

"MAKING MILES"

by

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OVER BLACK

Sounds of a struggle. A howl. A crunch. Then, silence.  
Heavy breathing, now. Grunts of exertion.

LISA BETH (V.O.)

The good guy doesn't always get the girl.  
Sometimes, she has to go out and get him,  
herself.

FADE IN:

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

A gloved hand holds a jagged edge hunting knife in the harsh light of a street lamp. The knife comes down. And up again, the blade now drenched in blood. A second hand punches skyward, clutching a blood-dripping HUMAN HEART.

LISA BETH (V.O.)

Or make him, from scratch.

INT. LISA BETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark and rambling, lit by candles in ornate holders.

On one wall, a collage of photos: men of all shapes, sizes, and colors. Each face scrawled out, in red crayon.

LISA BETH HARRIGAN, late twenties, shoots a dark look at the photos, as she towels her hair. She's showered, but stray blood splotches remain, on her face, neck, and arms. She still holds the hunting knife.

She wipes the blade down. Satisfied the knife is spotless, she flings the towel into a corner.

There's a white ring of salt on the floor. At its center is a circular block of white oak.

Lisa Beth steps into the ring, and touches the items on the oak block, one by one:

A HUMAN HEART. Smack in the center of the block.

A MANDRAKE ROOT. Gnarly, looking like a misshapen little man.  
 TWO GLASS VIALS. Of what look to be blood and semen.  
 A LEATHER-BOUND BOOK. Could be human skin. Probably is. "Magicks and Alchemyes." The title illuminated in hokey, medieval script.

Lisa Beth puts the knife on the block, beside the other items.  
 She sits, cross-legged, before the oak. Opens the book in her lap,  
 and picks up the knife again. Reading from the book:

LISA BETH  
 Animum Extinctum...

She brings the knife down onto the heart, splitting it down the middle. She picks up the mandrake root, and sets it down between the two halves of the heart.

LISA BETH (CONT'D)  
 Corpum...

Lisa Beth opens the vial of blood. She pours it out over the root and the heart.

LISA BETH (CONT'D)  
 Sanguinus...

Now, the semen.

LISA BETH (CONT'D)  
 Aqua Vitum...

She lifts the book, and completes the incantation.

LISA BETH (CONT'D)  
 Animum Corpum!! Animus Est!!

Nothing. Frowning, Lisa Beth leans in, toward the mess.

MILES (O.S.)  
 BOO!!

LISA BETH  
 Yaghhh!!

She jerks round, startled.

Crouched at her shoulder is MILES. Mid-thirties, debonair, Italian designer suit. He straightens up, flicking dust off the virgin wool.

An investment banker who moonlights as Hannibal Lecter.

LISA BETH  
Whoa.

MILES  
Good evening.

LISA BETH  
Uh, hi.

Clearly, the occasion demands a little more than this. Standing, Lisa Beth straightens her hair, prepared to take charge.

LISA BETH  
Hmmm. Well. Okay. Fine.  
That, uh, that obviously worked.  
I'll, uh, I think I'll call you--

MILES  
My name is... Miles.

LISA BETH  
(MILES?!?)  
Miles.

MILES  
Yes.

LISA BETH  
MILES?!?

MILES  
Yes.

LISA BETH  
(shrugs)  
Okay. Miles. Well. MILES. I command you to--

MILES  
And you are?

LISA BETH  
Excuse me?

MILES  
Your name?

LISA BETH  
Lisa Beth. Lisa Beth Harrigan.

MILES  
Elisabeth Ha--

LISA BETH  
(not again...)  
Lisa. Beth. Harrigan.  
Now, I command you to--

Miles isn't listening. Cellphone pressed to his ear, he's deep in conversation. Ignoring Lisa Beth, completely.

MILES  
...Morningcrest. Yes, that's correct. Lisa Beth  
Harrigan.

LISA BETH  
Hmph. Well. Don't mind me, I'm just babbling,  
incoherently. Hello-o? Hey!! What the hell d'you  
think you're doing?

Miles sniffs the air. He tilts his head, as if listening.

MILES  
It'll take them a while. To check.  
I'd say you have an hour. Hour and a half, max.  
Before the cops arrive, and arrest you for  
murder. I were you, I'd be gone, by then.

LISA BETH  
Wha-- , WHAT?? WHAT?!?

MILES  
I'm assuming that heart you've got over there  
didn't come from Safeway.  
Here. You'll be needing this, I think.

He lobs something at Lisa Beth. A FLIGHT BAG. As she catches it, she drops the book. Which slips out of the protective circle.

MILES  
Now, I'm sure you had lots of... fun and  
interesting things for me to do. For you. And,  
uh, to you. Sadly,...

LISA BETH

Hey, that's--

Miles, grinning, picks up the book. He straightens, and gets right up in Lisa Beth's face with it.

MILES

That's not going to happen. See, I intend to have my own brand of fun. Lots of it. And there's nothing you can do, now, to stop me.

He holds up the book. PHOOOM!! It's gone, in a puff of smoke. Miles sniffs the air, again. Listens.

MILES

Hmmm. Make that forty-five minutes. I'd get going, if I were you. Love to stay and chat, but...

He shrugs and smiles.

MILES

Have a nice life.

He turns, and walks out of the apartment.

Lisa Beth stands for a moment, stunned. Then she steps out of the circle.

LISA BETH

Oh, for Chrissa--

SIRENS, in the distance.

Lisa Beth freezes, deer in the headlights. Then, she dashes to the corner, stuffs the towel in the bag. And rushes through the apartment, gathering her stuff as we

FADE TO BLACK