

DOOR NUMBER THREE

by
Jeremie Rhodes
and
Marlena Dawn Kelley

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FADE IN:

INT. ART GALLERY – NIGHT

A high-end art gallery with well-dressed society types sauntering around or in small groups, wine glasses and champagne flutes in hand.

THREE DILETTANTES are peering at a work of art.

DILETTANTE #1

It's mesmerizing!

DILETTANTE #2

Tantalizing!

DILETTANTE #3

Dangerous!

Now we see the object of their admiration. It is an elaborate BUFFET TABLE loaded with food and glamorously decorated. The three close in on the comestibles.

TWO FASHIONABLE WOMEN are conversing near several works of art, but seem to be paying more attention to their champagne flutes than anything else.

FASHIONABLE WOMAN #1

Have you seen the Miro I acquired last week?

FASHIONABLE WOMAN #2

Oh, yes, it really matches your eyes!

We are looking into the face of ARTHUR MALLOTT (mid-30s), a very puzzled looking man.

Now we can see that he is flanked by WILLOW DUNCAN (late-30s), a wealthy socialite and amateur interior designer, and ELLIOTT PRINCE (mid-50s), Arthur's friend and art consultant.

WILLOW

...it speaks of the nihilistic tendencies of Man, of War and Pestilence, of the negative impulses in the darkest recesses of the human soul. . .

It is a small blank white canvas on the white gallery wall.

ARTHUR

(to Elliott, squinting)

I don't know. What do you think?

ELLIOTT

The price is right. Based on recent sales i think you could make...

(pulls out an oversize calculator, punching in numbers)
...well, let's just say a tidy profit off of this one.

ARTHUR

But i don't know if i like it. I mean, i don't know if it speaks to me. No, no. This one won't do. Let's look at something else.

We follow A WOMAN carrying a small poodle, dyed bright pink from head to toe, and stop at a serious-looking, LARGE MAN (early-40s) in a black blazer and t-shirt, jeans and snakeskin boots.

His hair is dark, slicked-back, somewhat greasy and slightly long. He was visible in the background during the previous conversation, but now we see that he is watching Arthur and friends from a distance.

We see Arthur's face as he peers into another work of art. His expression changes as the work alternately revulses and fascinates him.

ARTHUR

How about this one Elliott?
Yes, i think this will be perfect
for my new apartment.

ELLIOTT

(laughing)

That's just fine, Arthur,
only one problem. The guy won't
sell. There's a line of
collectors trying to buy his
stuff, but he insists on
interviewing every potential
buyer and out of about a hundred
who've tried he's turned them
all down. If you ask me he's
certifiable.

WILLOW

Evelyn Scott offered twice
the gallery price and he still
refused to sell.

Thinking it over, Arthur decides that he will not be dissuaded.

ARTHUR

Still, i think i want this one. Yes, i must have it for my apartment.

He stares long at the artwork. It is a large, crudely framed canvas featuring a carnival or circus scene, but seeming to have been painted by a man in hell or in the midst of a psychosis.

There is a building with columns and a triangular roof emblazoned with the words "Magician's Parlour". A small velvet curtain hung on a brass bar is affixed between the painted columns of the building, the Number 1 embroidered upon it in yellow circus-like script.

Right of that we see a Ringmaster, his whip hand pointing toward a circus ring, in the center of which stands a door painted with a blue Number 2. A crowd surrounds the ring with looks of glee and wonder on their faces.

Below these images - and spanning the lower half of the canvas - is a depiction of a striped Circus Tent. A canvas flap door painted with a bright red Number 3 is affixed to the painting.

ELLIOTT (O.S.)

Ok, Arthur. I'll see what i can do.

INT. ART GALLERY - LATER

Arthur is staring at us again, but this time we see that it is not at another painting but into the stern, somewhat pitted face of DEREK FADER, the large man who had been

watching them earlier.

He is flanked by his TWO ASSISTANTS, a young man and a young woman, both dressed in black and of serious countenance. The gallery has emptied out now, just a few stragglers here and there. The bright track lighting has been dimmed a little.

Fader sizes up the much smaller man, taking his time. Arthur, unnerved by the silence, decides to attempt some small talk.

ARTHUR

So. . .I've heard a lot about you.

DEREK FADER

(amused, emitting a puff
from a cigarette)

Is that so?

