

WILKINS. But how can we get anything done if she's constantly making me feel as though I'm being impolite to her? No, worse — she *is* worse.

GOSLING. I think she's just settling in.

WILKINS. I did you know Linus Pauling's on DNA now, Gosling?

GOSLING. I didn't.

WILKINS. As I said, we really must push forward.

GOSLING. And we will.

WILKINS. All I've been is kind to her.

GOSLING. (*Warmly.*) So maybe kindness isn't working.

WILKINS. Kindness always works with women, Gosling. I'm a trifle concerned for you if you didn't know that. (*Rosalind and Gosling work in the lab together. Wilkins picks up a box of chocolates. He knocks on Rosalind's lab door, fiddling with the ribbon on the box.*)

ROSALIND. (*From inside.*) Gosling, could you get that? (*Gosling opens the door.*)

GOSLING. Dr. Wilkins, you shouldn't have.

WILKINS. Oh — no — they're for ...

GOSLING. I know who they're for.

ROSALIND. (*Appearing in the doorway.*) What is it? (*Beat.*) Yes, Wilkins, can I help you? (*She notices the box.*) What is that?

WILKINS. May I speak with you?

ROSALIND. About what?

WILKINS. Privately.

ROSALIND. Well, all right. But quickly. (*She nods at Gosling who doesn't understand at first.*)

GOSLING. Oh, right. (*He leaves. A beat.*)

ROSALIND. So?

WILKINS. I got you these. (*He hands her the box.*)

ROSALIND. What are they?

WILKINS. Chocolates. (*Beat.*) I bought them for you.

ROSALIND. Why?

WILKINS. Why?

ROSALIND. Yes, why?

WILKINS. Oh, I suppose because I think things between us haven't got off on a good foot. On the right foot. I want to ... I wanted to ...

ROSALIND. We've already started again once, haven't we? How often will we have to do this?

WILKINS. It's just that ... I mean, I'd like to ... have an easier relationship with you.

ROSALIND. But we're not here to have a relationship, Dr. Wilkins.

WILKINS. (*Turning red.*) I didn't mean a relationship in the, well ... I meant a working relationship. An easier partnership.

ROSALIND. Was your wife cold?

WILKINS. I beg your pardon?

ROSALIND. Was she cold?

WILKINS. I don't know what you're ... to what you're referring ...

ROSALIND. You do, I think. After all, how many wives have you had?

WILKINS. One.

ROSALIND. An American who refused to return with you to England after the birth of your son.

WILKINS. Yes.

ROSALIND. So was she cold?

WILKINS. She could be.

ROSALIND. And I'm not her. We're not married. You don't have to try to win me over. In fact, you shouldn't try to win me over because you won't succeed. I'm not that kind of person.

WILKINS. I'm just trying to ...

ROSALIND. What?

WILKINS. Be your friend.

ROSALIND. I don't want to be your friend, Dr. Wilkins.

WILKINS. You don't?

ROSALIND. No. (*Beat.*)

WILKINS. Well then. Enjoy the chocolates. (*He exits: the lights shift.*)

CASPAR. Dear Dr. Franklin, I hope this isn't out of turn, but I wanted to let you know how immensely helpful your images have been. The work is going well. Incredibly well, actually. This morning I realized that for once I *didn't* feel plagued by lack of direction, by this persistent question about what to do with my life and whether I've made the right choices. I have made the right choices. I just love ... I mean does the X-ray camera ever seem like it's just an extension of your own eye, as though you and you alone possess the superhuman powers that allow you to see into the heart of things? To understand the nature of the world as though it's a secret no one else is meant to know? ... I do. And I think you do too.

ROSALIND. (*All formally.*) Dear Mr. Caspar: Thank you for your letter. And ... Yes. I do share some of your ... ways of thinking. It's nice to hear that one isn't alone.

GOSLING. And then ... then Wilkins gave a lecture and referenced "his" DNA work.