

CENSURE

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Fourth Draft

Contact  
information

EXT. STREET - DAY

A grey sky hangs heavy. Its' weight seeming to press down upon the hunched shoulders of Aaron (22) as he walks over cracked, tired concrete.

His feet in worn trainers, every step he takes deliberately avoids touching the lines between paving slabs. A ritual he has performed countless times.

Hands deep in pockets, headphones in ears spilling music and adding rhythm to his stride, he cuts a determined route. Head bowed past eyes that follow his journey. Locals who share this small town with him. Folk set on other tasks whose attention he draws. Folk he tries not to notice.

INT. SHOP/POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Aaron waits to be served. A couple of bottles of beer in his hand. He appears agitated, as though his skin itches uncomfortably. He shoots a hand out and moves three cans on a nearby shelf, ensuring all the labels are perfectly in place, perfectly in line. It appears to ease his peace of mind.

A male voice calls him from deeper within the store.

POSTMASTER

Aaron.

A middle-aged man approaches. Smartly dressed. Old school smart as though he has dressed for a time when people cared. He wears a serious face and carries a box in his hand.

POSTMASTER (cont'd)

I thought it was you.

(holds out the box)

Parcel for you young man. It's been here a couple of days now. Glad I caught you.

Aaron smiles uneasily. Not enjoying the attention. He takes the parcel.

AARON

Thanks.

Aaron looks at the postmaster, then to the shop counter where an elderly shop assistant waits patiently for him to buy his beers.

AARON (cont'd)  
I better...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Aaron exits. Pops his headphones on. Music. He paces along the street, head bowed once again. Deliberate in his stride again. Careful across the cracks. Insular in the outside world.

A female voice calls out.

FEMALE VOICE  
(distant)  
Aaron.

He walks on, oblivious as the voice grows in volume and irritation.

FEMALE VOICE (cont'd)  
(calling)  
Aaron.

On he strides, head softly bobbing to the beat in his ears. His stride finding time with the tempo.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The headphones are ripped violently from his ears. He sits on the sofa in his family home. His soundtrack abruptly cut. His eyes immediately wide in surprise as the voice of his step-mother, Debbie (mid-forties) rattles right through him.

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
Aaron. For god's sake. Have you really nothing better to do than sit on your arse making the room look untidy? Dishwasher...now.

Footsteps move away, words muttered just loud enough for Aaron's ears.

DEBBIE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Lazy, bloody waste of space.

Aaron looks at his phone. Seven new messages it reads. He stares for a moment. Takes a deep breath, puts the headphones back on his head and turns the volume up.

INT. AARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aaron switches the light in his room on and off three times as he leaves. We follow him as he walks along the hallway carrying fresh clothing and towels. He passes a Buddha statue, taps its head three times and enters the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Aaron soaks in the bath. His eyes closed. Deep rolling breaths lift and lower his chest. A sharp bang on the door springs his eyes open. The voice of his step-sister, Maisie (19) cuts the air.

MAISIE (O.S.)  
For God's sake. Come on.

A frown cuts Aaron's brow but he doesn't answer.

AARON

MAISIE (O.S.)  
Seriously Aaron, you're taking the piss now. What are even doing in there? Dare I ask?

AARON  
Piss off Maisie.

MAISIE  
(calling)  
Mum, you better come here, Aaron's putting his willy in your hand cream  
(pause)  
again.

Aaron's breathing quickens, his discomfort evident.

MAISIE (cont'd)  
You know it'd say it on the tub if it was willy cream Aaron. Did your Dad never have this conversation with you?

Maisie begins knocking a quick tempo on the door that fills the bathroom. Aaron sinks under the water.

Maisie begins to demand he leaves in time with each knock.

MAISIE (O.S.)  
Out, out, out, out.

Aaron closes his eyes and begins a soft chant. A Buddhist meditation. His search for calm.

But his breathing intensifies and the knocking and calling from the door persists until it seems to be all he can hear. Aaron's chant grows, his voice becoming louder and louder as though it fights against Maisie for room in an ever more claustrophobic space until Aaron is shouting, his eyes wide, his fists clenched at the side of the bathtub.

He screams.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sounds of cutlery and glass surround Aaron as he sits at a dining table for the customary family dinner.

Four places set. Voices in polite conversation led by Aaron's Dad, Richard (late fifties).

