

FRANCIS. Another pint then?

MAURICE. Oh why not.

FRANCIS. 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.

MAURICE. I know ... Tell me what you've been up to. Still on those hemoglobins, Francis?

JAMES. But we're so enjoying hearing about your work.

FRANCIS. Yes — we know all about our own work.

JAMES. There's no fun in that.

MAURICE. It's nice to be here; I must say.

FRANCIS. She's really that bad?

MAURICE. Worse.

JAMES. The Jews really can be very ornery.

MAURICE. You're telling me.

JAMES. Is she quite overweight?

MAURICE. Why do you ask?

FRANCIS. He imagines that she's overweight. The kind of woman who barrels over you with the force of a train.

JAMES. Or a Mack truck.

MAURICE. No, she's not like that. No. She's like ... she's like ...

JAMES. Tell us more about these recent photographs.

MAURICE. Well, they're getting clearer. Every day I think I see more, and then I wonder if my mind's playing tricks on me.

FRANCIS. So you really think it's a helix?

MAURICE. 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.

JAMES. It looks like a helix, Maurice?

MAURICE. What? Oh. Yes. A helix.

FRANCIS. You should build a model.

MAURICE. Oh no. No!! She's opposed — completely — to models. She doesn't think there's any way they could reflect reality at this point. Mere pointless speculation.

JAMES. Is speculation always pointless?

MAURICE. I think as far as Rosy is concerned.

JAMES. She doesn't sound particularly rosy to me.

FRANCIS. Does she know you all still call her that behind her back?

MAURICE. Are you joking? She'd have us skinned.

JAMES. I can't wait to meet her.

MAURICE. Oh trust me. You can wait.