MASTERS OF SEX

Episode #201

"Parallax"

by

Michelle Ashford

Directed

by

Michael Apted

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* 10202 W. Washington Boulevard * Culver City, CA 90232 *

MASTERS OF SEX

Episode #201
"Parallax"
Full Goldenrod Draft
3/14/14

CHARACTER LIST

Regular Cast
Masters
Johnson
Libby
Langham
Betty

Guest Cast Scully Margaret DePaul Jane Estabrooks Vivian Haas (voice only) Tessa* Gene Elise Dr. Ditmer Thomas Flo Greathouse Crane Tatti Yvonne Begner

OMITTED: Henry

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

MASTERS' HOUSE
KITCHEN
HALLWAY
LIVING ROOM

MATERNITY HOSPITAL

DEPAUL'S OFFICE

OBSTETRICS DEPARTMENT

LADIES' ROOM

CAFETERIA

PEDIATRIC EXAM ROOM

FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR

ST. GILES' HOSPITAL HOSPITAL ROOM OPERATING ROOM CORRIDOR

DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING

CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL
HOTEL ROOM
HOTEL BATHROOM
LOBBY
ELEVATOR
HALLWAY

JOHNSON'S HOUSE JOHNSON'S BEDROOM HALLWAY

SCULLY HOUSE
SCULLY'S BATHROOM
MARGARET'S BEDROOM
SCULLY'S BEDROOM
BASEMENT
KITCHEN

BALLROOM

HANNIGAN'S RESTAURANT

EXTERIORS

TRACK - MISSOURI ATHLETIC CLUB

MATERNITY HOSPITAL

JOHNSON'S HOUSE

SCULLY'S HOUSE

What appears to be the heavens, crisscrossed with brilliant stars, the tiny, twinkling lights strewn across a lush indigo sky. A hush of VOICES, faint at first, murmurs from the far reaches of space, until we realize this is not sky at all but..

2 UNDERGROUND - A CLOUD COMPUTING DATA CENTER

2

5

Where a universe of web servers BLINK tirelessly in eternal twilight. Floor to ceiling, row upon row, this bunker of servers GLOWS in the ultraviolet murk, draining 260 million watts an hour, as the SOUND grows, images shift, until we find ourselves staring at...

3 FINGERS 3

Searching. Restless. They PRESS, TOUCH, CLICK - a keypad, a mouse, a remote - waking cell phones, iPads, computers, TVs, anything and everything that can be pixilated into...

4 IMAGES OF SEX 4

Chat roulette, Grindr, Craig's List. Day or night. Gay or straight. Pornhub, Slutload, Spankwire. Every desire, fetish, perversion. Peephole TV, Spice Xcess, Girls Gone Wild, Hustler on Demand. One CLICK away. A NOISY, erotic smorgasbord, served up 24/7, building in intensity until we COLLIDE into...

5 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT (N1)

A darkened living room. MASTERS sits on the sofa, FACES the television, the 400 Hz HUM from the TEST PATTERN barely perceptible in the quiet. Until slowly, out of the silence, comes the sound of a SCREAMING BABY in the next room.

Masters STARES at the static circles, the stoic Indian head. The baby continues to BAWL. An unsettling still life until Masters finally STANDS, crosses the room, turns off the TV with a CLICK of the rotary dial. He returns to the sofa, lies down, as the white dot in the middle of the screen vanishes to BLACK.

6 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DEPAUL'S OFFICE - MORNING (DAY 2) 6

The fluttering of women's CHITCHAT drifts in from the bullpen as JOHNSON paces. Her ear to the phone. Her VOICE tense.

JOHNSON

I've never been late with a payment. I know, until now. As I explained, I've had a change in income and...

Johnson FROWNS as an uncharacteristically chipper DEPAUL enters. She stands before Johnson's desk. Arms CROSSED.

6 CONTINUED:

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

So waive the tow yard fee and with an adjustment to my payment plan...

(off DePaul's face)

Look, I... why don't we discuss in person. Yes. Shortly.

Johnson HANGS up, attempts to hide the fact she's rattled. DePaul beams. Clearly has news.

DEPAUL

Chancellor Fitzhugh just agreed to fund the entire Pap Smear Outreach Program, starting today and continuing in perpetuity.

JOHNSON

He... why? I mean... that's wonderful, but...

DEPAUL

I simply asked him how he thought it might look, his continuing to refuse to fund my program for women's health, while for the past year he's been throwing money at a study that essentially amounts to pornography.

JOHNSON

(an odd beat)

You used the sex study as ammunition? (off DePaul's nod)

But the sex study isn't pornography, you know it isn't...

DEPAUL

Yet the Board certainly thought it was, and since the Chancellor has all the backbone of say... plankton, he didn't dare not give me what I want.

JOHNSON

(beat, quietly furious)
Congratulations. And does that
include a raise for me to make up for
the income I lost when I quit the
study? Because as hard as I've
tried, I can't really live on this
salary, my car was just repossessed..

DEPAUL

I did make that argument on your behalf, Virginia.

(MORE)

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6 CONTINUED: (2)

DEPAUL (CONT'D)

But your name is also on that sex study and, frankly, it was all I could do to keep Fitzhugh from firing you too.

Johnson takes in this news as DePaul CROSSES to her desk. Opens the top drawer. Pulls out a checkbook.

DEPAUL (CONT'D)

How much to get your car out of hock?

JOHNSON

I'm not going to take your money.

DEPAUL

You took Masters'.

(off Johnson's look)
Virginia, we have a lot of work to
do. I need you here reliably and on

time. How much?

Hold on Johnson's face as we hear the sound of SPLATTER and...

7 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - MORNING (D2)

An exhausted LIBBY sees crying BABY JOHN has launched over her shoulder, a splat of spit-up now blanketing the floor. She CLEARS Masters' dishes, lowers the heat on the baby bottle, bounces the baby to quiet him, LOOKS for a sponge to clean the mess, as an equally bleary Masters READIES himself for the day.

LIBBY

I suppose I could call your mother this early, she'd be thrilled of course, she stops by at all hours to see the baby anyway, but all I'm asking for is one hour so I can shower, I am desperate for a shower..

MASTERS

And I'm due at an important meeting in...

Masters GLANCES at his watch as Libby suddenly looks hopeful.

LIBBY

A job interview?

MASTERS

I'm talking to the European Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology.

(CONTINUED)

*

7

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7 CONTINUED:

LIBBY

That... doesn't sound like a job interview.

MASTERS

They're considering my study for their next issue. The chances for publication are good.

Libby STARES at him, unspoken battle lines clearly drawn here. A beat. She finally WILLS her attention back to the baby.

LIBBY

Look how sweet he is, the way his little chin quivers when he cries.

Masters manages a SMILE, gives Libby a polite peck, ignores the baby entirely, STEPS around the mess and heads for the door.

8 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - OBSTETRICS DEPARTMENT - MORNING (D2) 8

Johnson MOVES down the hall, obviously on her way out, as LANGHAM exits his office, headed Johnson's way. She doesn't see Langham as she passes DR. CRANE, unctuous, middle-aged. He SMILES.

CRANE

Mrs. Johnson.

JOHNSON

Dr. Crane.

Johnson SMILES back, polite but distracted, ducks into the ladies' room as...

CRANE

Stares at the ladies' room door. Then FOLLOWS Johnson inside. Langham SLOWS as he watches this. A beat. Then Langham MOVES towards the ladies' room himself as...

9 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - LADIES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D2)

Crane PUSHES Johnson up against the sink. His hands PRESSED beside her. His body aggressively blocking her exit.

JOHNSON

You need to leave now, Dr. Crane. This is the ladies' room...

CRANE

Ever since I saw you in that presentation, naked like that, I can't stop thinking about you...

9

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9 CONTINUED:

JOHNSON

(pushes his hands away)
That was not me. And even if it
were...

CRANE

I want to take you to dinner.

JOHNSON

No dinner. No nothing. Dr. Crane, you should know I am not above kneeing you in a very delicate spot...

As Langham ENTERS. Takes in this sight.

LANGHAM

Dennis, what the hell ...?

Just as Crane leans in to KISS her and Johnson makes good on her threat. A WHOOSH of air as Crane staggers backwards. A LOOK between Johnson and Langham as Crane GASPS in agony, face white, eyes BUGGED. Langham considers this.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

Nice shot.

