

Another letter.

I have made Lord L laugh by referring to this paper as my child. I think he is an uncommonly fine baby.

Another letter.

You know I do not believe that my father was such a poet as I shall be an Analyst.

Another letter.

Enclosed is our revised and corrected translation and notes in its entirety.

Your Fairy forever,

Ada

And suddenly they are met.

In Babbage's office. Evening.

Babbage reviews her work.

CHARLES. *Sketch of the Analytical Engine Invented by Charles Babbage.*

ADA. *With Notes by the Translator...*

Charles holds up a thick stack of papers.

CHARLES. Good lord. Your notes are twice the length of the translation.

ADA. *Thrice.*

Babbage reads.

Ada waits for him. She fidgets, anxious.

Points out and reads aloud to make sure he's seeing it.

This bit's rather good I think: "The Engine is not merely adapted for *tabulating* the results of one particular function, but for *developing and tabulating* any function whatever."

CHARLES. Uh-hmm.

ADA. "A new, a vast, and a powerful language is developed for the future use of analysis—"

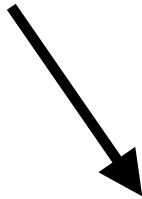
CHARLES. Yes I can—

ADA. "With commands input via punch cards, there is no limit either to the magnitude or the quantity of numbers used—"

CHARLES. I am reading it.

ADA. And the diagrams I think turned out quite well. Producing the

Start



Bernoulli numbers proves that the engine can do anything mathematical. Most professors cannot manage Bernoulli but *it* can—I proved it can.

The program I laid out— (*Pointing out the diagram.*) is flawless. Because I found one of your flaws by the way. Carry the one, Charles.

Now I set down every command given through the punch cards and every corresponding step the engines would take in a calculation of this complexity.

Silence. Babbage engrossed, Ada anxious.

And I know you don't particularly agree but, as a small gift to myself, I might have snuck in the bit about the Engine one day writing songs.

CHARLES. "Supposing that the fundamental relations of pitched sounds were input, the engine might compose elaborate and scientific pieces of music."

ADA. Yes. I rather love that thought. A singing machine.

Pause as Babbage says nothing. Lost in the pages.

I might combust if you don't say something. I've worked so hard, and I think it's quite brilliant, and as far as I know this work is unheard of—

He looks up.

CHARLES. It's perfect. Pray do not alter it. Not one word. All this was impossible for you to know by intuition. Yet you know it as thoroughly as I. Greater than I. You see its...future.

ADA. I do.

CHARLES. And the music.

ADA. Well. If the engine can process numerical commands it could theoretically process any symbol. Notes instead of numbers is what I see.

CHARLES. Yes. Notes, numbers, it makes perfect sense.

ADA. Does it?

CHARLES. Over and over again, you surprise me. You shock.

ADA. Don't I sound...alarming.

She is so relieved and happy that he liked her work.

He is so impressed and amazed.

If he were a different kind of man, he would have swept her

off her feet and kissed her.

She would rather that he was that kind of man. They are both imagining that which they cannot seem to make themselves do, but want to do very very much.

Babbage comes closer to her, Ada babbles instead of addressing him.

There are only a few more corrections for the printers. They rather insist on capitalizing all my subscripts which quite alters the meaning of B_{2n-1} . (Read as: "B sub 2, n minus 1.")

He is calm even with the electricity coursing between them.

CHARLES. I hope you know...how grateful I am for you. And how much I...

I hope you know.

ADA. I do. As must you. Know.

They should be making out right now...but they aren't. They can't.

Actually they could...but they won't. Stuck in the middle of want and won't.

Ada tries to break the gravity of the moment.

Then...we should both be...quite satisfied with ourselves. Our work. The paper. Which truly is the best of both of us. We have finally made manifest so many conversations. Our collective dream it seems is...real. We are, in this respect...complete.

CHARLES. Complete.

ADA. Yes.

CHARLES. Partners really.

ADA. Partners?

CHARLES. In this respect.

ADA. Oh. Yes.

CHARLES. Yes.

Their breath is the only thing moving in the room. Breath. Breath.

ADA. I'm so sorry.

← End