ARTHUR

Oh, absolutely. We're all
great fans of your work.

Fader looks hard at the nervously squirming man before him and turns to one of his assistants.

DEREK FADER

He'll do.

He turns and strides away without a look back, flicking his cigarette butt to the floor. Arthur smiles an unnerved smile.

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Arthur is polishing a horrid looking bronze sculpture. The

doorbell rings and he moves swiftly to open it, revealing Willow and her son SYK FVK (12), a goth punk art kid.

WILLOW

Arthur. So nice to see you.

(air kisses)

This is my son, uh, Syk Fvk.

SYK FVK

With a V.

Flashes V sign.

ARTHUR

(confused)

Ah, V for Victory, eh?

Uh, pleased to meet you Mr.

F - uh, Sick.

SYK

With a Y.

ARTHUR

Uh, sure. Well, why not?

WILLOW

The name was his idea, not mine.

SYK

(deadpan)

Mom. Do i really have to be here?

WILLOW

Yes, honey. I told you mommy has one more little thing to do then she'll take you back to your lair.

SYK

Ugh.

With an eye roll he pulls out his cell phone and wanders off into the apartment, which looks basically like the art gallery we were just in. Several large rooms with high ceilings, white walls and track lighting. Almost devoid of furniture save for quilted leather sitting benches here and there, a few leather armchairs and a portable bar.

Several WORKMEN are hanging canvasses on the walls and moving sculptures into place. Willow begins offering them instruction.

WILLOW

Let's have that one over here
under the light. Excellent,
that'll be perfect.

Arthur follows as she whisks through the room, calling out orders to the workmen with a graceful wave of her hand.

She stops, turning to Arthur as they approach a large canvas which is covered by a white sheet.

WILLOW

Your new acquisition?

ARTHUR

(smiling)

Indeed.

Arthur nervously unveils the canvas. Willow winces visibly and curls her nose as if smelling something unpleasant. Syk Fvk saunters up, still mostly distracted by his phone.

ARTHUR

Well, what do you think? This will surely make an impression at my house warming party tomorrow!

WILLOW

It will certainly do that. Not exactly my cup of tea though.

(brighter now, patting him on the chest)

But you are the only one that's got one.

Syk gives the artwork a side glance and a nod.

SYK FVK

Pretty sick.

ARTHUR

I've been waiting to see what's behind those little doors. Shall we have a look?

Syk shrugs.

WILLOW

I suppose so.

He pushes to one side the velvet curtain marked number one. . .

Inside we see a magician performing the magic sword box trick. A woman's head protrudes from the top of a black box and several swords have penetrated its sides. Only something seems to have gone terribly wrong.

Streams of blood run from each place where the swords have

gone through and pour down the sides of the box, forming a large pool of red on the checkered floor. The magician's face is a grimacing smile as he tips his hat and bows slightly.

ARTHUR

(with a nervous laugh)

Well, that was. . .unpleasant.

SYK FVK

(now more interested)

Pretty fuckin' sick.

WILLOW

(to Syk)

Sweetie, please. Not in front
of our friend Arthur.

Syk stares with utter contempt at Arthur, who slides the small velvet curtain closed.

He moves to door number two, a miniature of a typical house door with a small silver knob. A Ringmaster points toward the door with his whip, seeming to dare him to open it.

He turns the little knob, opening the door to reveal the image of a man being eaten by a lion. His blood spills into center ring. The gleeful faces of the spectators now take on a more sinister interpretation.

Willow

Ugh. I get why you bought this -
thing - but i can't take it anymore.

She moves away, going back to bossing around the workmen.

ARTHUR

Well, looks like it's just you

and me Syk. Shall we see what's
behind door number 3?

Syk flashes V for victory.

SYK FVK
Let's do this, Artie.

Arthur slowly pulls back the canvas flap, revealing the image of a large open field, devoid of vegetation save for one withered tree in the far background.

Beneath the leafless tree a clown is standing, holding a large bunch of colorful balloons. The detail is hard to make out as the tree and clown occupy only a small portion of the image.

SYK
Under-fucking-whelming, Arthur.

Syk wanders away. Arthur remains with a puzzled look, then shrugs and closes the flap. He straightens the painting and smiles to himself, knowing he'll be the envy of everyone at his party.

INT. ARTHUR'S APT. — THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY

Everyone is here. Snobs, hobnobs and hoi polloi. Arthur has put out a fine spread on a long white table and it has not gone unnoticed.

