

NEWTON

Episode 1: THE CHILD WHO SHOULD NOT HAVE LIVED

FADE IN:

INT. WOOLSTHORPE MANOR – BEDROOM – NIGHT (1642)

A winter storm claws at the shutters. A single candle trembles on a rough table.

A MIDWIFE, sleeves rolled, steadies a TINY NEWBORN wrapped in linen. HANNAH NEWTON lies spent, eyes fixed on the rafters.

MIDWIFE

(whisper)

He is too small. He will not last the night.

The baby's chest rises, shallow, stubborn. Hannah turns her face away.

HANNAH

(weak)

Then let God take him quickly.

The midwife lays the child in a cradle. The candle flame bends. On the plaster wall, a faint band of color blooms.

The infant does not cry. His eyes fix on the shimmer.

FADE OUT.

INT. WOOLSTHORPE MANOR – KITCHEN – DAY (1645)

Pale winter sun through warped glass. HANNAH packs a small chest. Her NEW HUSBAND waits by the door. GRANDMOTHER stands with her hands folded.

ISAAC (3) clutches a carved wooden horse.

ISAAC  
Mama? Where you goin'?

HANNAH  
You'll stay with Grandmother. Just  
for a while.

ISAAC  
No. Want to go.

Hannah kneels, smoothing his hair. She does not meet his eyes.

HANNAH  
Be good. Be strong.

She rises. The door opens. Cold air surges in.

The door slams. A candle gutters out.

In the corner, an empty cradle rocks in the draft.

ISAAC  
(barely)  
Don't go.

INT. BARN – DUSK (1651)

Dust turns in a blade of late sun. ISAAC (8) crouches on packed earth surrounded by scraps of wood, twine, bent nails.

A jar drips into a bowl: tick... tick... tick.

A PAPER PINWHEEL wobbles on a spindle. Isaac nudges a peg, breathes on the wheel until drip and spin begin to agree.

ISAAC

If you turn, then the weight falls.  
If the weight falls, then you turn.

Footsteps outside. A call through the boards.

GRANDMOTHER (O.S.)

Isaac! Supper.

He does not answer. He adjusts the peg a hair.

ISAAC

Hold still. Hold.

4

INT. COTTAGE – NIGHT (1651)

A low room. A kettle hums. GRANDMOTHER eats without comment. ISAAC arranges peas into patterns, counting under his breath.

GRANDMOTHER

You'll fetch wood tomorrow.

ISAAC

Yes.

The wind rasps the shutters. The cradle in the corner rocks to a rhythm no one set. Isaac watches it, unblinking.

5

EXT. KING'S SCHOOL, GRANTHAM – YARD – DAY (1653)

Boys spill from the hall. Laughter, shoving. ISAAC (11)  
holds a stack of papers to his chest.

A TALL BOY knocks them loose. Pages skitter through mud.

BULLY  
Rat-boy with his little books!

Isaac kneels, calm, gathering pages. A boot flicks another  
sheet away. Something inside him tightens.

He lunges. The two crash into dirt. It is brief and ferocious.  
Isaac pins the bully, forearm to throat.

The yard falls silent. Even birds hesitate.

Isaac releases him. He wipes a muddy page with careful fingers.

ISAAC  
(to himself)  
I can be stronger.

He walks off. A corridor opens in the boys around him.

6

INT. APOTHECARY CLARK'S ATTIC – NIGHT (1659)

Shelves: jars, powders, odd metals. A small flame licks a  
crucible. ISAAC (16) reads a cramped recipe in the half-light.

APOTHECARY  
Careful with antimony. She bites.

ISAAC  
If she bites, she has a tooth. If she  
has a tooth, she has a law.

He lifts a prism shard toward the candle. A spectrum creeps

across stained plaster. Isaac stares as if hearing a voice.

APOTHECARY

(soft)

Your mind's a furnace, boy. Mind you  
don't burn it out.

Isaac doesn't look away from the colors.

7

INT. MERCHANT'S LODGINGS – EVENING (1657)

A cramped room above a shop. ISAAC (15) chalks circles on the floor, placing pebbles like planets. A GIRL (14) watches from the doorway.

GIRL

What are you doing?

ISAAC

Measuring the sun.

GIRL

It sets the same every day.

ISAAC

Not the same. Never the same.

She smiles, puzzled. He shifts a pebble by the smallest measure, satisfied.

8

EXT. TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE – COURTYARD – DAY (1661)

Black gowns cross the square like crows. ISAAC (18) arrives

with an oversized bundle of books, out of step with the flow.

INT. TRINITY COLLEGE – HALL – DAY

A TUTOR flips through Isaac's dense notes: Latin, diagrams, odd symbols not in any syllabus.

TUTOR

This is... unusual. Attend lectures.  
Copy the texts. That will suffice.

Isaac nods once. The Tutor returns the papers.

Isaac holds them a beat longer than needed.

9

INT. DINING HALL – NIGHT (1661)

Noise, wine, bravado. Students argue philosophy and plays.  
Isaac eats quickly, notebook open in his lap, pen moving.

At the high table, a REFINED YOUNG MAN (20) notices his focus.  
(EDMOND HALLEY, not yet important to anyone here.)

HALLEY

(to a friend, amused)  
He's not listening to us. He's listening  
to something else.

Isaac turns a page. The hall roars around him and never touches him.

10

INT. COLLEGE GARRET – NIGHT (1664)

The room is darkened. A pinhole in a covered window sends a

narrow beam through the air. A PRISM waits in its path.

Isaac shifts the prism. A band of color unfurls across bare plaster.

ISAAC

White is... many. Not pure.

He brings a second prism into the colors. The band draws tight, recombining into white on the opposite wall.

ISAAC

They return. All return.

He writes in a small, severe hand. The candle gutters, steadies.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEEHOUSE – DAY (1664)

Pamphlets, pipe smoke, a small storm of opinions.

STUDENT 1

Hooke says motion bends back on itself.  
Proved it, he says.

STUDENT 2

He'll tear down anyone who argues.

Isaac listens without lifting his eyes. He folds his notes, stands, and leaves to the sound of other people's certainty.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMBRIDGE COURTYARD – DAY (1665)

A TOWN CRIER reads from a paper. Faces blanch.

CRIER

By order, the University shall close  
until further notice. All must leave  
at once!

Panic spreads. Isaac does not hurry. He gathers his bundle,

looks once at the chapel, then turns toward the road home.

FADE OUT.

11

FADE IN:

EXT. MOORLAND ROAD – DUSK (1665)

Empty hedgerows. A bird rises at Isaac's step and is gone.

ISAAC walks alone, his bundle over one shoulder. Wind presses his coat to his ribs. He does not look back.

12

INT. WOOLSTHORPE MANOR – HALL – DAY

A familiar stillness. A kettle cools on the hearth.  
GRANDMOTHER steps in from the yard, sees him, nods once.

GRANDMOTHER  
You're back, then.

ISAAC  
The college is closed.

She takes his bundle without ceremony and sets it by the stairs.

GRANDMOTHER  
You'll eat.

He glances to the narrow stair that leads to the upper room.

ISAAC

After.

She watches him go, unreadable.

13

INT. WOOLSTHORPE – UPPER ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

A narrow space with a table, a chair, a chest. Dust hangs like seed in the light.

Isaac covers the window with a cloth, leaves a pinprick.

A clean beam threads the dim. He places a PRISM into it.

A band of color opens on the wall. Red to violet. He does not smile. He takes a piece of charcoal and ticks the edges.

ISAAC

Make the world small.

He adjusts the angle by the smallest measure. The band crawls. Tick, tick. He marks the shift like a surveyor.

14

INT. UPPER ROOM – NIGHT

The beam is gone. The table is crowded with pages. A string and stone swing from a joist: a humble pendulum.

Isaac writes in tight Latin. Scratches it out. Writes again.

ISAAC

Let the moments vanish.  
Leave their law.

He counts under his breath with a pocket watch, eyes on the swing. Marks small triangles beneath a curve on the page.

He stops to listen to the quiet of the house, then bends back to the work as if answering it.

15

INT. UPPER ROOM – LATE NIGHT

A candle guttering low. Ink on fingers. Sleeves rolled.

Isaac draws a circle, arrows for direction, a small mark at the rim.

He writes:  $v^2 / r$ .

He sits very still. Then crosses out a line and writes a cleaner one, hand steady as a compass.

From below, the brief clatter of a cup. Silence returns like a held breath.

Isaac sets the watch beside the pendulum. Times the swing. Notes it. Again. Again.

16

INT. UPPER ROOM – DAY

The window is covered. A pinhole admits a narrow beam. Isaac has fixed a second card with a smaller hole to tighten the blade of light.

The PRISM stands in its path. The spectrum blooms.

Isaac brings a second prism to the red alone. The red bends

again. It stays red.

He moves to the blue. The blue bends and stays blue.

ISAAC  
Not tinged. Sundered.

He writes, slow and sure:

White is a mixture of differently  
refrangible rays.

A shadow passes under the door. Grandmother leaves a plate  
on the stair. Isaac does not turn.

17

EXT. ORCHARD – GOLDEN HOUR

Low sun in bare branches. ISAAC walks with a string and  
a small stone. He lets it swing. Shortens the string. The  
swing quickens.

An APPLE loosens and drops. A dull thud. He looks down  
at the grass, then up at the thin moon lifting pale.

ISAAC (V.O.)  
If it falls here...  
why not there?

He kneels and draws in frost-stiff earth: a circle, a straight  
line, a small inward arrow.

He holds a stick at arm's length, measures the moon's crawl  
against it as if it were his own instrument.

18

EXT. ORCHARD – CONTINUOUS

He counts his pulse against the swing of the stone.

He bites the apple without tasting it. Chews, eyes on the sky.

ISAAC (V.O.)

If the pull weakens with the square  
of distance... then the rule holds  
for both.

He lets the stone fall. Watches where it lands. Marks the step back to his drawing.

19

INT. UPPER ROOM – NIGHT

A single candle. The table cleared. A fresh sheet.

Isaac writes slowly, formally.

ISAAC

Sir, having considered the descent  
of heavy bodies and the curve that  
keeps the moon in her path, I find  
a proportion binding both—

He stops, crosses out “apple,” writes “projectile” in a neat hand.

He reads the page once more. Folds it. Seals it with a pale wafer of wax.

He sits, the sealed letter in his fingers, listening to the house breathe.

INT. UPPER ROOM – NIGHT – LATER

The seal gleams. His thumb rests on it.

A long beat.

Isaac lifts the letter. Holds it above the candle.

The wax softens. He breaks the seal carefully, slides the page out.

ISAAC  
Not yet.

He smooths the paper flat with his palm. The candle sputters and steadies. He returns the sheet to the table.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. WOOLSTHORPE MANOR – KITCHEN – DAY

A kettle breathes. GRANDMOTHER lays out bread.

The door opens. HANNAH (40s) enters with the cold on her cloak. She sets a small parcel on the table.

ISAAC stands in the doorway, ink on his fingers.

HANNAH  
You look... well enough.

ISAAC  
Yes.

HANNAH  
The plague— you are safe here?

ISAAC  
Safer than there.

A small silence. Hannah's eyes catch a thin band of color slipping from beneath the upper-room door.

HANNAH  
You'll not starve?

ISAAC  
No.

Grandmother pours only two cups, then— after a moment— adds a third. She slides one toward Hannah.

Hannah nods. She does not drink.

22

INT. KITCHEN – CONTINUOUS

Isaac stays standing. Hannah studies his stained cuffs, the steadiness in his face.

HANNAH  
I cannot stay.

ISAAC  
I know.

She reaches for the parcel— thinks better— leaves it.

Hannah buttons her cloak. Looks as if to touch his arm. Does not.

HANNAH  
Be... as you are.

She goes. The latch falls.

Grandmother sits. Isaac remains where he is, eyes on the closed door, not moving toward the parcel.

23

INT. STAIRS / UPPER ROOM DOOR – DAY

The parcel sits unopened on the stair.

Isaac steps past it, carries up a plate Grandmother left earlier. He sets the plate outside his door. Untouched.

He unlocks the upper room.

24

INT. UPPER ROOM – DUSK

The beam apparatus waits, cloth pinned to numbers and ticks.

Isaac stacks notebooks in the chest: fluxions, optics, odd theological pages tucked deeper.

He wraps prisms in a scrap of linen. Places the sealed-then-opened LETTER flat between two boards at the bottom.

Lid down. Key turns.

He lifts a loose floorboard, hides the key beneath, presses the board home with his palm.

ISAAC  
I keep my own counsel.

He snuffs one candle, then another. The room holds its shape in the last light.

25

EXT. FIELD – DAWN

Frost like salt. ISAAC paces equal steps, dropping pebbles that mark arcs.

He checks the pocket watch. Breath clouds, slow and regular.

He kneels to draw a figure: two triangles under a curve, equal areas in equal times.

A crow lifts, crosses the pale sun as if measured by a stick.

26

INT. UPPER ROOM – DAY

Cloth on the wall, ruled and inked. The spectrum band hits it at an angle.

Isaac notes angles with a stub of charcoal. Moves the prism by a hair.

He writes in a clean hand:

The degree of refrangibility differs  
for rays of different colors.

He stands back, considering. Adds only a single dot.

27

EXT. YARD – AFTERNOON

A leather sling. A small stone.

Isaac whips it once, releases. He follows the arc with the stick at arm's length, measuring where it falls.

He paces the ground to the chalked mark. Writes a figure on his sleeve with a nub of graphite.

28

INT. BARN – EVENING

A narrow spout drips into a jar. A pendulum stone swings.

Drip... swing. Drip... swing. Isaac adjusts until the sounds begin to agree.

He smiles— not broadly, not for anyone— and writes:

Period  $\propto \sqrt{(\text{length})}$ .

He sets the watch beside the jar as if the three were talking.

29

INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

Grandmother dozes by the hearth, shawl slipped.

Isaac passes, pauses, lifts the fallen edge over her shoulders. He does not wake her.

He moves on, quiet as breath.

30

INT. UPPER ROOM – MORNING

Shutter open. Uncolored light. Dust moves like a slow constellation.

On the table: three neat folios—

OF COLOURS  
OF MOTION  
OF THE DESCENT OF BODIES

Isaac aligns their corners with the side of his hand.

He looks at the wall where the spectrum used to be, then at his empty palm.

He closes the shutter halfway. Leaves a blade of light.

HOLD on him— ordinary and transfigured—

CUT TO BLACK

31

FADE IN:

INT. UPPER ROOM – MIDDAY (1665)

Uncolored light. The beam apparatus stands idle. ISAAC sits at the table with a small, blank-covered notebook.