A10 OMITTED A10

10 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - LATER (D2)

10

As Johnson PUSHES her food around her plate unhappily as Langham digs into his sandwich.

LANGHAM

I'm just saying you can't take it personally. Crane's a nephrologist. They're all perverts.

JOHNSON

But it's not just kidney doctors. Ever since the presentation, I'm propositioned a dozen times a day. I get notes on my windshield. Just this morning, someone left a dildo on my desk. One of the girls in the bullpen, no doubt.

LANGHAM

A... dildo? Jesus. Women are so vicious.

JOHNSON

The financial repercussions are worse.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

*

10 CONTINUED:

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

DePaul's salary doesn't cover the essentials, forget about extras, and I have no chance of getting a raise here since apparently I now wear the scarlet letter.

LANGHAM

That study. Honest to God. It's worse than the Mummy's Curse. (off her look, he brightens)

What about Cal-O-Metric?

JOHNSON

I don't know Cal.

LANGHAM

No. Elise was going stir-crazy, tired of Junior League, had it with Scout Mothering, so she started selling Cal-O-Metric, a new diet plan for housewives.

(off Johnson's look)

It's easy. You just follow a script.

JOHNSON

A script telling women they're fat?

Langham gestures to a WOMAN standing in the food line.

LANGHAM

A script telling women like, say Phyllis over there... who from the waist up, Debbie Reynolds, from the waist down, Henry the Eighth... you'd be able to tell Phyllis her long, lonely Saturday nights are now over because YOU have something that can make her ass match her face.

Johnson LOOKS at him. Appalled.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

Don't believe me, ask Elise. Elise lost all her baby weight, had tons of energy, plus made enough money to buy herself a whole new wardrobe. That includes French lingerie.

JOHNSON

Your wife still cares enough about you to buy French lingerie?

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10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

*

LANGHAM

Elise deserves a medal for forgiving heart. Plus my wandering ways are a thing of the past.

JOHNSON

(not so sure, but)

And how much French lingerie was she able to buy?

LANGHAM

An extra hundred bucks a month worth. (as Johnson's eyes widen) Listen to me, Virginia. Leave the Mummy's Curse behind. Because when Lord Carnavon opened Tutankhamun's tomb back... whenever that was... four months later he died from a mosquito bite. And what did it say over that tomb? "Death Shall Come on Swift Wings to Him Who Disturbs the Peace of the King."

JOHNSON

(stares at him, finally) Our study didn't have a tomb. Or a king.

LANGHAM

Oh, it had a king.

Johnson CONSIDERS this as...

11 INT. ST. GILES HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY (D2)

11

Masters sits regally on a chair in the quiet hallway. He STARES straight ahead. Unmoving. Hard to know what he's doing here. Or why. Until a door OPENS and Scully exits from a hospital room, clad in a hospital gown, a NURSE beside him. gives Masters a LOOK.

SCULLY

They just said they don't want me driving after. And since Margaret doesn't know I'm here...

Masters NODS. Stands.

12 INT. ST. GILES HOSPITAL - LATER (D2)

12

As Scully lies on a gurney being wheeled by an ORDERLY down the corridor toward the operating room. The nurse and a DOCTOR now walk beside him. Masters FOLLOWS a few steps behind. We continue to hear SCULLY'S VOICE.

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12 CONTINUED: 12

SCULLY (V.O.)

I'm only going to impose on you for this first one. Once I get a routine going, I can handle it myself.

MASTERS (V.O.)

We'll see how it goes.

13 INT. ST. GILES HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - LATER (D2)

As Masters stands to the side, OBSERVES the medical team as they prepare Scully. A nurse empties a syringe into Scully's IV.

SCULLY (V.O.)

I also told Dr. Anders that you would be observing. He's got a solid reputation. Seems on top of things.

Masters WATCHES the doctor as Scully's eyes droop, the anesthesia having taken effect. A black rubber block is INSERTED into Scully's mouth.

14 INT. ST. GILES HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - LATER (D2) 14

Masters continues to WATCH as the current is applied to Scully's temples. Scully BUCKS as the team holds him steady, his muscles straining, his feet curled unnaturally. Masters averts his eyes as this seems to go on for an eternity.

SCULLY (V.O.)

Anyway... I appreciate this, Bill.

15 INT. ST. GILES HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER (D2) 15

As Masters now sits beside Scully's bed. Eventually Scully stirs. Then SITS UP abruptly, disoriented. Almost frightened.

SCULLY

What...? What is this...?

MASTERS

You're in the hospital, Barton. Your treatment ended an hour ago.

SCULLY

Treatment...? Why? I don't...

Scully suddenly leans forward to stand and VOMITS, splattering all over Masters. Masters quickly MOVES to help.

MASTERS

Barton, you need to rest...

13

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15 CONTINUED:

SCULLY

(agitated, begins to cry)
I'm sorry. I don't understand...

MASTERS

It's just a suit.

SCULLY

Where's Margaret? I want Margaret. Why am I here...? Please call Margaret. I don't understand...

Masters HELPS Scully back to bed as if he were a child.

MASTERS

The confusion should be gone shortly. Rest now. You're going to be okay.

As Scully curls up on the bed and CRIES.

16 INT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)

16

A small, dumpy room. Johnson sits across the desk from FLO PACKER, middle-aged, overweight. Flo PUFFS on a cigar.

FLO

Rocket science, it's not. You buy the product, you keep the money from your sales... well, not all, a small percentage goes back to headquarters. (off Johnson's look)

I'm headquarters.

JOHNSON

But I can't buy the product outright. That's why I'm here. To make money, money I don't have right now to spend on diet pills.

Flo SHRUGS. Then STANDS. Begins to PULL OUT boxes of Cal-O-Metric from the supply cabinet behind her.

FLC

I can give you the pills. But the cut to me on the back end goes up.

JOHNSON

Up from...?

FLO

Twenty percent to fifty.

JOHNSON

(a look)

Steep.

FLO

You don't make the poor richer by making the rich poorer.

JOHNSON

That's your motto?

FLO

Winston Churchill said it first.

JOHNSON

(a look, off the boxes)
Are you sure these pills even work?

FLO

When I was on the stuff, I weighed in at ninety-eight pounds.

Johnson gives her a LOOK. Flo's girth looming between them.

FLO (CONT'D)

Okay. A hundred and ninety-eight.
But then I read about all those
starving Chinese, the great famine
over there, and who knows if we're
next. You young girls can panic over
fat. I look at it as insurance.

(offers Johnson a packet)

Just follow the script.

JOHNSON

Actually... I do much better when I speak to people spontaneously. You know... from the heart...

FLO

Then I suggest improv theater. If you're going to work for me, you stick with the script. And just remember, I got people watching.

Johnson reluctantly TAKES the packet.

17 OMITTED 17

18 OMITTED 18

19 INT. ST. GILES HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N2)

19

As Masters and a frail-looking Scully, now dressed, MOVE toward the exit.

SCULLY

I'm fine to drive. It's only a few blocks.

MASTERS

You're not driving.

SCULLY

Really, Bill. I feel much better.

MASTERS

(turns to him, finally)
I don't think this is the answer,
Barton. I think electroshock is
unpredictable, it can have permanent
side-effects, there's no hard data to
prove it cures homosexuality, and I
think you should stop treatment now.

SCULLY

(beat, finally)

Well. You've been a good friend.

MASTERS

Think about what I've said. Please.

Clearly the only thing Scully's thinking as a piano version of THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU wafts through the night and we're...

20 INT. CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL - LATER (N2)

20

Where Masters ENTERS the elegant lobby, a garment bag slung over his shoulder. He makes his way to the desk. The desk clerk, THOMAS, looks up with a friendly SMILE.

THOMAS

Dr. Holden. Welcome back. (off Masters' suit) Rough day, Sir?

MASTERS

(looks down, realizes)

Ah. Yes. Sick patient.

THOMAS

It's God's work you do, Sir. Shall I send laundry up to the room?

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20 CONTINUED:

MASTERS

I'd appreciate it. And some ice.

Thomas NODS, reaches for the room key, as Masters SLIDES a tip Thomas' direction, the ease of this transaction hinting this isn't the first time. Masters TAKES the proffered key.

THOMAS

Enjoy your evening, Dr. Holden.

21 INT. CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL - BATHROOM - A SERIES OF CUTS (N2) 21

Masters STANDS in the shower, hot water blasting. He doesn't move, lost in some other world. A million thoughts swirling, which drift back toward...

