

LEATHER: SCRIPT SAMPLE

From Act 2, Scene 1

PHIL: We haven't had an evening together for ages. I mean, just us. I could take you to a movie or something.

GORDON: I don't want to be taken to a movie. You go.

PHIL: It's no fun on my own. Couldn't you skip, just this once?

GORDON: I promised

PHIL: You're always bloody promising.

GORDON: Oh great! A month ago you were moaning cos I didn't do anything. Now I am doing something, you don't like it.

PHIL: We're drifting. I'm frightened.

GORDON: Oh, love. *(Comes and takes his hand)* Don't let's quarrel.

(PHIL puts his arm round GORDON, who winces. PHIL is instantly concerned.)

PHIL: What's up?

GORDON: Nothing

PHIL: You can't fool me. What is it?

(GORDON makes a decision)

GORDON: Hey, I always did like men in suits.... *(Kisses him, but is careful not to press against him.)* Let's go to bed, huh?

PHIL: But you've got to –

GORDON: There's plenty of time. It's not yet six. Come on. There's something I want to tell you.

PHIL: What?

GORDON: I'll tell you in bed.

(Takes PHIL by the hand and draws him to the bedroom, now His room.)

PHIL: We haven't done this for ages.

GORDON: We did it last night.

PHIL: No I mean, been to bed when I got home from work. It feels rather sinful. Very pleasant.

(They are undressing, separately. GORDON turns off the light.)

PHIL: No. Leave it. I want to look at you.

GORDON: You sure?

PHIL: Quite sure

GORDON: *(Sighs)* OK. Hey, remember that time we went to – where was it? That castle...

PHIL: Conway.

GORDON: That's it. Our dirty weekend. Rhyll out of season. All the shops shut and nothing but drizzle.

PHIL: Yes

GORDON: We stood up on the battlements and you could see all the fields green and brown along the coast, and Anglesey across the bay. The rain was blowing in from the sea and the wind was unbelievable. You pulled me into an – a –

PHIL: Embrasure –

GORDON: If you say so. It was more like a cottage. Somebody'd pissed in the corner, all that graffiti. And you sucked me off so beautifully. The spray in my face, your tongue warm and wet on my cock –

(GORDON takes a deep breath, takes off his jersey. His back is covered in welts and bruises. PHIL is completely non-plussed as to how to react. He folds his clothes carefully to gain time, but his voice trembles:)

PHIL: Terry?

GORDON: You had to know some time. I wanted to take you bed. Tell you with my arms around you. I love you, Phil. I still want you.

PHIL: *(Fighting himself for control)* Did you – enjoy it?

GORDON: Yes

PHIL: Do you love him?

GORDON: He's very exciting.

PHIL: How nice for you!

GORDON: Oh, love. Don't worry. I wouldn't do anything to hurt you.

PHIL: I'm just a bit – fazed – by Terry's – special interests. Yours too?

GORDON: At the moment. Sometimes.

PHIL: I don't know what to do

GORDON: There's nothing to do. Nothing's changed.

PHIL: *(Forcing interest)* What are they, those marks?

GORDON: I can't see

PHIL: What did you use?

GORDON: Terry's belt.

PHIL: Oh

GORDON: And his track shoes. But that's mostly on my arse.

PHIL: There are little blue-yellow marks on your shoulders here. They look a bit like cigarette burns.

GORDON: They're not.

PHIL: I s'pose it must be the studs. On the belt.

GORDON: Must be. Oh, dearest. I do love you so much.

(He puts his arms round PHIL. PHIL grabs him almost desperately. The movement makes GORDON wince again.)

PHIL: *(Almost in tears)* I don't know how to hold you any more.