

TALES OF THE DAMNED:

Episode 6 - "Mirror, Mirror"

by

Christine Gillam

FINAL DRAFT

March, 2006

"MIRROR, MIRROR"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. TEENAGER'S BEDROOM - MORNING, ABOUT 5 YEARS AGO

The scene opens with CAROLINE CONNERS, 14 years old, standing in front of the dresser mirror in her bedroom. She is pulling her long, blonde hair back with a bright red ribbon. She is wearing jeans, sneakers and a striped, button down shirt. Caroline is very attractive, tall, thin, blue-eyed, poised.

After she finishes tying the ribbon, she moves to the closet and reaches in to get her jacket. She glances up at a medium-sized box on the top shelf and hesitates, then pulls it down, forgetting about the jacket. She walks over to the bed and sits down, staring at the top of the box.

MOM (O.S.)

Caroline! Are you coming down to
breakfast?

CAROLINE

Be down in a minute!

Caroline opens the box, placing the lid down beside her. She reaches in and pulls out a picture of a younger girl with the same coloring as Caroline, but the girl is obese and her face is covered with severe cuts and bruises. She stares at it for several minutes, until a tear falls down her cheek and drops onto the photograph. She wipes it off with her free hand and places the picture carefully back into the box. She then replaces the lid and carries the box back to the closet, pushing it farther back onto the shelf, so it is barely visible. She grabs her jacket, then starts towards the door, pausing only a second to check her appearance once again before exiting the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Mom is standing in front of the sink, washing dishes as Caroline enters. Caroline rushes over and give mom a peck on the cheek.

CAROLINE

No time for breakfast, mom. I'll grab something at school.

MOM

Caroline, you know you won't Please. You have to eat. Your weight...

CAROLINE

(interrupts)

I'll be fine. Really. Gotta go.

MOM

At least take a piece of fruit. I know you worked really hard to lose all that weight after your accident, but you have to eat.

Caroline grabs an apple and takes a bite out of it as she walks out the door. Her mom shakes her head and turns back to the dishes.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

Caroline steps off the school bus, running into a very nice looking boy, DREW WILLIS.

CAROLINE

(playfully)

Excuse me, sir, would you watch where you're going?

DREW

Pardon me, ma'am. Let me make it up to you!

He grabs her and kisses her on the mouth. She puts her arms around him and kisses him back, the rest of the world forgotten. The kiss lasts for several seconds before they pull away from each other.

CAROLINE

Were you waiting for me, Drew?

DREW

Of course. Don't I always?

Another couple walks up to where Drew and Caroline are standing. The BOY punches Drew playfully on the arm. The GIRL walks over to Caroline.

CAROLINE

Hey Paige, Rob. How did you guys do on that test in Mr. Shepherd's class yesterday?

PAIGE

I don't even want to talk about it. Someone should give that man a pop quiz on what it means to have a life.

ROB

I know I passed. I looked on your paper, Caroline!

They all laugh.

ROB

Hey, you guys wanna grab something to eat before the game tonight?

DREW

Yeah. I vote for pizza.

CAROLINE

You always vote for pizza. Let's get to class before we get in trouble.

As they walk away, a girl stands in the shadows, watching. As the group walks into the school, she smiles evilly, then runs towards the other doors entering the school.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Caroline and Drew, still holding hands, walk towards a group of students hovered around a bulletin board. Paige and Rob follow close behind. Some of them notice them and start to point towards Caroline, whispering to each other as they do. Caroline drops Drew's hand and cautiously walks towards the crowd. They separate as Caroline draws near. On the bulletin board is a picture, nearly identical to the one Caroline was looking at this morning in her bedroom - the obese girl with the mutilated face. There is another picture hanging beside it of Caroline as she is today.

The caption above it reads: BEFORE AND AFTER: CAROLINE CONNERS. HERE'S YOUR HOMECOMING QUEEN. ISN'T SHE LOVELY?

Caroline puts her hand to her mouth as her eyes widen in horror. Her bookbag drops from her shoulders and hits the ground with a loud THUMP. She backs away, eyes not moving from the photos. She stumbles over the backpack, not falling, but shaken to the reality of her surroundings. She looks at everyone. Her eyes stop on Drew, who is looking at the bulletin board.

