

THE CANNIBAL OF AJAX

The Football Trilogy, part II

by

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"I am truly very sorry about the incident with Branislov Ivanovic.

I hope that all the people who I offended at Anfield last Sunday will grant me forgiveness and I again repeat my apology to Branislov. I would like to explain to everybody that I decided to accept the ban because - while 10 games is clearly greater than those bans given in past cases where players have actually been seriously injured - I acknowledge that my actions were not acceptable on the football pitch.

So I do not want to give the wrong impression to people by making an appeal"

--Liverpool striker Luis Suarez, after BITING Chelsea player Branislov Ivanovic on the arm during a match, April 21, 2013. Posted on his website.

"I've got a seven-year-old son who just loves watching football and when players behave like this it just sets the most appalling example to young people in our country"

--British Prime Minister David Cameron, during a radio interview in 2013

Actor 1, - 30s, British

Actor 2, - 30s, British

Actress 1, - 30s, British

Actress 2 - 30s, British

various settings in and around London

Spring, 2013

Pre-show darkness.

We hear the sound slowly building of Liverpool F.C. fans singing their anthem "You'll Never Walk Alone," which dissolves in another song/chant "Luis Suarez -- You Can't Get Enough." The song dissolves into rabid fan cheers (as if at a football match in a large stadium. Sounds fade out.

THE SPORTSCASTERS

Darkness.

Voices of British television sports commentators, engaged in a heated debate. As lights rise, we see two men seated behind a desk.

NEWSMAN 1: (laughing) Of COURSE it was the Bite!

NEWSMAN 2: I'm not entirely convinced that it was the Bite.

NEWSMAN 1: Are you serious? How could it be anything else?

NEWSMAN 2: Well, there are any number of-

NEWSMAN 1: -any number of things that would account for this behavior?

NEWSMAN 2: Yes. That's what I've been trying to-

NEWSMAN 1: I can't believe you're actually saying this. You're going to sit here, like a git and defend--

NEWSMAN 2: --I'm not defending. I'm simply saying that other things can be at work.

NEWSMAN 1: With the incredible amount of influence that this man, that these *men* wield, you think---

NEWSMAN 2: And that's precisely the point, isn't it? These men, these players don't *have* influence as such. We, the public, *give* it to them! We *allow* them to have it! It's a symbiotic relationship that creates-

NEWSMAN 1: All right, look, I understand that we give them a certain amount of power, but that doesn't wipe them of the responsibility of their own actions! Of this action, in particular! I mean, honestly-

NEWSMAN 2: But they're not much more than children themselves, are they? Isn't that true? And they are showered with money, sex, promises of power...

NEWSMAN 1: Yes, yes, I concede that. And that's why there has to be *some* culpability here. If not for us, then for them! To keep them from--

NEWSMAN 2: Keep them from what? They're allowed anything they want!

NEWSMAN 1: How about to keep them from biting again? From *biting other players*, for *fuck's* sake!

An awkward silence.

NEWSMAN 2: (turning to address the audience) Ah, yes. Well...ladies and gentlemen, live television is an amazing tool for national debate. And sometimes, things happen. Words are spoken in the heat of the moment that can be...ah...that can--

He turns to Newsman 1, who is looking very defiant and unrepentant to the audience.

NEWSMAN 2: Right. Well. To recap the story of the day: After Liverpool footballer Luis Suarez *bit* Chelsea defender Branislav Ivanovic in late April, there has been a rash of...bitings...or bites....or...we're not actually sure of the correct plural here, there has been a rash of bites among the youth leagues in the nation, as children seek to emulate the popular and controversial Uruguayan. Earlier this week, in fact, an under-16 match turned bloody as one young man BIT another so hard and deep that he, in fact, took a chunk of meat out of the player, the bite-tee's, arm. The young biter, whose name has been withheld pending an investigation, was quoted as saying:

"If Suarez can do it, why can't I? Seemed bloody brilliant to me. All he got was a 10-game suspension. That's worth it, mate. Saved a goal my bite did."

He then refused to offer an apology to the victim.

NEWSMAN 1: (muttering a bit) And he looked like a bloody vampire, did you see him?

NEWSMAN 2: I'd hardly say he looked like a--

NEWSMAN 1: Or some hellish undead-flesh-eating beast.

NEWSMAN 2: Mark, I think that's enough. He is only 14. I don't think that he knew what--

NEWSMAN 1: Jesus fucking Christ, John, the brat had *blood* running down his mouth!

NEWSMAN 2: Did he? I thought that--

NEWSMAN 1: The photo of that kid looked terrifying! And you still say Suarez doesn't bear any weight in this? You've got to be mad.

NEWSMAN 2: All right now Mark, let's remember where we--

NEWSMAN 1: How would you like it if I bit you?

NEWSMAN 2: I--what?

NEWSMAN 1: It's not pleasant, I can tell you that!

NEWSMAN 2: *(looking out at the audience with a little panic)* All right Mark, there's no need for--

Without another word, Newsman 1 (Mark) lunges over and bites Newsman 2 (John) on the arm. Being unable to bite through his suit jacket, it hurts for a moment, then is simply ridiculous.

NEWSMAN 2: OW! Dammit, Mark, that's bloody fucking enough of that right now!

Mark refused to let go. He has a blank look on his face, like a dog with a bone. John shakes his own arm a few times to no avail.

NEWSMAN 2: Right. Yes. Well. We're going to take a break, here, ladies and gentlemen. We'll be back in a few moment with more of the day's action, right here on *Sports Times*.

Lights fade.

NEWSMAN 2: I'm not giving you a ride home, Mark.

Blackout.

JUNE & OONA
Awkward Meetings

A hallway. Two women are seated on a bench. Clearly waiting. They avoid eye contact with each other as much as possible. A long pause. The sounds of a hospital.

JUNE: Did they tell you how long--

OONA: *(abruptly)* No.

JUNE: *(awkwardly)* All righty then.

A longish pause.

JUNE: I don't think it will be too bad in the end, really.

OONA: Ha, do you not now?

JUNE: Well, I'm not an expert by any means but--

OONA: THERE'S A PIECE MISSING FROM MY SON'S ARM.

JUNE: Well, now, that's true. But I think they'll be able to fill that right up.

OONA: Fill it up?

JUNE: Yeah, right? I mean-

OONA: Fill it up with...what, exactly?

A beat.

JUNE: I don't know. ...plastic?

OONA: Why on EARTH would they fill the hole in my son's arm with plastic, for fuck's sake?

JUNE: Well, now...isn't that...isn't that why they call it *plastic* surgery? ha.

OONA: *(incredulous)* Did you actually just say that?

JUNE: I was just--

OONA: Do you really think they use actual plastic for plastic surgery?

JUNE: Ha, no, no, of course not, I was just...uh...

OONA: You stupid bint.

JUNE: Hey now, there's no need, there's no need for that. Just having a laugh is all. Just trying to--

OONA: Shut up. Can you just do that?

A moment where they stare at each other. A pause.

JUNE: *(quietly)*: My son is here too, you know.

OONA: What did you say?

JUNE: Just saying that my son is also here. He's being tested--

OONA: Tested? Tested for what? To see if he's a bloody serial killer in the making?

JUNE: You don't have to--

OONA: Tested to see if he's developed a taste for human flesh? To see if he's a fucking cannibal?

JUNE: He's NOT a cannibal! I'm very careful about giving him red meat , I'll have ya know.

OONA: *(looking at her blankly)* What?

JUNE: Look, they have to test to see if he...ingested...any pathogens from that bite he gave your son.

OONA: Pathogens?

JUNE: Yeah, you know sometimes bacteria get into--

OONA: Please stop talking now.

Another longish pause.

JUNE: I'm June, by the way.

Oona says nothing.

JUNE: You know. Like the bug.

Oona says nothing.

JUNE: I would've said "like the month" but that seems a bit, you know?

Oona says nothing.

JUNE: And what's your name, then?

Oona says nothing.

JUNE: C'mon now. You may as well tell me. We're practically related.

Oona turns and gives June a withering look.

OONA: ...related?

JUNE: Well sure, aren't our sons like blood brothers now?

June attempts a smile that goes nowhere.

OONA: Ah yes, I can see it.

JUNE: What's that then?

OONA: Why your son is completely mental.

JUNE: All right, there's no need for. I was just trying to. I only wanted to know your--

OONA: Oona.

JUNE: Ohhhh, is that your name then?

OONA: Yes.

JUNE: Well, it's just lovely, isn't it?

OONA: Thank you.

JUNE: It's funny, yeah?

OONA: What's that?

JUNE: That our names would be so similar.

OONA: They're not similar at all, actually.

JUNE: Oh, but they are! (*pronouncing slowly with emphasis*) "oooo-na" and "juuuu-ne". There's definitely a similar sound there. In fact, just add an "ah" sound to the end of mine and they rhyme, right? "Oooo-na & Juuuu-na". Ha.

A moment again where Oona stares blankly at June. June smiles with weak conviction.

OONA: I want you to know, in the interest of being forthright, that I fully intend to speak to a solicitor.

JUNE: A solicitor? What for?

OONA: June, your son brutally *attacked* mine. I cannot allow it to just slip by. Do you understand that?

JUNE: Oh now, I know it got a bit rough, but it was just boys being boys, wasn't it?

OONA: Boys being boys? Do you see a lot of that in your neighborhood? Boys acting like blood-hungry zombies, tearing the meat from each other's bones?

JUNE: Oh, like in *28 Days Later*? Terrifying that film.

OONA: What?

JUNE: I don't usually go for that sort of thing myself, but I was so impressed with what Danny Boyle did. You know. At the opening of the Olympics. It made me so proud to be British. I mean. It was a bit of a mess. And I couldn't quite follow what it was on about. But still. Impressive. And I had never really watched his films. Well, I mean, I'd seen *Trainspotting*. But we all have, haven't we? And I thought, go back and watch his other pictures, you know? See what it's all about. He's really very good.

OONA: I don't...I haven't...

JUNE: I can lend you some, if you like. It'd be no problem at all.

OONA: June. Please try to understand. Your son is an animal. And criminal and civil charges should be brought against him.

JUNE: Look now, I know that he can be a bit...headstrong. But he's just mad for football, you know? He's forever watching the matches and highlights and reading the magazines. He just wants to win, is all. He got carried away.

OONA: Carried away? Is that what you'd call it?