He writes a heading with care: CATALOGUE.

He lists, each line measured.

ISAAC  
(under breath)  
For anger. For neglect of prayers.  
For striking... for wishing harm...

His pen hesitates, then moves again.

He closes the notebook. Stares at the cover, as if the book were staring back.

A distant sheep calls. He exhales.

32

EXT. WOOLSTHORPE FIELDS – DAY (FLASHBACK)

A much younger ISAAC (teen) stands with a ledger as two HIRED MEN wait. A plough stands idle.

HIRED MAN  
Hedges won't cut themselves.

Isaac is reading, not listening. The men exchange a look.

SECOND MAN  
He's no farmer.

Hannah's figure in the distance. Isaac hurriedly closes the book, tries to issue an order he barely understands.

The men set to work. Isaac watches, already slipping back into the page in his hand.

33

INT. MERCHANT'S LODGINGS – ATTIC – LATE AFTERNOON  
(FLASHBACK)

Drip... drip... A WATER CLOCK feeds a bladder that lowers a small wooden hand across a chalked arc.

ISAAC (15) times the drops with a pulse. The MERCHANT and his DAUGHTER peer in, half-impressed, half-bemused.

MERCHANT  
What's it for, then?

ISAAC  
Knowing when is different from guessing.

The daughter smiles, uncertain what to say. Isaac adjusts the spout by the smallest turn.

34

EXT. CHURCHYARD / TOWER STAIR – EVENING (FLASHBACK)

ISAAC and the TALL BOY (now chastened) climb the narrow stair. Night comes on.

EXT. CHURCHYARD – NIGHT

A KITE with a small LANTERN swings above the yard. Villagers point upwards, whisper. Someone crosses themselves.

Isaac watches the moving light with perfect calm.

TALL BOY  
You'll have the vicar after you.

ISAAC  
He'll find me here.

INT. APOTHECARY CLARK'S ATTIC – DAY (FLASHBACK)

Steam from a small alembic. ISAAC notes weights and colors.

CATHERINE (late teens), the apothecary's stepdaughter, brings a folded cloth for his hands.

CATHERINE  
You forget to eat. Again.

ISAAC  
I remember after.

CATHERINE  
After what?

ISAAC  
After it stops being wrong.

She watches him a moment longer than courtesy allows. He doesn't notice. Or pretends not to.

EXT. GARDEN WALL / SUN – DAY (FLASHBACK)

A rough SUNDIAL chalked on stone. ISAAC adjusts the gnomon, waits for the shadow to cross a mark he made earlier.

He scratches a new line. Steps back. Nods once.

A CHILD watches from the lane, wide-eyed.

CHILD  
Will it tell the rain too?

ISAAC

It tells what it is given.

37

INT. TRINITY COLLEGE – SMALL STUDY – NIGHT (1664, FLASHBACK)

Books stacked like walls. On a fresh page ISAAC writes, letter by letter:

PLATO IS MY FRIEND, ARISTOTLE IS MY FRIEND,  
BUT MY BEST FRIEND IS TRUTH.

He blots the ink. Holds the page at arm's length as if testing it for weight.

38

INT. TRINITY – TUTORIAL ROOM – DAY (1664, FLASHBACK)

A DON with neat cuffs watches Isaac at a slate.

DON  
Then show it simply.

Isaac draws a curve, then a small right triangle under it.

ISAAC  
Take the least of quantities— vanishing—  
and keep the rule they leave.

DON  
Words. Where's the proof?

Isaac erases the triangle, draws a second smaller, then a third smaller still. The Don frowns, unsettled by what he cannot name.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE LANE – LATE DAY (1665, FLASHBACK)

A cart passes with COVERED BUNDLES. Faces avert. A bell tolls out of sight.

Isaac stands very still in the lane, the air odd and thin around him. He turns toward the road home.

INT. UPPER ROOM – NIGHT (BACK TO 1665)

ISAAC opens the small notebook again. Adds a final line.

He sets it on the shelf beside the prisms.

He closes the shutter until only a blade of light remains.

In the thin band, dust turns. He watches it as if it were thought given shape.

FADE OUT.

INT. UPPER ROOM – DAWN (1666)

Pale light at the sill. ISAAC sits before a fresh folio. He writes a title with exact strokes:

FLUXIONS.

He draws a curve. Beneath it, a vanishing triangle.

ISAAC  
(under breath)  
Let the increments vanish. Keep  
the rule they leave.

He writes: "the moment of x" and a small dot above it.  
Then a second line, cleaner than the first.

42

INT. UPPER ROOM – LATER

The window is covered again. A card with a narrow slit  
tightens the beam. The PRISM waits.

Isaac slides the prism. The spectrum snaps into place.

He lifts a second card into the red only. A thin \*\*red  
blade\*\* lands on a pinned sheet.

He marks an angle. Then another.

He moves to the blue. Marks again. Steps back.

"Unequal refrangibility. Rays original."

43

EXT. FIELD BOUNDARY – AFTERNOON

Dry grass, a low stone wall. ISAAC lines three pebbles  
along an arc he chalked earlier.

He stands at arm's length with a stick. Watches a crow  
cross the sun's face, counting his pulse.

He draws a small triangle in the dirt.

ISAAC  
Equal areas. Equal times.

He rubs the dirt smooth with the flat of his palm and repeats as if the earth were paper.

44

INT. UPPER ROOM – NIGHT

Silence thick as cloth. The table cleared.

A BODKIN — blunt, polished — lies beside the watch.

Isaac looks at it a long time. He takes it up, breath shallow, and presses at the corner of his eye, not hard, then harder, then stops.

He watches colored rings open and close in the dark like small moons, tears welling.

He lowers the bodkin to the table with care.

45

INT. UPPER ROOM – NIGHT – LATER

A cloth at his eye. The candle small.

He writes slowly, left eye blinking tears:

Pressures within the eye yield  
circles of colour.

He pauses. Adds:

Not from the prism only.

He blots the line and sits with it, the watch ticking  
like rain somewhere very far away.

46

EXT. LANE BY THE CHURCH – DUSK

Two VILLAGERS carry a covered bundle toward the yard.  
No one speaks. A bell tolls once, then not again.

Isaac stands back in the hedgerow. He does not move  
toward them. He removes his hat and lowers his eyes.

Wind lifts the hedge and sets it down.

47

INT. UPPER ROOM – DAY

A sheet headed:

ON THE DESCENT OF BODIES.

He sketches a fall, a time line, a table of small numbers.

ISAAC  
(quiet)  
The same everywhere.

He copies the table into a second column, checks each  
against the watch, then draws a final line with a firm hand.

INT. STAIRS / LANDING – EVENING

Grandmother at the bottom step, a candle in her hand.

GRANDMOTHER  
You'll sleep.

ISAAC  
Soon.

She looks past him at the thin glow under his door.

GRANDMOTHER  
You'll scorch the boards.

A long beat. Isaac nods once. She goes. He closes the door with a soft hand and stands in the hush a moment.

INT. UPPER ROOM – EVENING – CONTINUOUS

The apparatus waits. Isaac adjusts the prism by a hair. The colours shift, then hold.

He writes across a clean page:

Objection answered:  
The colours are not from the glass.

He underlines **\*\*not\*\*** with a single line.

He takes a breath as if something heavy had been moved from one side of the room to the other.

INT. UPPER ROOM – NIGHT

The chest open. Folios stacked, edges aligned. The letter he unsealed earlier lies flat between two boards.

Isaac lowers the lid. Turns the key.

ISAAC  
(barely)  
Not yet.

He lifts the loose plank. Slides the key beneath. Presses the wood down with his palm until the seam is only a seam.

He snuffs the candle. The room keeps its shape in the dark.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. UPPER ROOM – NIGHT (1666)

A fresh folio. ISAAC prints a calm heading:

LEMMA. EQUAL AREAS IN EQUAL TIMES.

He draws a circle and a small body on its rim. A tangent. A tiny triangle swept from the center.

ISAAC  
(under breath)  
The sweep... the same.

He writes a proof in tight Latin, each line a nail hammered flush.

EXT. FIELD EDGE – PRE-DAWN

Frost squeaks underfoot. ISAAC measures off equal steps, drops pebbles on a chalked arc cut into the turf.

He sights along a stick at arm's length. Breath a slow metronome. The sky grows the least shade lighter.

He kneels and redraws the small triangle in the dirt, hands steady despite the cold.

EXT. ORCHARD / LANE – NIGHT

The moon slides between ragged cloud. ISAAC stands by the low wall, counting a pulse against the slow crawl.

A NEIGHBOR BOY appears at the gate and stops, hat in hand.

BOY

Sir... you... watch the moon?

Isaac nods once.

BOY

Does she... change?

ISAAC

(still watching)

Enough.

INT. UPPER ROOM – DAWN

A table of numbers. Ratios. Cross-checks.

Isaac writes:

deflection in one second  $\propto v^2 / r$ .

He hesitates. Scratches out a figure. Writes a second, cleaner. Checks against the watch. Sets his jaw.

ISAAC  
No. Again.

He writes a third time and stops only when the line lies flat and true.

INT. UPPER ROOM – LATER

A new heading:

ON ATTRACTION.

A single sentence follows, neat, unhurried:

The power that keeps the moon is of the same kind as that which draws the apple, decreasing as the square of the distance.

He places the dot at the end as if setting a jewel.

INT. KITCHEN – DAY

GRANDMOTHER slices bread. Isaac enters, eyes red from long hours. He takes water. He does not sit.

GRANDMOTHER  
You'll come to table like a Christian.

ISAAC  
Soon.

She regards him a long moment, then slides the heel of bread across the board toward him. He nods, takes it, goes.

57

INT. UPPER ROOM – AFTERNOON

The small notebook. He opens to a clean page and writes:

Of Fluxions.

x with a dot above it. y with a dot. The signs look like quiet birds resting on a line.

ISAAC  
(almost a prayer)  
It holds.

He copies the same line again, smaller, as if teaching his own hand to remember.

58

EXT. ORCHARD / LOW WALL – DAY

Stones set on the wall at measured gaps. ISAAC drops a pebble from the same height at different distances from his mark, watching the fall and run together.

He chalks small figures on the stone. Wipes the chalk with his sleeve. Begins again.

59

INT. UPPER ROOM – EVENING

Pinned sheets. Angles inked. A brief note in the margin:

Objection: from the air or humid glass.

Answer: rays themselves diverse.

He underlines “themselves” once. Sets the pen down and lets the room be quiet.

60

EXT. FIELD / SKYLINE – SUNSET

A wide, bare horizon. Wind moving the grass in long thoughts. ISAAC stands with hat in hand, eyes on the first star.

He looks down at his palm, flexes the fingers that have held pen and prism and string.

He turns toward the house. Walks without hurry.

CUT TO BLACK

61

FADE IN:

INT. UPPER ROOM – NIGHT (1666)

A fresh folio. ISAAC writes a spare heading:

OF MOTION.

He draws a circle, a tangent, a fall. Numbers in two neat columns.

ISAAC  
(under breath)  
The same cause. One rule.

He checks the watch, revises a figure, and lets the ink sit before he breathes on it.

62

EXT. ORCHARD – NIGHT

Wind combs the branches. The moon in tatters of cloud.

ISAAC stands by the low wall, counting a pulse as the moon slips along the stick at arm's length.

He scratches a small mark on the wood with a knife.  
Closes his hand over it as if sealing a pact.

63

INT. UPPER ROOM – DAWN

The window is darkened save for a slit. The PRISM balances

in the beam.

Isaac writes a new heading, precise:

EXPERIMENTUM CRUCIS.

He selects the red alone with a card. Sends it through a second prism. Red bends. Remains red.

He writes, without hurry:

Colours are original to the rays.

64

INT. KITCHEN – DAY

GRANDMOTHER struggles with a stubborn latch.

ISAAC crosses, takes the latch in his hand, lifts, sets, and lets it fall clean.

GRANDMOTHER

Hnh.

ISAAC

I will mend it after.

He means it. He pours water, drinks, listens to the house, and goes back up.

65

EXT. LANE – DAY

ISAAC passes two VILLAGERS who fall quiet as he nears.

A SMALL GIRL keeps step, bold.

GIRL  
Sir— does the work hurt your eyes?

ISAAC  
Sometimes.

GIRL  
Why do it, then?

ISAAC  
To see.

66

INT. UPPER ROOM – AFTERNOON

Pinned sheet with a narrow \*\*red blade\*\* across it. Notes in the margin no larger than a fingernail.

He re-forms the full band and sends it to a second prism, returning it to white on a paper screen.

A single line:

White restored by reunion.

67

INT. UPPER ROOM – NIGHT

A Bible open beside a scrap headed “Daniel.” A small column of dates. ISAAC copies a verse, then shuts the book as if it were too bright.

He returns to the folio:

Of Colours.

The pen walks the line without a tremor.

68

EXT. FIELD – DAY

ISAAC holds a makeshift quadrant of wood and string. He sights the sun at noon, marks an angle with a pin.

He writes the number on the stick itself. Blows the dust from the tiny cut and pockets the tool like a secret.

69

INT. UPPER ROOM – EVENING

Three folios aligned:

OF COLOURS  
OF MOTION  
OF THE DESCENT OF BODIES

He adds a fourth, blank, and prints a single word:

ATTRACTIONS.

He places the blank on top, as if the empty page were the heaviest in the stack.

70

INT. UPPER ROOM – NIGHT

Silence like snow. The apparatus stands, still as furniture.

ISAAC sits with the small notebook. He adds one line to the catalogue, closes it, and sets it beside the prisms.

He opens the shutter the width of a blade. Dust turns in that narrow light like thought given weight.

He does not move. The watch ticks. The house breathes.

FADE OUT

71

FADE IN:

INT. UPPER ROOM – DAWN (1666)

The house still. ISAAC sits to a new sheet. A title:

OF CURVILINEAR MOTION.

A small body at the rim of a circle; a tangent; a fall.

ISAAC  
(under breath)  
Deflection... in equal times.

He writes a lemma in Latin, careful as a mason setting stone. He does not rush the dot at the end.

72

EXT. YARD / LOW WALL – DAY

A leather sling; a smooth pebble. ISAAC turns once, lets fly. He follows the arc with a stick at arm's length.

He sets a chalk mark on the wall where the stone's line of sight crosses, then paces the ground as if it were a dial.

He pockets the pebble the way a priest pockets a relic.

73

INT. UPPER ROOM – NIGHT

A clean page. A heading:

PROPOSITION.