RICHARD (O.S.)

So, we should finally have them signing the contract by the end of the week. But we'll see hey? We've been here before.

DEBBIE (O.S.)

Have faith love.

RICHARD (O.S.)

I know. There's just a lot riding on it. It'll be nice to finally put it to bed.

Aaron has his head bowed, eyes on his food. He slowly moves food on his plate with his fork, as though each has its own specific spot.

DEBBIE (O.S.)

But you've done the work love, and you're good at...

(stops suddenly)

Aaron, can you not just eat your dinner like a normal person?

Aaron stops and looks up from his plate. He offers a weak smile.

MAISIE (O.S.)

(scoffs)

Normal? He's probably still got a sore throat from screaming at me earlier.

Aaron glares at Maisie.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
What's this?

AARON  
Was nothing Dad, just...

MAISIE (O.S.)  
He was screaming at me, Mr Walker.

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
Maisie love, you can call Richard,  
Dad you know. It's been two years.

MAISIE (O.S.)  
I only needed to use the loo, but I  
think he might have had his  
(pause)  
wotsit, in the hand cream  
(mutters)  
again.

AARON  
Yeah, hilarious.

MAISIE (O.S.)  
And then he starts screaming in my  
face like a flaming lunatic.

AARON  
That's not...

MAISIE (O.S.)  
I was really scared.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
Aaron, what the hell has happened to  
you? Why would you...

AARON  
Dad, it's not like...

RICHARD (O.S.)  
(angry)  
I don't want to hear it. This has to  
stop.

AARON  
(to Maisie)  
You're a lying piece of shit.

Richard brings a hard fist to the table

RICHARD (O.S.)  
 (outraged)  
 Enough.

Aaron looks to his Dad.

AARON  
 Dad. Honestly I didn't...

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
 Have you not done enough damage  
 already in this house. Twenty-two and  
 a laughing stock in every corner of  
 town. And your poor father dragged  
 down with you.

AARON  
 Dad...please.

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
 Tell him Richard.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
 (quiet)  
 Not now.

AARON  
 Dad...

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
 Well I'll bloody tell him. We've  
 booked you some sessions.

Aaron's face falls at the word.

AARON  
 Sessions?

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
 With a local head doctor. Someone  
 highly recommended as having the  
 tools to fix you.

AARON  
 (furious)  
 I'm not broken, Debbie.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
 (angry)  
 I said enough.

There is a silence. It hangs as heavy above the table. A  
 silence that can be almost tangible.

RICHARD (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 (sigh)  
 Look, it's for the best. This chap is  
 at the top of his game. He can help  
 you son. Get that head of yours  
 right.

AARON  
 (snaps at Debbie)  
 This is you. You and her.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
 No. It's not. It's you son. And it's  
 necessary.

Aaron pushes his chair back in anger stands over the table.

AARON  
 (spits)  
 You let this pair of parasites in.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
 (shouts)  
 Aaron.

Aaron storms away. We follow his route across the room.

RICHARD (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 (background)  
 Aaron.

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
 (quieter)  
 Let him go.

INT. AARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aaron sits at his computer. A pencil in his hand and an open notebook before him. His headphones over his ears. A shadow at his door distracts him. He lowers the headphones.

MAISIE (O.S.)  
 (hushed)  
 Aaron?  
 (pause)  
 Aaron.

Aaron looks over.

AARON  
 That was shitty thing you did at  
 dinner.

Maisie laughs.

MAISIE

What are you browsing. No wait, best not tell me. Pervert.

AARON

You're a joke. A sick joke.

MAISIE (O.S.

(Aggressive)

I thought I was a parasite? Anyway, me a joke? My friends laugh at you, you know. This town laughs at you. Laughs at you and pities me. They can't believe we're even related. Step-Brother? Hah! That is as big a joke as you are. You're a freak, and now they all know it.

Aaron throws a cushion at the door but Maisie is already gone. He sinks back into his chair, chews his pencil, lost in thought. He takes deep breaths, his lip quivers under the weight of emotion. He lifts the headphones to his ears and closes his eyes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron enters to the sound of his Debbie's voice. He quickly pulls the headphones down around his neck.

DEBBIE (O.S.)

(calling)

Aaron.

