

CENSORED  
(THIRD DRAFT)

Written by

Nick Grills

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

BRADLEY OWENS, mid-twenties, wearing a shirt and jeans, is alone in an upmarket waiting room. He is looking at certificates of Psychiatry on the wall, all for a Doctor Humphrey Higgins.

His attention is caught by one particular certificate with a photo: a theme park shot showing four serious looking bearded men on a log flume. The certificate reads, "Most rides ridden, Psychiatry Society Annual Outing 2011."

A door opens and DOCTOR HUMPHREY HIGGINS, a serious looking bearded man in his mid forties, gestures Bradley inside.

INT. DOCTOR HIGGINS OFFICE - DAY

Bradley is lying on a couch looking nervously upwards at the ceiling. Doctor Higgins is sat at a desk with a laptop and notes that he is reading from.

DOCTOR HIGGINS  
Bradley Owens, aged twenty six?

BRADLEY  
That's me.

DOCTOR HUMPHREY  
Well, that's the pleasantries over with, so why don't you tell me what's the matter.

Bradley lets out a long sigh.

BRADLEY  
So, I'm making this film...

INT. FLAT, BATHROOM - DAY

Bradley, wearing jeans and a polo shirt, is looking at himself anxiously in a mirror, giving himself a pep talk.

BRADLEY  
I can do this. It's just first scene anxiety, but I'll get through it. I will.

Yet he still looks anxious. There is a knock on the door.

SIMON (O.S.)  
You ready?

Bradley looks at himself again and frowns.

BRADLEY  
(pathetically)  
Yes.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

Bradley nervously enters the room. Inside there is a SOUND GUY extending a boom mike and SIMON, the camera man, setting up a camera facing the door. Leaning against the wall chatting are EMMA and PHIL, two relaxed, formally dressed, attractive people - clearly actors.

BRADLEY  
Sorry everyone.  
(to the actors)  
Ready to go?

EMMA AND PHIL  
Yep.

BRADLEY  
OK, so I'll just remind you what's happened so far. Umm, you met for the first time earlier today in the Reference Library and Phil, you invited...

EMMA  
Emma.

BRADLEY  
Sorry, bad with names. Umm you invited Emma back to your place to see some historical papers. But in the car you started arguing. OK?

EMMA AND PHIL  
Yes.

Bradley turns to address everyone, unsure what to say.

BRADLEY  
Right then.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

Bradley is sat behind a small monitor linked to the camera and wearing large headphones connected to the mike.

The door opens and Emma and Phil enter mid conversation. Their acting is terrible.

PHIL

No, no, Free Will is an illusion, we're completely controlled by our upbringing, society or just random neural impulses.

EMMA

I don't buy it. You can't possibly live your life as a pure Determinist. You'd just use it as an excuse for making bad choices, or for not doing anything at all.

Behind the camera Bradley is smiling away at his dialogue.

PHIL

Well, either way babe, I'm *determined* to bang you.

Emma puts her hand on Phil's chest.

EMMA

(seductively)  
And I'm *choosing* to let you.

Phil throws Emma onto the bed and she shrieks happily. They move into kissing, unrealistically for any normal film.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Doctor Higgins looks confused.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

So... this is a pornographic film?

BRADLEY

Yes.

DOCTOR HIGGINS.

Ah.

Doctor Higgins starts writing notes.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

Emma and Phil are still kissing on the bed and Bradley is watching them on the monitor. With the scene heating up he looks increasingly flustered, with sweat on his forehead.

Emma and Phil take off their tops but Emma still wearing her bra.

Bradley looks even more anxious as he watches the screen... until a different emotion hits him - shock. He leans in closer to the monitor.

The monitor shows Emma holding her bra in one hand, having just removed it, but over her breasts there is a large black CENSORED BOX covering all her nudity.

Bradley whispers to Simon behind the camera.

BRADLEY

Umm, has the camera got an app or something?

Simon moves away from the camera and whispers to Bradley.

SIMON

No, why?

BRADLEY

How come it's censored?

Bradley indicates the screen and Simon has a look.

SIMON

What do you mean?

Bradley and Simon exchange looks. Simon has no idea what Bradley is talking about.

BRADLEY

Umm...

