

IT'S COLD IN NORWAY

EXT. OUTSIDE A WOOD CABIN IN NORWAY

JÖRGMAN and ELBORG are wearing tuxedos and sporting handlebar moustaches. Elborg is smoking a cigarette.

JÖRGMAN
Pretty cold here in Norway, huh?

ELBORG
I know where we are, Jörgman.

Jörgman blows a cloud of breath vapor from his mouth and rubs his hands together.

JÖRGMAN
Yeap, it is pretty cold. Almost as cold as my wife! Hah!

ELBORG
Why, something wrong with you and Hebbla?

JÖRGMAN
Oh, no! We are one happy couple, Hebbla and I.

ELBORG
But you said... she's been acting cold..?

JÖRGMAN
Oh no! Not acting cold. She is cold. From the cold. Here in Norway.

ELBORG
Oh.

JÖRGMAN
It's cold in Norway.

ELBORG
Yep.

JÖRGMAN
Here in Kristiania, Norway.

ELBORG
Why do you keep saying where we are? Do you think I don't know where we are?

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JÖRGMAN

No, Elborg, not at all. I'm just saying it's cold. Don't you agree? Huh?

HEBBLA, in a prom dress and wearing a shawl around her neck and head, exits the cabin and joins the two men.

JÖRGMAN

Good morning my dear Hebbla.

Jörgman reaches out for her hand, but Hebbla hands him her purse instead. He kisses her purse. He begins to put some cash from his own wallet into her purse.

HEBBLA

Good morning gentlemen.

ELBORG

Did you sleep well, Mrs. Hebbla?

HEBBLA

I couldn't fall sleep. I was too chilly. Jörgmen, fetch me my pistols will you?

JÖRGMAN

Blast! Those infernal things?

HEBBLA

I won't ask again.

JÖRGMAN

Yes, my love.

Hebbla puls a cigarette in her mouth and lights it from the tip of Elborg's cigarette, sensually.

ELBORG

I wonder, why did you come outside the house if you were already cold inside.

HEBBLA

(blowing smoke out of her mouth)

There's no escaping the cold here in Norway. Might as well enjoy the nature. Here in Norway.

ELBORG

I know where we are.

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HEBBLA

Do you?

ELBORG

Yes. I've written a book on this place.

HEBBLA

Hm. I haven't read it.

ELBORG

Would you like too? I have a copy with me-

He pulls out a book from his tuxedo pocket, but it is fully frozen, with icicles protruding from its edges.

ELBORG

Strange, that's never happened before.

HEBBLA

Yes. Strange.

Jörgman reappears nervously with Hebbla's twin pistols and hands them to her.

JÖRGMAN

Here you are, sweetheart.

She pats him on the head.

ELBORG

Jörgman, I was just telling Hebbla about my new book, which I've found has frozen solid.

JÖRGMAN

Frozen? Frozen Elborg's manuscript?

HEBBLA

Yes.

JÖRGMAN

Fancy that. Guess that must be what they say about the cold here in Norway, huh?

ELBORG

Is the judge coming?

HEBBLA

Oh, he'll be here soon.

Jörgman whispers into Hebbla's ear. Elborg tries to thaw his book with his breath.

HEBBLA
I'm worried about the judge.

ELBORG
Why's that?

Hebbla loads her pistols.

HEBBLA
I sure hope nothing fatal has happened to him.

ELBORG
What a strange thing to say.

HEBBLA
A number of things could have happened to him. He could have frozen to death.

JÖRGMAN
Right! That tends to happen here in the Norway cold.

ELBORG
Why do you keep repeating that phrase!?

HEBBLA
Where are we, Elborg?

ELBORG
Why, outside your house of course.

HEBBLA
Where are we, Elborg?

ELBORG
Where's the judge, why isn't he here yet?

Hebbla raises and points her twin pistols at Elborg.

HEBBLA
Where. Are. We. Elborg.

ELBORG
For heavens sake, we're in Norway!

A tornado appears in the background, getting closer.

HEBBLA

Elborg, I've a feeling we're not
in Norway anymore.

She fires her pistols.

Close up on Elborg's eyes dilating.

Close up on the smoke from Hebbbla's pistols.

Close up on the breath vapor from Jörgman's mouth.

Close up on Elborg's frozen book, which now has two bullet
holes centimeters apart from one another.

ELBORG

(increasingly losing his
mind)

What have you done to my book?
When is the judge getting here?
Why is there a tornado coming
towards us? Where are we? Who-who
are you people?

HEBBLA

Who are we? Who are you?

ELBORG

(The life has drained from
his eyes.)

Who am I?

The tornado is upon them now. Right before it engulfs them,
Hedda shoots both men in the head, and then herself. The
tornado engulfs the screen.

Fade Out.

Fade In.

EXT. A FARM IN KANSAS.

Two police officers, GEORGE and ELLIOT, approach the dead
bodies of Jörgman, Elborg, and Hebbbla. They have Ron Swanson
mustaches. At some point, we see close ups of their name tags.

ELLIOT

What do you think happened here?

George picks up the two twin pistols, which have frozen solid
and have icicles on them.

GEORGE

Must have been the cold here in
Kansas.

Blackout.

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