JUNE: I know he hurt your son. I know that. I'm not pretending that it isn't serious. It's just, do we have to bring the authorities into all of this?

OONA: I'm not bringing them into this, June. Your son did. When he bit mine.

JUNE: It's not him, though, is it? It's really the football! It's that Suarez that made him do it!

OONA: No one made him do anything. He chose to bite my son. And there will be consequences. I can promise you that. Now. Please excuse me. I need to see how my son is doing.

She abruptly gets up and leaves June.

JUNE: ...yeah. Well. I need to see how mine is doing too!

She gets up, in a manner imitating Oona, and leaves to the opposite side. After a moment, she realizes she is going the wrong way and exits after Oona.

THE MANAGERS

A meeting room of some sort. 3 people are sitting around a table. 2 men, 1 woman. The tension is a bit high.

MEDIATOR: All right now, gentlemen. As this is an unprecedented situation in the history of our leagues, it seems to me that the best way to handle this is to proceed with deliberate-

MANAGER 1: Right. Yes. So give them the boot, yeah? I don't see how anything else could-

MANAGER 2: You want to punish the entire club for the actions of one looney?

MANAGER 1: It starts with the manager, doesn't it then? I saw you talking to him from the bench. Making suggestions-

MANAGER 2: Are you actually saying that I *encouraged* him to bite your man? You're mad.

MANAGER 1: Anything to win! Everyone knows about you, Tom! How you tell those kids to play dirty, to do what's necessary. It's an old tale about you.

MANAGER 2: You're a right bastard, you know that. How dare--

MEDIATOR: Gentlemen! Look now, I understand that both of you, and all of us really, are shocked at what happened during the match. But if we descend into-

MANAGER 2: Little brat deserved it though, didn't he?

MANAGER 1: What did you say?

MEDIATOR: Tom, are you-

MANAGER 1: He deserved it?!? He deserved having bite taken out of him like a great white shark eating a seal?

MANAGER 2: That boy was playing dirty all game, he was. Knocking my lads about.

MEDIATOR: Tom, surely you're not admitting-

MANAGER 2: I'm not admitting nothing. I'm just saying there was dirty play on both sides.

MANAGER 1: Sandra, you're hearing this, yeah? How can we allow this...this...thing to play with our children and this *thug* to manage them? May as well send them to Afghanistan.

A beat with blank looks.

MANAGER 2: Afghanistan?

MANAGER 1: Aren't you the one telling your players that's it's a "war" on the football pitch?

MANAGER 2: I never--

MANAGER 1: I hear you, Tom. You're loud enough for them to hear you in Cornwall, for fuck's sake.

MANAGER 2: What are you doing listening in on what a manager tells his players, eh? That's tantamount to cheating, that is.

MEDIATOR: Tom, we're not here to--

MANAGER 2: Sandra, I want an investigation launched into the activities of Andrew and *his* club. Surveilling his opponents, it sounds like.

MANAGER 1: I would never--!

MEDIATOR: Oh for fuck's sake. That's *enough*. Look, this isn't The Hague and this isn't international intrigue, all right? Can we just calm down and talk about these kids and what they've done to each other? We're all supposed to be educators, are we not?

A beat. Tom and Andrew share a look.

MANAGER 2: Right you are.

MANAGER 1: Of course.

MEDIATOR: Fine. Thank you gentlemen. Let's just move on to what the best course of action should be, shall we?

MANAGER 1: Banned for life.

MANAGER 2: What?

MEDIATOR: Andrew, I don't know that the league has the authority to-

MANAGER 2: How can you ban a *child* for life? Are you mad? Why not just give him a lethal injection, for fuck's sake!

MANAGER 1: If it was in my power...

MANAGER 2: You filthy bastard.

He launches himself at Andrew. They tumble under the table, scuffling and cursing. Sandra watches for a moment. Then she stands up, gathering her materials.

MEDIATOR: Right then. I think I will look into the lifetime ban option. See if it can be applied to managers. Thank you for your time gentlemen.

She leaves the room, the fight continuing as the lights fade.

JUNE & OONA
Tentative

As lights rise, June stands nervously, clearly waiting for something or someone. She looks at the time on her watch. She sits down. Stands up again. After a few moments,

Oona walks by, not noticing her. June reaches out and touches her arm, causing Oona to jump.

OONA: Bloody hell!

JUNE: Excuse me!

OONA: What on earth are you doing?

JUNE: I just wanted to-

OONA: How did you know where I work? Are you stalking me?

JUNE: No, no, of course not-

OONA: If you come one step closer-

JUNE: I promise you, that's not why I'm here. I can explain how I found you. I'm not here to-

OONA: It's the middle of the day! If you assault me, people will see and hear everything!

JUNE: Oh, for Christ's sake, will you calm down? What a ninny you are.

OONA: I hardly think-

JUNE: I wanted to let let you know that the police came to our house.

OONA: Good! I'm glad to hear that! Did they arrest your son?

JUNE: They did not.

OONA: What? Why the fucking hell not?

JUNE: The officer was very kind. He suggested--

OONA: I filed *official* charges against your son!

JUNE: haha, yes, the policeman mentioned that.

OONA: I cannot believe this. I'm going to call that precinct again.

JUNE: I wouldn't bother. He said that they were all having quite the laugh at the station.

OONA: A laugh?

JUNE: Oh yes. Apparently boys have been doing this all around the country since-

OONA: Since that awful Suarez had his face plastered all over the news and the telly, making him look a deranged killer.

JUNE: Yes! That's right! Ha. Well, if it's any condolence to you, he did say that our incident was the only one the resulted in hospital visit.

OONA: Yes, indeed, June. That makes me feel so much better. Thank you.

JUNE: Oh it's no problem, Oona.

A odd beat.

OONA: So what did the officer say? and how did you find me?

JUNE: Oh right! Well, that's easy, that is. Your husband told me where your office was, when I came by your house. So I thought I would come by and try to grab you!

OONA: Did he now?

JUNE: Oh yes, he was very helpful.

OONA: I'm sure he was.

JUNE: He's a lovely man, isn't he? Handsome.

OONA: Mmm.

Another odd beat.

OONA: And the officer?

JUNE: Oh, I wouldn't say he was handsome. But those uniforms. They do something for a man, don't they?

OONA: WHAT DID HE SAY TO YOU??

JUNE: Lord, all right now. No need to yell. He came to suggest that we schedule a playdate.

OONA: ...a playdate?

JUNE: Yes, you know. For the boys.

OONA: ...for the boys?

JUNE: Yes.

OONA: They're not five!

JUNE: Ha, well, of course not. A five-year-old's teeth could *never-*

OONA: Shut up, June.

June shuts up.

OONA: Why on *earth* would we schedule a...*(hardly able to bring herself to say it)*...a playdate?

JUNE: Well now, the officer thought that if we could bring the boys together, then perhaps they could sort it out for themselves.

OONA: So your son can finish the job?

JUNE: He won't be doing anything of the sort. I wouldn't allow that.

OONA: Oh, well. Thank God for that. Good to know a rational mind will be in charge.

JUNE: Why thank you Oona. That's very kind of you to say.

OONA: *(sighing)*...June.

JUNE: *(brightly)* Yes, Oona?

OONA: Fuck it. Nothing. I can't believe they didn't arrest the little bastard.

JUNE: Now, listen, just because I'm not married to his father, doesn't mean that you can--

OONA: *(not listening)* The police are bloody useless, aren't they?

JUNE: I wouldn't say that, now. The fellow I spoke to was quite nice, really.

OONA: Shut up, June.

JUNE: The point is, the officer thought that if the lads got together, they could sort out their problems themselves, without the law, or parents, or managers, or anything of the sort. Give them a chance to be adults. What do you say?

Oona considers a moment.

JUNE: Oona, look now, I understand that this is serious, but, you know, we don't have a lot of money and if this goes to trial or jail or something, I don't think I can afford to-

OONA: (exasperated) Yes. Yes. Yes. All right. Yes.

JUNE: Oh that's wonderful! Thank you Oona! Then shall we get them together then? They can get burgers and chips, or something. Not burgers. Salads. Fresh clean salads. That's the thing for young men, isn't it?

A beat where Oona stares at June.

OONA: Yes, all right, June. Wednesday next?

JUNE: Perfect. 4:30? At Nando's?

OONA: Fine. Nando's. See you there.

June gets excited, turns to leave, thinks better of it, then returns to vigorously shake Oona's hand. Oona allows this, but is a passive participant. June leaves, while Oona ponders the choice she has made.

Fade to black.

THE DRUNK & THE FATHER

As lights rise, we hear sounds of a youth soccer match. Scattered cheers, referee's whistles, soccer balls being kicked about, etc. A man is standing, watching the match. He is well-dressed, very much looking like a dad. Simple, lightly conservative. Offers up some applause now and then as the match plays around him, but nothing ostentatious or obnoxious.

After a moment, the drunk walks in. Drunk. He stumbles a bit, dressed worse for wear, and stands right next to the father.

DRUNK: That's IT now Billy! Fucking take his bleedin' head off!

He cheers rudely and loudly. The father tries to ignore it.

DRUNK: You call that a tackle, son? Your dead grandmother tackles harder than that!

More cheers and loud ugly laughter.

FATHER: Excuse me--

DRUNK: Oi! Oi, ref! Whassamatter with you? Can't call a bloody foul when you see one?

FATHER: Pardon me, sir--

He gives the father a hard shove to the shoulder. He intends it to be friendly (maybe) but uses too much force.

DRUNK: (to the father) Hey now, did you fucking see that? How could he not call that shit, eh? Fucking disgraceful is what it is.

FATHER: (trying to gather himself) Yes well. If you could not... There are families here, sir.

DRUNK: Fucking right there are families. What you think I am, son? I am fucking family!

FATHER: Is your son out playing today?

DRUNK: Is he playing today? Are you serious? That's him, right there! The bruiser who is playing like he's made of glass! (to the field) Oi Billy! C'mon now son, scrap it up out there!

FATHER: The reason I ask, if your son is playing today, is that MY son is. And I've been to every match this season. And I haven't...come across you before. That I can think of.

DRUNK: GET A HEAD ON THAT BALL FOR FUCK'S SAKE! What are you saying?

FATHER: I'm simply saying that I don't remember seeing you at any match this season.

