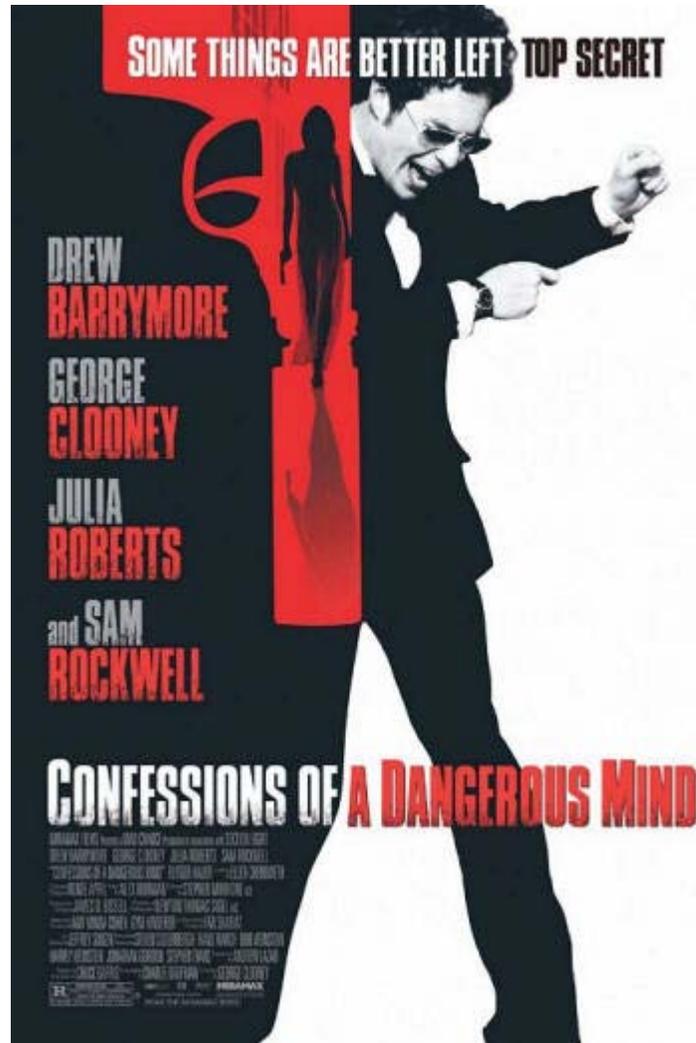


CONFESSIONS OF A DANGEROUS MIND -- ILLUSTRATED SCREENPLAY

Directed by George Clooney, Screenplay by Charlie Kaufman
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I got a new show called
"Operation: Entertainment" ...



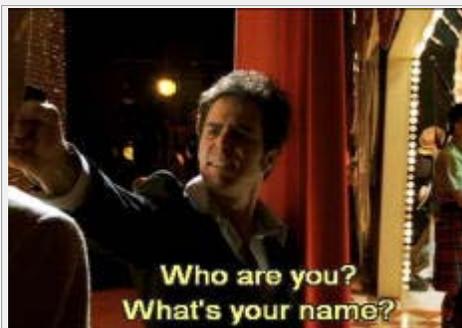
Which I believe is really,
really gonna kill.



Kill for me, baby.



- Hey, Chuck. I --
- Take it off.



Who are you?
What's your name?



Yeah ... that's the way it goes
on TV.



CHUCK: Get off the stage. Go
back to Scotland!



The Unknown Comic!



Hey, Chuckie, baby!



What's the difference between
toilet paper ...



- Get off the stage.
- No, it's my turn, Chuckie



Get the fuck out of here.



PATRICIA: Nietzsche says whoever despises oneself...

PATRICIA: Nietzsche says whoever despises oneself ...



still respects oneself as one who despises.

Still respects oneself as one who despises.



CHUCK: Shit, I never thought of that.

CHUCK: Shit, I never thought of that.

Cast:

Dick Clark Himself
Sam Rockwell Chuck Barris
Michelle Sweeney J. Sweeney
Drew Barrymore Penny
Chelsea Ceci Tuvia, Age 8
Michael Cera Chuck, Age 8 and 11 (as Michael Céra)
Aimee Rose Ambroziak Chuck's Date #1
Isabelle Blais Chuck's Date #2
Melissa Carter Chuck's Date #3
Jennifer Hall Georgia
Ilona Elkin Georgia's Girlfriend
Sean Tucker Barfly
Jaye P. Morgan Herself
Maggie Gyllenhaal Debbie
David Julian Hirsh Freddie Cannon (as David Hirsh)

[Screenplay Transcribed from the Movie by Tara Carreon]



DICK CLARK, HOST OF AMERICAN BANDSTAND: I wouldn't want to live his life 'cause he hasn't been happy all of his life. All I think is, if you can find work, stay healthy, find

somebody to share it with, you're the ultimate success. He's had some of the pieces of the puzzle, but not all of them.

RONALD REAGAN: "I, Ronald Regan, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States."

[Tone blares]

[Cartoon music playing]

[New York, 1981]

[Knock on door]

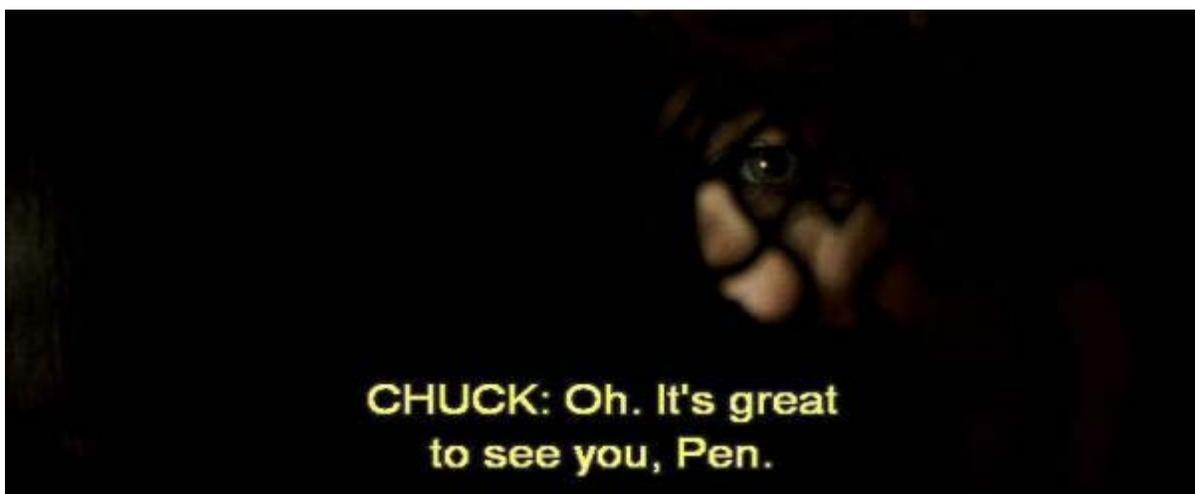


PENNY: Chuck, it's Pen.

[Peephole opens]

CHUCK: Hey! Jesus. How'd you find me?

PENNY: You wrote me your last letter on hotel stationery.



CHUCK: Oh. It's great to see you, Pen. You look -- you look beautiful.

PENNY: This place is scary.

CHUCK: Yeah. The human psyche.

PENNY: I came to take you back to California with me.

CHUCK: Uh, no ...

PENNY: It's a lonely state without you.

CHUCK: I'm home, Red.

PENNY: I can't wait forever for you to marry me. Well, apparently, I can, but I really don't want to.

CHUCK: Uh ...

PENNY: (Crying) I love you so much. You don't understand. I don't even know why.

CHUCK: Oh, Penny. Penny, Penny, Penny. [Laughs]

PENNY: [Sighs]

[Slow piano music playing]

[Chuck closes peephole]

CHUCK: Listen, I gotta go, OK? I'm kind of busy right now, OK?



CHUCK: When you're young, your potential is infinite.



You might do anything, really.
You might be Einstein ...



you might be DiMaggio.
Then you get to an age when what you might be ...gives way to what you have been.



You weren't Einstein.



You weren't anything.



That's a bad moment.



This film is taken from Mr. Barris' private journals,
public records, and hundreds of hours of taped interviews.

[This film is taken from Mr. Barris' private journals, public records, and hundreds of hours of taped interviews.]



BARRIS: It was 1981...

CHUCK: It was 1981, and I had holed myself up in this New York hotel -- the Phoenix Hotel -
- terrified of everything, ashamed of my life. Until, finally, I realized my salvation ...



*might be in recording
my wasted life unflinchingly.*

might be in recording my wasted life unflinchingly.



[Typing]

[Typing]

CHUCK: Maybe it would serve as a cautionary tale ...



and maybe it would help me understand why.

When I was 11, I had an experience with my sister's friend, Tuvia, that left an indelible impression.

CHUCK: Hey.

TUVIA: What?

CHUCK: Tuvia.

TUVIA: What?!

[Philadelphia, 1940]

CHUCK: You want to lick it?

TUVIA: [Scoffs] No. Why should I?

CHUCK: Well, for one thing, it tastes like strawberry. My sister tells me you love strawberries.

TUVIA: Yeah, well, I hate strawberries.

CHUCK: No, I'm serious. It tastes exactly like a strawberry lollipop.

TUVIA: Look, I know that's not true.

CHUCK: Well, I bet you it does.

TUVIA: I bet you it doesn't.

CHUCK: I'll bet you a dollar.



CHUCK: Tuvia ... my first love.



[Typing]

CHUCK: Perhaps my whole life turned at that point. The repulsiveness of my sex confirmed by the taste buds of a ripening pubescent girl.



GIRL: What are you doing? Get off me!

CHUCK: And so I found myself in a downward spiral of debauchery, endlessly chasing pussy.

[Doo wop music playing]

[Loud kissing]

CHUCK: My only focus in life to get laid, to get blown, trying to fool myself into believing that given the right combination of circumstances and deception, maybe the Tuvias of the world could desire me that way I desired them.



[Thwack]

CHUCK: I only wanted to be loved.



[Moans softly]



CHUCK: No ...



[Girl] [Sobbing]

[Music] Won't you tell me why I love

[Zips pants]

That girly so

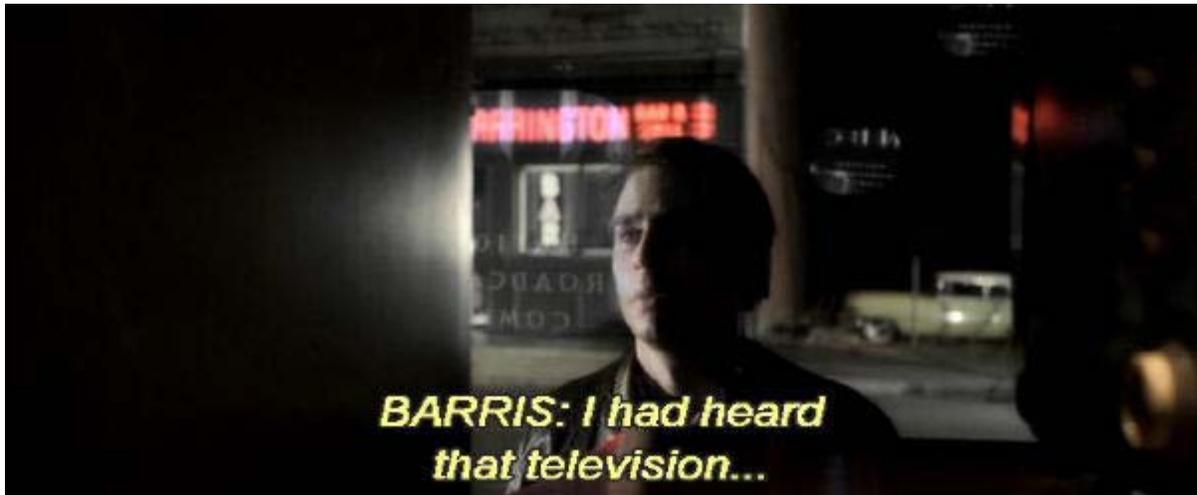
[Kissing]

She doesn't want me

CHUCK: The constant inarticulate rage led to bar fight after bar fight.

[Faint laughter]

TV ANNOUNCER: New York is a city of people, the only state in the union to stretch from the Atlantic Ocean to the Great Lakes. Directly across the avenue is -- you're right again.



CHUCK: I had heard that television ...



was an industry with a future, so I packed up and moved from Philly to Manhattan.

[NBC theme plays]

TOUR GUIDE: We began making commercial broadcasts in 1941, and in 1953 NBC made the first ever color telecast by a network during "The Colgate Comedy Hour."



Now we'll have a look at the studio where they produce "The Today Show," which NBC began broadcasting in 1952.

[New York, 1955]

CHUCK: Excuse me, miss. Do you know where I could apply for an NBC page?

TOUR GUIDE: Such as "The Perry Como Show," which you can tune into on Saturdays at 7:30. "The Nat King Cole Show," which you won't want to miss, on Tuesdays at 8 P.M. And hold on one second. OK. And my personal favorite, "The Lux Show," starring Rosemary Clooney ...

CHUCK: ... which you can enjoy every Thursday at 10:00. And of course, "The Steve Allen Show," which delights us every Sunday at 8:00. You may also be interested to know that Steve Allen actually got his start in entertainment as an NBC page. Ladies and gentlemen, if you'll follow me --

MARY-ANN: Raymond -- in accounting? He's kind of cute, huh?

WOMAN: Cute is all well and good, Mary-Ann, but what you want is a man who's going places. A go-getter on the management fast track.

MARY-ANN: What about Mr. Waters?

CHUCK: Yeah, management training application, please. How many people have applied for this so far?

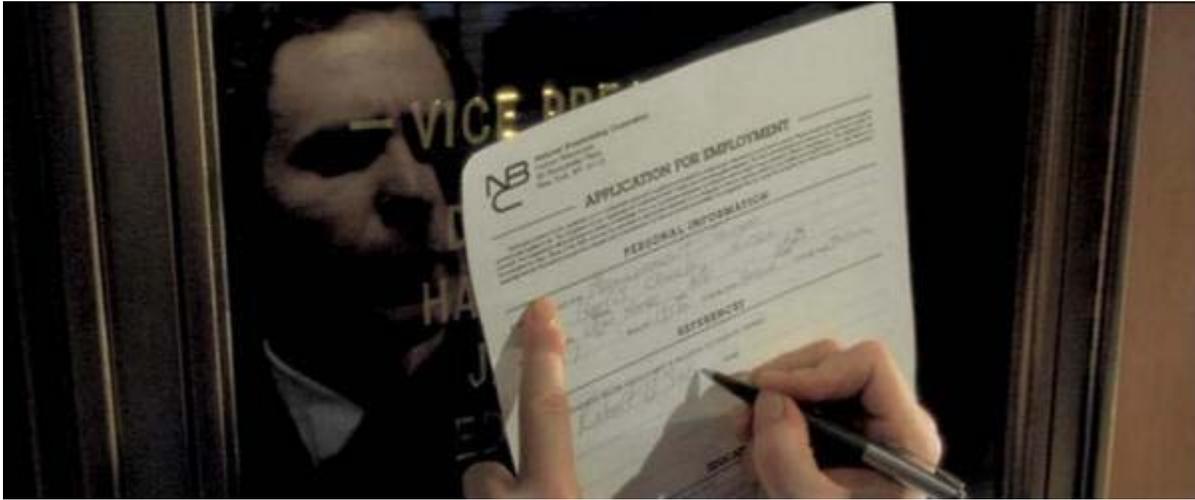
WOMAN: Let's see. Including you? About 2,000.

CHUCK: For how many positions?

WOMAN: Five.

[Bell dings]

CHUCK: Thanks, ma'am.



CHUCK: Sometimes, as a younger man, I stretched the truth to get what I wanted.

GEORGIA: Tell me again!

CHUCK: Head of network sales at 30. Head of the entire network by 40!



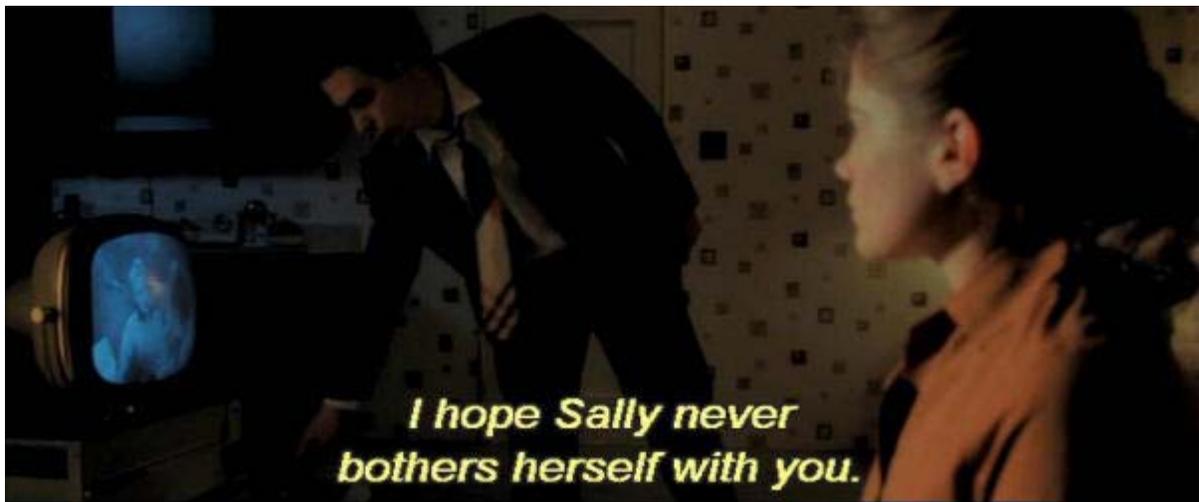
GEORGIA: I love you, Mr. Chuck Barris, management trainee.

[Both moaning]



CHUCK: Uhh! Life was sweet. For a minute.

WOMAN ON TV: Everything's either madly exciting or madly interesting.



I hope Sally never bothers herself with you.

CHUCK: [Turns on faucet] I got fired today.



GEORGIA: Fired?

CHUCK: Yeah, fired.

GEORGIA: Fired? What the fuck did you get fired for?

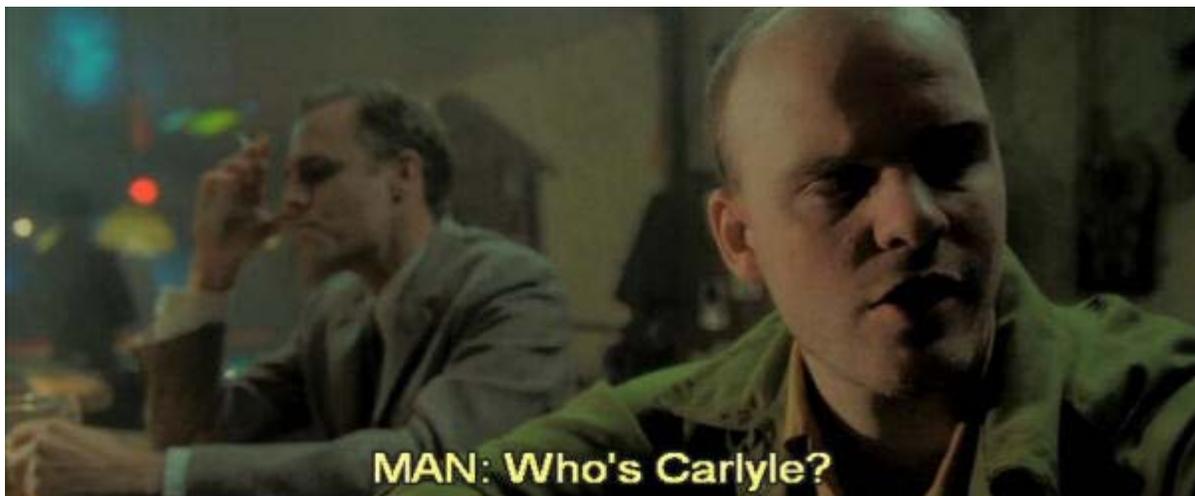
CHUCK: I don't know. Efficiency cutbacks. Some bullshit. Look, it's gonna be fine.

GEORGIA: I'm pregnant.

CHUCK: So, I figured, I'm gonna skip town.



I intend to be important, you know? I can't be saddled with this. Pbbt! But then I remembered something Carlyle said. *"Do the duty which lies nearest thee."* So you see ...



MAN: Who's Carlyle?

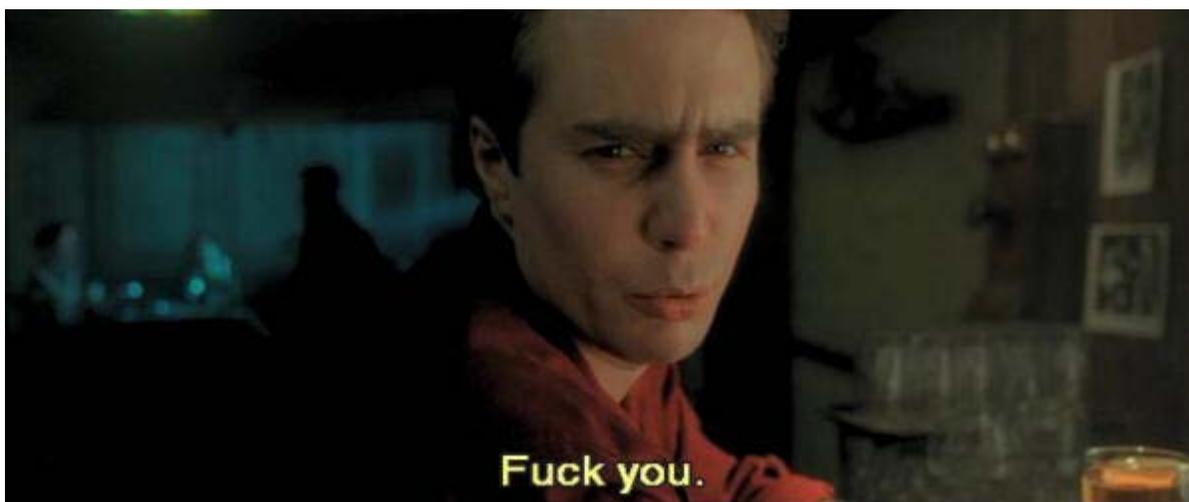
CHUCK: Dear God. Why do I even bother?

MAN: Fuck you, you condescending prick.

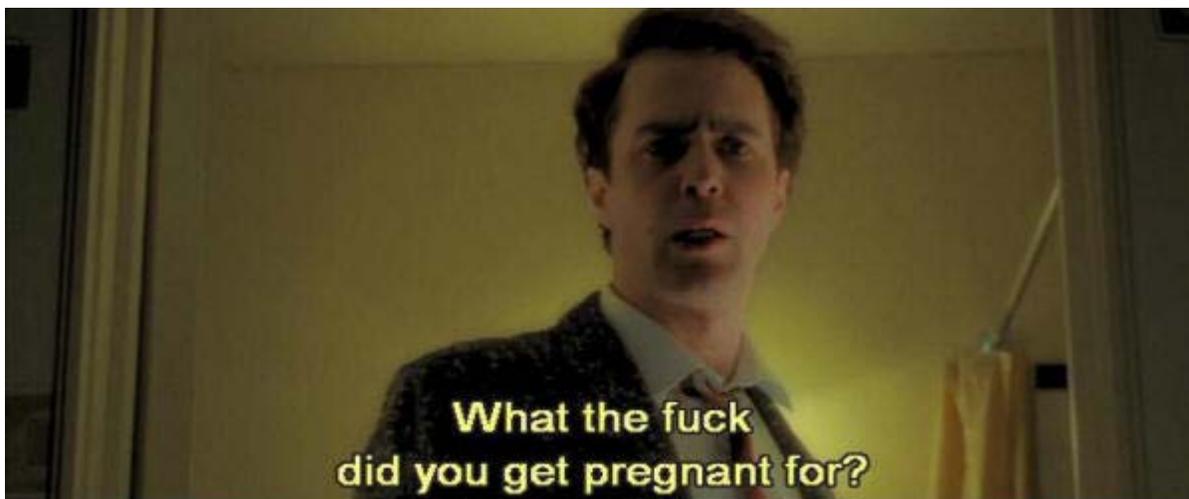
CHUCK: Pregnant?



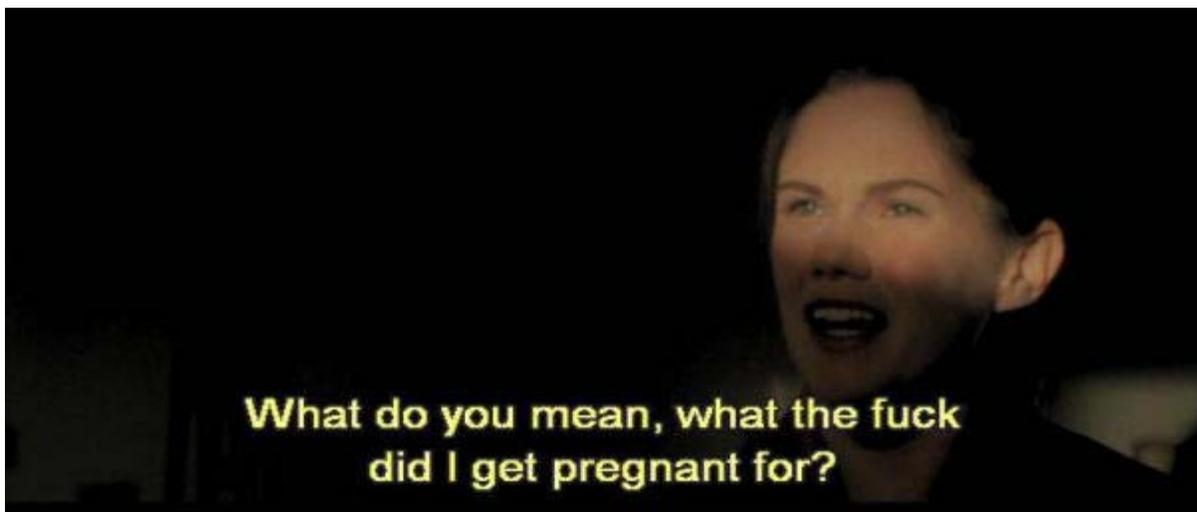
GEORGIA: Yeah, pregnant.



CHUCK: Fuck you.



CHUCK: What the fuck did you get pregnant for?



What do you mean, what the fuck
did I get pregnant for?

GEORGIA: What do you mean, what the fuck did I get pregnant for? You got me fucking pregnant, you fuck!

CHUCK: Well, fuck you!

CHUCK: Fuck you!

CHUCK: Fuckin' ...

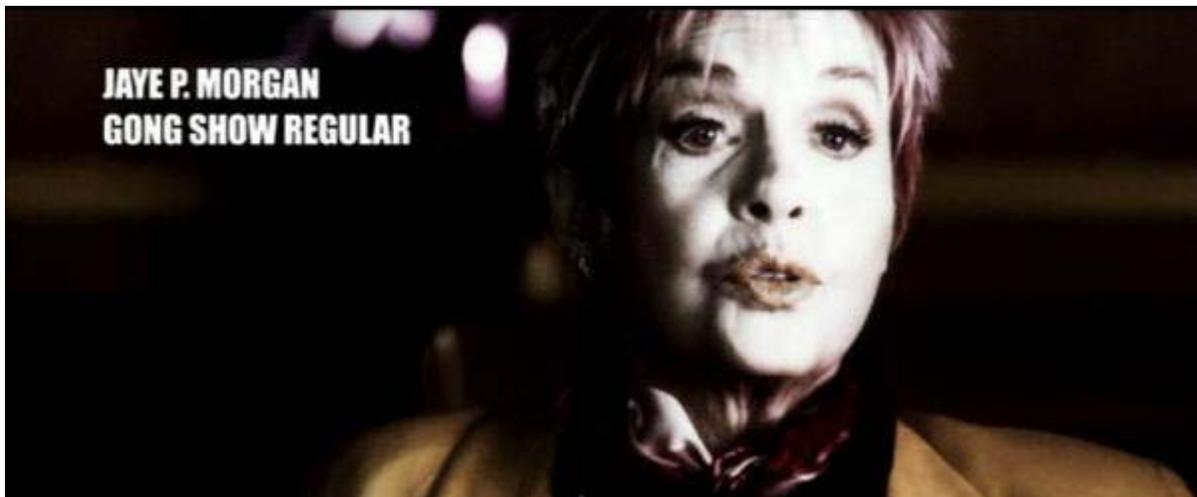
MAN: Fuck you.

CHUCK: Fuck!

CHUCK: Fuck you.

[Dramatic music playing on television]

GEORGIA: Looks like I was just late.



JAYE P. MORGAN
GONG SHOW REGULAR

JAYE P. MORGAN, GONG SHOW REGULAR: Oh, yes, we had a great time. The crew loved him and loved the show, you know? Because it was crazy. And we could do anything we wanted to -- sort of -- and, uh, yeah, they liked him very much. He was a good guy. Even though he's a prick, he's a good guy, too.

DICK CLARK: What is labeled a dream faculty. Wouldn't school be wonderful if we had a faculty like this? You read it, all right?

[Philadelphia, 1961]

GIRL: "Principal Sal Mineo, Vice Principal Tony Perkins ..."

DICK CLARK: Couldn't you see going to a school where Sal Mineo is the principal?



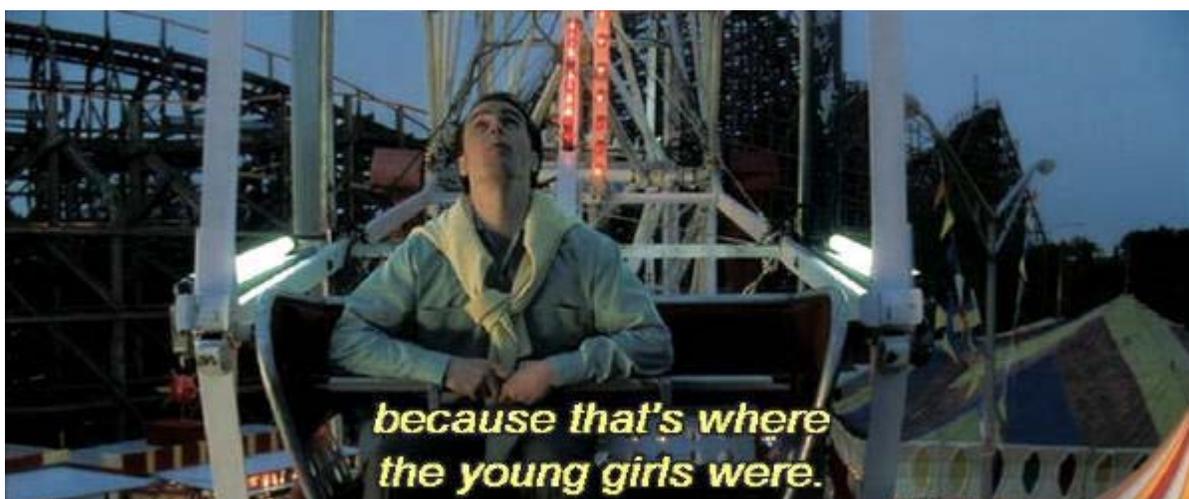
CHUCK: In '61, I had become a minor suit at ABC. It was during the music payola scandal, so my job was to commute to Philly every day, to the "American Bandstand" tapings to keep an eye on Dick Clark.



CLARK: One more lady's choice of the afternoon to go, and suppose we make it this one, OK?



CHUCK: On weekends I used to hang around amusement parks ...



because that's where the young girls were.



I wrote a song about my experiences.



[Music] When you stop at the top of a Ferris wheel ...

I got it to Freddy "Boom Boom" Cannon, through my friendship with Dick Clark.



Dick really wanted to help me out.

CHUCK: Hi.



DEBBIE: What?

CHUCK: Hi.



DEBBIE: Oh.



CHUCK: I wrote this song.

DEBBIE: Huh.

CHUCK: It's number three on the pop charts. See?

DEBBIE: Uh-huh.

CHUCK: Yeah. I believe there's a great future in television.

DEBBIE: Uh-huh?

CHUCK: So I'm gonna take my royalties and create a pilot. A pilot's what they call a test TV show.



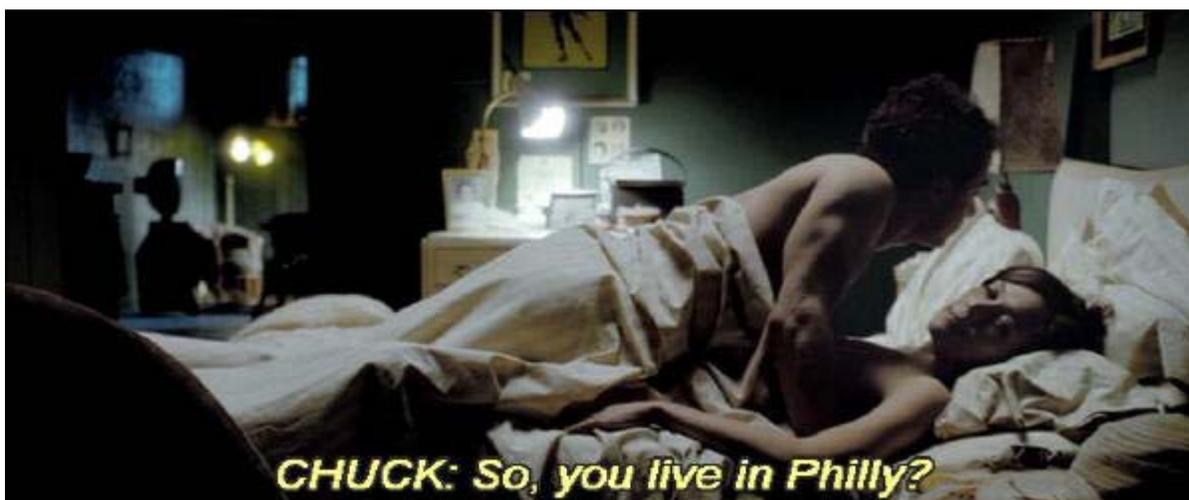
DEBBIE: I work in TV.

CHUCK: Yeah? What's your name? I'm Chuck.



DEBBIE: Debbie.

CHUCK: Debbie.



CHUCK: So you live in Philly?

DEBBIE: No, I live in Manhattan.

CHUCK: It's gonna be a game show. I believe there's a great future in game shows.

DEBBIE: Oh, that's good.

CHUCK: Yeah. Everyone loves game shows, right?

DEBBIE: I don't know.



CHUCK: Well, they do.



DEBBIE: Well, that's great, then.



CHUCK: Ha ha ha. I'm on my way. [Sighs]

PENNY: Hello.

CHUCK: Hi. [Breathes in] Uh ... don't be alarmed. I'm here with Debbie.

PENNY: Yeah, I figured that. Hungry?

CHUCK: Um, no, thanks.

PENNY: Thirsty?



CHUCK: Sure, if you have a beer or ...

PENNY: How was sex with Debbie? I always wanted to know.

CHUCK: It was good. Fine. Thanks for asking.

PENNY: No problem. I just got fucked by this drummer cat -- a real righteous Negro hipster.

CHUCK: Heh. Interesting.

PENNY: I'm into the brotherhood of man. I fucked an Oriental last week. What are you?

CHUCK: Jew.

PENNY: I had one of those once, but he was Sephardic. [Mispronounces] You look Ashke-nazi.

CHUCK: Ashkenazi.

PENNY: Right, Ashke-nazi. I haven't had one of those yet.

CHUCK: You're romantic.

PENNY: Yeah. I just don't get into all the bullshit between cats and chicks. You know what I mean?

CHUCK: I know what you mean.



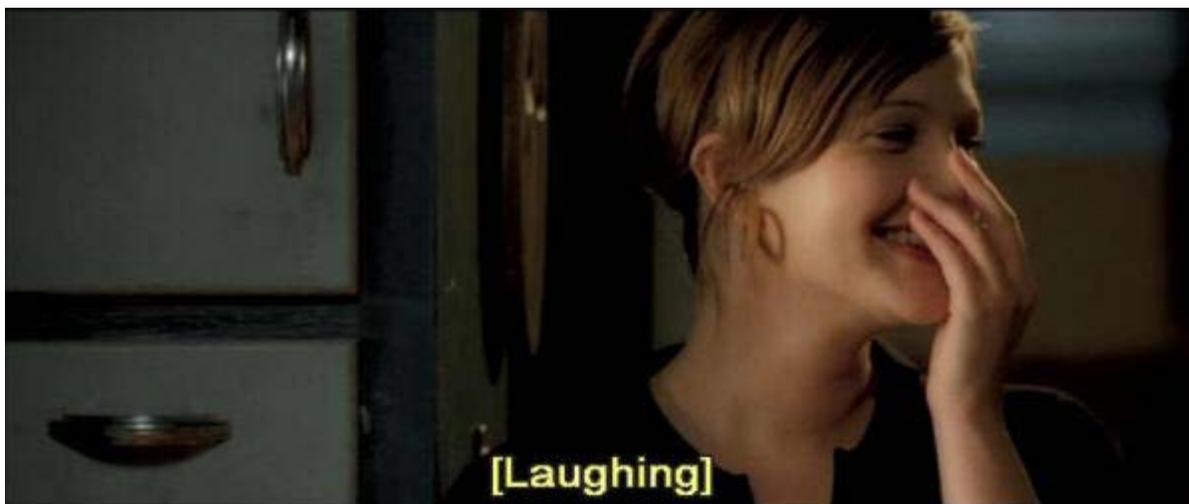
PENNY: Besides, you just give your heart to one cat and you get hurt.

CHUCK: Don't I know it?

PENNY: We could ball if you want.

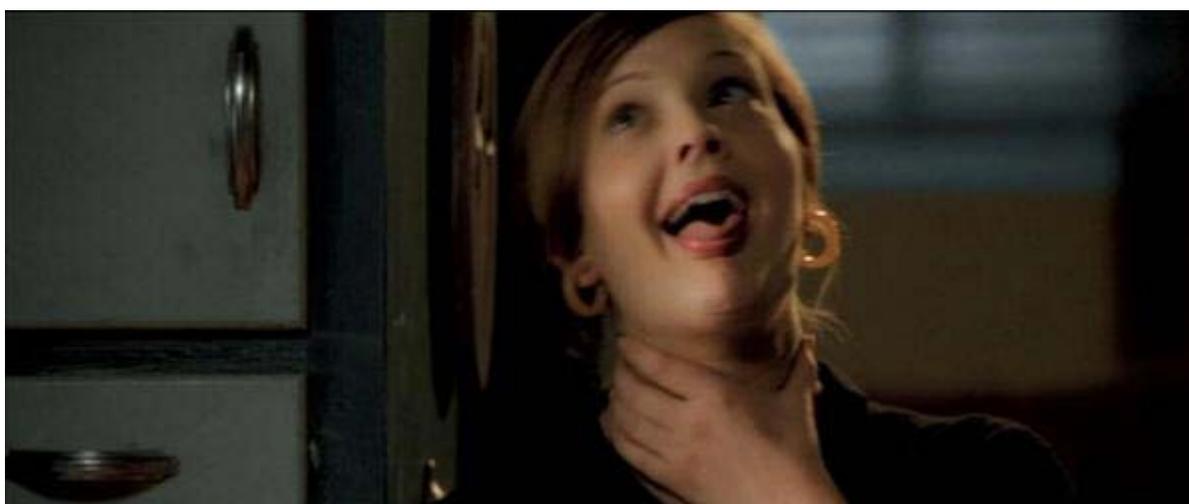
[Both laugh]

CHUCK: Whoa-ho-ho. That would be good. Yeah, but ... ha ha ha! I'm here with Debbie. It doesn't seem right.



[Laughing]

[Laughing]

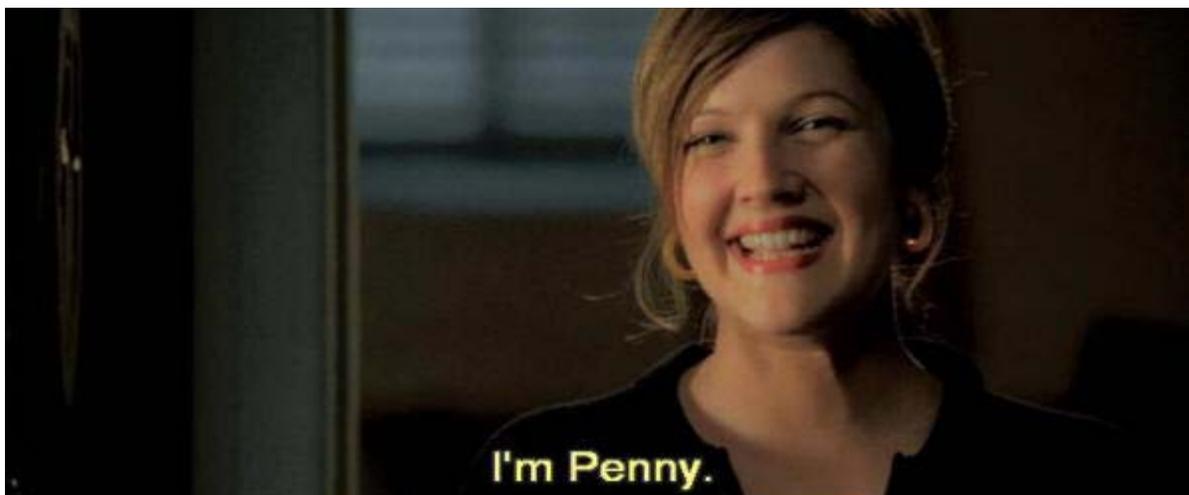


PENNY: That's true. I didn't think of that. Well, I'm going to bed. It was nice meeting you.



CHUCK: Hey, what's your name?





PENNY: I'm Penny.



CHUCK: I'm Chuck.

PENNY: Chuck Barris.

CHUCK: Yeah.

PENNY: Yeah, you wrote that Palisades song. I really like that song.

CHUCK: Oh, thanks.

PENNY: Yeah, it's real sentimental bullshit.



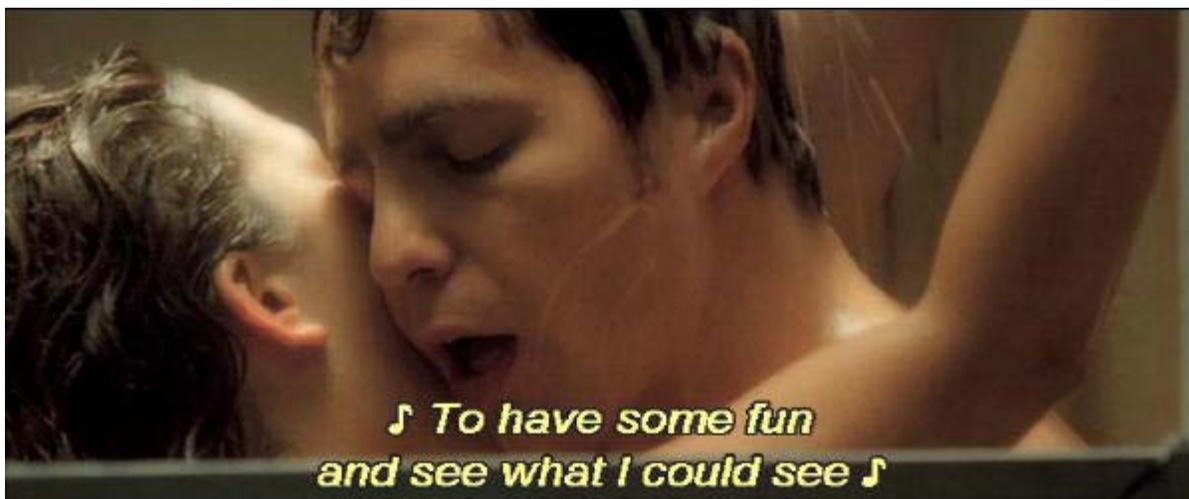
CHUCK: Oh, right.



["Palisades Park" playing]



*Last night I took a walk after dark
A swingin' place called Palisades Park*



*To have some fun and see what I could see
That's where the girls are*



I took a ride on the shoot-the-chute

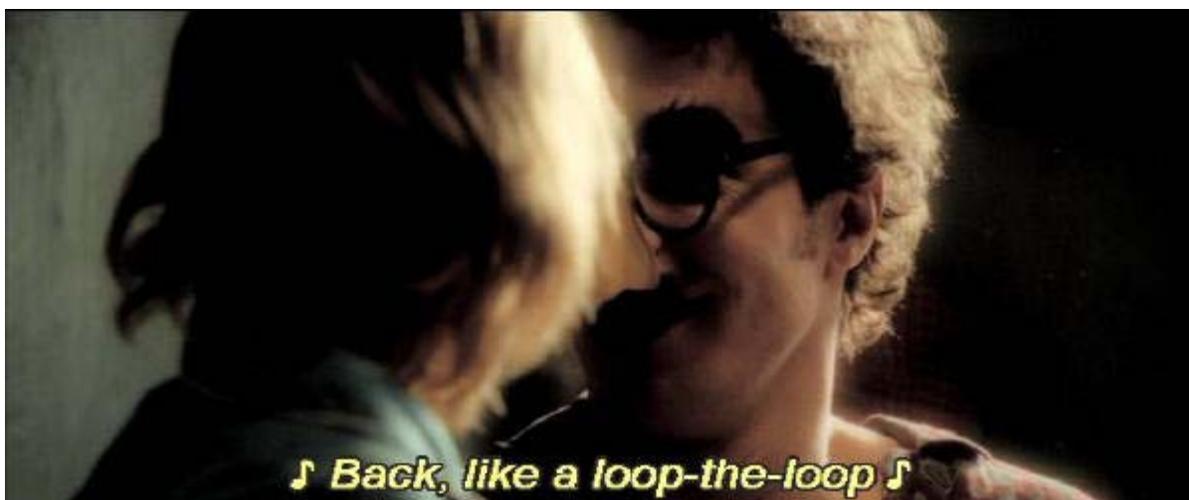


*That girl I sat beside was awful cute
After it stopped, she was holding hands with me
My heart was flyin' up*



♪ Like a rocket ship ♪

*Like a rocket ship
Down, like a roller coaster*



♪ Back, like a loop-the-loop ♪

Back, like a loop-the-loop



♪ And around,
like a merry-go-round ♪

And around, like a merry-go-round



♪ We ate and ate
at a hot dog stand ♪

*We ate and ate at a hot dog stand
We danced around to a rockin' band*



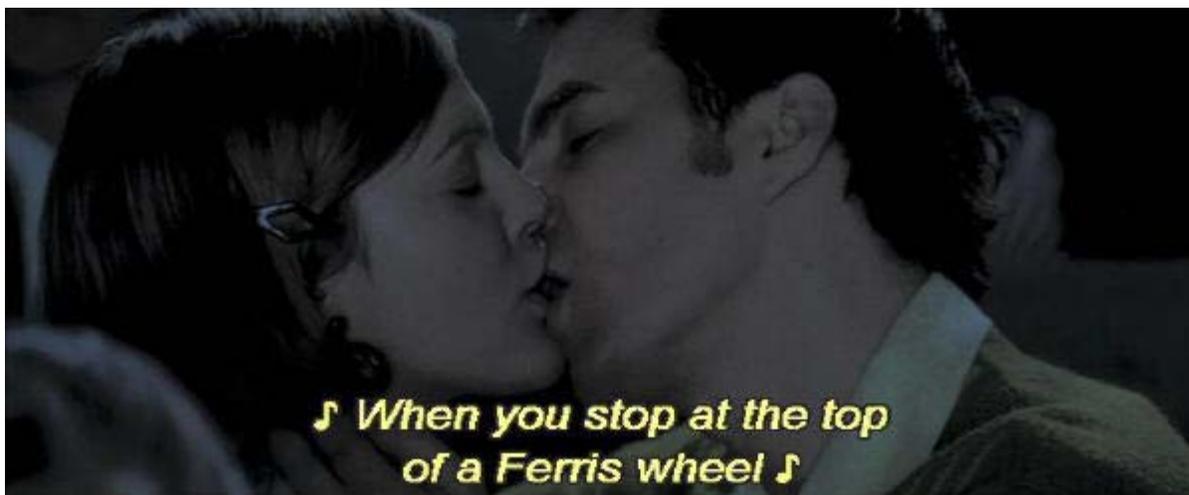
♪ And when I could,
I gave that girl a hug ♪

And when I could, I gave that girl a hug



♪ In the Tunnel of Love ♪

*In the Tunnel of Love
You'll never know how great a kiss can feel*



♪ *When you stop at the top
of a Ferris wheel* ♪

*When you stop at the top of a Ferris wheel
When I fell in love*



♪ *Down at Palisades Park* ♪

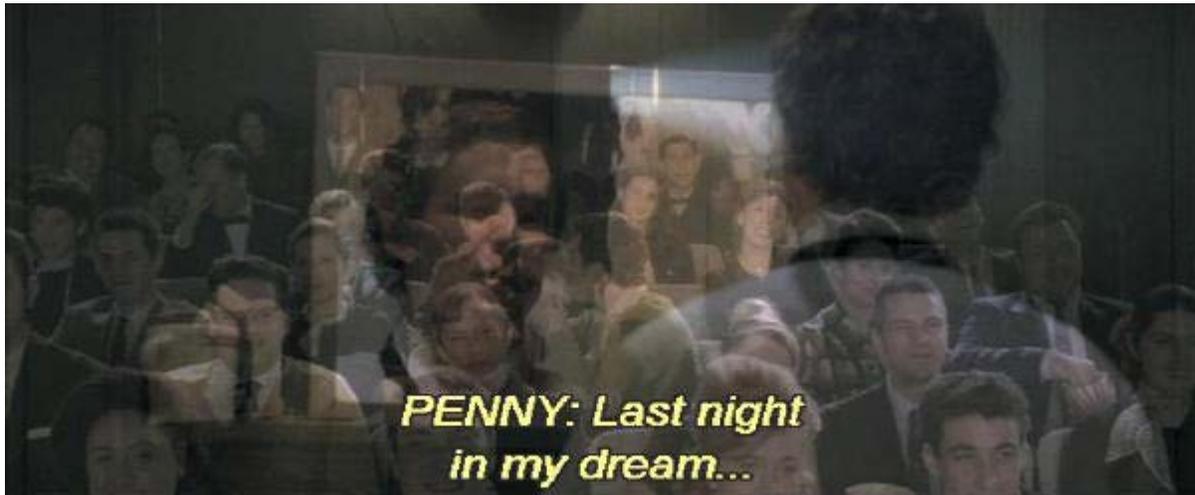
*Down at Palisades Park
Whoa-oh-oh-oh*



[People at park scream]

[People at park scream]

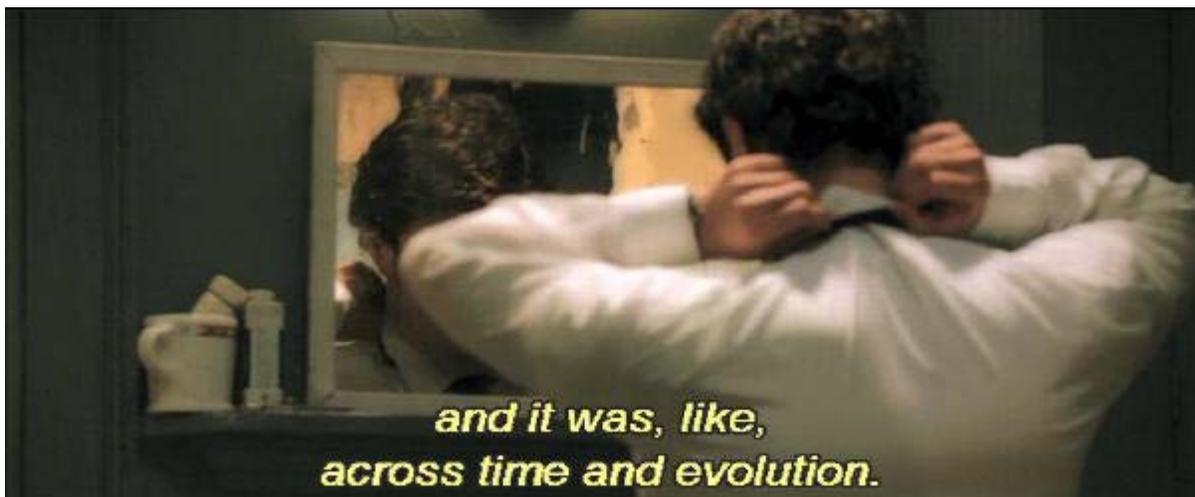
[Song fades out]



PENNY: Last night in my dream ...



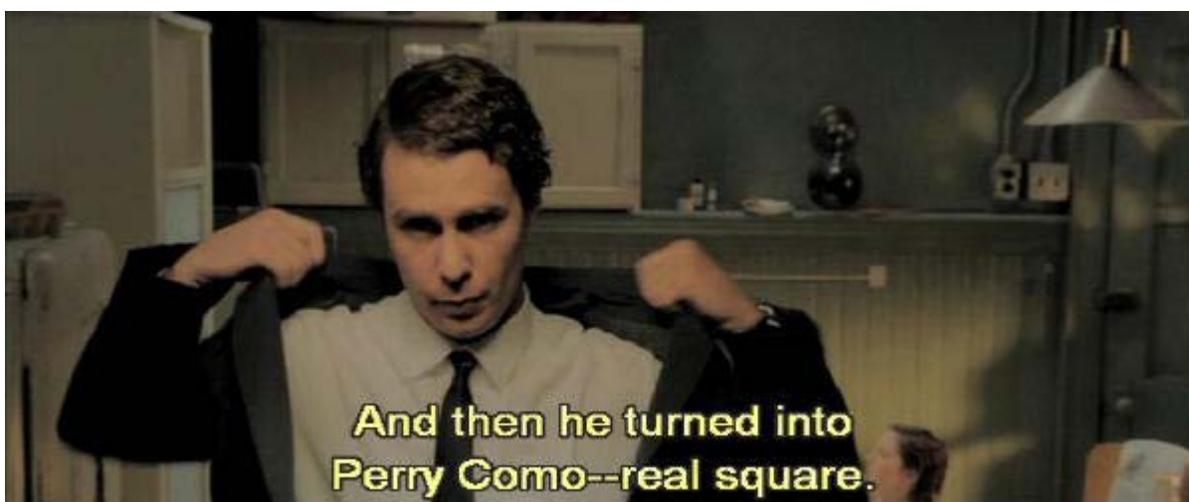
this ape and I are sitting staring at each other ...



and it was, like, across time and evolution.



And then he started talking, but in a language I didn't really understand. [Laughs] Swiss, maybe.



And then he turned into Perry Como -- real square. What's wrong with you?

CHUCK: Nothing.

PENNY: You know, just because we fucked, doesn't mean there are strings now. It's okay.



CHUCK: [Laughs] OK.

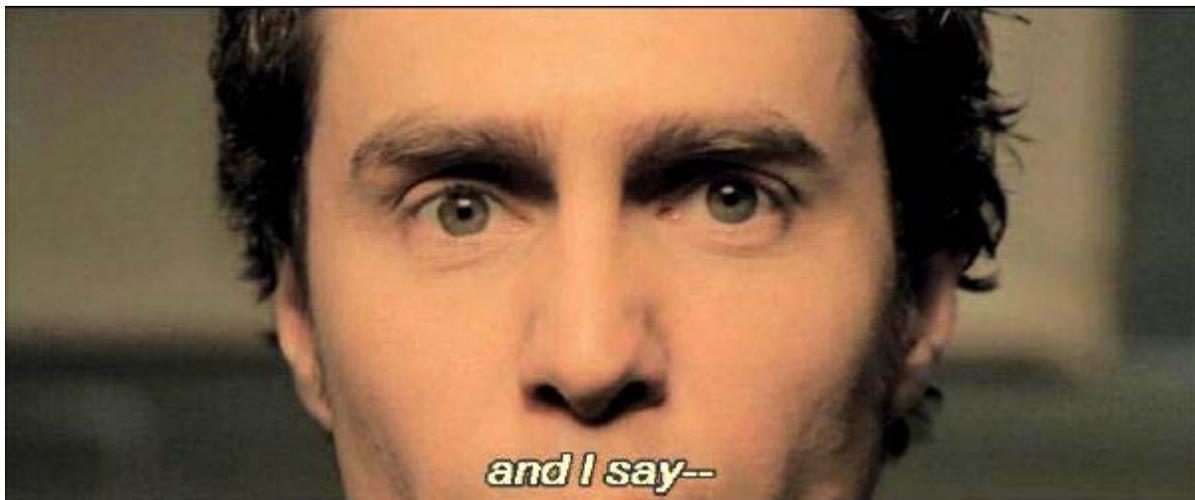
PENNY: I just wanted to tell you about my dream. Nothing more complicated than that. Don't panic.

CHUCK: I'm just not used to all this dating bullshit. Now we're a couple.



Now I'm obliged to give a shit what you say.

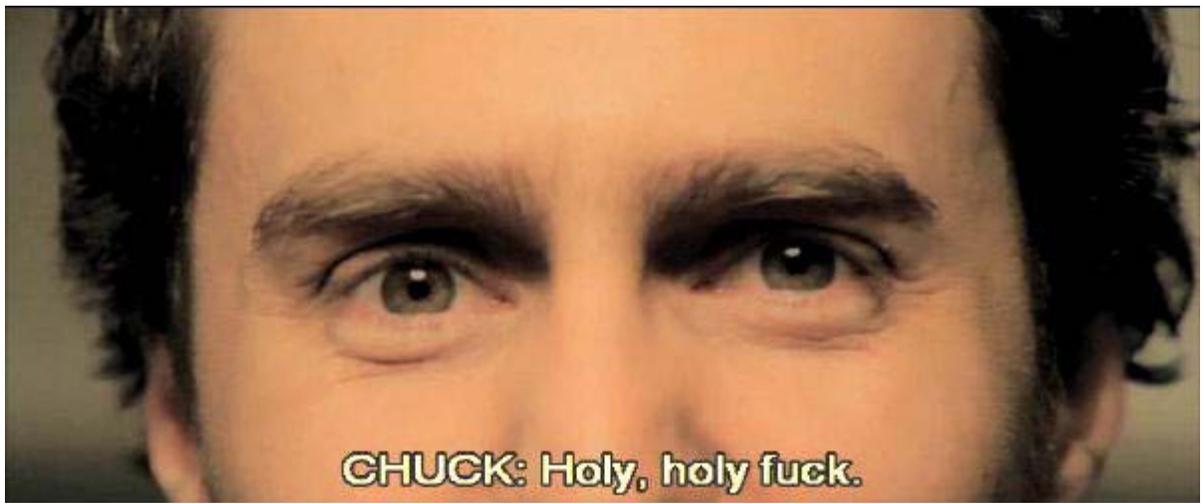
PENNY: Don't worry. I'm not into those games. So anyway, the monkey turns into Perry Como ...



and I say --

CHUCK: Holy fuck.

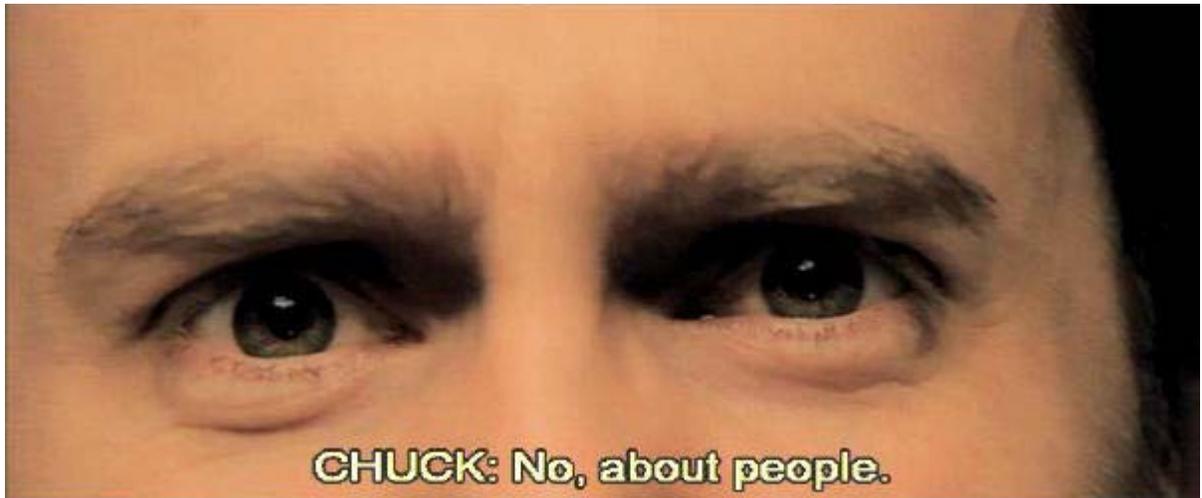
PENNY: What?



CHUCK: Holy, holy fuck.

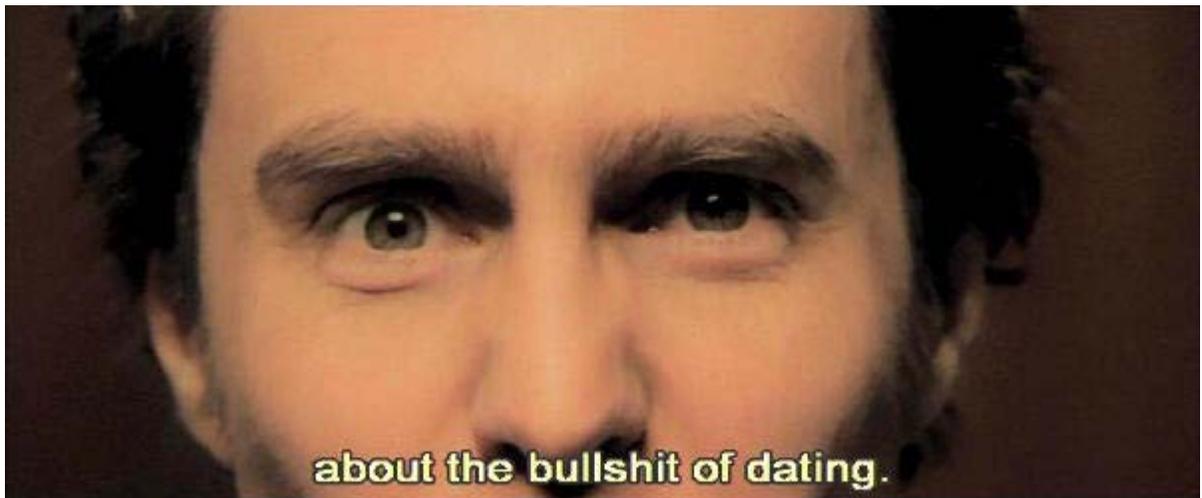
CHUCK: Holy, holy fuck. You just gave me an idea for a show. Fuck!

PENNY: A show about monkeys?



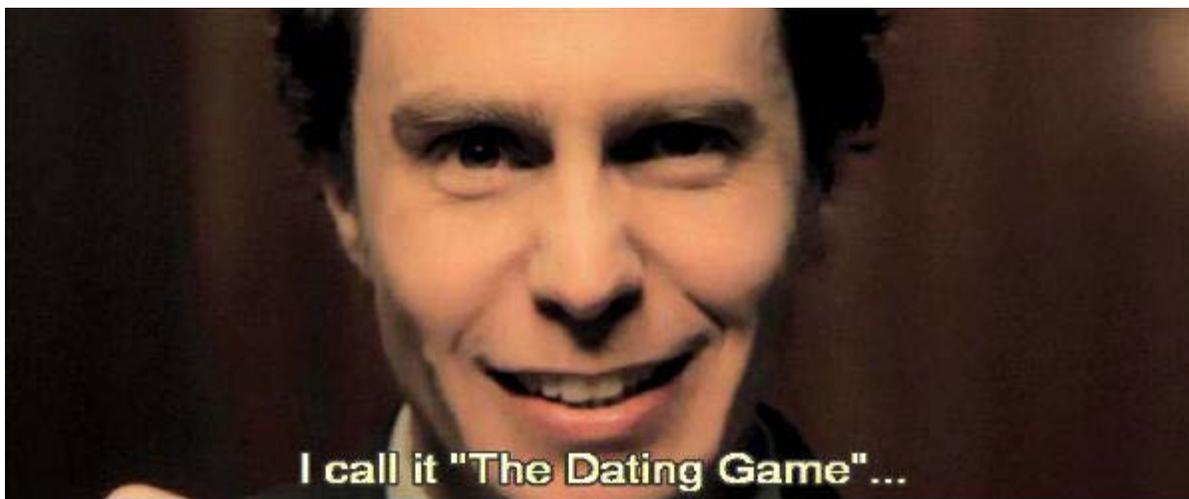
CHUCK: No, about people.

