

MASTERS OF SEX

Episode #202

"Kyrie Eleison"

by

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Directed

by

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2nd Blue Revisions 3/20/14
2nd White Revisions 3/19/14
Goldenrod Revisions 3/19/14
Green Revisions 3/14/14
Yellow Revisions 3/12/14
Pink Revisions 3/7/14
Full Blue Draft 3/6/14
Production Draft 2/24/14

Revision Pages:

19, 19A, 20

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MASTERS OF SEX

Episode #202
"Kyrie Eleison"
Green Revisions
3/14/14

CHARACTER LIST

Regular Cast

**Masters
Johnson
Libby
Langham
Betty**

Guest Cast

**DePaul
Vivian
Gene
Greathouse
Dr. Ditmer
Pam
Coral
Barbara
Rose
Anne
Paul
Elliot (Man)
Doctor Lyons
Director
Nurse**

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

AFFLUENT LOOKING DINING ROOM

CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL
LOBBY

MASTERS' HOUSE
KITCHEN
BABY'S ROOM
LIVING ROOM

MASTER'S NEW OFFICE
WAITING ROOM

MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
EMERGENCY ROOM
EMERGENCY ROOM PRE-OP
CORRIDOR
EXAM ROOM
OUTSIDE MASTERS' OFFICE
ROSE'S HOSPITAL ROOM

MATERNITY HOSPITAL
LADIES' ROOM
LANGHAM'S EXAM ROOM
CORRIDOR
EXAM ROOM
DEPAUL'S OFFICE
DITMER'S OFFICE
ELEVATORS
FIRST FLOOR
LANGHAM'S OFFICE

COFFEE SHOP

DOCTOR'S OFFICE

JOHNSON'S HOUSE

EXTERIORS

MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

COLLEGE CAMPUS DORMS

CAMPUS

CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL

The tinny sound of silverware on a plate as a BLACK MAID refills the water glasses of PAUL and ANNE PALMATEER, mid-forties, with their daughter ROSE, 18. Attractive, gaunt, Rose barely registers her parents, lost in some internal world.

ANNE

Did you try on the gloves?

ROSE

(not looking up)

They're too tight. My arms can't breathe.

ANNE

Don't be a martyr, Rose.

PAUL

Your mother's right. You should respect those gloves.

Rose senses something amiss. A beat. She slowly SLIDES her hand under her napkin as Paul CONTINUES.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I still remember your mother at her cotillion, like a beautiful butterfly leaving its cocoon, everybody chasing her. I just stood very still and sure enough... she landed on me.

Rose touches herself, her fingers come up red. She STANDS.

ANNE

Rose... where are you going?

ROSE

I'm not hungry.

ANNE

Sit and finish your steak.

ROSE

Mother, please, I want to go to bed --

Paul TAPS her plate with his fork, the discussion over. Rose sits back down, STARES at the blood rare meat on her plate...

As Masters and Johnson SIT in the lobby, sip their drinks, Masters on edge as the bearer of bad news not yet delivered. He listens as Johnson SPEAKS.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSON

All of our files. Buried deep in the hospital basement. Next to the sulfa drugs and jars of leeches.

(picks at a dish of nuts)

So I went to see Scully, hoping he'd allow me access to the basement, but his secretary said he was at lunch. So I went back after lunch, she said he was gone for the day. Then this morning, she said he was "out." Period. While she shuffled papers and refused to look me in the eye.

MASTERS

She gave no details?

JOHNSON

The secretaries aren't exactly forthcoming with me. About anything. Now.

MASTERS

I did try calling Barton the past few days, but I can't seem to get anywhere...

Masters trails off. Clearly worried. Wants to confide in her, knows he can't. Johnson notices his preoccupation.

JOHNSON

Anyway, I wasn't sure when I'd be starting at Memorial, I haven't yet told Lillian. She talks a good game, but she is more and more reliant on me, so I need to handle this delicately, give plenty of notice...

MASTERS

(bites the bullet)

Doug Greathouse feels he's stuck his neck out far enough with the study, so it may not be possible to bring you over to Memorial for awhile.

JOHNSON

(beat, a long look)

For... awhile?

MASTERS

I'm trying to correct his mistaken impression you don't have the proper credentials to justify you to the board as a research hire.

(CONTINUED)

Johnson is taken aback. Finally.

JOHNSON

My name is on that study.

MASTERS

As I've pointed out.

JOHNSON

Then I'll start as your secretary, as a temporary arrangement, of course. I've done it before. And once Greathouse sees I bring more to the table than hot coffee...

MASTERS

It seems there's already a secretary that comes with the position.

JOHNSON

(another long look)

Your secretary. You should be able to hire whoever you want...

MASTERS

I told Greathouse this is my study, I'd run it as I saw fit, with whom I saw fit. He said I'd thank him later, as this secretary is, in his words, imminently qualified, knows the hospital, is a "gem"...

JOHNSON

There is no more qualified "gem" than me, Bill. I know the structure, the methodology of the study. I helped to develop it *with you*, let's not forget. Dr. Ditmer was so impressed with my contributions, he's hired me to advise him on using cold light fusion for gastroenterology...

MASTERS

(taken aback)

You're working for Frank Ditmer now?

JOHNSON

Not to mention the fact, I am the one that recruits the subjects.

MASTERS

Is this a permanent position with Ditmer?

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSON

And at this rate, who knows how long
it will be before Greathouse comes
around.

MASTERS

Well. Obviously, I will broach the
subject with him again.

JOHNSON

(an idea occurs)

Nevermind. Now that I think about
it... I'll handle this setback my
own way. It wouldn't be the first
time I've had to work around
secretarial obstacles for the greater
good of bringing you your coffee.

Masters gives her a LOOK. They both know what she's referring
to.

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS

We'd have to tread carefully. I can talk to her first...

JOHNSON

Why dirty yourself at all? Let me talk to her. I'll take her to lunch.

As Johnson REACHES over, takes Masters' hand, opens it to reveal a KEY. She gives him a pointed LOOK.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I've faced tougher obstacles than a secretary with tenure. Secretaries come and go. I'll simply drop by tomorrow, help this one on her way.

(takes the key)

Do we have a plan, Dr. Holden?

MASTERS

We do. Mrs. Holden. We'll iron out the details upstairs.

Johnson STANDS, heads for the elevators. Masters WATCHES her. Pleased with the plan. More pleased to be headed upstairs.

3 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - (DAY 2)

3

An odd stillness, the room messy but deserted, except for CORAL. Eighteen-years-old, black, Coral STANDS like a sentinel, a nervous air about her, awaiting instructions. Masters enters in his undershirt, STOPS short at the sight.

CORAL

Good morning. Mr. Masters.

MASTERS

Dr... Masters. And you...?

CORAL

I'm Coral, Sir. Doctor. I'm here to care for the baby.

As a baby CRIES from the next room. Coral doesn't move.

MASTERS

I believe that's your cue.

CORAL

Miss Libby asked me to wait here.

MASTERS

Perhaps she meant for when the baby wasn't crying.

(CONTINUED)

CORAL

Yes, Sir. Doctor.

Coral MOVES to exit when Libby ENTERS with the baby, clearly tired. Frazzled. Masters gives her a LOOK.

MASTERS

I'm looking for my Jay Jacobs shirt.

LIBBY

It's hanging on the bedroom door.

MASTERS

It's not hanging on the bedroom...

LIBBY

I see you've met Dr. Masters, Coral.
(a big smile for Coral)
Today is a very exciting day for all of us. Your first day with us, of course, but also Dr. Masters' first day at Memorial Hospital.

