

FREDDIE WINTER FREDDIE

Written by

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Despite the use of real names, all events and persons involved herein are fictional.

DRAFT 2.0

Opening credits, pictures of vegetables with echoing opera music... (Fade out.)

1. EARLY WINTER (with Jamal)

EXT. FREDDIE'S GARDEN - 11:00AM

Wintry and damp. The motorway roars distantly. A soft wind blows the trees.

A pale hand places itself on a wall of hatch fencing.

Freddie

So old.

He pulls his hand back. Freddie and Jamal stand side-by-side, looking at this corner of the garden. Freddie's holding a mug of tea.

Freddie walks over into the middle of the garden. He picks up a book from the wall: *Gardening in a Small Space* by Lance Hattatt; book-tabs stick out from the pages. He points to one of the soil-beds.

Freddie (CONT'D)

Beets here. Carrots. Onions. Potatoes, maybe.

Jamal

Mm.

Freddie

If I have the space.

Freddie places a hand to the grass.

Freddie (CONT'D)

Wanna measure?

Jamal

Sure.

Jamal walks over, taking a tape measure out of his pocket. Freddie pulls out the ruler. Crouching down, they hold it against the edge of the soil-bed.

Freddie begins to make some notes on a sheet of paper.

Freddie

(the tape measure)

Got it?

Jamal

Yep.

Freddie lets the ruler go. Jamal reels it in and stands up. He stares around blankly.

Jamal (CONT'D)

It's good. Self-reliance.

Freddie looks up from his notebook.

Freddie

Hm?

Jamal

Self-reliance.

Freddie

Mm. Yeah.

He goes back to his notebook, scribbling down some calculations. Jamal looks over the garden.

He notices something on the ground. He crouches down, and picks up a shattered piece of a cup. On it are a couple cartoon kittens, and some ornate lettering which reads: *"Now I know what Mother meant yesterday when she said she felt upset. She must have been playing with a table-cloth too."*

He inspects it.

He looks up. He walks over to a bush, and starts poking around for the other piece.

Freddie finishes taking his notes. He c licks his pen in, and stands up. He looks over to Jamal.

Freddie (CONT'D)

You good?

Jamal is poking around the grass.

Jamal

Yeah. Looking for the other piece of this.

Freddie

What's it say?

Jamal

Now I know what Mother meant yesterday when she said she felt upset. She must have been playing with a table-cloth too.

...

Freddie

Could be more space if we moved that bench.

Jamal

Does it move?

Freddie

We could see.

Jamal places the mug down gently. They walk over to each end of the sturdy-looking bench. They each take an end.

Freddie (CONT'D)

OK. *Three... two... one...*

They lift - the bench doesn't move.

Freddie (CONT'D)

Nope, nope.

Jamal

Not happenin'.

They stand there, looking at the bench.

End chapter one.

2. MIDWINTER (with Ulysses)

INT. FREDDIE'S BEDROOM - 07:00PM

Freddie is sitting on his bed, playing a song on his guitar. Uly is watching him play.

He finishes the song.

Uly

That's very beautiful.

Freddie

Thanks.

Uly

How long have you been playing?

Freddie

[However long.]

Uly

Nice. I could never. I don't have the fingers.

Uly wiggles their fingers around.

Freddie looks at his fingers. He stretches, flexes them.

Freddie

I think I have normal fingers.

Uly

You have very nice fingers.

...

Uly (CONT'D)

Want me to read your palm?

Freddie

Can you? Yeah, sure.

Freddie shuffles forward, placing his guitar to the side.

[Uly reads Freddie's palm.]

As if there was no moment between: Uly is laying a kiss on Freddie's cheek. Freddie lays a kiss on Uly's neck.

Freddie pulls away, smiling, and lies down on the bed, his arm stretched behind his head. He looks up at Uly.

He laughs, smiling.

12:00AM

The moon hangs over the scattered city lights.

INT. FREDDIE'S BEDROOM - 09:00AM

Light hangs around the closed curtains.

Uly is sitting up on the bed. Freddie is asleep shirtless beside them.

Uly turns to look at Freddie. They place a gentle hand on his naked back, his shoulder-blades, his spine...

Uly (Voice-over)

When I touched your belly, then I felt how cold you were. I wanted to warm you. I did not want to change you but for us to stand together as we lay, as we held each other. I only wanted not to betray you, not to deface what you had given me so generously;

(MORE)

Uly (Voice-over) (CONT'D)

to remove all that was impure, and to serve only grace, and to flee the mind from the body, to be entire, to be totally incapacitated. I only wanted to serve you, your body, your penis, your legs, your hair, in mindlessness, in goodness, and in loving.

Freddie is still.

End chapter two.

3. LATE WINTER

INT. FREDDIE'S KITCHEN - 10:00AM

The kitchen is quiet.

There are birds singing.

A pan boils on the hob, two eggs bouncing about in the water. *Music begins to rise and interpolate: Lever du Jour by Maurice Ravel from Daphnis et Chloe.*

The kitchen stands empty.

And in the garden, spring has come: Freddie stands, gazing out over the new day. The music fades.

INT. FREDDIE'S GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Freddie is digging out a little pit in the soil-bed. He places in a seed, and covers it. With a shovel, he cuts a weed. He begins digging another pit.

A soft wind blows through the trees. Far away, the motorway roars.

End.