CHUCK: No, about people. About sex, about romance ...

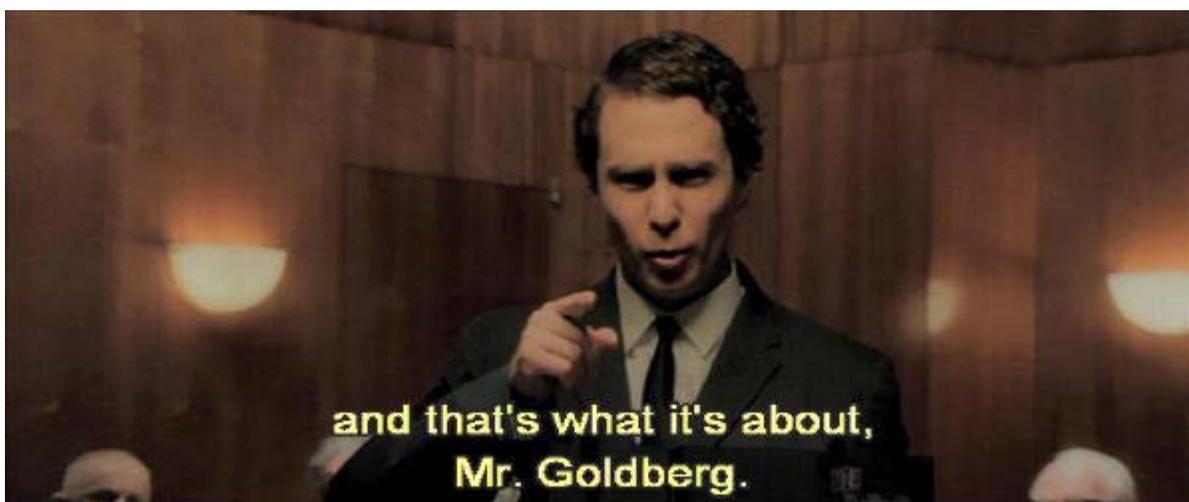


about the bullshit of dating.

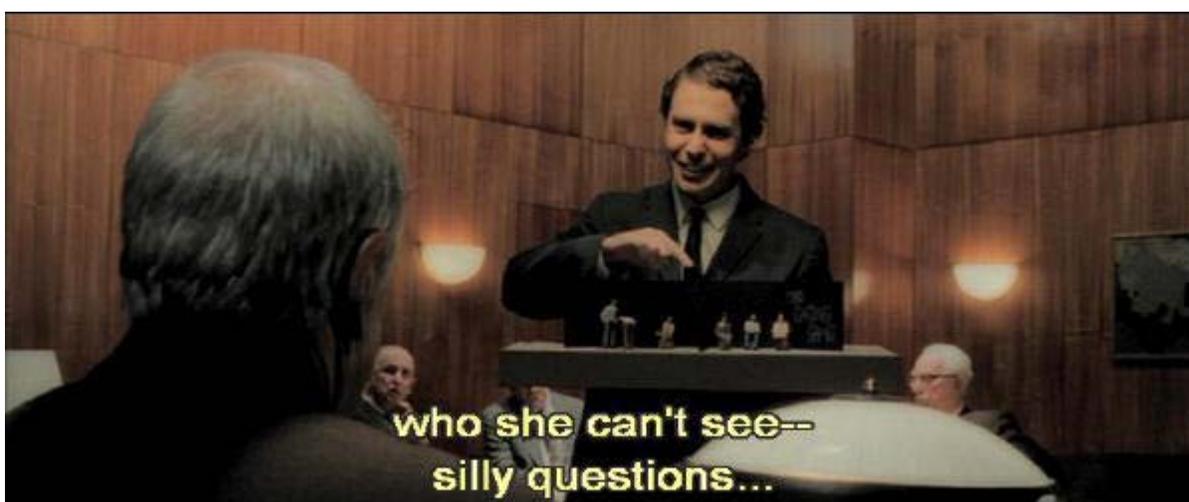
about the bullshit of dating.



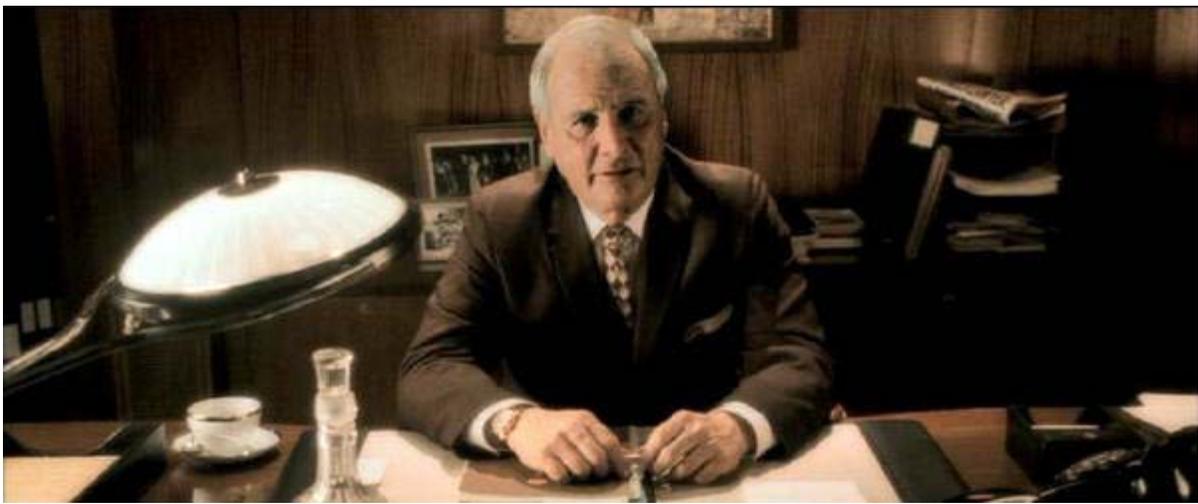
CHUCK: I call it "The Dating Game" ...



and that's what it's about, Mr. Goldberg. A pretty girl asks three handsome guys --



who she can't see -- silly questions, and based on their answers, she picks one to date, and we pay for the date. That's it. That's the show.





CHUCK: Aah! Aah! Aah!

CHUCK: Aah! Aah! Aah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!



**-Hot damn!
-What, what, what?**

Hot damn!

PENNY: What, what, what?

CHUCK: They bought it!



They're giving me 7,500 fuckin' dollars to make a pilot!

PENNY: We gotta go celebrate! Let's go roller skating!

CHUCK: I can't! I got a date!



PENNY: OK, cool. Will you call me after?

CHUCK: OK!

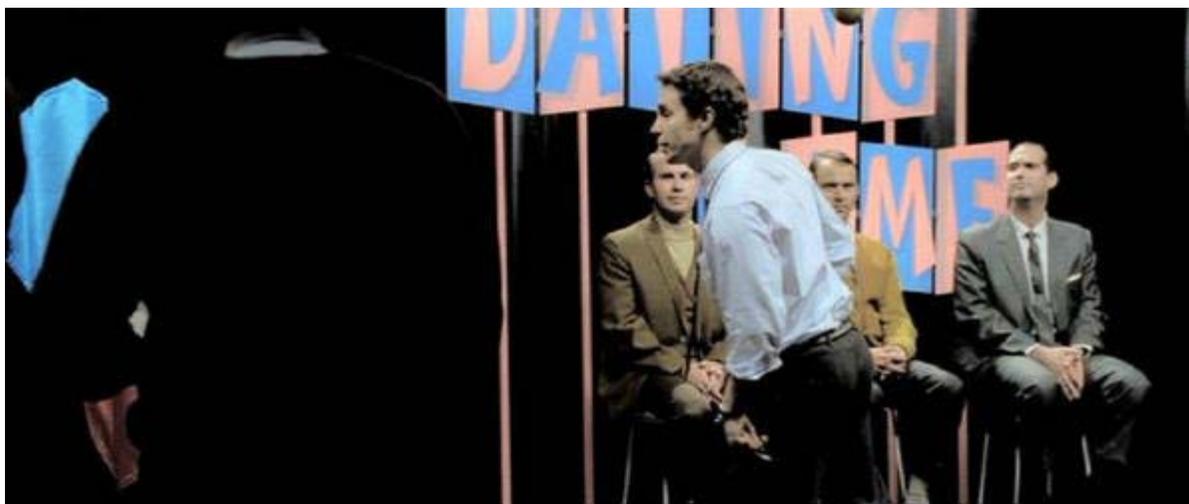
PENNY: OK! Bye! Mwah!

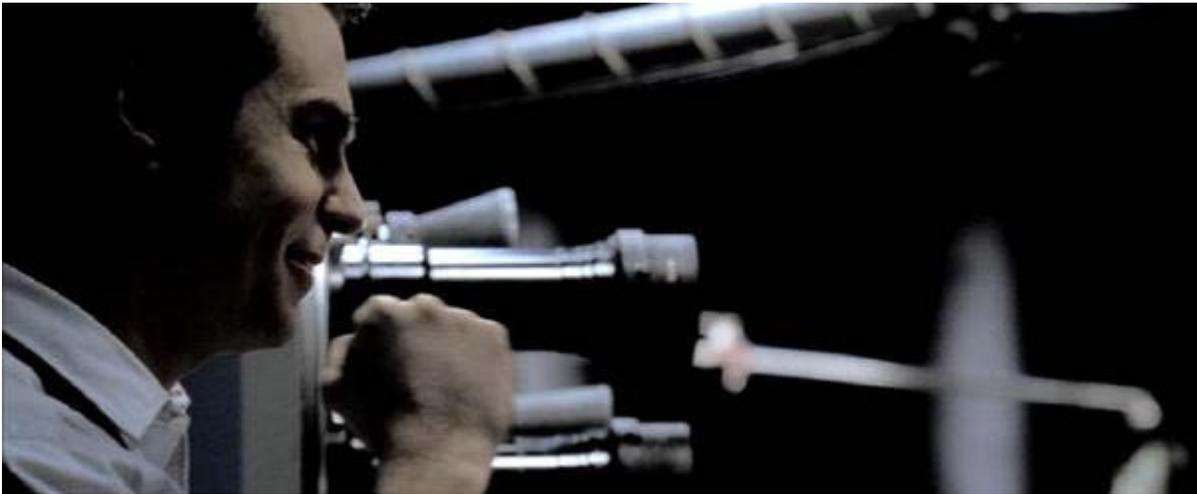


[Upbeat music playing]











[No audio]



CHUCK: I figured I was in.



All I had to do was get the pilot made ...

[Camera clicks]



CHUCK: ... and I'd be a millionaire. Everyone would love me.



Was anyone ever so young?



TV EXECUTIVE: No.

TV EXECUTIVE: All right. Lose it.

CHUCK: ABC didn't like "The Dating Game." They did like a show called "Hootenanny."

TV EXECUTIVE: Whoa, whoa, whoa. I like this one.

CHUCK: Well, he led an amazingly long life. *Hooten-fuckin'-nanny.*

PENNY: What do they know?

CHUCK: That's long for a dog. I don't know. Probably about 70 to you and me. [Sighs] Uh-huh. It's nine years to every one of ours.

[Thump]

PENNY: Ha ha ha!

[Bag rustles]

CHUCK: Yeah.

[Penny laughing]

CHUCK: Uh-huh.



PENNY: I'm sorry about your show.

CHUCK: What? How long has he been dead? Jesus, Phoebe, that's -- Yeah. No, I'll hold on.

PENNY: Is that your mom?

CHUCK: My sister.

PENNY: Come here. Oh, yeah. I got you these.



CHUCK: Listen, Pen, I'm not --

PENNY: I want to tell you something. I talked to a psychic today.

CHUCK: A what?

PENNY: A psychic. And she said that you are gonna be very successful.

CHUCK: Oh, really?

PENNY: Very successful.

CHUCK: Tarot cards?

PENNY: Tea leaves.

CHUCK: Say that again, Phoebe. I missed it. Tuvia? No, why would I have seen her? She did?

PENNY: Who's Tuvia?

CHUCK: To Manhattan?

PENNY: Who's Tuvia?



CHUCK: Yeah. Uh-huh.



PENNY: Oh, your niece.



CHUCK: Divorced? Really? I didn't know she got married.



TUVIA: Yes?

CHUCK: Hi, Tuvia.

TUVIA: Well, if it isn't Strawberry Dick Barris. What do you want?

CHUCK: Ha ha ha! I'm back in town for a while, and I thought maybe --

TUVIA: Jesus, you gotta be kidding.

CHUCK: We could go out and get an ice cream cone.



GENE GENE THE DANCING MACHINE: He's so convincing ...

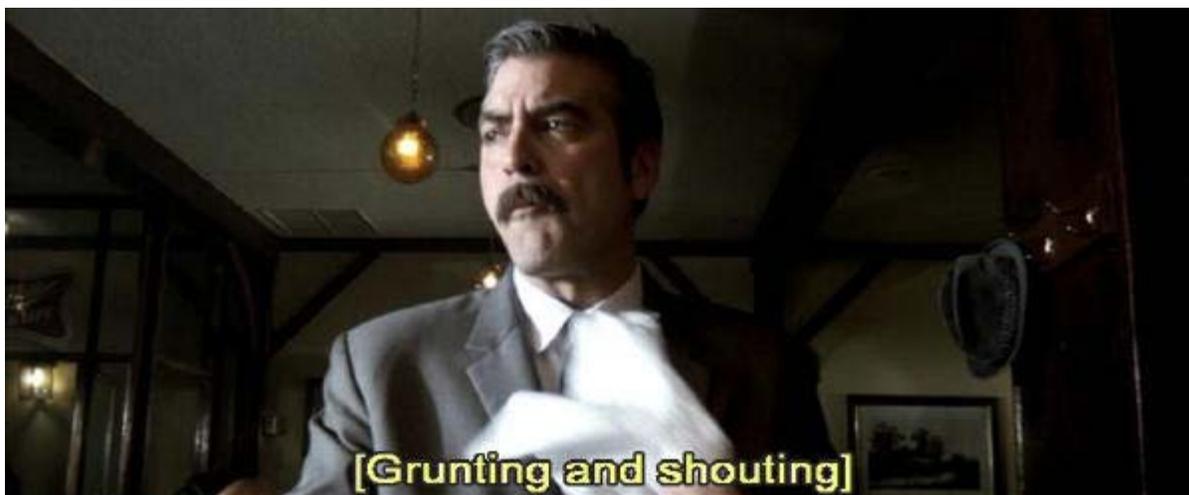


when he's -- He he -- when he's talkin' with you, he could convince you of anything, you know? He's one of the very few guys I'd like to have on my side in a street fight.



CHUCK: You wanna fight, you big pile of shit?

[Thud]



[Grunting and shouting]



JIM: You're a pretty angry young fella. Can't fight worth a damn, though.



CHUCK: Hey, screw off, queer. Don't think I haven't seen you watching me in that bar for a week now...



JIM: Kind of a loner, I'd say. Fairly bright, a tad antisocial. Mad at the world. Can I buy you lunch?



CHUCK: [Sighs] Look, there's a schoolyard half a block down.

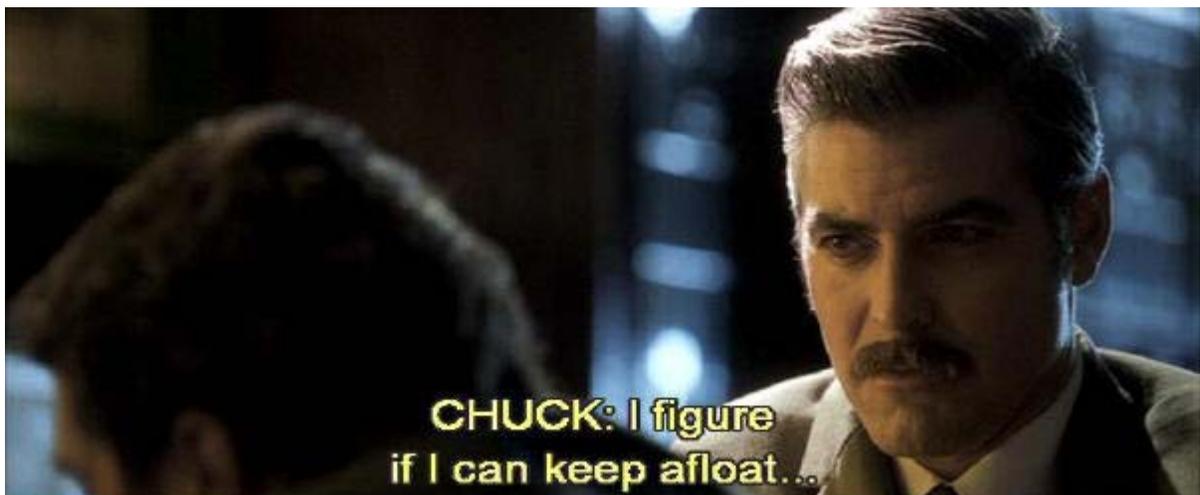


Why don't you go trollin' there?

JIM: I can teach you at least 30 different ways to kill a man with a single blow, Mr. Barris.



It might help in future bar fights. Just a thought. Oh, and there's money in it -- good money.



CHUCK: I figure if I can keep afloat until I come up with the next game show idea, then all would be copacetic.

JIM: That sounds great, Chuck. I've never known a television producer before. I'm impressed.



CHUCK: [Chuckles] Yeah. OK. What's this money and a deal you were talking about?

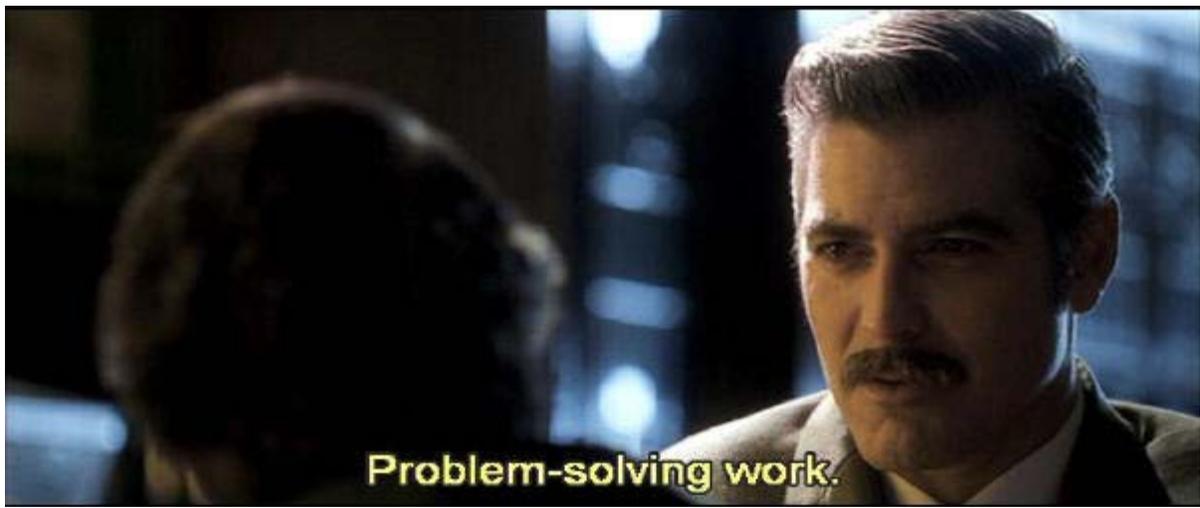
JIM: I work for a government agency. We're always looking for good, enthusiastic men ...



to help us carry out our directives.

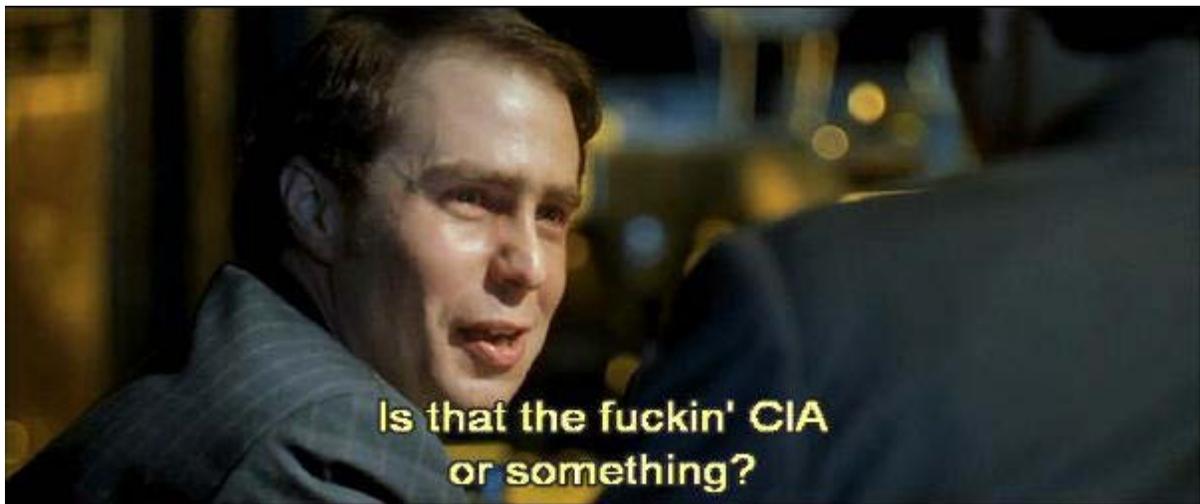


CHUCK: What kind of work? What government agency?



JIM: Problem-solving work. The Office of Diplomatic Security.

CHUCK: [Laughs] Office of what? I never heard of it.



Is that the fuckin' CIA or something?

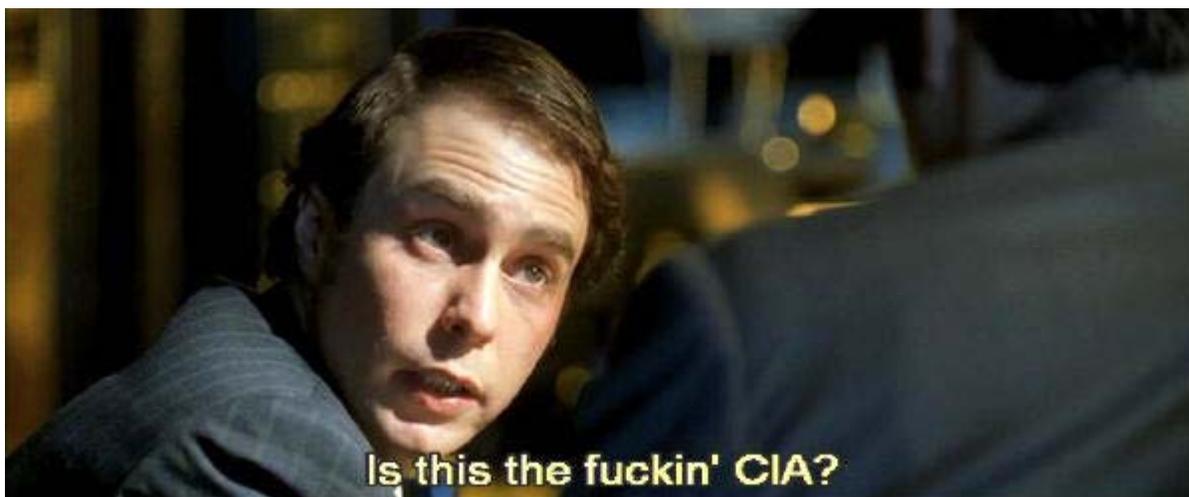


Ha ha ha ha ha!

JIM: Please be discreet, Mr. Barris.



CHUCK: [Whispers] Jesus.



Is this the fuckin' CIA? Yeah. Hell, I'll be a spy. Where do I sign up? Are you fuckin' with me? You're fuckin' with me, aren't you?

JIM: Hardly. And you wouldn't be working for the company. You'd be an independent contract agent.

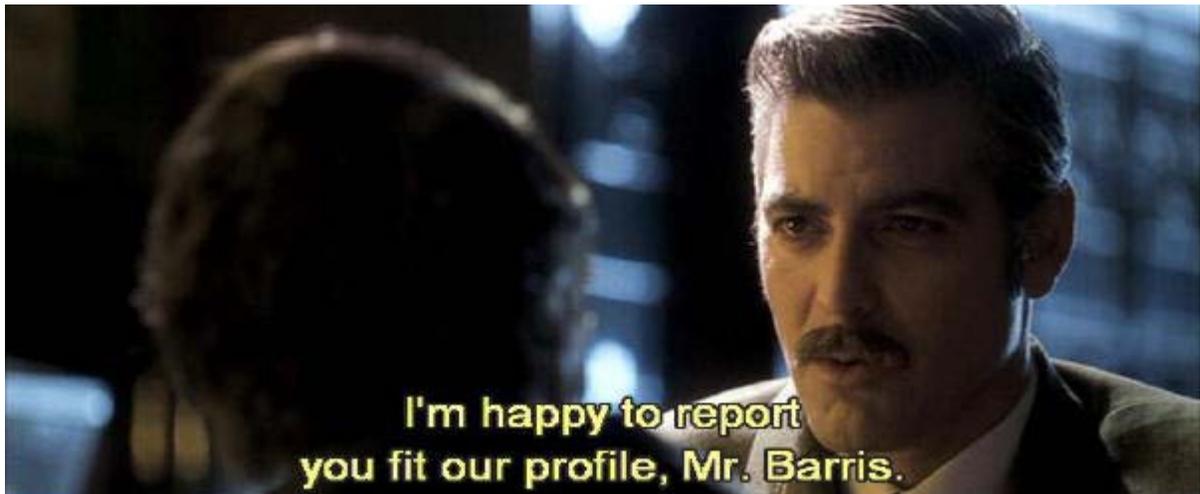


Independent. No official tie to any agency. Understand?



CHUCK: Why me?

JIM: Well, as you know, I've been watching you. For quite some time, actually. I've only let you know about it for the last week.



I'm happy to report you fit our profile, Mr. Barris. Are you interested in the work?



CHUCK: What's the profile?

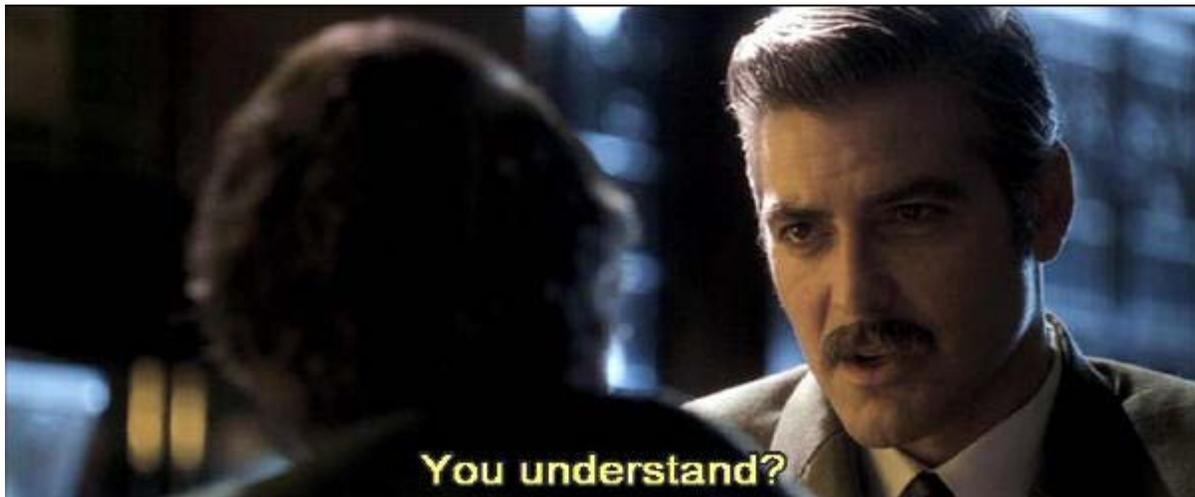
JIM: Are you interested in the work, Mr. Barris?

CHUCK: Yeah, sure. I wanna be a secret agent.



A contract agent, whatever. Get to fuck beautiful Eastern European women --

JIM: What we do is very serious, Mr. Barris. It's essential in quelling the rise of communism, and allowing democracy to get its rightful foothold around the globe.

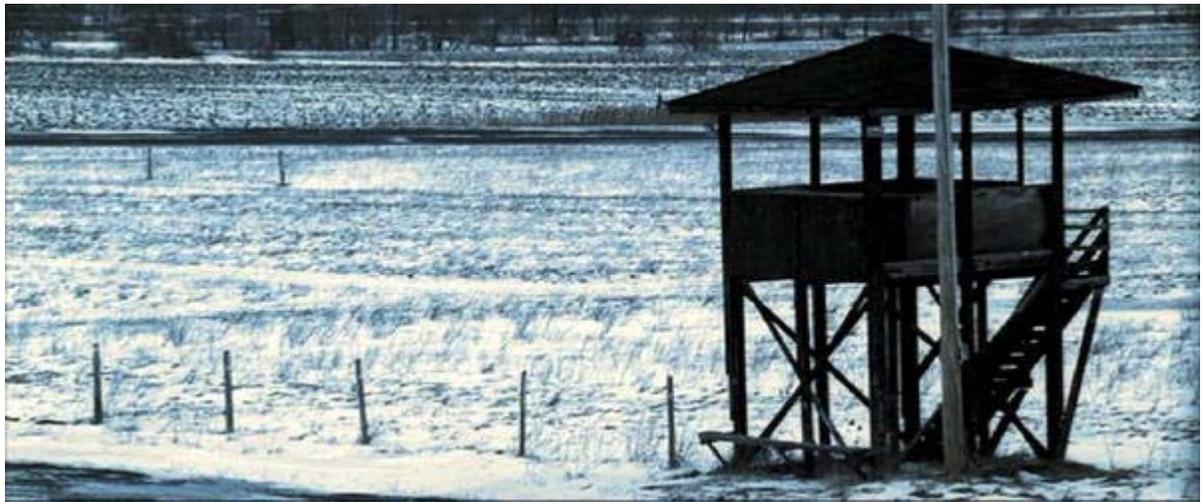


You understand?

CHUCK: Uh ... sure.

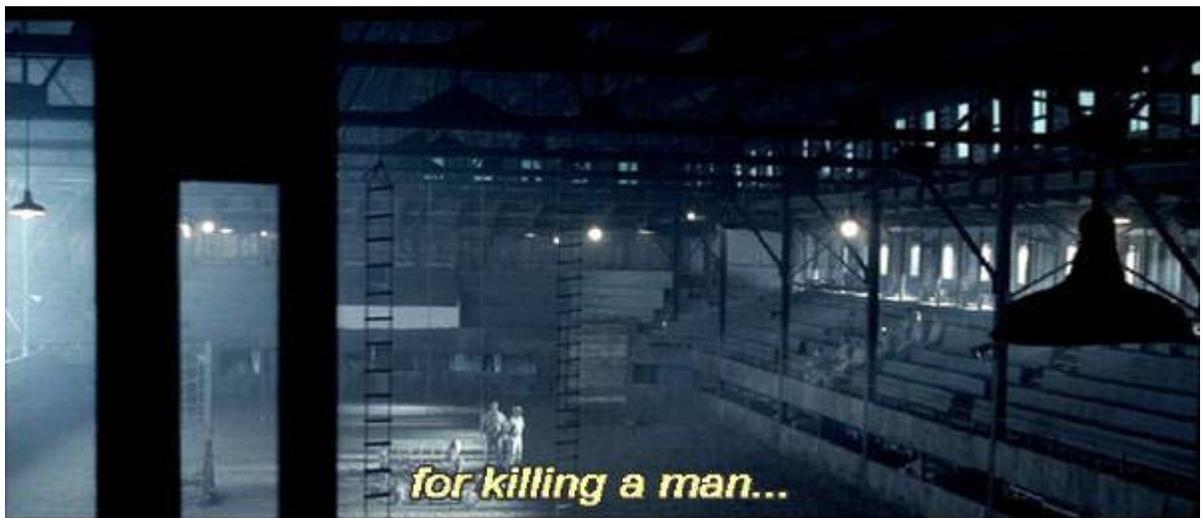


Yeah, OK. That's good. [Clears throat]

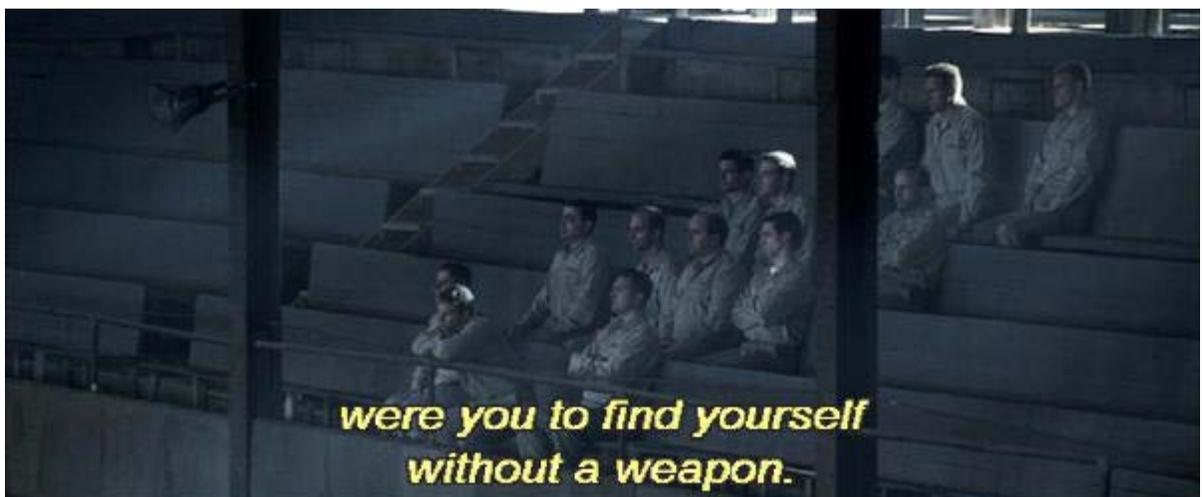




INSTRUCTOR: There are several efficient methods...



for killing a man ...



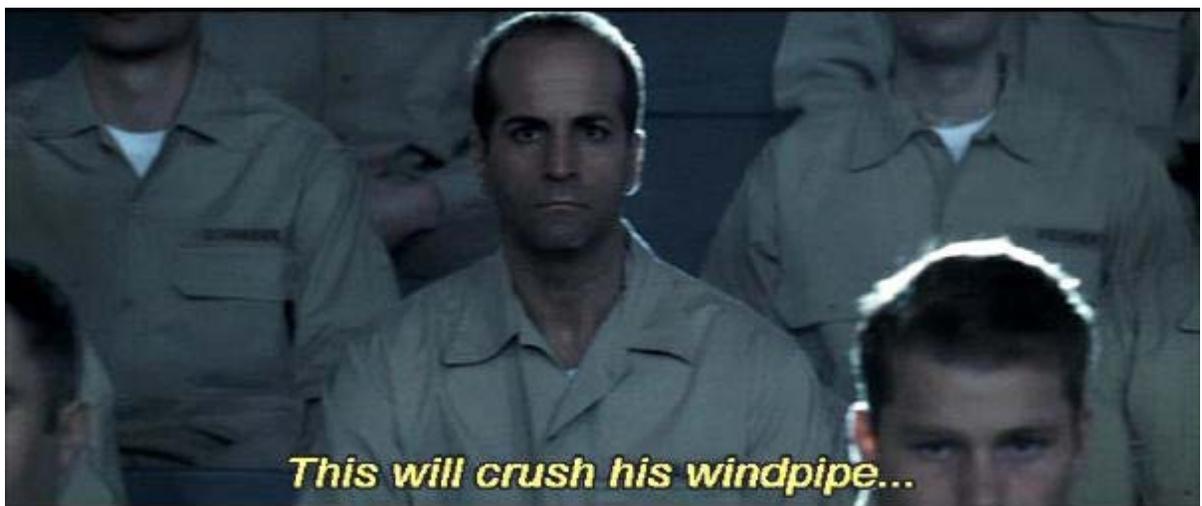
were you to find yourself without a weapon.



The edge of your hand ...



against your adversary's Adam's apple.



This will crush his windpipe causing strangulation ...



and death.

and death.



Yeah, OK. That's good.



Hyuhh!

Hyuhh!

[Man gagging]

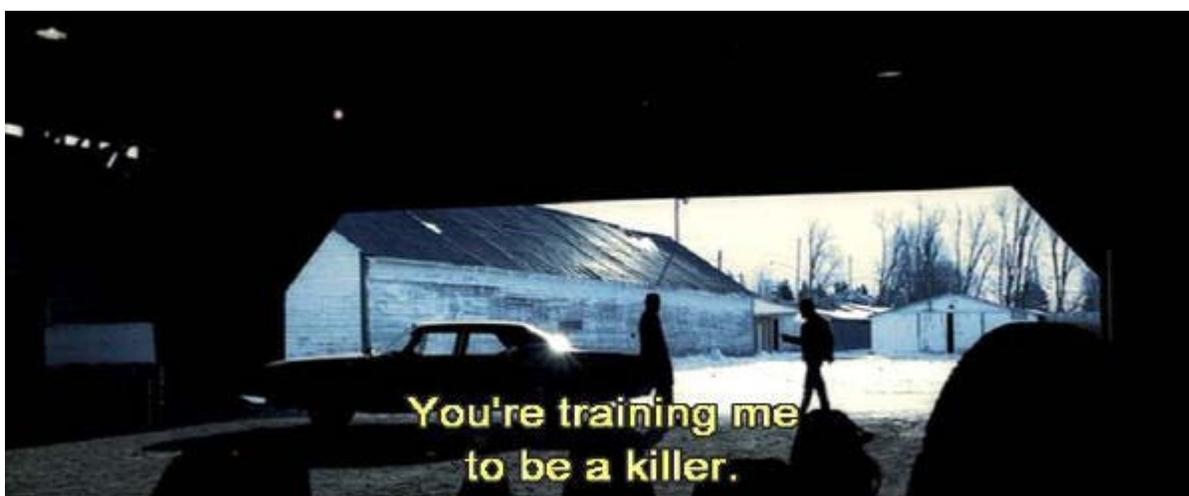
INSTRUCTOR: Shit!



I need another volunteer.

I need another volunteer.

[Man gasping]



*You're training me
to be a killer.*

CHUCK: You're training me to be a killer.



*See, Chuck?
I knew you were fairly bright.*

JIM: See, Chuck? I knew you were fairly bright.

CHUCK: I'm not killin' people. My future's in television.

JIM: You're 32 years old, and you've achieved nothing. Jesus Christ was dead and alive again by 33. You better get crackin'.

CHUCK: I have ideas for shows.

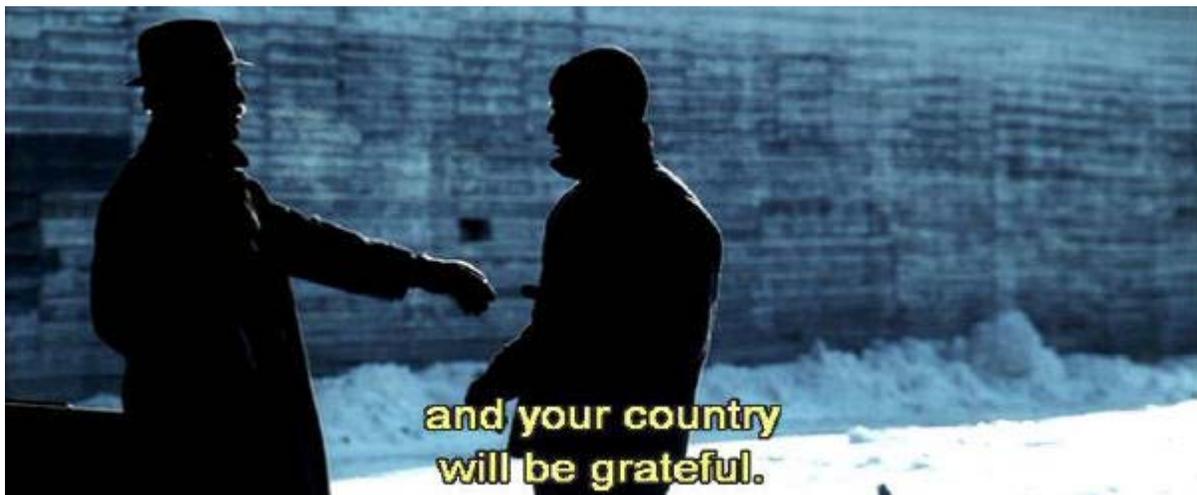
JIM: Good. Why don't you spend another six months developing them while you're staring out the window waiting for Larry Goldberg to call?

CHUCK: How do you know all this?

JIM: I know everything about you, Chuck. I know which hand you jerk off with.



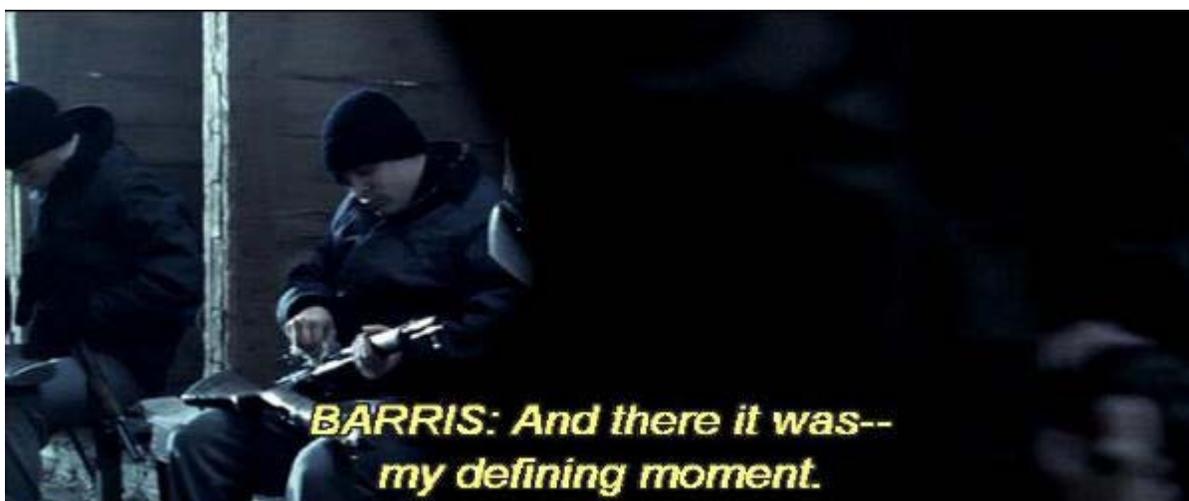
Left. Leave in the morning, if you want. I'm here to tell you, this is honest work for good pay. You're making the world safer ...



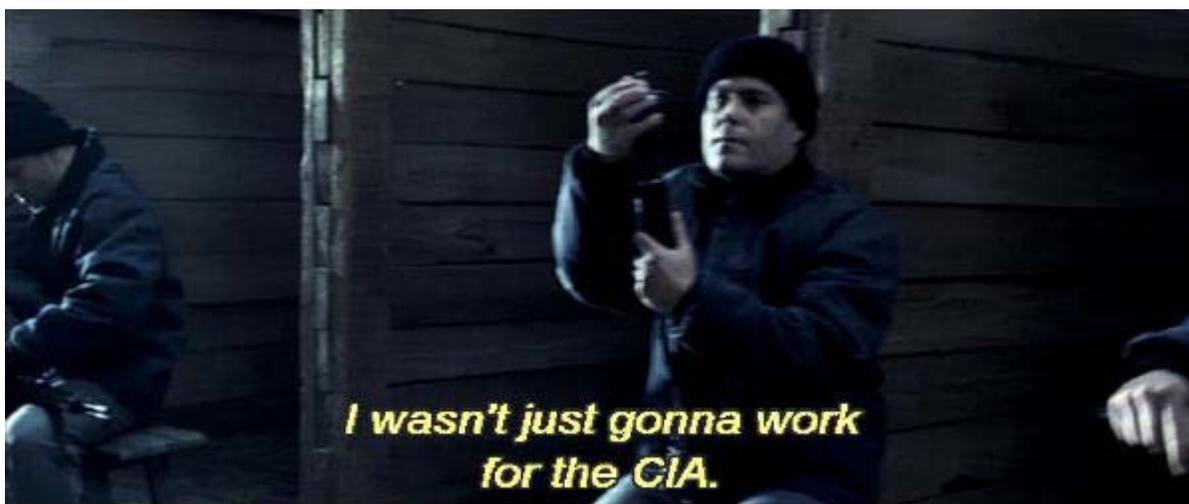
and your country will be grateful. It'll toughen you up.



CHUCK: Wait a second! Hey, we gotta talk about this.



CHUCK: And there it was -- my defining moment.



I wasn't just gonna work for the CIA. I was gonna kill for them.



Call it patriotism.

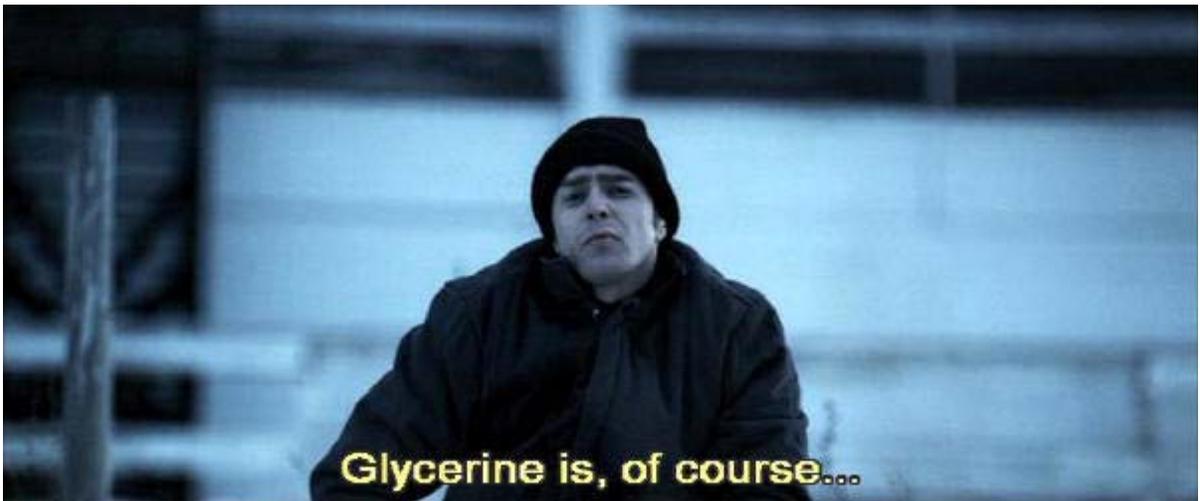


[Gunfire]

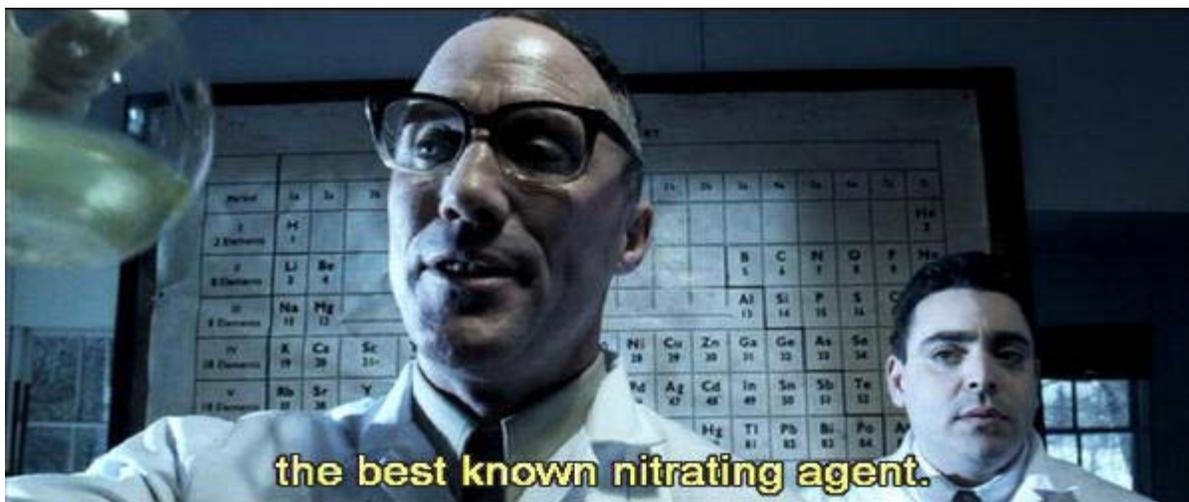
[Dramatic music playing]







INSTRUCTOR: Glycerine is, of course ...



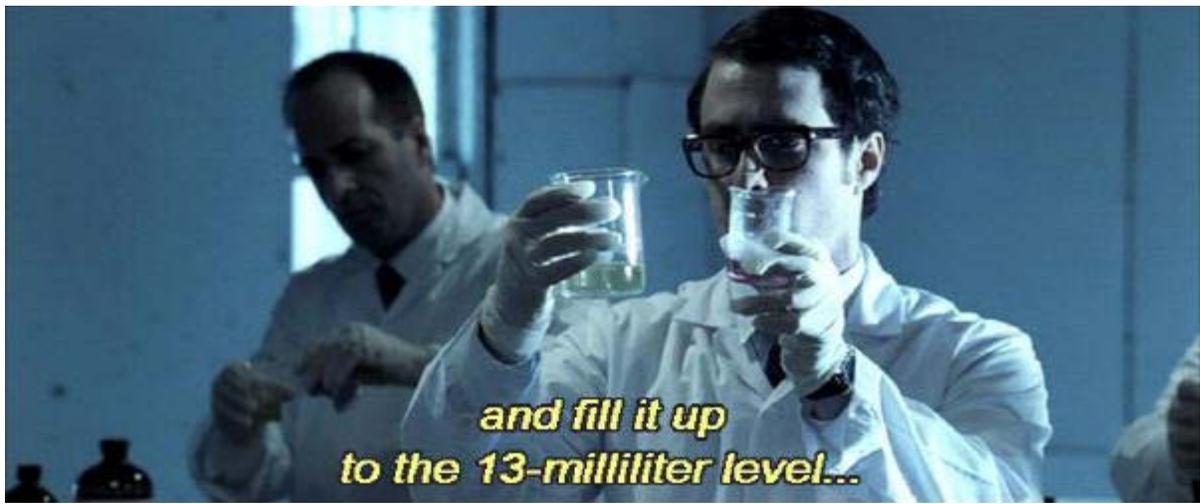
the best known nitrating agent. Keep in mind, though, that nitro-glycerine is extremely unstable.



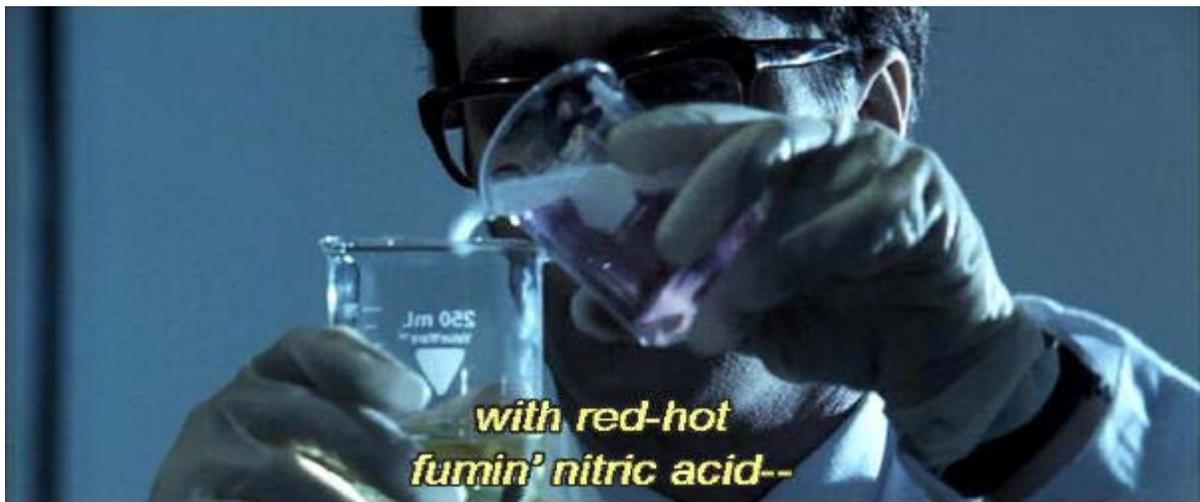
A slight tap, a one-degree change in temperature, and it'll blow up in your hands. So, let's mix us up a batch!



Everybody take your 75-milliliter beaker ...



and fill it up to the 13-milliliter level ...



with red-hot fumin' nitric acid -- 98% concentration.



INSTRUCTOR: The field phone ...



used as an instrument of interrogation or torture.



[Electricity crackles]



INSTRUCTOR: Attaching firmly to the genitalia.

[Fizzing and popping]



Hey, Ivan!

INSTRUCTOR: Hey, Ivan! Are you now, or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?



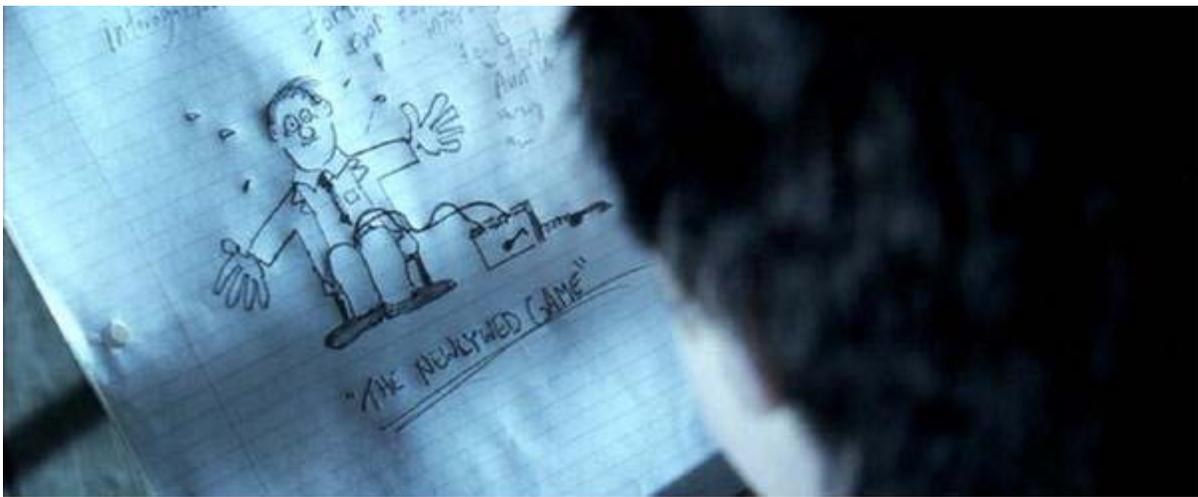
What's your Aunt Tillie's recipe for vodka cookies?

What's your Aunt Tillie's recipe for vodka cookies?



[Laughs]

[Laughs]



CHUCK: All right, Jack.



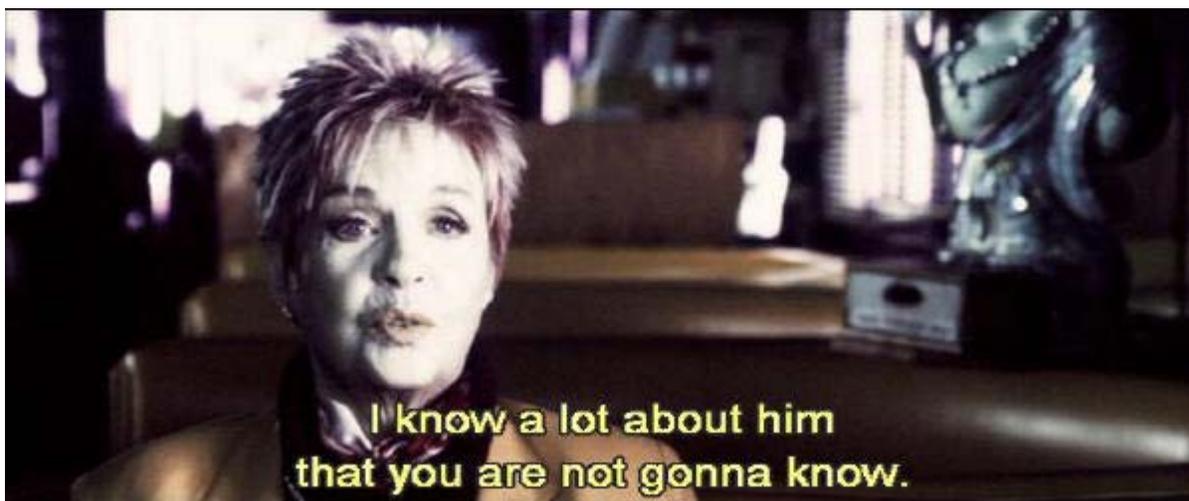
Take care, Lee.





[Starts engine]

[Starts engine]



I know a lot about him
that you are not gonna know.

JAYE P. MORGAN, GONG SHOW REGULAR: I know a lot about him that you are not gonna know. I can't tell you. Yeah. I know some things about him that are very distressing, and, um ...

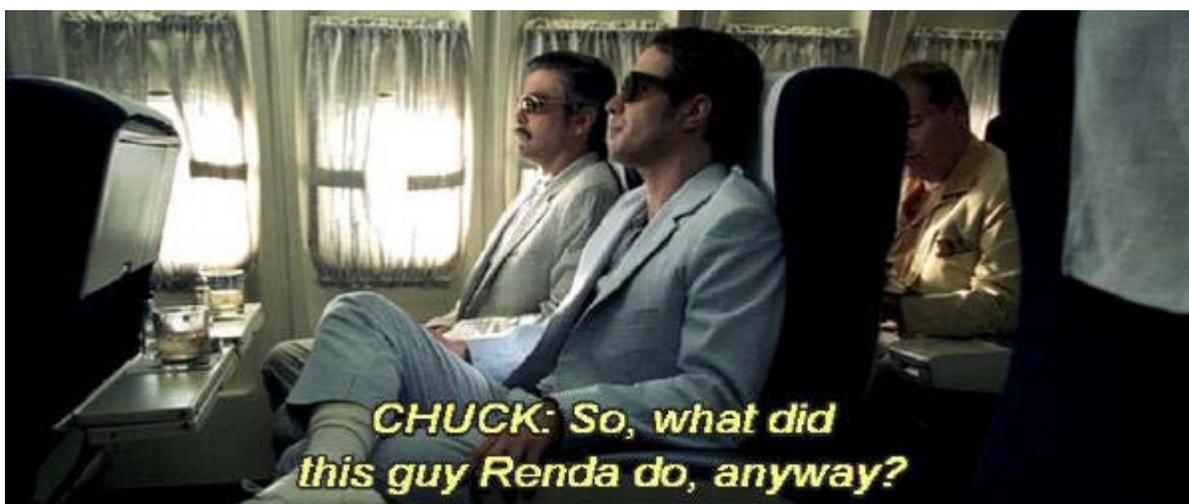


and you wouldn't want
to know them about him.

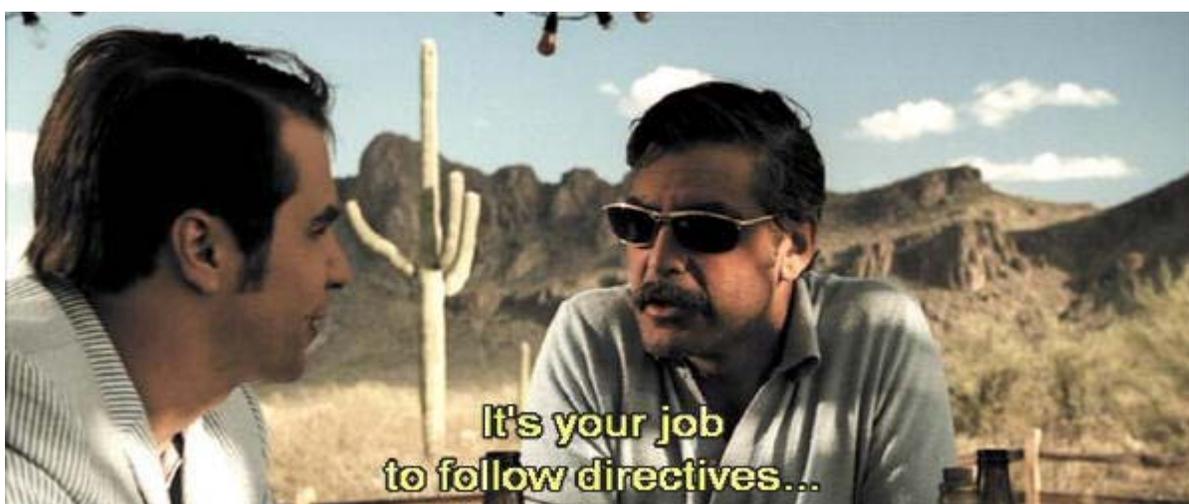
and you wouldn't want to know them about him.



[Music playing]



CHUCK: So, what did this guy Renda do, anyway?



JIM: It's your job to follow directives, not question their validity.



CHUCK: Uh ... oh. Por favor, uh, señor --

[Mexico City, 1964]



RENDA: No hablo ingles.



CHUCK: Ra-blah-blah los bloteros?

RENDA: [Speaks Spanish]

CHUCK: Ra-blah-blah la minjares?



Hermano, help me, please.



RENDA: Señor, no habla ingles. No, no, no, no.



BENITEZ: Can I be of some assistance?

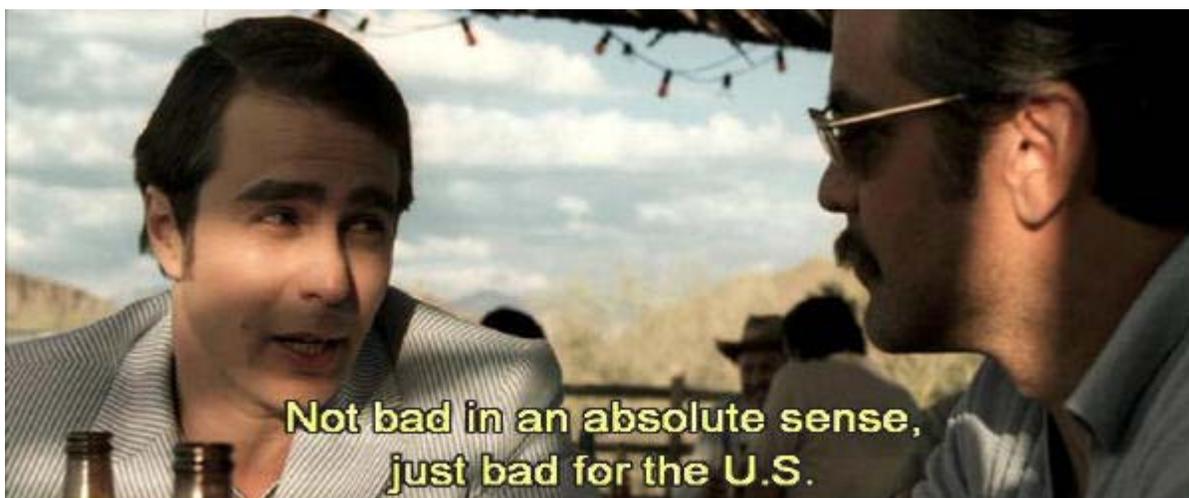


JIM: He's a bad guy.

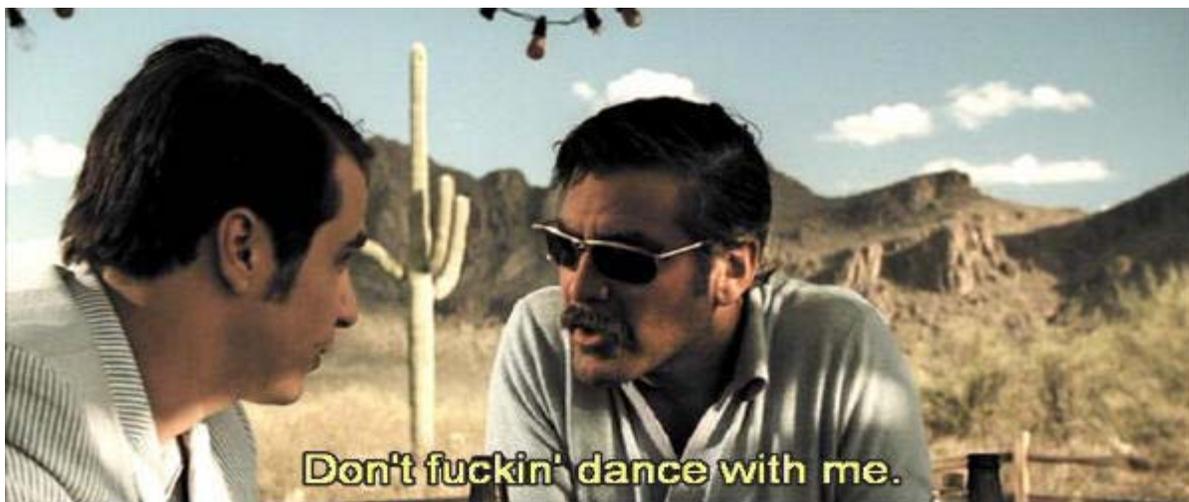


He's one of the bad guys.