Bradley can't explain, he stands up to look at the actors with his own eyes. To his great alarm he still sees them with Censored Boxes! It's not the camera... it's him.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Doctor Higgins looks even more confused.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

Are you absolutely certain that's what you saw?

BRADLEY

I wish I wasn't.

Doctor Higgins frowns and screws up the piece of paper he was writing on.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

Go on.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

Bradley is staring at the Censored Boxes confused, sweat building on his forehead.

SIMON

Are you OK?

BRADLEY

Umm... yeah, fine.

Bradley sits back down at the monitor. His anxiety builds as the Censored Boxes grow even larger until only the faces of the actors are left visible.

He watches the two black rectangles intertwine, his face twisting in anxiety.

INT. FLAT, LANDING - DAY

Bradley is drinking something hot from a mug while leaning against the wall. He looks very tired. From the bathroom door comes a large Censored Box covering a whole person, not even their face visible now. Bradley tries to hide his alarm. The Censored Box speaks with Emma's voice.

EMMA

So, you happy with what you got?

BRADLEY

Yeah... I am, but... you can get dressed now.

EMMA

I *am* dressed.

Bradley realises his problem is even worse than he knew.

BRADLEY

Oh.

Emma is starting to find him weird.

EMMA

OK...

The Censored Box walks away. Bradley puts his head in his hands.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Bradley is holding the front door open while the Sound Guy and Simon head out with their equipment. One black Censored Box follows them out, another Censored Box walks up to Bradley and extends right slightly.

PHIL

Good shoot man. See you Tuesday.

BRADLEY

Yeah. Great stuff.

There is a moment of awkward silence.

PHIL

What, you're not going to shake my hand now?

BRADLEY

(surprised)

Oh, sorry.

Bradley isn't sure where to reach but moves his hand vaguely into the blackness - it disappears as it enters. Phil shakes his hand and then leaves. Bradley closes the door.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Bradley turns his head to look at Doctor Higgins, who appears perplexed.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

I see.

It looks like Doctor Higgins is going to say more, but he doesn't. A moment of silence passes as Bradley waits.

DOCTOR HIGGINS (CONT'D)

So... what happens when you look at the footage now?

BRADLEY

I still see Censored Boxes.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

But only on your own material?

BRADLEY

Yes.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

Hmm. I've never come across an issue like this before.

(beat)

Have you tried Googling it?

Bradley frowns.

BRADLEY

No.

Doctor Higgins turns to his laptop and starts typing. Bradley looks unimpressed.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

Aha! There's a Yahoo Answers here that might be just what we need.

Bradley smiles, happy to be proven wrong.

DOCTOR HIGGINS (CONT'D)  
Oh no, actually it's about  
something completely different.

Bradley frowns.

DOCTOR HIGGINS (CONT'D)  
OK. For this we'll need Analysis  
Corner. Please follow me.

Bradley starts to get up.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE, CORNER - DAY

Bradley and Doctor Higgins are sat facing each other on two  
easy chairs.

DOCTOR HIGGINS  
Now then, you don't seem like the  
typical pornographer to me.

BRADLEY  
Well, that's just it really. I want  
to make a different kind of porn,  
porn that's intellectual as well as  
sexy. The kind of porn that Woody  
Allen would make.

Doctor Higgins frowns at this notion.

DOCTOR HIGGINS  
And have you... actually, had sex?

BRADLEY  
Yes.

DOCTOR HIGGINS  
Successfully?

Bradley looks offended.

DOCTOR HIGGINS (CONT'D)  
I mean without any censoring.

BRADLEY  
Yes.

DOCTOR HIGGINS  
Hmm. Interesting.  
(beat)  
What do your parents make of your  
ambition?

Bradley frowns, this is clearly an issue for him.

BRADLEY  
I haven't told them.



DOCTOR HIGGINS

Because?

BRADLEY

Because they won't see it as a good use for a Political Science degree.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

But are you going to tell them?

BRADLEY

Only when if I have to.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

I see. You know it's possible that the censoring you're seeing is a manifestation of some guilt or shame you feel about taking up pornography. A good start for you would be to come clean to your parents, then you might be able to approach it with a clear conscious.

Bradley sighs, realising that Doctor Higgins might be right.

BRADLEY

Shit.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - NIGHT

Bradley is standing outside a detached house. He is carrying a rucksack and looking anxiously at the front door. He reluctantly starts to walk towards it.

