



# Ogilvy

The story of the youngest person  
in history to win  
the Nobel Prize for  
economics vel literature

(based on a true story)

DRAFT - NOT FOR PUBLICATION

Not edited, spell checked or fact checked.

No person mentioned, real or fictional, has consented to  
contributing

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"Lying is the greatest sin of all."

"It is not sufficient to be worthy of respect  
in order to be respected."

Alfred Nobel, 1896

"The difficulty lies not so much in developing new ideas  
as in escaping from old ones."  
John Maynard Keynes, 1946

"If you can't make money out of your friends,  
who can you make money out of?"

Michael Milken, Drexel Burhman, 1986

"A story is birational, when rational events in the storyworld  
have an isomorphic mapping to the realworld.  
In such a world, dreams become mathematical reality."  
Philip Copeman, 2020

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## Copeman's Theorem

In the complete economic model :

**for  $\lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} 1$**

$$Y(t+n) = M(t) X(t,k) + E \rightarrow X(t+n) = \Lambda X(t)$$

Where

Y is a complete vector of dependant economic variables

t is a discrete time period at which variables can be measured

n is a discrete time period, such that at t and t+n variables can be measured

M is a matrix of higher order non linear functions of  $x(t, t-1, \dots, t-k)$

k is a complete lag structure

X is a complete vector of economic variables

E is a vector of errors whose sum of squares is distributed normally.

$\Lambda$  is Lambda, an eigen vector of M

$\rightarrow$  is "tends to" in the sense of a mathematical limit.

Complete is as described by Godels Theorem.

Economic variables are real world measures

### Corrollaries

The only thing that matters in a complete economic model of the future, is knowing where you are now and what are the stationary functions that determine  $\Lambda$

X can then be described as a vector and a Markov Process.

**Proof** : ... (to be completed)

## ***Ogilvy Script***

### ***Cast***

#### **Playing the script**

- Ogilvy** - The protagonist, good enough to win a Nobel Prize  
**Higgs** - Ogilvy's alcoholic supervisor and mentor.  
**George** - The highest paid actor in hollywood

#### **Ogilvy's girls**

**Alice, Beth, Charleen, Maja**

- Mrs Higgs** - An older woman.  
**Erica** - A software developer  
**Everyman** - Plays all the extra parts

#### **Playing themselves and the script:**

**(each will have to be signed on to Ogilvy)**

- Maynard** - A world renowned academic economist  
**Cauchy** - A world renowned mathematician  
**Angela** - Famous ex singer and Band manager  
**Carrie** - Champion Javelin thrower  
**Harmony** - Ogilvy's best mate, a TV presenter.  
**Wang** - Ogilvy's chinese league of legends partner  
**Fab** - Dean of UCT, Higg's Boss.  
**Bill** - Businessman  
**Paul** - Nobel Laureate  
**Magnus** - The Fide world Chess Champion  
**Carl** - The Crown Prince of Sweden  
**Parnevik,**  
**Stenson** - Swedish Professional golfers

## **Act 1 The Pledge**

### **Scene 1 Ogilvy and Higgs in Cape Town**

**Ogilvy** *A brilliant young mathematical economics student is walking to the office of **Professor Higgs**, his Dissertation Supervisor. He is obviously recognized by all who pass him. He waves at them passing like a rock star out on a walk in the local village. A single-camera take from behind above head, swirling without cut to the front as he walks through the courtyard, corridors and mounts the steps and enters the office. The opening to the scene sets up the concept that this is a young man on a "journey", a rock star walking down the backstage corridors on his way to the stage. (ala Elvis The way it is) >. (music The Wizzard)*

*"He was the wizard of a thousand kings  
And I chanced to meet him one night wandering  
He told me tales and he drank my wine  
Me and my magic man, kinda feelin' fine"*

*Ogilvy knocks,*

Professor Higgs :

Enter.

Take a seat Ogilvy,

*Ogilvy sits. Higgs squints at Ogilvy*

Good God man, you're stoned!

Ogilvy :

No I am not.

Professor Higgs :

When did you last have a joint?

Ogilvy :

Last night, I am fine.

"Now is the winter of our discontent

Made glorious summer by this sun of York;"

Professor Higgs :

"*Bloody thou art; bloody* will be thy end." Pull yourself together man, there is a lot riding on this. It is the fucking Nobel Prize at stake. A lot of people have gone out on a limb for you. This is no longer just about you. Go, get out, come back when you are ready to work.

Ogilvy (aside): (*ala Richard III*)

OK - "In thy foul throat thou liest." Of course I had had a joint just before heading out to meet Higgs. In truth I wasn't actually lying, it was a pipe not a joint, I just didn't think it appropriate to point that out. "Thus I clothe my naked villainy"

I mean, who can do this stuff straight? I am working 12 hours a day, formulas coming at me from all angles. Of the last two guys that tried to do this, one committed suicide, the other ended his days in an asylum. Its fine for Higgs and the rest of them, they just have to sit there, choose one small part of it, pick apart my genius and criticise. All they then do is add a few a tasks to the list and head off to lunch. It is easy to unravel a thread. Keeping the whole carpet together is the difficult part. It is me that has to stitch back the quilt-pieces every night.

*Ogilvy is now back outside walking across the courtyard.*

Ogilvy (aside):

The Nobel Prize - its the main event, the big enchilada. There isn't an academic in the world that doesn't know about it, hasn't once fantasised about winning it. 99% of them have given up and every day, bent double like old beggars under sacks, they curse through sludge in their labs, mired in misery. Yet every one of them has dreamed at least once of getting it - the Nobel Prize. For the chosen it is a really big thing. Competition is intense. There are more scientists living today than have ever worked in history. Think about that. The drugs you take in the morning, the genetically modified foods you eat for lunch, those Flat-screen Tvs you wath ar dinner. All of these modern technologies trace their orgin back to the work of some Nobel Laureate.

*Ogilvy enters a local pub and walks straight to the bar counter.*

Everyman (Barman):

*(Looks at the clock 11-30)* Hey O, what can I get for you - a coke or a soda?

Ogilvy:

Two Brand-Xs and a packet of crisps please.

Everyman :

Eleven thirty. Isn't that a bit early to be drinking?

Ogilvy:

Yeah it is my day off.

*Ogilvy smirks at him.*

Ogilvy (aside):

I don't want you thinking I have a drinking problem. In fact I hardly drink, but when you are facing down 45 minutes of hard labor, listening to someone drudge you through economics at the pace of a third world masters student, how else do you slow down? Anyway these Brand-X tequilas are more like taking a wake-me-up.

I have given up trying to explain it. 11-30, this is knock off time for me. I have been working since 5 O'Clock this morning and I will be back at the bench at 8 tonight.

Call me Ogilvy the dyslexic atheist insomniac lying awake at night gathering thoughts, but say not "Good God, Macbeth has murdered sleep, but rather "Good dog, MacO has mustered sheep". I have been living di-urnally since I was 15. That means I live two days in one.

*Cutaway to a simple annimation explaining diurnalism.*

I sleep twice a day. Once for four hours from 1 to 5 am and then again for two hours in the afternoon from 4 to 6. It means I get two sessions of intense work in a day. I get twice as much done as everyone else. Most of them work too long in over stretches and end up doing very little productively.

While the rest of them are partying at night, I put in the hard yards and I do my drinking while going to lectures. Higgs insists on Lectures. I must do time with Master's students so that I learn the "basics of economics". I mean what the fuck is google for?

At least he spares me the tutorials - that would be embarrassing. After I got 98% for the first two exams, they stopped wasting my time writing quizzes. For 2% they have forgiven my weakness at spelling. Instead, I have to spar one-on-one with an undercard of journeymen that Higgs keeps presenting to me, half economists, half mathematicians, half philosophers. He is still keeping me away from the big league encounters with Previous Nobel winners, but that is coming.

*The barman serves two tequilas. Ogilvy downs the first and takes the second and the crisps and heads off to a table on his own. Sound of Uriah Heep plays while Ogilvy walks to his seat in the bar.*

*"He had a cloak of gold and eyes of fire  
And as he spoke, I felt a deep desire  
To free the world of its fear and pain  
And help the people to feel free again"*

Ogilvy: *(aside)*

Back to the Nobel Prize and why yours truly is here going off to Masters Lectures.

*O. pops open the packet takes a handful of crisps, a big sip of the Brand-Xs, - talking with his mouth full...*

Since Alfred Nobel set up the fund in 1901, they have been awarding 5 of these Nobels each year. Physics, Chemistry, Medicine, Literature, and Peace - they added Economics in 1968 to make it 6 per year. So here is the BIG problem. They awarded 6 Nobels. For this year 2019 - can you name who got them? Nah, didn't think you could!

*He is rolling a joint.*

Of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century Laureates, the general population can only remember Bob Dylan - and then only because he made a fuss of not showing up and sending Patti Smith to sing in his place, who added to the drama by not being able to remember the words to one of his songs. I guess the most famous modern Nobel Prizewinner is Sheldon Cooper from the Big Bang Theory, but for Political correctness he had to share the prize with Amy Ferrer Fowler.

*Cutaway to Sheldon*

Ogilvy: *(aside)*

Anyway, it took him 12 seasons to get it. I will be younger than him. So that's where all that physics got him.

*Drains down the second tequila*

Yep - In the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, driven by visual overload and social media, the Nobel Prize is in crisis. It is easier to name the Superbowl MVP (Tom Brady) than any one of the Nobel winners. Even professional scientists will find great difficulty naming the Laureates from the other disciplines. The Committee has lost touch with the common people. And this - is where your favourite masters student comes in!

I am going to be the youngest person in the history of the Nobel to win an award. The youngest to date is 26, and I am hell-bent on making this by 21. I am going to give to the Nobel Committee, the Rock star that is going to put their brand front and center of the world stage - science and otherwise. "Ogilvy youngest person to win the Nobel Prize - Beats Einstein and Heisenberg - you've gotta love it."

*He looks at his watch, picks up his Ipad and heads to the door and his lecture. (Music - The hard drop of the Wizzard Uriah Heep) as gets outside, he lights up the joint and bounces down the path to the lectures.*

*"Why don't we listen to the voices in our heart?  
Cause then I know we'd find we're not so far apart  
Everybody's got to be happy  
Everyone should sing  
For we know the joy of life  
Peace and love can bring*

*So spoke the wizard in his mountain home  
The vision of his wisdom means we'll never be alone  
And I will dream of my magic night  
And the million silver stars that guide me with their light  
Aaahh ..aahhh "*

*Ogilvy gets to the lecture it is already full with students, the lecturer has not yet arrived. It is a room predominantly filled with males, obviously older than him. There is one seat open next to the only really pretty girl, Alice in the middle of the room.*

*She smiles at him.*

*Ogilvy walks to the front of the class, climbs onto the lectern and starts to lead a slow clap overhead.*

*( The Wizzard is now blearing in the sound track)*

*He turns his back on the crowd and crowd dives into the up stretched hands, that carry him to the middle of the room and drop him down next to the pretty girl. They immediately sit down and a moment later the Lecturer, Higgs enters in Academic Gown, to a silent attentive class!*

Higgs:

Turn to page 233 in your texts - Multivariate Linear Systems.

## **Scene 2 Ogilvy and Alice**

*Opens on an alarm clock buzzing - its 4-30 am. Widens to Ogilvy opening his eyes in his digs. Lying asleep next to him is Alice. Ogilvy sits up.*

Ogilvy: (aside)

*Nods at Alice,*

Not bad huh?

I met her in the Maths library. It was the day before the exam on complex numbers, a Higgs idea to show me up at being bad at something, he says I will need it when I have to defend the thesis. Anyway, this was one I wanted to miss. Until I met Godel I hated number theory. I had never been to a complex number lecture and had decided not to write the exam. With a rare day off, I was hanging around the library trawling for girls when I noticed Alice with a book open with a whole lot of "i"s on the page. It a could ahve nee so much faster if I had been to only one lecture.

Alice:

This is easy, you just have to understand the complex number plane and learn a few theorems, how to integrate a line integral using a complex number. Its really just like a grown-up version of trig. I can teach it to you in two hours.

Ogilvy (aside)

I instantly developed an intense interest in the square root of minus one. We spent 45 minutes of her rambling about the equations, me rubbing up as close as I could to her. It ended up here (*points to the bed*). She fell asleep and I read through the rest. Next day we wrote - I got 98% and to her consternation, she passed with a C. We have been friends ever since.

*He is now in the kitchen making a coffee.*

You can imagine I get asked - how is it that someone my age is challenging to do something that not even Einstein or Werner Heisenberg could achieve? You gotta believe I am some kind of alien genius or a Mozart at least. In reality it is lot less romantic.

Its not that I am better or more intelligent than everyone else, it is just that I have been doing this longer. A lot of kids dream about the Nobel Prize when they are 10, the difference is that I actually did something about it.

*Cut away to birthday videos and Ogilvy showing off to camera.*

Sure I had a good start. My mother was a TV producer. Ever since I can remember I have been refining tricks in front of camera - telling stories for some unspecified audience to watch in the future. My father was a failed academic who kept pushing these crazy concepts onto me, until one day at about the age of 10 they became my own.

*Scene shifts back to Ogilvy on camera.*

At first I developed an interest in reading - anything. Afer a few pages there it was - mathematics.

*Screen pic of the fundamental theorem of calculus.*

I read shakespeare by the time I was 12. Like Einsteins, I was not a great student at school - but we could both do calculus at junior high. The subjects after that all seemed so juvenile. Most were about remembering list of facts. - yah google stuff. I ended with straight As.

*Ogilvy takes his coffee to his desk, where he sits down and boots his computer.*

"Contentment is the only real wealth." But his Nobel Prize is not about that. The Nobel is not for the person with content but for the subject breakthrough, or at least that is what it should be.

*Cut away to a picture of a Nobel medal.*

"You are going to have to come up with something completely new O", said my father, never calling me by my first name. Everyone in our family was Christopher Ogilvy - me being Christopher Ogilvy the IV. "O" is how we referred to each other. I never called him Dad I called him O. Somewhere out there is an O waiting to be born.

*Cutaway to sketches of nineteenth century scientists.*

The original Christopher Ogilvy was an inconsequential British Astronomer who came to the Cape in the last years of the nineteenth century, to discover stars that could not be seen in the north.

*Cut away to pictures of distant galaxies in the cosmos.*

Ogilvy's biggest claim to fame is that his buddy HG Wells used his name as a character in War of the Worlds - Ogilvy the Astronomer. I guess in a Cosmic catalog somewhere out there are Ogilvy's gas clouds or Ogilvy stars.

*Little "O"s blink in the cosmic background.*

*Scene shifts back onto Ogilvy on camera behind his computer.*

I digress, time was where I started. "Time is what happens when nothing else does". This Newtonian idea held until my father presented me a book by a maverick physicist called The End of Time. Julian Barbour had come up with the idea that time does not exist. All we see is change and without change, there is no time.

For 200 years The world ran according to Izaac Newton, where time was a fixed flow that waited for no one. When Albert Einstein came along with the idea of Special Relativity in 1905 it might just as well have been Karl Marx storming the barricades of capitalism.

*Cutaway to an animation of Karl Marx and Einstein in a Police line up having front and profile photos taken*

The fact that Albert and Karl are indistinguishable in a police line up in New Germany, must have had a great deal to do with Einstein's revolutionary image.

*Change cutaway to a chalk animation of Special Relativity.*

Anyway Einstein turned over the concept of fixed time and replaced it with a flexible time that depends on the velocity of the observer. You can imagine the mayhem. It set off a century of observations by forgettable physicists that confirmed the theory.

*Back to Ogilvy on camera.*

What if Einstein had been wrong? Instead of getting caught in Newton's web, what about a physics that worked where time did not exist at all? This is where Galileo and Mach had been going before Newton and then Einstein took all the press.

*Cutaway newspaper headlines on Einstein. Scenes moves, Ogilvy is now shaving in the mirror. Half his face is covered in shaving cream, but he is playing with a pimple on his face.*

Well you can imagine how this tied me up. A 13-year-old with a rudimentary grasp of calculus and matrix algebra dealing with space-time vectors in multi-dimensions. I broke out in acne. Most people thought it was developing pubescent hormones. I am telling you it was the vectors.

It was too much for me. I was beaten by a simple concept. I knew that time did not exist, but I did not have the tools or mathematical wherewithal to prove it. It's like not believing in God, but still being spooked by ghosts.

*Look into the mirror, look away, looks quickly back as if to catch a watchful spirit. A glaze dart across the mirror)*

In the end I succumbed to the notion we all feel - if time does not exist then why am I always late?

*He is back at his desk.*

When Einstein hit his first failure, the inability to unify relativity and quantum physics, he was 42 years old and getting the Nobel Prize. I had my first epiphany a lot sooner, and there was no applause to dry the tears of frustration - I was washed up at 15.