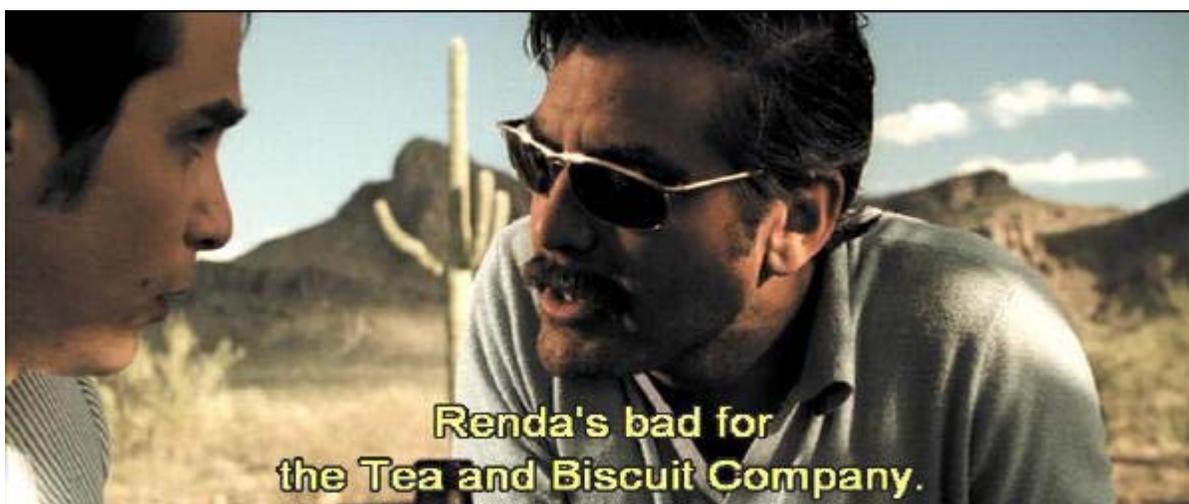
CHUCK: Bad for the U.S., right, Jim?



Not bad in an absolute sense, just bad for the U.S.



JIM: Don't fuckin' dance with me.



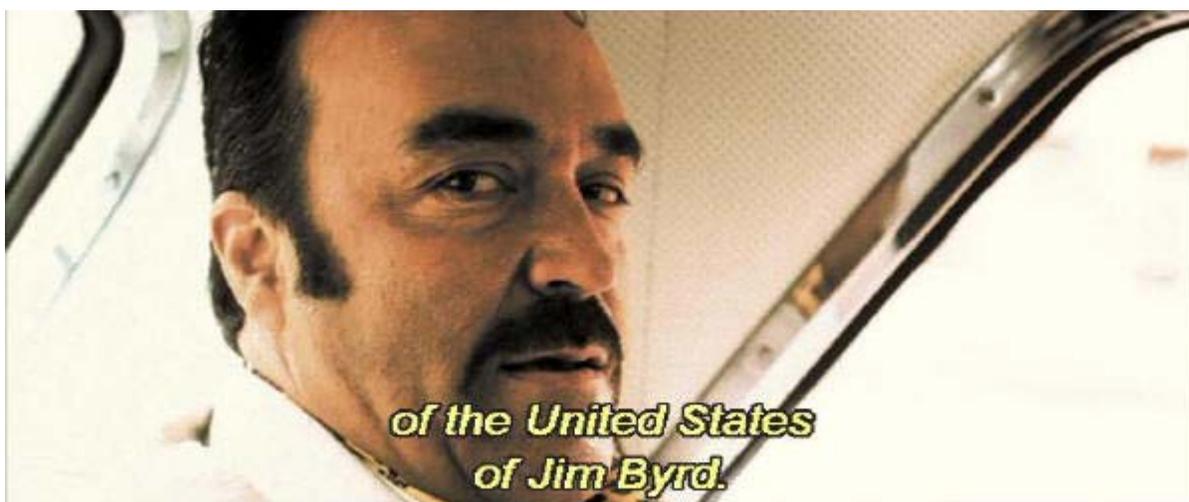
Renda's bad for the Tea and Biscuit Company. He's bad for me personally.



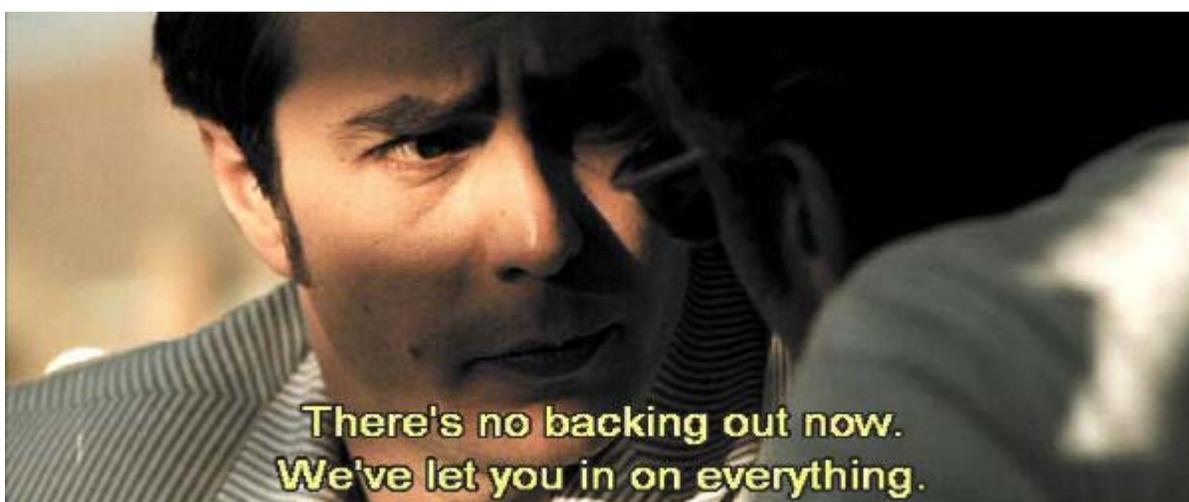
You work for me. Renda's bad for me.



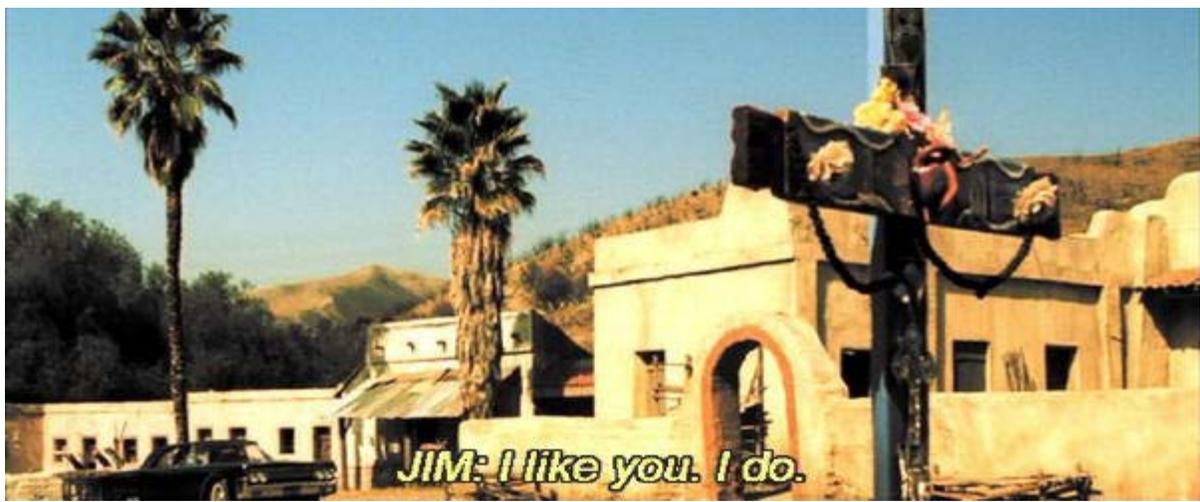
You're now officially a patriotic citizen ...



of the United States of Jim Byrd.



There's no backing out now. We've let you in on everything.
You don't play, you don't leave. Understand that? You don't play, you don't leave.



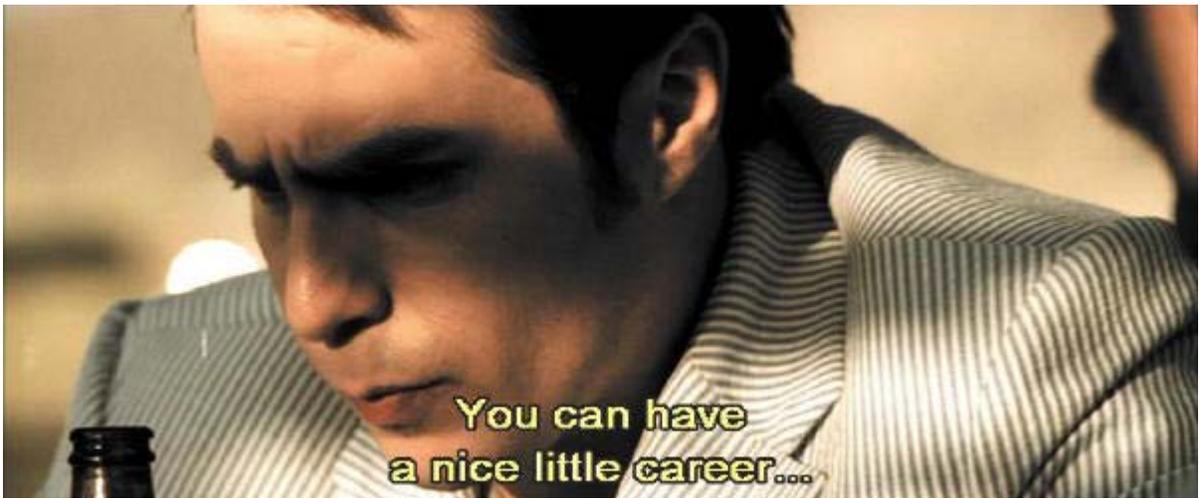
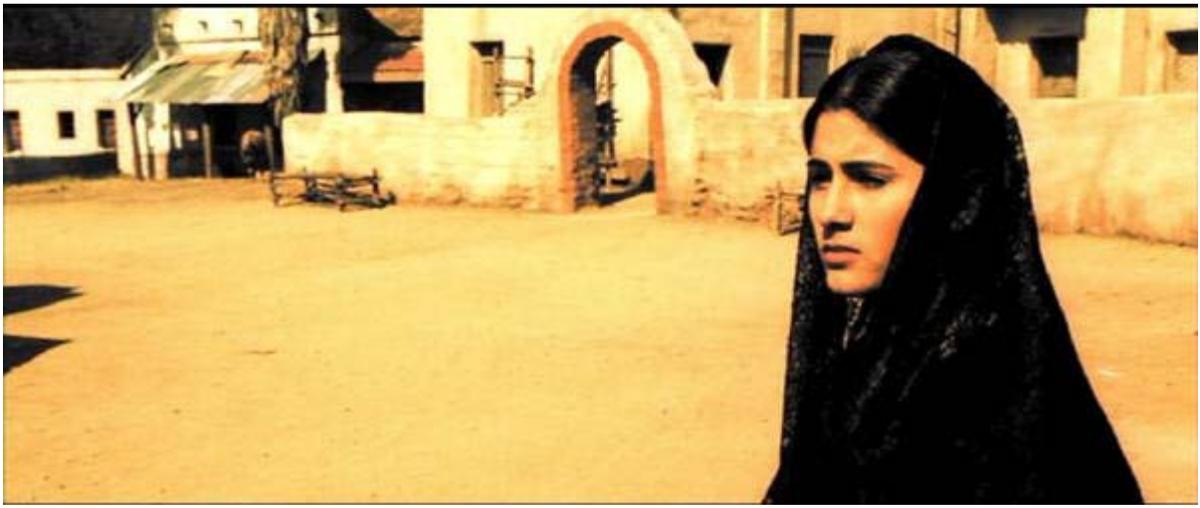
I like you. I do.



And you're gonna do fine tomorrow ...



and we're gonna become good friends.



You can have a nice little career, but you have to grow up. There's a war on.





CHUCK: [Starts engine]





[Insects buzzing]

[Insects buzzing]



["Star Spangled Banner" playing]

["Star Spangled Banner" playing]





JIM: Beautiful country, isn't it?



CHUCK: Yeah.

JIM: You did us proud today, Chuck. Renda was a bad guy. He really was.



[Chuck vomiting]

PENNY: Chuck, is that you?

CHUCK: Jesus Christ, Pen! You scared the shit out of me.

PENNY: Were you throwing up?

CHUCK: What are you doing here?

PENNY: I've been crashing here for a while. I've been waiting for you. Where you been?



CHUCK: Mexico. I was just on a little vacation.

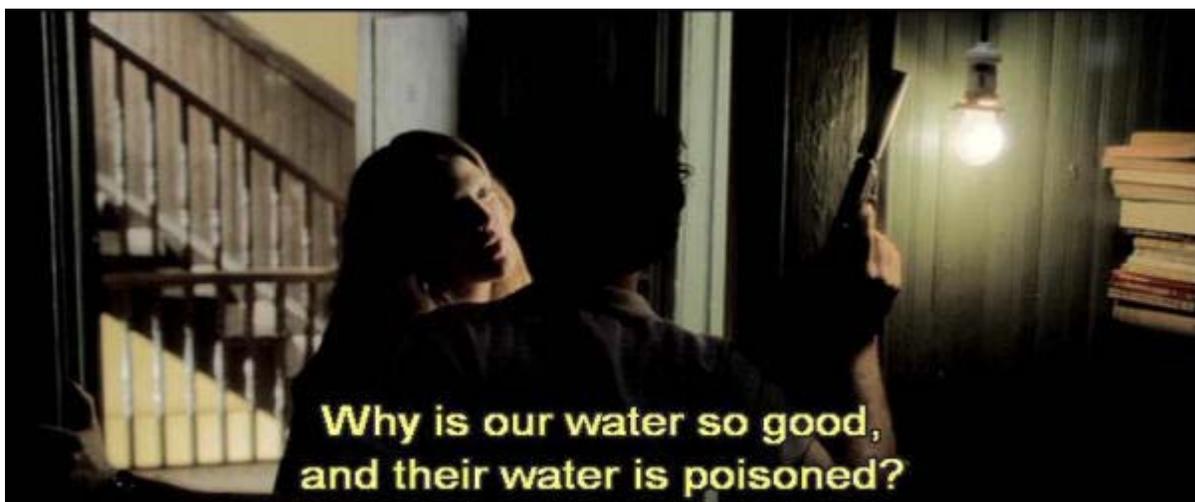
PENNY: You didn't drink the water, did you?

CHUCK: Yeah.

PENNY: You're not supposed to. That's Montessori's revenge.

CHUCK: Montezuma's.

PENNY: Right. You can't even open your eyes or your mouth when you take a shower there.



Why is our water so good, and their water is poisoned? It's in the same ocean.

CHUCK: I don't know.

PENNY: Oh!

CHUCK: Huh.

PENNY: Um ... I'm a hippie now.

[Both laugh]

CHUCK: Wow. Great.

PENNY: I've been to San Francisco, and it's amazing there.



[Snaps fingers] Everybody loves everybody, and there's so many colors. And we're gonna change the world.

Will you come back there and be my old man with me? Ha ha! Well, not that old.

CHUCK: Penny, I'm a little tired now, so maybe --

PENNY: Oh, wait, wait. I got to play you this song.

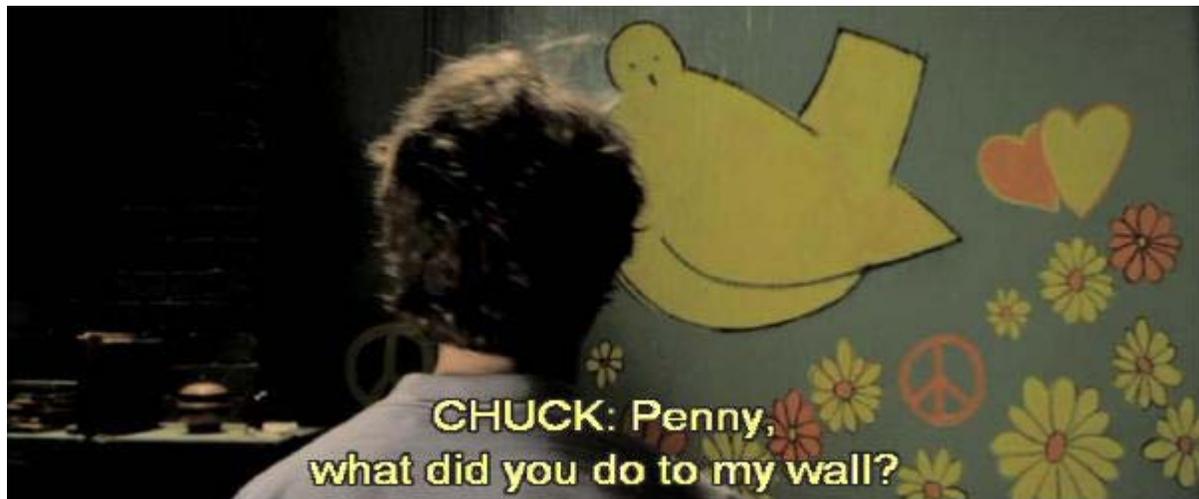
["Sunshine Superman" playing]



DONOVAN: Sunshine came softly



Through my window today ...

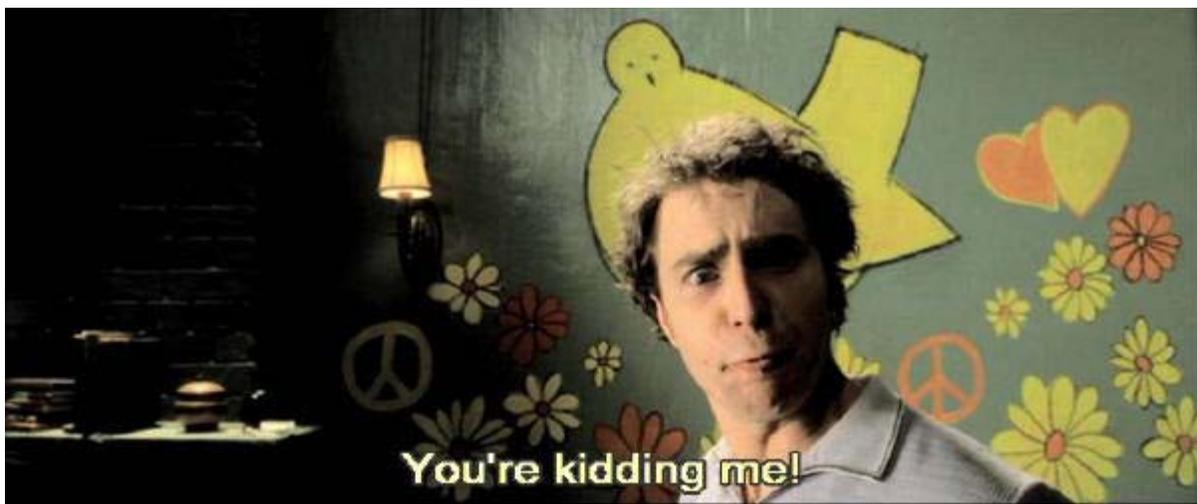


CHUCK: Penny, what did you do to my wall?



PENNY: Some guy called -- Gold bird.

CHUCK: Gold bird. Larry Goldberg?



You're kidding me!



CHUCK: Hi. This is Chuck Barris returning for Larry Goldberg.

LARRY: Hi, Chuck.

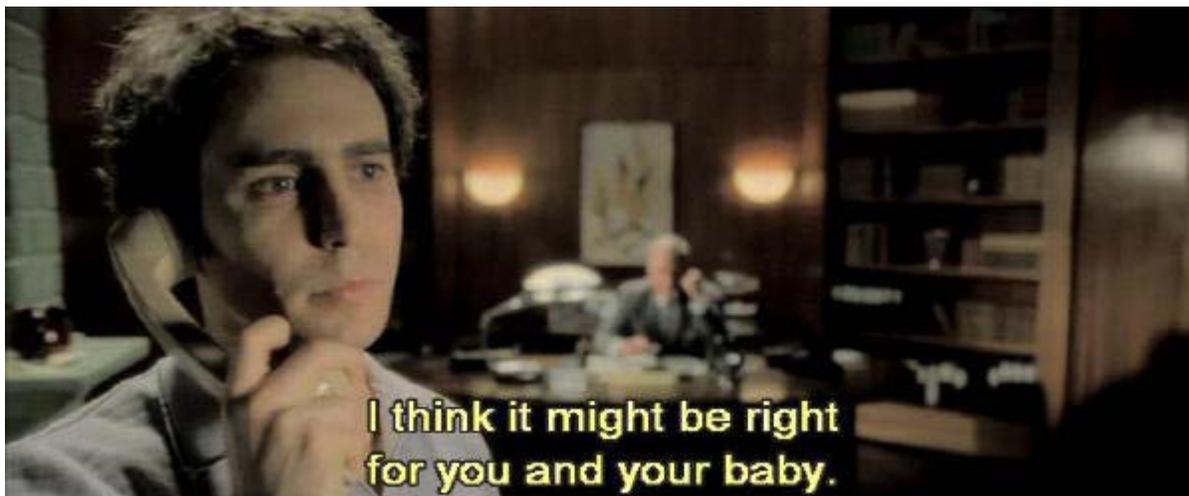
CHUCK: Mr. Goldberg.



I'm so sorry I didn't get back to you right away. I was out of town. I was on vacation in

Mexico.

LARRY: Good for you. Listen, I'm sitting here and going through things, and I have a hole in my daytime schedule.



I think it might be right for you and your baby.



CHUCK: My baby, Mr. Goldberg?

LARRY: Chuck, "Dating Game." Isn't that your baby?

CHUCK: Yes, sir, it is.

LARRY: You still interested?



CHUCK: Yes, sir. Very interested, sir.

LARRY: I've got six weeks to get this on the air. Is that doable for you and your people?



CHUCK: My people? Six weeks? Sure, yeah.

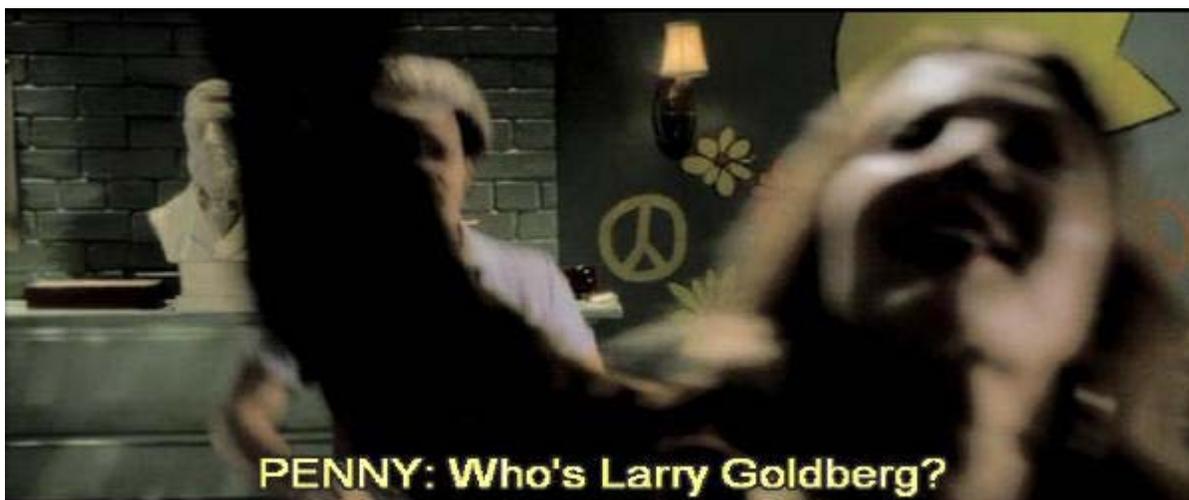
LARRY: Give me a call when you get to L.A., Chuck.



CHUCK: Oh, goddamn.



Hot dog. Fucking shit. Piss.



PENNY: Who's Larry Goldberg?

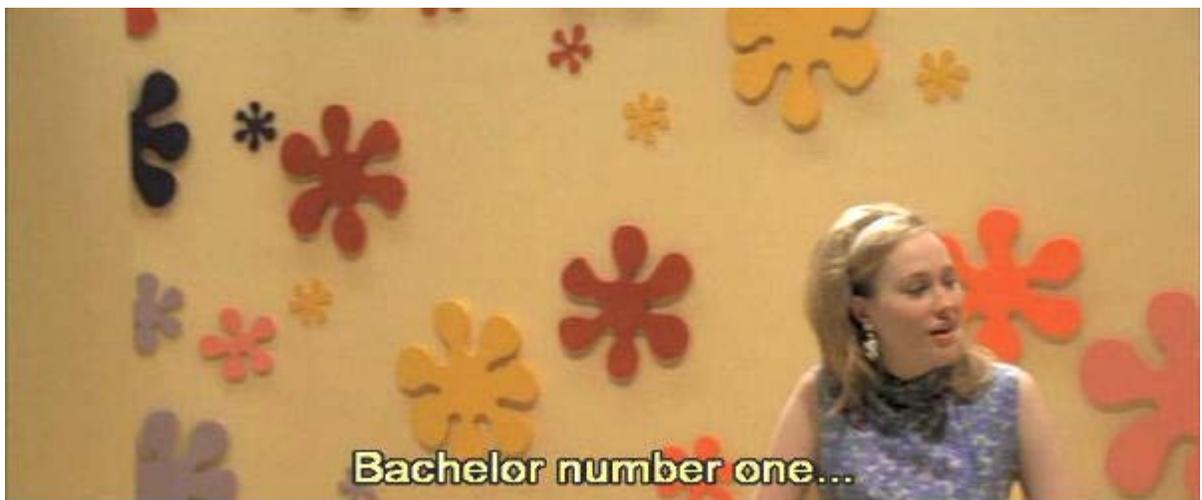


CHUCK: [Stomach gurgles]





[Applause]



BACHELORETTE: Bachelor number one ...



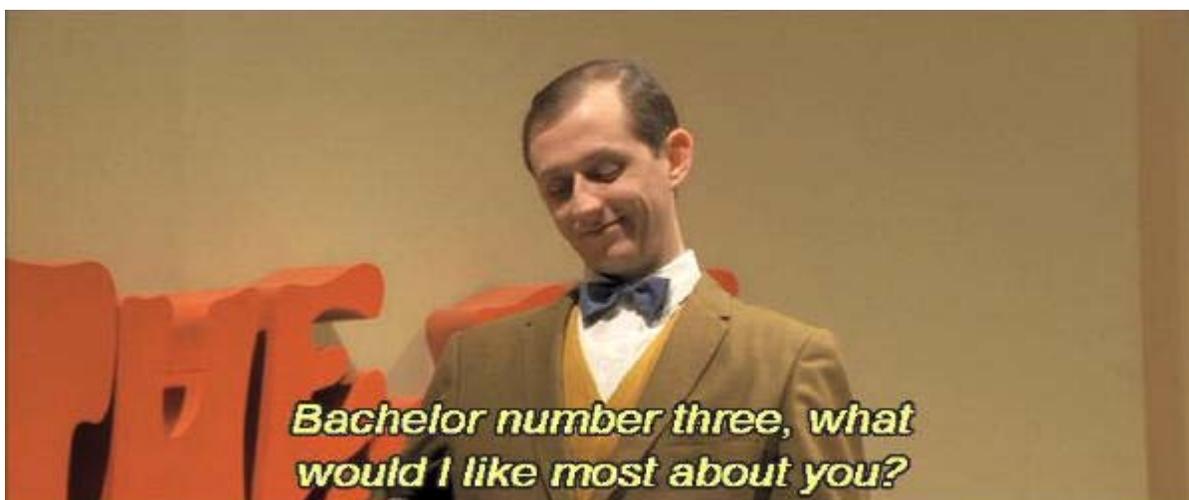
what would I like most about you?

BACHELOR 1: I'm very romantic ...



and I'd send you flowers every day.

BACHELORETTE: Aw, that's so sweet.



Bachelor number three, what would I like most about you?

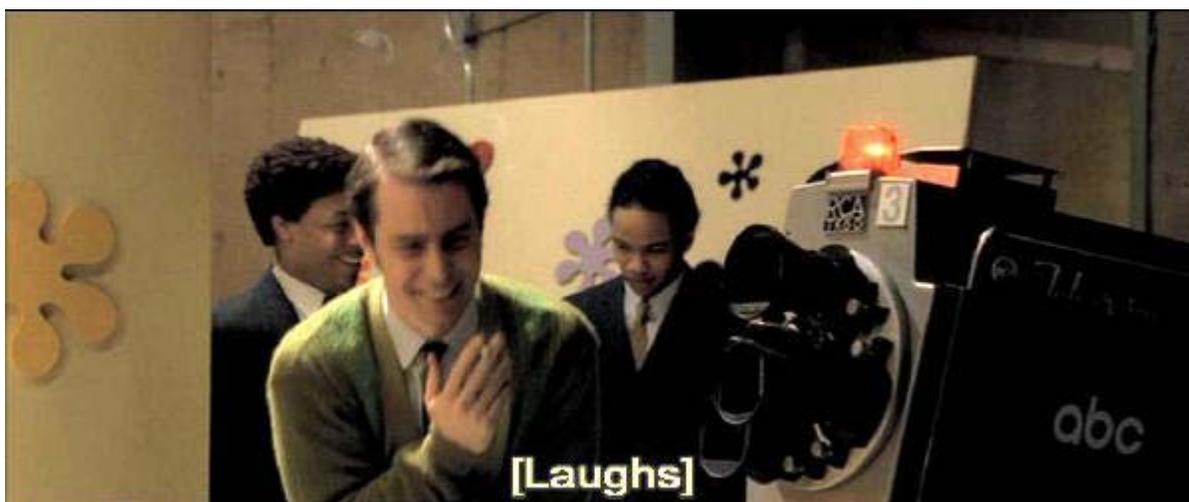


My big cock.

BACHELOR 3: My big cock.

[Laughter]

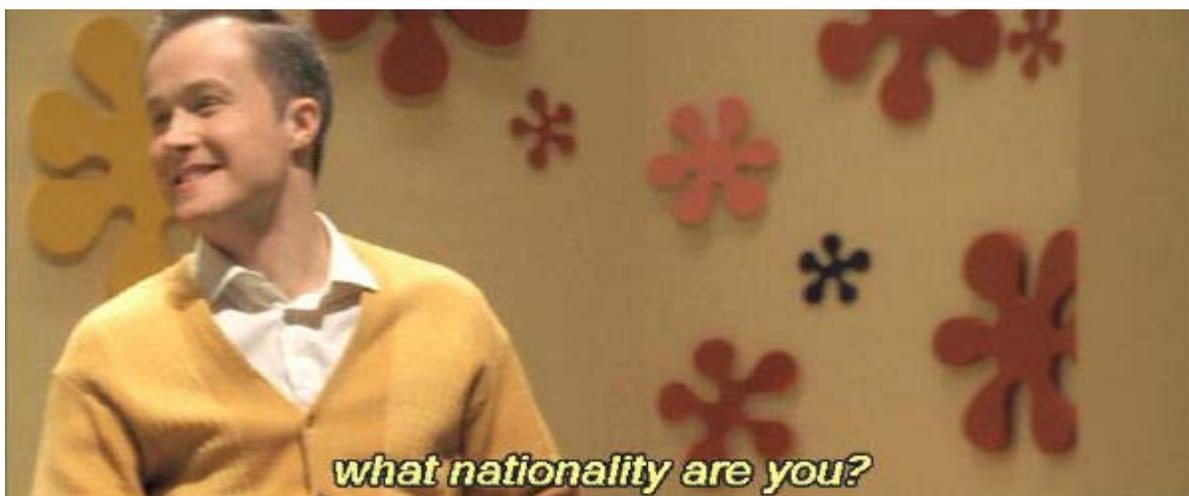
[Light applause]



[Laughs]

CHUCK: [Laughs]

BACHELORETTE: Bachelor number one ...



what nationality are you?

what nationality are you?



BACHELOR 1: Um, my daddy is Welsh, my mama's Hungarian ...



so I guess that makes me well-hung.



[Laughter]



BACHELORETTE: Bachelor number two ...



I play the trombone. If I blew you, what would you sound like?

BACHELOR 2: What would I sound like? [Laughs] All right.



Ooh. Ooh. Ooh. Ooh. Ooh. Ooh. Ooh. Ooh. Ooh.



Ooh.



That's nice. Don't stop. Oh. [Imitates trombone]



Blow it, baby. [Imitates trombone playing shakily]



[Shoes squeak]

ABC EXECUTIVE: [Shoes squeak]

CHUCK: Heh heh.



Chuck, quite frankly,
these episodes are unairable.

LARRY: Chuck, quite frankly, these episodes are unairable.



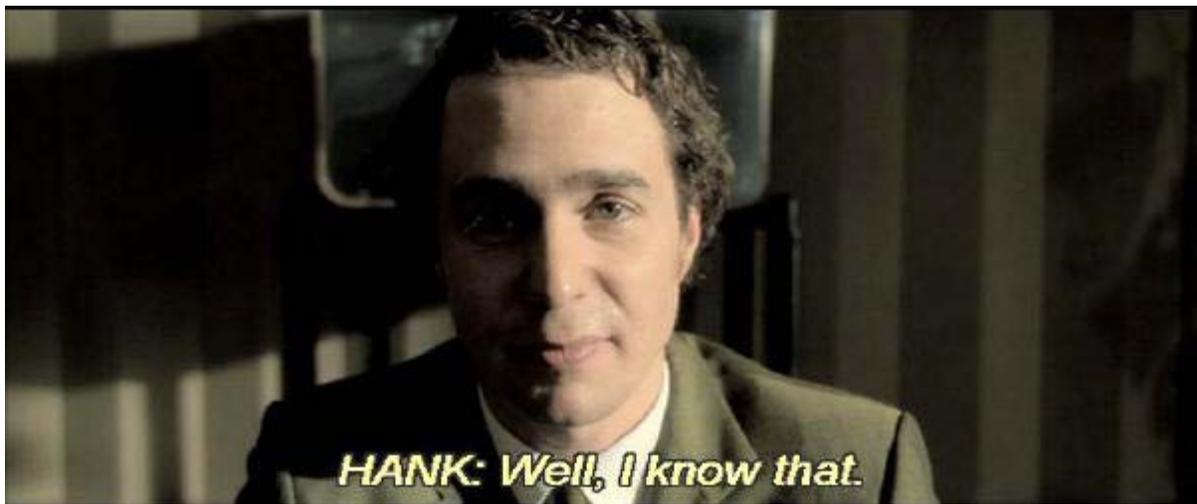
CHUCK: Look, Larry, the show's spontaneous. It's unscripted. That's its charm. I can't help what people say.



HANK: Be that as it may, we can't have black men getting blow jobs on national television!

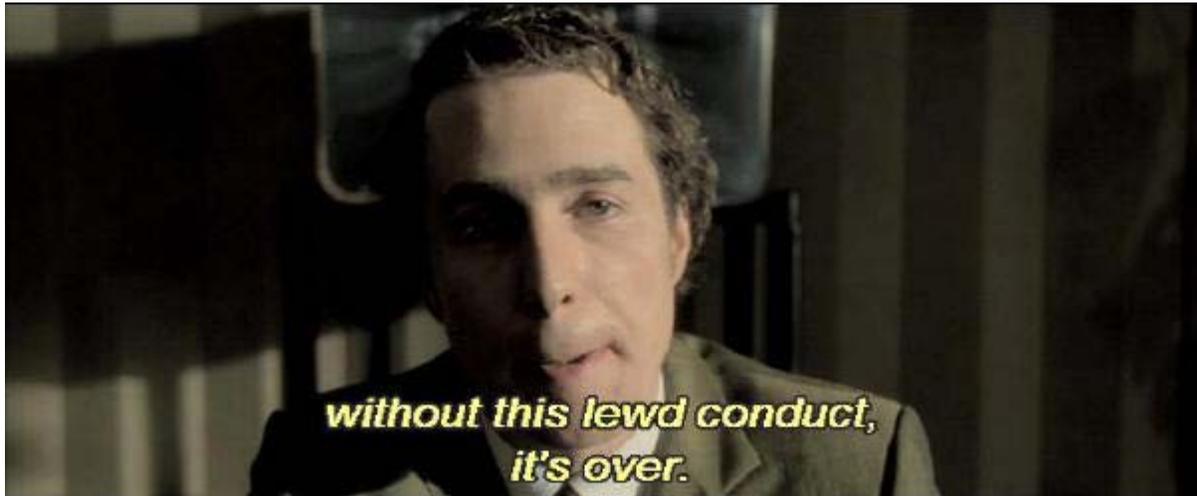


LARRY: The point is not that he's black, Hank.



HANK: Well, I know that.

LARRY: Chuck, that's it. We can't air this stuff. If you can't retain your spontaneity on the show ...

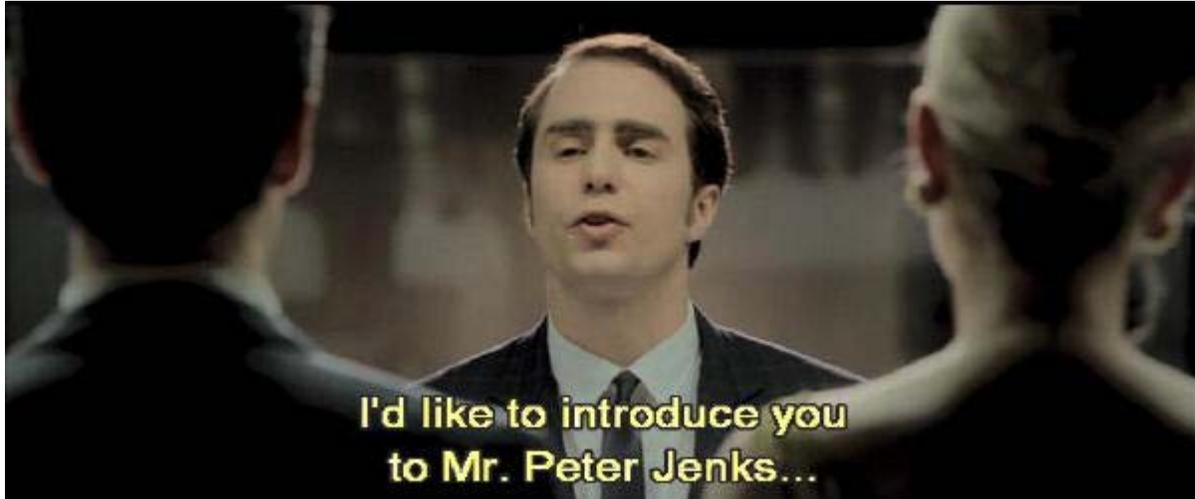


without this lewd conduct, it's over. It's finished. You're history.



Now, fix this fucking thing, or we got a problem.

CHUCK: Hi, folks. Before we begin taping today ...



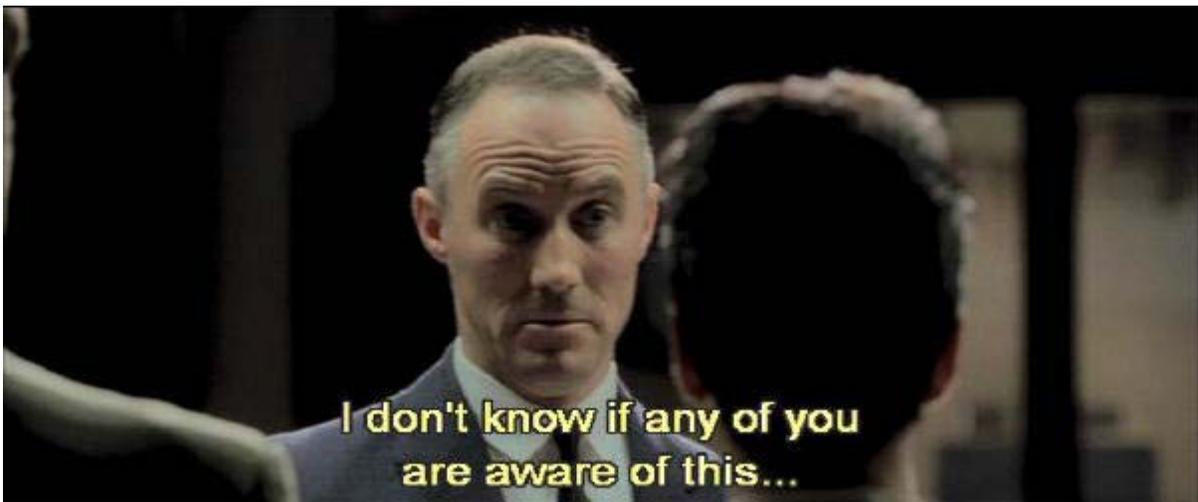
I'd like to introduce you to Mr. Peter Jenks of the Federal Communications Commission.



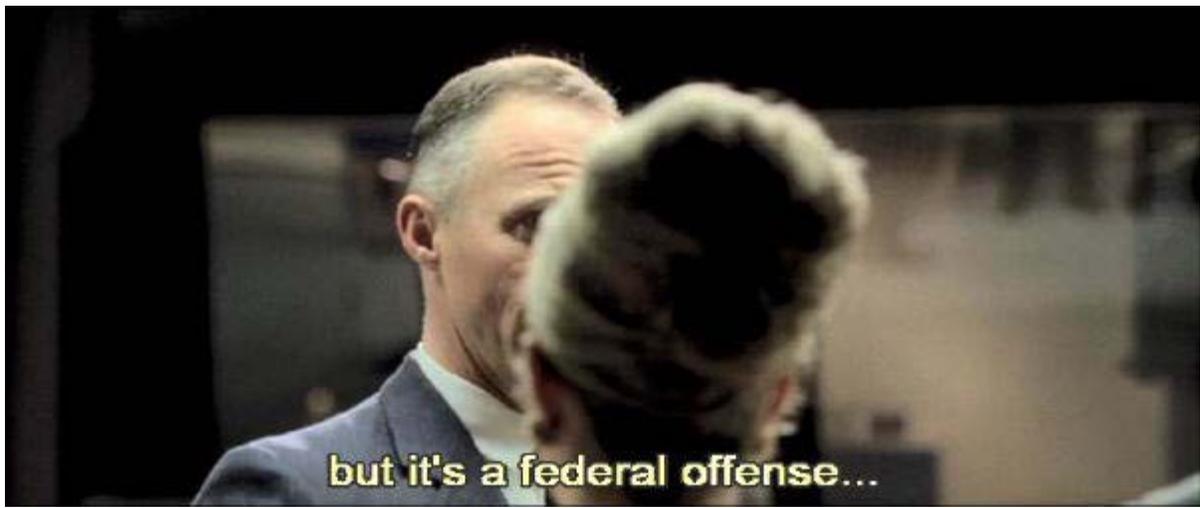
OK?



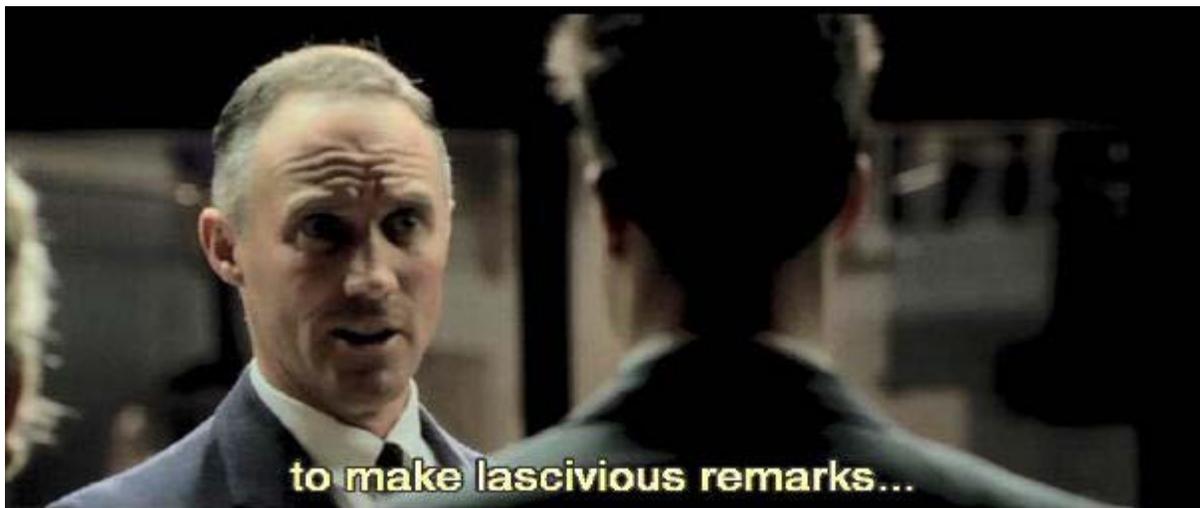
PETER: Thank you, Mr. Barris.



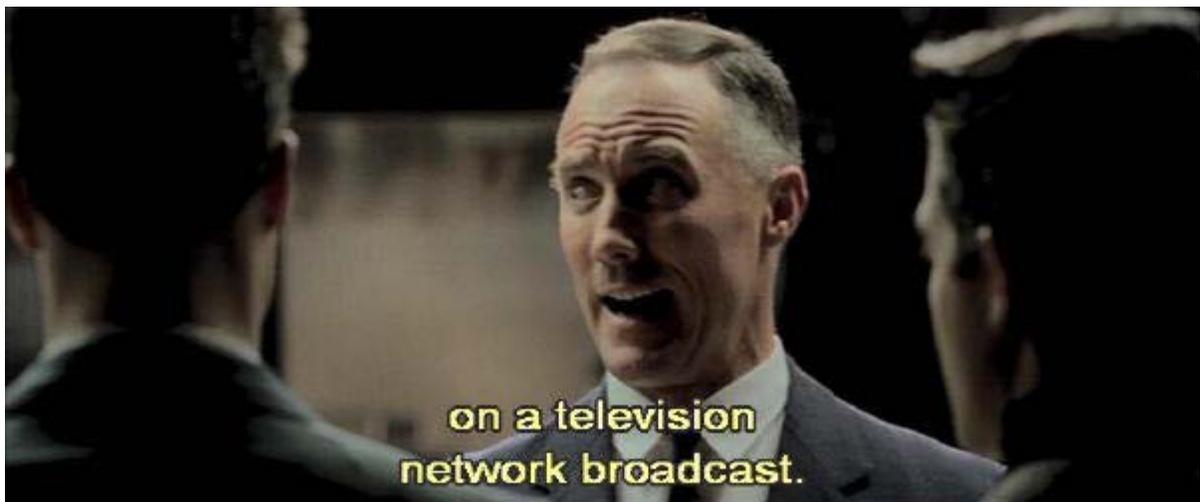
I don't know if any of you are aware of this ...



but it's a federal offense ...



to make lascivious remarks ...



on a television network broadcast.



The penalty ...



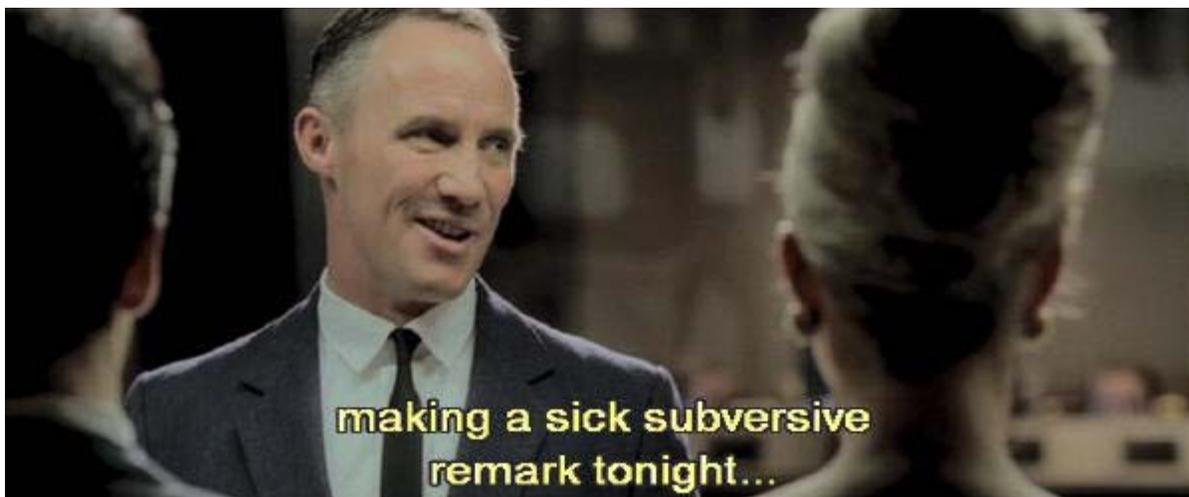
for this disgusting...

for this disgusting, un-American behavior is one year in prison, or a \$10,000 fine ...



or both!

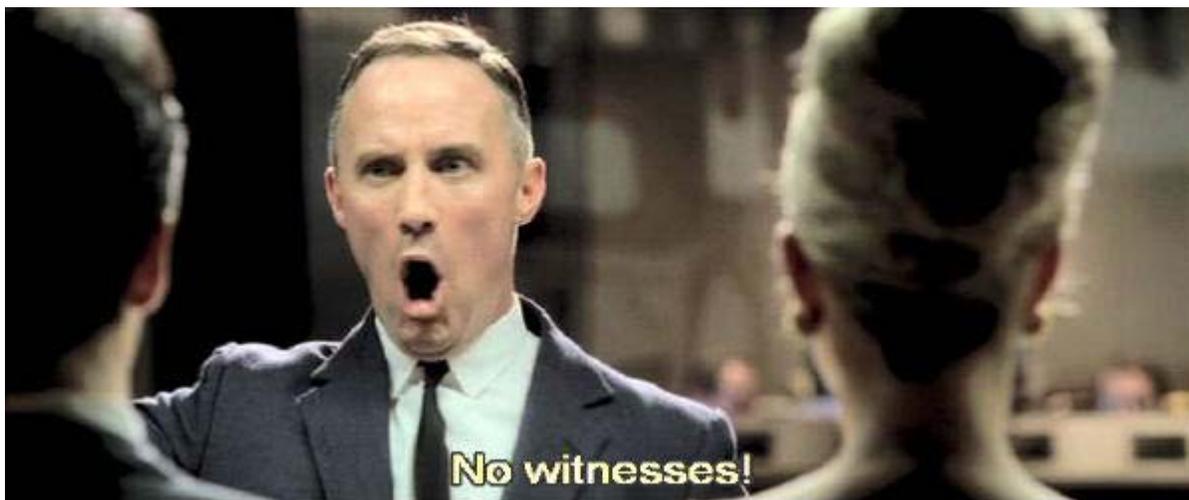
or both! Anyone ...



making a sick subversive remark tonight will be arrested immediately. I, then, will personally escort the offender to federal prison for booking under edict number 364 of the Broadcasting Act of 1963. And it's a long drive to that prison, baby.



Just you and me.



No witnesses!



CHUCK: OK, have fun, everybody. All right.



JIM LANGE, HOST OF THE DATING GAME: They gave everybody jackets with their names on them, and when we got number one ratings on Saturday nights everybody got a gold plaque. And so, he was a good boss, and obviously had the common touch because he really knew what people wanted to watch.

CHUCK: We aired and became a big hit. A phenomenon, really.

CHUCK: Hey, baby. [Sighs] I got a story to tell you.

LORETTA: Asshole.

CHUCK: I know, I know. Uhh. I got a little story for you.

LORETTA: I'm busy. We're in the middle of a bachelorette crisis out there.

CHUCK: Sit down, relax. Take a load off. Make yourself at home. I just got a call from the network.



You want a drink?

LORETTA: You got any weed?

CHUCK: I wish. No, no weed.

LORETTA: Then I'll have a drink.

[Chuck sighs]

LORETTA: Bad news?

CHUCK: "The Tammy Grimes Show" is being pulled from Saturday night.

LORETTA: Oh, not Tammy.

CHUCK: Ha ha ha ha. They want me to put a primetime version of "The Dating Game" on in its place.



LORETTA: That's fucking great.

CHUCK: Yeah, it's great, but they say the daytime version is not hot enough. They want me to make it more exciting for nighttime. I got 48 hours.

LORETTA: What have you got?

CHUCK: [Sighs] I don't have a clue. I got nothing. Bupkus. This is a big deal, Loretta. My big break.

LORETTA: I know. [Exhales] Don't blow it.

CHUCK: Oh, thanks for the help.



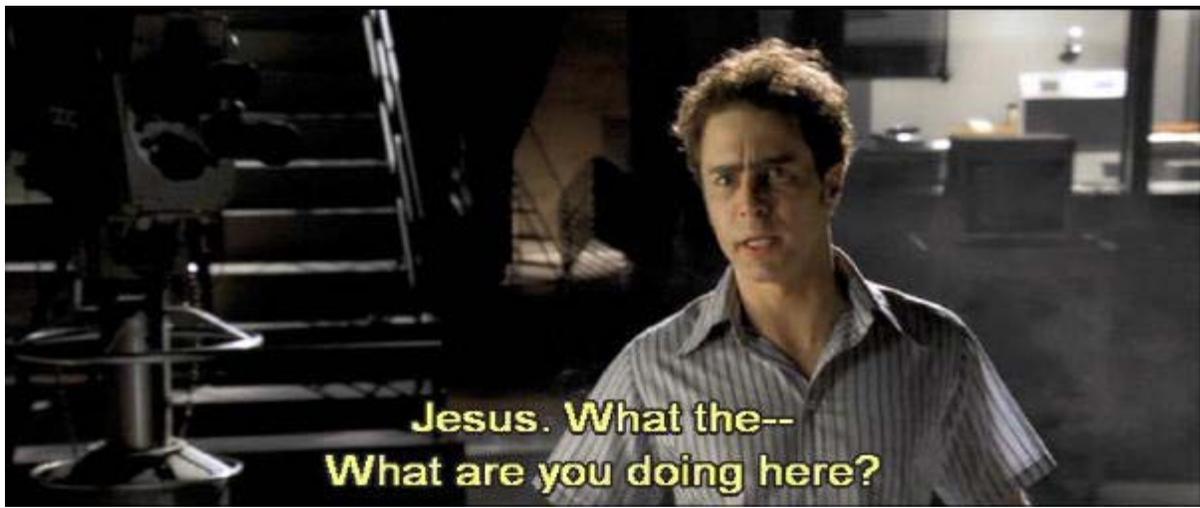
[Sighs]



[Slow jazz music playing]



JIM: Let me ask you something, Chuck.



CHUCK: Jesus. What the -- What are you doing here?

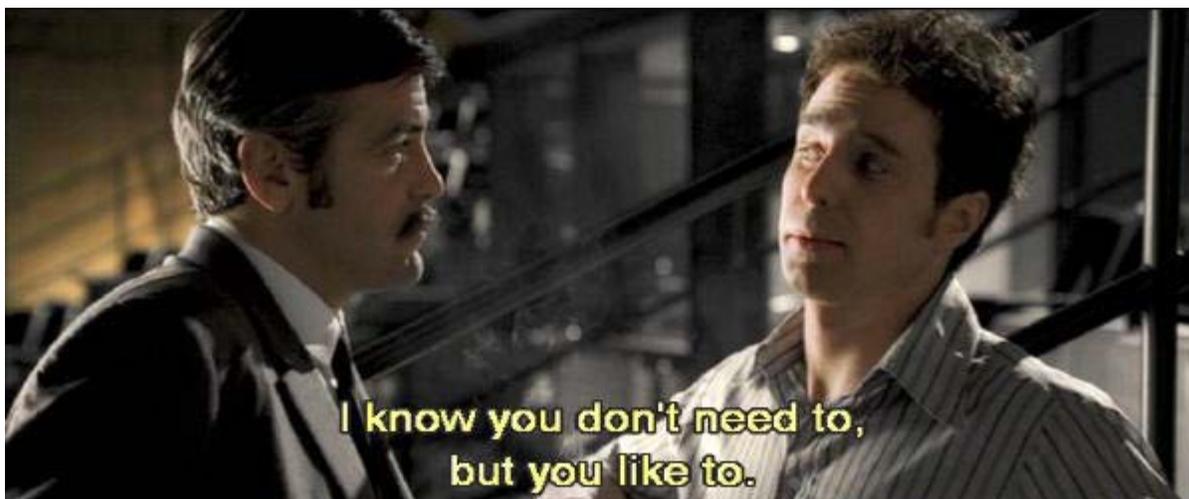
JIM: I've been put in charge of a fairly large wet operation, and I could use your help.



CHUCK: [Scoffs] Have you noticed, Jim? I got a TV show on the air.



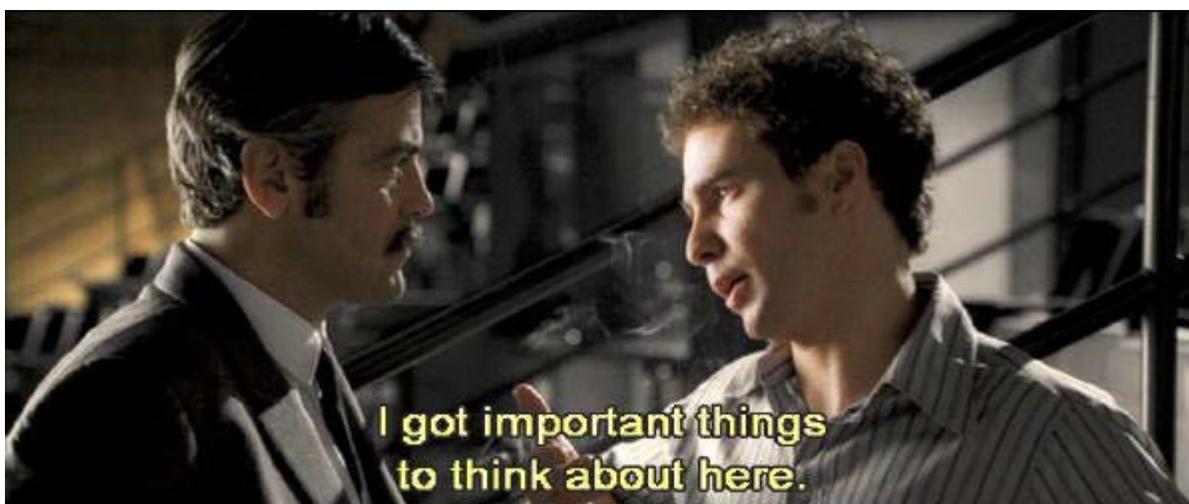
I don't need to kill people for hire anymore.



JIM: I know you don't need to, but you like to.

CHUCK: Bullshit.

JIM: Think of it as a hobby -- something you do to relax. You can be an assassination enthusiast, a murder bug.



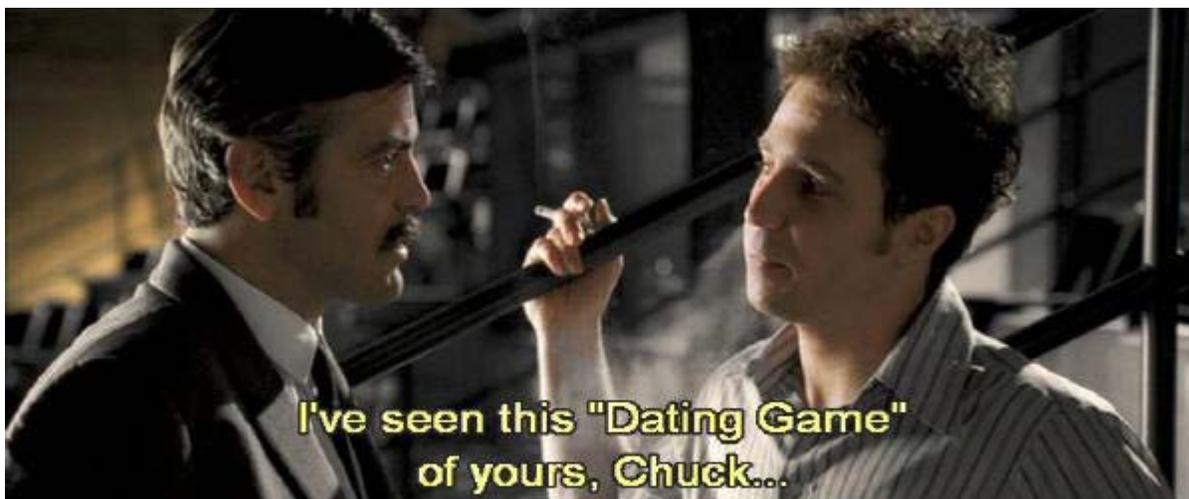
CHUCK: I got important things to think about here. I don't have time to fuck around with you.

JIM: This is serious work we're talking about, Chuck -- serious work. How about I help you out with your little show ...



you help me out with my little operation? Tit for tat. That's the kind of guy I am.

CHUCK: Oh, yeah. You're a piece of work.



JIM: I've seen this "Dating Game" of yours, Chuck, and I do have a thought.



CHUCK: What, now you're a big television producer?

JIM: I'm John Q. Public when it comes to TV, and that should make my opinion of value to

you.

CHUCK: All right, let's hear it, then.

JIM: What do you have? Some couple gets sent to some second-rate shit-can restaurant, setting you back 50 bucks? That's not too exciting a prize for us vicarious living boobs out in TV land.

CHUCK: What's your point?

JIM: Up the stakes, Chuck. Send them to some exotic locale -- Europe, Southeast Asia, for example.

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

JIM: Send them with a chaperone.

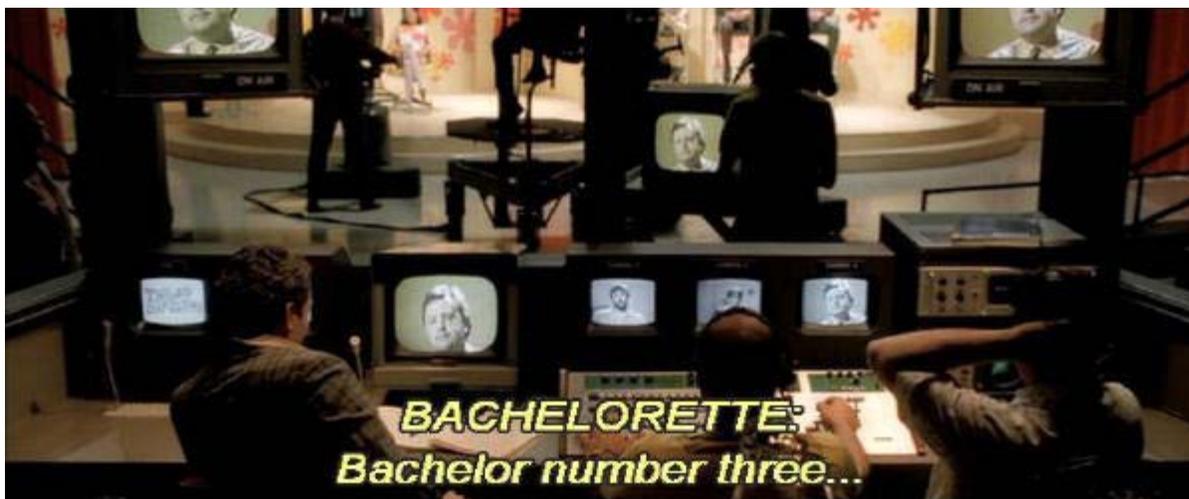
CHUCK: That's -- That's not half bad.

JIM: I'm telling you. Sometimes you could be the chaperone. Say we have a job for you in Austria. You, a successful television producer chaperones a young couple. While there, you take care of some company business. It's a perfect cover. TV producer by day, CIA operative at night.

CHUCK: I got money, Jim. I don't have to kill people for money anymore.



JIM: Chuck, when I said you fit the profile, very little of that meant you needed the money. You liked it with Renda. I saw it in your eyes. You liked it, but you botched it. You could be a great warrior, Chuck.



BACHELORETTE: Bachelor number three, if we were fixed up on a date, and I ignored you ...

