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A Diva Says Goodnight

Cici Malone

She took off her ten million dollar silk dress and hung it among her other clothes. She wiped the red lipstick from her lips and mascara from her thick lashes. She loosened her hair from its tight bun and brushed away the tangles in her brown locks. A sigh escaped her lips as she saw herself in the full body mirror. Her long slim legs seemed to be shaking and she forced herself to remain calm. She placed some scented candles around the room and lowered the lights. She placed several pictures around her bed. She smiled at the image of her standing next to a movie legend on her first night at the Oscars.

That night had a thousand memories, the kind that didn't make it into the papers the next day. She remembered her first kiss with her husband in a darkly lit restaurant miles from the cameras. He had told her all about his life up until that moment, he spoke of his joy at winning yet another award. She laughed at his lame jokes and teased him about the waitress so very in awe of him. They had returned to his hotel and slowly made love on his king size bed. They had drunk champagne and enjoyed breakfast in bed.

Sounds of laughter outside brought her back to the present. She looked out her window to see three young women walking down steps of the hotel laughing and getting into a white limo. She wondered where they were going and what exciting adventure lay before them. Sitting down on her bed, she slowly sipped her red wine and picked up a bottle of sleeping pills. Placing a couple in her mouth and swallowing hard as the wine trickled down her throat. She lay back on her soft sheets and closed her eyes, allowing old memories to wash over her. His face came to mind; it was always how she remembered him now, blood on his clothes and tears in his eyes. She forgot the screams of young girls nearby and never saw the ambulance crew come in and try to save him. All she saw was the man she loved dying by her side. She opened her eyes and glanced at the paper on her dresser.

Movie Star's bodyguard shot dead during star parade

She let the tears fall as her heart slowed down.

'How fitting,' she thought, as the room became a blur.

Her eyes were fluttering open now and a deathly silence hung in her ears. She found it odd how she could still smell the bath oils from earlier. Her eyes refused to open anymore and her breathing became laboured. She felt herself shaking and a slight pain hit her heart, then it faded and she smiled as the face of her love came upon her.

Tammy Brown sat down with her morning coffee and turned on the television to the solemn face of the breakfast newsreader.

"Reports confirm death around 11.30 last night. The thirty-year-old movie star was found dead in her hotel room in LA this morning around 2am. Early reports claim suicide. It's the last

part of a tragic love story. Last week during an all star parade bodyguard William Davis was shot dead after an assassin tried to take the life of Hollywood actress Leah Hart.”

Tammy sat dumbfounded in her sitting room. Leah Hart was dead. She had killed herself.

“A friend of Hart’s had this to say,” the newsreader said before a dark haired man came on screen. Tammy recognised him as Leah’s childhood friend.

“Leah was an amazing woman with a generous heart and I can’t express how much this loss has affected me.”

Tammy watched as the camera went back to the studio and the news moved on to the day’s sports results. She had a bitter taste in her mouth as she walked to her bedroom where she sat and looked at the thousands of framed pictures on her wall. Tears formed in her eyes as she grieved the loss of a legend, a woman she had never met, but had touched her life in so many ways. Leah Hart would never know the good she had done for Tammy Brown.