Aaron mumbles a noise in response. He stands, uncertain. Bites his lip and nervously plays with his hands as his Mum's voice comes close.

DEBBIE (O.S.) (cont'd)

(belittling)

Are you over your hissy-fit now? Got the tantrum out of your system?

Aaron goes to speak but is cut off abruptly.

DEBBIE (O.S.) (cont'd)

Your dad and I are going out. Be back around 10-ish. There's microwave meals in the freezer and...well you're not a bloody child are you? Think you can manage that?

RICHARD (O.S.)  
 (from the background)  
 Come on. Leave him be. Nothing you  
 say will register anyway.

AARON  
 I'll be fine. Enjoy your night. Sorry  
 about  
 (pause)  
 earlier.

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
 (after a moment of  
 silence)  
 Why don't you try and do something  
 productive this evening. Something  
 creative maybe? Some of that arty  
 farty stuff you did at Uni?

RICHARD (O.S.)  
 Or practical. A few real world skills  
 might help him get a job. If anyone  
 will employ him.

Aaron half-smiles as though seeking acceptance. Wanting a  
 way in.

AARON  
 Something creative and practical. Got  
 it.

Aaron closes his eyes, sucks in a lungful of air.

AARON (cont'd)  
 I can do that.

Aaron opens his eyes again.

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
 You've always been a weird kid,  
 Aaron. I've never quite got used to  
 that. Your Dad thinks it was hanging  
 out with other...  
 (searches for a word)  
 ...oddballs at Uni. Changed you  
 into...well, you know.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
 (Now closer by)  
 Someone that will get ten bells  
 kicked out of him one of these days.  
 This world is a toxic place. People  
 can be...

(MORE)

RICHARD (O.S.) (cont'd)  
(he trails off)

AARON  
People can.

Silence falls across them.

AARON (cont'd)  
You best get moving.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
We are lad. We are.

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
And stay out of my room. And your  
sisters.

AARON  
(mumbled)  
She's not my sister

RICHARD (O.S.)  
What?

Aaron says nothing. Shadows cross his face moving past him.

We hear the front door close as his parents leave. The house falls silent for a moment, before we hear footsteps coming down stairs. Maisie. Aaron's eyes follow her movement around the room before him as she talks.

MAISIE (O.S.)  
What you looking at? Creeps me right  
out, who knows what goes on in that  
sick mind of yours? You are one sick  
little puppy Aaron, and you know what  
normally happens to sick animals  
right?

Aaron fires back instantly.

AARON  
You end up sleeping with them? How is  
Ed anyway?

MAISIE (O.S.)  
I'm bringing him back tonight so  
maybe you'll be brave enough to ask  
him then?

Aaron says nothing, a frown cuts his brow deep.

MAISIE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Yeah, didn't think so. Right, I'm gone. Don't touch my ice cream. Oh, and try to resist the urge to rummage through my knicker drawer. We know what you're like.

She laughs, pleased with herself.

AARON  
Ice cream...knicker drawer...check.

She stops laughing. Her shadow closes in, covering his face.

MAISIE (O.S.)  
(hisses)  
You know what. I'm glad you were found out, you sick little boy.

Aaron smiles at her words, knowing his own touched a nerve.

The front door slams. Aaron is alone. He pulls the headphones over his ears.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Aaron approaches the freezer. He opens it and pulls out the drawer where he knows Maisie's ice cream is.

He places it on the counter top. He opens a drawer and retrieves a spoon. Emotionless, he eats.

He eats until his cheeks bulge. He devours it like some ravenous beast.

Ice cream runs down his chin and spills from his mouth, but he eats. Until the pot is empty. Then he slams it to the counter top.

AARON  
Fuck you.

He slides the pot along the kitchen side, noisily drops the spoon into the sink and walks out of focus and the kitchen.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

It is early evening. Aaron walks through woodland. He scours the ground and stops occasionally picking something unseen from the ground around the stumps of trees. Placing them into a little bag and stuffing it into a pocket.

He stoops near a fallen pine cone. Runs a finger across it, then tosses it aside.

EXT. BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

He emerges at a long forgotten stone bunker nestled in a blanket of trees.

INT. BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

He enters and finds himself inside the small, bare space. He stops. He lowers his headphones and waits a moment, as if expecting to hear something. Nothing comes.