DIRECTOR: This guy's never been on a date.



[Snaps fingers] Ready, four. Take four.

BACHELOR 3: Well, I'm not used to being ignored, but I would -- I'd give you your space.



DIRECTOR: The only date this guy's had is with his right hand. [Both laugh]



Ready, one. Take one.



[Audience laughing]

BACHELORETTE: Bachelor number three, what if I pick you, and I'm really ugly? What would you do?



DIRECTOR: God, she's going for the three. Ready, four. Take four. [Snaps fingers]



BACHELOR 3: The only way that you could be ugly, is by what you say or do. I don't know. From where I'm sitting, I think you're beautiful.

DIRECTOR: I can't believe it.



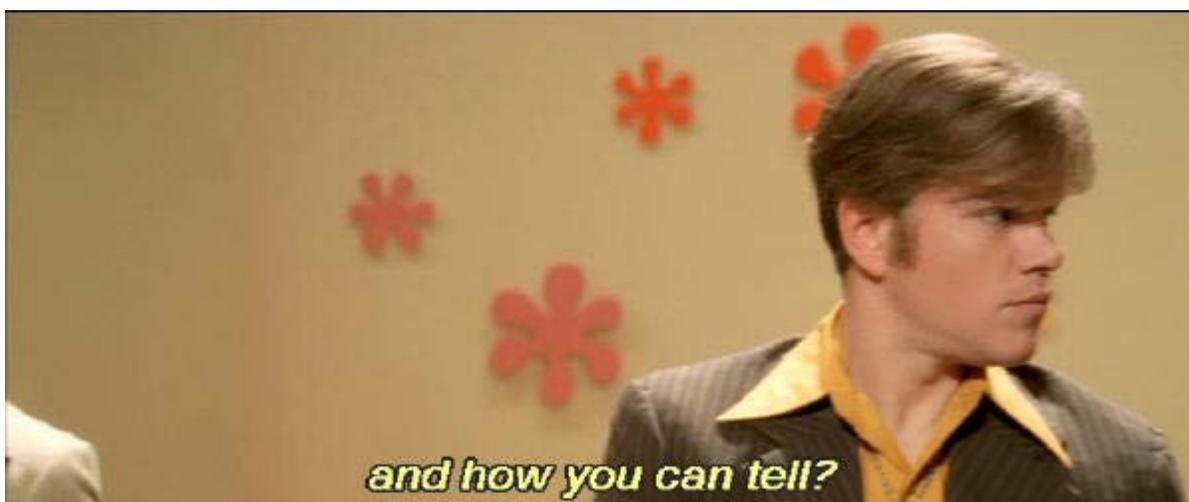
BACHELORETTE: Bachelor number three ...



can you please tell me what a girl is like ...



who has never been on a date before ...



and how you can tell?



BACHELOR 3: Well, I'll ask her what she likes to do, and if she doesn't know what she likes to do ...



then I'll know she hasn't done it yet.

[Applause]



[Game show music playing]





BACHELOR NUMBER THREE:
Why don't you talk to her?



Helsinki, 1967

Helsinki, 1967

BACHELOR 3: Why don't you talk to her?

You can do that.
She's real shy.



You can do that. She's real shy.



*You have to tell her.
That's your job.*

You have to tell her. That's your job.



*Tell her that I think
she's real pretty...*

Tell her that I think she's real pretty, and I want to be her boyfriend.



I'm shy, too.

I'm shy, too. You got to tell her that, Chuck.



I used to skate
when I was young.

I used to skate when I was young. I told her that. She didn't even look at me. You got to talk to her, Chuck. It's your job.



She picked me,
not those other guys.

She picked me, not those other guys.



You're the chaperone, Chuck.

You're the chaperone, Chuck.



BACHELOR 3: She called me gay. I'm not gay. You got to tell her that. You're not doing your job very well. I mean, I know it takes time for people to get to know each other, but this is ridiculous.

UNKNOWN COMIC: They thought he was ...



they sort of walked a straight line, because they used to talk about him saying, you know, "This

guy, he can turn on you." You know, and I never saw that side, but a lot of the crew thought he could turn on them.



BACHELOR 3: Chuck?



[Slow jazz music playing]



JIM: Helsinki is wonderful this time of year.



Especially the snow.



It affords one solitude ...



even in a city full of people.



JIM: Excuse me. Is this seat taken?

GIRL: By you.

CHUCK: [Sighs] Helsinki is wonderful this time of year, isn't it?



GIRL: Yes, it is.



CHUCK: Oh, I'm sorry.





Um, excuse me.





CHUCK: Helsinki is wonderful this time of year, isn't it?



PATRICIA: Especially the snow. It affords one solitude even in a city full of people.



CHUCK: Hey, I'm Chuck. Ahem.

PATRICIA: So I gathered.

CHUCK: And you are?



PATRICIA: Here you are, Chuck.

CHUCK: At least give me a made-up name -- something for me to cry out ...



during those dark nights of the soul.



PATRICIA: Cry out, "Olivia."



CHUCK: That's "Twelfth Night."

PATRICIA: Very good, Chuck. I'm pleasantly surprised.



You're not like the other murderers.

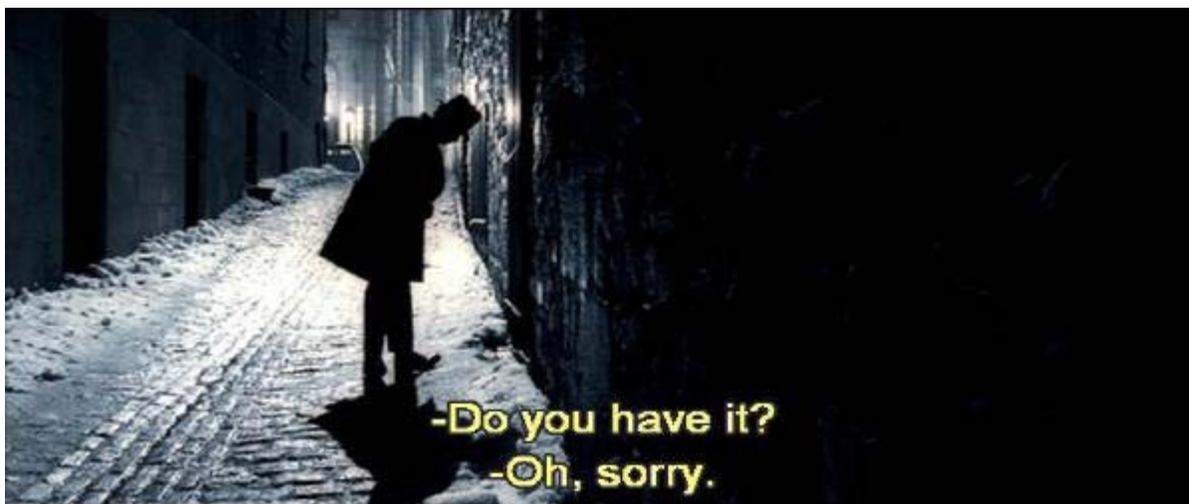




[Dramatic music playing]



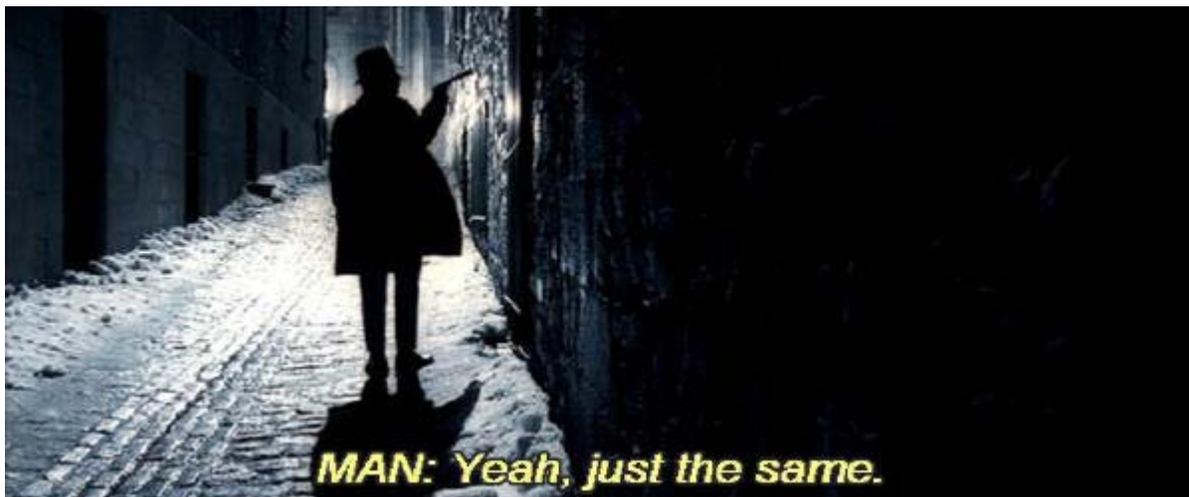
MAN: Here.



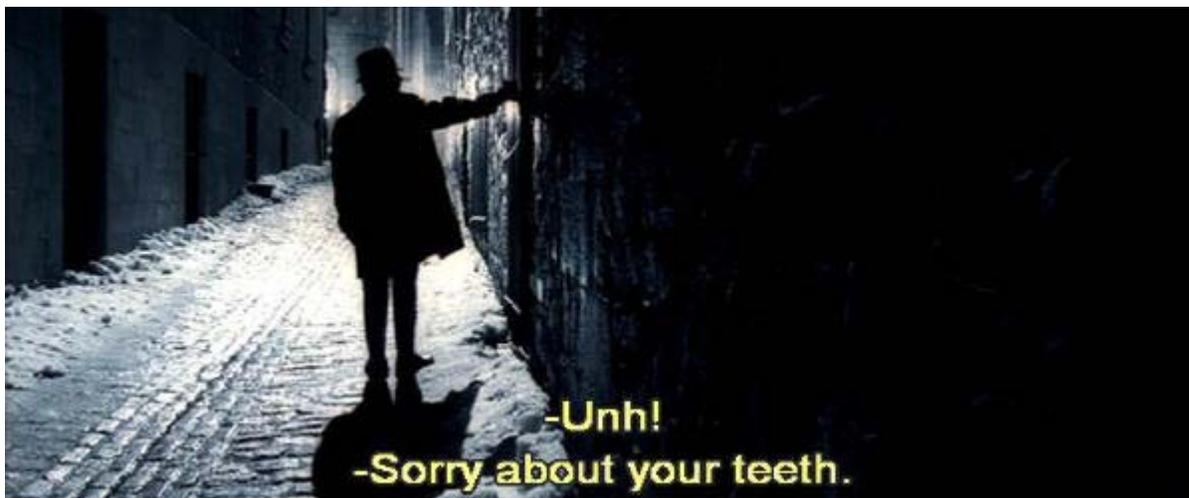
CHUCK: Do you have it?

MAN: Do you have it?

CHUCK: Oh, sorry. Don't worry. We're not going to cheat you.



MAN: Yeah, just the same.



Unh!

CHUCK: Sorry about your teeth.

[Fires with silencer]

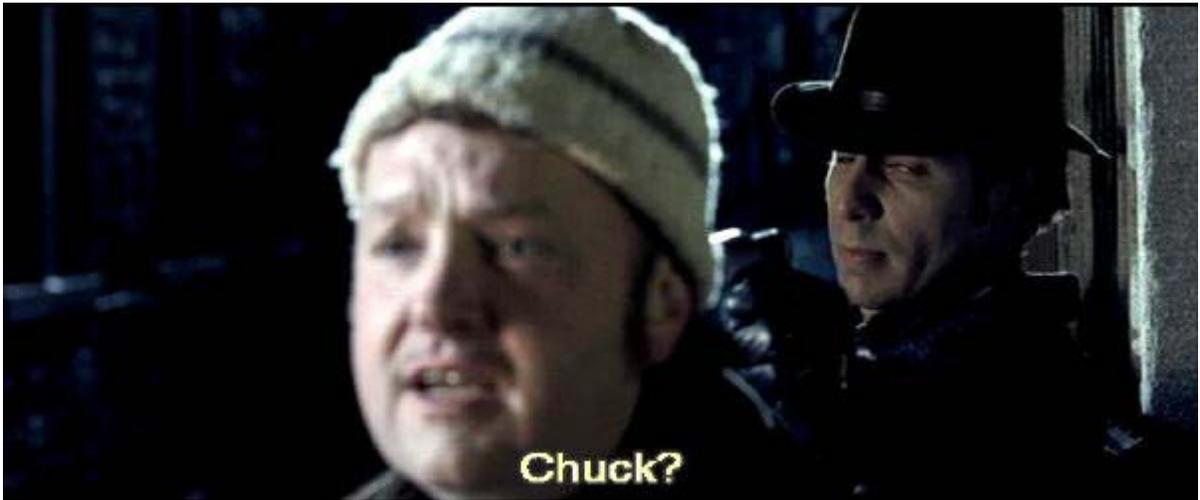
[Body falls]

[Fires with silencer]



BACHELOR 3: Chuck?

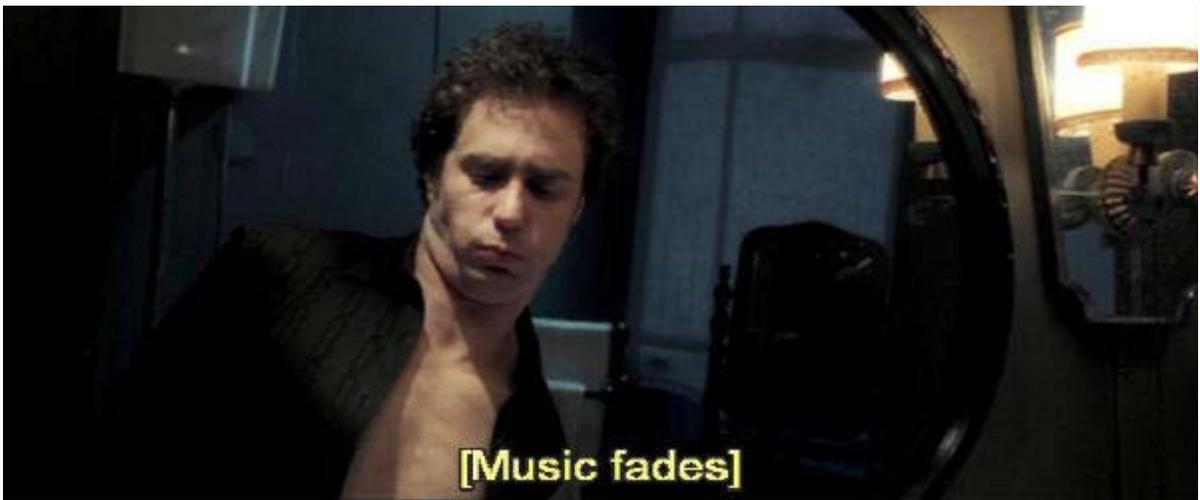




Chuck?







[Music fades]

CHUCK: [Exhaling, whistling] [Hums]

[Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" playing]



CHUCK: Olivia?



PATRICIA: It's Patricia, actually.



PATRICIA: So, then I spent a year in Operation: Chaos ...



inside the anti-war movement, nudging it towards violence to discredit it. That was fun.

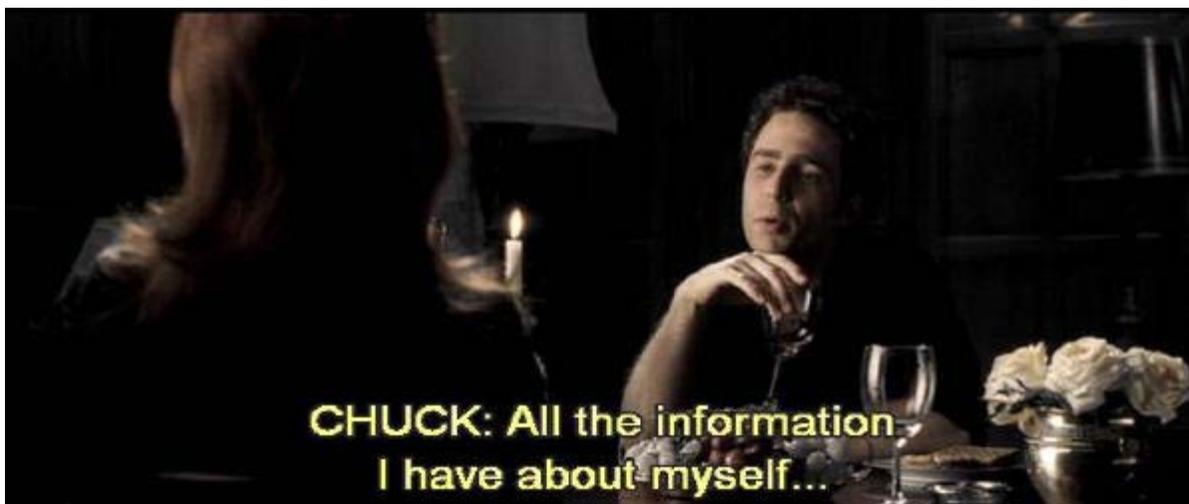
CHUCK: It sounds fun. So, tell me, Patricia, why did you come here tonight?



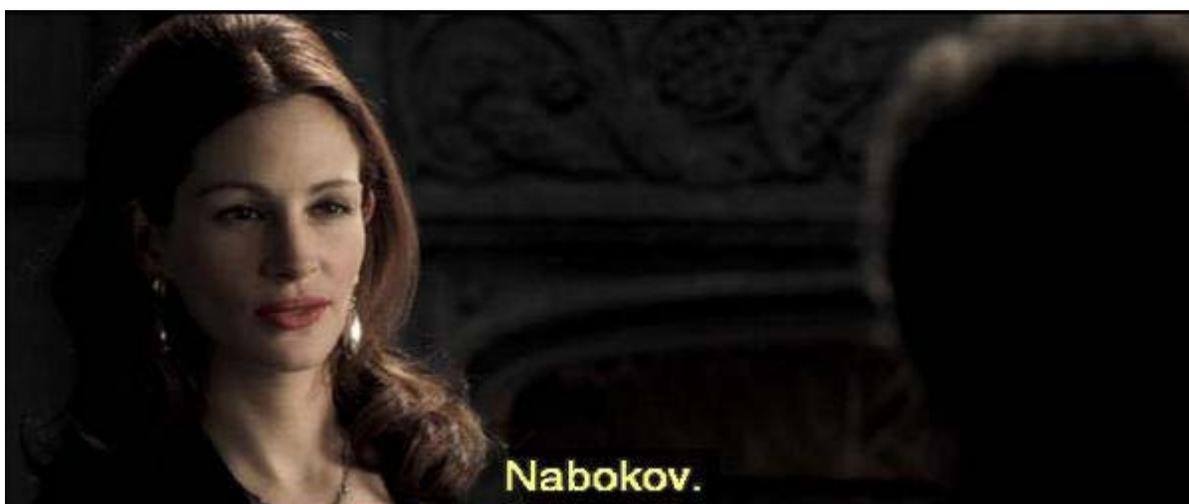
PATRICIA: Ahem. I don't know. You're kind of cute in a homely sort of way ...



and it's lonely when the civilian you're fucking calls out the name on your fake passport.



CHUCK: All the information I have about myself is from forged documents.



PATRICIA: Nabokov.





[Glass shatters]



[Objects clatter]



CHUCK: Wait, wait. I got to go into the bathroom and take care of something.



PATRICIA: Leave the microfilm in, baby.



[Upbeat music playing]



Hoo!



Huhh!



BACHELOR 3: Chuck!

Hey!



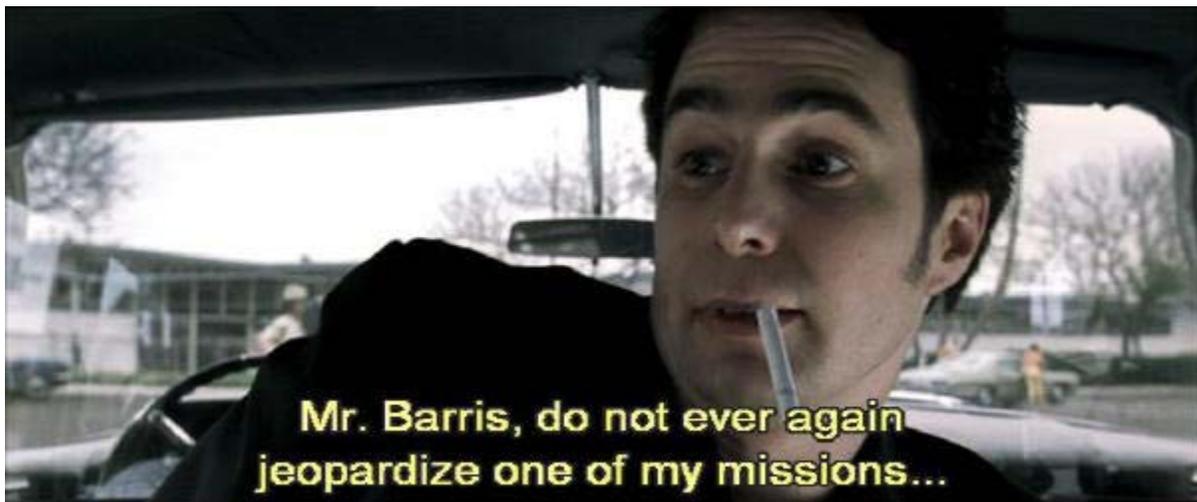
BACHELOR 3: Do you know when my episode is going to air?



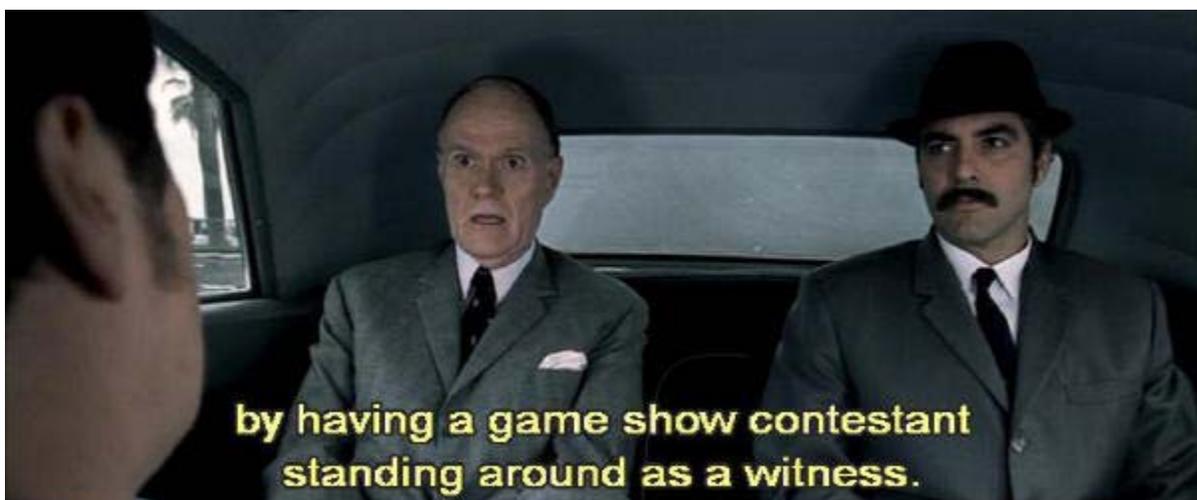
OK. See you, Chuck. Bye.



JIM: Chuck, this is Simon Oliver. Everything go OK? You don't look too good.



SIMON: Mr. Barris, do not ever again jeopardize one of my missions ...



by having a game show contestant standing around as a witness. Is that understood?

CHUCK: You're welcome, pal.

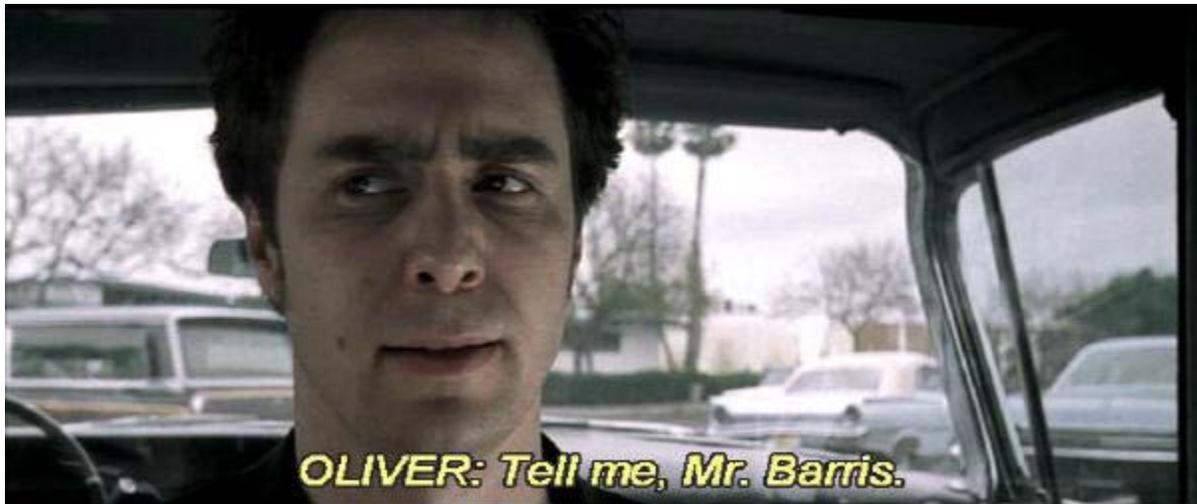
SIMON: Do I make myself clear?

CHUCK: Fuck you. They're my contestants.

SIMON: You are a bloody amateur.

CHUCK: You're a faggot.

JIM: Chuck.

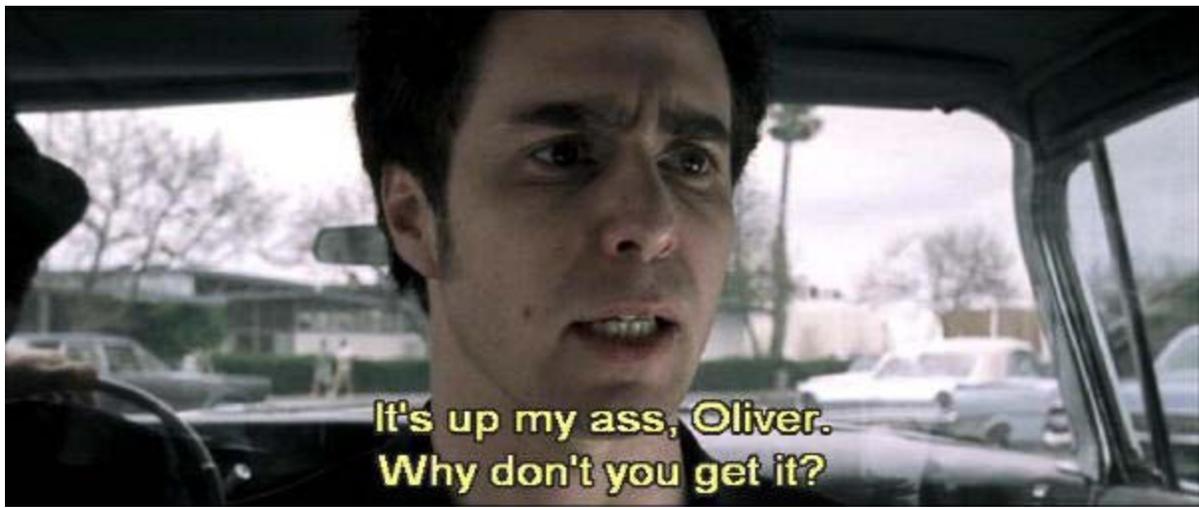


SIMON: Tell me, Mr. Barris. Are you in possession of my microfilm?

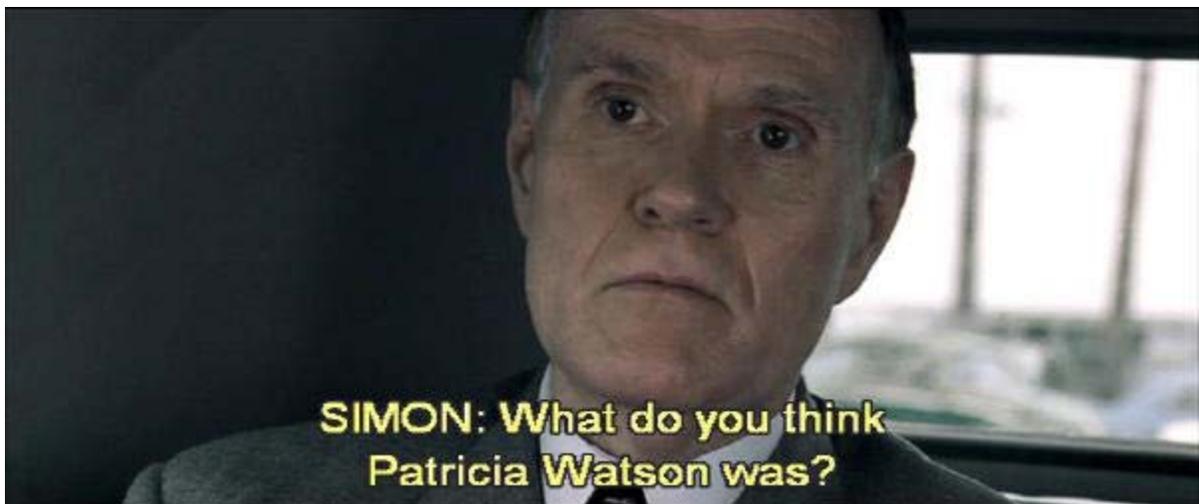


CHUCK: Yeah, I got it.

SIMON: Let's have it, then.



CHUCK: It's up my ass, Oliver. Why don't you get it? What is this shit? I deserve a little appreciation for my efforts here, Jim.



SIMON: What do you think Patricia Watson was?





CHUCK: Prick.

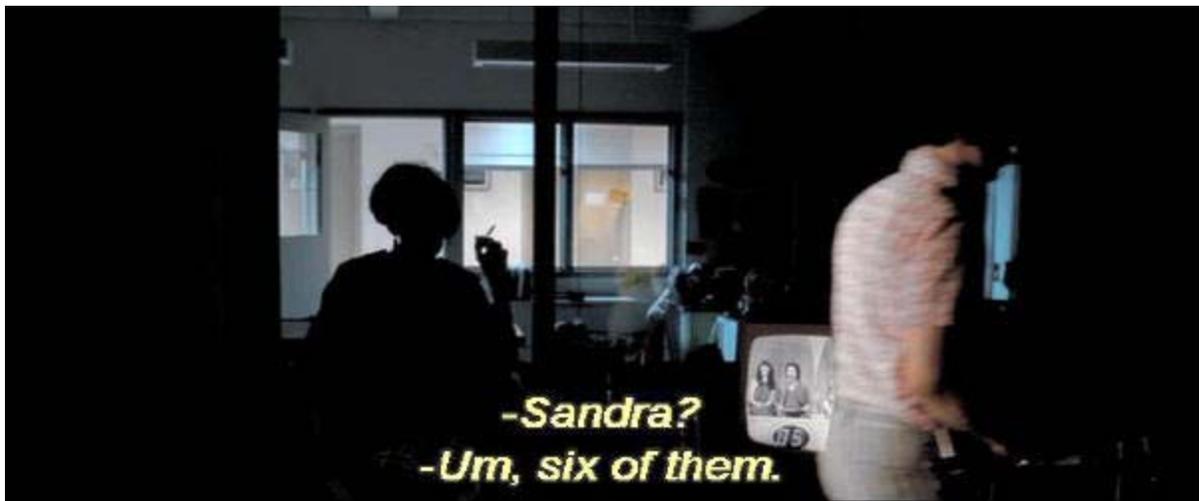
EUBANKS: Really? OK.



He said he dated none of them. That's right.



[Applause]



EUBANKS: Sandra?

SANDRA: Um, six of them.

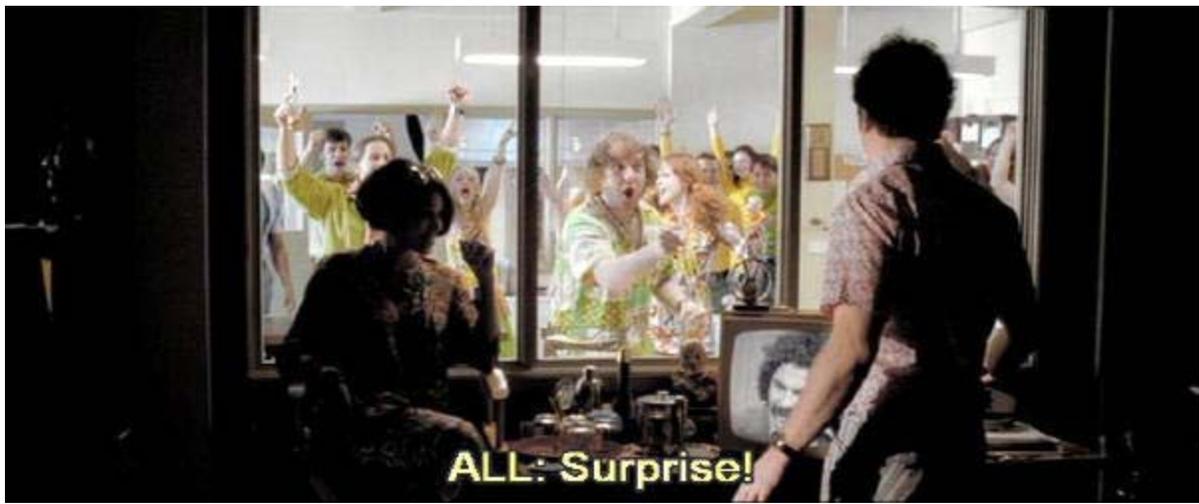


LORETTA: Well, if it isn't the hit man.



CHUCK: What?

LORETTA: The hit man.



ALL: Surprise!



[Cheering]



LORETTA: ABC's going to pick up "The Newlywed Game"! Daytime and primetime!



CHUCK: You're kidding me! Oh, my God!



That's sensational. You mean it? Fantastic!



LORETTA: Who!

EUBANKS: OK, here's the latest of our five-point questions.



Girls, tell me where, specifically is the weirdest place that you personally, girls have ever gotten the urge to make whoopee.



The weirdest place. Olga?

OLGA: Um ...

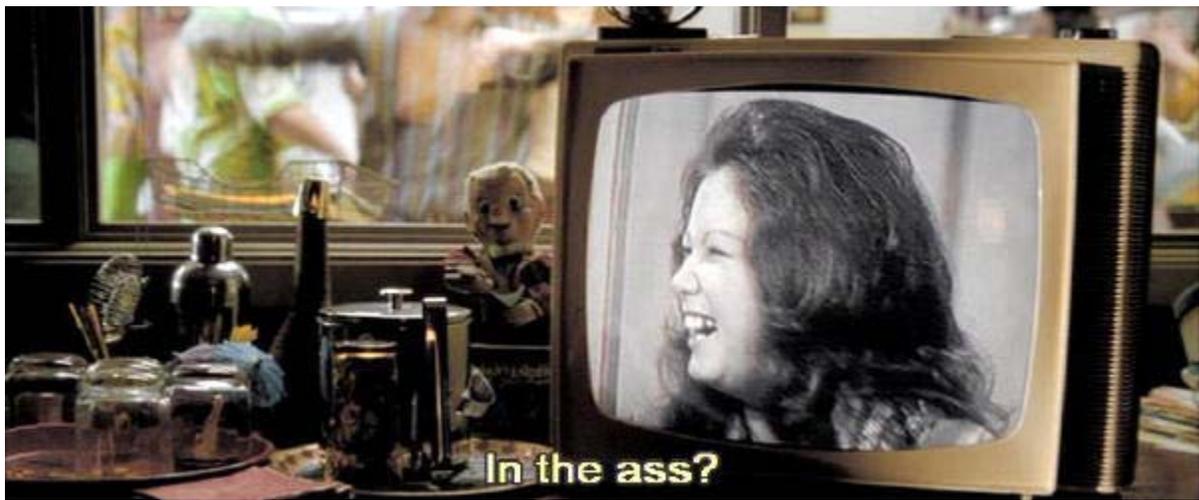


[Audience laughs]



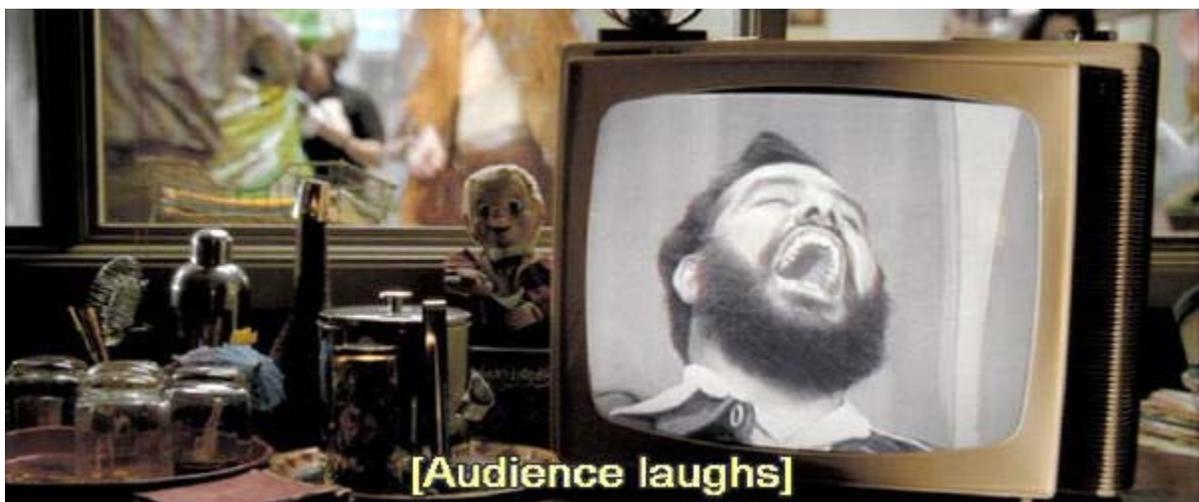
EUBANKS: Yes, Olga?

EUBANKS: Yes, Olga?



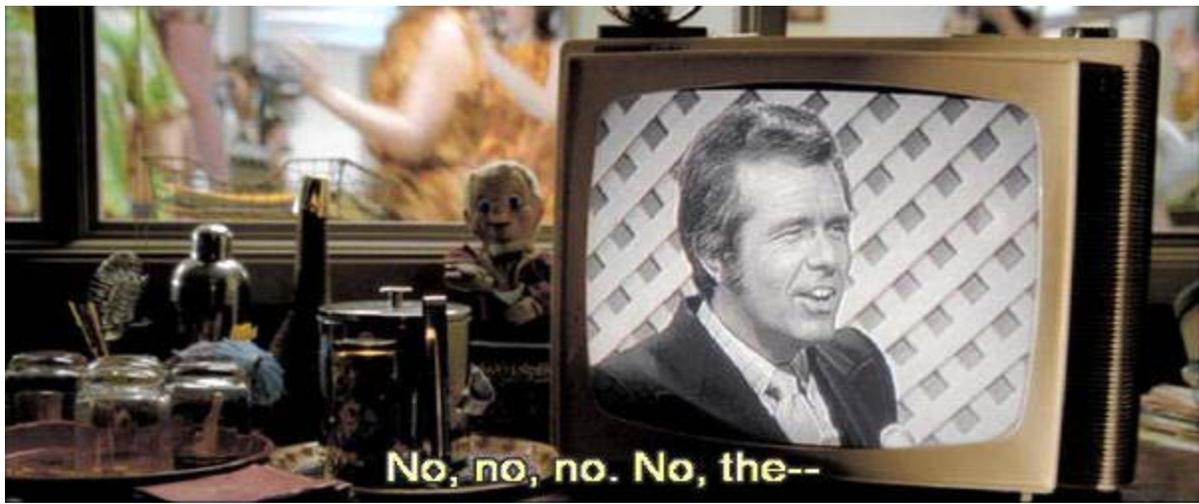
In the ass?

OLGA: In the ass?



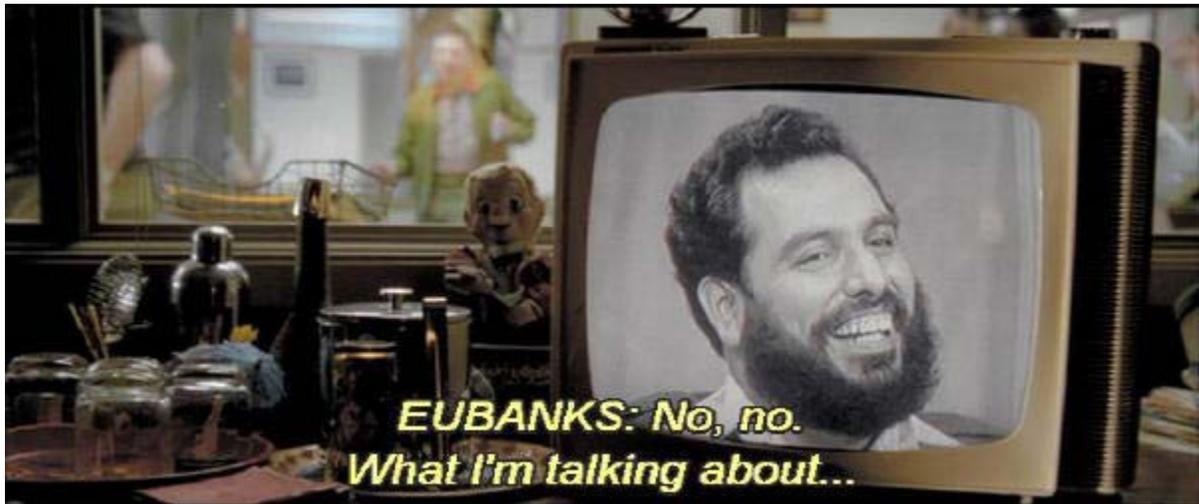
[Audience laughs]

[Audience laughs]



EUBANKS: No, no, no. No, the --

HUSBAND: It's still there.



EUBANKS: No, no. What I'm talking about ...



is the weirdest location, the weirdest place. Yeah.



OLGA: I don't know.



[Audience laughing]



HUSBAND: Oh!



EUBANKS: Olga, Olga, the word is the location or place.



You know what I mean?

*ESQUIVEL: Mucha muchacha
Mucha muchacha
Mucha muchacha
Mucha muchacha
Mucha muchacha
Mucha muchacha
Mucha muchacha*



Ba ba ba ba baile



Ba



Ah
Ah
Ba ba ba ba ba-ba-ba



*Ra pa pa ra pa bar a pa
Ra pa pa ra pa bar a pa
Ra pa pa ra pa bar a pa
Ra pa ra pa bar a pa
Ra pa pa ra pa bar a pa
Ra pa pa ra pa bar a pa
[Music fades]*

CHUCK: I liked Penny. I even loved her, in my way. But the idea of tying myself down for the rest of my life. I remember my parents' marriage.



MOTHER: We need a new icebox.



[Radio playing faintly]
["The Newlywed Game" theme plays]



[Applause]

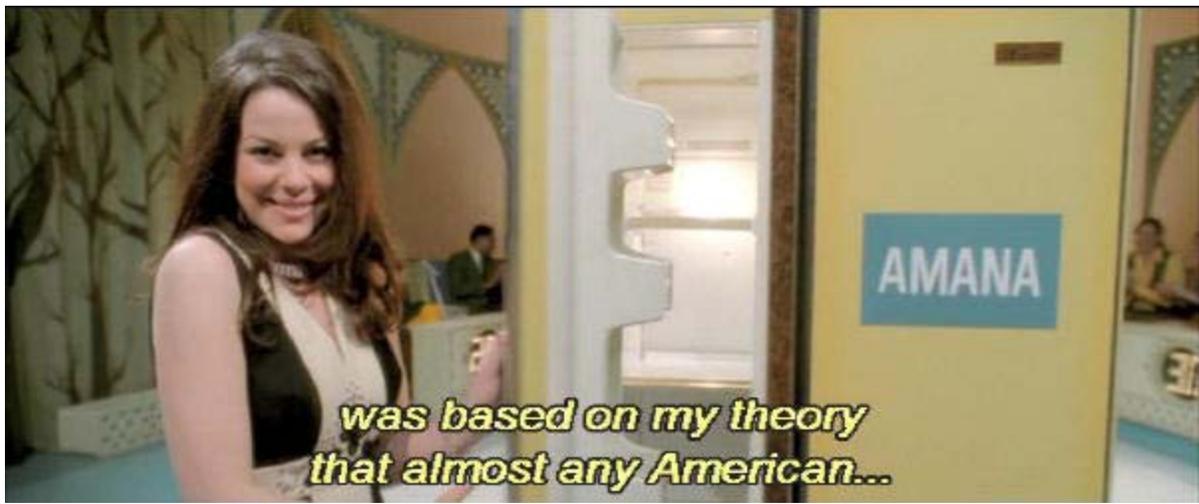
[Applause]



AUDIENCE: Ooh...

AUDIENCE: Ooh ...

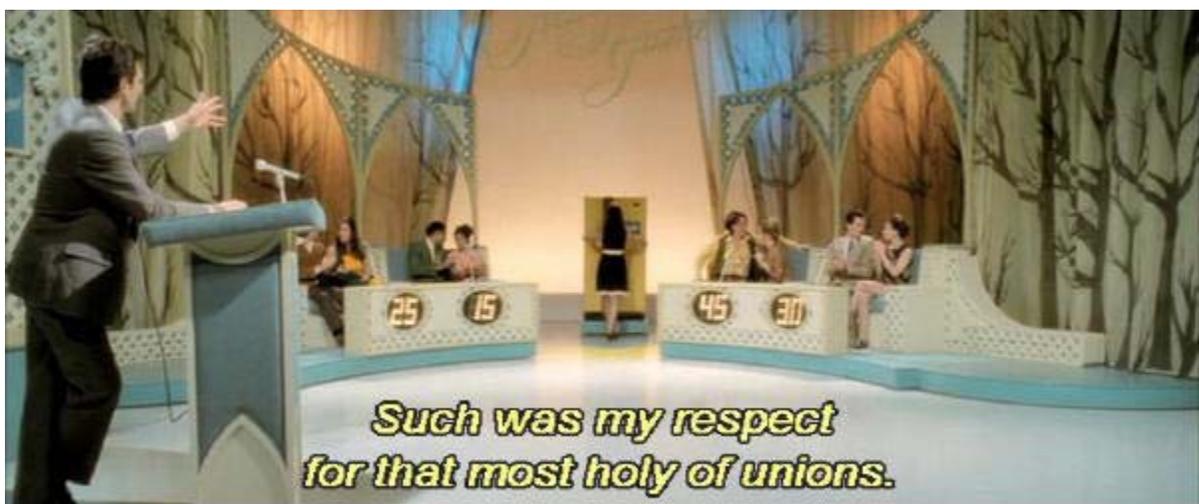
CHUCK: "The Newlywed Game" ...



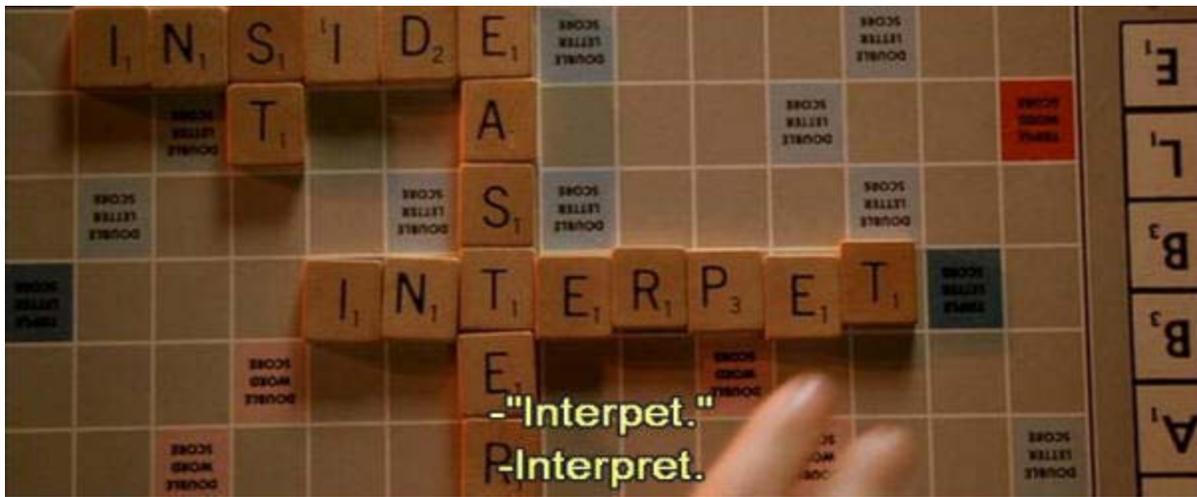
was based on my theory that almost any American ...



would sell out their spouse for a washer, dryer or a lawn mower you can ride on.

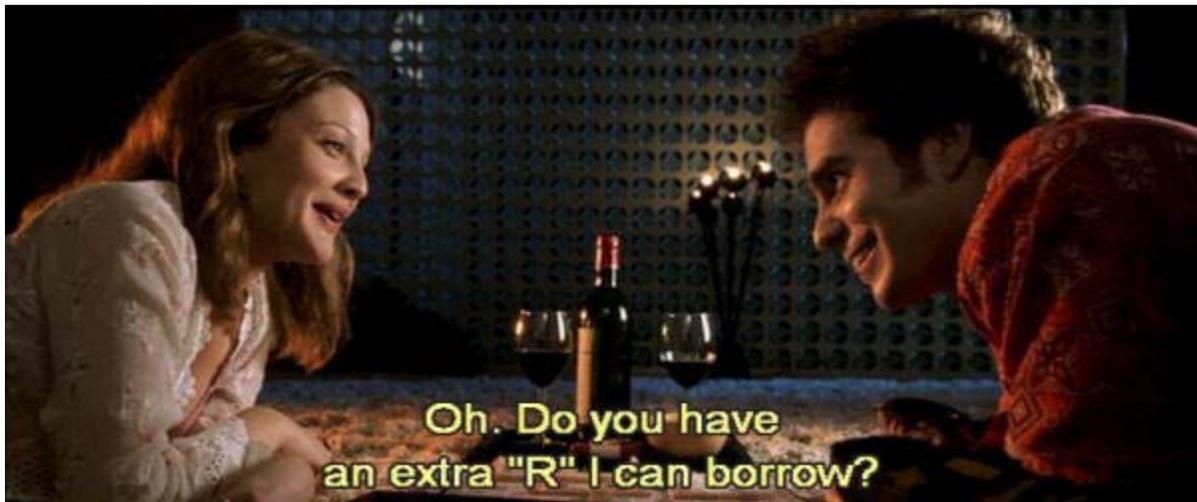


Such was my respect for that most holy of unions.



PENNY: "Interpet."

CHUCK: Interpret.



PENNY: Do you have an extra "R" I can borrow?

CHUCK: I'm not going to give you a letter. You're lucky I don't make you forfeit a turn.

PENNY: Oh, OK.

CHUCK: You look cute today, Pen.

PENNY: I always look cute. Don't distract me.

CHUCK: [Blows]

PENNY: What was I going to say?

CHUCK: I don't know. What were you going to say?

[Music playing faintly]

PENNY: I think we should get married, because we've known each other forever, and we've fucked each other forever.



And you think I'm cute, you just said. And you always come to me when you're in trouble ...



and I'm nothing like your mother --

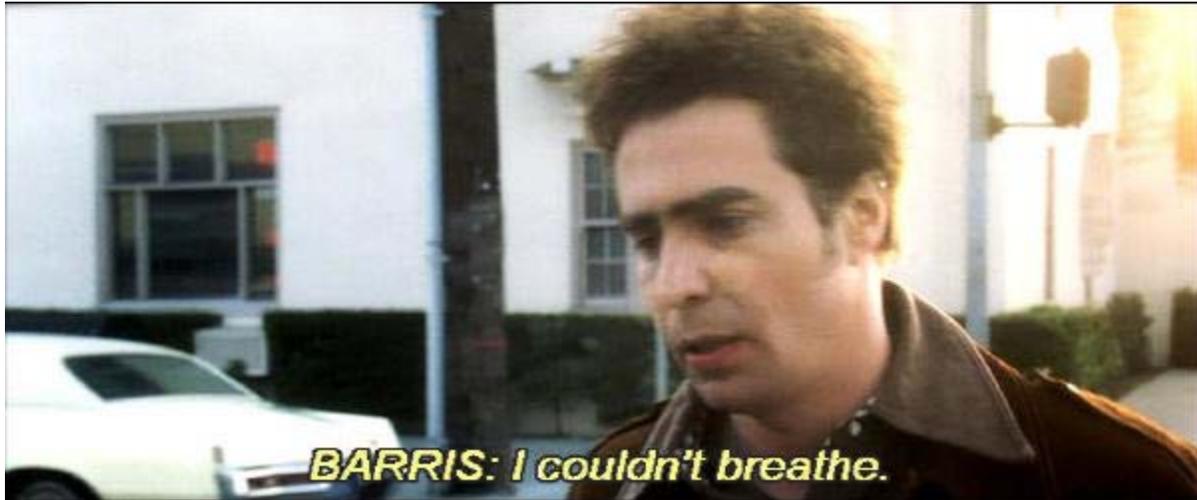
CHUCK: What does that mean? What is that?



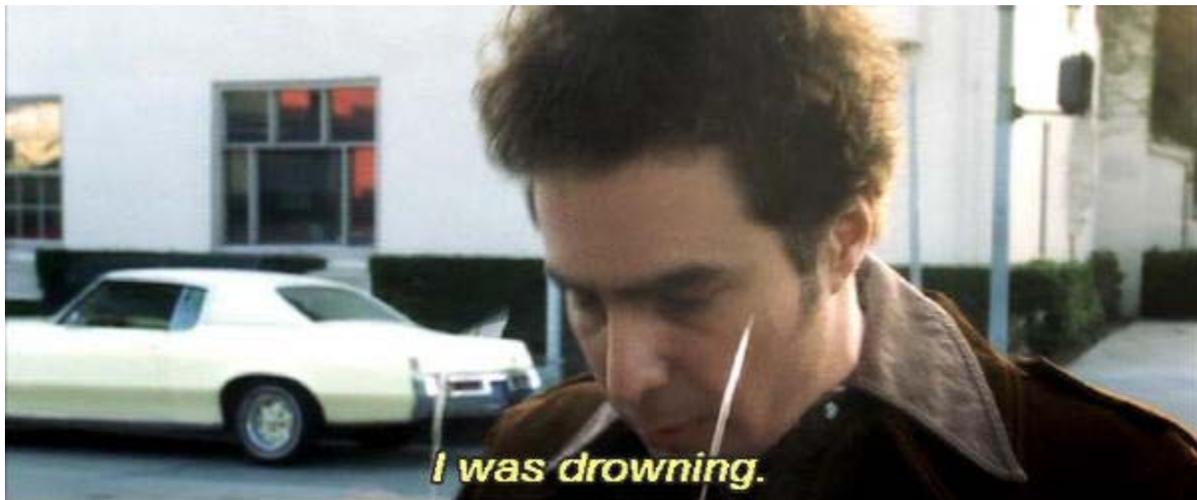
PENNY: I'm just kidding.

CHUCK: Don't ask me to marry you again, OK?

*I don't use a knife
Don't need a gun*



CHUCK: I couldn't breathe.



I was drowning.



And what the fuck did my mother have to do with it?



So I made a call.



[FORMOSA CAFE]



[Water running]

[Water running]

[Turns off water]



[Door opens, closes]



JIM: Over here, strawberry dick.

[Enters stall]

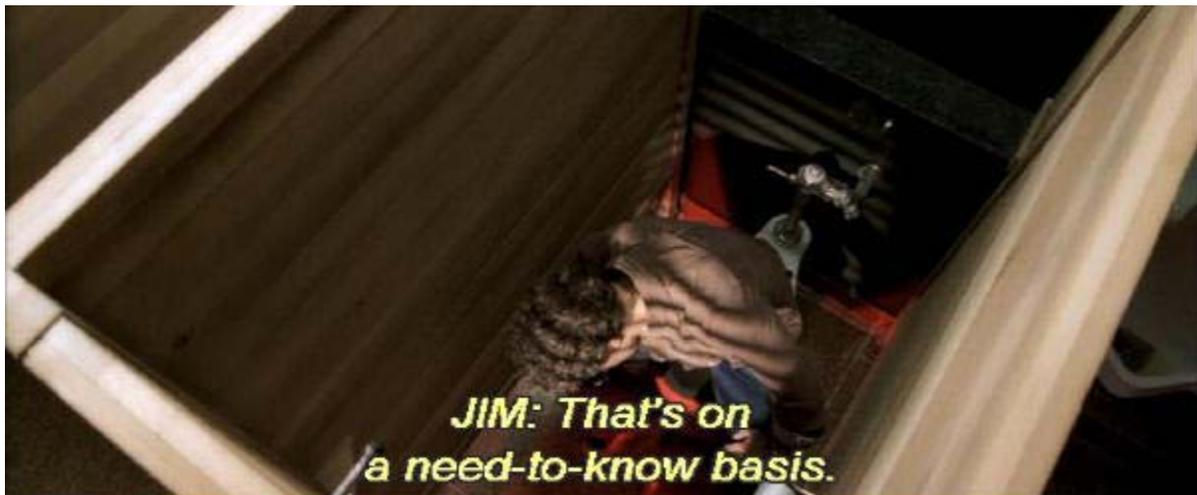


CHUCK: How do you know those things?



JIM: We know what she actually thought it tasted like.

CHUCK: Really? I could never find that out. What'd she think?



JIM: That's on a need-to-know basis. What can I do for you?



CHUCK: I really need something, Jim. I need something for my head.



JIM: I got something for your head.



LANGE: And you're going on your date ...



to fabulous West Berlin, Germany.



["The Dating Game" theme plays]



[Applause]





[West Berlin, 1970]



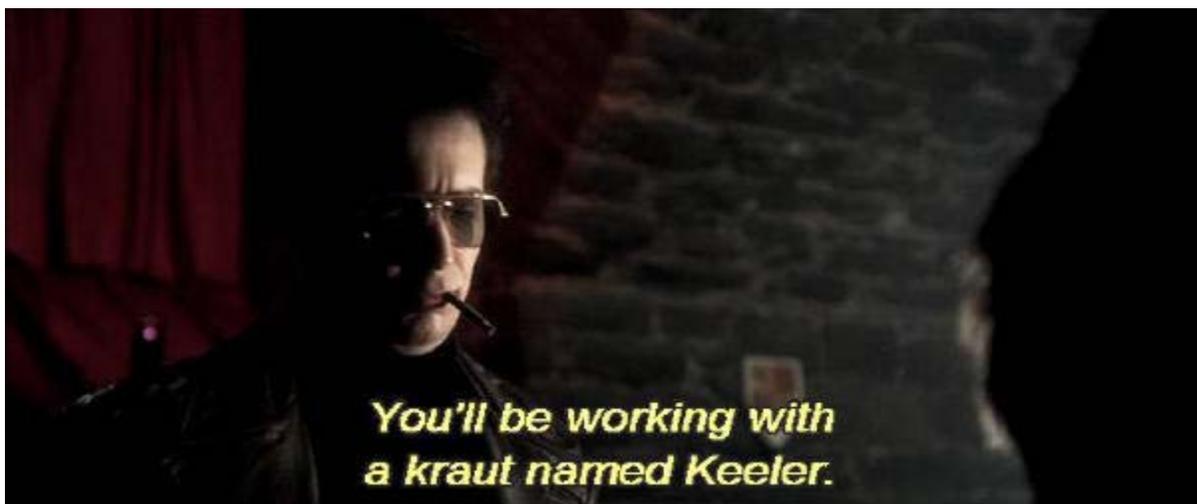
[Music fades]



[Accordion music playing]



PATRICIA: The name's Hans Colbert. Other side of the wall. We don't like him very much.



You'll be working with a kraut named Keeler. He's been tailing Colbert for a month. Knows the routine. Keeler's a drunk ...



so stay sober and take charge.



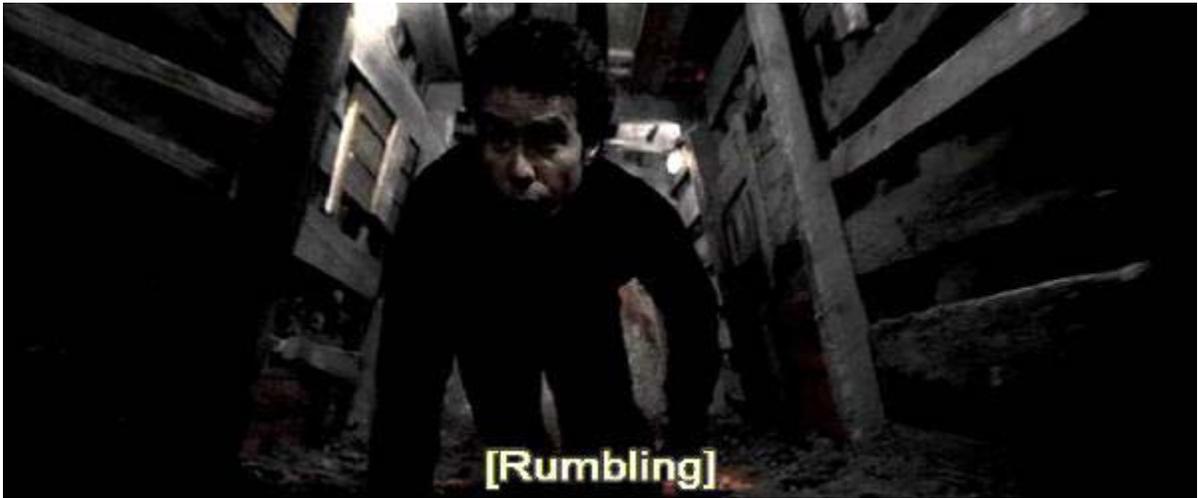
CHUCK: It's done and done.

[Dramatic music playing]



PATRICIA: Kill for me, baby.





