

# **THE LIFE OF THE ARTIST**

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SHOOTING DRAFT (2024.7)

BITF Productions  
(boomintheframe.com)

The sound of a spooky wind (preferably the same one used by David Lynch; ProSoundEffects Cinematic Winds?) howls over a BLANK FRAME, as the TITLE slowly FADES IN. The font (scratchy and distorted) of the TITLE loops like a stop motion animation for a few beats, as the howling wind stops abruptly at the cut.

EXT. HOT FLAT DESERT - DAY

WIDE ANGLE on a hot, flat desert, as we see waves of heat evaporating from the ground, off in the distance, around an OLD MAN WEARING A TUXEDO, walking towards the CAMERA, in the lower center of the FRAME. HOLD for several beats as the OLD MAN WEARING A TUXEDO becomes steadily more visible through the distortion of the rising heat waves, with each additional step he makes towards the CAMERA.

CLOSE ON the OLD MAN WEARING A TUXEDO (looks like David Lynch's father) as he walks towards the CAMERA for a few beats, in the center of the FRAME, until he is clearly visible amid the evaporating waves of heat, as we gently fade in the sound of a passing freight train for a few beats in the b.g., as the OLD MAN WEARING A TUXEDO begins to fill the FRAME, and after a beat, the sound of the passing freight train swells suddenly, as if violently colliding with the CAMERA, cut at the exact moment his torso fills the FRAME.

INT. THE FIRST MORNING IN DAVID'S HOUSE BEDROOM

ANGLE ON DAVID waking up and slowly getting out of bed, as an old-timey slow jazz song plays on the alarm clock radio, a scratchy tune. HOLD for a few beats.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

ANGLE ON DAVID standing in the kitchen, slowly pouring some coffee beans into a coffee grinder.

CLOSE ON DAVID's face as he pauses.

CLOSE ON the coffee grinder. After a beat of hesitaton, we see a few more beans spill into the grinder.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

ANGLE ON DAVID sitting motionless, eyes closed, and deep in meditation. HOLD for many beats. An old-timey telephone rings once in the background of the room.

CLOSE ON DAVID's calm and sirene face. The old telephone rings again, as DAVID's brow furrows slightly. The telephone rings again, and then again, and then again, as DAVID's expression holds, steadfast and resolute.

WIDE ANGLE ON the room, DAVID and the telephone are now visible IN FRAME together. After a final ring, the phone is silent for a few beats. DAVID inhales deeply, and then exhales, with a wide smile returning to his face. HOLD for many beats, then cue a jackhammer noise coming from a neighbor's house down the street. HOLD for a few beats as the jackhammer noise swells dramatically.

ANGLE ON DAVID now sitting quietly at a desk in his house, holding a phone receiver up to his ear, eyes closed, head bowed slightly downwards, massaging his forehead and temples with a firmly cupped hand, in slow, rough circles, as if relieving a headache.

DAVID  
(speaking into the phone receiver)  
No...

HOLD for a few beats.

DAVID  
(speaking into the phone receiver)  
...No...

HOLD for a few beats.

DAVID  
(speaking into the phone receiver)  
Okay, I'll meet her there, then.  
2pm.

EXT. SUNNY ROOFTOP PAINTING AREA - DAY

DAVID (smoking a cigarette) is standing in front of a canvas, applying delicate strokes to the canvas, as we hear a beautiful violin solo begin in the background.

ANGLE ON the canvas, marked with strokes of glue-mixed paints, baking in the sunlight. DAVID calmly takes a few more strokes, and then a few more, as we PAN GENTLY to follow the strokes.

CLOSE ON DAVID's face as he paints, eyes darting up and down the canvas, applying a few more strokes, then pausing to take a deep drag from his cigarette. HOLD for a few beats on DAVID's face, as the violin solo stops abruptly at the cut.

EXT. SUNNY LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

ANGLE ON DAVID (wearing sunglasses) driving his car, CAMERA mounted on passenger's side hood, as DAVID notices something off screen to his left, then glances back again to the left with a double take, then quickly finds a place to park on the right side of the road, pulling the car over to a slow stop.

LOW ANGLE ON HENRY sitting, hunched over on the hot street curb in front of a liquor store, visibly depressed, sipping from a large can of beer, as DAVID approaches from further down the sidewalk. HOLD for a few beats as DAVID approaches.