CAROLINE

(screams)

NO!

She turns and runs from the school. As she turns away, Drew turns to follow, calling her name. She doesn't respond. Standing to the side, hidden from view by the doorway in which she is standing is the girl from before. She smiles again, then walks towards the exit doors. As she does, she bumps into MANDRAKE, knocking his hat from his hands. She shudders and looks up at him irritably, but does not stop. He smiles at her back as he bends over to pick up his fedora, then moves on.

MANDRAKE

It is said that the eyes are a mirror to one's soul. But when that soul is damned, a little help is needed to reveal it's true essence

CUT TO:

INT. - CAROLINE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The door opens and Caroline enters her bedroom. She is still crying and has her head down. She wipes her eyes and they become wide and horrified. Scattered on the floor of her room lay pictures of her in various stages of her life. You can see a newspaper, THE OHIO TIMES. The article headline reads: LOCAL GIRL INJURED IN CAR ACCIDENT. Underneath the headline are pictures of Caroline before and after the accident. Caroline is dazed. She looks at the mirror on her dresser. It is broken, and glass lay everywhere.

FADE OUT.

MAIN TITLE

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

BROOKE SUMMERS is sitting on the couch in her living room in her nightgown. Her hair is mussed and there is a glass of juice in her hand. She is flipping through a popular magazine filled with pictures of models, including herself. An older Drew Willis comes into the living room, walks to the couch and leans over and kisses her. Brooke puts the glass down on the end table and gets up. She slips her arms around him and kisses him back.

BROOKE

Mornin' baby. You leaving already?

DREW

In a few. You'd better get a move on yourself.

BROOKE

You're right. I'm just feeling a little lazy today. Call me later?

DREW

You know I will. You're still meeting me for dinner, right? You're not going to stand me up again are you?

BROOKE

No way, lover. I'll be there.

Drew walks towards the refrigerator and Brooke walks to the bedroom. Drew reaches in, grabs some orange juice and pours it into a glass he's gotten from the cabinet.

CUT TO:

INT. - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brooke walks over to her dresser and picks up her brush. There is no mirror on the dresser and she looks irritated, she turns and walks into the bathroom, shutting the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Brooke exits the bathroom, now dressed in her bathrobe. She is wearing makeup and looking every bit like the model in the magazines. She looks towards her dresser and is startled to see the mirror is now there.

BROOKE

What in the world?

She walks over to the dresser and looks in the mirror. In her confusion, she doesn't immediately notice the man standing in the doorway of her bedroom, wearing a fedora and a trench coat. She feels cold suddenly and crosses her arms, rubbing them as if to ward off a chill.

MANDRAKE

Is it to your liking?

BROOKE

(startled)

OH! It's wonderful. But how did you get in?

MANDRAKE

Your young man let me in as he was leaving.

BROOKE

Oh. What took so long to get it repaired?

MANDRAKE

Well, we had to order the mirror special.

(pause)

I'll need you to sign the Delivery Confirmation.

He hands her the clipboard he is holding, which Brooke hadn't noticed before. She takes the clipboard and his pen and signs the notice. As she hands them back, her hand brushes his and she shudders.

MANDRAKE

Crow land on your grave?

BROOKE

What? Oh! Yes. I guess so.

Brooke shakes her head to gather her composure, then walks into the living room to the front door, being careful not to touch him as she walks by. She opens the front door and holds onto it, inviting him to leave.

BROOKE

Thank you so much for delivering this. I really have to finish getting ready now.

Mandrake smiles and tips his hat, then walks out the door. Brooke closes the door behind him, looks at it for a moment then heads to her bedroom.

BACK TO:

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brooke stands in front of her dresser, brushing her long blonde hair, looking into her newly repaired mirror. She looks over at the picture of Drew and smiles.

BROOKE

It was worth it.

She says aloud to no one. She puts down her brush and slowly opens a drawer on the front of the dresser. She takes out a box and opens it. Inside is a picture, identical to the one on the bulletin board 5 years ago.

BROOKE

Why did I keep this?

She places the picture back in the box and puts it into the dresser, closing the drawer. She walks over to the bed and picks up her blazer. Something catches her eye and she looks back towards the dresser and into the mirror.

