ROBERT. Yes.
CATHERINE. You're sitting here. You're giving me advice. You brought me champagne.
ROBERT. Yes. *(Beat.)*
CATHERINE. Which means …
ROBERT. For you?
CATHERINE. Yes.
ROBERT. For you, Catherine, my daughter, who I love very much … It could be a bad sign. *(They sit together for a moment. Noise off. Hal enters, twenty-eight, semi-hip clothes. He carries a backpack and a jacket, folded. He lets the door go and it bangs shut. Catherine sits up with a jolt.)*
CATHERINE. What?
HAL. Oh, God, sorry — Did I wake you?
CATHERINE. What?
HAL. Were you asleep? *(Beat. Robert is gone.)*
CATHERINE. You scared me, for Chrissake. What are you doing?
HAL. I'm sorry. I didn't realize it had gotten so late. I'm done for the night.
CATHERINE. Good.
HAL. Drinking alone? *(She realizes she is holding the champagne bottle. She puts it down quickly.)*
CATHERINE. Yes.
HAL. Champagne, huh?
CATHERINE. Yes.
HAL. Celebrating?
CATHERINE. No. I just like champagne.
HAL. It's festive.
CATHERINE. What?
HAL. Festive. *(He makes an awkward "party" gesture.)*
CATHERINE. Do you want some?
HAL. Sure.
CATHERINE. *(Gives him the bottle.)* I'm done. You can take the rest with you.
HAL. Oh. No thanks.
CATHERINE. Take it, I'm done.
HAL. No, I shouldn't. I'm driving. *(Beat.)*

Well. I can let myself out.
CATHERINE. Good.
HAL. When should I come back?
CATHERINE. Come back?
HAL. Yeah. I'm nowhere near finished. Maybe tomorrow?
CATHERINE. We have a funeral tomorrow.
HAL. God, you're right, I'm sorry. I was going to attend, if that's all right.
CATHERINE. Yes.
HAL. What about Sunday? Will you be around?
CATHERINE. You've had three days.
HAL. I'd love to get in some more time up there.
CATHERINE. How much longer do you need?
HAL. Another week. At least.
CATHERINE. Are you joking?
HAL. No. Do you know how much stuff there is?
CATHERINE. A week?
HAL. I know you don't need anybody in your hair right now. Look, I spent the last couple days getting everything sorted out. It's mostly notebooks. He dated them all; now that I've got them in 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 … Some of them have switched from glasses to contacts. They play sports, they play in a band, they get laid surprisingly often, so in that sense they sort of make you question the whole set of terms — geek, nerd, wonk, dweeb, Dilbert, paste-eater.
CATHERINE. You're in this band, aren't you?
HAL. Okay, yes. I play drums. You want to come? I never sing, I swear to God.
CATHERINE. No thanks.
HAL. All right. Look, Catherine, Monday: What do you say?
CATHERINE. Don't you have a job?
HAL. Yeah, I have a full teaching load this quarter plus my own work.
CATHERINE. Plus band practice.
HAL. I don't have time to do this but I'm going to. If you'll let me. *(Beat.)* I loved your dad.
I don't believe a mind like his can just shut down. He had lucid