A Beautiful Mind

By Akiva Goldsman
Mathematicians won the war. Mathematicians broke the Japanese codes— and built the A-bomb. Mathematicians... like you. The stated goal of the Soviets is global Communism. In medicine or economics, in technology or space, battle lines are being drawn. To triumph, we need results— publishable, applicable results. Now who among you will be the next Morse? The next Einstein? Who among you will be the vanguard... of democracy, freedom, and discovery? Today, we bequeath America's future... into your able hands. Welcome to Princeton, gentlemen. It's not enough Hansen won the Carnegie Scholarship. No, he has to have it all for himself. It's the first time the Carnegie Prize... has been split. Hansen's all bent. Rumor is he's got his sights set on Wheeler Lab, the new military think tank at M.I.T. They're only taking one this year. Hansen's used to being picked first.
Oh, yeah,
he's wasted on math.
He should be running
for president.
There could be
a mathematical explanation...
for how bad your tie is.
Thank you.
Neilson,
symbol cryptography.
Neils here broke
a Jap code.
Helped rid the world
of fascism.
At least that's what
he tells the girls,
eh, Neils?
The name's Bender.
Atomic physics.
- And you are?
- Am I late?
Yes.
Yes, Mr. Sol.
Oh, good.
Uh, hi.
- Sol. Richard Sol.
- The burden of genius.
- There he is.
- So many supplicants,
  and so little time.
Mr. Sol.
How are you, sir?
Ah, Bender.
Nice to see you.
Congratulations, Mr. Hansen.
Ah, thank you.
I'll take another.
Excuse me?
A thousand pardons.
I simply assumed you
were the waiter.
Play nice, Hansen.
Nice is not Hansen's
strong suit.
Honest mistake.
Well, Martin Hansen.
It is Martin, isn't it?
Why, yes, John, it is.
I imagine you're getting
quite used to miscalculation.
I've read your pre-prints—
both of them.
The one on Nazi ciphers,
and the other one
on non-linear equations,
and I am
supremely confident...
that there is not
a single seminal...
or innovative idea
in either one of them.
Enjoy your punch.
Gentlemen, meet John Nash,
the mysterious
West Virginia genius.
The other winner
of the distinguished
Carnegie Scholarship.
Oh, okay. Oh, yeah?
Of course.
Oh, Christ.
The prodigal
roommate arrives.
Roommate?
Oh, God, no.
Ugh.
Did you know that having
a hangover is—
is not having enough water
in your body...
to run your Krebs cycles?
Which is exactly
what happens to you...
when you're dying
of thirst.
So, dying
of thirst...
would probably feel...
pretty much like
the hangover...
that finally
bloody kills you.
John Nash?
Hello.
Charles Herman.
Pleased to meet you.
All right, well done.
Well, it's official.
I'm almost human again.
Officer, I saw
the driver who hit me.
His name was Johnny Walker.
Whew.
Well, I got in last night
in time for...
English department
cocktails.
Cock was mine,
the tail belonged
to a particularly lovely
young thing...
with a passion for...
D.H. Lawrence.
You're not easily
distracted, are you?
I'm here to work.
Hmmm, are you? Right.
I see.
Crikey!
Is my roommate a dick?
Hmm?
Listen.
If we can't break the ice,
how about we drown it?
So what's your story?
You the poor kid
that never got to go
to Exeter or Andover?
Despite my privileged
upbringing,
I'm actually
quite well-balanced.
I have a chip
on both shoulders.
Maybe you're
just better...
with the old integers
than you are with people.
My first grade teacher,
she told me...
that I was born
with two helpings of brain,
but only half
a helping of heart.
Wow!
She sounds lovely!
The truth is that I-
I don't like people much.
And they don't
much like me.
But why,
with all your obvious
wit and charm?
Seriously, John.
Mathematics-
Mathematics is
never going to lead you
to a higher truth.
And you know why?
'Cause it's boring.
It's really boring.
You know half these schoolboys
are already published?
I cannot waste time
with these classes...
and these books.
Memorizing
the weaker assumptions
of lesser mortals!
I need to look through...
to the governing dynamics.
Find a truly original idea.
That's the only way
I'll ever distinguish myself.
It's the only way
that I'll ever-
Matter.
Yes.
All right, who's next?
No, I've played enough "Go" for one day, thank you.
Come on.
I- I hate this game.
Cowards, all of you!
None of you rise to meet my challenge?
Come on, Bender.
Whoever wins, Sol does his laundry all semester.
Does that seem unfair to anyone else?
Not at all.
- Look at him.
- Nash!
Taking a reverse constitutional?
I'm hoping to extract an algorithm...
to define their movement.
Oh.
Psycho.
Hey, Nash, I thought you dropped out.
You ever going to go to class or-
Classes will dull your mind.
Destroy the potential for authentic creativity.
Oh, oh, I didn't know that.
Nash is going to stun us all with his genius.
Which is another way of saying...
he doesn't have the nerve to compete.
You scared?
Terrified.
Mortified.
Petrified.
Stupefied... by you.
No starch.
Pressed and folded.
Let me ask you something, John.
Be my guest, Martin.
Bender and Sol here correctly completed...
Allen's proof of Peyrot's Conjecture.
Adequate work...
without innovation.
Oh. I'm flattered.
You flattered?
Flattered.
And I've got two weapons briefs...
under security review by the D.O.D.
Derivative drivel.
But Nash achievements:
zero.
I'm a patient man, Martin.
Is there an actual question coming?
What if you never come up with your original idea?
Huh?
How will it feel when I'm chosen for Wheeler... and you're not?
What if you lose? Ah, there it is.
You should not have won.
Hmmm.
I had the first move, my-my play was perfect.
The hubris of the defeated.
The game is flawed.

Gentlemen,

the great John Nash.

You've been in here

for two days.

You know Hansen's

just published another paper?

I can't even find a topic

for my doctorate.

Well, on the bright side,

you've invented window art.

This is a group

playing touch football.

This is a cluster of pigeons

fighting over bread crumbs.

