

finalize this section of my dissertation. (*A long beat. Maybe Caspar coughs, awkwardly.*) Dear Dr. Franklin, I'm so sorry to write again, but I still haven't received the images. I'm afraid I've become a pest. Please forgive me. It would kill me to think you might think badly of me, as I'm such an admirer of your work.

ROSALIND. (*Offhanded.*) Dear Mr. Caspar, I trust you have now received the images?

CASPAR. Dear Dr. Franklin, I have indeed received the images. And I can't thank you enough. They've opened up for me ... I mean, you've opened up for me a whole new ... What I mean is, I've never seen anything like them. I could stare at them for hours and they still wouldn't reveal all of their secrets. Not that that means I can't read them. I *can* read them. I just mean that they're beautiful — these shapes within shapes, shapes overlapping, shapes that mean more than what they seem at first glance but are also beautiful simply for what they are. (*A new idea.*) I think one sees something new each time one looks at truly beautiful things.

ROSALIND. (*Formal.*) Thank you, Mr. Caspar. I'm pleased you received the images.

WILKINS. (*Unimpressed.*) One sees something new each time one looks at truly beautiful things?

CASPAR. Yes. I think so. And so did she.

GOSLING. (*To the audience.*) Sometimes she would get away from the lab. I'd arrive in the morning and no one would be there —

WILKINS. (*Hurt/indignant at being overlooked.*) Well, I was there.

GOSLING. And then the telephone would ring.

ROSALIND. (*On the telephone with Gosling.*) I'm in Switzerland. Switzerland I said.

GOSLING. What? I can't hear you.

ROSALIND. I told you I was going hiking this weekend. I'm just going to stay an extra day.

GOSLING. Fine.

ROSALIND. Can you hear me?

GOSLING. She would just disappear sometimes. One day here and then gone —

WILKINS. Like a restless ghost.

ROSALIND. It's beautiful here, Gosling. You should have smelled the air at the summit; it was —

GOSLING. You have to speak up. I just can't —

ROSALIND. My head feels clear for the first time in ages and I've

been doing some really wonderful thinking. I believe I've worked out how to fix the camera. And the Alps seem larger and yet somehow less overwhelming than they have in the past, as though their vastness was made for me, as though the more of something there is to climb, the further I'll get to go. It seems so obvious now. The mountains mean more than what they seem at first glance but are also beautiful simply for what they are ... You know, I think one sees something new each time one looks at truly beautiful things.

GOSLING. Miss Franklin? Rosalind? Are you there?

WATSON. (*Unimpressed.*) But she wasn't there, was she. She was too busy snow-shoeing and ... enjoying things like ... nature and small woodland creatures.

CRICK. I mean, didn't she feel that something was at her back, a force greater than she was ...

WATSON. You mean us?

CRICK. No. I mean fate.

WATSON. What's the difference?

WILKINS. And then she'd come back.

ROSALIND. Gosling, more to the left. I said the left.

GOSLING. I am moving it to the left.

ROSALIND. More, you have to move it more. We're simply not aligned. (*Rosalind moves into a beam of light.*)

GOSLING. Don't step there, Miss Franklin, please!

ROSALIND. Dammit.

GOSLING. You can't move through the beam like that.

ROSALIND. If I have to do everything myself, I will. I mean, don't you understand I will literally go mad if we don't get a better image soon. So let's get it done, Gosling. It's as simple as that.

GOSLING. (*Quietly.*) It doesn't have to be.

ROSALIND. What was that?

GOSLING. I said I'm here to help you. I just don't want to ...

ROSALIND. What, Gosling? Don't want to what?

GOSLING. (*To the audience.*) I was going to say "endanger myself" but I didn't. I could have said, "put myself in harm's way," could have said that even though we didn't know it for sure yet, I could feel the way that beam cut through my flesh. Instead I said: "Yesterday's photographs *were* better, the best yet — did you see them?"

