

STATIC

Lyle is filming. We see Jeremiah Arkham, now dressed in a prison uniform, handcuffed. The Joker is in front of him, with a gun. They are all standing on the front porch.

Joker eyes Jeremiah up and down, straightening his collar.

JOKER

I think you'd make a great patient.  
Orange is definitely your color.  
Now. On three, we're all going to  
shout it. Right?

He moves to ring the doorbell.

LYLE

I'm not saying it. It's not even  
Halloween.

JOKER

Spoilsport. Don't worry, Lyle.  
We'll get you a costume soon.

He rings the doorbell. Then rings it several more times. He moves to the side of the doorway to hide.

The door opens and Mrs. Lisa Arkham looks at her husband in confusion, staring at him and the camera.

LISA

Honey... What's going on?

Joker gestures for them to do what they have rehearsed. The camera moves back to Jeremiah. His face is in fear as he tries to warn her.

JEREMIAH

Get inside. Go inside.

Joker sighs, turning around to face her. He grabs her, slamming her into the doorway.

JOKER

Trick or Treat!

She falls down, stunned and in pain. Arkham runs towards her in rage. Joker holds up the gun.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Ah, uh-uh...

He digs into his pocket, pulling out the picture of his wife. He compares it to her as she's on the floor.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Found her! Do you know how long  
I've been waiting to meet you?

He begins dragging her down the hallway. Lyle and the  
furious Arkham follow.

STATIC