And this here is a woman

who is chasing a man

who stole her purse.

John, you watched

a mugging.

That's weird.

In competitive behavior

someone always loses.

Well, my niece knows that,

John, and she's about this high.

See, if I could derive

an equilibrium...

where prevalence is

a non-singular event,

where nobody loses,

can you imagine the effect

that would have...

on conflict scenarios,

and arms negotiations...

When did you last eat?

When did you last eat?

...currency exchange?

You know, food.

You have no respect

for cognitive reverie,

you know that?

Yes. But pizza-

Now, pizza I have

everous respect for.
And of course beer.
I have respect for beer.
I have respect for beer!
Good evening, Neils. Hey, Nash.
Who's winning? You or you?
Evening, Nash. Hey, guys.
Hey, Nash.
He's looking
at you for sure.
Hey, Nash.
Neils is trying
to get your attention.
You're joking. Oh, no.
Go with God.
Come back a man.
Fortune favors the brave.
Bombs away.
Gentlemen, might I remind you
that my odds of success...
dramatically improve
with each attempt.
This is going
to be classic.
Maybe you want
to buy me a drink.
I don't exactly know
what I'm required to say...
in order for you
to have intercourse with me,
but could we assume
that I said all that?
Essentially we're talking
about fluid exchange, right?
So, could we just
go straight to the sex?
Oh, that was sweet.
Have a nice night,
asshole!
Ladies, wait!
I especially liked
the bit about fluid exchange.
It was really charming.
Walk with me, John.
I've been meaning to talk with you. The faculty is completing mid-year reviews. We're deciding which placement applications to support. Wheeler, sir. That would be my first choice. And actually, I don't really have a second choice, sir. John, your fellows have attended classes. They've written papers. They've published. I'm still searching, sir, for my-

Your original idea, I know. Governing dynamics, sir. It's very clever, John, but I'm afraid... it's just not nearly good enough. May I?

