

BUTTERFINGERS

Written by

Milan Roganovic

FADE IN:

We see the front door of a beautiful, neat apartment. Every detail is in its place, the entire apartment looks like a picture from some interior design magazine. A lot of furniture is made of glass, giving a feeling of fragility. There are no strong colors, everything is balanced, simple and elegant. A MAN (60), dressed in a suit, walks inside. From the moment that we see him he is speaking to his wife, who is somewhere in the apartment. In the first few moments we hear water running from the kitchen tap.

MAN

Hi honey! You wont believe the day I had. First I bumped into Mrs Libovic. She kept accosting me about our name plate, how it is too emphasized. Supposedly there is some kind of agreement among residents, that all name plates should somehow match? Do you find that strange? Well I almost said something unpleasant to her. Of course I was troubled being late for work because somebody didn't picked up my dry cleanings...told you million times, planner is a life saver. Do you remember that time when I went to Richard's office thinking that we are going to San Diego. God, I even packed my suitcase, everything...hah!

The man is leaving his coat in the closet. He puts his suitcase in its place, and takes off his shoes. Everything is done almost automatically, like an everyday, mundane ritual. He goes into the bathroom.

MAN

So I'm coming to work, not in the best mood obviously...did I tell you about that trick when you count your fingers that Dr. Affleck recommended? I was just trying to calm myself down when Mike comes to introduce me to

MAN (cont'd)

this new kid, Oleg... a Russian from Alaska...(laugh) isn't that dippy? ...but it wasn't amusing at all. Honey, you didn't know me

back then, but when I was his age
- hush, listen, learn! That was
my motto. These kids today think
they're traders as soon as they
buy an iPhone. Know-it-all just
wouldn't shut up about
algorithmic trading, "buy and
hold is dead" philosophy and some
other nonsense that he read on
the internet...90%, yeah,
everything is 90% on
hindsight...Algorithmic
trading...hah! I just looked at
Mike, and he knew what was going
through my mind...ahh, I can
really get angry at him, his
mother has Alzheimer's...we could
send them a basket of fruit for
some holiday.

The man washes his hands, looks in the mirror, and takes
dental floss to floss his teeth.

MAN

Did you notice that some people
on the second floor still have a
Christmas wreath on their door? I
just took the stairs, since Mrs.
Liebovic told me that our name
plate isn't appropriate. I said
I'll talk to you. I mean, you did
choose that name plate, and I
wouldn't say that I am a name
plate expert...if there is such a
thing, now I sound dippy, don't
I? But I did observe other name
plates, I just took the stairs,
and they are noticeably smaller
than ours. They aren't all the
same exact color, but most of
them are actually a...lighter
palette than ours. Did you ever
notice that? And I am not sure

MAN (cont'd)

about the font, I mean it
definitely isn't the same one on
all the plates, but ours is
actually particularly curvy. Now,
don't think that I don't like it,
but with everything taken into
account, I wouldn't really mind
changing it. To be completely
honest, Helvetica is my personal
favorite...

The man goes out of the bathroom and proceeds into the living room. As he passes the kitchen we see a glimpse of his wife, (55). She is elegant and neat, just like her apartment.

We focus back on her, and stay with her until the end.

The wife is standing beside the sink. She doesn't move at all.

MAN

I do like some others, but there is something about Helvetica's directness that I personally find refined. Now, don't think I am disrespectful, I know that you made an effort, and that you put your mind into it, but I just personally wouldn't be...well I wouldn't insist on keeping it, if you aren't too attached to it. However, it is your choice, I don't think that they really have the right to pressure us, it is not against any rules, and we certainly didn't sign anything. Mary told me that one of her neighbors, not from her floor though, painted a huge cactus on his door. Can you imagine that? I was appalled with the idea when I figured out that she wasn't joking, but Mary doesn't really joke about such things. The point is that although some people were very irritated by it, they couldn't persuade him to take it off. There was a vote in the whole building, but minority

MAN (cont'd)

voted against him. I don't know if you have some other angle, but I find that utterly irresponsible.

Suddenly the woman takes one of the plates and throws it on the floor. It breaks. The man finally stops speaking. He rushes into the kitchen.

MAN

Honey is everything alright?

She turns with a smile, as if everything is absolutely perfect. She laughs at herself for being so clumsy.

WOMAN

Butter fingers. Sit, your food is
getting cold.

The man sits at the table. He starts eating while she
gets the broom to pick up the pieces of the plate.

FADE OUT.