



DONNY OSMOND TURNED ME GAY

by Paul Smith

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CHARACTERS

Mervyn – early 60's – Male

Let's not beat about the bush.

Let's speak the truth about a topic which was – and, to a certain extent, still is – a sensitive one.

No, I am not shamed faced when I talk about this – far from it – I have now come to the conclusion that it's right to come out and talk about it. Safe environment and so on. I may be in my early 60's and some may say that it is too late to admit something of this delicacy, but, well, I think I may feel better getting it off my chest at last.

Yes, I am a gay man. I have always been. Since, well, way back when.

I am occasionally asked, how did you become gay?

I sometimes respond with; 'well, I woke up one morning and thought, mmmm yes I think I will take on the gay life.' Just as someone might wake up one morning and decide to paint their toenails green or become a vegetarian, or stop adding sugar to tea and coffee.

'Really?' Comes the reply.

I raise my eyebrows and move on.

I have never been able to discuss the truth of the matter.

You can talk genes, DNA, cell structure and all amount of biological theories at me, but none will produce the real answer.

I grew up with two older sisters. In the early 1970's when I was not yet a teenager, there were two opposing camps for young girls. The Cassidy Camp and the Osmond Camp – the latter referring specifically to Donny Osmond and the former to David Cassidy. Cassidy was the older by around 6 or 7 years. Donny was the cuter. Both good looking. My sisters were ardent fans of these singers. My sister Mary was a Cassidian and Alison was a Donnyan.