

GOD'S NUMBER

Written by

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EIMAR (V.O.)
Put your shite on the chaise-long
and get the fuck down.

JOHN (V.O.)
What shit?

JOHN (V.O.)
What chaise-long?

JOHN (V.O.)
That's a divan.

Credits.

INT. PROFESSOR WILKET'S ROOM, KING'S COLLEGE - MORNING

Pixels of information flying into the screen to gradually form a picture of a girl in a bikini, but just before it forms, the mouse wriggles to remove the screensaver.

The computer is in a small university office that is covered in wires, spectrometers, microphones, headphones, circuit boards and more flashing computer terminals. The man who moved the mouse is sitting on a swivel chair. He is PROFESSOR HARRY WILKETS: bottle top glasses, 35 but looks 17, a black Muse t-shirt billowing out of tight jeans. He is pale, tall and gangly, like a teenager who has never grown into his body.

HARRY
You see? John?

Propped up by the shelf on the other side of the room is JOHN FISCHER. He's wearing a new open collar suit with fashionable stubble and a tan.

JOHN
No I don't see Harry, why don't you sodding explain.

HARRY
There. Your number.

HARRY pings a tuning fork on the low height shelf that goes all the way round his room and acts as a desk. He holds it to a microphone that's connected to a spectrometer, and then his ear. John shrugs.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Why did they give you a professorship?

JOHN
The ringing will stop Harry. Almost everything stops.

HARRY
But Chaitin,

Harry throws a pen at a labelled picture of Gregory Chaitin on the wall. On either side of Chaitin is Gauss and Fermat. A banner across the top reads 'Mathematicians who should have been phycisists.'

HARRY (CONT'D)
And you. You proved the opposite.

The ringing of the tuning fork stops.

JOHN
I can't hear it.

HARRY
Ah but...

Harry whacks the tuning fork on the table again and holds it proudly. His face beams.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Does this count?

EXT. KING'S COLLEGE SCIENCE LABS - SAME

John walks through the green interior of King's college to the main gates. He does not stroll, he swaggers.

He nods to the porter, who comes out to help him, he turns the corner where suddenly above a mess of questions and flashes we hear:

REPORTER 1
John? Does your work confirm, or deny the existence of God?

REPORTER 2 
Mr Fischer? Daily Ma How does your wife feel about your relationship with Fearne Cotton?

John, helped by the porter, fights his way through a throng of reporters to the cab that's waiting for him. A huge Irish girl, EIMAR, towers over them all. She stands silent wearing a woolly hat, and a scruffy t-shirt. Next to her, and also staring silently at John is VINCENT MILBURN, he looks European in the face, and has a weedy moustache.

Eimar slowly extends her huge arm over the reporter's heads so that she is pointing at John.

John is momentarily put off by the creepy couple. A voice brings him back to the world of shouting reporters.

REPORTER 1
John, God or your wife?

JOHN
Is God female?

John's eyes continue to flit towards Vincent and Eimar.

REPORTER 3
John how do you feel about your
wife's page 3 spread 

John makes it to the cab. He turns around and puts his hands in the air.

JOHN
Guys! Guys.

The reporters fall hushed. John lowers his hands.

JOHN (CONT'D)
It's just a number yeah?

John winks, and lowers himself into the cab with a final glance at Eimar.

Eimar continues to point at him. The sound of the reporters echoes away into:

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Eimar holding a gun in John's face. The hole of the barrel becomes:

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. A LECTURE HALL - DAY

The first zero of
0.000000100000010000010000010000111011100110010011110001001001
001110 written in chalk across three blackboards in a huge
lecture theatre. John is finishing the last 0 and then he
writes ...

The large lecture theatre is packed to the point of people sitting in the aisles. Some of the students are scribbling furiously.

John has a microphone pinned to his chest.

JOHN
Now. I'm not expecting you to write
that all down.

A scribbling student looks up disappointed. The rest of the hall laugh.

JOHN (CONT'D)
This is Chaitin's supposedly
uncomputable number, to 64 decimal
places. I could go on.

The students laugh appreciatively. One particularly attractive student, ANNA catches his eye. She is wearing a beret. She has no notes. She blows him a kiss. Sat next to her, but with her shoulders hunched to exclude Anna, is Eimar. Eimar is a furtive scribbler.

