

**The Interrogation**  
Plug For Winter Retreat  
by Curtis Chang

The scene is an interrogation room. Kat is sitting in a chair by herself, wearing sunglasses, dark hat, and other spy like paraphernalia. A little to the side, three men are talking. They are viewing Kat from a one sided window. The men are dressed in ties, with shirtsleeves rolled up.. The theme music from Mission Impossible plays.

Jack:            So, this is the Kat, huh? Hey Zack, some big international terroist, hah! She doesn't look so tough.

Boss:            She doesn't, does she? Tell that to five of my best men who she took out in Bombay using a chopstick. Tell that to agent 358 who tried to arrest her in Mexico City -- of course he might have a hard time hearing you since he's in a coma. Tell that to the five KGB men who thought they had her in Moscow and now are all in a mental ward, screaming in fear night and day.

Zack:            So, why'd you bring Jack and me in, then, if we're supposed to be so scared of her.

Boss:            Because you're the best interrogators the agency has got right now. Well, actually, you're the only interrogators we've got right now -- everyone else is still on Winter Vacation. And we don't have a lot of time left.

Jack:            What's the big rush? What are we supposed to find out?

Boss:            Something's going down next weekend. She's planning something big, real big. So big that all the big players in the game are going to be there. We've even heard that the terrorist codenamed, "Los Angeles Alex" is going to be there. You think the Kat is a big catch, if we could get our hands on "Los Angeles Alex..."

Jack:            So you want Zack and me to find out what, where, and exactly when this is all going down next weekend, huh?

Boss:            That's right, and a lot is riding on it.

Zack:            Well, something this big that Los Angeles Alex would come... she couldn't possibly plan all by herself. Who are her accomplices?

Boss:            (Handing the two of them manilla folders). From NSA satellite intercepts, we think she's working with two others: one Gregory Fung aka the G Funk and one Ohene Asare aka the Big O. Their most recent pictures are included in there.

Jack:            Wow, two pretty good looking guys.

Boss: Don't let those suave and debonair exteriors fool you. G Funk and the Big O are every bit as dangerous as the Kat is. Unfortunately, we have no idea where the two of them are. So, you'll have to get the information from her.

Jack: No problem, boss. Let us at her.

Boss: You two don't have much time to waste. Get to work. Start with the soft approach and if that doesn't work, don't be afraid to use the rough stuff. Remember, you don't have much time.

The Boss leaves. Jack and Zack confer briefly, saying "OK, soft first and then the rough stuff." They enter the room where Kat is waiting. They make a very intimidating entrance and make aggressive sounding noises and gestures. They circle ominously and then they suddenly drop to their knees and start begging Kat.

Both: Please, please, pretty please. Come on, just tell us what's happening next weekend. Just a little hint? A teeny weeny little clue? We won't tell anyone. Come on, you're not being fair... etc.

Kat: Pathetic, absolutely pathetic. I could squash you like bugs, you are so pathetic.

Zack: OK, OK, Jack, the soft approach doesn't seem to be working. It's time to go rough.

Jack: OK, tough gal, no more Mr. Nice Guy. You tell us what's coming down next weekend or else... or else... or else... um.... (whispers to Zack): psst, hey help me out here!

Zack: ... Or else something really, really bad is going to happen to you.

Jack: Yeah, tell us or something really, really bad is going to happen to you.

Kat: Hah, I've survived the Chinese Water Torture, the Romanian Fingernail Pulling, the East German electroshock treatment, and the DeWick steamed vegetables ordeal. What could you possibly do to me?

Zack: What could we do to you? I'll tell you what we could do to you. We could pull your hair!

Zack and Jack take a strand on each side of Kat and pull to the side. Kat grimaces but remains stoic.

Jack: Just tell us what's going down next weekend. Just tell us where everyone is going to be. Just give us the answer and the agony will be over.

Kat: (Spitting at the two): Never, never! You'll never get a word out of me. Bah, I spit in your face!

Zack and Jack slump their shoulders exhausted. They troop out. of the interrogation room.

Zack: We've got to try something else Jack. That gal is just too tough. We've got to use our brains. We've got to outthink her, trick her into giving away the secret to us.

Jack: But Zack, you saw what happened in there. We tried the old hair pulling torture and everything. She'll never tell us a thing.

Zack: Hmmmm, wait a minute, I've got an idea. She'll never tell US a thing. But what about her trusted associates. Give me those files on G-Funk and the Big O. Yes, yes, they could get the secret from her.

Jack: Wait a minute, are you thinking what I think you're thinking?

The scene shifts while Mission Impossible music plays again. New scene shows Zack and Jack meeting with Doc, dressed in white gown. Doc is studying the manila folders.

Zack: So, Doc, what do you think? Can you change our appearance to match these guys.

Doc: I don't know, these are two pretty good looking guys. Let me see..., hmmm..

Doc does all sorts of measurements on Zack and Jack's faces.

Doc: Well, with the latest in laser surgery, plastic implants, chemical dying... I think it is possible.

Jack: Well, let's do it. We don't have much time.

Jack and Zack go behind the table up front. Only Doc is visible, pulling, tugging, making sawing motions, etc., constantly looking at the dossier. Music is again playing. Doc finally rubs his hands with satisfaction. Greg and Ohene appear from behind the table. They look at themselves and each other.

Greg: Cool, let's do it! Remember, now, we've got to play our cards just right.

Greg and Ohene leap into the interrogation room where Kat is still sitting.

Kat: G Funk, Big O, what are you doing here?

Ohene: Uhhhh, we came here to rescue you. Yeah, we found out they caught you and we're here to get you out.

Kat: Well, let's go, we don't have much time to get ready for next weekend.

Greg: Yeah, that's right. I'm really looking forward to next weekend. Kat, you know, you being a woman and all, I wanted to ask your advice... what do you think I ought to pack for next weekend.

Kat: What do you mean what should you pack? The usual! Some warm clothes, a sleeping bag and pillow, a flashlight, you know, the usual! What's gotten into you?

Ohene: Yeah, silly, of course you'd bring the usual. Isn't he silly? Of course you'd need that stuff because we'll be roughing it, sleeping outdoors, camping

Kat: What are you talking about? Toah Nipi is one of the most beautiful and comfortable conference centers in New England! We'll only be outdoors during the free time and games. Have you forgotten our planning sessions?

Ohene: I knew that. I knew that. I tell you Kat, I'm especially looking forward to meeting Los Angeles Alex. It's great that he's going to come all this way just to... just to...

Kat: Yeah, we sure lucked out. He's one of the best young speakers and teachers in the country.

Greg: Yup, talent like that doesn't come cheap. Boy, it sure was expensive getting him.

Kat: What do you mean? What is wrong with you guys? 35 dollars per person is not very expensive at all. Plus, from all our recent bank robberies of the Tufts University treasury, we have plenty of money to fund all our associates to come.

Greg: I knew that. I knew that. Well, let's go, time is running out, we've got to make it to... to... to...

Kat: TCF Winter Retreat '98! Are you guys on something?

Greg and Ohene: Yes, TCF Winter Retreat '98! Next weekend! Yes, yes, of course. It's all coming back to us now. Hah, hah, hah, hah.

Greg makes final pitch.