BROOKE

(gasps)

Oh!

For a brief moment you can see the image of a young girl laying in a pool of blood, pictures and shattered pieces of mirror lay scattered all around her. Brooke closes her eyes, and when she reopens them, the image is gone.

BROOKE

I should have never looked at that picture.

She leaves the bedroom and the apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Brooke is standing in front of the mirror, checking her appearance. She is wearing an emerald green dinner dress. The phone rings and she rushes to her bedside to answer it.

BROOKE

Hello?

DREW (O.S.)

Hey baby, I thought you would've left by now.

BROOKE

Hello Drew.

DREW

You don't sound happy to hear my voice. What's up?

BROOKE

Of course I'm glad it's you. I'm just in a rush. I should've left ages ago.

DREW

I know. I'm waiting here for you. That's why I called.

BROOKE

Well, hang up then so I can go! Love you!

DREW

Right back at you, baby. See you soon.

BROOKE

By the way, you really shouldn't let strange men in my bedroom.

But Drew has already hung up the phone. Brooke hangs up too and with one last glance in the mirror, leaves the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The couple sits at a quiet table over by the stage, where a band is playing soft jazzy tunes. They each have a glass of wine and a salad. Drew reaches for Brooke's hand which is playing with her wine glass. He puts his left hand in his pocket and pulls out a small box.

DREW

Brooke, you were there for me through the most traumatic time of my life. I never thought I could love anyone as much as I loved Caroline. You helped me realize that I can.

Drew draws back his hand from hers and opens the box. Inside is a very large diamond.

DREW

Will you marry me?

BROOKE

Oh, Drew! Of course I will!

He gets up from his chair and walks over to her side of the table. He gets down on one knee, takes the ring out of the box and puts it on the ring finger of her left hand. They kiss. He gets up and moves back to his chair.

DREW

This calls for a toast! Waiter!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brooke and Drew are in bed. The lights are off, but there is a dim glow from the street lamps outside. Drew is asleep, one arm thrown over Brooke. She is wide awake, looking at the ring. There is a satisfied smile on her face. After a moment, she turns on her side and pulls the cover up. She is asleep almost immediately.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - THICK FOG - NIGHT

Brooke is standing outside in her nightgown, enveloped by a thick fog. She looks lost, confused, uncertain where she is. She starts to panic and begins to run, continuously looking over her shoulder as if someone is chasing her. Eventually she reaches a door. She opens it and she is in a familiar bedroom. She steps on something and realizes there is broken glass all over the floor. Blood starts to pour from a cut on her foot. She tries to move, but cannot. She watches as Caroline comes crying into the room from another door. Caroline moves over to the bed and picks up a box of photos. As she takes each one out of the box, she drops it and it falls slowly to the floor. You can see them as they fall. Various images of Caroline throughout her life, both before and after the accident. After dropping a few, she dumps remaining pictures onto the floor. Drops of blood fall like rain onto the pictures. Caroline gets up and picks up a shard of the broken glass and slits her wrists. She stands there among the glass, blood pouring from her wrists. She looks at Brooke.

CAROLINE

Why did you do it? Why couldn't
you just leave me alone?

Brooke tries again to move, but cannot. Caroline starts towards her, her hands outstretched, arms turned to reveal the slashes on her wrists, blood running down her arms to the floor. Brooke screams and is finally able to move. She turns and runs from the room, back into the mist, still looking over her shoulder. Brooke feels a hand grab her shoulder, she tries to pull away.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brooke is tossing violently in her sleep, Drew is shaking her, trying to wake her up.

DREW

Brooke! Wake up! You're having a
nightmare!

BROOKE

Oh, Drew! It was awful. It
was...

She stops. The look on her face tells you that she doesn't want to tell him the dream.

BROOKE

I, I can't remember.

Brooke begins to cry and Drew takes her in his arms, comforting her. They lay back down together and go to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO

Brooke is dressed in a swimsuit, posing in front of a camera. The scene is set up as a beach scene. The shoot is not going well. All the people around look tired and disgusted.

PHOTOGRAPHER

C'mon, Brooke. This is supposed to be a happy place. Smiles! You're at the beach, your beautiful. Men want you.