22 INT. JOHNSON'S HOUSE - THREE WEEKS EARLIER - NIGHT (FB N1) 22

Masters STANDS on Johnson's doorstep. We HOLD ON his vulnerability. His soul bared. Johnson lets him in. Then snippets of IMAGES as Johnson's dress comes off. We see naked bodies. Faces. Hands. Eyes. A jumble of desire, feeling, sensation. Until we arrive at...

23 INT. JOHNSON'S HOUSE - JOHNSON'S BEDROOM - LATER (FB N1) 23

The aftermath of this coupling. Masters and Johnson tangled in the sheets, the intensity of their lovemaking, unplanned, unwired, having surprised them both. The RAIN still pounds on the windows as Masters REACHES out, takes her wrist in his hand. Johnson WATCHES him. Finally.

JOHNSON

You're taking my pulse?

MASTERS

(a beat, was he?)
More like flying blind. No
instruments. No points on a graph.

JOHNSON

How will we possibly interpret what's happened here?

A curious moment between them. Then the phone RINGS. Once. Then again. Neither moves as the noise SHATTERS the spell.

MASTERS

You can get it.

Johnson still doesn't move. The phone continues to RING.

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23 CONTINUED:

MASTERS (CONT'D)

It's late. Maybe something has happened.

JOHNSON

It's Ethan.

(off Masters' frown)

He'll keep ringing until I pick up.

MASTERS

Like a collie, barking till someone tosses him a treat.

JOHNSON

(her turn to frown)

Actually... Ethan has asked me to marry him.

Masters stares at her. Genuinely shocked. Tries to hide it.

MASTERS

And... what did you say?

JOHNSON

Nothing. Yet.

This hangs between them. Then Johnson STANDS, grabs a robe, moves into the next room where we hear her PICK UP the phone.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

Hi.

We PUSH IN on Masters' face as he listens. His heart in his throat. Almost afraid to hear what follows.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

No. I'm here.

(a long beat)

Ethan...

(beat)

Ethan, I'm sorry.

Masters SITS up. All senses alert.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

Things have... changed.

(beat)

I don't. No. It's not...

(then)

And you're a good man, my kids love you to death, it's just that...

CLOSER still on Masters.

23

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23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

JOHNSON

But it is. It's where I belong.

Masters lets himself BREATHE as he hears the phone replaced in its cradle. Johnson finally APPEARS in the doorway. They LOOK at each other a long beat. Masters fights a wave of emotion. Realizes she's done this for him.

24 RESUME - HOTEL BATHROOM - PRESENT (N2)

24

As Masters STANDS at the mirror, the night from three weeks ago much on his mind. Now dressed, he finishes tying his bow tie, takes in his reflection, then finally TURNS and exits into...

25 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS (N2)

25

Where Masters CROSSES into the room. Places ice in a glass. Pours himself a scotch. He sits in a chair. Smooths the crease in his trousers. He WAITS.

A long beat, then the sound of a KEY in the lock. The door OPENS. Johnson ENTERS. They look at each other.

JOHNSON

Dr. Holden.

MASTERS

(beat, nods)

Mrs. Holden.

26 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING (DAY 3)

26

Birds tweet. The sun shines. But Libby is less than chipper as she SETTLES the baby in his bassinet. She TURNS to several papers on the counter as Masters EMERGES from the bedroom, dressed for work. The baby starts to CRY again. Masters GATHERS his things.

MASTERS

All this crying is colic, the sign of an immature digestive system. I'll prescribe dicycolmine for him today. But in the meantime, you must swaddle him tightly. A tight swaddle is the key...

LIBBY

Why are you using an assumed name?

A very long beat. Masters doesn't look at her.

MASTERS

I'm sorry...?

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LIBBY

I found these. In the trash.

Masters slowly TURNS. She holds the papers in her hands.

MASTERS

I don't know what...

LIBBY

You do know. They're letters from different medical journals. All addressed to different doctors but with our address. All responding to letters in support of Dr. Masters' study on Human Sexual Response.

(off his face)

Are you writing to endorse your study using fake names?

Masters HESITATES. Nearly weak from relief these aren't hotel receipts. Although the letters are incriminating enough.

MASTERS

The work is unimpeachable, even if the letters are less so. What matters is the study gets published. We just have to be patient.

LIBBY

(holds up one letter)
What about the International Journal
of Pathological Disorders?

MASTERS

What about it?

LIBBY

They sent an acceptance letter. They want to publish your study.

MASTERS

Only after another publication forwarded it to them without my consent. My study is better than the Journal of Pathological Disorders.

LIBBY

Maybe it is. But Bill... maybe your time is better spent looking for a job in another hospital, where you can rehabilitate your practice, get back on your feet.

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26 CONTINUED: (2)

MASTERS

My feet are fine.

LIBBY

We have three mouths to feed now, you're no longer drawing a salary... I don't see why you can't work while you're waiting to be published.

Masters LOOKS at her a beat. Decides to ignore this.

MASTERS

Barton didn't call, did he? While I was in the shower?

LIBBY

(confused)

Is Barton trying to get you a job?

But again, Masters doesn't answer. Instead, he gives her a smile and peck as he HEADS OUT.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Where are you going now?

MASTERS

A meeting. I have a meeting.

Libby GLARES as Masters disappears out the door.

27 EXT. TRACK - MISSOURI ATHLETIC CLUB - MORNING (D3)

Where Masters RUNS like a man possessed. Legs pumping. Lungs

27

burning. As if physical punishment and the simple act of moving forward might settle his churning mind. He POUNDS the dirt beneath him, lap after lap, until he slows. Finally STOPS. He GASPS for air. His life swirling out of control.

28 OMITTED 28

29 OMITTED 29

INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - PEDIATRIC EXAM ROOM - DAY (D3) 30

As Libby hovers while DR. BEGNER examines baby John. She smiles, STROKES John's little feet. Begner WATCHES her.

LIBBY

See how his second toe is longer than his big toe? I read somewhere that's a sign of great intelligence.

30 CONTINUED:

30

BEGNER

I half expected to hear you had cancelled this morning.

LIBBY

Why would I do that? You said three weeks is his first major check-up...

BEGNER

I simply mean it's brave of you to come back here, to this hospital, after that debacle with Bill.

LIBBY

(a beat, then)

My husband... and the Chancellor... didn't see eye to eye on his study...

BEGNER

God, it's strange, isn't it? You never know what you're in for when you first say "I do."

(off her look)

You do have my sympathy.

LIBBY

I'm not deserving of sympathy. In fact, Bill's study is about to be published. In a very reputable...

BEGNER

The important thing is not to blame yourself. Do you think Elenore Fish knew what she was getting into when she married Albert Fish?

LIBBY

I'm sorry. Albert...?

BEGNER

The Brooklyn Vampire. Killed a bunch of folks, children mostly. There were rumors of cannibalism. And the whole time there sat his wife, completely unsuspecting...

Begner shakes his head sadly. Libby STARES. Now furious.

LIBBY

Dr. Begner... my husband is a first class gynecologist and obstetrician, beloved in this community, with more diplomas and commendations on his wall than you could ever dream of.

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30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

As they FACE OFF over little John. The baby forgotten.

31 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - DAY (D3)

31

Johnson discretely sets up a Cal-O-Metric display at a back table as several female staff give disapproving GLANCES. Johnson tries to ignore them, REARRANGES the display.

She then notices an unfamiliar WOMAN sitting nearby, WATCHING her. Suddenly paranoid, Johnson PULLS OUT her script, as a new secretary, YVONNE, approaches. Yvonne STARES at the display. An obvious pouch at her waistline. Johnson SMILES.

JOHNSON

You must be new here. I'm Gini. Gini Johnson. What department did they place you in?

YVONNE

Admissions. I'm Yvonne. (smiles, off the boxes) Whatcha got there?

JOHNSON

Well, I've just discovered this amazing new product, Yvonne. Cal-O-Metric. For weight loss. Especially designed for women. For example...

(checks the script)
You know how it feels when you're
still carrying that extra baby
weight? I've had two myself, and
darn it, if it isn't hard to fit into
your favorite dress after...

YVONNE

I didn't have a baby.

