

PUBLIC ENEMY
(Proof of Concept)

by
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EXT. RIKERS ISLAND, THE BRONX, NY. 2018.

We open with a bird's eye view of the infamous hellhole of an island, inhabited by more than 15,000 of New York's most ruthless, dirtiest, and deadliest caged animals. Zooming in closer, we see a dirty black bus pull up in front of the dark, foggy penal colony. The bus door opens and a small platoon of guards exit the vehicle, surrounding a heavily shackled man like Secret Service protecting The President. The man in the middle walks toward the facility with his head hung low, his mouth strapped inside a muzzle that covers most of his facial features.

CUT TO:

INT. RIKERS ISLAND, THE BRONX, NY. 2018.

The guards escort him inside for processing and begin to remove his shackles. The second they remove his handcuffs, the inmate grabs the closest guard and begins to garrote them with his chains. The other guards rush in with night sticks and tasers and overpower the inmate to the ground, still beating on him as he lies tucked in the fetal position.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPTON, LOS ANGELES, CA. 1996.

We go back to South Central LA in the mid 90s. Various exterior shots of the raw Los Angeles ghetto gives us a blunt introduction to South Central; graffiti, crackhouses, homeless wandering the streets, drug addicts, prostitutes, GANGS. We turn our focus to a small apartment building in the heart of the hood.

CUT TO:

INT. VELASQUEZ RESIDENCE. COMPTON, LOS ANGELES, CA. 1996.

Once we're in the living room, we get a glimpse of the dirty, lightly furnished, low income household. On an end table are 5 Day Eviction Notices, overdue utility bills, and letters of repossession. We also see various posters of Richard Pryor, Bill Cosby, Redd Foxx, Eddie Murphy, Cheech & Chong adorn the walls of the smoky, dimly lit room. We find two giggling young brothers sitting together in front of a rather small television. One of

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the boys has deep mahogany skin and a small black afro while the other looks just like him but he lacks the pigmentation his twin brother has. "Martin" is playing on TV when a breaking news story interrupts the sitcom. The brothers moan in irritation and disgust.

NEWS ANCHOR

We interrupt this regularly scheduled programming to bring you breaking news. Dr. Thomas Wayne, co-CEO of Wayne-Fox Industries, and his wife Martha, were brutally gunned down in Downtown LA earlier this evening after leaving a local cinema. Also at the scene was the Wayne's only child, 7 year old Bruce, who witnessed the entire horrific incident. Just when the gunman was about to shoot the youngest Wayne, the LAPD arrived causing the man to flee the scene. The suspect is still at large and is considered armed and very dangerous. The LAPD and CPS decided to place young Bruce in the legal custody of his late father's personal assistant ALFRED PENNYWORTH until a proper hearing is made in the child's hometown of Gotham, NY to decide the boy's fate. Dr. Wayne leaves behind a multi-billion dollar empire which is now only in the hands of his business partner, co-CEO Dr. Lucious Fox. This is a developing story and KTLA 7 will provide you with more details as they come. Please stay tuned.

As the report is going on, a glass ashtray is thrown and shatters against a wall near the boys who recoil with fear. We only see the back view of an albino, afro-latino man in his 30s, wearing only boxer shorts, walking into the living room, a black leather belt in his hand, making a beeline toward the two.

CUT TO:

INT. RIKERS ISLAND, THE BRONX, NY. 2018.

The colorless inmate is dragged into another room where correctional officers wearing rubber gloves proceed to strip the wild inmate naked. A mural of gang tattoos emblazon his pasty, wiry exterior. The officers hold his arms and legs in place and conduct the introductory full cavity search, spreading his buttocks, using a small flashlight and two lubricated fingers to peer into his anus, and grabbing and lifting up his penis and testicles. The officer doing the genital inspection has the misfortune of getting caught in a figure four headlock by the nude, unruly inmate. The guards once again have to rush in to subdue him, this time armed with syringes filled with strong sedatives that knock the man out in a matter of seconds.

