

PETER AND LISA: PART 19

CAST OUT INTO THE COLD

7: 59 pm, as the theme tune fades away, a knock on the door echoes the rhythm. “I’ll get it!” Lisa is out of her room, looking slightly dishevelled in the pale light glowing behind her, before Ola’s even flicked the TV onto stand-by.

“Gosh, I wonder who this could be?” she murmurs, leaning back over the settee, getting an upside-down view of the short hallway. “Hi, Peter!” she calls, not really looking at the tall, gangly figure in the doorway. “She’s told you the bad news, hasn’t

she?” she stays leaned back as Peter and Lisa walk down the hall.

“Bad news?”

“Yeah, I’m getting abandoned by my best friend for some toy-boy.” She pouts.

Peter’s eyebrows rise, “I thought this was your idea.”

Ola continues to pout, “Stop trying to confuse me with facts. I’m being miserable, and I’ll have to find someone new to live with, and they’ll probably be an axe murderer, and...”

“And would you consider a suggestion to avoid that?”

Ola stops, her mouth half-open. “Don’t interrupt. What suggestion?”

“Well, the place I have is great for me, but for me and Lisa it might be a bit crowded, so...”

“You mean you’re throwing me out of my home as well?” her lip trembles theatrically, “I can’t believe you’re being this cruel and casting me out into the cruel, mean streets of...”

“Ola, be serious for once in your life, will you?”

“Not if I can help it, L.” she grins. “Oh, all right, all right. There’s no need to look at me like I just ate your last Rolo.” She turns towards Peter, “So, what’s this suggestion? We swap places? So you get more snuggle time, and I get?”

“You get a bachelorette pad, in a fairly desirable area. And I can pretty much guarantee the rent will be reasonable.”

“Reasonable? How reasonable?”

“About what you’re paying now. I’ll pay the bills, and you pay what you paid for this place to me to cover me living here.”

“Well, I suppose, as my roommate wants to get rid of me, anyway, I guess I’ll have to consider it.”

“Ola...”

Ola sticks her tongue out, “Yeah, yeah. It sounds pretty fair, as long as I get to come over sometimes.”

“Great, then...”

“And I get to see it first, of course.”

“Don’t you trust me not to sell you a pup, Ola?”

“If I were you, O, I wouldn’t trust him to sell you anything.”

Ola grins, “Really? So I shouldn’t take the offer? No problem, L. I’m happy here.” She leans back, flinging her arms along the back of the sofa.

“Olamide…”

“Ok, ok, jeez, don’t get bent out of shape, ‘mother’.”

Lisa flicks a glance at Peter. Ola’s grin widens. “Ooooh, that was a guilty look, L. What have you two been up to? I’m not going to find whips and chains when I pop round in future?”

“NO!”

“You won’t find them, Ola.”

“But they will be here?” she grins as Lisa’s cheeks colour, “I knew it. I knew you weren’t telling me all the good stuff.” Peter shuffles his feet, looking distinctly uncomfortable. “I smell a renegotiation coming on. How about a 10% discount in exchange for not mentioning this in company?”

“Ola…”

“God, you’re no fun anymore.” She folds her arms, pouting sulkily.

“Ola…”

She scowls up, “What?” she asks, sounding like a sulky teenager.

“Would you like to see the place? Before you make a decision?”

“Sure. I might as well see where I’m being banished to, cast out into the cold, dark night alone, bereft of friendship and love, left to wander…”

Lisa grabs her arm, half-dragging her off the sofa, “Enough over-acting, O.”

“Your boss is sooo going to hear about your kinky little secret, L. You do realise that, don’t you?”

“Yeah, yeah, talk is cheap. And I’ve got more drunken debauchery stories for your boss than you do.” She continues to pull Ola up.

“You can stop tugging my arm out its socket now, L, I’m up. So, let’s go see this bachelorette pad.” She beams, holding out her arm for Peter to take.

Lisa lets go, “Don’t push it, O.” she slips between Ola and Peter, slipping her arm into his.

“Awwww. You’re always trying to stop me stealing your boy toys.” She takes Lisa’s arm, slipping it into hers, “There, now we’re a threesome and you can share.”

“You are so lucky my hands are occupied, O.”

Ola grins, as they open the door to the flat, “Why do you think I said it then, L? I’m not that suicidal.”

Twenty minutes later, “Third floor? Does the lift work at least?”

“It’ll be good for you, O. Help you lose some of that excess.”

“Ooh, that’s harsh, L. I’ll have you know, I am gorgeous. Just ‘cause you’re a bony stick insect with a cute boy toy doesn’t mean that’s the only thing guys are looking for.”

