

"Dream Come True"

STATIC - COLOR BARS & TONE

Title Card:

Arkham Asylum

Psychiatric Rehabilitation Program

Patient #4479

Property of Doctor H. Quinzel

STATIC

INT. PSYCHIATRIC THERAPY WARD

The Joker sits, confined to a straight-jacket, frowning. Behind him LYLE BOLTON stands guard as head of security.

JOKER

Is this really necessary?

The voice of Dr. Quinzel is deflective, trying to remain professional.

DR. QUINZEL

The guard or the straightjacket?

JOKER

Uh...

(looking behind him)

Both. I was hoping to have you all to myself.

Lyle unfolds his arms and moves closer, protectively.

DR. QUINZEL

Dr. Quinzel overseeing patient 4479, Security officer Lyle Bolton is present for this session due to last night's incident.

JOKER

Lyle? That's a girl's name. If I had a daughter, that's what I'd name her. It's a compliment.

DR. QUINZEL

We need to discuss what happened last night.

JOKER
Did you get your gift?

There is a pause.

DR. QUINZEL
(controlling her anger)
Are you expecting a thank you card
for the dead body left on my desk?

JOKER
I'm not opposed to letter writing.
We could be pen pals!

Lyle reaches out and pulls Joker back down into his seat.

LYLE
Stay in your seat.

DR. QUINZEL
We're not going to tolerate this
kind of behavior.

JOKER
All right, no more dead Steves left
in your office. I'm sorry.
(pauses, then turns)
But dead Lyles on the other hand...

Lyle again turns him in his seat and shoves him forward.

LYLE
Keep facing forward.

DR. QUINZEL
Do you have any idea how this is
going to effect the DA's decision?
This plays right into Fields'
hands. I can't help you if you're
just going to make things worse for
yourself.

JOKER
Funny thing, DAs just don't seem to
last very long in this town. Nope.

DR. QUINZEL
Do you have any remorse for killing
that man? Any guilt at all?

JOKER
Why should I feel that?

DR. QUINZEL

Then your subconscious is not only repressed it's-

JOKER

My subconscious? You don't wanna know what my subconscious thinks up.

(leaning forward)

My waking hours are bad enough.

Lyle, having enough, takes Joker by the shoulder and shoves him down in his chair.

LYLE

Last warning before you could put in lock-up.

DR. QUINZEL

Why didn't you try to escape after getting out of your cell?

JOKER

I'll tell you all about it, just as soon as you call off the ape. I want... him gone. I want, I want him gone.

There is a long pause.

DR. QUINZEL

Bolton, can you give us a minute. It's fine.

Bolton leaves and a smile slowly forms on Joker's face. The door slams.

JOKER

I didn't want to escape. I wanted to help you. That's the whole point of therapy isn't it.

DR. QUINZEL

I'm not the one who needs help.

JOKER

Don't talk like that. Everyone needs help sometimes.

DR. QUINZEL

And right now it's you. Fields from the DAs office has been here all night going through our files, watching these sessions and he is going to see exactly what you're trying to do.

JOKER

Why are you still here?

There is a pause.

DR. QUINZEL

I'm your doctor.

JOKER

In any other relationship, this would be time to pack up, change locks, get out. But you're still here. I understand the reason you started these session. The mystery, the fame, respect of your colleagues if you somehow cured me. But in case you didn't notice... a man's dead because of you.

DR. QUINZEL

You are not making me responsible-

JOKER

(interrupting)

Responsible? I think it's cute how we're finishing each other's sentences now.

A moment of stunned silence.

DR. QUINZEL

(disgusted)

You're unbearable.

A look of surprise comes over his face.

JOKER

That reminds me. I had two dreams last night. The first one had you in it... But it's probably not the best time to mention that. In the second one, I go bear hunting. At the Gotham City Zoo. Where else am I gonna find a bear?

(MORE)

JOKER (CONT'D)

It isn't long before a great big grizzly is in my sights. I take aim... and BAM, I get him. I walk over and take out my hunting knife. I start cutting into it, and I realize something's wrong. It's not a bear. It's a man, wearing a bear costume. And I'm not at the zoo anymore, I'm at a theme park. And kids are running, screaming everywhere. I figure, why stop now. I drag the body and strap it to the hood of my car, get back to the hunting lodge... And... I skin him. Like a great big bear rug for the front of the fireplace.

DR. QUINZEL

(quietly)

Is this a game to you?

(pausing, looking at each other)

I have risked everything on treating you. I had to fight for these sessions. No one at Arkham thinks I'll be able to change anything. If I fail, they'll just throw you to the next one in line. But where does that leave me?

The door suddenly swings open and Lyle Bolton steps inside.

LYLE

We need to take him out of here now.

Extremely nervous about her outburst, Quinzel tries to regain her composure.

DR. QUINZEL

(clearing throat)

Why, what's the problem?

LYLE

We found the body of Vernon Fields in the president's office. Skinned like some sort of animal. We need to question him.

JOKER

Me? I was with her the whole time?

He holds up his hands, suddenly free of the straight-jacket. He stares down at his hands.

JOKER (CONT'D)
I guess I sleep walk.

The guards rush in, grabbing hold of him as they struggle to drag him out.

JOKER (CONT'D)
Good news is... I don't snore!

Laughing as he is dragged out the door is slammed.

In the silence, Harleen breathes heavily, turning off the camera.