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Insignificance

By Terry Johnson

I came by this morning #
Your friend said you'd moved on #
Gone without a warning #
Only leaves a need in me #
When your heart runs out of time #
When you're up against the night #
I can help you stand alone #
In the dying of the light #
When your heart runs out of time #
I will never let you go #
I can help you dream again #
In a world you'd love to know ##
All right. I'll be right there.
Tell 'em where to put it.
- What do you think?
- I'm ready.
I'd say that's okay. Take it to "B."
Give me some focus, would you?
I need... I need some more light here.
Hold it there!
- You got it all wrong.
- Get out of here.
Let's have some more fizz here.
Come on. Come on.
- Come on, guys. Get-Get...
- Hold... That's it.
Don't tell me. Nothing's right.
What can I do?
Okay, that's great. That's perfect.
It's thick. All of them are...
A minute, 28. I know. What about, uh...
...and there at the plate... He steals home!
We got this. Try for a reverse.
She there yet?
- I can't see.
- Can't see nothin'?
- Just the stars.
- Screw the stars.
I like the stars.
You look at the stars, and you feel like
tomorrow you can do anything...
kiss that girl, walk on the grass.
Stars won't think the worse of you.
Stars won't even notice.

Know what I mean?
Is she there yet,
you philosophical fuckin' bastard?
- That's her.
- I can't see a fuckin' thing.
If I can't see nothin', how do I know
when to hit the fuckin' fan?
- You guys ready?
- Yep.
I was ready last time.
And the time before that!
Ready, ma'am? This is a take.
All right now. Stand back
and make way, please, gentlemen!
Just get it right this time.
I ain't in no hurry.
I hope you go blind.
- Go fan.
- Go.
Jesus! Ow.
Move, by God! Move to me!
It's the breeze from the subway.
Isn't it delicious?
That's a kind of interesting point of view.
Okay. Cut!
What'd you see?
What'd you see? Did you see anything?
I saw the face of God.
Ah.
Uh, you know that according
to the laws of probability...
you drink a glass of water,
you drink a little piece of Napoleon's crap.
Maybe even Mussolini's.
But more like Napoleon,
'cause he's been dead longer.
This way. It's for Life magazine!
Hey, watch out for my leg, buddy.
Hey!
Hey. Honey. Honey!
Hey!
Who does she think she is?
- You think that's cute, don't you?
- Yeah.

Boy, what a night!
Oh, would you mind?
For two minutes, I wait eight hours?
Anything for money.
Wherever it is you're taking me...
I don't wanna go.
Now, Attila the Hun,
he's a dead cert, see?
'Cause he's been gone too long.
So don't you see? All of us, we're all part
of that great fuckin' alimentary canal.
- Hmm.
- Did you know that?
You're gone again this morning #
How long will you #
Keep running on and on? #
Can't you see the warning? ##
Professor?
Professor?
Yes.
Professor?
Yes, yes.
- Professor.
- Yes.
Good evening, Professor.
It sure is a dog of a night.
Sorry to bother you so late.
But, uh, I thought that there was
something that had to be said...
and it's gotta be said before the morning.
Yep, it sure is a dog of a night.
Tomorrow's gonna be a dog of a day.
Hey.
Is this the stuff you hump around
with you all the time?
Must be a few years' work right there, huh?
I'm not an educated man myself, Professor,
but I sure would love to know what you know.
I guess I'm just a man
who likes to know things.
Hey, do you know
where there's a five-and-dime?
An all-night store or somethin'.
I need a few things.

Well, I don't know, ma'am.
I was told to take you straight to your des...
- Well, fuck them.
- Destination.
- Well, I was told no stopping.
- Please.
It's important.
Just for me, huh?
Okay.
For me.
You're not on trial here.
You know that.
You know? You're not being accused
of anything.
You know? You are not the accused.
If you feel accused,
that makes me a very unhappy man.
Sit down. Sit down, will ya?
Now, tell me.
Are you feeling accused?
I feel persecuted.
Hmm. Are you now?
Or have I ever been?
Cheer up, will you, Professor?
That's not an accusation.
Do you understand? It's just an inquiry.
You want a drink?
But, uh, off the record,
would you tell me what...
What do you think your answer
to a question like that would be?
I mean, it seems to me,
it'd be simple as just a yes or a no.
But you'd be surprised how many citizens
find it hard to just even say those two words...
and they've turned these hearings
into one royal pain in the butt!
You know how many times
one guy cited the Fifth Amendment?
Guess.
You'll never get it. Seventy-nine times.
He got awfully tired.
Look, all I'm asking you
is for a simple answer to a simple question...

so that we can all get home
for the long weekend.
Professor, I haven't seen my sweet wife
in over a month.
The last time I bought tickets,
I... I had to cancel.
We had two extra sessions to try that
jumped-up nigger Robeson for contempt.
Ah.
And I missed the damn plane.
Professor, let me make this
perfectly clear, you know?
Now, military men and politicians...
they'll wallow around in the mud,
and they come up smelling roses.
But not you. Nah, no. Not you.
You... You're in a special category.
You know, a different type.
You know what? The movie star type.
The kind that mud sticks to.
You help us, and I'll help you
come out nice and clean.
Uh-huh. Nice and clean. Nice and clean.
I bet I know what you want me to do
to come out nice and clean.
You want me to answer yes.
Isn't that right?
- Right.
- Ah. Mmm.
- Yes. Yes would be just fine by us.
- Uh-huh.
And if you couple that with a denunciation
of any Communist ideals you once held...
I mean, that would be a good plus as well.
Uh, and you could mention
a couple of names.
Mm-hmm. Is that all?
Well...
a formal condemnation
of the Soviet arms initiative...
wouldn't do you any harm at all.
Huh.
In confidence between us, Professor,
I'll tell you something.