MASTERS

(off this weirdness, then)
Libby, my shirt is not...

LIBBY

Coral, please get Dr. Masters' shirt?
It's hanging from our bedroom door.

Coral NODS and exits as Masters WATCHES her go. An odd beat.

MASTERS

You've hired a child.

LIBBY

She is eighteen and came highly recommended by Mrs. Walton.

MASTERS

As what?

LIBBY

You said to handle this and I have.

MASTERS

The girl needs her own nursemaid. I thought we agreed you would hire someone who could actually help...

LIBBY

She is helping. She's coming with me today on my errands.

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS

And who is staying with the baby?

LIBBY

(as if he's dense)

The baby is coming. With us. For a fun family day, out in the world, shopping, having lunch...

As Coral tentatively REAPPEARS in the doorway.

CORAL

I'm sorry, Ma'am. I don't mean to interrupt...

LIBBY

You're not interrupting at all. Dr. Masters and I were just discussing how, well... he has his way and I have mine. He may know what's best with his patients' babies, but at home... that's my domain.

CORAL

There is no shirt on the door, ma'am.

LIBBY

(feels Masters' gaze)

Alright, then. We'll just go find that shirt together.

Masters WATCHES as the two women exit. Libby actually takes Coral's hand as they DISAPPEAR. Masters stands there, in his undershirt, his house now as familiar to him as Mars.

4 EXT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - LATER (D2)

4

As Masters CONTINUES toward the hospital entrance. He SLOWS as BETTY and GENE approach, clearly having forgotten his pact with the devil. Gene nears, WRAPS him in the usual hug.

GENE

Teamwork. That's what we're doing here. Like the Three Musketeers.

MASTERS

(beat, extricating himself)

All we're missing are tights.

An odd beat between the three of them. Gene suddenly teary.

GENE

I'm sure this is probably ho-hum to you, but for me and Betts, well...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GENE (CONT'D)

we want to thank you, for what you're doing. And little Gene Jr. and Betty Jr... even though they're just twinkles in their mother's eye... they thank you, too.

BETTY

(an uneasy laugh)
Let's not go counting chickens now. The Doc's got a whole henhouse to worry about, not just my lousy eggs.

GENE

(now teary and embarrassed)
It's the salesman in me. I get my foot in the door, can't stop talking.
(kisses Betty, to Masters)
I'll wait in the car while you work your voodoo. She thinks me being in the room with the lights and all the gadgets might "ruin the magic."

BETTY

You got your crosswords?

GENE

(pats his back pocket)
And my cup of joe. See you back here after the heavy lifting.

Gene WAVES them off as Masters and Betty CONTINUE toward the hospital. Masters only SPEAKS once they're out of earshot.

MASTERS

What kind of "lifting" did you tell your husband you're doing?

BETTY

Fertility treatments.

MASTERS

That specific.

BETTY

I'm open to suggestions if you wanna, you know, make it sound fancier...

MASTERS

What could be more fancy than the fact you're sterile and yet engaging in "fertility treatments"?

(off her look)

This is not my problem.

(CONTINUED)

BETTY

I would say it is. Last I looked,
your new job came with all the zeroes
on that check my husband wrote.

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS

(beat, detesting this)

Three days and we're done.

BETTY

Or... we're done when I say we're done. Unless you liked your study when you were peeping through brothel doors. I'm sure the girls miss having you around. Comic relief and all.

Masters FUMES as they continue into...

5 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - MASTERS' NEW OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D2) 5

Masters ENTERS, Betty on his heels, to find BARBARA SANDERSON, 35, attractive adjacent, behind a desk that looks like an industrial fan blew over it. Barbara STANDS, extends her hand.

BARBARA

Dr. Masters... Barbara Sanderson. Sorry about the mess. I'll have everything ship shape by lunch.

(to Betty, smiles)

Mrs. Masters.

MASTERS

Dear God.

BETTY

Actually, I'm Mrs. Moretti. Mrs. Masters is some other lady that drew the short straw.

With that Betty CROSSES to a nearby seat and plops herself down. She PULLS a gossip rag from her purse. Opens it.

MASTERS

Mrs. Moretti is here for her... fertility treatments. Which she will wait for. Out in the hall.

BETTY

She's good here.

MASTERS

She'll wait in my office then.

BETTY

She'll wait right here, in this chair, until the cows come home, if that's what she pleases...

(CONTINUED)

Their argument interrupted as JAMES GREATHOUSE blows in, brimming with vim and vigor.

GREATHOUSE

There he is. The fastest speculum in Missouri. Great to see you, Bill.

(slaps his back, off Barbara)

Is she treating you right?

(doesn't wait for an answer)

I hope you're treating him right, Barbara. Because this one, he's got a bigger following than 'Gunsmoke.'

BARBARA

Of course, Doctor Greathouse.

GREATHOUSE

Turns out we've had a change of plans. I was going show you around, introduce you to the guys, take you to our private dining room, but unfortunately somebody's bleeding out in the ER. Up side? It's a good opportunity to get your feet wet.

MASTERS

What's the case?

GREATHOUSE

Daughter of V.I.D.

(off Masters' look)

Very Important Donor. But when you're done, let's grab lunch. And bring your duffle bag tomorrow. The Missouri Athletic Club is right next door. We have unlimited access to the squash courts and they are state of the art.

As Greathouse mock SWINGS at a ball...

6 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER (D2) 6

As Masters ATTENDS to the unconscious Rose, white as a sheet, SOAKED in blood, her mother hovering anxiously. A NURSE takes her blood pressure, Masters SLIDES on gloves, the mood tense.

MASTERS

She's in shock... What's her BP...?

NURSE

90/60 with a pulse of 140. She has a temperature of 103 and respirations of 30 beats a minute.

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS

I need a D and C setup.

ANNE

Why is she bleeding like this...?

MASTERS

(ignores her)

I also want thirty-five milliliters
of corticosteroids run every four
hours for possible sepsis.

(calling out)

Gown.

(To another nurse)

Betadine.

A nurse SLIPS the gown on Masters, another HANDS him Betadine.

ANNE

Doctor, please... what is happening
to my daughter...?

MASTERS

If it's what I think it is....

(beat, as he probes)

... I'm not even close to touching
the top of the uterus.

(to the nurse)

Set up the OR for a laparotomy. Keep
an eye on her blood pressure.

ANNE

Is she going to be all right...?

MASTERS

Do you know when this happened?

ANNE

(dazed, teary)

She didn't come down for breakfast
this morning so... I went upstairs
and there she was, on the floor...
blood, everywhere...

MASTERS

The blood loss is due to a
perforation of the uterus, most
likely sustained during the
curettage. Do you know any details?
How far along was she when she had
the procedure done?

ANNE

"Far along...?"

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS

So you have no idea when your
daughter terminated this pregnancy.

Anne's face CRUMBLES as she realizes. She takes in the bloody
mess that is her daughter, as we're suddenly...

7 CLOSE ON - DR. DEPAUL

7

She attempts a strained smile. Her VOICE oddly cheery.

DEPAUL

The physician begins by inserting a
speculum into the patient's vaginal
canal, which allows access to...

DePaul STOPS mid-sentence. We WIDEN to reveal we've been
looking at DePaul's reflection in the bathroom mirror. Johnson
WATCHES from a few feet away.

JOHNSON

Why did you stop?

DEPAUL

Because I look like I should be
sitting on Edgar Bergen's knee.

JOHNSON

That's funny. Charlie McCarthy. My
kids love him, call him "the wooden
boy"...

(off DePaul's grim visage)

Lillian. Please. Please relax...

