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Dramatic Publishing

A FULL-LENGTH PLAY

Get Smart

adapted by CHRISTOPHER SERGEL
from the Series originally created by
MEL BROOKS and BUCK HENRY
and produced by Talent Associates, Ltd.



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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(GET SMART)

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GET SMART

A Comedy in Two Acts

For Ten Men and Seventeen Women

CHARACTERS

MAXWELL SMART.... *secret agent for CONTROL*
HELEN }
MYRA } *students*
JANE }
FRED }
PROFESSOR DANTE..... *a scientist*
PROFESSOR ZALINKA..... *his assistant*
AGENT 44..... *a CONTROL agent*
CHIEF..... *head of CONTROL*
MISS FINCH..... *his secretary*
HODGKINS..... *his assistant*
MAN }
WOMAN } *at bus station*
GARTH }
MARY WONG } *KAOS agents*
SHIRLEY WONG }
BETSY WONG }
MR. BIG..... *head of KAOS*
BIG SISTER }
LITTLE SISTER } *travelers*
AGENT 99..... *Smart's assistant*
AGENT 13..... *another CONTROL agent*
ANN }
JILL } *four blondes*
MAY }
LAURA }
PRINCESS INGRID..... *also a blonde*

PLACE: *Washington, D. C.*

TIME: *The present.*

ACT ONE

AS THE HOUSE LIGHTS DIM OUT: Light comes up in front of the curtain. Two students, HELEN and MYRA, come on in front of the curtain R, wheeling in a small table on which is an odd little mechanism. [Any unidentifiable bit of apparatus will serve.] The two girls are being extremely careful. Meanwhile, a VOICE is heard, either through a public address system, or spoken by an actor standing offstage.)

VOICE (low key, official-sounding, serious yet confidential). Attention. Your attention, please. This is Washington, D. C. Somewhere in this city is the central office of an organization known simply as CONTROL. Its exact location is top secret. Its business is counter-espionage. (The two girls are positioning the table.)

MYRA (to HELEN, hushed). *Very* careful.

HELEN (hushed, in reply). *I am* very.

(Meanwhile two other students, JANE and FRED, are coming on in front of the curtain L, where they pull on a stand with curtains around the base.)

VOICE (continuing). And somewhere on the campus of an important university near Washington, a scientist is about to test a tiny scale model of a new instrument known as the "Inthermo"--an in-

strument so powerful it may alter the present structure of world power. Such a device, of course, would be a prime target for KAOS--the international organization of evil.

JANE (hushed). Fred--what about the target?

FRED (also hushed). Target?

JANE. For Professor Dante's test.

FRED (going back off L). Oh--sure--I'll get it.

VOICE (without pause). Happily for the free world, the evil forces of KAOS are countered by CONTROL. (With greater intensity and more confidential.) Right at this moment the bright torch of liberty is shielded by one of CONTROL's top employees--a man who lives a life of danger and intrigue--a man carefully trained in every art of a secret agent.

(MAXWELL SMART is coming on R, in front of the curtain, during this. He is wearing a hat and trench coat. His movements and mannerisms clearly proclaim his profession.)

VOICE. This man has expert professional knowledge of every deadly weapon. He's adept at Karate and Jiujitsu. He speaks many languages. Above all, he's a master of disguise--able to assume a protective coloration for whatever terrain he encounters. (As this is said SMART takes off his hat and trench coat, revealing himself dressed in a wildly out-of-date "Joe College" outfit. The VOICE continues without pause.) In other words, he can melt into any background--go unnoticed as a part of any group. (Both HELEN and MYRA do a "take" on Smart's appearance.)

MYRA (incredulous). You've got to be kidding.

HELEN. Who *are* you?

SMART (speaking deliberately). Maxwell Smart--a

fellow student--here to assist Professor Dante with his experiment. (He tosses coat and hat off R.) Excuse me.

(FRED is coming back on L, carrying an "object" --any sort of container which can hold some concealed flash bulbs.)

FRED. He's using a tough target for the experiment. (Looking in container as he sets it on stand.) They're globes of hardened steel.

JANE (calling R). Where's Professor Dante?

(MYRA gestures R, where PROFESSOR DANTE, a preoccupied man wearing a lab smock, is coming on in front of the curtain.)

SMART. Hi there, Prof.

DANTE (with distaste). Prof? (To HELEN.)

Where's Professor Zalinka--she's to assist.

HELEN. She stopped to make a phone call.

SMART (suspiciously). Phone call?

DANTE (patiently). Professor Zalinka is absolutely dedicated to the success of the Inthermo.

SMART. I see.

