

Proof Synopsis- Catherine's father, Robert has just passed away. He was once a brilliant mathematician, but in the past few years, he slipped into dementia and became a graphophile, filling countless notebooks with writings. Since his death, Catherine has had conversations with her dead father and is beginning to question her own sanity, seeing as she is now the age that her father was when he started showing symptoms. Hal, a graduate student who studied under Robert, has come to look through all of Robert's notebooks - hoping to find another amazing mathematical breakthrough.

Proof Scene 1 – Hal and Catherine

*(Catherine is sitting. Noise offstage. Hal enters. 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, sorry – did I wake you?

Catherine: What?

Hal: Were you asleep?

Catherine: You scared me. 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: When should I come back?

Catherine: Come back?

Hal: Yeah. I'm nowhere near finished. Maybe tomorrow?

Catherine: We have a funeral tomorrow.

Hal: 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 some more time up there.

Catherine: Fine.

Hal: Thanks. Look, I know you don't need anybody in your hair right now... but some friends of mine are in this band. They're playing at a club up on Diversy. 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” – lower-case 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: You know, I hate when people say that. It's 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 even switched from glasses to contacts. They play sports, they play in a band, they have girlfriends, 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: Ok, yes. I play drums. You want to come? I never sing, I swear. Please come.