

Golden Butter

Screenplay by Romella Janene

Logline: It's not margarine.

A dramatized retelling of actual events.

Int. Living Room -Day

We see Romella in a partial right-side view, shot from behind, sitting forward in an upholstered statement chair. We see that she is holding her mobile phone in her hand, talking on the speaker. There are some plants around the room. The room is cozy with warm fall colors to give the feeling of nostalgia.

Romella

Mom, don't you remember me telling you about that dream? What do you mean you don't remember? That dream was weird, but I remember it like it was yesterday. I couldn't have been more than, like, 12 years old. I don't know, maybe 10, 11, 12? Something like that. I wasn't any older than that because we moved from the duplexes shortly after I had that dream. It was so real. It was like I was wide awake.

Cut to: Duplexes Kitchen -Night

We see from young Romella's point of view. Dolly shot.

(Romella Narration)

I was walking through our darkened duplex apartment. It was the dead of night. I walked through the living room, into the kitchen. I could see shadows because you know a bit light from outside shown through those flimsy beige curtains. I stopped in front of the refrigerator door.

Cut to: Int. Living Room -Day

We see Romella, sitting as before.

And I opened up the refrigerator, and there was nothing inside. Except for, on the shelf, was one thing. The whole refrigerator was so bright, the light shined so brightly in

the dark of the kitchen. I was wearing a white, nightgown, sleeveless. It had like a little lace collar. I don't know if you remember that nightgown or not. Oh, you do remember it? Yeah? Because it had like the little flowers. I don't know where you bought that gown for me from. I think it might even have been a Christmas gift. Something that you put in my stocking. Anyway, that's what I was wearing in the dream.

Cut to: Int. Duplexes Kitchen -Night

We see young Romella standing in front of the refrigerator, as described.

(Narration)

And it was so weird.

You know, I've been psychic before, Mom. Yeah, you remember the time that, um, I was, again, in the kitchen, but this time it was real, it wasn't a dream. And I had just finished doing the dishes. And again, maybe I had to be like, I don't know, 10 or 11. Uh, I don't know, maybe as young as eight, but I don't think I was that young. Yeah, that doesn't seem right. I was like, maybe 12?

Cut to: Int. Living Room -Day

We see Romella, sitting as before.

Maybe it was around the same time? I really don't remember.

But I just finished doing the dishes. And as I was about to go into the living room, from the kitchen.

Cut to: Int. Duplexes Kitchen -Day

We see a close-up of yellow wall that separates the kitchen from the Duplexes Living Room.

(Narration)

I got lost in the paint of the wall, that faded yellow paint.

We see through the Duplexes Living Room out of the front door to see green grass and a bright blue sky and the brick homes across the street.

(Narration)

I mean, the day was as sunny as that yellow paint. Against that orange rug that we had in the kitchen to keep from falling through. Oh, what a dump that place was. And anyway, the front door was open, and I could see the green of the grass and the bright sun. And then all of a sudden I unconsciously started staring at the yellow paint in the kitchen. Of that wall going into, going into...Going into...Yeah, the living room. Anyway, I saw...I saw Herman D. drive up in a car I had never seen before. It was a red hatchback. And it had, like, on the back window shield, those black grates. Well, I don't know if they were grates. I don't know what you call them, but almost like blinds, you know, like black vertical blinds on the window, you know, that was like the sports car style that around that time. And, um, not 5 minutes later, he actually pulled up in that car. You remember that car right?

We see a still image of that type of car as a flash on the screen.

(Narration)

No, I don't expect you to remember it was a really long time ago. Anyway, it freaked me out, scared me.

Cut to: Living Room -Day

We see Romella, sitting as before.

(Narration)

I prayed to God to never see anything else like that again. But I have, I saw Trent before his photos arrived in the mail. That was strange too. But let me finish my dream again. What was in the refrigerator?

Cut to: Duplexes Kitchen -Night

We see inside of the light of the refrigerator as it is being opened by young Romella and then we see the full brightness of the refrigerator light. Th light is heavenly.