DRUNK: What business is it o' yours who comes and goes, eh? It seems to me that isn't your concern, mate.

FATHER: Well, if you're going to be making a spectacle of yourself and insulting people and frightening the children, it becomes my business.

DRUNK: Ho ho! Is that right? Well...ain't you the big man?

FATHER: Not at all. I'm simply asking you if you could lower your voice.

DRUNK: Why don't you lower YOUR voice?

FATHER: That doesn't even make sense. You realize that.

A short beat.

DRUNK: Yeaaaah. I see your point. You've not really yelled or anything.

FATHER: No.

DRUNK: In fact, your voice is quite pleasing, really. Soothing. Have you had like, training and that?

FATHER: Nothing formal. But thank you for saying so.

DRUNK: Oh it's no problem, mate. It's lovely, it is.

A beat. An odd peace has been reached.

FATHER: (*pointing to the field*) So that's your son then?

DRUNK: What?

FATHER: That one, there. You called him Billy.

DRUNK: Wait now, how do you know Billy then?

FATHER: I don't. You said Billy was playing today.

DRUNK: Billy? No, he's not playing out there. What're you daft or something?

FATHER: You said your son was playing today. That you were family. That your son is playing in the match right now. You said it ten minutes ago. Do you not remember?

A pause. The drunk's confusion deepens.

DRUNK: Fucking hell. Where am I?

FATHER: You're at a youth football match.

DRUNK. Who the fuck are you?

FATHER: I'm...it doesn't matter who I...my son is playing.

DRUNK: Oi! My son is playing today as well!

FATHER: Billy?

DRUNK: (*suddenly agitated*) How the fuck do you know Billy?

FATHER: I don't! I only know him because you've been making a fool of yourself here talking about him and screaming at the kids on the bloody pitch!

DRUNK: Don't take that tone with me, mate. You're asking for fucking trouble, you are.

FATHER: Fuck off, you..you drunk wanker!

DRUNK: You fuck off.

He dives at the father and they tussle on the ground. We hear sounds of the match stopping and gradually cheers and yells coming from the players who have stopped to watch the fight. It culminates when the father grabs the drunk's arm and bites it hard, prompting an "ow!" (or something) from the drunk. As lights fade we hear a child's voice say excitedly: "my dad's just like Suarez! Bite him Dad!"

*JUNE & OONA
Evens*

A setting not unlike the first time we met the women. A bench. The sounds of a hospital. The women are seated. Oona looks uncomfortable. June looks very tired.

OONA: I just...my God June...I'm so...

JUNE: It's all right. Please don't.

OONA: I never...ever...would have thought that this is something that could have happened. Do you know what I mean?

JUNE: (distractedly) What?

OONA: You know. I mean. What are the odds that this could...I mean, it's like getting hit by a falling satellite or something.

A beat.

JUNE: 1 in 3200.

OONA: What?

JUNE: The odds of getting hit by a falling satellite. 1 in 3200.

OONA: How do you-- wait...really? That's it?

JUNE: That's it.

OONA: 1 in 3200.

JUNE: Yep.

OONA: That's upsetting.

JUNE: I know. Best not to think about it. Drive you mad you go down that road too long.

OONA: How do you know this?

JUNE: Oh, I used to be a claims adjuster for an insurance firm. Statistic sheets like this used to come across my desk quite often. You wouldn't believe the ways people die.

OONA: Really?

JUNE: Oh yeah. You know the odds of being on a plane with a pilot who is drunk?

OONA: *(with trepidation)* No.

JUNE: 1 in 117.

OONA: *You're fucking kidding me.*

JUNE: I'm not.

OONA: That doesn't make me feel well.

JUNE: And yet, strangely, the odds of dying in a airplane accident are 1 in 354, 319.

OONA: You don't say.

JUNE: Go figure, right? Ha.

OONA: Yeah.

JUNE: My favorite though was about meteors falling into your house and destroying it.

OONA: Your favorite.

JUNE: Oh yeah.

An expectant beat.

OONA: Go ahead.

JUNE: 1 in 182,138,880,000,000.

OONA: You don't say.

JUNE: So really the odds of one boy biting another's arm, after he himself has been bitten are probably not that great in the long run.

OONA: I suppose that's true.

A moment where the two women regard each other with exhaustion.

OONA: In any event, June, let me apologize for the actions of my son. I had no idea that he could, that he would...

JUNE: Bite?

OONA: Yes, bite. Bite. I had no idea he would bite.

JUNE: Deep one, too, looks like.

OONA: It seems like it.

JUNE: Deeper than the one your son got.

OONA: ...What?

JUNE: I'm just saying that for all the whining and carrying-on of *your* son, my son's bite was deeper and I think he's handling it quite well.

OONA: He's under anesthesia!

JUNE: Still.

A frustrated pause that threatens to drown Oona.

OONA: The point is, I'm sorry that it happened.

JUNE: I'm sure.

OONA: I really am.

JUNE: Oh yes. You sound like it.

OONA: What?

JUNE: How do I know you didn't encourage it?

OONA: Are you serious?

JUNE: I see how you regard me, Oona. I'm not utterly stupid, you know.

OONA: I don't think you are.

JUNE: Don't you lie to me. You think I'm beneath you.

OONA: (*protesting*) I don't!

JUNE: Oh please. If you could see what a cliché of British woman you are. Obsessed with class.

OONA: I'm not!

JUNE: And status.

OONA: I don't!

JUNE: Well, who's laughing now!

OONA: Neither of us.

JUNE: Yes. True. But you get my point!

OONA: I'm not sure I do, actually.

JUNE: The point is, you look down your nose at me and have since the day we met.

OONA: The day your son bit mine, you mean.

JUNE: And now yours has bit mine! So now who's the posh one?

OONA: I'm not sure that poshness and biting through human flesh are equatable.

JUNE: See? That's my point exactly!

OONA: What?

JUNE: THAT! That...that attitude!

OONA: I don't have an attitude!

JUNE: Only people *with* attitudes say they *don't* have an attitude.

A beat while Oona considers this.

OONA: Huh. That's true, isn't it?

JUNE: It really is.

OONA: June, honestly, I am very sorry about what has happened. And right now, at this moment, I'm not trying to give you any attitude. All right?

JUNE: All right.

OONA: And believe me, I understand how you feel.

JUNE: About how you're a stuck-up bitch?

OONA: (*struggling*) No...no. About the bite. About your son being bitten by *my* son.

A beat.

JUNE: I suppose you do at that.

OONA: I think the best thing now is to decide what we should do.

JUNE: Do about what?

OONA: About the boys! About the biting! It's not just our sons, surely you know that.

JUNE: No, you're right about that. It's been all over, hasn't it? The biting.

OONA: Exactly! It's happening across the country, and all the media and authorities have done is laugh about it. Arranging playdates. Absurd.

JUNE: Are they making kids have playdates all over?

OONA: I--what?

JUNE: What?

OONA: What I'm saying is, what can we do? What can we do to stop this...this *epidemic!*

JUNE: We can't even stop our own kids from doing it, Oona. How the bloody hell are we going to stop it from happening across England?

OONA: What if we stage a protest?

JUNE: Just the two of us? Don't think that will draw much weight, that will.

OONA: But maybe we could-

JUNE: I can just see us now. Signs in our hands.

OONA: I hardly think-

JUNE: *"BITE BURGERS, NOT ARMS!"*

OONA: June-

JUNE: *"GIVE 'IM A STOMP, NOT A CHOMP!"*

OONA: That's quite-

JUNE: *"KEEP CANNIBALS OUT OF FOOTBALL!"*

OONA: *ALL RIGHT!*

JUNE: And where would this protest take place? In front of Saurez's home? In front of the Football Association office? Where are we doing this then?

OONA: Well, I hadn't quite-

JUNE: Yes, well, maybe you *should've!*

OONA: Yes, all right. Fair enough. I take your point. Not a protest. Maybe we could pass a petition around or something. Get other concerned parents to sign it. What about that?

JUNE: No one in my neighborhood will sign anything. I can tell you that right now.

OONA: Why not?

JUNE: Sign your name to some piece of paper that government has? So they can track us even more?

OONA: What are you talking about?

JUNE: Don't think they're not watching, Oona. They are.

Oona stares blankly at June, who nods knowingly.

OONA: What about Cameron then?

JUNE: Cameron who? Diaz?

OONA: No June. *David* Cameron. The PM. Maybe we can get to him somehow.

JUNE: And have him do what?

OONA: Sponsor a law which bans biting in football matches!

JUNE: An anti-bite law?

OONA: That's it now! If we can get a law like that introduced into Parliament, he'd have to listen to us.

JUNE: And what would happen were this fictional law to be broken?

OONA: Well, I'm not sure. A fine, for one thing.

JUNE: Now that's something! A fine that would go to fund after-school programs!

OONA: Yes! Well thought-out, June! A fine and some other punishment...

A beat where they consider the punishment

JUNE: I've got it! The biter has to stand in the net and let kids take shots at him for an hour.

OONA: I'm not sure if that-

JUNE: And then the parents get to do the same.

OONA: (*brightly*) I like that! See, this is teamwork!

June beams for a moment, proud. But then deflates.

JUNE: This is all well and good, yeah but how can we make this happen?

OONA: We just need to get someone in the administration to listen to us. That's all.

JUNE: That's all? Ha! How on Earth would you have us do that? I don't know anyone in the government!

A beat.

OONA: I do.

Fade to black.

*INTERVIEW WITH THE PSYCHOLOGIST
(THE VAMPIRE WAS ON THE PITCH)*

As light rise, two men are seated across from each other, as in a news interview program. Both dressed well, one more academic-looking, the other a little slicker.

INTERVIEWER: Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen. We are sitting here with Dr. Abraham Seward, noted psychological researcher. Doctor, you were explaining to us the pathology of compulsive biting.

DOCTOR: Yes indeed. It's more common than one would think. Essentially, compulsive biting is a form of obsessive-compulsive disorder, frequently referred to by the public as "OCD." Now, we all indulge in such behavior from time to time, of course. But *biting* is something that can, well, that can become quite extreme. For example, many of us, myself included, bite our fingernails, and even cuticles. A mild form of this disorder. More extreme cases suffer from *dermatophagia*, biting themselves to the point of actually drawing blood and inflicting painful wounds on their own flesh.

INTERVIEWER: Not to interrupt, Doctor, but my Lord, that does sound awful, doesn't it?