These hearings
are not gonna go on much longer.
You could be our last great civilian fish.
And what a fish.
I mean, you know everything there is
to know about everything...
the cosmos, space,
"pootons," protons, "clutons."
I mean everything. The Jewish problem.
They call you the mommy and
the daddy of the H-bomb.
A true child of the universe.
Well, I have to tell you something
about all this.
In my lifetime of experiences...
the Swiss authorities
called me a German fascist...
disregarding that I'm Jewish.
But you delicately alluded to that
a moment ago.
And in Germany, by the German fascists...
because I was Jewish,
I was called a Zionist conspirator.
I come to democratic America...
some small-minded people called me
a German fascist and a Zionist conspirator.
And now I presume that you are suggesting
that I'm a Soviet Communist!
Well, listen.
Two weeks ago, two magazines,
at the same time variously called me...
a warmonger and a conscientious objector
in the review of the same speech.
And you know what that speech was? To the
Mozart Appreciation Society of New England.
And...
it's unbelievable.
I'll tell you, on or off the record...
You people like things on the record.
I didn't choose America. I don't care.
Had I but known it.
I was escaping Dachau.
Funny, how you talk
to a good Jew nowadays...

that subject always comes up... Dachau.

That's the same threat to democracy

we're asking you to help us fight now.

World War II had... had very little

to do with Communism.

Had very little to do... Are you kidding?

The whole war was based on a Soviet plot.

- A Soviet plot?

- Yes.

Fifteen million Russians dead...

a Soviet plot?

They're tricky.

Ask yourself this, Professor.

What is left of Europe

that is a threat to the Soviets?

Round one is theirs.

So, what do you say?

I say that you oughta go see a psychiatrist.

No, no, never mind that. They haven't learned

how to treat that degree of lunacy yet.

What I say is, uh... I say good night.

I say we should say good night now.

Oh. It would be a shame, really...

if all you stood for...

was to get muddied up over some haggling

over constitutional legalities.

Don't make the mistake

of treating this like some, uh...

freshman debate on civil liberties.

Some guys have tried that.

One guy tried it.

He did great for that day.

In fact, he got applauded

by the fucking stenographer.

Well, he ain't earned jack shit since!

And neither has the stenographer!

Now, how about a little cooperation here?

I will explain it very clearly and simply.

I will never, ever,

under any condition, testify.

You have been subpoenaed to testify.

We paid for your flight and the room.

Nonetheless, tomorrow I'm going to speak

to the conference for world peace.

It's true that your subpoena
coincides with that date...
but it won't prevent me
from speaking at the conference.
And, Senator...
if I had intended to go fishing tomorrow...
your subpoena wouldn't prevent me
from catching fish...
or at least trying to catch fish.
Trying to catch fish.
Well, you ignore a House subpoena,
my friend...
and, uh, that'll be about the last thing
in the world you do.
And, oh, by the way,
yes, from what I understand...
you've refused to let anyone
make copies of your work.
Now, why is that?
I mean, you know, if something
were to happen... God forbid...
that would all go astray.
Professor, see you tomorrow morning,
bright and early.
I'm afraid you're gonna have to let the, uh,
peace conference slug it out for themselves.
You know, there's nothing
to worry about anyway.
There ain't anybody
gonna go pressing any buttons.
We've all got too much invested.
Just think of the real estate.
Good night.
Hey, mister. How much are your balloons?
- Three for a buck, lady.
- Ooh! I'll take three.
- Hey, miss.
- Yeah?
We got a special on the candy.
It's free to all the pretty girls today.
- Oh, wow. Thanks.
- Yeah.
Furillo, National League batting champion...
comes through with another hit,

a single through the middle.
Campanella scores.
The ball is picked up by catcher Berra.
Meyer's at third.
Hodges slides. He's called out!
Kress is through
with a booming double with two men on.
May I ask, ma'am, what sort of movie
this is you're making?
Who... Who is it you're playing, ma'am?
I play this girl.
She's a what, not a who.
She's just a figment
of this guy's imagination.
He imagines me hanging around
the place, you know?
I spend the entire movie
in the kitchen or in the bathtub...
or having my skirt blown up...
around my fucking ears.
Hey, sweetheart. Get your ass over here.
I've been out there since before midnight.
Eighteen, fast.
Hey, look what she's got!
- I think it's a watch!
- Let me see it.
- There, hold it. Hold her hand.
- No!
I got it!
Let me see! Come on.
You're a chicken.
- Yeah. Why don't you try coming up?
- Yeah! Yeah!
Na, na-na, na-na!
You can't get it!
Have you got a watch?
Yeah, I got a watch. It's almost 2:30...
No. Don't tell me the time.
I don't wanna know.
Can I just borrow it?
Please?
You can have it back tomorrow.
Thanks.
Hey! Stop there! Right over there!

Over there!

Who is it?

You wouldn't believe me.

- Hi!

- Hello.

Are you busy?

It's only I'm...

I'm probably being pursued.

This is an awful liberty, I know, but...

I'm very honored to meet you.

Uh, who is it that's pursuing you?

Just about everybody.

Hey. I thought you'd be asleep.

It's almost 3:

- Would you like me to go?

- Uh, no, no.

Please, please, please.

I just had to come meet you
before you fly home or I fly west.

And I just haven't had a moment.

I've been shooting all week.

My movie, that is.

You don't recognize me.

Do you?

No.

That's just wonderful.

- I interrupted your work?

- No, it's just some calculations.

What are you trying to calculate?

Actually, I'm attempting
to unify the fields.

Will it take long?