[Rumbling]

[Electricity crackles]

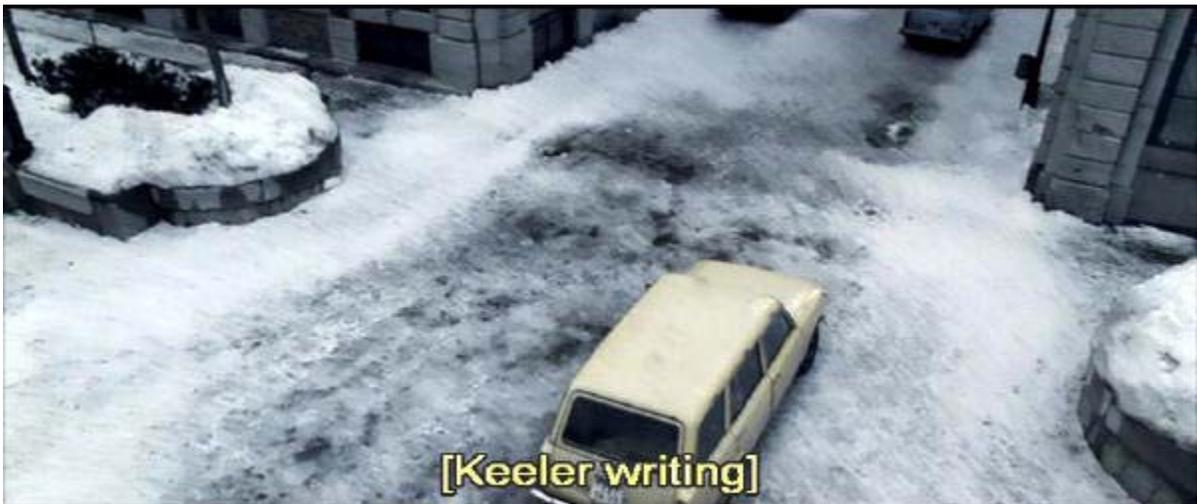


[Coughs]



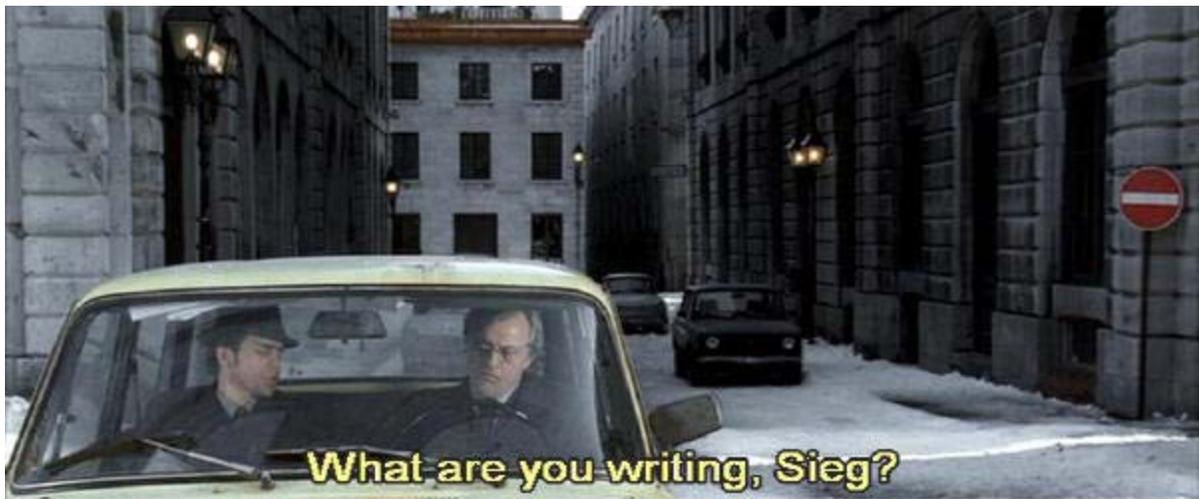
[Click]





[Keeler writing]

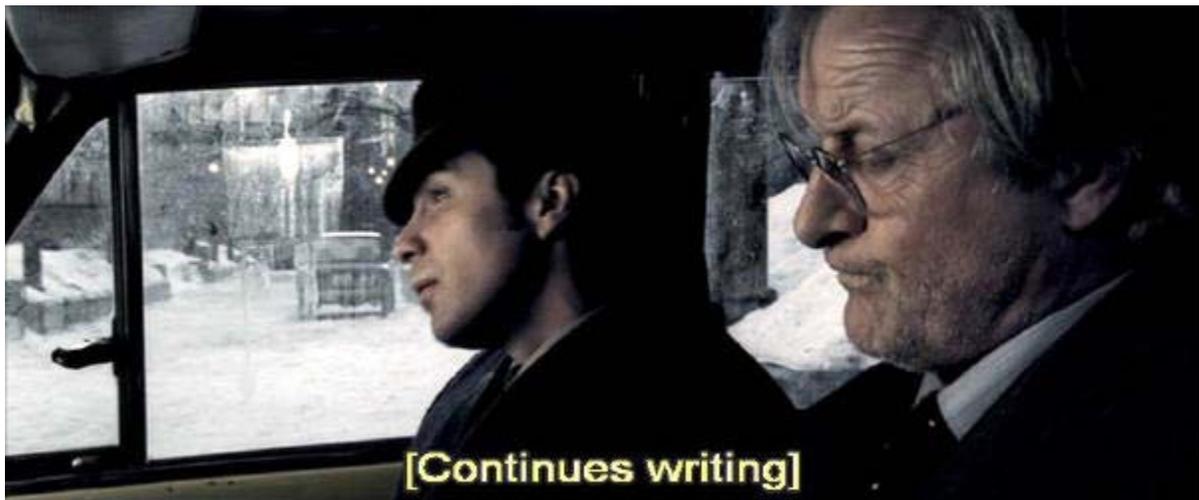
[Writing]



CHUCK: What are you writing, Sieg?

SIEG: Just keeping track of anything that happens in the [Speaking German]

CHUCK: Ah.



[Continues writing]



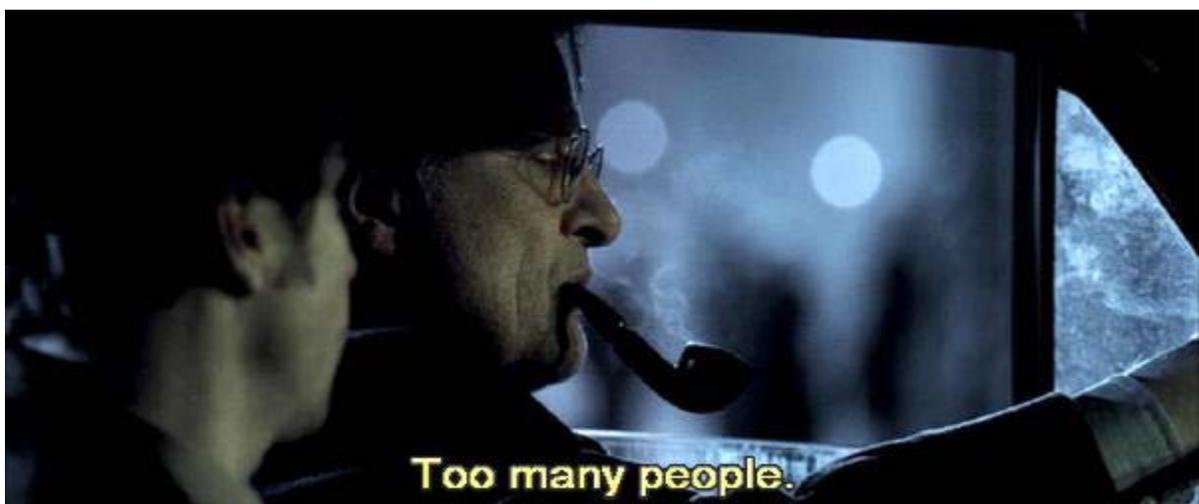
[Accordion music playing]



MAN: Ja.



CHUCK: That's him.



SIEG: Too many people.



[Laughing]



[Music stops]

[Keeler whistles faintly]





SIEG: Chuck. Chuck.

CHUCK: All right.

SIEG: Take the camera.



CHUCK: What is this?



HANS: Aah!



CHUCK: What the --



HANS: [Muffled yells]



SIEG: Take a picture.

CHUCK: Take a what?

SIEG: Take a picture. Picture. Come on. Take a picture.



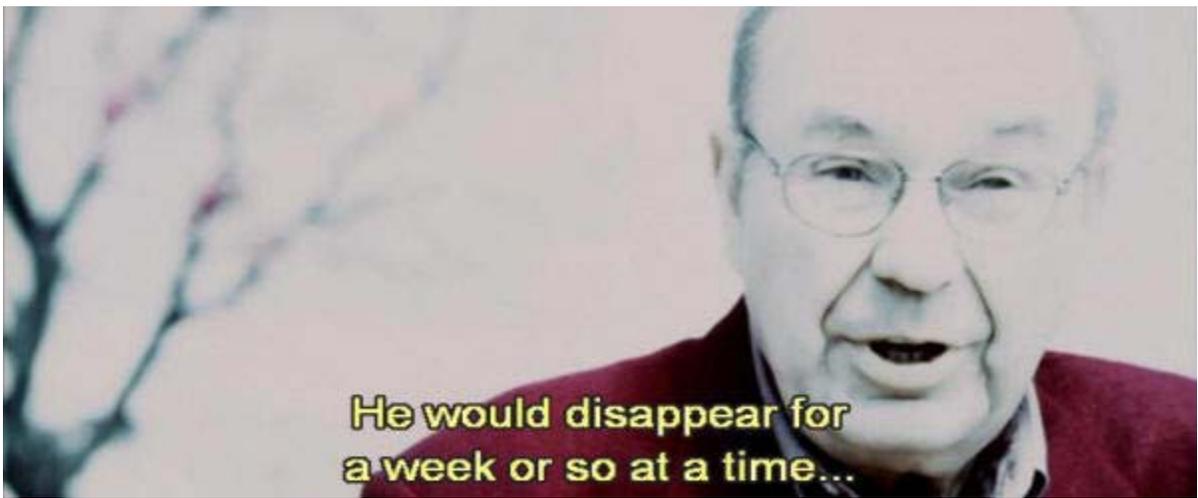
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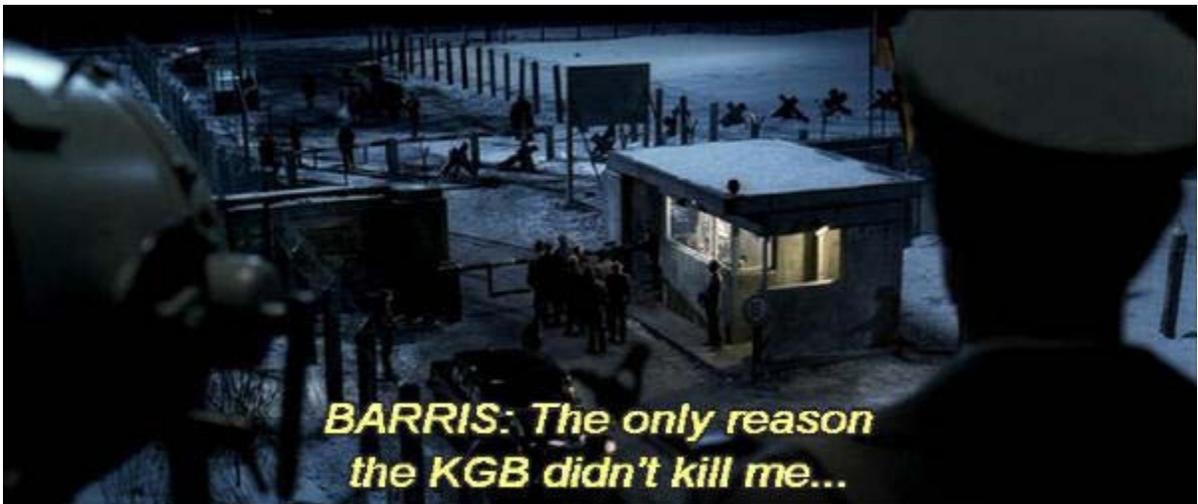




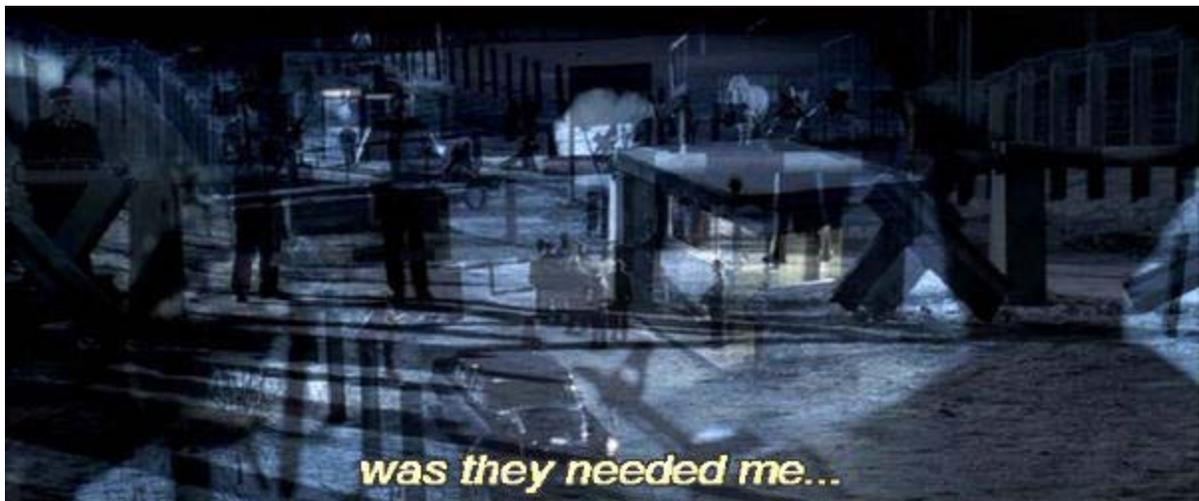




JIM LANGE, HOST OF THE DATING GAME: He would disappear for a week or so at a time, and his secretary would just say he's out of town. We didn't know where he went, so I don't know whether it's true or not. I -- I couldn't say.



CHUCK: The only reason the KGB didn't kill me ...



was they needed me ...



to trade for one of their Russian agents.

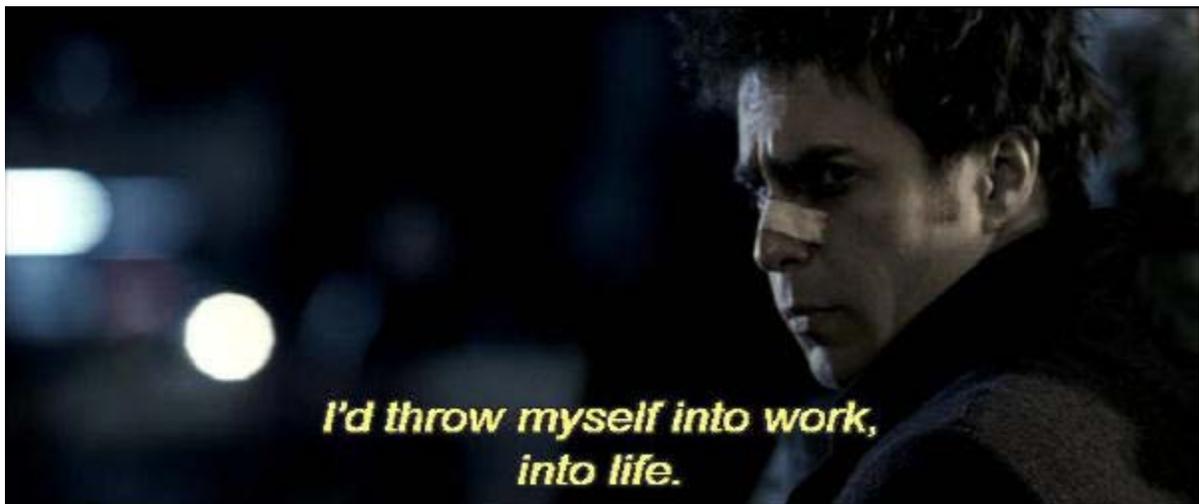


I promised myself if I got out of this ...



I'd live my life differently.

I'd live my life differently.



*I'd throw myself into work,
into life.*

I'd throw myself into work, into life. Penny. I needed to see Penny again.



*And tell Byrd I'm out...
for good.*

And tell Byrd I'm out, for good.



If I could just make it past this one last man ...

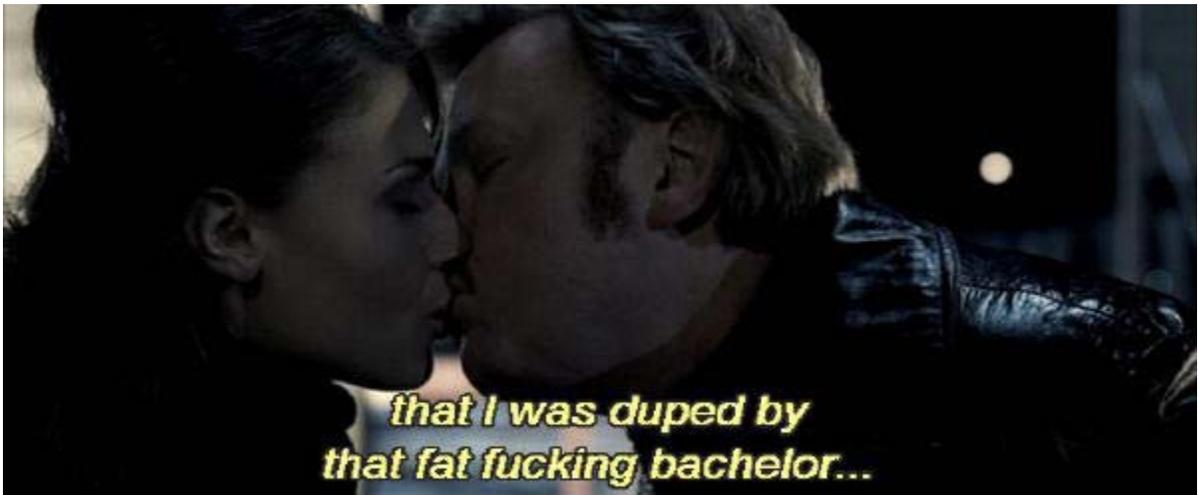


this one last --.





CHUCK: I don't know what was worse ...



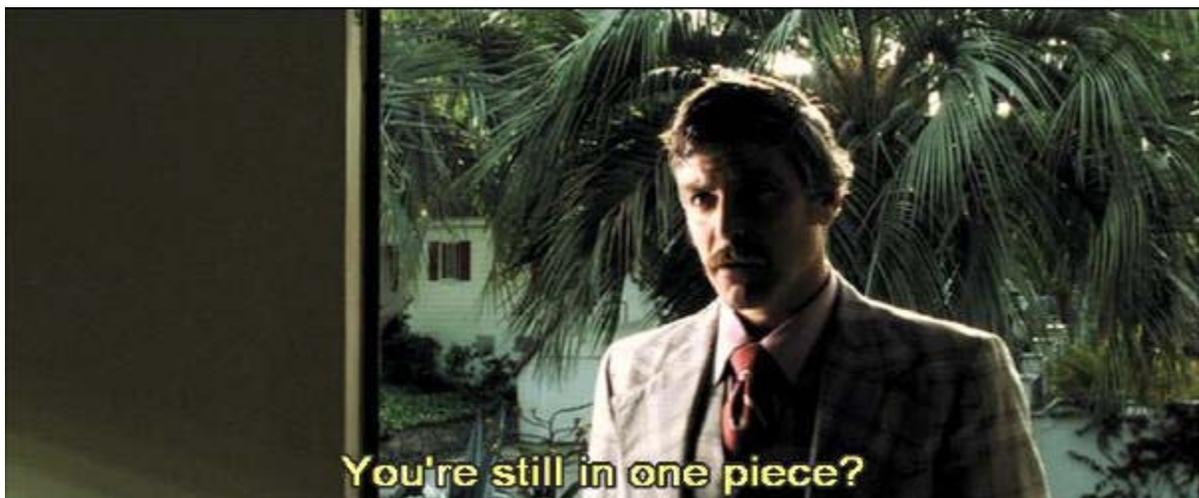
that I was duped by that fat fucking bachelor ...



or that it took seven of us to replace him.



[Goat bleating]



JIM: You're still in one piece?



CHUCK: Where the fuck you been?



JIM: Did you have a nice flight?



CHUCK: Fuck you! Where you been? I got one contact, Jim, and it's you, and if you disappear, I got no one. You understand?



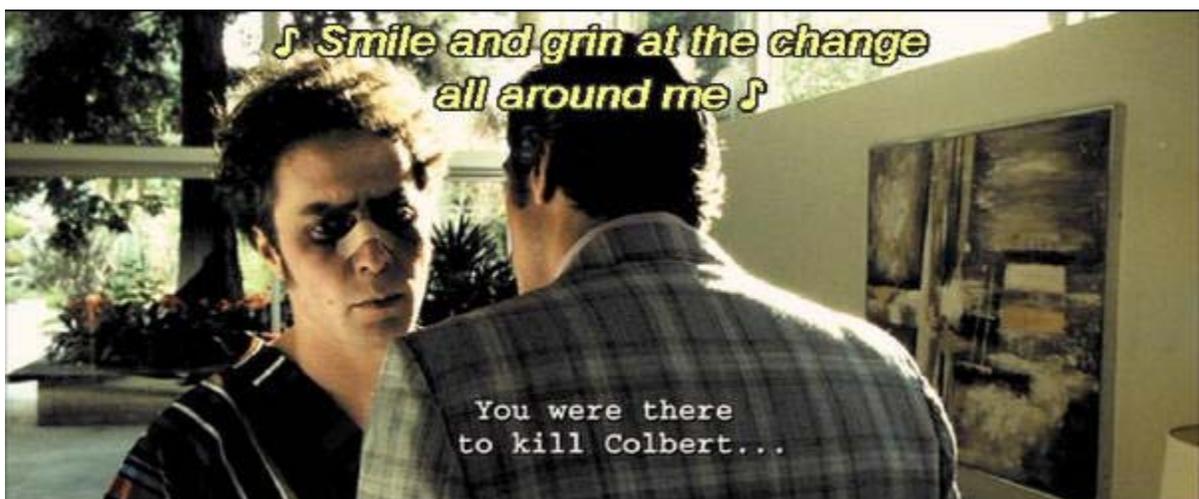
[Loud music]

*I tip my hat to the new constitution
Take a bow for a new revolution*



JIM: The KGB had a pretty good idea what we were up to.

Smile and grin at the change all around me



JIM: You were there to kill Colbert ...

Pick up my guitar and play

JIM: They were there to catch you.

Pick up my guitar and play



JIM: The Agency thinks we have a mole.

Just like yesterday



CHUCK: Oh, great! Am I in danger still?

Just like yesterday



JIM: It's hard to say.

Then I get on my knees and pray



CHUCK: What the fuck am I supposed to do?



JIM: Lay low, that's what I'm gonna do.

We don't get fooled again



JIM: You're lucky you have a job to go back to.



No, no



If I had a hammer



*I'd a-hammer in the morning
I'd a-hammer in the evening
All over this land
I'd hammer out danger*

FEMALE EXECUTIVE: She's good, huh?

MALE EXECUTIVE: She's very good. Very good.

CHUCK: That's great.

MALE EXECUTIVE: That's fine. Thank you so much.



LADY: But I can sing the whole song.

MALE EXECUTIVE: That was wonderful. Great. That was enough. That was fine.

CHUCK: All right. Bring in the next thing. Christ, there's gotta be somebody in America with some talent. Hi!



FEMALE EXECUTIVE: Now,
I saw her in a little club.

FEMALE EXECUTIVE: Now, I saw her in a little club. You're gonna love her.

[Playing guitar]

*LADY: [Singing atonally]
If I had a hammer
I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening
All over this land*



♪ I'd hammer out danger ♪

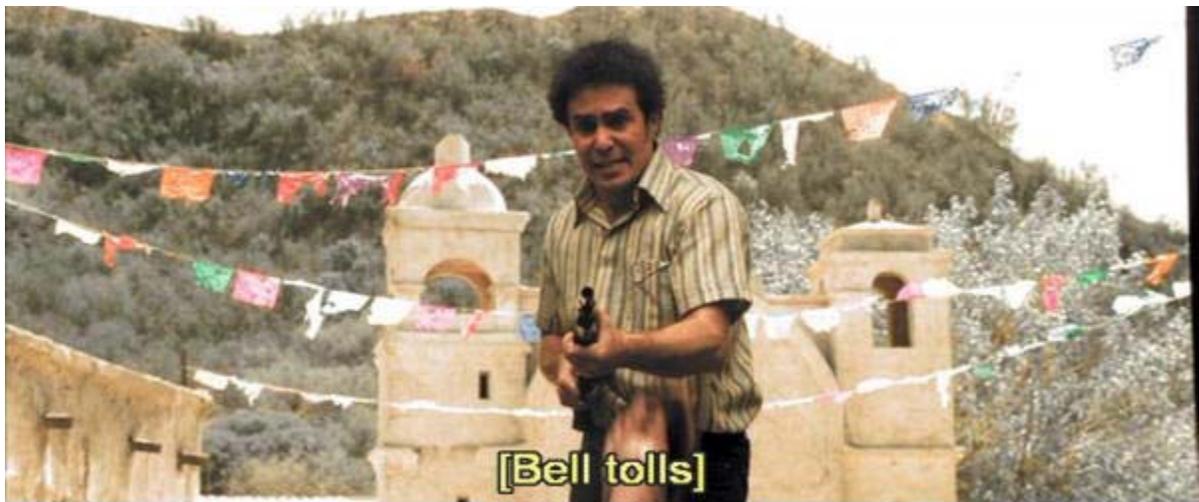
I'd hammer out danger



♪ I'd hammer out a warning ♪

*I'd hammer out a warning
I'd hammer out love between
My brothers and my sisters
All over this land*

[Gunshot]



[Bell tolls]

[Bell tolls]

All over this land

[Gong clangs]



If I were a bell

MALE EXECUTIVE: Oh, no, thank you.



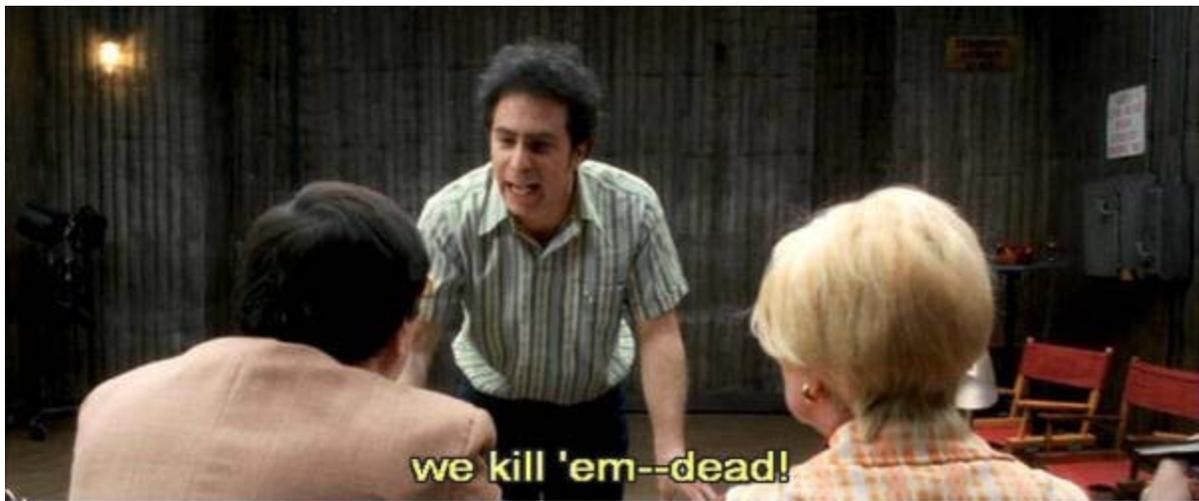
CHUCK: That's great. Fantastic! That was great. We'll be in touch.

MALE EXECUTIVE: Thank you. Thank you.

CHUCK: We've been going about this all wrong. Rather than killing ourselves trying to find good acts, we just put bad ones up and kill them!

MALE EXECUTIVE: Chuck, honestly, this – and I know you like them – this is torture.

CHUCK: No, no, no. We kill 'em before they're through. As soon as it gets unbearable ...



we kill 'em – dead!



["The Gong Show" theme plays]

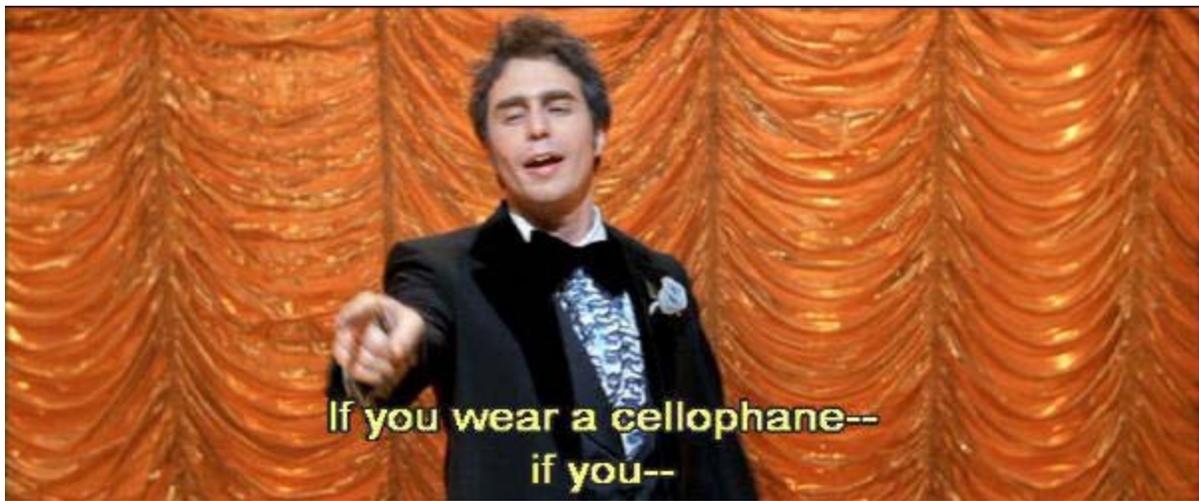
["The Gong Show" theme plays]

CHUCK: Ladies and gentlemen, this act --



Ah! Oh, this is so good!
I love this, man.

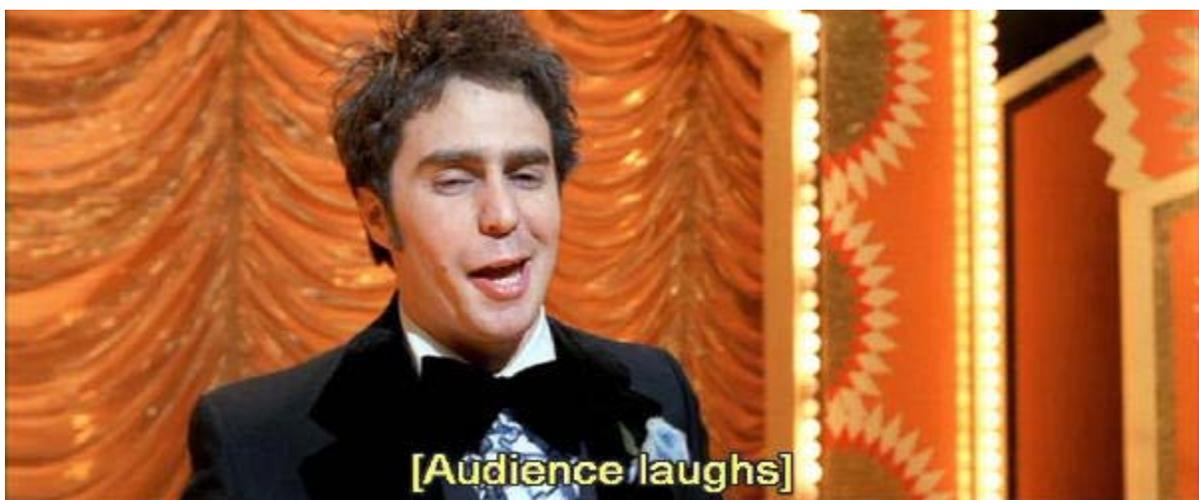
Ah! Oh, this is so good! I love this, man. This next act answers the age-old question:



If you wear a cellophane -- if you --

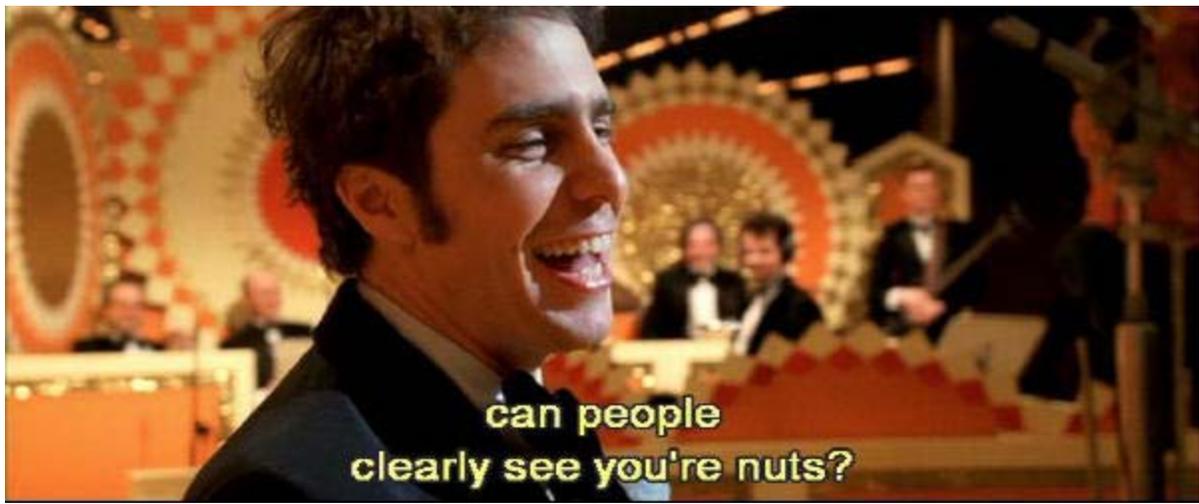


Whish! OK.



[Audience laughs]

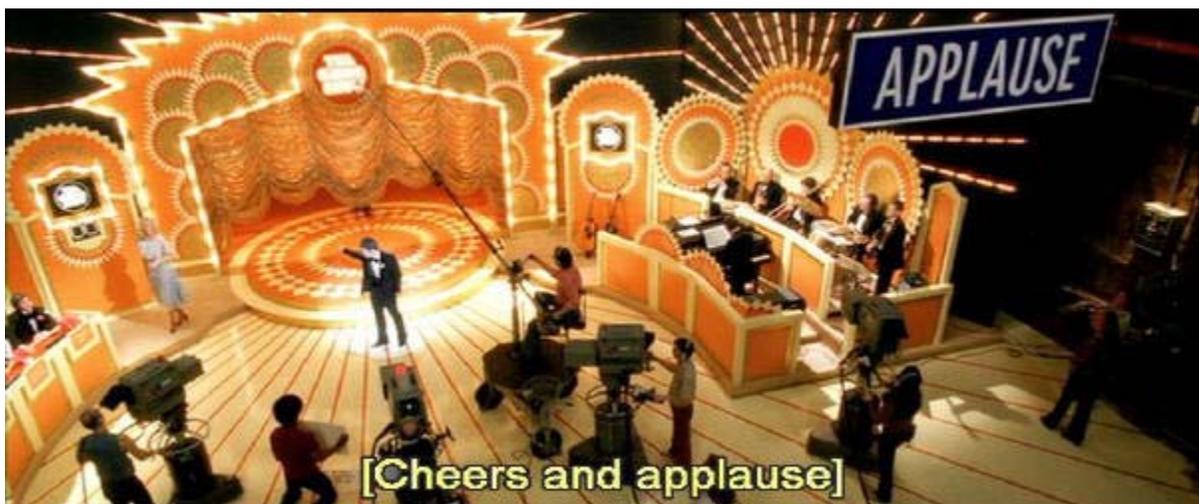
CHUCK: If you wear -- ha ha -- a cellophane suit ...



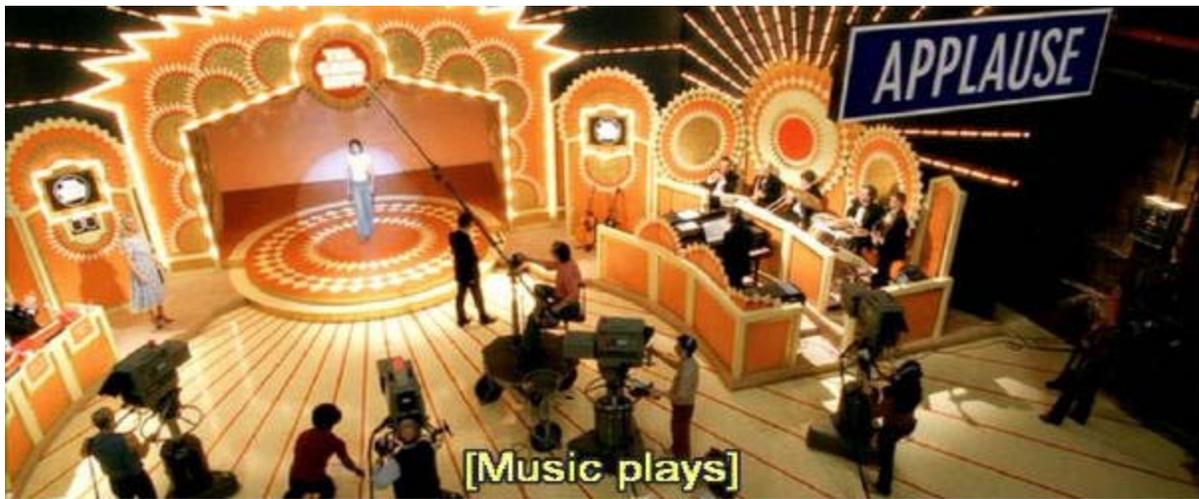
can people clearly see you're nuts? I don't know. A little humor, folks. All the way from Pacoima --



Mick Donnelly!



[Cheers and applause]



[Music plays]

[Music plays]



[Off-key] ♪ Raindrops
keep falling on my head ♪

[Off-key] Raindrops keep falling on my head



♪ Just like the guy ♪

Just like the guy



Whose feet are too big for his bed



Nothin' seems to fit those



*Raindrops are fallin' on my head
They keep fallin'*



So I just did me some talkin' to the sun



*And I said I didn't like
The way he got things done
Sleepin' on the job, those ...*



CHUCK: Who could have known there were so many Americans just waiting for the opportunity to get on TV and make an ass out of themselves?



Raindrops keep fallin' on my head



*But that doesn't mean my eyes
Will soon be turnin' red*



[Audience booing]



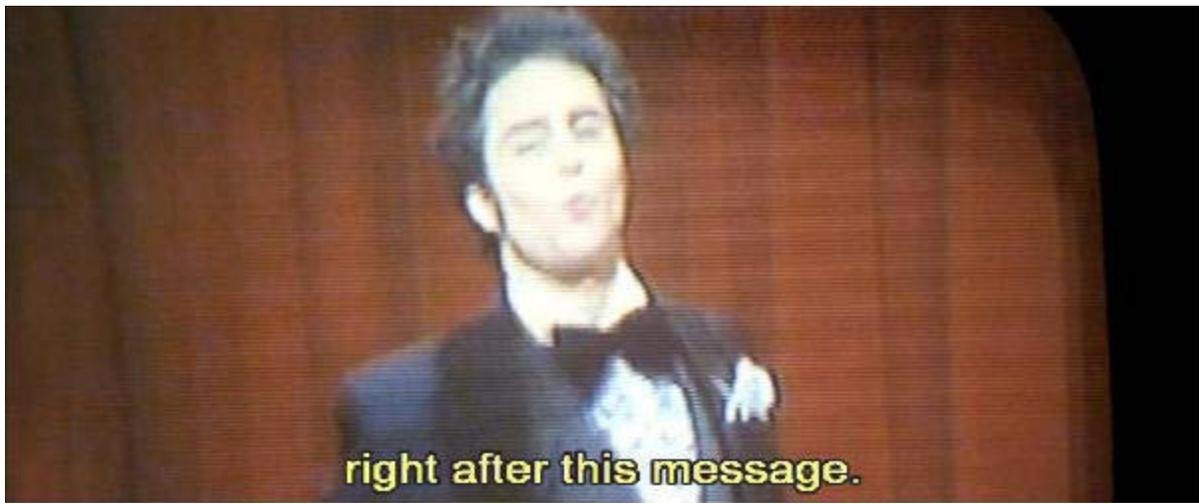
*Cryin's not for me, 'cause
I'm never gonna stop the rain by complainin'
Because I'm --*



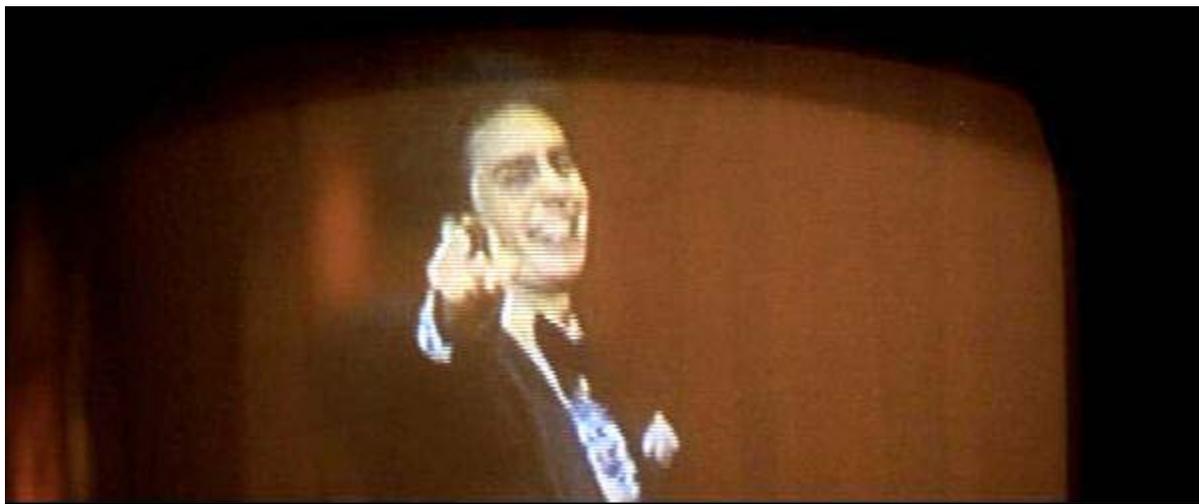
[Gong]

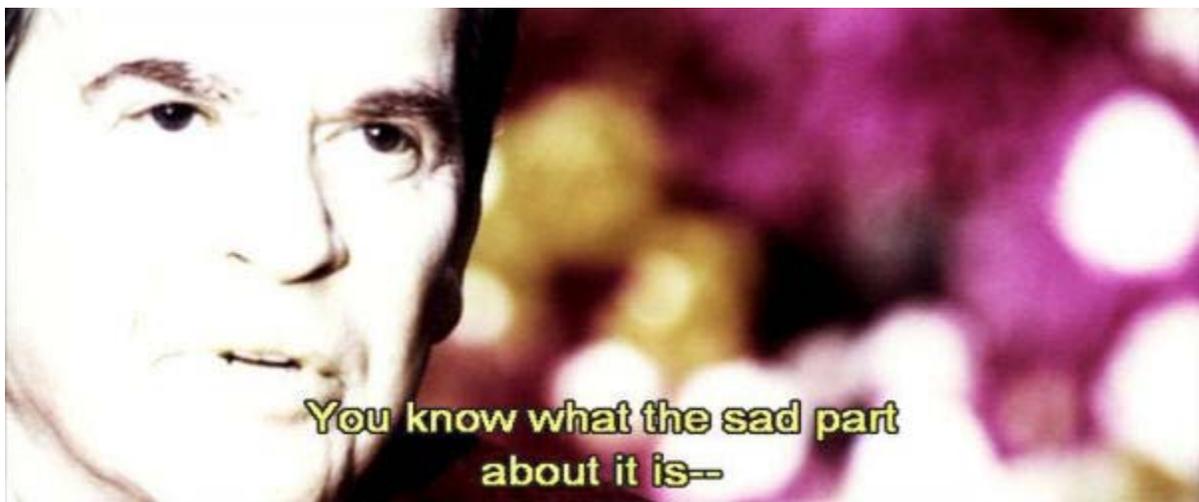


CHUCK: We'll be back with more stuff ...

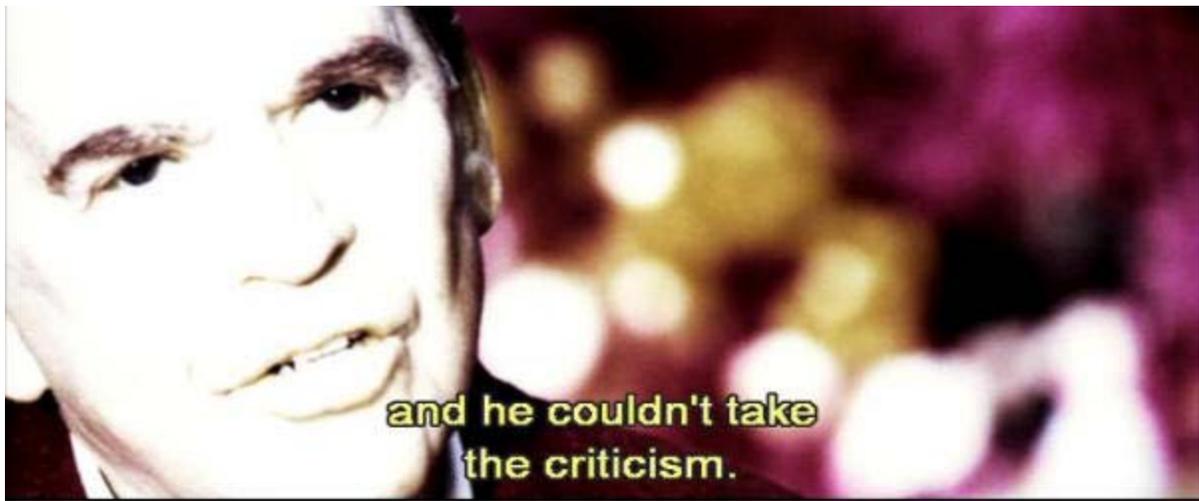


right after this message.





DICK CLARK: You know what the sad part about it is -- Barris has a reputation for lowering the bar of television, and the standards and all, but he had a great feel for what people wanted ...



and he couldn't take the criticism.



CHUCK: Things started to evolve pretty quickly. The show was gaining momentum, and I was becoming the one thing I didn't expect -- famous.



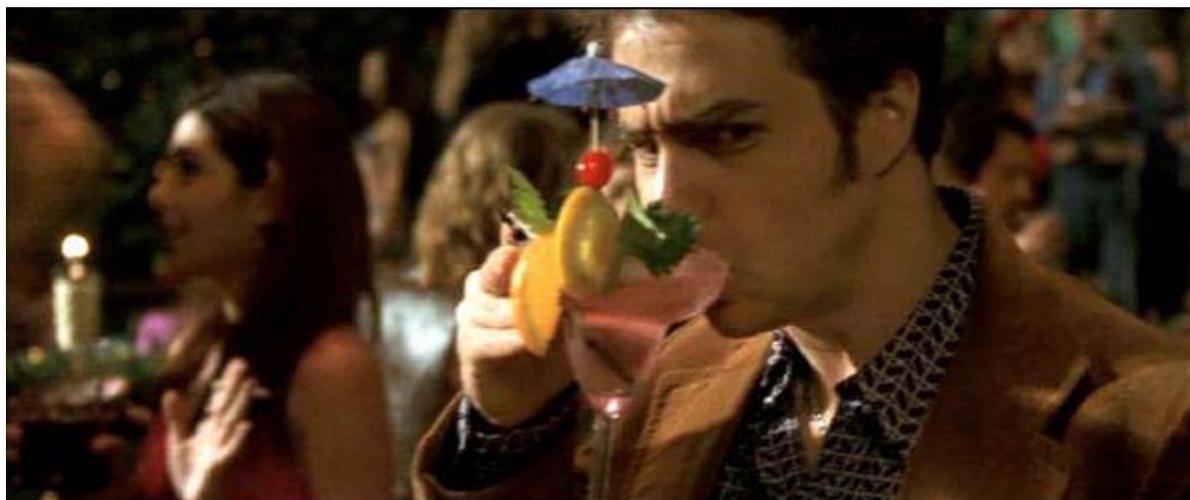
GIRL: You're Chuck Barris, right?

CHUCK: Yeah.

GIRL: "The Gong Show." I love that show.



CHUCK: Thanks.





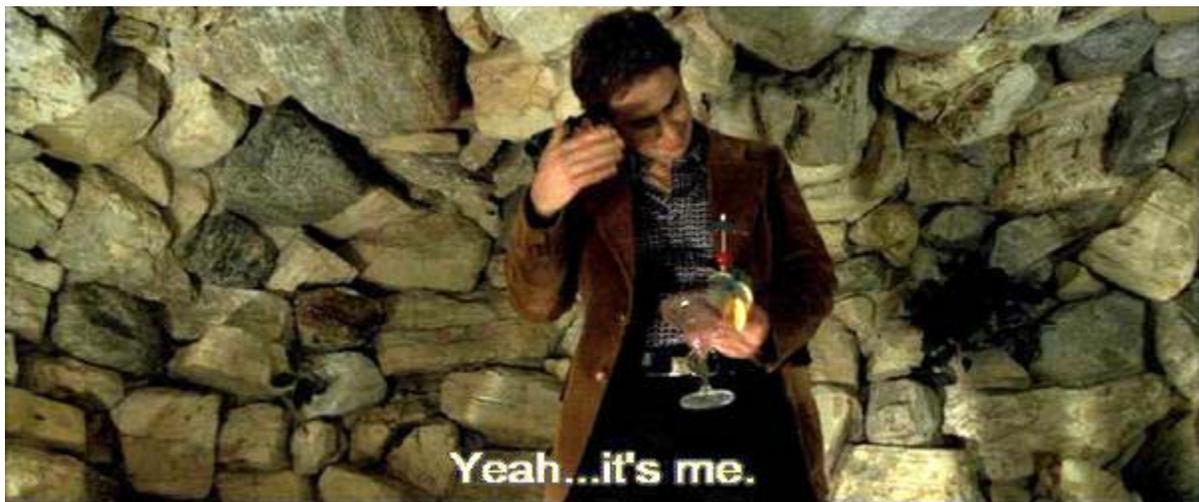


WOMAN: Hi.

CHUCK: Hi.



WOMAN: I thought that was you.



CHUCK: Yeah, it's me.



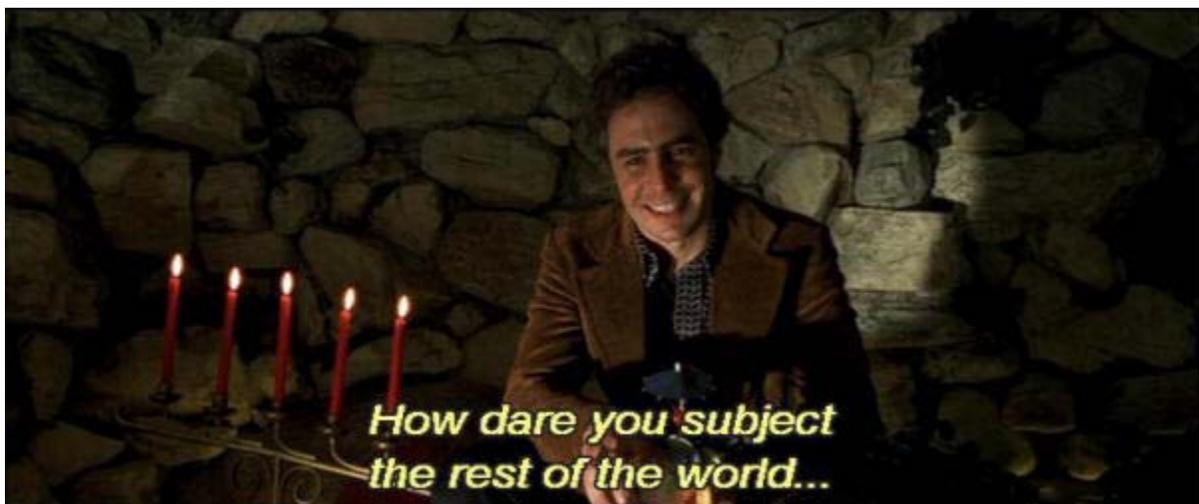
WOMAN: [Woman laughs] Well, I'm glad to meet you. I've seen "The Gong Show."



CHUCK: Oh. Yeah, well ...



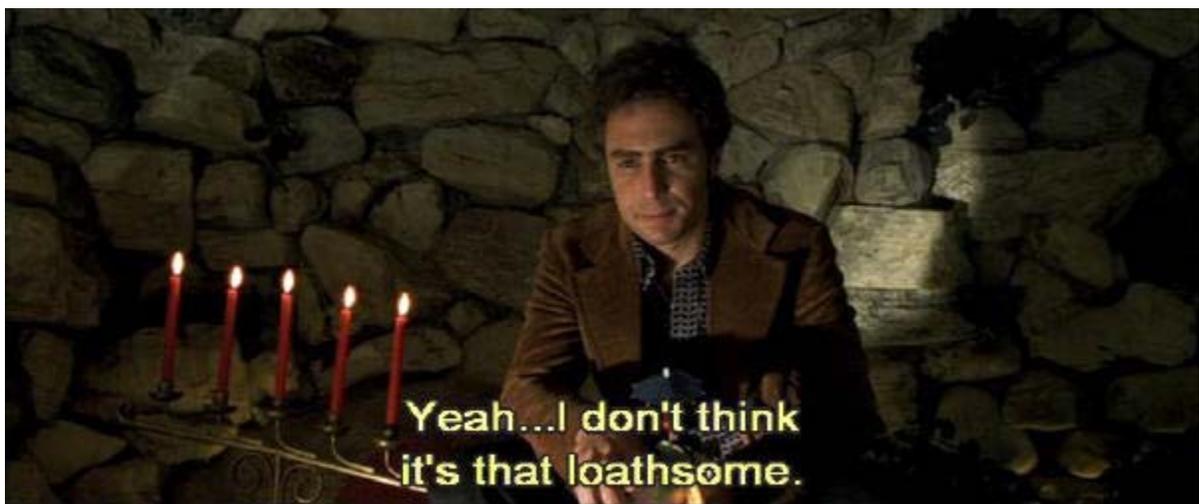
WOMAN: I think you're the most insidious, despicable force in entertainment today.



How dare you subject the rest of the world ...



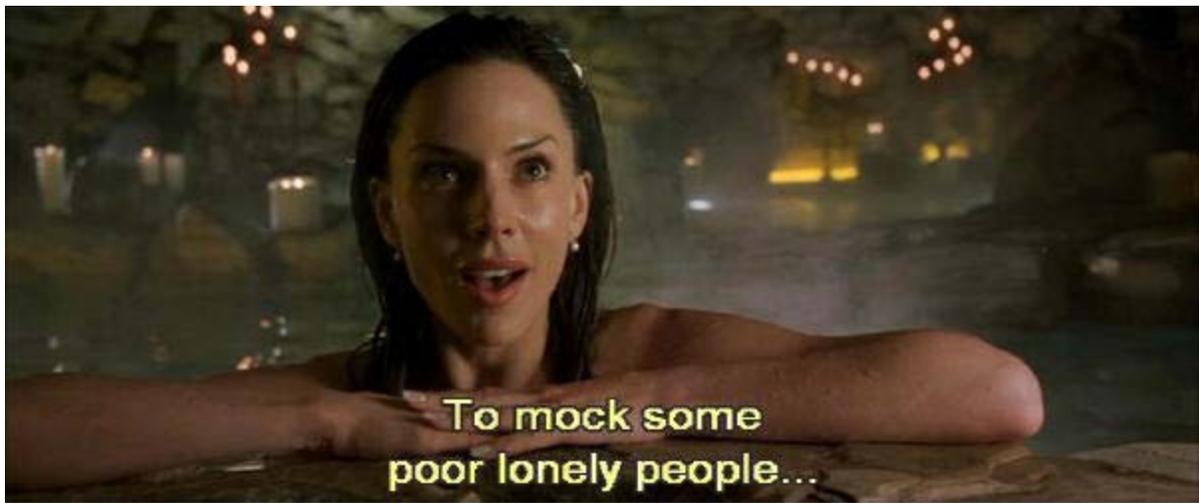
to your loathsome views of humanity?



CHUCK: Yeah, I don't think it's that loathsome.



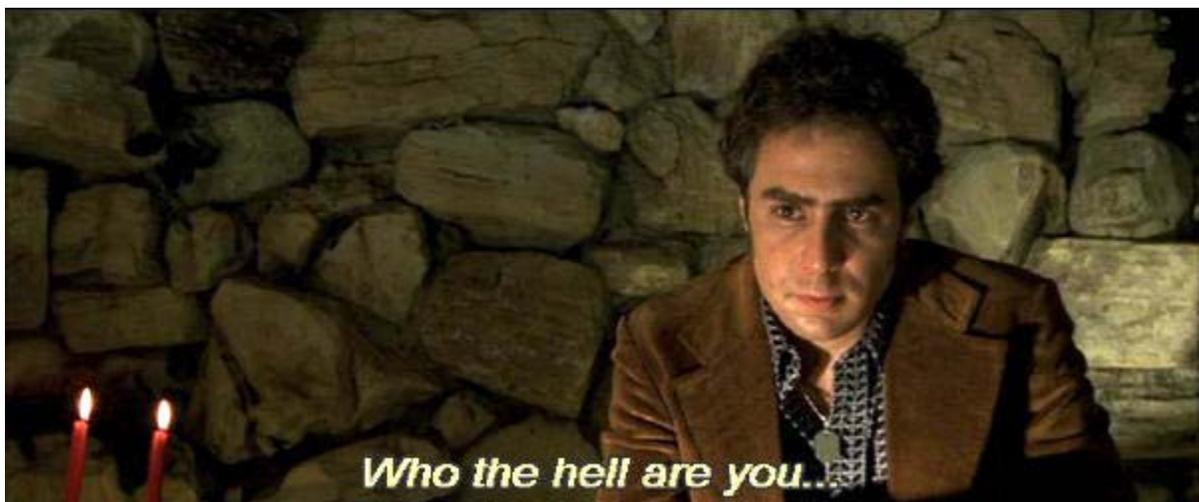
WOMAN: What is it, then?



To mock some poor lonely people who are just craving a little attention in their lives ...



to destroy them? I mean, they're still people. They still deserve a little respect and compassion.



Who the hell are you ...



and what the fuck have you ever done to elevate yourself among the pathetic masses?



Oh, that's right. You created "The Dating Game."



Wow.



That's right up there with the Sistine Chapel.



[Drink spills]

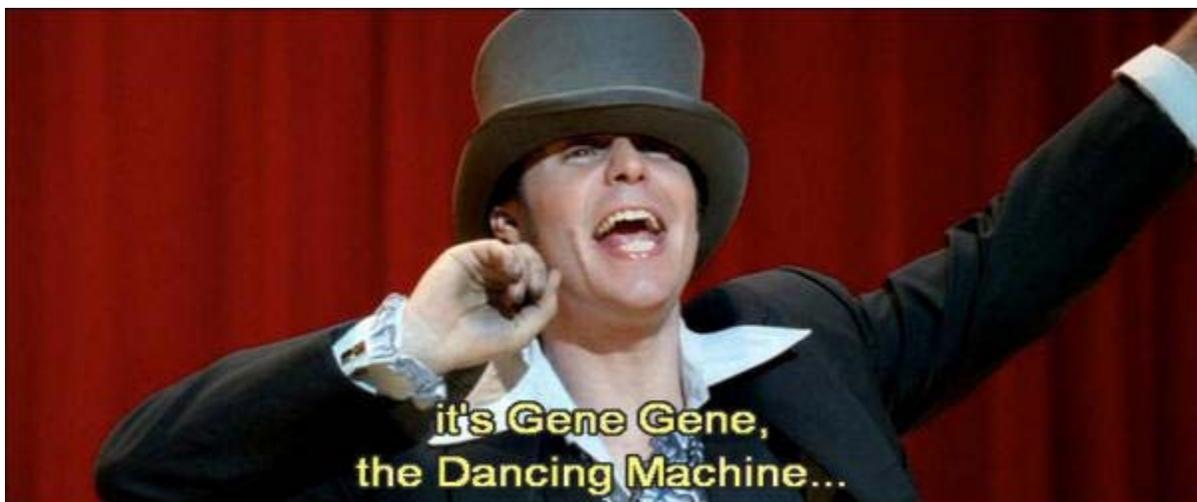


CHUCK: Ladies and gentlemen, it wouldn't surprise me to see this next act --



[Upbeat music begins]

MAN: Whoo!



CHUCK: That means it's Gene Gene, the Dancing Machine, and just in time!

[Gene's dancing music plays]



FEMALE CRITIC: He represents more than just the decline of quality television.



In my opinion, Chuck Barris will do more harm to our society than people seem to realize.



LORETTA: Line one's for you, Chuck.

CHUCK: Who is it?

LORETTA: Some guy. He says he's a friend of yours from Berlin.



CHUCK: Hello.



SIEG: Very gutsy, my neighbor. I guess you heard about Oliver. Someone changed sides.

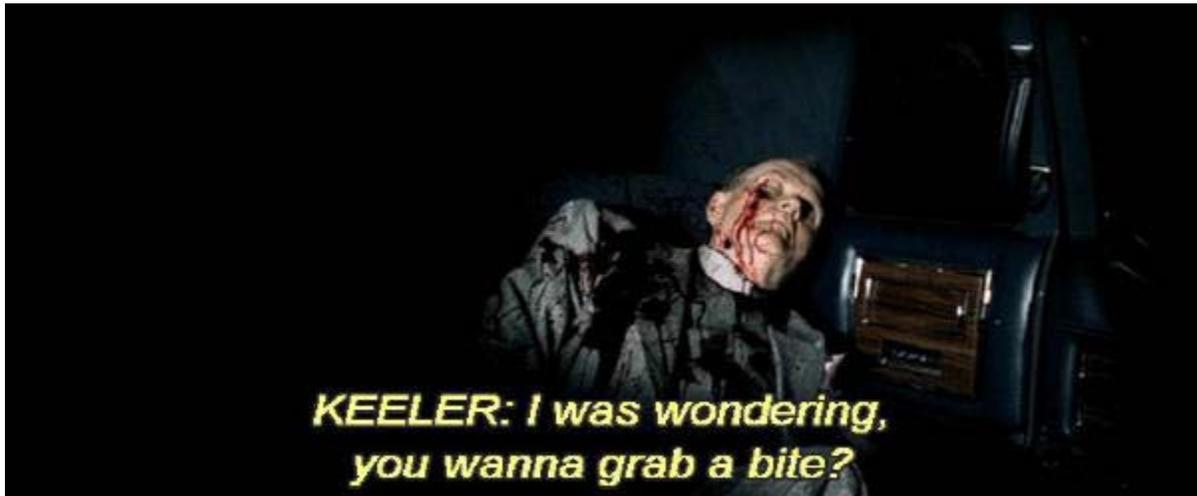
[Car door opens, street noises]



SIMON: What was so urgent?

[Car door closes]

[Street noises]

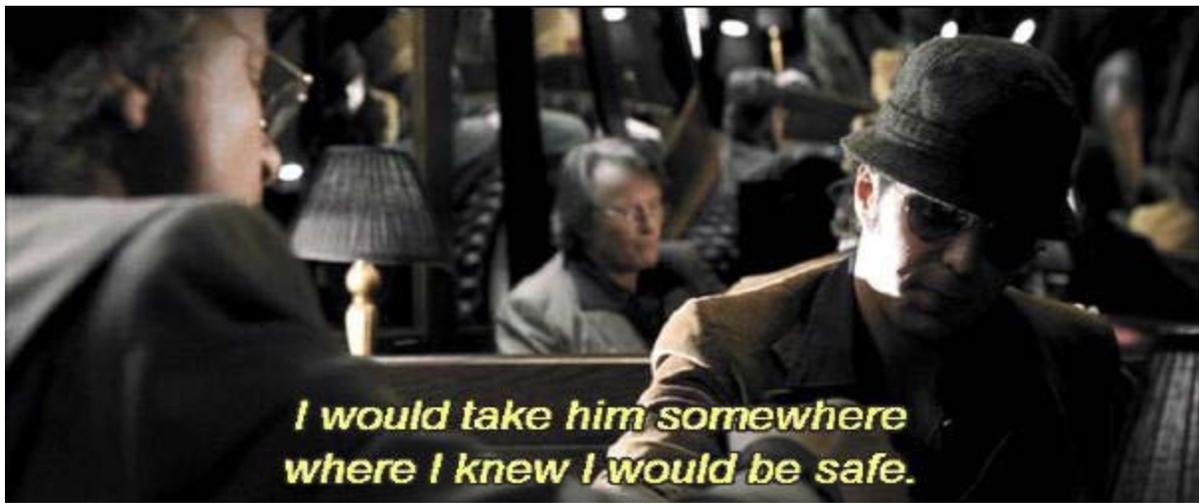


SIEG: I was wondering, you wanna grab a bite? I'm in town for a day.

CHUCK: Now, assassins don't fraternize.



That Keeler was calling me could mean it was my turn to get hit.



I would take him somewhere where I knew I would be safe.

SIEG: How's show biz?

CHUCK: Well, it's hit and miss.



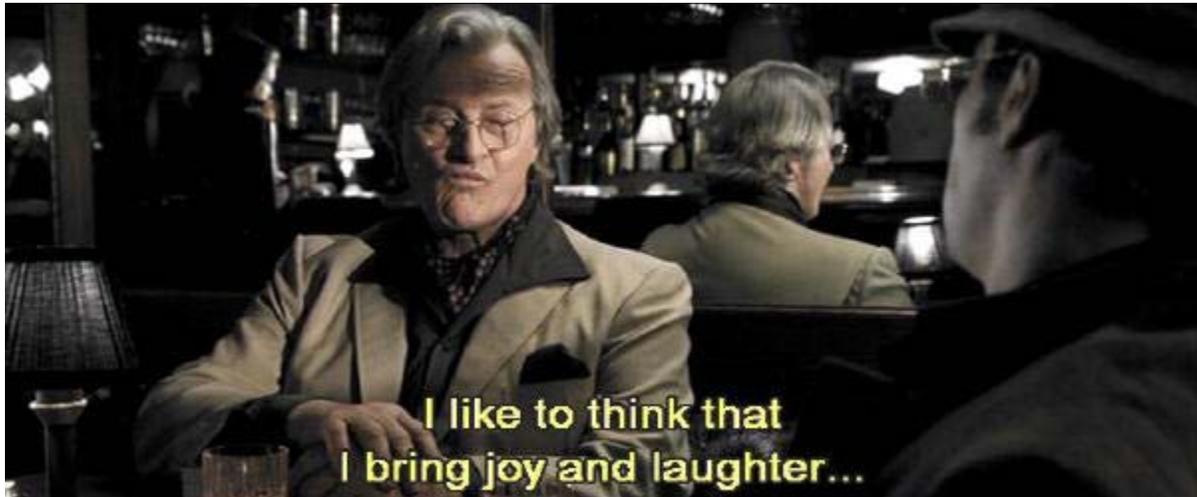
I got a new show called "Operation: Entertainment" which I believe is really, really gonna kill. It's sort of a Bob Hope visiting the troops thing, but it's weekly. Instead of Bob Hope, it's like Flip Wilson ...