DAVID  
(wearing sunglasses)  
Hey, Henry!

HENRY  
(glancing up slowly)  
Oh...hey, David.

DAVID  
How have you been?

HENRY  
(sulking)  
Terrible...My apartment building is a disaster zone right now - there's a broken pipe somewhere in the wall, and there's water going all over the god-damned place...It's a complete fucking disaster, David.

DAVID  
(grimacing)  
I'm sorry to hear that...but, you know, Henry, it can't be all that bad - why don't you just call your landlord up and tell him to fix it?

HENRY  
(whining drunkenly with frustration)  
Ohhhhhhmm - I *am* the landlord!

INT. COFFEE SHOP CAFE LUNCH INTERVIEW - DAY

ANGLE ON DAVID and FEMALE FILM INTERVIEWER (young and hip) sitting counter each other at a table near the window of the cafe. A live band is playing a slow tune in the background.

FEMALE FILM INTERVIEWER  
(prepping her notepad and pen)  
I'm so glad you could meet me for this interview, David-

DAVID  
(smiling)  
It's my pleasure.

FEMALE FILM INTERVIEWER

...You know, Mr. Lynch...uhm, some of us out there worry, sometimes...well, what about your future fans? How will they understand the meaning of your films like we do - after you're gone? Have you ever thought about writing-

DAVID

(smiling)

Actually, I think I might like it better that way.

FEMALE FILM INTERVIEWER and DAVID laugh heartily for a couple beats, as the BAND MALE LEAD SINGER's voice suddenly comes into sharp focus, and it sounds like a bizarre, modern-swing, cafe-jazz rendition of the song: "Crazy Clown Time" by David Lynch, and the music begins to swell.

ANGLE ON the band stage area, and a couple of tables in front of the stage, seated with customers all watching the band, as a FEMALE WAITRESS (needs to be comfortable with showing her breasts, or if not possible, then wearing a bra) serves a mimosa to one of the tables in front of the stage.

BAND MALE LEAD SINGER

(passionate)

Crazy-cuh-crazy- Cuh-craaaaazyyy  
Cloooooooooown  
Tiiiiiiiiiiiiimmmmmme...ooooooooohhhh  
yeaaaahhhhh-

As the BAND MALE LEAD SINGER finishes the musical phrase, the FEMALE WAITRESS kneels, rips off her button-up shirt, revealing her breasts (or bra), just as another MALE WAITER walks into the FRAME and sprays a bottle of champagne (warm) all over her face and chest. HOLD for a beat.

WIDE ANGLE ON the entire cafe, as the band finishes their last musical note. The cafe patrons all clap as the FEMALE WAITRESS stands up, and continues taking the next table's order, still topless (or bra only) and soaked with champagne, as if nothing extraordinary has just happened.

BAND MALE LEAD SINGER

Thank you...Thank you...

ANGLE ON DAVID and FEMALE FILM INTERVIEWER at their table, as they nonchalantly turn to face each other again, as if nothing extraordinary has just happened. FEMALE FILM INTERVIEWER flips to another page on her notepad, then looks up at DAVID.

FEMALE FILM INTERVIEWER

So, let's talk about Eraserhead.

ANGLE on DAVID's face as he smiles affably.

INT. THE SECOND MORNING IN DAVID'S HOUSE BEDROOM

ANGLE ON DAVID asleep in bed, as an old-timey slow jazz song begins playing on the alarm clock radio, a scratchy tune.

HOLD for a beat as DAVID's eyes open.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

ANGLE ON DAVID standing in the kitchen, opening the lid of a coffee bean container.

CLOSE ON the coffee grinder, as only a few beans pour into the grinder before the container is empty.

CLOSE ON DAVID's face, visibly distraught at the lack of coffee beans.

DAVID  
(muttering)  
Fuck.

EXT. SUNNY ROOFTOP PAINTING AREA - DAY

A beautiful piano solo plays while DAVID (smoking a cigarette) stands in front of a canvas, applying strokes to the canvas.

CLOSE ON DAVID's face as he takes a deep drag from his cigarette. HOLD for a few beats as DAVID contemplates his next strokes.

REVERSE ANGLE on the canvas as more strokes are made. CAMERA should follow DAVID's strokes CLOSELY up and down the canvas, cutting only after the piano solo ends.

CLOSE ON DAVID's face after the piano solo ends, as he takes one last drag of the cigarette, puts out the cigarette, then turns and walks away, out of the FRAME. HOLD on the empty FRAME for a beat.