Thank you. I've been working on manifold embedding. My bargaining stratagems are starting to show some promise. If you could just arrange another meeting, if you'd be kind enough, with Professor Einstein-I've repeatedly asked you for that. Now, John. I'd be able to show him my revisions on his- John? John. Do you see what they're doing in there? Congratulations. Thank you so much.
Congratulations,
Professor Max.
Thank you, sir.
Thank you.
It's the pens.
Reserved for a member
of the department...
that makes the achievement
of a lifetime.
Now, what do you see, John?
Recognition.
Well done, Professor.
Well done.
Well, try seeing
accomplishment.
Is there a difference?
John,
you haven't focused.
I'm sorry,
but up to this point,
your record doesn't warrant
any placement at all.
Good day.
And my compliments
to you, sir.
Thank you so much.
I can't see it.
- Aah!
- Jesus Christ, John.
I can't fail.
This is all I am.
Come on, let's go out.
I got to get
something done.
John!
- I can't keep
staring into space.
- John, enough!
Got to face the wall,
follow their rules,
read their books,
You want to do
some damage? Fine-
But don't mess around.
do their classes.
Come on!
Go on, bust your head!
Kill yourself.
Don't do it.
Don't mess around.
Bust your head!
Go on,
bust that worthless head
wide open.
Goddamn it, Charles!
What the hell is your problem?! 
It's not my problem.
And it's not your problem.
It's their problem.
Your answer isn't
face the wall.
It's out there...
where you've been working.
That was heavy.
That Isaac Newton fellow
was right.
He was onto something.
Clever boy.
Don't worry, that's mine.
I'll come and get it in a minute.
Oh, God.
Incoming, gentlemen.Ay-yi-yi.
Deep breaths.
Nash, you might
want to stop...
shuffling your papers
for five seconds.
I will not buy
you gentlemen beer.
Oh, we're not here
for beer, my friend.
Oh.
Does anyone else feel
she should be moving
in slow motion?
Will she want
a large wedding, ya think?
Shall we say swords,
gentlemen?
Pistols at dawn?
Have you remembered nothing?
Recall the lessons
of Adam Smith,
the father
of modern economics.
"In competition...
individual ambition
serves the common good."
- Exactly.
- Every man for himself, gentlemen.
And those who strike out
are stuck with her friends.
I'm not gonna strike out.
You can lead a blonde to water,
but you can't make her drink.
- I don't think he said that.
- Nobody move-
She's looking over here.
She's looking at Nash.
Oh, God. He may have
the upper hand now,
but wait until he
opens his mouth.
Remember the last time?
Oh, yes, that was one
for the history books.
- Adam Smith needs revision.
- What are you talking about?
If we all go for the blonde,
we block each other.
Not a single one of us
is gonna get her.
So then we go
for her friends,
but they will all
give us the cold shoulder...
because nobody likes
to be second choice.
Well, what if no one goes
for the blonde?
We don't get
in each other's way,
and we don't insult the other girls. That's the only way we win. That's the only way we all get laid. Adam Smith said... the best result comes... from everyone in the group doing... what's best for himself, right? That's what he said, right? Right. Incomplete. Incomplete, okay? Because the best result will come... from everyone in the group... doing what's best for himself... and the group. Nash, if this is some way for you to get the blonde on your own, you can go to hell. Governing dynamics. Governing dynamics. Adam Smith... was wrong. Oh, here we go. Careful, careful. Thank you. "C" of "S" equals "C" of "T." You do realize this flies in the face... of a 150 years of economic theory? Yes, I do, sir. That's rather presumptuous, don't you think? It is, sir. Well, Mr. Nash, with a breakthrough
of this magnitude,  
I'm confident you will get  
any placement you like.  
Wheeler Labs,  
they'll ask you to recommend  
two team members.  
Yes!  
Stills and Frank  
are excellent choices.  
Sol and Bender, sir.  
Sol and Bender are  
extraordinary mathematicians.  
Has it occurred to you  
that Sol and Bender...  
might have plans  
of their own?  
We made it!  
Wheeler, we made it!  
Cheers, cheers, cheers!  
To- Oh! Oh!  
Okay, awkward moment,  
gentlemen.  
Umm...  
Hmm.  
Governing dynamics.  
Congratulations, John.  
Thanks.  
Toast!  
To Wheeler Labs!  
To Wheeler!  
General, the analyst  
from Wheeler Lab is here.  
Dr. Nash, your coat?  
Thank you, sir.  
Doctor. General, this is  
Wheeler team leader  
Dr. John Nash.  
Glad you could  
come, Doctor.  
Hello.  
Right this way.  
We've been intercepting  
radio transmissions  
from Moscow.
The computer can't
detect a pattern,
but I'm sure
it's code.
Why is that, General?
Ever just know
something, Dr. Nash?
Constantly.
We've developed several ciphers.
If you'd like to review
our preliminary data...
Doctor?
I need a map.
Starkey Corners, Maine.
Prairie Portage,
Minnesota.
These are latitudes
and longitudes.
There are at least 10 others.
They appear to be routing orders
across the border into the U.S.
Extraordinary.
Gentlemen, we need
to move on this.
Who's Big Brother?
You've done your country
a great service, son.
- Captain!
- Yes, sir.
Accompany Dr. Nash.
What are the Russians
moving, General?
Captain Rogers
will escort you...
to the unrestricted
area, Doctor.
Thank you.
Dr. Nash, follow me, please.
None of those who have
said they don't like the method...
have told us
any other method they could use
that would be effective.
And when you hear... It's Dr. Nash.
All right.
Thank you, sir.
Home run at the Pentagon?
Have they actually
taken the word "classified"
out of the dictionary?
Oh, hi.
The air conditioning
broke again.
How am I supposed to be