JOHNSON

(beat, her smile freezes) I know... you didn't I did. And someday, you will too. And with three small tablets of Cal-O-Metric a day, you can begin that happiest nine months of your life without an extra ounce of padding.

Yvonne gives a curt LOOK and goes on her way. Johnson's smile fades, the woman supposedly watching her now gone as well. Johnson closes her script. Then spies Libby as she ENTERS, pushing the pram. Johnson's eyes stay glued to her, struck by the strangeness of seeing Masters' wife and his new baby son.

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31 CONTINUED: 31

Libby SCANS the room, searching. Her gaze finally lands on Johnson. Libby WAVES. Just who she was looking for.

32 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - LATER (D3)

32

Johnson STARES into the pram, drawn in despite herself, as Libby SMILES, so happy to finally share baby love with someone.

JOHNSON

Look how his little chin quivers.

LIBBY

I know, isn't it perfect? Although that usually means he's about to cry. You take him. Go on. I'm sure you're way better at this than I.

Johnson GATHERS UP the baby. HOLDS him to her shoulder.

JOHNSON

He smells like milkshake. So did Henry. Tessa was more like cinnamon.

LIBBY

(laughs, then notices)

Are you... selling diet pills?

JOHNSON

No. I mean, yes, but... well, I haven't sold any yet.

LIBBY

(examines them, intrigued)

Do they work?

JOHNSON

Not if you're a middle-aged battle-ax that looks like Winston Churchill.

LIBBY

(a look)

Hopefully I've come through my pregnancy better than that...

JOHNSON

No, not you. My God, I didn't mean...

LIBBY

Are you taking them?

JOHNSON

(beat, off the baby)

Why would I need them?

(MORE)

32 CONTINUED:

3

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I've already landed the youngest, most eligible bachelor in the hospital.

LIBBY

(sighs, reminded)

Yes. Our young bachelor who needs a new pediatrician, since our current one just compared Bill to a psychopath.

JOHNSON

What? Dr. Begner...?

LIBBY

And when I waved at Dr. Rosen, he looked the other way. Then when I ran into Cynthia Cash, now eight months pregnant, she said she's desperate, wondering who's going to deliver her baby now that Bill isn't working.

JOHNSON

One study. Like nuclear rain, falling on us all.

LIBBY

I get scorn, or pity, and Bill... it isn't good for Bill to sit around the house all day, waiting for letters that never come, writing letters as if he were imaginary people.

(off Johnson's look)

I could really use some advice. Honestly. How do I make him get back to work?

JOHNSON

Lib. When has trying to make Bill do anything ever worked?

LIBBY

Never.

JOHNSON

If he feels like he's being forced...

LIBBY

I know. It will just backfire. But... say you were me...

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32 CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNSON

(thinks, means it)

If I were you... I would take care of milkshake here, first of all. But mostly, I would take care of myself. It's the only thing you can do.

33 INT. SCULLY'S HOUSE - SCULLY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3) 33

Scully stands in his bathrobe, PULLS a stack of magazines from beneath his sink. TOMORROW'S MAN, MAN ALIVE, BODY BEAUTIFUL, quaint-looking body building magazines once the only available gay porn. Scully FLIPS through them. Takes a deep breath.

34 INT. SCULLY'S HOUSE - MARGARET'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER (N3) 34

MARGARET reads in bed as Scully KNOCKS and enters. Margaret LOOKS up as he sits beside her. She SQUEEZES his hand.

MARGARET

What is it? Can't sleep again?

SCULLY

Can I stay here tonight?

MARGARET

(beat, not following)

In my... bed?

Scully STARES at her. Then takes her hand, slides it beneath his robe. An odd beat. Now it's Margaret's turns to STARE.

SCULLY

I want to be with you.

MARGARET

Oh.

Margaret at a complete loss to find him aroused. Scully leans in and KISSES her. Margaret pulls back a beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Barton...? I don't think...

SCULLY

I want to look at you.

Scully SLIDES the strap of her nightgown off her shoulder. He KISSES her neck. Down her chest. Margaret begins to respond.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

You are so beautiful.

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34 CONTINUED:

MARGARET

(stops, looks in his eyes)

Do you really mean that?

Scully NODS, pulls her beside him on the bed, strokes her body. She slides off his robe, they KISS passionately. A couple in love. Scully gently TURNS her so she's facing away from him.

SCULLY

Let me see you this way.

Scully KISSES her back, down toward her buttocks.

MARGARET

Barton... no. Barton.

Margaret TURNS. She TAKES his face in her hands.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

You can't pretend I'm something else.

SCULLY

I'm not...

MARGARET

Then look at me.

Scully does. A long beat. Margaret REACHES out, touches him, his arousal clearly gone. Scully looks increasingly desperate.

SCULLY

Margaret, I am trying. But you have to let me try my way...

MARGARET

By pretending I'm a boy? There's only a shred of me left that still feels like a woman. You can't take that. I won't let you.

SCULLY

Okay. Alright. Let me try again. This time I'll look at you.

MARGARET

Why are you...?

SCULLY

I can do this. Margaret, I can and I will. Touch me again. Touch me now.

MARGARET

But, Barton, what has happened...?

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34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

SCULLY

(snaps)

Goddamn it, help me. If you don't help me, we have nothing. Do you understand? We can do this. We can make this work. We just have to keep trying. We have to try harder.

Margaret STARES at him, genuinely alarmed. She GATHERS her nightgown protectively to her chest. Scully's voice RAISED.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

Margaret, stop fighting me on this. Please. You have to help me. For Chrissake, help me!

35 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT (N3)

35

As Masters, in his tuxedo, MOVES with Libby as she CLASPS a strand of pearls around her neck. Her taffeta gown SWISHES as Masters quietly SIMMERS.

LIBBY

The St. Louis Community Chest is a worthy cause. Plus Douglas Greathouse and his wife Tatti are chairing.

MASTERS

Doug Greathouse is an imbecile.

LIBBY

He was just promoted to head of the Obstetrics Department at Memorial.

MASTERS

So that's why you're dragging me to this? To suck up to Doug Greathouse? So he'll offer me a job?

They CONTINUE into the living room where...

36 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (N3)

36

ESTABROOKS walks with the baby in her arms. Bouncing and cooing. She SMILES as she sees them.

ESTABROOKS

You two should be on top of a wedding cake.

36 CONTINUED: 36

LIBBY

(smiles, on the move)

Now, Essie, I've left extra formula in the refrigerator, he's up to two ounces now, I told Mrs. Havers next door you're sitting just in case...

ESTABROOKS

Darling, nothing will go wrong. This little one is with his nanna now.

Estabrooks SMILES at her son. Masters manages a smile in return. Estabrooks SNUGGLES the baby. Overjoyed.

ESTABROOKS (CONT'D)

Such a little miracle, isn't he? Like a fresh start. A beautiful baby boy, brought into this world, sent here to save us all.

MASTERS

He's not Jesus, Mother.

ESTABROOKS

But he *is* yours, Billy. Your son. To be worshiped and adored as much or more than any Messiah.

She continues bouncing him. Lost in babyland. Masters WATCHES this with a curious, almost frightened LOOK. Libby takes in her husband's expression. A growing worry on her face.

37 INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT (N3)

37

Decorated to the rafters to celebrate 30 years of the St. Louis Community Chest. Libby works the room gamely as Masters downs a martini, speaks to no one. The glad-handing DOUGLAS GREATHOUSE heads to the podium. TAPS the mic.

GREATHOUSE

Alright, then. Let's get started.
I'm Doug Greathouse, as you all know.
I don't normally MC these things, but as my wife says - there's more to life than the problems between a shapely pair of knees. Sooo...

(grins, pleased with himself)
Tonight... we tackle Rubella.
Rubella, or German Measles as it's
commonly called, is a world-wide
scourge, no disrespect to the Germans
here tonight. It's called German
Measles because it was discovered by
a Kraut.

(MORE)

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37 CONTINUED:

GREATHOUSE (CONT'D)

It could have just as easily been discovered by a Jap, then we'd be calling it Fried Rice...

Greathouse smiles at his own joke as his HANDLER whispers in his ear. Greathouse takes a beat. Clears his throat.

GREATHOUSE (CONT'D)

But... measles isn't the only disease worth fighting. Tonight... We're here to stamp out Pertussis. Or as we say here at Memorial -- Give a whupping to Whooping cough.

As Masters gives Libby a withering LOOK.

