

Back in the lab.

ROSALIND. Hello, Dr. Wilkins.

MAURICE. Hello, Miss Franklin.

ROSALIND. And how was your conference?

MAURICE. I hear from Gosling you're spending some late nights here.

ROSALIND. I'm just doing my work, Dr. Wilkins. Nothing more.

MAURICE. May I see it?

ROSALIND. What?

MAURICE. Your work.

ROSALIND. Why?

MAURICE. We're partners, aren't we, Miss Franklin? *(Beat.)*
Aren't we?

ROSALIND. Yes we are.

MAURICE. So let's have it then.

ROSALIND. For one, I fixed the camera.

MAURICE. The humidity is no longer an issue?

ROSALIND. It's no longer an issue.

MAURICE. How did you do it?

ROSALIND. It was simple, really. I used salt solutions.

MAURICE. And the salt didn't spray the DNA?

ROSALIND. No it didn't. I assured you it wouldn't and it didn't.

MAURICE. Well, I'm very impressed.

ROSALIND. There's no need to condescend.

MAURICE. I wasn't. I am seriously impressed.

ROSALIND. But that's ridiculous. You shouldn't be. I used the simplest of chemist's techniques.

MAURICE. Whatever you did, it was wonderful!

ROSALIND. What's wrong with you, Dr. Wilkins? You look flushed.

MAURICE. I do feel a little warm.

ROSALIND. Maybe you should sit down.

MAURICE. Yes. *(He sits. A long beat.)*

ROSALIND. All right. That should do it. I'm sure you're ready now to get back to work. *(Maurice stands and stares at her, shocked. Then he turns to Ray.)*