INT. HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway is very tidy and well decorated, flowers sit in a vase and shoes are neatly arranged.

LYDIA OWENS, Bradley's Mum, is in her mid-fifties and casually, though neatly, dressed. She opens the front door and Bradley enters, dropping his bag to the floor.

BRADLEY

Hi Mum.

LYDIA

My son.

Lydia reaches out and hugs Bradley.

BRADLEY

Where's Dad?

They break out of their hug.

DANIEL (O.S.)

He's here.

DANIEL OWENS, tall, mid-fifties, wearing a comfortable jumper walks over with a friendly smile. He shakes Bradley's hand in a fatherly way.

BRADLEY

Hi Dad.

DANIEL

Good to see you.

LYDIA

Have you eaten?

BRADLEY

Yeah. I'll just go and dump my stuff.

Bradley picks up his bag.

INT. HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Daniel and Lydia are sat on a sofa facing Bradley who is on another sofa. Lydia has a magazine on her lap and Daniel is swirling a glass of wine.

Bradley is drinking orange juice. He places the empty glass on a table in front of him, sliding a coaster underneath.

DANIEL

So, why the unexpected visit?

Bradley doesn't want to talk about it yet.

BRADLEY

Umm... have you done something to the mantelpiece?

He points to the fireplace where ornaments are arranged. Lydia looks over trying to recall.

LYDIA

I swapped the dogs over, I think.

There are two practically identical ceramic dogs at either end of the mantelpiece.

BRADLEY

Ah. That'll be it... Looks good.

Bradley nervously picks up his glass again, then realises its still empty and puts it back down.

DANIEL

Is something wrong?

Bradley sighs.

BRADLEY

No... and yes. Basically, I need to tell you what direction my life is taking.

Lydia looks up from her magazine, concerned. Both his parents are giving him their full attention.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

I've decided to pursue a new career path. I'm going... to make films.

LYDIA

(interested)  
Documentaries?

BRADLEY

Kind of... but, more specifically, I'm going to make... porn films.

Both his parents look utterly aghast.

LYDIA

No! No son of mine is going to make pornography. No way. It's hardly something I could talk about at church is it!

BRADLEY

Listen, they're going to be intellectual porn films, with proper stories and high-brow concepts. The kind of porn that Woody Allen would make.

DANIEL

Who?

Bradley is amazed. His parents are starting to get angry.

LYDIA

This is all the fault of the Internet isn't it.

DANIEL

And why you only got a 2.2. Not enough time studying and too much time alone in your room I'll bet.

BRADLEY

No! Oh, I knew you wouldn't understand.

(beat)

(MORE)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Not everyone has to get a boring  
nine to five job teaching Latin or  
crunching numbers during the week,  
and then singing hymns at the  
weekend OK. There's *more* to life  
than that, than *this*.

Bradley indicates the room, the house, their lives.

Lydia and Daniel stay quiet for a moment, thinking.

DANIEL

We understand that Bradley.

LYDIA

(nodding)

We do.

DANIEL

In fact.

Daniel and Lydia exchange looks, then Daniel carries on,  
choosing his words carefully.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Your mother and I, back in the  
seventies...

Bradley's face shows a creeping horror at where this might be  
going.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Spent a very... pleasant  
afternoon...

LYDIA

Starring in a pornographic film.

Bradley's mouth hangs open in utter horror.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

It's not something we're proud of,  
but it was actually very well paid.

DANIEL

We bought this sideboard with it  
actually.

Daniel points to a wooden sideboard in the room. Bradley's  
horror builds as he realises the awful truth behind a piece  
of furniture that's been there all his life.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

So don't tell us we can't  
understand this new thing called  
pornography. We know it very well.

LYDIA  
Although we only did it the once.

Daniel turns to his wife.

DANIEL  
What was it called, had some silly  
name didn't it?

LYDIA  
Oh, umm. It was in a compendium  
called Gertrude's Friends. Though  
Heaven knows who Gertrude was  
supposed to be.

Bradley's level of shock reaches a peak as he remembers...

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bradley clicks on a Bit Torrent called "Gertrude's Friends".  
It starts downloading.

INT. HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Bradley is sweating, his eyes are wide and his hands are over  
his mouth.

DANIEL  
Of course back in those days it was  
all on VHS, and they only made a  
few hundred copies.