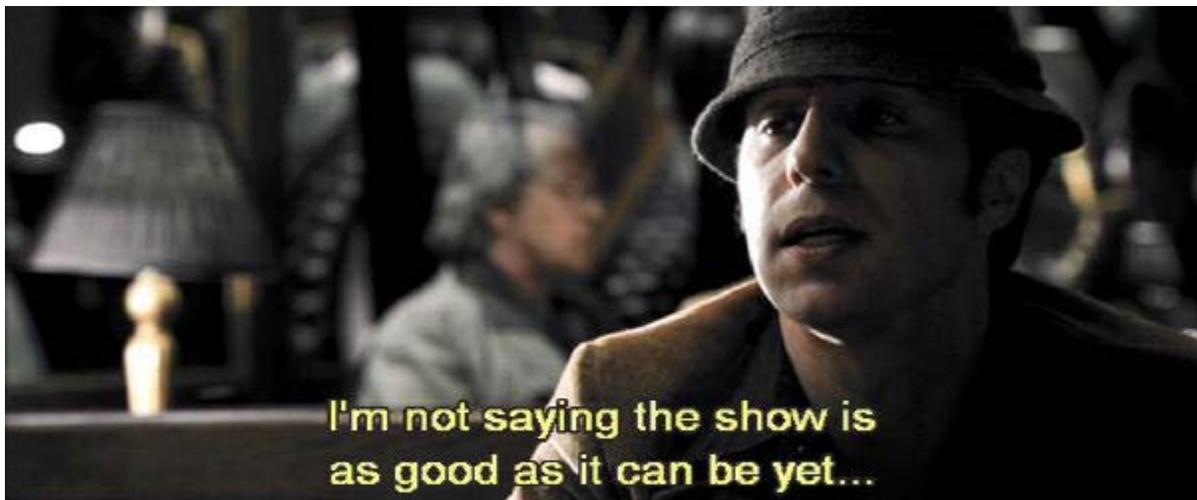
SIEG: Chuck. Tch. Why do you do what you do?



Hmm?



CHUCK: I like to think that I bring joy and laughter to millions of people. It's a very important thing, I think in these difficult times.



I'm not saying the show is as good as it can be yet, but, uh ...



KEELER: No, no.

SIEG: No, no. Why do we do what we do? Hmm? [Laughs] Come on.



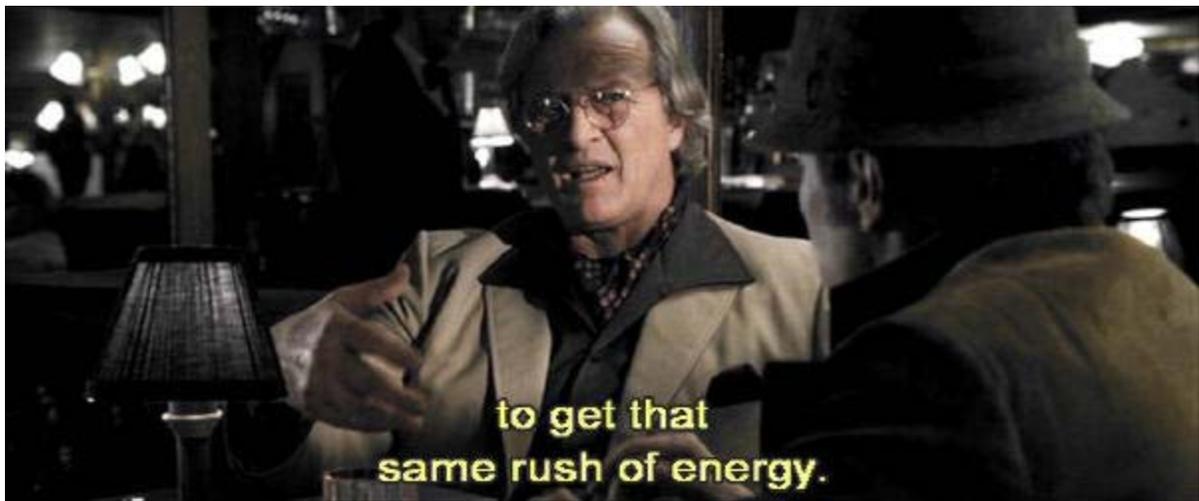
I got my feet wet
in World War II.

I got my feet wet in World War II.



Germany.

Germany. The pleasure of killing was exhilarating. Later in life, I couldn't find a place to fill that void ...



to get that same rush of energy. So I started up my own business.



MAN: Gentlemen, are you ready to order?



SIEG: I'll have a green salad, no dressing.



MAN: And for you, sir?



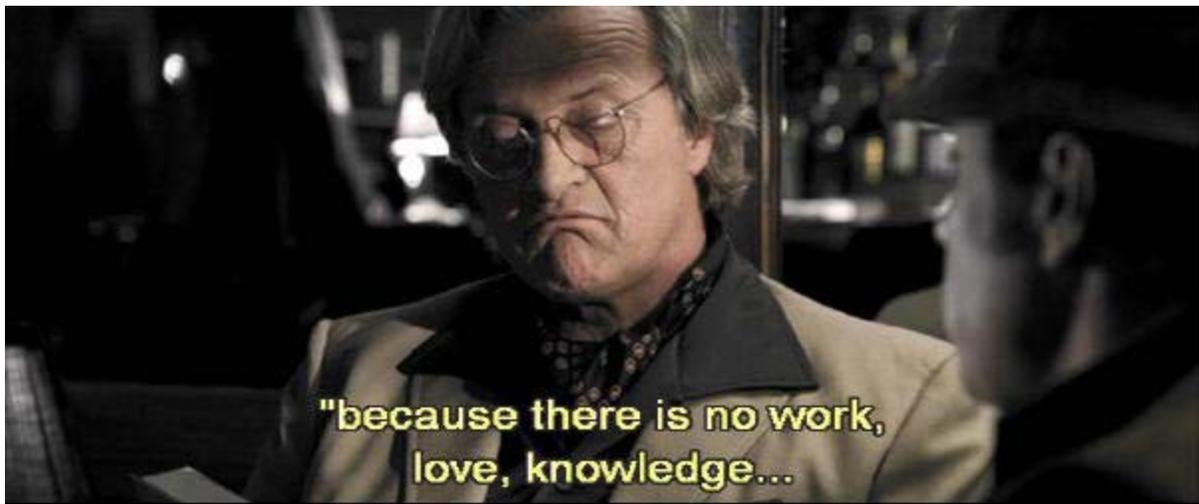
CHUCK: Can I get a steak? Rare.

MAN: Thank you.

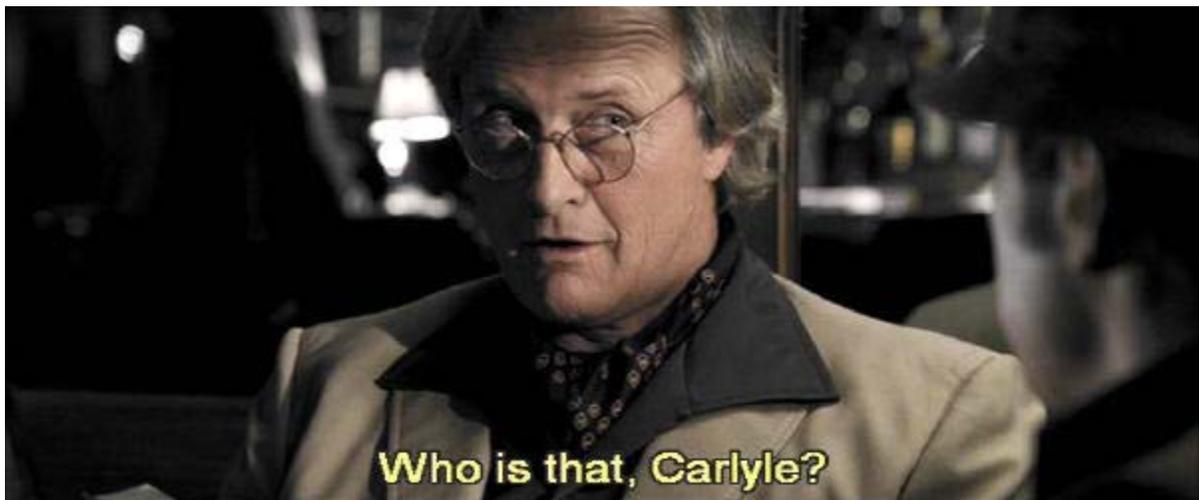
SIEG: Let me read you something.



"Whatsoever your hand finds to do, do it gladly ...



because there is no work, love, knowledge or wisdom in the grave."



CHUCK: Who is that, Carlyle?

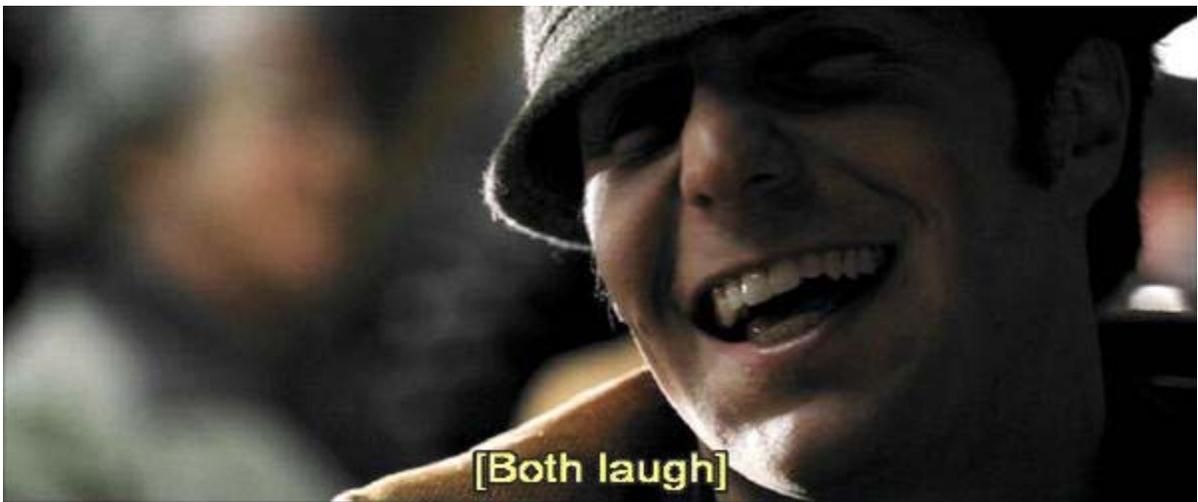


SIEG: No, it's the Old Testament.



It's God.

CHUCK: It's amazing you should quote him. He's my hero.



[Both laugh]



SIEG: Killing my first man was like making love to my first woman.



I remember every little detail ...



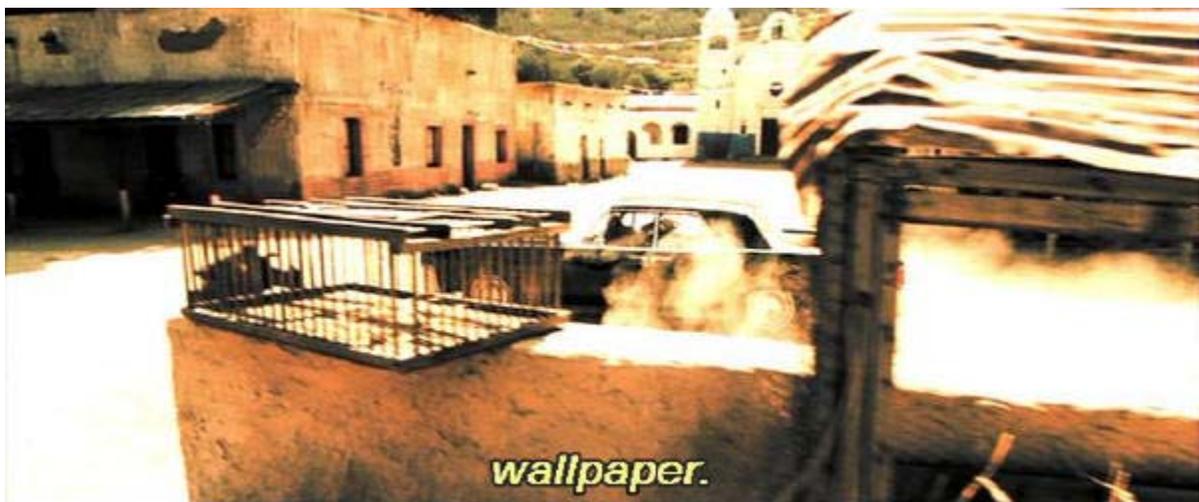
the smell of his hair...

the smell of his hair ...



ice on the window...

ice on the window ...

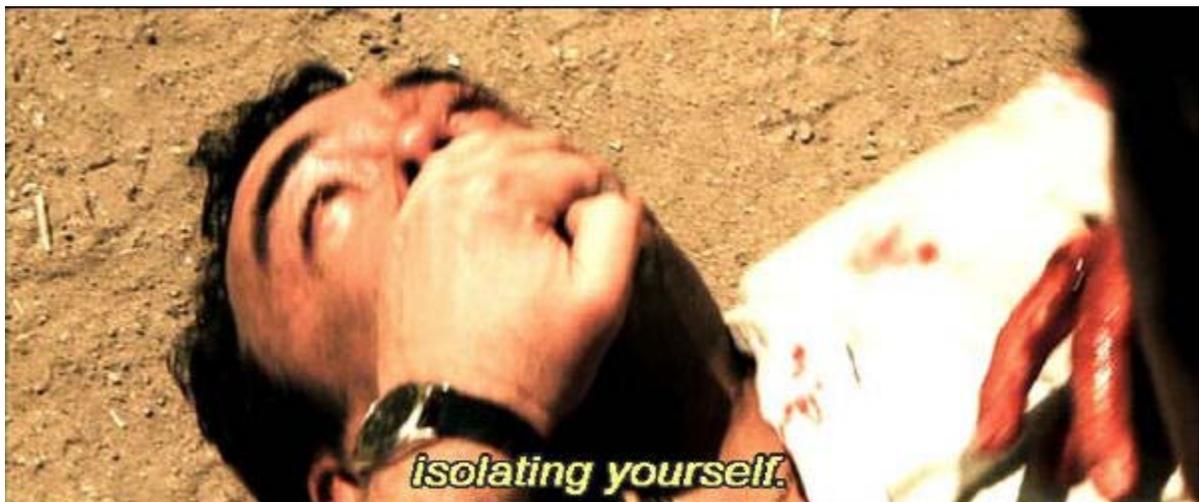


wallpaper.

wallpaper. It's like entering a different time zone.



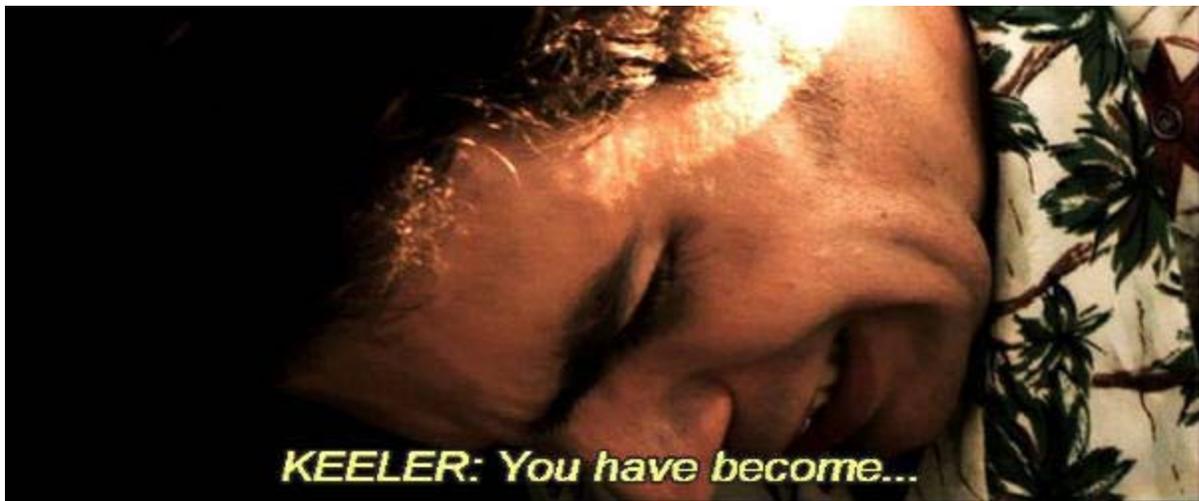
You're becoming an outsider ...



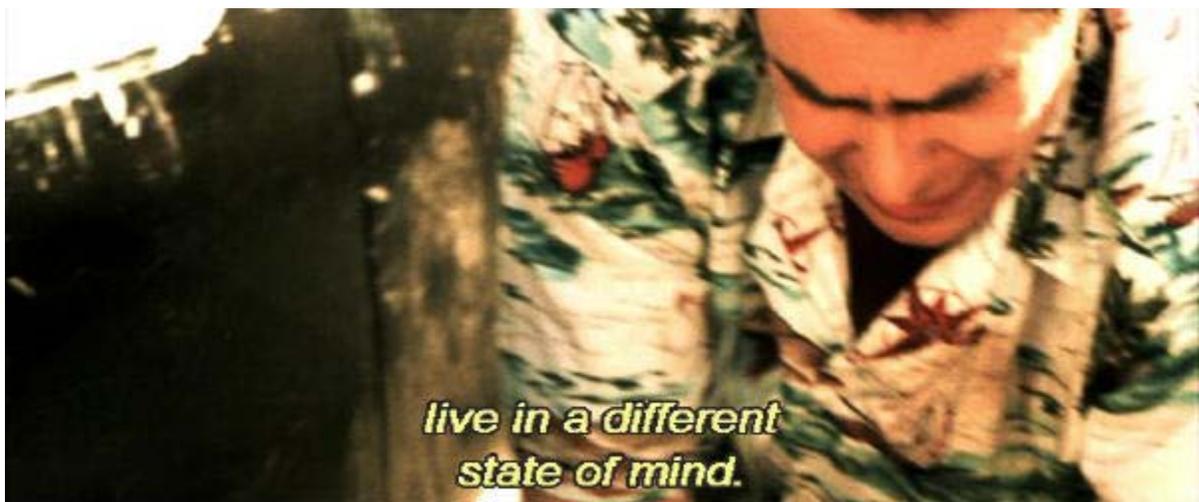
isolating yourself. You're condemned.



CHUCK: Condemned?



SIEG: You have become their sadness ...



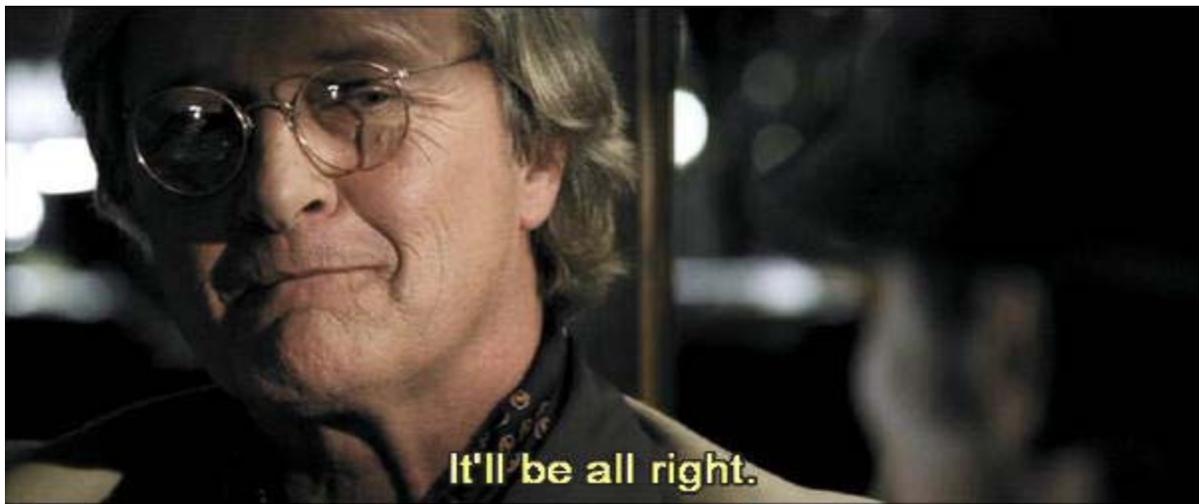
and live in a different state of mind. Ladies and gentlemen, the host of "The Gong Show" ...



CHUCK: [Chuckles]

SIEG: Chuck Barris.

CHUCK: It's good to see you, Sieg.



SIEG: Yeah. It'll be all right. It'll be all right.



I think.

WOMAN: Happy birthday



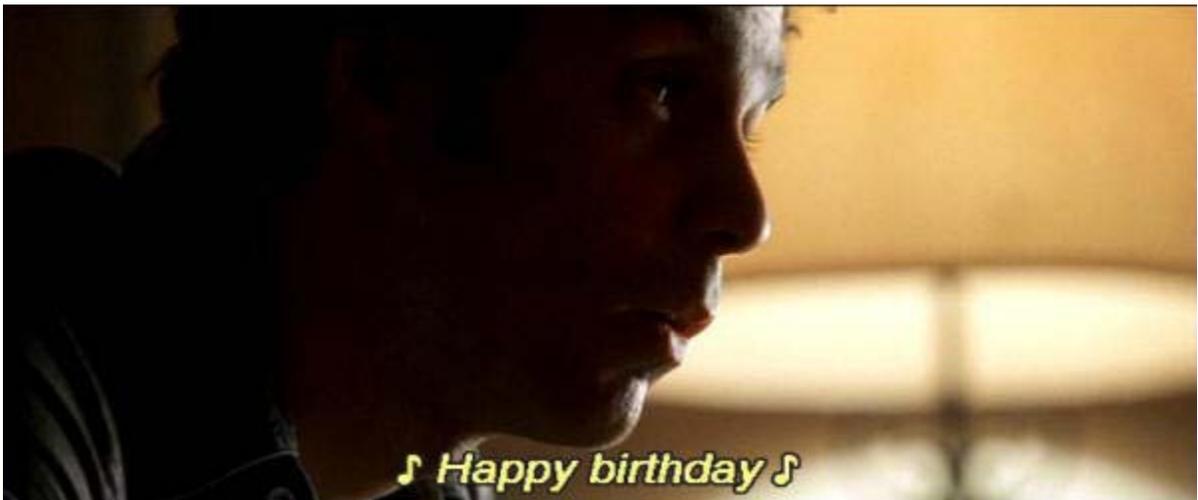
♪ To you ♪

*To you
Happy birthday*



♪ Dear Chuckie ♪

Dear Chuckie



♪ Happy birthday ♪

*Happy birthday
To you*



WOMAN: Is that right?



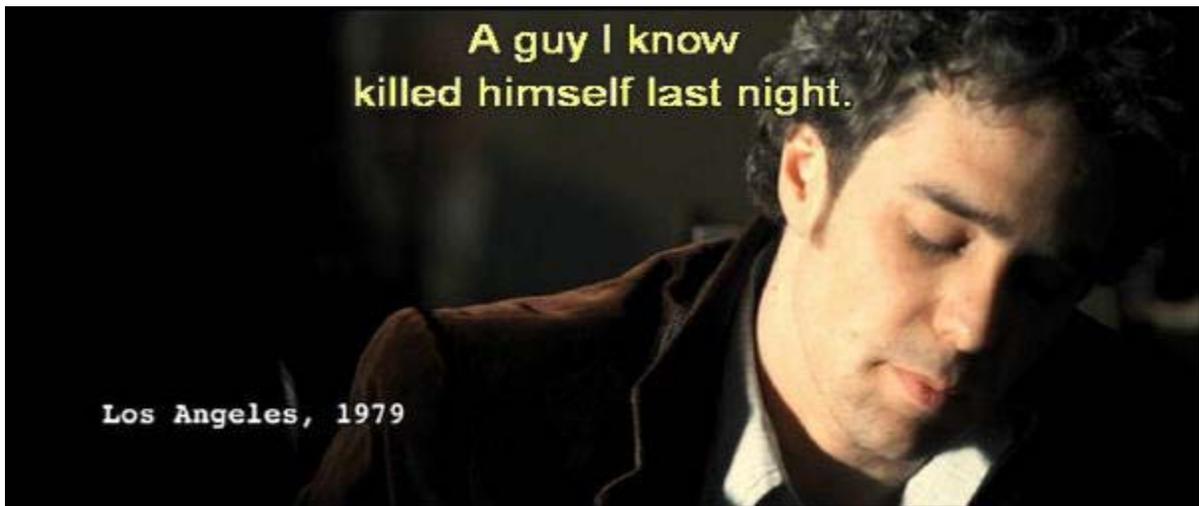
CHUCK: Yeah. That's real good. That's real good.

[Los Angeles, 1979]

PENNY: So what's wrong, Chuck? Are you OK?



CHUCK: Yeah, I'm OK.



A guy I know killed himself last night.

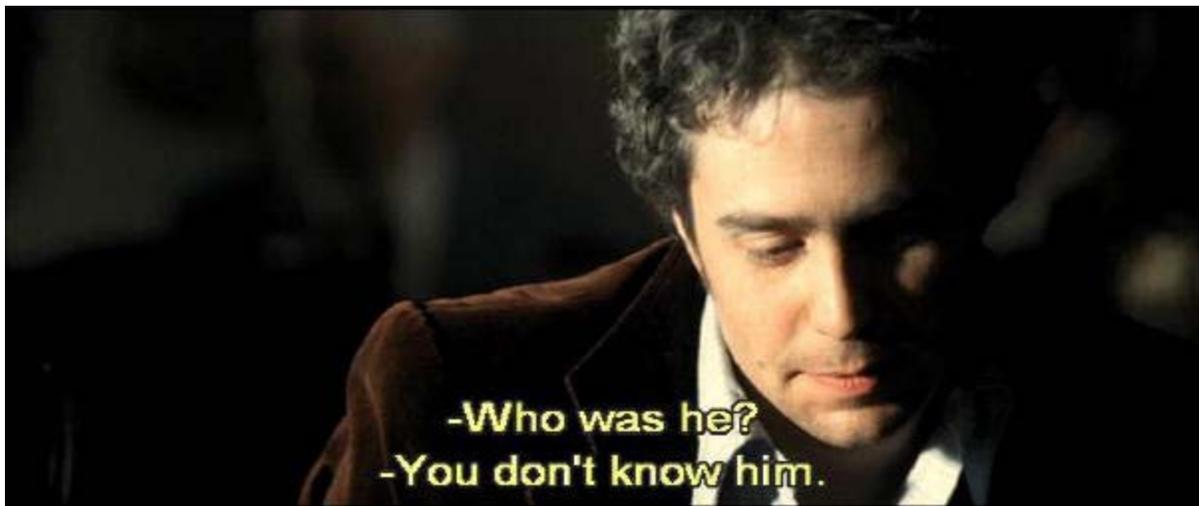




[SUICIDE]



PENNY: Who was he?



CHUCK: You don't know him.



He's a stagehand.

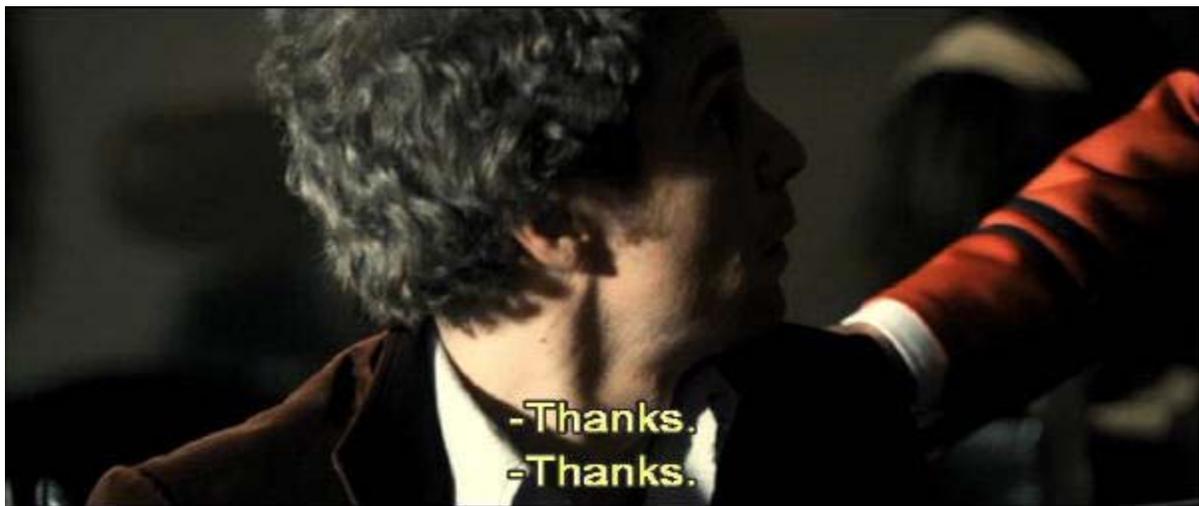


PENNY: Why did he do it?



He didn't like
his work anymore.

CHUCK: He didn't like his work anymore.



-Thanks.
-Thanks.

WAITER: Thanks.

CHUCK: Thanks.



Is being a stagehand
really, really bad?

PENNY: Is being a stagehand really, really bad?



CHUCK: Yeah, it's pretty bad.



[Phone rings]





CHUCK: Hello?

PATRICIA: You were supposed to meet me at the Palm two hours ago.



CHUCK: Oh, fuck, I forgot.

PATRICIA: You forgot. Really? Keeler's dead. Did you know?

CHUCK: Yeah, I heard.



PATRICIA: What did you hear?

CHUCK: I heard he took himself out.



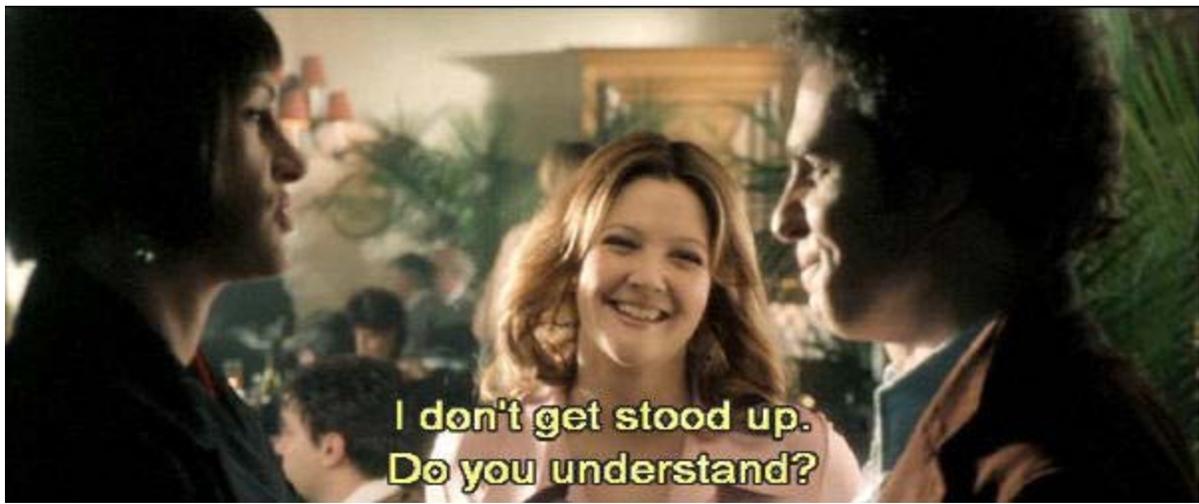
PATRICIA: Is that right? Did Byrd tell you that?



CHUCK: He said he was depressed. I was gonna tell you, but -- Hey!



PENNY: Who is this?

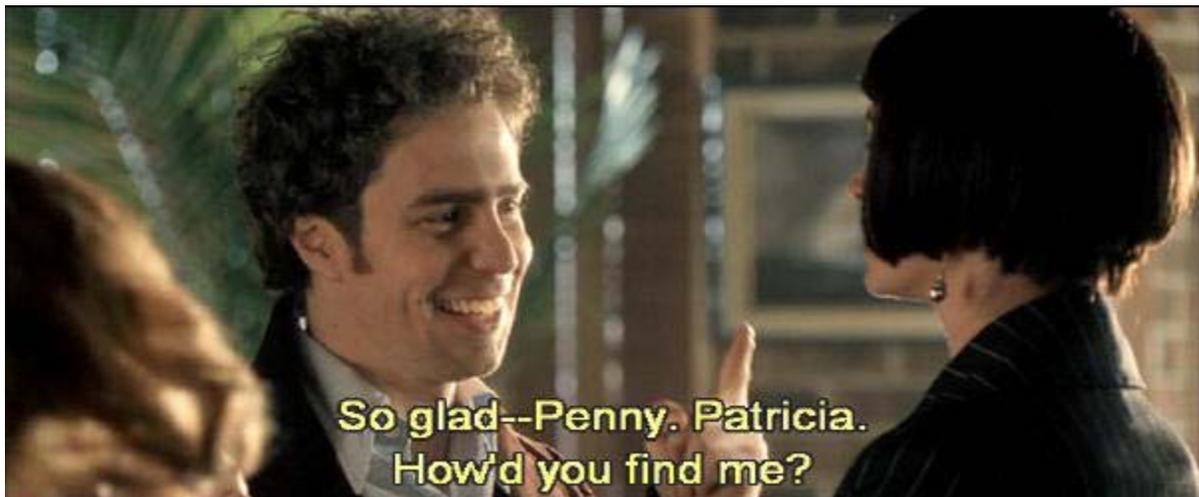


PATRICIA: I don't get stood up. Do you understand?

CHUCK: Fun! Excuse me.



[Both laugh]



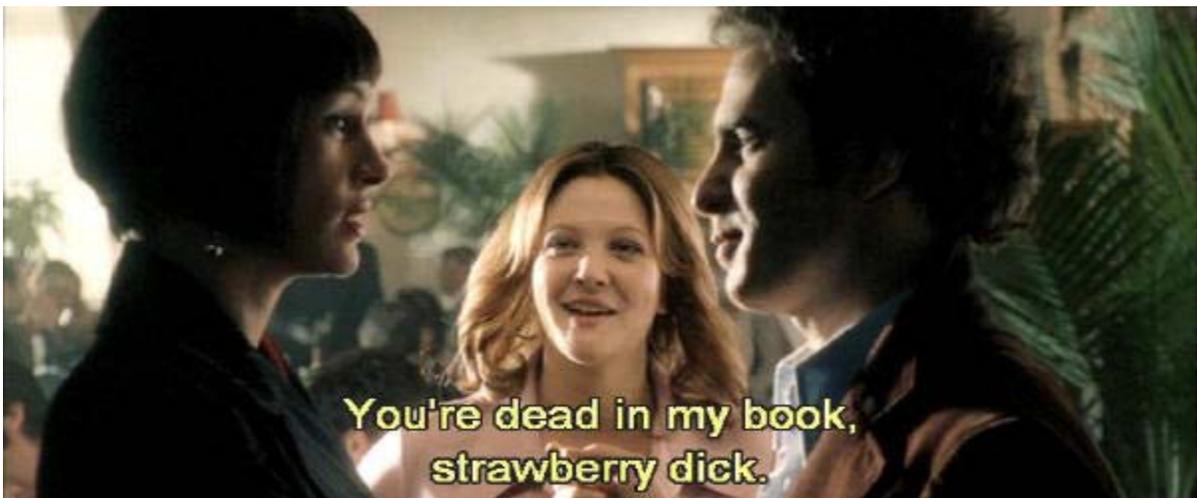
CHUCK: So glad -- Penny. Patricia. How'd you find me?

PATRICIA: Are you serious? This is what I do for a living.



What does she mean?

PENNY: What does she mean that's what she does for a living?



You're dead in my book,
strawberry dick.

PATRICIA: You're dead in my book strawberry dick.



-Strawberry dick?
-I'll see you around.

PENNY: Strawberry dick? What's that?

PATRICIA: I'll see you around.



Nice to meet you, Penny. I've heard a lot about you.



CHUCK: Why don't you stay for a cocktail?



Penny --



PENNY: And -- and, you know, man ...



I'm giving you one more chance. Get it?



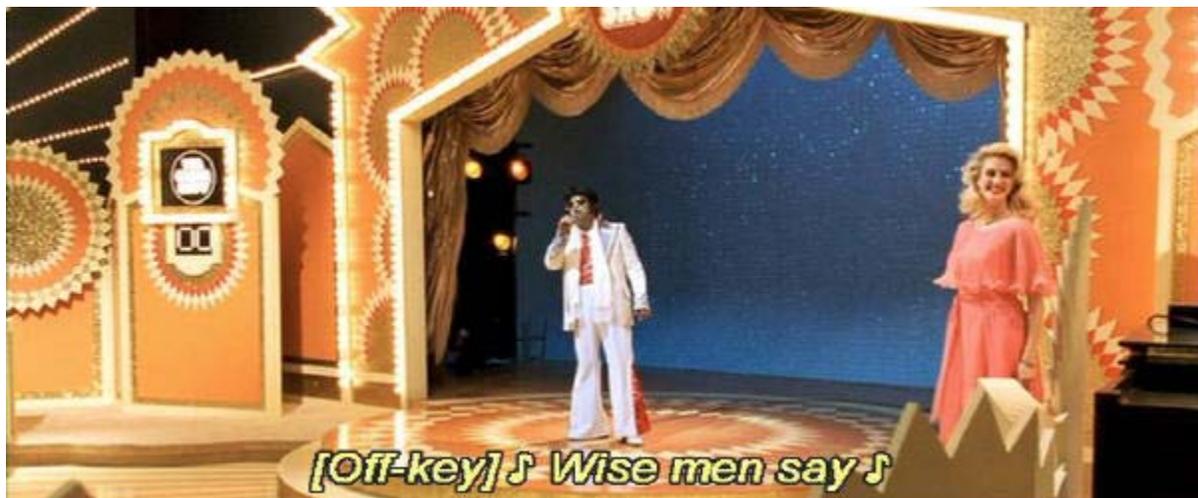
CHUCK: [Sighs] Fuck.

[Audience applauds]

MAN: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen



[Plays intro to "Fools Rush In"]



[Off-key] Wise men say



*Only fools
Rush in*



But I can't help



Falling in love



With you

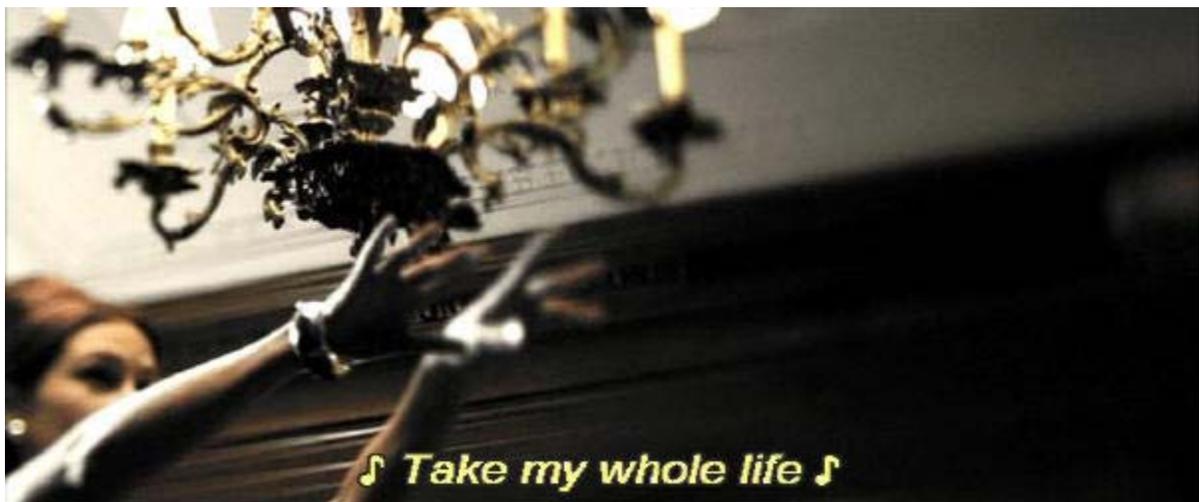


♪ Take my hand ♪

Take my hand



♪ Take my whole life ♪



♪ Take my whole life ♪

Take my whole life



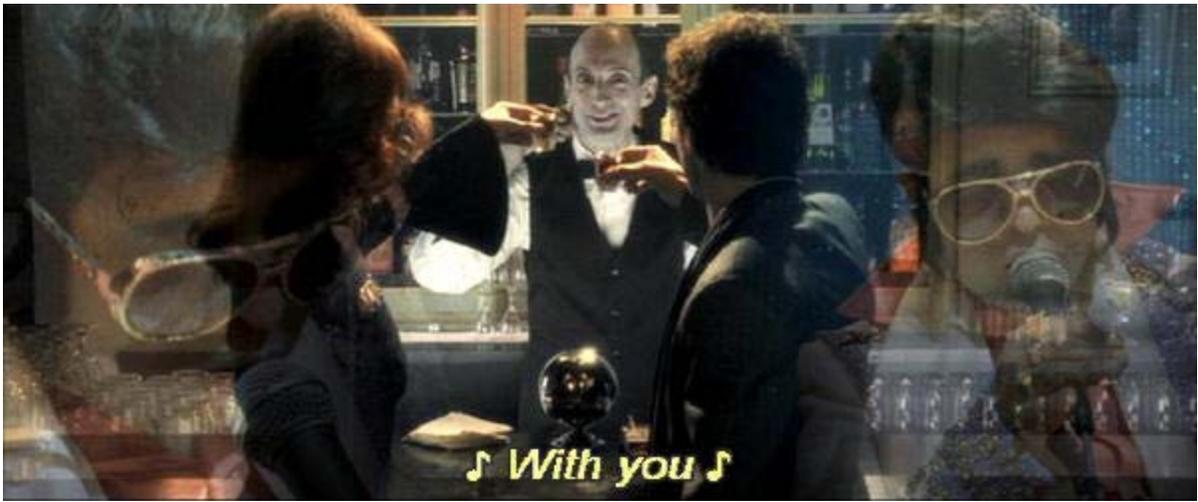
Too



For I can't help



Falling in love



With you



For I can't help



*Falling in love
With*



You

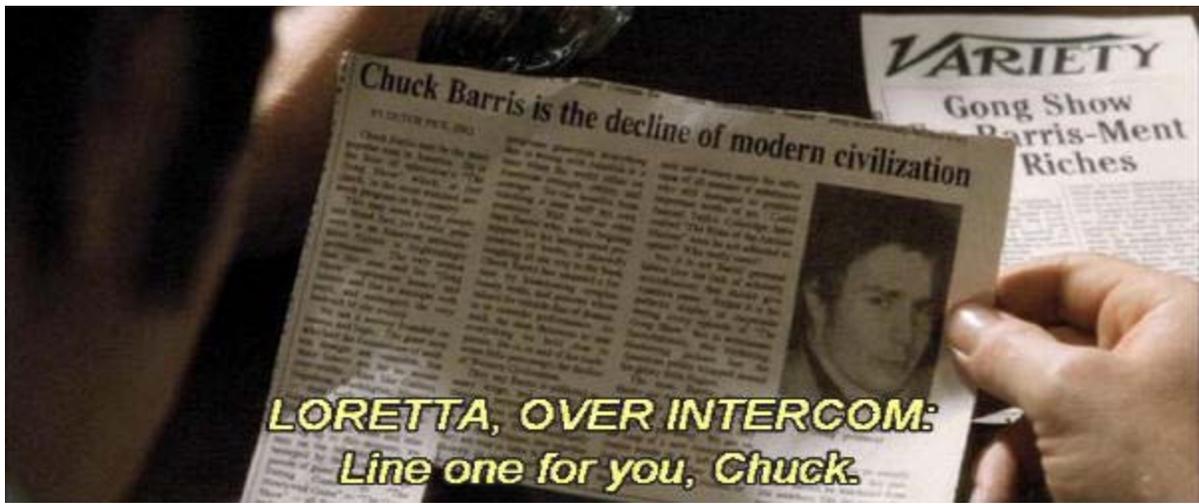


[Weak applause]



Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

[NEWSPAPER: Chuck Barris is the decline of modern civilization]



LORETTA, OVER INTERCOM:
Line one for you, Chuck.

LORETTA, OVER INTERCOM: Line one for you, Chuck.



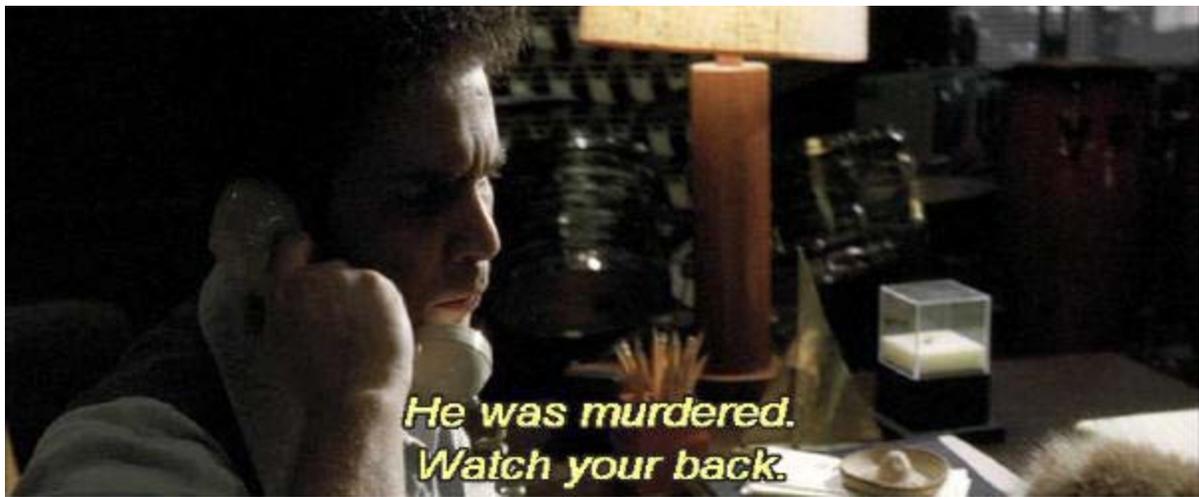
Thanks.

CHUCK: Thanks. Yeah?



**JIM: Keeler didn't
kill himself.**

JIM: Keeler didn't kill himself.



He was murdered. Watch your back. [Hangs up]

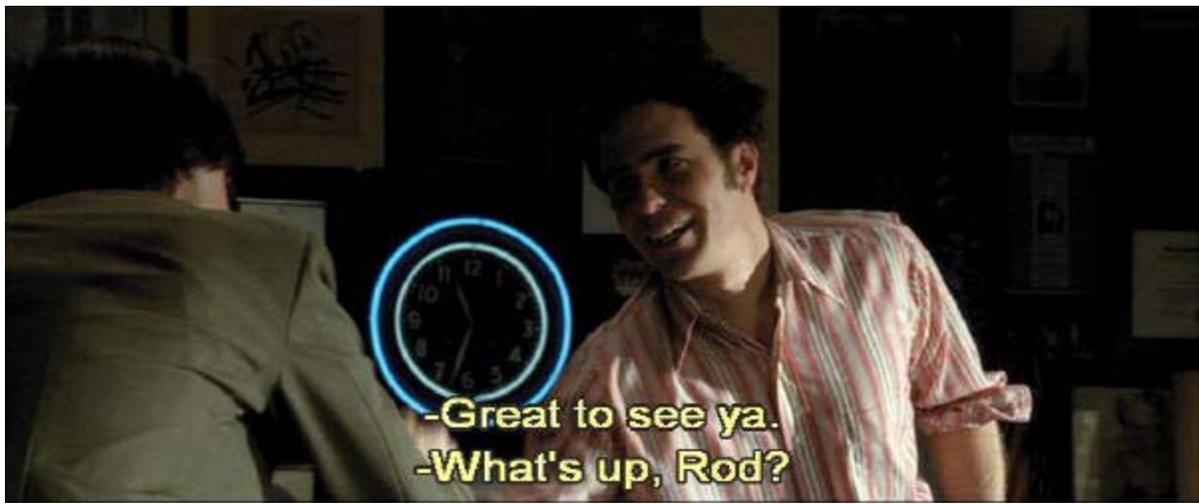


LORETTA: You can come in now, Mr. Flexner.



ROD: Chuck!

[Chuck hangs up phone]

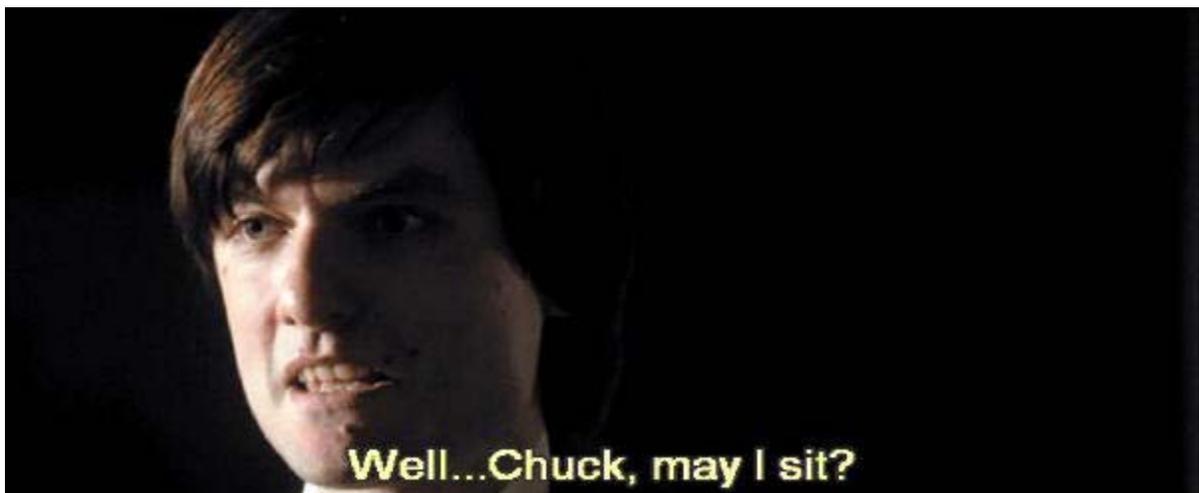


ROD: Great to see ya.

CHUCK: What's up, Rod?



[Chuckles]

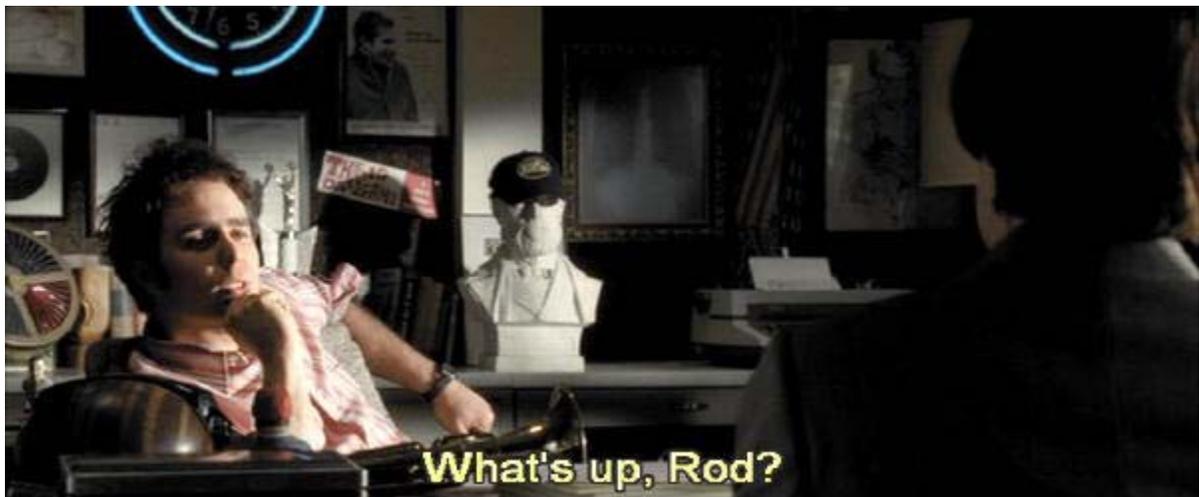


ROD: Well, Chuck, may I sit? Hey, how's that redhead?



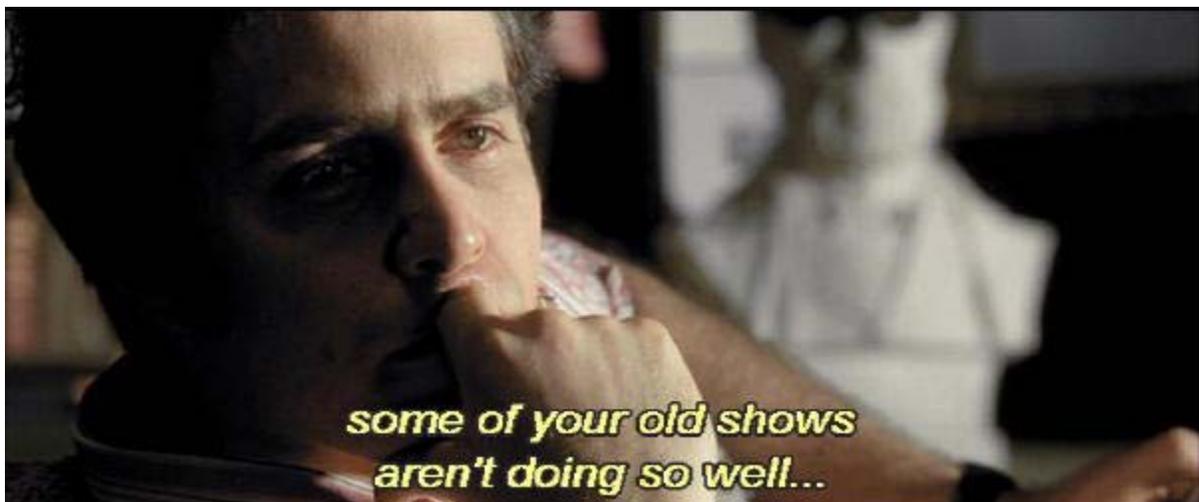
CHUCK: She's good, you know. Keeps --

ROD: Well, Chuck, the thing is, we have to talk.

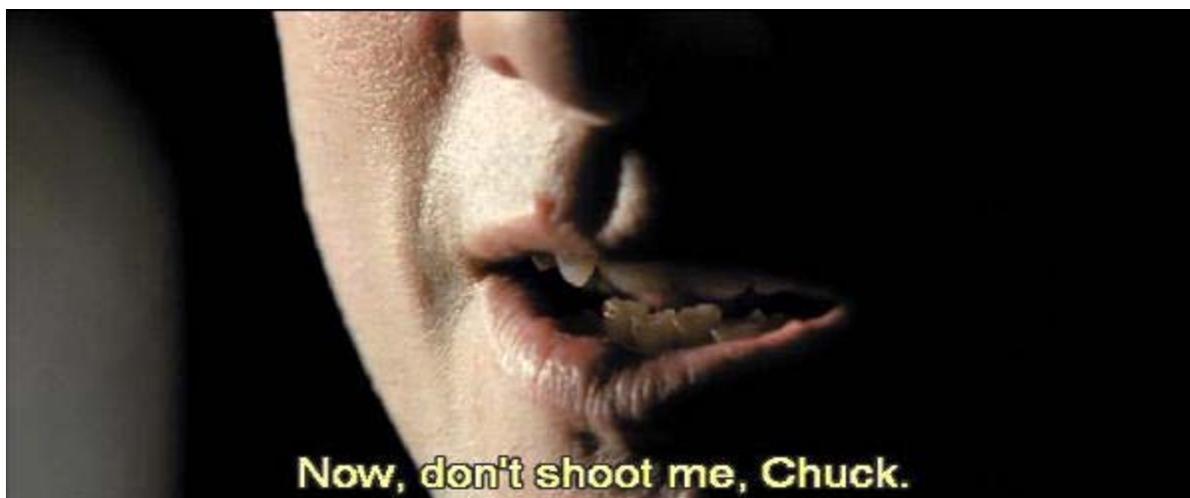


CHUCK: What's up, Rod?

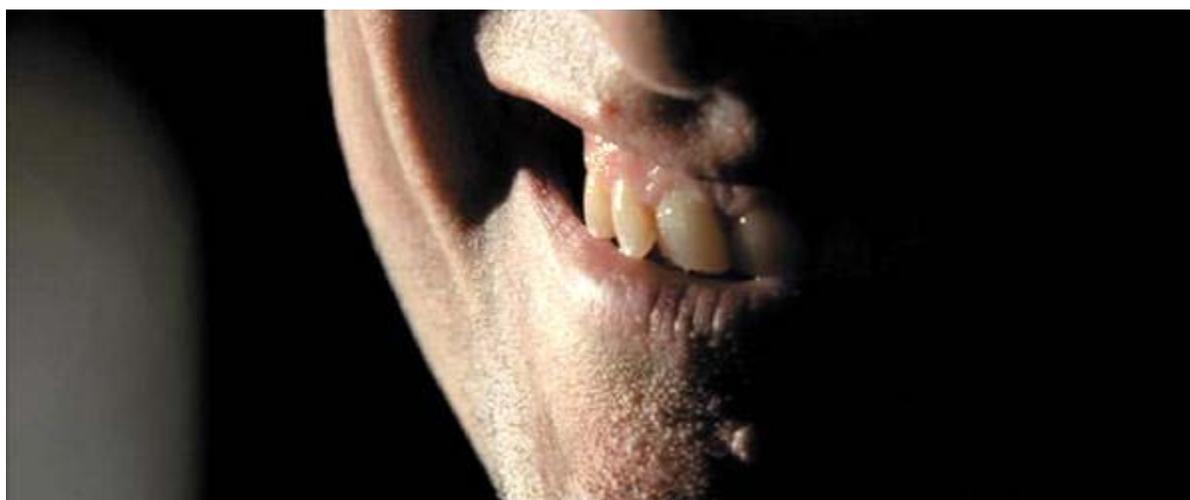
ROD: Well, the thing is ...



some of your old shows aren't doing so well in the old ratings war. Ha ha ha! So, I've been put in the unfortunate position of having to inform you that the network is canceling these shows.



Now, don't shoot me, Chuck.



I'm just the messenger.





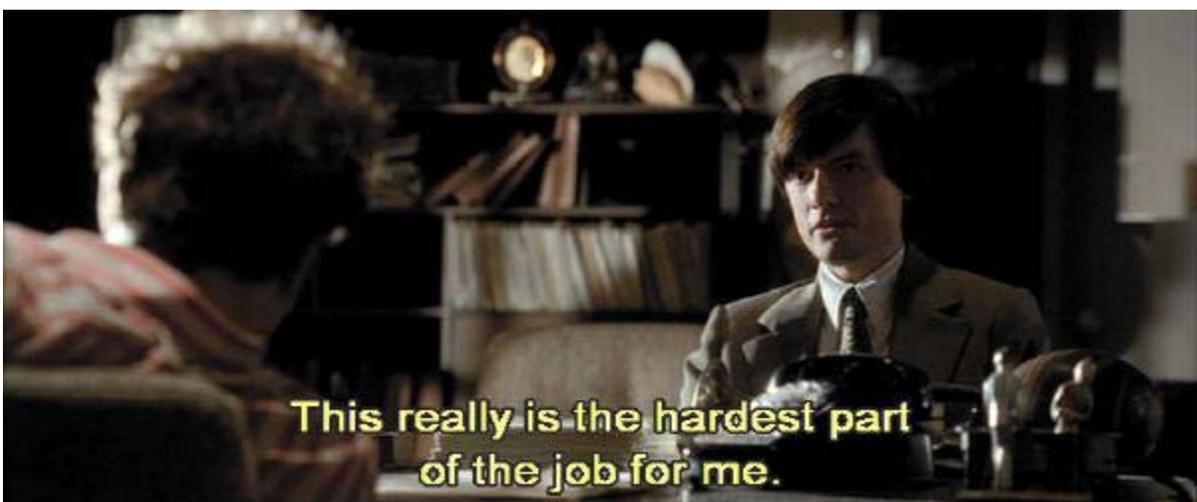
Pssh.

CHUCK: Pssh.



Aargh! [Chuckles]

ROD: Aargh! [Chuckles] [Sighs]



This really is the hardest part
of the job for me.

This really is the hardest part of the job for me.

CHUCK: They killed my babies ...



just like that. I pushed them into the world through the birth canal of my imagination, lovingly, tenderly. Where's the humanity of these people? Huh?

MAN: Fuck 'em.

CHUCK: Fuck 'em.



MAN: They're fucking bastards anyway.

CHUCK: Yeah. What am I gonna do now?



WOMAN: Oh, baby. Oh, yeah. Feels so good.



[Woman moans softly]

PENNY: Chuck? Chuck?

CHUCK: Fuck! Fuck! Penny, fuck!



PENNY: I came here to tell you I sold a painting.

CHUCK: That's great.

PENNY: What's she doing here?

CHUCK: She's, uh --

PENNY: This is our house. It's one thing to go elsewhere for your pussy needs. But this is our house.

CHUCK: It's my house, Pen.



PENNY: It's our house. I found it with you. I decorated it with you. I spent six fucking months waiting for the fucking plumber to fucking come.

CHUCK: I'm sorry.

PENNY: You're such an asshole.



[Starts engine]



CHUCK: No, I'm not saying that. That's not what I'm saying.

PENNY: Then what are you saying, Chuck? [Sniffles] [Crying] Do you want me around or not? Do you even like me?

CHUCK: Of course I like you. Penny --

PENNY: How much?

CHUCK: What?

PENNY: I need to know how much you like me.

CHUCK: I don't know what that means. How much? How can I rate a person in that way?

PENNY: You could if you felt it. If you felt it, it would be easy. You would just [Exhales] spread your arms as wide as they would go and say, "This much, Penny."

CHUCK: [Whispering] Everything ... everything's complicated, Pen. You know, nothing's black and white like that.



PENNY: Do you want me around or not? Because if you don't, it's OK. Just tell me.



CHUCK: Hey, hey. I love you, Penny, in my way. Maybe not in that crazy head-over-heels thing, but what is that anyway? Romantic love -- isn't that just an illusion?

PENNY: You just said you loved me, right? [Sniffles]

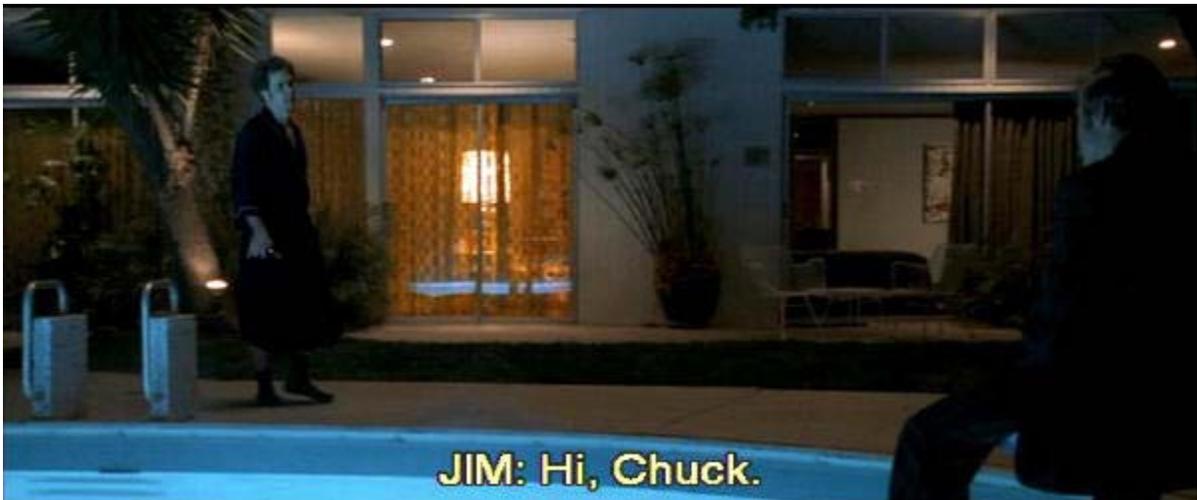


[Music fades in]



*Just like yesterday
And I'll get on my knees and pray
We don't --*

CHUCK: [Turns off music]



JIM: Hi, Chuck.

