

**ATTACK OF THE GOOGOLPLEX**  
A Lone Integer Math Melodrama

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FADE IN

## EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

Rain falls on a cloaked FIGURE scurrying up the walkway to a modern elementary school. We get a glimpse of the sign outside the building: "The Brainiac School for Exceptionally Bright-Most-of-the-Time Children." The FIGURE aims a handheld electronic contraption at the front door. It shoots out an electric zap that melts the lock and causes the FIGURE to emit a yelp. The door creaks open. The FIGURE slips inside, giggling.

## INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - NIGHT

The FIGURE bumbles around a darkened room lit only by a flashlight. He bangs into a desk and knocks over a wastebasket, which he steps into and can't shake off. Now wearing the wastebasket like a shoe, he mutters and tromps about with wild abandon until he finally finds the desk he wants. He rifles through all the drawers and pulls out the clutch of papers he's after.

FIGURE

We're going to have good eating tonight, baby!

## SFX: BURGLAR ALARM

The FIGURE leaves, hurriedly, clutching the papers, clomping.

## EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

An OLD-FASHIONED NEWSBOY hawks papers as a MAN enters.

NEWSBOY

Extra! Extra! Read all about it. Pop quizzes  
Disappear from the Brainiac School for Exceptionally  
Bright-Most-of-the-Time Children. Extra! Extra!  
Read all about it.

MAN

I'll take a copy.

The MAN gives the NEWSBOY some change, scans the headline, and pauses.  
*(Production note: The MAN should look like the Lone Integer, but in civilian clothes.)*

MAN (cont.)

Hmm. Why would anyone want to take pop quizzes  
that have already been taken?

## EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE ON A HILL - NIGHT

Lightning flashes, a dog howls.

*(Production note: This should be film footage from an old science fiction or horror movie, or animated. Either way, the lightning and dog howling are running gags that always occur whenever we see this house. It is DR. INFINITY'S LABORATORY.)*

## INT. DR. INFINITY'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

A typical mad-scientist type lair with bubbling test tubes, etc. THE FIGURE -- DR. INFINITY -- enters, laughing, giggling, carrying a sheath of papers and walking with a pronounced limp from dragging a wastebasket still stuck on his foot. He quickly heads to a large, canvas-draped cage in the center of the room.

DR. INFINITY

The time has come, my pet, for you to take your rightful place in Numeral City. And I, Dr. Infinity, shall reach my true destiny and TAKE OVER THE WORLD!

He laughs maniacally, which turns into a wheezing cough.

DR. INFINITY (cont.)

Let the plan begin.

DR. INFINITY begins to stuff the papers through a slot in the box.

We hear sounds of eating, chewing, slobbering, belching.

DR. INFINITY (cont.)

No more Cheerios, mini-donuts, or the holes from Swiss Cheese for you, my little digit. From now on, it's a strict diet of goose eggs. And I don't mean the kind you get from geese! Just luscious, delicious ZEROES !

The eating stops and is replaced by gasping and choking. One of the papers is spit back out of the cage. DR. INFINITY retrieves it and smoothes it out.

DR. INFINITY (cont.)

A 74! How did that get in here? These are supposed to be 100% one hundreds from a spelling quiz given at that school for smart kids. Sorry about that, Googie.

GOOGIE  
 (From inside his cage)  
 Zeroes. Must have more zeroes.

DR. INFINITY  
 Yes, of course. Coming right up.

GOOGIE  
 More . . . zeroes . . . now!

DR. INFINITY  
 But I'm fresh out!

GOOGIE  
 Must have more zeroes!

GOOGIE -- THE MONSTER inside -- breaks open the cage. Out steps a snarling, slobbering animal that is a combination of Cerberus [*three-headed dog*], centaur, and centipede. On the human-like chest of the centaur, GOOGIE wears a t-shirt that says Number "1". On the horse-like torso are a few zeroes.

GOOGIE HEAD #1  
 I am the great—

GOOGIE HEAD #2  
 Gigantic—

GOOGIE HEAD #3  
 Zero-gulping—

GOOGIE [All]  
 Googolplex! MUST HAVE ZEROES!!!

*(Production note: The following song can be spoken, or turned into a music video with the lyrics becoming visuals, e.g. a kid writing zeroes furiously as the hands on an analog clock speed around in circles. It could be broken up into different lines, with harmonizing, by the three heads of the Googolplex.)*

GOOGIE  
 I am the Googolplex,  
 The most monstrous number in the world.  
 I am a one followed by zeroes galore.  
 Just to write me out, will take an hour or more.  
 I'm a number so long you could count for a year and a day,  
 And only be halfway!