Bradley's body tenses.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

"Download Complete" flashes on Bradley's computer under  
Gertrude's Friends.

Bradley nonchalantly clicks on it and a video player opens.

INT. HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Bradley looks like he is going mad, he is wide eyed and holds  
his arms tightly against his chest. He looks at his parents  
who are still talking but the sound of their voices is  
muffled and distorted.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

A balled up tissue on a keyboard, lit by a computer screen.

INT. HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Bradley jumps up and runs out the room as fast as he can.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Bradley runs out the front door, onto the front lawn and vomits. He wipes his mouth and yells to the Heavens in a loud, desperate, voice...

BRADLEY.

I didn't know! I didn't know!

He sobs and collapses onto the floor.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

Bradley looks depressed as he surveys his pinboard. On it are storyboards for *Love on Loan*. He angrily tears them down.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

Bradley is shredding the script of *Love on Loan*.

EXT. FLAT, GARDEN - DAY

Bradley is staring at a hard drive on the ground. He takes a spade and starts hitting it to pieces. Bits of it fly everywhere and Bradley gets a mad look of joy.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

Bradley is holding a DVD, handwritten on it is "LOVE ON LOAN - MASTER COPY." In his other hand he picks up a pair of kitchen scissors. He opens the scissors and inserts the DVD ready to cut. However, his hands shake and his face is full of frustration as he just, can't, bring himself, to cut.

He puts down the scissors and sighs.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Doctor Higgins holds the door open as Bradley enters. No words are spoken but Bradley hands over an envelope and goes to lie on the couch. Doctor Higgins closes the door and walks over to sit at his desk.

He looks at the envelope, it says, "What happened."

Doctor Higgins opens the envelope, takes out the note inside and starts reading.

As he reads his expression goes through distinct gradations of surprise, shock and disgust. Then finally he hides an amused smile behind his hand. He clears his throat and looks seriously at Bradley.

DOCTOR HIGGINS  
Analysis Corner.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE, CORNER - DAY

They are sat on the same two chairs as earlier. Bradley stares at the ground avoiding eye contact.

DOCTOR HIGGINS  
I believe, that your subconscious actually knew you'd seen your parents in... coitus.

Bradley shudders.

DOCTOR HIGGINS (CONT'D)  
And that the Censored Boxes were a manifestation of that issue. But now, you have to deal with it on a conscious level too. Though it's important to remember, your parents had no intention to hurt or upset you.  
(beat)  
They just wanted a sideboard.

Bradley keeps looking at the floor.

DOCTOR HIGGINS (CONT'D)  
Now, in your note you said you couldn't destroy the final copy of your film. Did you bring it along today?

BRADLEY  
It's in my bag, you're gonna help me destroy it.

DOCTOR HIGGINS  
But do you still see the censoring when you watch it?

Bradley starts to become angry.

BRADLEY  
I can't even *think* about the film anymore! Every time I do I get these horrible images in my mind.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

A closer view of that balled up tissue.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE, CORNER - DAY

Bradley shudders. He puts his head in his hands.

BRADLEY

They've completely ruined my life.  
I just want to forget everything I  
was going to do.

Doctor Higgins takes his time, speaking softly.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

It seems you've developed an  
association between your ambitions  
as a pornographer and feelings of  
shame related to your parents. So  
the healthiest thing to do is-

BRADLEY

Spend years and years in therapy.  
No way, we're destroying that disc.  
*Today.*

DOCTOR HIGGINS

Actually, I was going to suggest we  
remove your shameful memories via  
hypnosis.

Bradley is pleasantly surprised.

BRADLEY

You can do that?

DOCTOR HIGGINS

Certainly. Just follow me to  
Hypnosis Corner.

Bradley smiles.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE, HYPNOSIS CORNER - DAY

There are two plain wooden chairs facing each other. Bradley  
and Doctor Higgins sit down.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

Now I need you to sit back, relax  
and close your eyes.

Bradley gets comfortable and closes his eyes. Focus stays on  
his face as he becomes more relaxed. Doctor Higgins speaks in  
a soft, soothing, voice.



DOCTOR HIGGINS (CONT'D)  
 Imagine that you're walking down a flight of stairs and each step makes you feel more relaxed. As I count down, you'll take another step, going deeper and deeper. At the bottom of the stairs there's a door, but it only opens when you're truly relaxed. Can you see the steps?

