

CREATIVE PORNOGRAPHY

Written by

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INT. ROOM - DAY

JACKSON is sitting on a sofa with three narrow cushions, he is watching TV. In the room, there is a window, light is shining through it, but in an odd angle. There is no door, but really there is, it's just hard to discern because the wall paper looks like wood panels, and the door is actually made out of real wood.

The TV image is static, but some images can be seen, like antenna with bad reception. The images look like porn, also a comedy. It is silent, but there is a repetitive knock coming from the other side of the wall. The knock comes every 22 seconds, it's very, very soft, but loud enough to be noticed; a timid knock searching for attention.

Jackson has his arm and hand stretched out to the light, his hand barely soaks the sun rays, the sun touched skin is the only part of his body that looks alive.

He tries to focus on the TV image, and the more he does, the better the quality of the image. It is clearing up, it is a talk show with what appears to be well dressed professional talking about something important. But can't be heard.

Then, a knock, that repetitive 22 second knock. It shocks Jackson, even though he knows it's coming, and heard it before, and it's not threatening, but he still flinches, like something was about to hit him. That annoys him, and he looks at the direction of the sound, with evil intimidating eyes, but it only intimates him, and his face becomes one of defeat. His body deflates, but his hand under the sun, is vibrant with life.

Jackson looks back at the TV, it's violent porn. Very violent, perhaps illegal, Jackson startled with the change from talk show to violent porn, gets up and looks for the remote, while his hand is still soaking the sun, it seems that is the priority, because he only looks around the area where his hand can still touch the sun.

Knock.

Again, the soft knock startles Jackson, but instead of looking at the direction of where the sound came from, he glances at the door, with fearful eyes, expecting the worst, to be found at his final moments watching the most horrific porn one has ever seen. But it's been sometime since Jackson has glanced at the TV, so he does, only to find that it's still the horrific porn that bothers him so much. He tries to reach over and turn off the TV from the TV itself, but it's out of reach, because his hand is tied to the sun's light.

Knock.

Jackson is as pale as a ghost. Instead of looking at the door, or the direction of the noise or the TV remote or the TV and it's creatively violent porn, he glances at the window and it's aged blinds. He pulls down on the rope, which falls violently down, like a guillotine, but right before it hits the bottom of the window, Jackson stops it from crashing, but he still hears the crash, as if it did fall. That causes him to close his eyes, he is hanging on the rope of the blinds, with very, very cold hands.

Jackson then remembers the soft knock, he looks at the door, then at the wall where the knock comes from, then releases the rope.

Knock

The blinds crashes simultaneously with the knock. The sun light no longer reaches Jackson's hand, and as if he was set free from clingy parent, he rushes towards the TV and tries to turn it off while staring at the door.

He look back at the TV, desperately searching for any button, then back at the door, he feels all over the edges, it he even re-feels the same areas he has felt before, over and over, as if he had never felt those areas before. His eyes grow wider, as to capture as much vision as possible, then he stares at an area between the TV and the door, to use his peripherals to search for the TV buttons and keep watch at the door. He slightly bumps his hips against the wall, he jumps up, startled, as if something disgusting with authority just touched him.

Knock

He jerks his eyes at the blinds, their lids are faced downward, the light can still enter the room, barely. He rushes and reaches a rope located at the other side of the blinds, pulls one.

Knock

And it moves the lids of the blinds even further down, which does block most of the light, but light can be shined through, and it's at it's most slanted position pointed down. Jackson looks barely relieved, but it's the most relieved he has felt, which relieves him, slightly more. He stares through the small openings of the blinds, at an uncomfortable distance, fearing to touch the blinds, but still want to see what others can see if they look at the window from the angle in which he can be seen. He stares desperately at through the blinds. There is plenty of light outside, it comforts him, he stares back at this hand which soaked with the sun, it looks cold, just like the other.

He looks at his feet, it looks even colder, he sits down on the floor, crisscrossed, warming his feet by pressing down his ashy knees against his hand, which is at pressed against the dirty cheap carpet floor.

Knock

He examines his cold body with his weary eyes, then looks back at the TV in defeated surrender. It's the violent porn, creatively violent, torture of women that doesn't seem to be a real fetish for women, or men. It looks so, uncomfortably dangerous. Jackson begins to hunch over while warming his feet, unconsciously anticipating the soft knock. Then right before the knock, he straightens his back, with his hands, he looks in pain.

Knock.

He shrugs his tight shoulders, that caused him pain, he rubs his traps with his cold weary hands, his body continues to tighten, more and more his body is becoming noticeably in pain.

Knock

He gets up, and pulls on the other rope beside the one which slanted the blinds down, this cause the rope to slant the blinds, up. And in between the two angles, he stopped. And stared outside. The light that once reached inside the room no longer reaches in, but it's everywhere outside, it's almost sunset it seems. Jackson body deflates, and his body language is one of shame and defeat, of regret and loss, missing an easy chance for a brighter future. He continues the slant the blinds up, but as he did. The blinds were actually slanting down. This confuses Jackson tremendously and he tries to use the other rope to slant the blinds up.

Knock

Jackson jumps and hesitates from shifting the blinds and leaving them alone. He is super hesitant, shifty. And leaves the blinds tightly and extremely at one angle, any angle, just tightly- down.

He scurries to the couch and grabs the remote from the couch, as if he knew it was always there all along, and turns off the TV.

Then turns it back on. And it's static again. He stares at the static, the images it almost looks like porn, or a comedy.

Knock.

He turns it back off. Then on, then off, then on.

It's still static.

Knock.

Then off.

Jackson stares at himself using the reflection of the TV, the power buttons on visible on the bottom left of the TV, where he was feeling over and over again. He looks old, his mustache looks unfitting, his body looks drained. He then looks above himself, there is a mirror, which is above the couch, he stares at it, diving deeper into the visual echo effect of the reflection and the TV till it's a lost unrecognizable pattern. Jackson then reverses his perception from the furthest he can distinguish himself, and with each layer, he brings the layered echo effect back and back. Finally to where all he sees is him staring at himself on the TV, with the mirror above his head.

He looks behind him at the actual mirror. Stands up, and stares at the reflection of himself. It's him. Him as true as it can be, at his very moment. He examines his mustache, all the little hairs, the crusty lips.

He feels his herpes, what he think is herpes. His clammy skin, and tries to dry it out with his clammy hands. But his hands are even clammyer than his face. His feet look wet, it bothers him, he dries it out with the carpet.

He turns on the TV.

Quickly changes the channel, it's the professional people that appear to be talking about something important, but Jackson can't hear it, so he increases the volume, and the more he does, the more he hears the porn.

He turns off the TV.

And sits in silence

The silence continues, and the knock ceased awhile ago.

Jackson grabs a piece of paper, from the table, and reads the original plot of this screenplay. Which is a unpublished blog post, Which inspired this screenplay:

<p>you know what it feels like?</p>

<p>A TV with Bad reception. I can barely make out what the image is, there is static in the way, unbearable to watch, but it can almost discerned. With some effort, it can be watched, but it takes a lot, for something meant to be a pastime. There are glimpses of purity, but only for brief moments, if I just angle the antenna a certain way, and I hold it there, always, and try to watch it using a mirror. And have to remind myself that I am watching it backwards, if I choose to do it this way. </p>

<p>Is it worth it?</p>