

Bi-Partisan

(First Draft)

by Ben Hauck

Ben Hauck
25-85 36th St. #A5
Astoria, NY 11103
Service: (212) 252-4706
benorbeen@yahoo.com

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[Darkness. At the Licensing Office. A counter, fronted with a sign saying “LISENCING OFFICE,” clearly misspelled. An entrance door and a coat closet door. A small waiting area of two chairs and a magazine rack that conceals its selection of magazines from immediate view. The ANNOUNCER’s voice booms out, sounding like a professional newscaster’s.]

ANNOUNCER

The President today signed a bill into law that would allow citizens to register their sexual preferences with the government. Each registering citizen would receive a license for his or her sexuality—either “heterosexual” or “homosexual,” with the highly controversial “bisexual option” nixed in the Senate. This license is intended for the user to present to future mates for identification, and to reduce confusion about human sexuality in America.

[Lights come up. The LICENSER, a very gay man, stands behind the counter, looking at a document on his clipboard. A GUY, very sports-minded and bacheloresque, enters the office and approaches the LICENSER.]

GUY

Yeah, uh... Zis where you go to get your heterosexual license?

LICENSER

It sure is.

GUY

I wanna register myself as heterosexual.

LICENSER

Ooooookay, Lemme see what I can do for you. In order to obtain your heterosexual license, you will have to pass several tests which I will initiate. Sign here.

[He offers the GUY a pen and his clipboard.]

GUY

What’s this?

LICENSER

It’s just an eensy release form to cover our butts when we do the tests, you say it’s okay what we’re gonna do, our decision is final, yadda yadda.

[The GUY signs and hands back the pen and clipboard.]

LICENSER

The first thing I want you to do is drink this shot of vodka. Then I want you to hold these little dummy bells in your hands, arms straight out palms to the floor, and I'm gonna ask you your vital stats.

[As he speaks, the LICENSER pulls out two thirty-pound dumbbells and a tray full of vodka shots from behind the counter. A little hesitant, the GUY takes a shot and picks up the dumbbells, holding his arms straight out. The LICENSER makes notes on his clipboard.]

GUY

This is the heterosexual test right? I mean, it's the heterosexual test...?

LICENSER

Right right, Listen: Name?, first name first.

GUY

Trevor.

[Pause.]

LICENSER

[Spelling:] T-R-E-V-O-R?

GUY

No, T-R-E-V-V-O-R.

LICENSER

V-V?

GUY

And an umlaut over the E.

LICENSER

[Repronouncing:] *Trrray-i-vvvvvvvvor?*

GUY

No, just [trever].

LICENSER

Are you some kind of model or something?

GUY

No.

[Beat.]

LICENSER

Last name?

GUY

Galvanized-Steele. Hyphenated, accent over the Gal.

LICENSER

Alright...? And your street address?

GUY

Ninety-six ninety-six Robin Hood Road.

LICENSER

“Sixty-nine sixty-nine Buttfucker Court”...

GUY

No! NINety-six NINety-six...

LICENSER

Oh! Haha, Sorry, a little spat of dyslexia kicked in there.

GUY

And that’s *Robin Hood Road*...

LICENSER

Yeah yeah, I know, I got it. That’s here, right?

GUY

Yeah, zip’s the same too. Same zip.

LICENSER

[Checking his fly, then the GUY’s:] Boy, you’re pretty observant, aren’t you?! A lot of packages come to this zip . . .

GUY

[Not understanding:] I get a lot of packages too.

LICENSER

Mm-hmm. I’m sure you do. Date of birth?

GUY

February twenty-ninth, [Actor's birthyear].

LICENSER

Are you serious??? That's my birthday too! That same day! Wow!

GUY

Wow, that is kinda ironic.

LICENSER

I'd say. "February ninety-second, [Actor's birthyear transposed]—

GUY

TWENTy-NINTH. Look, can I set these barbells down.

LICENSER

Lemme see . . .

GUY

They're—They're hurting my wrists—

LICENSER

Uhhhhhh . . .

[The LICENSER comes around the counter to examine the bend in the GUY's wrists. The GUY's wrists sag from the weight of the dumbbells. They finally bend straight down while his arms remain straight out.]

LICENSER

YEAH! Now you can.