*He looks up and Alice is standing in front of him wearing nothing more than one of his shirts.*

Alice:

Why don't you come to bed, the night is young.

Ogilvy:

You know I can't I have to work on these equations.

*She comes round to the back of the desk, sticks both breasts on either side of his ears and gives a waggle. Realising she can't win this, she returns to bed.*

Ogilvy (aside):

*Ogilvy is making himself a second coffee and adds a piece of fruit which he cuts and pops into a Nutribullet blender pours himself a shake.*

Most people think a PhD is the ultimate qualification, in fact it is just another student course, one where the examiner teaches you the language of the field and shows you how to research, reference and argue the points. Very few PhD theses actually amount to anything. Sure they can develop, but in reality they are little more than student projects. It's only in post-doc that the action begins.

The system is fucked. Like teaching an athlete to run but only letting him compete when he is thirty. By thirty most athletes are already on the way down, you waste your best years training, googling and doing past exam papers. Then it's two kids and a mortgage. No wonder nothing has happened in physics for 50 years.

Now imagine that you short circuit this and you go straight for the problem. I am speeding along on the outside with everyone else in the slow lane. Sure you thrash around with the maths and most of the economics seems obscure to you, but you don't waste years studying the periodic table or the history of the Great Depression. Get it right and you get the Nobel.

*Ogilvy gets up from his desk and looks out the window. The dawn is breaking, lights are coming up across the other digs rooms. He looks over at Anna sleeping in the bed, she is lying naked having dispensed of the shirt.winks to camera ...*

She has a point the night is still young.

### **Scene 3 Higgs and Maynard**

*Higgs is sitting at a staff cafeteria in Cambridge talking to Runde, Professor of Economics. (playing himself) Lightly playing in the background - style is elevator music is the Moonlight Sonata second movement, trio.*

Maynard:

You can't be serious? Nobel Prize? I mean the kid is eighteen. I have brilliant students 10 years older than him that would not even get a shot.

Higgs:

I am telling you he is different. It is not even about his skill its more his attitude.

Maynard:

His attitude?

Higgs:

The kid is fearless. At first it looks like irreverence. He doesn't talk like us. You think he wouldn't even be able to tell the difference between Samuelson's revealed preference theory and Solo's balanced growth model, but it is as if he is free of the constraints that tie the rest of us down. He approaches every problem, thinking he is going to break it - today.

Maynard:

That is a ridiculous idea. Economics is the most popular subject studied at Universities. It's not only science, there are more economists alive today than in the entire history of the 4 industrial revolutions. Every problem we face is scrutinized by hundreds of the best economics brains. We work on papers that take 10 years to get published under peer review. Come on Higgs, the Copeman Equation? It would take you or I hours just to understand it. Do you say this kid is going to PROVE it?

Higgs:

Yep - He's halfway there already. The idea is not that preposterous. Think of Einstein in 1905 in his annus mirabilis. He came up with three papers, special relativity. molecular motion and the photo electric effect. Any one of them would have won a Nobel and he did them each in four months. The common factor was that he approached every problem with no prejudice. He wasn't working in a University Group. He did it all on his own in his own head from first principles. For Christ sake - he was working in a patent office. When he finally did his PhD it was accepted in three weeks.

Maynard:

He doesn't even have a PhD?

Higgs:

That's the point. The 99 % spend 12 years at school going at horse pace, 6 at University and there best years are past. This kid is firing on 4 cylinders at age nineteen. He sees things we don't

Maynard:

It's a long shot, but if you read my paper on black swans it is possible.

Higgs:

How long did you take for your PhD?

Maynard:

Five periods, I am the fastest on record, but they have tightened up the rules since then to prevent guys like me getting through the system. He would need to present the idea in a structured format. How is it going with the Journal review on our technical objects paper?

Higgs:

To tell you the truth I haven't put a lot into to it these last few months. What with the lecturing and trying to keep up with Ogilvy. When last I heard, it had stuck with a team at Princeton. They are questioning our stats, something about the cointegrations screwing up the bias. Also an objection from Romania where they are saying this might be the same result a post doc came with in 2018 and only published in Russian. Then I had a problem accessing the paper's archive and ... no wonder these fucking things take 10 years to publish.

Maynard:

*Gets up to leave, points finger at Higgs.*

Remember - publish or perish. Give my regards to Mrs. Higgs and send me those drafts.

*Maynard gets up to go, walks down the main street and as he comes past the window of a nearby cafe, through the window he sees Ogilvy, lap top open, Headphones on, playing a game of League of Legends. Maynard watches for a few seconds. Ogilvy is completely absorbed in the game and does not look up. Scene plays out to "Pinball Wizard" by The Who*

#### **Scene 4 Ogilvy and Angela on classical piano**

*An empty concert hall. Ogilvy is playing Moonlight Sonata Movement 3 on a grand piano. After a few bars he stops and looks over the top of the piano into the camera.*

Ogilvy: *(aside)*

Higgs is a well-meaning fellow, followed the traditional route. Brilliant at school, Cum Laude at undergraduate, changed to Princeton where he got a PhD proving the statistical success of some obscure neokeynesian intervention. With the Princeton ribbon on his chest, he moved back to Africa where he got a good job teaching post grads in Cape Town. He has been marking papers and tinkering with R models ever since.

Then he met me.

*The shot widens and you see that Angela is in the room. She is a metal goddess, wearing blue tooth headphones and is connected to what looks like a very powerful smartphone. She is listening to a replay of the Moonlight. She starts to dance and headbangs to the Beethoven beat.*

Angela:

Yeh Gotta love him, Beethoven was the first metal rocker. We all inherit from him. But if you are going to do this you gotta stick to the structure.

Ogilvy:

Structure?

Angela:

Like your movie, has pledge, turn, prestige, every sonata has exposition, development, recapitulation. Play it any other way and you lose the listener.

*She leans her breasts up against the piano.*

Where are we? - we are in pledge - like exposition. Be broad and

stick to the timing. Tell the people what you are going to tell them. Lets us hear it

*Ogilvy repeats the last few bars this time more emotions.*

*Music fades. Looking over the top of the piano again*

Ogilvy: *(aside)*

You got to love her, Angela, retired at the top of her game now she picks and chooses the acts she wants. She wants a radical new approach to metal. That's me, I'm her new project.

Einstein said that the greatest regret in his life is that he did not spend enough time playing music. You would have thought that his greatest regret would have been wasting 20 years on unification. No, his greatest regret was not playing enough Beethoven. Me? - I want to make sure that I am not going to make the same mistakes as the prophet. I WILL play enough music. I WILL play enough Beethoven. And I won't wait until I am 42 to win a Nobel.

*Picks up where he was playing, plays a few bars looks into the camera. This time playing and speaking at the same time.*

I find the piano helps me with my multidimensional thinking. They say that only a handful of people in the world can think in 4 D.

*Cut away to music notation, emaphisisng complexity*

The two hands, the black and white notes. The dots as they are arranged on the paper, then add in the dynamics and the expressions. It is like multiplying two matrices in your head - you know what I mean?

*Plays the opening bar of the development...*

Richard Feinman, said his most preferred activity was not solving the Shroedinger Equation, but get it - playing the bongos. This one goes out to dead physicists ...

*Resumes playing finishes with a flourish.*

## **Scene 5 Alice and Beth**

*Alice and Beth are in the gym working the ass machines. Camera focuses on their asses from the view point of a voyeur.*

*Alice puts the weight in at 20*

Beth :

So you are leaving him?

Alice :

Yeah

Beth :

That's it?

Alice :

Uh.

Beth : *(Beth puts the weight in at 25)*

Why?

Alice :

He is fucking crazy. And his obsession with metal and medals it's too much, jez too much.

Beth :

Whats wrong with metal? *(Alice puts the weight in at 30)*

Alice :

Medal, not Metal. This science award that he is into. It consumes him. I mean the other night he is so tired he falls asleep right on top of me. I have to push him off hard-on and all, fast asleep. Well, he can get on with it - I am up to here.

Beth :

Sister I support you unconditionally - always here for you.

*(Beth puts the weight in at 35.) They tap hands, high five and head off. Plays out to Bad Bad Boy I'm gonna steal your love*

## **Scene 6 Maynard introduces The King**

*Maynard is calling in on Skype looking straight into the camera*

Maynard:

I met Professor Higgs this week and thought I should call you about how I can help you to bite off more than you can chew.

There are somethings you should know about me. Firstly - Keynes is still the King and Cambridge is the Realm's Castle, and I am the King's Keeper, Defender of the Realm. Don't be fooled by our openness to criticism - embrace, extend, eliminate. I have spent the last 30 years keeping the dark forces of Marxism and Austrian econimics at bay. By an large I have been successful, but I have some problems - My wife keeps comming to bed wearing a T-shirt - "Keynes is still the King." It is time for the new order, for, in the long run, Mr. Ogilvy, even the dead have their defenders.

Our pressing problem, our neighbors, the econometricians have a propensity to launch Danish border raids into the kingdom financed with humbug and I am sure that you know "Second to agriculture, humbug is the biggest industry of our age."

In defense seek a new paradigm with a model, a much simpler model over which we can have a rational debate, without the obfuscation of statistics.

*Cutaway of two dstrubutions. form into one, narrows to a line.*

Higgs is telling me that you have a formula for a poison that if tipped onto our arrows, will adminster a lethal dose that will drive out the invaders forever. If that is the case Mr Ogily, then the Cambridge portcullis is open and you may enter to glory.

However I must caution you that you will be weighed and measured and should you be found wanting, you will be chained and hung from the walls in chains witt all the other liars until you die. You see Mr. Ogilvy, it's not the figures that lie but liars that figure. Go figure, it is better to die old than to lie young.

*Scene changes to Ogilvy's bedroom. He is typing into an email. Speaking out loud.*

Ogilvy:

My liege, I am about the two-hour traffic of our trade as we speak and seek to send you a vial of the potion before the dawn has torn seven veils.

*Hesitates and rereads the Email, then adds...*

Give my regards to Mrs Maynard.

## **Scene 7 Higgs and George**

*Higgs (Playing Jeremy Crutchley) and George Clooney (playing himself) are mid-morning in a Cambridge Coffee Shop. There is a bottle of Brand-Xs on the table. George is pouring.*

George:

So that's economics v literature?

Higgs:

vel

George:

val?

Higgs:

Vel, vel like bell. From the Latin. In logic it means and/or.

George:

Oh, Vail.

Higgs:

*Despairing at the American accent.*

Oih vey!

George:

OK, and you say its straight up, Hero's Journey. Pledge, turn and prestige.

Higgs:

Yeah.

George:

So how do I fit in?

Higgs:

You play yourself.

George:

How?

Higgs:

Like right now. You are in the scene now.

George:

Where are we?

Higgs:

We are in the Pledge, Act 1. Ogilvy becomes the youngest person in the History of the Nobel to win economics vel literature.

George:

And I do what?

Higgs:

First, you agree to get him the resources he needs.

George:

Whats that?

Higgs:

Three of the highest paid women actresses that have to play out sex scenes with him.

George:

How much are we paying them?

Higgs:

They do it for free.

George:

If they do it for free, what am I making?

Higgs:

It's not what you make, its how much YOU PAY me. But I am feeling generous, I will let you do it for free.

*Higgs reaches over and pours himself another Brand-Xs. Camera focuses deliberately on the brand label.*

*Remember I will be there, right up to the steps of Stockholm. Tips his glass at George and slams it down the hatch. You only have to show up to a couple of meetings and give us an exit interview a couple of EPKs. It will be great to have you in Stockholm.*

George:

And my expenses?

Higgs:

To your account.

George:

Let me get this straight. I am the highest-paid actor in Hollywood. And I am going to pay you to do this?

Higgs:

Or I have to get my cash from Ogilvy and last I heard he was working minimum wage as a production runner.

George:

Of course rags to riches.

Higgs:

I'm a professor of Economics dammit. Of all people in the world I know there is no such thing as a free lunch. You are doing it to change the world.

George:

If I had a tot for every time I heard that I'd be floating in Tequila down the River Grande.

What else do I have to do?

Higgs:

Just casually drop the endorsement in a national TV interview.

George:

*George takes a long look at Higgs, Pours himself and Higgs another Brand-X, and slakes his, hold up the glass*

OK - I'll do it. I will throw in \$1 Million for you and pay the girls.

Higgs:

Nah I can't accept that - \$1 Million for me, fine but I pay the girls.

George:

OK Done

*Handshakes. Scene fades - George has left. Higgs is still at the table. He is pouring himself the last of the Tequila and is on the phone to Mrs Higgs.*

*Higgs: (Slurring)*

How'd it go? Better than I thought. Nearly had to do it for free when he saw the cash. He tried to take it all, but I pulled out a Nash equilibrium and we settled. He makes 10 times what I make, but hell he's George. I managed to hold onto \$ 1 Million and I still have the properties. What can I say - goddam financial genius. He's gonna be the next Presshident of the United Shtates.

## **Scene 8 Ogilvy views Alice's exit**

*Early hours of the morning in Ogilvy's apartment he is viewing Alice's exit video*

Alice :

Hi, I really don't know how to say it so I am just going to come right out and say it. I'm outta here. Leaving. In fact I have left already. My things are back at my place and well yeah that's is. Had a great time, wish you well with the equations.

Ogilvy: (aside)

I mean check it out no one-on-one phone call, no lets-meet-for-dinner - and-talk. The first thing I know about it is when I am back. I walked into the apartment and I knew. Something about the placement, her clothes no longer lying about on the floor. No argument not even a discussion as if she is shit scared I am going to change her mind.

*He is rubbing his fingers up and down on his desk imagining a leg. A single tear runs down his cheek, a sniffle.*

Fuck it!

*Cutaway to a picture of the Copeman Equation.*

*He leans into the computer and you can see him calculating. After a few minutes he starts rapidly typing.*

*Plays out to Uriah Heep, "There I was on July Morning, I was looking for love."*

**Scene 9 Ogilvy and Higgs, first draft**

*A firm knock on a door. The shot widens, the scene is Higg's office. The knock is Ogilvy - early this time.*

Higgs:

Enter.

Ogilvy:

Check your email

Higgs:

I already have

Ogilvy:

And?

Higgs:

Yeah I mean its a bit limited.

Ogilvy:

What do you mean "limited", it is a complete statement of the linear case, all I have to do now is generalise to the non linear case.

Higgs:

Thats not going to be enough.

Ogilvy:

What do you mean not enough?

Higgs:

We are going to need a peer review. Fuck it, man, if you had done a PhD I wouldn't have to explain the rocky stuff to you.

Ogilvy:

If I had done a PhD I would have wasted the best years of my life googling, I would probably be so brain dead by now that even trinomials would look like a Brahms Sonata.

Higgs:

We are going to need a peer review, worse probably a credit.

Ogilvy:

Then, why don't we bring in a peer review now?

Higgs:

Bringing him now is like handing him the whole medal. He gets a whiff of this and he will do it in an afternoon. Cute as you are there is a real mathematician out there and he will eat you like Kurt Godel breaking his fast. You HAVE to complete the proof BEFORE we give it to anyone. He can edit it - no more. It has to be your idea your original work, otherwise he just forks it rearranges and faster than you can get a blowjob from that pretty girlfriend of yours, he is squirting it all over the internet.

Ogilvy:

Ex

Higgs:

Ex what?

Ogilvy:

Ex-girlfriend.

Higgs:

Oh sorry about that - she was a good girl.

Ogilvy:

She was good as girls go and as girls go, she went.

Higgs:

The good news is that I marked your linear algebra assignment - 98%. You don't have to attend any more algebra lectures.

Ogilvy:

Thanks (*Sarcastically*).

Why do we need Maynard?

Higgs:

Without him we have nothing, we have to have a top economist to verify the domain stuff. Basically we are going to need someone to fight the fires and take the credit. I am arranging another meeting with him now,

Ogilvy:

Fight the fires, and take the credit, you mean a Jungler?

Ogilvy:

A what??

Ogilvy:

A Jungler he is the champion in Lol that walks around the middle section hitting whatever he can, comes to the high or mid lane only when you call him. All the glory usually goes to the laners.

Higgs:

Yeah whatever. Go home have a sleep and come back to me with the generalized form.

Ogilvy:

Whats wrong with YOUR analysis?

Higgs:

Don't be ridiculous. Africans don't win the Noble prize for economics. We can't even sort out our own shit.

*Ogilvy is back home at his computer playing LOL.*

Ogilvy: (aside)

People who don't play LOL have trouble seeing the future. Higg doesnt wvne know that he's the Jungler and I am playing top lane in this one. As good girls go, she went

## **Scene 10 Mrs Higgs Lectures Ovilvy and Beth**

*A lecture theatre. Mrs. Higgs is giving power point entitled Shakespeare's protagonists.*

Mrs Higgs:

Modern theatre, blockbuster movies, even new world novels. They are in the grip of a Warwickshire shithouse who lived in the mid-1600's and had an above-average interest in older women. Shakespeare squats like a toad over every script.