EXT. BOB'S BIG BOY RESTAURANT - DAY

Establishing shot of Bob's Big Boy restaurant, with the sign clearly visible in the FRAME. DAVID walks into the frame and enters the front door of the restaurant.

INT. BOB'S BIG BOY RESTAURANT - DAY

ANGLE ON DAVID sitting at a booth in the restaurant sipping on a coffee, writing notes on a small notepad, as the song "Blue Velvet" (Bobby Vinton version) plays in the background of the restaurant. After a few beats, DOLORES THE WAITRESS walks up to the booth, back turned to the CAMERA.

DOLORES THE WAITRESS

Can I get you anything else, Mr.  
Lynch?

DAVID

(smiling)

Ah, I probably shouldn't, but I  
think I'll have a chocolate shake.

DOLORES THE WAITRESS

Sure thing - coming right up!

DOLORES THE WAITRESS walks out of the FRAME as DAVID glances back to his notepad, but his eye catches something across the restaurant, behind the CAMERA, and he stares across the restaurant for a beat.

ANGLE FROM DAVID's P.O.V. across the restaurant, as THE CLOWN (full clown makeup and dress; Bozo the Clown type) sits at a table, near the far end of the restaurant, staring intently at DAVID.

ANGLE ON DAVID breaking the stare after a beat, now looking back down at his notepad. After another beat, DAVID scribbles another note in the notepad. HOLD for a few beats, as DOLORES THE WAITRESS enters the FRAME and serves a chocolate shake to DAVID.

DOLORES THE WAITRESS

Alrighty, one chocolate shake - can  
I get you anything else?

DAVID

(smiling)

I'm fine for now - thank you,  
Dolores.

DOLORES THE WAITRESS walks out of the FRAME as DAVID glances back down to his notepad, but pauses to look up at the clown again.

ANGLE FROM DAVID's P.O.V. as we see THE CLOWN is now gone, and the table is now empty.

ANGLE ON DAVID as he glances over his shoulder, then around the restaurant, looking for THE CLOWN.

WIDE ANGLE on the restaurant interior, as we see a few customers seated, along with DAVID at his booth, but THE CLOWN is gone.

ANGLE ON DAVID as he takes a few sips from the chocolate shake, then sets it down, scribbling more notes onto his notepad. After a few beats, THE CLOWN walks across the FRAME, dropping off a small white envelope onto DAVID's table. DAVID

glances at the envelope, and then up at THE CLOWN walking out of the FRAME.

ANGLE ON THE CLOWN, back turned to the CAMERA, walking towards the front door of the restaurant. A bell jingles as THE CLOWN pushes the door open and leaves the restaurant.

ANGLE ON DAVID as he glances back down at the envelope. PAN DOWN slowly to the envelope and HOLD for a beat.

CLOSE FROM DAVID's P.O.V. on the blank white envelope as DAVID picks it up and turns it over, revealing smeared, bloody fingerprints. Cue an eerie soundscape (preferably one made by David Lynch).

CLOSE ON DAVID's face as he begins opening the envelope.

CLOSE FROM DAVID's P.O.V. on the envelope as DAVID opens it, pulling out a flattened, empty packet of Bob's Big Boy Chocolate Shake mix, with the ingredient list circled by a smear of dry blood.

ANGLE ON DAVID dropping the envelope and chocolate mix packet to the table with disgust. DAVID scrambles for his wallet, quickly tossing a \$20 bill on the table, stuffing his pen and notepad into his pocket, while rushing out of the FRAME, towards the front door.

ANGLE ON DAVID, back turned to the CAMERA, rushing towards the door, then leaving the restaurant. A bell jingles as DAVID pushes the door open and leaves the restaurant.

EXT. BOB'S BIG BOY RESTAURANT - DAY

ANGLE ON DAVID walking into the parking lot, looking around for THE CLOWN. PAN to follow DAVID as he walks to the side of the restaurant, turning his head just in time to see THE CLOWN walking around the side of the restaurant to the back alley behind the restaurant.

DAVID  
(yelling)  
Hey!

ANGLE ON the corner of the restaurant, as DAVID walks into the FRAME, facing the CAMERA. DAVID enters the back alley, then freezes after turning the corner.

REVERSE ANGLE on the back alley, as a GREY RABBIT (live rabbit here) stands next to a large dumpster in the alley behind the restaurant.