38 INT. BALLROOM - LATER (N3)

38

37

A wave of APPLAUSE as Greathouse finally moves from the podium. Libby WHISPERS to Masters, follows Greathouse with her eyes.

LIBBY

We should corner him now, before he gets mobbed.

MASTERS

I'd rather be boiled in oil.

Libby sighs, then MOVES off as Masters heads toward the bar. Libby SMILES bravely as a few catty heads turn her way, Masters also the object of WHISPERS as he crosses the room. He slows as suddenly BETTY DIMELLO and the Pretzel King, GENE MORETTI, appear in his path. Masters clearly surprised as Gene lights up with a smile. WRAPS Masters in a warm bear hug.

GENE

I'll be damned. If you aren't the best sight of this whole boring night.

Gene finally RELEASES him. Betty gives a little WAVE. Not nearly as thrilled to see Masters as her husband.

BETTY

Of all the gin joints.

MASTERS

I might say the same, Betty. Since I would be expected to be at a medical fund-raiser.

GENE

38 CONTINUED:

GENE (CONT'D)

Not cause they like me. But they do like my money.

(squeezes Betty)

And everybody loves my wife.

Betty manages a SHRUG. Gene leans in quietly.

GENE (CONT'D)

But this is pure luck, seeing you here tonight. Cause me and Betts... Well, we're having a hell of a time. Getting in a family way. If you catch my drift.

BETTY

He catches it, honey. But this isn't really the time or place...

GENE

We want to come see you, Doc. I mean, you're the big dog when it comes to... female plumbing, right?

MASTERS

(a look to Betty)

Unfortunately... I'm not working in a hospital right now. I've left Washington University. After a disagreement with... management. Over my sex study.

GENE

(a small laugh)

Sex study. What is that, the start of some joke?

BETTY

Oh, yeah, it's a good one. A priest, a monk, and a rabbi walk into a sex study...

MASTERS

Actually, it's a legitimate study mapping the human body's physiological responses to sex. I intend to get it started up again very soon. In a more receptive hospital environment.

GENE

What hospital?

MASTERS

I... don't know yet.

(CONTINUED)

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38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

BETTY

(pulling on Gene)

You hear a Manhattan straight up extra cherry calling my name? Cause I sure do...

But Gene doesn't move. He WATCHES Masters closely.

GENE

A birds and bees study. No kidding. And you want to get it going again?

MASTERS

I do. And I will. Somewhere.

GENE

Then I got a proposition might be right up your alley.

39 INT. BALLROOM - LATER STILL (N3)

39

The crowd shifted yet again as Libby rejoins Masters at the bar, LOOKS across the room.

LIBBY

It is just impossible to get a word in with Greathouse. That man that makes pretzels is absolutely monopolizing him.

MASTERS

I'll call Greathouse myself in the morning.

(off her look)

Maybe getting back to work isn't such a bad idea after all.

A beat, then Libby HUGS him. Both relieved and pleased.

LIBBY

This is why I love you. After all these years, you still surprise me.

Masters nods. He WATCHES Greathouse and Gene, deep in conversation across the room, as TINKLING PIANO takes us to...

40 INT. CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT (N3)

Where Johnson ENTERS the lobby, a small valise in hand. She makes her way toward the reception desk. Thomas LOOKS UP.

THOMAS

Mrs. Holden. Nice to see you again.

40

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40 CONTINUED:

JOHNSON

You as well, Thomas.

Thomas SMILES, reaches for a key. Johnson SIGNS the register.

THOMAS

That is a fetching color, what you're wearing. Do you call it...

JOHNSON

Celadon.

(off his look)

You can call it green.

THOMAS

Well, green suits you, Mrs. Holden.

(offers the key)

Enjoy your evening.

Johnson smiles and TAKES the key. Heads for the elevators.

41 INT. CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER (N3) 41

Johnson STANDS alone. She watches the arm of the dial DRIFT upwards, as her thoughts move back toward...

42 EXT. JOHNSON'S HOUSE - THREE WEEKS EARLIER - NIGHT (FB N1) 42

Masters STANDS on Johnson's doorstep. A beat between them.

JOHNSON

You put my name on the study.

MASTERS

You earned it.

As we HOLD ON Johnson's face. Her profound gratitude at this recognition from Masters.

43 INT. JOHNSON'S HOUSE - THREE WEEKS EARLIER - BUT LATER (FBN1) 43

Masters and Johnson now TANGLED in the sheets. As the intensity of their sex reaches its peak, they are aware of nothing but each other.

44 INT. JOHNSON'S HOUSE - LATER (FB N1)

44

40

The two quiet now. Johnson LOOKS at Masters with a frown.

JOHNSON

Ethan has asked me to marry him.

When the phone RINGS. Again. And again. Masters WATCHES her, clearly didn't expect this.

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44 CONTINUED:

44

MASTERS

And... what did you say?

JOHNSON

Nothing. Yet.

45 INT. JOHNSON'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

45

As Johnson enters and PICKS UP the phone. This time we hear Haas' VOICE as they speak.

JOHNSON

Hi.

HAAS (V.O.)

Hi, doll. I was beginning to think you weren't going to pick up.

JOHNSON

No, I'm here.

HAAS (V.O.)

I just wanted to tell you... I'll be home tonight, but I also wanted to ask... Should I be making a dinner reservation for me and my beautiful fiancé? To celebrate?

Johnson STARES at the wall without seeing anything. Finally.

JOHNSON

Ethan...

HAAS (V.O.)

Nothing too fancy. Just champagne, caviar, more champagne...

JOHNSON

Ethan, I'm sorry.

HAAS (V.O.)

(an excruciating beat)

Meaning... what? You can't be sorry.

JOHNSON

Things have changed.

HAAS (V.O.)

(trying to understand)

How... have they changed? Why?

(off her silence)

Do you love someone else? My God, don't say you love Bill...

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JOHNSON

I don't. No. It's not...

HAAS (V.O.)

But it is Bill, isn't it? Jesus Christ, Gini, do not let him manipulate you like this. Bill doesn't care about you. He cares about himself and getting you into bed. You must see that. I'm the one that will give you the life you want. A future for you and your kids...

JOHNSON

And you're a good man, my kids love you to death, it's just that...

HAAS (V.O.)

Just what, Virginia... what is it Bill is offering you? Work?

(off her silence)
This cannot be because of work.

Because of that study. It just... can't be.

JOHNSON

But it is. It's where I belong.

More SILENCE. She hears a CLICK on the other end. She hesitates, shaken, then notices TESSA peeking out from his room. She CROSSES to her, sees the worry on her face.

TESSA

Mom, did something bad happen?

JOHNSON

(beat, finally)

No. Everything's going to be... fine. Go back to sleep.

Tessa NODS and turns, closes the door behind her. She takes a beat, the repercussions of her decision right before her.

46 INT. JOHNSON'S HOUSE - JOHNSON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER (FB N14)6

As Johnson finally APPEARS in the doorway. She and Masters LOOK at each other a long beat. An odd expression, uncertainty, maybe even regret on Johnson's face. Another expression entirely on Masters. Could be something close to love.

47 RESUME - CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL - ELEVATOR - BACK TO PRESENT (NET)

As Johnson thinks about this. The elevator doors slide OPEN.

48 INT. CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (N3) 48

Johnson WALKS down the corridor. She OPENS the room at the end of the hall. She enters. The door SHUTS slowly behind her.

49 OMITTED 49

50 OMITTED 50

51 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DEPAUL'S OFFICE - DAY (D4) 51

As Johnson ARRIVES the next morning to find DePaul at Johnson's desk, a pack of Cal-O-Metric pills in her hand. Johnson SLOWS.

JOHNSON

Good morning. Were you looking in...

DEPAUL

JOHNSON

Pushing pills? They're diet pills...

DEPAUL

Which are usually off-market amphetamines, often combined with sugar paste or talc, in liquid form they're often ninety-proof alcohol...

JOHNSON

How does the other guy look?

DEPAUL

I'm sorry?

As we see what Johnson now SEES. DePaul sports the beginnings of a shiner. Puffy and red, morphing into black and blue.

JOHNSON

Your eye. It's bruised.

DEPAUL

(beat, suddenly uneasy) Watch out for medicine cabinets.

JOHNSON

Lillian... that's what everyone says. When it's not a medicine cabinet.

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51 CONTINUED:

51

*

DEPAUL

What is that supposed to mean?