Beth:

You mean there were no stories before Shakespeare?

Mrs Higgs:

Humans have always told stories. Sure there were stories from ancient Greece, you even find stories sketched on caves in Africa going back tens of thousands of years. But after Shakespeare starting telling would never be the same.

Ogilvy:

*Ogilvy puts up his hand.*

The last word on stories was The Seven Basic Plots.

Mrs Higgs:

Ah Mr. Ogilvy, we are what we read. Go read Christopher Booker again. He wrote Seven Basic Plots in 2004 after 34 years of agonizing about it. He could have spared us the agony and got straight to the chase. There are no seven plots - only one - the hero's journey.

Ogilvy:

He doesn't even mention Shakespeare.

If he had, he would probably have won the Nobel Prize. Look at Shakespeare's great works *Orthello*, *Macbeth*, *The Tempest*, *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Richard III*, *Coriolanus*. *Henry the 5<sup>th</sup>*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Julius Caesar* - the list goes on. His weak plays are

the ones where he skips this rule and they fold into the unremembered annals of library history. *Midsummer nights Dream, Much ado about nothing, As you like it, Alls well that ends well* -in Shakespear's minors, you can't even tell me which plot fits which play.

*Ogilvy instinctively puts up his hand then thinks better of it and withdraws it.*

*Beth:*

What about Romeo and Juliet?

*Ogilvy deflates, she has taken the words out of his mouth.*

The Bard should have called that one Romeo and history would have taken it more seriously. The idea of Juliet as a protagonist is a modern idea. In Elizabethan times women were not allowed to act. All Shakespeare's women were played by men. Over the ages there have been some great performances by men, but no they are never the protagonist.

Think about it even though Romeo is not the last to die. His death makes Juliet's demise inevitable. His being alive is vital to the plot. It like the pig and the chicken and their commitment to breakfast. Juliet does not die early, Tibault and Mecutio do. Romeo comes close but his survival is critical to the rest of the play. Juliet's risk until the tomb scene is really just daddy issues.

*Mrs. Higgs:*

*The scene ends on the roof of Ogilvy's Apartment. He is hanging up washing, when he grabs a white sheet, wraps it around himself like a Roman General, steps out onto the ledge and delivers:*

*Ogilvy:*

There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

Omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat. And we must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures.

*Finishes with a panoramic view of beautiful Cape Town at dawn.*

## **Scene 11 George's Interview**

George is facing a press conference, the shot is head and shoulders of George, facing an array of mikes.

Everyman Voice over:

So tell us George, who's your nod for the next Oscar?

George:

Somethings in life are really difficult to call. Let's try the easier predictions. Magnus Carlsen is going to remain World Chess Champion, Trump will win another Term and Ogilvy is going to win the Nobel prize.

Everyman:

Who's Ogilvy?

George:

He's a Goddam Genius that is changing the world of economics. Do the Math. Follow the Ogilvy Lectures. You'll see what I mean.

## **Scene 12 Ogilvy and Magnus**

*Ogilvy and Magnus Karlsen are sitting in a lockerroom, wrapping on boxing gloves in preparation for a session of chess-boxing-sparing.*

Ogilvy:

My great grand mother was Norwegian, Gunderssen. Faught with Kruger against the British in 1902. Thats going to help me when I get to Stockholm right?

Magnus:

All Norwegian Surnames end in "sen" It won't buy you much. Don't make the classic error of assuming Swedes and Norwegians are the same.

Ogilvy:

What do you mean? They all look the same.

Magnus:

We are the better looking ones.

Ogilvy:

In whose opinion gods's or yours?

Magnus:

All Scandanavians are essentially atheist. The highest concentration in the world. But the Swedes think they are better than us. The annoying thing is we understand their language, but they don't understand ours.

Ogilvy: (aside)

This is what I really love about chess boxing. Look at Magnus Karlsen, he is the reigning FIDE world champion, he must have a chess rating of like 2900. Normally in any form of the game, I would have less chance than a tipsy virgin at a school dance. With chess boxing alternating 3 minutes of each until you either lose your king or get knocked out, I can play him.

Magnus:

The Swedes always try to remain neutral, sell weapons to both sides of combatants. In the last war we sided with the Germans and they stayed neutral.

Ogilvy:

But sure that doesn't matter anymore in the 21<sup>st</sup> century we are all pacifists.

Magnus:

Pacifists? take your Alfred Nobel he has made and supplied Dynamite to so many on both sides of so many conflicts. In the last war, he killed 50 Million.

Ogilvy:

Whoah, you can't blame the behavior of Stalin or Hitler on Nobel, anymore than you can blame communism on Karl Marx. Nobel was a pacifist.

Magnus:

Circumstance negates pacifism. Imagine being a pacifist and taking on the Russians in the long game. You play a pacifist Tartakova, you will get knocked off the center and he will pick all the attacking lines until your ass is off the board.

Ogilvy:

Chess is a zero-sum game. It is not enough to win, he has to lose.

Magnus:

In the last war, Norway sided with Hitler. Sweden sold both sides munitions. While the Americans, were planning their fission bomb, by 1942 using the Coperhagen theories, we were months away from a fusion bomb based on heavy water.

Ogilvy:

Deuterium?

Magnus:

And Tritium. Anyway the Swedes, the British and their Norwegian turncoats blew up our factories and from then on it was downhill for Hitler.

Ogilvy:

I remember that movie The Heroes of Telemark. There was no proof that the Swedes were officially involved. The girls, specifically the girls. How do you tell the girls apart?

Magnus:

Norwegian or Swedish?

Ogilvy:

Yeah either.

Magnus:

Basically the Norwegians are redder and the Swedes are blonder. Now is not a hard rule like say - Newtonian physics, more stochastic. To test it you've have got to get their pants off. Then I use a Bayesian method to keep updating my a priori hypothesis. So far its red-blond with a long tail. I still need more data.

Ogilvy:

I will be sure to update you as I get more information myself.

*They are in the ring now sparring.*

Ogilvy (*aside*)

This is the part I like. As the world chess champion, you have to expect that he has the better of me at the board, so this is the three minutes when I can knock him straight out or at least have him begging for his mother. The very least I want out of this is that if we do get back to the chess board, he can't even remember if he is playing black or blue.

*A bit more sparring, Ogilvy knocks Magnus down.*

Magnus:

*That was a slip*

Ogilvy: (*aside*)

You never know how long three minutes is until you've boxed it.

*Magnus jumps back on his feet and angrily attacks Ogilvy, who starts to play him with a rope-a-dope.*

*Scene fades to Ogilvy and Magnus sitting opposite each other at the chess board in the gym, still wearing their t-shirts, sipping electrolytes.*

Ogilvy: *(aside)*

The rules of chess boxing are stacked against me. You have to chess first, keeps the gorillas in the street where they belong and out of our ring. Chess boxers only want to fight the clever boys. It is also the reason that I am never going to be any good at this sport. If I can't last 3 minutes with a chess player, like Magnus then the very best I can ever hope to achieve is a draw. Every Chess Boxing match has at least two rounds one of chess and one of boxing minimum. There is no place to hide.

Magnus:

Check! So how do you expect to do it? Go out and compete against specialists that have been practicing their craft for decades in one subject? You haven't done the 10,000 hours.

Ogilvy:

You don't have to call check in Chess Boxing, if he leaves his king open, you are obliged to finish him. It's not a matter of how good you are at a subject. It is about how you tackle the big questions of that subject.

Magnus:

How can you hope to tackle questions that you don't even understand?

Ogilvy:

A polymath has the advantage of lateral vision, whereas the specialist is confined by years of limited domain activity. He is seeing only polarised light, I am seeing x-rays.

Magnus:

Don't be ridiculous, I am a specialist and I could give you a queen and still finish you in three minutes, X rays and all.

Ogilvy:

Are you fucking with me?

Ogilvy: (aside)

He's right of course. In Chess Boxing you have to be able to stay the first round. Bobby Berry is a 2,000 and I can't last 3 minutes boxing with him.

*Cut aways to Bobby Berries Chess Boxing title fight.*

Bobby Berry would stay the first chess round and then he would finish Magnus in the boxing. I mean he broke Endeans ribs in his last defense. Me? I (Gets broken off)

Magnus:

Mate.

*Magnus leans forward and knocks over Ogilvy's king.*

*Ogilvy leans back on his chair exasperated. Puts his hands behind his head and stretches.*

*Scene plays out to Queen, "Mama just killed a man.. "*

Magnus: (exit interview)

I just don't get it. The guy is a 1500 at best, it's not like he is a goddam genius. You can find a 1500 any July morning down at the waterfront cafes in Oslo. This is the player who is going to take on the world champs of economics and literature? Good for him, but he is not coming onto my turf. Not even with Chess Boxing. All he is going to get here is his head ripped off and then me crapping down his neck.

**Scene 10 Higgs suggests a proof**

*Ogilvy and Higgs are in Higgs Office*

Higgs:

I've been thinking about the matrix M.

*Cut away to the Copeman equation.*

I have an idea using L'Hospital's rule where we can simplify every function through orders of differentiation until it resolves as an approximation of a linear and then as an eigen vector in the case of the Copeman.

Ogilvy:

It doesn't work, I tried it. With each loop, you have to deal with the cointegration and this just mounts in complexity.

Higgs:

You mean I am not going to get the Nobel Prize?

Ogilvy:

If I don't crack this one, none of us are. Look, Higgs, I am sorry that I see these things and you don't. I didn't ask to be like this, I just am.

Higgs:

It's OK I will help with the economics.

Ogilvy:

The economy is always going to be a special case. By definition economics is a subset of reality and something is always going to get left out, that's ceteris paribus.

The bugger is the x's are not independent variables, so many of them circle back and effect themselves.

Higgs:

In a nutshell that is Godel's theorem.

Ogilvy:

It the same in music. Bach dealt with it itn the Well Temepered Claviar. There ar no perfect octaves. Each key sounds different because the temperamet is different.

Higgs:

If you can just come up with the framework I will get Cauchy to document it.

Ogilvy:

Why wait? I have a buddy in Maths masters I was talking about this to him. I reckon its a cinch for any of them. We could do it as a weekend sprint with the right contributors. Why do we have to go to Princeton?

Jesus O, what game do you think this is? The Nobel makes old school tie look like a student SRC election. ONLY The Ivy leagues and the Oxbridges have any chance the rest takes camels going through needles to win. I've told you before, they just don't give Nobels to Groups of 4<sup>th</sup> year master students surfing on the Southern tip of Africa.

Ogilvy

We won two Lits and three Peace prizes.

Higgs:

No, we didn't. Both Coetsee and Gordimer were attached to US colleges. You have to win the nomination game and that is where it is at. Even our own medicine laureate, Sydney Brenner won his medal out of Cambridge not Cape Town. The only way to win a medal in Africa is to pause a war long enough to take the flight to Sweden.

Ogilvy:

What about economics?

Higgs:

Oh yeah you want to get economics v lit. Do you even know what the vel stands for?

Ogilvy:

Give me break Higgs I converse in 10 languages, I think I have veni vidi vichi'ed a bit of Latin.

Higgs:

*Short animation of two descion trees splitting. Turn into AI deep learning animation.*

The point is, your bid for the lit is dead in the water if you don't score the economicss first. Without the economics you have no birational story. Where did you get that word from anyway?- birational.

Ogilvy:

It's a writers trick. We create adjectives from other people's nouns, cross them over a domain and a new way of describing a term is born. Orwell dealt with this in

1984, newspeak, a society is defined by its language. If they don't have a word for it, they can't think it. Give them a new word and a new idea opens up - birational. In this case, its borrowed from algebraic geometry. But fuck off why are you testing me you already know that.

Higgs:

It's not whether I know you know it, its whether the Nobel Committee believes that you know it and all those economists stuck up in East Coast Universities watching the leaves go brown know it. It has to smack them clearly in the face. No time to explain yourself. Believe me you can never MAKE them understand it. Their wages depend on not understanding it.

Ogilvy: (aside)

"Their wages depend on not understanding it."

Plagiarism is the refuge of the weak. In this case Upton Sinclair. Of course, we can convince them.

### ***Scene 13 Ogilvy and Beth***

Scene opens on Beth's ass at the gym. A repeat of the scene with Alice. This time Ogily is the gym partner. They are talking Spanish with English sub titles.

Beth:

So where did you learn to speak Spanish? You speak better than a Catalanian.

Ogilvy:

Aah, I aah well I just picked it up on the Internet, You get these teach-along online apps that take you through the basics. Whenever the numbers are starting to blur I stop and learn a few phases.

Beth:

I mean how good are you, can you talk a girl into bed in Spanish?

Ogilvy:

I don't know *Senorita*, I have never tried, my guess is yes I most certainly can.

*Scene dissolves and they are now outside the gym. Ogilvy pats Beth on the ass.*

Ogilvy:

You want to come back to my place for a coffee?

Fades out to Uriah Heep ,July Morning "In the dayay comes the resolution... I've been looking for you."

Beth: (exit interview)

*In English.*

This is me to give you a clear message I mean really  
whats the crap? You are busy doing things to me you  
wouldn't do to an animal, when you jump out of the bed  
saying, "You've got the multi-fucking-what solution?

"Give -me -a -minute and five hours later you come back  
to bed and now you want to fuck me when I have 10 minutes  
to get up and get to work.

Well, fuck you. I don't want to now. Never call me  
again."

## **Scene 14 Higgs and Cauchy**

*Higgs and Cauchy are in Cauchy's office reading a manuscript in loose printed pages.*

Cauchy:

You wouldn't put it like this - the form is wrong, this is not how you represent an isomorphism. This looks like a draft written by a kid taking on his first post doc.

Higgs

Well, he doesn't even have a PhD. But that is where you can help?

Cauchy:

My help? What do I know about economics?

Higgs:

Mathematical economics. Turns out a lot more than you think.

Cauchy:

Explain?

Higgs:

Mathematical economics is a battle ground. The econometricians and the Keynesians have been at War for 30 years. There is a War about whether you can use econometrics or you can't. A War between the right and wrong, a War between those who say there is a War and those who say that there isn't.

A keg of dynamite taken from undergrad algebra can blow open entire the current framework. As soon as men will find that in one instant, whole armies can be utterly destroyed, they surely will abide by a golden peace.

Cauchy:

I hardly call isomorphisms undergraduate algebra.

Higgs:

Yeah, the point is that to you the maths is trivial, all we have to do is point your 30 years of work at the problem - bang you are an overnight success.

Cauchy:

Higgs if I had wanted to be an applied mathematician, I would be building robots at MIT.

Higgs:

Robot builders don't win the Noble Prize.

Cauchy:

What's so fancy about the Nobel Prize for economics. From what I hear, its not even a real Nobel Prize, some bank award. Nothing has really happened since Krugman won it when? Twenty years go?

Higgs:

The Sveriges Riksbank Prize in Economic Sciences in Memory of Alfred Nobel - Krugman won it in 2008. Believe me people are going to remember this one.

Cauchy:

OK get him to reformulate the assumptions, and get him to read my paper on holomorphic Hecke-cusps and my notes on thin matrix forms, then we may be ready to talk.

Higgs:

Holopmorhic what?

Cauchy:

Just go read the shit and come back to me. Without defining a starting domain, you could end up in transfinite paradise and you know how that helped Cantor.

Higgs:

No need for the sarcasm, I am only offering you one of the most prestigious awards in academics. Give my regards to Mrs Cauchy.

Ogilvy:

*At the Piano*

There is a war between the rich and poor,  
A war between the man and the woman.  
There is a war between the left and right,  
A war between the black and white,  
A war between the odd and the even.

There is a war between the rich and poor,  
A war between the man and the woman.  
There is a war between the ones who say there is a war  
And the ones who say there isn't...

## **Scene 15 Ogilvy and Harmony**

*Ogilvy is arriving at a movie studio in Westlake. Agitated he is hurrying to his place. Shooting is already underway.*

Ogilvy: *(aside)*

This is me arriving at my minimum wage job. Now you may think I am burning my finger in too many pies, but 4 hours a week, gives me pocket money, pocket money I really need. The stipend that Higgs got me from the postdoc budget pays my rent and bandwidth, but I put in 4 hours a week here to top it up.

And I get to see the people I love from my real love - Show biz. This is my boss and best mate - Harmony.

Harmony:

You're late again O, I had to cover for you on the potato fries. Get in and clean the galley, the next shoot using it starts in 20 minutes and get your make up done.

Ogilvy: *(aside)*

It's a cooking show I get to do extras. Like when they need a topless chef to spice up the shoot or a bit of background music I double as the piano player. In between, I am Harmony's runner and do the dishes.

*Ogilvy is now in his chef outfit now. Harmony is sitting at the dresser getting his make up retouched.*

*Harmony:*

So how's your sex life bru?