CUT TO:

INT. VELASQUEZ RESIDENCE. COMPTON, LOS ANGELES, CA. 1996.

Still firmly gripping the belt, the man of the house, JACK VELASQUEZ, saunters away from his sons in drunken dominance like a ghost returning to the Underworld. The boys, bloody and covered in welts, are huddled together bawling their eyes out in a corner. Like a crack intoxicated bat out of Hell, his raggedy wife LUCILLE, storms into the living room, barely wearing a thin silk robe over her naked body, and starts violently swinging on JACK. He grabs her and the two wrestle all around the living room, breaking tables, shelves, and anything else that gets in their way. The fight goes into the kitchen and LUCILLE grabs a revolver from the top of the refrigerator and poorly fires a shot towards her inebriated husband. An enraged JACK rushes and tackles LUCY to the ground and manages to grab the gun and proceeds to shoot her 3 times in the face and chest, murdering her in cold blood.

CUT TO:

INT. RIKERS ISLAND, THE BRONX, NY. 2018.

The inmate is then taken to the showers where he is thrown against the moldy, tiled walls and sprayed down with a high pressure hose. The man quickly turns with his back towards the water, enduring the jet stream whipping his bare back.

CUT TO:

INT. VELASQUEZ RESIDENCE. COMPTON, LOS ANGELES, CA. 1996.

JACK stands over his dead wife frozen in silence, a pool of blood rapidly forming under her body. He hears his sons still crying in the corner. He slowly turns to the boys, who are huddled together in sheer terror. He raises the gun at the little boys, then he points the revolver at his own temple. A small grin forms on his pale face.

JACK

It hurts less if you smile. Laugh now, cry later.

He pulls the trigger, leaving a splatter streak of blood and brain matter on a wall decorated with family portraits.

CUT TO:

INT. RIKERS ISLAND, NY. 2018.

The staff struggles to dress the naked maniac and only manages to put on some boxer shorts. A team of 4 guards carry the man into a small, dingy cell and fight to lay him down on the bed and chain him down. A nurse scurries into the cell with a large syringe and injects the struggling man with a very potent tranquilizer. We see an ECU of one of the man's eyes slowly closing as he fades into unconsciousness.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WING; RIKERS ISLAND, THE BRONX, NY. 2018

A forensic psychiatrist makes her way into a dimly lit room equipped with a clipboard and small satchel. She approaches her desk which has a small video camera perched on the left hand side. She reaches for her satchel and pulls out a small laptop and places it on her desk. The psychiatrist proceeds to open the laptop and begins pulling up files and notes on the shackled patient that's been waiting for her on the other side of her desk. He has a very quiet and warm demeanor, a stark contrast to his physical appearance. His heavily shadowed face is adorned with fresh bloody bruises and lacerations all over his milky skin, looks like he had the shit beaten out of him earlier that day. As the psychiatrist finishes preparing for the session, she reaches for the video camera and presses the red record button.

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DR. Q
Wednesday, April 25th, 2018.
2:10PM. Doctor H. Frances Quinzel.
Patient: Inmate 8181-1022.
Jeremiah Velasquez. Beginning
session. How are we feeling today
Mr. Velasquez?

Her patient sits there in calm, rebellious silence, head hanging low in the shadows. She takes notice to his beaten face.

DR. Q
Do you want to tell me what
happened?

He's still not speaking. She only sees his red, tattooed lined, and freshly split lips curl into an almost microscopic smirk.

DR. Q
Getting you to stop talking is
usually the challenge. I take it
Cash wasn't a big fan of your
choices of conversation this
morning.

Her patient's smirk becomes wider.

J
I have a lot to say, just nothing
I want to share.

DR. Q pulls out a small note with a Joker playing card glued on the back from her clipboard. She doesn't seem amused.