John puts down his chalk.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You don't know what uncomputable
means do you. How many of you are
actually maths students?

A timid show of about twenty hands in an audience of 200.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Good. Maths students are all boring
bastards anyway. Can any of you
tell me why it's all ones and
zeroes?

The students desperately and try to not catch John's eye.

ANNA
Is it binary?

JOHN
Sorry

ANNA
(shouts)
Is it binary?

JOHN
Absolutely. At least one of you is
not a fuckwit. Whilst I am
flattered by you all being here, I
didn't this was going to be a
remedial class. So, back to basics.
Binary means, um... 

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

John is wide awake, SHARLENE is curled up with all the duvet on the other side of the bed, only her blonde hair is visible.

John gets up and puts on a pair of jeans before heading downstairs.

INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN - SAME

John switches the lights on, and off again, on, off, before leaving them on.

JOHN
(muttering to himself)
Binary.

His kitchen is spotless chrome. The light is not one central light, it's tastefully placed spotlights.

He takes a glass, and a remote sat on the side. With a touch of a button a flat-screen television slides out from a counter and switches itself on.

On the television is Shaun of The Dead. Simon Pegg and Nick Frost have a girl zombie in their back yard. They move forward astonished.

John pours a glass of water and leans against the top watching.

Sneaking through the door is Eimar. John has his back to her whilst he watches the tv.

SIMON PEGG 
Excuse me

Eimar sneaks closer, it's amazing someone that big is capable of stealth. Stretched over her huge frame is a t-shirt with the slogan 'Jesus is my homeboy'.

SIMON PEGG (CONT'D)
Excuse me. Hello

Eimar has a black cloth bag on her, evidently to go over John's head.

NICK FROST
Oi!

She freezes, and then takes another step. The girl zombie turns around.

SIMON PEGG
My God. She's drunk!

Eimar brings the bag over his head. POV inside the bag. John shouts and kicks but it's muffled.

INT. AN AIRPLANE - NIGHT

John takes off his face mask as the passenger next to him is nudging him.

The plane is sparsely populated and quiet. It looks like a long hall flight. The male passenger (40) sat next to John has a copy of his book, *God's Number*, with John's face emblazoned on the front cover. The passenger's son (13) is politely playing on a Nintendo next to him.

PASSENGER

You're him aren't you?

He holds up the book next to John's face to prove it. John slowly takes his earplugs out as well.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)

You're the mathematician.

John looks at the book, and then slowly looks back.

JOHN

No I just look like him.

PASSENGER

Aw man. That is awesome. 'Cos like. You're on the telly. And I'm reading it you know?

The passenger hits the book with the back of his hand.

JOHN

Really?

PASSENGER

And you just make it up. The number.

JOHN

I don't make it up.

PASSENGER

Well no, you derive it and all, but you work backwards. Just guessing the number out of thin air. It could have been anything. Hang on.



The passenger stand up to get the attention of his wife CAITLIN who is reading *Heat*, sat to the side two rows back.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)

Caitlin. Caitlin. Caitlin. 

JOHN

(more to himself)
Couldn't of been anything. A limited subset.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)

But you chose it right, and now you've chosen it, it's self affirming. Caitlin!

Caitlin looks up at her husband, bored. The passenger waves the book across the divide.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)
It's John Fischer. From the book!

Caitlin's eyes go wide.

CAITLIN
What's he like?

The passenger gives his wife a huge thumbs up and sits back in his seat.

CHILD 
Dad?

PASSENGER
Frickin' awesome man. What the hell is John Fischer doing sitting with us plebs anyway?

JOHN
My wife controls the budget. Now if you don't mind.

PASSENGER
No but like, this is awesome...

John looks around to try and grab an attendant's eye.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)
'cos now that number can't be anything else. You're like Jesus man -

JOHN
Dad -

PASSENGER
You're like frickin' Jesus.

CHILD
Dad! Stop bothering the man, have a beer, and chill the fuck out yeah?

The passenger collapses back into his seat. John nods at the child thanking him, then replaces his mask and earplugs.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

POV the hood is taken off.