He prints beneath it, unhurried:

The force directing a body to a centre  
is as the square of the velocity divided  
by the distance.

He pauses, then writes a second line:

If that force be of the form  $1 / r^2$   
the orbit may be maintained.

He sits back. The candle is small. He trims the wick.

74

EXT. ORCHARD – DUSK

Bare branches comb a low sky. The thin moon lifts.

ISAAC stands with hat in hand, breath steady.

The NEIGHBOR BOY appears, keeping his distance.

BOY

Sir— my mother says the moon belongs  
to the church.

ISAAC

(still watching)  
She belongs to the rule.

The boy thinks on that, unsure whether to be afraid.

75

INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

GRANDMOTHER pours thin ale. ISAAC stands, cup in hand,  
eyes raw with long hours.

GRANDMOTHER

You speak to no one else.

ISAAC

No one else is the measure.

She tears bread, presses the crust into his palm.

GRANDMOTHER

Measure you'll starve if you forget  
to chew.

A flicker of something like a smile— then gone. He nods,  
eats, and returns up the stair.

76

INT. UPPER ROOM – LATE NIGHT

The small notebook open. A quiet column:

$\dot{x}$ ,  $\dot{y}$ ,  $v$ ,  $r$ .

ISAAC writes, slow and exact:

Deflection in one moment  $\propto v^2 / r$ .

He begins a second column— numbers against numbers— then stops, crosses one out, writes another.

ISAAC  
No. Again.

He writes a third time. Leaves it to dry without breathing.

77

EXT. FIELD / SKY – NIGHT

A stick at arm's length. The moon crawls along the edge.

ISAAC counts a pulse against that crawl, lips barely moving. Wind presses his coat.

He makes a notch on the stick with a knife. Holds his thumb over it as if swearing to it.

ISAAC  
(barely)  
Yes.

78

INT. UPPER ROOM – DAWN

The shutter opens a blade. Papers breathe.

ISAAC sets two figures side by side: one for the apple, one for the moon. He compares without blinking.

He writes a line and lets his hand hover before it lands:

The same cause acts at all distances.

He looks at the words as if they were heavier than ink.

79

EXT. ORCHARD – MIDDAY

The BOY returns with an apple in both hands.

BOY

My mother says I may give you one.

Isaac accepts with grave ceremony. He does not bite.

BOY (CONT'D)

Does the moon fall, then?

ISAAC

Yes.

BOY

Why does she not hit us?

ISAAC

She keeps missing.

The boy laughs, then hushes himself, unsure if laughter is allowed near a man like this.

80

INT. UPPER ROOM – NIGHT

Folios aligned.

OF COLOURS  
OF MOTION  
OF THE DESCENT OF BODIES  
ATTRACTIONS

ISAAC prints a small heading on a new leaf:

SCHOLIUM.

He writes three lines, then stops, listening to the house  
breathe, to the watch tick, to the room remember itself.

He places the pen down as if setting a stone on a cairn.

FADE OUT

81

FADE IN:

INT. UPPER ROOM – LATE NIGHT (1666)

The watch ticks. ISAAC sits over a clean page.

He writes a heading with care:

EXPERIMENTUM CRUCIS.

A narrow \*\*red blade\*\* across a pinned sheet. A second  
prism turns it, leaves it red.

He writes, calm:

Colours are not made by the glass.  
They are original to the rays.

He dots the last word and lets the ink settle.

82

INT. BARN – NIGHT

A drip jar. A pendulum stone.

Drip... swing. Drip... swing.

ISAAC adjusts the length until the two sounds meet.

He writes on his cuff:

$$T \propto \sqrt{l}.$$

He checks the watch, breath measured as prayer.

83

EXT. FIELD – DAWN

Frost holds the ground. Pebbles mark arcs.

ISAAC paces equal steps. He kneels to redraw a small triangle swept from a center mark.

ISAAC  
Equal areas.  
Equal times.

He brushes the frost from his fingers and stands.

84

INT. UPPER ROOM – DAY

Four folios fanned:

OF COLOURS  
OF MOTION  
OF THE DESCENT OF BODIES  
ATTRACTIONS

ISAAC prints a line in neat Latin beneath **\*\*ATTRACTIONS\*\***:

Vis centripeta  $\propto 1 / r^2$ .

He sets the pen down as if it were a weight.

85

INT. KITCHEN – DAY

GRANDMOTHER breaks bread. ISAAC pours water.

GRANDMOTHER  
Your eyes.

ISAAC  
I used them.

GRANDMOTHER  
Use them long.

He nods. Eats standing. Listens to the house breathe.

86

EXT. LANE / LOW WALL – AFTERNOON

The NEIGHBOR BOY waits with a stick at arm's length.

BOY  
I made a mark too.

ISAAC examines the notch with grave attention.  
He returns the stick.

ISAAC  
Keep the measure.

The boy tucks the stick as if it were a sword.

87

INT. UPPER ROOM – EVENING

A single sheet headed:

SCHOLIUM.

ISAAC writes, steady:

The same cause acts at all distances;  
the heavens and the earth are one law.

He pauses. Adds nothing more.

88

INT. UPPER ROOM – NIGHT

The chest open. Notebooks squared. The \*\*unsent letter\*\*  
lies flat between boards.

ISAAC folds \*\*OF COLOURS\*\* and \*\*OF MOTION\*\* in cloth.

He lowers them into the chest without ceremony.

ISAAC  
Not yet.

The key turns. He lifts the loose plank and hides it.

89

INT. STAIRS / LANDING – NIGHT

The parcel HANNAH left sits where it sat.

ISAAC looks at it a long time. He does not touch it.

He carries the candle down the last few steps and sets it on the floor beside the door.

He stands very still, then turns back up.

90

INT. UPPER ROOM – DAWN

Shutter open. Uncoloured light.

Dust drifts like slow stars. ISAAC stands in it, ordinary and altered, the watch ticking in his palm.

On the table a neat final line:

$F \propto 1 / r^2$ .

He places the pen beside it. He does not smile.

HOLD.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE ONE

1

NEWTON  
Episode 2: THE RETURN TO CAMBRIDGE

FADE IN:

INT. TRINITY COLLEGE – GREAT HALL – MORNING (1667)

Sun through leaded glass. Gowns and murmurs.

SUPER: CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY – SPRING 1667

ISAAC NEWTON, 24, stands at the edge with a leather satchel.  
His eyes take in stone, wood, order.

ISAAC BARROW (30s), scholar's calm, crosses to him.

BARROW  
Mr. Newton. Welcome home.

NEWTON  
Thank you, sir.

Barrow's glance falls to the satchel— the corner of a  
brown-paper PARCEL peeks within, unopened.

BARROW  
I hear you kept yourself occupied.

NEWTON

I made notes.

BARROW

Good. We'll have need of them.

A bell. Fellows settle. Barrow gestures to a place beside him.  
Newton tucks the satchel close and sits, a man among men again.

2

EXT. TRINITY – GREAT COURT – LATER

Quiet after. Pigeons on the flagstones.

JOHN WICKINS (20s), open face, jogs up with a grin.

WICKINS

Mr. Newton? John Wickins. We share a  
stair. I'm told you require a room,  
or at least a table.

NEWTON

A table, a door that closes, and a  
window I may make small.

WICKINS

(delighted)  
You'll fit us.

Wickins takes the satchel without asking. Newton lets him.

3

INT. TRINITY – CHAMBERS OF NEWTON & WICKINS – DAY

Bare boards, a small hearth. A desk under a window.

Newton unpacks with orderly economy: quills, a small pocket watch, a prism wrapped in linen.

The PARCEL from Hannah sits on the desk edge. Newton places a hand on it, then withdraws the hand.

WICKINS  
I'll fetch oil and candles.

NEWTON  
And a thick cloth for the window.

Wickins nods, gone. Newton lifts the prism. The room is bright; he lowers it. Not here. Not yet.

4

INT. TRINITY – BARROW'S STUDY – AFTERNOON

Books, diagrams, a brass quadrant. Barrow pours thin wine.

BARROW  
During the closure, the college  
gained silence. You gained— what?

Newton considers his words like weights.

NEWTON  
Relations between quantities. Colours  
are compounded. Motions answer to a  
single rule.

BARROW  
Then begin with optics. A short  
course. Show what can be seen.

NEWTON  
I prefer experiments to company.

BARROW

Then give your company an experiment.

Barrow hands him a small key.

BARROW (CONT'D)

The workroom on the west stair. Mind  
the draught. It steals candles.

5

INT. TRINITY – LECTURE ROOM – DAY

Sparse benches. A slate. A prism on the desk.

NEWTON

Light is compounded. Colours are  
original to the rays.

He draws a beam, a slit, a prism. A STUDENT frowns,  
trying to fix the thought.

STUDENT

Sir— original?

NEWTON

Not made by glass. Shown by it.

He underlines “shown” once, then lets the chalk fall  
to the rail like a period.

6

INT. TRINITY – WORKROOM (WEST STAIR) – NIGHT (WINTER 1667)

A low room, cold stone, good silence. Newton pins black  
cloth over the window, leaving a thumb’s width slit.

A narrow beam threads the dark. He places the PRISM.  
A small rainbow breathes on paper.

He marks angles with a pin, neat ticks.

Wickins appears in the doorway with candles and oil.

WICKINS

You said thick cloth. I brought two.

NEWTON

Good.

The rainbow narrows as Newton adjusts the slit. His face  
does not change, but something settles in him — home.

7

INT. TRINITY – CHAMBERS – NIGHT (WINTER 1667)

The parcel sits. Newton writes at the desk by a low fire.

Of Colours.

Of Motion.

He starts a third title, lifts the pen, sets it down.

He stands, takes the parcel in both hands. A long beat.  
He sets it on the shelf above the hearth, unopened.

8

INT. TRINITY – WORKROOM – NIGHT (SPRING 1668)

Metal scraps, pitch, a circular tool. Newton and Wickins  
work at a bench, turning a DISC against a tool in slow,  
patient circles.

WICKINS

Why a mirror, not a lens?

NEWTON

Lenses split colours. A mirror keeps  
them to their work.

The disc sings a little under the grind. Wickins breathes  
with the motion without meaning to.

WICKINS

And when it's smooth?

NEWTON

We silver it. Then we look back.

9

EXT. TRINITY – ROOF – NIGHT (AUTUMN 1668)

Stars cut hard. A small REFLECTING TELESCOPE on a rough  
mount. Newton kneels, sights, adjusts, breathes.

Wickins stands back, waiting without questions.

WICKINS

Do you have it?

Newton does not answer. The moon edges into perfect focus,  
clean, unfringed — a coin cut from light.

Newton's breath leaves him. He sits back on his heels,  
steady as stone.

NEWTON

(quiet)  
Yes.

INT. TRINITY – BARROW’S STUDY – DAY (WINTER 1668)

The small telescope rests on Barrow’s table. He circles it with a pleased caution.

BARROW  
You’ll take this to London.

NEWTON  
Must I?

BARROW  
The Royal Society receives wonders,  
and this is one.

Newton looks to the instrument, not the man.

NEWTON  
It was made for looking.

BARROW  
(gently)  
Then let them look.

Newton says nothing. He sets the instrument true on the table, as if that were its whole purpose.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. TRINITY – BARROW’S STUDY – MORNING (1669)

Quiet rain. BARROW stands by the window with a sealed letter.

BARROW  
I have resigned the Lucasian chair.

NEWTON looks up, still.

BARROW (CONT'D)  
I have named you my successor.

He puts the letter in Newton's hand.

BARROW (CONT'D)  
Lecture as if no one were present,  
and write as if the world were.

12

INT. TRINITY – CONVOCATION HALL – DAY (1669)

Fellows assembled. The clerk reads Newton's name. A modest murmur. NEWTON bows his head once.

BARROW, a step back among the Fellows, allows himself the smallest smile, unseen by Newton.

13

INT. TRINITY – LECTURE ROOM – DAY (LUCASIAN, 1669)

Sparse benches. A slate. The prism on the desk like a witness.

NEWTON  
The colours are original to the rays.

He draws: beam, slit, prism, band. A student leans forward, trying to keep up with the clarity.

NEWTON (CONT'D)  
I report what may be seen. The rest  
is vanity or sleep.

14

INT. TRINITY – CHAMBERS – NIGHT

The PARCEL from Hannah on the shelf. Unopened. NEWTON writes:

Of Colours.  
Of Motion.  
Of the Descent of Bodies.

He starts to write ATTRACTIONS, then sets the pen down. The  
watch ticks in his palm. He returns the pen to its rest.

15

EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE ROAD – DAWN (WINTER 1671)

NEWTON and WICKINS walk beside a small cart. Wrapped within:  
the reflecting telescope, lashed and careful.

WICKINS  
London is more talk than sky.

NEWTON  
Then we will give it something to see.

16

INT. LONDON – ROYAL SOCIETY – MEETING ROOM – EVENING (1671)

Candles, long table, crowded faces. Fellows: OLDENBURG, ROBERT HOOKE, and the PRESIDENT, BROUNCKER.

The instrument rests on a stand. NEWTON adjusts it without display.

A white screen. The moon blooms on it— crisp, unfringed.

BROUNCKER  
Mr. Newton?

NEWTON  
A mirror gathers the light. The colours  
are not troubled by glass.

Oldenburg's pen races. Hooke watches, intent, face unreadable.

HOOKE  
Ingenious.

Nothing in his voice reveals whether it is praise.

17

INT. LONDON LODGINGS – NIGHT (LATER)

A letter open on the table: the Society's seal.

OLDENBURG (V.O.)  
The Society has elected you a Fellow.  
Pray communicate your experiments  
concerning light and colours.

NEWTON folds the letter, sits very still. The city breathes beyond the shutters.

18

INT. CAMBRIDGE – ISAAC’S CHAMBER – NIGHT (EARLY 1672)

Blank paper. A neat hand.

NEWTON

Sir, the nature of white light is a composition of rays differently refrangible.

He writes as if laying a floor: board, board, board.

19

INT. LONDON – ROYAL SOCIETY – SECRETARY’S ROOM – DAY

OLDENBURG reads Newton’s paper aloud to BROUNCKER. HOOKE stands at the hearth, hands behind his back.

OLDENBURG

“Experimentum crucis...” The single colour remains itself through further refracting.

HOOKE

(evenly)  
And if colours arise by undulations in a medium, Mr. Newton’s glass proves only that glass is obedient.

Oldenburg’s pen hesitates. Brouncker’s eyes flick to Hooke.