GOOGIE (cont.)

For I am the Googolplex.  
The great, gigantic, zero-gulping Googolplex.  
I eat zeroes for breakfast, lunch, dinner and as a snack.  
But if you don't feed me more zeroes I'll have to attack!

DR. INFINITY

Let's not be hasty, my pet. These zeroes off  
my calendar should tide you over.

DR. INFINITY shreds the calendar, which GOOGIE gobbles. The centipede-like body grows longer; more zeroes appear on the torso.

EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

Horror-film footage of the exterior of a haunted house atop a hill. It becomes illuminated by a bolt of lightning.

DR. INFINITY (o.s.)

Until the rampage begins!

We hear DR. INFINITY laugh maniacally, which turns into a cough.

INT. BANQUET HALL - DAY

A banner strung across the wall explains it all: "National Tic-Tac-Toe Championships." A smattering of people watch as TWO PEOPLE play four simultaneous games of Tic - Tac-Toe on a blackboard raised on a platform in the center of the hall.

"O" PLAYER is about to win when DR. INFINITY and GOOGIE run in. There is a scuffle. The TWO PLAYERS cry out; DR. INFINITY laughs; GOOGIE licks "O's" off the blackboard and grows larger. They exit as quickly as they entered.

The blackboard now reveals the same games, but with all the zeroes gone.

The PLAYERS get up, dust themselves off, and resume the games.

X PLAYER

Aha! I'll go here . . . and here . . . and here  
. . . and here!

He fills in the blanks with Xes and draws a winning line through each of the four games.

X PLAYER (cont.)

I win.

O PLAYER

No fair! You can't play Tic-Tac-Toe without any zeroes!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A telephone booth is on the corner of this quiet street. DR. INFINITY and GOOGIE run in, stopping momentarily at the phone booth. Sounds of eating and belching by GOOGIE. They run off.

A WOMAN hurries to the phone, grabs the receiver, puts in a coin.

PHONE WOMAN

Operator! Operator! It's an emergency.

(She pauses, looks at phone.)

PHONE WOMAN (cont.)

No wonder I can't get an operator. This phone doesn't have a zero!

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

A large CROWD packs a baseball stadium on a glorious spring afternoon. The CROWD roars as the batter hits an easy grounder for an out.

ANGLE ON: A prominent, zero-bedecked scoreboard. We see that it is the top of the ninth and that the opposing team has no hits, no runs, no errors.

ANGLE ON: FRED and RED, the broadcasters, in the announcer's booth.

RED

That's two down, top of the ninth, with the home team ahead three to zero. What a game McKay is having.

FRED

The tension in the air is so thick, you could cut it with a butter knife. Heck, you could cut it with a stick of butter!

BUZZ MCKAY is on the pitcher's mound. He shakes off a sign, then another, agrees, and goes into his wind-up.

RED

He goes into his wind-up . . . and delivers!

UMPIRE

Stee-rike one!

FRED

McKay is hotter than a penguin in the Sahara Desert!

RED

Eleven strikeouts, no walks, and he hasn't given up a hit. There haven't been any errors, either, which means—

BUZZ winds up again and pitches again. The BATTER swings and misses.

UMPIRE

Stee-rike two!

RED

Buzz McKay is just one strike away from a perfect game! Not one batter has reached base. Look at all those zeroes on the scoreboard!

FRED

Shh! You're not supposed to say anything about a perfect game happening while it's happening. That could jinx it!

RED

The way McKay is throwing, he'd have to come up against one colossal jinx to—Whoa!

DR. INFINITY and GOOGIE storm in. They run to the scoreboard and among some loud eating noises, leave it empty of all its former zeroes.

The CROWD makes hubbub noises. The players and announcers ad-lib confusion as GOOGIE grows much larger.

FRED

(Whistling)

That's one big number out there, Red. It's bigger than . . . bigger than. . . Gee, it's so big, I can't think up an analogy!

RED

Let's ask our Official Scorer, Stats Mullover,  
to tell us how big that number really is.

STATS

It's got way more zeroes than a million . . . a billion  
. . . or a trillion. I'd say that number is at least a jillion  
. . . maybe even a gazillion!

DR. INFINITY

This number isn't a jillion or a gazillion! There are  
no such numbers. What we have here today, ladies  
and gentleman, is a Googolplex. It's the biggest  
number in the world!

The CROWD oohs and ahhs.

GOOGIE HEAD #1

I am the Googolplex.