DEPAUL

I don't know how I let you convince
me to do this...

JOHNSON

Because it's a good idea.

(turns her to the mirror)

And it's for doctors. They know it's
an instructional film. They're not
expecting Lauren Bacall.

DEPAUL

Well, then... I won't disappoint.

Johnson PULLS out a compact from her purse and hands it to
DePaul. She LOOKS at it as if being handed a loaded gun.

JOHNSON

For shine. Just a little.

(CONTINUED)

DEPAUL

And what does make-up have to do with medicine?

(off Johnson's sigh)

Fine. It's so important. You do it.

Johnson OPENS the compact. Begins to powder DePaul's nose. Johnson can't help but smile at DePaul's discomfort.

JOHNSON

Your mother didn't teach you about make-up?

DEPAUL

That would imply my mother knew she had a child. No. Mother's passion was bridge.

JOHNSON

As in... cards?

DEPAUL

No, as in the structure over the Missouri.

(off Johnson's look)

I suppose your mother powdered you up like a little doll.

JOHNSON

Every chance she got -- stop moving.

DEPAUL

And did she clap when you ate your vegetables?

JOHNSON

(thinks about this)

My mother had... big dreams. Much bigger than vegetables.

DEPAUL

Big dreams for you?

JOHNSON

For us both. There. See?

DEPAUL

(beat, looks in the mirror)

I don't understand why pamphlets aren't enough...

JOHNSON

And I understand you don't want to be in front of a camera.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

But if you want to be the face of
this crusade, Lillian, you need to
show that face.

8 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - LANGHAM'S EXAM ROOM (D2)

8

As LANGHAM puts finishing touches to VIVIAN SCULLY'S arm cast.

LANGHAM

If you feel silly telling people it
was tennis... tell them you jumped
into traffic, risking life and limb,
to save a kid from a speeding car.
Heck, make him an orphan.

Vivian LOOKS at him. This hitting a little too close to home.

VIVIAN

Quite an imagination. Explains the
comic books in your waiting room.

LANGHAM

Gotta know your audience. Kids and
old people. That's who break bones.

Langham HOLDS Vivian's wrist, examines his handiwork.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

It's none of my business but... I am
sorry about your break-up with Ethan.
(beat, Vivian nods)
I'm going through the same thing. I
mean, a break up. Wife, kids...

VIVIAN

I heard.

LANGHAM

Everybody heard. I guess that's what
happens when your dirty laundry's
aired over the hospital intercom.

Langham SHRUGS sheepishly as Vivian SLIDES from the table.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

Anyhoo, if you ever need to talk...

VIVIAN

About...?

LANGHAM

This...that...
(a smile)
I'm versed in wide array of topics.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

(off his obvious attention)
And how long should I expect to keep
this cast on?

LANGHAM

Oh... for a fracture... about four to
six weeks.

VIVIAN

And is it true, what your wife said?

LANGHAM

About me and my sister-in-law?
(beat, sighs)
What can I say? She's a spider. I
got trapped in her web.

9 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS (D2)

9

As Johnson MOVES down the hall with DOCTOR DITMER.

JOHNSON

I'm late for a lunch engagement and
the PSA with Dr. DePaul shoots this
afternoon, but tomorrow...

DITMER

Tomorrow fits my schedule perfectly.
And to give you adequate time to
prepare, my primary area of interest
is your work with Ulysses...

JOHNSON

Then I'll bring her along. Him
along.

DITMER

Isn't "it" a mechanical device?

JOHNSON

With an electric motor controlled by
a handheld rheostat.

DITMER

Sounds...intriguing. And I will say,
my respect for the work you and Dr.
Masters did grows exponentially the
more I read of it.

JOHNSON

(takes this in, proud)
Thank you. That means a lot.

(CONTINUED)

Johnson suddenly SPOTS Vivian as she heads down the hall.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
So tomorrow then?

DITMER
Tomorrow it is.

Johnson peels off, catches up to Vivian, GESTURES to her cast.

JOHNSON
Vivian. Oh, no. Is it broken?

VIVIAN
Tennis injury.

JOHNSON
I'm so sorry. Does it hurt?

Vivian doesn't respond. Her expression like stone. Johnson continues to WALK alongside her.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Anyway, I'm glad I ran into you
because... well, I've been thinking
about your dad... how *is* your dad?
(off Vivian's silence)
He's been gone the last few days...

VIVIAN
He's taken a leave of absence.

JOHNSON
(genuinely surprised)
A... leave of absence. Why...?

VIVIAN
They're headed to Venice. Mother
thought Daddy had been working too
hard.

Johnson takes in this news as Vivian suddenly TURNS to her.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Why are you really talking to me?

JOHNSON
I was... worried about your dad,
Vivian. And honestly, now I'm even
more worried...

VIVIAN

Don't say my name like you're my
friend. Or did you forget I was
engaged to Ethan?

(CONTINUED)

Johnson STANDS. Surprised at herself. That she would have walked into this without seeing it coming. That she forgot.

JOHNSON

Of course I didn't forget. And you're... right. I should've come to you, talked to you...

VIVIAN

Why did you sleep with Ethan? Because you were, what... bored? Needed attention? I had a whole future planned. I was happy. And you took that future and ruined it. You devastated Ethan. What'd you get out of that? What was the point?

Vivian's VOICE rises. Johnson acutely aware of people PASSING.

JOHNSON

I... honestly... didn't plan for things to turn out that way...

VIVIAN

Poor Gini, can't plan ahead. Can't see the consequences of her actions. Well, I see perfectly. You'll hurt anyone to get what you want.

JOHNSON

(beat, then)

You're upset. But I wouldn't date a friend's boyfriend, and to be perfectly honest, Vivian, we aren't really friends...

VIVIAN

So what's the friendly act all about then?

(off Johnson's face)

Because maybe you can get away with this now, but eventually, people will catch on. And then all you'll be is old and ugly and alone.

Vivian TURNS and continues, as Johnson just STANDS there.

As Masters, still in bloody scrubs, tries to keep his voice measured as he ARGUES with Anne Palmateer. Greathouse paces.

MASTERS

I'm saying a hysterectomy is unnecessary. Whoever performed this last procedure left tissue in her uterus, which I've removed. I've also sutured her minor lacerations. She should be back on her feet soon.

ANNE

And then what?

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS

Rose moves on with her life.

ANNE

And what kind of life is that?

MASTERS

Whatever life Rose chooses.

ANNE

I don't think you understand the
"choices" Rose has made so far.

(genuinely struggling)

Her bedroom was on the first floor
until she was thirteen. But that
became... impossible. So we moved
her to her brother's room on the
second floor. We did everything but
chain her to the bed... she would
still sneak out, every night... At
fourteen, we caught her naked with a
boy. Fourteen...

Masters and Greathouse exchange a LOOK. Anne clearly upset.

MASTERS

Mrs. Palmateer, did you or your
husband know about this procedure?

ANNE

No.

(falters)

Not this time.

MASTERS

When I asked you for her medical
history...

ANNE

It's the second... termination. That
we know of. Today, she nearly bled
to death. Next time, she could die.
My husband is so sickened by this he
can't even be near her anymore. The
only choice left is sterilization.

MASTERS

Rose is 18, she has her entire life
ahead of her, that decision is hers.

(CONTINUED)

ANNE

The decision is ours. And I refuse
to be held hostage another minute
because my daughter can't control
her... her sick impulses...

(CONTINUED)

GREATHOUSE
(before Masters can speak)
Bill, if I may, you are new here...

MASTERS
That is completely irrelevant. This
is a *medical* decision...

