

## Film Production Management - Assessment 2

### **Logline**

17 year old Ethan talks to his future adult self about coming to terms with the reality of being gay and the feeling of missing out on high school romance.

### **Synopsis**

17 year old Ethan leaves a house party, drunk. While waiting for the bus he has a conversation with his future adult self about his feelings of woe of the reality of being gay. He reaches a melancholic acceptance of what his life as a gay man will be like.

### **'Frost' - Outline 08/12/22**

**Robbie Anderson**

A boy sits in silence on a couch looking bored in a room filled with dim lights, music and chattering. To his left a boy and a girl are sat close together laughing loudly with each other, the boy has taken the girls phone and she is giggling trying to get it back off him. Ethan sighs and puts his head in his hands.

Outside it is night. The sky is a dark blue, almost completely black. The ground is coated in frost. Ethan runs towards a bus stopped at a stop. His breath is visible in front him as he pants. He yells at the bus to wait, slurring his words slightly, before slipping and falling on the frost. The bus drives off.

As Ethan lays on the ground groaning a man chuckles and offers him a hand up. He is middle aged with a stubbly beard and tattoos that are beginning to fade covering his arms, slightly taller than Ethan. Ethan groans as the man pulls him up. Out of breath he grunts a thankyou. He stares at the man for a second looking slightly perplexed, before grabbing his mouth and retching, and turning around to throw up. The man chuckles.

Ethan stares at the cryptic bus timetable trying to make sense of it, then admits defeat and slumps in the bus stop seat next to the man and crosses his arms. He has a disgruntled look on his face. The man offers him a bottle of water, Ethan accepts and mumbles a thankyou, then downs the water. The man smiles slightly, 'not the best night i'm guessing?'

Ethan snorts and glances back at him. He is begging to sober up but it is clear he is still tipsy. 'No, no not the best'. He sighs and softly crunches the frost on the ground with his shoe, then glances back at the man. He hesitates for a second. 'All my friends fucked all with girls and just left me alone looking like a prick, gaffs aren't exactly enjoyable when everyone else is getting action and your the only gay one there.' He stops himself for a second worried he had shared too much, but continues anyway. 'Oh and for some reason I let someone give me this stupid stick and poke'. He pulls up his sleeve and shows a poorly drawn pokemon. The man takes a look at it and laughs.

'Well, who says you have to be 'getting action'' he says using air quotes, 'you've still got the the whole rest of your life'. Ethan stares at the floor playing with the frost on the ground again, the cogs turning in his head. He opens his mouth to say something, stops himself for a second, then continues. 'I mean no one, but i'm 17,

this is supposed to be one of the greatest most insane and wild parts of my life, but it doesn't really feel that way. It feels like everyone else's lives are something straight out of project x or something and i'm just stuck by myself'.

The man glances at the ground briefly and smiles. He fiddles with one of the rings on his fingers then looks back at Ethan. 'Maybe this way, even if it does feel like it's taking a long time, when you do finally get your moment that feels like it's a scene out of a movie it will be better than if it were to happen now'. 'It will be worth the wait is what i'm trying to say'. Ethan stops playing with the frost, deep in thought. 'I hope so, I guess I just thought that actually coming out would be the hardest part, and that from there everything would be easy'.

A bus rolls up the stop and Ethan stands up to get on, 'uh, thank you' he says to the man before stumbling onto the bus. 'It will be worth the wait', repeats the man. He smiles to himself as he watches the bus drive away. He pulls up his wrist, revealing a faded stick and poke tattoo, identical to the one Ethan had. He smiles and looks at the bus in the distance, before walking away into the night.