GOOGIE HEAD #2

The great, gigantic, zero-gulping Googolplex.

GOOGIE HEAD #3

I am a one, followed by zeroes galore!

More CROWD oohs and ahhs.

DR. INFINIY

He's a glutton for zeroes! Gobbles 'em up like  
potato chips. Only problem is once he starts  
chomping, he can't stop.

GOOGIE

More zeroes. Hungry for more zeroes.

ANGLE ON the crowd. GOOGIE runs into the stands and attacks a PEANUT VENDOR.  
Ad-lib shrieks and cries.

When the comic-scuffle cloud of confusion clears we see the PEANUT VENDOR rifling  
through a wad of cash.

PEANUT VENDOR

My money! I had a wad of ten-dollar bills.  
Now all I have are singles!

DR. INFINITY

The Googolplex has eaten the zeroes off your tens—  
 twenties and fifties, too. And when I, Dr. Infinity—  
 you spell that with three "i's," and one "y" at the end —  
 his supreme master, gives the signal, he'll gobble up  
 all the zeroes in Numeral City. There won't be any  
 place holders for the 10s, 100s, or 1000s columns.  
 Everyone will lose count of where they are!  
 You'll be left with confusion! Chaos!

FAN #1

You can't do that to us!

FAN #2

We need our zeroes!

DR. INFINITY

They're mine and you can't have them! Unless  
 you make me KING Of THE WORLD!

(He sings the following.)

You may think I'm twisted and bent.  
 Though I'm smooth and round like an eight.  
 That's me: Dr. Infinity! And I'll soon be  
 King of the World. I can't wait!  
 For I am Infinity! No one can stop me.  
 To rule the universe is my destiny.  
 Everything about me is vast and endless—

FRED

Especially his ego, Red.

RED

Not to mention this song, Fred.

They laugh and slap five, which infuriates DR. INFINITY.

DR. INFINITY

You dare to mock me, Dr. Infinity?

(Aside to the other sports writers gathered around him.)

Three i's, one y at the end.

DR. INFINITY (cont.)  
 (To GOOGIE, indicating RED and FRED.)  
 Googie, my pet, don't overlook these two losers:  
 Why, they're nothing but a pair of ZEROES!

GOOGIE  
 ZEROES! More zeroes!

GOOGIE attacks and slurps up FRED and RED whole as if they were strands of spaghetti. The awed CROWD becomes panicky.

DR. INFINITY  
 Attention Numeral City! You have one hour  
 . . . to make me . . . King.

DR. INFINITY and GOOGIE run off.

FAN #1  
 We've got to get our zeroes before the Googolplex!

FAN #1 leads a group of other panicky people dashing onto the field. The ballplayers are dazed and confused.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

The CROWD rushes out of the stadium.

INTERCUT with old science fiction movie footage of a terrorized, running crowd.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The ballpark CROWD, lead by FAN #1, runs around, panicky.

SUPERIMPOSE DR. INFINITY and GOOGIE in a way that indicates they are in the crowd's collective conscious.

DR. INFINITY  
 Without any zeroes, your money will be worthless  
 . . . Your clocks won't tell the correct time.  
 You'll have confusion . . . chaos!

The CROWD passes a McDonald's arches and a sign that says, "Over 9,000,000,000,000 served."

FAN #1  
Look!

FAN #2  
Zeroes!

FAN #1  
I saw them first.

FAN #2  
Mine!

As the FANS fight with each other, CROWD members strip the McDonald's sign of its zeroes and scatter.

Two weary BACKPACKERS are taken aback by what they see, but shrug it off when they reach the McDonald's.

BACKPACKER #1  
I'm starving. Let's eat here.

BACKPACKER #2 reads the sign, which now says, "Over 9 people served."

BACKPACKER #2  
No way! The food must be terrible.  
Only 9 people have eaten here.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

A squadron of bomber planes flies in and buzzes GOOGIE as he gobbles zeroes.

INT. JET COCKPIT- DAY

The SQUAD LEADER talks into a walkie-talkie.

SQUAD LEADER  
We've spotted the target, General Strike.

EXT. AIR TRAFFIC TOWER- DAY

GENERAL STRIKE observes the action with pair of binoculars. He also talks into a walkie-talkie.

GENERAL STRIKE

Then go in and blast that Googolplex to smithereens!

EXT. JET - DAY

SQUAD LEADER (o.s.)

Roger, General.

SQUAD LEADER and other planes dive-bomb and attack GOOGIE, who is nonplused.

GOOGIE

Bomb planes?