CHUCK: Hey, Jim, what do you want?



JIM: How's work?

CHUCK: Great.



JIM: Any new game show ideas?

CHUCK: Dozens. Why are you here, Jim?



JIM: We need you to find the mole and take him out.



CHUCK: Yeah. [Laughs] Yeah, I'm done killing people. I just want to entertain people. I'm out.



JIM: No, you're not.



CHUCK: Hey, I got an idea. If you want him so bad, why don't you do it? Why don't you kill the mole? Any problem with killing, Jim?



JIM: I just don't fit the profile.



CHUCK: What fucking profile? There is no fucking profile.



JIM: OK. There's no profile.

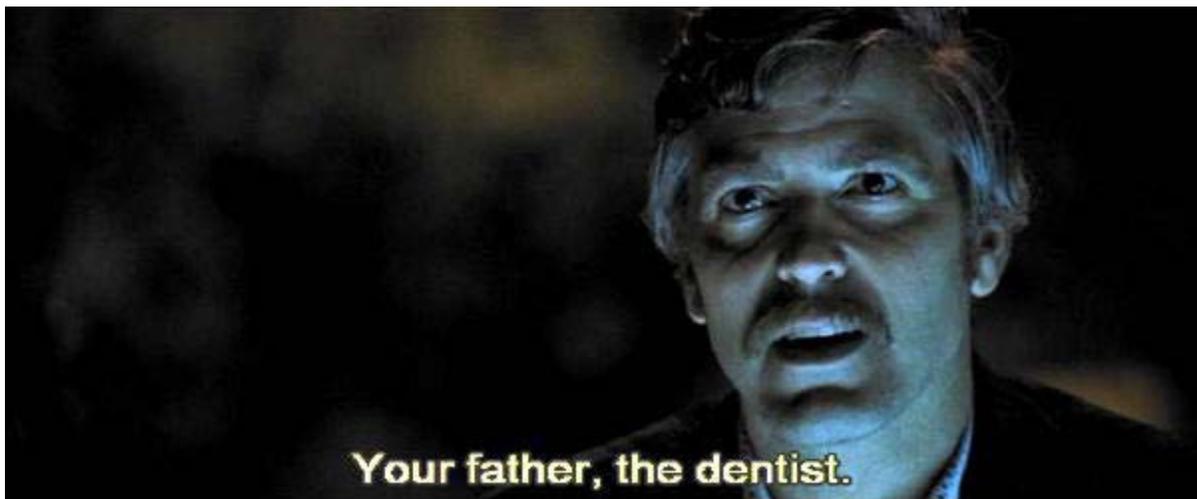
CHUCK: There's no profile.

JIM: OK.

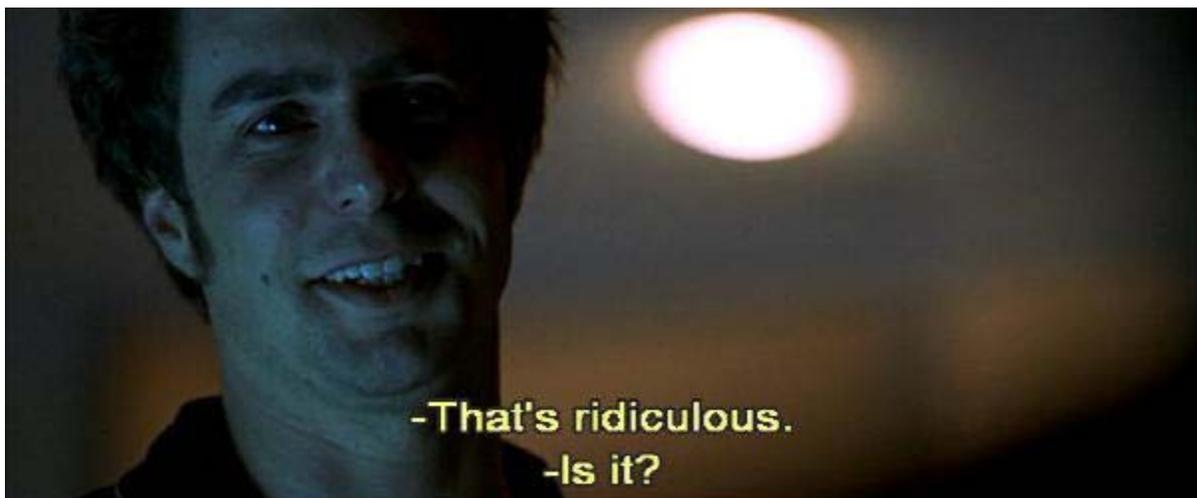
JIM: You had a twin sister, stillborn, strangled by your umbilical cord. Your first hit.



Your mother always wanted a daughter. She blamed you for your sister's death, so until your sister Phoebe was born, she raised you as a girl. What else?



Your father, the dentist. Not really your father. Your real father was a man named Edmond James Windsor. Among other things, he was a serial killer, a fact your mother didn't know when she had an affair with him in 1928.

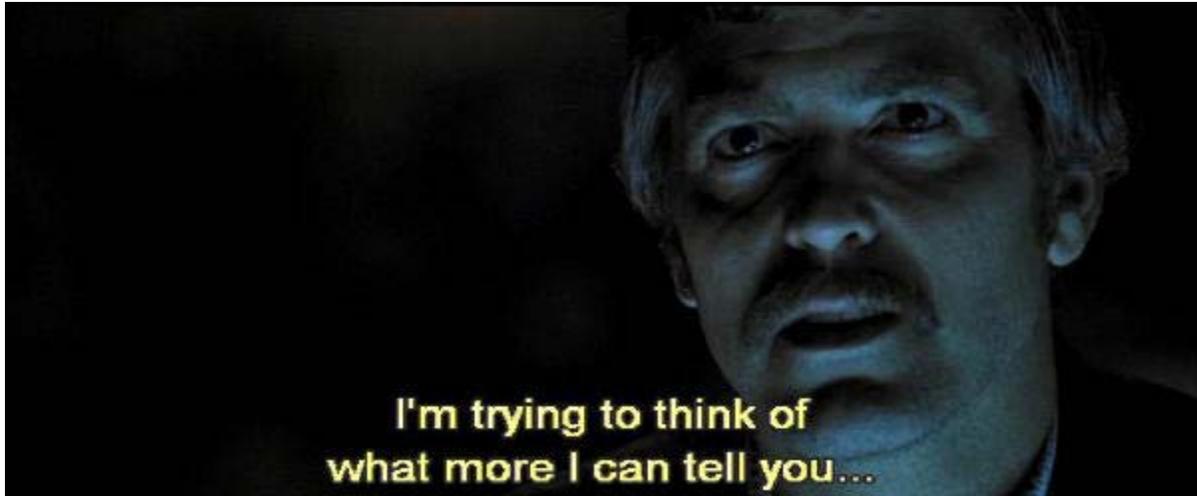


CHUCK: That's ridiculous.

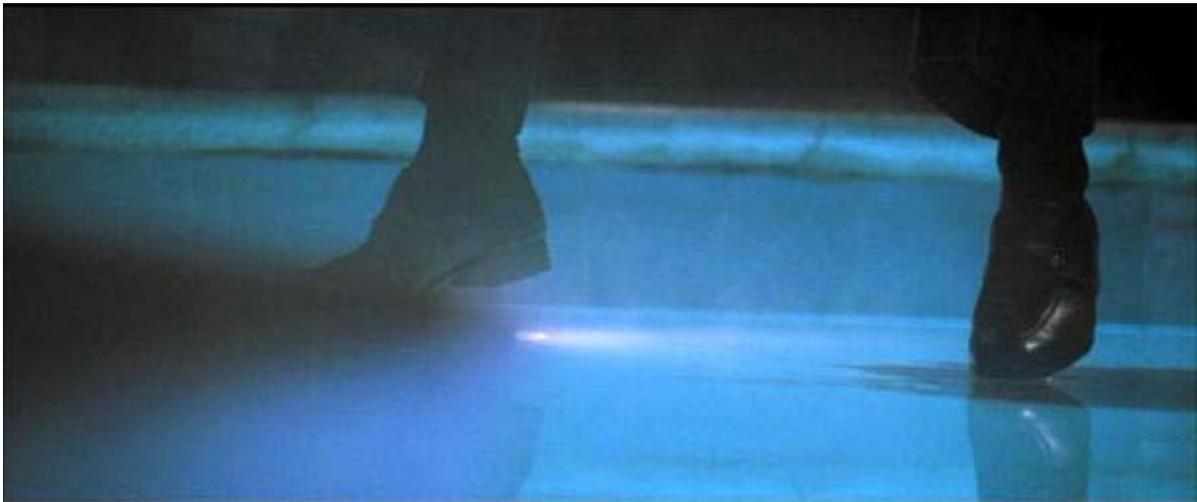
JIM: Is it?

CHUCK: That's insane.

JIM: Windsor died in the electric chair in 1939.

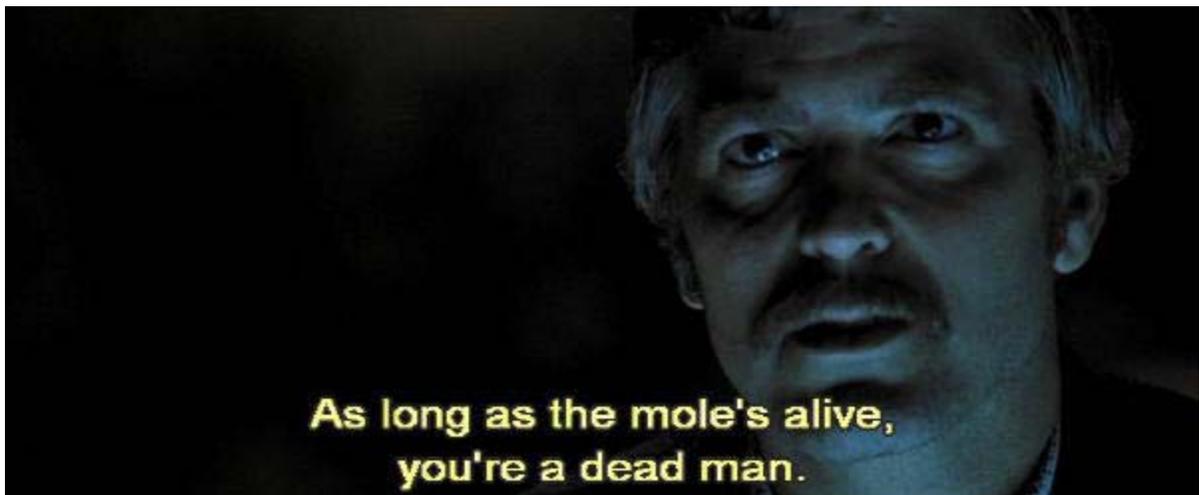


I'm trying to think of what more I can tell you, but you have me at a bit of a disadvantage, Chuck. I don't have your files in front of me.

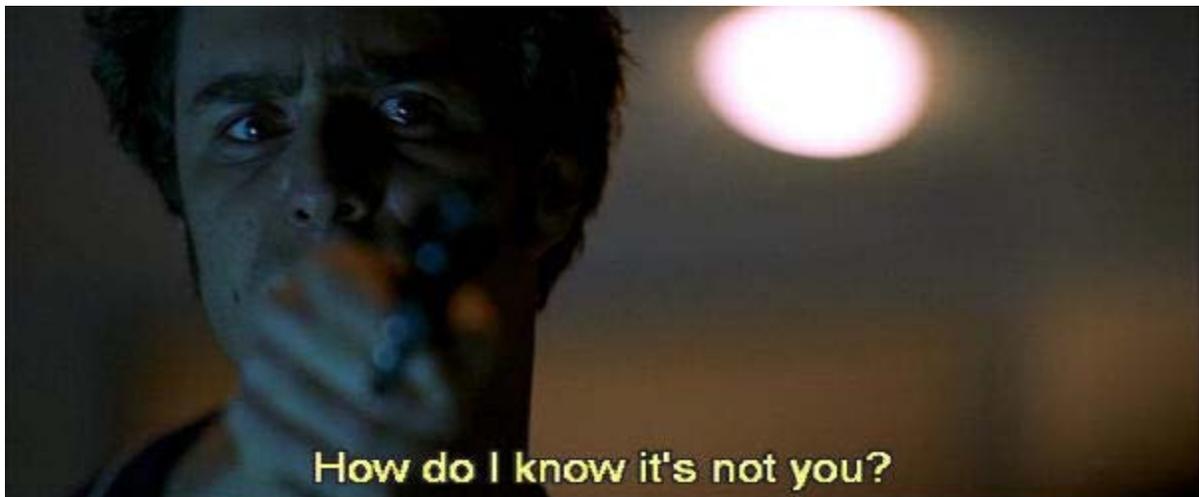




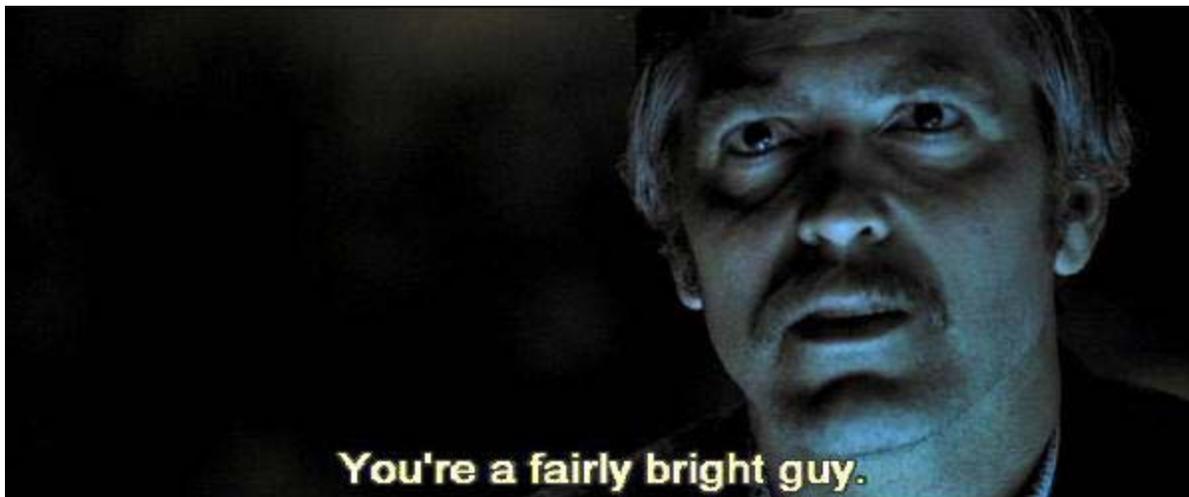
CHUCK: Come on, Jim. I'm out.



JIM: As long as the mole's alive, you're a dead man.



CHUCK: How do I know it's not you?

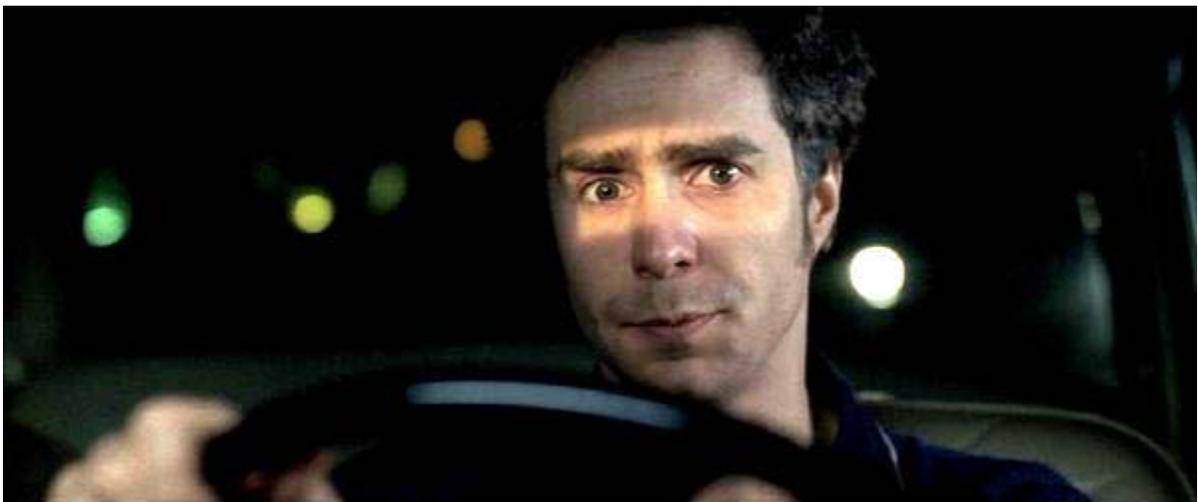


JIM: You're a fairly bright guy. You'll figure it out.



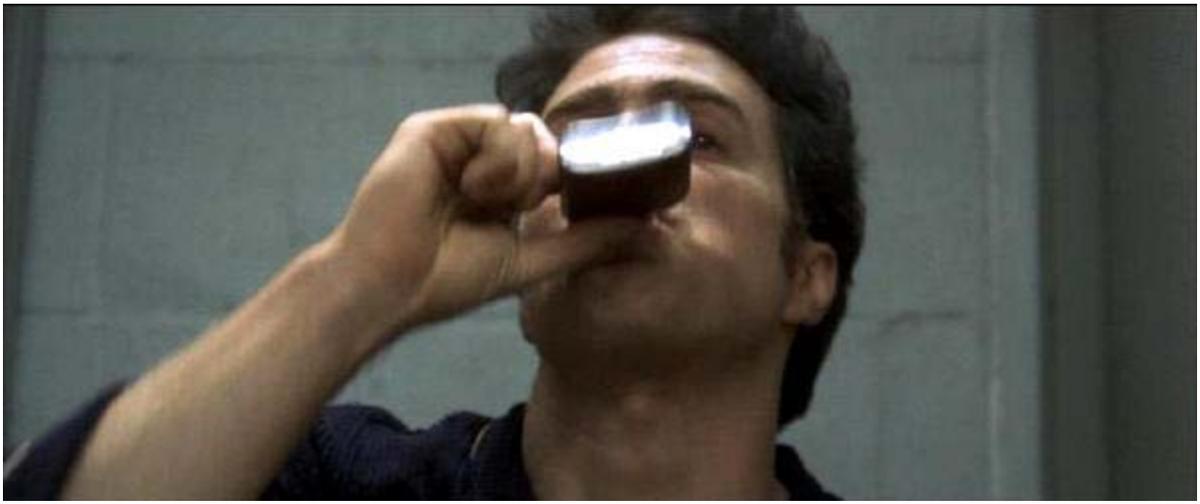


[Ominous chords]











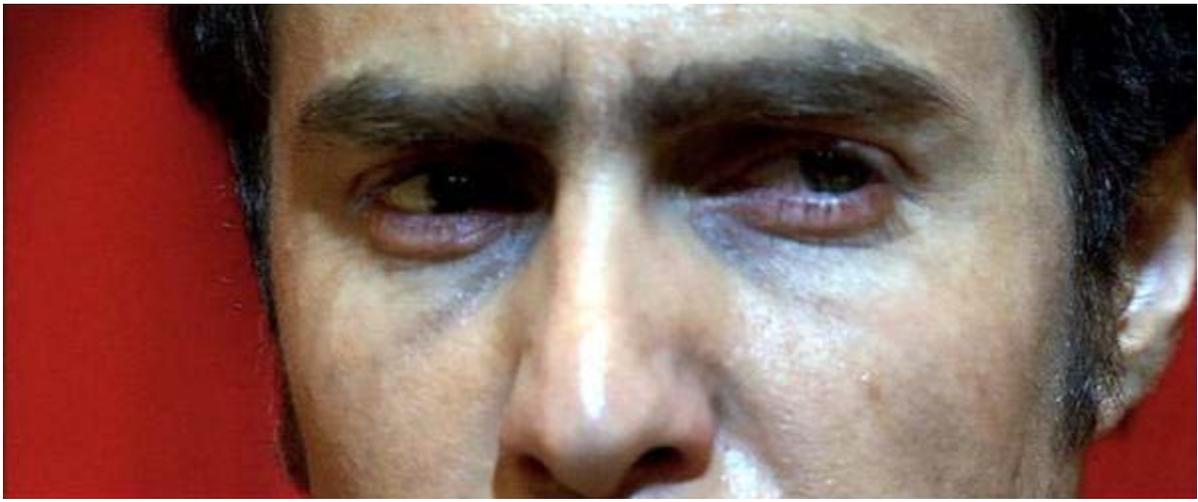
[No audio]





[Ominous music continues]



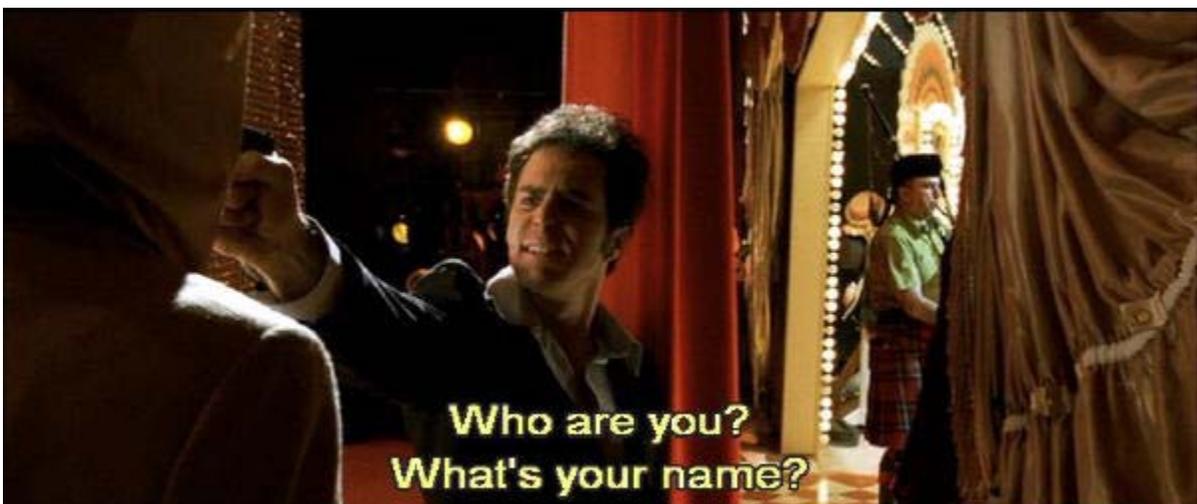


[Bagpipe music fades in]



UNKNOWN COMIC: Hey, Chuck. I --

CHUCK: Take it off.



Who are you? What's your name? What's your name?



[Gong]



[Audience applauds]



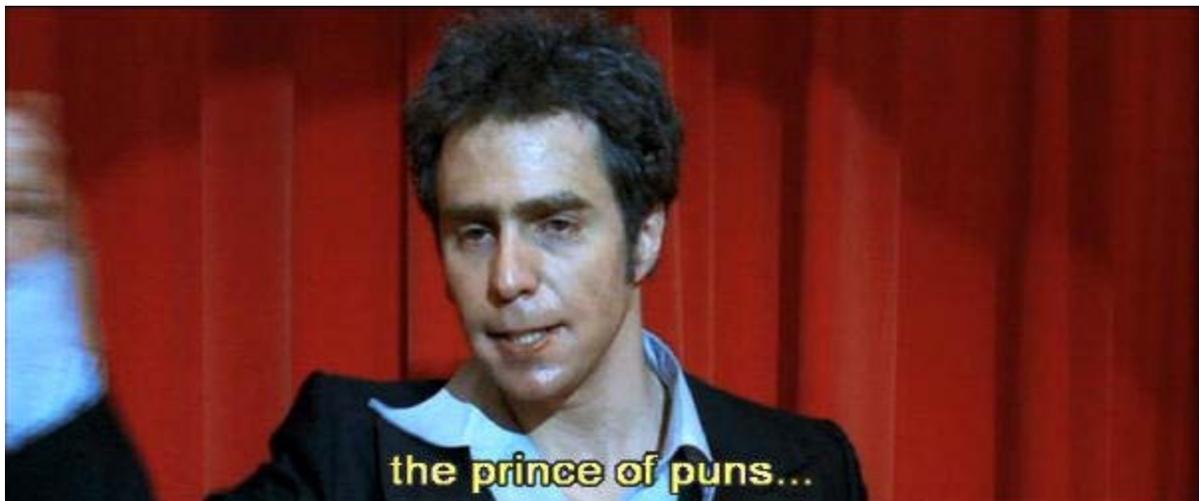
[Incidental game show music]



CHUCK: Yeah, that's the way it goes on TV.

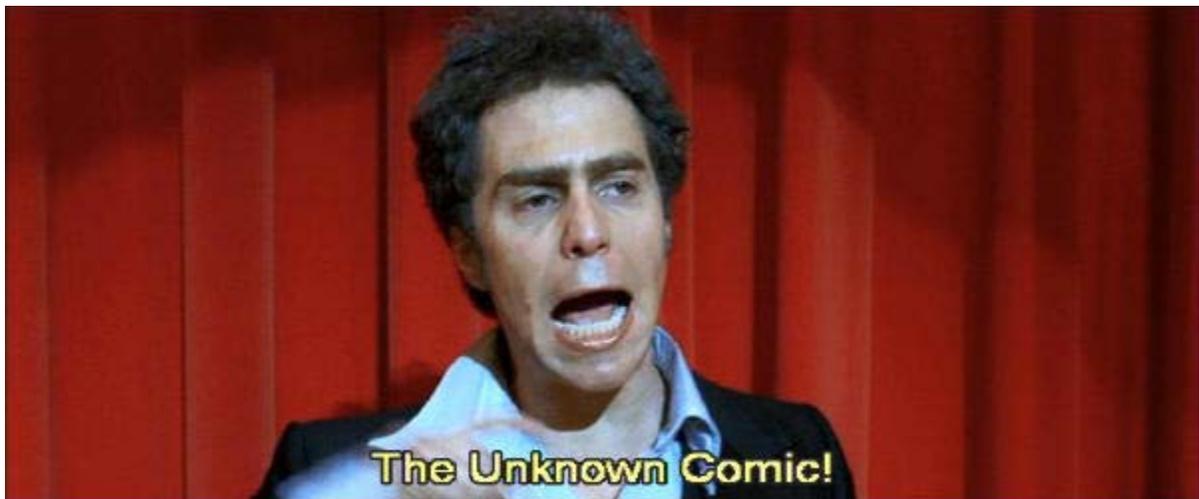


Get off the stage. Go back to Scotland! Get yourself a Guinness and some Lucky Charms. All right. Ladies and gentlemen ...



the prince of puns, the wizard of whoopee!

[Applause]



CHUCK: The Unknown Comic!



UNKNOWN COMIC: Hey, Chuckie, baby!



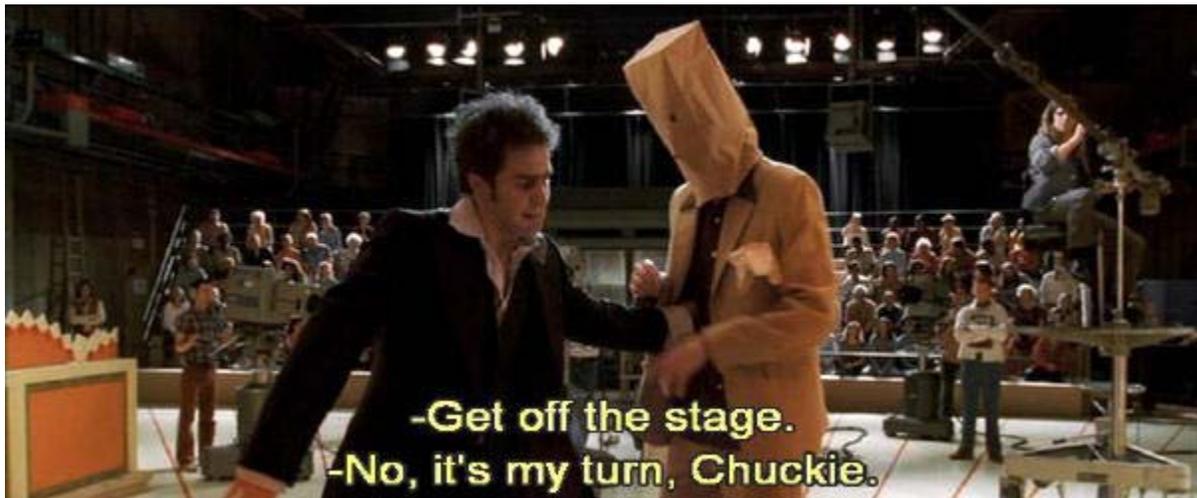
Hey, Chuckie, baby, I got a joke for you. A joke.

CHUCK: What?

UNKNOWN COMIC: What's the difference between toilet paper and a shower curtain?

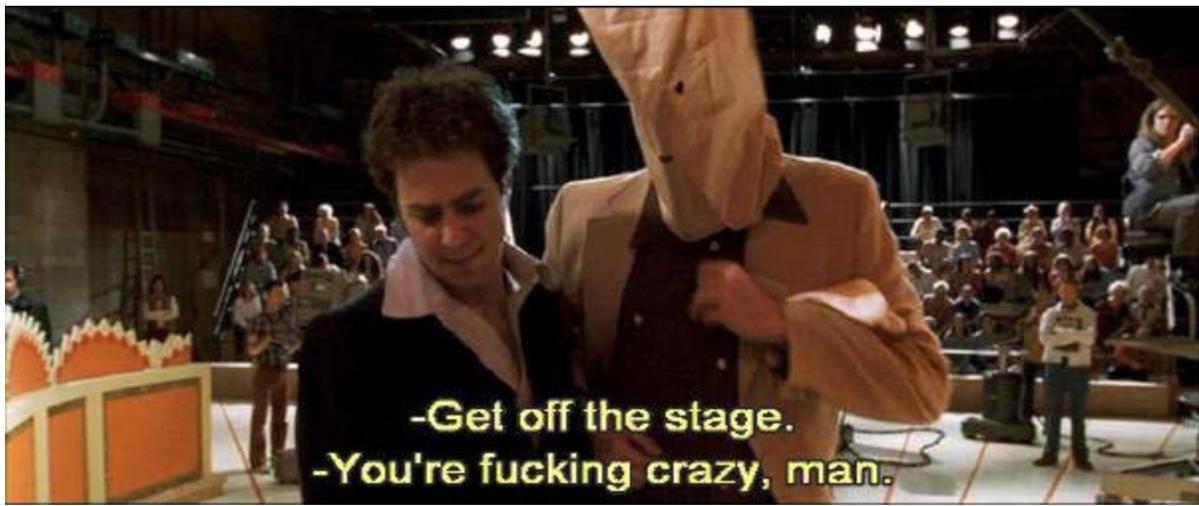
CHUCK: I don't know. What?

UNKNOWN COMIC: Here's the guy!



CHUCK: Get off the stage.

UNKNOWN COMIC: No, it's my turn, Chuckie.



CHUCK: Get off the stage.

UNKNOWN COMIC: You're fucking crazy, man.



CHUCK: Get the fuck out of here.



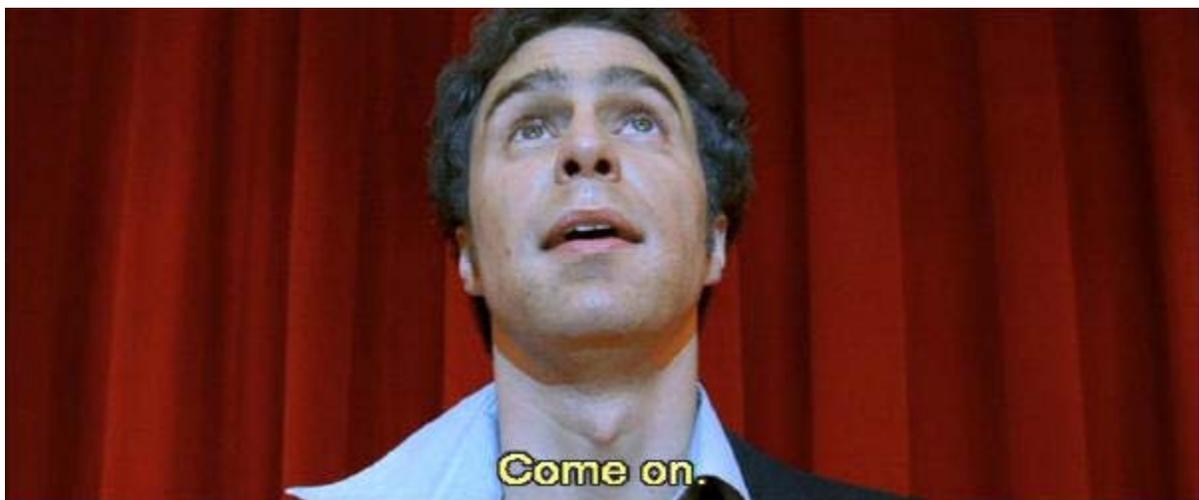
CHUCK: Ladies and gentlemen ...



our next act -- Ha ha! First came to us all the way ...



Um, ha ha ... Lord. Crazy on coast-to-coast.



Come on.

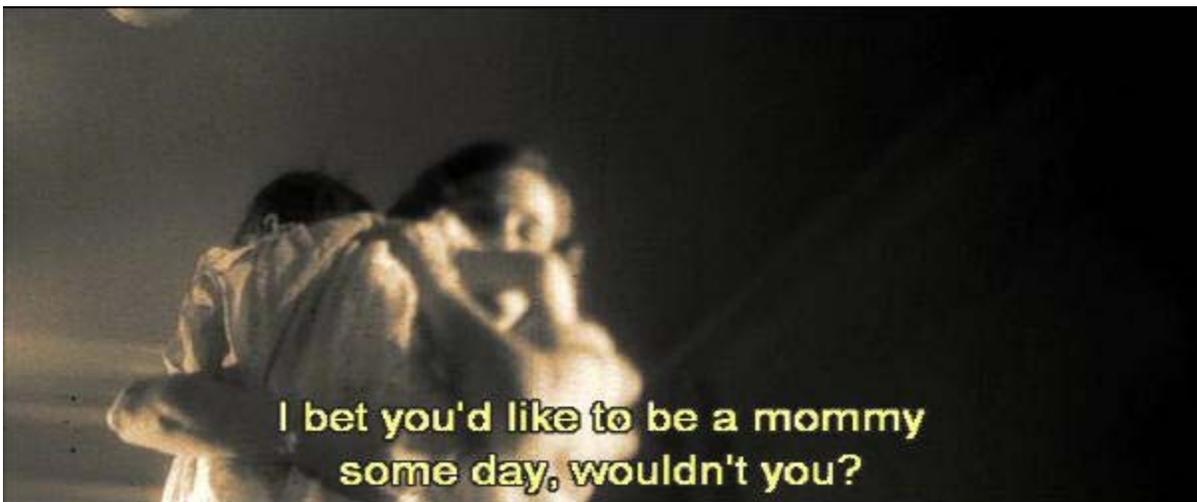




MOTHER: You like the way Mommy looks?

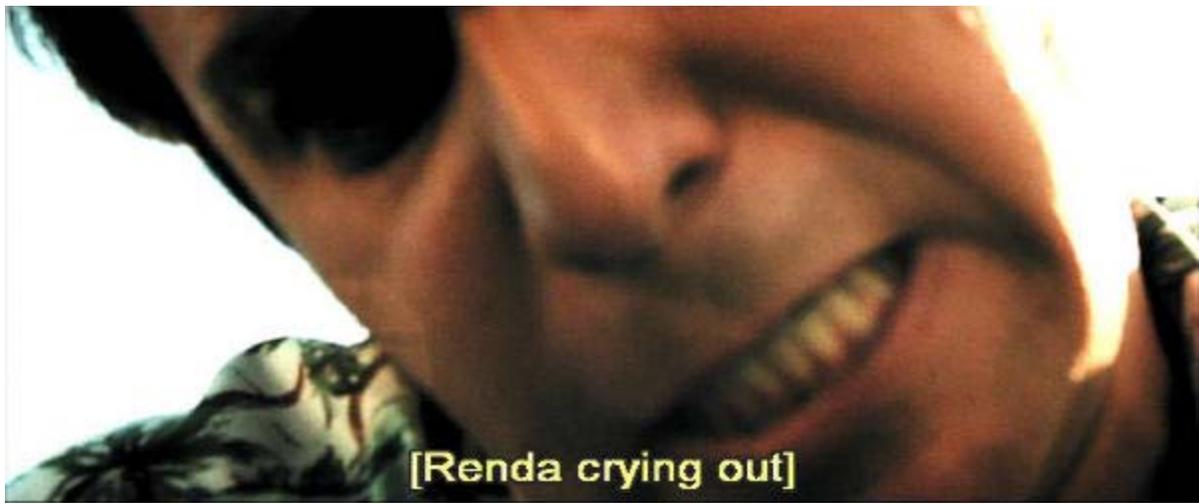


CHUCK: Yes.



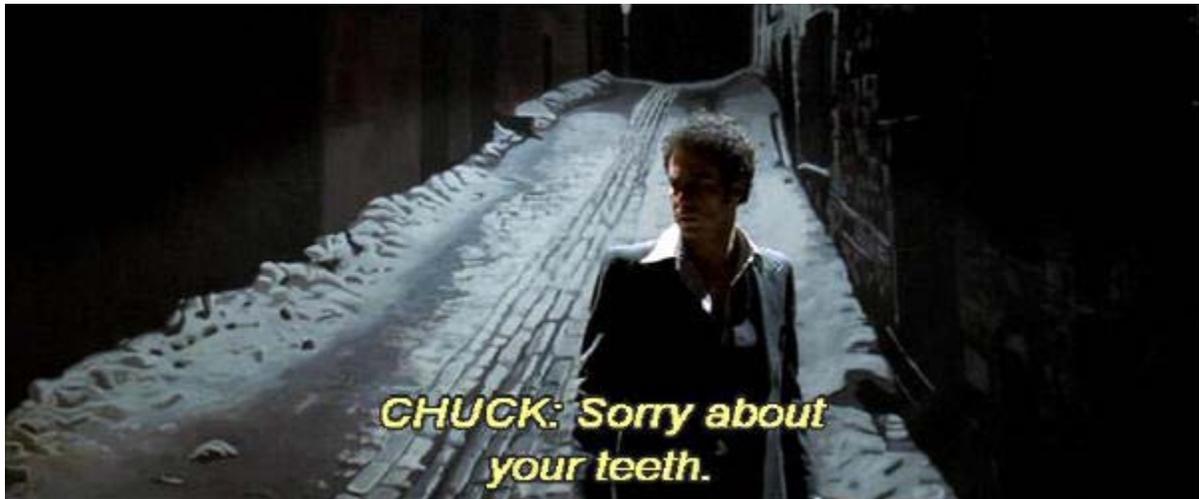
MOTHER: I bet you'd like to be a mommy some day, wouldn't you? Come here, you.





[Renda crying out]

RENDA: [Renda crying out]

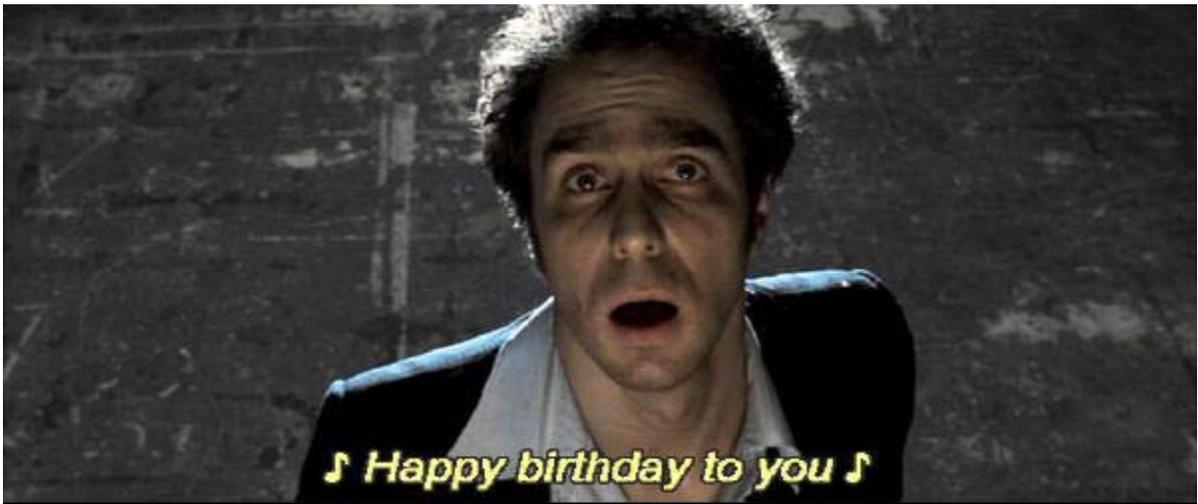


*CHUCK: Sorry about
your teeth.*

CHUCK: Sorry about your teeth.



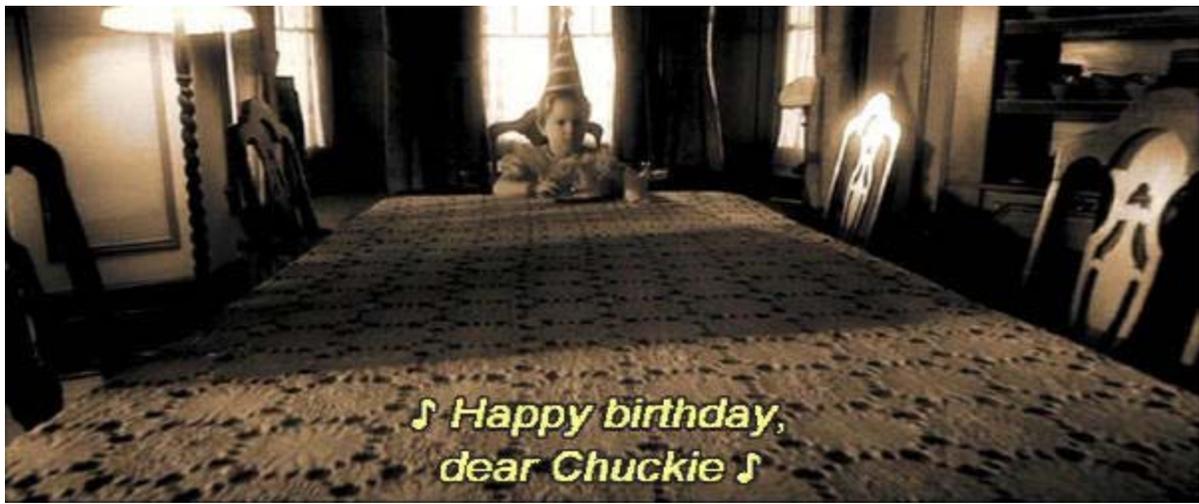




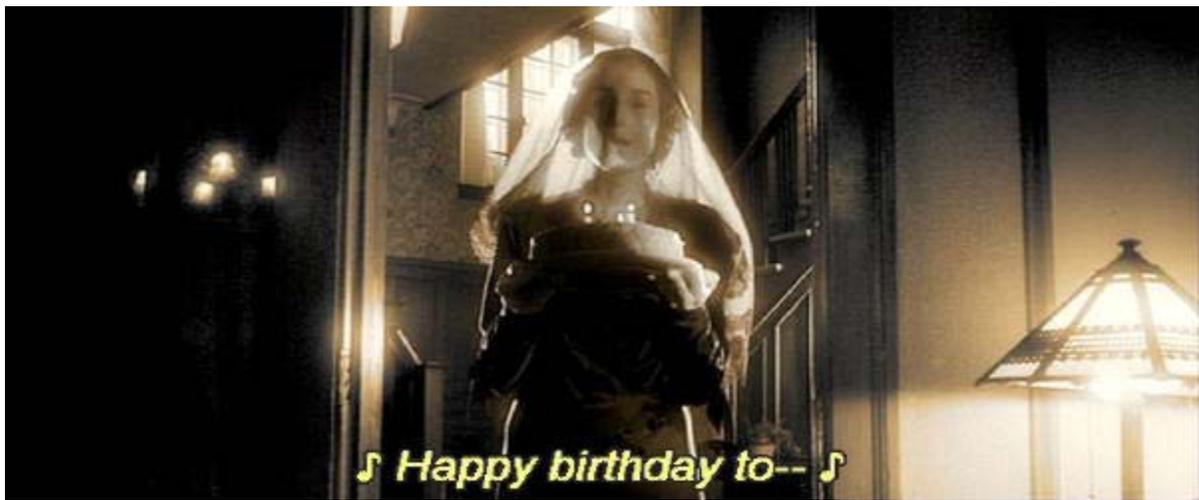
*MOTHER: ... birthday to you
Happy birthday to you*



Happy birthday to you



Happy birthday, dear Chuckie



Happy birthday to --



Happy birthday to you.



Come on. Take me away now.

CHUCK: Come on. Take me away now. Take me away.



What are you waitin' for?

What are you waitin' for?



Come on. Come on.

Come on. Come on.



I see you. I know who you are. What are you looking at?



[Music starts]



SINGERS: If I had a hammer



I'd a hammer in the mornin'



I'd a hammer in the evenin'



All over this land



I'd a-hammer out danger



I'd a hammer out a warnin'



I'd a-hammer out love



♪ *Between my brothers
and my sisters* ♪

*Between my brothers and my sisters
All over
This land
Ooh ooh ooh
If I had a bell*



♪ *I'd a-ring it
in the mornin'* ♪

I'd a-ring it in the mornin'



♪ *I'd a-ring it
in the evenin'* ♪

*I'd a-ring it in the evenin'
All over this land*



I'd ring out danger



*I'd ring out a warning
I'd ring out*



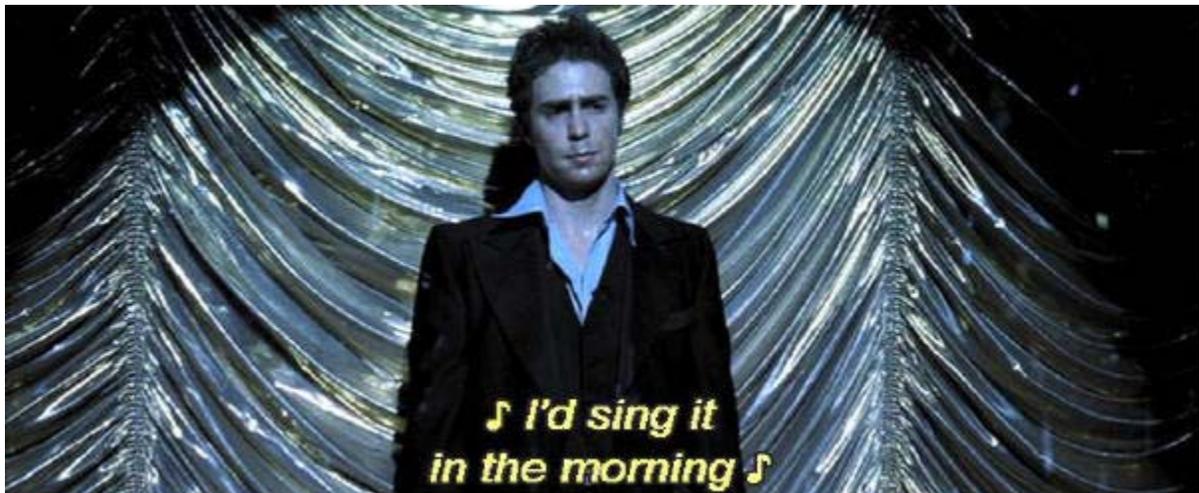
*Love between my brothers and my sisters
All over*



This land



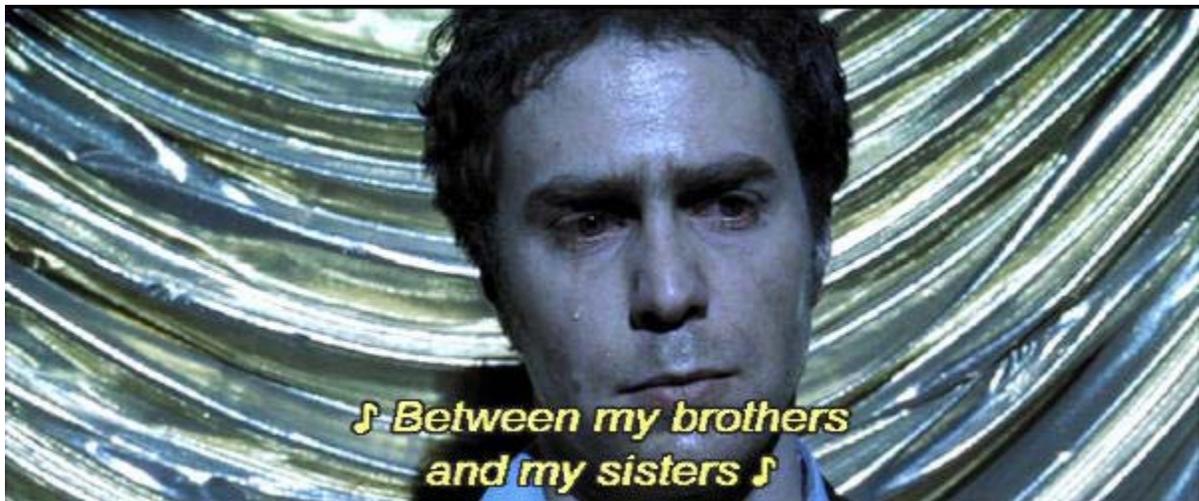
*Ooh
If I had a song*



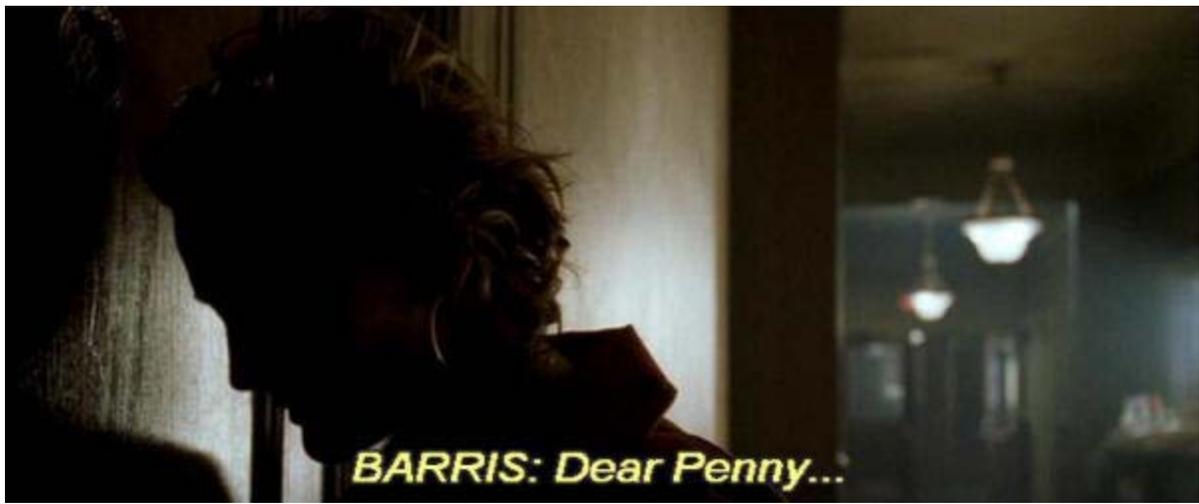
*I'd sing it in the morning
I'd sing it in the evenin'*



*All over this land
I'd sing out danger
I'd sing out a warning
I'd sing out love*



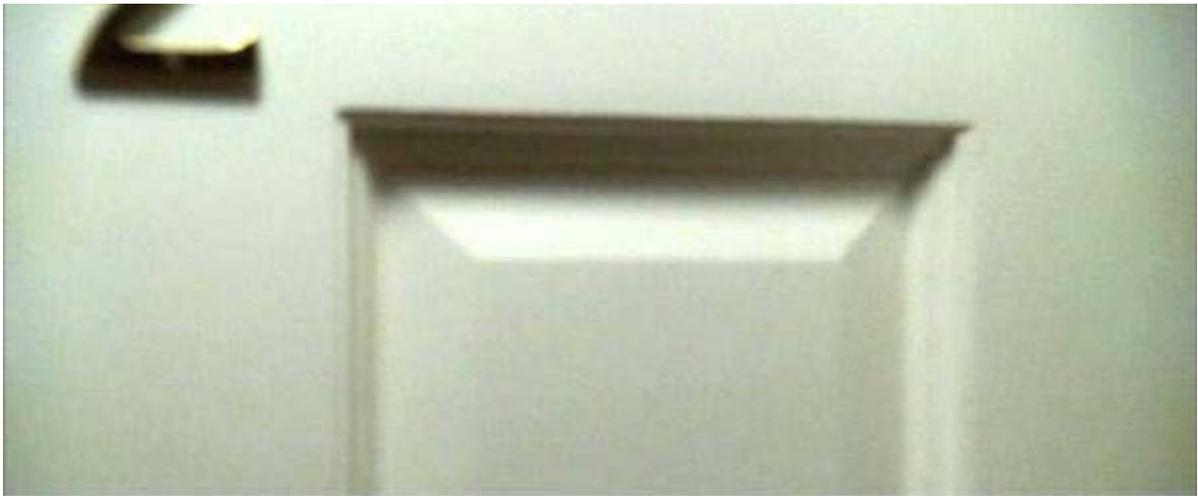
*Between my brothers and my sisters
All over
This land*



CHUCK: Dear Penny ... this is just a note to say that I'm sorry for all of it. You were the best part of my life, and I couldn't see it. I'm not asking for another chance, just for your forgiveness. Love, Chuck.







[Knock on door]



PATRICIA: Well, look who comes out of hiding.

CHUCK: I started thinking, Trish, you're the only woman ...



in the world who really -- who really knows me.



I know I screwed you over in the past ...



and I'm sorry. I --

[Piano concerto plays]

CHUCK: I just want you to know that ...

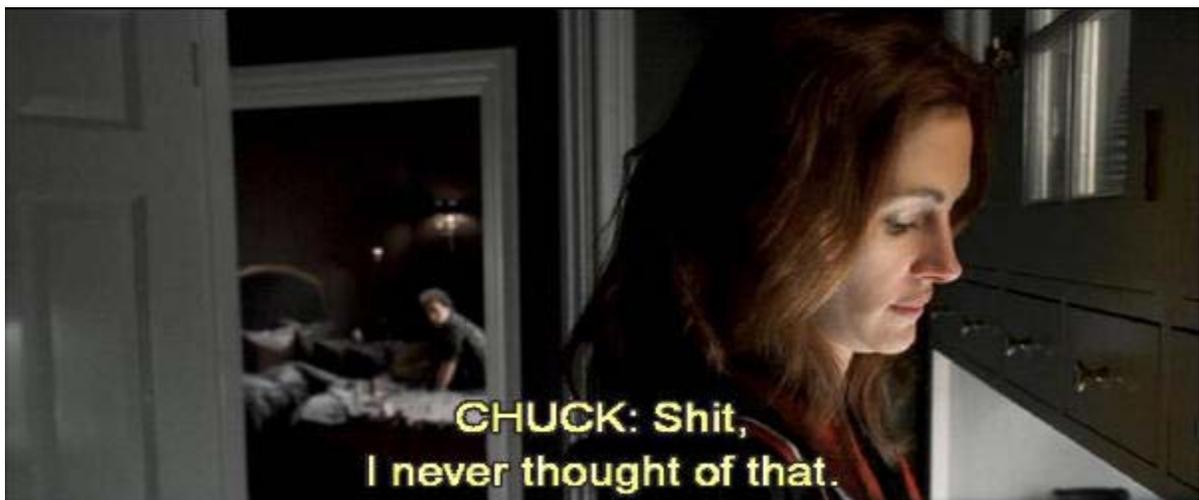


I hate myself for how -- Goddamn, I hate myself for how I lived, Trish.

PATRICIA: Nietzsche says whoever despises oneself ...

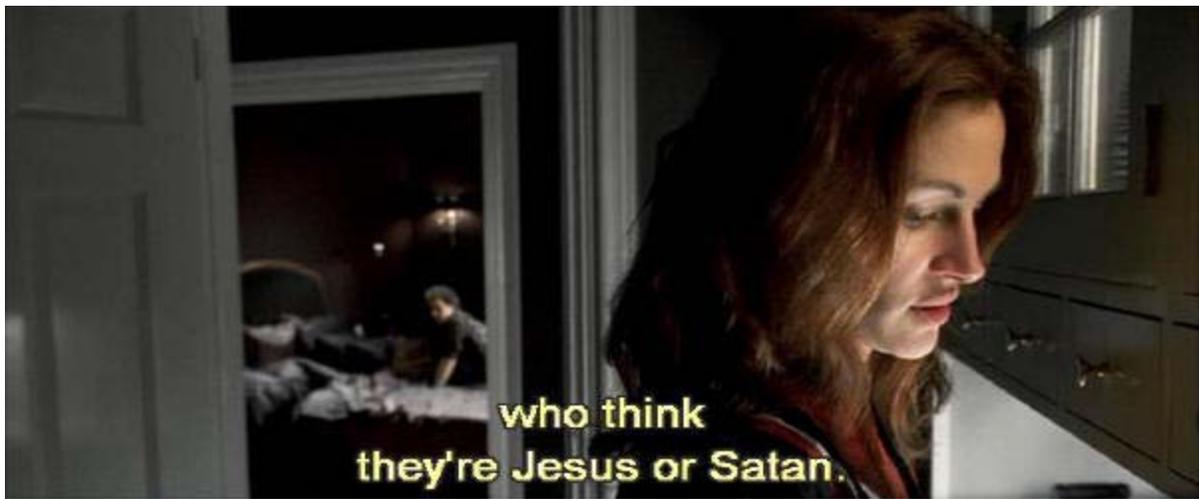


still respects oneself as one who despises.

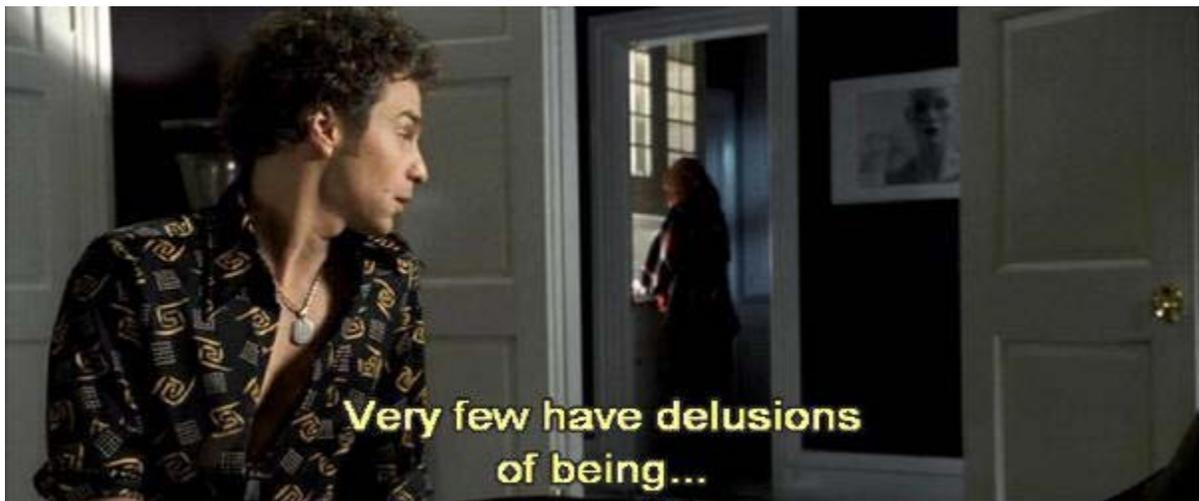


CHUCK: Shit, I never thought of that. I can't even despise myself with any insight.

PATRICIA: The insane asylums are filled with people ...



who think they're Jesus or Satan.

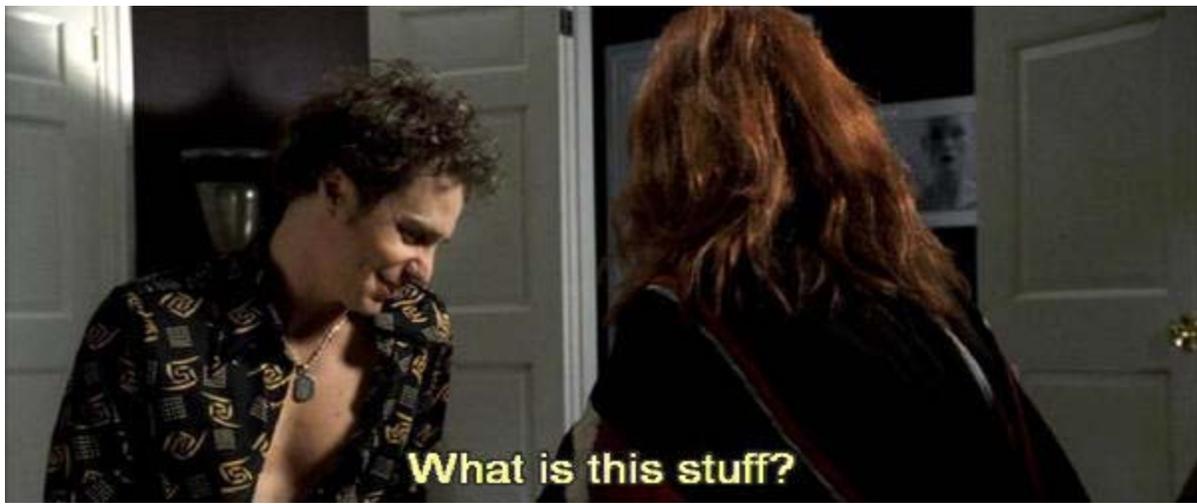


Very few have delusions of being ...

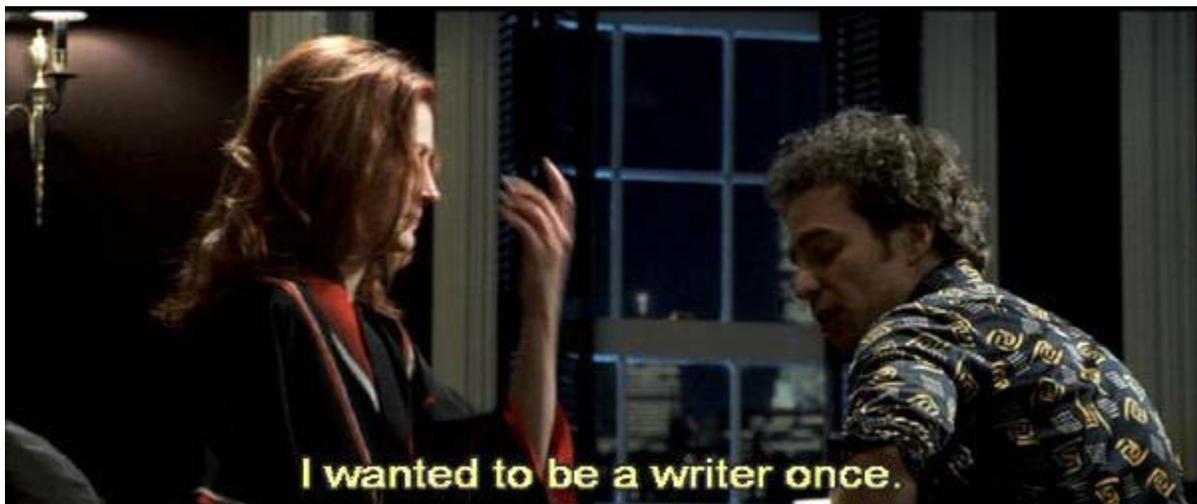


a guy down the block who works for an insurance company.

CHUCK: All right.



What is this stuff?



I wanted to be a writer once. I wanted to write something that someday some lesser person would quote, but I never did. I'm the lesser person, Trish. I never say anything meaningful that wasn't said by somebody else first.



I am disposable. I disposed of people, and I'm disposable.

PATRICIA: I've been thinking about you a lot lately, Chuck.

CHUCK: Oh, yeah?