DR. Q
Care to tell me how this got in my
office?

J
I put it there.

DR. Q
I think the staff would be
interested to know you've been out
of your cell. Constantly being
restrained and drugged with strong
sedatives is not a great way to
spend the rest of your time here.

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The inmate slowly raises his head into the light as he begins to speak. We finally get a full face view of the cream haired demon in shackles. The deeply scarred, sunken crater on the upper left side of his face has been implanted with a diabolical black and red glass eye that glints like a ruby in the light; an eerie juxtaposition to the normal, desaturated grey eye on the right. He sports two thin, black mime-lines placed vertically over his dark, piercing gaze.

J

Speak for yourself. And I think if you were really going to snitch me out, you already would have.
(Beat) I've heard some shit about you, Doc.

DR. Q

I'm "Doc" now. Quite an upgrade from "cunt" I must admit.

J

So my little lady grew up in Bed-Stuy, Daddy was a dealer and Mama was a crackhead? 9/11 went down and big bro went to war, came back, and shot hisself? Damn. Talk about fuel for the fire! Got your PhD in Psychiatry and a Law degree at Columbia University? Gotta love a girl on her grind. 4.0 GPA? Graduated top of her class? Mmmmm. Too scared of you. You HARLEEN, are not here to fuck around. Then again, if I had a funny ass name like yours, I'd be serious all the damn time too.

The Doctor takes a moment to mask her irritation and internally gather herself, then keeps going.

DR. Q

We are changing the subject. Let's go back to the conversation we had a couple days ago. Ball or Bat, which one are you?

J

Opinions and biases aside, I'd like to think I'm the Bat. The ball is my destiny. I manipulate how far I hit my "ball".

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J (CONT'D)

On the other hand a "bat" has only one purpose. I'm a Jack of all trades baby. See, the "ball" can be hit by the "bat", but also thrown by my team, and, at times, caught. You get me? When the "ball" is utilized correctly, you get outs, and home runs. You win games. So I might be the ball.

DR. Q

So He's nothing more than a tool to you.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED AIRCRAFT HANGAR; SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES, CA. 2010.

The RED HOOD Blood leader is embroiled in a violent botched drug and weapons drop at one of their stash-houses. The LAPD Gang & Narcotics Division catches an anonymous tip earlier that day about said drop at a rumored hideout and organizes a SWAT raid led by LT. RICHARD GRAYSON and long believed urban legend, THE BATMAN. The RED HOOD's twin brother and partner, JEROME VELASQUEZ, and most of his gang are killed in the bloody firefight. THE BATMAN finds J in the chaos and sees an opportunity to take him down and bring him to justice. The RED HOOD leader makes eye to eye contact with his soon to be nemesis for the first time, but is dragged away by his surviving soldiers and THE BATMAN takes pursuit. J is cornered and challenges THE BATMAN hand to hand for the first time. The young albino gang leader seems to be holding his own at first against the black armored ninja with pointed ears with his no-holds-barred, dirty street fighting, but J is no match for the disciplined, tactical combat style of THE BATMAN and is eventually critically beaten (with THE BATMAN punching and damaging his left eye so hard, it had to be later surgically removed) and arrested by LAPD shortly after. Persecuted to the fullest extent of the law, a heavily bandaged JEROME VELASQUEZ is sentenced, in his hospital bed, to 35 years in BLACKGATE PENITENTIARY at San Quentin, CA with no possibility of parole.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WING; RIKERS ISLAND, THE BRONX, NY.
2018.

He sits there wide-eyed, triggered, in stoic silence. A single tear rolls down his scarred cheek. When he feels the warm, salty stream caress his cheek, he quickly snaps out of it and dries his cheek against his shoulder.

J

(Chuckling)

Oh yeah. He's a rather large tool.

DR. Q

Then why the obsession with him?