John shakes his head disbelieving. Eimar is pointing a gun in his face.

JOHN
Why d'you hood me to bring me to my lounge?

John's living room is as tastefully decorated as his lounge. It all looks clean, a mixture between tasteful and antiques, and the latest hi-fi equipment. There is a complete lack of ornaments and clutter. He is stood on a Persian rug.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

EIMAR

Shut your mouth.

A tall armchair facing the other way dramatically swivels round. On it is sat Vincent who is fiddling with his moustache. He is stroking his weak moustache. He is wearing an out-of-the-box white shirt. His tie is loose so that it does not reach his last button.

JOHN

Shouldn't you be stroking a white cat?

INT. JOHN'S PATIO GARDEN - DAY

A young white cat walks across a low garden wall in central London. It is a summer's day. A fly buzzes past it and the cat follows it with its head.

 It flies past an overly manicured hand taking out Tesco's economy sausages to put them on the barbeque. John's wife, SHARLENE, is cooking. She would be even more attractive if her hair was not chemically straightened.

It flies onto a small table where Harry and John are sitting with beers. John's head is back, enjoying the summer day smoking a cigarette. His hair is a bit longer, and he's wearing old torn clothes. Tesco's economy sausages are daintily placed on a barbecue by an over-manicured hand.

Harry picks up a newspaper next to him to swat the fly.

JOHN

What's it ever done to you?

Harry instead wafts it away. It lands on the wall. The cat wriggles getting ready to pounce. It jumps for the fly, doesn't land quite properly and falls off the wall. It twists round so that it lands upright.

HARRY

Don't worry about Archimedes. He's got 50 lives.

JOHN

And he's a mathematician.

HARRY

So?

JOHN

So he's going to live forever.

John takes a sip of beer, and blows into the bottle lazily.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Not like physicists. Who remembers them?

HARRY

What, the ones that actually do something useful?

JOHN

The rules of Physics could change, and all your Physicists will be talking crap. You could become magnetic.

HARRY

Yeah I'm Magneto

JOHN

If Magneto looked like you, no one would like him. Maths right -

John picks up the salt and pepper in either hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)

One and one is always two.

HARRY

And so mathematicians live forever?

JOHN

And so I live forever.

HARRY

And yet you're not useful to anyone.

JOHN

Useful to me. I might get a book out of it.

SHARLENE

And then my man would actually be a breadwinner.

To talk to Sharlene, John has to lean back on his chair and shout over his shoulder.

JOHN

Hey, I win bread.

She comes over to kiss him upside down. As she does, she takes his cigarette of him and puts it out. She picks up a burger bun.

SHARLENE
Who paid for this?

HARRY
(smiling)
Yeah I thought you were going to
become an accountant

JOHN
Thank you Harry.

HARRY
What ever happened to that John?

SHARLENE
He was a dickhead that's what
happened.

Harry laughs.

JOHN
What happened Harry, was that I
realised it was a sin, a sin I tell
you, to waste a mind like mine -

HARRY
Sorry what?

JOHN
A mind like mine, on accountancy.

SHARLENE
And when he went for an interview -

JOHN
(reluctantly)
And then when I went for an
interview... they called me
arrogant. They said it was obvious
I thought the job was beneath me.

HARRY
Which you do.

JOHN
You are not being very nice to me
today. Burn his food honey. Burn
his food.

SHARLENE
You could've got that job you know.
If you'd've actually tried. 

John gives Harry a 'thank you' look.

Harry reaches down to his side where there is a small water
pistol.

JOHN
Don't be a dick.

Harry lets a tiny trickle out of the gun.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Harry.

Sharlene sneaks up with a bucket and pours it all over John.
John is drenched.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Give me that. C'mon.

Harry hands him the water pistol. John gets up and chases
Sharlene down the short garden. In the end she is backed into
a corner. She laughs as he walks towards her gun held out.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eimar's gun wavering in John's face. His eyes cross to watch
it.

His eyes flick to the side. Eimar's eyes follow his giving
John enough time to dodge out the way of the gun and land a
punch on Eimar's face.

Eimar steps back two paces, and she raises her gun again. The
punch has not really affected her at all.

John holds his fist in pain.

