

Rumor is he's got his sights
set on Wheeler Lab,
the new military
think tank at M.I.T.
They're only taking
one this year.
Hansen's used
to being picked first.
Oh, yeah,
he's wasted on math.
He should be running
for president.
There could be
a mathematical explanation...
for how bad your tie is.
Thank you.
Neilson,
symbol cryptography.
Neils here broke
a Jap code.
Helped rid the world
of fascism.
At least that's what
he tells the girls,
eh, Neils?
The name's Bender.
Atomic physics.
- And you are?
- Am I late?
Yes.
Yes, Mr. Sol.
Oh, good.
Uh, hi.
- Sol. Richard Sol.
- The burden of genius.
- There he is.
- So many supplicants,
and so little time.
Mr. Sol.
How are you, sir?
Ah, Bender.
Nice to see you.
Congratulations, Mr. Hansen.
Ah, thank you.
I'll take another.
Excuse me?
A thousand pardons.
I simply assumed you
were the waiter.
Play nice, Hansen.
Nice is not Hansen's
strong suit.
Honest mistake.
Well, Martin Hansen.
It is Martin, isn't it?
Why, yes, John, it is.
I imagine you're getting
quite used to miscalculation.
I've read your pre-prints-
both of them.

The one on Nazi ciphers,
and the other one
on non-linear equations,
and I am
supremely confident...
that there is not
a single seminal...
or innovative idea
in either one of them.
Enjoy your punch.
Gentlemen, meet John Nash,
the mysterious
West Virginia genius.
The other winner
of the distinguished
Carnegie Scholarship.
Oh, okay. Oh, yeah?
Of course.
Oh, Christ.
The prodigal
roommate arrives.
Roommate?
Oh, God, no.
Ugh.
Did you know that having
a hangover is-
is not having enough water
in your body...
to run your Krebs cycles?
Which is exactly
what happens to you...
when you're dying
of thirst.
So, dying
of thirst...
would probably feel...
pretty much like
the hangover...
that finally
bloody kills you.
John Nash?
Hello.
Charles Herman.
Pleased to meet you all