

"An Apple a Day"

STATIC - COLOR BARS & TONE

Title Card:

Arkham Asylum

Psychiatric Rehabilitation Program

Patient #4479

Property of Doctor H. Quinzel

STATIC

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM CAFETERIA

The Joker sits relaxed at the cafeteria table, wearing a white t-shirt. His face is bruised from the recent attack and his make up is smeared and starting to run off. He is staring intently across the table at the unseen Harleen Quinzel.

DR. QUINZEL

I take it you missed me.

JOKER

Was it that obvious?

They hold the stare for a moment longer. Stepping next to him, Jeremiah Arkham sets a tray of food down in front of the Joker.

JEREMIAH

There you are. I thought after what happened a change of scenery was in order.

He takes a breath, still in trying to feign a jovial mood.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

And again, I wanted to make sure we're clear that the staff at Arkham and myself are thinking in your best interest and safety. We just wanted to make sure you're alright!

He awkwardly attempts patting Joker on the shoulder with a forced laugh, as if they are friends now. The Joker joins him in the awkward chuckle, almost mocking him.

Patting the table which makes several jump. Off screen, someone hands Arkham a clip-board.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

And again we're just making sure that you have decided not to press charges against Dr. Hugo Strange or the hospital?

JOKER

Uh-huh.

Joker elbows him friendly in the ribs. Arkham jolts, flinching, but laughs it off.

JEREMIAH

Oh, you got me there. We'll just have you sign this here, if that's alright.

He reaches in to his coat and takes out a pen and hands it to the Joker, holding out the sheet to sign on the clip board. Joker stares at the pen, then up at Harleen the slowly up at Arkham, almost asking if this is for real. Joker scribbles on the paper and Arkham pulls it away quickly taking the pen.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

That's good. Well, enjoy your lunch and the session. Ah, is there anything I can get you Dr. Quinzel?

DR. QUINZEL

No, thank you. I'm fine.

JEREMIAH

And how about you, is there anything else-

JOKER

Nope, we're fine. We don't need a chaperone.

Arkham laughs it off and exits. Joker stares over at Quinzel.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Well?

DR. QUINZEL

Well what?

JOKER

Aren't you gonna say it?

DR. QUINZEL

Say what?

JOKER

Dr. Quinzel overseeing Patient  
#4479 blah blah blah.

DR. QUINZEL

I don't think there's much point in  
following protocol. I mean look  
where we are. Pulling you out of  
high-security and moving you into  
the cafeteria with the nonviolent  
crowd is pretty unethical.

JOKER

I've never been a fan of ethical.

DR. QUINZEL

You do see what they're doing,  
don't you?

JOKER

No.

DR. QUINZEL

They're trying to get on your good  
side.

JOKER

That's ridiculous. I don't have a  
good side.

DR. QUINZEL

Lowering security, compromising  
rules, reinstating me as your  
doctor, it's all about image. I've  
even heard you've been asked to  
give interviews.

JOKER

I like the attention. You do too,  
I noticed your picture in the paper  
a couple of times as well. Went a  
little heavy on the eyeliner if you  
ask me. Is that my influence?

DR. QUINZEL

Jeremiah Arkham's unorthodox  
methods is the root of the problem.

(MORE)

DR. QUINZEL (CONT'D)

It's the same reason they've allowed you to keep wearing your make up.

JOKER

They didn't when I first got here. They turned the fire houses on me, gave me a scrub-down. But then I stole some shoe-polish for my eyes, and traded Jonathan Crane for some baby-powder to make into face paint. At least... it looked like baby-powder. Funny thing is, I could not find anyone crazy enough to trade me lipstick. So I had to bite a guards finger off and use that instead. After that, they pretty much gave me as many make up products as I wanted.

DR. QUINZEL

That's exactly what I'm talking about. The staff here is practically catering to the madness. Arkham's belief that allowing patients to give up their masks or obsessions in their own time doesn't work.

Jonathan Crane enters, setting his own tray and fork down next to the Joker and sits down, wearing his Scarecrow mask.

DR. QUINZEL (CONT'D)

It's not the way to treat these people. I understand the principle. Having patients work towards these goals. Granted there is going to come a point where their obsessions, like a mask, are going to interfere with basic human functions.

They pause, looking over at Scarecrow who has raises his sandwich to his mouth but has also stopped, unable to eat with his mask still on.

JOKER

Crane.

JONATHAN CRANE

Clown.

Crane pulls off his mask to reveal his face as he takes a bite of his sandwich.

JOKER

I didn't think the rules applied to Dr. Arkham's favorite here. What's it like being the teacher's pet?

JONATHAN CRANE

Speaking of picking favorites, how are you doing Dr. Quinzel? Are you enjoying the view from my former office?

DR. QUINZEL

I don't know. I'm rarely in it. I'm busy doing the job that you failed to do.

JONATHAN CRANE

Doesn't look like you're doing your job now. This looks more like a date to me. Is the company buying?

DR. QUINZEL

Oh that's right, when you used to ask me out you always planned on splitting the bill.

JOKER

You two used to date?

DR. QUINZEL

I was never that desperate.

JONATHAN CRANE

No? I was a much better choice then the med student she's with now.

JOKER

Why don't you find another table, Mr. Potato Head. This is my session time.

Joker hands him his mask and Crane picks up his tray to get up.

JONATHAN CRANE

Careful with this one, Quinzel. He's not faking.

JOKER

Funny, neither is she.

Crane exits, leaving the two of them alone.

JOKER (CONT'D)  
So... You are seeing someone.

DR. QUINZEL  
Yes. I'm... engaged.

JOKER  
What's the guy's name?

She pauses, uncertain.

DR. QUINZEL  
His name is Guy.

JOKER  
Guy? That's a g- That's  
definitely a guy's name. What's he  
do?

Joker goes back to eating, digging his fingers into his food.

DR. QUINZEL  
He's a med student, like I was.  
That's where we met. Here.

She slides Crane's fork over to him after noticing the Joker  
is eating with his hands. He stares.

JOKER  
Are you sure?

DR. QUINZEL  
Of course. There's no reason to  
treat you like an animal.

The Joker eyes the fork, then back up to Quinzel.

JOKER  
Do you love him?

There's another awkward pause.

DR. QUINZEL  
I don't think that's an appropriate-

JOKER  
That's a lot of hesitation for a  
simple yes or no question.

DR. QUINZEL  
Maybe it's not that simple.

JOKER

Of course it is. You see something you want. You take it. By force if necessary.

DR. QUINZEL

That's not love.

JOKER

Define your terms. You obviously love your job. And I'm guessing you had to take that by force.

DR. QUINZEL

That's a different kind of love.

JOKER

Well, life is full of temptations. Want a bite?

He holds up the apple, licking his lips like a serpent.

DR. QUINZEL

As tempting as that sounds... I happen to like getting away from here, and going to a place of normality. Someplace that feels like home.

JOKER

There's no place like home.

Joker sets the apple down, but it rolls off the tray and across the table, falling to the floor. Quinzel goes to get it. Joker looks to the camera and holds up the fork. He covers it with his hands and makes it disappear just as Harleen sits back down and sets the apple on his tray.

He smiles, then takes a big bite.

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