GOOGIE, now mammoth, runs after the planes. He makes his familiar eating noises. The planes retreat.

ANGLE ON: DR. INFINITY chuckling.

EXT. AIR TRAFFIC TOWER -- DAY

GENERAL STRIKE

Attack, Captain! Drop your payload.

INT. JET COCKPIT - DAY

SQUAD LEADER

We're doing our best, sir, but we're having a problem zeroing in on the Googolplex.

EXT. AIR TRAFFIC TOWER - DAY

GENERAL STRIKE

Are your controls broken?

INT. JET COCKPIT - DAY

SQUAD LEADER

No, sir.

EXT. AIR TRAFFIC TOWER - DAY

GENERAL STRIKE

Scope off-line?

SQUAD LEADER (o.s.)

No, sir. He's eaten all the zeroes!

REACTION SHOT OF GENERAL STRIKE

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

DR. INFINITY

No one can stop us, my pet. But we have to empty out one more place before we take over the world.

INT. MEETING ROOM – DAY

Eight PEOPLE sit around a conference table in an official looking conference room. Each wears a formal business suit and top hat with one of these numbers: 1, 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, 17, 19. They are the Council of PRIME NUMBERS, the legislative body of Numeral City.

PRIME NUMBER (PN) 1

Numeral City is in big trouble, council members. Dr. Infinity and his Googolplex monster are gobbling all our zeroes! It's just a matter of time until many of our favorite and most trusted even numbers turn odd!

PN 3

And when anyone wants to count to 10, they'll get to nine and have to go back to one!

Ad-lib rumblings from COUNCIL MEMBERS.

PN 5

Even worse, without zeroes, we won't know when it's Wednesday night at 10:00.

PN 11

Not that!

PN 5

We'll miss "South Park!"\*\*\*

More intense rumblings from COUNCIL MEMBERS: "Terrible!"; "Now that's serious."

PN 1

That's why it is up to us, the Council of Prime Numbers, the wisest numbers in the land – we're the only ones who cannot be divided, except by themselves, or the number one – to decide what to do.

PN 5

Send out the Eraser Squad!

PN 7

Too risky. The Googolplex will rub them out unless they rub themselves out trying to rub out that gigantic Googolplex.

PN 13

Then let's fight fire with fire!

PN 11

You mean—

PN 13

Yes! This looks like a job for Super Zero!

Ad-lib agreement, and handshaking by COUNCIL MEMBERS.

PN 1

To the Zero Signal!

He leads the COUNCIL to a large wooden cabinet, which he opens with a large key. They remove a large spotlight and wheel it through flung-open French doors onto a balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

The COUNCIL MEMBERS shine the spotlight into the sky.

EXT. SKY—DAY

We see an "O" symbol, ala the Bat Signal, flashing against a cloud.

## EXT. CITY STREET—DAY

A group of PEOPLE scatters as DR. INFINITY and GOOGIE approach. They stop in front of a building marked Post Office.

GOOGIE

Zeroes! More zeroes now!

DR. INFINITY

Here we are.

GOOGIE

Post Office?

DR. INFINITY

Think of all that mail, all those yummy zeroes  
on street addresses . . . return labels . . . zip codes!

GOOGIE

Mmm. Zero, Zero, ZERO!

## EXT. POST OFFICE STEPS - DAY

Just before DR. INFINITY and GOOGIE enter the building, SUPER ZERO swoops down in front of the doorway, blocking it. He is a super hero figure in tights and cape. He has a big "O" on his chest. He also wears a black hat, gloves, and mask—like Zorro. He carries a foil-like sword.

SUPER ZERO

You called?

DR. INFINITY

Super Zero!

SUPER ZERO

Yes, it is I, Super Zero. Defender of Numeral City  
and all things that are good about numbers.  
And you, Dr. Infinity, are about to be stopped.

DR. INFINITY

You can't stop me, Super Zero. I'm Infinity!  
I will go on forever!

SUPER ZERO

Think again, because it's Zero Hour!

SUPER ZERO (cont.)  
(He sings or recites.)

SUPER ZERO (cont.)  
It's Zero Hour. The time  
When I "X" you politely to not commit a crime.  
And if you don't, I'll "X" you again  
With my zero-multiplying sword.  
Then you'll become nothing. A naught, a cipher.  
And don't say you weren't warned.  
Because any number, no matter how big,  
When multiplied by zero, becomes . . . zero!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

SUPER ZERO and DR. INFINITY square off and engage in a duel. PEOPLE come out from hiding to observe the battle. But neither foe touches the other. Finally, SUPER ZERO knocks away DR. INFINITY's makeshift sword and is about to get him.