J

Why not? I don't think obsession is a completely bad thing. It just fucking looks bad on paper. Everybody pusses out when they hear about someone having "obsessive" tendencies. The term immediately goes to disorders and illness. It comes off as borderline predatory. Tell me, Doc. Why should I feel like a monster for having a deep love and passion and appreciation for something? Or someone?

That last question pokes her in between the eyes. Who exactly in the fuck is he referring to? She pauses to reflect then continues.

DR. Q

You're not wrong. However, today's legal system may have a stronger argument against your anarchist beliefs. Is it safe to say that your clashes with our Nation's laws put you in the predicament you are in now? What puts you above all this?

J

"If a law is unjust, a man is not only in his right to disobey it, he is obligated to do so." Don't really know who the fuck said it. Don't even think it matters. Why is it so fucking important who said what? He said, She said...All fucking talk.

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J (CONT'D)

We live in a land of talking shit. Our society relies too much on words to do the actions. Actions speak louder than words. I believe in that. No one wants to get off their spineless asses to do anything about it. A piece of paper will not protect you from a fist to the face. Words given to provide peace will not save you from an old fat hairy monster from taking you any which way they can. When our mothers, siblings, children and spouses are being attacked under our very noses and violated and abused and traumatized to their soul, we have to rely on our wonderful judicial system to dish out punishment they seem fit? WHAT A FUCKING JOKE.

DR. Q

You'll have to excuse me if I don't find this funny. I'm going to prescribe you a pill that's going to be very hard to swallow, Mr. Velasquez. Whether you like it or not, our country simply does not operate under the principles and ideals you would like it to have. Your past and present actions are not how you make a difference in our society. Law and Order run this city. If you really want to make a change, you should consider running for office.

Her patient explodes in laughter.

J

Let me tell you something, Doc. Law and Order is a fairy tale. It doesn't run shit here! It's Chaos. You see, Chaos is an engine. A creator. It gives life! What the fuck do you call the Big Bang? What do you call the huffing and puffing, the screaming, the shitting, the crying bloody infant reaching for they mama's titty? Chaos brings growth. It brings rebellion! You know what rebellion brings? REVOLUTION!

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J (CONT'D)

It makes WAR! War is God. You know what war makes? MONEY! LOTS of fucking money. You need money to make a difference. We all know money makes this world go around baby. It's gospel! You get me? Chaos is the beginning AND the end. Chaos is everywhere! Deep down to the mitochondria in our cells. CHAOS REIGNS. And I am a physical embodiment of Chaos. So that being said, there can only be one King running this castle.

DR. Q

And that is?

J

You're looking at him baby.

DR. Q

So I take it you're no longer calling yourself "The Clown Prince of Crime" Mr. Velasquez?

J

Let's just say I got a promotion.

As soon as he says that, the subtle smirk that he's been sporting the whole time evolves into a full metal toothy smile from ear to ear.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. COMPTON, CA. NIGHT. FOUR YEARS LATER

An intimidating looking DRUG DEALER is conducting a business transaction with a YOUNG MAN in a dimly lit alley. He is eyeing the Glock tucked inside the front of the Dealer's pants.

DEALER

You short \$300.

YOUNG MAN

Fuck you mean? It's always been \$1200.

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DEALER

Why the fuck you acting brand new?
You know He raised the tax last
month. Where the fuck my money
man?

YOUNG MAN

Bruh don't be like that it's
Christmas. I'm just tryna cop
ManMan some Jordans. You can't let
shit slide this one time?

What the dealer doesn't see is the revolver tucked in the back of his client's pants. The young man's antsy behavior raises the dealer's suspicion. After a long, intense second of silence, he reaches around and whips out his gun ready to blast the Dealer, who is already reaching for his own Glock.

As soon as the young man cocks back the hammer, his gun hand is severed at the wrist by a projectile circular saw, smoking hot blood spurting everywhere.

