

CATHERINE. It's a depressing fucking number.

ROBERT. Catherine, if every day you say you've lost were a year, it would be a very interesting fucking number.

CATHERINE. Thirty-three and a quarter years is not interesting.

ROBERT. Stop it. You know exactly what I mean.

CATHERINE. (*Conceding.*) 1,729 weeks.

ROBERT. 1,729. Great number. The smallest number expressible —

CATHERINE. — expressible as the sum of two cubes in two different ways.

ROBERT. Twelve cubed plus one cubed equals 1,729.

CATHERINE. And ten cubed plus nine cubed. Yes, we've got it, thank you.

ROBERT. You see? Even your depression is mathematical. Stop moping and get to work. The kind of potential you have —

CATHERINE. I haven't done anything good.

ROBERT. You're young. You've got time.

CATHERINE. I do?

ROBERT. Yes.

CATHERINE. By the time you were my age you were famous.

ROBERT. By the time I was your age I'd already done my best work. (*Beat.*)

CATHERINE. What about after?

ROBERT. After what?

CATHERINE. After you got sick.

ROBERT. What about it?

CATHERINE. You couldn't work then.

ROBERT. No, if anything I was sharper.

CATHERINE. (*She can't help it; she laughs.*) Dad.

ROBERT. I was. Hey, it's true. The clarity — that was the amazing thing. No doubts.

CATHERINE. You were happy?

ROBERT. Yeah, I was busy.

CATHERINE. Not the same thing.

ROBERT. I don't see the difference. I knew what I wanted to do