Ah. I hope within another four years.

Oh. Gee.

- You are an actress?

- Mm-hmm.

- What's your name?

- Oh.

Oh. I've heard of her.

Is she good?

She tries hard.

Why is she here?

For a visit.

- Why?

- You're famous!

So are you.

I know.

We have an awful lot in common.

Hello.

What?

Who else?

No. Who else?

How much?

All right.

Because of being famous,
everywhere I go...

people fall all over themselves
to be with me.

Like a troupe of clowns
chasing an old automobile.

Ah. Because of being famous...

many things I do
just turn into a ridiculous comedy.

You're lucky.

Everything I do
develops into a nightmare.

People keep throwing themselves
in front of me...

and I just don't dare stop.

- Have I disturbed you?

- No. No.

- Shall I go?

- No. No.

It's late.

I just spent the last four hours
of my life...

having my skirt
blown up around my ears.

They rigged up this fan
beneath the grating out on 53rd.

Whoosh. All night long.

Do you ever get the feeling
it might be later than you think?

Anyway, I just knew
my only chance to see you...

before you fly away
or I died of intimate exposure...

would be to wake you up
in the middle of the night.
So I said to myself, "Go ahead,"
because if he doesn't understand...
how you have to wake people up
in the middle of the night sometimes...
then nobody will.
So I thought, "what the hell?"
Have you ever noticed that "what the hell"
is always the right decision to make?
What did you do tonight?
I arrived, and, uh...
I washed, and, uh, I got to work...
actually attempting to derive the tangential
vector qualities of αC -squared...
but while I was keeping "T" at infinity.
You had a bad night too, huh?
I suppose so.
I could have been watching a pretty girl
having her skirt blown up above her ears.
Would you have watched?
Would you have liked me to?
Yes.
It would have embarrassed me.
The others, they didn't embarrass me.
I don't think a girl should go through
something like that without feeling embarrassed.
Doesn't seem natural somehow.
Well, I... I just wonder why, um...
would my watching have embarrassed you
whereas the others didn't.
They just saw a star doing glamorous things
right there on the block.
You'd have seen a girl showing her legs
to a bunch of jerks.
Look. Could I explain something to you?
Um, certainly.
What?
The theory of relativity.
- All of it?
- No.
Just the specific.
The general theory is a little bit
too complicated to go into this late.

Don't you think?
Oh, please. I'll never have
another chance to prove it.
Uh... But why do you have to prove it?
You know what you know.
You don't believe me.
If you say you understand relativity,
then I believe you understand relativity.
You're just saying that to...
to avoid seeing me embarrass myself.
No. Certainly not.
You honestly believe
I understand relativity?
Yes.
Swear to God?
Um, whose God?
Yours.
Um...
You better prove it.
With my God,
I don't wanna take any chances.
No, no, no. I'm not theoretic.
I demonstrate. Come on.
I bought a few things.
You stand there for a second. There.
Sit down. Oh!
Here.
Wait.
Hmm?
Now, there are two things
you have to know.
The first thing is...
if I drop a copy of...
The Brothers Karamazov...
in a moving train...
it doesn't fly backwards
and flatten the conductor!
It just...
drops relative to the train.
So if anyone is conducting an experiment
in a moving train...
or in the laboratories in Princeton...
the results will always be the same.
Because no matter where his springs

and rulers and balls are, he's there too.
That's the first thing you have to know.
The second thing you have to know is...
that light absolutely
always travels at the same speed...
in all directions at once.
.397.

- It got faster?

- We got more accurate.

Oh. Don't confuse me.

Now then...

we have to imagine...

a man driving in a car

at 30 miles an hour...

and a hitchhiker standing by the road

waiting for a lift.

Now, the car's traveling at 30 miles an hour.

And the man inside the car...

throws a stone at the hitchhiker

at another 30 miles an hour.

Now, he's a league pitcher.

So the question is,

if the car's going 30 miles an hour...

and the stone is going at another

how many miles an hour is the stone going

when it hits the hiker?

Answer?

- Sixty miles an hour. Right?

- Mmm.

Pretty straightforward.

But now let's forget about the stone.

Instead, we'll imagine...

the car is traveling

at 30 miles an hour, and he...

Wait a minute.

We have to put the hitchhiker back.

All right. Imagine.

The car is driving along

and he's flashing his headlights

at the hitchhiker...

telling him to get the hell

out of the road.

Does the light travel

at 186, 282 point...

The answer... no. Why?
Because the speed of light
is always the same.
Right?
- Did you ever prove that hypothesis?
- It's never been disproved.
Let's hope it never is.
Mm-hmm.
You ready? Here we go.
We have to imagine two locomotives...
speeding past each other
at a hell of a speed.
A red one...
and...
a green one.
Now, the driver of each train...
You're the driver of the red train.
Turn it on when I say go, okay?
Has a flashlight which he turns on...
at the precise moment
that they pass each other.
Now remember, the light from the flashlight
travels at the same speed...
regardless of the speed
of the flashlights themselves.
So...
- Each light...
Turn it on.
Okay. Come on.
Okay. Go.
Both lights expand together.
Turn it on!
In all directions just like...
a single sphere of light.
Not only that...
it's time as well.
You got a watch?
'Cause you're gonna need it.
Now, we have to imagine this room...
is the entire universe.
And we begin together someplace...
in space-time...
and we synchronize it.
What does your watch say?