in here saving the world...
if I'm melting?
Our hearts go
out to you.
You know, two trips
to the Pentagon in four years.
That's two more
than we've had.
It gets better,
John.
Just got our latest
scintillating assignment.
You know, the Russians
have the H-bomb,
the Nazis are repatriating
South America,
the Chinese have
a standing army of 2.8 million,
and I am doing
stress tests on a dam.
You made the cover
of Fortune... again.
Please note the use
of the word "you," not "we."
That was supposed
to be just me.
Oh.
So not only do they rob me
of the Fields Medal,
now they put me on the cover
of Fortune magazine...
with these hacks,
these scholars of trivia.
John, exactly what's
the difference... between genius and most genius? Quite a lot. He's your son. Anyway, you've got I've always got 10 minutes. Before your new class? Can I not get a note from a doctor or something? You are a doctor, John, and no. Now, come on, you know the drill, we get these beautiful facilities, M.I. T. gets America's great minds of today... teaching America's great minds of tomorrow. Poor bastards. Now, have a nice day at school. The bell's ringing. The eager young minds of tomorrow. Can we leave one open, Professor? It's really hot, sir. Your comfort comes second... to my ability to hear my own voice. Personally, I think this class will be a waste... of your- and what is infinitely worse- my time. However, here we are. So you may attend or not. You may complete your assignments at your whim. We have begun. Miss. Excuse me!
Excuse me!
Hey, hey!
Hi!
Um, we have
a little problem.
It's extremely hot in here
with the windows closed...
and extremely noisy
with them open.
So, I was wondering
if there was any way you could,
I don't know,
maybe work someplace else...
for about 45 minutes?
- Not a problem.
- Thank you so much!
At a break!
Got it!
Let's go. Clean it up a little bit.
As you will find
in multivariable calculus,
there is often...
a number of solutions
for any given problem.
As I was saying,
this problem here...
will take some of you
many months to solve.
For others among you,
it will take you the term
of your natural lives.
Professor Nash.
William Parcher.
Big Brother...
at your service.
What can I do
for the Department of Defense?
- Are you here to give me a raise?
- Let's take a walk.
Impressive work
at the Pentagon.
Yes, it was.
Oppenheimer used to say,
"Genius sees the answer
before the question."
You knew Oppenheimer?
His project was
under my supervision.
Which project?
That project.
It's not that simple,
you know?
Well, you ended
the war.
We incinerated 150,000 people
in a heartbeat.
Great deeds come
at great cost, Mr. Parcher.
Well, conviction,
it turns out,
is a luxury of those
on the sidelines, Mr. Nash.
I'll try
and keep that in mind.
So, John, no family,
no close friends-
Why is that?
I like to think it's
because I'm a lone wolf.
But mainly it's because
people don't like me.
Well, there are
certain endeavors...
where your lack
of personal connection...
would be considered
an advantage.
This is a secure area.
They know me.
Have you ever
been here?
We were told during
our initial briefing...
that these warehouses
were abandoned.
That's not
precisely accurate.
By telling you
what I'm about to tell you,
I am increasing
your security clearance...
to top secret.
Disclosure of secure information
can result in imprisonment.
Get it?
What operation?
Those are a good idea.
This factory is in Berlin.
We seized it
at the end of the war.
Nazi engineers
were attempting...
to build a portable
atomic bomb.
The Soviets reached
this facility before we did,
and we lost the damn thing.
The routing orders
at the Pentagon,
they were about this,
weren't they?
The Soviets aren't
as unified as people believe.
A faction of the Red Army
calling itself Novaya Slobga,
"the New Freedom,"
has control of the bomb...
and intends to detonate it
on U.S. soil.
Their plan is to incur
maximum civilian casualties.
Man is capable of as much atrocity
as he has imagination.
New Freedom has sleeper agents
here in the U.S.
McCarthy is an idiot,
but unfortunately
that doesn't make him wrong.
New Freedom communicates
to its agents...
through codes imbedded
in newspapers and magazines,
and that's where you come in.
You see, John,
what distinguishes you...
is that you are,
quite simply,
the best natural code-breaker
I have ever seen.
What exactly is it
that you would like me to do?
Commit this list
of periodicals to memory.
Scan each new issue,
find any hidden codes,
decipher them.
Place your chin
on the chin rest.
Stare into the light.
Pulse 88, regular.
Okay, this may be
a little uncomfortable.
That's got
a little zap to it,
doesn't it?
He just implanted
a radium diode.
Don't worry, it's safe.
The isotope decays
predictably.
As a result,
these numbers change overtime.
They're the access codes
to your drop spot.
So what am I now,
a spy?
- Come.
Boy, you must be
really important.
It's all right, Mike.
What are you
working on?
Classified.
Everyone waited half an hour.
For?
Class.
You missed class today.
Oh. I suspect that...
nobody missed me.
The problem that you left
on the board-
I solved it.
Oh, no you didn't.
You didn't even look.
I never said
that the vector fields
were rational functions.
Your solution is elegant.
Though on this
particular occasion,
ultimately incorrect.
- You're still here.
- I'm still here.
Why?
I'm wondering,
Professor Nash,
if I can ask you to dinner.
You do eat, don't you?
Oh, on occasion, yeah.
Table for one.
Prometheus alone
chained to the rock...
with the bird
circling overhead,
you know how it is.
No, I expect
that you wouldn't-
you wouldn't know, uh-
If you leave your address
with my office,
I'll pick you up

