

Crick
Watson
Wilkins

WILKINS I've really had enough of this.
ROSALIND I agree.
WILKINS I mean, I can't take it anymore. What's more, your impatience is distracting everyone in the lab.
ROSALIND We'll work separately then. I'll take the A form. And you can have B.
WILKINS Maybe I'd like A.
ROSALIND Maurice, you're being ridiculous.
WILKINS Fine. B it is.
CRICK And so Rosalind did her work. Or tried to. Painstakingly. Paying attention to every detail. Every discrepancy.
WATSON You see, she was suddenly just a few steps away from the structure. But Rosalind didn't hypothesize the way Crick and I did; she proved things, and proving things, as all scientists know, isn't ... Well for one thing it isn't fast.
ROSALIND Either the structure is a big helix or a smaller helix consisting of several chains. The phosphates are also clearly on the outside, and not within.
GOSLING Did you hear that Linus Pauling's working on DNA again?
ROSALIND I didn't.
GOSLING Well, he is.
ROSALIND Good for him.
GOSLING I think Wilkins wants to speed things up. Make a model. The others are making models, you know.
ROSALIND If you'd like to take the day off and build a model, Ray, you're welcome to do so. I'd suggest a train, or an automobile. Those tend to reflect reality fairly well.
CRICK. *(To the audience.)* You see, to Rosalind, making a model was tantamount to negligence. She needed to do all the calculations first, to sit in a dimly lit room and do the maths. So what ended up happening was that she and Wilkins both sat in separate dimly lit rooms, doing maths. Unsurprisingly —
WATSON. Wilkins got lonely.
WILKINS. I wasn't at all lonely.
WATSON. And so he'd visit his old friend Francis Crick in Cambridge. A brilliant new scientist had just joined the lab there too: me.
CRICK. Another pint then?
WILKINS. Oh why not.

CRICK. Yes! Why not. This is practically a celebration! I don't think I've seen you in — what — months now? You've been neglecting me, Maurice.
WILKINS. I know ... Tell me what you've been up to. Still on those hemoglobins, Francis?
CRICK. Oh, well, actually —
WATSON. *(Leaping in to change the subject.)* But we're so enjoying hearing about your work. *(Watson glares at Crick to get him to join in.)*
CRICK. It's true ... we know all about our own work.
WATSON. There's no fun in that.
WILKINS. It's nice to be here; I must say.
CRICK. She's really that bad?
WILKINS. Worse.
WATSON. The Jews really can be very ornery.
WILKINS. You're telling me.
WATSON. Is she quite overweight?
WILKINS. Why do you ask?
CRICK. James is many things but subtle is not one of them. So you must forgive him, over and over and over again.
WATSON. You don't need to apologize for me, Francis —
CRICK. Oh but I do.
WATSON. All I asked is if —
CRICK. You see, he imagines that she's overweight. The kind of woman who barrels over you with the force of a train.
WATSON. Or a Mack truck.
WILKINS. No, she's not like that. No. She's like ... she's like ... *(Lights on Rosalind somewhere else on the stage; Wilkins gazes at her.)*
CASPAR. *(To the audience.)* To Watson and Crick, the shape of something suggested the most detailed analysis of its interior workings. As though, by looking at something you could determine how it came to be ... how it gets through each day.
WATSON. Tell us more about these recent photographs.
WILKINS. Well, they're getting clearer. Every day I think I see more, and then I wonder if my mind's playing tricks on me.
WATSON. So you really think it's a helix?
CRICK. Jim —
WILKINS. The thing is, she's keeping me from my own work. And she has all the best equipment, not to mention the best samples. She's hoarding everything.
WATSON. It looks like a helix, Maurice?

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