I travel away from you
at a hell of a speed.
Say, one-fifth the speed of light.
And I travel for five minutes,
and it gets me here.
Now, I look at my watch.
It says 20 minutes past 8:00.
But it's not very reliable...
so I look across the universe...
to check with your watch.
- And what does your watch say?
- Twenty minutes past 8:00?
Not to me it doesn't.
It says 19 minutes past 8:00...
because 20 minutes past 8:00
hasn't reached me yet.
It takes a minute
for me to see your watch...
because it takes a minute
for the light to reach me.
See? So your watch
is getting slower and slower.
And now comes
the thousand-dollar question.
Remember, if you look at my watch...
it's gonna take a minute
for it to reach you too.
- So now what do you say my watch says?
- Nineteen minutes past 8:00.
Which means you say
I'm going more slowly than you...
while I say
you're going more slowly than me.
She's beautiful.
God.
- Not bad.
- God.
She's beautiful.
Isn't it?
So...
So?
So?
So, given a constant frame of
reference within which to experiment...

according to Galileo's original principles...
and accepting the hypothesis
that light always travels...
at 186,282.397...
miles per second
in all directions at once...
the main point I've demonstrated...
is that all measurements
of time and space...
are necessarily made relative
to a single observer...
and are not necessarily the same
for two independent observers.
And that is
the specific theory of relativity.

- Isn't it?

- Amazing, but true.

Now then...

you have to show me your...

legs.

Ooh!

I promise never
to exhibit these in public...
so long as you'll promise
not to lecture on nuclear physics.
Are you kidding?

I couldn't if I wanted to.

It's one thing remembering it.

I just wish I understood it all.

You learned it without understanding?

Mm-hmm.

It's...

It's like riding on the subway.

I know here I get on, where I get off.

While I'm traveling,

I don't know where the hell I am.

I suppose you must,

but then you dug all the tunnels.

Still...

I understand the results

and the premise.

I guess that's the main thing, huh?

That's nothing.

Sorry?

If I were to tell you that the moon was made out of cheese, would you believe that?

Of course not.

But now, if I tell you it's made out of sand...

Maybe.

If I tell you I know for sure?

Then I would believe you.

So you know that the moon is made out of sand.

- Yes.

- But it isn't.

I only said I knew because you said you knew.

I lied.

Knowledge isn't truth.

It's just mindless agreement.

You agree with me.

I agree with someone else.

We all have knowledge.

We haven't come any closer to the truth of the moon.

You can never understand anything by agreeing...

by making definitions.

Only by turning over the possibilities.

That's called thinking.

If I say I know, I stop thinking.

As long as I keep thinking,

I come to understand.

That way, I might approach some truth.

That's the best conversation

I ever had.

Is it over?

I think it had better be.

Huh.

Hey.

A girlfriend and I played this game a few years ago.

We each made a list of the men we thought it'd be nice to sleep with.

- You came in third on mine.

- Third?

Then I figured out how old you are.

And you struck me off.
No, silly.
I moved you to the top.
Thank you.
But, no, thank you.
But you can't just throw me out
onto the streets at this hour.
I suppose not.
You're welcome to stay.
But...
I shall sleep in the bathtub.
- Don't be absurd.
- It's a fine American tradition.
But you can't sleep in the bathtub.
Well, Cary Grant did it
in the only American movie that I saw.
And if it's good enough for him,
it's good enough for me.
Look, we don't have to make love.
Wouldn't it be nice
just to share the bed?
Perhaps I could give you my phone number,
and you'd be welcome to visit me in my home.
But you'd never find the time for me.
I'd just end up on first-name terms
with your answering service.
I don't have an answering service.
I have a secretary whose first name
is a mystery to me.
I have a small house on a large river...
full of fish that I can't catch.
And I do have a great deal of time
to offer there.
Oh.
I'm sorry.
I have none to offer you beyond tonight.
I just hoped we could come together somehow
in the middle of all this.
For an hour or so.
- Then don't go.
- Mmm.
Yeah, but still
I've got to sleep in the bathtub.
You're calculating

the shape of space, right?
Yes.
And when you've finished...
you'll have expressed the precise nature
of the physical universe.
So?
So...
So do it tomorrow.
It'll be here. I won't.
Love is full of memories #
And when it's gone #
Well, baby, life goes on ##
Come on, baby.
Don't you want me tonight? Huh?
Don't you need me? Huh?
Oh, I wish they'd switch me off.
I prefer to look up.
The stars.
The stars are so far away.
They make me feel small...
and lonely.
All who look up
feel small and lonely...
like the rest.
Does that make you feel better?
A little.
Well then.
Well then what?
Well then, what the hell.
Hey.
Is it late or early?
It's relative.
Your watch... it's just there.
It hasn't told me the right time
since I was 11 years old.
Did you drop it?
No. I picked it up
with a huge electromagnet.
- Hey, let's see what's she's wearing!
- Why don't we get the watch?
Oh, darling, it's beautiful.
Oh.
You don't know what this means to me.
Really? Those are real diamonds.

Oh, it's so beautiful.
I'll drink to that.
Wait, wait. Wait, wait.
Wait. Wait. Wait.
- What time is it?
- Don't worry about the time.
What do you say to me, baby?
Hey!
Okay. I can get it.
- Where the hell you been?
- Well, I was asked to...
She took my goddamn watch!
It's all right.
Don't worry, sweetheart.
It's all right, doll.
Hey!
Open up, you dumb broad!
- I know you're in there!
- Who is it?
Oh, just a fan.
Do your fans always follow you
that persistently?
Only those I marry.
You want me to get a passkey?
All I have to do is find the night man
and sign my name, and I'm in just like that!
- You want me to do that?
- Could you please be quiet?
He's famous?
He hit home safely in 66 straight games,
with an average of .351.
Are you kidding?
He's God.
- Should we let him in?
- No! He's angry!
You think by keeping him out,
he'll get happy?
- Excuse me! Sir?
- Are you hiding in the john?
Don't even think about it!
There's no place you can hide!
Now open the door!
- Open up!
- Excuse me!

