

Rosalind

PHOTOGRAPH 51

The lights rise on Rosalind.

ROSALIND. This is what it was like. We made the invisible visible. We could see atoms; not only see them — manipulate them, move them around. We were so powerful. Our instruments felt like extensions of our own bodies. We could see everything, really see it — except, sometimes, what was right in front of us. When I was a child I used to draw shapes. Shapes overlapping, like endless Venn diagrams. My parents said, "Rosalind, maybe you should draw people? Don't you want to draw our family? Our little dog?" I didn't. I drew patterns of the tiniest repeating structures. In my mind were patterns of the tiniest repeating structures.

~~WILKINS. It was a particularly cold winter in London, January 1951.~~

ROSALIND. And when I first got to use my father's camera, I went outside and found four leaves. I arranged them carefully, on the curb. But the photograph I took was not of leaves. You see, nothing is ever just one thing. This was the world, a map of rivers and mountain ranges in endless repetition. And when I told my father I wanted to become a scientist, he said, "Ah, I see." ... Then he said, "No."

~~WILKINS. And at the same time, in Paris —~~

~~WATSON. Not again, Wilkins. Really?~~

~~WILKINS. In Paris, Rosalind Franklin was saying her goodbyes.~~

~~WATSON. I promise it'll end the same way.~~

~~WILKINS. (Ignoring him.) There was a party for her at the Laboratoire Central. Everyone stayed late into the night, drinking and telling stories, entreating her not to leave.~~

~~CRICK. (To the audience.) But she'd just won a fellowship at King's College, London, and one didn't turn down a job at King's — especially since there was a chance she'd get to work in the field of genetics — (Caspar enters.)~~

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