(Narration)

Besides, just the most beautiful bright light. It wasn't even, like, cold, white, like most refrigerator light is. It had a beautiful sort of golden warmth to it. It was peaceful.

Cut to: Living Room -Day

We see Romella, sitting as before.

The dream was only as long as a blink of an eye. And it really wasn't a complicated dream. I mean, nothing, nothing happened in the dream! I was just in the refrigerator. Opening it up. I don't even know if I remember walking to the refrigerator. I don't think that's right. I don't think I walked in that dream. I think it just started with me opening up the refrigerator, wearing that gown. Anyway, the only thing in there besides the beautiful light. Nothing. Nothing whatsoever, like no, we had no food in there. I mean, that should have been concerning. There was no food in there. The only thing in there was the butter dish. It wasn't even a complete butter dish. Like, the top was not in there. Um, And it's weird because the butter dish was not in the little plastic place where it says butter, you know, in the refrigerator door. It wasn't in there. It was on the shelf. Very close to the light. Only the bottom of the etched glass butter dish. You remember that floral glass butter dish, right? And, on it, wrapped in gold foil. It was a pat of butter. A pat of butter like you would get at a restaurant, you know, like at a diner, where they bring out the big selection of things to slather on your toast, you know, of butter or margarine, or jelly. But I don't even know if margarine was really that popular back then. I mean, it definitely was around... I've always liked butter better. Anyway, that was the dream. It was very, very strange.

Cut to: Duplexes Kitchen -Night

We see young Romella, as previously described.

Yeah, I mean, I took that butter out, like, it was the most expensive thing ever. The whole dream was, I stood... in a darkened kitchen, in the middle of the night, wearing a cute little sleeveless gown. Flowers and lace. I opened the door to the refrigerator, and the light illuminated our orange carpet in the kitchen. And then I reached in. Through that beautiful light, and out came, the glass bottom of our butter dish and sitting into on top of it, like a valuable jewel, was a pat of butter, wrapped in beautiful gold foil.

Cut to: Living Room -Day

We see Romella, sitting as before.

(Narration)

And, as my hand went to unwrap it, I woke up.

We see Romella quickly turn in her chair at the exact moment she delivers this line.

(Romella)

My eyes just popped open.

That's the end of the movie. We never actually see the butter.

Alternate version

After asking mom if she remembers the dream. It then cuts to the actual dream. The rest of the film has no speech, just sounds.

We see a young Romella, walking into the kitchen through a darkened living room. She stands in the darkened kitchen feeling her way, intuitively, to his refrigerator, a little bit of light, is showing against the kitchen curtains. Allowing her to make her way to the refrigerator. She momentarily pauses in the dark kitchen in front of the refrigerator before. Her right hand extends to grab the door handle, opening the refrigerator. We hear the door open. Light streams out of the refrigerator. Bright and golden, illuminating, a small slice of the kitchen. We see the orange carpet. and nothing else. She then opens the door further. And we can see that the refrigerator is empty.

There's no food. The refrigerator is emanating, beautiful, heavenly light, but has no sustenance. Just then we recognize that there is something in the refrigerator on the top shelf. It looks like the bottom half of a butter dish. Gleaming gold on top of that. is a pat of butter. A gold foil pat of butter. glimmering, rich. The butter dish being as if a pedestal. There's no cover to the butter dish. Just the glass bottom, with its etched flowers. There is a close-up on the dish on which the pat of butter sets. Wrapped in its gold foil. The words, "Rich," "Promising," and "Smooth" appear and disappear from the screen.

She goes to take the butter off of the platter to unwrap it, holding that bottom of the butter dish in her right hand. She picks up that gold brick with her left hand and places the bottom of the butter dish back on the refrigerator shelf, hearing it being sat down with its tip slightly hanging off. She begins to unwrap the pat of butter and wakes up right at that very moment.

Cut To: Duplexes Bedroom -Night

We see her eyes pop open.

That's the end of the movie. We never actually see the butter.