**Friday at 8:**
and we'll eat.
One more thing.
Do you have a name,
or should I just
keep calling you "Miss"?
Governor,
may I present-
Miss Alicia Larde.
Miss Alicia Larde.
How do you do?
Professor, please.
You and the governor.
Wait, one second.
I'm sorry.
I want a copy of this.
First big date and all,
you know.
So, you boys need
to look good.
Which is not a state
you find yourselves in...
altogether naturally.
There. Better.
- I'm surprising him.
- You just keep on surprising him.
Professor.
God must be a painter.
Why else would we
have so many colors?
So you're a painter?
That's not actually
what I said,
but, yes-
I am.
Here.
Me.
Your date?
Practice human interaction
and social comportment.
That's a plan.
Champagne would be lovely.
I'll be outside.
I will get the champagne.
Oh, thank you.
Thank you for that.
No, keep it.
I believe in deciding things
will be good luck.
Do you?
No.
I don't believe in luck.
But I do believe in assigning value to things.
Oh.
I once tried to count them all.
I actually made it to 4,348.
You are exceptionally odd.
I bet you're very popular with the girls.
A pair of odd ducks, then.
Mmm.
Pick a shape.
What?
Pick a shape.
An animal—anything.
Okay.
An umbrella.
Do it again.
Do it again.
All right.
What would you like?
Do, uh...
an octopus.
You don't talk much, do you?
I can't talk to you about my work, Alicia.
I don't mean work.
I find that polishing my interactions... in order to make them sociable requires a tremendous effort.
I have a tendency to expedite information flow... by being direct.
I often don't get a pleasant result.
Try me.
All right.
I find you attractive.
Your aggressive moves towards me... indicate that you feel the same way. But still, ritual requires that we... continue with a number of platonic activities... before we have sex. I am proceeding with those activities, but in point of actual fact, all I really want to do is have intercourse with you as soon as possible. Are you gonna slap me now? How was that result? What are you doing? I'm attempting to isolate patterned reoccurrences... within periodicals over time. And you? You talk funny, Mr. Nash. Do I know you? My uncle says you're very smart... but not very nice, so I shouldn't pay no mind if you're mean to me. And who might your uncle be? The prodigal roommate... returns. Come here. Charles, Charles, Charles. My sister... got herself killed in a car crash. Not too far now, Marcee! Her cowboy husband
was too drunk...
to know that he was
too drunk to drive.
So, I took her in.
She's so small.
She's young, John.
That's how they come.
I'm at Harvard...
doing the great
author's workshop.
D.H. bloody Lawrence.
I really do think you should
buy yourself a new book.
Well, I've been reading
a lot about you.
How are you, John?
At first all my work
here was trivial,
but a new assignment
came up and-
I can't really tell you
any details.
Top secret?
Black bag? Black ops?
Something like that.
And, uh...
Yes?
Well, l- I met a girl.
No! A human girl?
Homo sapiens.
A biped?
Yup. And contrary
to all probabilities,
she finds me attractive
on a number of different levels.
Really?
God, that's wonderful.
There's no accounting
for taste, is there?
Should I marry her?
Oh, God. Right.
I mean, everything's
going well.
The job is fine.
I have enough money.
It all seems to add up.
But how do you know
for sure?
Nothing's ever for sure, John.
That's the only
sure thing I do know.
Good evening.
Alicia, please don't
be angry.
I just lost track
of time at work...
again.
Mm-hmm.
I'm sorry.
I didn't have time
to wrap it.
Happy birthday.
The refractive faces
of the glass, you see,
they create
a full wavelength dispersal,
so if you look inside it,
you can see-
- Every possible color.
- Every possible color.
Yeah.
Remember you said that time
God must be a painter,
because of all the colors,
at the governor's house?
you said that.
I didn't think
you were listening.
I'm always listening.
It's beautiful.
Alicia, does our
relationship warrant
long-term commitment?
'Cause I need
some kind of proof,
some kind of verifiable,
empirical data.
I'm sorry,
just give me a moment...
to redefine
my girlish notions
of romance.
A proof?
Verifiable data.
Um... okay.
Well, how big
is the universe?
Infinite.
How do you know?
I know because
all the data indicate it.
But it hasn't
been proven yet?
No.
You haven't seen it.
How do you know for sure?
I don't, I just believe it.
Mmm.
It's the same
with love, I guess.
Now,
the part that
you don't know...
is if I want
to marry you.
Smile for the camera!
Well done!
Oh, sweet pea.
I love you.
Congratulations.
Hey, Sol.
You look beautiful.
Hi, how are you?
Hey, Sol.
Bye bye. Bye, now.
- Bye!
- Bye!
Be safe!
Get in.
Hurry.
They're following us.
Who's-
Who's following us?
The drop's been compromised.
- Get down!
- Stay down.
- Here, take this.
- I ain't shooting anybody.
- Take the goddamn gun!
- No!
Son of a-
You stay back.
Don't move.
John?
Hi.
Where were you?
S-Sol-
Yeah, I talked to Sol.
He said you left
the office hours ago.
Why didn't you
call me?
Are you all right?
Honey?
John...
Please, talk to me.
Tell me what happened.
John,
open the door.
Come on, open the door!
Let me in!
Talk to me!
John!
Open the door!
Watch for cars, kids.
John.
William.
This is not what
I signed on for.
Every time
a car backfires
or a door slams—
I understand—
better than you
could possibly imagine.
You need
to calm down, John.
Now listen to me.
We're closing in
on the bomb,
in large part
due to your work.
Now don't you think your fear
is a small price to pay?
William, my circumstance
has changed.
Alicia's pregnant.
I told you attachments
were dangerous.
You chose to marry
the girl.
I did nothing
to prevent it.
The best way to ensure
everybody's safety...
is for you to continue
your work.
Well, I'll just quit.
You won't.
Why would I not?
Because I keep the Russians
from knowing you work for us.
You quit
working for me,
I quit working for you.
Parcher!
Parcher!
John, you all right?
John?
Turn it off!
Turn off the light!
Why would you
do that?
Why would you
turn the light on?
What is wrong
with you?
You have to go
to your sister's.
I left the car out the back.
You take Commonwealth.
No side streets,
you stay where it's crowded.
John, I'm not going anywhere!
When you get to your sister's,
you wait for me to call you.
No, I'm not going.
Just get your things.
I'm not leaving-
Stop! Stop it!
Please, Alicia.
I'll explain
when I can.
Uncle John!
Uncle John!
Hey, baby girl!
Wow, someone
needed a hug!
I saw you on the slate
and I thought to myself,
"How can I miss seeing
a guest lecture...
by the inimitable
John Nash?"
What's wrong?
I got myself into something.
I think I might need some help.
Well, now you tell me,
what is it?
Professor Nash!
Welcome!
After?
So, we see that
the- the zeroes,
of the Reimann
Zeta function,
correspond
to singularities...
in space-time,
singularities
in space-time-
and conventional
number theory...
It breaks down in the face of relativistic exploration.
Sometimes our expectations... are betrayed by the numbers. Variables are impossible to assign any... rational value.
Professor Nash!
- Hold it!
- Professor Nash?
Professor Nash, let's avoid a scene, shall we? What do you want?
My name is Rosen, Dr. Rosen. I'm a psychiatrist. Forgive me if I don't seem persuaded. I'd like you to come with me, John. Just for a chat. It appears I have no choice.