JOHN
Ah. Bloody hell. What the hell's
your skull made of.

A line of blood trickles down from Eimar's left nostril. She
wipes it with the back of her hand, looks down, and then back
at John.

EIMAR
Put your shite on the chaise-long
and get the fuck down.

JOHN
What shit?

He shows his empty hands, and looks round the room.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What chaise-long?

JOHN (CONT'D)
That's a divan.

Eimar looks incredulous.

EIMAR
Here, d'you see this point seven
seven?

John slowly nods.

EIMAR (CONT'D)
Sure it says it's a fucking chaise
long! Now get. The fuck. Down.

John starts to lower himself slowly onto the divan.

EIMAR (CONT'D)
Gobshite.

Eimar starts to pace the room. Both John and Vincent watch her. She wipes her nose again.

EIMAR (CONT'D)
Has anyone got a bleedin' tissue.

John makes the final fall into the chair.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. A DIFFERENT LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

 John falling into a cheaper sofa, his hair longer again, A Brief History of Time in hand. He is now in jeans and a polo-shirt, his hair again slightly longer. This sofa is pushed against the wall, and it is the only sofa in the small room. He puts his feet up on the dirty glass coffee table. Above him is a print of the 28 Days Later poster. Sharlene enters, she is wearing too little clothes for the time of day.

SHARLENE
John. I've been thinking.

JOHN
Uh huh?

SHARLENE
Your publisher's right. We deserve
it. I think you should, you know

JOHN
Yep.

SHARLENE
So you will then?

JOHN
Mmm hmm.

Sharlene grabs a Physics text book off a shelf, and throws it at him so it lands on his lap.

SHARLENE

Oi.

JOHN

What?

SHARLENE

It's getting late my boy genius.

John looks at his watch. It is only half past eight. He looks up at her uncomprehending. He gets it. He smiles.

JOHN

Let me finish this page. But you um, you know.

She flashes him her bra as she leaves, playing up against the door frame. John does not look up from his book.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - THE SAME NIGHT

Eimar is pacing up and down the room, while Vincent is sat starting at John in the opposite armchair. She holds her head upwards so as to stop the bleeding.

EIMAR

You're just as pretty close up. The devil was always pretty.

John makes no comment. Vincent makes no comment.

EIMAR (CONT'D)

I know what you do.

JOHN

(shrugs his shoulders)

OK.

Vincent leans forward without breaking eye contact. The chair squeaks.

VINCENT

John Fischer, my name is Vincent Milburn.

He pauses, waiting for the information to sink in.

JOHN

I'm sorry, should I um....

VINCENT

(slowly)

And I know exactly what you do.

Vincent leans back in his chair. To break the tension John starts to whistle the theme from the Great Escape.

He almost gets through a complete verse, the other two staring at him unbelieving until:

EIMAR
Mary, virgin mother of Jesus Christ
our Lord, shut the fuck up.

VINCENT
Shhh...

Eimar stops. John stops mid-whistle, his lips still puckered. John directs the following conversation at Vincent.

JOHN
What do you want?

EIMAR
I want... I want....

JOHN
If you want money I have a safe.

EIMAR
Shut your face. I want...

Vincent smiles to himself in his armchair.

JOHN
What's your name?

EIMAR
Eimar.

JOHN
This can all end amicably Eimar.

EIMAR
What?

JOHN
In a friendly manner.

Eimar spits in John's face. John wipes it off. She wipes her nose again.

EIMAR
You punched me. You didn't have to
punch me.

VINCENT
For God's sake Eimar, just shove
some tissue up it.

She tears a bit of tissue off, and shoves it up her nose to stop her nose bleeding.

EIMAR
 (mutters)
 Don't you be using the Lord's name
 in vain.

Vincent pokes around in a drawer of a coffee table next to him. He finds a packet of cigarettes and takes one out.

VINCENT
 Do you mind?

John makes no response. Vincent snaps the cigarette in two.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
 Fucking cigarettes John! Sorry. Mr
 Fischer. John? Can I call you John?

John nods.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
 I read your book.

JOHN
 Which one?

INT. A UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

Rows of identical shelves. Students sitting studying writing notes. As we travel further in, the students grow more sparse until we reach the final row, entitled Mathematics.