GUY

Finally!

[The LICENSER marks the outcome on his clipboard and goes back around the counter. The GUY sets the dumbbells back on the counter.]

LICENSER

Okay, Next step: I want you to take *this* shot of vodka. Then I want you to—OH LADIES!—I want you to guess from the legs you see, Which of these would you most likely want to have sex with.

GUY

[Downing another shot:] Alright, that'll be easy: All!

LICENSER

[Not amused:] Hahaha. Funny.

[The LADIES BEHIND CARDS enter in a line, their legs exposed and their torsos and above covered by white cards. The 1 ST one has hairy, manly legs in high heels. The 2 ND one has slender, feminine legs in stockings and sexy, light blue heels. The 3 RD one has canvas shoes on and enormous, pale, shaved calves.]

LICENSER

Now *you* pick which one you'd like to have a little piece of. If you need a little more info, you can ask the ladies to raise their cards up a bit.

GUY

Oh, Well *definitely* the middle one.

LICENSER

Are you sure?

GUY

Yeah. Actually, haha, could you lift your card a little?

[The 2 ND one does, revealing just above the kneecap.]

GUY

[Mischievously:] A little *more* . . .

[The 2 ND one does, revealing some thigh.]

GUY

A little *more* . . .

LICENSER

Oh, just rip the card off, *Lulu!!!*

[The 2 ND one does, revealing a pretty disgusting transvestite with a big bulge in his shorts. The 1 ST and 3 RD rip off their cards too, revealing a manly-man in drag and a fat housewife transvestite, respectively.]

GUY

Ohmigod!!!

[The LADIES BEHIND CARDS flaunt their bodies, smile, blow kisses, and bat their eyes at the GUY, then exit. The GUY shakes with the willies. The LICENSER marks on his clipboard.]

LICENSER

Next up:—How you feeling?

GUY

This is the straight guys' test, right?

LICENSER

Sure sure, Here. Take another shot.

[The GUY does.]

GUY

Why the vodka?—I mean, *Thanks*, Thanks A LOT for it—

LICENSER

'Sbout inhibitions NEXT: Next, you're gonna tell me how it feels when I play George Michael and insert this anal probe into your—[Pulls out a probe from the counter.]

GUY

[Leaping away:] WHOA!!! NO!

LICENSER

...rectum? Oookay. We'll just try that later.

[He marks on his clipboard and walks with it and a shot of vodka to the coat closet.]

LICENSER

Alright Mister Gálvanized-Steele, I want you to step over here and into this little room.

GUY

The coat closet??

LICENSER

“Little room,” “Coat closet,” whatever floats your boat. Step step, come on.

GUY

[Defensive:] Why?

LICENSER

Here, another shot:

[The GUY takes it.]

GUY

[Downing the shot, Not defensive:] Okay.

[The GUY enters the coat closet. The LICENSER closes the door.]

LICENSER

Now I'm going to ask you a list of questions that will assist me in processing your request for a homosexual license—

GUY

*HETERO*sexual!

LICENSER

*HETERO*sexual, yes yes, excuse me, Dyslexia. Haha. *Heterosexual* license. First question: What color do you see in there?

GUY

I see nothing.

LICENSER

But what color do you see?

GUY

What color? Uhhh, Black?

LICENSER

“Black”?

GUY

Yeah, black.

[The LICENSER marks on his clipboard.]

LICENSER

Knock on the door and tell me its texture.

[The GUY knocks.]

GUY

It's hard.

LICENSER

“Hard”? How hard? Just hard? Anything else?

GUY

Just “hard.” It's woody too, I guess you'd say.

LICENSER

You can tell that from knocking it?

GUY

[Tipsy:] HA HA HA!!! What?, You want me to “*KNOCK IT UP*”?!

LICENSER

You can’t knock up a door. *Please*. Next question: If there were a party, and the party was really cool, and it had many, many shots of vodka there, With reference to the cool people there, would you want to be coming to the party or leaving the party?

GUY

I’d want to be coming, No doubt.

LICENSER

No doubt?

GUY

No doubt.

LICENSER

You’d want to be coming?

GUY

Yeah. I wouldn’t leave a cool party. At least not early.

LICENSER

“Not early”?

GUY

Yeah.