20

INT. CAMBRIDGE – ISAAC’S CHAMBER – NIGHT

A reply from London. NEWTON reads, breath shallow, then sets it down and takes a clean sheet.

NEWTON

Sir, I report what I have seen.

He stops. Dips the pen. Adds, smaller:

I desire to offend no man.

He sands the line. Folds the page. The prism on the sill throws  
a brief red blade and then nothing at all.

FADE OUT.

21

FADE IN:

INT. LONDON – ROYAL SOCIETY – MEETING ROOM – EVENING (1672)

Candles. A long table. WREN presides. OLDENBURG reads from  
Newton's paper to the Fellows. HOOKE sits forward, intent.

OLDENBURG

"...the single colour, being taken alone,  
remains itself through further refraction."

A rustle. Eyes drift to Hooke.

HOOKE

If colours arise by undulations in a  
medium, Mr. Newton's glass proves only  
that glass is obedient. Let him vary  
the apparatus— thin plates, inclined  
prisms— and return to us.

Pens scratch. Wren raises a hand for calm.

WREN

We shall solicit Mr. Newton for trials  
under diverse conditions.

INT. CAMBRIDGE – NEWTON’S CHAMBER – NIGHT

A letter bearing the Society’s seal. NEWTON reads, still.  
He sits. Takes a clean sheet.

NEWTON

Sir, I am ill fitted for dispute. I  
report what I have seen, and no more.

He sets the pen down. Takes it up again.

NEWTON (CONT’D)

I pray you spare me further objections.

He sands the line. Folds the page with exact care.

EXT. TRINITY – CLOISTER – DAY

BARROW and NEWTON walk slow beneath the arches.

BARROW

You need not answer every trumpet.

NEWTON

I did not sound it.

BARROW

Then speak once, plain — and keep your  
papers.

Newton nods, eyes on the worn flags at their feet.

INT. TRINITY – LECTURE ROOM – DAY

Sparse benches. A STUDENT raises a hand, uncertain.

STUDENT  
Sir— will you print a book?

NEWTON  
When the lines hold.

STUDENT  
Mr. Hooke says—

Newton wipes the slate with the side of his hand. Silence.

NEWTON  
We will keep to what is seen.

INT. TRINITY – WORKROOM (WEST STAIR) – NIGHT

A lens bowed upon a glass plate. Concentric rings bloom, dark and pale. NEWTON watches without blinking.

He notes, tight hand:

Colours appear with thickness; persist  
under pressure; vanish at contact.

He stops before a theory. Blots the page. Puts the lamp out.

INT. BARROW'S STUDY – AFTERNOON

OLDENBURG's neat hand on a letter. BARROW reads; NEWTON waits.

BARROW

They ask your "experimentum crucis"  
repeated under many forms.

NEWTON

I have no appetite for exhibitions.

BARROW

Then give them a paragraph, not a war.

He offers the letter. Newton does not take it.

27

INT. NEWTON'S CHAMBER – NIGHT

Drafts, crossed. A final copy, spare:

NEWTON (V.O.)

Sir, I am resolved to abstain from  
further contest. Pray publish no more  
of my papers, nor send objections to me.

He seals the sheet. Sets the wafer with a steady thumb.

He opens a drawer, lays the MIRROR wrapped in linen within,  
and closes it like a mouth shutting.

28

EXT. CAMBRIDGE – COFFEEHOUSE DOOR – EVENING

Voices within, quick with names.

VOICE (O.S.)

...Newton says particles— Hooke says waves—

NEWTON pauses at the threshold. He turns away. The door's chatter resumes as if he were never there.

29

INT. NEWTON'S CHAMBER – LATE

A Bible open to DANIEL. A narrow column of dates. NEWTON writes a figure; then shuts the book as if it burned.

He takes up a clean sheet; prints a quiet title:

OPTICKS.

He stares at the word, then flips the sheet face-down.

30

INT. NEWTON & WICKINS' CHAMBERS – DAWN

Grey light. WICKINS sleeps. NEWTON stands by the window, the unopened PARCEL from Hannah on the shelf above the hearth.

He reaches. Stops. Lets his hand fall.

He opens the casement an inch. Cold air. The room's smoke draws cleanly.

He sets the prism on the sill and leaves it there, a simple thing that will not speak.

FADE OUT.

31

FADE IN:

INT. TRINITY – LECTURE ROOM – MORNING (1673)

Benches mostly empty. A bell far off. NEWTON writes on the slate with a steady hand: a beam, a slit, a prism.

NEWTON  
The single colour, taken alone,  
remains itself through further  
refraction.

A lone STUDENT at the back nods, scribbling. No one else.

Newton underlines REMAINS ITSELF once. He leaves it there.

32

EXT. TRINITY – QUAD – DAY

A cold sun. BARROW walks with NEWTON beneath bare trees.

BARROW  
London wants more of you.

NEWTON  
I have written what I can bear.

BARROW  
Then keep your pages. Speak plain  
when you must, and otherwise be deaf.

Newton inclines his head, relieved by a rule he can keep.

INT. TRINITY – THE ALCHEMY ROOM – NIGHT

Coals breathe. A retort gives back dull light. Quicksilver  
nods along the glass throat.

NEWTON notes in cipher, cramped and exact:

Solve et coagula. Antimony bites;  
fix the volatile; seek the seed.

He closes the book with the palm of his hand, sealing it.

INT. TRINITY – LIBRARY ALCOVE – DUSK

A posted leaf of STATUTES. One line, neat and pitiless:

The Lucasian Professor shall, within seven  
years, take Holy Orders.

NEWTON reads without blinking. WICKINS arrives with a candle.

WICKINS

They've mended the east stair. Not  
the draught.

NEWTON

This will not mend by itself.

INT. BARROW'S STUDY – NIGHT

Papers in small castles. BARROW sits; NEWTON stands.

NEWTON  
I cannot take Orders.

BARROW  
Then you must not be made to.

NEWTON  
I cannot say what I do not hold.

BARROW  
We shall ask the King to dispense with  
the requirement. State only what is  
needful; keep your soul out of it.

Newton breathes once, as if a door had been opened.

36

INT. NEWTON & WICKINS' CHAMBERS – LATE

The room quiet as paper. NEWTON writes a clean petition:

That the Lucasian Professor may continue  
in his post without entering into Orders,  
being wholly employed in mathematics.

He sands the line. Folds. Seals. Hands the wafer to WICKINS.

WICKINS  
I'll carry it at first light.

Newton nods, grateful without saying so.

INT. LONDON – WHITEHALL PASSAGE – DAY (WEEKS LATER)

A narrow corridor of tapestries and lists. A CLERK takes the sealed petition from a MESSENGER's hand and vanishes through another door. Voices in other rooms; the soft grind of quills.

INT. TRINITY – CLOISTER / CHAPEL DOOR – DAY (WINTER 1675)

Footsteps echo. A MESSENGER approaches, breath clouding.

He offers a folded document with a broad wafer seal.

NEWTON breaks it. Reads. His shoulders settle by the smallest degree— a man removed from a ledge without moving his feet.

He pockets the paper as if it were glass.

INT. TRINITY – LECTURE ROOM – DAY

More benches filled than before, though not many. A prism on the desk like a witness.

NEWTON

We will keep to what is seen.

He draws a narrow beam, a band of colours. A STUDENT raises a hand and then lowers it, satisfied to watch.

INT. NEWTON'S CHAMBERS – NIGHT

The PARCEL from Hannah on the shelf above the hearth. Unopened.

NEWTON writes on a title leaf, neat and spare:

OPTICKS.

He turns the page over, face-down, and sets the pen precisely beside it. The watch ticks in his palm.

He opens the casement an inch. Cold air draws the smoke clean.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. LONDON – ROYAL SOCIETY – MEETING ROOM – NIGHT (DEC 1675)

Candles low. Fellows gathered. OLDENBURG reads from a fresh letter in Newton's hand, stamped from Cambridge.

OLDENBURG

"An Hypothesis explaining the Properties  
of Light..."

He continues: ether, fits, rays, trials. Pens whisper.

HOOKE leans back, eyes sharp, voice even.

HOOKE

Hypothesis is a soft pillow. I ask for  
proofs, not beds.

A murmur. WREN lifts a hand; calm returns in a thin layer.

WREN

We are obliged to Mr. Newton for his pains. Further trials will do the rest.

42

INT. CAMBRIDGE – NEWTON’S CHAMBER – NIGHT

The same letter, copied. A reply from London beside it: Hooke’s objections in a neat, cold hand.

NEWTON sits very still. He dips the pen, sets it down.

He writes only:

Sir, I report what I have seen. I am not fitted for disputes.

He sands the line. Leaves the rest of the page blank.

43

INT. TRINITY – BARROW’S STUDY – DAY

BARROW pours thin wine, offers none.

BARROW

You may answer a man once. Not twice.

NEWTON

Then I will answer once— and no more.

BARROW

Or not at all. That is also speech.

Newton inclines his head, grateful for the permission to be quiet.

44

INT. TRINITY – THE ALCHEMY ROOM – NIGHT

Coals breathe low. A retort bright at the throat.

NEWTON decants quicksilver that rolls like a living thing.  
He notes in cipher:

Fix the volatile. Seek the seed.

He closes the book with his palm as if to keep something in.

45

INT. LONDON – ROYAL SOCIETY – SECRETARY’S ROOM – DAY (1676)

OLDENBURG at his desk, two letters open.

OLDENBURG  
(to himself)  
Mr. Leibniz of Hanover— series and  
differences— asks what Mr. Newton knows.

He dips the pen to write north, then writes east instead,  
to Cambridge.

46

INT. CAMBRIDGE – LIBRARY ALCOVE – AFTERNOON (JUNE 1676)

A sunlight bar across bindings. NEWTON reads Oldenburg's neat request. He takes a clean sheet.

He writes without flourish:

Series for the arc of a circle.  
For the binomial.  
For the rectification of curves.

He adds, spare:

The method will be shown another time.

47

INT. NEWTON'S CHAMBER – NIGHT

A small page headed:

METHODUS FLUXIONUM.

Dots above letters.  $\dot{x}$ ,  $\dot{y}$ ,  $v$ ,  $r$ .

NEWTON writes three lines, then crosses them through and lays the sheet under the rest.

NEWTON  
(barely)  
Not this.

48

INT. LONDON – ROYAL SOCIETY – SECRETARY'S ROOM – DAY  
(AUTUMN)

OLDENBURG reads Newton's series to a small circle. Interest brightens the room.

FELLOW

He sends fruit— hides the tree.

Hooke says nothing, eyes on the page, not impressed and not unimpressed.

49

INT. TRINITY – LECTURE ROOM – DAY

Benches modestly filled. A prism on the desk like a witness.

NEWTON

We will keep to what is seen.

He draws: a beam, a slit, a band. A STUDENT raises a hand.

STUDENT

Sir— is it true you write to a German  
about new mathematics?

NEWTON

I write when there is something to say.

He returns to the band until it is thin as a blade.

50

INT. NEWTON & WICKINS' CHAMBERS – DAWN

Grey light. The PARCEL from Hannah on the shelf above the  
hearth. Unopened.

NEWTON reaches. Stops. Lets his hand fall.

He opens the casement an inch. Cold air draws the smoke clean.

He sets the prism on the sill. The room is quiet as paper.

NEWTON  
(to himself)  
Enough.

He sits. He does not write.

FADE OUT.

51

FADE IN:

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON’S CHAMBER – NIGHT (LATE 1676)

A clean sheet. A small stack of fair copies beside it.

NEWTON writes with restrained precision:

To Mr. Oldenburg— communicate to Mr. Leibniz:  
series for the arc; for the binomial; for  
curves by indivisibles.

He stops. Adds, smaller:

The method itself I reserve.

He dries the ink. Seals the packet like a wound.

52

INT. LONDON – ROYAL SOCIETY – SECRETARY’S ROOM – DAY

OLDENBURG reads Newton’s series to a small circle.

FELLOW

He sends fruit— hides the tree.

OLDENBURG allows himself the ghost of a smile.

OLDENBURG

Some orchards are walled. We are  
fortunate to taste at all.

He folds the letter with careful hands.

53

INT. TRINITY – LECTURE ROOM – MORNING (EARLY 1677)

Benches thin. A prism on the desk like a witness.

NEWTON

We keep to what is seen.

He draws: beam, slit, band. A STUDENT waits for more.  
There is no more. Newton lets the silence be the lesson.

54

INT. TRINITY – THE ALCHEMY ROOM – NIGHT

Coals breathe. A retort glows at the throat.

Quicksilver beads crawl and join. A faint cough from NEWTON,  
hand to his chest. He notes in cipher:

Fix the volatile. Seek the seed.  
Beware the fumes.

He closes the book with his palm, as if to keep something in.

INT. NEWTON & WICKINS' CHAMBERS – NIGHT

WICKINS sets bread and broth on the desk. NEWTON does not look up from a neat table of numbers.

WICKINS  
Cold, before long.

Newton writes one last figure. Stops. Eats two careful spoonfuls; returns the spoon to the bowl like an instrument.

NEWTON  
Thank you.

Wickins nods. Blows out one candle. Leaves the other.

EXT. TRINITY – GREAT COURT – WINTER DAY (1677)

A muffled bell tolls. Gowns move with a slow purpose.

A beadle pins a small notice to the hall door. Hands fold. Heads bow. A name passed in low voices: \*\*Barrow\*\*.

INT. TRINITY – CHAPEL – DAY (BARROW'S FUNERAL)

Stone, hush, winter light. The coffin rests before the choir.

A CANON speaks of learning and charity. NEWTON stands back,

hat in hand, face unreadable.

The choir begins a plain psalm. Newton's lips move with the words but make no sound.

As the coffin moves, he bows his head once— not to death, but to a debt.

58

INT. LONDON – ROYAL SOCIETY – SECRETARY'S ROOM – DAY (LATE 1677)

OLDENBURG'S DESK— neat, vacant. A black ribbon pinned to a folded notice: \*\*Henry Oldenburg, deceased\*\*.

A JUNIOR CLERK gathers letters in a less certain hand. Hooke's steps pass the doorway without slowing.

59

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON'S CHAMBER – NIGHT

A fresh letter from London. A different hand. The tone too brisk by half.

NEWTON reads. Sets it down. Takes a clean sheet.

NEWTON

Sir, I shall trouble you no further  
concerning light. Pray forbear the  
printing of any more of my papers.

He sands the line. Folds. Seals. The wafer cools under his thumb.

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON’S CHAMBER – DAWN

The room grey and exact. The PARCEL from Hannah sits where it has always sat.