DANTE. All of you--over here. (FRED and JANE come R, while HELEN and MYRA take positions above and to the right of the table holding the "Inthermo.")

FRED (as he crosses). The targets are like armor plate.

DANTE. Exactly.

JANE. Won't the Inthermo injure the building?

DANTE (shaking his head, happily). No, no--just the target.

SMART. Maybe you better explain how it works--simply.

DANTE (indicating mechanism). This tiny scale model is about to demonstrate how the basic principle of reactive thermal concentricity holds true. Actually, the dynamics of the catalytic phenomenon is expressed in direct ratio to its initial molecular conclusion.

(PROFESSOR ZALINKA, an attractive but severe-looking woman wearing a lab smock and carrying a clipboard, comes on R.)

SMART. Right. (Pause.) Maybe you better explain it even more simply.

DANTE. You try, Professor Zalinka.

ZALINKA (slowly so SMART can follow). If Farmer Brown takes five molecules to the market--and Farmer Green takes *three*----

SMART (interrupting). Okay--let's get on with the test.

DANTE (inspecting mechanism). I have it programmed for the little cylinders of hardened steel on that table--we make a minor adjustment--keep back out of line, all of you--R-e-a-d-y---- (DANTE apparently activates something on the bit of apparatus, and as he does so, the concealed flashbulbs in the container on the stand are touched off. There is a general gasp.)

MYRA. Wow!

HELEN. It worked!

FRED (awed as he peers at stand). They've been incinerated!

JANE. By the little scale model.

DANTE (sadly). This is terrible.

MYRA. Terrible, Professor Dante?

DANTE. I was almost hoping it would *not* work.

ZALINKA. But why?

DANTE. This is just a miniature. Think of the de-

structive power of a full-size Inthermo! Think of such a weapon in the wrong hands! (They all stare front with wide-eyed horror at this thought.)

VOICE. Yes, think of it! Think of such a weapon in the hands of KAOS. (Pause.) No, no--it's *un*-thinkable. (At this everyone relaxes.) The world does not have to contemplate a potential catastrophe of such magnitude because of CONTROL--the organization of good. (A telephone bell begins ringing and everyone begins turning toward SMART, who winces slightly at the sound, edging nervously away from the others. The VOICE continues:) Ever vigilant, the skilled secret agent from CONTROL is on guard--unnoticed--unsuspected----(SMART is even more embarrassed at the continued ringing, especially since the stares of the others pinpoint him more and more as the source of these sounds.)

DANTE (with a shrug at this bell nonsense; he's back to business). Let's get the model back to the lab safe.

ZALINKA. Yes--I'll see to it. (They are going off R, taking the table and model with them while SMART continues to retreat L.)

HELEN (under her breath as she is going, indicating SMART). What is with that guy?

JANE (also under her breath). That ringing sounds like--but it couldn't be.

ZALINKA (sharply). Careful, you----(Controlling herself.) Take it easy, students. (As they all go off, SMART leans back against the stand at L and snatches off his shoe. He holds it like a telephone. The ringing stops.)

SMART (into shoe--as though into a telephone).

Agent 86, Maxwell Smart, here.

CHIEF (over P.A. or by actor playing the role from behind the curtain). 86--report to headquarters

immediately.

SMART. Wait a minute. Who is this?

CHIEF. This is the Chief. Who else would be calling you on your shoe?

SMART. Well--there's no such thing as being *too* careful. Would you mind giving me today's password.

CHIEF. This is an emergency, 86. There's no time for----

SMART. I'm afraid you'll have to further identify yourself.

CHIEF (angry). I'm telling you, 86, this is the Chief. Now----

SMART. If you can't give me the password--then I'll accept the counter-sign or today's secret code number. My life can depend on it.

CHIEF (furiously). Get in here, Max, or I'll personally tear you apart.

SMART. That's good enough for me, Chief. I'm on my way. (SMART slips on his shoe, starts to leave, then stops as he remembers something. He steps back and raps on top of the stand which held the targets. He calls in a hushed voice:)
44? Agent 44?

(The curtains around the base of the stand are pulled aside, and the face of a young man emerges--a face on which nervousness and indignation fight for control.)

44. You *knew* I was here, 86, but you didn't stop them from going ahead with the test.

SMART (incredulous). Stop them?

44. Suppose Professor Dante had aimed the In-thermo too low?

SMART. We're all expendable, 44. (Considers an instant, then amends.) That is--*most* of us are

expendable.

44 (desperately sorry for himself). Actually--I'm not having a very good time on this job. I mean --no mingling with glamorous co-eds--no comparing notes with that Professor Zalinka--no sports at all--no crazy student activities----

SMART. Take it easy, 44.