DOCTOR: It certainly does, because it is. Now, most of us, with our mild forms of OCD, grow out of it, or are better able to resist such urges. As our maturity grows, so does our self-control.

INTERVIEWER: I'm not sure all of us can say that Doctor. Haha.

DOCTOR: Oh haha, yes, true enough.

INTERVIEWER: So are you suggesting that Luis Suarez has issues with self-control?

DOCTOR: Well, of course it's difficult for me to say without being able to examine Mr. Suarez myself, but at a first glance, I would think, yes, self-control is an issue him.

INTERVIEWER: I'm not sure a clinical examination is even necessary at this point, Doctor. Luis Suarez has a long history of strange public behavior. In fact, this isn't even the first time that he's bitten a fellow player during a match!

DOCTOR: Oh yes, I'm afraid that's true. As you may recall, prior to playing for Liverpool, Mr. Suarez played for Ajax in the Netherlands. During a match in...2010, I believe, he bit a player named Otman Bakkal. He was suspended for 7 matches following that incident. Why Liverpool never completed a thorough psychological examination of Mr. Suarez before agreeing to the transfer is beyond me.

INTERVIEWER: Oh we agree on this end, Doctor. Let me ask, when conducting research of this kind, that goes into thorough psychological examinations as you just described, what do you find to be the best way to go about it?

DOCTOR: An excellent question. In my opinion, the best way to fully grasp the intricacies of this work is to fully immerse in it.

INTERVIEWER: I see. Fascinating. And to what extent does one immerse oneself?

DOCTOR: In order to understand your subject's mindset, you have to allow yourself to think as that subject thinks, to look at things from his or her perspective.

INTERVIEWER: Is there every any danger to the researcher?

DOCTOR: No no. Not at all. Not if said researcher has plenty of experience and training to guide him.

INTERVIEWER: *(smiling)* Like yourself, Doctor?

DOCTOR: *(laughing)* Well, I'd like to think so, yes. Ha.

INTERVIEWER: To get back to the topic at hand, my question now to you is, with this incident having inspired so many similar...events, should we, as a society, be concerned that children are displaying signs of this behavior? Should we be worried?

DOCTOR: Oh I should say so, yes.

INTERVIEWER: *(a little startled)* You...you do?

DOCTOR: Oh yes. This is a very serious problem that faces us.

INTERVIEWER: In what way, Dr. Seward?

DOCTOR: Well, you see, humanity is essentially a barbaric species, isn't it? There are only two other species, that I can think of off the top of my head, that wage war, that commit violence for the sake of violence. Ants. And chimpanzees. And us. That's it. And ants don't give multi-million pound contracts when one of their number publicly bites another one. The children of Great Britain who are biting one another are doing so because, somewhere, deep in their genetic codes, the predator instinct is being awakened. Awakened by the film footage of a football star biting another being played

again and again on the telly. Somehow, that footage is activating that primitive need to bite. To consume.

The Doctor is beginning to sound oddly lusty.

INTERVIEWER: (a little nervous) Hahah...ha...to consume?

DOCTOR: Oh yes indeed. In fact, dermatophagia has been accounted as the reason for the mythical stories of vampires and werewolves.

INTERVIEWER: Really? Is...uh...is that a fact?

*DOCTOR: It is. In actuality, we should be...should be *thanking* Mr. Suarez for unlocking this deep truth within us, within our children, within our primal selves. This is who we are and we should not deny it.*

He is inching closer to the interviewer, a strange change having come over him.

DOCTOR: We. Should. Not. Deny. It.

INTERVIEWER: Right. Yes. Well. Thank you Doctor, for being on the program today. But I'm afraid that is all the time we have for now. Join us next time as we...ARGH!

The Doctor has lunged at the Interviewer like a cat and is attacking him.

INTERVIEWER: OH MY GOD! DOCTOR! STOP! YOUR TRAINING! REMEMBER! IT'S NOT--UGH! CUT! CUT! COMMERCIAL-

A quick blackout. Sounds of s signal being cut off.

*DO THE QUANGO
(Oona Can't Dance)*

A park setting. Perhaps a bench. There are sounds of birds, people chatting as the stroll by. Generally very pleasant and English. Oona & June walk on together. June sits on the bench (if there is one). Oona is more anxious. Pacing a bit, biting nails, etc. Whatever demonstrates the anxiety.

A moment passes.

JUNE: (cheerily) It's lovely, isn't it?

OONA: What's that?

JUNE: This section of St. James. Never been in this part of the park before.

OONA: *(tersely)* I have.

JUNE: Have you?

Oona doesn't reply.

JUNE: Well, I can't blame you for wanting to come back. It's simply beautiful. Makes you forget you're in the city, doesn't it? Excepting of course the fact that you can see the Eye from here. And a good chunk of the skyline. But still. Like being in the country.

Oona still doesn't say anything. Continues being anxious. June watches her.

JUNE: And how do you know 'im then?

OONA: What's that?

JUNE: Your fella. The one we're meeting.

OONA: We, ah. We knew each other back at university.

JUNE: University, is it? Were you in the same classes then?

OONA: Ah...no. We weren't.

JUNE: I see.

A long beat.

JUNE: So how did-

OONA: Just from around. Mutual friends. The like. You know.

JUNE: *(clearly not knowing)* Sure. Right.

There is a longish silence that is filled with something. June watches Oona. Oona ignores June watching her. After a time, a man walks into view. Well-dressed, a slightly posh air. He walks with a limp that is fairly pronounced.

JUNE: *(seeing him)*: Oh hello! Are you-

Oona turns at this and sees him.

OONA: (trying to appear calm) Reg. Thank you for coming. It's so good to see you.

REG: Yes. Hello Oona.

There is an awkward silence. Oona and Reg stare at each other. Oona cannot hold his gaze.

JUNE: (thrusting her hand into Reg's and shaking vigorously) Well, hello then! My name is June. You know. Like the bug.

REG: How are you June? I'm Reg. That's cute.

JUNE: What's that, then?

REG: The bit about the bug.

JUNE: Well, thank you! I would've said "like the month" but--

REG: Yeah, that would be a bit.

JUNE: That's what I think!

They share a small laugh.

OONA: Right! Well then. Reg. So we were. Ah.

JUNE: Yeah, now. Are you in Parliament?

REG: Parliament? Ah. No. Why would you-

JUNE: But you are in government, yeah?

REG: Well. I mean. Yes. In a way. But I--

JUNE: So you'll be able to help us with the law then.

REG: What? What law? June, I'm sorry but I don't-

OONA: I hadn't explained it to him yet, June.

REG: Look, Oona, what's this all about? I didn't want to come here, to this of all places, and now you're--

OONA: Yes. No. Of course, I understand. I'm sorry about this, Reg. I just. Well. See now, this is about--

JUNE: It's about all the *biting*, Reg. As you've probably heard about.

REG: What? What biting? What does that--

OONA: (to June) He probably hasn't been following--

JUNE: (to Reg) Ooooo, are you not a football fan then?

There is a huge silence that erupts. Reg stands shell-shocked. He stares at Oona.

REG:(to Oona) Football? Did you really bring me here to talk about football?

OONA: Reg, please, I wasn't trying to--

REG: FOOTBALL?!?

JUNE: Definitely not a fan, then.

REG: I cannot believe, I *cannot* believe, that you have the temerity to come to me to talk to me about...well...about *anything* really, but this--

OONA: Reg, believe me, I know. I understand how this looks. But we need your help and I didn't know where else to go and it's about my son.

JUNE: And mine too.

OONA: And hers too.

A pause.

REG: What about your son then? Is he in trouble?

OONA: Yeah, he is, sort of. And June's as well. It's about. Well, listen, I know this is sensitive for you.

REG: Could you just fucking get on with it, Oo?

OONA: Right you are. So you heard probably about Suarez, right? The footballer?

REG: Liverpool, yeah? Yeah. I know who he is.

OONA: And about what he did a few days ago? How he--

REG: Yeah. Right. Remember now. He bit another player. So what?

JUNE: So what? Bloody savage, it was.

REG: Is that right? Again I say, so what?

OONA: Since he did it, kids have been--

REG: They've been biting each other. Yes. Right. I heard about it. Heard some little bastard almost took another one's arm off.

JUNE: Just because I'm not married to his father does not make my son a bastard!

REG: Sorry?

OONA: It was *her* son, Reg. And mine. Both of our sons. They've been the ones on the news.

A beat. Then Reg bursts out laughing.

REG: Oh...hahah...oh, that is *too* good. Your little brat is the one did the biting? Hahaha!

OONA: Well...he was bitten first!

JUNE: Don't start now, Oona!

OONA: I'm not starting! It's just a statement of fact, is all!

REG: And what is it you want me to fucking do then, eh? Give them mouth guards?

JUNE: That's not a bad idea, really. They'd only be able to gnaw then, wouldn't they? Like when babies gum their food.

REG: What?

OONA: It's best to let it slide. Reg, it's not just our sons who have done this. Apparently it's happening across the country. Children are biting one another as they try to emulate Suarez. And we, June and I, were hoping to lobby for the creation of a new law. A law that would punish footballers for this kind of behavior, so that our kids wouldn't be influenced by them. Wouldn't try to do what they see their heroes doing. And I thought, with your position-

JUNE: What is your position then? You a Secretary of Something or Other?

REG: I...no. No. I'm not. I'm a very low-level...Oo, you know this. You know I'm not...for fuck's sake. I work at the Department for Culture, Media and Sport.

JUNE: Is that a real thing?

REG: Yes, it's a real...Yes, it's a branch of government. But I work for a subdivision of that department. A QUANGO.

A beat.

JUNE: ...a what now?

REG: A quango. A quasi-autonomous non-governmental organization.

A beat.

JUNE: Is that a real thing?

OONA: June. Yes. It's a real thing.

JUNE: All right then. Just asking. That's a new one on me. So what does your "quango" do?

REG: Well...I'm a part of--

JUNE: Sounds a bit dirty, that. Doesn't it? Haha. Your *quango*. Best be careful how that's used. Haha. Sorry.

Reg and Oona stare blankly at June for a moment.

JUNE: Right. Go on then.

REG: I work for the Sports Grounds Safety Authority. We basically try to make sporting events safe for the public.

JUNE: Is that right?

