

# FLASH FILM

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TO SCREEN

BRIDPORT'S FILM FESTIVAL  
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## **North End, 2010**

by Stace Budzko

Two cars are stopped at a light when one guy gets out and starts kicking and punching the other car with all this “whatcha gonna do, whatcha gonna do” rage and it’s 3 in the morning, as if this has an actual purpose, some causal action that began with a traffic lane infringement coming off the highway which then proceeds to set off a synapse response going back to yesterday when, on a sunny day in June, this same guy leaves work with those immensely hopeful expectations of the weekend only to realize the lawn needs to be mowed, the minivan needs an oil change, there’s rot in the door jams, and there are kids, and a wife...the year before was not so different either, really, when he comes to think of it, there was a kid, instead of kids, and the year before that there was only his wife, which, if he’s being honest, was perfectly fine and good as long as they had their payday pizza and occasional morning romp, but always, always those expectations: be born, be nurtured, be schooled, be employed, be married, be reproductive, be grateful: always be, be, be – until one Saturday night in June while driving home from the bars it comes that the faithful coil of happiness unravels to the point of this, this kicking and punching, this “whatcha gonna do, whatcha gonna do” temper tantrum that beckons us to the window to taste the soft, light air: our punishment seeing dawn.