

Audition Side #1

[Smart, Chief]

Begin:

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~~

End.

Audition Side #1

Audition Side #2

[Smart, 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.)

Begin:

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----

Audition Side #2

Audition Side #3

[Smart,
Chief]

Begin:

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?

Audition Side #3



Audition Side #3 continued...

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). Hmmm.

End.

Audition Side #3

Audition Side #4

[Chief,
Smart,
Hodgkins]

Begin: CHIEF (can't get over it; shaking his head). A miniature Inthermo incinerating steel! How does it work?

SMART. Basically it's a conversion of heat waves into----

CHIEF. In simpler terms, Max.

SMART. If Farmer Brown takes five molecules to the market--and Farmer Green takes *three*----

CHIEF (stopping him). That gives me the general idea. (Turns.) Hodgkins, I hope we've come up with some useful new equipment.

HODGKINS (setting down case on desk and opening it). A few surprises for KAOS this time, Chief.

SMART. All I really want is my locker key.

HODGKINS (with a faint sigh, handing over key).

Let's not stop with a locker key.

CHIEF. He's on a very serious mission, Hodgkins. Two missions.

HODGKINS. In that case you better take this fountain pen. (Demonstrating.) Actually it's a secret pellet carrier. The smaller pellet--this one--is a concussion pellet. When thrown against something or activated by heat, it will blow a ten-by-fifteen foot room to smithereens.

CHIEF (taking it from HODGKINS). This larger pellet--it's----(HODGKINS nods gravely.) Max, I guess you know what this one's for?

SMART. Larger rooms?

CHIEF (putting hand on Smart's shoulder). KAOS has ways of making a man talk. If you *are* captured and if it looks *really* tough, this is your one ace in the hole. This pill when swallowed will bring painless death in about twenty seconds. Any questions?

SMART. Yes--how do I get them to take it? (The CHIEF and HODGKINS exchange a look.)

CHIEF. Let's get on to the rest of the equipment.

HODGKINS (taking silver cuff links from box). Mirror cuff links.

SMART. Can I see some in gold?

HODGKINS (irked at Smart's attitude). Really, Chief!

CHIEF. These are serious threats, Max, and I'd like to think we've put our trust in the right man.

SMART. No question about that, Chief. (Concerned at the lack of response.) Is there? End.

Audition Side #4

Audition Side #5

[99, Smart]

Begin: SMART (putting hand to his head as he realizes).
They *did* win a double-header. (The girl,
AGENT 99, has come up quietly behind SMART.
GARTH is watching, his face not entirely concealed now by the newspaper.)
99 (softly). That's right--they won both games.
SMART (without looking, he waves her away, muttering). I know--I know. Stupid ball team--you can't even count on them to lose.
99. You don't understand. The score was *ninety-nine* to *eighty-six*.
SMART. That's ridiculous. Baseball scores are never--uh--oh----- (Pointing to her.) 99?
99 (nodding and pointing to him). 86?
SMART (nodding). Say--you're a girl.
99 (pleased). You noticed.
SMART (appreciating her). As a matter of fact---- (Catches himself and gets back to business.)
Have you noticed anything suspicious, 99?
99 (bothered). So many suspicious things it's making me--well, suspicious.
SMART. Could you give that to me again, 99?
99. It's almost as though they're *wanting* us to suspect.
SMART. They're beginning to slip up, that's all. They've kidnaped too many blondes out of this one area.
99. That's what I mean.
SMART (still not understanding her). I better check in with 44 at the University, then get over to the Hotel Cramley before--hold it.
99 (hushed). What is it?
SMART. There's someone observing us. Take a look.
99. Where?
SMART. Don't turn around. Look in my mirror cuff links. (SMART holds up his cuff so that 99 can presumably see the reflection of GARTH)
99. Who is he?
SMART. Probably part of a reception committee from KAOS.
99. What are you going to do?
SMART. You divert him for just a moment. (With relish.) While I use my locker key. (99 nods, and as SMART crosses R to the locker, she crosses to GARTH.) End.

Audition Side #5

Audition Side #6

Begin:

[Zalinka,
Helen,
Myra,
Jane, Fred]

ZALINKA. You don't appreciate how fortunate you are to be able to attend Professor Dante's demonstrations. This messiness is inexcusable. The lecture scheduled for this afternoon is canceled.