REG: Yeah, well--

JUNE: Haven't been doing too good of a job, have ya then?

REG: Pardon me?

OONA: June...

JUNE: I'm just sayin'. There's always a riot or a brawl or a window kicked in or neo-Nazis marching down the street or somethin', isn't there?

OONA: Neo-nazis?

REG: The Nazi thing was really more 80s than today.

JUNE: The point is there's trouble! There's always some kind of trouble. Sporting events are like tiny little Hindenburgs waiting to go off.

REG: You know, only 36 people died in the Hindenburg disaster.

OONA: Only 36?

JUNE: So?

REG: My point is that a sporting event, particularly football, is *thousands* of people. So really it would be *giant* Hindenburgs, not tiny ones.

JUNE: Fine. Tiny Titanics, then.

REG: See, even with that now--

OONA: You're not helping, Reg.

REG: Right. Sorry.

JUNE: All I'm saying is, it's not that safe, really.

REG: Believe me, June, I understand your point. But we are trying our best to make things as safe as we can.

JUNE: Yeah. Course you are.

REG: All right, Oona, what the hell is this? I didn't come down here to be insulted.

OONA: Yes, Reg, I know. I'm sorry. It comes down to this. I ...*(off June's look)*...that is, we, were thinking that, I mean, I *know* you're on the lower end of this, but maybe you could suggest to your boss, who could suggest to his and then to his and so on and you know...get the ball fucking rolling. I know this is a lot to ask, but what's happening with these kids is serious. And our own have been hurt. And we want--

JUNE: We want to make a difference!

Oona looks at June, who is beaming.

OONA: We do.

A long pause.

REG: You understand I can't promise a thing, yes? Not one fucking thing.

OONA: Yes. Yes, of course we do!

JUNE: Just do your best, son. That's all we ask.

REG: Right. Thanks.

JUNE: And if you could get rid of them neo-Nazis, that'd be brilliant.

REG: *(sputtering)* There aren't any--and how could I *possibly* get rid--

OONA: Just let it go, Reg. That's the way.

A beat.

REG: Yeah. Fine. Listen, I'm not sure how long this will take. But I will...I will be in touch, all right?

OONA: Yeah. Yes. Right.

Reg turns to leave.

OONA: Reg?

REG: Yeah?

OONA: Thank you.

REG: Yeah. Sure. Whatever. ...fucking *football*...

Reg leaves.

JUNE: What's his story then?

OONA: *(distractedly)* Hmm?

JUNE: That's a nasty limp he has. Didja see?

OONA: It is. Yeah.

A strange beat.

JUNE: So...does he hate football or what?

OONA: He used to live for it.

JUNE: Really?

OONA: Yeah.

JUNE: What happened then?

A longish pause

OONA: I did.

Blackout.

*REG & OONA
BACK WHERE IT ALL BEGINS*

The scene is the same as previous. The park. The bench. The birds.

After a moment, in walks Reg, no limp, as he is a younger man here (or at least pre-injury). He is dressed in a football kit of some kind. Juggling or kicking a soccer ball around. Looking quite sporty and athletic. He plays with the ball for a moment, then pauses and looks around.

REG:(yelling to offstage) Where are you then? Whassamatter now? Can't you keep up?

OONA: (quite winded) Fuck. Fucking hell. I can...fuck...I can keep up.

REG: Yeah of course you can. My mistake. Hahaha.

Oona enters, looking a bit wasted. She too looks sportier and younger than previously.

OONA: Don't be a prat.

REG: Right sorry.

Reg is continuing to play with the soccer ball. Oona watches bemused for a moment.

OONA: Does that make you feel good then?

REG: What's that?

OONA: Showing off with that football.

REG: I'm not though!

He continues to juggle the ball.

OONA: What do you call that then?

REG: This? This is just practice.

OONA: Practice?

REG: Yeah. *(beat)* Are you impressed?

OONA: *(beat)* No.

REG: Are you sure? Cause I've been told that nothing turns a woman on more than watching a man do something that he's really good at.

OONA: No, yeah, I think that's true.

REG: So...?

OONA: ...what?

REG: You're not turned on?

OONA: You're not that good.

REG: What? C'mon, I'm pretty good.

OONA: Good for what?

REG: All right. Fine.

OONA: What do you want me to say? *"Oooooo Reg! Bend me like Beckham!"*

REG: That's not what--

OONA: *"Own me like Owen!"*

REG: I wasn't--

OONA: *"Shtup me like Scholes!"*

REG: All right, that last one was just nasty.

OONA: ...it was a bit, wasn't it?

REG: Although I am impressed that you could name two other English national team players besides Beckham.

OONA: What can I say? I'm a fan.

REG: I thought you might be, what with you coming to all my matches this term.

OONA: I haven't been to them *all*.

REG: You have, I think.

OONA: I've been to most of them, yes.

REG: And what do you think?

OONA: I think you need to work on your footwork and your passing.

REG: What?

OONA: It's sloppy. It's not as precise as it could be, as it *should* be.

REG: Are you serious?

OONA: As serious as the Queen about her corgis.

REG: That's fairly serious.

OONA: This is what I'm saying.

REG: Well, all I'm saying is that I'm being scouted.

OONA: You are?

REG: Yeah, I am. I wanted to tell you. I mean, not like Manchester United is knocking down my door or something. But some Division II teams are looking at me.

OONA: Reg! Oh my god, that's incredible!

REG: It's nothing yet. Even if someone wanted to use me, I'd probably just be a deep reserve and ride the bench.

OONA: Yeah, but still-

REG: *(smiling)* Yeah. But still.

OONA: Congratulations.

REG: Thank you.

OONA: You're very welcome.

A pause, full of expectation.

REG: So, obviously, I want to make the best impression that I can.

OONA: Obviously.

REG: Well, then, what do you recommend for me? What are some things that I should...ahem...work on?

Reg and Oona move closer together, clearly feeling an attraction.

OONA: Well...what I would say is...

She kicks the ball away off stage. There is the sound of a light splash.

OONA: Better learn to track the ball.

REG: You dirty cow. You kicked it into the bloody pond! That's my ONLY ball!

OONA: *(laughing)* Best dive in there, son. Go get that ball back!

REG: You're going to be deeply, deeply sorry when I come back.

OONA: Oooooo, is that right?

REG: Yes, that's right! I'm going to make you soaking wet!

OONA: You already have.

A pause.

REG: I'd better go get that ball.

OONA: I should say so.

Reg runs off in the direction of the ball.

REG: (off-stage) Don't go anywhere!

OONA: Hahaha, I won't!

Another splash is heard, followed by some laughter and "fucking hell, it's cold" etc. Oona watches, laughing and smiling. Suddenly, there is a loud "squawk!" and sounds of water thrashing about. Reg yells sharply.

REG: (off-stage) Ahhhhh! Fuck! Fuck me! Let go! Fucking let go! Ahhhh!

OONA: Reg! Reg what is it?? What's--oh my god! REG!!

Oona runs off towards the pond. Sounds of more thrashing in the water and yells. Sounds and lights fade to black.

BLACK SWAN SONG

Same park. Same bench. Where we last saw Oona & June.

JUNE: Wait. What?

OONA: He was bitten.

JUNE: Bitten? Are you serious?

OONA: Completely.

JUNE: Bitten by what?

A beat.

OONA: A swan.

A beat.

JUNE: A swan.

OONA: Yes.

JUNE: He was bitten by a swan.

OONA: Yes.

A beat.

JUNE: Well. That's uncommon, isn't it?

OONA: Swans are awful.

JUNE: They are?

OONA: Terrible brutes.

JUNE: ...swans?

OONA:(*with real anger*) Oh yes. Completely.

A beat. June is at a bit of a loss on this point.

JUNE: All right then.

OONA: Trust me June. I know all about swans. Just like you know about death statistics, I know about swans.

JUNE: It's not that I don't believe you, Oo -- can I call you Oo?

OONA: No.

JUNE: It was just so cute when he called you--

OONA: No.

JUNE: (*sighing*) Fine. But I don't understand what--

OONA: That's how it all happened! Don't you see?

JUNE: No, not really, no.

OONA: (*As this speech goes on, Oona becomes more and more manic*) When Reg jumped in the pond to get his football back, he bumped into a swan that was nesting among the reeds. He didn't even see it. And then...oh god...then that...that...*thing*...clamped its smelly beak on his calf and wouldn't let go! Do you understand? It clamped on like a vise! And they're strong you know. You wouldn't think it to look at it. Everyone thinks they're delicate, fragile waterfowl, but that's not true! None of it! They're huge...*EVIL*...birds!

JUNE: Like Rodan?

OONA: What?

JUNE: Nothing. Go on.

OONA: That cunt of a bird had Reg by his calf muscle and it wouldn't let go! And it kept flapping around and splashing and squawking...so much squawking...I couldn't take it. My ears were ringing with the sound. Reg was shouting and screaming but the thing wouldn't release him. His leg was bleeding in the water, it had bitten through his trousers!

JUNE: Do swans even *have* teeth?

OONA: What?

JUNE: Nothing. Go on.

OONA: Reg was doing everything he could, but the beast held on. I was watching from the bank and it was horrific. All the twisting about and cursing. Like he was caught in a bear trap. Finally, in an act of desperation, Reg grabbed the swan by the neck and squeezed. Even then, it held on. Biting harder, Reg, trying to throttle it, just so it would let go, you see! He never intended to hurt it but the swan, the swan, it--

JUNE: ...started it?

OONA: (*gripping June madly*) YES JUNE! You understand! There was no choice! None at all! They fought and fought, the two of them. After what seemed like an eternity, the bird stopped struggling, stopped biting. It fell limp from Reg's leg, limp into the water. And there was Reg. Standing there like a barbarian. Chest heaving. Having vanquished his foe.

Oona get a little lost in the telling of this, finding some kind of turn-on. She stares off into the distance a moment.

JUNE: Sounds very masculine.

OONA: What?

JUNE: Nothing. Go on.

OONA: Just then a policeman came by through the park and saw us, saw Reg, holding the throttled swan in his hands. And Reg was arrested.

JUNE: Arrested? For killing a swan?

OONA: Swans have SERIOUS protection under the law. All wild swans belong to the crown, under the Swans Act of 1576. It was enacted by Elizabeth.

JUNE: All right now, she's not *that* old.