He sits upon the floor, back against the stone wall, and pulls a beer bottle from his pocket, popping it open. He takes a long gulp and smiles.

AARON

(quiet)

Hello.

(louder)

Hello. I am Aaron.

His voice echoes in the space and is lost to the trees beyond. He smiles wider. Then unleashes a ferocious roar to the heavens. A guttural release for nobody but himself and the birds. He stops and pants, breathless.

EXT. BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Another roar blooms from inside the bunker as the camera slowly drifts away.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

-Shower water cascades over Aaron's head. Rather than washing his hair, he is motionless. A blank expression at his face as the water soaks him.

- Aaron is dressed in his room. He pulls loose change from his dirty jeans pocket, then places them in a neat pile ensuring both the top and bottom coin show tails. Before leaving the room he switches his light on and off three times. Rituals.

- A washing basket stands overflowing. Aaron stares at it a moment too long to appear normal. He suddenly moves at it and whisks it off the floor brushing past the camera as he goes.

- Over Aaron's shoulder as he washes pots by hand. He meticulously washes each spoon in exactly the same manner. The same routine. Another ritual. Four empty mugs sit alongside the sink.

- Aaron enters his parents bedroom. He walks over to his Dad's guitar. He goes to lift it, but hesitates. His Dad's words run through his head.

RICHARD (O.S.)

(furious)

Who in God's name has been using my guitar? Aaron, was this you? Every damned note is off! Like it's been tuned by dropping it down the bloody stairs! Leave my things alone. How many times?

- Aaron lifts the guitar and sits back on the bed with it, running his fingers across its strings gently as though caressing it. Then twisting every tuning knob.

- Aaron enters Maisie's room. It is pristine. Everything in it's right place. He opens her knicker drawer and leaves it hanging. He sits on her bed, then lies back and closes his eyes.

FLASHBACK - INT - AARON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Aaron is at the window. He watches as we hear a car engine cough into life and gradually move away from the house. He waits a moment. Then quickly darts back into his room. He opens a closet door and rummages, eventually retrieving a little cardboard box. He lifts the lid, revealing a small collection of makeup.

FLASHBACK - INT - BATHROOM

Aaron carefully applies lipstick in the bathroom mirror. Every stroke is meticulous. His attention is complete. He looks at himself and allows a smile to form at his lips, pushing the rouge on his cheeks higher.

He turns to leave, switching the light on and off three times before exiting.

FLASHBACK - INT - STEP-SISTER'S ROOM

An open drawer and hands carefully rifling through underwear. An open closet, hands carefully idling through assorted dresses.

FLASHBACK - INT - AARON'S ROOM

Aaron wears his step-sister's clothing. Make-up at his face. He stands and sucks in a deep breath, a lungful of air. Lifting the headphones from his bed he places them over his ears and switches his stereo on. Music kicks in and Aaron let's himself loose.

He dances wild and free, as though his very soul has been released. Like a caged bird suddenly soaring through clouds. The rhythm's play him like a voodoo doll, life coursing through every fibre of his joyous being.

The door to his room softly moves. An arm in sight. A phone in hand. Recording the moment. Recording his secret.

Aaron is oblivious. Lost in the moment. Blanketed in his happiness. Until he is suddenly shoved and falls onto his bed, the headphones tumbling from his head.

MAISIE (O.S.)  
(shouting)  
Is that my dress?

Aaron's face is washed of all colour. Shock, bewilderment, and horror fight for space in his eyes.

MAISIE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Answer me you freak. Is that my  
dress?

Aaron goes to speak but no words will come. He mumbles incoherently.

MAISIE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
And please God tell me you're not  
wearing my underwear?

Aaron pulls the dress hem down low trying to cover himself.

MAISIE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Aaron, you freak. That is disgusting.  
Wait until I tell my Mum about this  
shit.  
(pauses)  
And wait until they all see this.

She holds her phone up for him to see. He scrambles towards her but she turns and runs from the room as Aaron falls from the bed to his knees.

Footsteps down stairs and a closing front door.

Aaron looks up, tears smearing the makeup across his face.

AARON  
(quiet)  
Wait. Please.

END FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. AARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron has tears in his eyes. He stands before a full length mirror. He wears a dress, his face covered in fresh make-up that already smears under the weight of his memories.