JOHNSON

It means... what is going on? You don't date, ever, so you can't possibly have gotten involved with a man who... hits you. Have you? Although if you have... that's something you can talk to me about...

DEPAUL

Like Stanley Kowalski? Stella. Stella! Don't be silly, I hit the cabinet. And don't change the subject away from your dealing in illicit drugs, which reflects poorly on both of us and this office...

JOHNSON

(had enough)

Lillian, these "drugs" are a way to supplement my income, which as you know, is not enough to support my family, and if you refuse to have an honest conversation about whatever it is that's happened to you...

As Langham HURRIES in, pale as a sheet. Johnson SNAPS.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Dr. Langham, Dr. DePaul and I are in the middle of a discussion...

LANGHAM

I am not here. No matter what, I am NOT HERE.

Langham PRESSES himself up against the wall, as Johnson and DePaul follow his gaze. Several secretaries in the bullpen also TURN to watch as...

52 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS (D542)

The waters part for ELISE LANGHAM, murder on her face, as she PULLS her confused children by the hands. She CALLS OUT to anyone and everyone as they pass.

ELISE

Where is Dr. Langham? Where is he?

As Johnson EMERGES into the hall, approaches Elise cautiously. Elise WHIPS around, gives Johnson a LOOK.

52 CONTINUED: 52

ELISE (CONT'D)

You know where he is, Virginia. Spit it out.

JOHNSON

Dr. Langham ...?

ELISE

No, the Pope. Did Austin send you out here to fend me off?

JOHNSON

He didn't. Elise... why don't you and the children come with me, I haven't seen you in forever, we can have a chat in the cafeteria...

ELISE

(snaps)

Honestly, Virginia, if women can't stick up for each other, can't stand together in the face of the most grotesque violations of human decency, well, then... there's really no hope for any of us, is there?

Elise LOOKS around, not sure what to do next, then CROSSES to the reception desk. She picks up the PA, her voice suddenly CRACKLES over the loudspeaker.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Attention all hospital staff. Dr. Austin Langham, known here at Washington University as your resident philanderer and insufferable cad, has spent the last two months fornicating with his sister-in-law, that is correct, my baby sister Rosemary, because apparently little Rosie was the last woman in all of St. Louis that Dr. Langham hadn't skewered like a pig.

Dead SILENCE as Elise stands there, finally CLICKS off the PA. Johnson STARES at her, speechless.

53 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DEPAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D4) 53

As Langham slowly SLIDES down the wall, this large man reduced to a gelatinous heap. DePaul WATCHES him.

DEPAUL

You've done our profession proud.

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53 CONTINUED: 53

Langham RESTS his head against his knees.

54 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - DAY (D4)

54

As Masters works at his desk. Libby STANDS beside him, GATHERS her hat, coat, purse. A LOOK of determination on her face.

LIBBY

I'm going because Tatti Greathouse was kind enough to include me in the Women's Auxiliary brunch this morning and it's important I go...

MASTERS

It's not important. I told you I'd call Doug Greathouse myself today.

LIBBY

You can't mend fences overnight...

MASTERS

There are no fences, Libby. And for you to grovel for forgiveness for something that requires no apology...

LIBBY

Tatti is my friend and I'm going.

MASTERS

She's a rung on a social ladder.

LIBBY

Johnny is asleep, all I'm asking is you watch him for two hours...

MASTERS

I can't. I have an appointment.

LIBBY

You said you'd be at your desk today, reworking the study proposal.

Masters hesitates. Tangled up in his own lie.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Bill, you know more about babies than anyone I know. There is nothing that could happen here with Johnny you couldn't handle.

(off Masters' dark look)
The club number is on the counter.
I'll be back before you can blink.

And before Masters can object further, Libby is out the door.

55 INT. SCULLY'S HOUSE - SCULLY'S BEDROOM - DAY (D4)

55

As Scully stands at the window. His manner subdued. An oppressive weight on his shoulders. He LOOKS out over...

56 EXT. SCULLY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (D4)

56

Where down below, Margaret and their daughter VIVIAN make their way to the car. The murmur of their VOICES drifts up toward the window. The women SLIDE inside the car, Margaret behind the wheel. The sedan PULLS out of the driveway.

RESUME - SCULLY

As he WATCHES the car disappear down the road. Stands there forever, long after the women he loves have gone.

57 OMITTED 57

A58 EXT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DAY (D4)

A58

As Johnson and Jane SIT on a bench. Jane SIPS happily from her soda. Johnson tries to take in the news.

JOHNSON

I'm only saying you hardly know Lester. That's all. And California is so far away.

JANE

But I've always wanted to be in pictures, you know that, Virginia. Pictures where you can actually see my face. And Lester's job as a production assistant is for a real studio, which means he'll be a director soon, and he wants me to be the leading lady in his first film.

(off Johnson's look)

Why shouldn't I follow my dream?

JOHNSON

Of course, you should, but...

JANE

And you should come with us. Follow your dream, too. You could sing.

JOHNSON

Sing? Jane, that's ridiculous...

JANE

There's nothing ridiculous about it. In Hollywood, they have the Capital Records Building.

JOHNSON

What does that have to do...

JANE

What do you have here?

JOHNSON

(a look)

My kids.

JANE

Because kids hate beaches and sunshine.

JOHNSON

My work.

JANE

Pap smears with DePaul?

JOHNSON

That's... not my only work.

JANE

You mean hocking Cal-O-Metric diet pills to the local butterballs? Virginia... I know you and I really don't think that's your work.

An uncomfortable beat. Jane finally proceeds gently.

JANE (CONT'D)

What would make me really sad is if you're staying here for the study. Because... I know Dr. Masters put your name on it and all, but... Dr. Masters is gone, the study is dead, and to pin your hopes on something that just can't be...

(off Johnson's face)

When you could be reconsidering Ethan's proposal...

JOHNSON

You're talking to Ethan now.

JANE

He called me. Yes. And yes, his heart is broken in two.
(MORE)

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JANE (CONT'D)

But if you changed your mind... he would take you back. And Ethan is offering you something that's real. Whereas Dr. Masters' study... well, it's not real. Not anymore.

As Johnson CONSIDERS the truth of these words...

58 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - DAY (D4)

58

Masters SITS at his desk. The phone to his ear. Through the open door, we hear the sound of the baby CRYING.

MASTERS

My feelings exactly, Doug. And I'm sorry we didn't get to speak more last night... Yes, I said the same to Libby...

Masters begins to PACE. Hard to tell whether the crying or conversation is responsible for setting Masters' teeth on edge.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

Through his wife. Betty. We do know most everyone through their wives'... pudendum...

(beat, rolls his eyes)
More than their husbands see, yes...
Why don't I come by this afternoon?
Good. I look forward to it, Doug.

Masters HANGS UP the phone. A beat as he STARES at the open nursery door. Masters steps toward it then STOPS. A beat. Hard to know if he's about to scream or weep, something dark welling up inside him. He STANDS there, frozen, as if an impenetrable force-field repels him from the nursery.

Then suddenly he turns and MOVES across the living room to the stereo console. He grabs the closest record, drops it on the turntable. The Everly Brothers BYE BYE LOVE starts up as Masters CRANKS the volume. Higher and higher. Until neither the baby nor anything else can be heard.

Masters MOVES to his desk, sits, begins to work with grim determination. He peruses his list of medical journals. CHECKS some off. CROSSES others out. SEARCHES the phone book for a number. SCRIBBLES it in the margins. Then suddenly DEAD SILENCE, the music abruptly stopped. Masters LOOKS UP.

To find Estabrooks at the stereo, the quieted baby in her arms. She LOOKS at Masters. A long beat between them.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

You don't knock?

ESTABROOKS

Libby called. She asked me to check, see how you were doing with the baby.

Masters STARES at her, instantly flooded with shame and fury she's witnessed this. His voice remains calm.

MASTERS

From the looks of it, about as well as you did. Back in the day.

The gauntlet thrown. Estabrooks finally SPEAKS.

ESTABROOKS

We need to find another way, son. Somehow, we do. Because...

MASTERS

We're family? Family is what you make of it.

ESTABROOKS

And what you're making here, Billy, is...

MASTERS

Intolerable to you. You've made that clear. You've made it very clear you do not approve of my behavior.