Oh-hh! Help me! Somebody! Somebody! Help me! Get off me! I know who you are! I know who you are! No, no, no, no, don't. Charles, they're Russians! Charles, they're Russians! Call somebody! Call somebody, Charles! They're Russians! Steady the leg. Get away from me. Stay away from me!
There, now.
All better.
Everything's all right here.
Watch your head.
John?
Can you hear me?
Go easy now.
Thorazine takes a little while to wear off.
Sorry about the restraints.
You've got one hell of a right hook.
Where am I?
Ahem.
MacArthur Psychiatric Hospital.
I find that highly unlikely.
You made a mistake.
My work is non-military in application.
Which work is that, John?
I don't know anything.
There's no good in keeping secrets, you know.
Charles?
Charles?
I didn't mean to get you involved in this.
I'm- I'm sorry.
Charles?
The prodigal roommate revealed.
"Saw my name on the lecture slate."
You lying son of a bitch!
Who are you talking to?
Tell me who you see.
How do you say,
"Charles Herman" in Russian?
How do you say it
in Russian?
There's no one there, John.
There's no one there.
He's right there.
He's right there.
Stop!
I don't know anything!
Stop!
I- I don't know anything!
My name is John Nash.
I'm being held
against my will.
Somebody call
the Department of Defense.
My name is John Nash.
I'm being held
against my will!
What's wrong with him?
John has
schizophrenia.
People with this disorder
are often paranoid.
But-
But his work.
He deals
with conspiracies...
Yes, yes, I know.
In John's world,
these behaviors
are... accepted, encouraged.
As such, his illness
may have gone untreated...
far longer
than is typical.
What do you mean?
How long?
Possibly since
graduate school?
At least that's when
his hallucinations
seem to have begun.
What are you
talking about?
What hallucinations?
One, so far,
that I am aware of.
An imaginary roommate
named Charles Herman.
Charles
isn't imaginary.
He and John
have been best friends
since Princeton.
Have you ever met Charles?
Has he ever come to dinner?
He's always in town
for so little time,
lecturing.
Was he at your wedding?
He had to teach.
Have you ever
seen a picture of him,
talked to him
on the telephone?
This is ridiculous.
I phoned Princeton.
According to their
housing records,
John lived alone.
Now, which is more likely-
that your husband,
a mathematician
with no military training,
is a government spy
fleeing the Russians-
You're making him
sound crazy.
...or, that he has
lost his grip on reality?
Now the only way
I can help him...
is to show him
the difference...
between what's real...
and what is in his mind.
Come on.
What's he been
working on?
His work
is classified.
He mentioned
a supervisor...
by the name
of William Parcher.
Maybe Mr. Parcher
can clarify things
for us.
But I can't get to him
without clearances.
You want me to help you get...
the details
of my husband's work?
John thinks
I'm a Russian spy.
Is that what
you think?
What did
the doctor say?
Is he sick?
I don't know.
I want to see what John's
been working on.
You know you can't
go in his office.
It's classified, Alicia.
Stop. Oh!
Oh, my God.
Oh, my God.
Why didn't you
say something?
Alicia,
John's always been...
a little weird.
He said he was
doing code-breaking,
that it was eyes-only.
Top secret, part
of the military effort.
Was he?
Well,
it was possible,
you know?
Directives come down
all the time...
that some of us
aren't cleared for.
- It was possible.
- Possible, but...
not likely.
Lately, he'd become
so much more agitated...
and then
when you called-
So, is this all
he's been doing
every day?
Cutting out
magazines?
Well, not all.
I'm so sorry.
It's okay.
I missed you.
I missed you.
I have to talk
to you.
Okay.
Alicia, I've been
thinking about it,
and I do realize
that my behavior...
and my inability to discuss
the situation with you...
must have appeared
insane.
I left you
with no other choice.
I do understand...
and I'm truly sorry.
That's okay.
Everything's
gonna be all right.
Everything's gonna be all right.
We just have to talk quietly.
They may be listening.
There may be microphones.
I'm gonna tell you everything now.
It's breaking with protocol...
but you need to know,
because you have to help me get out of here.
I've been doing top secret work for the government.
There's a threat that exists... of catastrophic proportions.
I think the Russians feel my profile is too high.
That's why they simply just don't do away with me.
They're keeping me here to try to stop me... from doing my work.
You have to get to Wheeler.
You have to find William Parcher.
Stop.
He can help us.
Stop. Stop. Stop!
I went to Wheeler.
Good, good.
There is no William Parcher.
Of course there is.
I've been working for him.
Doing what?
Breaking codes?
Dropping packages in a secret mailbox...
for the government
to pick up?
How could you
know that?
Sol followed you.
He thought it
was harmless.
Sol followed me?
They've never
been opened.
It isn't real.
There is
no conspiracy, John.
There is
no William Parcher.
It's in your mind.
Do you
understand, baby?
You're sick.
You're sick, John.
John!
John!
Code red.
Dr. Rosen, code red.
Observation room two.
Dr. Rosen, code red.
Observation room two.
John?
John?
The implant's gone.
I can't find it.
It's gone.
You see, the nightmare
of schizophrenia...
is not knowing
what's true.
Imagine...
if you had suddenly learned
that the people and the places...
and the moments
most important to you...
were not gone, not dead,
but worse—
had never been.
What kind of hell would that be? Administering insulin. How often? Five times a week for 10 weeks. John always spoke so fondly of being here at Princeton. And Hansen is running the department now. So he keeps reminding us, and reminding us. Yeah. John won't come near the campus, though. I think he's ashamed. Hey. Hey. Want this? So, Alicia, how—how are you holding up? Well, the delusions have passed. They're saying with the medication... and low stress environment—No, l— I mean, how are you? I think often what I feel... is obligation. Or guilt over wanting to leave. Rage against John, against God and—But... then I look at him... and I force myself to see the man that I married. And he becomes that man. He's transformed into someone that I love. And I'm transformed
into someone who loves him.
It's not all the time,
but...
it's enough.
I think John is
a very lucky man...
Alicia.
So unlucky.
This is us. This is it?
It's nice.
It's near where I work.
John? You've a visitor.
Hi.
Hi.
I hope it's okay.
Hey ya, chief.
- Cigarette?
- Ah, no, thanks.
I quit, actually.
Hello.
Hey, John.
Have you met
Harvey?
Umm, l...
- John, there's no-
- Relax, it's okay.
There's no point
in being nuts if you can't
have a little fun.
Jesus Christ, John.
I should have known.
Here you go.
I can take those later.
You're supposed
to take them now.
- Can I bring you something?
- I'm okay.
Okay.
So, um... yeah.
I- I was in town...
giving a workshop.
I go back tonight.
You know, Bender,
he really wanted...
to stop by
and you know, see you.
You know, say hi.
Squeamish?
Yeah.
I suppose
I would be, too.
But alas,
I'm stuck with me.
I'm trying to solve
the Reimann hypothesis.
Uh-huh.
Oh, yeah?
I figured if-
if I dazzle them,
they will have
to reinstate me.
But it's difficult
with the medication,
because it's hard to...
see the solution.
You know, John,
you should go easy.
