

ALL I WANNA DO IS HAVE SOME FUN

Written by

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Photograph: Ueslei Marcelino/Reuters

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**INT. BEDROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT**

Thickening dark, bare mattress and floorboards.

Through a crack in a wardrobe door peers **CLARENCE** (43, wired eyes, sunken cheeks, in the shreds of a shirt) cowering.

A television DRONES ON in another room, sports.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT**

A beer can flickers in green on its side on a coffee table, drips over a tatty carpet.

Curtains twitch at an open window across the black outside.

*GRAVEL UNDERFOOT-*

**EXT. TRACK - NIGHT**

A single-lane dirt road through fields, yellow-grey against dark green ground and black-blue sky.

**INT. WARDROBE - BEDROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT**

Clarence shifts his weight, rubs life into numb limbs.

*GRAVEL UNDERFOOT-*

**INT. KITCHEN - HOUSE - NIGHT**

Filth in the sink. A chair under the back door handle.

Weighing scales on the kitchen table.

*GRAVEL UNDERFOOT-*

**EXT. TRACK - NIGHT**

The sweet cherry of a cigarette swings through the night-  
-and stops, drops to the floor.

**INT. WARDROBE - BEDROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT**

Black still.

*THE DOORHANDLE AT THE BACK DOOR-*