ANNE
(to Greathouse)
I want this done, Doug. You know we
are a loving and generous family...

MASTERS
(also to Greathouse)
And my obligation is to my patient's
well being, not her mother's...

GREATHOUSE
No one advocates a hysterectomy on a
whim...

MASTERS
Meaning what?

GREATHOUSE
That maybe in this situation... the
family truly does know what's best.
Mrs. Palmateer... the surgery will be
performed as you've requested.

Masters STARES at Greathouse. Stunned.

11 INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D2)

11

As Barbara LOOKS up from her work, eyes Betty who LISTENS to
this through the wall. She slowly shakes her head.

BETTY
Honest to God, it is criminal, what
is going on in there.

BARBARA
You know, I'm no expert... but how do
you think you're going to get
pregnant just sitting in a chair?

BETTY
Through the miracle of modern
medicine.

Betty CHECKS the clock. Closes her magazine. Stands.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

BETTY (CONT'D)

And look at that. Times up. I hope
it's a boy.

With that she abruptly EXITS past a nonplussed Barbara.

12 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - LATER (D2)

12

*

As Betty CONTINUES to the elevators, slides into one, the door
CLOSES. As the next elevator OPENS and Johnson steps out. She
MOVES down the hall, still reeling from Vivian's excoriation.

13 INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - LATER (D2)

13

*

As Barbara KNEELS on the floor, attempting to file. Papers
everywhere. Her desk a disaster zone. Johnson ENTERS, folders
in her arms. Barbara LOOKS UP, scrambles to her feet.

BARBARA

If you're looking for Dr. Masters, he
doesn't want to be disturbed. At
least, I don't think he wants...

*

*

*

JOHNSON

Actually, I was looking for you. I'm
Virginia Johnson. I was Dr. Masters'
secretary when he was at Maternity.

BARBARA

(a big smile)

Barbara Sanderson. Or Barb. And
boy, am I glad to meet someone who
knows the ropes with this one.

Barbara LAUGHS as she gestures toward Masters' office.

JOHNSON

I brought you some files that might
be helpful.

BARBARA

You did? You are like an angel, sent
straight from Heaven. Any chance I
could treat you to lunch? Cause I
could really use a friend here.

Johnson takes in her hapless, willing adversary, standing there
like a lamb to slaughter. Vivian's words ringing in her ears.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

There are so many things I'm doing
wrong, you know? Like when I bring
Dr. Masters coffee in the morning and
he doesn't say anything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Good, bad... nothing. Like he wishes
I were gone. Or worse...

(CONTINUED)

She MIMES slitting her throat as Masters' door OPENS and a grim- *
faced Masters appears in the doorway.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Dr. Masters.
(presenting Johnson)
We have a surprise visitor.

MASTERS

Yes. I see her. Mrs. Johnson.

JOHNSON

Dr. Masters. I was in the area. I
thought I'd drop off some files.

BARBARA

(beams)
Files for me. Isn't that swell?

Johnson HANDS Barbara the folders. A LOOK to Masters.

JOHNSON

May I speak to you a moment?

14 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER (D2)

14

The two STAND outside the office. Masters' face concerned.

MASTERS

Barton wouldn't do this unless
something were very wrong. Did
Vivian say how long he'd be on leave?

JOHNSON

(shakes her head)
Just that he's in Venice with Mrs.
Scully. Something about stress.

MASTERS

What else did she say?

JOHNSON

(hesitates, then)
Vivian was... anxious to be on her
way. If I do hear anything else,
I'll let you know.

Johnson TURNS, starts making her way back down the hall.

MASTERS

Virginia...
(she turns)
What about you and... Barbara?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MASTERS (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to lunch? Aren't
you going to... help her on her way?

JOHNSON

I'm afraid I've lost my appetite for
that.

As Johnson TURNS back and continues down the hall. Masters
WATCHES her leave. Clearly something's wrong.

15 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM - DAY (D2)

15

DePaul STANDS, arms crossed, anxious and annoyed. The DIRECTOR
checks his watch. A beat, then Johnson enters.

DEPAUL

You're twenty minutes late.

JOHNSON

I, uh... got hung up. I'm sorry.

DIRECTOR

Well, as long as you're sorry. Can
we get this show on the road now?

(to DePaul)

Like we rehearsed.

DePaul looks to Johnson who forces a NOD. DePaul crosses
stiffly to her desk. Perches on the edge. Two standing
SPOTLIGHTS shine on her face. Johnson takes the script.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

And... action.

DEPAUL

Hello. I am Dr. Lillian...

DePaul STOPS. An odd beat.

DIRECTOR

Cut.

DEPAUL

It just seems silly. Saying my name.

JOHNSON

(feels the director's gaze)
Lillian, you should definitely say
your name. It's your program.

DEPAUL

I'm not going to say my name.

(CONTINUED)

DIRECTOR

Okay. No name. Let's go again.
(checks, everyone settles)
And... action.

DEPAUL

(into the camera, like wood)
Hello. You are watching an
instructional film to teach you the
simple steps to perform a... a very
submerged pap smear procedure.

The director LOOKS to Johnson at this odd choice of words, but
Johnson FLIPS through the script without hearing, distracted.

DEPAUL (CONT'D)

The equipment required for the part
is... following. Laboratory ring
form. Patient gowns. Shapes for
patient modernity. A vaginal
spectrum. Schamen containers. A
cytology brush. Gauze swans.

JOHNSON

(finally notices, whispers)
Did she just say...?

DIRECTOR

Something about swans.

DEPAUL

The statician should begins when
putting into a specutum, a patient, a
cervix, and henny swaub...

JOHNSON

I'm sorry. Stop. Cut. Lillian...?
The uh... words... you're saying...

DEPAUL

I am following the script as you
constructed.

JOHNSON

Constructed?

An odd beat. DePaul hesitates, brow furrowed, she GRABS the
script from Johnson's hands. The director LOOKS to Johnson.

DIRECTOR

Is she drunk?

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSON

She's not drunk. She's... nervous.
Or...

(to DePaul, patiently)

Would you rather read the script on
camera? To get the words right?

DEPAUL

My words are fine.

Another tense beat. DePaul realizes something is very wrong.

JOHNSON

Let's just start from the top.

DEPAUL

No. I don't... if the team here
isn't satisfied with my...

DePaul hesitates, can't find the word. She SHOVES the script
back at Johnson, coolly WALKS OFF. Johnson STARES after her.

16 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DEPAUL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER (D2) 16

As DePaul SITS behind her desk, pretends to work. Johnson
ENTERS, crosses to her. DePaul doesn't look up. Finally.

DEPAUL

(almost afraid to speak)
The lights. Too hot.

JOHNSON

It wasn't the lights, Lillian. You
weren't making any sense. And last
week you had a black eye you couldn't
or wouldn't explain...

DEPAUL

I wanted pamphlets. You wanted... a
movie. "Let's make the program
bigger. Let's make it more...
bigger."

JOHNSON

What?

DEPAUL

(upset)
Dr. Johnson. Nothing is ever... big
enough. For you. Your eye is... you
always want some other prize.

JOHNSON

That is ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

DEPAUL

It is true.

JOHNSON

I am not going to stand here and
defend myself to you or to *anybody*.

Johnson GRABS DePaul's wheeldex. DePaul WATCHES as Johnson
flips through it furiously.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

You need to see a doctor.

DEPAUL

I am a doctor.

JOHNSON

A doctor *not* pigheaded and suffering
from a severe case of pride.

(off wheeldex)

Yours must be in here somewhere.