44 (starting to cry). I don't even get to wear a trench coat.

SMART. Listen, what I have to tell you----

44. A spy can only take so much. Sneaking around these corridors. Sleeping on a zinc table in the laboratory with nothing to keep me warm but a Bunsen burner. Hiding--always hiding---- 86, I want to come in from the cold.

SMART. Get a grip on yourself. (Holds handkerchief to 44's nose.) Here--blow.

44 (after blowing). You won't tell them about this back at headquarters?

SMART. Of course not. I know what you're going through.

44 (coming out from under table and standing up). They wouldn't like it.

SMART. Sometimes it helps to have a good cry.

44. Try telling that to the Chief. He hates to have his men cry.

SMART (with a start). The Chief! Listen, 44-- I'm called back to headquarters. (Rushing R.) You'll have to take over here.

44 (to himself, grimly). Another night on the zinc table in the lab----

(SMART has gone off R, re-entering immediately, putting on his trench coat and hat. The curtain begins to rise.)

SMART (calling across). Guard the Inthermo with

your life.

44 (calling back). I slipped a note in the pocket of your coat. It's important.

SMART (taking paper from the pocket of his trench coat). Secret information?

44 (shaking his head as he pulls stand off L). Requisition for a rubber mattress. (44 completes exit L, as SMART looks after him with distaste for 44's lack of dedication. Then he begins buttoning up his coat and arranging the angle of his hat.)

SCENE: The curtain has risen now, revealing a stage that is divided into two playing areas--the division indicated by a low rail or wall extending from upstage to downstage for several feet. The area ULC is the central office of CONTROL. There is a well-equipped desk which contains, among other things, an inter-com and two telephones, one of which is red. There are also some file cases, several chairs, and a large hanging map of the world with markers stuck in various spots.)

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: The CHIEF is sitting behind the desk, leafing rapidly through some papers. He is a fatherly type in his mid-fifties. He is usually warm, frank and friendly, smokes a pipe and wears a cardigan sweater under his jacket. In times of stress, of course, he can be grim and demanding. An attractive secretary, MISS FINCH, is standing in front of the desk.)

CHIEF. What do you make of this, Miss Finch?
MISS FINCH. My security rating doesn't go high enough. I haven't seen those papers.

- CHIEF (with slight sigh). I've been meaning to see to that. While I'm talking with 86, see if you can find out any more about the plans of our V.I.P. from Scandinavia.
- MISS FINCH. Yes, Chief. (She starts D R C toward SMART, who has just finished getting himself in order.)
- CHIEF (after her). And don't forget to order the new filter for my tropical fish tank.
- MISS FINCH (approaching SMART). You're expected, 86.
- SMART. Call me Max.
- MISS FINCH (archly). Wouldn't that be too familiar? I mean--an ordinary secretary and CONTROL's top agent?
- SMART (calling back to her as he continues into office, agreeing). I guess you're right. (MISS FINCH goes out D L.)
- CHIEF. About time, 86. (Considering a paper on his desk.) I thought I told you to be careful with Professor Dante--to keep out of his way while you're guarding him.
- SMART. Chief--it's not my fault. The man just hates to be watched. He's got a thing about secret agents.
- CHIEF (holding up paper). We have another complaint from him.
- SMART. What is it this time?
- CHIEF. He says that you've set his work back six months.
- SMART. *Me!* Set his work back six months? That's ridiculous. (Pause.) Three months. Maybe four on the outside.
- CHIEF. Max--Dante is involved in tremendously important work. We mustn't let *anything* upset him.
- SMART. O. K. --let's lay our cards on the table,

- Chief. Give it to me straight. Do you want to put another man in charge of the case?
- CHIEF. Max--that's not a bad----
- SMART. Of course not. I know you've got confidence in me.
- CHIEF. Actually--another agent on the job might be----
- SMART. So let's say no more about it.
- CHIEF (with a sigh). Who's with Dante now?
- SMART. Agent 44. (Pulling out paper.) He gave me a requisition for a----
- CHIEF (shortly). We'll send him a box of tissue. I wish he wouldn't cry so much. (Looking off grimly.) I hate having my men cry!
- SMART. As long as *I'm* in charge of the case, Chief, you don't have to worry about----
- CHIEF. Not so fast, Max. I want to sort this out. There's a puzzling new case and maybe we should----(He is interrupted by a bell. SMART leaps back and draws his revolver--ready for anything.)
- SMART. What's that?
- CHIEF (rising casually). A reminder. (Taking small box and starting L.) It's time to feed my tropical fish. (As he goes off.) I've just added some neon tetras.
- SMART (calling after him). How can you take time for tropical fish when so many important----
- CHIEF (calling back from off L). Looking after these rare fish is my only relaxation. It helps me to think.
- SMART. What's the puzzling new case?
- CHIEF (off L). A kidnaping.
- SMART. Who do you want me to kidnap, Chief?