There is a short student with his trouser tucked into his socks. He thumbs along and half pulls out:

John Fischer
 Information Theory from Turing to Chaitin

On the cover is a small black and white photo of a much younger John wearing dreadful glasses and a sweater.

He puts it back.

INT. WATERSTONES IN OXFORD STREET - DAY

John's face is everywhere, on posters, large on every book in a huge stand. The book's title is God's number.

There is a huge diversely populated queue that stretches through the shop. At the end is John himself, surrounded by more giant pictures of his face, signing books.

His grinning airbrushed face on a poster becomes:

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

His worried, haggard face in the room

EIMAR
You've wrote two?

JOHN
Eight actually

EIMAR
Shite. What did you do that for?

INT. SUZIE'S OFFICE - DAY

SUZIE (27) is sitting in a funky plastic chair the other side of a desk from John. She is wearing a suit, expensive pearl earrings, and her hair has no parting. Projected behind her is a rotating publishing house logo. John is back in a polo-shirt and torn jeans. She gets up from her desk with the manuscript in hand.

SUZIE
The champers is on ice until we sort this out. Now, I know what's going on in that head of yours.

JOHN
I really don't think you do.

SUZIE
We've got two options John. Either we go with 'The Discovery of Omega and its Implications on Information Theory' -

JOHN
Yes. Let's do that -

SUZIE
Bloody information theory, bollocks to it, no-one cares. You'll sell your five copies to the mathmos, or, -

JOHN
Sod the or -

SUZIE
We do a little dumbing down re-write. We'll make it subjective, put a few I's in, let us see your story -

JOHN
Maths is subjective.

SUZIE

Then we'll call it...

She stands up, and clicks a remote mouse to move the Powerpoint slide on to the words 'God's Number'.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

God's number. We'll sell...

She clicks again to reveal a big green dollar symbol and puts the mouse down.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Millions of copies, get you a nice big house, and we'll retire to drink fuck loads of Pimms.

Impulsively John grabs the mouse from across the table and clicks on the next slide. It is black, but then slowly two words dissolve in: 'Blank Slide'. John puts the mouse down.

JOHN

My omega was just one of an infinite subset. If you'd read the book you'd know that.

SUZIE

But not anymore I believe.

JOHN

Well, yes but -

Suzie clicks again. It reads: 'John calls it God's number'.

SUZIE

You call it God's number. In here, in your book, so I don't want any more shit-chat.



INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - THE SAME NIGHT

Eimar is pacing the Persian rug.

EIMAR

We would be having those back, so we would.

JOHN

My books?

EIMAR

No the fucking Americas. Yes your books.

JOHN

Why?

EIMAR

You really are as dense as pig
shite.

John looks at Vincent for permission to continue.

VINCENT

I have explained to my colleague
about the theories of our dear
friend Mr Heisenburg. She is deeply
concerned about the effect people
will have on God if they observe
him through your number.

JOHN

And yourself?

VINCENT

I am here for more...

Vincent starts to laugh, the laugh of a baddie.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Esoteric reasons.

JOHN

(to Eimar)

Look, I can explain it you

EIMAR

Good God, don't you fucking dare.

JOHN

If you have a programme...

INT. A LECTURE HALL - DAY

A hundred students look rapt at John as he races chalk across
a blackboard.

JOHN (O.S.)

...any programme, and you write
it....

Computers, a hundred screens. Running programmes. Numbers
racing across them.

JOHN (V.O.)

... on a computer, my number's just
the probability it...

A coin tossed up, it lands on wooden table where it spins...

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

EIMAR

Do not speak another word! If one more utterance escapes your gobshite mouth, I swear to God I will...

The coin still spinning on the table.

JOHN (V.O.)

My number's the probability the programme goes on forever, or stops.

The coin comes to a halt. It is spinning on the coffee table next to John's sofa.

Eimar clicks back the catch on the gun.

Vincent, stands up, picks up the coin, and sets it spinning again.

JOHN

It's just...

EIMAR

What? Say it.

JOHN

Almost everything can be thought of as a computer programme, and they all contribute to my number.

VINCENT

Like?