TWO MALE ART COLLECTORS are standing before a painting. The signature of the artist 'Bickle' is visible at lower right of the canvas.

COLLECTOR #1
I heard you finally got a Bickle.

COLLECTOR #2

That's true. But your Bickle is
way bigger than my Bickle.

The Two Collectors watch AN OLD LADY as she wanders by.

COLLECTOR #1

(in a low voice)

She has a HUGE Bickle!

Arthur is watching his guests as they admire the many works
of art which adorn the walls of his new apartment. A GROUP
OF GUESTS are inspecting the Derek Fader painting.

GUEST #1

A bit macabre for my taste,
but kudos to Arthur.

GUEST #2

Yes, isn't he the lucky one.

GUEST #3

He's really coming up in the
art world.

Arthur smiles.

He watches as they open the velvet curtain marked '1' and
the door marked '2', gasping and groaning at the violent
imagery.

Then the flap marked '3' is opened and Arthur is unnerved
as he notices that the clown is no longer standing under
the tree in the distance but is now standing in the middle
ground, much closer than before, holding his colorful bunch
of balloons.

He squints and stares at the clown, rubbing his eyes. The clown's face wears a large painted smile that looks sinister and forced.

WILLOW

There you are, Arthur dear! The man of the hour. I have some people I want you to meet.

He is whisked away, a look of confusion still on his face.

Close on the image of the clown. A pause before the canvas flap is closed.

Now Arthur, Willow and Elliott are engaged in conversation with several invited guests. Suddenly a hubbub of voices on the edge of their circle.

BENJAMIN MOSS is standing before Arthur, flanked by a coterie of ADVISORS AND ADMIRERS. He is the mirror image of Arthur. Same height and general appearance and similar clothing, only Benjamin has a fur coat resting on his shoulders.

ARTHUR

Benjamin, i'm so glad you could make it.

BENJAMIN

(superciliously)

Of course, of course. I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

ARTHUR

So, you've seen my collection?

BENJAMIN

Yes. Quite impressive. Personally

I've never been a fan of Fader's work, but i'm wondering. . .How did you get *your* hands on one?

ARTHUR

I don't know. He just. . .liked me I guess.

BENJAMIN

Well, there's no accounting for taste.

(grudgingly)

Well done, Arthur.

Benjamin offers three dainty fingers for Arthur to shake.

ARTHUR

Thanks, Benjy - uh, Mr. Moss.

Benjamin turns without looking back and departs, his entourage following in a tight group.

Arthur's excitement is palpable. He returns to the previous conversation, awash in the glow of the attention he has received.

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT EVENING

Arthur is seeing out the last of his guests. Closing the door, he glances at the decimated buffet table littered with the remnants of food, napkins and empty glasses. The place is a bit of a mess but the clean-up can wait until tomorrow.

He pours himself a glass of champagne and does a ballroom dance around the room, smiling and swirling as he sips his drink.

ARTHUR

Da da dee, da da da! Arthur my boy, you've really done it. Yes indeed, my man, you are looking good-

He has stopped before the Derek Fader painting, remembering the strange occurrence earlier in the night.

He reaches with trepidation toward the tent flap with its red number '3' and slowly begins to pull it open at the edge.

At the last second he changes his mind and closes the flap. Why spoil a good night?

He dances away again, this time forcing a joviality which before had come naturally.

INT. ARTHUR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur is asleep in his bed, moving a little in his striped silk pajamas. He is dreaming.

He is at a carnival at night, away from the midway in a seedy area of tents with large sideshow banners. 'See The Spider Woman', 'The Twins Of Borneo', 'The Man With Two Heads', etc.

Under a banner reading 'Alive On The Inside' he sees a tent flap marked with a large red number '3'. A CARNIVAL BARKER stands beside the flap in a filthy red and white striped jacket. He wears a tattered straw hat and gesticulates wildly with his cane:

CARNIVAL BARKER

Has your hum-drum world got you

down? Are you tired of the rat
race? Let's face it, are you
bored? Well come on in and slake
your curiosity for the strange,
for the mysterious, for the unusual!
It's *all* alive on the inside!

The Barker is sweating, wild-eyed and grotesque.

CARNIVAL BARKER (CONT'D)

(pointing his cane at Arthur)

How about you, sir? Do you have
what it takes to accept the call
of the unknown?

