

Rum and Pancakes (Sounds like a healthy breakfast)

By

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(apologies to Jarmusch)

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INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

ROGER is slumped at the kitchen table, looking disheveled. Before him sits a half-eaten plate of pancakes, a bottle of syrup, a glass, and a half-empty bottle of rum.

He pick up a fork, makes a valiant attempt at the pancakes, but gets disoriented, drops the fork, and hits his head on the table.

PETER enters.

PETER

Hey man.

Roger groans an incomprehensible reply.

Peter, holding a cup of coffee, sits down across from him.

PETER

Whatcha got there?

Roger has to think very carefully before replying.

ROGER

Rum and pancakes.

PETER

Rum and pancakes. Wow. Sounds like a healthy breakfast.

ROGER

Fuck off. I didn't ask you.

Peter lights a cigarette.

A moment passes in silence, Peter smoking and Roger cutting a hole in the stack of pancakes with his fork.

Roger stops what he is doing and looks up at Peter.

ROGER (cont'd)

See, the trick is to cut a hole down the middle of the pancakes and pour rum in there.

Roger takes the bottle and pours rum into the hole he has just made. Of course it leaks everywhere.

ROGER (cont'd)

Sure it leaks. But who cares.

Peter has decided that the best thing to do is just ignore Roger.

ROGER (cont'd)
What do you do?

PETER
(confused)
...Roger?

Roger is now getting angry.

ROGER
What do you do?

PETER
I... uh...

Roger pours syrup in with the rum and stirs it with his fork.

PETER (cont'd)
I'm independently wealthy.

ROGER
So that explains your face.

PETER
...what?

ROGER
I have to go to the post office.

Roger takes a swig of the syrup, emptying the bottle into his mouth. Peter grimaces.

PETER
Roger, that's the syrup.

Roger throws the bottle at Peter, missing and hitting the wall.

PETER (cont'd)
Jesus, man! What the fuck?

Roger pulls another syrup bottle from under the table and opens it up.

Peter, perturbed, puts out his cigarette in what is left of his coffee.

ROGER
That's a nasty habit. You oughta get that fixed.

PETER
...yeah, I'll work on that.

ROGER
Fuck you! I have to go to the post office.

PETER
Why do you have to go to the post office, Roger?

ROGER
Why do YOU have to go to the post office?

PETER
Uh... I don't.

Roger, satisfied with this answer, grabs a handful of soggy pancake and shoves it into his mouth.

PETER (cont'd)
Come on, look at yourself. You're a mess.

Roger does, literally look at himself.

ROGER
Whoa, Jesus Christ.

He looks at the clock.

ROGER
I gotta get to the post office!

He stands up quickly and falls back down into his seat.

ROGER (cont'd)
It's alright, they don't close until five.

He pours more rum on his pancakes and takes a swig from the bottle.

Roger emits a sharp yelp and begins pouring syrup over his head.

Peter stares at Roger in contempt, then shakes his head, sighs, and stands up.

Peter exits. As he does, Roger sits up.

ROGER
Peter, wait!

Peter slams the door on his way out.

ROGER
...I'm gonna make a million
dollars.

Roger thrashes onto the table and reaches for the empty
bottle he threw.

ROGER (cont'd)
But I can't reach the syrup.

Roger passes out into his plate.

FADE TO BLACK