I think he's just angry, not livid,
the way he's banging.

- How can you tell?

- He's not using his head.

Now look here.

I'm going to have to call the hotel detective.

- I'll go talk to him.

- Don't! You can't go talk to him.

So you finally slept with the delicatessen.

Hey, buddy. Do you speak English?

Yes, I do.

Good.

So is my wife in there with you?

- If she's not in there, then tell me.

- Please, no.

As a man of honor, I'll believe you...

- And I'll leave you to sleep.

- Will you let me get some sleep here?

I'll tell you what I'm gonna do.

I'm gonna count to 10.

One...

You've never counted past three
in your whole life, you dumb ox!

Shit.

One, two, three, home!

That's far as you ever bothered to go!

You go lock yourself in the bathroom.

- Better let me in.

- Certainly not.

Yes.

I warn you, I'm calling the police!

- Oh.

- Sir?

Hi.

I ain't angry with you.

I'm just disappointed.

That's all.

Listen.

If you so much as make a move
towards the man I'm with...

I swear to God,

I'll be in that elevator.

And that's the last you're gonna see me
for a very long time.

Well, that's a very big joke.
If I want to see my wife,
I just go to the movies.
If I want to see you in your underwear...
I go down to the corner
like all the other guys.
- Be warned.
- What?
- So you screwed another shrink.
- We were just talking.

Talking until 5:

That's-That's hard to believe perhaps.
No.
No, it's not hard to believe.
If she can talk through the entire World Series,
she can talk till 5:00 any morning.
What I want to know is
why you got no clothes on.
Uh... Uh...
It's a dog of a night.
Ain't it though?
Get your coat.
I'll come... when we've finished talking.
Okay. Finish talking.
But talk fast.
Now you tell her what Floyd said.
- Floyd?
- Yeah.
Freud.
Look, she's been to a dozen shrinks.
She tells you she can't have
a stable relationship...
because she hated her mother.
You tell her the reason
she can't have a stable relationship...
is because she hated her mother!
She pays you \$50, comes back next week.
You make a pass at her, and then she goes
and finds another shrink.
I've seen it all before.
Me and Floyd, we're old buddies.
Freud!
Let me tell you, I've met her mother,

and she's easy to hate.
So anyone who hates her mother...
there's nothing wrong with 'em.
Stepmother.
I'll tell you who I hate.
It's you bunch of guys that I hate!
- Honey!
- What?
Please! Just sit...
Just sit down and shut up!
Okay. Just talk smart.
- Where were we?
- Mm-hmm. Hmm?
Doc.
You were discussing her head.
It just so happens we were discussing
the shape of the physical universe.
You're gonna start
with the easy ones first, huh?
Well, I suppose we could
discuss something we all know about...
but that would limit us
to the last nine World Series...
and the names of the Seven Dwarfs.
You better shift right now.
Well, six of them at least.
One!
- The shape of the universe.
- Two! I'm counting.
This isn't an appropriate time to discuss that.
Three.
Please let's talk.
- Please. Try four.
- Try home.
Can't you see
the man doesn't want to talk?
Now get off your butt, and let's go.
What is the shape of the universe?
It's not important.
You have things to discuss.
Goddamn it!
You tell her
the shape of the friggin' universe.
I wanna take her home!

Tell her!

Please.

- Uh...

- Tell her!

Well, the-the shape of the universe
is difficult to describe.

Um, if I were to explain it,
it would come out as abstract symbols...
but I'll tell you how to imagine it.

Imagine a dot so small
that it has zero dimensions.

You extend the dot
into a one-dimensional line.

You turn around the line,
and you've got a two-dimensional circle.

You flip the circle, and you've got
a three-dimensional sphere.

And you've got that sphere,
and you turn it into the fourth dimension...
and you got the shape of the uni...

You have the shape of the universe, but...

I know. I know how... I know now
exactly how you can imagine it.

Take a completely solid object...
a completely solid object...
and twist it inside out indefinitely forever...
and that's the shape of the universe.

Wow.

Bullshit.

I'll tell you what I think it is.

I think it's round.

Like everything else in nature...
like flowers, like the moon and the sun.

It's all based on a circle.

You know that? Like the world.

I don't know what you two geniuses
think the shape of the world is...

but me and Columbus
happen to think it's round.

It's a damn-lucky thing
for the United States too.

Because if it wasn't for Columbus,
we'd all be Indians.

What do you think about that?

Get your goddamn coat, and let's go.

I'm not coming.

- Why not?

- Because.

You're an idiot.

Do you want a divorce?

Is that what you want?

Oh, no.

- But we won the game.

- Yes?

Oh!

Are you okay?

Oh, I bumped my head.

Do you want to finish it?

Yes.

No.

Well, then come home.

Come home, honey,

or I swear I'm gonna get me a laeyer.

And I'm gonna disappear for weeks

so's you can't find me.

Now, Bob Dalrymple gave me

the name of a good man.

And I wrote his number down.

And I phoned him.

And he told me, with your reputation,

I'd have no trouble at all.

In fact, he even said it'd be a pleasure.

You phoned a laeyer?

Well, you haven't been home in weeks.

Yeah, I phoned a laeyer.

Okay.

You'll come home?

Mm-hmm.

Good.

Give me a hug.

I love ya.

Where is your coat?

I, uh...

I have to go to the bathroom.

Bathroom?

Okay.

But hurry.

- You chew gum?

- No.

Thank you.

"Stan Martin."

Whoever heard of Stan Martin?

- You ever heard of Stan Martin?

- Mm-mmm.

