

Catherine and Hal

Start



order I don't have to work here. I could take some stuff home, read it, bring it back.

CATHERINE. No.

HAL. I'll be careful.

CATHERINE. My father wouldn't want anything moved and I don't want anything to leave this house.

HAL. Then I should work here. I'll stay out of the way.

CATHERINE. You're wasting your time.

HAL. Someone needs to go through your dad's papers.

CATHERINE. There's nothing up there. It's garbage.

HAL. There are a hundred and three notebooks.

CATHERINE. I've looked at those. It's gibberish.

HAL. Someone should read them.

CATHERINE. He was crazy.

HAL. Yes, but he wrote them.

CATHERINE. He was a graphomaniac, Harold. Do you know what that is?

HAL. I know. He wrote compulsively. Call me Hal.

CATHERINE. There's no connection between the ideas. There's no ideas. It's like a monkey at a typewriter. One hundred and three notebooks full of bullshit.

HAL. Let's make sure they're bullshit.

CATHERINE. I'm sure.

HAL. I'm prepared to look at every page. Are you?

CATHERINE. No. I'M not crazy. *(Beat.)*

HAL. Well, I'm gonna be late ... Some friends of mine are in this band. They're playing at a bar up on Diversey. Way down the bill, they're probably going on around two, two-thirty. I said I'd be there.

CATHERINE. Great.

HAL. They're all in the math department. They're really good.

They have this great song, you'd like it, called "i" — lowercase I.

They just stand there and don't play anything for three minutes.

CATHERINE. "Imaginary Number."

HAL. It's a math joke.

You see why they're way down the bill.

CATHERINE. Long drive to see some nerds in a band.

HAL. God I hate when people say that. It is not that long a drive.

CATHERINE. So they are nerds.

HAL. Oh they're raging geeks. But they're geeks who, you know, can dress themselves ... hold down a job at a major university ...