ESTABROOKS

Honey, I'm only saying... every baby cries. And parents, well, sometimes when their nerves are just shot and they simply can't bear it anymore...

MASTERS

I meant my behavior with Virginia.

An odd beat. Not at all what Estabrooks was expecting. She instinctively covers the baby's ear with her hand.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

The fact that I have sex with Virginia. Regularly. And have no plans to stop.

(off Estabrooks' face) You don't approve of my behavior because you're afraid it means I'll turn out like my father. But the pressure is off, Mother. Your fears are realized. I am my father. You know it. And now my son knows it. (MORE)

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58 CONTINUED: (2)

F.O. OMETITED

MASTERS (CONT'D)

And the real magic here, like some dark, malevolent slight of hand, is that I have also turned into you.

(off her shock)

So. Now what?

Estabrooks STARES at him. Her eyes well. Masters returns her GAZE, his steely look hiding something devastated, even desperate underneath. Finally.

ESTABROOKS

If you keep this up, son, you will end up with no one. You will end up alone.

Masters takes this in, the exquisite pain of knowing what she says is true. His defiance evaporates.

MASTERS

The one thing we agree on.

As the SILENCE between them stretches into eternity...

59	OMITTED	59
60	OMITTED (MOVED AFTER 63)	60
61	OMITTED	61
62	OMITTED	62
63	EXT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DAY (D4)	63

Jane's words weigh heavily as Johnson makes her way across campus. She nears the entrance as DR. DITMER, from episode 110, sees her. Breaks into a dopey trot to catch up.

DR. DITMER

Mrs. Johnson... I was wondering... well, if I could speak to you.

Johnson slows. TURNS to him. Ditmer CLEARS his throat.

DR. DITMER (CONT'D)

It's about the study. Your sex study with Bill Masters.

JOHNSON

What a surprise.

DR. DITMER

Is it?

(off her silence, confused) Is it a surprise or is it not...

JOHNSON

I am not interested in drinks, Dr. Ditmer. Or dinner. Or a weekend in your country house on the river. Or a toss in the backseat of your Impala. But thank you. Thank you for your interest.

(off his face)

I'm sorry, were hoping that maybe I'd just lay down on the sidewalk, right here, and offer myself up?

DR. DITMER

(a long beat, finally)

I've... gotten a grant to use coldlight illumination during esophageal surgery. I know your study with Dr. Masters used the same technology. I was hoping you might give me some background and advice.

(off her look)

I would be willing to pay you to apply your skills to my study. And my study is well funded, if that helps.

Johnson takes in the sincerity in his face. Mortified.

JOHNSON

I am... sorry. I thought, well...
I'm already working with Dr. DePaul.

DR. DITMER

It could be in your off hours. Or during lunch. Whatever is convenient for you, I'm happy to accommodate whatever best suits your schedule.

Johnson STARES at him, a man throwing her a life preserver.

AA64INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - LATER (D4)

AA64

Masters works at his desk. The house quiet as the front door OPENS. Libby enters, SEES Masters at work. A sudden feeling of unease, as she DISAPPEARS quickly down the hall. Masters doesn't look her way yet is acutely aware of her. When she REAPPEARS, her worry is replaced with joy.

Masters SCRIBBLES on his pad as Libby APPROACHES, a beatific smile on her face. She reaches out, touches Masters' shoulder.

LIBBY

He's sound asleep. You're a magician. A baby magician.

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She waits for Masters to acknowledge this. But when he does finally meet her gaze, his expression looks like something approaching death. Her smiles slightly wilts.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Or... was it your mother that quieted him...?

MASTERS

My mother will return to Ohio. For good. So you'll need to get a nanny.

LIBBY

Essie has...? What happened...?
(off Masters' silence)
I need Essie. I depend on her.

MASTERS

It's done. And it's the last time we'll speak of it.

(stands)

I need to go out for a few hours. But maybe you can take this moment of quiet to start making calls. The hired help should start tomorrow.

Masters manages something resembling a smile, then brushes past her and HEADS for the door.

A64 OMITTED A64

64 OMITTED 64

65 INT. SCULLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER (D4) 65

The women RETURN from their errands, begin to unpack groceries. Margaret preoccupied.

VIVIAN

Phoebe was thinking of transferring to Brown Mackie herself.

MARGARET

Their school of nursing does have an impressive reputation.

VIVIAN

And it would be good for me to get out of St. Louis for awhile.

MARGARET

(beat, attempts nonchalance)
It's also good for you to stay here.

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65 CONTINUED: 65

VIVIAN

I know, Mom, you want me to stay. And Dad is desperate for me to stay. You two want me to live with you forever, until I'm a spinster.

MARGARET

Vivvy, that's not fair...

VIVIAN

How about I visit often? And maybe I'll get you a kitten before I go, something to keep you two company...

A muffled CRASH from below. The women hesitate.

MARGARET

It's that basement window...

VIVIAN

I'll get it.

Vivian moves to the basement door, OPENS it, heads down the stairs. Margaret CALLS after her.

MARGARET

You have to hear the latch click, that's when you know it's locked...

And Vivian is gone. Margaret stands there a beat, TWISTS her wedding ring absentmindedly, the spectre of her very uncertain future looming, when there's a blood-curdling SCREAM.

66 INT. SCULLY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - SECONDS LATER (D4)

66

Margaret RUSHES down the steps toward Scully as he HANGS in the center of the room, the electrical cord tight around his neck, the step ladder kicked over beneath him. His body JERKS violently as every nerve and muscle RESISTS this attempt to extinguish himself. Margaret MOANS as her feet fly.

MARGARET

Oh God. Oh God. Oh my God.

Margaret RUSHES past the paralyzed, screaming Vivian and GRABS Scully's thrashing feet, tries to lift him enough to allow him to breathe. She YELLS at her daughter.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

The ladder.

The sobbing Vivian RUSHES to the overturned stepladder, GRABS it, attempts to prop it beneath her father's feet. His wild KICKS immediately send it flying again.

66 CONTINUED: 66

Margaret releases Scully's legs as she SCRAMBLES to the work table, Vivian beside her. With superhuman strength, the women DRAG the heavy slab toward Scully. They SHOVE the table awkwardly under his feet, his shoes trailing almost delicately across the wood, as Margaret SCRAMBLES on top. Again, she lifts Scully to give him air, but Scully is heavy and the electrical cord tight. She CLAWS helplessly at the ligature.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I need a knife.

Vivian RACES up the steps, trips, falls hard, her arm CRUNCHES beneath her. She immediately up again and FLIES out the door. Margaret tries to HOLD the barely conscious Scully.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Barton, breathe. Goddamn it.

This ghastly dance continues until Vivian RACES back down carrying a butcher knife. She HANDS it to her mother, starts to climb up on the table.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Vivian, GO. Get out of here now.

Vivian WEEPS helplessly as she steps back but doesn't leave. Margaret SAWS frantically at the cord. It finally snaps as Scully COLLAPSES on top of her with an ungodly THUD, both of them a tangle of limbs on the tabletop.

Margaret crawls from beneath him, finally manages to RIP the cord from Scully's neck. Scully GASPS for breath. A ragged, desperate SOUND as Margaret SCOOPS him up in her arms. She HOLDS him like this, her face pure anguish. As Scully slowly, slowly returns to life.

A67 OMITTED A67

B67 OMITTED B67

67 EXT. SCULLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (NIGHT 4) 67

A gentle evening. Masters makes his way to the front door. RINGS the bell. A long beat. He's about to RING again when the door OPENS. Margaret stands there. A polite smile.

MARGARET

Bill.

MASTERS

Hello, Margaret. Forgive me for arriving on your doorstep unannounced. I've been trying to reach Barton the past few days...

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67 CONTINUED:

MARGARET

Right. His schedule has been... complete madness.

MASTERS

I see. I was hoping he might be in now...?

MARGARET

On the phone. Long distance. With Stanford Medical School. Something about a new specialist.

MASTERS

Will he be long? I can wait...

MARGARET

It will be. Long. Yes.

An odd beat. Margaret tries to smile.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Can I give him a message?

MASTERS

I, uh... well... I'm starting a new job. Tomorrow. At Memorial Hospital. It just came through, and I thought...

MARGARET

Of course. You'd want to talk to him about it. The first time you haven't worked with Barton in...

MASTERS

Nearly twenty years.

Margaret takes this in. Suddenly fighting her emotions.

MARGARET

My. Has it been that...