LICENSER

You’d be coming, to the party, but not early.

GUY

Yeah.

[The LICENSER marks on his clipboard.]

LICENSER

Next question: Fill in the blank. You’re playing in the World Series of Love. It’s man versus woman. Which team would you want to be on, on a man’s or on a woman’s?

[Pause.]

GUY

Is this a trick question?

LICENSER

There are no trick questions. Only revealing responses.

GUY

Well I'd want to be on a man's team.

LICENSER

"On a man's"?

GUY

That's what I said. Wouldn't you wanna?

LICENSER

That's not important. Next: Imagine the Abominable Snowman. [Beat.] Imagine it. [Beat.] Got it?

GUY

Yeah.

LICENSER

Describe the three main features of your Abominable Snowman.

GUY

Uhhh... Well he's white . . . He's hairy . . . REAL big feet . . .

LICENSER

So your three are "white," "hairy," and "real big feet"?

GUY

Yeah.

LICENSER

Last question Mister Gálvanized-Steele, and then we'll get on with the process: If someone cuts you off in traffic, what do you call the other driver?

[Pause.]

GUY

ASSHOLE!

LICENSER

Thank you. Thank you, sir. You can come out of the closet now.

[Pause.]

GUY

[Restraining hostility:] This. *Is*. The Heterosexual Test. For straight guys?!

LICENSER

Sure thing!

[The door handle to the coat closet slowly turns, and the door opens partly. The GUY slides sideways out the door, as inconspicuously as he can, and quickly closes the door. His hair looks a bit messier now, no doubt the influence of stress and alcohol.]

LICENSER

Alright Mister Gálvanized-Steele, have a seat in the waiting room while I process your application. There are magazines in the rack you can read, This'll take a few minutes.

GUY

Alright.

[The GUY goes over to the waiting area and sits down in one of the chairs, his back to the LICENSER. The LICENSER goes behind the counter. He watches the GUY.]

[The GUY reaches into the magazine rack and pulls out a gay-porn magazine. Overcome with shock, he quickly re-inserts the magazine into the rack. He pulls out another magazine—the same magazine—and again shocked, he puts it back into the rack. The GUY scrutinizes the contents of the rack and pulls out *seven* identical copies of the gay-porn magazine. He throws them all down on the ground as if in disgust and looks to the LICENSER. The LICENSER acts busy and unfazed by the noise of the magazines. The GUY sits for a few seconds with nothing to do, filling the moments with fidgeting and humming. He starts to hum Culture Club's "I Tumble for Ya." The LICENSER watches. He loves the tune. The GUY picks up one of the copies and opens it as if disinterested. While the pictures shock him, the magazine also intrigues him. The LICENSER dances to the humming while also observing, but then he just dances, engaged in his own disco world. The GUY, sensing movement, abruptly turns, just at the end of the hummed chorus. The LICENSER bursts out:]

LICENSER

I Tum-ble For *YOU*!

[The LICENSER becomes self-conscious and goes back to processing the paperwork. The GUY looks at more pictures, then crosses his legs in an attempt to squelch something in his groin. He writhes his feet some. He still rides a buzz from the vodka.]

LICENSER

Bad news.

GUY

What?!

LICENSER

You tested homosexual.

GUY

What?! No way!

LICENSER

Yes way. Your tests came up homosexual.

[The GUY stands and runs up to the counter.]

GUY

But I'm heterosexual! I took the heterosexual test! How?!

LICENSER

How? Well that's easy. You showed nothing but homosexual tendencies.

GUY

I'm as manly as they come!

LICENSER

Gay men are manly too. So are some lesbians.

GUY

But—I DON'T EVEN LIKE MEN!

LICENSER

That may be so. But the tests I administer document "behavior potential," and reflect not what you "are," but what you have the potential to do.

GUY

But, hey wait a minute: You got me drunk!

LICENSER

Yes I did!

GUY

Well... *There!*

LICENSER

Well what? The vodka you consumed loosened you up, and allowed you to answer more freely and behave more openly . . .

GUY

Wait—

LICENSER

The alcohol loosened your inhibitions and helped in suggesting you have behavioral *potential* . . .

GUY

Are you saying I have the *potential* to fuck some guy up the ass?!

LICENSER

I *am* saying—

GUY

NO WAY!!! I would never do that!

