

*MALIK and NORTON sit opposite each other at a chess board.
They play with a chess clock, and are moving pieces at a frenzied pace.*

MALIK

So I figure... go... as long as I don't have any children, and it doesn't look like I will...

MALIK

Go.

MALIK

With my own celibacy I can end my bloodline. Go.

MALIK

What? Go. Doesn't your sister have a kid?

MALIK

Yeah, go.

MALIK

Well?

MALIK

Yes?

MALIK

That kid counts as your line! Check.

MALIK

It's a girl, go.

MALIK

Maybe your name won't go on... check... but your genes are still in the pool. Is your mom fucked up?

MALIK

Yeah.

MALIK

Your father?

MALIK

Yeah.

MALIK

Your brother... your cousin? Your cat? Check.

MALIK

Your point?

MALIK

Your line is in your blood.

MALIK

Charlie isn't my blood. Go.

MALIK

That poor cat is a product of the nurture of the genetically screwed. I'm not denying nurture, but the nature is undeniable. Checkmate.

End of play.