Ogilvy:

Fucking terrible. Alice left, now she and her friend Beth have formed a cabal against me. I keep finding wing of bat and eye of newt in my food. I am expecting them to drop one of our sex tapes onto a porn channel. With Higgs pressuring me to deliver on the equation, I just don't find the time to find a replacement. Women I just don't get em.

*Harmony:*

"If women did not exist then all the money in the world would have no meaning." Let's grab a drink after the wrap.

*Scene moves. Ogilvy and Harmony have moved to a club, Harmony is hitting shorts, Ogilvy is having a coffee. They are surveying the dance floor.*

*Harmony:*

*You love them all don't you?*

Ogilvy:

*Not all of them.*

*Harmony:*

*You're lying again. Come on of course you do. I see it your eyes, you love every fucking one of them.*

Ogilvy:

*OK most.*

*Harmony:*

*It will tie you in more knots than your equations bru.  
The aim is not to fall in love, the aim is to get laid -  
simply.*

Ogilvy:

*How so?*

*Harmony:*

*Getting laid simply, is, how can I put it, simple. You  
don't need a Nobel prize to understand it. It is the same  
as selling anything. Obviously, you need a basic product  
then the rule is - prospect, qualify, trial close, meet  
the objections, close. Follow those rules and sexual  
riches await you.*

Ogilvy:

*What?*

*Harmony:*

*Prospect - you gotta start off making the calls. Even if  
a woman wants you, she is still going to expect you to  
make the first move. She will stand two feet in front of  
you with her boobs on your chest, but she will expect you  
to make the first move - wear the dick so to speak.*

Ogilvy:

*I can do that.*

*Harmony:*

*Sure, but then you have to qualify. Do they want to do it or not. Start off, give them one complement above the waste and one below. You can't have her thinking you are just some guy in a bar trying to buy her a drink.*

Ogilvy:

Thats Uncle Oswald in Roal Dahl.

*Harmony:*

*Michael Douglas in Girlfreinds past - but with the variation - you don't waste time doing the spade work. Legend has it that all you have to do to get a woman into bed is listen to her for 45 minutes.*

Ogilvy:

*45 Minutes? The same as a lecture.*

*Harmony:*

*Sure, same as a lecture. The problem is men think about sex every 60 seconds and none of them can stop talking about it long enough to listen for 45 minutes.*

Ogilvy:

I don't think about sex every 60 seconds

*Harmony:*

*You are lying again. Of course you do. Try it. Try closing your mind and not think about sex. (waits 5 seconds, points at Ogilvy) See there you could not even last 10 seconds.*

*Ogilvy blushes.*

Harmony:

OK so after you have done your trial closes - and the sooner the better - you meet the objections. This is like just banter, "how can we sleep together, I hardly know you" - "How you gonna know me if we don't sleep together" Bottom line is you take three nos and return to step one.

Ogilvy:

Step one?

*Harmony:*

Prospect - don't waste good time chasing after non-starters. After a few cycles word gets out and THEY start chasing you.

*A girl comes up and grabs Harmony, starts taking him off to the dance floor. He shouts as he is leaving,*

*It's a sure thing O.*

*Scene changes to Ogilvys flat he has got home alone and sits himself behind the computer.*

*Ogilvy:*

*To the computer -*

OK lets try a new approach - I am listening - give me the answer. Show me L'Hopitals rule in 45 minutes.

*Strokes the top of the display monitor*

## **Scene 16 Charleen's Intro**

Charleen:

Hi, Oglivy I saw your Linked In Profile and I think we can do business. I have just finished an LA movie and I am on my way to Cape Town for the Boere Awards.

I can fit you in Thursday from 5. Lets meet at that Tequila Bar on the Waterfront. Text me with your gps position at five-to.

Looking forward to it.

## **Scene 17 Maynard and Cauchy talk modelling**

*Sitting at a lunch table at a break at a conference.*

Maynard:

Great paper on the minimal model.

Cauchy:

I didn't know you were interested.

Maynard:

I am always interested in simplification. We have put so much complexity into the economic model that we no longer know where to begin. We are desperately looking for a reset to a simple world. Economics is not physics. God might have thrown dice to make the physical universe, but the economy has to be a whole lot easier.

Cauchy:

Of course - economics is stochastic, all social sciences are stochastic.

Maynard:

No, they are not. Take paying for this lunch, there is nothing stochastic about it.

Cauchy:

Nothing?

Maynard:

Yeah nothing - its your round. I got Geneva remember.

Have you seen Ogilvy yet?

Cauchy:

Higgs mentioned him.

Maynard:

He is talking in the Kings Track at 2

I thought I would go watch Dawkins,

Maynard:

Trust me - Ogilvy will be more interesting.

*Scene changes to a darkened lecture. Ogilvy is lecturing. The audience is not students but older conference-goers. He is following a power point presentation.*

Ogilvy:

Economics has met its Heisenberg moment.

*The heading Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle displays.*

Our theories have run away from our abilities to measure them. In trying to determine where we are going, we have forgotten that what is important is first to know where we are. But that is not as easy as it seems.

To understand this, consider a fly flying in a room.

*Animation of a camera and fly shows on the powerpoint*

We are trying to determine where the fly will be in a few seconds time. To do that we need to know where it is now and how fast it is moving. We have a high res camera ready for the task of filming the fly. We can set the aperture as wide and slow or narrow and fast.

If we start with a narrow and fast aperture we get a clear picture of the fly. But have no idea how fast it is moving.

*There is a fly buzzing in the room. Ogilvy reaches up with a pair of chopsticks and catches it out of the air - silence.*

If we make the aperture wider and slower we get a blurry pic, but know the time the aperture is open we are able to make a grade 12 calc to determine the velocity of the fly.

*Cutaway to a picture of the fly on the power point,*

We can get either velocity or position with varying degrees of accuracy but there is always a trade-off.

So it is with the economy. If we are trying to forecast the future, we need to know where we are and where we are going.

Econometrics tells us where we are going and they backfit it with a complex multivariate regression analysis.

However, this analysis does not tell us where we are now it only MODELS where we are now. There is almost always a difference between the model and reality.

*A maths animation shows the gap between dots and model.*

A simpler approach is first to determine where we are and use that as an estimate. Unfortunately, this approach does not match the regression models and we usually end up making all sorts of embarrassing corrections.

So which method do we choose to get an accurate estimate of the future?

Fortunately, we have the Copeman Equation = one of my favorites.

The Copeman Equation deals with the limit...

*Start flashing background images of these previous Nobel winners.*

Ogivy: (aside)

After Malala Yousafzai's peace prize, Werner Heisenberg was the second youngest Nobel winner at 32, beaten only by Lawrence Bragg at 26 who shared the Nobel with his father for his work on X rays.

*Trails off. Scene plays out with Uriah Heep. Focuses on Cauchy who is sitting in the audience. Cauchy is prodding his fingers together into a church-steeple - thinking.*

*Plays out to Uriah Heep.*

"He had a cloak of gold and eyes of fire.

and when he spoke I felt a deep desire

To free the world of its fear and pain.

And help the people. To *feel free* again"

## **Scene 17A Erica teaches Ogilvy Dunning-Kruger**

*The scene is a small conference room, executive education, Ogilvy and 7 delegates, all older than Ogilvy. Erica is presenting a power point.*

Erica :

The Dunning-Kruger effect is a cognitive bias in which people assess their cognitive ability as greater than it is.

Let me give you an example.

*She brings up two circles on the power point. A red one and green one.*

Right, which of the circles is bigger?

First delegate: Green

Second delegate: Green

*Ogilvy is sitting third looks hesitantly at the circles.*

Erica :

Mr Ogilvy?

*Ogilvy looks at the screen again.*

Ogilvy:

Green

Erica:

Whenever you find yourself on the side of the majority, it's time to pause and reflect. The answer, of course, is Red.

*Ogilvy's jaw drops.*

With the help of my assistants,

*Erica points at delegates one and two.*

*who lied, I was able to manipulate your decision.*

Your arrogance makes you believe you are above others, but even the stongest of human minds can be willed by the majority. Especially those who believe they are superior, but aren't.

## Scene 18 Ogilvy and Wang

*Ogilvy and Wang are playing League of Legends. The scene opens cut aways - Ogilvy is intensely concentrating. The screen is showing his Jungler activity.*

Wang: *(talking Mandarin with subtitles)*

Get you ass over to top lane and make it snappy. Eagwalwider is swooping us. Don stay longer than 20 secon. I have real works to do here ganking ADC.

Ogilvy: *(talking Mandarin with subtitles)*

Eye-Eye Captain

Ogilvy: *(aside in English)*

OK so I am a jungler, not by choice, but 2,000 hours into it I decided that there was no point in relearning another role. That was 5 years ago. Learning the champions takes up too much time. Anyway, reckon I am a pretty hot Snowballer.

Wang:

Snowballer my ass. We're losing it. Fuck you O, the Tower is falling. Oh, fuck that's it. Get back now

*Ogilvy can see the end before Wang and relaxes his shoulders.*

Wang: *(in english now)*

It godda to get better than this. Wegional final nex week huh. O you godda show up for toosdey ranks. I goh messaged for Junglers all over China.

Ogilvy: *(in mandarin with sub titles)*

*charicaturing Wang*

I goh messaged for Junglers all over China.

Ogilvy: *(aside)*

Chinese! They think they run the world already. Maths is one thing but Lol thats a different story.

Wang:

Godda go - See you Toosdey.

Ogilvy: *(aside)*

The average Chinese STEM student knows like 8,000 characters - westerners work off 26. Sure they can't string together dramatic sequences, imagine a Chinese Shakespeare, not gonna happen. But in maths? Symbolic logic is hard-wired into their language. Thats why their high schoolers win hands down. I find speaking Mandarin helps we to sharpen up in maths. Tuesdays - hey man that's gym and maths in day one and piano and economics in day two, Lol has to wait.

**Scene 19 Higgs and Mrs Higgs**

*Higgs and Mrs Higgs are having coffee at a Cape Town take away.*

Mrs Higgs:

My Thane,

Thou wouldst be great

Art not without ambition, but without

The illness should attend it

How goes my Lord?

Higgs:

I am seeing a dagger before my eyes and witches everywhere.

Mrs Higgs:

This Ogilvy of yours?

Higgs:

Yes he's all over the place. At times he is an absolute genius. At times, he behaves like a - well like a nineteen-year-old.

Mrs Higgs:

But that is what he is, isn't that what makes it such a sellable concept? But has he GOT anything? Really?

Higgs:

In principle, if he is right, we get to rewrite 50 years of economic research. We replace multivariate statistics with mathematical modelling. There will be papers for the

next 10 years.

Mrs Higgs:

Whats the problem then?

Higgs:

You know how it is with these hacks. Most of them have spent 30 years getting nowhere, along comes a kid with no experience and bowls them over with the Nobel Prize. So its not even that they can't get it, they just can't stand the thought of him getting it.

Mrs Higgs:

Why does it matter what they think?

Higgs:

The are the nominees. Its the way it works. The Nobel Comittee takes nominations from 3,000 anonymous nominators. These are selected academics, past winners. People whos opinion is deemed important. Its the ultimate old school tie. Noone is allowed to nominate themselves, but they nominate each other. Unless you are Ivy League or Oxbridge you really don't have a chance.

Mrs Higgs:

A chance of what?

Higgs:

A chance to convince them that you are worthy of respect.

Mrs Higgs:

Higgysy it much worse than that " It is not sufficient to be worthy of respect in order to be respected." I would have thought you knew that famous aphorism.

Higgs:

Who said that?

Mrs Higgs:

Come on - Alfred Nobel of course.

Higgs:

So what is the point?

Mrs Higgs:

For your boy to win the Nobel he will need to get the suport of the nominees. That is much more than just being a genius or coming up with something spectacular.

Higgs:

But I just said that.

Mrs Higgs:

OK! - then Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peeps (through the blanket of the dark,)  
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'

*Higgs takes another shot of Casmingo's and smiles.*

## ***Scene 19A Maja's intro***

*Maja is calling in, leaving a Skype message*

Maja:

Hi, Ogilvy I got your LinkedIn private message invite. Like what I see, my issue is that while I do occasional sex, I don't do casual sex, it all in or nothing. So if you accept and we start, then the deal is wherever we are gravelling, if we are in the same city then either of us has the option to call the other and it can't be refused. Unless we both agree its off This can hold for thirty years. The deal is the deal. Take it and you have to stick to it -forever.

So if you are up for that, call me. If you are not, don't bother.

Oh and its Swedish, fuck first date later.

*(Maja blows kiss and closes)*

## **Scene 20 Ogilvy and Carrinne throw the javelin**

*Ogilvy is in athletic shorts carrying a Javelin. Walking though the grounds of Cambridge.*

Ogilvy: (aside)

*I am on my way for a play date with Carrinne 5 time British National Javelin Champion We are meeting at the Cambrige Athletic Club, oldest Athletics Club in the World. Quite excited about this. I looked at her videos she's a bit of a hottie.*

*He gets to the club there is a girl, bent over stretch, Camera focuses on her ass.*

Ogilvy:

Hi I'm Ogilvy

Carrinne :

Carrinne...

Ogilvy:

*I know who you are*

Carrinne :

*And I know who you are to Mr Ogilvy. So what do you want to learn about Javelin?*

Ogilvy:

*I have always fancied myself as a thrower, ever since I saw Gerad Butler chuck the last gasp in 300.*

*Carrinne :*

*Yeah, love that movie.*

*So what stopped you? You look the part.*

*She tounches his shoulder and upper arm, lingering.*

*Ogilvy:*

*Man, it started hurting my back and ended up taking yards off my golf drive. And no man likes his golf drive getting shorter, you know what I mean?*

*Carrinne :*

*Everyone ends up getting hurt in Javelin, it goes with the territory.*

*Ogilvy:*

*It wasn't always like that. In 1900 teh Javelin was thrown from a standing start.*

*Carrinne :*

*I wonder why they are so obsessed with distance. They changed the event to a sprinter with a spear.*

*Ogilvy:*

*Half the point of Javelin was accuracy. The idea is to drive it through the enemy's chest not throw it over his head. You wouldn't have Olympic Archery to see who shoots the arrow farthest, you have it to see who hits the target.*

*Carrinne :*

*Yeah, that would make more sense - it would certainly make it more enjoyable. I mean I haven't thrown a Javelin in earnest since I broke my wrist.*

*Ogilvy:*

*I tell you what. We set up a target at 40 Meters, and after three throws the one who is closest is the new All England Javelin Master.*

*Carrinne :*

*Whats the prize?*

*Ogilvy:*

*A full-service date with either Britain's record Olympian Javelin thrower or the Next Nobel Winner.*

*Carrinne :*

*Are you hitting on me Mr Ogilvy?*

*Ogilvy:*

*I believe I am, mam.*

*Carrie goes first - over throws the target by 5 meters.*

*Shew, you still have it in you.*

*Ogilvy tosses one up, Flies under the point falls far short.*

*Carrinne :*

*You are throwing under the point.*

Ogilvy:

*What do you mean?*

*Carrinne :*

*It's like a piston, stay in the channel. You have to keep driving, straight through the point. Everthing goes through the point.*

*She is touching Ogilvy's arm, running her fingers up and down his shoulders allows them to linger just a bit too long.*

*Here like this...*

*Carrie throws her second throw, this time in slow motion, shows off what remarkable from she still has. Javelin land near the target. Shot holds on her ass, Ogilvy's view.finishes withe her hittin the outer ring of the target.*

Ogilvy:

*So what it like in the Olympic Village?*

*Carrinne :*

*What do you mean?*

Ogilvy:

*Is it really the fuckfest they say it is.*

*Carrinne :*

*Oh, O, you have no idea. (Smiles)*

Ogilvy: *(aside)*

I have to finish this before the blood completely drains from my throwing arm.

*The camera turns to slow motion and he throws a perfect throw splitting the Archery target. Carrie smiles and hi-fives him.*

*Scene changes to Carrie's exit interview*

*Carrinne :*

O, I had a really great time last night. Lets do it again, next time in Finland the Javelin Capital of the world. A whole village of Olympic champions. *(winks)* Keep working on your delivery champ

she blows a kiss.

## Scene 21 Ogilvy lectures modeling

*Ogilvy is lecturing a small group of posts grad students.*

*Ogilvy:*

Why do we build models?

*Ogilvy is using a power point presentation.*

There is no need to take notes. For details go to my web page follow the Ogilvy lectures.

*Web address comes up on screen - [www.copemanacademy.com](http://www.copemanacademy.com)*

The answer is simply because a model gives us a way to test hypotheses and particularly in economics to test hypothesis about the future. A way to map events in the real world by examining them in the model world.

It is a whole lot easier to accelerate electrons around CERN than it is to go to the Sun and likely burn your fingers trying to test the big bang. It is a lot easier to change a few numbers in a computer than to pump out hundreds of millions of dollars to test inflationary effects on family incomes.