(CHIEF is coming back on L.)

CHIEF. No, Max. If anything, I want you to prevent a kidnaping. (Looks back L, pleased.) My fish certainly like this new food.

SMART. Let's stick to business, Chief. You need your best man guarding Professor Dante. Once KAOS finds out about the Inthermo----

CHIEF. Yes, but research takes forever. 44 can handle a routine security job. Meanwhile there's an immediate problem.

SMART. What, Chief?

CHIEF. These blondes!

SMART (startled). *Blondes!*

CHIEF. In the last four days, three blondes have been abducted in Washington from this area. (Points to spot on map.) What do you make of that?

SMART. It's either a conspiracy or a guy with a very weird hobby.

CHIEF (showing SMART some photographs in which he is instantly engrossed). These are the girls. All of them were registered at the Hotel Cramley. 86, are you listening?

SMART. Yes, Chief.

CHIEF. At first we thought it was just a police matter, but then we began to find lots of clues pointing to KAOS--almost as though they were challenging us.

SMART (continuing to study photographs). Hmm.

CHIEF. I couldn't see any point to it, but my secretary, Miss Finch, happened to mention something that has me worried. She mentioned that Princess Ingrid of Scandinavia is arriving in Washington today. And--*she's* a blonde, too. Any questions so far?

SMART (reaching for the photographs). Could I see number three again?

CHIEF (irritably putting pictures away). The Princess

is traveling incognito because she wants to avoid newspapermen and security agents. But we've got to protect her.

SMART. I don't see why KAOS would suddenly start kidnaping blondes--even Princess Ingrid.

CHIEF. I didn't either, but----

SMART. And it's a lot more important what happens to----

CHIEF (going right on). But Miss Finch called my attention to the NATO meeting that's about to take place in Scandinavia. If anything were to happen to Princess Ingrid, it could seriously compromise our government's position.

SMART. The three blondes being kidnaped--and Princess Ingrid's being a blonde--and the NATO meeting--that could all be a coincidence, Chief.

CHIEF. I know--and there's something fishy about it somewhere. But we can't just ignore----

(MISS FINCH is coming back in D L.)

SMART (cutting in). We can't ignore what Professor Dante is----

CHIEF (shortly). I'm well aware, 86, and I've no intention of taking any chances with----

MISS FINCH. May I come in, Chief?

CHIEF. If it's important.

MISS FINCH. I wouldn't know, Chief, but I found out where Princess Ingrid will be staying--the Hotel Cramley.

CHIEF. I don't see what difference---- (Does a "take." Sharply.) The Hotel Cramley!

MISS FINCH. She took a suite.

CHIEF. But that's--the other kidnapings--this settles it. I've made my decision, 86. You're to drop everything else and guard Princess Ingrid.

SMART (protesting). Chief--44 can't protect the Inthermo all by himself. And once KAOS dis-

covers that it's no longer in the experimental stage----

CHIEF. Wait a minute, Max. You said--no longer in the experimental stage.

SMART. That's right. The Professor incinerated some globes of hardened steel this afternoon.

CHIEF (incredulous). But it's nowhere near completion!

SMART. You mean the *full-size* Inthermo. What he used today was a miniature scale model.

CHIEF (hushed). And the miniature incinerated *steel*?

SMART (nodding). If KAOS got their hands on an operational scale model, it wouldn't take them long to----

CHIEF. You don't have to spell it out, Max. (Worried.) The trouble is, we're so desperately understaffed.

MISS FINCH. Chief, if you don't mind my mentioning--there were some special reasons for putting 86 onto the new case.

CHIEF. But this is no time to reduce the guard on the Inthermo. (Wishfully.) Maybe it's just a coincidence about those blondes. (The telephone begins ringing.)

MISS FINCH. My guess is that KAOS is up to something around the Hotel Cramley.

CHIEF (picking up white telephone, into which he speaks). Yes? *What?* (Listens, then covers mouthpiece and speaks to others.) A fourth blonde has just been kidnaped.

MISS FINCH (hushed). Ask where it happened.

CHIEF (into telephone). Where did--I see. Hodgkins, if we've any new equipment for 86, let's have it. (Hangs up and turns to MISS FINCH.) You made a good guess--the fourth blonde was kidnaped across the street from the Hotel Cramley.

SMART. Couldn't be *four* coincidences.