NEWTON writes a single word on a fresh title leaf:

OPTICKS.

He turns the leaf face-down. Opens the casement an inch. Cold air draws the smoke clean.

He sets the prism on the sill. It does not speak.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. TRINITY – LECTURE ROOM – MORNING (1678)

Benches bare. A draught under the door. NEWTON writes on the slate anyway: beam, slit, prism, band.

NEWTON

The single colour, taken alone,  
remains itself.

He sets the chalk down as if someone might answer.

No one does. He erases the board with the side of his hand.

INT. TRINITY – PORTER’S LODGE – DAY

A letter from LINCOLNSHIRE. The PORTER holds it out.

PORTER  
From Woolsthorpe, sir.

NEWTON breaks the seal, reads without moving.

A line only: \*\*Your mother is ill.\*\*

He nods once. Turns toward the gate.

63

INT. WOOLSTHORPE – KITCHEN – DUSK (1679)

The old kettle’s breath. A MAID stirs broth, eyes lowered.

NEWTON stands in his old coat, hat in hand, listening to the house he knows too well.

MAID  
She sleeps, sir. Wakes and sleeps.

64

INT. WOOLSTHORPE – HANNAH’S ROOM – NIGHT

HANNAH in the half-dark, smaller than memory. NEWTON sits, hat on his knees. The window’s warp makes the moon a tear.

HANNAH  
You kept yourself... busy.

NEWTON

Yes.

HANNAH

Be... as you are.

He inclines his head. The watch ticks, small and sure.

65

EXT. WOOLSTHORPE – ORCHARD – DAWN

Bare branches comb a pale sky. NEWTON stands by the low wall. Frost holds last year's marks like a palimpsest.

He does not draw. He puts his hands in his coat and looks up until his eyes water.

66

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON'S CHAMBER – AUTUMN EVENING (1679)

A new letter with the ROYAL SOCIETY seal. NEWTON breaks it.

HOOKE (V.O.)

Sir, what curve would a body describe  
if, its motion being compounded of a  
uniform tangent and a continual  
attraction to a center, that  
attraction were as the inverse square?

Newton reads to the end. Sets the page flat. Takes a clean sheet without hurry.

67

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON’S CHAMBER – NIGHT

A circle. A tangent. Small triangles swept from a center.

NEWTON writes, measured:

Equal areas in equal times.

He adds a second line, smaller:

A curve tending to an ellipse.

He stops. Draws the knife across the last word. Leaves the scar and writes nothing in its place.

68

INT. TRINITY – GARRET – LATE NIGHT

The old folios: \*\*OF MOTION\*\*, \*\*ATTRACTIONS\*\*. NEWTON lays them out in a precise fan. The watch on the table like a metronome.

He writes a clean heading:

Of Centripetal Motion.

He copies two lines from a Woolsthorpe page, then shuts the folio as if it were hot.

69

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON’S CHAMBER – MORNING

A reply drafts itself in spare phrases.

NEWTON (V.O.)  
Sir, the compounding of a uniform  
motion with a centripetal deflection  
yields areas proportional to times.  
The curve may be maintained —

He stops. Crosses \*\*maintained\*\*. Writes \*\*preserved\*\*. Stops again.

He folds the page. Seals it. Holds the wafer till it cools.

70

EXT. TRINITY – ROOF – NIGHT

Stars cold as grain. The moon edges along the stick at arm's  
length. NEWTON counts a pulse, lips barely moving.

He lowers the stick. Pockets the watch.

He stands in the uncoloured light a long time, as if the  
sky itself were a problem that would keep.

FADE OUT.

71

FADE IN:

INT. TRINITY – PORTER'S LODGE – DAY (LATE 1679)

A letter from LINCOLNSHIRE. The PORTER holds it out.

PORTER  
From Woolsthorpe, sir.

NEWTON breaks the seal. Reads.

A single line, plain as stone:  
Your mother has died.

He nods once. Folds the paper very square.

72

EXT. WOOLSTHORPE – CHURCHYARD – DUSK

Bare trees against a low sky. A simple coffin. The parish stands in their best silence.

NEWTON at the back, hat in hand. The psalm moves past him like weather. He bows his head once— not to death, but to a debt.

A spade takes earth. The sound is exact and final.

73

INT. WOOLSTHORPE – UPPER ROOM – NIGHT

The old table, the old beam of memory.

NEWTON stands with the brown-paper PARCEL in both hands. He loosens the string, lifts the paper.

Inside: a folded child's linen cap, carefully washed;  
a short note in Hannah's hand:

Be as you are.

He sets the note beside the watch. He does not sit.

74

EXT. CAMBRIDGE ROAD – DAWN

Frost at the ditch. NEWTON walks back toward stone and rule, the parcel folded flat in his satchel.

75

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON’S CHAMBER – NIGHT (WINTER 1680)

A letter with the ROYAL SOCIETY seal. NEWTON breaks it.

HOOKE (V.O.)

Sir, I have considered your areas.  
Pray also consider whether the curve  
be other than an ellipse.

Newton reads to the end. He takes a clean sheet.

He writes three words:  
Equal areas hold.

He stops. Folds the sheet. Leaves it unsealed.

76

EXT. CAMBRIDGE – QUAD / SKY – EVENING (DECEMBER 1680)

Heads tilt up. A COMET burns over the stone, a long blade of light across the cold.

Voices— fear, delight, argument.

NEWTON steps into the court, hat in hand, eyes steady.  
He raises a stick at arm’s length. Counts a slow pulse.

INT. TRINITY – CHAMBER – NIGHT

By candle, NEWTON writes a neat address:

To Mr. John Flamsteed, Astronomer Royal

He drafts with care:

Sir, I desire your observations of the  
late comet's right ascensions and times.

He blots the line. Folds. Seals.

INT. GREENWICH – FLAMSTEED'S ROOM – NIGHT

Instruments by the window. Tables neat as a prayer.

JOHN FLAMSTEED reads Newton's letter, pleased by the hand,  
pricked by the brevity.

He writes, exact:

Sir, observations as desired enclosed.  
Clouds made some nights unprofitable.

He sands the page. Smiles a private, tidy smile.

INT. TRINITY – GARRET – LATE NIGHT (EARLY 1681)

Flames low. NEWTON lays out Flamsteed's figures.

A circle. A chord. A small triangle swept from a center.

He draws a clean curve and stops his hand an inch early,  
as if the last inch belonged to someone else.

He closes the folio. Sets the pen down like a weight.

80

INT. TRINITY – LECTURE ROOM – DAY

Benches modestly filled. A prism on the desk like a witness.

NEWTON

We will keep to what is seen.

He draws a beam, a slit, a band. He underlines nothing.

A STUDENT opens his mouth; closes it. Watches the band  
until it is thin as a blade.

FADE OUT.

81

FADE IN:

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON'S CHAMBER – NIGHT (1682)

A pale tail through the casement— a COMET scraping the sky.  
NEWTON notes by candle:

Right ascension... time... arc.

He pauses, coughs once, then writes a second neat column.

EXT. TRINITY – QUAD – NIGHT

Students and townsfolk point, murmur, cross themselves.  
The COMET burns clean over stone.

NEWTON stands back from the crowd, hat in hand, eyes steady.  
He raises a stick at arm's length. Counts a slow pulse.

INT. TRINITY – LIBRARY ALCOVE – DAY (1683)

A folded notice edged in black: \*\*John Collins deceased\*\*.

NEWTON reads it, still. The old channel closed. He returns  
the leaf to the table with exact care, as if it might shatter.

INT. NEWTON'S CHAMBER – NIGHT

A fair title leaf:

Of Motion.

Beneath it, a clean heading:

De motu corporum.

NEWTON writes two lines, stops, crosses them through with a  
single stroke, and lays the sheet under the rest.

NEWTON  
(barely)  
Not yet.

85

EXT. RIVER CAM – DAY

Bare willows. WICKINS walks with NEWTON.

WICKINS  
They say you should print a book.

NEWTON  
Books are doors that do not shut.

WICKINS  
Some doors should not.

Newton says nothing. The river moves without opinion.

86

INT. LONDON – COFFEEHOUSE NEAR THE ROYAL SOCIETY – NIGHT  
(JAN 1684)

Smoke, ink, low voices. HALLEY (late 20s), bright and brisk;  
HOOKE (sharp, contained); WREN (calm as stone).

HOOKE  
The planets keep an ellipse by an  
attraction as the inverse square.

WREN  
Then prove it, Mr. Hooke— and I'll lay  
forty shillings for the man who does.

Halley watches Hooke's mouth say "certain" and his eyes say "later." He pockets the wager with a private resolve.

87

EXT. TRINITY – GREAT COURT – DAY (SUMMER 1684)

Sun on stone. A MESSENGER hands the PORTER a card.

The PORTER crosses to NEWTON with ceremony he rarely bothers.

PORTER  
A gentleman of London, sir.

On the card, a neat hand:

Mr. Edmond Halley.

88

INT. TRINITY – STAIR / LANDING – DAY

Footsteps climb. WICKINS opens, then stands aside.

HALLEY at the threshold— travel dust, quick eyes, a mind already in motion.

HALLEY  
Mr. Newton— forgive the liberty.

89

INT. NEWTON'S CHAMBER – DAY – CONTINUOUS

The prism on the sill. The \*\*parcel note\*\* — \*Be as you are\* — tucked in the frame.

HALLEY and NEWTON stand, evenly matched in stillness and speed of thought.

HALLEY

If a body were kept to its path by an attraction that falls off as the square of the distance— what curve would it describe?

A beat. NEWTON's answer is simple and exact.

NEWTON

An ellipse.

Halley blinks, then laughs once— not mockery, but delight.

HALLEY

How do you know?

NEWTON

I have calculated it.

A smaller beat.

HALLEY

May I see?

NEWTON

I have mislaid the paper.

Halley smiles despite himself.

HALLEY steps nearer the table as if not to frighten a bird.

HALLEY  
Then I must beg you to find it. Or  
failing that— to write it again.

Newton's hand rests on the watch. The room breathes.

NEWTON  
(after a moment)  
I will write it.

Halley inclines his head, as if accepting a vow.

HOLD on the two men in the small, exact room— the air  
changing shape around a promise.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE TWO

1

NEWTON  
Episode 3: THE CRUCIBLE OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY

FADE IN:

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON'S CHAMBER – NIGHT (AUTUMN 1684)

A clean folio. The watch ticks. NEWTON writes a title,  
calm as iron:

DE MOTU CORPORUM IN GYRO.

He draws a circle, a tangent, a small triangle swept  
from a center.

NEWTON

Equal areas... equal times.

He writes a proposition. Then a second. No flourish.  
Only necessity.

2

EXT. CAMBRIDGE ROAD – DAY

HALLEY rides hard north, cloak snapping. A slim satchel  
at his side— letters, a wager folded to nothing.

3

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON’S CHAMBER – AFTERNOON

The folio thickens by inches. HALLEY stands, still as a  
parishioner.

Newton lays the manuscript on the table.

HALLEY  
May I?

Newton nods. Halley reads. The room grows quiet around him.

HALLEY (CONT'D)  
(soft, to the page)  
Laws like pillars. The world with a  
roof at last.

He looks up, alight.

HALLEY (CONT'D)  
I will see it printed.

NEWTON

It is a tract. A beginning.

HALLEY  
Then begin the rest.

4

INT. LONDON – COFFEEHOUSE NEAR THE ROYAL SOCIETY – NIGHT

Smoke, ink, wagers. HOOKE at a corner table, sharp and contained. WREN calm as stone. HALLEY fresh back from Cambridge, dust on his cuffs and fire in his eyes.

HALLEY  
An ellipse— proved. And not by guess.

HOOKE  
I said as much years since.

WREN  
(mild)  
You said. He shows.

Hooke's mouth smiles; his eyes do not.

HOOKE  
We shall see what he owes to me.

5

INT. LONDON – ROYAL SOCIETY – SECRETARY'S ROOM – DAY

A narrow room full of paper. HALLEY spreads Newton's tract before a JUNIOR CLERK.

HALLEY  
Announce to the Fellows. Summon a

committee for the printing.

The Clerk hesitates, glancing at a ledger.

CLERK

Sir, the Society's purse— the  
\*History of Fishes\* —

HALLEY

Then I will be the purse.

He smiles, not unkindly, and takes up the tract as if it  
were light.

6

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON'S CHAMBER – NIGHT (WINTER 1684)

Paper in small castles. A new heading:

AXIOMATA, SIVE LEGES MOTUS.

Newton writes the first law without adornment. Then  
the second. Then the third.

He sits back, the watch ticking like a tame heart.

7

INT. LONDON – ROYAL SOCIETY – MEETING ROOM – EVENING

Candles. Fellows. HALLEY presents Newton's tract.

HALLEY

Mr. Newton demonstrates laws by which  
the heavens and earth keep one rule.

HOOKE folds his hands, smile thin.

HOOKE  
Invite him to acknowledge what is due.

WREN's eyebrow is the only sign of weather.

WREN  
We invite him to write a book.

8

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON'S CHAMBER – DAY (EARLY 1685)

A letter in Hooke's exact hand. NEWTON reads, still.

HOOKE (V.O.)  
Sir, I have long since found that  
attraction as the inverse square will  
enforce an ellipse. Pray you will  
acknowledge.

Newton lays the letter flat. Takes a clean sheet.

NEWTON  
Sir, I derive not conjecture, but  
demonstration. I shall credit any man  
for what he has shown.

He stops. Draws a line through **any**. Writes **every**.  
Leaves it.

9

INT. LONDON – HALLEY'S STUDY – NIGHT

Papers in ordered storms. HALLEY reads Newton's cool reply.

He exhales, then writes another letter in a different hand:

HALLEY (V.O.)  
Mr. Hooke grows exacting. Pray bear  
it— for the book's sake.

He seals the letter, then looks to a ledger with a private  
wince. The number he writes for printer's credit is his own.

10

INT. TRINITY – GARRET – NIGHT (SPRING 1685)

The manuscript grows: PROPOSITIONES in a clean column.

Wickins sleeps in a chair, cloak about him. NEWTON writes  
on, the candle low.

He titles a fresh leaf:

PHILOSOPHIAE NATURALIS  
PRINCIPIA MATHEMATICA.

He sets the pen down as if setting a stone on a cairn.

FADE OUT.

11

FADE IN:

INT. LONDON – PRINTER'S SHOP (STREATER) – DAY (1685)

Racks of type. The smell of ink. A proof of "DE MOTU"  
lies on the stone.

