

WWWA Hutton and men - scene from his past.

SCENE 14

Cutting through the silence is a disco beat. Complete mood change. Lights slowly up. Gay disco. Music: "So macho" by Sinita. Several men dance aggressively but very well. The one in the middle should be wearing a leather jacket. The lighting is sporadic so it is some time before we realise it is Hutton. Eventually the music stops very abruptly. The other men freeze in semi-darkness and Hutton alone is lit. He addresses the the audience.

HUTTON

Out. Out. What does it mean. In the closet. Out of the closet. Into the ghetto. Simon Hutton, by day mild-mannered teacher of history, by night the dancing queen. When I was growing up I couldn't wait until I was old enough to go to London, where the streets were paved with men. Where I wouldn't have to be afraid anymore. Where I wouldn't have to hide. I was nineteen when I plucked up the courage to go to a gay club. To "Heaven". Christ I didn't know there were that many gay people in the whole world. And that night, for the first time in my life I realised that not only was I young, but I was desirable. Needed. I was still afraid. But something kept me there, and has kept me going back for years. The beat.

Music: "Cruising" (Sinita). The men come forward to join Hutton, bopping gently to the music..

HUTTON

A rhythmic pulse from the dance floor which was exciting and defiant and was... sex. As I stood by the dance floor I noticed something else. A strange, exotic smell. It was a mixture of beer, and sweat and amyl nitrate and a million different aftershaves. But most excitingly, most seductively of all it was the unmistakable, undeniable smell... of men. This was where I belonged. Here, among others like me. Open, happy, uninhibited. No more shame. Oh Steve. I was young and sexy and no one had ever heard of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. Sex was as easy as dancing. We used to dance to a song called "So Many Men, So Little Time". Jesus. I still go to clubs now. Why? Because that's where I still belong. And I expect you will find that's where you belong.

The dancing men are now in couples.

MAN 1

I haven't seen you here before.

HUTTON (MAN 2)

No. I don't like these places.

MAN 1

Oh me neither. I hate the scene.

MAN 3

You don't look like a Sagittarian.

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MAN 4 I'm not typical.

MAN 1

It's all so shallow, don't you think?

HUTTON

People just don't talk to each other.

MAN 1 Oh I know!

MAN 3

Do you live in London?

MAN 4

Yes. But I live with my boyfriend.

MAN 1

People only come here for sex. Sex, sex, sex!

MAN 3

I live in London too.

MAN 4 Good.

MAN 3 On my own.

MAN 4 Good.

HUTTON

I sometimes think its all gay men think about.

MAN 4 Do you have a car?

MAN 3. No.

MAN 4 Oh

MAN1 It's so shallow.

HUTTON Cynical.

MAN 4

Would you like to spank me?

MAN 3 You're really cute.

MAN 1 Tie me up?

MAN 3 Lovely eyes.

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MAN 1

Cover me in cling-film.

MAN 3

What travel-zone are you?

Music: *“Everybody Hurts” (R.E.M)* Picks up from where we left it in Scene 13. *Lights down on men. Only Hutton lit.*

HUTTON

But that's the choice. In the closet, or on the scene. At least on the scene you can pretend you're happy. A few pints inside you, turn the music up, stick a bottle of poppers up your nose and you can conquer the world. And besides ... everyone looks beautiful in ultra-violet.