Arthur looks around, realizing the Barker is speaking only
to him.

ARTHUR

Well, I um, yes. That is, I suppose
I, uh ...

He moves slowly toward the tent flap. The painted number 3
grows larger, looming in his vision. The Barker's cane
hooks one side of the flap, preparing to pull it open for
him.

His trepidation grows as he approaches. The Barker's
sweaty face grins maniacally.

Now he stands directly before the bright number 3.
Suddenly the Barker *pulls back the flap* with his cane and
with a tattered white shoe *shoves Arthur* from behind,
tipping him into the darkness beyond.

He starts awake, sweating and breathing heavily in his bed.
Realizing it has all been a dream, he begins to laugh
quietly to himself in relief.

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

He is in good humor now, floating on the remembrance of last night's success. He dips pieces of crispy bacon into the yolk of a sunny-side-up egg and washes it down with some orange juice. A cloth napkin is tucked into his shirt at the collar.

ARTHUR

Oh, that's good. That is good.

Mmmm-mmmmm!

He tosses the napkin on the table and moves to the sink, rinsing his breakfast dishes.

Humming to himself, he grabs a scarf from the coat rack near his front door, wraps it around his neck and puts on a large tweed overcoat and mack, checking his look in the mirror above a small table.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Doo doo doo, da da da.

How did i become the greatest art collector on Earth? Funny you should ask. It was a process.

Took some time. Nothing worth doing comes easy-

He is startled by the sound of a SQUEAKY HORN.

It seems to have come from his gallery room. He freezes, listening intently. Suddenly ANOTHER SQUEAK makes him jump.

He walks cautiously into the empty gallery and toward the source of the sound, approaching the Derek Fader painting

with growing concern.

The tent flap door marked Number 3 seems to beckon to him. He reaches toward it and grips its corner in his fingers.

Blinking dramatically, sweat beads collecting on his brow, he pulls the flap to the side and gasps in fright.

The crazily smiling clown's face and upper body now fill almost the entirety of the image. The little tree is still visible in the background but only the strings of the balloons can be seen, extending from the clown's hand to the top of the frame. The clown's face is menacing, terrifying.

Arthur moves quickly to the front door, grabbing his keys from the table below the mirror and exiting with a nervous backward glance and chuckle.

EXT. SCULPTURE GARDEN -- DAY

Arthur and Elliott are walking through a sculpture garden. Colorful leaves litter the ground around the installations, which are separated by high hedges.

ARTHUR

It all seemed so real, Elliott.
I mean, it *felt* real.

ELLIOTT

That is one hell of a dream.
But it wasn't real. But you
know what is real? I've got
a line on a Rodin for your
collection.

ARTHUR

And there's something else.

This morning before i left
to come here—

ELLIOTT

Are you listening to me, Arthur?
I mean it's only the integrity
of your sculpture collection
we're talking about here.

ARTHUR

You're right, I'm sorry Elliot—

He trails off, as he has noticed a large bundle of colorful balloons floating in the distance above a hedge. The balloon bundle looks exactly like the one the clown was holding in the painting. He hears the sound of a SQUEAKY HORN.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Excuse me, just a second.

He begins to move cautiously toward the end of the hedge, leaving Elliott looking perplexed and slightly exasperated.

He slowly approaches the end of the hedge. The SQUEAKY HORN sounds again. Gathering his courage he peers behind the hedge to see. . .

A GIRL CHILD is holding the strings of the balloon bundle. In the distance A BOY CHILD is honking the horn on his bicycle.

The children's MOTHER moves to the girl, hustling her away from the strange man in the tweed overcoat and mack who is staring at her daughter.

Arthur ducks back behind the hedge, feeling both embarrassment and a wave of relief.

Elliott gives Arthur a look that says he is not at all certain of his friend's mental state.

INT. ARTHUR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arthur is in his bed, dreaming again.

He is on a large, open plain near a solitary leafless tree. Patchy fog rolls along the ground.

An area of fog clears, revealing THE CLOWN standing square-shouldered and menacing a short distance away. It stares directly at him, the painted smile seeming almost like a grimace, the balloon strings clutched in a gloved hand.

A bank of fog rolls over The Clown, obscuring him from Arthur's vision, then rolls away again. The Clown is no longer there.