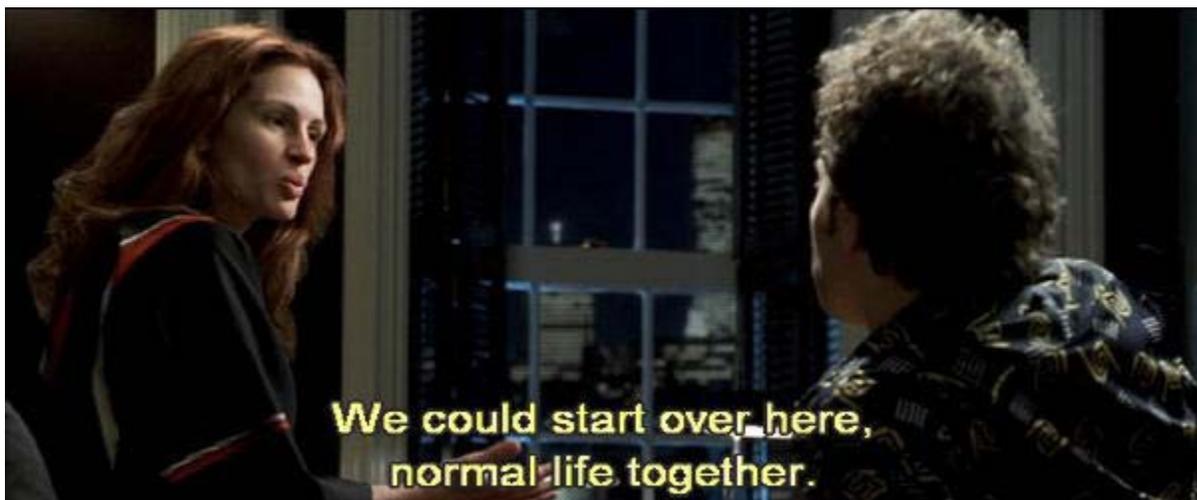
PATRICIA: Mmm. I've missed you.

CHUCK: You could have fooled me.

PATRICIA: Well, I've mellowed.



CHUCK: [Chuckles]



PATRICIA: Boston is a beautiful city. We could start over here, normal life together. Sell insurance.

CHUCK: [Laughs] Yeah! That sounds good. That sounds right. Look at that. I could learn to love that skyline.



PATRICIA: Did you see I got your picture framed?



CHUCK: Oh, yeah? Where?



PATRICIA: Look.

CHUCK: Oh, hot dog!

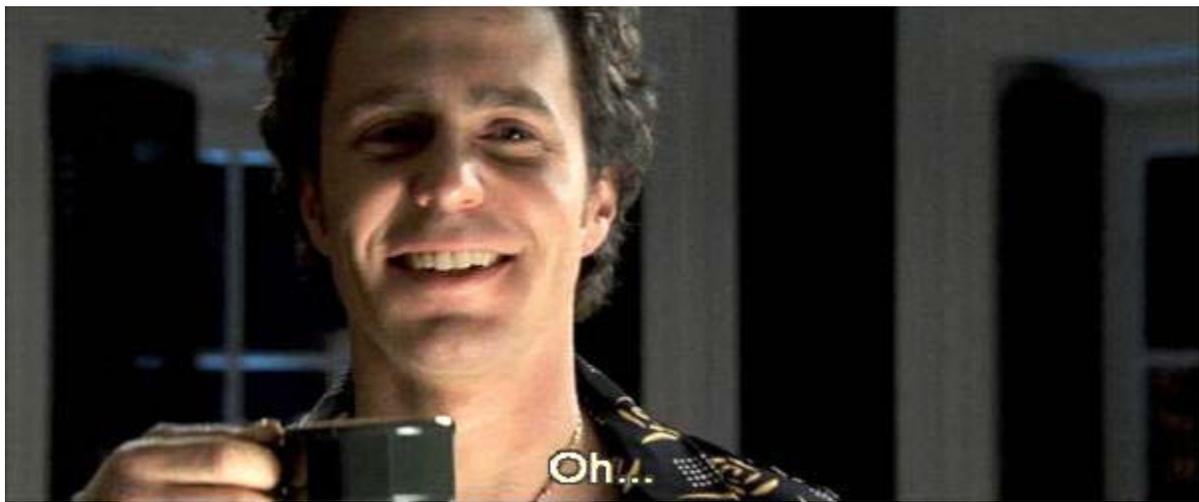


PATRICIA: To life.





CHUCK: You devil. Isn't that sweet?



Oh, hey, what about splitting our time in New York?





Fuck. I just bit--

Fuck. I just bit --



It's just a-- [Gags]

It's just a -- [Gags]

[Gagging]





[Gasping, grunting]

[Gasping, grunting]

PATRICIA: No, that's too quick. You're supposed to get to the bathroom and throw up first.



God, Chuck, you should have
seen Oliver's face.

God, Chuck, you should have seen Oliver's face. It was just -- well, if I do say so myself.

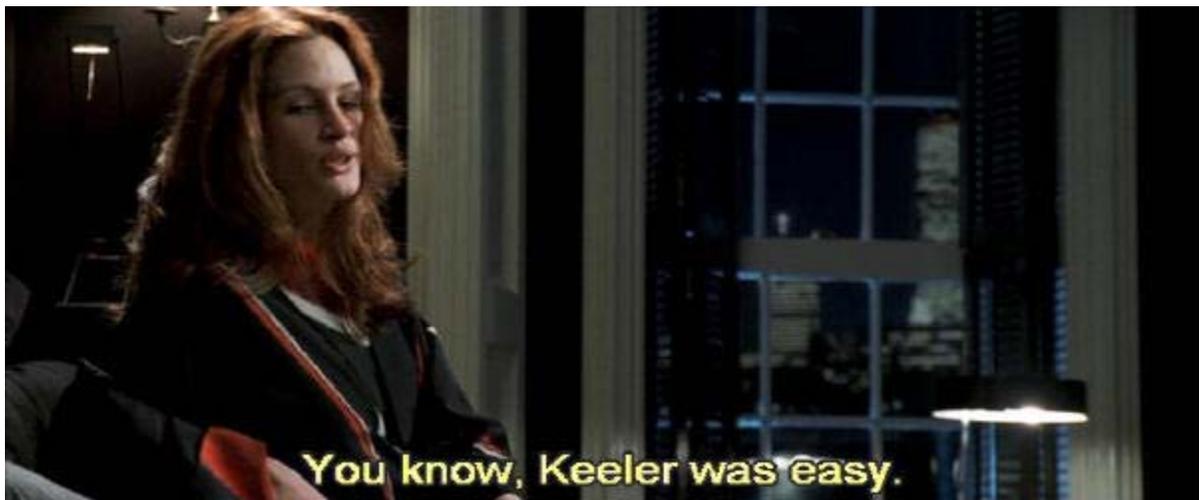


I got a nice snapshot of it,
actually.

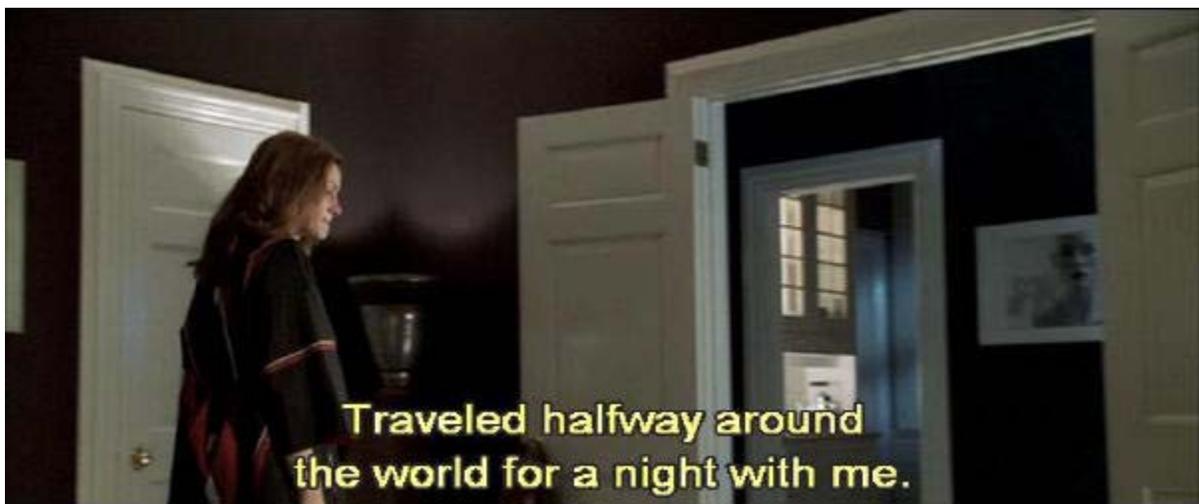
I got a nice snapshot of it, actually.



Mmm.



You know, Keeler was easy.



Traveled halfway around the world for a night with me. Hmm.



[Chuck panting]

PATRICIA: OK, let's see --



[Grunts] Chuck, you've put on weight.



Come on.



I nearly blew it with Byrd.



Never farm out a job that you should do yourself.



Do you want a laugh? He thought you were the mole. He was going to kill you. What an idiot.



"I'm not at all the person
you and I took me for."

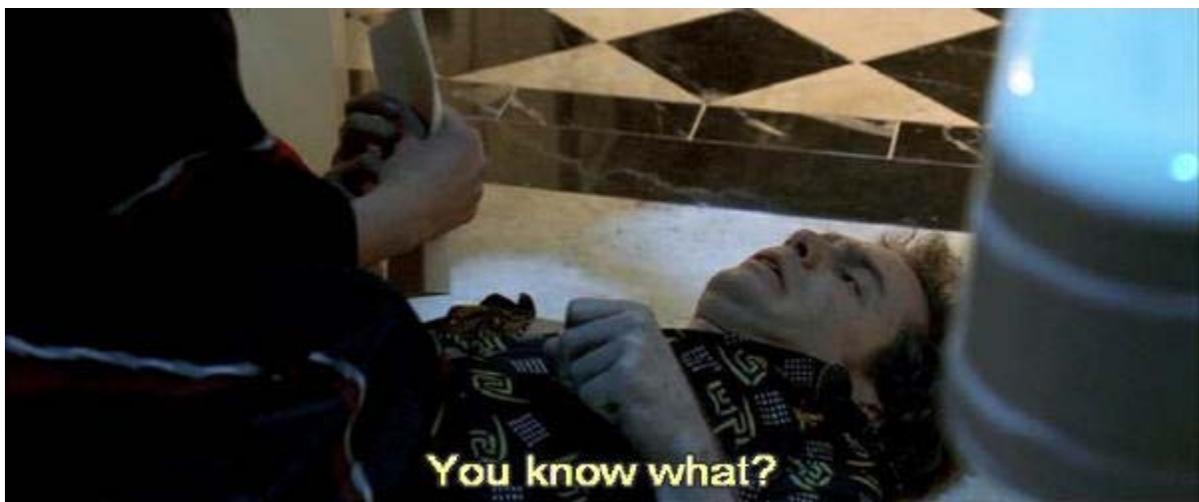
PATRICIA: "I'm not at all the person you and I took me for." Hmm. Sounds like an epitaph.
Your handwriting, too.



You see, Chuck,
I save everything.

You see, Chuck, I save everything. All of your lovely notes. Mmm.

CHUCK: [Labored breathing]



You know what?

PATRICIA: You know what?



I like Carlyle best, too.



I really do. Yeah. Say hi to the boys when you see 'em.





Ooh ... Oh ...









PATRICIA: To life. [Clink]



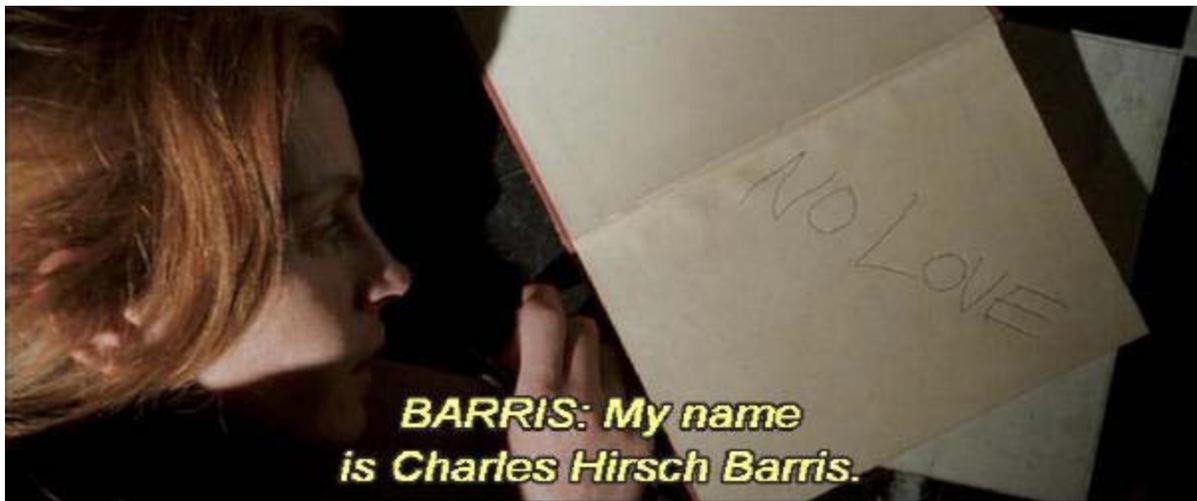
[Piano concerto continues]



[No audio]

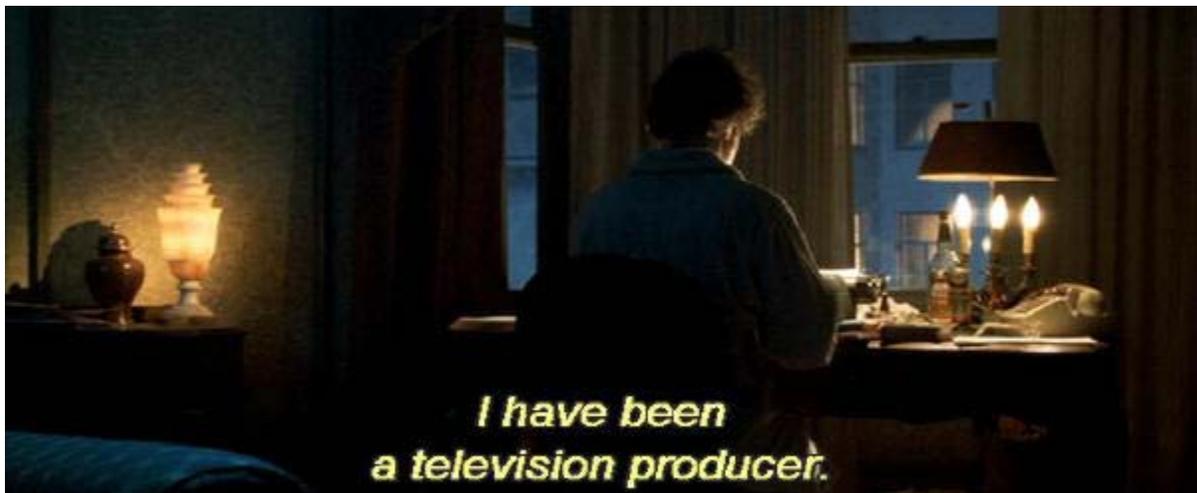






**BARRIS: My name
is Charles Hirsch Barris.**

CHUCK: My name is Charles Hirsch Barris. I have written pop songs.



**I have been
a television producer.**

I have been a television producer.



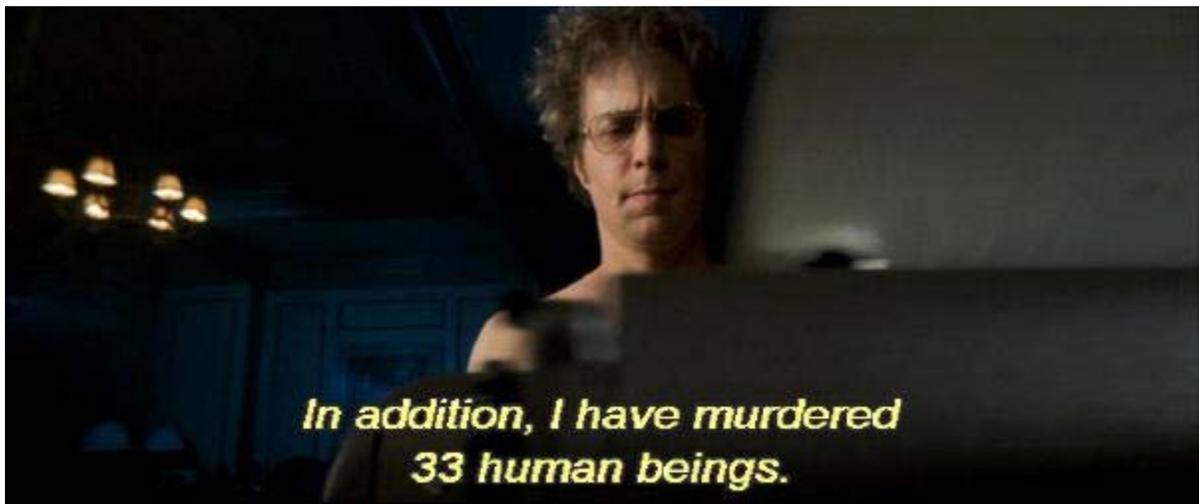
**I am responsible
for polluting the air waves...**

I am responsible for polluting the air waves ...



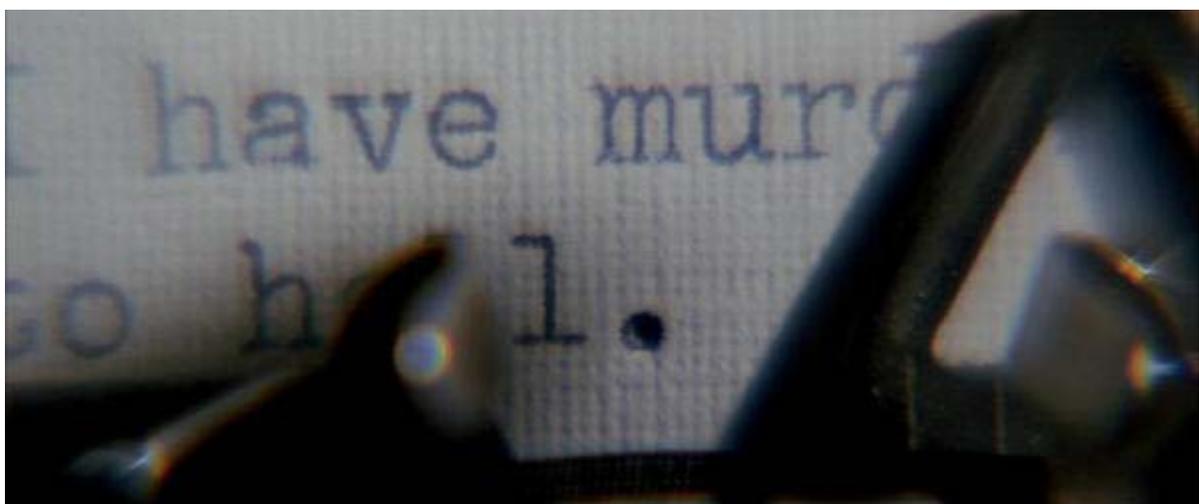
*with mind-numbing,
puerile entertainment.*

with mind-numbing, puerile entertainment.

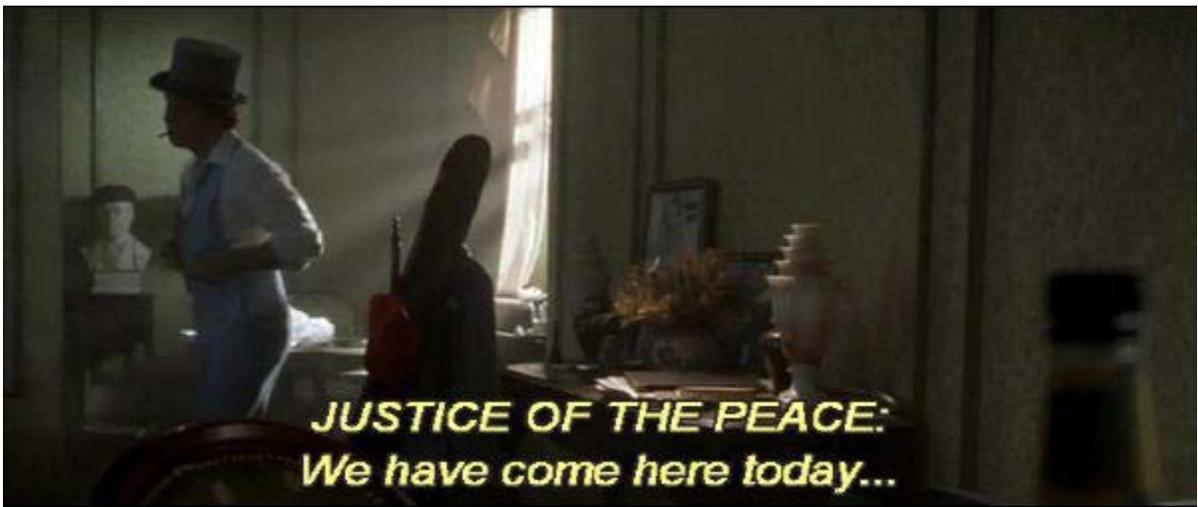


*In addition, I have murdered
33 human beings.*

CHUCK: In addition, I have murdered 33 human beings.





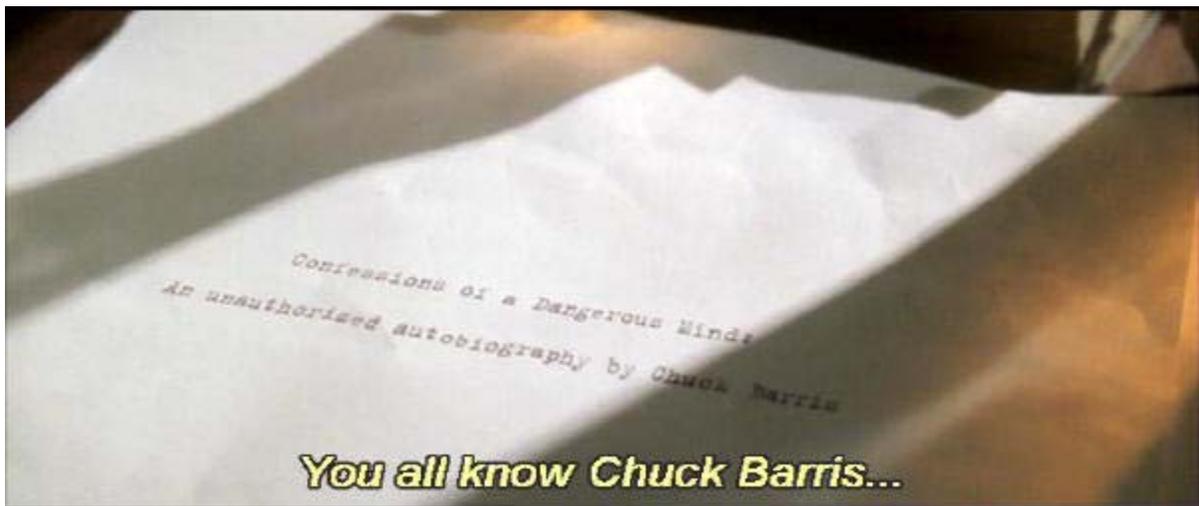


JUSTICE OF THE PEACE: We have come here today to join Penny Pacino and Chuck Barris

...



in holy matrimony.



[Confessions of a Dangerous Mind: An unauthorized autobiography by Chuck Barris]

You all know Chuck Barris, creator of "The Dating Game," "The Newlywed Game," "The Family Game" ...



"The Game Game," "Dream Girl of 1968" ...



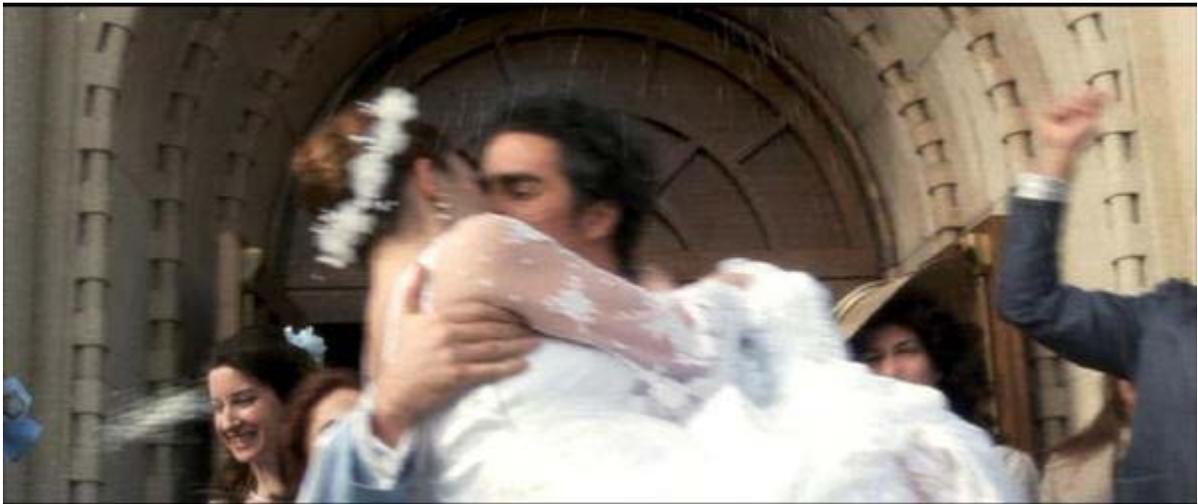
"Operation: Entertainment, "How's Your Mother-in-law," and many others.



Chuck Barris, who most recently brought us such hits as "The Rah-Rah Show," "The \$1.98 Beauty Show," "The Gong Show."

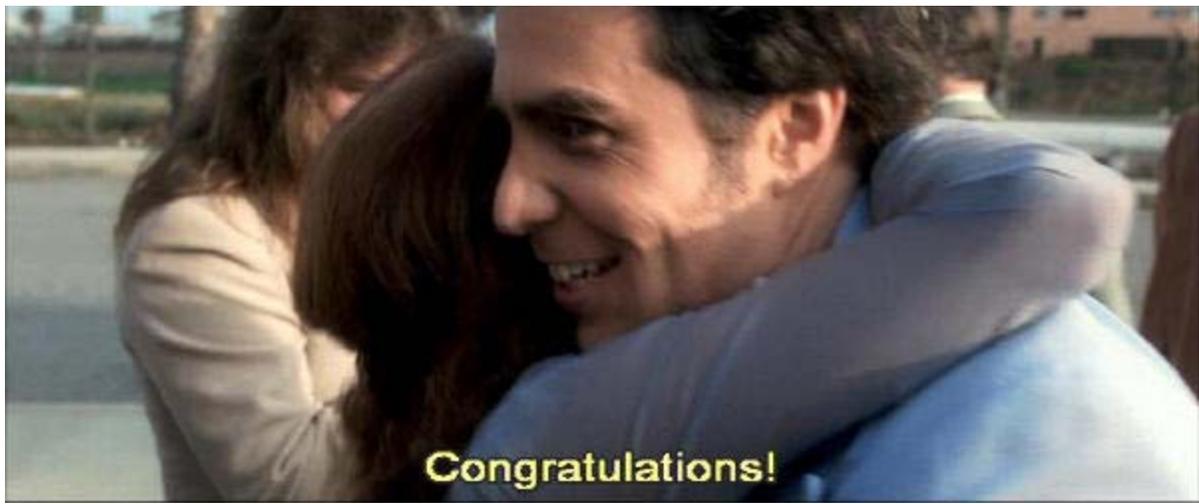


Oh! Chuck Barris, who I'm sure will be back soon ...





MAN: Whoo!



WOMAN: Congratulations!



CHUCK: Hey ...



oh, thanks, thanks.



Thanks.



[Bell tolls]



[Tolling grows louder]



[No audio]



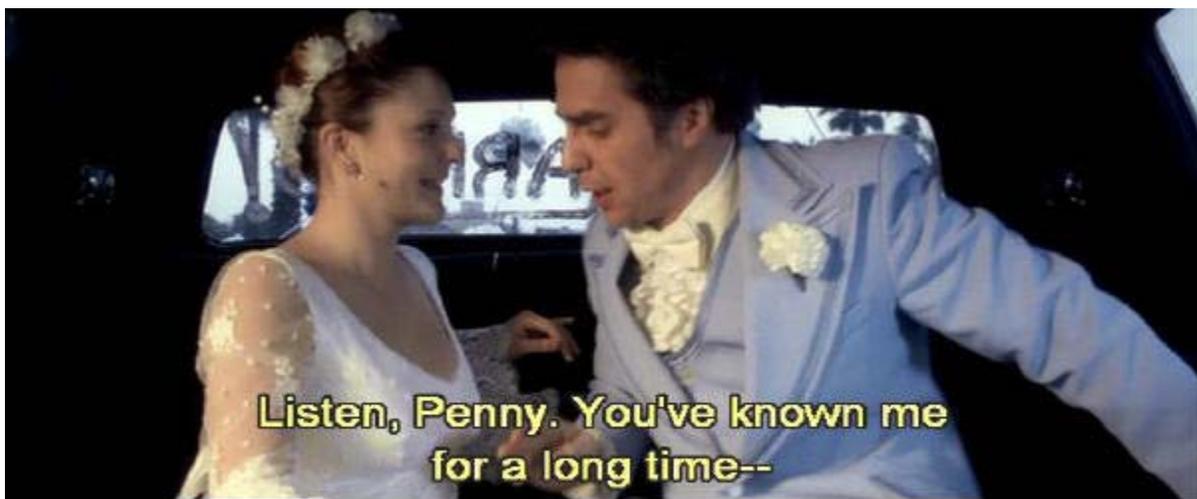
CHUCK: Danny, drive now!

[Wheels screech]

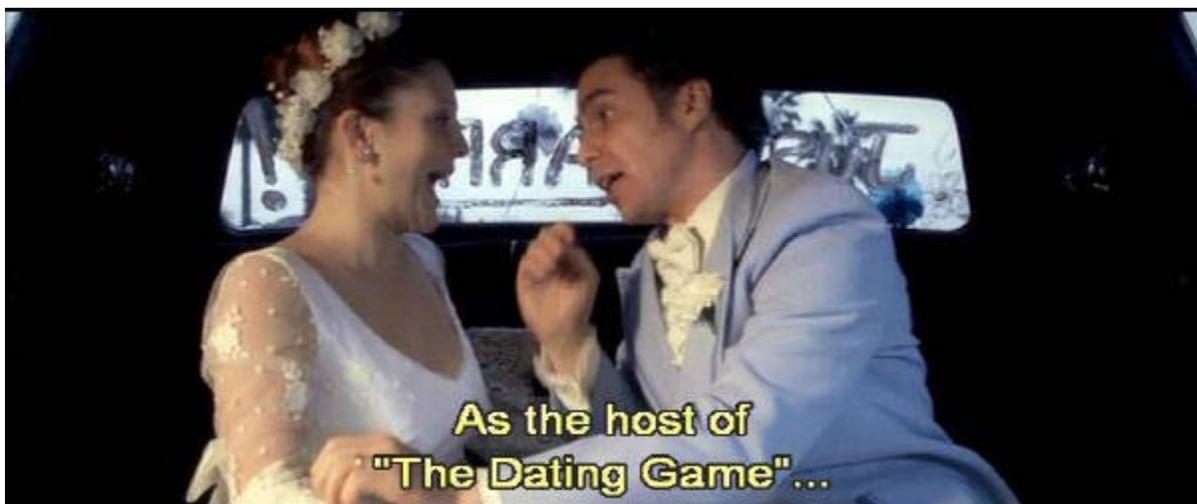
PENNY: Bye!



CHUCK: Penny, there's something I gotta confess, something I gotta tell ya.



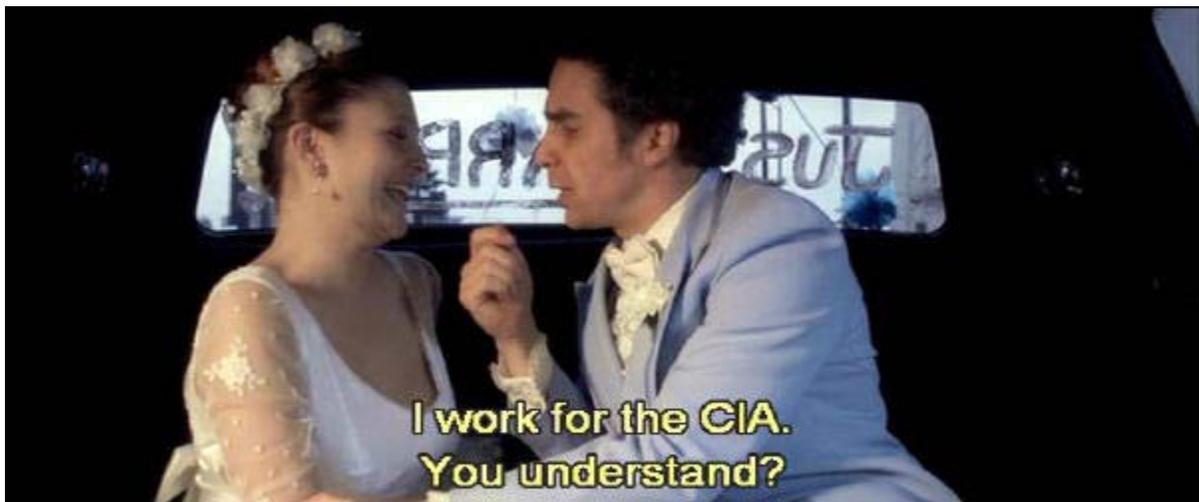
Listen, Penny. You've known me for a long time --



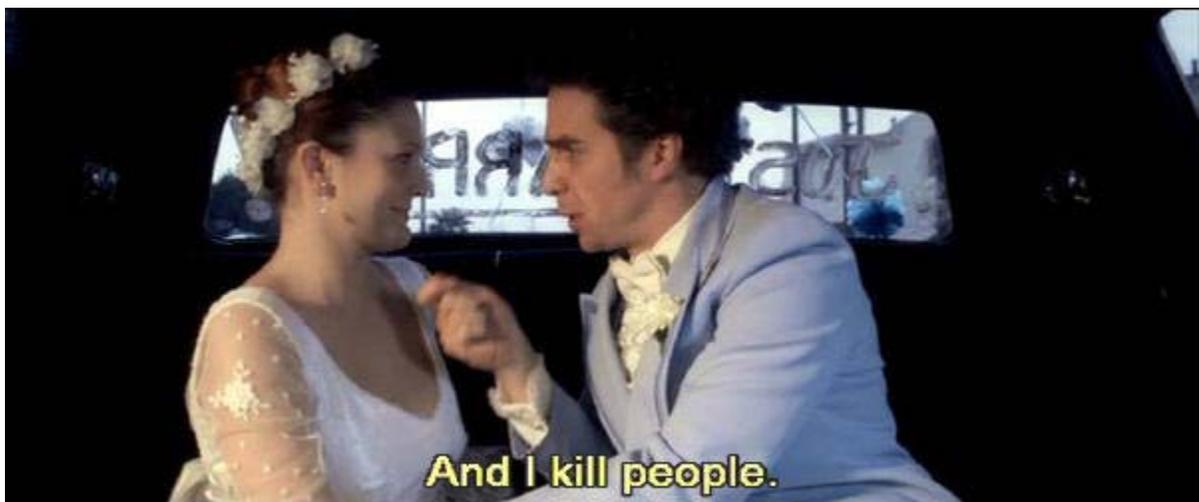
PENNY: As the host of "The Dating Game," "The Gong Show," "Rah-Rah Show" --



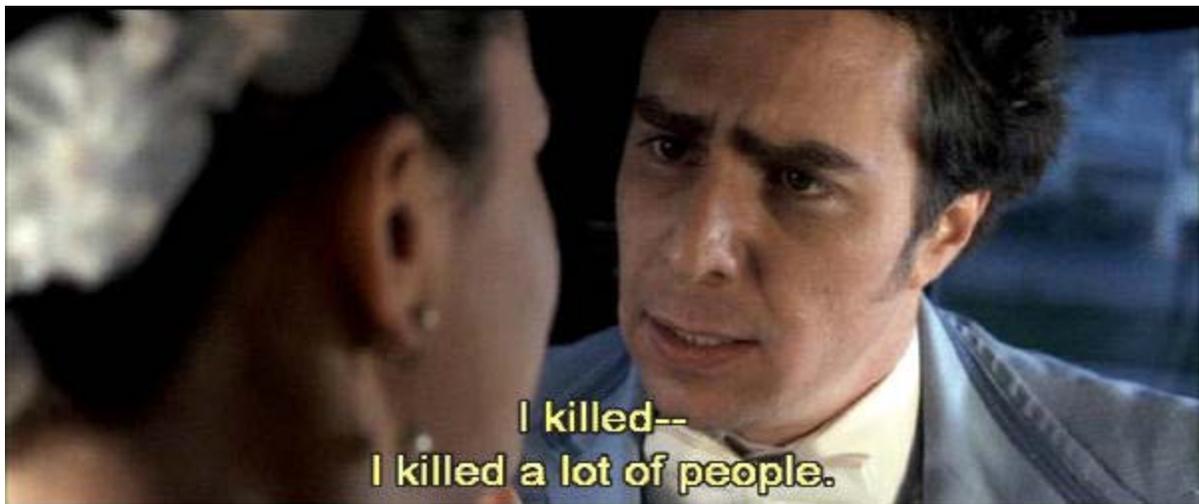
CHUCK: Yeah, yeah, listen, listen, listen.



I work for the CIA. You understand?



And I kill people.



I killed -- I killed a lot of people. You understand?



I killed a lot of people.



PENNY: Ha ha ha ha ha ha!



[Both laughing]





[New York, 2002]

CHUCK: I came up with a new game show idea recently. It's called "The Old Game."



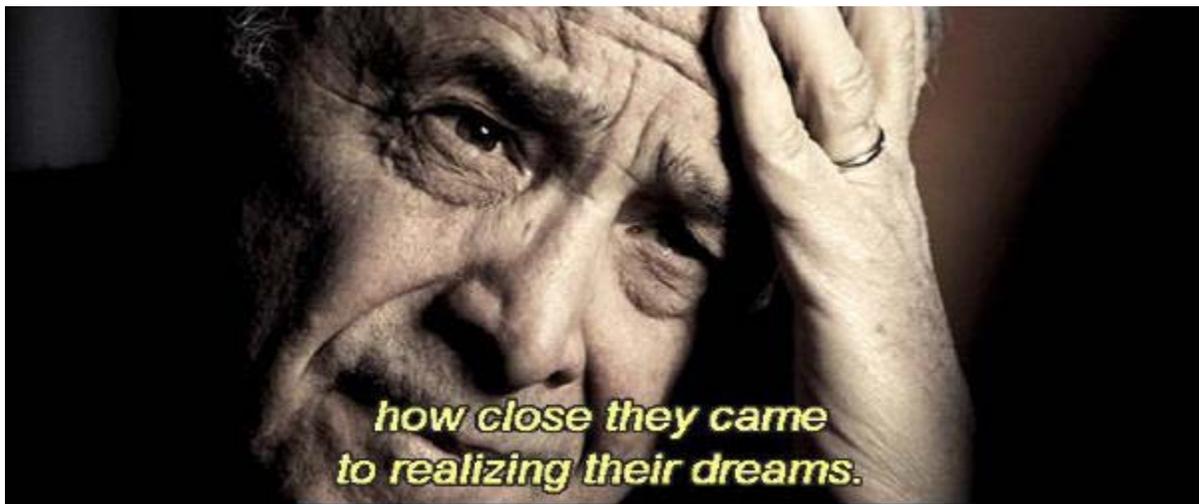
You got three old guys with loaded guns on stage ...



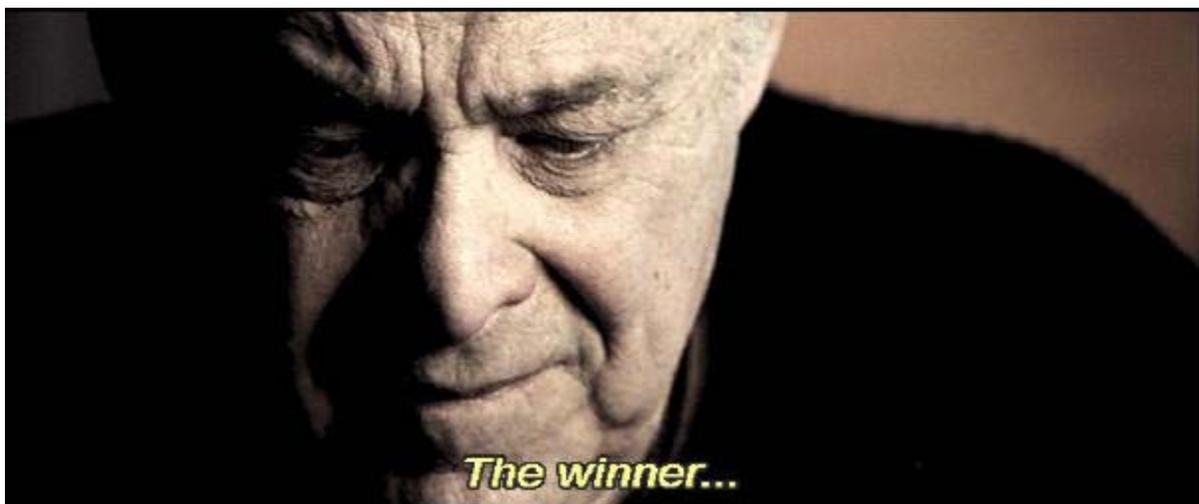
they look back at their lives ...



see who they were, what they accomplished ...



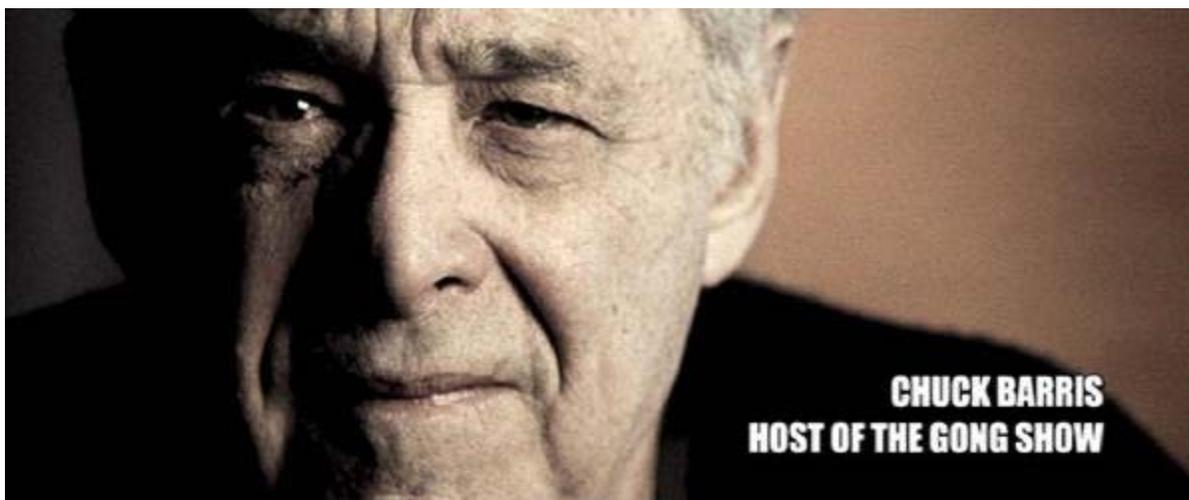
how close they came to realizing their dreams.



The winner is the one who doesn't blow his brains out.

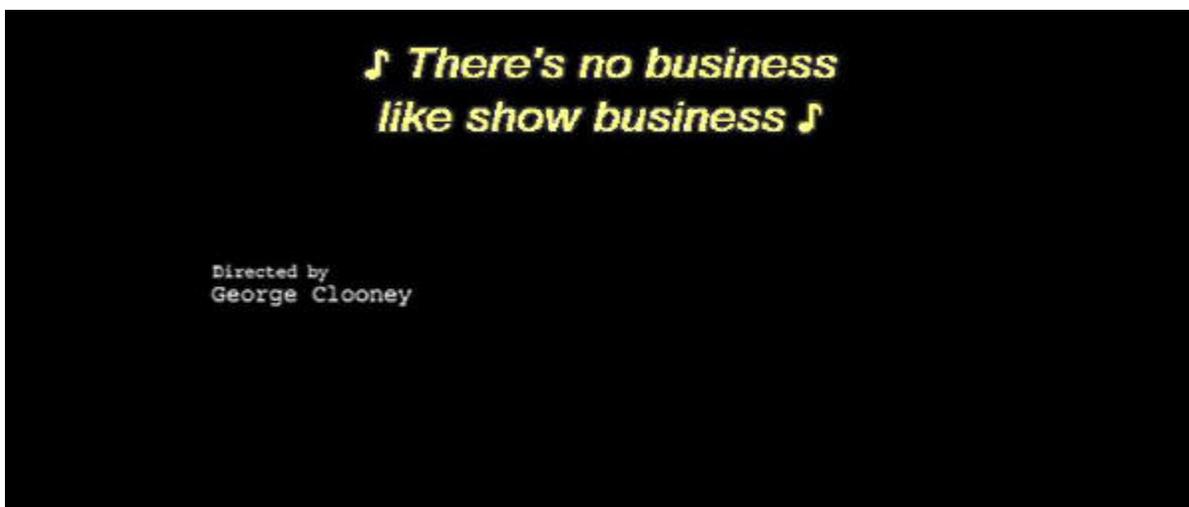


He gets a refrigerator.



CHUCK BARRIS, HOST OF THE GONG SHOW

[Music intro]



There's no business like show business

Directed by George Clooney

♪ *Like no business I know* ♪

Screenplay by
Charlie Kaufman

Like no business I know

Screenplay by Charlie Kaufman

♪ *Everything about it
is appealing* ♪

Based on the book by
Chuck Barris

Everything about it is appealing

Based on the book by Chuck Barris

♪ *Everything
the traffic will allow* ♪

Produced by
Andrew Lazar

Everything the traffic will allow

Produced by Andrew Lazar

♪ *Nowhere can you get
that happy feeling* ♪

Executive Producers
Steven Soderbergh
Rand Ravich

Nowhere can you get that happy feeling

♪ *When you are stealing
that extra bow* ♪

Executive Producers
Bob Weinstein
Harvey Weinstein
Jonathan Gordon
Stephen Evans

Executive Producers Steven Soderbergh, Rand Ravich

When you are stealing that extra bow

Executive Producers: Bob Weinstein, Harvey Weinstein, Jonathan Gordon, Stephen Evans

Directed by George Clooney
Writing Credits (WGA) Chuck Barris ... (book)

Charlie Kaufman ... (screenplay)

Cast (in credits order)

Dick Clark ... Himself
Sam Rockwell ... Chuck Barris

Michelle Sweeney ... J. Sweeney
Drew Barrymore ... Penny
Chelsea Ceci ... Tuvia, Age 8
Michael Cera ... Chuck, Age 8 and 11 (as Michael Céra)
Aimee Rose Ambroziak ... Chuck's Date #1
Isabelle Blais ... Chuck's Date #2
Melissa Carter ... Chuck's Date #3
Jennifer Hall ... Georgia
Ilona Elkin ... Georgia's Girlfriend
Sean Tucker ... Barfly
Jaye P. Morgan ... Herself
Maggie Gyllenhaal ... Debbie
David Julian Hirsh ... Freddie Cannon (as David Hirsh)
Jerry Weintraub ... Larry Goldberg
George Clooney ... Jim Byrd
Frank Fontaine ... ABC Executive
Rachelle Lefevre ... Tuvia, Age 25
Gene Patton ... Himself (as Gene Gene Patton)
Robert John Burke ... Instructor Jenks
Daniel Zacapa ... Renda
Emilio Rivera ... Benitez
Carlos Carrasco ... Brazioni
Barbara Bacci ... Woman in Veil
Janet Lane ... Blonde Bachelorette
Shaun Balbar ... Beanpole Bachelor
Jeff Lefebvre ... Frizzy Hair Bachelor
Michael Filipowich ... Handsome Bachelor
Samantha Kaine ... Black Bachelorette (as Samantha Banton)
Christian Paul ... Black Bachelor
Jim Lange ... Himself
Kristen Wilson ... Loretta
Steve Adams ... Dating Game Director
Maria Bertrand ... Stud Bachelorette
J. Todd Anderson ... Stud Bachelor (as John Todd Anderson)
Brad Pitt ... Brad, Bachelor #1
Matt Damon ... Matt, Bachelor #2
Murray Langston ... Actual Unknown Comic
Marlida Ferreira ... Woman in Pub
Julia Roberts ... Patricia Watson
Jérôme Tiberghien ... Englishman
Michael Ensign ... Simon Oliver
Martin Kevan ... Chuck's Father
Claudia Besso ... Chuck's Mother
Isabelle Juneau ... Amana Girl
Nathalie Morin ... Bachelorette Winner
Tony Zanca ... Bachelor Winner

Sergei Priselkov ... Shaving Man
Rutger Hauer ... Keeler
Norman Roy ... Colbert
Marlene Fisher ... Casting Executive Woman
Richard Kind ... Casting Executive Man
Suyun Kim ... Asian Folksinger #1
Shu Lan Tuan ... Asian Folksinger #2 (as Shulan Noma)
Andre Minicozzi ... Gong Show Band
Richard Beaudet ... Gong Show Band
Ron Di Lauro ... Gong Show Band
Peter N. Wilson ... Gong Show Band
Bruce Pepper ... Gong Show Band
Francois St-Pierre ... Gong Show Band
Bridget Powers ... Little Person (as Cheryl Murphy)
Krista Allen ... Pretty Woman
George Randolph ... Gene Gene
Pascale Devigne ... Critic (as Pascale De Vigne)
Carlo Berardinucci ... Waiter
Tanya Anthony ... Prostitute
Andy Quesnel ... Gong Show Model (as Andrée-Anne Quesnel)
Keshav Patel ... Elvis Singer
James Urbaniak ... Rod Flexner
Leslie Cottle ... L.A. Bar Woman
Dino Tosques ... L.A. Bartender
Joe Cobden ... Unknown Comic
Ethan Thomas C. Dempster ... Chuck, Age 3
Tommy Hinkley ... Hambone Man
Bill Corday ... Justice of the Peace
Chuck Barris ... Himself - Present Day
Rest of cast listed alphabetically:
Claire Brosseau ... Office Worker (uncredited)
Vikki Carr ... Singer (uncredited)
Veronica Chanel ... (uncredited)
Olga Chrzanowska ... Bachelorette (uncredited)
Sally Cleford ... Bachelorette in Blue (uncredited)
Darcy Donavan ... Playmate (uncredited)
Joey Elias ... Drunk (uncredited)
Bob Eubanks ... Himself (archive footage) (uncredited)
Jamie Farr ... Himself (archive footage) (uncredited)
Akiva Goldsman ... Playboy Party Guest (uncredited)
Benoit Guerin ... Jim Byrd Lookalike (uncredited)
Dale Hayes ... NBC Clerk (uncredited)
Mariah Inger ... Principal (uncredited)
Arte Johnson ... Himself (archive footage) (uncredited)
Krista Morin ... Bachelorette in Yellow (uncredited)
Mike Paterson ... Employee #3 (uncredited)

Conrad Pla ... Large Man (uncredited)
Robert Reynolds ... Boardroom Personnel (uncredited)
Anna Silk ... Headset Woman (uncredited)
Sarah Smyth ... Tina (uncredited)
Monika Spruch ... Playboy model (uncredited)
Linda Tomassone ... Monica (uncredited)
Malcolm Travis ... Berlin Contestant #1 (uncredited)
Alicia Westelman ... Employee (uncredited)
Jennifer Rae Westley ... Roommate (uncredited)
Brian D. Wright ... Gong Show Technician (uncredited)
Produced by Amy Minda Cohen ... associate producer
Stephen Evans ... executive producer
Jonathan Gordon ... executive producer
Gym Hinderer ... associate producer
Andrew Lazar ... producer
Rand Ravich ... executive producer
Far Shariat ... co-executive producer
Steven Soderbergh ... executive producer
Jeffrey Sudzin ... co-producer
Bob Weinstein ... executive producer
Harvey Weinstein ... executive producer
Music by Alex Wurman
Cinematography by Newton Thomas Sigel
Film Editing by Stephen Mirrione
Casting By Ellen Chenoweth
Production Design by James D. Bissell
Art Direction by Isabelle Guay ... supervising art director
Nicolas Lepage
Jean-Pierre Paquet
Set Decoration by Louis Dandonneau
Anne Galéa
Robert Greenfield
Costume Design by Renée April
Makeup Department Steven E. Anderson ... makeup artist: Los Angeles
Ela Barczewska ... makeup artist (as Elizabeth Barczewska)
Anita Brabec ... makeup artist
Barbara Cantu ... hair stylist
Julie Casault ... assistant makeup artist: extras
Bonnie Clevering ... hair stylist: Julia Roberts
Richard Dean ... makeup artist: Julia Roberts
Jean-Jacques Dion ... hair stylist
Stephan Dupuis ... makeup department head
Réjean Forget ... key hair stylist
Kimberly Greene ... makeup artist: Drew Barrymore
Martin Lapointe ... hair stylist: extras
Félix Larivière ... hair stylist

Christine Larocque ... wig maker
Catherine Lavoie ... assistant makeup artist: extras
Kay Majerus ... additional hair stylist
Cat'Ania McCoy-Howze ... makeup artist
Julie Mignot ... assistant makeup artist: extras
Barbara Olvera ... hair stylist: Drew Barrymore
Denis Parent ... hair stylist
Angel Radefeld ... body makeup artist
Cécile Rigault ... assistant makeup artist
Waldo Sanchez ... hair stylist: Sam Rockwell & George Clooney
Micheline Trépanier ... key makeup artist
Nathalie Trépanier ... assistant makeup artist: head of extras department
Production Management Pierre Guay ... assistant unit manager
Pearl A. Lucero ... production supervisor
Gilles Perreault ... unit manager
Josette Perrotta ... unit production manager
Jeffrey Sudzin ... unit production manager
Second Unit Director or Assistant Director Anne Alloucherie ... second assistant director
Melissa V. Barnes ... second assistant director: U.S. and Mexico
Fabrice Barrilliet ... third assistant director
Simon Dugas ... assistant director
Agnieszka Kroskowska ... second second assistant director (as Agnieszka Poninska)
Marisol 'Ari' Oyola ... dga trainee: Los Angeles
Kenneth Roth ... second second assistant director
David J. Webb ... first assistant director
Art Department J. Todd Anderson ... storyboard artist
Serge Archambault ... head scenic artist
Charles-André Bertrand ... product placement coordinator
Michel Brochu ... construction supervisor
Gae S. Buckley ... art director: Los Angeles
Fabrice Callegher ... assistant property master
Real Capuano ... scenic technician
Simon Chamberland ... property master
Frederic Chamoro ... set dresser
Stephen Craig ... scenic painter
Louis Dandonneau ... set dresser
Fannie Duguay-Lefebvre ... set designer
Marcel Pierre Dussol ... props
Rusty Gray ... set dresser (as Rusty Schmidt)
Jonathan R. Hodges ... property master: USA
Courtney Jackson ... assistant property master
Alexandre Juneau ... set dresser
Jean-François Kelahear ... stand-by scenic painter
Michael Kocurek ... carpenter
Cynthia La Jeunesse ... buyer
Helene Lamarre ... art coordinator

Jim Landis ... set dresser
Étienne Lapointe-Proulx ... property master / property master: Canada, USA, Mexico (as
Etienne Proulx)
Félix Larivière-Charron ... set designer
Raymond Larose ... set designer
Jean-Pierre Lavoie ... set designer
Carl Lessard ... graphic designer
Nathalie Lortie ... set designer
Josée Létourneau ... assistant head scenic
Russell Moore ... set designer
Nashon Petrushkin ... set dresser
Benoit Robert ... set dresser
Benoit Robitaille ... swing gang
Jocelyne St-Pierre ... assistant graphic designer
Angela Stauffer ... art department coordinator: Los Angeles
John Stone ... construction coordinator
Sheila Thomas ... painter
Lucie Tremblay ... set designer
André Valade ... assistant property master
Mark Weissenfluh ... co-leadman
Quinn Yarbrough ... set dresser
Paul Le Maire ... set dresser (uncredited)
Ara Soudjian ... art department assistant (uncredited)
Sound Department Steve Bartkowicz ... re-recording engineer
Eddie Bydalek ... sound mix technician
Mike Chock ... sound effects editor
Matt Colleran ... sound recordist
Julie Feiner ... sound effects editor
Daniel Fontaine-Bégin ... adr recordist
Aaron Glascock ... supervising sound editor
Michael Minkler ... sound re-recording mixer
Oscar Mitt ... assistant sound editor
Myron Nettinga ... sound re-recording mixer
Kira Roessler ... dialog editor
Curt Schulkey ... supervising sound editor
George Simpson ... sound effects editor
Clint Smith ... post sound intern
John Joseph Thomas ... sound editor
Edward Tise ... production sound mixer
Marvin Walowitz ... sound effects editor
Keenan Wyatt ... boom operator
Robert Matthew Doyle ... sound editorial intern (uncredited)
Linda Lew ... foley recordist (uncredited)
Special Effects by Louis Craig ... special effects supervisor
Mario Dumont ... special effects senior technician
André Laforest ... special effects technician

P. David Miller ... special effects crew (as Paul D. Miller)
Eric-André Paquin ... special effects technician
Michael Petrucci ... special effects technician
Pierre 'Bill' Rivard ... special effects coordinator
Christian Rivest ... special effects technician
Philippe Roberge ... special effects technician
Martin Simon ... special effects
Eric Thivierge ... special effects makeup
Martin Williams ... special effects rigger
Visual Effects by Frank D'Iorio ... digital compositor
Don Greenberg ... digital effects artist
Melanie La Rue ... visual effects producer: Buzz
Andre U. Montambeault ... digital compositor
Louis Morin ... visual effects supervisor
Juliette Mourez ... digital compositor
Jaime Norman ... visual effects coordinator
Stefano Trivelli ... senior compositor: R!OT Pictures (uncredited)
Stunts Mike Chute ... stunts
Stéphane Lefebvre ... stunts
Karine Lemieux ... stunt performer
Brad Martin ... stunt coordinator
Michael Scherer ... stunt coordinator
Philippe Soucy ... stunts
Camera and Electrical Department Mark Agostino ... video assist operator
Eric Aubin ... second assistant camera: "b" camera
Robert Baird ... assistant camera
Wayne Baker ... assistant camera
Mireille Baril ... electrician / lighting board operator
Robert B. Baylis ... key grip
Michel Bernier ... first assistant camera: "b" camera
Marc Bonin ... electrician
Bryan Booth ... rigging gaffer: Los Angeles
Roch Boucher ... second assistant camera
Bill Brao ... camera operator: Los Angeles
André Bélaieff ... generator operator
Frédéric Chabot ... electrician
Joost Clerinx ... daily grip
Richard Complaisance ... rigging grip
Daniel Dallaire ... electrician
Pierre Daudelin ... electrician
Benoit Descary ... camera loader
Amelie Duceppe ... camera trainee
Eames Gagnon ... rigging gaffer: Canada
Gilbert Gagnon ... electrician
Julie Garceau ... video assist operator
Lisa Guerriero ... second assistant camera: "a" camera

John Harris ... pre-light electrician
Tom Hutchinson ... second assistant camera
Jimmy E. Jensen ... assistant camera
Sylvain Jouvét ... electrician
Soupharak Keoborakoth ... camera trainee
François Legris ... electrician
Jean Levasseur ... electrician
John Lewin ... gaffer: Canada
Michael Lowrance ... electrician
Alain Masse ... dolly grip
Gilles Mayer ... lighting rigging coordinator
Tim Merkel ... Steadicam operator / camera operator: "b" camera
Yann Mongrain ... 24 frame video operator
Juan Morse ... set lighting technician
Anthony G. Nakonechnyj ... gaffer
Max Neal ... assistant camera
Dara Norman ... rigging electric
Richard Paré ... rigging electrician
Mathieu Price ... daily grip
Derick Pritchard ... lighting technician
Patrick Rainville ... best boy rigging gaffer
Ben Rekhi ... additional still photographer
Louis Richard ... electrician
Jeff Scott ... best boy electric
Takashi Seida ... still photographer
Nicolas Venne ... best boy rigging gaffer
Chris Wagganer ... video assist operator
Roger Robichaud ... rigging electrician (uncredited)
Casting Department Susie Farris ... casting associate
Sara Kay ... casting assistant: Toronto
Larissa Mair ... casting assistant
Mike Migliara ... casting associate: Mike Migliara
Bruno Rosato ... casting associate
Aldo Tirelli ... casting: Canada
Costume and Wardrobe Department Julie Amyot ... assistant wardrobe
Sophie Beasse ... key dresser
Susi Campos ... costumer
Mary Iannelli ... costumer (as Mary White)
Azmin Jaffer ... dresser: Mr Rockwell
Robert Q. Mathews ... costume supervisor: USA
Nino ... costumer
Eva Prappas ... set costumer
Damien Quinn ... costumer
Kenn Smiley ... key costumer: USA
Fran Vega-Buck ... costumer: Julia Roberts
Editorial Department Douglas Crise ... first assistant editor

Tony Dustin ... assistant digital film colorist
Tracie Gemmel ... assistant editor
Nicolae Ilies ... colorist: dailies
Stephanie Ito ... digital intermediate producer
Denise Marquez ... apprentice editor
Stephen Nakamura ... digital colorist
Keith H. Sauter ... assistant editor
Music Department Suzanne Coffman ... music clearance
Steve Durkee ... score mixer
Luyanda T. Kunene ... assistant to composer
Stephen Lotwis ... music editor
Joe Rangel ... music supervisor
Andrew Silver ... supervising music editor
Randy Spendlove ... executive in charge of music
Peter Thomas ... composer: additional music
Jim Schultz ... music editor (uncredited)
Transportation Department Robert Dulys ... driver: Los Angeles
Réal Hamel ... picture car coordinator
Ron Hardman ... transportation coordinator: Los Angeles
Spiro Tsovras ... driver: Mr.Clooney
Other crew Carolin Amiel ... production assistant
Debra Leilani Bakeman ... medic
Chuck Barris ... consultant
Anne Brosseau ... production coordinator
Brumby Broussard ... assistant: Julia Roberts
Anouska Chydzik ... assistant: Andrew Lazar
Judy Heinzen Culotta ... key assistant location manager (as Judy Heinzen)
Mélanie Côté ... assistant location manager
Céline Daignault ... location manager
Joseph J. Dawson ... stand-in: George Clooney
Matt DiFranco ... assistant production coordinator: Los Angeles
André Déry ... production assistant
Josée Francis ... assistant location manager
Mark A. Freid ... location assistant: Los Angeles
John Gaskin ... production auditor
Ellen Gessert ... location manager: Los Angeles
Chrissy Gilmartin ... production assistant
David Greenbaum ... executive assistant: Harvey Weinstein
Benoit Guerin ... stand-in: George Clooney, Montreal
Pierre Guevremont ... production accountant
Nancy Haecker ... location manager: Mexico/Arizona
Marc W. Havener ... set production assistant
Travis Hills ... set production assistant: Los Angeles
Pamela Hilse ... production coordinator: Los Angeles
Jean-Patrick Joseph ... special equipment supplier
Sotos Katakos ... paymaster

Spiri Katerelos ... second assistant accountant
Gordon Katz ... trainer: Mr. Rockwell
Rafael Kayanan ... trainer: Mr. Rockwell
Thomas Kier ... trainer: Mr. Rockwell
Marie La Haye ... continuity / script supervisor
David Lear ... production assistant
Sandra Lee ... product placement & marketing (as Sandra Gabrych)
Cara Leibovitz ... unit publicist
Josianne Mailloux ... production office assistant
Julie Mankowski ... production accountant
Sylvie Martin ... production secretary
Angel McConnell ... assistant: George Clooney
Chris Miller ... assistant: Drew Barrymore (as Christopher Miller)
Patrick Paeper ... assistant: Sam Rockwell
Denis Paquette ... assistant location manager
Edward Poveda ... payroll accountant
Deborah Ricketts ... stock footage researcher
Eric Ian Robinson ... assistant: Harvey Weinstein
Chad Saxton ... set production assistant: Los Angeles
Peter G. Smith ... production assistant
Tyler Thornberg ... production assistant
Marie-Pierre Tétreault ... 24 frame video coordinator
Miri Yoon ... assistant: Andrew Lazar
Edward Fuller ... stand-in: Mr. Rockwell, Montreal (uncredited)
Anthony Gore ... post-production delivery (uncredited)
Steven Jetton ... layout board (uncredited)
Daniel Veluzat ... location liaison (uncredited)