DePaul watches a beat. Then REACHES across, puts a hand on
Johnson's, STOPS her. DePaul flips to a card, shows it to
Johnson. Johnson HESITATES, sees the fear on DePaul's face.
Johnson grabs the card. Begins to DIAL.

17 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM PRE-OP - LATER (D2)

17

As a groggy Rose wakes from the anesthesia. Masters SITS
beside her. She STARES up at him.

MASTERS

Rose... I'm Dr. Masters, your doctor.
I want you to know the bleeding's
stopped now. You're safe.

(beat, Rose looks off)

I also want you to know... I've been
talking to your mother. Who's asked
me to perform another surgery...

ROSE

I know.

MASTERS

(surprised)

You're aware of what she's asking me
to do.

ROSE

(nods, then)

Just make sure it's done before my
cotillion.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROSE (CONT'D)

Mother spent a fortune on my dress,
if she hasn't already told you. And
I'm expected to wear my grandmother's
gloves. Because after all, it's our
"tradition."

MASTERS

I'll tell your mother you refused the
hysterectomy.

ROSE

I didn't say that.

(off his look)

Will you do it? Maybe it will help.

Masters STARES at her. The last thing he expected.

MASTERS

Rose... if you're saying this to
protect your mother...

ROSE

My mother doesn't need protection. I
do.

MASTERS

From... what?

ROSE

Myself.

MASTERS

I don't understand...

ROSE

Nobody does. Nobody understands what
this feels like.

MASTERS

(beat, finally)

I can try.

Rose STARES at him. As if she's not going to speak. Then.

ROSE

It's... like this dark thing inside
me is... starving. I think about a
boy, or a man, and I can't stop until
I have him. No matter what my brain
says, this other part... it's like
it's against me. It just wants, and
when it wants, everything else
just... goes away. Then after...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROSE (CONT'D)

when I realize what I've done... what
I *am*...

Rose suddenly teary. In genuine pain. Masters STARES.
Desperate to bolt from this conversation. Knows he can't.

MASTERS

Rose... whatever feelings you have...
if you go through with this surgery,
you will never have children.

ROSE

But what kind of mother would I be?

(wipes her eyes)

My mother wants me sterilized because
of the shame it brings to our family.
But I'm the one that has to live with
this. And I don't want these sick
thoughts anymore... I don't want to
feel ashamed. And if taking out part
of me makes it go away... makes me
okay again...

(off his face)

Do it. Just cut it out of me.

As Libby and Coral fold laundry. They LISTEN to the 'MA
PERKINS' radio hour. Coral picks up one of Bill's shirt.

LIBBY

Let me show you how to fold it. I'm
afraid Dr. Masters is very particular
about his shirts.

CORAL

(nods, glad for the help)

They all look pretty much the same.

LIBBY

They are all identical. At least it
makes shopping for him easy.

The women both SMILE. Libby notices Coral's hand is SCARRED.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

May I ask how that happened?

CORAL

Grease fire. When I was nine. I was
cooking for my brothers. My aunt
come over. Wrapped it in honey.

LIBBY

Was your mother at work?

CORAL

Momma had passed a few months earlier.

LIBBY

(takes this in, then)

My mother did also -- pass that is. When I was eight.

Libby ROLLS UP her sleeve showing a small scar on her elbow.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Boiling oatmeal. When I was eleven. Not quite as dramatic...

CORAL

Might be best we both stay out of the kitchen.

The two women LAUGH. Coral LOOKS at Masters' shirt.

CORAL (CONT'D)

My aunt says hard men do the best doctoring cause they don't waste time talking about weather and other nonsense. They get to the point.

LIBBY

Bill does get to the point. And no small talk either. I loved that about him when we first met. Made him seem so substantial. Like a man whose greatness couldn't be interrupted by idle chit-chat.

CORAL

Sometimes a chat is good.

LIBBY

Sometimes a chat is essential. Or sometimes it's fun. Or sweet. I could chat about Baby John for hours.

CORAL

That is one nice baby.

LIBBY

And I thought he would do the trick. For Bill, I mean. Having our son. I mean, I knew my husband was... reticent about children.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LIBBY (CONT'D)

I know his childhood was not a happy one, but again, no chitchat, so I'm vague on the details. If you can believe that. After all these years.

Coral LOOKS down. Instinctively senses she shouldn't be hearing this. Libby almost talking to herself.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

But I was just so sure... that when Bill finally held his own child... everything that worried him and hurt him... it would all just melt away.

(keeps folding)

Instead, it's like he's worse. More cut off. Like he's... scared of that perfect, innocent, beautiful boy. I mean, who ever heard of a grown man being afraid of his own child?

Coral keeps her head down but Libby doesn't notice. She CONTINUES to fold. Her heart on her sleeve.

As Masters WAITS outside a dormitory. Vivian Scully finally EXITS the building. She slows as she SEES him.

VIVIAN

Doctor Masters. Are you...?

MASTERS

I was waiting for you.

Vivian hesitates, uneasy. A curious beat between them. Masters finally GESTURES to her arm. She manages a smile.

VIVIAN

Tennis injury. It was... clumsy...

MASTERS

That reminds me of when you were... ten? And your tennis teacher, the pro from your club...?

VIVIAN

Flip.

MASTERS

Yes. Flip. You trounced Flip. Destroyed him on the court. In fact, from that day on, it was hard to find an adult you couldn't beat. Your dad was so proud of that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

MASTERS (CONT'D)
(off Vivian's face, finally)
Vivian. I don't believe you broke
your arm playing tennis.

As Vivian's lip quivers.

20 INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER (N2)

20

Masters and Vivian SIT in a booth, two cups of coffee between them. Vivian attempts to keep her voice steady as she SPEAKS.

VIVIAN
... like one of those... slow-motion
nightmares. My mother and I both saw
him, hanging there, but it was almost
like... we didn't. As if our brains
couldn't put the pieces together. He
had this electrical cord, digging
into his neck... and his feet were...

She STOPS. Masters can barely take this in.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
It was only seconds... but it seemed
like forever. Before we realized
what was happening. That my father
had actually done this. To himself.

Vivian STARES as if she still can't quite comprehend this.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
I probably shouldn't be telling you
this, but... well, Daddy thinks the
sun rises and sets with you.

MASTERS
I am... so horribly sorry...

VIVIAN
Momma says Daddy's been under so much
stress. Apparently, he almost got
fired from Maternity. Can you
imagine? Then you left, Momma says
that was very hard for him...

(as emotions well)
But it had to be an accident. Didn't
it? You know how sometimes you do
something, because you feel so
heartsick, and everything seems so...
hopeless. So for just a minute, you
forget... that people love you... so
much... that you have a family...

(off Masters' face)
I'm not making much sense.

(CONTINUED)

Masters takes a breath. Struggling. Squeezes her hand.

MASTERS

Is he really in Venice?

VIVIAN

The postmarks are from Europe. Momma writes every day, says Daddy's feeling better. He always wanted to see the Tower of Pisa.

(beat)

Eight hundred years of leaning. Think how tired that tower must be.

(off Masters' look)

He will get better, won't he? He just needs rest and he'll be okay?

MASTERS

(not sure what to say)

He just needs rest.

VIVIAN

(watches him, then)

I've had so many birthdays in that house. So many holidays with friends and relatives, with you... I loved our home. But now it's like all that's been wiped away. And the only memory left is those minutes it took us to cut him down.

21 EXT. CAMPUS - LATER (N2)

21

Masters WALKS across the parking lot to his MG. He reaches for his keys, realizes his hands are shaking as the keys CLATTER to the ground. He KNEELS to pick them up, then freezes there. Overwhelmed. Rests his head against his car. Tries to catch his breath. Doesn't move for a long time.

