ISAAC.
It's important that you be in full sun.
ROBERT.
It was too dim in here.
ISAAC.
You said you did it in here.
ROBERT.
I did.
ISAAC.
But you're saying it works better in full sun.
ROBERT.
... Yes.
ISAAC.
How do you know this?
ROBERT.
I did it two times. Once inside and once in full sun.
ISAAC.
Why didn't you say that earlier?
ROBERT.
I didn't.
ISAAC.
You didn't.
ROBERT.
No, I know I didn't.
ISAAC.
Why not?
ROBERT.
I'm mentioning it now.
(Edward goes and gets the Bible.)
ISAAC.
Robert.
ROBERT.
I see you take swearing on the Bible very seriously.
ISAAC.
Yes?
ROBERT.
Uh-huh.
ISAAC.
In which I put an actual needle in my eye.

ROBERT.
... Now this time actually put your hand on the Bible, because I can see that it's only just hovering over it.

ISAAC.

ROBERT.
You didn't do it.

ISAAC.
I did it — just in my head.

ROBERT.
Yeah that sorta doesn't count.

ISAAC.

ROBERT.
We have one experiment, which turned out results showing that squishing the eye doesn't do anything.
And then we have this other experiment, which doesn't count —

ISAAC.
I'd argue with that —

ROBERT.
— in which you imagined that squishing the eye would change the colors.

ISAAC.

ROBERT.
I think we're done.

ISAAC.

ROBERT.
This is true. Were you following me last night?

ISAAC.
And you had sex with some woman you met on the street.

ROBERT.
Her name was Maude.

ISAAC.
And when you were done, you took out a book.
From your pocket.
From your left pocket, that's where you keep it.
And you wrote down what you did with her.

ROBERT.

ISAAC.
I have it. I have it, but it's hidden. It's hidden someplace where only I know where it is.

ROBERT.

ISAAC.

ROBERT.
Like June 6 —

ISAAC.
This is from Robert Hooke's real diary.
(Actor writes everything that's in quotation marks on the board. Isaac gestures for \(¥\).)

ISAAC.
For example: "Played with Nell. ¥ Hurt back."
ROBERT.

ISAAC.
Or for example: June 8 — “Felt Doll. ¥ Slept well.”
June 9 — “did not sleep well.”
June 10 — “slept ill.”
June 11 — “dreamt of ¥.”
June 12 — “Vomited with much slime.”
June 13 — “Played with Nell. ¥ ¥”
And then June 14 — “made wormwood wine. ¥”

ROBERT.

ISAAC.
And then I skipped ahead and I found Grace.

ROBERT.

ISAAC.
I figured out who Grace is.

ROBERT.

ISAAC.
Grace is Grace Hooke who is your niece.

ROBERT.

ISAAC.
Aug 30 — “Grace dined with me.”
Sept 2 — “Grace went to school after dinner.”
Sept 5 — “sent for Grace from school.”
Sept 6 — “had an abundance of wine and confidence but was cheated of a shit.”
Sept 7 — “lent Grace a little book of plays.”
Sept 8 — “Catched a cold. ¥ Grace. ¥ Grace.”
Sept 9 — “used a feather to vomit. Felt refresht after vomit. Played with Grace ¥.”
Sept 10 —
(Robert places his hand on Isaac’s hand stopping him. Isaac stops.)

ROBERT.

ISAAC.
I will send the pages to Grace’s father.

ROBERT.

Is this is a threat?

ISAAC.
Yes, it’s a threat, and yes, I will do it —

ROBERT.

Unless —

ISAAC.
You get me admitted into the Royal Society —

ROBERT.

Yep —

ISAAC.
And —

ROBERT.

And?

ISAAC.
And I want you to get me a teaching fellowship at Trinity College.

ROBERT.

Uh-huh.

ISAAC.
And?

ROBERT.

And what else?

ISAAC.
You cannot publish anything, anything ever, on light, or how the eye sees light, or motion or — basically anything that I would write about, you can’t write about. If you have an idea, you have to check it with me, and I will either give you permission or not.

ROBERT.

ISAAC.

ROBERT.

That’s not even remotely reasonable.

ISAAC.

ROBERT.

Royal Society, sure. Trinity College, why not. But the rest is bullshit.