In a panic, Arthur begins to run, he knows not where. Fog blows around him.

In the distance before him the fog rolls away and he can see a tent flap door marked with a letter 'E' in exactly the same script and color as the one on the Fader painting. In fact it is the number '3', only backward.

He slows his run, approaching the tent flap cautiously. Occasionally fog rolls past, but the flap remains, rising from the plain before him.

Standing before it now and uncertain whether to venture through, he looks back into the field. Patches of thick fog drift by, obscuring all vision.

Suddenly the fog blows past and Arthur is staring directly

into the horribly grimacing face of the clown!

Terrified, he turns and pushes his way through the tent flap. He bolts awake in his bed, sweating, as the panic slowly fades.

INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

Arthur is lying on a leather quilted museum bench as Elliott stands with his back to him, inspecting a large canvas on the wall.

ARTHUR

I don't want to sell it, but
I feel like I need to. I'm
afraid if I don't, something
might . . . happen to me.

Elliott turns to look at Arthur, concerned.

ELLIOTT

Happen to you? Like what?

ARTHUR

I don't know, but I haven't had
a decent night's sleep since I
brought that thing into my home.

ELLIOTT

Perhaps it's the new apartment.
Maybe you just need time to adjust.

ARTHUR

It's not just that. It scares
me. I'm starting to see things
and hear things. I think I
might be going crazy.

ELLIOTT

Well, finding a buyer shouldn't be a problem. I know Benjy Moss would pay enough to get you out of this with a profit-

Arthur bolts upright into a sitting position, suddenly animated.

ARTHUR

No. Not Benjamin Moss. Anybody but him, ok?

ELLIOTT

Ok, Arthur. Whatever you say, it's your decision. I'll make some calls and get a buyer lined up for tomorrow.

ARTHUR

Tomorrow? You mean I have to spend another night with that, that - thing?

ELLIOTT

You can stay at my place if you want.

Arthur's look is serious as he considers the offer.

ARTHUR

No. That's ok. Thanks though. I'll be alright for one more night, but tomorrow I want it gone if I have to put it out on the driveway.

EXT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT — THAT EVENING

Arthur approaches his door with apprehension, puts the key in the lock, and turns it. He pauses for a moment, eyes closed, then gathers his courage and pushes the door open.

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT — THAT NIGHT

He sits alone in the darkened apartment, his leg tossed over the arm of an oversized leather armchair. He is dressed in silk house pajamas and has been drinking heavily. As he talks he swirls a near-empty drink in one hand. The gallery lights are on a dim setting.

ARTHUR

Benjy Moss! Humph! I'd rather die than sell it to him. Smug little. . .I'm twice the art collector he'll ever be.

He moves to the portable bar and begins mixing himself another drink.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You look at me like I'm a clown? You're the clown!

Swirls his new drink and takes a swig.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

And that Derek Fader with his stupid scary paintings. Who needs him? I don't need him.

He looks across the room to where the painting hangs.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I'm not afraid of you.

Setting his drink on the bar he strides toward the painting.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(yelling to the empty room)

You hear that? I'm not afraid
of you!

Fueled by liquid courage he approaches the painting and rips open the attached tent flap.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I'm not afraid of you—

He gasps in shock. The Clown is no longer in the picture. He is looking at the image of an empty field with the leafless tree still in it's place.

Arthur's courage is spent, but he is still emboldened by drink.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I'm still not afraid of you.
Stupid disappearing clown.
Mind's playing tricks on me,
that's all. Just wait 'til
tomorrow, buddy. You are out
of here.

He closes the tent flap and returns to his drink.

INT. ARTHUR'S BEDROOM — LATER THAT NIGHT

He is sprawled across the bed, still wearing the silk house clothes he had on earlier. The matching robe is strewn across a lamp on the bedside table. He snorts and snores,

deeply unconscious from his night of drinking.

We hear the SQUEAK of the CLOWN HORN.

It SOUNDS again, but Arthur remains asleep, stirring only slightly.

Again the sound of the HORN, but this time squeezed slowly, making a creepy, WHEEZING SOUND.

Now the CLOWN HORN sounds several times loudly and in quick succession. Arthur sits up in his bed, awake but still groggy from the alcohol. The room is silent.

He grabs his robe from the lamp, throws it on and moves toward his bedroom "door" (there is no door, just a high, wide opening).