“Uhm, ladies, can I draw your attention back to this deceptively spacious London living space?”

“Your boy toy’s a bit of a spoilsport, isn’t he, L? All work and no play makes Peter a very dull boy, you know.”

“Believe me, O, Peter plays just fine.”

“Ooooh, more kinky secrets, L? I’m going to have to borrow him sometime.”

“‘ahem’ If you’re both quite finished discussing me…?”

“You just need to work on his being a spoilsport.” Ola stage whispers.

“I’m doing my best.” Lisa stage whispers back. “But I think we’d better concentrate now; he’s going to go into puppy dog eyes otherwise.” Peter gives her a hurt look, “Told you.”

“God, he is soooooo cute when he does that. Awww, I made him blush.”

“That’s enough, O.”

“Oh, all right, I’ll leave the cute boy toy alone.” She taps on the wall, “Ah, nothing but the finest plasterboard. Nice colour. You mind if I decorate when I move in?”

“Not really. I know dove grey isn’t to everyone’s tastes.”

“Yeah, I’m more a burnt umber or sunrise yellow kind of person.” She looks in the bathroom, “Wow!”

“What? It’s just a bathroom.”

“Yeah, but it’s a guy’s bathroom. And it’s clean!” she sniffs, “There’s even air-freshener!! L, your boy toy is waaaaayyyy too good for you. Let me have him, pleeeaaase.” She ignores the glare from Lisa and continues her inspection of the room, drawing her finger over the bath. She looks up slyly at Peter, “You cleaned this before you turned up, didn’t you? You had this all planned, you sneaky…”

“Maybe.”

She continues her inspection through the kitchen and lounge, but stops at the bedroom, “Finally, a proper guy room in this place. I was getting worried you were using L as a beard.”

Peter looks across at Lisa and winks, “*Maybe later.*”

Ola looks around the room, “What’s that? Looks like someone’s knocked a hole in the wall.” She points at the dark portal on the wall, a black space in the pale grey.

“Oh, that’s just some modern art. It’s pretty restful to look at.”

Ola walks over the floor, weaving around the haphazard piles of books, paper and boxes. She gazes at the

portal. “Yeah, I guess it is. Up close it looks like there’s something moving around in there. Pretty good stuff, though. I guess you’ll be taking it with you?”

He flicks a glance at Lisa, “Yeah, probably. We’ll sort out that sort of thing if you agree.”

“You know I’m going to agree, boy toy. Let’s get comfortable and we can discuss terms.” She picks her way out of the room and into the lounge. Lisa glances at the black door to the Magic Room, and raises her eyebrows questioningly at Peter. He shrugs. And none of them notice a pair of narrow red eyes glaring out of the blackness of the portal before they blink and close, vanishing back into the darkness.

“So, O, what’s the decision?”

Ola flops onto the sofa, “Welllll, it does sound like a really good deal, I just need one little thing to convince me.”

Lisa’s eyes narrow, “What one little thing?”

“Well, I just need to borrow your boy toy for...”

“No.”

“Come on, Lise, it’s only for...”

“No.”

“Pleeeeeeeeeeease! I only want him for...”

“No!”

“Jeez, you just want to spoil all my fun, don’t you?”

“No.”

“So I can borrow your boy...”

“NO!”

“Ok, ok. Jeez, you’re such a grouch. You’re going to say ‘no’ every time I ask about borrowing your ‘boy toy’, aren’t you?”

“No, I mean, yes, I mean, yes, I will say ‘no’!”

“Awwwww!!”

“Puppy dog eyes don’t work, O, you know that.”

“They do for some people.” Ola mutters, casting dark looks at Peter.

“Hey, leave me out of this. You’re the one provoking her, not me.”

“Ever the gentleman. Leave a poor defenceless woman to the mercy of...”

“I’d consider the next remark very carefully, Olamide Oyenegi, it might be your last.”

“Oh, all right, L. You can keep the boy toy. He’s way too sensible for me. No need to go all psycho bitch queen on me.”

“Oh, I think there’s every need.”

“Lise, please. I’ll never rent this place out with blood staining the floor.”

“Ah, she wouldn’t do anything to me; we’re besie mates, aren’t we, L? Uhm, L? L, an answer would be nice.”

“Yeah.” She sighs, “Yeah, we are. Most of the time.”

Ola beams, “Knew I could count on you, L. Now, I just need one little thing to seal the deal.”

“I’ve already told you, O, you can’t have him.”

“I know, I know. The cute boy toy’s for your personal use only.” She pouts, “I just want to see you two in action.”