He crouches and from under his bed, pulls the box the postmaster gave him. He carefully opens it. No tearing into it. He is precise. The flaps open to reveal a pair of women's shoes. He lifts them from the box.

His phone buzzes on a nearby dresser. The face reads 12 new messages.

There is a crash from downstairs.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

We follow Aaron as he walks from his room. He passes the washing basket smashed and strewn across the carpet.

Past his parent's room where Dad's guitar lies on the floor.

Past Maisie's room where his clothes are piled in a heap.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door to the living room opens and Aaron walks in. His face is stone. His eyes granite.

To chairs were three bodies are slumped. Debbie, Maisie and her boyfriend, Ed. Their faces pale. Cups scattered to the floor.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Aaron is in the kitchen alone. Headphones on, music playing. He moves to remove them and pauses, hand at the headphones, hovering uncertainly. He grabs them and pulls them from his ears.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He opens a bag and drops a handful of mushrooms into a waiting pot of water.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He removes the mushrooms from the heat and moves them to the blender. Hitting the button until they are a paste.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Aaron places tea bags into four cups and places them near the kettle.

END FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A groan from the floor. Aaron looks down.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
 (through laboured  
 breaths)  
 Aaron...help me...please son. Please.

Aaron watches his Dad a moment. Then looks away.

RICHARD (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 (weaker)  
 Look at me for God's sake...son,  
 please...please...I need help.

AARON  
 Now you notice me. Or is it the  
 outfit?

There is a moment of silence. Aaron's eyes locked with those of his father. For Richard it is a moment of clarity.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
 (quieter)  
 You...you did this...

Aaron looks back down at his dying father. His face is hollow, emotionless.

RICHARD (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 (tearful)  
 Why?..why would...

AARON  
 (monotone)  
 Do something creative and practical  
 you said. Creative and practical. I  
 think I managed it. The world is a  
 toxic place, remember. People can...  
 (gestures to the  
 bodies)  
 They fucked me Dad. They fucking fed  
 me to the wolves whilst you watched  
 from the shadows. And for what? For  
 being different? Wired in another  
 way? This is me Dad. This. Like this  
 I could breathe. For once I felt  
 free. Weightless.

Aaron looks away a moment. Tears fill eyes that seek  
 distance from the scene. He breathes deep and looks again at  
 his dying father.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
 (laboured)  
 I...I...

AARON  
 You have no idea where I've been  
 since it happened. Where I am now  
 every goddamned day of my goddamned  
 life. The voices, the eyes that  
 follow me, the whispers. Fuck.  
 (pause)  
 You were supposed to be my Dad. No  
 matter what, That was the given. You  
 were supposed to be there.  
 (pause)  
 But they fed me to the wolves and you  
 watched them tear me apart.

There is no more sound from the floor. No response from  
 Aaron's Dad. No breath left in his body.

AARON (cont'd)  
 You just watched.

Aaron pauses. Takes the scene in. Then he walks through the  
 aftermath, picking four spilled mugs of tea from the carpet  
 as he goes. Into the kitchen, pressing the light switch on  
 and off three times.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Three beds lie in a row. Ordered. Each is occupied by a body. Sheets cover their faces. Aaron stands over them. Sweat smeared make-up covers his face. He is emotionless. He notices some hair peeping from the nearest body and moves to tuck it back in. He straightens the sheet taught again and turns away.

He exits, clicking the lights on and off three times.

INT. AARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Music blares across the room. Aaron dances like a wild thing. He lurches and spins, he shakes and leaps like a man possessed. Moving as though he is feeling the holy spirit coursing through his every fibre as an american preacher screeches in his face. A puppet on manic strings.

The camera pans away. The music fades. It is replaced by rising voices. Aaron's voice repeating over and over, words tumbling into one another. Whispers crashing in a chaotic sprawl of madness. Whispers of celebration.

AARON'S VOICES

You did it Aaron you fucking did it  
you killed them they had it coming  
they all had it coming they all had  
it coming every one of them every  
fucking one you are free you are  
free. You are free.

The camera moves across a dresser where Aaron's manic shadow moves wild and the headphones lie alongside an open notebook with scrawled details and roughly sketched images of mushrooms. A fresh steaming cup of tea sits nearby.

Aaron's shadow stops suddenly. It stands a moment then footsteps move across the floor.

The light clicks off...and on...and off...

CUT TO: BLACK

END.