiece is mine.

Max- It is? But I've never seen you wear a hairpiece. In fact you don't even need one.

Charlton- Thank-you, 86. You see, I am wearing one.

Max- You are?

Charlton- Yes!

Max- Well, why do you need this one?

Charlton- Well changing hairpieces is a little like changing socks. If you don't change them once in a while they tend to smell.

Max- Gee, that sounds just like one of our contact phrases.

Charlton- Gentlemen, you still haven't guessed what the special equipment is.

Larabee- I'll bet it's that unlit cigarette on the table.

Max- Don't be ridiculous, Larabee. Why would Charlton disguise a piece of special equipment as a cigarette?

Charlton- Because that will be the last place anyone will look and most agents smoke.

Larabee- That's why.

Max- I knew that, Larabee. I was just testing you.

*Max picks up the unlit cigarette.*

Charlton- 86, please don't touch the-----

*Max touches the filter of the cigarette and a shot rings out just barely missing Charlton and hitting a window and smashing it.*

Charlton- 86!!!

Max- Well, I always knew smoking was a bad habit.

Charlton- 86, please! This cigarette is actually a miniature rocket launcher.

Max- You don't say.

Charlton- And you activate it by squeezing the filter, but please point at your target first.

Max- How many rockets can it fire?

Charlton- One.

Max - How do you load it?

Charlton- You can't. It's a disposable rocket launcher. You use it once and then throw it away.

Max- Disposable rocket launcher? Why...that's fantastic Charlton!!

Charlton- Thank-you.

Max- Does it come in Menthol?

Charlton- No. But here is a package of cigarettes. The left side contains the rocket launchers.

Max- What's on the right side?

Charlton- Normal cigarettes, of course.

Max- Of course. Well we better get going, gentlemen. The fate of the world is in our hands.

.....  
*Max, Larabee and Myron arrive back in New York and make their way into Wong's Laundry.*

Max- I think two of us should go in first and distract the three stooges so that I can set the weapon to self-destruct.

Myron- Are you sure you're going to be able to do it? After all you didn't understand the instructions all to well.

Max- Don't be ridiculous, Myron. I know that weapon like the back of my hand.

Myron- That's what I was afraid of.

Larabee- Max.

Max- What Larabee?

Larabee- Those guys didn't look at all like the three stooges.

Max- Larabee, that was just a figure of speech.

Larabee- Oh.

*Larabee and Myron enter the back area of Wong's Laundry and try to make themselves visible to the two Kaos thugs and Mitchell. But to their surprise they aren't even noticed. Mitchell and the two Kaos thugs are sitting at a table having coffee.*

Larabee- Hello. We're back.

Man #2- We're on our coffee break, come back in 15 minutes.

Mitchell- Yeh, this is our first chance to have a decent peaceful cup of coffee.

Larabee- Does your contract entitle you to one?

Mitchell- It sure does.

Larabee- Mind if we join you?

Mitchell- Where's Dr. Jacobs?

Larabee- He defected to Control.

Mitchell- I knew I should never have worked for a doctor. These guys go from place to place. They never stay put. Where's Smart?

Larabee- We lost him on the way here.

Mitchell- What do you mean lost him? What do you take me for, some kind of fool? He's here isn't he?

Max- You bet your sweet cup of coffee I am. Larabee, Myron, it's time for us to blow this popsicle stand.

Larabee- But we're on our coffee break!

Max- Never mind the coffee break, Larabee, come on!

Larabee- I'm not leaving until I have finished the coffee break which my contract with Control entitles me to.

Max- Larabee, you can have all the coffee breaks you want when we get out of here.

Larabee- Really?

Max- Yes, really.

Larabee- Okay, I'm coming.

*Max, Larabee, and Myron leave Wong's Laundry and climb into Myron's vehicle.*

Myron- So did you set the weapon on self-destruct?

Max- It's set to self-destruct in exactly 30 seconds from right...now. You better step on the gas. There's no telling what this thing is liable to do.

*They speed away in the vehicle and hear an explosion.*

Myron- Good work 86!

Max- It was nothing really. I did forget how to set the weapon onto self-destruct phase though.

Myron- So what was that explosion?

Max- Well as clever as I have always been, I took, the right side of that package of cigarettes and lit them all and placed them over top of the cigarettes on the left side. I figured that the heat would trigger a chain reaction in the rocket launchers thereby exploding the weapon.

Myron- Lucky guess, 86.

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*At Control headquarters.*

Chief- Well, you certainly out-did yourself this time, Max.

Max- Thankyou, Chief. ... Chief.

Chief- What?

Max- You've really got to change those contact phrases. The last one I got was ridiculous.

Chief- I'm sorry, Max, but those phrases are automatically picked out by our computer and according to our directives we have to use what the computer gives us.

Max- Well, whoever programmed that particular phrase into the computer ought to have his head examined. Who did program it last?

Chief- Well, Max, I don't know. We've only begun to use the computer for our contact phrases in the last two months.

Max- Well then, who was the last person to program it.

Chief- Well, so far only one person has programmed contact phrases into the computer.

Max- Who was that?

Chief- You, Max!

Max- Don't be ridiculous, Chief. I would never come up with a phrase as ridiculous as hickory dickory dock.

Chief- I wouldn't be so sure, Max.

Max- Why?

Chief- Well, if I recall correctly, the day you were assigned to program the computer you had a book of nursery rhymes in one hand and a bag full of dirty socks in another.

THE END