“What?! Are you totally out of your mind???”

“I just want to see a magic trick, L. What did you think I meant?” she smiles innocently.

“One day, O, that so-called sense of humour is going to get you into trouble.”

“Never happen, L. I’m far too gorgeous to get into trouble.”

“Don’t bet on it.” Lisa mutters.

Ola ignores her, “So, what am I going to see?”

“Well, most of our stuff is at the place we practice in…”

“Awwww.”

“Just give us a few minutes to figure out what to do, ok? Lise…” they walk into the hall.

“You’re not serious, are you? She’ll see something’s up.”

“I doubt it. We’re not going to do anything too tricky, or strange.”

“You’ve got something in mind, haven’t you?”

“Just the impaled. We’ve been practicing it most, and it’s not that hard to conceal. Plus it’s small. We haven’t got all that much space in the lounge.”

“Great. She’ll be using this against me for months if this doesn’t go well.”

“Then we’d better make it go well, hadn’t we, **little Jedi**.” He opens the door to the Magic Room, swirling a black cloak around his shoulders as he pulls out the impaled frame, and a brass coloured bikini.

“I’m not wearing that costume, Peter. Especially not in front of Ola.”

“Oh, all right.” He shakes the costume into a white robe, “Happy now?”

“Much better.” Peter holds the costume out and is suddenly holding Lisa’s T-shirt and jeans instead.

“Cheat.”

“But, of course, **little Jedi**, I am Sith.”

“You really want to put on the whole thing?”

“Why not? We could do with an audience opinion.”

“And O’s the best you can do?”

“I heard that! Aren’t you guys ready yet?”

“Almost.” Peter flips the hood of his cloak up, casting his face into darkness. He picks up the assembled frame. “Shall we?”

“I suppose.”

They walk back into the lounge. Ola stares and claps, “Ooooooh, costumes and everything.”

Peter places the pedestal in the centre of the lounge, in the gap between the sofas along one wall and the TV in the opposite corner. He pushes the light sabre into place and pushes the button, a blade of scarlet leaping up. “**Bring out the prisoner.**” He commands, his voice its Darth Vader whisper.

Lisa walks forward. “She doesn’t look much like a prisoner.”

“We haven’t got the big strapping guys in Storm Trooper helmets lying around the flat, O. Just use your imagination.” Ola grins, “And make sure you imagine clothes!”

“Spoilsport.”

Peter coughs, “If we could get back to the routine, ladies? **Now, Jedi, you will learn the folly of defying me.**”

“I’ll never join with you. Never!” Lisa spits.

“**Then you will die.**” He sweeps Lisa off her feet, lifting her up and placing her with the tip of the blade in her back.

“Not, yet.” Lisa forces through gritted teeth.

Peter pushes her legs, setting her spinning.

“Let me guess: the big, strapping Storm Troopers will do the lifting in the real thing?”

“Correct. Now shush, you’re distracting us.”

“You’ve got to learn to put up with heckeeeeeep!!” Lisa drops with a scream, the red blade stabbing out of her stomach, turning the white robes red as she turns slowly, her arms and legs hanging limply, almost brushing the floor.

“Like that you mean. **The fool was weak, she deserves her fate.**” Peter flops onto the sofa, smiling at Ola’s confused look. “I get to stride off-stage with the Troopers.”

“You mean the Dark Side wins?? What kind of a message is that?”

“Of course not. Watch and learn.”

Lisa’s arms begin to twitch, slowly rising up to the top of the blade. She links her fingers over the glowing tip and pushes down. Slowly, her teeth gritted, staring straight at Ola she rises up the blade until her hands touch her stomach. “Jedi don’t die that easily.” She rises off the blade and sits down.

Ola applauds, “Wow. You guys are pretty good. It’ll be better with the big, strapping, hunky, half-naked Storm Troopers, but that’s good.”

“Half-naked?”

“Let me have my dreams, L, please.”

“Whatever. So, you liked?”

“Oh yeah. Could do with a bit more, I don’t know, oomph at the end.”

“Like what?”

“I dunno, but you’re telling a story, and it finishes with the good guys running away. Your Jedi needs a bit more oomph, L.”

“Ok. But otherwise?”

“Otherwise, well, I’m not an expert, but it looked real to me.”

Peter winks at Lisa, “Great. So, we have a deal on the flat?”

“Duh. I was yanking L’s chain with all this. I never expected her to actually go for it.”

“What?”

“Come on, L. I didn’t expect you to be that good. I thought I’d get loads of material out of this. And then you spoil things by doing it well.” A cushion hits her in the face. “Hey!!!”



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