

Porn Addict

By

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FADE IN

INT. ARTHOUSE CINEMA, CAFE - DAY

RICK, 30, Indie film maker, scruffy, sits at a table banging at the keys of his Macbook Pro.

Closer scrutiny reveals he's writing a screenplay.

He occasionally looks up at a giant projector screen on the wall in front of him, showing Taxi Driver, the sound low.

Enter CARLA, 18, model-hot, straight off a Cosmo cover shoot - tall, blonde, legs all the way up.

She orders a drink at the bar.

Rick is totally oblivious to her, with only eyes for his screenplay and Travis Bickle.

Carla sees Rick, thinks from his hairstyle that he might be in the film business, and approaches his table, holding a white wine spritz.

CARLA
Mind if I...?

Rick looks up, can't believe his eyes (or his luck).

RICK
Uh, yeah, sure.

Carla sits at the table opposite Rick.

Rick keeps writing, but all he can think about is this girl.

He steals a glance at her, secretively. She flutters her lashes and flashes a perfect smile.

Caught red-handed!

Rick goes back to his screenplay, looks up again, eye contact again.

Carla breaks the ice, in a lower class London accent.

CARLA
You going to watch a film ?

RICK
Uh...no. I just come to here to write. Are you?

CARLA
What are you writing?

Rick looks at the screen, Travis Bickle asking Betsy for a date.

RICK
A film.

CARLA
I'm an actress. Well, model. But I done some acting at school. Why don't you work at home?

RICK
Oh, y'know, I...er... like to get out.

CARLA
But it's hard to work here, isn't it? I'd find it very... distracting.

RICK
It's alright. I don't mind. I like the atmosphere...

(beat)

RICK (CONT'D)
...besides, I like to use the internet.

CARLA
You can use it at home.

RICK
No, I don't have the internet at home.

CARLA
Why not?

RICK
Yeah, well, I live alone...

CARLA
So ?

RICK
So... I dont have the internet at home.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

If you must know, I don't like wasting my time looking at porn, so, to protect myself, I don't have the internet at home.

CARLA

You like looking at porn ?

RICK

No, I *don't* like looking at porn.

CARLA

Well, if you don't like looking at porn, don't look at it!

RICK

I don't look at it. That's what I said. That's why I don't have the internet at home - so I don't look at it.

CARLA

But you can still have the internet, just don't look at porn.

RICK

I know, but when you live alone, sometimes, it's just there, a distraction, and it's difficult...y'know, when you're a man...

CARLA

Are you lonely?

RICK

No, I'm not lonely. It's just... late at night...

CARLA

So get a life! Do something interesting! Don't just sit there looking at porn. It's disgusting!

RICK

I don't sit there looking at porn! That's what I said! That's why I don't...

(a beat)

RICK (CONT'D)

Excuse me, but, I'm trying to work. I don't even know you, and we're talking about porn.

CARLA

Nope. You're talking about porn. I just came to sit down with my drink. You're the one talking to me about porn. You should get a life!

RICK

I *have* a life! You don't know me! Hold on a minute...I'm trying to work, and you're making me feel bad about *not* looking at porn!

CARLA

I'm not making you feel bad. If you feel bad, that's your own, thing-a-ma-jiggy.

RICK

Look, what I'm doing is good! It's a quality! I'm protecting myself!

CARLA

For sex with a computer?

Rick is too wrapped up in his own angst now to get her one joke.

RICK

Because it's difficult, sometimes, being a man, you don't know what it's like. You have this drive. It's hard to control. It can take over. It's all encompassing, can render you powerless, the sexual... drive. Really, it's a beast, a killer...

(a beat)

RICK (CONT'D)

...if you must know, I used to be an addict.

CARLA

Drugs?

RICK
Porn! But now I'm free. Have been
for a while. That's why I don't go
online at home.

(a beat)

RICK (CONT'D)
What about you, do you like porn?

CARLA
No! I don't! How can you even ask
me?! You don't even know me!

She turns away.

RICK
Look, sorry, we've got off to a bad
start.

He holds his hand out to shake.

RICK (CONT'D)
I'm Rick, what's your name?

Carla looks daggers at him, rejecting his offer.

Rick withdraws his hand.

RICK (CONT'D)
Look, we've been arguing. I've
opened up to you about something
quite personal, that I probably
shouldn't have...but, it's not a
bad thing...what I told you is a
good thing. But you're treating me
as if I've done something bad...

Carla ignores him, stares at the screen.

RICK (CONT'D)
...and I *haven't*. I made a decision
to deal with something in my life.
And now I'm free. And I don't want
to go back to it...so...I don't
feel guilty, or bad, in any way.

(a beat)

RICK (CONT'D)
It's not like I confessed to you I
look at child porn or something.

CARLA
 (outraged)
 What?! Child porn?!?! You're sick.

RICK
 I said I don't look at child porn!

CARLA
 But I suppose you used to! You
 should be in prison.

RICK
 No! I didn't! I'd never look at
 that stuff. It makes me angry. And
 sick. All porn makes me sick. Just
 thinking of it makes me sick. I
 feel sick now.

(a beat)

RICK (CONT'D)
 Look, it's been nice chatting, but
 I think now I'd like to write my
 film.

He starts to type.

CARLA
 I can't believe you, we've sat here
 for ten minutes talking about porn.
 And you never once tried to change
 the subject. Unbelievable!

Carla doesn't move, but stares point blank at Taxi driver on
 screen, as Travis tries to take Betsy to the movies.

Rick laughs.

RICK
 When you think about it, it's quite
 funny!

CARLA
What's funny?

RICK
 Well, y'know, here we are in a
 cinema cafe, arguing about porn,
 and Taxi Driver is screening!

CARLA
 And?

RICK
Have you seen it?

CARLA
No.

RICK
Oh, well...in it, Travis Bickle,
that's *him*, he's this ex-soldier
that fought in Vietnam, he doesn't
have many social manners...

CARLA
Like someone else I know.

RICK
And guess where he takes a girl on
his first date?

CARLA
I don't know. And I don't care!

RICK
To the movies! But to see what?

CARLA
I don't know!

RICK
A porn film!

CARLA
This is *not* a date! I would *never*
go on a date with you! You're
obsessed with sex. And porn! Porn
is all you talk about!

RICK
I've changed the subject! I'm
talking about films!

CARLA
Yeah, porn films!

RICK
Taxi Driver is *not* a porn film!

(a long, awkward beat)

RICK (CONT'D)
You've got to admit, it is sort of
funny.

CARLA
What is?

RICK
This. Us. We're like this scene -
they end up having this big
argument!

CARLA
So what are you saying, that we're
on a date? We are *not* on a date. I
would never go on a date with
someone to a porn film!

RICK
(laughing)
Just like her!

CARLA
Wait, do you think I'm flirting
with you?

RICK
Well...

CARLA
I am *not* flirting with you!
Actually I'm waiting for my
boyfriend. I just sat here because
I thought you might be interesting
to talk to about films. If I'd
known all you'd talk about was
porn...

Rick's finding it hard to repress his laughter now. Carla is
furious.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Are you laughing at *me*?

Rick, as Travis, points an imaginary gun at her.

RICK
Are you talking to me?

CUT TO:

TAXI DRIVER -

Travis and Betsy argue about the porn film. Betsy storms off.
Carla slams her glass on the table and storms off too.

CLOSE on Rick.

CLOSE on Travis.

FADE TO BLACK.