22 EXT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY (DAY 3)

22

The weight of the previous night hovers as Masters WALKS toward the entrance. A bright and chipper Betty APPEARS at his side.

BETTY

We were driving in this morning and I thought, "Funny, isn't it?" How overnight, something so cuckoo can seem normal as pie. Speaking of...

(reaches into a pastry bag)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BETTY (CONT'D)

Gene drives us by Carondelet's every morning now, it's like our little ritual, he calls it the "treatment treat", apricot cruller for him, powdered sugar for me. This morning I got you a danish, it's prune...

Masters TURNS on her, ignores the proffered danish.

MASTERS

Did it ever occur to you I have patients in actual need, people that are sick, people that are desperate for real help?

BETTY

So... forget the prune...

MASTERS

This is not a joke, Betty. You will put an end to this shameful charade. Today. Because if you don't, I will. I will tell your husband myself.

BETTY

No. You won't. Because you care too much about your dopey sex study...

MASTERS

That study is the furthest thing from dopey. You don't have a clue how people are suffering.

BETTY

(stops him, means it)
You do not lecture me on suffering. Ever. Cause what I've seen of suffering... makes all of this look like amateur hour.

Masters WALKS around her without another look.

As Masters CONTINUES in. Barbara STANDS nervously.

BARBARA

Doctor Greathouse is waiting for you in your...

Masters MOVES to his office as Betty STOMPS in after him. Masters SLAMS his door. Betty DUMPS the danish before Barbara.

(CONTINUED)

BETTY

For you, Babs. Prune danish. Eat it.

As Betty PLOPS herself into "her seat" near the door.

24 INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - INTERCUT WITH BETTY - MOMENTS LATER (D3)24

Greathouse SITS on the edge of Masters' desk, arms folded, as Masters changes into his lab coat.

GREATHOUSE

The mother has already gone over my head, Bill. You were supposed to perform an agreed upon surgery --

MASTERS

I never agreed.

GREATHOUSE

-- but instead you violated my orders and the mother's wishes, and now I have to clean up your mess.

MASTERS

That girl deserves a chance at a normal life.

GREATHOUSE

And how is she normal, exactly? Sneaking out all hours to screw every Tom, Dick and Harry? Would you call that normal if that were your daughter, acting like a whore?

Masters bristles at the word "whore" as Betty also REACTS, deeply upset by this. Masters shakes his head.

MASTERS

You know, for hundreds of years, people who fall outside the bounds of "normal" sexual behavior have been judged as deviant, amoral, whores. But that kind of thinking, Doug, is just reactionary and stupid. There are sexual dysfunctions in this world, they are real, maybe psychological, maybe neurological...

GREATHOUSE

"Sexual dysfunctions?"

MASTERS

Nymphomania, fetishists, homosexuals.

(CONTINUED)

GREATHOUSE

Also known as sluts, perverts and queers. Bill. Is this really our role now? To take a deficiency of character and label it a "disease?"

MASTERS

If that means putting the truth center stage, no matter how uncomfortable, yes.

As Betty LISTENS to this, a million roiling emotions.

GREATHOUSE

Regardless, the board is on me to do something. I'm going to have to oversee your surgeries.

MASTERS

You cannot be serious.

GREATHOUSE

It's not forever. Couple months at most and I'll stop breathing down your neck. Provided you behave. But let's drop this dreary subject, move on to the thing that interests us both.

(off Masters' look)

The sex study. So where are we on my new favorite project?

25 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DITMER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D3)

25

As Ditmer SITS behind his desk. Johnson, across from him, eagerly DEMONSTRATES the workings of Ulysses.

JOHNSON

... we started off with a simple camera lens and enough light to illuminate the vaginal cavity without distortion. But then we modified the device into a movie camera to capture physiological phenomena in actual living color.

DITMER

And... why couldn't this be modified to do the same for gastroenterology?

JOHNSON

I think it could be.

(CONTINUED)

DITMER

May I see?

Johnson hands it over. Ditmer EXAMINES the device. Impressed.

DITMER (CONT'D)

And what kind of data were you able to gather with Ulysses?

26 INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D3)

26

As Masters TURNS back to his desk, disgusted with Greathouse, gives the most cursory rundown.

MASTERS

The study had documented twenty-six physiological responses to various internal and external stimulation. Heart rate, brain waves, blood flow to all sexual organs, both male and female, in addition to...

GREATHOUSE

The related vasocongestion that occurs prior to intercourse.

MASTERS

(beat, a look)

So you did read our study.

GREATHOUSE

I flipped through it. The tax code makes for better reading. I want to get to the ground-breaking research.

MASTERS

What you read is "ground-breaking."

GREATHOUSE

What about different kinds of sex?

MASTERS

Different... how...?

GREATHOUSE

Point of entry, for example. I mean, everything doesn't have to go...

27 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DITMER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D3)

27

As Johnson GESTURES to the shaft of Ulysses.

JOHNSON

Like this... in the vagina.

(CONTINUED)

DITMER

But the... length. And width...

JOHNSON

A woman's vagina can accommodate a baby's head, let's not forget.

DITMER

But how did the subjects respond once such a large phallus was inserted?

JOHNSON

Respond as in...?

DITMER

What did it feel like for the women? Was there discomfort? Pleasure?

JOHNSON

There was pleasure, it's designed for pleasure. But you would be observing the esophagus, not the vagina...

DITMER

Both organs do secret fluids. Glands in the mouth produce saliva.

JOHNSON

The vagina actually lubricates in a way that more resembles sweating.

DITMER

(beat, intently)

Can you tell me more about that?

28 INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D3)

28

As Masters gives Greathouse an impatient LOOK.

MASTERS

... the position of a penis as it enters the vagina can of course vary considerably. We have collected data documenting dozens of positions. Male superior, female superior...

GREATHOUSE

And if a man and a woman want to do it hanging from their ankles off the MacArthur Bridge... your attitude is basically 'whatever works'?

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS

(unsure where this is going)
Our data revealed position is a
matter of personal preference,
physical agility can play a role, but
essentially where there's a will...

29 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DITMER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D3) 29

Ditmer appears to FONDLE Ulysses as he holds it.

DITMER

... the way sweat collects to prepare
the vaginal walls for penile
insertion. And thrusting. Is that
what you're saying?

JOHNSON

I... am. But again, how that would
apply to the esophagus...

DITMER

The human body is a series of
sympathetic systems. What you feel
in one organ can easily be replicated
in another. The sensation, the
feeling of it, it is not
inconsequential...

JOHNSON

But your patients will be
anesthetized...

DITMER

They will still have to accommodate
this device. This tool. This...
enormous phallus. Big enough to
induce vaginal sweating, secretions
that will coat a woman's insides...

JOHNSON

Dr. Ditmer...

DITMER

Don't you see, Virginia...?

JOHNSON

Mrs. Johnson...

DITMER

(flushed now)
Gastroenterology is the study of the
entire alimentary canal. From a
woman's mouth all the way to her...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

Ditmer suddenly gives a SHUDDER. Johnson STARES at him. Realizes he's just climaxed.

30 INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D3)

30

As Greathouse EXHALES smoke from his just-lit cigarette.

GREATHOUSE

"... her person, plump and sleek. To punish her bombastic flesh, to bruise her breast immune to pain, to make in *her astonished flank... a wide and gaping wound.*"

(off Masters' look)

Fleurs Du Mal. By Charles Baudelaire. You've read it?