MYRA. We're sorry, Professor Zalinka.

HELEN. Look--we've gathered up all the trash.

JANE. I was about to put it in the trash can even before you mentioned it.

ZALINKA (indignantly). Professor Dante's laboratory--and you're filling the ash trays to overflowing: empty Coke bottles, used tissues----

FRED. We *said* we're sorry.

HELEN. We've picked up everything. There's no reason to cancel the lecture.

ZALINKA. It's canceled. Go home. Go home *right now!* (With this, ZALINKA walks off L. The students look after her for a moment and shrug.)

MYRA. She never got mad at the mess before.

HELEN. If you ask me, she was just looking for an excuse to tell us off.

JANE. Anyway--the lecture's canceled.

HELEN. So we'll go home. Or maybe we could see if the Fortune Cookie Club is open this early.

MYRA. The Fortune Cookie Club is always open. Come on--let's get rid of this trash. (As they start out L, they drop the trash they've collected into the trash can.)

FRED. Did you hear a phone ringing a little while ago?

JANE. Couldn't be--there's no phone in here. (They've finished emptying their trash into the trash can and are going off L. Light is coming up in front of the curtain R.)

FRED (the last one to exit L). Sounded like a phone to me.

End.

Audition Side #6

Audition Side #7

[Smart, 99,
Mr. Big]

Begin: SMART. Irresponsible freckle-faced kid! (Picking up telephone.) Now *we'll* have to slip out and go to the----(Into telephone.) Hello.

MR. BIG. Maxwell Smart?

SMART. Speaking. (Then does "take" at this use of his name. Cautiously.) *Who* did you want?

MR. BIG. Let's not play games, Mr. Smart. Or would you like me to call you "86"?

SMART (covering mouthpiece, urgently to 99). It's KAOS!

MR. BIG (sharply). Pay attention. You can talk to 99 later.

SMART. What gives you the idea that 99----

MR. BIG. Cut the games and listen!

SMART. Sorry, friend, but I'm in a hurry. I've no time to----

MR. BIG. You're *not* in a hurry.

SMART. I've dealt with KAOS agents before and if you think you can----

MR. BIG. Smart--you're talking to Mr. Big!

SMART (shocked). *Mr. Big!*

99 (her lips forming the words, horrified). *Mr. Big!*

SMART (protesting into telephone). But you can't be --Mr. Big is in Hong Kong.

MR. BIG. Ten days ago.

99 (whispering). This is bad trouble. We better make a dash for the Fortune Cookie Club before----

SMART. Right. (Back into telephone.) Afraid I can't talk to you now, Big, but if you'd care to make an appointment----

MR. BIG (sarcastically). You're thinking of going out to the University--maybe stopping off at the Fortune Cookie Club?

SMART. As a matter of fact----

MR. BIG (emphatically). You and 99 will stay exactly where you are for one hour--*or else!*

SMART. Never! (Hesitating.) Or else what?

MR. BIG. We retaliate--against innocent hostages.

SMART. You wouldn't! What hostages? I don't believe----

MR. BIG (cutting in to play an "ace"). Four--blonde--hostages.

SMART (covering mouthpiece, grimly). KAOS has the four blondes!

End.

Audition Side #7

Audition Side #8

Begin:

[Garth,
Jill, Ann,
Laura, May]

GARTH. Okay, you blondes. In here and sit down.

(Four girls, ANN, JILL, MAY and LAURA, all with light brown or blonde hair, come on L. They are more curious than frightened.)

JILL. There has to be some rational explanation.

ANN (to GARTH). Are you finally going to explain?

MAY (also to GARTH). We're not making trouble.

We'd just like to know what's happening.

GARTH. Sit down.

LAURA. But we're going nuts--no TV, no record player, not even a radio.

GARTH. *Sit!* (They all sit quickly at this sharp command. The effort of giving it, however, makes GARTH wince and touch his bandage again.)

ANN (pleasantly). Somebody give you a belt, mister?

JILL. Maybe you'd like me to run out for some aspirin.

GARTH. Please.

MAY. What happened to the three Dragon Ladies?

GARTH. They're busy. Now listen----

LAURA. Couldn't we at least have a radio or something to pass the time? The one thing we seem to have in common--we all like the same music.

GARTH. I know. Each one of you was observed buying the identical record album at the music store next to the hotel.