My particular interest is the general economic model and what effects its immediate performance, and specifically birational mappings.

Student:

What is a birational mapping?

*Ogilvy:*

A birational map from  $X$  to  $Y$  is a rational map  $f: X \dashrightarrow Y$  such that there is a rational map  $Y \dashrightarrow X$  inverse to  $f$ . A birational map induces an isomorphism from a nonempty open subset of  $X$  to a nonempty open subset of  $Y$ .

Everyman Student:

What is the real-world use of that?

Ogilvy:

I think we are only getting started in the real world. The usage could be unlimited. In the information age, consider that you have a model and in that model is a story. Then by modeling events in a story and adjusting the characters according to the outcome of events you can script reality.

But I digress.

Lets get back to how a birational map induces an isomorphism from a non empty open subset of  $X$  onto a nonempty open subset of  $Y$ .

Ogilvy: (aside)

Really I don't know why Higgs makes me do these lectures. Something about establishing my academic credibility.

*Cutaway to Ogilvys dual monitor PC system. Running Udemy.*

Frankly, I think that the 45 minute lecture is a 20<sup>th</sup> century relic. Honestly whoever learns like that anymore? When you have the Internet on muliple screens, and hyperlinks that lead immediately to multi media answers. It just works much quicker.

Cut awau tp Ogilvy's desk in his flat, multiple monitors, multiple apps open

## ***Scene 22 Higgs, Maynard and the Prince of Sweden***

Higgs, Maynard and Prince Carl Philip, playing themselves, Are on a ski lift heading up to a Swedish ski resort, Higgs looks out and sees an ominous sign, "black slopes this way"

Carl:

I can't be part of this. The Nobel is the old man's pet project. He would cut off my pension if I screwed with it.

Higgs:

We are not asking you to get involved. Just read the story and play yourself.

Carl:

The story?

Higgs:

Yeah, the story. Millions of kids are born each year with dyslexia. You and Ogilvy are the most famous of them so it's easy for you to find your way. What about the others. This is your opportunity to give hope to millions.

Carl:

"Hope is nature's way of hiding truth's nakedness." If you spent more time skiing and read about the life and works of Nobel you would understand the soul of Sweden. Hope is for believers, we don't do hope in Sweden, we take action. Dr Higgs.

And why are you doing this? (*demands of Maynard*)

Maynard:

The love of economics. Ogilvy is our Dick Fosbury. We have been Texas-rolling over the modeling question for decades, the bar stuck on one level for years.

*Cut away to footage of an old fashioned leg first high jumper, Dick Fosbury and then a revision of Ogilvy stage diving into the class crowd.*

Maynard:

Econometricians like Higgs on the one side, modelers like me on the other. We were all busy arguing about this at a conference in Berlin, Ogilvy runs up, turns his back and clears the bar by six inches.

Carl:

*Pulling on his goggles, they are now at the jump off point for the black slope.*

OK set up the game and remember here in Sweden we play our golf seriously, I don't want your Ogilvy pulling a cunning stunt.

*Carl jumps onto the black slope.*

Maynard:

*Was that a YES?*

Higgs:

I think he meant stunning. We planted a seed. A nation of traders I tell you. We just have to give him something to sell.

*Maynard follows the Duke onto the black slope. Higgs shuffles towards the edge, looks over the precipice, shakes his head and heads back to the ski lift.*

Everyman Bellboy:

*Controlling the lift*

Going down.

### **Scene 23 Ogilvy and Charleen**

*Charleen is in bed in Ogilvy's apartment. Ogilvy is coming out of the bathroom. They talk Afrikaans with English Subtitles. Ogilvy swaggers out of the bathroom wagging his hips side to side.*

Ogilvy:

En ek kom daar om die taaibos...

Charleen:

Haai moenie so kak praat nie. Los daai papergaai. Laat sukke dinge.

Ogilvy:

*Comes flapping over to her swooping with imaginary wings.*

Kakpraat? Uiterskak praat.

Charleen:

Kyk hoe vlieg die sekskoning.

Ogilvy:

Uiters, fluiters, drie muis buiters.

So spring die haan as hy jag met die ruiters.

Charleen:

Skattie skink vir die tanie n koppie koffie en kom sit, die tweedeles word nou aangebied. *(She taps on the bed showing him his place)* Temy dis bo jou vuurmak plek?

Ogilvy:

My vuurmaak plek?

Charleen:

Ag liefie julle souties is so cute ne.

Ogilvy:

Souties?

Charleen:

Die oens met die een voet in Kaapstad en die ander voet in Cambridge, en jy weet mos wat in die see hang.

Ogilvy:

Kan jy nie wag-n-bietjie en naweek oorbly nie?

Charleen:

Ag voetog O, my ses uur LAX kartjie is alreeds bespreek ek is more in studio noodig. Kom Kuier in LA sodra jy jou medaltjie inhaal.

Charleen: (exit interview in English)

Great to be back in Africa. What could be more fun than hanging out in a student digs again (rolls eyes) sneaking down a University dorm corridor in the middle of the night - what would my agent say. I had a really good time, but I am looking forward to getting back to the real world. Good luck in Sweden, O. Here's my advice. Europe is full of silver-tongued players. Jabbering with them is not going to cut it. Be who you are, and focus on delivery. That is what will get you over the line. Enjoy learning all those languages, glad I could help out with Afrikaans. Great time, - cheers. (*blows a kiss*) Love from your tanie - (*waves*)

## **Scene 24 Peter and Anders**

*A top restaurant in Sweden, two heads of the Nobel selection committees in economics and literature are having lunch.*

Peter:

Europe is dying Anders.

Anders:

Speak for yourself Peter, never felt fitter. Vegan diet, gym 5 days a week, no more than 4 cups of coffee a day - live till I'm 100.

Peter:

That's the problem, we have all lived too long. We are now older than the rest of the world - out of touch.

Anders:

Don't let it get to you. Focus on the deliverables.

Peter:

So how's it going over at Lit?

Anders:

I must say I feel a little under the gun. What with the Dylan thing and then the delay of the 2018 award. The Academy is looking to me to break Lit's Blacksheep status?

Peter:

Ah you put yourself down, If anyone is Blacksheep it's economics?

How so?

Peter:

I mean just the other day I had one of the press guys calling it the Riksbank instead of the Nobel. It's annoying really.

Anders:

I know what you mean.

Peter:

50 years we've been awarding economics. Our Laureates are some of the most famous people in the world. I'd say it's the most prestigious of them all.

Anders:

Have you heard who any of the other nominees are?

Peter:

Everyone is so secretive. Sometimes I wish we were more like the Oscars.

Anders:

Like how.

Peter:

Their nomination process of 5 nominees per award means the excitement is shared by 5 times as many and their supporters all get in on the act. Has a kind of sports feel to it.

Anders:

Is that what we want, a sports feel?

Peter:

It is the 21<sup>st</sup> century. Multi media you know.

Anders:

What are the others saying?

Peter:

You gotta believe that over at Peace that Greta Thurnberg is going to win.

Anders:

I don't know about that. Nobel was clear in awarding the prizes no consideration be given to the nationality of the candidates, "...but that the most worthy shall receive the prize, whether he be Scandinavian or not." I mean we are the Swedish Academy, it kind of gets iffy if we start awarding prizes to Swedes.

Peter:

But Swedes have won the Nobel?

Anders:

I know, but each one undermines our credibility. It questions our objectivity of we reward Swedes. It is definitely harder for Swedes to win. Anyway, Al Gore already won a Nobel for making a Powerpoint presentation on climate change.

Peter:

You should give her Literature.

Anders:

Come on

Peter:

I mean a 17-year-old girl, what can she possibly know about climate change? The whole thing has to be scripted. The guys that write her speeches and prep her. They are the real geniuses.

Anders:

*Signals for a waiter.*

Double Espresso, please.

*Signals to Peter*

You want a cappuchino?

Peter:

No, espresso. I have also given up dairy. Feel a whole lot better or it.

Anders:

Make that two Double Espresso's and get me the cheque please.

Scene plays out Mick Jagger, "What a drag it is getting old"

## **Act 2 The Turn**

### ***Scene 25 Ogilvy and Mrs Higgs***

*Ogilvy is in his apartment lying naked in bed with Mrs Higgs.*

Ogilvy:

I can't have him finding out about this, I mean seriously it would freak him out if he found out I have been banging you.

Mrs Higgs:

Darling, you are so sweet.

Ogilvy:

Sweet?

Mrs Higgs:

Yes sweet. The whole idea that you had any choice in this is just so sweet. Darling, what man ever gets to choose who he sleeps with? Don't you know the simple rule? You do the fucking, we do the choosing.

Ogilvy:

You mean I have no choice?

Mrs Higgs:

Darling, what did your father teach you as a gentleman. When a woman says no, she means no. When she says yes, she means yes.

Ogilvy:

What if she says yes and I mean no.

Mrs Higgs:

Then tend on mortal thoughts, for you unsex her now and will fill her from the crown to the toe, top-full of direst cruelty. You make thick her blood and stop up the access and passage to remorse. Believe me, if you are in any doubt make sure she never says yes.

Ogilvy: (aside)

She's right of course'. Think about it. The hard work is chasing skirt, but the ones that you make are a shoe-in. I don't even know how I got here. I met her outside MacDonalds and she said Higgs had asked her to pick a backup. We came upstairs to get it and the next moment - upwar-sloping supply curve. Nows she is comming round once week on thursdays to feed my consumer surplus. Thursday is when Higgs is up at Kings with the Journal committee, he is never back before 8-30.

Mrs Higgs:

And the good news Darling, I choose you.

Ogilvy:

So you are just going to lie to him?

Ogilvy: (aside)

I didn't want to tell her how I really looked forward to Thursdays.

Mrs Higgs:

I am not going to lie to him, but YOU are. It is the price of youth. And never underestimate how expensive that is. "Lying is the greatest sin of all".

Ogilvy:

I don't get it I have to lie and you don't.

Mrs Higgs:

O, the cleverest boy alive, can crack the Copeman equation but can't understand the simplest of paradoxes. I have been married for a very long time. All the Laureates from my single days are now dead -. You don't get to be married as long as that by lying to the man that has walked that distance with you. I won't lie darling, because Higgs will never ask.

Ogilvy:

What if I want more than Thursdays?

Mrs Higgs:

Oh you sweet man, We can't do that. I have Higgs to think about. You know he likes to come home week days and work in his study. If I wasn't there outside marking assignments and making him a coffee every 30 minutes, the whole system would break down.

Ogilvy:

What if I just left Higgs out of the whole project and just worked with Maynard and Cauchy? Then we would not have to worry about him catching us?

Mrs Higgs:

Darling let me tell you about how to get into a married woman's pants and most importantly, keep getting in there. Never and I mean NEVER insult her partner. When you do that you may as well be stripping her naked, painting crap over her and prodding her down the walk of shame. You would not last a day out there without Higgs. The dogs would tear you to pieces. Higgs is a dear soul, think of me as his fixer.

Ogilvy:

His fixer?

Mrs Higgs:

Yeah, I am here to do his dirty business. He needs to get his Nobel his way and I need to get mine my way. They stopped the Nobel Prize for Lit in 2018 over a sex scandal. You need to make sure our Thursday trists stay out of your plot.

Ogilvy:

What do you mean by that?

Mrs Higgs:

When I met Higgs I thought he might get a Nobel. I was never good enough my plays were like hack lab work, and unless you are madam Curie you just don't get medals for labwork. It was promising at first, but then his post docs efforts just kept coming up short and by the time I realized that Higgs couldn't do it, it didn't matter anymore whether he would miss because he wasn't good enough or because he was just too pissed to try. He had given up. I had given up.

*She is playing affectionately with his hair.*

Mrs Higgs:

And then Darling, you came along riding on the back of a donkey. A light at the end of the tunnel. Now Higgs gets to get his medal and I get to get mine.

Ogilvy:

But..

Mrs Higgs:

Don't "but" me, unless you are actually going to butt me. Why don't you come over here and show aunty Denise what you learned about Input-Output analysis.

*Ogilvy rolls on top of her.*

Ah there's my protagonist, thrusting forever forward.

*Scene changes to after sex he is lying on his back staring at the roof. Plays out to Tribe after Tribe - Damsel (Tom Paine) "I offered her my hand, she took me by the arm, twas then I knew for certain she meant to do me harm..."*

*Fade.*

## Scene 26 Higgs and Fab

*Higgs and Fab Academic, The Dean of UCT are examining the Rhodes Statue in a basement in UCT.*

Fab:

What you are asking for Dr Higgs is quite extraordinary.

Higgs:

If it wasn't extraordinary I wouldn't be here asking.

Fab:

What do you think Rhodes would think of this? His endowment 100 years later? He must have died about the same time as Alfred Nobel. Very similar characters.

Higgs:

Nobel was far more intellectual.

Fab:

But Rhodes was Richer. They only used Dynamite in the diamond industry as a minor input, Rhodes actually sold the output.

Higgs:

I don't think you can call Rhodes a man of peace.

Fab:

Anyone that floats the first Public Company in Africa, builds the Mohair and deciduous fruit industries and becomes the richest man in the world in 1900 and leaves the Rhodes scholarships has got to be a man of peace.

Higgs:

You'll have to ask the Matabele about that.

Fab:

And 26,000 Boers.

Let me get this straight, its a PhD in mathematical economics, the average age of a PhD student in Vietnam is twenty-six this kid is n-n n-n nineteen?

Higgs:

Yeah, thats it.

Fab:

Its the youngest PhD in the history of our University.

Higgs:

Beats Hendrik Verwoerd's National record set at Stellenbosch by three years.

Fab:

The whole disertation is 20 pages? And he made this in what, six weeks?

Nineteen pages, twice as long as Einstein's submissions for his PhD at Zurich.

Fab:

And it is right?

Higgs:

Ivy League and Oxbridge external examiners. You're a Maths PhD go check it yourself

Maths education, not sure I would be able to follow it. - If he did this in 6 weeks surely it's you that gets the PhD for maths education?

*Higgs Smiles.*

Fab:

*Starts to leave, talking over her shoulder*

Alright Dr Higgs I will take it up with the board. I have found out one thing and that is, if you have an idea, and it is a good idea, if you only stick to it you will come out all right. Cecil Rhodes said that.

Higgs:

*Calling after her, not heard*

If I have a thousand ideas and only one turns out to be good, I am satisfied. Nobel said that.

*She leaves*

*Higgs takes a flask of Brand-X out of his pocket and takes a swig, looks at the statue. Camera focuses in on Rhodes.*

In the long run we are all dead - Keynes said that.

## Scene 27 Mrs Higgs and Erica

*Mrs Higgs and Erica are training in Gym on stationary bikes, Talking to each other they can see each other's data -there is sense of competition. They are both riding on "80".*

Erica:

It's like a magic trick it works once perfectly, the second time the audience is going to take you apart.

Mrs Higgs:

What do you mean?

Erica:

Obama was the first to use it.

Mrs Higgs:

Cambridge Analytica?

Erica:

No before that, back when it was just psychographic profiling.

Mrs Higgs:

Yes, and it won him two terms in the White House.

Erica:

Obama was first to come up with the idea of separate messages to separate groups. Before that US Presidential Candidates had a single less efficient national message. The genius is understanding that people don't care what you are saying to other groups, they just want to hear what they want you to tell them. Social media sets up the separation.

Mrs Higgs:

I remember that. Right up to 2017, facebook was selling custom audiences. You gave them a list of email addresses and they would

message for you to those email addresses and their friends. Every marketer was doing it. That was Cambridge Analytica right?

Erica:

What they didn't foresee was Trump trumping them at the same game, What Bannon did at Cambridge was to do what everyone else was doing, but do it on a massive scale.

Mrs Higgs:

And the data breach?

Erica:

The data breach was no different to the standard off the shelf product. When the shit hit the fan and the Democrats realized that it has all been caused by one of their own, Hail-mary self righteousness broke out. At facebook, Corporate amnesia broke out about the millions they had been raking in and less about their share price jumping Billions. Zuckerberg pulled the product and a few days later Scotland yard was ransacking our offices.

Mrs Higgs:

What happened?

Erica:

I don't know I was fired, out of work and on the street. Steven Bannon left the White House soon afterward. Trump threw him under the bus and Zuckerberg threw us under the bus. They walked off to a record Nasdaq.

Mrs Higgs:

Lawyers have to make a living, and can only do so by inducing people to believe that a straight line is crooked.

Erica:

Who said that?

Mrs Higgs:

Alfred Nobel. But the real question is can you still do it?

*Mrs Higgs starts to surrepticiously increase the pedalling rate. She moves up to "100".*

Erica:

Sure, but the good news is you don't need anything like that. You need to identify who the 3,000 anonymous nominators are and start sending them targeted Ogilvy messages. We know who they are - they are College nerd Professors and their bridge playing friends. The general public you can get with keywords.

