

JONATHAN  
SANTLOFER



“CHILLING” *USA Today*

THE  
DEATH  
ARTIST

A NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

JONATHAN  
SANTLOFER

THE  
DEATH  
ARTIST

 HarperCollins e-books

*FOR JOY*

# Contents

## [Prologue](#)

Even before it all went bad she had the feeling it was . . .

[1](#) Kate McKinnon Rothstein, “Stretch” to the girls at . . .

[2](#) The computer’s screen-saver, blinking dollar signs—a . . .

[3](#) Crosby Street was clogged with traffic. Horns . . .

[4](#) The landing outside Elena’s apartment was littered . . .

[5](#) Crooked. The goddamn painting is crooked. . . .

[6](#) Two miserable days in the Hamptons. How Richard . . .

- [7](#) Willie stared at the return address, slowly opened . . .
- [8](#) Homicide Detective Floyd Brown Jr. was just sitting . . .
- [9](#) Did she cry when her mother died? Why can't Kate . . .
- [10](#) Dark suits. Black dresses. Everyone appropriately . . .
- [11](#) Ethan Stein rearranged the copies of his art reviews on . . .
- [12](#) Morning light poured through the tall penthouse . . .
- [13](#) A hundred bucks' worth of corkboard from Gracious . . .
- [14](#) Central Booking was too familiar. A lot bigger than . . .
- [15](#) Schuyler Mills, senior curator at the Museum of Con- . . .
- [16](#) Outside, the sun was glinting off the glass and steel of . . .

- [17](#) Kate's heels echosed in the long dark hallway. . . .
- [18](#) The coroner's office might be backed up. But a call . . .
- [19](#) A pit stop, that's all Kate was intending. But someone . . .
- [20](#) The lobby was claustrophobic. The air stagnant. Kate . . .
- [21](#) The art world's red-hot center used to be soHo Now . . .
- [22](#) The coffee would not take effect—and it was her third . . .
- [23](#) To Kate, Willie's studio was like a lab, a haphazard, . . .
- [24](#) He's got to concentrate. . . .
- [25](#) A police car streaked past, amber lights flashing, the . . .
- [26](#) A decent night's sleep with the aid of a sleeping pill . . .

- [27](#) The midday light played across the tenements and . . .
- [28](#) The uniform deposited a thick stack of papers onto the . . .
- [29](#) The large room was a buzz of activity: thirty, forty . . .
- [30](#) The one time Kate was not in a hurry and there was no . . .
- [31](#) Randy Mead rapped a Bic pen against the edge of the . . .
- [32](#) Another one of those nights. Awake. Asleep. Hot. . . .
- [33](#) Not exactly the kind of party Amanda Lowe had in . . .
- [34](#) First you have him, then you don't," said Clare Tapell. . . .
- [35](#) It's been three days, Liz. Not a word, nothing," said . . .
- [36](#) Twenty minutes to get to Richard's office. Twenty . . .

- [37](#) You heard the phone tapes,” said Kate, eyeing each of . . .
- [38](#) Kate tapped a copy of the newspaper photo—the one . . .
- [39](#) *Damn.* Who’d have expected a tiny, shriveled old man . . .
- [40](#) It’s coming up now,” said Liz. . . .
- [41](#) Historically, Venice had been sinking at the rate of . . .
- [42](#) So many uniforms. So much blue. . . .
- [43](#) Not a tree in sight. Only a couple of high-rise. . .
- [44](#) Across the river, the reflected lights of Hoboken. . .
- [45](#) News of the death artist’s demise filled every. . .

## [One Week Later](#)

The recording studio was state of the art, six people . . .

[Acknowledgments](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Raves](#)

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[About the Publisher](#)

# PROLOGUE

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**E**ven before it all went bad she had the feeling it was going to be a rotten day. She blamed it on the headache, the one she'd woken up with. But even later, as the headache eased, the feeling, almost a sense of foreboding, remained. Still, she'd made it through the day. Maybe, she thought, the night would be better.

She was wrong.

“How about something to drink, maybe some coffee?” He smiles.

“I should be getting home.”

He looks at his watch. “It’s only eight-thirty. Come on. I’ll buy you a cup of the best cappuccino in town.”

Maybe she says yes because the headache is finally gone, or because the day has turned out much better than she expected, or because she doesn’t feel like being alone, not right now.

“Let’s walk a bit.”