OONA: Not her, the first Elizabeth, Elizabeth the 1st! Shakespeare's Elizabeth!

JUNE: Right, yes, I'm with you now.

OONA: Until late 1998, it was an act of treason to hurt or kill a swan.

JUNE: And when did this happen?

OONA: Spring of 1998.

JUNE: Bollocks.

OONA: Bollocks.

JUNE: So was Reg thrown in jail or what? What happened?

OONA: There was a trial and his solicitor was able to talk the court down from treason charges as Reg was acting in self-defense.

JUNE: That's embarrassing, isn't it?

OONA: What?

JUNE: 'Oooo, sorry yer honor, just had no choice, did I now? That swan was brutal, he was.'

OONA: What?

JUNE: All the other criminals having a laugh at. 'What are you here for then?' 'Robbing a bank. You?' 'A swan picked on me.'

OONA: It's not funny June.

A beat.

JUNE: It's a little funny.

A moment where Oona stares angrily at June.

JUNE: (*quickly*) Right. So what happened then? Self-defense?

OONA: Yes, well. The standard prison time was removed and Reg had to pay a fine instead.

JUNE: Well that's not too bad, is it? What was it, like 50 quid?

OONA: 5,000.

A beat.

JUNE: That's more than you would think.

OONA: It bankrupted him. And I didn't have any money to help.

JUNE: What about his family?

OONA: They were furious at him. His dad said "What you doing? Them birds is *royal!* Shoulda let the thing eat you!"

JUNE: Huh. Tories, are they?

OONA: What?

JUNE: Nothing. Go on.

OONA: He wasn't able to play football after that. The swan's bite did some sort of nerve damage to the muscle in his leg and he wasn't able to get back into playing shape. He career was ruined. And he had no money.

JUNE: All cause you kicked the ball into the pond.

OONA: Yes.

JUNE: A silly moment that then changed the course of his entire life.

OONA: Yes.

JUNE: Well. That's a burden to bear and no mistake.

OONA: I know June.

JUNE: Tough to live with that.

OONA: It is.

JUNE: Guilt would be crushing, wouldn't it? To know that you destroyed someone's chance for happiness and success?

OONA:(sharply) Ok, that's good.

JUNE: Right you are.

A pause.

JUNE: So why is he gonna help us then?

OONA: I don't really know. I mean, he is a good person. Always has been.

JUNE: Well that's all right then.

OONA: Yes.

JUNE: Unless he takes this as a chance to fuck you over and get revenge for how you ruined his life and all.

A beat.

OONA: Now that's a thought that is going to fester.

Lights fade.

MINISTER, DEFEND US (from the Minister)

The interior of an official-looking building. A man in a well-dressed suit already present, looking over paperwork. After a moment, Reg comes rushing in.

REG: Excuse me, Minister? Minister, if you have a moment?

MINISTER: Hello? Yes? What? Hello?

REG: Yes sir, good afternoon. I wonder if may have a moment of your time, sir.

MINISTER: What? Yes. What?

REG: Yes sir. I work for the Sports Ground Safety Authority.

MINISTER: You do? Wonderful. Good for you. Well done.

He turns to leave.

REG: Yes sir. If I could speak to you about something?

MINISTER: Speak? Yes. To me?

REG: Yes sir.

MINISTER: Hmm. Yes. What?

REG: Sir?

MINISTER: Go on then.

REG: Yes sir. I'm wondering if you've heard of the incident involving Luis Suarez?

MINISTER: This is Liverpool, you're talking about?

REG: Yes sir.

MINISTER: The handball?

REG: No sir. The bite.

MINISTER: Yes yes. The bite. He's a biter, isn't he?

REG: Yes sir. It seems so.

MINISTER: Terrible. Terrible.

REG: Yes sir.

MINISTER: The biting. Terrible.

He turns to leave.

REG: Excuse me, sir?

MINISTER: Yes? What? Yes?

REG: Sir, as you are no doubt aware, there have been a series of incidents across Britain, as a result of Suarez's behavior.

MINISTER: No doubt.

REG: I'm sorry sir?

MINISTER: My awareness. There is no doubt.

An odd beat.

REG: Yes sir. Well, it appears that children in youth leagues have been biting *each other* in an attempt to emulate Suarez. Some quite seriously, resulting in hospital stays.

MINISTER: Yes? Yes, I have heard.

REG: Yes sir. As a result of these...incidents, I have been approached by a...by a lobbying concern, asking what, if anything, we can do about it.

MINISTER: "We"?

REG: Us, sir. The government.

MINISTER: The government.

REG: Yes sir.

MINISTER: What can we do about "it"?

REG: Yes sir.

MINISTER: And who is this lobbying concern?

REG: Uh...mothers, sir.

MINISTER: Mothers?

REG: Yes sir. The...uh...Mothers...Against...Biting...in...Football.

MINISTER: Hmm. MABIF, eh?

REG: Sir?

MINISTER: M.A.B.I.F. Mab-if? Is that how they say it? Or is it pronounced "Ma-beef"?

REG: I...uh...

MINISTER: I suppose "Ma-beef" would make more sense, wouldn't it? Since the mothers have a beef and all.

(From this point on, the acronym is pronounced as MA-BEEF)

REG: I don't...yes sir. Right you are sir.

MINISTER: And what is it that M.A.B.I.F. asking of us?

REG: Yes sir, well, they were hoping that we could sponsor a law that would be introduced into Parliament to create...restrictions...on biting. In football.

MINISTER: ...isn't there already a rule prohibiting biting?

REG: I don't believe it is expressly said as such, sir.

MINISTER: One would think such clarity would be superfluous.

REG: Yes sir.

MINISTER: And does M.A.B.I.F. have a thought as to what the penalties should be when this proposed law is violated?

REG: Well, sir, they...uh, that is, M.A.B.I.F., has several ideas of what could be done.

MINISTER: I'm sure that they do. They are a very powerful lobby.

REG: I think that...wait, what?

MINISTER: (*musings on something that's never been*) Oh yes, I've had dealings with M.A.B.I.F. in the past. Tough..but fair...women.

REG: (*a bit bewildered*) Yes sir.

MINISTER: Brutal negotiators, I can tell you that.

REG: Absolutely sir. But I think that you may be-

MINISTER: -underestimating them? Ha ho, no I don't think I will be making that mistake again. You can count on that.

REG: I appreciate that, sir. But I'm not sure if this group is the same as you've-

MINISTER: -dealt with in the past? I'm sure they're not. Constantly moving forward is M.A.B.I.F. Like a shark. Swim or die.

REG: ...what?

MINISTER: Don't be daunted, young man. I've faced this white whale before. And I will face them again. We won't be reduced to a quivering shambles in the corner.

REG: I...

MINISTER: Oh I know. I've sworn I'd never go back into that corner again.

A pause. Reg is lost.

REG: All right.

MINISTER:(with force) Never. Again.

REG: Yes sir.

MINISTER: Well done, young man. Stand strong.

REG: Yes sir.

MINISTER: We'll defeat M.A.B.I.F. yet!

He turns and walks away quickly and with purpose before Reg can say or do anything.

REG: Right you are, sir.

He shakes his head in confusion.

Lights fade.

JUNE'S A-POPPIN'

An office setting. June sits waiting for something, nervously. After a moment, Oona walks in.

OONA: June, what--what are you doing here? I thought I had asked you to never--

JUNE: Yeah I know what you said, but this couldn't wait. Have you seen the news today?

OONA: No, I was rushing about this morning like a bird--

JUNE: There's not time for that now, Oo.

OONA: Don't call me "O--"

JUNE: No time for that either! Did you see the bloody news?!?

OONA: No! All right? No! I haven't! What is it? What's so--

JUNE: It's us! It's US on the news!

OONA: What are you talking about?

JUNE: The Minister of Culture was on the telly, denouncing the actions of M.A.B.I.F.!

OONA: Mabeef? What the fuck is that? Sounds disgusting.

JUNE: It's *us*, you stupid bint! Mothers. Against. Biting. In. Football. MABIF!

OONA: What? That's not--we've never--

JUNE: Your boy REG apparently called us that! The Minister was on the telly, calling us the Hezbollah of youth sport!

OONA: WHAT?

JUNE: He threw us under the bus! Labeled us as domestic fucking terrorists, he did!

OONA: I can't believe that he would-

JUNE: Doesn't matter what you believe! It's what he did! It's done. He did it and it's done.

OONA: I think you may be overreacting a bit.

JUNE: This is *your* fault. You had to kick that bloody ball into that bloody pond! Now he wants revenge! And this is it! We're going to be arrested and sent to Gitmo!

OONA: Gitmo? Are you serious?

JUNE: I can't be water-boarded! I can't even fucking swim!

June has ramped up to the point of sheer panic now. Oona grabs her by the arms to try to reason with her.

OONA: June, all right now, June-

JUNE: How will I explain this to my father?!? He'll be so disappointed. Like when he learned that *When the Whistle Blows* wasn't a real show.

OONA: What?

JUNE: What?

OONA: June, please get it together. I don't know even what's going on. Take a breath. And tell me what's going on.

JUNE: Right. Yes. Ok. ...I turned on the telly and there it was. The Minister of Sport or whoever-the-fuck, saying that the FA and the *nation*, if you please, would not be held hostage by cultural extremists.

OONA: Cultural extremists? He actually used those words?

JUNE: No, he mimed it. What do you think?

OONA: All right, all right.

JUNE: Do you think they'll come for us?

OONA: Who?

JUNE: MI6. Scotland Yard. Special Forces.

OONA: I find that to be--

JUNE: *I know!* What would we do? Plus all those men in uniform and all. I'd have a hard time.

OONA: *(dryly)* I'm sure you would.

JUNE: What does THAT mean?

OONA: Oh June, stop!

JUNE: I'm perfectly capable of keeping myself under control, I'll have you know.

OONA: Seriously, enough. We can *use* this, don't you see?

JUNE: Use what?

OONA: Use this! This publicity! Gain traction! The Minister has opened a door for us! We would've never gotten so much attention with this happening! Now the whole country will know what we want!

JUNE: Yeah, yes, but Oona, I'm not--I haven't got--I mean, I'm *not* this kind of person! You know? Cameras and blogs and vines!

OONA: Vines?

JUNE: Oh yeah! Have you seen the one of the baby panda sneezing? I could watch it for hours, I could.

OONA: June.

JUNE: I probably have, come to think of it.

