

STATIC

INT. PSYCHIATRIC THERAPY WARD

The empty chair is shown at the familiar table. The Joker enters, sitting down to reveal that he is dressed in his custom clothes, without the coat. He stares into the camera and takes a deep breath.

JOKER

How 'bout a magic trick?

Reaching over, he pulls out a deck of cards and begins to finger through them. He holds out the deck towards the camera.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Here, pick a card. Any card.

A hand reaches out and picks one out of the group. Joker starts to shuffle the decks twice.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Did you know that shuffling a deck of cards 7 times makes their order completely random?

(shuffles cards)

Takes a lot of work to make things random. Like life.

He shuffles again.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Life is all about how we play the cards we've been dealt. There really are no bad hands. Only bad players.

He shuffles again.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Some people use cards to tell the future. It doesn't work like that. That's just too predictable. Where's the fun if you knew what was gonna happen next?

He shuffles a sixth time.

JOKER (CONT'D)

It always comes down to making a choice. One way or the other.

He shuffles the final time.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Like a fork in the throat. Road.
Fork in the Road. Gary is the one
with the fork in the throat. Who?

Leaning down he returns with a bloody fork which he drops on the table.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Perfect example with Gary over here. DO you think he ever saw that in the cards? I don't think so. The trick is not finding out which card is yours... It's finding which cards you're not.

JOKER (CONT'D)

So let me lay my cards on the table. See where you stack up. Because every card has a meaning.

He pulls out various cards over the next few lines, appropriately.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Four suits. Hearts represent emotions, Spades are for intellect, Diamonds show wealth, and Clubs are for power. Or hitting people.

The cards are all four suits and numbered 4,4,7,9. He sets them down.

JOKER (CONT'D)

So... are you rich like a... Bruce Wayne?

(holds out King of
Diamonds)

No, no.

Maybe you're the Harvey Dent type?

(holds out King of Clubs)

I didn't think so.

(he tears the card in-two)

You're obviously not a Harleen Quinzel.

(throws out the Queen of
Hearts)

How about... the Batman?

(King of Spades)

He continues flinging cards out and at the camera.

JOKER (CONT'D)
Or a Commissioner Gordon?
(Knave of Clubs)
Or Mayor?
(Knave of Diamonds)
Or maybe a doctor like Strange or
Jeremiah Arkham?
(Knave of Spades, then
Hearts)
No.

He shrugs.

JOKER (CONT'D)
Of course those are all face cards.
Not everyone gets to be one of
those. You gotta have your Lyles,
and your Steves, your Bob and Joes.
The butcher, the baker, the
dynamite stick maker.

He throws out a few numbered cards, then sprays out the rest.

JOKER (CONT'D)
The undefined masses. So what are
you going to be? What is it going
to take to separate you from the
rest? To make a difference and
stand out. Or are you just going
to fade away with the rest of the
numbers.

He stands and topples the table over. He then leans in close
to the camera, against the overturned table.

JOKER (CONT'D)
There is only one card that ever
makes any difference. It doesn't
add or take away from any of the
others. It just is.

He flips out the Joker card.

JOKER (CONT'D)
There's one in every deck. It
always shows up when you least
expect it. If you ask me... There
needs to be more wild cards out
there.

He motions towards MAC RODELLO, the camera man, and picks up
his coat.

JOKER (CONT'D)
Bring the camera. We've got work to do.

The camera is picked up and is pulled back and towards the doorway. The Joker circles the table, and crouches over the slowly dying security guard, Henry.

JOKER (CONT'D)
Excuse me, Henry. No, no, don't get up. I just need this...

Unbeknownst to Mac, the Joker takes Henry's gun.

MAC
I'll get this video uploaded tonight.

The camera goes through the doorway and turns back to show the Joker exiting, pulling on his coat.

JOKER
No, no, no. I'll take it from here. Oh... and was this your card?

He holds out the Joker card, stepping back.

MAC
No... mine's the Ace of Spades.

He aims the camera down to focus on the ace of spades in his hand. Moving the camera back up, the Joker is now holding the gun towards the camera.

JOKER
Ta-da!

There is a loud BANG as the gun is fired.

Mac Rodello reels back from the bullet to the chest, the camera dropping with him to the ground.

The camera lands on the floor, the limp hand falling in front of it as a puddle of blood begins to form. The Ace of Spades with a bullet hole through it lands beside him.

The Joker reaches down and finger paints with the blood to form the letters BRB. He hums to himself and walks down the hallway and out the door.