The two LOOK at each other. Both desperate for a confidente. Their shared worry for Scully vibrating between them. Finally.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I will tell him you came by.

MASTERS

Have a good evening, Margaret.

Margaret nods, WATCHES as Masters turns and leaves.

68 INT. HANNIGAN'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT (N4)

White linens and flickering candles as Greathouse RAISES his glass. Masters, Libby, and TATTI GREATHOUSE follow suit. The group all smiles except Masters.

GREATHOUSE

To Dr. Bill Masters, may his tenure with us be long and fruitful, and may he make us all rich.

TATTI

Richer.

The Greathouses laugh as the foursome CLINK glasses. Libby takes a generous sip, giddy with happiness and relief.

LIBBY

It does feel like a new beginning for us. So thank you, thank you both.

Tatti squeezes Libby's arm as Greathouse expounds.

GREATHOUSE

Well, it's quid pro quo deal, as everything in life is. There's not a hospital in St. Louis that wouldn't want Bill's formidable skills, along with his clientele, but Bill drives a hard bargain.

(claps Masters on the back)
It is a shrewd man that can get a
pretzel vendor to do his dirty work.

LIBBY

(smiles, a little confused)
Well. Babies can be messy. I don't
know that I'd call them dirty.

GREATHOUSE

But how babies are made, that can be plenty dirty.

TATTI

Doug, please. This isn't a beerhall.

Libby's expression shifts as she begins to understand.

LIBBY

Of course. So... you were able to accommodate Bill's study, in addition of his obstetrical duties?

^

68

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68 CONTINUED:

Greathouse LOOKS to Masters as if maybe he's overstepped. Masters manages a SMILE. Can't quite look Libby in the eye.

MASTERS

Gene Moretti, the man who owns that pretzel company, he made a sizable donation to the hospital.

GREATHOUSE

With strings attached. Big strings, due to your husband's arm twisting. That with the money comes Bill Masters, and with Bill Masters comes his study.

LIBBY

(stares at Masters)

I'm... so happy to hear it's back. And will Virginia be joining you?

MASTERS

I think she's anxious to get back to the work. Although these details aren't interesting to our hosts...

LIBBY

They're interesting to me.

TATTI

Which proves what I've been saying all along. Libby Masters is a saint. (to her husband)

But you, my dear, are not married to a saint. Which means you're to keep a hundred miles away from that study.

(to Libby)

Join me for a powder?

Libby NODS. The two women stand, MOVE toward the ladies' room. Greathouse gives Masters a LOOK.

GREATHOUSE

Kick me under the table next time.

MASTERS

I just hadn't told Libby the details yet, this all happened so quickly...

GREATHOUSE

Well, if I stepped in it, apologies. And officially, as both department head and the man married to Attila the Hun there...

(off his retreating wife)
 (MORE)

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68 CONTINUED: (2)

GREATHOUSE (CONT'D)

I've agreed to sign off on your sex study because it came with the deal. But unofficially, I'm very interested in what goes on behind those closed doors. Very, very interested.

Masters WATCHES Greathouse. His pact with the devil complete.

69 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DEPAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT (N4)

69

Johnson gathers her things for the evening as she WATCHES DePaul. Takes in her bruised eye. Finally.

JOHNSON

Will you stay much longer?

DEPAUL

Ten, maybe. I'll definitely be out by midnight.

JOHNSON

(shakes her head)

Lillian... you got your study funded. Take the night off. What's left of it anyway.

DePaul considers this. Finally opens her bottom desk drawer, PULLS out a bottle of Jim Beam. Johnson's eyes widen, would've been less surprised if she'd pulled out a rabbit.

DEPAUL

Do we have glasses?

JOHNSON

Cups.

Johnson CROSSES to the water cooler. Fetches two cups. DePaul POURS as Johnson takes this in with amusement. The women TOAST. Drink. Johnson notices a small smile on DePaul's face.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

You do think this is as funny as I do.

DEPAUL

It's not funny. It's sad, really.

JOHNSON

It's a drink, Lillian. It's supposed to be fun.

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69 CONTINUED: 69

DEPAUL

It's sad that no one would ever think I got a black eye from a jealous lover.

(off Johnson's look)

You didn't really think that's what happened. Did you?

JOHNSON

I didn't. I am curious...

DEPAUL

A medicine cabinet. Really.

Johnson not sure she believes this. Decides not to push it.

DEPAUL (CONT'D)

But do you know why?

JOHNSON

Why...?

DEPAUL

Why you knew that it wasn't a man that got the better of me? Because I'm not reckless. I've never been reckless.

DePaul takes another swig of her drink. Considers this.

DEPAUL (CONT'D)

I am always too... carning. Caring.

I mean... careful.

(collects herself)

I am always too careful.

JOHNSON

Unless you're drinking, when apparently all bets are off.

They both LAUGH. A nice moment between them. Finally.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

That's not such a bad thing. Being careful. In fact, just recently I decided to be more careful myself.

The women continue to SIP their whiskey. Both lost in their own thoughts. As Johnson's mind drifts back to...

70 INT. CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT - THREE WEEKS EARLIER (FB NZO)

Masters and Johnson in the lounge. Cocktails in hand. A tentative, shy quality between them. Masters finally SPEAKS.

70 CONTINUED:

MASTERS

It was a... strange day, yesterday. The study went down in flames. I got fired. So I suppose I should apologize for showing up on your doorstep last night...

JOHNSON

There's no need. Bill. Really.

MASTERS

Good.

Johnson NODS as Masters watches her closely. A longer beat.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

So... in terms of how we proceed...

JOHNSON

I'm assuming it's not an accident. Our meeting at a hotel.

MASTERS

(beat, carefully)

Freud probably said it best.

JOHNSON

There are no accidents.

MASTERS

(watches her)

Then we're of the same mind.

JOHNSON

(returns his gaze)

I think we are. And I think it's good, that we clear this up.

Masters hesitates, had assumed the beginning of their affair was already clear. He takes a beat. Desperate to read her.

MASTERS

Anyway... I imagine it's a difficult time. Ethan must be taking your break-up badly.

JOHNSON

He can't understand it.

MASTERS

He will when he gets some distance.

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70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

JOHNSON

I don't think so. It's a rare man that can understand how a woman could choose work over love.

Masters STARES at her. Not what he was expecting. At all.

MASTERS

Is that what you told him? Why you ended it?

JOHNSON

It's the truth.

(off his face)

I assumed you were listening.

Masters says nothing as Johnson HESITATES. Realizes perhaps he had a different impression. She finally LEANS in.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Bill... we could have an affair. Millions of people do. But an affair is... a fairly pedestrian thing. And the story always ends the same.

MASTERS

Does it.

JOHNSON

(watches him)

What we have between us... it's more than that. More than a simple affair. We have the work.

Masters says nothing. A million thoughts through his mind at once. He manages to NOD pleasantly.

MASTERS

Yes. And we've participated in the study many times. But at your apartment, something was different.

JOHNSON

There were no wires.

MASTERS

And that interests me. Perhaps there is an immeasurable quality, a psychological component perhaps... as you've always insisted... that can directly affect the body's reactions. Physiologically.

(MORE)

70 CONTINUED: (3)

MASTERS (CONT'D)

70

I feel a whole separate line of inquiry has opened up. And I think it would be a mistake to drop it now.

JOHNSON

I agree.

MASTERS

(nods, then)

But that does bring me back to my apology. I think you've misunderstood what happened between us. You refer to this as an affair, and you've mentioned this idea of an affair before, but of course, we are not having an affair, Virginia. We never were. I am a happily married man. So I think continuing the work is a good idea, but only if you understand the terms. I don't want you to feel you've been... lead on.

JOHNSON

(a very long beat, finally)

I understand.

They LOOK at each other for what seems like forever.

MASTERS

Good.

Masters STANDS and makes his way to the registration desk. Johnson WATCHES him go, a surfeit of feeling welling up inside her. Masters approaches the desk clerk Thomas, who LOOKS UP with a polite smile.

THOMAS

May I help you, Sir?

MASTERS

My wife and I would like a room for the night.

THOMAS

I can help you with that. And may I get a name?

MASTERS

Holden. Dr. Richard Holden.

We PUSH IN on Masters' face. Behind him, Johnson continues to WATCH him, a new, uncertain chapter beginning, as we ever so slowly... FADE TO BLACK.