ROSALIND. Of course I did.

GOSLING. There was a little crowd around them this morning, marveling at them, at the detail you captured.

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ROSALIND (*Leaving disinterested.*) Was there?
GOSLING. Absolutely. They were enthralled. (*Beat.*) It's quite gratifying, really. You should feel ...
ROSALIND. But they need to be so much clearer, Gosling ... If we're ever to find the structure.
GOSLING. I know.
ROSALIND. It's going to get to the heart of everything, Ray.
GOSLING. But you still need to sleep, occasionally. Don't you? Or don't you need any?
ROSALIND. We can call it a night, if you like.
GOSLING. You mean, why don't I call it a night?
ROSALIND. (*Smiling to herself.*) They were really enthralled, were they?
GOSLING. Like chickens clucking around a new bit of food.
ROSALIND. Go home, Ray.
GOSLING. So long as you promise not to ...
ROSALIND. What?
GOSLING. (*Not brave enough to say what he wants to say.*) ... Stay too late. So long as you promise not to stay too late.
ROSALIND. I promise.
GOSLING. You're lying.
ROSALIND. Yes.

end

CASPAR. (*To Gosling.*) Did she really do that?
GOSLING. All the time.
CASPAR. And you didn't ...
GOSLING. I couldn't ... It was like speaking bad French to a French person who insists then on speaking in English just to show you you're not good enough to speak to her in her own language, that she can walk all over you in any language, anywhere.
CASPAR. She did know a lot of languages.
GOSLING. That's not what I meant —
CASPAR. I know.
WILKINS. (*Interrupting.*) Then there was the conference in Naples, spring 1951. And it was typical enough. Everyone pretended to be terribly interested in everyone else's work. My lecture was on the last day and the room was nearly empty. I showed a few slides, explained why we felt DNA was worth studying as opposed to protein, and then packed up my things. I was about to leave but then a young man with really very odd hair blocked my path.
WATSON. I'm Dr. Watson.

WILKINS. Hello, Watson. Can I help you?
WATSON. It's Dr. Watson, but no matter ... The thing is, I was fascinated by your presentation.
WILKINS. Well good, thank you.
WATSON. It makes me think — more than ever — that the gene's the thing. I mean, we have to get to the bottom of it — discover how it replicates itself. And so we need its structure. Your slides convinced me that this can and should be done. That the shape is regular enough that it can be studied.
WILKINS. Yes. I believe it is.
WATSON. It's just incredibly exciting.
WILKINS. What is?
WATSON. To be born at the right time. There's an element of fate to it, don't you think? And I don't believe in fate.
WILKINS. You said your name is?
WATSON. (*All confidence and presumption.*) Watson. And I was wondering if maybe I could work with you on nucleic acid? At King's? I don't mean to be presumptuous ...
WILKINS. That is a bit ... presumptuous. Have we even met before?
WATSON. I'm 22. I already have my doctorate. From Indiana University. I'm currently doing research in Copenhagen on the biochemistry of virus reproduction.
WILKINS. And?
WATSON. What I'm trying to say is: The photographs from your lab are brilliant. I'd like to learn crystallography.
WILKINS. I'm not even positive that I know what we're talking about. (*Beat.*)
WATSON. (*A new tactic. Matter-of-factly.*) When I was five, my father told me religion was the enemy of progress, a tool used by the rich to give purpose to the lives of the poor.
WILKINS. A rather bold assertion to make to a five-year-old.
WATSON. He said the *worst* thing is that it eradicates curiosity, because it solves everything. So in my house there was no God. Which meant I needed to go looking for my own set of instructions for life.
WILKINS. (*Not sure where this is going.*) Okay ...
WATSON. Which I happened to find in birds.
WILKINS. (*Unimpressed.*) In birds, did you say?
WATSON. My father would take me birdwatching. In time, I learned to distinguish two different birds by the tiniest detail. I saw