HALLEY speaks with the PRINTER, easy and exact.

PRINTER

A large work, sir. Many formes. The  
Society's purse—

HALLEY

Is thin. My own is not generous, but  
it is willing. We proceed.

The Printer nods, measuring Halley's resolve.

12

INT. LONDON – SAMUEL PEPYS' STUDY – EVENING (1686)

Shelves, ledgers, a careful hand. PEPYS, President of the  
Royal Society, reads a neat sheet: an **\*\*IMPRIMATUR\*\*** draft.

PEPYS

(pleased)

Mr. Halley— you have brought me order.

HALLEY

Mr. Newton has written it.

Pepys signs with a flourish that is not vain, only tidy.

PEPYS

Then print the book.

13

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON'S CHAMBER – NIGHT

A letter in Hooke's exact hand.

HOOKE (V.O.)

Sir, I have long since proposed the  
inverse-square proportion; I expect  
acknowledgement.

NEWTON sets the letter flat. Takes up a clean sheet.

NEWTON  
(writing)  
Sir, I shall acknowledge every man  
for what he has shown.

He stops. Draws a line through **every**. Leaves it bare.

14

INT. GREENWICH – FLAMSTEED'S ROOM – NIGHT (1686)

Instruments by the window. Tables neat as a prayer.

NEWTON (V.O.)  
Sir, I desire observations of the  
comet and of Jupiter's moons; the  
times exact.

FLAMSTEED writes with tidy pride:

FLAMSTEED  
Sir, enclosed the best the weather  
would suffer.

He sands the page like a benediction.

15

INT. LONDON – ROYAL SOCIETY – MEETING ROOM – EVENING

Candles. Fellows. HALLEY lays out clean sheets.

HALLEY  
Book I is ready for press.

HOOKE folds his hands.

HOOKE  
With acknowledgements due.

WREN's eyebrow is weather again.

WREN  
With proofs due. We have them.

16

INT. TRINITY – GARRET – NIGHT (1686)

Paper in small castles. NEWTON writes a heading:

DE RESISTENTIA MEDIORUM.

A trough of water. Wooden forms. A pendulum bob dragged through, slowed and counted against the watch.

He notes, spare:

Velocity lost  $\propto$  resistance.

He sets the pen down as if setting a weight.

17

INT. LONDON – HALLEY'S STUDY – NIGHT

Ledgers, letters, a quiet deficit.

HALLEY writes to Cambridge in a different hand.

HALLEY (V.O.)  
Mr. Hooke presses. Bear it— for the  
book's sake. I will answer the noise.

He looks at the ledger, adds a number in his own column.

18

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON'S CHAMBER – NIGHT

A fresh letter from London. Hooke's tone colder.

HOOKE (V.O.)  
Sir, if I am not properly owned, I  
shall make it known at the Society.

NEWTON sits still a long time. Then writes, precise:

NEWTON  
Sir, I derive not conjecture but  
demonstration. I shall alter nothing.

He folds the sheet without heat.

19

INT. LONDON – ROYAL SOCIETY – SECRETARY'S ROOM – DAY (1687)

HALLEY with a parcel of proofs. A JUNIOR CLERK hovers.

CLERK  
Mr. Hooke says Mr. Newton suppresses  
his due.

HALLEY

Mr. Newton suppresses nothing but heat.

He gathers the formes.

HALLEY (CONT'D)

Tell Mr. Hooke the press will not wait.

20

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON'S CHAMBER – NIGHT (MIDSUMMER 1687)

A bound volume, fresh and spare:

PHILOSOPHIAE NATURALIS  
PRINCIPIA MATHEMATICA.

WICKINS sets it on the table as if it might fly.

NEWTON rests a hand on the cover. He does not smile.

The watch ticks in his palm. The room remembers itself.

FADE OUT.

21

FADE IN:

INT. LONDON – ROYAL SOCIETY – MEETING ROOM – EVENING (1687)

A fresh copy of the PRINCIPIA on the table. Candles low.

NEWTON stands with HALLEY. WREN presides. HOOKE sits forward,  
hands folded, polite as a blade.

HOOKE

Mr. Newton— the inverse square was long

since proposed by me. I expect  
acknowledgement.

A thin silence. Newton's voice is quiet and level.

NEWTON

I derive demonstrations, not guesses.  
I shall credit every man for what he  
has shown.

Hooke's smile does not reach his eyes.

WREN

Let the book answer for itself.

Halley closes the volume with care, as if it were live.

22

EXT. CAMBRIDGE – SENATE HOUSE – DAY (LATE 1687)

A notice posted; murmurs thicken. KING JAMES's **\*\*mandamus\*\***:  
admit a Catholic **\*\*without oaths\*\***.

INT. SENATE HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Fellows gather under the high ceiling. The VICE-CHANCELLOR  
reads with a careful hand.

FELLOW

We must send delegates to London.

ANOTHER

Newton. He will not gild a line.

Heads turn. NEWTON inclines his own— once.

23

INT. LONDON – ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION – DAY

A bare room with too much authority. COMMISSIONERS at a long table. The Vice-Chancellor, TWO FELLOWS, and NEWTON stand.

COMMISSIONER  
The King commands. Will you obey?

A beat. Newton's answer is clean.

NEWTON  
Our statutes are not ornaments.

The words fall with more weight than volume.

COMMISSIONER  
You are stubborn men.

NEWTON  
We are careful ones.

Pens scratch. No one raises a voice.

24

EXT. TRINITY – GREAT COURT – DAWN (NOVEMBER 1688)

Frost. A BROADSIDE from the gate: \*\*The Prince of Orange has landed.\*\* Students and townsmen read with wide eyes.

NEWTON studies the sheet in silence. Bells begin to answer each other across the city like thoughts agreeing.

25

INT. LONDON – HOUSE OF COMMONS – DAY (1689)

Benches crowded. Papers like wings. NEWTON sits among Members for the \*\*Convention Parliament\*\*.

A draft chills the chamber. Newton raises a hand, half apologetic.

NEWTON  
Pray... shut the window.

A few smiles; more ink. Newton folds his hands and listens.

26

INT. LONDON – LOCKE'S ROOMS – EVENING (1690)

Books and plain light. JOHN LOCKE, calm and keen, pours wine. NEWTON stands at the lattice, measuring silence.

LOCKE  
You have given the world laws.  
What do you keep back?

NEWTON  
Noise.

LOCKE  
(a small smile)  
And light?

NEWTON  
Light is many. It sleeps well in paper.

They drink without ceremony.

27

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON’S CHAMBER – DAY (1691)

NICOLAS FATIO DE DUILLIER, brilliant, quick, a little fierce,  
stands at the threshold with a letter in perfect hand.

FATIO

Sir— I have read your book until the  
paper wore thin. May I trouble its author?

Newton gestures to the table. Two minds take their seats.

NEWTON

Show me what you have found.

Chalk walks. Time forgets itself.

28

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON’S CHAMBER – NIGHT (1693)

A letter half-written. NEWTON’s hand trembles where it never  
did. Ink pools.

NEWTON

(murmur)  
Betrayed... undone...

He stops himself. Breath shallow. The watch ticks too loud.

WICKINS at the door, careful.

WICKINS

Sir?

Newton folds the letter with exact care and sets it aside,  
eyes bright with a fever that has no heat.

INT. TRINITY – THE ALCHEMY ROOM – LATE NIGHT (1693)

Coals. A retort bright at the throat. Quicksilver crawls,  
beads, joins, parts. Newton coughs; presses a cloth to his lips.

He writes in cipher, smaller than before:

Beware the fumes.

He snuffs the fire. The room keeps its shape in the dark.

EXT. TRINITY – GREAT COURT – DAY (1696)

A MESSENGER crosses the court with purpose.

INT. NEWTON'S CHAMBER – CONTINUOUS

A folded letter with a broad hand: \*\*CHARLES MONTAGU\*\*.

Newton reads:

Warden of the Royal Mint, if you will.

He looks once at the prism on the sill, once at the watch  
in his palm.

NEWTON  
(quiet)  
I will.

He sets the letter down as if it might bruise— and begins  
to gather the pages he will carry to London.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. TOWER OF LONDON – ROYAL MINT – DAY (1696)

Stone, furnaces, clipped coins in sacks like dead birds.  
NEWTON stands with CHARLES MONTAGU (Halifax), precise eyes  
on chaos.

MONTAGU

A Warden's post is a sinecure for most.

NEWTON

Then it will be most unusual.

Newton takes a clipped crown, weighs it in the palm.

NEWTON (CONT'D)

We shall recoin all. And find those  
who steal the edge.

A MASTER WORKMAN watches him with new respect.

INT. MINT – NEWTON'S OFFICE – NIGHT

Ledgers like small fortresses. A map of London pocked with  
pins. NEWTON marks \*\*taverns\*\* and \*\*alley presses\*\*.

NEWTON

(to a RUNNER)

Find the filings. Follow the filings.

He opens a drawer— moulds, trial shillings. He writes:

Names repeated with no trade.  
Watch the goldsmiths' waste.

The watch ticks like a metronome to a hunt.

33

INT. TAVERN – BACK ROOM – NIGHT

Low talk. An INFORMANT twists a cap in nervous hands.

INFORMANT  
Chaloner's got a press, sir— two, mayhap.  
Says he can coin better than the King.

NEWTON is very still.

NEWTON  
Where.

INFORMANT  
Clerkenwell first— then he moved it.  
Leaves filings like snow.

Newton folds a paper, exact.

NEWTON  
You will show me snow.

34

EXT. OLD BAILEY – DAY (MARCH 1699)

A crowd like weather. Inside—

INT. OLD BAILEY – COURT – CONTINUOUS

WILLIAM CHALONER at the bar, defiance like polish. NEWTON stands in the well with papers tidy as blades.

CLERK

Sir Isaac Newton— Warden of His Majesty's Mint.

Newton lays out short facts: presses, dies, informants, filings taken from boots and under nails.

NEWTON

(even)

The edges tell where a hand has been.

A juror nods before he knows he has.

35

EXT. TYBURN – DAY (1699)

A wooden geometry against the sky. The crowd breathes as one. CHALONER is a small figure on a large machine.

NEWTON stands apart, hat in hand, eyes steady. No relish, no flinch. When it is done, he turns away first.

36

INT. TREASURY – MONTAGU'S ROOM – DAY (LATE 1699)

Sun on ledgers. MONTAGU with a neat warrant.

MONTAGU

Master of the Mint— if you will.

NEWTON reads once. Signs with a hand that does not shake.

NEWTON

Then we begin again.

37

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – PARLOUR – EVENING (1700)

Polite light, careful talk. CATHERINE BARTON (early 20s), bright, composed, pours for a small company.

CATHERINE

Uncle keeps early hours. And later ones.

She moves like a hostess, but her glance checks Newton's comfort as if he were the guest.

Newton stands at the window, listening to a city that is not yet his, and already is.

38

INT. TRINITY – NEWTON'S CHAMBER – DAY (1701)

Bare walls, packed folios. WICKINS helps fold a cloak.

WICKINS

You'll keep your rooms?

NEWTON

No.

He leaves a key on the table. Looks once at the sill where a prism used to sit. Does not touch it.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE – SENATE HOUSE – DAY – LATER

A brief paper passed, a quiet resignation entered. Newton walks out into ordinary light.

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – MEETING ROOM – NIGHT (1703)

Candles. Fellows in a hush that is not grief and is not joy.

FELLOW  
Mr. Hooke is dead.

A chair stands empty. No portrait on the wall.

ANOTHER FELLOW  
We require a President.

Eyes turn as if the room already knows.

FELLOWS (MURMUR)  
Newton.

The ballots are few and fast.

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – PRESIDENT’S ROOM – NIGHT (1703)

NEWTON alone. The room small as a vow.

He sets his watch on the table. Opens a clean title leaf:

OPTICKS.

He writes one spare line, then stops, listening to the  
building breathe.

He places a prism on the sill. London’s smoke draws clean.

FADE OUT.

41

FADE IN:

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – PRESIDENT’S ROOM – NIGHT (1704)

Proof sheets for a new book. Diagrams: prisms, cones of colour, rings. A title leaf:

OPTICKS.

NEWTON sits alone. He crosses a line, rewrites a word, removes an adjective as if it were a splinter.

The building breathes. He sets one proof aside, squares another with the side of his hand.

42

INT. LONDON – PRINT SHOP – DAY (1704)

Hand-press. Type in trays. A PRINTER inks the forme. HALLEY stands easy, eyes bright.

PRINTER  
The figures will hold?

HALLEY  
They hold.

He lays a fresh pull beside the last. The spectrum diagram prints clean. Halley smiles as if something had landed true.

43

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – PARLOUR – NIGHT

Polite light, quiet company. CATHERINE BARTON pours with effortless grace. HALIFAX (Montagu) warms a small circle.

NEWTON stands at the lattice, listening to London's hum.

HALIFAX

Your presidency has given the Society  
a spine.

NEWTON

A rule.

Catherine watches the room find its level.

44

INT. TRINITY – GREAT HALL – DAY (APRIL 1705)

Sun in high windows. QUEEN ANNE receives. A hush that feels like stone.

NEWTON kneels. The blade touches each shoulder.

HERALD (O.S.)

Rise, Sir Isaac Newton.

He rises. He does not smile. The watch ticks in his palm.

45

EXT. TRINITY – GREAT COURT – LATER

Students spill into the light. A whisper passes like wind:

Sir Isaac.

NEWTON crosses the court, hat in hand. He looks once at the chapel door; then at the plain sky.

He does not linger.

46

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – MEETING ROOM – EVENING (1705)

Fellows at a long table. A fresh copy of **\*\*OPTICKS\*\*** lies open. A page of “Queries” at the end. HALLEY turns the leaf.

FELLOW

What then of these Questions?

HALLEY

They are not decrees. They are doors.

NEWTON watches the room weigh the words as if they were iron, not ink.

47

INT. SAMUEL CLARKE’S STUDY – DAY (1706)

Books, a neat hand. SAMUEL CLARKE reads a passage aloud in Latin, exact and spare. NEWTON listens, still.

CLARKE

It will travel further this way.

NEWTON

(after a beat)

Let the sense be clean.

Clarke marks a margin without flourish.

48

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – NEWTON’S ROOM – NIGHT

Two books on the table: **\*\*PRINCIPIA\*\*** and **\*\*OPTICKS\*\***.  
NEWTON sets them side by side, edges aligned.

CATHERINE stands at the door.

CATHERINE  
You will sleep?

NEWTON  
Some hours.