BROOKE

I know. I'm sorry. I just can't get into it today.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Well, you not be able to *get into it* is costing this magazine about \$5,000. Do you think you can try to fake it?

Brooke finally gets through the shoot and goes into her dressing room. She looks at the dressing table in horror. The glass from the mirror is broken, the pieces scattered all over the table. There are pictures there as well. She picks up one and looks at it and faints. The picture falls face up on the floor. It is the picture of Caroline.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Drew is sitting behind his desk. A MAN is sitting in a chair facing Drew, you can see the back of him. Drew is talking on the phone. You can only hear Drew's side of the conversation.

DREW

But she'll be ok?

(pause)

What happened?

(pause)

Ok. Tell her I'll be there soon.
I have a few things to finish up
here.

Drew hangs up the phone.

MAN

Is everything alright?

DREW

Yeah. Rob, I just don't know
what's going on with Brooke.

ROB

What do you mean?

DREW

Well, last night she wakes up with
nightmares and today she's
fainting on the set.

ROB

So, you think she's getting cold
feet already? You just asked her
yesterday!

DREW

No. It's something else. I'll
talk to her about it tonight.

Rob gets up and heads towards the door, talking as he walks.

ROB

Well, I gotta get goin' man.
Catch up with you later at the
club?

DREW

Sure. If I can get Brooke to go.

Rob leaves. Drew picks up the phone and dials.

DREW

Hello? Mrs. Connors? It's me,
Drew.

MRS. CONNERS

Well, Drew! How lovely it is to
hear from you. Is something
wrong?

DREW

No. I was just thinking about
Caroline today and I needed to
hear your voice.

MRS. CONNERS

I understand, dear. It's hard on
us today, too, even though it's
been 5 years.

DREW

If we could just have some
closure. Why? Why did she do it?
I didn't care what she looked like
before! It was her soul I was in
love with. She had a good soul.

Drew breaks down and starts to cry. After a moment he
composes himself.

DREW

I'm sorry. Sometimes I just can't
help myself.

(pauses)

There's another reason I called
today.

MRS. CONNERS

What is it, Drew?

DREW

I proposed to Brooke last night
and she accepted.

MRS. CONNERS

That's wonderful, Drew. Caroline
would've wanted you to be happy.
And Brooke was her best friend.

DREW

Thank you, Mrs. Connors.

MRS. CONNERS

And don't you forget to add my name to that guest list, now!

DREW

I won't. Goodbye, Mrs. Connors.

Drew hangs up the phone, puts his head in his hands and begins to cry.

CUT TO:

INT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brooke is dressed in a very slinky black dress. She has on her engagement ring, diamond earrings and no other adornment. She admires herself in the mirror. Her eyes glance down to the drawer with the picture in it, but she doesn't open it. Drew walks out of the bathroom, dressed in a black suit. He is straightening his tie.

DREW

You sure you're up to this?

BROOKE

Of course! Don't be silly. We haven't been out with our friends in weeks. Besides, I can't wait to tell them the news. And show off my ring!

DREW

It's just, after what happened today, and then that dream last night. I was worried about you, doll!

BROOKE

I'm fine. Just a little stressed that's all. We had that big photo shoot today and I'm up for the top model position at that cosmetics company. It'll do me good to get out with friends and forget it all.

DREW

You're the boss! But if you feel tired at all, just tell me and we'll leave, ok?

BROOKE

Deal. Now let's get out of here and show off this rock!

They walk out the door, closing it behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rob and his wife, PAIGE, are getting ready to go out. Rob is standing beside Paige fixing his tie, while Paige is putting on her earrings.

PAIGE

I don't think I'm going.

ROB

Paige, you have to go. Drew is my best friend.

PAIGE

And Brooke was Caroline's. What's your point?

ROB

My point is that the only time Drew was this happy was when we were in high school. When Caroline was alive. Don't ruin this for him. Please?

PAIGE

Rob, it's just not right! Brooke killed Caroline.

ROB

Honey, Caroline killed herself. You know that!