SUPER ZERO  
This looks like the end of Infinity!

DR. INFINITY  
Impossible! Googie, break apart!

The GOOGIE monster circles around SUPER ZERO. The human torso wearing the T-shirt that says "#1" breaks apart from the huge torso bearing zero after zero. It is now protected by the zeroes.

SUPER ZERO strikes the zeroes with his foil, but nothing happens.

DR. INFINITY laughs.

SUPER ZERO  
Zounds!

DR. INFINITY  
Zeroes, circle that super-square and nullify!

The "O" PEOPLE engulf SUPER ZERO, who goes down fighting. A YOUNG WOMAN from the CROWD edges closer to the action. The circle of "O" PEOPLE opens and a beat-up SUPER ZERO gets tossed into the crowd. A few PEOPLE come to his aid.

SUPER ZERO  
(Mumbling)  
Naughts... Ciphers....

CROWD PERSON #1

Super Zero is hurt.

CROWD PERSON #2

Someone call the medic. The Arith Medic.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'll get you for this, Dr. Infinity!

DR. INFINITY

You? Who are you to threaten me, Dr. Infinity  
-- three i's, one y at the end -- who knows no bounds?

DEE NOMINATOR

My name is Dee. Dee Nominator. Mild-mannered  
bookkeeper for a great metropolitan accounting firm,  
but when Numeral City needs my help, I become . . .  
ta-da . . . Divider Girl!

She throws open her trench coat and removes her hat, and reveals a super hero costume.  
On her chest is the symbol "%" for division.

DIVIDER GIRL

I have the power to divide any number.  
And I'm going to break that Googolplex  
of yours into a mere fraction of itself.

She attacks, but gets captured by a few "O's" in the middle of the GOOGOLPLEX line.

DIVIDER GIRL (cont.)

Hey! What's going on?

DR. INFINITY

You are my prisoner!

DIVIDER GIRL

You won't get away with this you rotten —  
Help! Help! Mmmhh.

DR. INFINITY

Not get away with it? I have! And I will!  
For I am Infinity.

He pauses momentarily and beckons to the CROWD like a conductor leading an orchestra. The CROWD replies in unison, laconically:

CROWD

Three i's, one y at the end.

DR. INFINITY

And I cannot be stopped!

Another super-hero type emerges from the crowd. He is a very small person with a high, squeaky voice wearing a baseball cap with a small script x on it. This is the X PONENT.

X PONENT

I'll save you, Divider Girl.

The CROWD oohs and ahhs.

DR. INFINITY

Don't make me laugh, shorty!

X PONENT

I may look small, but my powers are huge!  
I am the X Ponent! I will blow your Googolplex  
out of this quadrant.

DR. INFINITY

Come any closer, pipsqueak, and you're going  
to become the ex-X Ponent.

ANGLE ON: THE CROWD. Before anything else happens, the CROWD parts and in rides the LONE INTEGER. He is a cowboy-type super hero dressed like the Lone Ranger with black mask, etc. We hear the strains of his theme music, a spoof of the "William Tell Overture." He rides on a toy horse made out of a broomstick. But the horse, from a profile, looks like the symbol for square root.

LONE INTEGER

Do as he says, X Ponent.

X PONENT

Who are you?

LONE INTEGER

Who I am is not important.

DR. INFINITY

That's right. I'm the only one who's important.  
And you better turn your attention to me if you  
want to find out what I expect from you as  
KING OF THE WORLD!

X PONENT

Let me at him!

LONE INTEGER

That'll only make matters worse, friend.  
For if you attach yourself to Googolplex,  
he'll grow into an even bigger number.

X PONENT

But we have to do something! Super Zero failed.  
Divider Girl failed.

LONE INTEGER

They did indeed. But it wasn't their fault.  
When the Googolplex broke up into individual zeroes,  
Super Zero's multiplying powers were useless,  
because multiplying zeroes by zero is. . . zero.

SUPER ZERO

(Ailing, leaning against people from the crowd.)  
He's right.

LONE INTEGER

And Divider Girl, despite her valiant effort to  
divide herself into the Googolplex, failed  
because any number divided by one is still . . . itself.

DR. INFINITY

You certainly know your math, stranger.  
But a single person can't defeat the Googolplex!

LONE INTEGER

I wouldn't count on that. Because I have the law  
on my side: The laws of math!

The CROWD ohhs and ahhs.

LONE INTEGER (cont.)