There are other
things besides-
besides work.
What are they?
Shh-hh.
Shh.
What are you
thinking about?
What do people do?
It's life, John.
Activities available,
just add meaning.
You could try
leaving the house.
You know, maybe...
talk to people.
You could try
taking out the garbage.
And there's some more-
there's some more in...
Who- Who were
you talking to?
Garbage man.
Garbage men don't come
at night.
I guess around here
they do.
Sorry.
Is it the medication?
I don't know
what to do.
My mother's
going to keep the baby
a little longer tonight.
I can get three hours
of overtime.
I'm going to bed.
- Good night.
- Good night.
It's good to see you, John.
It's been a while.
Parcher?
Yes, sir.
You're not real!
Of course I am.
Don't be ridiculous.
I don't think that I would
go that way, John.
It's time for you
to get back to work.
The bomb is in
its final position...
here in the U.S.
Knowing
your situation...
requires you keep
a low profile,
"Mohammed,"
we've brought
the mountain to you.
We've narrowed the bomb's
location to somewhere...
on the eastern seaboard.
But we haven't been able
to pinpoint its exact position.
Their codes have grown increasingly complex.
Here, look at this, John.
What?
What?
- Dr. Rosen said-
- Rosen! That quack!
"Schizophrenic break from reality," right?
Psychological bullshit!
Look at me, John.
John, look at me.
Do I look like I'm imagined?
Wheeler has no record of you.
Do you think we list our personnel?
John, I'm sorry you had to go through all this.
I've gone to a great deal of trouble to get you back.
I can restore your status at Wheeler.
I can let the world know what you did.
But I need you now, soldier.
I was so scared you weren't real.
There's a storm coming.
I'm just going to grab the laundry, okay?
I'll draw his bath.
It's okay.
Okay.
John?
I've almost got it!
Charles, you just watch the baby.
I've got one more to close!
- No!
- I'll be right there.
- Oh, God.
I need a towel.
Shhh.
Charles was watching him.
He was okay.
There is no one here.
- Charles was watching him.
- There is no one here!
He's been injected
with a cloaking serum.
I can see him
because of a chemical...
that was released
into my bloodstream...
when my implant dissolved.
I couldn't tell you,
it was for your own protection!
Alicia!
- No!
- Hello, I need
Dr. Rosen's office, please.
You've got
to stop her, John.
You leave her out of this.
- Who are you talking to?
- It's not her fault.
- John.
- She'll compromise us again.
- No, she won't.
- You'll go back to the hospital.
- John, answer me!
- Countless people will die.
Alicia, please,
put the phone down.
- I can't let that happen.
- Yes, hello?
Hi, I need Dr. Rosen.
Is he in?
I'm sorry, John.
No-oo!
Alicia?
You know
what you have to do, Nash.
- Get away from me.
- She's too great a risk.
Get away!
I didn't mean to hurt you!
Finish her.
She knows too much now.
Uncle John?
Take care of her,
you pathetic piece of shit,
or I'll take care of you.
John,
Christ, John,
please do what he says.
Move, soldier.
Now.
Uncle John?
John, please!
Now!
Alicia and Charles never coexist in the same...
interactive field.
Alicia and Parcher...
- Let's play!
...Charles, and Marceee cannot coexist with Alicia.
I understand.
She never gets old.
Marceee can't be real.
She never gets old.
You see them now?
Yes.
Why did you stop your meds?
Because I couldn't do my work.
I couldn't help with the baby.
I couldn't-
I couldn't respond to my wife.
You think that's better than being crazy?
We'll need to start you on a higher run...
of insulin shocks
and a new medication.
No.
There has
to be another way.
Schizophrenia is degenerative.
Some days maybe symptom-free,
but over time,
you are getting worse.
It's a problem.
That's all it is.
It's a problem
with no solution.
And that's what I do,
I solve problems.
That's what I do best.
This isn't math.
You can't come up
with a formula...
to change the way
you experience the world.
- All I have to do is apply my mind.
- There's no theorem, no proof.
- You can't reason
your way out of this.
- Why not? Why can't I?
Because your mind
is where the problem is
in the first place.
I can do this.
I can work it out.
All I need is time.
Is that the baby?
The baby's at my mother's, John.
Without treatment, John,
the fantasies
can take over...
entirely.
You almost ready?
Rosen's waiting outside.
I can't go back
to that hospital.
I won't come home.
He said that
if you said that,
he has commitment
papers for me to sign.
Well, maybe you
won't sign them.
Maybe you'll just
give me some time.
I will try
to figure this out.
Whatever you do,
Rosen is right
about one thing.
You shouldn't be here.
I'm not safe anymore.
Would you have
hurt me, John?
I don't know.
Maybe you should let
Dr. Rosen drive you
to your mother's.
Rosen said to call if you try
and kill me or anything.
You want to know
what's real?
This.
This.
This.
This is real.
Maybe the part...
that knows the waking
from the dream,
maybe it isn't here.
Maybe it's here.
I need to believe...
that something
extraordinary is possible.
Come.
Hello, Martin.
Jesus Christ.
No. I-
I don't have that one.
My savior complex...
takes on a completely
different form.
I heard what happened
and well,
I- I wanted to write
and I tried you at MacArthur's...
but you'd left, and I just...
This is Helinger's old office.
Yeah.
Yeah, I stole it from him.
Seems that you won
after all, Martin.
They were wrong, John.
No one wins.
Please, please have a seat.
God, it's so good
to see you.
What brings you
back to Princeton?
John?
John, I'm sorry,
but you have to tell him.
Tell him you're a genius.
You're a genius, John!
Tell him your work is critical.
John, please!
Is there any chance
that you could ignore
what I just did?
Of course,
what are old friends for?
Is that what we are, Martin?
Friends?
John, of course.
Of course.
We always have been.
Alicia and I think that-
that fitting in,
being part of a community,
might do me some good.
That a certain level
of attachment,
familiar places,
familiar people,
might help me...
elbow out these-
these certain delusions
that I have.
It's a lot to ask,
and now that I'm here,
I'm quite certain
that you will just say no.
But I was wondering
if I could hang around.
Huh.
Will you be needing an office?
No.
No, I could just work
out of the library.
Well, this guy tries
to wander into the library,
but he doesn't have I.D.
Why can't people read
their memos, huh?
Then he goes
totally nuts.
Not real! You're not real.
There's no mission.
Oh, shit. Shit.
Not real!
You are not real!
Is this what you are, soldier?
Some useless ghoul?
The local madman?
I'm not a soldier.
You're gonna end up
in a cell!
Old, worthless,
discarded.
There's no mission.
And while you rock
and drool,
the world will
burn to ashes!
You are not real!
You are not real!
You're still talking
to me, soldier.
There's no mission!
I'm not a soldier!
John? John?
John, John, John, John.
Hey, hey, hey.
Hey, hey, hey.
John, John!
It's okay.
I just heard what happened,
I'm sorry. John-
I'm not a soldier.
John. Hey, Nash.
Nash, hey.
Hey, you're all right.
Nash, Nash,
hey, hey, hey.
Ladies and gentlemen,
the great John Nash!
John?
You should've seen their faces.
Everybody was
just staring at me.
John...
you know that stress
triggers the delusions.
I know.
But then,
on the way home,
Charles was there.
Sometimes, I really miss
talking to him.
Maybe Rosen's right.
