

The Heterosexual Sketch
by Mark Allen

INT - A VERY MIDDLE CLASS LIVING ROOM - DAY.

MUM AND DAD ARE WATCHING TV. IAN WALKS IN ANXIOUSLY, AND STANDS IN FRONT OF THE TV, FACING HIS PARENTS.

IAN: (Nervously) Mum, Dad, I've got something to tell you.

IAN TURNS THE TELEVISION OFF AND STRUGGLES TO FIND THE WORDS HE'S SEARCHING FOR. HE DECIDES TO JUST SPIT IT OUT.

IAN: I'm... I'm heterosexual.

MUM BURST INTO TEARS AND TRIES TO CALM HERSELF. PAUSE.

DAD: Since when?

IAN: I guess I've always known really.

DAD: (PAUSE) You are a very selfish boy Ian.

IAN: I can't keep hiding it. I have these feelings...

DAD: Your Mother has feelings too you know - have you considered that? How is she going to be able to look her friends in the eye now, knowing what you are?

IAN: They're perfectly natural feelings to have Dad.

DAD: Exactly... you're normal. What will I tell them at work? You're hardly an interesting son to have now are you? At least when you were gay you were a bit quirky, we could talk about you then, but now...

IAN: I've never been gay!

DAD: What about those magazines in your sock drawer?

IAN: You put them there. You told me, "if I was ever curious".

DAD: (Optimistic) And have you been?

IAN: No!

DAD LOOKS VERY DISAPPOINTED.

DAD: I try to do what's best for my son and this is how he repays me. By being straight.

IAN: I can't keep living a lie.

PAUSE. MUM STOPS SOBBING AND TURNS TO IAN.

MUM: Well... could you perhaps try Judaism then?

DAD: There you go son... your mother is asking you if you'd become a Jew... for the sake of your family?

MUM: It'd only be a quick snip and a bit of a do afterwards, nothing fancy. I reckon you could be Jewish by this time next week.

IAN: I don't want to be Jewish, I'm a Christian - that's how you raised me.

DAD: Oh so we've got a son who can't think for himself now have we?

IAN: Jesus! I just want to be myself. I just want to be Ian Bailey, your son.

THERE IS ANOTHER LONG SILENCE. DAD IS THINKING HARD.

DAD: No, that's not good enough. How am I going to show my face now? (To MUM) You'll have to stop your line dancing and I'll have to choose another local where nobody knows me. Unless... could you do a convincing black?

IAN: No!

MUM: Heroin addict... animal rights activist... Hell's Angel?

DAD IS QUIETLY LEAVING THE ROOM AT THIS POINT. IAN SITS NEXT TO HIS MUM.

IAN: I'm sorry Mum, I don't mean to upset you. It's just that I want to be myself, no matter what that is. Can't you just be happy that I'm me?

MUM LOOKS AS THOUGH SHE'S GOING TO GIVE IN, WHEN SHE SEES DAD ENTERING THE ROOM HOLDING A BRICK.

DAD: Hold him still love, I'm going to disable him!

A BRIEF STRUGGLE ENSUES WHILE MUM GRABS IAN'S ARMS. SNAP TO BLACK.

END