I may just be one person, but if I function as a  
numerator and stand on a horizontal line drawn  
above the Googolplex, he'll become the smallest  
number in the world. Like so!

THE LONE INTEGER leaps into GOOGIE. There is a battle. But the LONE INTEGER  
manages to rise above GOOGIE

LONE INTEGER

I am the Number One and your Googolplex  
is now one-googolplexth the size it once was!

UNIT ONE and various "O" PEOPLE that comprise the Googolplex begin to shrink.

The CROWD cheers.

DR. INFINITY looks into the palm of his hand where, ostensibly, the infinitesimally small number now resides.

DR. INFINITY

No, Googie, no! I can't see you, hear you,  
or feel you. Sob! He was my only friend.

LONE INTEGER

I hate to see anybody cry—even a scoundrel.

He goes to comfort DR. INFINITY, who stops his fake crying and grabs the LONE INTEGER in a half nelson.

DR. INFINITY

You're not through with me! I am Infinity!  
Everything about me is endless: even the  
tricks up my sleeve!

With a magician's flourish, DR. INFINITY shows a small vile hidden in his sleeve. He throws it down to the ground, which causes a cloud of smoke to engulf the street. There is much commotion. Finally, when the smoke clears, the LONE INTEGER is on a large 36 square checkerboard, "trapped" there by an invisible force field.

The X PONENT tries to save him, but is knocked back with an electric jolt from the force field. DR. INFINITY holds a bound-and-gagged DIVIDER GIRL hostage.

DR. INFINITY

You're trapped on my electrified checkerboard.  
It's wired to explode in 60 seconds. Unless you  
can escape. And I doubt you will because there's  
only one way out.

LONE INTEGER

Why you—

THE LONE INTEGER takes a step off Square #1 onto #2, and gets an electric shock that sends him reeling to Square #3.

LONE INTEGER (cont.)

Ouch! Ow! Dagnabit!

DR. INFINITY

My, my! Such shocking language coming from a hero-type! Tee-hee. All but a few of the squares are wired to send out a jolt of electricity that will fry your brain.

LONE INTEGER steps on Square #4, gets another shock, screams, and returns to the safety of #3.

DR. INFINITY (cont.)

I could stand here and torture you all day, but there's a world out there that needs to be taken over. And just to make sure I'm the evil genius to do it, I'm carrying a little insurance policy—named Divider Girl.

DR. INFINITY exits, carrying a squirming DIVIDER GIRL.

X PONENT

I'll find out what he's up to.

The X PONENT sneaks off after DR. INFINITY.

SUPER ZERO

And I'll free you from that trap, stranger.

SUPER ZERO tries his X-sword on the "invisible" force field, gets a shock and is thrown for a loop.

SUPER ZERO (cont.)

My powers are useless.

LONE INTEGER

Maybe I can use math to escape. Dr. Infinity said there was a way out. That means there must be a pattern. If only I can figure it out.

PN 1

Hurry, because you only have 40 seconds.

LONE INTEGER

Squares #1 and #3 are safe, but #2 and #4 gave me a shock. That's an odd-even pattern. So if I skip over #4, #5 will—

He jumps to #5, but gets a shock.

LONE INTEGER (cont.)

Not keep me from getting shocked !

He lands on #6—a safe square.

LONE INTEGER

Whew! It must be a different pattern. Let's see:  
One good square followed by one bad square  
followed by one good square followed by  
two bad squares followed by one good square —  
followed by—gulp—do I dare it?

PN 1

20 seconds!

LONE INTEGER

Three bad squares, here I come!

He steps on and gets shocked by Square #7, #8, and #9, finally landing on Square #10, a safe square.

LONE INTEGER (cont.)

Ouch, yipes, aiee! Followed by a good square.  
I figured out the pattern!

PN 1

10 seconds.

The LONE INTEGER stands on the checkerboard, surveying the numbers in front of him. He counts before he leaps to his next, then remaining safe squares.

LONE INTEGER

One, two, three, four bad squares—one good.

He steps to Square #15.

PN 1

Seven seconds.

LONE INTEGER

One, two, three, four, five bad – one good.

He steps to Square #21.

PN 1

Five seconds

LONE INTEGER

Six bad—one good.

He steps to Square #28.

PN 1

Three seconds!

LONE INTEGER

Seven bad—one good.

He steps to Square #36—then exits.

LONE INTEGER (cont.)

And out.

PN 1

One second!

The checkerboard "explodes." When all has returned to normal, the LONE INTEGER stands triumphant. The CROWD cheers and gathers 'round.

