do your own work. You were just getting started.

If you hadn't gone into math that would have been all right. Claire's done well for herself. I'm satisfied with her.

I'm proud of you.

I don't mean to embarrass you. It's part of the reason we have children. We hope they'll survive us, accomplish what we can't.

Now that I'm back in the game I admit I've got another idea, a better one.

CATHERINE. What?

ROBERT. I know you've got your own work. I don't want you to neglect that. You can't neglect it. But I could probably use some help. Work with me. If you want to, if you can work it out with your class schedule and everything else, I could help you with that, make some calls, talk to your teachers …

I'm getting ahead of myself.

Well, Jesus, look, enough bullshit, you asked to see something. Let's start with this. I've roughed something out. General outline for a proof. Major result. Important. It's not finished but you can see where it's going. Let's see: *(He selects a notebook.)* Here. *(He gives it to Catherine. She opens it and reads.)* It's very rough. *(After a long moment Catherine closes the notebook. A beat.)*

CATHERINE. Dad. Let's go inside.

ROBERT. The gaps might make it hard to follow. We can talk it through.

CATHERINE. You're cold. Let's go in.

ROBERT. Maybe we could work on this together. This might be a great place to start. What about it? What do you think? Let's talk it through.

CATHERINE. Not now. I'm cold too. It's really freezing out here. Let's go inside.

ROBERT. I'm telling you it's stifling in there, goddamn it. The radiators. Look, read out the first couple of lines. That's how we start: You read, and we go line by line, out loud, through the argument. See if there's a better way, a shorter way. Let's collaborate.

CATHERINE. No. Come on.

ROBERT. I've been waiting years for this. This is something I want to do. Come on, let's do some work together.

CATHERINE. We can't do it out here. It's freezing cold. I'm

taking you in.

ROBERT. Not until we talk about the proof.

CATHERINE. No.

ROBERT. GODDAMNIT CATHERINE OPEN THE GODDAMN BOOK AND READ ME THE LINES. *(Beat. Catherine opens the book. She reads slowly, without inflection.)*

CATHERINE. "Let X equal the quantity of all quantities of X. Let X equal the cold. It is cold in December. The months of cold equal November through February. There are four months of cold, and four of heat, leaving four months of indeterminate temperature. In February it snows. In March the Lake is a lake of ice. In September the students come back and the bookstores are full. Let X equal the month of full bookstores. The number of books approaches infinity as the number of months of cold approaches four. I will never be as cold now as I will in the future. The future of cold is infinite. The future of heat is the future of cold. The bookstores are infinite and so are never full except in September … " *(She stops reading and slowly closes the book. Robert is shivering uncontrollably.)* It's all right. We'll go inside.

ROBERT. I'm cold.

CATHERINE. We'll warm you up. *(Catherine puts her arms around him and helps him to his feet.)*

ROBERT. Don't leave. Please.

CATHERINE. I won't.

Let's go inside.

Fade