*Erica starts pedaling a little faster until she reaches "100"*

Mrs Higgs:

That will be easy we will get that from the Ogilvy Lectures.

*Mrs Higgs starts pedalling a little faster and Erica immediately picks up the pace to "120".*

Erica:

Whats he like this Ogilvy?

Mrs Higgs:

O? Oh he's a darling. The most intelligent man I have ever met. Its like he is years ahead of his age, he...

*Mrs Higgs realises she has let too much slip and gains her composure. She accelerates the pace to "130". Erica immediately follows.*

## Scene 28 Ogilvy and Mrs Higgs in film class

*Ogilvy is seated in the lecture room waiting for the lecturer to arrive.*

Ogilvy: (aside)

This is me, Friday mornings, film class. I still have the smell of another woman upon my person (He smells his right-hand fingers.) Higgs indulges me this class. He would prefer it if I focused only on economics. He thinks the Lit Nobel is a pipe dream, something they give to politically correct candidates, a way of balancing the fact that the STEM awards are given to old white men.

Higgs (voiceover in Ogilvy's head.)

Forget it O. You're not female, not black, you didn't come from a persecuted indigenous ethnic background and your grandmother was Jewish. What have you got going for you? Surely you are not going to tell me that you can write too?

Ogilvy: (aside)

Higgs keeps telling me to get the Lit you have to agonize about the human condition. The human condition? What shit is that?

*Mrs Higgs walks into the class. She sees Ogilvy smelling his fingers and completely ignores him. He reaches down takes out his cell phone takes a selfie of himself smelling his fingers and whats-apps it to her. The phone buzzes on silent with a message from O - she ignores opening it.*

Mrs Higgs:

I marked your short story assignments last night, they were all terrible. Rule number one. There is only one story - The hero's journey. The hero pledges to the reader that he or she will overcome, a turn of events or attacks driven by antagonists makes the pledge look doomed, then the protagonist breaks through, overcomes the obstacles, wins the stakes and triumphs with the Prestige.

Rule number two. When you think there is room for a second protagonist or you want to write out your protagonist with a tragic end and spend another 40 minutes finishing the story - apply rule 1. There is only one story - the hero's journey.

Ogilvy:

But the real world has other stories.

Mrs Higgs:

Yes, but in fiction, no one is interested in the real stories. The hero's journey is so entrenched in our society, that you feed the reader anything else and you may as well be giving them a production management report. They are either going to sleep through it, or use the info to plot your destruction.

*Cut away - Beth is playing with an upside-down cross.*

Ogilvy:

So its a question of form?

Mrs Higgs:

It would be like trying to play the blues with 13 bars. 12 bar blues - stick to it. Otherwise no one is going to listen to you, let alone tap their feet.

You finish with the protagonists speech or if you have to, or the narrator talking about the protagonist. Then you sit down.

*Scene fades through to Ogilvy playing the piano - he is playing the blues, the upbeat jump blues.*

*Ogilvy:*

"Joburg's jumping and I'm out on the town,  
I caught another mans wife, a messing around.  
I said to her honey- You're out on your own  
Yeah my old man's, Home all alone  
Two kids and mortgage,  
I don't know how they do it.  
Thought they had it going but they  
Really really blue it. (holds for 13 bar)

Fades out during solo improv.

## **Scene 29 Ogilvy and Angela start Metal**

*Ogilvy is at the piano playing a Chopin Nocturne. Angela Gossow is ready to teach him Metal vocals.*

Angela:

Thats Very good, Chopins Nocturne number 9 in E flat. You play it very well. How did you learn it?

Ogilvy:

I had a good teacher.

Angela:

Well, she certainly worked. Most people play Nocturnes like they are children's bedtime fairy tales. Of course, that was never the point, they were nineteenth-century drawing room foreplays.

*Ogilvy starts playing again this time looking at Angela with dreamy eyes.*

Buddy if that worked I would be working the Hamburg Red light district and not running one of the top metal bands in the world.

Lets hear what you've got.

*Ogilvy starts banging out an Arch Enemy Riff.*

*Angela start girating to the beat, takes out her cell phone and starts song. The reall Arch enemy comes onto the sound track and then switches to an Arch enemy video showing of Allis White-Guts. Lasts about 10 seconds fades.*

Angela:

You sound angry.

Ogilvy:

I am Angry.

Angela:

Metal is not about being Angry. It's about dealing with anger.

Ogilvy:

What do you mean?

Angela:

The whole point about Metal is that it is a song of release, a release from pain, it is not a descent into pain.

Ogilvy:

What about the death thing?

Angela:

Yes thats the anger, we all feel it, but Metal is the not the problem. Metal is the solution. Anyway you have to stop playing other people's riffs, and get your own songs.

Ogilvy:

What about you and I doing a duet?

*Angela looks at him patronizingly.*

Angela:

Honey, I've done it all. I just manage now.

Ogilvy:

What about a threesome?

Angela: *(in Swedish)*

You would be so lucky.

Angela dances provocatively to the music.

*Plays out with Arch enemy sound tack video say 15 seconds.*

### ***Scene 30 Ogilvy, Harmony and Erica cooking***

*Ogilvy has his shirt off, he is scrubbing, preparing the stove for the next cooking scene. Slowly here, the boundary starts to unravel, between the actor and the antagonist, between story and reality. Ever so slightly. Erica is still mostly Erica.*

Harmony:

Dude, your Lingala is terrible.

Ogilvy:

What do you mean, my accent?

Harmony:

We just don't speak like that you South Africans think every African language has clicks. We never click. You sound like a Xhosa with a credit card.

Ogilvy:

Noone is ever going to crack African languages. In Europe, there are basically two types, Latin and Germanic. In African languages the divisions are much deeper, hell in Nigeria there are 500! We have been speaking for 50,000 years longer than Europeans.

Harmony:

Remember when you speak Lingala its the King's tongue.

Ogilvy:

Its the King's tongue!

*Stands to military attention*

*PoQo (big emphasis on the click Q)*

*Erica enters*

Erica:

Are you Harmony?

Harmony:

Yes

Erica:

I have been told to meet you for a pre on the cooking shoot.

Harmony:

Vegan breakfasts.

Erica:

Yes

Harmony:

So what is someone like you doing on the show?

Erica:

I am in town to shoot a movie on science, but this is my day off I always spend it promoting meat-free eating. Its a passion.

Erica:

You must be Ogilvy?

*Ogilvy looks up.*

Ogilvy:

Yeah how did you know

Erica:

Everyone knows who the next Nobel winner is going to be. Don't you read the press? I even got an "Ogilvy be my Daddy" T-shirt for Christmas"

Ogilvy:

I am so deep into the problem I don't have time for it. Still trying to finish off the lectures.

Harmony:

Make-up is looking for your final touches.

*Harmony motions for Erica to go off left.*

Harmony:

She's hitting on you dude.

Ogilvy:

Don't be ridiculous

Harmony:

Don't you be ridiculous. Here she comes, focus Poqo!

Ogilvy:

PoQo!

*Scene changes to Ogilvy's flat. In bed with Erica they are talking Swedish with subtitles. They are lying apart. Each with arms crossed protectively.*

Erica:

*What do you mean you can't do it? Every nineteen year old can do it. Thats what you do.*

Ogilvy:

My is head so far up my ass with this equation. My supervisor has given me a deadline, If I don't deliver my solution this week he is going to do it without me. I can't think of anything else.

Erica:

Can't you just wing it?

Ogilvy:

*Wing it?*

Erica:

You've got time. The thing about maths is it is so complicated most people are too embarrassed to say they don't understand it. You can say anything and get away with it because they are too scared to challenge you.

Ogilvy:

I can't do that it would be lying.

Erica:

Never lie.

Ogilvy:

What happens when there is no other way out?

Erica:

Lying always compounds the problem. The problem is that people believe you. They act accordingly and soon the bets are doubled down. When the next card is flipped there is even more to lose.

Ogilvy:

I never thought of it like that.

Erica:

Why do people lie? They lie because they don't have the self confidence to tell the truth. They have a self image of themselves that does not fit with reality. You don't have to lie.

Ogilvy:

What do you do?

Erica:

You bend reality. Tell the truth and reality has to deal with you. You know you are going to make this and time is on your side. Walk into your supervisor and tell him you are late and need more time. Tell him people will forget a late delivery, they will never forget a bad one.

Ogilvy:

You tell me the truth - were you stalking me tonight? You didn't just rock up at the studio by mistake did you?

Erica:

Less of a stalk. More of a hunt.

Ogilvy:

A stalk punt.

Erica:

A pork hunt.

Ogilvy:

You storked me.

Erica:

I porked you.

Ogilvy:

Pigs come in threes.

*Walks her fingers over his stomach. Puts her fingers under the blanket.*

Erica:

Now are you coming out or do I have to come in and blow your house down.

Ogilvy:

So it's true that in Sweden the fucking comes before the dating.

Erica:

Hey not so fast who said we are dating?

Ogilvy:

Why not?

Erica:

*I have a complicated career you never know who might be offended. Besides you need to stay focused on your medal remember?*

*She climbs under the sheets. Camera focuses on Ogilvy's face.*

Ogilvy: (In Swedish)

I am working on it right now.

*(in english, he is quoting now, playing a sharespeare part to camera, winces intermittently as she touches a spot)*

You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences.

### **Scene 30 Wang's news**

*Wang is recording a video message on his Skype.*

O, I have been trying to get you for days. I missed you at the toosday practice. We got a rangkt opening on Wendesday for a rangkt match in a week diwision. We got another jungla and we made it through to the wegional final.

Listen man good luck with your maths. Old chinese proverb, when you have a curve and it get too complex. Put in a stwate line.

### **Scene 31 Ogilvy does Mrs Higgs in the lecture threate**

*The Lecture hall is empty. Mrs Higgs is spread against the lecturn, Ogilvy is standing, entering her from behind.*

Ogilvy:

Why do we have to do it here in the open. Why can't we go back to my place. It's safer there.

Mrs Higgs:

Safe - uh- means - uh - no danger - uh.

Ogilvy:

Yeah thats the point.

Mrs Higgs:

Think of it like this - uh - if someone came through that door we would be caught and it would be all over, - uh - we would never do it again - uh -.

Ogilvy:

Never?

Mrs Higgs:

Never, uh - now fuck me Ogilvy. Fuck me like someone is about to walk through that door and this is the very last time. Hurry they're comming.

*Camera changes to the slightly open door and camera focus's on the darkness beyond. Returns to Ogilvy's face.*

Ogilvy: (into camera)

They are coming alright.

### **Scene 32 Peter and Anders**

*Peter and Anders are having Coffee at a Starbucks Coffee shop.*

Peter:

Whose Ogilvy?

Anders:

You getting him to?

Peter:

It has started coming though in our nominations. We are only about one third through, but it looks like we will have to take a look at him? But whats he doing in Literature

Anders:

They are nominating him for developing the concept of a birational story. A story with a both-ways cross over story to reality. They are making a movie about it.

Peter:

But we don't give movies a Nobel.

Anders:

Some of the younger committee members are calling for change. We did Bod Dylan and that was a fuck up. Who was that woman who couldn't remember the words to his songs? I mean we can't stick on an old idea when the world is moving forward. "We build upon the sand, and the older we become, the more unstable this foundation becomes."

Peter:

Next thing we will be competing with the Oscars.

Anders:

No, we are not going to do that. We are looking at the angle that stories are no longer told in books or movies They are told in a much wider sense using the internet and social media.

Peter:

But the kid is only 19. How can he come up with this stuff?

I guess you have to be the millennial age to do this. This never existed for us. What I want to know is how does he even get a show into economics?

Peter:

I haven't completed the science audit, but it appears he has developed some ground breaking game-changer that upturns the whole of econometrics.

Anders:

We are comfortable with the social media aspect. No one has ever given an award for a social media campaign. One that changes reality - sounds like a Nobel. We could end up running elections next.

Peter:

Whose saying this? Does he have peer-reviewed journals?

Anders:

A few, but I am OK with that. Nobel was a polymath. Look at me I am the Chairman of Lit. I got my degree in Chemical Engineering, worked as a tough guy actor for 20 years, but I still read three books a day, here I am deciding what Literature is breakthrough and what is not.

Peter:

Three books a day?

Anders:

Yep - you know what they say - We are what we read. Haven't you

been following Ogilvys lectures, they keep popping up all over the web.

Peter:

I can't see it. We simply can't have a twenty-year-old Laureate.

Anders:

He will be twenty-one

Peter:

Whats the difference? He could be a complete psychopath. The whole logic behind giving the prizes to the old guys is that they are basically finished working and the work is complete. They can't still fuck it up.

Anders:

And that's the problem. Taking a young guy we get something we can work with actively with for the next 30 years, a real ambassador. He can inspire millions with the Nobel message.

Peter:

What happens if he turns out to be a jerk? He'll disappoint the Nobel millions. I hear he is dyslexic. What happens of he cries "Fowl"

Anders:

Nobody will listen and the "Wolf" will eat him. I say let's check him out. There is always hope

Peter:

"Hope is nature's veil for hiding truth's nakedness." Ths is is Sweden we don;t hope, we take action.

### ***Scene 33 Maynard and Cauchy's rejection***

*Maynard and Cauchy are on a skype call Cauchy is finishing off reading a 20-page loose-leaf proof.*

Cauchy:

This doesn't work for me. This looks like the work of a statistician and a bad one at that. He can't even see it. These are differential equations and they are going to get so tongue tied the moment we try to generalise them.

Maynard:

He did say he was sending them to me too soon as he had not had time to go over them.

Cauchy:

His use of l'Hospitals rule is almost childish and he is using the constant term "e" - whats that? He has the domains wrong. In maths e is reserved for the growth function. The way he is going, he will end up with divergent solutions. He is going end up proving the opposite of the equation.

Maynard:

*Looks at his copy of the manuscript.*

"e", it's the standard econometric term for error. I can see what's going on here, I will have to get back to you.

Cauchy:

Seriously I am going to have to withdraw on this. I have my emeritus lecture coming up next week and have to put full focus on it. I can't see this idea of yours flying. I looked it up. They awarded the 2012 to a maths and economics team up beteen Shapely and Roth. It went down like Led Zeppelin' Black Dog, why would they give it out again for the same idea?

Maynard:

Its nothing like the same idea. Shapely and Roth was a mistake, It wasn't even maths and economics it was game theory and finance. Applied maths at best. Sweden got it wrong. It shows how desperate they are to give recognition to mathematical economics. They will be ready for us this time round.

Cauchy:

Maynard you are not listening to me - there isn't going to be an "us". If you want to do this you are going to have to do it on your own. I am going to do my emeritus lecture. Give my regards to Mrs Maynard.

*Fades out. Maynard is fuming he dials up Higgs on Skype.*

*Higgs comes on the screen, he is clearly hung over.*

*Maynard:*

What the fuck have you done Higgs? I have not been as this embarrassed since you stayed over at my parents house in third year and crapped drunk on the bed sheets.

*Higgs:*

*How many times have I told you I am sorry about that*

*Maynard:*

*Yes but the crap you sent me today was worse. That was no Ogilvy that was you wasn't it?*

*Higgs:*

*Well ehr.*

*Maynard:*

You are still trying to solve it econometrically. Don't you get it? It hasn't worked for 50 years, its not going to work now. This is not that difficult. The difficulty lies not so much in developing new ideas as in escaping from old ones.

*Higgs:*

You kept pressing me. Ogilvy said that he had come up stuck on cointegration, but you wanted something so I just applied what I had and normalized the errors.

*Maynard:*

And the shit about l'Hospital's rule? I have told you that no complete system can ever be analytically consistent. Godel died in his own bile proving that.

*Higgs:*

Sorry Maynard I will get Ogilvy back on it, he is the one that has been looking at the incompleteness theorem.

*Maynard:*

Well you may truly have fucked it. Our Wolfe's medalier cried Fowl. Unless I am prepared to completely destroy the little credibility I have left, I have lost him. You may have lost me too.

*Higgs:*

But we are running out of time the nominations go out in three months.

*Maynard:*

Customers will forget a late delivery, but not a bad one.

*Higgs:*

Hang on Maynard we have not lost it yet. The kid may still crack it. He understands the incompleteness theorem.

*Maynard:*

Nobody understands the incompleteness theorem. How many times do I have to tell you the world is not a normal distribution. The world does not turn around the Copeman equation. The Copeman Equation turns around the world.

The bottom line Higgs. Unless you come back to me with a finished product we will both be excommunicated.

*Maynard abruptly ends the conversation.*

Higgs:

And yet it moves.

### ***Scene 34 Erica Calls in, gets banned***

*Erica is leaving a video message for Mrs Higgs*

Erica:

Hi Denise bad news, I have been cock-blocked by facebook. They have linked me to a set of porn pictures. I tried to appeal, but they are just not listening. They are absolutely paranoid about the Cambridge Analytica thing. We are pretty much screwed they have my profile and will pick me up even if I try to log in under another account. This means we are probably screwed at Google too

You are going to have to figure out another way of getting to the nominators.