LONE INTEGER

It was nothing really, folks. The pattern was a progression. That's when --

The X PONENT returns, gasping for breath.

X PONENT

No time to lose. . . Dr. Infinity . . . tied Divider Girl  
. . . to train tracks.

LONE INTEGER

That villainous fiend! Where?

X PONENT

He won't say exactly.

LONE INTEGER

That fiendish villain!

X PONENT

But he did say that when the Northbound Local passes the Southbound Express, Divider Girl will become Divided Girl

LONE INTEGER

Ew. . .

X PONENT

You've got to save her.

LONE INTEGER

Of course I must. And I'll do it—with math!  
First, I'll need a blackboard and some chalk.  
Second, a train schedule. Third, a map of the area.  
And fourth, a glass of water.

X PONENT

A glass of water?

LONE INTEGER

All this excitement gets me thirsty.

A blackboard is wheeled in. A map of the area is brought in on an easel. The LONE INTEGER checks the train schedule. He make notes and calculations on the blackboard while he talks. He draws pictures of trains heading toward each other on railroad tracks.

LONE INTEGER (cont.)

Now, if the Northbound Local leaves at 2 pm and is due to arrive at 2:40; and the Southbound Express leaves ten minutes later, but covers the same ground in only 30 minutes . . .  
How far is it between stations?

PN 1

50 miles.

LONE INTEGER

We do the math . . .

(He mumbles to himself.)

Using the algebra formula  $D=RT$ , where distance equals rate times time.

(Then announces in a loud voice.)

The Local travels at 75 mph and the Express at 100 mph.  
What time is it now?

PN 1

2:20.

LONE INTEGER

That means the Local has been travelling for 20 minutes, or one-third of an hour, at 75 mph, which works out to 25 miles—exactly halfway between stations. Meanwhile, the Express has been travelling for only 10 minutes, one sixth of an hour, but at 100 mph, which comes out to 16 and 2/3rd miles.

He draws the lines on the map, then takes a long drink from the water.

LONE INTEGER (cont.)

Ahh, that hits the spot. Nothing like a glass of ice-cold water to quench your thirst. No sugary soft-drirlks for me. Those are empty calories.

X PONENT

Excuse me, but—Divider Girl!

LONE INTEGER

Haven't forgotten. Those trains still have a few miles left before they pass each other, right here, due west of Numeral City.

He takes another drink of water.

X PONENT

But you still have to ride out there and save her!

The LONE INTEGER spits out the water in mid-drink, then jumps on his "horse."

LONE INTEGER

Oy! We have no time to lose. Hi-ho Square Root, away!

The LONE INTEGER rides off through the CROWD, excusing himself as he tries to avoid banging into anyone.

LONE INTEGER (cont.)

Pardon me, but the shortest distance between any two points is a straight line.

SUPER ZERO

He'll need back up!

SUPER ZERO follows, as do X PONENT, PN 1, and a few others from the CROWD.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

DIVIDER GIRL is bound, gagged and tied across two sets of parallel tracks.

We HEAR a train whistle in the not-too-distant distance.

DR. INFINITY chortles, checking a pocket watch.

DR. INFINITY

That's the Southbound Express, right on time.

CUT TO:

Film footage of a train travelling across the screen from left to right.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The LONE INTEGER rides furiously.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

We HEAR another train whistle.

DR. INFINITY

And the Northbound Local coming 'round the bend.

CUT TO:

Film footage of a train travelling across the screen from right to left.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The LONE INTEGER rides furiously. He rounds a bend.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

DR. INFINITY

Which means it's time to turn you into fragments,  
Divider Girl.

(He laughs maniacally again, and coughs.)

The LONE INTEGER rides in on his "horse" and dismounts.

LONE INTEGER  
Don't count on that, Dr. Infinity.

DR. INFINITY  
You? How did you escape my trap? How did you  
figure out where we were? You must have super powers !

LONE INTEGER  
Only brain power—and a love of math.

He grabs DR. INFINITY with one hand, and unties DIVIDER GIRL with the other.

CUT TO:

Footage of a train hurtling towards them from the left.

Footage of a train hurtling towards them from the right.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

The LONE INTEGER grabs DIVIDER GIRL and DR. INFINITY and rolls away to safety.

CUT TO:

Footage of trains from both approaches passing each other, then each one chugging off into the distance.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY.

LONE INTEGER  
As for you, Dr. Infinity, this is indeed your end.  
I know you're just an ordinary eight walking  
around sideways. But if it's infinity you want,  
I'll tie your arms and legs around you like so,  
so you won't know if you're coming or going!

