

ROSALIND. It's absurd, isn't it? Archaic!

RAY. What is?

ROSALIND. Well, this business of the senior common room, of course.

RAY. I suppose. But ... you can't worry about it.

ROSALIND. I can worry over whatever I choose to worry over, Mr. Gosling!

RAY. It's not like biophysicists have such great conversations at meals anyway. They tend just to talk about the work. They never take a break.

ROSALIND. But those are precisely the conversations I need to have. Scientists make discoveries over lunch.

RAY. If you say so.

ROSALIND. Can I ask you a question?

RAY. Of course.

ROSALIND. What's he like — Wilkins. You've worked for him for a few years already, yes?

RAY. And now they've moved me along to you. The conveyer belt chugs along. But doctoral students are good people to work with. We're like liquids — we take the shape of the vessel into which we're poured.

ROSALIND. What do you mean by that?

RAY. That you don't have to worry about a thing: my allegiance will be to you. You're my advisor now.

ROSALIND. (*Taken aback.*) Well, good. I would have expected as much.

RAY. Wilkins is fine. Between you and me he's a bit of a stiff, but I'm sure you two will get along. He's easy enough to get along with.