OONA: My point is: this is *good* for the cause!

JUNE: I don't know. Are you sure?

OONA: Of course!

Fade to black.

THE SPORTSCASTERS, II
News of the World

Lights up. Same newsroom. Same commentators. Newsman #2 (John) is keeping his distance from Newsman #1 (Mark)

NEWSMAN #2: And in the story that wouldn't die...a new player has emerged from nowhere to challenge the very foundation of English football, and perhaps the nation itself.

NEWSMAN #1: And about time, as well. I think M.A.B.I.F. and the changes she is fighting to institute can only *help* us in the long run.

NEWSMAN #2: Well, to begin with, M.A.B.I.F. is more than just one woman, Mark.

NEWSMAN #1: When did I say it wasn't, John?

NEWSMAN #2: Just now, you referred to M.A.B.I.F. as "she," singular. I think the pronouns "they" or "it" would be appropriate. Grammatically speaking.

NEWSMAN #1: It's the same as when referring to a ship, it's a she.

NEWSMAN #2: An organization is a she? I'm sure that's not correct, Mark.

NEWSMAN #1: (*a menacing beat*) Yeah? You *sure* that you're sure?

A brief pause.

NEWSMAN #2: Right. Yes. In any event. M.A.B.I.F. is now making waves and they...she...are taking the cause to anyone who will listen.

NEWSMAN #1: At the very least it seems that the Minister and the greater government are paying attention.

NEWSMAN #2: But should our government even be wading in to such waters? Shouldn't the Premiership and the FA taking the lead on this?

NEWSMAN #1: Are you serious? What do they do? Bloody toothless.

NEWSMAN #2: *(making a little joke)* I wouldn't say toothless...

A quiet beat wherein Mark stares hard at John.

NEWSMAN #2: Ha. Heh. Heh. Hm.

Another quiet beat.

NEWSMAN #1: The *point*, you stupid berk, is that SOMEONE is trying to do SOMETHING about this sick culture we've created, of which, Suarez is a direct result!

NEWSMAN #2: That's enough, Mark! I won't have you constantly insulting me because I disagree with you! And I don't even disagree that much, for fuck's sake!

NEWSMAN #1: Oooohoo! Looks who's the big boy now!

NEWSMAN #2: Stop pushing! We're on live telly!

NEWSMAN #1: But this is what the people *want*, innit? Chaos, violence, a little bloodshed. We've had a ratings spike since the last--

NEWSMAN #2: I know about the spike! Makes me wonder if it was ALL an act to begin with! That you haven't meant a *word* you've said and it's all been for a bit of celebrity!

NEWSMAN #1: Are you calling me a liar now, you bent wanker?

He lunges at John, who deftly sidesteps him and knocks him to the ground.

NEWSMAN #2: Krav Maga classes! How'd you like that, you git!

He takes a moment, collects himself. We hear soft groans from Mark as he tries to get to his feet.

NEWSMAN #2: That's all for now, ladies and gentlemen. We'll be back after these short words from our sponsors.

Fade to black. The sounds of light arguing and scuffling.

REVENGE IS A DISH BEST SERVED ACCIDENTALLY

Back to the park. Oona and June wait nervously. Finally Reg appears.

REG: Ladies, hello. I'm sorry that-

June leaps up and starts ineffectually striking Reg.

JUNE: How could you?!? You right bastard! Now you've got them thinking we are terrorist organization or some such nonsense. We will be imprisoned, sent away, put in the hole!

He grapples with June a bit to stop her from hitting him.

REG: Look, wait now, I'm sorry, I didn't intend for any of this to have happened.

OONA: Then what exactly *did* you intend, for fuck's sake? This isn't what we wanted!

REG: It's not my fault! The Minister is insane! All I did was say you were a lobbying concern. He's the one that said all this crazy shit about your intentions!

OONA: Well, dammit, Reg, can't you talk him down off of this?

REG: I've been trying! But I can't even get into see him at the moment!

JUNE: Why not, you Tory bastard?

REG: What?

JUNE: Just answer the bloody question!

REG: I just happened to see him in the hall one day and approached him. And now he's so paranoid about M.A.B.I.F. that he isn't taking any appointments. I can't even get his assistant to talk to me. Anyone who isn't a high-ranking official can't get in.

OONA: All we wanted was for the biting to stop. Not all of this rubbish.

JUNE: (*muttering under her breath a bit*) Coulda just left well enough alone.

OONA: What was that?

JUNE: I'm saying that if you could have handled this like a person, instead of a stuck-up cunt, we wouldn't be in this position.

OONA: What the fuck does *that* mean?

JUNE: We could've just sorted this ourselves. But nooooooo. You had to show off and get your boyfriend involved.

REG: I'm *NOT* her--

JUNE: Shut it, Tory.

REG: Would you stop calling me that.

JUNE: No.

A beat.

REG: (*unsure*) Right. Sure. Fine.

JUNE: Admit it, you wanker. You're enjoying this, aren't you?

REG: Enjoying what?

JUNE: Screwing the bird you can't screw any more.

REG: (*flustered*) What? No, of course-

OONA: Oh my god. You are.

REG: I'm NOT!

OONA: Reg, tell me, tell me this isn't...did you...

REG: I didn't!

JUNE: Yeah you did, you berk.

REG: Hold on, now! All I did was tell him what you told me! That's it! I didn't deliberately do--

OONA: But are you doing your best to stop it? I don't think so. I don't think so at all.

REG: That's enough! For fuck's sake, what did you THINK was going to happen? That you could approach me after all these years and I could wave a magic wand and make a new law appear and get Suarez deported?

JUNE: Dammit. Didn't even think of deportation. Shoulda went that way first.

OONA: Oh shut up June.

JUNE: You shut up.

OONA: YOU!

JUNE: YOU!

The two women have gotten nose-to-nose.

REG: Ladies--

OONA: Oh fuck off, Tory.

REG: What??

JUNE: Yeah Tory, fuck off!

Now the two women are converging on Reg. He backs up, afraid.

REG: Now just a minute-

JUNE: How about we feed to the swans, you bloody traitor?

OONA: They're probably looking for a little payback since you killed one of their number!

REG: You're out of your minds. The both of you.

JUNE: The descendants of that swan you murdered are probably looking for revenge. Like in *Jaws 4*.

A beat.

OONA: Michael Caine?

JUNE: Michael-fucking-Caine.

REG: You're mad. The both of you.

JUNE: Those swans probably have a taste for human flesh. Even Tory flesh like yours. Don't you think Oona?

OONA: Oh, I'd say so.

REG: You don't have to say things like-

Oona gives him a shove.

OONA: How could you do this, Reg? I know you're angry at me, but to give us up like this!

REG: All right now, wait, stop! I didn't! I didn't give any names of any kind. He doesn't know your name, Oona, or yours, June. I didn't give any information like that at all.

JUNE: You didn't?

REG: No! Of course I didn't. All I did was say there were lobbyists who wanted a change and he went off on some tangent. He's fucking mad.

JUNE: He is?

REG: Yeah. Like you two.

OONA: What?

REG: Look all the Ministry knows is that there is a new powerful lobbying concern called M.A.B.I.F. that wants to make changes to the rules of football. It's being blown completely out of proportion! If you just let it go, it will blow over in a few days when the press can't find you. They'll find a new story to latch on to.

JUNE: Yeah, all right then. I don't want any reporters to come banging on my door at all hours.

OONA: But if we lie low, then what happens to the law proposal?

REG: Oona, be real for a fucking second, all right? There was no way that law was gonna pass. Even if the Minister wasn't insane.

OONA: But we have to do *something*. Children are still biting one another, emulating Suarez and now we have some real publicity on our side that isn't just lurid stories about boys sending each other to hospital with teeth marks! We've got momentum!

JUNE: Like what, Oona? What the bloody hell are we gonna do now?

OONA: I'm not sure. But there has to be--

REG: I have an idea.

The two women look at each other, look at Reg and wait.

Lights fade.

ONCE BITTEN, *or*, REG STRIKES BACK

The same official-looking government building as before. June and Oona stand nervously and fidget. They are dressed unlike their usual selves. A pause.

JUNE: Are you *sure* about this now?

OONA: (*a little too positive*) Sure I'm sure. What could possibly go wrong?

JUNE: Oh I don't know. How about a million damn things?

OONA: Stop it, June. Everything is going to be fine.

JUNE: So you say, but how do we know?

OONA: How do we know what?

JUNE: What the hell your boyfriend Reg is gonna do, for starters.

OONA: He *isn't* my boyfriend. Stop saying that.

JUNE: Well, whatever he is, and he's clearly *something*, we don't know about any of this, do we?

OONA: What do you mean?

JUNE: What I mean is how do we know this isn't a trap, a betrayal, an exacting of revenge?

OONA: "An exacting of revenge"?

JUNE: You know what I mean.

OONA: Hardly ever.

JUNE: What if Reg is doing this to spring the law down on our heads?

OONA: He's not doing anything of the kind. It was his idea! He's likely to get into *more* trouble than us if he's caught.

JUNE: I suppose that's true.

OONA: And June, we haven't broken any laws. Not any real ones, anyway. Right?

JUNE: (*cautiously*) Yeah.

OONA: So would you just settle down, please?

JUNE: Yeah. Yeah. All right.

OONA: Thank you.

JUNE: So what's the plan then?

OONA: Well, I think what's going to happen is that--

At the moment, the Minister walks in, led by Reg.

REG: Yes sir. It's right this way.

MINISTER: Yes. What? Yes.

REG: Sir, I'd like to introduce you to the women of M.A.B.I.F.

MINISTER: Yes. What? What? What?

OONA: Minister, it's an honor to meet you.

MINISTER: M.A.B.I.F. women? An ambush? What? A gallyswag?

JUNE: I don't think that's a word.

MINISTER:(*to Reg*) What is the meaning of this?

REG: Sir, I think that--

OONA: Minister, we wanted to meet with you and clear the air, as it were.

MINISTER: Clear the what?

JUNE: Can you not hear well?

MINISTER: I'm sorry

JUNE: No need.

MINISTER: What?

JUNE: What?

OONA: (*taking the reins*) Sir, we wanted to meet with you and reassure you that our intentions are good and we have no desire to hold anything hostage. We just want what's best for the children of England.

MINISTER: Yes. England! Yes. But-

JUNE: We just don't want them biting each other, is all. Know what I mean?

