
TOMAS

James Palumbo



QUARTET

TOMAS

A beautiful game . . .

Boss Olgarv is depressed. Pierre's second article, 'The Great Bear and the Hawk', leaves him in need of vodka and oblivion.

Why is the Russian Great Bear such a great friend of the Iranian Hawk's? Is it geographical proximity? Why do these predatory animals hunt together?

We know that the game of international détente is played according to certain rules. For example, you never say what you feel and always calculate what you do. The Great Bear and the Hawk dispense with such niceties. If an individual needs to be eliminated, it is done. Hang the consequences. If a country deserves to be annihilated, say it. Invaded? Do it. To hell with everyone else.

Sharing such martial qualities, it is unsurprising that these allies have established a physical link. I can now reveal that a pipeline exists between these nations, hidden beneath vast deserts and windswept tundra. Its purpose? To carry oil.

The reason for the Great Bear's indulgence of the Hawk's flights of fancy is now clear. It's being fed. While it prefers honey, oil can buy a lot of this.

As we know, the Russian beast is currently flooding the West with sticky stuff; soon we'll all be stuck. The Hawk's pipeline provides an invaluable resource. But what does he receive in return?

PARIS

Technology, information, knowhow; all with nuclear potential. And the result of a launch against the West? A triumph for the Hawk, disaster for the West and of little consequence to the Great Bear. So let the Hawk have his toys.

Where does this end? Even the biggest honey reservoir will eventually run dry, and the Great Bear needs an ocean to execute his final plan. Read on as we attempt to discover how far and deep the pipeline runs.

Boss Olgarv decides to throw a party to cheer himself up and invites his football team.

But this isn't his only largesse. 'Kick a ball around a field. Here's £100,000 per week.' Imagine the tears of outrage from the player offered only £95,000. 'An insult!' he cries.

Still, perhaps this money mountain creates some greater good? If mansions, cars and diamond ear studs are categorised as such. But the footballer's ultimate trophy is, of course, his wife. In acquiring one, the strict rules of cliché apply: lack of singing talent, trolley-borne breasts and vulgar wedding arrangements are the most important. Detailed sub-rules govern these. Nuptials must be immortalised in the pages of a sponsoring pressdog publication. What girl doesn't dream of a six-foot camera lens inches from her nose at the moment she says, 'I do'?

But the rules don't stop there. Miles of forest must be destroyed in the cause of reporting – in photographs for those who can't read – the continuing alliance of two brilliant minds in our glorious culture.

TOMAS

Back to the party, which, like football, is a game of two halves.

The rules for the first are easy and obvious. To get drunk. This is performed as speedily as a pass down the field. That accomplished, the team trots on to the pitch for the second half. At this particular party, it plays flawlessly.

'You up for it?' says a star player to his team mate. 'If you're game?' comes the reply. And then together, 'Come on lads.'

They're sitting with four of their team mates at a table with three girls. One is young – just fifteen – and exquisite. Long black hair framing an oval face; rosebud mouth; soft skin; the lithe body of a dancer: all the prerequisites for a good time. She sits shyly with her eyes cast down, hands on her lap. The star player gives her a cocktail containing his own special ingredient.

'Excuse me, ladies,' says the star player and grabs the fifteen-year-old by the hand. 'You're gorgeous,' he says, champagne breath besmirching her young face. But she doesn't notice the smell. His cocktail is having an instantaneous effect.

The squad moves upstairs with shouts and laughter, carrying the girl in its wake like flotsam. 'In here, darling,' says the squad leader. 'You going to perform for the boys?' She laughs, her head rolling like a rag doll's.

They're in a plush room above the main drinking saloon, dimly lit with deep comfortable sofas. There's a drinks bar stacked with champagne and vodka on ice. The squad charge the bar, like a ball on the pitch, and decapitate several bottles.

PARIS

'Down in one, sweetheart,' the star player shouts. The teenager obliges, to cat calls and applause. 'Get 'em out! Get 'em out! Get 'em out!' a chorus starts from the terrace of the big sofa, where the footballers are now encamped.

She wobbles to her feet, her world beginning to fade. She's wearing a slip of a black dress. She turns her back to the terrace. This triggers an eruption of shouts and whistles. She slips down her shoulder straps and undoes her bra. When she turns round, she covers her breasts with her hands before suddenly shooting her arms into the air like a fan when a goal is scored.

'Weehay!' shouts the squad and then, 'Here we go! Here we go! Here we go!' The star player's, 'Come on love,' is drowned out by his team mates' chant, 'All the way! All the way! All the way!'

The girl is centre stage. Six sets of football eyes ravish her. She's the most desirable object on earth. Except she's not on earth, she's floating above it. Who would believe it?

She lets the black dress slip to the floor. Without decorum, she strips off her pants and stands hands on hips, legs apart, swaying slightly.

The dam bursts. The star player scoops her up and sweeps her on to the sofa. Whilst performing this manoeuvre he loosens his trousers. By the time her back hits the cushions he has penetrated her.

The terrace opposite explodes. This is it, their very own game. 'Go on, give it to her!' 'Take one for the team!' 'Let her have it!' Within minutes the star player is satiated, his semen fouling her adolescent body. He gestures to another player to take his place.

TOMAS

The girl groans. It's all just lights and colours now. She hardly notices as she's hauled up and turned over, her chin resting on the sofa's arm. As the second member takes his turn, the star player positions a third before her, as if setting up a penalty ball. A chant of, 'Pass it on! Pass it on! Pass it on!' echoes in the air. And then an ear-splitting, 'Weehay!' as she begins to pleasure the third member simultaneously.

Now it's more than a game. The girl's no longer just a ball being kicked around. She's a cipher for something else, just as the players' machismo shouts and yells disguise a darker desire; one that would shock adoring fans. For the players' eyes now fix on each other's moving parts. By moonlight the vampire awakes. Drunk in the dark, our heroes taste an unspoken pleasure.

The star player now takes up position behind his team mate as if supporting him in the goal mouth. He puts his hands on his mate's hips and rocks him in and out, assisting his gratification. 'Yeah, Yeah, Yeah,' he groans. Suddenly he bends him forwards and, with a tap of his foot, opens his legs. His team mate continues his rhythmic rocking as if being touched in this way is normal. Moments later his tempo is thrown, as the star player penetrates him from behind.

Rapidly the rest of the squad form up, as if executing a manoeuvre on pitch. A player penetrates the star from behind, offering himself in turn to the next member until a pulsing snake takes shape around the sofa, each man moving to a synchronised beat. The fifteen-year-old is no longer centre field: soon she's sent off altogether as the sodomy

PARIS

circle closes. In its dying moments, the game is played in silence, except for deep-throated grunts and groans.

Eventually a collective exhalation of breath, in place of a final whistle, signifies that play is over. The squad zip up with shouts of, 'We gave it to her good,' 'She deserved it,' and, 'That'll teach the dirty bitch.' They stagger back downstairs, leaving the teenage girl comatose on the sofa. It's been a beautiful game.