Maybe I have to think
about going back into
the hospital again.
No.
Come here.
Maybe try again tomorrow.
John, now, you can't
ignore me forever.
Charles, you've been
a very good friend to me.
The best.
But I won't talk to you again.
I just can't.
Same goes for you, baby girl.
Good-bye.
Good-bye.  
I was wondering if I might  
audit your course.  
It's- It's an honor,  
Professor Nash.  
Is something wrong?  
This will be  
my first class.  
Good morning,  
eager young minds.  
It's never  
gonna work, John.  
You're just  
humiliating yourself.  
It's pathetic!  
You are being  
pathetic.  
I'm ashamed of you.  
Oh, man!  
Are you coming?  
You're gonna be late.  
Dad, you've got my books.  
What?  
You've got my books.  
Oh, right.  
Thanks.  
Good-bye.  
Bye.  
See you tonight.  
Bye, honey.  
Did you just solve Reimann?  
Well, what  
do you think?  
Huh.  
That's an analog  
to Frobenius...  
for noncommutative  
extensions.  
Yes, it is.  
But it only appears  
to work sporadically, so, no.  
But...  
I believe I'm  
making progress.
You're-
You're John Nash, right?
Toby Kelly.
Hello.
I've been studying
your equilibrium.
The one you wrote
here, at Princeton.
To come up with something
totally original, the way you did.
You know, I was young.
Umm...
I've been developing
a theory.
I believe I can prove...
that Galois extensions
are covering spaces.
That everything,
everything is connected.
That it's all part
of the same subject.
When was the last time
you ate?
Excuse me?
You know, food.
Oh, uh-
My wife,
she loves mayonnaise.
Oh, thank you.
Thank you.
Go on.
The function...
is in the two categories.
Um-hmm.
Alicia!
Alicia!
...coming together
at maximum speed of...
Let us say
So you have a fly
on the tire of bicycle B,
and the fly, who can travel
at 20 miles per hour,
leaves the tire
of bicycle B and it flies...
to the tire of bicycle A
and backwards and forwards...
and so on and so forth
until the two bikes collide...
and the poor little fly
is squashed.
- This is the important thing...
about actually focusing in
and comprehending...
the area that you're
dealing with.
Mathematics is very specific,
and it is an art form,
no matter what these
people around here
will tell you,
especially the people
from biology.
Don't listen to any
of those people.
Let me go back
to what you were doing before.
I might want to steal this,
write a book and get famous.
I was thinking
that I might teach.
A classroom
with 50 students...
can be daunting
for anyone.
John, besides,
you're a terrible
teacher.
I'm an acquired
taste, Martin.
I was hoping there still
might be something
I could contribute.
What about the-
Well, you know.
Are they gone?
No, they're not gone.
And maybe they
never will be.
But I've gotten used
to ignoring them...
and I think as a result
they've kind of given up on me.
You think that's
what it's like...
with all our dreams
and our nightmares, Martin?
You've got to keep
feeding them for them
to stay alive?
John, they-
haunt you, though.
They're my past, Martin.
Everybody's haunted by their past.
Well, good-bye.
John, I'll talk
to the department.
Maybe
in the spring.
Hey, Nash?
You- You scared?
Terrified.
Mortified.
Petrified.
Stupefied by you.
Now you ought best
ring Alicia,
or you're gonna get me...
I'll ring her.
in an awful
lot of trouble.
Thanks, Professor.
Good-bye.
Have a nice day.
Good-bye.
Papers in hand, Mr. Beyer.
Professor Nash?
Can you see him?
Yeah.
You sure?
Uh-huh.
Positive?
He's within your vision?
- Okay. Good.
Forgive me, I'm just always suspicious of new people.
See you next week,
Professor.
See you next week.
So now that I know that you're real, who are you, and what can I do for you?
Professor, my name is Thomas King...
Thomas King?
Mm-hm.
and I'm here to tell you... that you're being considered for the Nobel Prize.
Forgive me, but I'm just a little stunned.
Over the past few years your equilibrium... has become a cornerstone of modern economics. Suddenly everybody likes that one.
What about my work on other some such projects—manifold embedding?
The application of your bargaining problem... to FCC bandwidth auctions or to antitrust cases—Antitrust cases?
Yes. I never would have considered that. Well...
Have I just reached... some level of honesty that borders on stupidity?
No, no, you haven't. 'Cause, I wouldn't have thought of that. Shall we have tea? Oh, I don't go in there. I usually just... take my sandwich in the library. Come on, John. Let's have some tea. It's a big day. M-Most- Most commercially available brands of tea... are not suitable to my palate. I'm not- There are some Northern Indian teas which are dense enough- I enjoy the flavor that they have- I have not been in this room... for some many years. I wonder what tea they serve. Why, thank you, young lady. Things have certainly changed around here. I have a son that age. Harvard. Hmm. I would have thought the nominations... for the Nobel Prize would have been secret. I would have thought you'd only find out... if you won or lost. That is generally the case, yes. But these are special circumstances.
The awards are substantial. They require private funding. As such, the image of the Nobel is... I see. You came here to find out if I was crazy? Find out if I would... screw everything up if I actually won? Dance around the podium, strip naked and squawk like a chicken, things of this nature? Something like that, yes. Would I embarrass you? Yes, it is possible. You see, I- I am crazy. I take the newer medications, but I still see things that are not here. I just choose not to acknowledge them. Like a diet of the mind, I choose not to indulge certain appetites. Like my appetite for patterns. Perhaps my appetite to imagine and to dream. Professor Nash. It's good to have you here, John. Thank you. It's an honor, sir. Thank you very much. A privilege, Professor.
Nicely done, John.
Thank you, Tom.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Thank you, Ed.
That was certainly most unexpected.
Thank you.
I've always believed in numbers.
In the equations and logics...
that lead to reason.
But after a lifetime of such pursuits,
I ask,
what truly is logic?
Who decides reason?
My quest has taken me through the physical,
the metaphysical,
the delusional...
and back.
And I have made the most important discovery of my career.
The most important discovery of my life.
It is only in the mysterious equations of love...
that any logical reasons can be found.
I'm only here tonight because of you.
You are the reason I am.
You are all my reasons.
Thank you.
So nice to have met you.
I'll call for the car, Dad.
Bye bye.
Bye bye.
Are you ready to go now?
Oh, yes, I am.
Yes, indeed,
and yes, please.
Thank you so much.
Thank you.
What is it?
What's wrong?
Nothing.
Nothing at all.
Come with me,
young lady.
Oh-hh...
I have a car outside.
Are you interested
in a ride?
Where's it going to?
l will
Watch you
in the darkness
Show you
Love will
See you through
When the bad dreams
Wake you crying
I'll show you
All love can do
What love can do
l will watch
through the night
Hold you in my arms
Give you dreams
Where none will be
l will watch
through the dark
Till the morning comes
All the light
I'll take you
through the night
To see
The light
Showing us all love
Can be
l will
Guard you
With my bright wings
Stay till your heart
Learns to see
All love
Can...
Be