HAL. What kind of messages?
Catherine. Beautiful mathematics. Answers to everything.
The most elegant proofs, perfect proofs, proofs like music.
HAL. Sounds good.
Catherine. Plus fashion tips, knock-knock jokes — I mean it was NUTS, okay?
HAL. He was ill. It was a tragedy.
Catherine. Later the writing phase: scribbling, nineteen, twenty hours a day … I ordered him a case of notebooks and he used every one.

I dropped out of school … I’m glad he’s dead.
HAL. I understand why you’d feel that way.
Catherine. Fuck you.
HAL. You’re right. I can’t imagine dealing with that. It must have been awful. I know you —
Catherine. You don’t know me. I want to be alone. I don’t want him around.
HAL. (Confused.) Him? I don’t —
Catherine. You. I don’t want you here.
HAL. Why?
Catherine. He’s dead.
HAL. But I’m not —
Catherine. He’s dead; I don’t need any protégés around.
HAL. There will be others.
Catherine. What?
HAL. You think I’m the only one? People are already working over his stuff. Someone’s gonna read those notebooks.
Catherine. I’ll do it.
HAL. No, you —
Catherine. He’s my father, I’ll do it.
HAL. You can’t.
Catherine. Why not?
HAL. You don’t have the math. It’s all just squiggles on a page. You wouldn’t know the good stuff from the junk.
Catherine. It’s all junk.
HAL. If it’s not we can’t afford to miss any through carelessness.
Catherine. I know mathematics.
HAL. If there were anything up there it would be pretty high-