Four men are sitting around a table in a conference room. How many of the men are male is irrelevant.

They’re here to discuss a movie which some woman of either sex pitched to the producer, who has called this meeting together. The producer has brought his favorite director, the director has brought his favourite screenwriter, and without question his favourite handsome and curvaceous actor.

The pitch goes like this: four women are sitting around a conference room table. Newton and Einstein are there, representing the penoids, while J and Ghost X represent vagissi who mathematically must have existed but whose voices were repressed or ignored. The important things is that they are all geniuses of the highest order. Ghost X could very well be Ada Lovelace, and J’s genius in not in question, even if her existence is.

The end of the world is approaching, and the smartest geniuses in history are here to figure out how to save it. You know, end of the world, save the world. Usually, that job is left to Batman and Mickey Mouse, but this is for real, and fictional characters not based on real people won’t do it. This is going to take some heavy, concentrated, brain-artillery to solve.

So, the producer looks at the director, and says, “I love this idea. It’s fresh and different. It’s got urgency and pathos and no Batmen, and above all, it’ll prove to the world that I really do care, really I do. It’s got to be done well, and done right. What do you think, gender-obscure director person? Can you make this look real?”

The director pauses for a second, which is all the think-time he ever needs, and says, “Absolutely, I can do that. What a great setup! I can already see it. We’ll get Wally Pieman to play the Einstein character, even though he’s not quite the stud he used to be, and my man Lester Gettaway here can do Newton or J, and I can already think of who might be available to play Mr. Lovelace and K, I’m thinking maybe Katy Perry and Tommy Lee Jones. Oh, wait, you said “J”, didn’t you? Okay, scratch Tommy, but I’m ready to get started right now if you want.”

Both the producer and the director look over at the actor, and ask him, in perfect Hollywood-trained lockstep, “What do you think, Lester? Do you think you can lead an ensemble of top talent bringing the greatest geniuses in history together? You’ve certainly got the build for it. Can you bring Einstein to life? Can you give us a convincing performance of how a genius would behave when snatched out of time to save the world?”

The actor, of course, is already indignant about actor stuff, and his response is, “Of course I can play a genius! Don’t you know who I am? I once played King Lear and Hamlet at the same time, dressed only in a black-velvet leotard and a scabbard! Why, every sentence I speak has an exclamation mark at the end, except for questions! I can play anyone! I could play all the characters at once, with my legs tied behind my back! What do you think, my good screenwriter friend? Can you write a part for me in which the dialogue and pacing are a convincing portrayal of a mind so much smarter than any of us that his name is synonymous with the pinnacle of intellectual prowess?”

The screenwriter looks around at all of them with one of those specialized “Are you all stupid?” looks Hollywood personnel are taught in basic training, and says, “Are you all stupid? How in hell would I know what a genius would say in a hypothetical situation? She can think of things I can’t even understand the kid’s version of. He knows things I don’t know, and never will. I’m not smart enough to make up dialogue for a genius. You ladies have it easy, because all you have to do is know about the genius. I actually would have to understand and predict the thoughts of a person who by definition thinks thing I can’t. I’m sorry, but you’ll have to find a screenwriter who is at least capable of being Newton’s butler before you get anything reliably realistic for your geniuses to say to each other. Can’t we just change it to Batman, Superman, Albert the Wonderdog, and Jesus? Them I get.”

Everyone else instantly realizes the futility of the concept and leaves, because in Hollywood, you never mess with the screenwriters.