MAY. *Everybody* buys that singer. He's the thing now! Terrific!



Audition Side #8

Audition Side #8 continued...

Audition Side #8

JILL. If this has something to do with our buying that record album, you might as well go after every other girl in town, too.

ANN (to the other girls). Maybe it's some kind of publicity stunt!

GARTH. Not a publicity stunt--but I do have a copy of that record--if you'd care to hear it.

LAURA. If we'd care to hear it!

MAY. Sure be better than staring at these walls.

GARTH. Okay, but I don't want to hear it. (They groan.) However--I have some earphones, and I can plug them into the turntable amplifier. You can hear it through the earphones.

JILL. Great.

GARTH (hesitating). You're really eager to hear this singer?

LAURA. Haven't we told you?

GARTH (going off L). Then just sit quietly while I get this rigged.

ANN (softly to the others as GARTH goes). It is some kind of publicity stunt.

MAY. If we want to get out of here soon, we better play along with it.

JILL. Right. We better be very appreciative.

LAURA. Nothing hard about that, is there? (The girls look at each other for a moment and nod. They're in complete agreement. Then they sit back, waiting for their treat.)

End.

Audition Side #9

[Smart,
Princess,
99]

Begin:

SMART (calling). Hello--anyone here?

PRINCESS (calling back from off UR). Come in--
the door's open.

SMART (to 99, disapproving). The door's open.

99. No security at all.

PRINCESS (off UR). Who is it?

SMART. Uh--an old friend.

PRINCESS (off UR). I'll be out in a moment.

99 (as they move into room). I remember the brief-
ing now. You knew the Princess before.

SMART. We met five years ago, when she was here
with her father and I--uh----

99 (filling in as he hesitates modestly). Saved his
life.

SMART (conceding). It was one of my good days.

99. What's the Princess like?

SMART. Last time I saw her was five years ago.
She was a sweet, freckle-faced fifteen-year-old
kid.

99. She won't want to sit around. What do you plan
to do with her?

SMART. Show her the sights--places of historical
significance.

99. What if she isn't interested?

SMART. What sweet, freckle-faced kid wouldn't
want to see the sights?

(At this PRINCESS INGRID enters UR. She is tall,
blonde, Nordic, gay and vivacious.)

PRINCESS. Max! How wonderful! (She throws her
arms around him and kisses him.)

SMART. How are you, Ingrid? You haven't changed
a bit.

99 (out of the corner of her mouth to SMART, dubi-
ously). She must have been some fifteen-year-
old.

SMART. Princess, I'd like you to meet Agent 99.
We've been assigned to escort you around Wash-
ington.

PRINCESS (hesitating). Where did you want to take



Audition Side #9

Audition Side #9 continued...

me?

SMART. We'll see all the important monuments,
the shrines-----

PRINCESS (dismayed). Monuments, shrines-----

99 (aside to SMART). Careful, 86.

SMART (going right on, cheerfully). Libraries, too.

PRINCESS. No. Absolutely not.

SMART (startled). *Not?*

PRINCESS. Max, I haven't been to Washington in
five years. I haven't been anywhere in five years.
I'd like to enjoy myself.

SMART (baffled). Where would you like to go?

PRINCESS (trying to recall). I was told some place
--I'd like to go to----(She sees the poster and
points to it.) There--that's the place!

SMART (with distaste). The Fortune Cookie Club?

PRINCESS (slumping into chair). It sounds like fun.

99. I've never heard of the place.

PRINCESS. Never heard of it! (Holding up match-
book she's taken from beside the ash tray.) Look
at this--even the matchbook tells about it! (Pick-
ing up leaflet.) And this leaflet--do the latest
dances--music till dawn!

SMART. A place for college kids, Princess. (Pass-
ing bowl from table.) Have some crackers, and
we'll figure out an interesting itinerary.

PRINCESS (reaching into bowl absently). Who has
more fun than college kids. (Pauses with her
hand still in the bowl.) Max, there's something
in this cracker.

SMART (instantly alert). *In* it?

PRINCESS (taking it from bowl). A bit of paper.

99 (puzzled). Why would there be fortune cookies
here?

PRINCESS (looking at paper). Listen----(Reading.)

"For the time of your life come to the----"

SMART (cutting in). Never mind. I can guess.

PRINCESS (laughing). Right. Oh, Max--this is
irresistible. We *must* go!