BRADLEY  
 (relaxed)  
 Yes.

DOCTOR HIGGINS (O.S.)  
 Good. Start walking. Twenty, nineteen, eighteen, seventeen, sixteen, fifteen...

Doctor Higgins keeps counting and Bradley looks increasingly relaxed: his breathing is deep, his eyelids are still.

DOCTOR HIGGINS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Five, four, three, two, one.

There is a moment of silence but Bradley stays relaxed.

BRADLEY  
 (whisper)  
 I can see the door.

DOCTOR HIGGINS  
 Never mind that. I just needed to strap you in.

Bradley opens his eyes and looks down at his arms and legs, which have been strapped to the wooden chair. He tries to break free but cannot.

Doctor Higgins has pushed a TV in front of Bradley. Bradley sees it and tries even harder to escape.

BRADLEY  
 What are you doing!

DOCTOR HIGGINS  
 Flooding.

The DVD starts and the scene with Emma and Phil plays on the TV, starting with their dialogue. Bradley immediately closes his eyes and turns his head away.

BRADLEY  
 You can't *make* me look.

Doctor Higgins ignores Bradley, instead watching the screen.

DOCTOR HIGGINS  
That takes me back.

BRADLEY  
Oh God, don't tell me you've done  
it too?

DOCTOR HIGGINS  
Heavens no, I just used to have  
very similar curtains.

The DVD carries on, sounds imply the sex has started.

DOCTOR HIGGINS (CONT'D)  
They look very passionate. Are they  
a real couple?

Bradley is still stoutly keeping his eyes shut. The light  
from the TV plays on his face.

BRADLEY  
(unbelieving)  
Shut up.

DOCTOR HIGGINS (O.S.)  
No I *mean* it. They seem... natural  
together. Nicely lit too. You've  
clearly got some talent for this.

Focus stays on Bradley who's face contorts with temptation to  
look. The sound of Emma and Phil gets louder and louder as if  
it's all around Bradley, echoing madly through his mind.

Very slowly, he turns his head towards the sound.

Bradley opens his eyes a tiny amount... then a little wider,  
and wider. As he does so he looks... pleased. He opens his  
eyes properly and begins to watch it for the very first time.

BRADLEY  
(thoughtful)  
Yeah... they do look good.

DOCTOR HIGGINS  
You can see it properly now?

Bradley nods.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

It's the end of the session. Bradley is putting on his coat  
and thinking. Doctor Higgins is moving back the television.

BRADLEY

You know what, maybe I was just using my parents as an excuse to give up because, really, I was petrified of failing.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

That's an easy trap to fall into - any of us can blame our upbringing, both for what we do and don't do. But how do you feel now?

BRADLEY

Now? Nothing scares me. I'm gonna go at it like a motherfu-

Bradley closes his eyes and shudders.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Wrong word! Wrong word!

Doctor Higgins smiles.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

I understand.

Bradley reaches out his hand and they shake

BRADLEY

Thanks for your help Doctor Higgins.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

Your thanks is all I need.

(beat)

Plus a positive review on Rate-My-Shrink.co.uk?

Doctor Higgins smiles pleadingly.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE FLAT - NIGHT

Bradley is talking on his mobile whilst walking along home.

LYDIA OWENS (O.S.)

We've been worried about you since you left so suddenly.

BRADLEY

I'm fine. Honestly.

Bradley turns down a path to the flat front door, he starts to unlock it.

LYDIA OWENS (O.S.)  
Well good, I'm glad to hear it.  
Especially after... the  
conversation we had.

BRADLEY  
Don't remind me, please.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

Bradley enters his bedroom and turns on his computer.

LYDIA OWENS  
Well, your Dad and I decided it  
would be... disingenuous to stop  
you from pursuing what you want.  
So, we give you our blessing.

BRADLEY  
(surprised)  
Really? What changed your mind?

LYDIA  
Nothing in particular, we just gave  
it some proper thought. And then  
this weekend we spent a very  
pleasant afternoon meeting some old  
acquaintances.

Bradley's computer screen comes up with a message, "New Bit  
Torrent Available: Gertrude's Friends 2 - The Reunion."

Bradley's mouth hangs open in horror.

THE END.