

PETER AND LISA: PART 20

PRACTICE

The phone rings. Lisa looks apologetically at Peter. “Sorry.” She murmurs, reaching into her pocket. It rings again before she’s managed to pull it out and flip it open, “Lisa.”

“Hi, sis.”

Lisa sighs, “Hi, Carrie. What do you want?”

“Do I need a reason to...”

“Yeah, usually, you do.”

“I’m not interrupting something, am I?”

Lisa looks again at Peter, “Yeah, you are. So, what do you want?”

“Well, could you save the local papers for me? I need to start going through property sections.”

“Yeah, sure, as soon as Tracy finishes with them.”

“She’s looking as well?”

“Yeah, she’s looking for her own place, too. Think I should start a letting agency for friends and family, Peter? Maybe make some money out of this?”

“Sis, I’m a student. I don’t have money.”

“That’ll have to change if you want to live anywhere near London.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. I’m working on it. Thanks for the papers, and I’ll let you get back to whatever it is you’re doing.”

“Bye, Carrie.”

“Bye, sis.”

“Sorry.” She pockets the phone again. “Where were we?”

“**Here, little Jedi.**” He snaps his fingers and Lisa drops down the light sabre, red light running in a warm spike through her stomach. Lisa collapses, limbs and head lolling down in the ruby light. “**The fool was weak. She deserves her fate.**” He strides away, the black cloak swirling around him.

Lisa continues to turn slowly for a few seconds, then her arms start to move, reaching up to place her hands on the top of the light sabre. She pushes down, her body rising slowly up the beam of light. “Jedi don’t die that easily.” She mutters through gritted teeth as she continues to rise, floating up towards the cavernous ceiling. She stops about 20 feet in the air and begins to turn again, slowly spinning in the air. She feels a hollowness in the pit of her stomach and smiles, seconds before the space she occupied fills with a flash of light, raining sparkles of light to the floor, as she vanishes.

Peter strides back into the area around the impaled rig. “**Curses! She has escaped!**”

“I haven’t gone far.” Lisa steps out of the shadows, swinging her blue light sabre blade down, carving through the dark shape. The black cloak tumbles to the ground, torn cleanly in two. Lisa looks down at the cloak. She looks worriedly down at the black cloak.

“**I am not so easy to kill, fool.**” Peter steps out of the shadows, dressed all in black. He raises his hand and Lisa raises, struggling, off the floor. She kicks and writhes, held immobile in the air. Peter flings her across the room, slamming her into a pile of boxes. Lisa goes limp. “**I see I shall have to deal with you personally, Jedi.**” Lisa floats along behind Peter, still hanging limply. He raises her over a long metal coffin-like box on a thick metal stand, filled with holes running in rows along the sides. Lisa starts to move weakly. She looks up and starts struggling again. “**You are awake. Good. I would not want you to miss your last moments alive.**” Lisa lowers into the box. The front falls down, revealing metal bands clamping tightly around her wrists, ankles, waist and neck. There is a loud click as they seal shut. “**Any last words, little Jedi?**” Peter leans over her. Lisa snarls something unintelligible (certainly unprintable) and spits in his face. Peter turns away in silence, wiping his face. He raises the side of the box, and places thick lid on top, locking it firmly into place. Peter strides up behind the box, raising his light sabre high over his head, its blade glowing red., shining off his black helmet. Peter plunges the blade down into the top of the box, the stand glowing red. Flames leap out of the front of the box, long tongues streaming from the two ends, as Lisa screams. Peter unlocks the lid of the box and lifts it away. The front of the box falls forward revealing a blackened, charred skeleton wearing the burnt shreds of Lisa’s clothes, a red light sabre buried in its waist. Flames lick along the blackened bones. “**So end all those who would oppose the Empire, they...**” he gasps, clutching his chest. He reaches up for his mask ripping it away. Lisa beams out at the phantom audience.

“They triumph!” she bows. Then she turns to one side. “Think we’re there?”

Peter steps out, “I think so. We just need to do a full costume run or two now.”

“Yeah, and you need to stop throwing me around so much. I’m sure I’ll have bruises tomorrow from those crates.”

“Sorry. I can’t exactly throw you around slowly, though. Do you want to scrap that part and just be carried over to the cremation?”

“Yeah, I suppose it wouldn’t be as dramatic.” She rubs her back, “Still, I’m not sure it’s necessary, either.”

“We’ll try without it at the full costume rehearsal.”

“Excellent.” She beams at him.

“The cremation feels ok?”

“Yeah, nice and toasty warm. I’m good, Peter, really. Nothing to shout at you about. I’ll do double next time, if you really enjoy the rows.”

“I don’t enjoy the rows.” Peter protests, “I enjoy making up after them.”

“In that case,” Lisa slaps him across the cheek, not hard, but hardly gentle either, “let’s make up.” She grins and runs out of the room.



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