

THE GULAG

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

TWO MASKED MEN take in a brick wall.

SETH (30s)- the larger of the pair- turns to RAY (30s),
ripping off his ski mask--

SETH
I can't do this, Ray.

RAY
You knew there'd be a wall, man. We
discussed the wall in detail.

SETH
I know, but--

RAY
--you told me how good you are at
hopping walls. You made a point of
it.

SETH
I lied. I've never hopped a goddamn
wall in my life.

Ray does his best to stuff down his anger--

RAY
(hushed)
WHAT WAS YOUR PLAN WHEN FOR WHEN WE
GOT HERE, THEN?

SETH
I don't know, I didn't think that
far ahead.

Ray buries his face in his hands.

RAY
We scoped out the place. We drove
an hour and a half. We're here.
Now, I don't know what our guy
thinks is so valuable in this
place. It's probably a fucking T.V.
but--

SETH
--maybe it's one of those fuck
machines.

RAY

...Do you want it to be?

Seth gives it a moment-- shrugs affirmatively.

RAY (CONT'D)

Look-- T.V., fuck machine-- doesn't matter. Either way, we're climbing the goddamn wall.

HARD CUT:

Ray pushes up Seth from below like an Atlas Stone, inching him over top of the wall.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

Seth flops over it- squirming like a beached dolphin- and TOPPLES onto the PATIO's pavement.

Ray scampers over it just fine, landing next to Seth as he scrambles to his feet.

They inch towards a SLIDING GLASS DOOR on the back of the house and peer inside:

Pitch black. Ray reaches for the handle, gives it a tug--

--unlocked. He gives Seth a nod, inching it open just enough to slip inside.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Ray fishes out a FLASHLIGHT. As he's about to switch it on--

--a LAMP CLICKS ON. Ray and Seth FREEZE.

In the lamp's glow sits ERNIE (50s), shirtless in a recliner, described perfectly by his name alone.

Nursing a glass of wine, he peers up at them--

ERNIE

Hello, boys. Wasn't expecting two of you-- what a pleasant surprise.

Ray and Seth exchange a petrified glance- and before either one can say a word- Seth SPRINTS back outside, hopping the patio wall like an Olympian.

Ray looks on in horror, twisting back to Ernie as he rises from his chair and approaches.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
Looks like it's just you and me.

He sets his glass down, taking Ray in.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
The mask is a nice touch. You really are a top dollar bull, aren't you?

...The fuck?

ERNIE (CONT'D)
...But enough chit-chat. The dungeon awaits.

Ernie ushers Ray to come with.

Ray glances at Ernie's dumpy T.V-- not it. His tasteful SELF-PORTRAITS on the wall-- definitely not it.

There must be something. Only one way to find out...

INT. ERNIE'S DUNGEON - NIGHT

BLACKNESS. Ernie hits a light switch, revealing--

--SWATHES OF BDSM GEAR. Whips, masks, the works.

Lingering behind, Ray looks on in horror as Ernie approaches a ghastly CONTRAPTION in the room's center.

ERNIE
I'm paying for the whole hour, so chop-chop. Get to it.

Ray steps inside, gawking at the indescribable mechanical BEAST as Ernie straps himself into it.

Jesus. It really is a fuck machine.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
You like? I call it *The Gulag*.

Ray can't help himself--

RAY
How much did this cost?

Ernie cracks a devilish grin--

ERNIE
An arm and a leg.

The Gulag WHIRRS, swiveling Ernie to face away.

Ray stares at the machine. The wall of toys. The door.

On the floor below the wall of toys-- a BASEBALL BAT.

He bends down and plucks it from the floor, approaching Ernie with MURDER IN HIS EYES.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Atta boy. Come give Ernie-bear what he deserves.

Ray comes to a stop behind him, setting sights on his shiny scalp, raising the bat to the heavens...

ERNIE (CONT'D)

I've been such a bad boy--

--DING-DONG.

Ray drops the bat with a CLUNK. Freezes.

WHIRR. The Gulag pivots back, releasing Ernie, who eyes Ray suspiciously before scampering out the door.

The second he disappears--

--Ray SPRINGS INTO ACTION, dropping the bat and squatting to YANK on one of The Gulag's many limbs.

INT. ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Ray emerges at the bottom of the BASEMENT STAIRS, dragging The Gulag onto the first step, ascending backwards--

ERNIE (O.S.)

Yoo-hoo.

Ray FREEZES. Whirls around to look upstairs.

Atop them stands Ernie- arms crossed- accompanied by a hulking protein bar of a MAN (40s) donned in spiky leather.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Say hi to my *real* ten o'clock. His name is *Jasper*.

Jasper gives a cutesy wave to a petrified Ray.

Ernie peers around him, spotting The Gulag with a sly smile.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

So that's what you were here for,
huh?

Ray drops it, casually climbing the steps--

RAY

Nope. No. Not anymore, I'm just
gonna head out--

ERNIE

Uh-uh.

Ernie and Jasper descend the stairs in tandem.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

I think you'll spend some time with
us tonight. Unless you'd rather
spend it with the *po-po*.

Ray stares at Ernie, DISTURBED TO HIS CORE.

The pair stares back, continuing their descent...

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Seth leans against a curbside SEDAN, glancing back-and-forth
down the sidewalk, checking his watch.

SUDDENLY-- from the night emerges Ray, donned in tight
leather and assless chaps.

He saunters by and climbs into the sedan as Seth watches at a
loss for words.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Nothing but awkward ROAD NOISE. Seth glances over at Ray,
staring out the window with a scalped soul.

SETH

Are we gonna, uh--

RAY

--nope.

Seth gets the message, returning his eyes to the road.

SETH

Oookay.

CUT TO BLACK