He unmasks, lassos and ties up DR. INFINITY as SUPER ZERO, then the others, rush in. The LONE INTEGER hands DR. INFINITY to PRIME NUMBER ONE.

DR. INFINITY

Furses! Coiled again!

The CROWD cheers. DIVIDER GIRL runs up to the LONE INTEGER and hugs him; this embarrasses yet pleases him. THE X PONENT salutes him. SUPER ZERO shakes his hand.

DIVIDER GIRL

My hero!

LONE INTEGER

Aw shucks, Ma'am. Just doing my duty.

SUPER ZERO

Thank you, stranger.

PN 1

How can the citizens of Numeral City repay you?

LONE INTEGER

No need to thank me, or pay me. For as long as there are math problems that need to be solved, the Lone Integer cannot rest! Now it's time to get the zeroes back where they belong!  
Hi-ho, Square Root, away!

He runs off on his toy horse as the CROWD watches appreciatively.

INT. BANQUET HALL - DAY

A glum O PLAYER sits by as X PLAYER is about to be crowned victor when the LONE INTEGER rides through distributing zeroes.

LONE INTEGER

Here are your missing zeroes! Hi-ho, Square Root, away!

He rides off.

O PLAYER

Ha yourself! I'll go here, here, here, and here. Now I win.

O PLAYER fills in his O's on the Tic-Tac-Toe games and draws a series of winning lines. X PLAYER pouts as the crown is removed from his head and placed on a triumphant O PLAYER.

## EXT. QUIET STREET - DAY

The PHONE WOMAN sits dejected, sobbing until she notices The LONE INTEGER riding through, distributing zeroes.

LONE INTEGER

There's no need for tears now that our zeroes are back safe and sound.

The LONE INTEGER rides out as quickly as he entered. The PHONE WOMAN watches, then runs up to the phone again. She pushes a button and is relieved to hear a voice.

PHONE WOMAN

Operator. You don't know how relieved I am to finally reach you. It's an emergency. Can you tell me the exact time? I have a big date tonight and don't want to be late.

## EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

The LONE INTEGER rides through the gates.

## INT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

The LONE INTEGER rides through distributing zeroes. FRED and RED take their places again at the announcer table; STATS replaces the zeroes on the scoreboard.

LONE INTEGER

Here are your missing zeroes!

UMPIRE

Then let's play ball!

BUZZ MCKAY returns to the mound as do the rest of the ballplayers.

RED

It's top of the 9th, two outs, two strikes.

FRED

Buzz shakes off the sign from the catcher. He shakes it off again.

RED

He goes into the wind-up and

BUZZ pitches. The BATTER swings and misses.

UMPIRE

Strike three. Yer out!

FRED

And that's the ballgame!

RED

Buzz McKay has pitched a perfect game.  
A perfect game!

FRED and RED hug.

The CATCHER rushes BUZZ and hugs him.

The CROWD runs onto the field. Ad-lib cheers, congratulations, "Buzz, Buzz, Buzz."

STATS puts the final zeroes on the scoreboard.

FRED

No runs, no hits, no errors, not a batter reached base.  
Look at that scoreboard, folks. Filled with zeroes.

RED

What a beautiful sight.

LONE INTEGER

My work here is done. Hi-ho, Square Root, and away!

He rides off in one direction while the CROWD, now carrying BUZZ on their shoulders, heads in the other direction.

CROWD

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz.

BUZZ calls after the LONE INTEGER.

BUZZ

Wait, stranger, wait!

BUZZ sighs and flips the game ball up in the air, smiling wistfully.

BUZZ (cont.)

Who was that math man? I want~ to thank him.

MUSIC: LONE INTEGER theme music plays up and out.

FADE OUT

THE END

## Math Concepts

Infinity

Googolplex

Prime Number

multiplying by zero

Denominator

Numerator

Exponent

Integer

problem solving

Progression

Algebra

Algebraic equation

Formula - distance equals rate times time ( $D = rt$ )

Watch for these -- and other -- math melodramas starring the Lone Integer!

- The Lone Integer vs. the Pi-romaniac
- The Lone Integer vs. the Percentage Kid
- The Lone Integer vs. the Gross Mistake
- The Lone Integer vs. the Mean-Median-Mode Monster
- The Lone Integer vs. the Number Cruncher
- The Lone Integer vs. the Mathador
  - The Lone Integer vs. the Imaginary Unit
  - The Lone Integer vs. Even Steven
  - Fractionitis divides Numeral City. Could Dr. Infinity be behind it?