*Mrs Higgs picks up the message*

Mrs Higgs:

Fuck!

### ***Scene 35 Maja calls for a date***

*Maja on video call in.*

Maya:

Hi O, just to say I am in town. Lets meet Thursday night at 6.

Blows him a kiss, closes.

### ***Scene 36 Ogilvy calling Mrs Higgs***

*Ogilvy is at his computer calling Mrs Higgs on Skype*

Ogilvy:

I am in terrible trouble I need your help.

Mrs Higgs:

What's so urgent that you would call at this hour. Higgs is fast asleep.

*Ogilvy is almost in tears.*

Ogilvy:

They have taken my sex tape and put it on the web. There a picture of my Dick on the internet. Already the Dean has tweeted about it. This could cost me my PhD. This could cost me the Nobel. They are never going to give a medal to someone involved in a sex scandal.

Mrs Higgs:

Dearie, you just deny it. Who could possibly verify the Dick. Just deny it. Say it's not yours but just a malicious attack on you person.

You should be pleased. The ultimate ad hominem attack. Who knows it may actually help you? Sexual revelations never harmed Trump and his base is Mid west Christians. Any publicity is good publicity. Relax have a cup of coffee and in the morning the whole thing will have blown over.

Ogilvy:

And then what?

Mrs Higgs:

Just tell the truth darling. "The truthful man is usually a liar."

Ogilvy:

Just tell the truth?

Mrs Higgs:

We'll talk about it Thursday night.

*Scene now moves to The Higgs apartment. Mrs Higgs is looking at a snippet of pornography. She squints closer at it, smiles affectionately, thinks for one last time and then presses "Share".*

### **Scene 37 Ogilvy and Harmony and the crowd.**

*Harmony and Ogilvy navigating the human traffic that is crowding around them on the open campus. Everyone (mostly women) has their cell phone out and they are trying to get a pic of Ogilvy.*

Everyman:

Give us a selfie love.

Harmony:

I don't know what the fuss is. Can they even see your face in the picture?

Ogilvy:

No, but it is clearly my Dick.

Harmony:

How would they know that? I would just say "It can't be mine because mine has the word "wacy" tattooed on it."

Ogilvy:

WACY? What if they ask me to show them?

Harmony:

*Harmony Shrugs.*

You just tell em. That won't help. By the time I get it out in full the Tatoo won't read that anymore it will read. "Welcome to Cape Town and have a good day."

Ogilvy: *(aside, scowling)*

Thats fucking fine for him but everybody knows that I only have "W" tattooed on mine. When I pull it out it shrinks with fright to "v".

*Ogilvy quoting Shakespear, his hand in his chest making an oath*

If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it;

*Scene finishes, Ogilvy walks into piano practice room.*

*Ogilvy looking head over the piano into camera.*

*Plays Beethovens 5<sup>th</sup> first 16 bars. Approximately 15 seconds*

*Dramatic pause, fades black to Angela in the same position looking over the piano, Look's into camera*

Angela:

No - more feel, more anger, you are losing your hearing for fucksake SCREAM.

*She dances a few bars hard, with feeling.*

*Ogilvy Plays out next 16 bars in exposition. Approximately 30 seconds.*

## Act 3 The Prestige

### *Scene 38 Copeman's Interview*

Copeman:

To be honest, when I wrote down Copeman's Theorem I had no idea anyone was going to solve it. I thought of it more as a conjecture than a Theorem.

OK, a mathematical conjecture, but not of the complexity of the Hilbert 23. Who needs more of those? In economics that's not our problem. For 200 years mathematicians have been answering the questions that economists should have been asking.

Econometrics is inherently Keynesian. I was a firebrand zealot of the econometric model, but the Cultural Revolution, Reaganomics and fast women murdered my passion. Those of us close to the fire knew there were problems.

Still Econometrics ruled supreme in the early eighties. At times correlations were so good that you just had to ascribe them to colinearity. But at times they were so bad, it was hard to believe there was any underlying sense to the models at all. We were getting point sixes in the monetary sector. The world's favourite models were showing no sign of matching reality.

But the statisticians had got hold of the centre of the debate and what followed in the journals was decades of obscure articles of dubious merit supported by copious statistical motivations that were impenetrable.

Traditional modelers and statisticians retreated into separate camps and trench warfare broke out. Copeman's Theorem was built in no man's land.

Ogilvy the grapevine says you are actually going to prove the equation - that's astounding - go for it boy - I look forward to reading the proof. When you get to Stockholm be sure to order the pickled herring, and be careful of the babes, they have mixed saunas. Legend has it that sex comes before dating in Sweden. Don't get lost in the detail.

### **Scene 39 George's Exit**

*George is on Skype, sending Ogilvy a message about the crisis.*

George:

Hi Buddy, we never did get a chance to meet, but I heard about your sex tape. We have all got a lot riding on this. You just have to man up. If I had to tell, you how much I have had of this, I was number one on the most wanted sex tape list for 4 years.

Stare it down and always promise to tell the truth, then have the decency to lie about it and never mention the lady's name.

Counting on you to come through.

### **Scene 40 Higgs and Bill**

*Higgs and Bill are meeting in sparse NGO offices.*

Bill:

So you do it with Cambridge Analytica. Isn't that reckless?

Higgs:

Its not Cambridge Analytica, its a developer that worked there. We just use the original profiling technology. We are not part of the data breach.

Bill:

*Bill cuts in*

You don't have to explain it to me, its where they threw the developers under the bus. We all know there are never bad developers, only bad managers.

Higgs:

Well ehr.

Bill:

OK so do I understand correctly that you are wanting to target LinkedIn users and you want me to finance you \$1 Million for the social media campaign?

Higgs:

We want to hit a narrow audience set, around 10,000 all University Professors and influential academics. So like \$100 per user.

Bill:

And you know that this kid is capable of doing it?

Higgs:

You can't dismiss him until you have followed the maths.

Bill:

OK, so I pay LinkedIn and that's it.

Higgs:

And you pay me \$ 1 Million each for the girls. Unless we use your daughter and she wants to marry Ogilvy? After this he is likely to be the vice president of a Fortune 500.

Bill:

No we'll settle for the Harvard MBA. Where did you say you are from?

Higgs:

Cape Town

Gates:

Oh yeah I got a project down there making non flushing toilets.

Higgs:

We really appreciate your help.

*Scene fades to Gates looking at the Ogilvy Lectures and squinting at the Copeman Equation on Github.*

*Scene fades to Erica, shes working on the LinkedIn advertiser page. She finishes, sits back for a moment - pause - hits the launch button.*

*Scene fades to black. Everyman dressed in all sots of academics regalia from differnet countries is opening LinkedIn messages.*

### **Scene 41 Paul Calls**

Paul:

Hi, Paul here. I read your Proof of the Copeman Equation. Stunning work. I am thinking of running an article on it in the New York Times. I wanted to get some quotes from you and ask you about Godel. There is something there that has been bothering me for 50 years.

**Scene 42 Higgs and Ogilvy's Eureka moment**

*Ogilvy and Higgs are in Higg's Office. Higgs is flipping through the last of twenty loose-leaf pages of equations.*

Higgs:

I think he's got it.

I think he's got it

By George, I think he's got it.

I'd prefer a new edition

Of the Spanish Inquisition,

But by George, I think you've got it.

Ogilvy:

Now wait, now wait

Give credit where credit where credit is due

A lot of the glory goes - to you.

Higgs:

No, you did it. You did it.

Ogilvy:

As sturdy as Gibraltar

Not a second did you falter.

Higgs:

The change to real time is brillaint, it all becomes so simple.  
But are you not simply proving that the best estimate of where we  
are now is where we are now?

Ogilvy:

The whole point. I got it from the physicists. Richard Feynman once quipped that "Time is what happens when nothing else does."

Higgs:

Yes, then Julian Barbour said if nothing happened, if nothing changed, then time would stop. Time is nothing but change. It is change that we perceive occurring all around us, not time. Put simply, time does not exist. We were measuring discrete samples, not the economy. Economics is real time, not intermittent reports.

Ogilvy:

Precisely. There is no time in economics. Only the present. We appear to have time because we arbitrarily measure the economy at completely arbitrary separations. Then we try to run complex models on arbitrary numbers.

What makes it so elegant is that you can think of the economy as a Markov process, where everything we need to predict the next stage is contained in the present. It is going to bring focus to modelling.

The whole framework is better in real time using the real domain. Then your 'Hospitals rule works.

Higgs:

What guarantees stability?

Ogilvy:

No matter how complex it is, it approximates to a linear model. It is just a question of how long that approximation is valid. Cauchy has covered that scenario extensively and Maynard will know exactly where the real world limits end.

Higgs:

The best way of predicting where we are going, is to know where we are. It is as obvious as Newton's apple. It was staring us in the face all along we just couldn't see it. Now we have it worms and all.

Ogilvy:

Yep.

Higgs:

You did it, You did it

You said that you would do it and indeed you did.

*Scene plays out with Ogilvy playing I could have danced all night on piano (10 seconds)*

### ***Scene 43 Angela calls in***

*Angela is calling in by Skype*

Hi O, I got your song. Really liked it and I think I can finally organise that threesome you asked for.

*Blows him a kiss.*

#### ***Scene 44 Ogilvy, Cauchy and Maynard***

*A Video Conference (delayed response in Messages, all participants look directly into a web cam)*

Ogilvy: (into camera calling Cauchy)

Hi Professor, it's me Christopher Ogilvy. I am a great fan of yours and I have read all your papers and regularly follow the Annals.

I just wanted to show you how I had solved the Copeman Equation and how I used your work on Chaos theory and sparse matrices to do it.

It would be a great honor to me if you would give me your input on the proof and consider cojoining me on the paper. I am wanting to submit to the Mathematical Economics Journal.

Ogilvy: (Calling Maynard)

Hi, Professor Maynard, Christopher Ogilvy here. I was wanting to present to you my proof of the Copeman Equation and to ask you to help me devise tests to determine the limits of its validity in the full economic model. The proof draws heavily on your 1998 paper on assessing causal economic explanations. It would be a great honor to me if you would give me your input on the proof and consider cojoining me on the paper.

Cauchy:

Hi Dr Ogilvy, most moved by the analysis. Particularly impressive is the transformation of standard economics models for a discrete to a real domain. This brings them far closer to the analysis frame work that we use for physics. Yeah send me the first corollary and let me work on it.

*Scene switches to Maynard who is calling in*

Maynard:

I have had a cursory look and it look really exciting. Give me a week or so I want to see how it ties in with my more recent work on Black swans, which will be popping up like ducks all over your sparse matrices. I will be happy to work with you as long as we can limit the scope to rigorous defendables.

I really like the outcome of replacing the stochastic econometric model with a Markov Process.

Ogilvy: *(aside)*

And that friends, is how its done! Take the leading Keynesian economist of our age and give him the tools to defeat his intellectual arch enemies. Do it by stealing ideas from the greatest number theorist of his generation, and all you have to do to pull it off is stay one step ahead of both of them - with a little help from Beethoven and Uriah Heep.

Anyone for tennis?

### **Scene 45 Ogilvy Mrs Higgs review the script**

Ogilvy and Mrs Higgs are in her office. This is a new reality. We are not sure if this is a switch to reality or a gear up to hyper-reality.

Mrs Higgs:

It's very good Christopher, very good indeed. Thanks for my little part.

Ogilvy:

My pleasure Denise.

Mrs Higgs:

If it were up to me I would give you a PhD right now. Unfortunately the University does not give Media Studies Doctorates to people who write literature, we only give Doctorates to people who crit literature.

Ogilvy:

No justice in the world.

Mrs Higgs:

"Justice is to be found only in the imagination."

Ogilvy:

And so to Stockholm I must go.

Mrs Higgs:

Still this has all the elements, you can definitely get a masters for it. You follow the Hero's Journey, you write from your own experiences and the characters while rich, are consistently you. All elements of greatness.

Ogilvy:

So is it finished.

Mrs Higgs:

Finished? Christopher, it hasn't even started. Whats an isomorphism?

Ogilvy:

In mathematics, an *isomorphism* is a *mapping* between two structures of the same type that can be reversed by an inverse *mapping*.

Mrs Higgs:

How are we going to know if a isomorphism exist between literature and reality unless you actually prove it.

Ogilvy:

But I already proved the Copeman equation. What more do I have to prove.

Mrs Higgs:

"Self-respect without the respect of others is like a jewel which will not stand the daylight." A movie script is not like a novel or a textbook. On its own no one reads a script. A script is only worth something if it is made. But before we make it you need to rewrite the Prestige.

Ogilvy:

Rewrite? I thought you said it was good.

Mrs Higgs:

That's a bad word, you need to refactor the Prestige- take out the bugs, bind it and make it more coherent. Layer it in three. Turn it from good to great.

Ogilvy:

How am I going to do that?

Mrs Higgs:

You have to roll the scenes into a single movement. Go watch Mohammed Ali's Rumble in the Jungle. After three months of everyone believeing he would lose and eight rounds of rope a dope he comes off the ropes and its poetry in motion. Its not one blow, it is a build up where each hit counts until the final climax. Right to the last moment when Georege goes down, you are not sure Ali will make it or surcumb himself.

Go write it like that - reality - and finish with a denouement.

Ogilvy: *(aside)*

*I was too scared to ask. What the fuck do you think she means by a "do-moment"?*

**Scene 46 Ogilvy, Stenson, Parnevik and the Prince of Sweden**

*Parnevik and Stenson are in the locker room preparing for a golf game.*

Parnevik:

We keep it simple - maximum effect. Fourball fouresomes match play Ryder Cup rules. I'll play with Carl and you play with the Kid.

Stenson:

No I play with Carl and you play with the kid.

Parnevik:

Yeah, why is that?

Stenson:

Because I am the only Swede in history to have won a Major and you are famous for introducing Elin to Tiger Woods. That's why.

Parnevik:

But I have a better Ryder Cup record.

Stenson:

No you don't

Parnevik:

I played three times, won four and halved four - that's 6 points.

Stenson:

Go check your numbers I've got eight and I still get to play again. You play with the kid.

Parnevik:

Fuck you Stenson *(in Swedish)*

*Scene moves to Ogilvy in a golf car on his way to the first tee.*

Ogilvy: (Aside)

*It's all in the aid of dyslexic kids. I am on my way for a charity round of golf with Jesper Parnevik and Hendrik Stenson, two of Swedens best golfers and the Crown Prince, Duke of Varmland. Everyone knows two rules of golf in Sweden - Never be late for a tee time and don't beat the King. To start off I want to be there first.*

*He rounds the corner to the first tee and to his surprize there is Crown Prince Carl standing alone on the tee. Ogilvy takes off his cap and approaches the Prince.*

Ogilvy:

You Majesty (he makes a small bow)

Carl:

Your Majesty is my father I am just Carl. So you are Ogilvy, the dyslexic atheist insomniac who works all night?

Ogilvy:

Yes I work at night otherwise I would just lie awake at night thinking about Dog. Fortunately, "Home is where I work and I work everywhere."

Carl:

You should fit easily into Sweden. Now where are our partners?

*They look around, immediately Parnevik and Stenson arrive.*

*Parnevik, storms off the Cart and brings his bag over to Ogilvy. Ogilvy nods indicating the presence of the Prince.*

Parnevik:

Good morning your majesty.

Parnevik: *(aside to Ogilvy.)*

Whatever preconceived ideas you had about this being an exhibition match, forget it. I haven't played in a more important game since I made the cut at the British Open. Know this about Swedes Ogilvy, when we play golf, it's business and we get dead serious.

Ogilvy:

What about the rule of never losing to the King?

Parnevik:

He gave up that privilege when he chose Stenson as his partner. Anyway he's not the King, He's the Crown Prince. His older sister inherits the title.

*Ogilvy goes over to shake Stenson's hand*

Stenson:

Hendrik...

Ogilvy:

I know who you are. I was at Sun City in 2008 when you won Africa's Major. You signed my cap, I still wear it look.

*He takes his cap off and shows it to Stenson with the signature.*

Stenson:

It was a great day for golf.

Ogilvy:

I remember it well. I was 10. It was round about the time I got my four holes in one. I also manage to collect the broken shaft that you left on the seventeenth tee.

Stenson:

Yeah, not my proudest moment. We Swedes don't like to lose our tempers. Four holes in one. Isn't that a record? I was eighteen before I got my first one. You're lucky.

Ogilvy:

The more I practice my irons, the luckier I get.

Parnevik:

*Parvenvilk calls to Carl and Hendrik*

Heads Alfred Nobel, Tails the keg of Dynamite

*He spins the coin*

Stenson:

Heads.

Parnevik:

Heads it is.