Some kid thinks he's a hotshot, and next thing you know they put him on a bubble gum card.

You know how many bubble gum series

I've been in?

Thirteen.

Thirteen series. That's a lot.

I've been in Chigley's Sports' Greatest.

I've been in Pinky's World Series Stars.

And that's 1936, 1937...

That's good, huh?

Oh, and Tip-Top Boys' Baseball Tips.

That's Tip-Top Boys' Best Baseball Tips...

showing best how to pitch, swing,

dead-stop and slide.

And Hubbly Bubbly's Baseball Bites.

- That's nine years best all-rounder.

- Mm-hmm.

That's a lot.

Stan Martin.

How many kids do you know collect?

I don't either. Card for card,

it must run in the millions.

Heck, I'm stuck in albums

from here to the Pacific.

- Worldwide.

- Mmm.

They still give gum

to little Chink kids, don't they?

Sure they do.

They liberate them...

next day, they're out there swappin'.

Saw on TV the other day where they don't

take beads and junk up the Amazon no more.

They take instant coffee and bubble gum.

Well.

I probably go back in one of those villages

where they ain't seen a white man...

and they'll look at me and come and say, "Hey,

big hitter, sit down and have some coffee."
I tell you, this fame thing... it's enough
to give you the heebies. I can tell you that.
That's Chigley's, that's Pinky's, that's Tip-Top,
that's Hubbly Bubbly's Baseball Bites.
That's some gum you got there.
Well, I was in Cheey Fruits'
Great Scientific Achievements once.
Ah.
I know that's not much compared to, um...
- Thirteen series.
- Thirteen series.
Yeah, well, you got some claims though,
you know.
Somebody's heard of you.
You okay, honey?
You okay?
Are you okay?
Yeah.
- I'm okay.
- Good.
Let me tell you something.
She's smart enough,
with all that science stuff...
but that don't mean nothin'
compared to feelings.
You know?
You know, I could kill a man...
if it came down to just one.
I could.
I get so tightened up...
like I did before a game...
whenever I'm not alone with her.
'Cause even my team... my old team...
they'd rather stare at her
than gab about old times.
They treat her like a star or something.
Between you and me...
Let me tell you something.
Don't ever put a woman up on a pedestal.
'Cause it'll just give her a chance
to kick your teeth right down your throat.
I'll tell you what she needs. She needs
a thousand people touching her all the time.

Or she needs to be alone all the time too.
What are you gonna do?
I just get so tightened up, you know?
I got used to it before a game.
Now there's no...
Shit!
There's no...
It just goes on and on.
Honey? Are you bleeding again?
She bleeds inside.
You know, she's loose... her insides.
She can't... hold a baby
when it gets too big, and...
They tried to tighten her up,
but she just keeps getting loose again.
If she had a baby, it'd kill her.
'Cause they'd have to tighten her up
so much that the...
It couldn't come out natural.
But that's my girl.
She's all bright lights on the outside, and...
Inside, she... Tore up.
She fell down and hit the street.
No!
Please!
We're ready in five minutes, please.
Honey, please.
We're lined up and ready in five minutes.
Hey, honey.
I think we should call a doctor.
- She'd give us hell.
- But she's ill.
I know she's ill, but she's all right.
She just faints in strange bathrooms.
I'm going to speak to the night porter
and get myself another room.
- No. No, that's okay.
- Oh, no, no. Please.
You take care of her. Be my guest.
Well, hey.
Did you ask her up here?
I think she was just feeling lonely,
with all those people.
I know you.

You're Cherokee.
I'm an old fool. You are Cherokee.
No. I'm an elevator man.
I get a paycheck.
I eat a lot of hot dogs.
I go up and down.
I met one of your people once.
It was at Harvard Observatory
in the driveway.
He was collecting garbage.
Uh, he told me
that a true Cherokee believes...
that, wherever he is,
he is at the center of the universe.
Is that so?
But it's hard to believe in an elevator.
I go up and down.
I watch TV.
I'm no longer a Cherokee.
But I watch TV, and I see your face.
I hear your thoughts, and so I know.
- You are Cherokee.
- No, no.
I just don't want to be the center
of anything and certainly not the...
But the thoughts in your head
will lead you there.
You know, when I was a girl...
Oh, no, no, no, no.
- No, no, no.
- Why?
I just don't wanna hear
no more stories.
I'm just trying to tell you
how it is I love you.
Well, not a whole hell of a lot.
Look at this.
Not how much or how little.
Just how.
Well, how is that?
In my way.
What about my way?
What is that?
Well, my way. My way.

What... What / want.
That's all. Yeah.
And I'm tired.
Do you still want a child?
I want the one we already had.
I was under contract.
What if I were careful?
I don't care no more.
It might be a son.
It might be a fuckin' mess.
I want to be pregnant.
- It'd never get born.
- This one will.
Honey, you're broken
and you're bruised inside.
Besides, I don't know how
to love you anymore.
Oh, shh.
Oh, please, God, if I am...
I want a daughter.
No. A son.
Oh, honey.
I think I am, honey.
This time, I really think I am.
Don't they ever sleep?
Going up.
America. My country, 'tis of thee...
Professor.
Good morning, Professor.
Professor. Ah.
I've got good news for you.
I've got a, uh, warrant here issued
by the Department of Defense...
authorizing me to search
your room and belongings...
for any material or artifact that might be
defined or deemed harmful...
to the security
of the United States of America.
Is that okay by you?
That's astounding.
I mean, you could be a spitting image.
I know, if I were eight years younger
and I took better care of myself.

Right.

This is Room 1614, isn't it?

I mean, the professor's room?

He took another, I don't know where.

Well, wherever he is,

he oughta be ashamed of himself.