PAIGE

I know that Brooke drove her to it. She as much as told me so the day it happened. I know that if Drew knew that, he would never marry that bitch.
(MORE)

PAIGE(cont'd)

And I know someone should tell him
before he makes the biggest
mistake of his life.

ROB

Paige, let's just get through
tonight without starting anything.

PAIGE

I'll try. That's the best I can
do.

(pause)

And Rob, if we make it through
tonight, I never want to spend
another moment with that woman as
long as I live.

Paige turns and brushes past Rob, heading out the door. Rob
follows behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Brooke and Drew at a crowded dance club. A band is playing
top 40's hits. There are two other couples at the table with
them. Several empty glasses sit on the table, as well as 6
full ones. Paige is obviously tipsy. The other girl, SHERYL,
is admiring Brooke's ring.

SHERYL

Brooke! It's huge! And beautiful.
You are so lucky. Wayne will
never ask me to marry him.

She rolls her eyes at WAYNE, who is sitting next to her at the
table.

WAYNE

Keep it up, Sheryl, and you can
walk home tonight.

SHERYL

Yeah, and you can sleep alone.

WAYNE

Not me! There's plenty of young
lovelies in here to choose from.
How about you, Paige. You lonely?

Paige shakes her head.

PAIGE

Not if you were the last pig on earth. Besides, I will be warming the other side of Rob's bed, as usual.

(pause)

Hey, Brooke. You do know what tomorrow is, don't you?

BROOKE

No, Paige. Is it your birthday?

PAIGE

No. It's August 15th.

BROOKE

And is that supposed to mean something?

Paige glances over at Drew, who is looking down at his drink, obviously uncomfortable with where this conversation is going.

ROB

Paige. Stop it.

Paige ignores him.

PAIGE

Why, it's the anniversary of Caroline Connors death. You do remember her, don't you? I know Drew does.

Brooke struggles to gain her composure. She looks over at Drew, who says nothing, but continues to stare at his drink.

BROOKE

Of course I remember Caroline. It was a terrible tragedy. And she was my best friend.

PAIGE

(smirks)

Right. And with friends like you, who needs enemies.

ROB

Paige. Don't do this, not now.

PAIGE

Why not. Doesn't your friend deserve to know why his girlfriend killed herself?

Everyone at the table falls silent as Drew looks over at Paige. Brooke is pale and her hands are shaking. Rob grabs Paige by the hand and starts to lead her to the dance floor. Drew jumps up and grabs her other hand angrily.

DREW

What are you talking about, Paige?

ROB

Drew, let it go.

DREW

No! I want to know what's she's talking about.

Paige jerks away from Rob and faces Drew.

PAIGE

Your *fiance'* is responsible for Caroline's death. She as good as slashed her wrists for her.

DREW

You're drunk, Paige. What could Brooke possibly have done to cause Caroline to kill herself?

PAIGE

For starters, she put that picture up on the bulletin board.

DREW

No. She wouldn't have done that. You're lying. Go home and sleep it off, Paige.

PAIGE

Look at her face and then tell me I'm lying.

Drew looks over at Brooke, who is now shaking uncontrollably. He sits down and turns up his nearly full glass, downing it in one swallow. Rob comes over and touches his shoulder. Drew shrugs his hand away, then gets up and grabs Brooke's shoulders, pulling her up from the table.

DREW

Tell me it's not true. Tell me you didn't do that.

BROOKE

I, I can't do that Drew.

DREW

So it's true. All of it. Why, Brooke? Why did you do that?

BROOKE

Because she had everything I wanted. Who did she think she was? She came into my school and took my friends and my boyfriend. I couldn't let her get away with that. Besides, I didn't know she'd do something stupid like kill herself, now did I?

Drew lets her go, looking like he'd just been kicked in the stomach.

PAIGE

Tell him the rest of it, Brooke. Tell him how you went to her house and pulled down that box of pictures, scattering them all over the floor of her room.

ROB

Stop it, Paige. You've done enough.

Paige smiles.

PAIGE

Yes. I guess I have.

She drunkenly stumbles away from the table. Rob looks after her, then turns to Drew.

ROB

Hey, man. I'm sorry. I should have told you, but you were already so low. And you were leaning so hard on Brooke. By the time you pulled it together, I figured it didn't matter much anymore.