REVERSE LOW ANGLE on DAVID as he walks towards the GREY RABBIT.



REVERSE ANGLE as the GREY RABBIT (can be a puppet pulled by a string if Rabbit wrangler is too expensive) darts away into the alley as DAVID approaches.

DAVID  
(yelling)  
Hey, wait - come back here!

ANGLE ON DAVID rushing after the GREY RABBIT. PAN to follow DAVID for a few beats as the eerie soundscape swells and then stops at the cut.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

ANGLE ON a calm, silent neighborhood street with a couple houses in the background, sidewalk stretching horizontally across the FRAME. HOLD for a few beats, before the GREY RABBIT (hopefully a real rabbit here, but needs to be wrangled; can be a puppet pulled by a string if rabbit wrangler is too expensive) runs across the FRAME on the sidewalk. After a few beats, DAVID follows, running across the FRAME. HOLD on the empty frame for a few beats.

EXT. CHURCH FRONT STEPS - DAY

ANGLE ON the GREY RABBIT (hopefully a real rabbit here, but needs to be wrangled; can be a puppet pulled by a string if rabbit wrangler is too expensive) running up the front stairs of a neighborhood church, and then into the open front doors of the church.

REVERSE ANGLE on DAVID rushing towards the CAMERA, following the GREY RABBIT's path up to the front of the church.

REVERSE ANGLE ON the church front steps, as DAVID walks up the front stairs and enters the church through the open doors.

INT. CHURCH MEZZANINE - DAY

ANGLE ON DAVID entering the open front doors of the church, as we see the walls of the church are burning with a vivid blue flame (blue, digital effect, no church burning required). Cue the sound of flames and resume the same eerie soundscape from before, starting at the cut, much louder this time.

REVERSE ANGLE DAVID'S P.O.V. of the church interior completely engulfed by the raging blue flames (digital effect). The GREY RABBIT (must be a puppet here) sits motionless in the aisle between the pews.

CLOSE ON the GREY RABBIT (must be a puppet here) as it burns in the blue flames (burn with real fire, overlay blue digital effect). Cue a waning high-pitched baby scream (preferably

the same one from Eraserhead) as the rabbit decomposes in the blue flames.

CLOSE ON DAVID's face as the flames rage in the background. PUSH IN slowly for a beat as the waning baby cry swells.

CLOSE ON the GREY RABBIT decomposing in the fire, almost unrecognizable now, as the waning baby cry and eerie soundscape swell louder.

CLOSE ON DAVID's eyes as the eerie soundscape and waning baby cry reach a violent crescendo. PUSH IN slowly on DAVID's unblinking eyes, as DAVID's eyes fill the FRAME completely.

INT. THE THIRD MORNING IN DAVID'S BEDROOM

ANGLE ON DAVID asleep in his bed for a beat, as an old-timey slow jazz song starts playing on the alarm clock radio, a scratchy tune. HOLD for a few beats as DAVID blinks a few times, then slowly sits up in bed, glancing around the room, confused.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

ANGLE ON DAVID sitting at his desk, staring directly into the CAMERA. HOLD for a few beats as DAVID fiddles with a computer keyboard.

DAVID

(glancing out the window behind him  
periodically)

Good morning, it's June twenty-two,  
two thousand and twenty, and it's a  
Monday once again. Here in LA...June  
gloom - grey, overcast skies...very  
still. The good news - all this grey  
will burn away later on today, to  
reveal blue skies, golden sunshine.  
The temperature will go up to the  
high seventies this afternoon,  
around twenty-five celcius. Right  
now, it's sixty-one degrees,  
fahrenheit, sixteen celcius. Looks  
to be a beautiful day coming along  
though, everyone have a great day!

HOLD for a few beats as DAVID fiddles with the computer keyboard again.

ANGLE ON DAVID, now sitting with eyes closed, meditating. HOLD for many beats. An old-timey telephone rings once in the background.

ANGLE ON DAVID sitting at a table eating a tuna sandwich with tomatoes and cottage cheese on the side. HOLD for many beats

as DAVID chews silently.

EXT. CHURCH FRONT STEPS - DAY

WIDE ANGLE on the church (same church as before) as people are leaving mass and walking down the front steps. DAVID walks into the FRAME on the sidewalk and pauses, turning to look at the church. HOLD for a few beats.