99 (pulling SMART aside). There's something
wrong, 86--or the Hotel Cramley owns a piece
of the Fortune Cookie Club.

End.

Audition Side #9

Audition Side #10

[Big Sis. Begin:

Little Sis.

Garth (waiter)]

BIG SISTER. What happened to our order?

LITTLE SISTER. You're not our waiter.

WAITER. Your waiter went home. We're closing early.

BIG SISTER. Then you better hurry our order.

WAITER. We're closing.

LITTLE SISTER (reasonably). We eat at The Fortune Cookie Club every time we get back to Washington. We ordered Won Ton soup, chicken sub gum----

WAITER. The cook went home.

BIG SISTER. We've been waiting forty minutes.

LITTLE SISTER (repeating carefully). Won Ton soup, chicken sub gum, sweet and sour----

WAITER. You might as well go home, too.

BIG SISTER. After waiting forty----

WAITER (shrugging). You want to wait some more? (The two sisters start getting up.)

BIG SISTER. Wait some more!

LITTLE SISTER. Why didn't the other waiter tell us?

WAITER. He was a little confused.

LITTLE SISTER (starting off DR). He seemed fine to me.

WAITER (after them). I straightened him out.

BIG SISTER (as they go off DR). Ridiculous time to be closing!

LITTLE SISTER. Never come here again! (The WAITER turns front as they exit DR, pleased at his little joke. We see now that the WAITER is GARTH.)

GARTH (repeating to himself, highly amused). I straightened him out.

End.

Audition Side #10

Audition Side #11

[Mr. Big,
Smart,
99]

Begin MR. BIG. So--we meet at last. What an unexpected and delightful pleasure to have the illustrious Maxwell Smart as my guest---- (Looking toward 99.) I see that what your organization lacks in

strategy it more than makes up for in loveliness. SMART (accepting compliment with slight bow).

Thank you.

99. May we ask the name of our--well, host?

MR. BIG. But of course. I'm Mr. Big.

99 (unprepared for his small size). You are---- SMART (as MR. BIG nods). It's all in his dossier.

99 (impelled by curiosity). If you don't mind one more question, who gave you the name--Big?

MR. BIG. My psychiatrist. (Rubbing hands together with pleasure.) We've planned an amusing little divertissement that will shock and horrify you as it will every American. In a matter of hours we will prove that your government is defenseless against the power of KAOS.

99. What are you going to do?

MR. BIG. Destroy the Statue of Liberty.

SMART. Maybe you should try a different psychiatrist.

MR. BIG. We'll come up on the statue in a way no one expects--then activate the Inthermo!

SMART. We know all about your plan.

MR. BIG (a smiling challenge). Can you mention even one detail?

SMART. Certainly. You plan to come up on the statue in a *speedboat*--a way everyone expects.

MR. BIG (stepping back, startled). What?

SMART (pushing his apparent advantage). Listen, my charming little friend, at this very moment there are seven Coast Guard cutters getting ready to converge on your speedboat. Would you believe it? Seven!

MR. BIG (as he considers, frankly). I find that pretty hard to believe.

SMART (after brief pause, trying to be reasonable). Would you believe six?

MR. BIG (sure of himself again). You're bluffing,

Mr. Smart, but I'm not---- (Grimly.) As your country is about to discover!

End.

Audition Side #11

Audition Side #12

[Mary,
Betsy,
Shirley,
Princess,
99, Smart]

Begin: MARY WONG (darting to DR). Last customers going off down street. Mary Wong reporting.

SHIRLEY WONG (darting to one of tables). Ready at table according to plan. Shirley Wong.

BETSY WONG (darting to position DR C). In position this side. Betsy Wong.

~~(Something is missing, and GARTH strikes the gong again. At this, PRINCESS INGRID, dressed like the Wong girls, and carrying a small container, darts on UR.)~~

PRINCESS (placing container on back table). Weapon carrier in position. Ingrid reporting.

BETSY WONG (demanding). Ingrid who?

PRINCESS. Ingrid Wong.

~~Shirley GARTH~~ Very good.

MARY WONG (looking R). CONTROL agents 86 and 99 approaching.

~~Betsy GARTH~~ As expected! Phase Fourteen now operational. ~~(GARTH goes off UR.)~~

(MARY WONG steps back to make way and bows as SMART and 99 enter cautiously DR.)