(pause)

I gotta go after her, buddy. She's had too much to drink. She's gonna kill someone.

(pause)

Call you tomorrow, ok?

Drew doesn't look at him, nor does he respond. He's just staring at Brooke, who's sitting now, looking at her drink.

Her hands still shaking. Rob turns away and head for the door. Wayne and Sheryl, stunned, leave the table and head for the dance floor.

DREW

It's over. I'll be by tomorrow to get my things.

Drew throws some money down on the table and leaves Brooke sitting there, alone. The WAITER comes over and sits a drink down in front of her.

WAITER

Compliments of the gentleman at the bar.

Brooke looks up at him, confused. It takes her a minute to register that he is talking to her.

BROOKE

What did you say?

WAITER

The man at the bar sent this over to you. The one in the funny hat.

The waiter motions over to the bar where Mandrake is standing. Brooke looks towards where he is pointing. He smiles at her and tips his hat. The waiter walks away and Brooke looks down at her drink. She picks it up, then downs it in one swallow. Then looks back towards the bar where Mandrake was standing, but he's not there anymore.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brooke is sitting on the edge of her bed, looking in the mirror on her dresser. There is a scene playing out in the mirror. Caroline is sitting on the edge of her bed, looking in her dresser mirror. You can see Caroline's closet door open and YOUNG BROOKE comes out the door, the girl that was observing from the shadows the incident at school five years ago. Young Brooke has a shard of glass from the mirror in her hand. She walks over to Caroline and hands her the glass. Caroline takes it without hesitation.

YOUNG BROOKE

You know what you have to do, Caroline. The pain of living is too much for you. Look at all you've overcome. Your weight, the scars of your accident.

(MORE)

YOUNG BROOKE(cont'd)

What does it all mean now?
Everyone knows what you are. A
freak. You lied to them all. To
your friends. To me. And most of
all to Drew. No one will ever
forgive you.

(pause)

End it now, Caroline. End your
pain.

CAROLINE

Yes. It's the only thing left for
me to do. I'm so tired. I need
it to be over.

Caroline takes the shard of glass and slits both her wrists. Blood starts to pour out and runs down the side of her bed, splashing to the floor. She lay down on the Bed. Brooke is standing over her, smiling. Then the scene dissolves away and in the mirror you see young Caroline standing beside Brooke, handing her an identical shard of glass. Brooke takes the glass and slits her own wrists, then lay down on the bed. The mirror on the dresser explodes as if someone has thrown something into it. Then you see Brooke lying on t he bed, blood running down from her wrists, down the side of the bed and onto the floor. Young Caroline is standing beside her, smiling. Mandrake appears, takes Caroline's hand, and leads her away.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Drew is standing beside the dresser. Police and others are taking pictures, notes, marking off the crime scene. A Policeman walks over to drew and hands him a piece of paper in a plastic evidence bag. It is a suicide note. Drew reads it.

BROOKE (V.O.)

Dear Drew. I killed Caroline.
She took everything from me and I
couldn't live with that. I am
sorry that I hurt you. Maybe now
you can move on with your life.
Find someone who will make you
happy. I loved you, Drew.

The letter was simply signed: Brooke. Drew hands the letter back to the policeman without speaking. A single tear rolls down his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

People are walking down the street beside a newsstand. There are magazines and newspapers all around. On the front of one of the top magazines you can see a stunning picture of Brooke. The caption reads: SUPERMODEL COMMITS SUICIDE - CONFESSES TO MURDER. The newspaper has a similar headline. The man running the newsstand has his radio turned on and the news is playing.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

Tragedy struck yesterday when rising supermodel, Brooke Summers, was found dead in the home she shared with her boyfriend. It is believed that Ms. Summers committed suicide. Police have disclosed that the suicide note included a confession to a 5-year-old murder of her schoolmate, Caroline Connors, whose death was previously thought to be a suicide as well. No foul play is suspected.

Mandrake walks by in a trench coat and fedora. You can see the back of him as he walks, then his profile as he walks up to the newsstand and picks up the magazine. He smiles as he looks at the picture. Then he tosses it back down and adjusts his fedora, then his coat then moves on.

FADE OUT.

THE END