CLOSE ON DAVID's face as he looks up at the church for a beat. DAVID then walks towards the church, out of the FRAME.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

LOW ANGLE ON DAVID sitting, hunched over in a comically small confessional booth. A PRIEST's (younger man) voice addresses DAVID.

PRIEST (O.S.)

What brings you here today, my child? Have you sinned?

DAVID

Oh, well, no actually, it's not like that...I was daydreaming the other day, and a thought about this church had entered my mind, and I was curious about that thought.

LOW ANGLE ON the PRIEST hunched over in the comically small confessional booth, looking down at his phone and scrolling around the phone's screen with his finger.

PRIEST

(glancing up from his phone)

Okay, what seems to be the issue?

LOW ANGLE ON DAVID shifting in his tiny seat in the small booth, trying to get comfortable.

DAVID

I like to show people what I'm working on, but I get this feeling they want more from me - like some unquenchable thirst for more film, but there are so many complications now. It's incredibly frustrating-

PRIEST (O.S.)

Have you tried masturbating a lot?

DAVID

...Come again?

LOW ANGLE ON the PRIEST looking down at his phone again.

PRIEST  
(nonchalant)  
It's a perfectly natural way of  
relieving all this stress you have.

LOW ANGLE ON DAVID, he looks confused. HOLD for a beat.

DAVID  
Uhhh...what would qualify as 'a  
lot'?

LOW ANGLE ON the PRIEST looking up from his phone, facing  
DAVID on the other side of the obscuring divider in the  
booth.

PRIEST  
I dunno - maybe five? Six times per  
day? Or, maybe more sometimes? Seems  
to work pretty well for me.

LOW ANGLE ON DAVID, he looks confused. HOLD for a few beats.

DAVID  
I see...well, I would say I do that  
a normal amount-

PRIEST (O.S.)  
A normal amount?

DAVID  
Yes, every once in a while? Give or  
take?

PRIEST (O.S.)  
Nah, that's not gonna do it - I'd  
recommend four times per day, at the  
very least. Maybe five.

DAVID  
(nodding slightly)  
...I see.

HOLD for a beat.

INT. THEATRE STAGE INTERVIEW

ANGLE on a large darkened theatre stage, as DAVID and a MALE  
INTERVIEWER (older man, preferably greying hair) sit counter  
eachother in large, plush seats, waiting for several beats  
until the applause from the audience tapers off.

MALE INTERVIEWER  
Thank you so much for joining us  
tonight, David.

DAVID  
(smiling)  
It's great to be here.

MALE INTERVIEWER  
So, I understand you're a musician  
now?

DAVID  
(smiling and giggling)  
Well, I like to say that I do play  
music, but I am not a musician.

ANGLE ON the MALE INTERVIEWER. PUSH IN slowly as his  
monologue progresses.

## MALE INTERVIEWER

(slowly becoming more frantic)  
I want to talk about Crazy Clown  
Time - now...this song really  
transported me back to my high school  
and college days - almost instantly.  
It was this beautiful time when I  
was still just a hopeless nerd -  
completely unlike the characters in  
your music video, and as I watched,  
I felt this kind of regret - or  
maybe a kind of jealousy - for those  
kids I knew back then who were going  
to those kinds of parties and having  
that fun...at the time, I thought  
all of that was a complete waste of  
energy. I was such an idiot to not  
take advantage of that - just  
another dumb wallflower too wrapped  
up in being a smart little nerd.  
Sure - I went to the tailgating  
parties sometimes, but never to the  
games - no, too worried about  
hurting my fragile hearing, of  
course...Jesus Christ...I should  
have been living it up, man! It's  
obvious that girl in the lunch line  
was flirting with me! But, what did  
I do? I answered her questions with  
the shortest, dumbest fucking  
non-answers...and that girl at the  
bar after the football game? My god,  
man, she couldn't have made it any  
more obvious! Running her finger up  
my back? Fucking hell, man, I  
pretended like I didn't even feel  
it! No...no - I was too fucking shy  
to do anything about it...I let all  
of it just slip through my  
fingers...Fucking pathetic...

PUSH IN slowly until the CAMERA is CLOSE ON the MALE  
INTERVIEWER's face as he finishes his monologue, looking down  
at the floor, tears welling up in his eyes and rolling down  
his cheek. HOLD for beat.

## MALE INTERVIEWER

(turning to DAVID)  
That's what the song is about,  
right?

