

"PEGASUS & LINDSEY"

a short film

by

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BLACK

The sound of a LIGHTER. A few failed strokes, and then ignition. After this, we hear the bubbling of a BONG.

QUICK INHALE

1. INT. MARKUM HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TWO YOUNG MEN are strewn loosely on a couch, both in their early-to-mid twenties. They wear gym shorts and roughed-up t-shirts, are oily from inactivity. The boy on the left side of frame wears a headband/bandanna. This is PEGASUS MARKUM. The other young man is his brother LINDSEY MARKUM.

As the boys sit on the couch, with a small space between them occupied by several EMPTY PRINGLES TUBES, TV (Jerry Springer) blares off-screen with flashes of color splashing their faces.

They are both transfixed, with a very particular glaze in their eyes. One moment more of silence, then...

LINDSEY  
My bones feel warm.

Pegasus snickers at this, then returns to lethargy. Silence.

PEGASUS  
Do you think Jerry Springer wears  
boxers or briefs?

LINDSEY  
Whitey-tightey's, man.

PEGASUS  
But he can afford so much better!  
The man is a goddamned entrepreneur  
of the low-brow. I think at least  
one pair of silk low-riders, for  
sure.

LINDSEY  
I bet he's a creature of habit.  
Probably packs the same thing for  
lunch every day. Probably goes to  
sleep at 9:30 every night. Probably  
tugs one out in the shower every  
morning. Odds are he's worn  
whitey-tightey's his whole life.

(CONTINUED)

PEGASUS

So basically, he's dad?

LINDSEY

Dad wears whitey-tightey's because when he looks at us, he *wants* to have a low sperm-count.

PEGASUS

If I just started wearing whitey-tightey's all the time, do you think I could eventually just stop having to use condoms?

Lindsey laughs.

LINDSEY

'Pegasus, you brought a condom, right?' 'Even better, baby. I brought underwear.'

They both laugh.

LINDSEY

(laughs)

Dude you could just get a vasectomy.

PEGASUS

I know I could, but I don't know what that means.

LINDSEY

Get your tubes all chopped up by a doctor.

PEGASUS

Dude why pay a doctor for something I can do with 25 minutes and a soldering iron.

LINDSEY

This conversation just very rapidly brought me to a dark place mentally, and now we need to stop talking for five seconds and reset.

Silence. The boys "reset."

PEGASUS

Best thing about Jerry Springer? I feel like he's looking out for me.

This sends Lindsey in a laughing spell.

LINDSEY

'the fuck?

PEGASUS

No no no, I feel like if I were on his show, he wouldn't let anything bad happen to me.

LINDSEY

Well no because then you'd be a liability

PEGASUS

No but like... I feel like he's a guardian angel though... Uncle Jerry, you know? His show is about reform. Who do you go to if you find out your sister is your mother and your father is your grandpa and your brother is your nephew? You go to Uncle Jerry.

LINDSEY

Who do you go to if your babydaddy gets baked and accidentally eats a chunk out of little Alicia and you need a quick lie detector test? Uncle Jerry.

PEGASUS

That's right! What other man provides that kind of service? And I mean, for Christ sake, at the end of every episode, he reminds us to take care of each other. Dude's a fuckin' saint. He's like... Nelson Mandela, only... you know... blonde and shit I'm really high right now.

Lindsey begins laughing hysterically. Then Pegasus, slightly freaked out, also starts laughing. As they laugh and start to lose control...

FADE OUT

## 2. INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

On the couch again, only this time, just Pegasus, in the same position on the couch, occupies the frame. He's jarred awake by some OC, slightly distant ruckus...reorients himself, turns off the TV, which likely was on through the night, and rubs his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

After a few moments, Lindsey enters; he's looking spic-and-span. Brown slacks, cornflower blue dress-shirt, freshly showered, well-kempt, and as he moves into the room, he is fashioning a tie.

PEGASUS

Hey...

LINDSEY

Hey...

Beat.

PEGASUS

You're looking pretty spiffy. Where are you off to?

LINDSEY

Work.

Another beat, silence. Pegasus does the full-body equivalent of twiddling his thumbs. Lindsey moves about, gathering things, putting shoes on, etc.

PEGASUS

So...

Pegasus wants to say something but isn't sure how to bring it up.

PEGASUS

...When I worked at the morgue, I was gone like half the time...

LINDSEY

(going about his business)

Yeah?

As he delivers the next line, Pegasus reaches into the breast-pocket of his t-shirt and pulls out a small clear bag of ROLLING PAPERS.

PEGASUS

I mean, I showed up every day, but I was... gone...

Pegasus raises his eyebrows at Lindsey suggestively. Lindsey halts, reacts to Pegasus' reaction, eyes the bag temptedly...

