

The Case of Sir Erving MP

By Angel Furlas & John Anastasakis

Roles (2) *Storyline: Sir Erving is giving a speech, attempting to restore his image as a heterosexual leader, as a response to recent accusations of him being gay. Through the speech, a lot is revealed as to his personal preferences, and his entanglement in an "incident".*
Sir Erving
Journalist

S.E.: I have a statement to make regarding the latest allegations. Last Tuesday, after a late night session in the House of Commons, whilst still in my car, I suddenly remembered that I had to use the lavatory, so I drove to a nearby airport. When I entered the designated area, I found a young Latino gentleman crying in one of the cubicles. As the right man that I am, I offered my assistance. The handsome young gentleman accepted my offer, and told me that he had lost his dog. As I proceeded to kneel in order to help the young handsome gentleman search, I fell due to the unusually slippery floor. In the midst of the situation, I accidentally, and I quote, accidentally, grabbed the young man's pants, pulling them down. By that point, my clothes had fallen off, equally accidentally. And as the situation couldn't get any worse, the handsome Latino man lost his balance and inadvertently landed on top of a part of my body conveniently located at my lower prospects, more commonly known as the reproductive area. Right after that, a police constable made his appearance as a result of our uncontrollable moans of pain and discomfort. He caused us immediate scare, but not for long, as he also slipped and quite accidentally fell on top of his baton, releasing a woeful moan, of pain and discomfort. And, as far as I'm concerned, that is the end of the matter. If you have any questions, ask them now.

J: Please, Sir Erving, tell us, is there any chance of you being homosexual?

S.E.: Umm... Certainly not. The above-mentioned intimacy with a handsome, young Latino man was a result of pure coincidence, bad timing, and luck- I meant unluckiness. I was raised in a catholic school, and if there is anything I learnt it's that we must never hear the cries of the devil and the cries of children in Pastor John's cabin.
