

# LADY ANNABELLA BYRON

Annabella: *Know that he left you. Like any harlot he was done with.* Darling if that shocks you, I'd drop the curiosity where you stand. Your father poisoned every pond he passed. He left wreckage and desperation and depravity with his every step. And I defied him. *I* did. For you. *That* was unheard of. Women do not leave their husbands, even when their husbands are philandering ne'er-do-well erotic obsessives. He left us. To wander the world from bed to bed. And yet, if I had not acted in the way I did to protect you from him fully and completely, you would have been taken from me and forced into your father's life. I fought for you in the court, in the press. and what did he do? he died sick and alone, mocked and sunk in the thought that no one loved him enough to save him from himself. Does that sound heroic? The genius Romantic? And yet the world gives him power through obsession.

# CHARLES BABBAGE

CHARLES: For those so compelled, I offer you a glimpse at the much-discussed if-you-stand-next-to-me Difference Engine. It's only a small model of what will soon be a machine of cogs and wheels the size of a carriage. Now this machine does not dance nor chirp like some mechanical curiosities of our age, some of which you can see in the parlor. This machine calculates. But *what* it calculates and the *speed and accuracy* with which it calculates can save men thousands of hours and errors. The flawless mathematical tables it can produce by the simple turn of a crank will revolutionize navigation, industry, finance. All made better, faster, more perfect. I can bore you with the technical details, but for those ready to get back to dancing, know this... When it is manifest, and soon it will be thanks to your government's generous funding, the world will know a new way of knowing. Now someone should hand me my rum so I can stop ruining a perfectly good party.

# ADA LOVELACE

ADA: May I write to you? I tend to be presumptuous but you see I'm terribly good at maths and terribly bored with everything else and I sense your depth of wisdom and if you would accept my correspondence I would be most excited- Of course I understand if you are busy, which of course you are. And I am a girl of little use to you, of course I am...

Also I play piano. I'm quite good. Music and mathematics share a language I find. Though I find a kind of delicious magic in music. Its ability to transport one to a most free and full place of feeling with just a few bars. I will not deny that I live for the times when I am either at my desk in study or at the keys in song. All else fades away. Freedom can look quite caged from the outside, but it's really in the mind, don't you think?

# LORD LOVELACE

LOVELACE: You are a man of good standing, Mr. Babbage, highly regarded in circles. I respect, so I trust that I may speak openly. My intended is a sensitive woman, prone to fits of the fantastic and the... demonstrative. Her unfortunate inheritance. Too much stimulation and I fear for her well-being.

Leave her be. Either you will or I will. I don't think her constitution or reputation is strong enough for the both of us. And I have neither the time nor the mind to... compete. I'll thank you to excuse yourself tomorrow morning, and perhaps contain your friendship to the epistolary. For the near future. Until she gets settled in the ways of a wife. You understand. Good day.