Go and find him.

You mind if I wait?

Only if you don't mind my throwing up.

Oh, you've taken a dislike to me.

It's my fault for breaking
in the room like this, huh?

But, you know, you could be her sister.

Must be an advantage to a girl like you.

What do you want?

That's for real, isn't it?

What do you want?

Oh.

A lot of stuff that's hanging around here.

That, uh, wasn't much

of a customer you had last night.

Are you for real?

Do you think I'm not?

- I think you're vain.

- I think you're charming.

I think you're very vain.

Ah, you're a good boy.

You want me to call the vice squad?

- No.

- Then shut the fuck up.

- What are you doing?

- I'm doing my job.

I've got a warrant authorizing me
to confiscate any suspicious material...
under the State Protection Act of 1912.

So, you see, your customer of last night
wasn't quite what he seemed.

Now, wait a minute.

Where are you going?

Where are you taking that?

Will it be safe?

There are no copies.

Are you acting officially?

If I wasn't, I'd destroy all of this.

Is that what you're going to do?
Look, it's none of your goddamn business
what I'm gonna do.
These are my orders.
I was told to pick it up and to sit on it.
Then the phone rings.
Then it tells me what to do.
Either I give it back
or I burn all the goddamn stuff!
No! I'll report you!
- To who?
- F.B.I. C.I.A.
I don't know, NBC. What do I care?
Now, wait a minute. Wait a minute.
Will you just hold on for a second?
Just calm down. It's adverse publicity.
Now, it may not be bad for you.
In fact, it might do you some good.
But think of the professor...
the professor's position.
No. Please leave it.
At least wait till he gets back.
You don't understand.
This work's priceless.
Do you think I'm playing games here?
My concern happens to be
the survival of the free world.
You do realize, don't you, that...
this isn't only the culmination
of a man's life work, only Lord knows.
In fact, it's a set of calculations that come
close to describing the shape of space-time.
Now if you'd just let him finish...
he'll have figured out how it all fits...
how everything fits.
Wait a minute. Who do you think you're
talking to... some kind of a greenhorn?
Don't you think I've given some
thought to these documents?
And I've come to the conclusion...
that the shape of space-time
is of no fucking importance.
It's just paper.
Well, he wouldn't agree,

and neither do I.

Please.

Leave it.

For me?

You know, it's uncanny.

You've really studied that, uh, lady,
haven't you?

I could let you have money!

Money.

Do you think that you could bribe
an official of the United States government?

- Huh?

- Yes!

Now, where would a girl like you
get that kind of money?

It takes money to buy a man.

- I am not a girl.

- I was being polite.

- Uh, now look...

- Damn it.

you've tried appealing to my wallet
and to my intelligence.

Are there any other little persuasions
you'd like to try?

- Maybe.

- I'm sorry. I didn't hear you.

All right.

Well, uh, let me... let me get this correctly.

In return for the calculus...

you're offering me... sexual favors?

A sexual favor.

I mean, what the hell.

It's not me you want. It's her.

Right?

I never... I never had

to pay for it in my life...

least of all with my integrity.

My goddamn kid, he's got her picture
tacked up on the wall!

Goddamn goddess!

Huh? She's mortal, ain't she?

I mean, shit, she's no different
than you or me or anybody else.

And she only got where she was going

just by doing what you're doing.
Are you all right?
A little girl's gotta look after
her little body.
I'm sorry if I hurt you.
You know? Excuse me.
But you know, a little body
ain't worth this sheaf of papers.
You know that, don't you?
Hey, look, I'm awfully sorry, you know.
Excuse me, please.
It was nothing personal.
I'm sorry if I hurt you.
Uh, good morning, Professor.
Sleep well?
- Good morning.
- Hope you're well.
Young lady's dressing.
She'll be out in a minute.
Ready to testify this morning, sir?
I am not going to testify, Senator.
I've told you that already.
Well, Professor, I thought
perhaps you'd reconsider...
and maybe grace us
with a few wise words, huh?
I ought to give you wise words...
coming here, messing with my papers...
prowling around in my room
in my absence.
Well, Professor...
My wise words, they are reserved
for the peace conference.
Yes, but, you know, your government
and your country need your help right now.
We need some expression from you.
The government needs your support.
- I want to ask you this.
- What?
- Do you know that you practically
accused me of disloyalty last night?
- Oh, Professor.
Wait a minute. You wanted me to answer yes
to those famous questions of yours.

Now I want to know from you...

You want my support.

Why now and why me?

Professor, look, the Atomic Energy Commission comes up for review in a month...

and there's some wiseass congressmen who want to put a lid on the Nevada tests.

Now the president needs the backing of men like you, of your profession...

the top man, the most important man, and that man is you.

- Oh, no. No, no.

- Yes, Professor.

Not me. Teller. Oppenheimer.

Oppenheimer?

His name casts a shadow of doom since Nagasaki.

Professor, the world chooses its heroes.

There are no shadows in the pristine world of theory.

No stains of Armageddon where $E=mc^2$...

even if mc^2 equals one fuck of a big bang.

Professor, you seem to me like a man who likes to have things clear and simple.

Well, let me give it to you clear and simple... really simple.

You open your mouth anywhere...

at that peace conference

or any public place...

and I promise you, Professor...

I personally... personally... will see to it that your life's work goes up in smoke.

Oh! Oh, Jesus!

God!

So you see, Professor...

there comes a time in every man's life...

when he's got to figure out

what is more important...

what he thinks or what he does.

Professor, what...

You out of your mind?

Oh, God!

You lost your life's work.

Your life's work. Are you crazy?