REVERSE ANGLE ON DAVID. HOLD for a beat.

DAVID  
(smiling)  
That is one of the most beautiful  
interpretations I've ever heard.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

ANGLE ON DAVID walking to his car as people are leaving the theatre in the background. A MALE FAN (late twenties/early thirties) calls out to DAVID from far away.

MALE FAN (O.S.)  
David - wait up!

DAVID pauses next to his car as the MALE FAN runs into the FRAME, embracing DAVID with a tight hug, which catches DAVID slightly off guard.

DAVID  
(grunting)  
Umph.

MALE FAN  
You're a madman - I love you so  
much.

HOLD for a beat as the MALE FAN and DAVID awkwardly embrace.

EXT. DRIVING HOME AT NIGHT

ANGLE ON DAVID driving his car, CAMERA mounted on driver's side hood, driving down a dark neighborhood street, glancing into the rearview mirror periodically. HOLD for a few beats as we see the street lights outside the car windows become more sparse and then fade into the darkness of the night completely.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

ANGLE FROM DAVID's P.O.V. driving his car down a pitch black, desolate highway. HOLD for a few beats as the road winds in front of the car's headlights. Suddenly, the car's headlights illuminate THE CLOWN, standing on the right shoulder of the highway, staring at DAVID and waving hello as the car passes.

CLOSE ON the rearview mirror, as DAVID's eyes dart from the road back to the rearview mirror.

ANGLE ON the rear window of the car, as THE CLOWN is visible through the window for a beat in the car's red taillights, then disappears into the darkness of the night. HOLD for a beat.

ANGLE FROM DAVID's P.O.V. as the car continues down the dark, winding highway. HOLD for many beats. Suddenly, the car's

headlights illuminate THE CLOWN again, standing on the left shoulder of the highway this time, staring at DAVID and waving hello as the car passes.

CLOSE ON the rearview mirror, as DAVID glances into rearview mirror again, then slams on the brakes.

WIDE ANGLE on the car, now motionless on the shoulder of the desolate highway, the only light coming from the car's red taillights and white headlights. After a beat, DAVID opens the car door and gets out. PAN slightly to follow DAVID walking to the rear of his car on the shoulder of the road. DAVID stops walking once he is visible in the red taillights of the car.

ANGLE ON THE CLOWN barely visible further down the road, over DAVID's shoulder.

DAVID  
(yelling)  
Why are you following me?

CLOSE ON THE CLOWN's face.

THE CLOWN  
(patronizing, stereotypical clown voice)  
Why are you following me?

ANGLE ON DAVID standing next to his car.

DAVID  
(yelling)  
What the hell do you want from me?  
Stop following me!

ANGLE ON THE CLOWN standing on the side of the road, barely visible.

THE CLOWN  
(patronizing, stereotypical clown voice)  
What the hell do you want from me?  
Stop following me!

CLOSE ON DAVID's face, he is visibly frustrated.

DAVID  
(muttering)  
Fucking bullshit.

HOLD for a beat, as DAVID turns angrily and walks out of the FRAME, back to his car.

WIDE ANGLE on the car on the side of the road, as DAVID gets back into the car. After a beat, DAVID's car speeds off down the highway. PAN to follow the car for a few beats as it



speeds off into the distance, then disappears into the darkness of the night.

CLOSE ON the rearview mirror, as DAVID's eyes dart from the road, then back again to the rearview mirror, several times.

EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DAVID's car rolls slowly to a stop in the middle of the FRAME under a street light, with DAVID's house visible in the background.

ANGLE ON DAVID's front porch as THE CLOWN stands motionless on the side of the porch, barely visible in the shadows of the porch light, as we hear the sound of crickets in the background. DAVID enters the frame and begins to unlock the front door, glancing over at THE CLOWN briefly, but ignoring THE CLOWN. DAVID enters the front door and closes it, and after a beat, we hear the sound of the door's deadbolt lock engage with the door frame. HOLD for a few beats as THE CLOWN stands motionless watching the closed door.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

WIDE ANGLE on the dimly lit room, as THE CLOWN sits motionless in a chair on the far side of the room, watching DAVID meditate.

CLOSE ON DAVID's face, eyes closed, deep in meditation, his expression steadfast and resolute. PUSH IN slowly as DAVID inhales deeply, then exhales slowly, his smile growing wider.

THE END