LICENSER

Are you saying you would never come out of the closet??

GUY

I—

LICENSER

Are you saying you've never had your wrists dangle loosely on your arms??

GUY

Wait a *minute*—

LICENSER

Are you saying you will never have a package delivered to your zip ever again?? You said you get a lot of them . . .

GUY

I Am Not Gay.

LICENSER

You Are Not Gay?? Nooo, you've never had feelings for a man, not even the slightest attraction to Lulu. Well, let us look how you answered my questions while you were in the closet. Alright, here's how you answered in section A, Black, Hard, Woody,,

Coming, Not early,, On a man's, White, Hairy, Real big feet,, and Asshole. Now what does that say to you?

GUY

It says to me—

LICENSER

Mister Gálvanized-Steele, *Trëvvvvvvor*, if I may call you that: Humans are inherently bisexual. Wait Wait, let me rephrase that: They are not *inherently* bisexual, they have the *potential* to do anything in their lives. They don't necessarily have control over their futures, their wants, their desires. Sexuality is an appetite. Sometimes we grow up hating cherry tomatoes and suddenly find a new taste for them. Sometimes as adults we have disdain for baby food, but if we just tried it, we might find we just *like it*. Sexuality is the same: we are bisexual in that we have the *potential* to like either gender, and that's not some genetic predisposition—that's human fucking *behavior*.

GUY

Na-ah na-ah na-ah! I can tell the fucking future!

LICENSER

You can.

GUY

I'm a fucking *swami*! I went to a psychic training academy! Ask me a question, I'll tell you what will happen.

LICENSER

Alright. Let me think here a minute. Hmm. Okay, I got it: Let's say I give you this heterosexual license, and you go out with the guys for a game of touch football. And let's say your guy friends don't have licenses, and didn't want to get them. Alright, so you're playing touch football with the gays—er, guys—Ya know, Grab the Fag—er, Flag?—and one of your teammates he scores, he scores a touchdown. And you give him a congratulatory pat-on-the-ass. And he WHIPS around at you, And he says, "What the fuck?! You grabbed my ass!!" And you say, "No I didn't. I'm a heterosexual. See?" and you whip out your license. And they look at *it*, and they look at *you*, and they wonder "Why the fuck does he need a *card* for his sexuality?" and they start to smell a fish. "Why do you have to assert?" "Are you hiding something?" "HA HA, the Gayboy thinks he's straight!" And this mocking starts to expose your insecurities about sex.

GUY

How am I supposed to predict the future about that?!

LICENSER

Anorexics push away food cuz they might look human. Why do you push away food unless you're afraid you might deep-down want to snack off it?

GUY

I can tell the future—Mmmm Aaaaah Oooo—[Monotone:] I can tell the fuuuture, and the fuuuture tells me I'm not gaaaaay. [Normal:] THERE! THERE!

LICENSER

Brilliant, Trëvvor.

GUY

Don't call me that! That's not my name!

LICENSER

It's not your name?

GUY

I mean, Yeah, yeah it is, but... NO. I came in here to pick up my heterosexual license. The government said I could.

LICENSER

"*Could.*" "*Could.*" But you didn't pass.

GUY

What the fuck, Why are you—? I'm leaving.

LICENSER

You're not gonna pick up your license?

GUY

NO! What the fuck?! I'm Straight! I don't need your pansy-ass license, I can just *tell* people I'm straight! They'll know what I mean! It's a SOCIAL STATUS!!!

[He exits.]

[Pause.]

LICENSER

Well, Another Happy Customer.

[As the ANNOUNCER starts to speak, the lights begin to fade.]

ANNOUNCER

The Supreme Court struck down the law the President recently signed regarding the licensing of sexuality in America, calling the law unconstitutional. They cited that given only two categories under which to license—"heterosexual" and "homosexual"—they discriminate against a vast population of Americans who would like to license their

sexualities but do not fall into those restricted categories. Summing up the sentiment of many an America, said one Supreme Court Justice, “How would I fit in, having had sex with a cow, a secret orgy with a wrestling team, a one-night stand with a stripper, a marriage to my very beautiful wife, and another secret orgy with a wrestling team? I would just not fit in. I would not.”

[Fade to black.]

THE END