He creeps out toward his art gallery/living room.

Looking into the dimly-lit gallery, he sees THE CLOWN standing, holding the balloon bouquet. The Clown's large, square frame is fixed, unmoving. What he can see of the face is sinister and filled with murderous intent.

Arthur flicks a wall switch, and part of the gallery is flooded with light. The Clown is nowhere to be seen, but the balloons still float in the center of the room, their colorfulness belying his now-terrified state.

He stumbles forward and takes the balloon bundle in one hand.

From behind him he hears the sound of the CLOWN HORN and turns abruptly to see . . .

On the wall where the painting had hung there is a real and full-sized tent flap painted with a red Number 3.

Arthur looses the balloons, pauses, then moves slowly toward the flap. He stops to look back toward his front door briefly, shakes his head groggily, then continues on.

Now he is directly before the canvas flap. The top of the red painted Number '3' stands taller than himself.

Slowly his hand moves toward the flap. He grips it uncertainly with one hand, then tightens the grip.

He rips the flap open, detaching it on one side so that it hangs from the opposite corner. And there in the darkness, behind the wall he sees . . .

THE CLOWN is standing, towering over him, holding in one hand the horn and in the other a bouquet of daisies. The painted face no longer looks menacing, but is pleasant and jovial. The clown smiles at Arthur, offering the flowers.

Arthur is frozen in place for a moment. Is this some joke?

Suddenly the Clown pushes the bouquet of daisies into Arthur's chest and withdraws it. Blood spurts from a puncture wound.

The Clown's hand clutches a small dagger that stands above the crushed, blood-dripping flowers.

A moment, then Arthur slumps to the floor.

The Clown stands over Arthur's lifeless body and removes his tiny purple hat and large orange wig to reveal the distinctive, slicked-back hairstyle of Derek Fader.

Fader removes the large red clown nose and chuckles to himself as Arthur's blood pools on the floor of the gallery.

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT - LATER

We see Derek Fader, still in the clown outfit as he pushes Arthur's lifeless body into a large, zippered bag.

The phone rings and Arthur's answering machine picks up. As we hear the message we see a montage of Fader's activity:

ARTHUR'S MACHINE (O.S.)

You've reached the residence
of Arthur Mallott. I'm not here
now, but if you'll please leave me
a message I'll return your call
at earliest opportunity.

Fader, still in clown attire, but having wiped the makeup from his face, is mopping up the pool of blood with a professional mop and bucket.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)

Hey, Arthur, sorry to call so
late, but after we talked today
I did a little digging around.

Now dressed in white t-shirt and striped blue overalls, Fader removes the canvas flap from the wall, folds it and places it in a large duffel with the bloody clown suit. He then replaces a large panel of the wall and begins to smooth the seam with putty and a putty knife.

ELLIOTT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It turns out Derek Fader has only
ever sold two paintings. One to a
woman in Syracuse and another to a
man in Pittsburgh.

Fader has smoothed the wall and now paints with a roller, matching the shade of white perfectly. A portable fan is set up to speed along the drying process.

ELLIOTT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I tried contacting them both
and both times I was told that
the person had simply disappeared
without a trace, like they had
vanished into thin air.

Fader is hanging the painting back in its place on the newly-repaired wall. At his feet is a wooden toolbox with some paints, brushes and a small pallet.

ELLIOTT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So maybe you're not going crazy
after all, eh? I don't mean to
worry you, just thought you
should know.

Fader is delicately painting a small clown under the leafless tree in the background of the open field.

ELLIOTT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So you hang on tight old pal
and we'll have that painting out
of your life by tomorrow.

Close on the painted image of the clown with his balloons standing under the tree. A pause before the flap closes.

Derek Fader, still in workman's garb, picks up his paint box and exits the apartment.

EXT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

A white work van with a roof rack and ladders starts up and

drives away.

INT. ART GALLERY — NIGHT

A bustling gallery crowded with COLLECTORS and SOCIETY PEOPLE.

We see the face of AN OLDER WOMAN peering quizzically into a work of art. Slowly pulling back we see that she is flanked by A MAN and A WOMAN.

OLDER WOMAN

Oh, is this the Derek Fader?
I've been dying to get one of
these for my collection!

Now we see that Derek Fader stands in the background in his all-black outfit and snakeskin boots. A little smile crosses his face.

FADE OUT.

THE END