我的脑子里有一间放映室

初一下学期，作文从四百字涨到八百字，我反而更不会写了。题目发下来，别人低头就写，我盯着题目，脑子里一片白。我妈说我读书少，让我背好词好句。我背了一个星期的精彩开头，第二周的作文还是交了白架，因为那些开头都不是我的。

转机是一次很偶然的重看。周末重看那部讲棋的片子，棋手输了比赛，坐在空场馆里，把棋子一颗一颗捡回盒子，捡到最后有一颗滚到墙角，他蹲下去捡，蹲在那儿很久没起来。我按了暂停，忽然想起我爷爷。爷爷下了一辈子棋，他的棋盒也是这样的木盒，边角磨得发亮。我翻出手机备忘录，把这两个画面并排记在一起：空场馆里的棋手，和我家客厅里的爷爷。

从那以后我养成了一个习惯，看电影随手记两行：一个画面，加一个我想起的人或事。半年下来，备忘录攒了一百多条。讲登山的片子里那句，山不会为难谁，是人在为难自己，旁边我记了物理第一次不及格那晚，我把错题本撕了两页。讲父亲的片子里，父亲在车站把橘子放在长椅上就走，旁边我记了我爸每次送我到校门就掉头、从不往里走的那截路。

月考作文的题目是《那些沉默的陪伴》。我坐在考场里，照旧慌了几秒，然后我做了一件以前没做过的事：闭上眼，让脑子里的电影放一遍。放映室真的开了。那个把橘子放在长椅上的父亲走出来了，那个捡棋子的棋手走出来了，最后走出来的是我爸，校门口那截从不调头的路。我从我爸那截路写起，写到棋手，写到山，八百字写完，手是热的。

发下来，老师批了一句：素材是你自己的，读得出。晚自习我盯着那行红字想了很久。以前我以为作文的素材在好词好句本里，在作文选里，得背，得借。现在我知道它们在我看过的每一部电影里，在我被碰到的每一下里。电影没有替我写过一个字，它只是把画面存进我脑子里，等题目来取。

这个学期我的作文分数确实上来了，从下中游到了上游。但我不想只说分数。分数只是最后那一小截，前面那一长截是：我脑子里有一间放映室，它全天开着，不要门票。电影帮我打开的不是某一篇作文的思路，是我看日子的眼睛。我爸那截从不调头的路，我以前居然没看见过。

A Screening Room Inside My Head

In the second term of Junior One, compositions jumped from four hundred to eight hundred characters, and I actually became worse at them. When a topic was handed out, others bent their heads and wrote; I stared at the topic with a blank inside. My mother said I read too little and made me memorize fine phrases. I memorized brilliant openings for a week, and the next composition still collapsed, because none of those openings were mine.

The turning point was an accidental rewatch. Over the weekend I watched that film about chess again. The player, having lost the match, sat in an empty hall picking chess pieces back into the box one by one, until one rolled to the corner. He squatted to fetch it and stayed squatting a long time. I paused, and suddenly thought

of my grandfather. He played chess all his life, and his piece box was a wooden one just like that, its corners polished bright. I opened the notes app and set the two images side by side: the player in the empty hall, and my grandfather in our living room.

After that I formed a habit: while watching a film, jot two lines, one image plus one person or event it reminds me of. In half a year the notes collected over a hundred entries. Beside the line from the climbing film, the mountain troubles no one; it is people troubling themselves, I noted the night I failed physics the first time and tore two pages out of my mistake notebook. Beside the father in the family film who places oranges on the station bench and walks away, I noted the stretch of road where my own father turns around at the school gate and never walks in.

The monthly exam topic was Silent Company. Sitting in the exam room I panicked for a few seconds as usual, then did something I had never done: I closed my eyes and let the films in my head run. The screening room really opened. The father who left oranges on the bench walked out, the player picking up pieces walked out, and last came my father and that stretch of road that never turns around. I started from the road of my father, wrote on to the player, wrote on to the mountain, and when eight hundred characters were done my hands were hot.

When it came back, the teacher had written one line: the material is your own, and it reads that way. All evening study hall I stared at that red line. I used to think composition material lived in phrase notebooks and essay anthologies, to be memorized or borrowed. Now I know it lives in every film I have watched, in every moment that touched me. Films never wrote a single word for me; they only stored images in my head, waiting for a topic to come and collect.

My composition scores did rise this term, from lower-middle to upper. But I do not want to talk only about scores. The score is the last small inch; the long stretch before it is this: inside my head there is a screening room, open all day, admitting anyone free. What films opened for me was not the train of thought for one composition but my eyes for looking at daily life. That stretch of road where my father never turns around, I had somehow never seen it before.