INT. A LECTURE HALL - DAY

John now has slides coming through a projector. He stands underneath the huge screen and points.

A graph going up and then down again erratically.

JOHN (V.O.)

Stock prices,

Clunk. Next slide. Gareth Southgate putting the ball down for his penalty kick.

JOHN (V.O.)

Football games,

Clunk. The stars all coming together in a reverse Big Bang

JOHN (V.O.)
 Whether the universe will stop, or
 go on for ever

EXT. HYDE PARK - AFTERNOON

The sun is shining. John (with his longer hair again) is sat next to his gorgeous wife.

JOHN (V.O.)
 Love.

Sharlene twiddles her small engagement ring round her finger.

SHARLENE
 Maybe we should have waited.

JOHN
 What?

SHARLENE
 Just until you got a real job.

A frisbee lands near them, he gets up to throw it, he tries, and it lands at his feet. He runs over towards the group of young 20 somethings.

He hands it to ANNA, who is obviously less attractive than his wife, and yet, maybe that is because she is less done up. She has a smile that stops men in the street.

They hold each other's gaze for a little too long.

Anna runs off into the park, but turns around long enough to grin at him.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Eimar, still with a tissue up her nose, is staring at Vincent while holding the cocked gun at John's face.

JOHN
 So if you add up all the things
 that do stop in the world -

VINCENT
 Like human life.

JOHN
 Exactly. And divide by everything
 you get my number. It's the code
 for the Universe.

EIMAR
 You see, you've no call to be
 knowing shite like that there.
 (MORE)

EIMAR (CONT'D)

Universe will stop. No call I tell
you.

JOHN

I don't. I just know that it
contribut-

Eimar pulls the trigger. The bullet is slowly expelled from the gun, heading for John's left eye.

A slow motion explosion sound is followed by a high ringing.

John's eye widens and starts to blink in defence.

The bullet is too fast. It connects, compressing his eye, and the world turns grey.

His head bulges out backwards and then explodes, the bullet coming through first. All the world is grey, his blood is a vivid red. Half of his head is removed, and it splatters across the back wall and the divan.

John collapses back into the chair, but it just looks as though he's sitting down. The hole where his right eye is oozes blood.

Underneath the ringing, the voices sound muffled.

VINCENT

Good work Eimar.

POV - John stands up. He turns around to see bits of his skull like an urban camouflage effect on the sofa. Blood slowly dribbles. John turns his head back round to see Eimar staring at him in shock.

She lets out five more rounds into John, but they just sink into his flesh.

John brings his fist up, and still in slow motion brings it back to punch Eimar in the face.

Her eyeball pops as John pierces it, and the tissue in her nose flies out.

Back to real speed and colour, Eimar flies through the wall.

She hits a second wall, and collapses, very much dead.

Blood waterfalls out of John's neck.

Vincent gets up. John tries to take a toward him, but he doesn't get it right and falls to the ground.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I'll be seeing you.

John tries to get up but can't manage it. He tries to call, but his throat just makes a rasping sound.

The door opens, it is Sharlene in a dressing gown.

SHARLENE
(muffled so as to be
barely audible)
John?

She sees Vincent stood at the other door.

VINCENT
Ma'am. I'm sorry for this.

He nods at her and leaves.

From her point of view we can only see John's face front on. John struggles on the floor.

She sees the hole in the wall.

John manages to make his vocal chords rasp, but more air than sound escapes his lips.

JOHN
I'm Ok.

Sharlene takes a step closer, sees his half a head.

SHARLENE
John! What the fuck John? Oh god.

She leans over and vomits in the hall.

JOHN
Honey?

She can't take this, and she runs away, slamming the door.

John drags himself over to the divan, and uses it to help himself up. It is not that his legs won't work, it is that he is not sure how to use them. Keeping his knee joints locked, he see-saws over to the mirror.

He wipes some blood from his good eye, it does not blink.

He waves a hand to the missing part of his head, and it goes straight through.

He reaches in, grabs a bit of his brain. He handles it between his thumb and forefinger, before crushing it.

He smashes the mirror with his closed fist, and dents the wall.

The shards fly out, their trajectories marked with red dotted lines, with differential equations marking their direction.



He screams with rage.