MASTERS

Somehow I missed Flowers Of Evil.

GREATHOUSE

Well, for a Frenchman, the guy knew a lot about the Greek way.

(off Masters' look)

They didn't invent olive oil just for cooking, you know. I think this is a significant direction for our study.

A slight RAP on the door as Barbara pokes her head in.

BARBARA

Dr. Greathouse, you wanted me to remind you about your 10:30.

GREATHOUSE

I did, Barbara. Thank you.

They share a small SMILE and she leaves. Greathouse STARES after her with a curious longing. Masters WATCHES.

GREATHOUSE (CONT'D)

I will tell you this, Bill. It is the rare bird that understands that particular call. But trust me, they are out there. And when you have one in the hand, you don't even bother with the bush.

31 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DITMER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D3)

31

As the door BANGS open and Johnson exits. She MOVES down the hall. Upset. Angry. Heads for the elevators.

32 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - ELEVATORS - CONTINUOUS (D3) 32

Where three secretaries have stepped inside the available car. The door begins to CLOSE. Johnson HUSTLES to catch it as the women LOOK at Johnson. Make no move to accommodate her. In fact, seem to enjoy watching the doors close. Johnson STOPS in the face of this obvious slight. A beat, then she takes her Ulysses file. HEAVES it at the door.

33 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DEPAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT (NIGHT 3) 33

Johnson works at her desk as DePaul ENTERS. All business.

DEPAUL

I'm finishing up with Mrs. Delessi's blood work, but you're free to go.

Johnson hesitates, then SCRIBBLES something on a piece of paper. Stands. PLOPS it on DePaul's desk.

JOHNSON

We have an appointment. Tomorrow at two. With your specialist.

Johnson doesn't even look at her as she HEADS out the door.

34 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT (N3) 34

Johnson exits the elevators and MOVES down the hall. She doesn't get far when she hears a VOICE from behind her.

LANGHAM (O.C.)

Virginia...

Johnson TURNS to find Langham beckoning from his office. She hesitates, not in the mood. But Langham is all charm.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

I want to show you something.

35 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - LANGHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT (N3) 35

Transformed into a space that looks more like a frat party than a place where medicine is practiced. NURSES, INTERNS, and OTHER STAFF dance and drink to Billie Holiday's, 'Let's Fall In Love.' Johnson LOOKS around as Langham ushers her inside.

JOHNSON

You really are one of the Lost Boys.

Langham LEADS her toward a make-shift bar. POURS her a generous glass of bourbon. Refills his own.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

So this is your answer to being
kicked out of the house and your life
being a shambles?

LANGHAM

You got a better answer?

JOHNSON

(considers this, then)

No.

They TOAST. Langham looks around his happy office. Smiles.

LANGHAM

You know what they tell you to do if
you're driving on a slippery surface
and lose control?

JOHNSON

Scream?

LANGHAM

That's what most people do. Panic.
Slam on the brakes... end up spinning
into a ditch. What you're supposed
to do? Hit the gas and steer into
the skid. The car automatically
straightens itself out.

Johnson takes in the revelers.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

That's all I'm doing. Hitting the
gas and steering into the skid.

JOHNSON

Still feels like a ditch.

(off his look)

Sorry. You're actually... very
gifted when it comes to crepe paper.

Langham PULLS DOWN a piece of crepe paper, ties it around
Johnson's neck.

LANGHAM

Care to dance?

JOHNSON

(beat, looks at the others)

It seems impossible the staff here
could think any less of me, but...
that might do it.

(CONTINUED)

LANGHAM

Do you really care?

Johnson considers this. Sees his point. As Langham places their drinks aside, takes Johnson in his arms. Slowly DANCES with her to the music.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

Although I do take your point. We've hit a rough patch, you and I. But we'll bounce back.

JOHNSON

We're a team now?

(CONTINUED)

LANGHAM

Not in a romantic way. And you know why we'll never be together that way?

JOHNSON

Hard to know where to start.

LANGHAM

Because we're lone wolves. Driven from the pack by our refusal to conform.

JOHNSON

(takes this in)

Is that it? You sure we weren't asked to leave because we didn't play nice with other wolves?

LANGHAM

Lone wolves don't always play nice. They're wild, unpredictable, always on the hunt for new prey...

JOHNSON

Sounds lonely.

LANGHAM

(watches her, then)

Do you know what's four floors directly below us? The morgue.

(off her look)

That's lonely. We're dancing.

As Johnson takes him in. Oddly admiring of Langham and yet she can't buoy to the surface in the same way. It's clear he takes solace in her company. Johnson only feels more alone.

36 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT (N3)

36

As Masters sits on a stool next to Rose. She lays on an exam table. Her anger palpable.

ROSE

I just want to go home.

MASTERS

I need to talk to you first.

ROSE

Well, I won't listen. I asked you, begged you to perform that surgery...

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS

I know you did. But, Rose... doctors take an oath, the Hippocratic Oath, which says "First, do no harm." That surgery would have harmed you. Irreparably. I couldn't live with that.

ROSE

Who cares about you? How am I supposed to live?

MASTERS

(off her distress, finally)
Four years ago, the poliovirus killed half a million people a year. Now, thanks to Dr. Jonas Salk, we will likely see polio eradicated in our lifetime.

ROSE

My problem is not polio!

MASTERS

I know what your problem is.

A beat between them. Then Masters shows her a small device.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

This is an intrauterine device, or IUD. It's been used since the turn of the century, but Dr. Jack Lippes recently refined it with something called thermoplastics, making it the most effective and simple method of birth control available today.

Rose hesitates. Suddenly can't help but LISTEN.

ROSE

Birth control? My mother would never allow it.

MASTERS

You're eighteen and don't need your mother's permission. As your doctor, I am telling you, this is the first step in solving your problem.

ROSE

(beat, frowns)
Some little thing made out of plastic?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROSE (CONT'D)

How is that going to stop me from
acting like... like a whore...

MASTERS

Don't say that again, Rose. And
don't let anyone else say it either.

(off her surprise)

There is... such promise of hope
ahead. You are not going to suffer
like this forever. But as we wait
for the answers that will surely
come, the least we can do is make
sure you don't get pregnant again.

ROSE

(wants to believe, finally)

But if I'm not a whore... then
what...?

A beat as Masters STARES at her. Knows what he needs to say.

37 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - BABY'S ROOM - LATER (N3)

37

As Libby holds her CRYING BABY, thumbs furiously through Doctor
Spock's Baby book. Coral STANDS off to one side.

LIBBY

Hunger, gas, you're not wet... What
are the other reasons a baby cries?

CORAL

(offering meekly)

Babies like a tight swaddle...

Libby ignores this as the baby CRIES even louder, setting Libby
further on edge. Finally she HANDS him to Coral.

LIBBY

I'm going to heat another bottle.

She MOVES toward the kitchen when the door OPENS and Masters
ENTERS. Libby checks the clock. Looks almost embarrassed.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

You're... late. Did something go
wrong at the new...?

MASTERS

The new job is fine. I see home is a
different story.

LIBBY

He's only crying because he's hungry.
I was about to heat a bottle...

(CONTINUED)

When suddenly the room is quiet. Both Libby and Masters LOOK to find Coral gently rocking the baby.

CORAL

Swaddle needed to be tighter is all.

Masters exhales, welcoming the quiet. A LOOK to Libby.

MASTERS

I think I've mentioned his swaddle.

CORAL

(smiles at Masters)

And I been telling Miss Libby about my auntie's swaddle all day. My auntie was Queen of the Swaddles.

MASTERS

(returns the girl's smile)

Long may she reign.

