***Author’s note: This one-scene script is my humble attempt at honoring the popular cable television program “Breaking Bad,” which I consider to be the television best drama (and comedy) to date. In this scene I address a news item which affected the people of Norway (topical at the time).Apparently, the entire nation of Norway was suffering a butter shortage crisis.(I‘m serious).Though the reference is obscure, I got the strange idea to merge the two concepts…partly because I am half Norwegian, but mostly because I am strange. Here is necessary background info to get you up to speed before reading the script:***

<http://bit.ly/15ej3sK> - The Colbert Report (Hilarious)

<http://bit.ly/sqO6An> – Upset Norwegian guy (This went viral)

**BREAKING BUTTER**

**BY Erika Whitmore**

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**INT. DAY - CHEMICAL LAB —**

**Two men, MR. WHITE and JESSE, both dressed head to toe in chemical hazmat "bunny suits" and wearing gas masks, are frantically measuring various liquids and chemicals in beakers and flasks, pouring them into other containers, holding them up, watching them drip through filtration tubes and glancing at their watches or up at the wall clock intermittently.**

**JESSE**

**Yo, Mr. White! (Pauses) Dude. We're never gonna make it in time!**

**MR. WHITE**

**(Angrily removes mask and looks sternly at Jesse)**

**Yes, Jesse, we *ARE* going to make it. We *HAVE* to. You don't *know* these people like I do!**

**The door to the lab suddenly flings open with a slam, startling them. A well-dressed, yet frazzled looking man enters quickly, removes his face mask and begins to speak hurriedly to them:**

**ASSISTANT**

**Mr. White? Umm…Jesse? I apologize for the interruption, but -**

**(He looks alarmed, and then after a frightened pause says with emphasis :)**

**-…um …the Norwegians are here.**

**Jesse and Mr. White look to each other, each with a look of horror on their face.**

**MR. WHITE**

***Now?* (Pause, thinking). My God! Alright. No time to lose.**

**(Looks to Jesse)**

**How much have we got?**

**JESSE**

**I-I think, maybe… five, five and a half batches…maybe a little less. Give or take.**

**MR. WHITE**

**(Very irritated)**

**Give or take?! *No*, Jesse! That’s NOT good enough. We *have to* know *precisely* how much! - *Exactly* how short we are! Our reputation and possibly the livelihood of a nation are at stake! Think, Jesse. *Think!***

**The lab door crashes open again and heavy footsteps can be heard. Startled, the men turn their heads to see a menacing group, an unstoppable force, approaching from out of the darkness. Swathed in long, wool overcoats and tall, fur hats, it is indeed, The Norwegians. In the center of the ominous Scandinavian storm is *Olaf Lars Olafsen*, Norway’s Interior General. Olaf appears as though he were hewn from rock, a mountainous, immovable, unyielding man whose grim and humorless cruelty is legendary…and as apparent as the battle-won scars across his weathered face.**

**OLAF LARS OLAFSEN**

**(Taking one hand from his black leather glove, revealing a grisly pointer finger, worn to a stump, which he casually uses to grind down the still glowing tobacco coals in his pipe before placing it back in his mouth. He then speaks with a heavy, whiny Norwegian accent):**

**Gentlemen… Hello. I am Olaf Lars Olafsen of Norway - Interior General – dispatched *here*… (He looks around the lab with disgust… regarding certain *affairs* my country holds in great interest… and of which I am sure you are aware. (Short pause)**

**Now!!**

**(He pounds his fist down on the chrome lab table, startling everyone)**

**Let’s dispense with the formalities and see what you have for us, hmm? I have little time and little patience and I have not traveled this far for “chitty-chatty” like some Danish school girl, hmm?**

**Mr. White and Jesse nod in frightened agreement and then, like the well-oiled machine they have become, they fly into action.**

**JESSE**

**(Addressing Mr. Olafsen nervously)**

**We - uh, we thank you for your patience Sir Swede, uh, I mean Mr. Olafsen Dude man, and uh -**

**MR. WHITE**

**(Interrupts Jesse):**



**-- *Jesse*! (smiling fakely, to Olafsen): I…I think what my esteemed partner is trying to say is, we sympathize with your plight and hope we can be of some assistance to you and your countrymen.**

**(MR. WHITE quickly pulls a tray from the oven and using tongs, removes a small, silver cylinder which he sets in front of the Interior General. Mr. White opens the lid of the cylinder revealing its contents, smiling broadly. The Norwegian reaches in boldly to sample a taste)**

**(MR. WHITE CONT.)**

**Please, help yourself… to what I *assure* *you* is *the very best* our country has to offer. And…welcome to America!**

**Olaf, looking momentarily skeptical, delicately removes a small piece of the product from the container with metal tongs and holds it up to the light, examining it scrupulously. He turns back to look at his henchmen who nod in amazement, some writing vigorous notes on their notepads.**

**OLAF**

**(Turning back to MR. WHITE, inhaling sharply through his nostrils with disdain):**

**Hmm. It had better be *phenomenal* product for the *outrageous* price you are charging, Mr. White, or my *time* has been wasted.**

**Olaf then sticks out his tongue and carefully pulls the substance into his mouth, rolling it around, smacking his lips and pondering every nuance as if wine-tasting. Jesse and Mr. White are spell-bound, staring at OLAFSEN, not breathing - waiting for his ultimate reaction.**

**OLAF (CONT'D)**

**(Suddenly, he slams his fist down hard on the chrome lab table again, as if furious - startling everyone in the lab. Then he whips his head up, wearing a maniacal, almost psychotic expression of glee on his face, hair wild)**

**Tight! Tight! Tight!!! This product is...is...is *unbelievable!* Magnificent! So pure! I want all of it! Every last barrel you've made! Every stick! Every tub!**

**Mr. White and Jesse breathe a sigh of relief and reach out to shake Olaf's hand and the hands of those with him. Jesse immediately starts packing boxes with tub after tub of their impeccably made, lab-manufactured butter.**

**MR. WHITE**

**You won't be sorry, Olaf. We *guarantee* - you won't find butter with this golden color or this rich taste *anywhere else* in America. Our lab results boast nearly 99.6 percent purity. I think Norway's people will be very happy.**

**JESSE**

**..And yo, like Swedish dude, or whatever, it spreads *GREAT* on *MAD STACKS o*f toast, too, yo!**

**OLAF**

**(Bit of a pause while staring at Jesse somewhat perplexed and annoyed, and then, finally, turning to Mr. White):**

**Yes. I am inclined to agree, Mr. White. But, I think, for a moment there, you were dead men, but now, I see, you haff saved *Christmas treats* for Norway!! We thank you - from the bottom of our hearts. All of Norway says, Tåk! to you, Jesse, and to you, Mr. White, we say, ‘Ja, to science!’**

**CUT TO:**

**WS LAB: MR. OLAFSEN, HIS MEN, MR. WHITE AND JESSE ALL SMILING BROADLY, HOLDING GLASSES OF CHAMPAGNE UP IN THE AIR IN A CELEBRATORY TOAST. (AND HOLDING ACTUAL BUTTERED TOAST HIGH IN THE AIR, AS WELL).**

**FADE TO: “BREAKING BUTTER” GRAPHIC AND END TITLE MUSIC**

**THE END**