

## CONFESSIONS OF A DANGEROUS MIND

INT. DATING GAME SET - LATER

Barris paces on the darkened set. He is trying to think. A shadowy figure appears at the top of the bleachers and creeps down the aisle. Barris is deep in thought and doesn't hear. The man appears behind Barris and locks his arm around Barris's neck. Barris is startled, choking and flailing trying to remove the arm. He can't. Finally the man releases Barris and tweaks his crotch. Barris turns wildly around. It is Jim Byrd.

BYRD  
Boy, didn't I teach you anything?

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48.

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BARRIS  
You son of a bitch!

Barris swings at Byrd. Byrd easily blocks the punch.

BYRD  
You're so rusty, it's embarrassing.

BARRIS  
You're a stupid fucking turd, you know that?

BYRD  
Can I buy you lunch?

INT. MARTONI'S - DAY

Jim is downing his bourbon and signals the waitress for another. Barris, still pissed, sips a martini.

BYRD  
Ah, lighten up, hombre.

BARRIS  
My fucking neck hurts. Okay?

BYRD  
Poor baby. Look, I've been put in charge of a fairly large wet operation and I could use your help.

BARRIS  
Have you noticed, Jim, I've got a tv show on the air? I don't need to kill people for hire anymore.

BYRD  
I know you don't need to. But you'd like to.

BARRIS  
That's insane.

Byrd shrugs, unconvinced. He sips his drink.

BYRD  
Think of it as a hobby. An avocation. Something you do to relax. You can be an assassination enthusiast, a murder bug.

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49.

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BARRIS  
I've got important things to think about here. I don't have time to fuck around with you.

BYRD  
Okay, I'll help you out with your little show. Tit for tat. That's the kinda guy I am. I've seen this Dating Game of yours, Chuck. And I have a thought.

BARRIS  
What, now you're a television producer?

BYRD  
Hey, I'm CIA operative John Q. Public when it comes to tv and that should make my opinion of interest to you.

BARRIS  
Let's hear it then.

BYRD  
Well, what do you have now? The couple gets sent to some stupid second-rate Hollywood shitcan restaurant, right? Sets you back fifty bucks? That's not too exciting a prize to us vicarious-living boobs out in TV-land.

BARRIS  
Yeah, what's your point?

BYRD  
Up the stakes, Chuckles. Send 'em to

some exotic locale. Europe, Southeast Asia, for example.

BARRIS

The network's not going to let me send two unmarried kids on vacation together.

BYRD

(shrugs)

Send 'em with a chaperone. Some respectable old lady with a sewn closed snatch.

BARRIS

(considering)

Y'know, that's not half bad.

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50.

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BYRD

I'm telling ya. And... And sometimes you can be the chaperone, Chuckie. Let's say we have a job for you in Austria. You, a successful tv producer, above suspicion, chaperones the young couple, and while you're there, blam! you take care of some Company business. It's the perfect cover. TV producer by day, CIA operative by night.

BARRIS

I told you, I don't have to kill people for money anymore.

BYRD

Chuck, when I said you fit our profile, very little of that had to do with you needing the money. Some of it, but very little. You liked it with Renda, Chuck. I saw it in your eyes. You liked it but you botched it. Don't you want to get really good at something, Chuck?

Barris stares at Byrd.