Well, besides that,
I seem to have lost my shoes.
Oh, shit.
I don't believe it.
Every time I turn around,
there's a different man in my wife's room.
- Don't I know you?
- Yes, you do.
- Who are you?
- Me? I'm a senator,
and I'm a friend of the professor's.
- You are?
- Yeah.
- Well, then come inside.
- No, you see, I'm in a bit of a hurry.
Listen! Until I talk to my wife about this,
you're gonna come in here unaided...
or I'm gonna knock the shit out of you
out here in the hall.
Are you threatening me?
No. I've never had to hit
an intelligent man.
But I'll knock your block off
if you don't get inside.
- Now wait a minute.
- I want to know who you are...
- Professor! Professor!
- What you're doing here.
Professor, will you talk some sense
into this man? Please!
Talk some sense? Between the two of you,
I don't know if sense is possible.
- Who are you?
- Tell this man we're civilized people. Please.
- Well, there shouldn't be violence...
- No.
even against you.
Excuse me. Please. Please.
Do let him go.
His business really was with me. Please.
- Yes. Yes.
- Do. Do let him go. Do let him go.
Honey?
- Honey?

- Yeah?

It's okay. Take your time.

I got it figured out.

I been on a long walk, been thinkin'.

Now, I want a kid, you want a kid.

You know, most of the time...

The problem is you can't stand me

most of the time, right?

Reason is you think I'm stupid. Right?

Well, let me let you in on a little secret.

I am not stupid.

I just enjoy

giving the appearance of being stupid.

You see, from an early age, I've revelled

in the appearance of stupidity...

which has given me

a great deal of time to think.

So I've been thinking.

I got it figured out.

If you want me to smarten up,

I figure you're worth it.

So you go do your movies.

I'll sit at home, I'll read a few good books.

You can come home and quiz me.

How does that sound?

No more TV.

No more TV dinners.

If you like, no more baseball.

You come home. I'll smarten up.

We'll have a couple kids.

Ugh. No more chewing gum.

Oh, honey.

Yeah?

Hey.

It's over.

You think so?

Yeah.

You better call

that lawyer friend of yours.

Yeah, I think so too.

Maybe I am that smart.

You want some advice?

You got to figure out what you want.

Well...

I don't want you.
Well, what do you want?
I don't want to want.
What do you want?
I just want to go.
Don't you understand?
I just want to go.
Hey.
Every five or six packs.
- Thank you.
- Huh?
Let's go down.
- Hi.
- Hello.
Mmm, there was this man.
I know. It was that obnoxious one
from last night.
Did he take your work?
I think he took your work.
- He didn't.
- Thank God.
I threw it out of the window.
What? Oh, you're joking.
No. I did.
And it was great fun.
- You're serious? You threw it away?
- Yes.
- The only copy.
- No.
The fifth.
I don't understand.
It was the fifth copy.
Oh. Then you mean you have more.
Oh, God.
No, I don't have any copies,
because I destroyed all four copies...
all five copies.
But... I'm sorry. I'm not following you.
Uh, each time I've finished the work...
and I've destroyed it and I started over.
Uh, each time,
I remember a little bit more, but...
It's mechanical mathematics.
It's impossible to remember most of it, so...

Now I've destroyed it the fifth time, so...
It's all gone. It's all destroyed.
But... if you've finished it...
and so much as you've studied it...
you'd know how it all fits,
how it all works.
In fact, you'd know everything.
I'm an old man.
I wouldn't survive the publicity.
What I would like to do
is to go to some quiet place and...
just slip over the edge of the world...
the way Columbus never did, unfortunately.
And what your husband said...
if Columbus had done it,
we'd all be Indians.
Cherokee.
But instead, what are we? Americans.
And look at us.
He's the most knowledgeable.
I'm this much knowledgeable.
He's got the most power.
I have very little power.
She's that beautiful.
I'm this beautiful.
Excuse me. Can I have your autograph?
Yeah, sure.
- Do you have something to write on?
- Yeah, sure. You wanna write that out to...
They will not take responsibility
for their world.
They want to put it all
on the shoulders of a few.
And I tell you, the weight
of all those worlds...
Look. What...
Stop talking so goddamn smart.
I've heard enough.
It... It just sounds like words.
I've heard enough of your words.
I came here to know you,
and all you've done is hide behind words!
Now, what are you hiding from?
- Nothing.

- Don't lie to me.
- Listen. It's...
- What are you hiding from?
- What are you afraid of?
- Nothing.

Liar! What are you afraid of?

Tell me!

The center of the impact
was in the center of the city.

And the boiling continued
several minutes as we watched.

Then the mushroom of smoke broke off,
and another developed beneath it.

- There is something.

- What?

- A thought.

- Tell me.

- Please.

- No.

Tell me.

We made vast distance
between the target and ourselves.

We breathed a sigh of relief
when we knew it had worked.

The explosion was a big ball of fire.

One of the crew members said, "My God"...

We burned children.

No.

You're not responsible for that.

You don't believe
you're responsible for that?

Tell me the truth.

There's something even worse.

What could be worse?

I... I don't know...

but I must not think about it.

I gotta go.

Hey.

- Do you wanna hear my lines?

- Hmm?

Okay.

l, er... I take the pot roast from the oven.

I hear the doorbell.

I run across the apartment,

removing my apron.
I kiss the man...
I disappear?
No words.
Look, It's over.
They'll never use those things again.
They simply never will.
They always have.
No, it's different now.
I mean, figure it out.
All those people
with their fingers on the button...
are the same people who own
all the stuff that'd get blown to blazes.
- So they'll never do it.
- Hmm.
Unless, of course, they figured out a way
to blow up the people...
and leave the buildings standing...
which they can't.
Bye.