MINISTER: Ladies, yes, I can understand your concerns but-

REG: Excuse me sir, and ladies, but I have another meeting I must get to. Promptly. Right now, in fact. So. Goodbye.

Reg leaves abruptly.

MINISTER: What? Hello. What? Now-

JUNE: Sir-

OONA: Sir-

MINISTER: I will not stand and be held *hostage* by M.A.B.I.F. or any other cell!

JUNE: You mean mobile.

MINISTER: I do?

JUNE: Probably.

An odd beat.

OONA: Sir, we'd like to explain our position. Directly as a result of the behavior of Luis Suarez--

JUNE:(helpfully) The footballer.

OONA: Yes, the footballer, children across the UK, including our own sons--

JUNE: They have different fathers.

OONA: What?

JUNE: What?

MINISTER: Ladies-

OONA: The point is, sir, that because the enormous influence these footballers have, it's affecting the way our children view their *own* lives and, in some instances, harmfully.

JUNE: We just don't want them to be biting each other, is all, yer honor.

MINISTER: Yes, well, I can certainly understand that, however, there has been little evidence to me that the sort of behavior you're describing-

At that moment, a man come sprinting into the area, with a ski mask on, wearing a Suarez Liverpool jersey, with great force and energy.

MAN IN MASK: Suarez fucking rules!!

He reaches for the Minister, grabs his arm, and bites down hard. The Minister struggles, flapping about like a bird. June and Oona make a great show of trying to help him (the Minister). After clamping down on the arm, the masked man, hops and down crazily, hooting and cheering. He then wraps an arm around the Minister, holding him tight and begins to sing "You'll Never Walk Alone" the Liverpool F.C. fight song. By the time he reaches the chorus, June and Oona are swaying as well, and chime in on the chorus. The Minister is terrified and goes along for fear of some strange reprisal.

MAN IN MASK: (singing) *When you walk through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark
At the end of the storm
There's a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of the lark*

MAN IN MASK: (continuing) *Walk on!*

JUNE & OONA: (singing) *Walk on!*

MAN IN MASK: Walk on!

JUNE & OONA: Walk on!

MAN IN MASK: With hope!

JUNE & OONA: With hope!

*MAN IN MASK: In your heart
And you'll never walk alone*

JUNE, OONA & MAN IN MASK: (singing together) You'll never walk alone!

Dramatic beat.

JUNE, OONA & MAN IN MASK: (robustly, one last time) ALONE!!!

The masked man kisses the Minister firmly on the cheek and runs off yelling triumphantly. The Minister stands there, rubbing his arm, looking at Oona & June, who look at him innocently.

A long pause.

MINISTER: Tell me the specifics of this proposed law.

Blackout.

RETURN OF THE KING

A cafe of some kind. Reg, June and Oona sit together, having a drink.

JUNE:(amped up) Yeah listen now, I have to tell you that was bloody brilliant.

REG: Thank you, I--

JUNE: I mean, I never would've guessed that was you! You know, if I didn't already know, I mean.

REG: Yes, I--

JUNE: What you reckon would've happened to you if you'd be caught?

REG: Well, I'm not--

JUNE: Prison, yeah? I mean that's got to be worse than killing a bleedin' swan, right?

OONA: June, could you not bring--

JUNE: I'm just saying, like, it would've been more than 5,000 quid! Biting a government official? Impersonating a football star?

REG: Impersonating...?

JUNE: That's a serious offense, is all. Lucky you're still quick on your feet, for a man past his prime and all.

REG: Excuse me?

OONA: June--

JUNE: Ooooooooooh but wait now. Do you think you left any DNA evidence like?

REG: DNA?

JUNE: Yeah, right? From your saliva, mate! It's got to be all over his jacket, don't you think? Where you bit him and all?

REG:(suddenly worried) I hadn't thought...fucking hell...*(turning to Oona)*...do you think?

OONA: No! No way. That wouldn't happen. Why would it? Look now, forget about it, both of you. It worked! You were able to change and ditch the outfit and the Minister is going to propose a new rule change for football that would ban biting explicitly. And he's going to put a fine on parents and coaches who don't help stop the spread of the youth violence. We've done it.

REG: Yeah.

JUNE:(smiling) Yeah.

OONA: If that doesn't deserve a fucking drink, I don't know what does.

JUNE: Yeah, well, thanks for that Oona, but I've got to get home, I'm afraid. My boy is waiting on me to get back.

OONA: Oh, all right. You sure?

JUNE: Yeah, but thanks. Thank you for including me. I appreciate it.

OONA: Are you mad? I literally couldn't have done this without you, June. Like the bug.

A sweet moment.

JUNE: All right then. I'm off. Be well, you two. See you again.

OONA: Yes, let's make it happen soon.

JUNE: Ah, we won't, you know. But again, I appreciate the thought.

June stands up to leave. Oona stands as well, and after an awkward moment, there is an awkward hug. June leaves. Oona watches her go. She stands for a moment and sits down with Reg again.

An awkward beat.

OONA: So.

REG: So.

A beat.

OONA: I'm sorry, Reg.

REG: Thank you.

OONA: I really am.

REG: I know.

A beat.

OONA: Thank you.

REG: You're welcome.

He stands up. Waits for a moment. Takes Oona's hand, kisses it, puts it back. Waits another moment. Then leaves. Oona watches him go. Now Oona is left alone. She looks around a bit. Adjusts in the seat. Quietly sits.

Lights fade.

EPILOGUE
It's Too Late to Stop Now

Back where we started. In the hospital waiting room. June & Oona, together again. Waiting. Sounds of the hospital.

An awkward pause.

JUNE: Well then. Hah. Here we are.

OONA: Yes indeed.

A beat.

JUNE: What do you figure the odds are that the boys' teams would both make it the finals, huh?

OONA: You tell me. You're the odds expert.

JUNE: Yeah, but only for disasters, remember!

OONA: How could I forget? 1 in 182,138,880,000,000.

JUNE: (very pleased) That's it!

OONA: That's it.

JUNE: I learned a new one, you know.

OONA: Is that right?

JUNE: You'll like this one.

OONA: Go on then.

JUNE: The odds of being bitten by a shark: 1-in-3.7 million.

OONA: Yeah?

JUNE: Odds of being bitten by Luis Suarez: 1-in-2,000.

OONA: You're fucking kidding me.

JUNE: Nope.

OONA: Someone did the math on that?

JUNE: There was a public outcry for it, apparently.

OONA: Makes sense.

JUNE: I thought so as well.

A beat.

JUNE: So you haven't seen him, then?

OONA: No, not since that day.

JUNE: Did he say anything about getting back into football at all?

OONA: Didn't say much of anything, in point of fact.

A beat.

JUNE: Nice that Reg wanted to referee, then. Sort of giving back, in a way, isn't it.

OONA: Hmm.

A beat.

JUNE: Wouldn't have figured on both the lads biting him.

OONA: Yeah.

JUNE: At the same time.

OONA: Yeah.

JUNE: On either arm.

OONA: *(sighs)* Yeah.

JUNE: They say anything about the extent of the..uh...damage?

OONA: *(very tiredly)* Well...both arms will need to be in slings for a quite a while, apparently. And he won't be able to ref for the foreseeable future.

JUNE: Ironic that we now will both have to pay the fines to cover the medical costs as part of the law we helped lobby for.

OONA: Isn't it just.

JUNE: *(sweetly)* Yeah. Ha.

A beat.

JUNE: *(chipper)* At least it's wasn't a swan, eh?

A beat.

OONA:*(dry as a bone)* That's what I've missed about you June.

JUNE: What's that then?

OONA: You can always see the good in things.

JUNE: Why thank you Oona. I've missed you as well.

A moment passes between that is genuine. It passes.

JUNE: Have they changed this tile?

OONA: I think they may have, yeah.

JUNE: Hmph.

They sit together. Passing the time while they wait. June starts humming "You'll Never Walk Alone." After a moment, Oona, joins in the humming. As lights fade, we hear a crowd singing the song. Song rises as lights fade out. Song fades.

*EPILOGUE PART II, Electric Boogaloo
One Year Later*

Back at the newsroom.

NEWSMAN #2: Well, here we are again, eh Mark?

NEWSMAN #1: Yeah. Color me shocked.

NEWSMAN #2: Back to our continuing World Cup 2014 wrap-up coverage. One of the top stories of the tournament was that The Cannibal of Ajax struck again. On June 24, during a group D first round match between Uruguay and Italy, striker Luis Suarez apparently bit Italian player Giorgio Chiellini on the shoulder.

NEWSMAN #1: There was nothing apparent about it. You could see the teeth marks in his flesh when he pulled his jersey down to show the ref.

NEWSMAN #2: Suarez immediately flopped to the turf, claiming that it was incidental contact and that "these things happen" in football.

NEWSMAN #1: Yeah. One's mouth happens to fall on to an opponent's shoulder, embedding one's teeth in said opponent's musculature.

NEWSMAN #2: That was well said, Mark.

NEWSMAN #1: Well thanks John.

NEWSMAN #2: So, what's to be done about this? Well, it's been reported that FIFA will be suspending the Uruguayan Jaws--

NEWSMAN #1: That's a terrible nickname.

NEWSMAN #2: It was just off the cuff, you know.

NEWSMAN #1: Doesn't make it *not* terrible.

A moment where 2 glares at 1.

NEWSMAN #2: In any event, the word is that the suspension will be for a minimum of ten matches, carrying over into next season. However, there is a large-

NEWSMAN #1: A *HUGE*--

NEWSMAN #2: A *huge* "but" here, as Barcelona, arguably the richest, biggest football club in the world, wants Suarez for their very own.

NEWSMAN #1: Yes indeed, John. And what was the figure you heard quoted?

A beat

NEWSMAN #2: 75 million pounds.

NEWSMAN #1: 75 million.

NEWSMAN #2: Contingent, of course, on a sincere apology from Suarez to Chiellini.

NEWSMAN #1 Oh, of course.

NEWSMAN #2: I'm certain it will be sincere. Don't you think, Mark?

NEWSMAN #1: Absolutely John. What reason would he have to be *insincere*?

A beat. Both men look at "camera".

NEWSMAN #2: None whatsoever.

Lights slowly fade as the two men continue to look at "camera", not saying a word.

END OF PLAY.