She draws the curtain. He stays a moment longer with the quiet he has made.

49

EXT. ST PAUL’S CHURCHYARD – BOOKSELLER’S STALL – DAY

Damp paper, ink, the city’s breath. **\*\*OPTICKS\*\*** displayed among sermons and voyages.

A YOUNG MAN counts coins twice, buys the book, holds it with both hands.

Across the lane, NEWTON pauses. He watches without being seen, then goes on.

50

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – PRESIDENT’S ROOM – NIGHT (1706)

Quiet as paper. A clean leaf headed:

QUERIES.

NEWTON writes one line, then stops and lets the ink settle on its own terms.

He sets **\*\*PRINCIPIA\*\*** and **\*\*OPTICKS\*\*** square again. Places a small prism on the sill. London’s smoke draws clean.

FADE OUT.

51

FADE IN:

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – COUNCIL CHAMBER – DAY (1707)

Maps, sea-routes, a brass quadrant on the table. NEWTON presides; HALLEY to one side. FLAMSTEED stands, hat in hand, exact and offended.

HALLEY

The sailors want stars they can use.

FLAMSTEED

They shall have them when they are ready.

NEWTON

They shall have them when they are needed.

A long quiet. Quills pause. The Clerk notes the motion.

52

INT. GREENWICH – FLAMSTEED’S ROOM – NIGHT

Instruments by the window; tables neat as a prayer.  
FLAMSTEED locks a cabinet, sets a folded letter aside.

He looks through the lattice at London’s glow, a man  
who knows the sky is precise and the world is not.

He sits, writes a line, then tears it cleanly away.

53

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – PRESIDENT’S ROOM – NIGHT

NEWTON alone with a clean sheet.

He writes without flourish — not a plea but a plan.

For the encouragement of navigation,  
let the Royal Observatory’s catalogue  
be committed to press.

He sands the page. The watch ticks, small and exact.

54

INT. LONDON – PRINT SHOP – DAY (1712)

Hand-press, formes locked. HALLEY checks proofs.

A title leaf: HISTORIA COELESTIS BRITANNICA.  
Editor: EDMOND HALLEY.

PRINTER  
We go under your name, sir?

HALLEY  
Under the stars.

He lays a fresh pull beside the last. The figures hold.

55

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – MEETING ROOM – EVENING

A crate on the table, boards pried open. Sheets inside.

FLAMSTEED enters, sees the title, goes still.

FLAMSTEED  
Not ready. Not corrected. Not mine.

NEWTON does not raise his voice.

NEWTON  
They are the crown's observations.

Halley looks at the floor. The Clerk writes anyway.

56

EXT. GREENWICH – YARD – NIGHT

FLAMSTEED breathes cold air, the city's glow under cloud.

He sets a small bundle of proofs in a crate and shuts it  
as if closing the lid on a wound.

57

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – COUNCIL CHAMBER – DAY (1711)

A letter from HANOVER. The seal is neat; the tone colder.

CLERK

From Mr. Leibniz— concerning priority.

Fellows shift. HALLEY does not.

NEWTON reads, still. He looks to a small list of Members.

NEWTON

Appoint a committee.

Quills begin to move.

58

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – COMMITTEE ROOM – NIGHT (1712)

Papers, copies, old letters. HALLEY, two FELLOWS, and the mask of procedure.

NEWTON sits back from the table, pen in hand but not as author. He listens; then he writes a heading with care:

COMMERCIIUM EPISTOLICUM.

The room works in low weather.

59

INT. LONDON – PRINTER'S SHOP – DAY (1712)

Proof sheets, Latin titles. HALLEY checks signatures.

PRINTER

Will there be reply?

HALLEY  
Certainly. There always is.

He taps the title with a forefinger — not triumph, only finish.

60

INT. CAMBRIDGE – COTES’S ROOM – NIGHT (1713)

ROGER COTES with proofs; diagrams honest as timber.  
NEWTON marks a leaf headed:

SCHOLIUM GENERALE.

He removes an adjective as if it were a splinter.  
He writes a single line with a steady hand.

INSERT — SUPER (ON-SCREEN INK, small, centered)  
HYPOTHESES NON FINGO.

The ink settles. The room breathes.

FADE OUT

61

FADE IN:

EXT. GREENWICH HILL – DAWN (MAY 3, 1715)

A pale crowd with smoked glass and pinholes in cards.  
HALLEY sets a small clock. He glances once at the sky,  
once at his map.

HALLEY  
(quiet)

Now.

The light thins as if the world had been planed.

62

EXT. LONDON – ROOFTOPS / STREETS – CONTINUOUS

Chimneys in half-light. People gasp, laugh, pray.

NEWTON watches from a flat roof, hat in hand. He raises a stick at arm's length. Counts a slow pulse.

The city holds its breath with him.

63

INT. HALLEY'S ROOMS – NIGHT

A fresh broadside draft. HALLEY marks times and bands, smudges a line, corrects it, pleased without vanity.

He folds a copy aside addressed to \*\*Sir Isaac Newton\*\*.

64

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – NEWTON'S ROOM – NIGHT

NEWTON writes a neat column:

First contact:

Shadow across west tower:

Street dark as late rain:

He stops. Puts the pen down like a weight.

65

EXT. GREENWICH HILL – LATER

The light returns in a slow tide. The crowd exhales.  
HALLEY lowers his glass. He does not cheer.

                  HALLEY  
          Good.

He pockets the watch like a sacrament.

66

EXT. GREENWICH – YARD – NIGHT (1716)

A brazier breathes. FLAMSTEED with two ASSISTANTS pries  
open crates stamped \*\*HISTORIA COELESTIS BRITANNICA\*\*.

He feeds sheets to the fire without flourish. Not anger.  
Surgery.

                  FLAMSTEED  
          Enough.

67

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – PRESIDENT'S ROOM – DAY

HALLEY stands with the news. NEWTON listens, still.

                  HALLEY

He burned them at Greenwich.

NEWTON

Then they are his at last.

Halley nods once, as if the sky had been set back in place.

68

INT. SAMUEL CLARKE'S STUDY – EVENING (1716)

Letters from Hanover and London. CLARKE reads in Latin;  
Newton stands at the lattice.

CLARKE

They press you for more.

NEWTON

Answer only what is seen.

Clarke inclines his head, relieved to be given a rule.

69

INT. MINT – TRIAL OF THE PYX – DAY (1717)

Gold tested, weighed, recorded. NEWTON watches the scales  
settle to a line.

ASSAY MASTER

The standard holds.

Newton nods once. The ledger receives a small, exact tick.

70

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – NIGHT (1717)

A clean leaf headed:

QUERIES.

NEWTON writes one line, stops, lets the ink decide itself.  
He places **\*\*OPTICKS\*\*** and **\*\*PRINCIPIA\*\*** square.

The watch ticks like a tame heart.

FADE OUT.

71

FADE IN:

EXT. CHANGE ALLEY – DAY (1720)

A human weather front—brokers, slips, shouts. Paper moves  
faster than breath.

NEWTON steps through as if measuring a current.

72

INT. JERMYN STREET – NEWTON'S ROOM – NIGHT

A ledger open. Two neat entries: **\*\*bought\*\***, **\*\*sold\*\***.  
A small profit. He closes the book as if closing a box.

73

EXT. CHANGE ALLEY – WEEKS LATER

Louder. Thicker. Prices climb like fever.

NEWTON passes a knot of men laughing too easily. He keeps his hat low and his pace steady.

74

INT. JERMYN STREET – NEWTON'S ROOM – NIGHT

The ledger again. A new column: **\*\*re-entered\*\***.

He writes a figure. Taps the nib once against the margin. No flourish. The page looks heavier.

75

EXT. CHANGE ALLEY – DAY

The weather breaks. Shouts turn to arguments; arguments turn to silence that isn't silence.

Slips fall like late snow.

76

INT. JERMYN STREET – NEWTON'S ROOM – NIGHT

The ledger open. Red figures, not many, but sure. Newton draws a single line under the column.

He shuts the book. It stays shut.

77

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – MEETING ROOM – DAY

Fellows murmur about trade, as if it were weather.

NEWTON raps once for order. The room returns to stars, lenses, tides.

78

INT. TREASURY – DAY (1720–1721)

Ledgers, officials, quiet resolve.

NEWTON stands with a brief, spare memorandum.

NEWTON

The coin stands by law, not by mood.

Quills resume like a tide that knows where to go.

79

INT. GREENWICH – HALLEY’S ROOM – EVENING (1720)

A letter with a neat seal. HALLEY breaks it.

MESSENGER (O.S.)

Astronomer Royal, sir.

Halley breathes once, as if stepping onto a ship he has built all his life.

EXT. GREENWICH OBSERVATORY – NIGHT

HALLEY at the transit, steady and pleased.

He notes a time. Shuts the book with a soft hand.

The city glows under cloud like a chart he already knows.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. LONDON – HENRY PEMBERTON'S ROOMS – DAY (1726)

Proofs stacked like small fortresses. PEMBERTON (30s),  
clear and exact, reads a proposition aloud.

NEWTON listens, still, removes an adjective as if it were  
a splinter.

PEMBERTON  
The sense remains.

NEWTON  
Then leave it so.

INT. PRINT SHOP – DAY (1726)

A title leaf lifted from the forme:

PHILOSOPHIAE NATURALIS  
PRINCIPIA MATHEMATICA  
EDITIO TERTIA.

The pull is clean. The figures hold.

83

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – MEETING ROOM – EVENING (1726)

Fellows gather. A fresh bound volume on the table.

HALLEY turns a page with quiet pleasure.

HALLEY  
It is all one law, still.

NEWTON rests a hand on the cover. He does not smile.

84

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – NEWTON'S ROOM – NIGHT

Catherine BARTON CONDUITT adjusts a shutter. NEWTON sets the **\*\*THIRD EDITION\*\*** beside **\*\*OPTICKS\*\***. Edges aligned.

CATHERINE  
You will sleep?

NEWTON  
Some hours.

She leaves the door a little open.

85

EXT. LONDON – NIGHT

Smoke draws clean along a ridge of roofs. A bell counts the hour like a metronome for a city.

86

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – PRESIDENT’S ROOM – DAY (EARLY 1727)

A clean sheet. NEWTON writes three words, then stops, listening to the building breathe.

He places a small prism on the sill. London’s smoke draws clean. The watch ticks in his palm.

87

INT. GREENWICH – HALLEY’S ROOM – NIGHT

Weather against the panes. HALLEY writes a neat note:

To Sir Isaac— fair proofs and clear skies.

He smiles to himself, a man content with instruments and friends who are instruments too.

88

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – STAIR / LANDING – NIGHT

NEWTON pauses half-way down, listening to the house.

He steadies himself with one hand on the rail.

He goes on, unhurried.

89

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – MEETING ROOM – DAY

Fellows stand as NEWTON enters. He gestures them down with the smallest movement.

He raps once for order. The room returns to stars, lenses, tides.

90

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – NEWTON’S ROOM – NIGHT

The **\*\*THIRD EDITION\*\*** and **\*\*OPTICKS\*\*** square on the table. NEWTON writes a single neat word on a clean leaf, then turns it face-down.

He sets the watch beside it. Listens to the quiet he has made.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE THREE

1

NEWTON

Episode 4: THE WATCHER OF WORLDS

FADE IN:

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – NEWTON’S ROOM – NIGHT (MARCH 1727)

A small fire. Proofs stacked like small fortresses.  
NEWTON aligns two volumes: PRINCIPIA (III) and OPTICKS.

His hand pauses at his side. A breath catches, then goes.

He places the watch beside the books. The tick is steady,  
a tame heart in a quiet room.

2

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – LANDING / STAIRS – LATER

CATHERINE BARTON CONDUITT carries a lamp. She stops halfway,  
listening. The house breathes. Somewhere, a glass taps wood.

She turns back, unhurried but certain.

3

INT. NEWTON’S ROOM – CONTINUOUS

NEWTON sits at the table, one hand on the watch, the other  
flat on the wood. Pain moves through him like a thought  
he cannot place.

CATHERINE enters. She does not say his name.

CATHERINE  
Shall I send for Mr. Mead?

A beat. He nods once. She goes at once, light and sure.

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – HALL – NIGHT

JOHN CONDUITT pulls on a coat. A SERVANT at the door.

CONDUITT  
Dr. Mead. Now.

The servant is gone before the latch has settled.

INT. NEWTON'S ROOM – NIGHT – LATER

A basin, a folded cloth. DR. MEAD listens with his palm, eyes on the old man's face. NEWTON's gaze is steady.

MEAD  
Rest. Little and often.

Newton inclines his head. Mead gathers his tools as if they were instruments that can only tune so much.

Catherine straightens the quilt by inches.

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – DAWN

Grey light along the corridor. The city not yet awake.

NEWTON stands at the window in a loose gown. CATHERINE holds the curtain for him. He raises a hand once and lets it fall.

She does not ask what he sees.

7

INT. NEWTON'S ROOM – MORNING

Sunshine thin as milk. On the table a clean leaf headed:

QUERIES.

NEWTON writes one short line, then stops and lets the ink settle on its own terms.

He sets the leaf face-down. Aligns its edges with the rest.

8

INT. NEWTON'S ROOM – AFTERNOON

HALLEY's neat hand on a letter. NEWTON reads, smiles with his eyes only.

HALLEY (V.O.)  
"Fair proofs and clear skies."

Newton folds the page square as a coin. Sets it beside the watch.

9

INT. NEWTON'S ROOM – TWILIGHT

The fire a low thought. The watch a soft metronome.

NEWTON lies back. CATHERINE sits near, sewing without looking at the cloth.

He turns his head a fraction toward the books.  
He does not speak.

Catherine's needle stops. She looks up only once.

10

INT. NEWTON'S ROOM – NIGHT

The tick slows, not much, but enough for the house to hear.

CATHERINE stands. She takes his hand in both of hers,  
small and careful.

He breathes out. The room keeps its shape. The watch ticks.

FADE OUT.

11

FADE IN:

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – NEWTON'S ROOM – DAWN (MARCH  
1727)

Grey light. CATHERINE adjusts the curtain. NEWTON sits at the  
table in a loose gown, breath measured.

DR. MEAD enters with CONDUITT. He feels Newton's pulse, counts,  
nods once.

MEAD

Little and often. No heroics.

Newton inclines his head. Catherine pours hot water, steady.

12

INT. NEWTON'S ROOM – LATE MORNING

Papers in quiet stacks. CONDUITT labels bundles in a neat hand. CATHERINE squares \*\*PRINCIPIA (III)\*\* and \*\*OPTICKS\*\* with the side of her palm.

