

Tensor Mysteries
by
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INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

SAM stands in front of CARMEN's desk, rifling through pages dense with mathematical formulae.

SAM
I know what these mean.

CARMEN
Which ones.

SAM
All of them.

CARMEN
Really.

Sam stops at one page.

SAM
This is a tensor equation for
working in an eleven dimensional
universe.

He pulls out some more pages.

SAM
These are some preliminary notes on
solving the Riemann Hypothesis, and
I can tell at a glance that whoever
wrote them is way off track.
(beat)
How do I know this?

CARMEN
You tell me.

SAM
Before you handed me these papers I
didn't know a tensor equation from
a tent pole. All of a sudden it's
just... there.
(beat)
What the hell did you do to me?

CARMEN
(smiling thinly)
You think we did this to you?

Off Sam's look.

CARMEN
You never could leave well enough
alone.