

THE BASEMENT TAPES

By Chris Aronsten

INT. SEX DUNEGEON - NIGHT

A suburban basement converted into a sex dungeon: black painted walls, a sling, pommel horse, restraints, sex toys and a tub of Crisco.

JEREMY (55), a flabby, white man in a leather harness and jock strap, lies legs akimbo in the SLING, gimp mask covering his face, ball gag in his mouth. PETER (56), a balding white accountant type, wears leather chaps and a hot pink STRAP-ON. He twists his body from side to side, causing the strap-on to slap against alternate thighs.

PETER

You want some of that? Is that what you want? A big slice of that?

JEREMY nods and lets out a muffled, sexual utterance.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm going give it to you right now. Right in your miserable man cunt!

Jeremy moans in anticipation. Peter lubricates the dildo with Crisco. A door opens at the top of the stairs, spoiling the dim atmosphere. JUDY (55) appears wearing a vinyl catsuit and holding a mobile phone. She looks worried.

PETER (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

JUDY

I've just had Eleanor on the phone. She says there's some sort of giant meteor hurtling towards the earth.

PETER

Goodness.

JUDY

I know. Apparently we're all going to die with the hour.

PETER

Well that's certainly put a spanner in the works.

JEREMY lets out a muffled cry.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh.

Peter removes Jeremy's ball-gag.

JEREMY

Sorry, did I hear something about the parking meter? I haven't been booked have I?

JUDY

No, there's a meteor.

JEREMY

A what?

JUDY

A METEOR. For god's sake Peter, take off his mask.

Peter unzips Jeremy's gimp mask and pulls it off.

PETER

Judy says there's an huge meteor on a collision course with the earth.

JUDY

We're all done for, I'm afraid. Might be all over in 45 minutes.

JEREMY

Oh dear. And here I was worried about a parking fine.

JUDY

They say there was a earthquake half hour ago, but with two fists inside me, I guess I didn't notice.

JEREMY

I certainly wasn't expecting my Sunday afternoon to end like this.

JUDY

Tell me about it. We've got tickets to Billy Elliot tonight.

A beat.

JEREMY

I suppose the question now is, do I stay here, or do I try to get back home?

JUDY

Hard to say isn't it. I mean who knows what the traffic will be like. And I don't think you could rely on the buses at a time like this.