*Stenson nods to The Prince to drive. The Prince gets up and hits it 170 Meters down the middle.*

*Parnevik nods at Ogilvy to drive.*

Ogilvy:

I've checked the card. The Drivable par fours are even numbers. Let me play those.

*Exasperated Parnevik tees it up and hits it 70 meters past the Prince down the middle of the fairway.*

Parnevik:

There you have a wedge in.

*Stenson is the next to play. He plays from the Prince's ball with a long iron and hits it to about eight foot.*

Don't worry they can easily three-putt from there

*Ogilvy lines up his wedge and toes it right into the trees.*

Ogilvy:

Oops, haven't played those in a while.

*Parnevik Chips out o the tree onto the fairway*

Parnevik:

OK kid pop it close, we make five and we can still burgle a half.

*Ogilvy fluffs it into the bunker for 4*

*Parnevik splashes out to about 4 foot.*

*Ogilvy misses the Putt*

*Parnevik taps it in and storms off the green*

*Stenson and Carl high five each other.*

*Parnevik and Ogilvy are walking towards the second tee.*

Parnevik:

I cannot lose to Stenson I've been licking his arse ever since he arrived on the Ryder cup team in 2006. It is going to end today - here now. You are going to have to pick up your game.

Ogilvy:

What do you mean?

Parnevik:

Didn't you see, we made a 7.

Ogilvy:

Yeah but don't blame me. You hit four of those. I only played three of them.

*Stenson tees off tee short par four, second with a rescue and leaves Carl with a chip.*

*Stenson:*

*Stenson looks over at Ogilvy.*

*There I bet you won't duff that into the bunker Your Majesty.*

*Ogilvy gets up onto the tee with a driver. There is a moment of pause and the sequence is shot in slow motion. He hits the ball onto the green!*

*A smile breaks out onto Parneviks face*

*Cut aways of all fours playing its a lot more joyous now. One sequence shows Ogily nailing a long putt another him nearly hitting an iron in the hole. Another outdriving Stenson, who start trying too hard.*

*Parnevik:*

*So where did you learn to play golf like this? You must have put in the 10,000 ours somewhere.*

*Ogilvy:*

*I played a lot of golf as a kid. But then the equations started coming and they now take up most of my time. Golf I just have a holding game. Occasionally I practice driving. The rest I do from memory.*

*They get to the 18<sup>th</sup> Parnevik and Ogilvy are one up.*

*Ogilvy hits a massive drive rolls to just past Stenson. Stenson hits it to eight foot. The pin is tucked tight behind the bunker. Parnevik goes for it, but catches the lip and the ball falls back into the bunker.*

*Parnevik: (under his breadth)*

*Fuck!*

*Parnevik, Hendrik and Carl are standing on the green watching Ogilvy play.*

*Ogilvy splashes out to a gimme. Parnevik rushes over to shake his hand.*

Ogilvy:

We've got a problem.

Parnevik:

What problem?

Ogilvy:

I touched the sand on my backswing, its a two-shot penalty, they win the hole.

Parnevik:

Are you sure it moved? Did anyone else see?

Ogilvy:

It's not about whether anyone else saw. I saw. I'm dyslexic not blind.

*Parnevik walks over to Carl and Stenson to shake hands*

Parnevik: *(in Swedish)*

My Partner has called a two-shot penalty for grounding his club, we concede the hole - its a draw.

*Ogilvy reaches over to shake the Prince's hand. The Pince is clearly pleased.*

Carl:

Welcome to Sweden Mr Ogilvy. I look forward to seeing more of you in Stockholm.

## Scene 47 Mrs Higgs and Anders

*The National Art Gallery in Sweden. Anders is sitting on one of the Middle benches admiring one of the masterpieces. After 15 seconds Mrs Higgs enters the room and sits down on the other end of the bench. Anders looks over at her and a flash breaks over his face.*

Anders:

I can believe it's you. Is it?

Mrs Higgs:

In the flesh.

Anders:

I grew up watching your movies. I watched the Sadist 7 times. You were incredible.

Mrs Higgs:

We don't need the details of what you were doing. I was much younger then.

Anders:

What are you doing in Stockholm?

Mrs Higgs:

I am making a movie on the Nobel.

Anders:

The Ogilvy movie?

Mrs Higgs:

Yes.

Anders:

Excuse me I am being rude.

Let me introduce myself, Anders...

Mrs Higgs:

I know who you are.

Anders:

Well what do you think of Mr Ogilvy?

Mrs Higgs:

I think he is going to win.

Anders:

Why so?

Mrs Higgs:

It's the best script I ever worked on.

Anders:

Noone wins the Nobel for a script.

Mrs Higgs:

But it's not just the script, although that just happens to be brilliant. It is his concept of isomorphisms - its a literature game changer

*She gets up and starts to walk away, turns and blows him a kiss.*

*Anders is already searching Bing on his cell phone for the word "Isomorphism". As he clicks it, the name Christopher Ogilvy is first on the search engine.*

*He looks up, but she has already gone.*

**Scene 48 Erica and Peter**

The science section of a bookshop in Sweden. Peter is looking through the books. A woman comes up and starts looking at the same shelf. He looks up and flushes.

Peter:

I can believe it's you. Is it?

Erica:

In the flesh.

Peter:

I grew up watching your movies. I watched the Sadist 7 times. You were incredible.

Erica:

We don't need to give us the details of what you were doing. I was much younger then.

Erica:

What are you doing in Stockholm?

Erica:

I am making a movie on the Nobel.

Peter:

The Ogilvy movie?

Erica:

Yes.

Peter:

Excuse me I am being rude.

Let me introduce myself, Peter...

Erica:

I know who you are.

Peter:

Well, what do you think of Mr Ogilvy?

Erica:

I think he is going to win.

Peter:

Why so?

Erica:

I studied maths and economics in my undergraduate, so when the story came out about Ogilvy. I checked his lectures. His math is really beautiful.

Peter:

But if an undergraduate can read it, is it not too simple.

Erica:

The world should be made as simple as possible and no simpler. Einstein got it down to  $E = mc^2$

Ogilvy's break with the complex is simply astounding. Check it out. Do the math.

*Peter looks down and pulls out a book - Linear Algebra for Dummies. He looks up but Erica is gone.*

## **Scene 49 Ogilvy cooks a starter**

*Ogilvy is in the kitchen of a fancy Stockholm Restaurant. The Chef is heard clapping his hands in the back ground.*

Everyman: (Chefin Swedish)

Come! Come! The first guests are arriving, serve in 5 minutes

*Ogilvy is putting the final touches to two dishes.*

Ogilvy: (aside)

Good news, I have gone up in the world. I am now working for Mathias Dahgren, four times top Swedish Chef. I get to work Thursdays when we do a special menu focused on New Nordic Cuisine. Sure beats minimum wage in Africa.

*Cutaway shots of the dish being presented*

Here is my specialty - pickled spekboom. It is an African plant and the name means literally bacon tree. Swedish dishes are traditionally characterized by high protein. The challenge is to deliver it plant-based. Spekboom is a special tree eaten by elephants, it is one of the highest carbon cleaners on the planet. Here is what I discovered, pickled and served with the right sauces, it is delicious.

What a world - I get to promote vegan eating, my solution to climate change and my ever-growing side business importing pickles. And I get to hang out with some of the most important people in Sweden and their daughters. A win all round what?

Everyman: (as chef, claps)

OK Ladies and Gentlemen - lets serve.

## ***Scene 50 Higgs and Mrs Higgs***

*Higgs and Mrs Higgs are at home preparing for bed.*

Mrs Higgs:

That endorsement you got on TV news today from Magnus Carlsen was a triumph. He really carries a lot of weight. I can't believe that Ogilvy actually played him.

Higgs:

He played him chess boxing not chess. The real genius was your DO THE MATH campaign.

Mrs Higgs:

Both are achievements, mine is an idea the other is a 10,000-hour mountain to climb.

Higgs:

I still can't get over the final transformation that he used to prove the equation.

*Mrs Higgs is now sitting in bed.*

Mrs Higgs:

Well I am never going to understand that. Why don't you come to bed and give me something I will understand. Lets do it like we did in the old days.

*She pats the bed on his side.*

*Scene changes, they are lying in bed she has her head on his chest.*

Remember the time you did me on the bonnet of your green Mercedes outside the University canteen, and some of your students came along. I was so worried they would film us and it would land on the Internet.

They didn't have cell phone cameras in those days.

Mrs Higgs:

Still you were very brave you didn't stop. Our agreement still stands, you never stop, no matter who is looking right?

I was the guy in the Shopping centre with the two security guards looking at us.

Mrs Higgs:

What do you mean?

Higgs:

I never had a green Mercedes, I had a white Audi remember? It was Maynard that had the Green Mercedes.

*She rubs her head against his chest and plays with his hair.*

Mrs Higgs:

I love you Higgysy, I really do.

## ***Scene 51 Peter and Anders out for dinner***

*Dinner at a swank Stockholm Restaurant. Anders and Peter are eating starters.*

Peter:

So do we have a deal?

Anders:

If it were up to me, yes but the team is against the idea.

Peter:

Of all the committees, Lit is that least at risk.

Anders:

We have a hundred years of tradition to lose. We are the ones that are most exposed. The public understands our guys work. Its not the same in economics. Whoever understands what your Laureates say besides a few of their peers, everyone reads our stuff. What happens if this kid turns out to be a dick? Did you see those internet pictures?

Peter:

Everyone has a dick.

Anders:

Yeah but everyone doesn't splash it out in the Internet. He could run crazy?

Peter:

You mean as bad as Aung San Suu Kyi? Fuck, this Pickled fish is good.

Anders:

Its not pickled fish it's a Beyond-meat substitute. Look its green. When did you ever see a green fish?

Peter:

I thought it was the sauce.

Anders:

Just not sure we want to define literature as some fancy computer campaign.

Peter:

The whole Nobel needs to become a computer campaign. Kids nowadays hardly use books. Tablets and mobile is now the dominant way of consuming media, why should we think that the Laureates will be free of this change.

Anders:

So you are saying this is the voice we use - the new face of the Nobel?

*Scene moves on, they are now drinking after-dinner coffee. Peter motions for a waiter.*

*Peter:*

Could you bring me our bill, please? And waiter is there any chance that we can meet the Chef that made our starters?

Anders:

Are you sure it's yours, who got the last one?

*Peter:*

You did. Well, I must say we are pleased by the Maths economics combo. Our committee has mapped it back to the publishing records of Maynard and Cauchy and it all hangs together. This introduction of maths could launch a thousand PhDs.

Anders:

What do you mean?

*Peter:*

There is a massive historical database out there of maths solutions. China is training 2 Million new STEMs a year. Its a travesty that we have never awarded Maths medals. This award is a gateway to get them involved.

*The Chef comes out. We see only his lower white uniform. Anders and Peter are sitting, looking up to him*

Anders : *(in Swedish)*

The meal was fantastic, particularly the starter. You made it?

Ogilvy:

Yes Sir.

Anders :

Whats your name son?

Ogilvy:

Christopher Ogilvy, Sir.

*Anders and Peter look at each other in astonishment.*

## ***Scene 52 Ogilvy plays The Crime is Metal Rock***

*Ogilvy is at the Piano, Angela and other dancers dressed in Metal uniforms on dance and on vocals. The scene is shot as a music video, switching between Ogilvy playing the Piano and a Courtroom scene with Angela and the dancers playing Judge and Crown. Angela is leading the dance scenes.*

The courtroom fell in silence,

The judge turned to the dock.

"You stand accused, coz you've abused"

"The crime is metal rock"

"Did you really think, coz you were young,

That all this came for free?

And your defense, it makes no sense."

The Crown looked on with glee.

[Piano Solo]

A lifetime for this heinous crime

I'll surely make you pay.

Before I pass your sorry ass,

Do you have more to say?

"Not guilty your honor.

Not guilty is the plea.

Not guilty your honor.

Won't you set me free.

It wasn't me.

It wasn't me.

It was the Devil that done it.

*Scene plays out with the Ogilvy Shredding solo on piano - 15 Seconds.*

### **Scene 53 Maynard and Cauchy get their letters**

*Two separate consecutive scenes, one in Cambridge, one in Princeton.*

*A courier rings at the door and Maynard/Cauchy answer.*

*They open the documents, read it in silence one smiles the other punches the air in triumph.*

### **Scene 54 Nobel acceptance speech**

*Scene opens with Winter dawn shots of Stockholm. Ogilvy is playing Also Sprach Zarathustra. The shots "fade to black" between him playing and the increasing dawn. A New beginning.*

*Scene changes to Ogilvy's acceptance. Speech in Stockholm. Scene opens at the Nobel Award speeches. Ogilvy and Higgs are standing opposite each other in a feeding corridor to the main stage, the sound of the master of ceremonies introducing Ogilvy is coming over the sound system.*

Higgs:

OK O, this is it, last jump. You ready?

Ogilvy:

I have been ready for this all my life, the question is are they ready for me?

Higgs:

We wouldn't be here if they were not ready.

*Higgs takes a small silver flask from his coat pocket, unscrews it takes a quick sip and offers it to Ogilvy*

Higgs:

Mexico's finest mescaline.

Ogilvy:

Ok - just a sip. I mean, tequila is not alcohol right?

Higgs:

Now just stick to the script, don't jump off the path and start squashing butterflies.

Ogilvy:

And what about you, thanking you? This was never going to be possible without you.

Higgs:

*Higgs holds him against the wall and points a finger at his nose.*

Don't you dare.

*Higgs takes a final swig and puts away the flask.*

Tell em, what you are going to tell em, tell what you said you would tell them, tell em what you told em, and then for fucks sake, sit down.

Master of Ceremonies:

.... and so without further ado I introduce you to this years winner of the Nobel Prize for economics vel literature - Christopher Ogilvy.

*Applause*

*Ogilvy walks out waving to the adoring crowd. He starts a slow clap over his head and then turns his back on the audience and feigns a stage dive - laughter.*

*Cheering subsides*

*Ogilvy is at the Lecturn*

Ogilvy:

Your Majesties, Your Royal Highnesses, Your Excellencies, Distinguished members of the Nobel Committee, Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends of peace,

*Ogilvy makes cheeky left backhand golf chip, makes eye contact with the Prince.*

Standing here tonight is the highlight of my life shared with the millions that have walked this path with me, who now know that a birational story exists. With this new tool, our generation now has the power and facilities to make our stories happen.

I could shower praise, especially on those that share this prize with me. That would surely be flattery, destined to make you swim with fins of lead. Let me rather single out the individual that has walked the path with me from early morning hours in my bedroom 10 years ago until today. One person that stands out - a giant upon whose shoulders I now stand. A giant upon whose shoulders we all now stand.

From the moment I could connect to the internet - yep I am from millennial age - he was there. I am talking of course of Alfred Nobel.

It would take me hours to explain Alfred Nobel to you and how he inspired me every step of the way to win these medals. I do that in my detailed 45 minute lecture which you can download off my web site.

The consummate polymath of his age, Alfred Nobel has inspired not only myself to study multiple fields but has also driven generations of specialists. Nobel was fluent in several languages, and wrote poetry and drama, he was interested in social and peace-related issues, and held views that were considered radical during his time, yet his lifetime impact was in multiple branches of science including physics, chemistry, and medicine.

I would like to ask and answer the question - what would radical Alfred Nobel, if he was alive 120 years later think of me standing here at the age of 21 winning not one, but two of his prestigious prizes?

I believe he will be smiling - for Alfred Nobel embraced diversity. Alfred Nobel's own wide interests are reflected in the prizes he established in science, his own inventions, his entrepreneurship, literature and his peace work.

What would most please Nobel tonight is to see the attributes paid to mathematics and entrepreneurship. Mathematics underpins all major avenues of discovery and creates the very network on which our academic neurons can fire. He has surely got to admire the entrepreneurship of all those that helped me to get here today. We set out to make history and we did.

Every child reading at home, be it novels or algebra now knows that with reading - anything is possible. We are what we read. You will not regret giving me this award. This is not a Nobel awarded for a life time of past achievement. This is a Nobel awarded as a key to unlock the future.

I look forward to decades of knowledge accumulation with you. For surely we live in the golden age of information. An age made possible by the generosity of Alfred Nobel and all who have stood on his shoulders.

They say there are more scientists and economists alive today than in all the history of mankind. I got news for you b-b-baby you ain't seen nothing yet. This number will balloon in the near future and I will be there leading the charge. As we brush aside the 4 riders of the apocalypse; war, death, pestilence and famine, my generation promises to usher in a brave new world. We will live the dream of peace and prosperity that Alfred Nobel had, 120 years ago.

*Ogilvy sits down The crowd starts to clap overhead and camera cuts away to the sound of BTO "You ain't seen nothin yet"*

***Scene 55 Alice calls in***

Alice calls in on Skype.

*Alice:*

Fuck you Ogilvy, no matter how much I call, you never call back.

Burn in hell.