A small chest sits open— sealed letters, a prism wrapped in linen. Catherine rests her fingers on the linen, then folds it back into shadow.

Newton watches without comment.

13

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – PARLOUR – AFTERNOON

HALLEY waits by the fire a respectful distance from the door. Catherine brings him in.

INT. NEWTON'S ROOM – CONTINUOUS

HALLEY and NEWTON face one another, the room exact.

HALLEY  
Fair proofs. Clear skies.

NEWTON  
(a breath)  
You were the wind.

Halley bows his head the smallest fraction. No more words.

He sits a moment; then rises and goes.

14

INT. NEWTON'S ROOM – EVENING

A basin, a lamp. CATHERINE cools a cloth and lays it to Newton's brow. His eyes find the prism on the sill, the watch on the table, the edge of \*\*OPTICKS\*\*.

He breathes with the room. The lamp gutters and steadies.

15

INT. NEWTON'S ROOM – NIGHT

The fire a low thought. DR. MEAD checks the pulse again, gentler than before.

MEAD

Rest.

Newton's gaze drifts to the books, the window, the watch.

He exhales. The tick continues, small and exact.

16

INT. WESTMINSTER – DEAN'S LODGING – DAY (DAYS LATER)

A ledger, a careful hand. The DEAN hears CONDUITT, who stands with hat in hand, sleeves plain.

CONDUITT

The Fellows desire the Abbey.

DEAN

The nation desires the same.

He signs without flourish. The pen leaves a clean line.

17

INT. WESTMINSTER – JERUSALEM CHAMBER – EVENING

A quiet room of old timber. A black-draped catafalque.

NEWTON lies in state. Candles breathe. CONDUITT and CATHERINE stand together. Fellows enter by ones and twos— HALLEY among them— no speeches, only the sound of shoes on stone.

A BOY pauses at the door, hat in hand. Catherine nods him in.

18

EXT. WESTMINSTER – DAY (FUNERAL, MARCH 1727)

Pallbearers: dukes and earls. A measured procession.

INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY – CONTINUOUS

Nave and choir, stone like weather. The coffin moves through hush. A psalm carried on low voices.

HALLEY walks behind, eyes steady, hat in hand. CATHERINE and CONDUITT keep step together, simple and exact.

19

INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY – CHOIR / NORTH TRANSEPT – LATER

The coffin descends. A spade of earth falls precise.

INSERT — SUPER (ON-SCREEN INK, small, centered)  
HIC DEPOSITUM EST QUOD MORTALE FUIT  
ISAACI NEWTONI.

The ink fades back into stone. The Abbey breathes.

20

EXT. WESTMINSTER – CLOISTER – DUSK

HALLEY and CLARKE step into the cooling light, neither speaking.  
The city moves beyond like a tide that has found its law.

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – NEWTON'S ROOM – DUSK

CATHERINE opens the window one inch. London's smoke draws clean.  
She sets the prism on the sill and squares the books.

The watch ticks in the quiet she keeps.

FADE OUT.

21

FADE IN:

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – STUDY – DAYS AFTER

Quiet as paper. CONDUITT inventories by candle, neat lists.  
CATHERINE opens a small chest: notebooks bound in limp vellum,  
a prism wrapped in linen, sealed letters.

She finds a folded scrap— the old hand:

Be as you are.

She lays it with the watch. Does not speak.

22

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – STUDY – LATER

Headings on bundles in Catherine's clear hand:

MATHEMATICAL  
OPTICKS  
CHRONOLOGY  
PROPHECIES

CONDUITT hesitates over the last. Catherine meets his eye.  
He ties the cord anyway, exact and firm.

The room breathes. London moves outside without hurry.

23

INT. ROYAL MINT – BOARD ROOM – DAY

LEDGERS, scales, a new WARDEN learning the ritual.

The ASSAY MASTER lifts gold with tongs; the balance settles.

ASSAY MASTER  
The standard holds.

A clerk enters the figure; a small exact tick. The work  
continues, calm as a tide Newton set long ago.

INT. LONDON – PRINT SHOP – DAY (1728)

A title leaf lifted from the forme:

THE CHRONOLOGY OF ANCIENT KINGDOMS AMENDED.  
BY THE LATE SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

CONDUITT checks a line, then simply nods. No flourish.

A second leaf— smaller:

DE MUNDI SYSTEMATE.

The pull is clean. The figures hold.

INT. JERMYN STREET – PARLOUR – EVENING (1728)

Books stacked like small fortresses. SAMUEL CLARKE reviews a page; CATHERINE aligns spines.

CLARKE  
He left much closed.

CATHERINE  
We will not force it open.

Clarke inclines his head, grateful for a rule.

INT. KENSINGTON – A SMALL ROOM – NIGHT (REMEMBRANCE)

WILLIAM STUKELEY writes by a single candle, pleased but tidy.

He pauses, then adds a line in a smaller hand:

After dinner, the weather being warm, we went  
into the garden under the apple trees—

He smiles to himself and sands the page.

27

EXT. WOOLSTHORPE – ORCHARD – DAY (REMEMBRANCE)

Bare branches comb a pale sky. The low wall. Frost prints  
old marks like a palimpsest.

No one there. Wind moves the hedge and sets it down.

28

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – MEETING ROOM – EVENING (1728)

Fellows in low weather. A presentation copy of \*\*CHRONOLOGY\*\*  
on the table; \*\*DE MUNDI SYSTEMATE\*\* beside it.

HALLEY turns a page, pleased without vanity. He sets a  
forefinger to a figure as if greeting an old friend.

29

INT. WESTMINSTER – SCULPTOR'S STUDIO – DAY (1731)

A clay model under north light: NEWTON reclining, hand on a

book; a prism and scroll worked into stone.

The SCULPTOR checks a line with a caliper. CATHERINE stands aside, composed. She does not correct him. There is nothing to correct.

30

INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY – NORTH TRANSEPT – DAY (1731)

The monument unveiled. Stone like weather. Visitors pass in hush. A boy looks up, hat in hands, and reads without sound.

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – NEWTON'S ROOM – NIGHT (ECHO)

The room kept as it was. CATHERINE closes the watch once, gently. Sets the prism on the sill. London's smoke draws clean.

FADE OUT.

31

FADE IN:

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – STUDY – NIGHT (1727)

Candles low. CATHERINE and CONDUITT sort the last chest: notebooks in limp vellum; a prism in linen; ciphered pages.

Catherine ties one bundle tighter than the rest. She labels it in a small clear hand:

PAPERS NOT TO PRINT.

She looks once to the window, then back to the string.

32

INT. LONDON – PRINT SHOP – DAY (1733)

A forme locked tight. A title leaf lifted:

OBSERVATIONS UPON THE PROPHECIES OF DANIEL  
AND THE APOCALYPSE OF ST. JOHN.  
BY THE LATE SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

The Printer checks the impression; nods. The figures hold.

33

INT. PARLOUR – EVENING (1733)

CATHERINE, CONDUITT, and SAMUEL CLARKE sit with a single  
candle and the fresh sheets.

CLARKE  
He wrote them plain.

CATHERINE  
Then we will print them plain.

Conduitt sets the leaf on the stack, edges aligned.

34

INT. COFFEEHOUSE – DAY

Men lean over the new book as if over a map.

MAN

He measured angels as if degrees.

SECOND MAN  
Better that than air.

They turn a page as if it might bruise.

35

INT. GREENWICH – HALLEY'S ROOM – NIGHT (1734)

HALLEY older, eyes bright. A small orrery ticks. He notes:

Stars for sailors; return of the comet.

He closes the book with a soft hand.

36

EXT. GREENWICH – DAY

A thin winter sun. APPRENTICES at a transit. HALLEY shows a quiet correction with two fingers and no heat.

HALLEY  
Again.

They measure. He nods once. Enough.

37

INT. FRENCH SALON – EVENING (PARIS, 1738)

Candles, talk like silk. VOLTAIRE displays a thin volume:

## ÉLÉMENTS DE LA PHILOSOPHIE DE NEWTON.

Across the room, ÉMILIE DU CHÂTELET holds a prism to lamplight, the band a thin riband on the wall. She smiles, not to the room.

38

INT. CIREY – ÉMILIE’S STUDY – NIGHT (1740s)

Papers in French and Latin; calculus neat as carpentry.  
DU CHÂTELET writes a title with care:

PRINCIPES MATHÉMATIQUES  
(TRANSLATION).

She blots the line, then writes again as if the page  
were a road.

39

EXT. CAMBRIDGE – SENATE HOUSE – DAY (MID-1740s)

Students in black gowns cross the court. A young man pauses  
to read a notice of prizes in **Natural Philosophy**.

He holds **OPTICKS** under his arm as if it were a rule.

40

INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY – NORTH TRANSEPT – DUSK

The monument. A child looks up, lips moving without sound.  
A bead of candlelight finds the prism carved in stone.

The child raises his own small prism. The band breathes and fades on his coat.

41

INT. GREENWICH – HALLEY'S ROOM – NIGHT (1741–1742)

HALLEY sits with a blank card and a steady hand.

The comet will return about the year 1758.

He lays the card under glass. Smiles once, without teeth.

42

EXT. GREENWICH – CEMETERY – DAY (1742)

A stone set, spare as a figure. No speeches. A hat comes off and goes on. The sky keeps its line.

43

INT. CIREY – ÉMILIE'S STUDY – NIGHT (1749)

DU CHÂTELET bends over the last proposition. She writes, stops, presses a hand to her side, then writes again.

She signs a neat letter:

To M. Clairaut— the tables align.

She folds it as if setting a stone on a cairn.

44

INT. FRENCH PRESSROOM – DAY (1759)

A title leaf lifted:

LES PRINCIPES MATHÉMATIQUES  
TRADUITS PAR MADAME LA MARQUISE DU CHÂTELET.

The pull is clean. The figures hold.

45

EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE – WINTER NIGHT (CHRISTMAS 1758)

Snow squeaks. A FARMER-ASTRONOMER sights along a plank at a slow blade of light.

He breathes into his hands and does not call out.

46

INT. HARBOR TOWN – ATTIC – SAME NIGHT

A BOY at a window, face to glass, whispers with nobody to hear:

BOY  
It came back.

His breath clouds the pane and clears.

47

EXT. MARKET SQUARE – DAWN

A BROADSIDE nailed up with cold fingers:

RETURN OF THE COMET.

People read with hats in hands as if at a gate.

48

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – MEETING ROOM – DAY (EARLY 1759)

Fellows read reports like weather. A young man says nothing,  
only points to a figure.

Heads bow as if to a rule.

49

EXT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY – DAY

The stone looks no different for the news. A visitor leaves  
a hand on the cold for only a breath.

The nave breathes the same as yesterday.

50

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – NEWTON'S ROOM – ECHO (YEARS  
LATER)

The prism on the sill. Dust turns in uncoloured light.

No one is in the chair. The watch is shut.

FADE OUT.

71

FADE IN:

INT. UNIVERSITY PRESS – DAY (LATE 18TH–EARLY 19TH CENTURY)

A compositor sets type from worn copy, careful with old ligatures. A boy inks a forme like a rite.

The press speaks once, then again.

72

INT. HOUSE LIBRARY – EVENING

A WOMAN reads **\*\*OPTICKS\*\*** under lamplight. She turns to the **\*\*Queries\*\***, underlines a line with a hair of pencil, and shuts the book as if to keep a moth in.

73

EXT. LECTURE THEATRE – DAY

A crowd enters under a board that says **\*\*NATURAL PHILOSOPHY\*\***. Inside, air smells of chalk and linen. A prism waits like a patient animal.

74

INT. SMALL PARLOUR – NIGHT

A clock, a child, a mother. The child holds a prism to a candle; the band finds the wall. They do not speak.

The mother kisses the child's head once and lets the light go.

75

EXT. FIELD – DUSK

A man at arm's length with a stick, counting a pulse as the moon crawls. He makes a notch and covers it with his thumb as if swearing an old oath.

76

INT. ROYAL SOCIETY – ARCHIVE ROOM – DAY

Boxes labeled in a small, neat hand. A CLERK lifts one, reads a faded tag, and smiles at the thrift of string.

He sets the box down and leaves it tied.

77

EXT. WOOLSTHORPE – ORCHARD – MORNING

The low wall. Grass in long thoughts. A visitor lays a hand on the stone and closes his eyes.

He opens them and sees only what is there.

78

INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY – DAY

Tourists move like weather. A girl leans close to the Latin, whispering the letters until they make sound.

She touches the carved prism with two fingers, then draws them back as if it might be warm.

79

EXT. GREENWICH – NIGHT

A new transit. A new chart. A new hand notes a time.

The old card under glass still reads:

The comet will return.

80

INT. PRINT ROOM – DAY

A curator pins an engraving: Newton with prism and book.

She steps back until the image is the size of a hand and nods once. Enough.

81

EXT. CITY STREET – DAY

A school enters a museum in pairs. A teacher counts softly.  
No one answers aloud; they hold up fingers as they pass.

82

INT. QUIET ROOM – NIGHT

A student falls asleep over \*\*PRINCIPIA\*\*, pencil still in hand. The page is clean where the pencil rests.

In sleep, the hand does not move.

83

EXT. RIVER – DAWN

Fog lifts. A rower counts strokes and breath without knowing why the counting calms him.

84

INT. SMALL OBSERVATORY – NIGHT

A woman at a small mirror-telescope checks a gear by ear, then by touch, then by sky.

She writes a time in a small, steady hand.

85

INT. BOOKBINDER'S – DAY

A tired copy of \*\*OPTICKS\*\* re-sewn. The binder squares the spine with the side of his hand and breathes out.

86

EXT. COUNTRY LANE – NIGHT

Stars like grain. Someone points, someone nods. No one names anything aloud. It is enough to look.

87

INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY – NORTH TRANSEPT – NIGHT

Moonlight on stone. The carved scroll, the carved prism.

The building breathes. It keeps its own time.

88

INT. JERMYN STREET HOUSE – NEWTON'S ROOM – ECHO

The watch on the table. A hand—no one we must name—opens it. Lets it tick three times. Closes it.

Leaves it there.

EXT. WOOLSTHORPE – FIELD – DAWN

Frost holds the ground. Someone kneels and draws a small triangle swept from a center mark.

They brush the frost from their fingers and stand.

INT. SCREEN – BLACK

A single line in small, centered type:

THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH ARE ONE LAW.

The line fades.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE FOUR  
END OF SERIES