

Ratman

By

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INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A hard criminal in clown-like makeup sits in a folding chair, bound by a straight jacket. This is MISTER JAY, the city's latest gimmick criminal. He stares ahead, bloodlust in his eyes.

Across the table from him sits TED, a schlep of a police officer. Ted scribbles in a colorful, thin book with big pages.

MISTER JAY

What can you possibly do to me that you haven't done already?

Ted continues to write.

MISTER JAY (CON'T)

What's a matter, pig? You're nothing more than an obedient mutt doing his master's bidding.

Ted continues writing.

MISTER JAY (CON'T)

What's your angle?

Ted looks up.

TED

I'm just here to watch you until the Commissioner arrives, Mister Jay.

The clock ticks. Ted goes back to writing.

MISTER JAY

When my men arrive they will slaughter you one-by-one.

TED

Okay.

MISTER JAY

And I'll have them leave the worst of it for you.

TED

Uh-huh.

MISTER JAY

What happened to the enthusiasm of our police force?

TED
I don't care anymore. I'm being
fired.

MISTER JAY
How come?

TED
They caught me using samples in the
evidence locker.

MISTER JAY
Ooh. My sympathies.

Ted looks up and begins to converse with Mister Jay.

TED
I mean, how am I not supposed to
take it? It's free cocaine and
cocaine fucking rules.

MISTER JAY
And they were just going to dispose
of it, anyway!

TED
Exactly!

Ted holds his hand out instinctively to shake Mister Jay's
hand before realizing that Mister Jay can't extend his hand
beyond his torso.

TED (CON'T)
The name's Ted.

Ted awkwardly shakes the air above the table.

TED (CON'T)
Are your goons really on their way?

MISTER JAY
I hope so. It's impossible to find
good help these days.

TED
Especially when most of them get
caught.

MISTER JAY
If only I didn't have to deal with
that bothersome superhero ruining
all my plans.

TED
That guy's an asshole.

MISTER JAY
I know, right?!

TED
The police don't even monitor him.
Last week he got to beat the hell
out of a suspect without anybody
sayin' anything.

MISTER JAY
That's terrible.

TED
Yeah, it was me.

MISTER JAY
Oh!

TED
It's 'cause I was jacked on the
happy snow but it still hurt like a
motherfucker.

MISTER JAY
Why are you still here if they
needed to subdue you?

TED
Nobody can find my file, and until
they do I can't be fired.

MISTER JAY
You've been terribly neglected by
the system.

Ted holds up his children's activity book.

TED
At least I have my Mad Libs.

MISTER JAY
I love Mad Libs!

TED
Give me a two-word noun!

MISTER JAY
Wood chipper!

TED

The handsome prince slid
Cinderella's foot into the wood
chipper!

MISTER JAY

That's what we call a messy
divorce.

The two laugh.

MISTER JAY

Can you help me escape?

TED

Got any cocaine?

CUT TO

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Four colourful thugs listen to boomboxes and sit on top of
cars. Their outfits are tacky, garish, and mostly leather.

Mister Jay and Ted enter, Mister Jay's straight jacket
replaced with a police coat.

Ted's uniform is torn to shreds. He is covered in blood,
some of it his own, and heaving breaths.

MISTER JAY

While you imbeciles were listening
to your insipid boombox this
wonderful man was helping me to
become a free citizen once again!

THUG #1

What does fat-ass over there have
that we don't?

Mister Jay walks to his left.

MISTER JAY

Motivation!

Mister Jay grabs a long wooden pointer leaning against some
boxes and slaps it against a whiteboard covered in corporate
lingo like "utilize" and "facilitate".

MISTER JAY

You men need a refresher on what it
means to be a good henchman! Except
Ted, of course.

THUG #1
Who's Ted?

MISTER JAY
That's Ted.

Mister Jay points to Ted.

THUG #2
Hey, Ted.

TED
Hey.

MISTER JAY
Everyone turn towards me so I know
you're paying attention!

The four goons sit on the concrete ground like first-graders being enraptured by their teacher's reading of a Dr. Seuss tome. Ted sits with them as well.

THUG #2
(to Ted, whispering)
You don't have to stay, man.

TED
A refresher never hurt anyone.

CUT TO:

A clock spins so fast the hands look like helicopter blades. The concrete around it erodes and withers.

The four goons and Ted continue sitting on the ground, but they have giant Gandalf beards.

Mister Jay stands in front of the exact same whiteboard with the exact same writing on it.

MISTER JAY
Okay. I think we've earned a break.

Suddenly, an explosion of smoke! Meaty whacks and crunching bone can be heard, although everything is covered in smoke.

A deep, gravelly, trying-too-hard voice screams in the chaos.

VIGILANTE VARMINT
MY PARENTS ARE DEEEEEAD!

This is the VIGILANTE VARMINT, donned in black suit and a black cape but with a gross rat tail extending from his backside.

The smoke clears. Every criminal except Ted and Mister Jay is dead and Mister Jay has little time left.

VIGILANTE VARMINT (CON'T)
Thank you for your invaluable
undercover work, officer.

TED
I wasn't working undercover! God,
you are such a taint.

VIGILANTE VARMINT
Sticks and stones, bro.

MISTER JAY
Come here, Ted.

Ted kneels next to Mister Jay, holding him in his arms.

TED
You can't die! This is the only
place I've ever been happy!

MISTER JAY
Life sucks, doesn't it?

Mister Jay dies, squirting out his last bit of life.

VIGILANTE VARMINT
Justice has been served.

TED
What are you going to do with me?

VIGILANTE VARMINT
I need somebody alive to tell the
Commissioner I didn't kill anyone.

TED
TO HELL WITH YOUR JUSTICE!

Ted prepares to deal a massive blow on the Vigilante Varmint but the superhero easily dodges it and karate chops Ted in the neck, killing him instantly.

The Vigilante Varmint assesses the situation. Not the best he's ever been in.

VIGILANTE VARMINT

Damn.

Beat. The Vigilante Varmint starts running. A pulse-quickenning score and dramatic voiceover accompany his running, much like the ending of 'The Dark Knight'.

As he runs he continually bumps into dock workers minding their business and scurrying out of their bewildered sight.

COMMISSIONER (V.O.)

So in the end, he was the hero we deserved and not the hero we needed. A firing squad where everyone is a fish in a barrel. A reckless force who got away with whatever he wanted because his punches really hurt. A selfish prick who fought only for his own purposes. A Rat Bastard.

CUT TO:

A title credit as faux-epic as the voiceover and music on black background. It reads 'The Rat Bastard' in imposing letters moving further and further from the camera as the music swells.

ROLL CREDITS