**3. INT. OFFICE - CUBICLE - SLIGHTLY LATER**

Lindsey is working in his cubicle, conducting a phone survey and, though we only hear his side of the conversation, he seems to be good with people. As Lindsey fields the call, he is also at his computer.

LINDSEY

Hello, my name is Lindsey Markum,  
I'm calling on behalf of  
Participant Opinion Surveys. Could  
I please speak to someone in the  
house who is 18 years of age or  
older?

Alright, I just need to start by  
confirming some information. So you  
are Michael Mellman from Albany,  
NY?

Do you prefer Michael?

Okay, Michael, I am going to read  
some statements that could be made  
in reference to comic book heroes.  
After I finish reading each one,  
tell me whether you STRONGLY AGREE,  
AGREE, DISAGREE or STRONGLY  
DISAGREE with that statement.

As the conversation goes along, it is revealed that, while working on this survey, Lindsey is doing a GOOGLE IMAGE SEARCH OF CINNAMON ROLLS.

Lindsey, eyes are once again glazed over, enamored of the screen they are lost in, is high as shit. HOLD.

**4. INT. MARKUM HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING**

Pegasus, eyes red, high out of his mind, is attempting to make MACARONI AND CHEESE. He moves very, very slowly throughout the kitchen. He studies the instructions as if it's a foreign language to him.

He takes out a SMALL POT, fills it up with water. Then, clearly confused, pours the box of noodles straight into the water without having brought it to a boil. He then tries to wedge the pot into the MICROWAVE, but the limited space makes it difficult...

(CONTINUED)

At this moment, Lindsey enters, tie loosened, and apparently stressed out from the workday. He looks over and sees Pegasus' malfunctional mac and cheese and helps him in taking it out of the microwave and putting it on the stove.

Noticing Lindsey's agitated demeanor, Pegasus pipes up.

PEGASUS

You know, when I used to come home  
from work from the morgue--

CUT TO

5. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The boys are back on the couch, comfy clothes on, TV flashing in front of them. Pegasus has his BOTCHED BOWL OF MAC AND CHEESE, and Lindsey has an ENTIRE TRAY OF CINNAMON ROLLS, and they are both once again high as hell, and going to town on their food.

FADE OUT

6. INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Still on the couch: Both Markum boys are startled awake by the shrill sound of an ANSWERING MACHINE in the house picking up. The voice on the machine belongs to a middle-aged man, booming voice.

VOICE

Hello munchkins. It's your dear old papa. Sorry to miss you, hope you haven't burnt the place down. We're about twenty miles out, and should be home relatively shortly. We'll be stopping at the grocery store to pick up some things, but that'll be our only detour. If you think of anything you might want us to pick up, well, you know my number. Thanks kiddos, and really, let's... let's try not to burn the place down, Pegasus...

CLICK.

Pegasus and Lindsey are in the rare position of being completely sober in one another's presence having just woken up. There's tension in the room.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSEY  
So...

PEGASUS  
Sooo...

LINDSEY  
Good morning!

PEGASUS  
I know, right?

Very long silence.

LINDSEY  
That weed shit... That was some  
good shit!

Pegasus rises from the couch.

PEGASUS  
You know, I do what I can.

He sneaks over to a BOOKSHELF nearby, starts thumbing  
through the selections.

LINDSEY  
So...

Pegasus pulls out a LEATHERBOUND VOLUME.

PEGASUS  
Yeah?

LINDSEY  
Know where dad keeps his soldering  
iron?

Beat.

PEGASUS  
...dudegross...

Lindsey sits for a moment, reflects on the conversational  
dud he just submitted.

Pegasus opens up the BOOK to a specific spot...

QUICK ZOOM IN ON HIS EYES.

QUICK ZOOM IN ON THE BOOK.

FRANTIC INTERCUTTING.



In this crease of the book, AN EMPTY PLASTIC BAGGIE SITS:  
The weed is gone. Only resin and flakes remain.

Pegasus gulps.

He closes the book, rests it back on the shelf and returns  
to the couch, as if he's just seen a ghost. Very long  
silence.

PEGASUS

The, uh... the ganja's gone.

LINDSEY

...what?

PEGASUS

The ganja. Is gone.

LINDSEY

Okay...

They stew in silence.

LINDSEY

This is pretty awkward.

Silence.

LINDSEY

Barring that, what is something  
brothers do together?

PEGASUS

Don't brothers play with legos and  
shit?

LINDSEY

I never got into legos.

Silence...

LINDSEY

I think I saw it was going to rain  
today...

Silence.

LINDSEY

I have an idea...

## 7. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The boys are sprawled out on the couch. This time, instead of Pringles tubes, there is a slew of different cold medicine bottles (Benadryl/Robitussin/etc). TV flashes over the boys' faces, returned to their element. Silence. Transfixed. Hold...

PEGASUS

...Dude's a fuckin' saint.

END.