

INT. DINNING ROOM - NIGHT

The camera starts on the words Dinner With The Arkhams being written in blood on a white coat. We hear sobbing in the background and Classical Music playing.

JOKER

You're doing great, Lyle. Just keep your hands on the camera. Try anything and I'll cut one of them. I'll cut her.

The camera zooms out, Joker pushes the dead chef off the table to reveal Dr. and Mrs. Arkham, bound to their chairs at the candle-lit dinner table.

The Joker walks over to stand between them. He is wearing a chef's apron with 'Killed the Chef' scrawled on it, with a napkin over his sleeve.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Bonjour Madame and Monsieur, welcome to Cafe de Arkham. I'll be your chef for the evening. As you can see, I've given your cook the night off. Are you ready to order?

He tears the duct tape off of Jeremiah's face, who grunts from the sharp pain. He breaths heavily in fear for the two of them. Joker leans over to Mrs. Arkham.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Do you know what you'd like?

Mrs. Arkham stifles a scream from beneath the tape. The Joker frowns.

JOKER (CONT'D)

I don't think we serve that here. How about you, Larry?

He pauses. No answer.

JOKER (CONT'D)

How about I just bring everyone the special?

He walks off briefly and returns with the tray, slamming it down loudly on the table.

JOKER (CONT'D)

The Piece de Resistance. I hope you both like rabbit.

He pulls off the cover to the plate, revealing Carrots the Bunny. He begins sharpening a knife. Mrs. Arkham begins to moan in fear.

JOKER (CONT'D)
 Stop that, Shhh, shh. You're being a chicken. And chicken's not on the menu tonight.

He leans down and places a chicken mask over Mrs. Arkham's face. He then turns back to Jeremiah.

JOKER (CONT'D)
 (gestures to the bunny)
 Now, you probably recognize him from your office. It compliments your dish, since I've prepared your favorite. Eggs...

He removes the cover of Jeremiah's dish to reveal the Easter basket with the eggs.

JOKER (CONT'D)
 Speaking of, which do you think died first, the chicken or the egg? Believe me, that'll keep you up all night. To the point where you want to poke out your own eyes.

Arkham has had all he can take.

JEREMIAH
 Whatever you're going to do to me, get it over with. Just let my wife go.

JOKER
 Your wife this, your wife that. It's always about you isn't it? Stay out of my office, don't take the picture of my wife. Don't go back into my office. Give me back the picture of my wife. Me, me, me, me.

JEREMIAH
 I only want to make sure she's safe.

JOKER
 So you really love her, huh? Let's put that to the test. Here, try an egg.

He shoves an egg into Arkham's mouth and duct tapes it shut. Arkham tries to resist. He begins to cut his arms free of the chair.

JOKER (CONT'D)
And don't talk with your mouth full. Where are your manners? Always start with the fork... farthest from you.

He places a fork in Arkham's hand, and then duct-tapes his hands around it.

JOKER (CONT'D)
Now, we're going to solve that mystery tonight. Which comes first for you. Your chicken... Or your eggs.

He pauses, pointing from Arkham's wife to his plate.

JOKER (CONT'D)
If you don't put... all the eggs in one basket. I'm going to kill your wife. Oh, and by eggs I mean your eyes.

There is a long pause. Jeremiah can only stare up at him.

JOKER (CONT'D)
C'mon. Put your eyes... into the basket.

He taps at Arkham's bound hands, urging him to use the fork.

JOKER (CONT'D)
Can't do it, huh?

He sighs, picking up the knife.

JOKER (CONT'D)
I guess it's chicken then.

He takes Mrs. Arkham's head and tilts it back, going to cut her throat with the sharpened knife. Jeremiah drops the fork and begs through the duct tape for his wife's life.

JOKER (CONT'D)
Fine.

Joker drops the knife down. And pulls off her mask.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Tell you what. Even though you've ruined dinner... You don't have to take out your eyes. I'll even let you see your wife again. But you have to do everything that I tell you to do.

He places an arm around each of them, pulling the family in close.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Just like a good marriage that's built on trust. I need someone that I can trust...

(to Jeremiah)

Can I trust you?

Jeremiah nods his head, shakily.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Good! Well. We've got a bachelor's party to get to. But don't worry. I'll have him back by midnight. I'll have to. Because if I don't...

He removes her tray cover, revealing the ticking bomb. At this, Jeremiah begins to yell from behind his duct tape in rage. Mrs. Arkham screams with him.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Oh, you're such a cute couple finishing each other's sentences.

He takes Arkham by the foot and drags him away from the table, still screaming. The Joker reaches out and covers the camera.

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