In a flash bang of smoke amidst the screams, a black armored ninja with pointed ears and glowing red eyes emerges from the fog and rushes the Dealer, seizing his gun arm, and dislocates the joints in 3 different places, causing the Dealer to drop his weapon. THE BATMAN has entered the fray.

He kicks the fallen weapon away and judo throws the Dealer to the ground. He lands a couple heavy face hits on the Dealer before making his way to the one handed banshee.

He grabs the young man, slams the side of his face against a wall, and drives a knee into his back. Before the guy bleeds out, The Batman pulls out a branding device, glowing light orange with searing heat, and presses it onto his amputated wrist. He slowly makes sure the young man understands every single word he about to say.

THE BATMAN

SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH.

He tosses the young man across the other side of the alley like a rag doll. As soon as that happens, the wall is pelted with bullets and The Batman automatically ducks around and holds out his fist to aim.

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With a press of a button on his wrist, The Batman deploys a spear-like projectile lined with steel cable from his bladed gauntlet. The small harpoon pierces through the Dealer's shoulder. As the spear exits, spikes fan out like a grappling hook and plant themselves into the Dealer's back. With a stern yank of his fist, The Batman reels the Dealer back in, snatches the Dealer's throat, and choke slams him into the cold hard asphalt. As the sirens in the distance grow louder, he slowly pulls the bloody kunai out of the Dealer's shoulder while saying the following...

THE BATMAN

I AM ONLY GOING TO ASK THIS ONCE.
WHERE THE FUCK IS HE?

CUT TO:

INT. VELASQUEZ RESIDENCE. COMPTON, LOS ANGELES, CA

The Batman slowly creeps out from the shadows of the kitchen and stealthily surveys the hallway of the eerie apartment. As he gets to the back, he finds the bedroom and bathroom doors locked. He turns back and makes his way to the living room.

Once he's there, he freezes in disbelief at what he just discovered. He slowly removes his helmet and mask. BRUCE's eyes are as wide as saucers.

LITTLE GIRL

Are you Santa?

The purple corrective lenses she wears magnify her already large, blue doe eyes. Her platinum blonde puffy pigtails make her look like a talking teddy bear. Bruce tries to answer her, but nothing comes out. What is he supposed to say to this little angel in a onesie standing before him?

LITTLE GIRL

Daddy says you bring presents at
night if I been good. That's
what's you said huh Daddy?

As she finishes her question, the lights come on and the ghostly, green haired demon Bruce was hunting is already standing behind him. Bruce carefully turns his head to the right and catches the little girl's Daddy in an emotionless, laser-locked stare, eyes just as wide as his. Daddy refocuses his attention on his daughter to answer her question.

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CONTINUED:

J

I did say that, bunny. Why aren't you in bed?

LITTLE GIRL

I had a dream about Mommy. Is she gonna be here for Christmas?

As he thinks on that, he scratches an itch he has on his lower back. What he's actually doing is tucking the razor blade he was holding in the back of his boxer shorts.

J

(pauses)

I don't know. What I can tell you, is that Santa here can't give you gifts if you're up all night watching him. Come on mamas let's go back to bed.

LITTLE GIRL

Okay Daddy.

His daughter waddles over to him and he picks her up for a kiss on the cheek. He points over to Bruce. The warm grin on the lower half of his face clashes with the ice cold murder stare on the upper half.

J

Say "Bye-Bye Santa."

LITTLE GIRL

(waves)

Bye-Bye Santa.

He carries her over towards the bedroom and puts her down. She walks off the rest of the way. His attention is brought back to Bruce.

They icily stare each other down from across the room. The seconds long stand off seems like years. Nothing needs to be said. Never taking his eyes off Bruce, Joker runs his thumb across his throat; a declaration of war.

A stone-faced Bruce slowly backs toward the door and exits the apartment.

Joker stays entranced in a cold, silent rage. He doesn't know how to take it all in. All he can do is shake his head and let out a deep chuckle.

CUT TO BLACK.