MARY WONG. Welcome to The Fortune Cookie Club.

SHIRLEY WONG (pulling back chairs). Won't you sit here, please.

99 (nervously). Quite nice, really.

SMART. I'm crazy about Chinese food.

99 (as she sits, apprehensively). There don't seem to be any other customers.

SHIRLEY WONG. We start filling up soon. Meanwhile we can give you special service.

BETSY WONG (bringing them). Your menus.

99. Thank you.

SMART (suggesting they move back). Please--when we need help, we'll ask.

BETSY WONG. As you wish. (The WONGS draw back and SMART leans across table to talk to 99, who is leaning toward him.)

Audition Side #12



①

Audition Side #12 continued...

SMART (an urgent whisper). Notice the fortune cookies? Exactly like the one I found in the trash can.

99 (hushed). It had some kind of recipe.

SMART (hushed). But it *wasn't* a recipe. It was a *formula*.

99. And that's how they transmit----(Catching herself and pointing at menu.) Paradise Chicken with pineapple looks good.

SMART. I was thinking of shrimps in black bean sauce----(Softly again.) You're right. That's how they transmit. Who checks on the international flow of fortune cookies? (Looking about cautiously.) I'm sure this is a KAOS front.

99. Notice anything special?

SMART (with a cautious nod). Something a little peculiar about the fourth Chinese waitress.

99 (without turning). What did you notice that's peculiar?

SMART. I noticed that the fourth Chinese waitress is a blue-eyed blonde.

99 (concerned). When this is over, you should take a real vacation, Max. (Glances casually at INGRID, then back to SMART.) We'll both need a vacation.

SMART (motioning her closer). Let's recapitulate the basic plan. (~~As 99 leans very close, MARY~~

99. Synchronize timers?

SMART (nods, and they both press buttons on their watches). At oh-two minutes, you get up to telephone, but actually you head for the kitchen. At oh-three minutes, I try to look into the basement while you create a diversion complaining about sanitary conditions. At oh-four minutes I come back from the basement, and at oh-five minutes----(SMART stops himself as he becomes aware of the three Wong girls and PRINCESS INGRID, who have come up in a semi-circle behind them, armed with all the weapons they can carry. He looks from the battle-ready WONGS back to 99. Casually.) This may put us a *little* behind schedule.

MARY WONG (quietly but with deadly firmness).

You will slowly place your hands together in back of your chairs.

Audition Side #12



Audition Side #12 continued...

SMART (as he complies). The old Chinese waitress trick. That's the third time this year.

MARY WONG (gesturing to others). Tie their hands. Make them as uncomfortable as possible. (SHIRLEY and BETSY WONG dart forward and start securing SMART and 99 to their chairs.)

99 (during this, regretfully). I was beginning to want some of that Paradise Chicken.

SMART. Not me--shrimps.

99. What I love are those undercooked pea pods, bamboo shoots, water chestnuts----

SHIRLEY WONG (interrupting as she ties 99, apologetically). The kitchen is closed.

99. I'm so sorry.

SHIRLEY WONG. Would you mind holding a finger over the knot?

99 (apparently doing so). Glad to----

SHIRLEY WONG (finishing). Thank you.

BETSY WONG (pulling hard, apparently to tighten knot tying Smart's hands). Is that quite painful?

SMART (calmly). Excruciating.

BETSY WONG. If the rope was a little thinner, I could make it agonizing.

SMART. Maybe next time.

MARY WONG. Proceed to Phase Fifteen. (Points to PRINCESS.) You guard the prisoners. (PRINCESS steps backward to a high stool U R C, where she sits watchfully, gun in hand.) I inform Mr. Big. (To others.) You start preparing speedboat. (SHIRLEY and BETSY WONG dart out UR, followed by MARY WONG. PRINCESS raises whatever weapon she holds, guarding SMART and 99 who are faced away from her.)

99 (softly). Did you hear, 86--Mr. Big!

SMART (conceding in whisper). We hit the jackpot!

99. For the first time, I think I'm afraid.

SMART. The first time *ever*, or the first time *today*?

99. The first time since I started working with you.

SMART. Listen, 99. A coward is a frightened man who's scared to be brave. A brave man is only a coward who isn't scared of being frightened.

99 (uncertainly). Thank you, Max. I'll remember that.

End.

Audition Side #12

(3)