Coral WANDERS off with the baby, happy to have been of assistance. Libby takes in the relief on Masters' face.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

Maybe you were right about the girl.
She does seem... competent.

Libby STARES daggers as Masters pours himself a drink.

Betty gives Gene a WAVE and hurries to join Masters as he heads inside. Masters does his best to ignore her.

BETTY

I wanna talk to you about something.
About Rose.

(off Masters' look)

The girl with the witch of a mother,
trying to yank out her uterus...

MASTERS

Have you been looking through my
patient files...?

BETTY

The way you were yelling, people in
space know about Rose. My point
is... I know these kind of situations
and you need to talk to her, a real
heart-to-heart...

MASTERS

I will not discuss my patients with you. Ever. Is that clear?

Masters CONTINUES for the door as Betty SLAMS into a pedestrian, ELLIOT DRAPER, coming the other way. She drops her movie magazines, her heel breaks, she nearly tumbles. She still YELLS after Masters.

BETTY

Cause you know everything.

ELLIOT

(steadying her)

I am so sorry. Can I help...?

Betty takes off her shoe. EXAMINES it. Masters SEES this. Elliot busy picking up her things.

BETTY

Fifty dollar shoe but it breaks just like the five dollar kind.

ELLIOT

(realizes, a weird smile)

You're making house calls now?

BETTY

(a brief flicker, then)

Thanks for your concern.

ELLIOT

You don't remember me, do you?

BETTY

Enjoy your day.

ELLIOT

(calls after her)

Nice to see you again. I hope the john you humped to get the fur throws in a new pair of shoes next time.

Betty's face freezes as she HOBBLER toward Masters on her broken heel. Masters frowns, not sure he heard that correctly.

MASTERS

Who was that?

BETTY

Nobody. Good Samaritan.

Masters takes in her stricken LOOK. Realizes he did hear correctly, as Betty GALUMPS past him and into the elevator.

A39 INT. OUTSIDE MASTERS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D4)

A39

As Masters and Betty REACH the office door. Masters opens it and moves aside, allowing Betty to enter first. Betty LOOKS at him, raw after her encounter, realize his chivalry is actually sympathy over what just happened. She ENTERS. Humiliated.

39 INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D4)

39

As Masters CONTINUES into his office and Betty stands there, at a loss, Barbara nowhere to be found. She finally CROSSES to a stack of medical reports on Barbara's desk. RIFLES through until she finds a file that reads "Rose Palmateer".

40 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D4)

40

'As the World Turns' PLAYS on the television as Coral irons and Libby puffs away on a cigarette. Coral's eyes are glued to the set. Libby WATCHES Coral as she works.

LIBBY

You seem to like television stories better. I mean, compared to the radio stories.

CORAL

We do love TV. At night, my brothers watch westerns, 'Wagon Train,' Bat Masterson... but come one o'clock, it's 'As The World Turns', I don't care what kind of fit they throw. Of course, now I'm working here at one, so... I appreciate you turning it on.

(warming to the subject)

Sometimes, in the summer when the boys are home, I'll axe my auntie if I can watch it at her place. Mainly so they don't interrupt me with all their roughhousing...

LIBBY

Ask.

CORAL

Ma'am?

LIBBY

"Ask." You said "axe." The proper pronunciation is ask.

CORAL

(beat, embarrassed)

Oh. Yes, ma'am. I'm... sorry.

LIBBY

You don't have to apologize. I'm always grateful when someone points out something I could do better.

(smiles, gestures)

Give it go.

CORAL

Go...?

(CONTINUED)

LIBBY
The pronunciation.
(clearly)
Ask.

CORAL
A-xe.

LIBBY
No... Ask.

CORAL
(coolly)
Ask.

LIBBY
Better already. Down the road, it
would get confusing if the baby's
talking one way with me and another
with you. Since we'll be the two
essentially raising him, it seems a
good idea the two of us operate as a
team. Don't you think?

CORAL
Yes, ma'am.

Libby SMILES again as Coral goes back to ironing.

41 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY (D4)

41

DePaul sits on an exam table in her paper gown. Johnson on a
nearby chair. They listen to DOCTOR LYONS, kind, no-nonsense.

DOCTOR LYONS
I am so sorry, Lillian.

DEPAUL
(nods, finally)
Metastasis was always a possibility.

JOHNSON
(slightly shell shocked)
But... once the cancer has spread to
the brain, I mean, surely there are
options? What are our options?

DePaul reacts to the word "our."

DOCTOR LYONS
It's a good question. Lillian, you
should probably get dressed. We can
meet in my office. Go over what's
possible. What's not.

(CONTINUED)

DEPAUL

I don't want anyone to know about
this.

They both LOOK at Johnson. Johnson bristles slightly.

JOHNSON

Of course I won't say anything.

Lyons stands and LEAVES. Johnson GESTURES to DePaul.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I'll give you your privacy.

DEPAUL

A little late for that, don't you
think?

(beat, off Johnson's look)
Virginia. What good did this do?

JOHNSON

(struggling, finally)
I know what to research now.

DEPAUL

You're going to research my
metastasized, terminal cancer?

JOHNSON

Is that so hard to believe?

DePaul doesn't answer the question. Johnson STARES at her.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Then you don't know me. But I know
you. And you are a fighter, Lillian.
So am I. So that is what we're going
to do. We are going to fight.

DePaul STARES at her. Strangely touched. Finally.

DEPAUL

Every good fight begins with pizza.

JOHNSON

(beat, a look)
You said... pizza. What did you mean
to say?

DEPAUL

Pizza. After we talk to Dr. Lyons,
is there someplace close that serves
pizza?

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSON

Gaetano's, two blocks away...

DEPAUL

I don't eat pizza. I don't even like it. But suddenly, I'm craving pizza.

The women LOOK at each other, the way ahead anything but clear.

42 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY (D4)

42

As Betty HEADS determinedly down the corridor. She SEES flowers meant for somebody else on a cart. In one motion, she SWIPES them, tosses the card, and keeps walking.

43 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ROSE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D4) 43

Rose PACKS, getting ready to be discharged. Betty enters.

BETTY

Rose Palmateer?

Rose NODS. Betty shoves the flowers her direction.

ROSE

For me? Who are they from?

BETTY

No card. Probably a secret admirer.

ROSE

Well. Thank you. I didn't catch...

BETTY

Betty. Just one of the hospital busy bees. I also work with Doc Masters.

ROSE

Oh. He's also my doctor.

BETTY

That so?

(beat, checks the door)

You're leaving then?

ROSE

My mom is about to pick me up.

Just the opening Betty needed. She takes a BREATH. Screws up her courage.

BETTY

It's funny with mothers. Isn't it?
(Rose shrugs, not following)

(CONTINUED)

BETTY (CONT'D)

One of my earliest memories of hospitals. My mother had to go to one, this was years ago. She had an accident, ended up blind in one eye. It had to be removed. She had a glass eye till the day she died.

ROSE

I'm... sorry to hear that...

BETTY

Actually, I did it to her. See, my mother was in the habit of making me feel... real lousy. She would call me a tramp, she would say I was a disgrace to her, to myself...

(off Rose's face)

And I took it, her opinion of me, for the longest time, until I realized if you let people have at you like that, they will take the skin right off your bones. So one day... I'm not sure what set it off... but I took off my pump, it had one of those real pointy heels... and I stabbed her right in the eye with it.

Rose STARES at her. Not at all sure what to make of this.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Not that blinding people is the best way. But there's a life lesson in there. Somewhere. About standing up for yourself. A life lesson I'm happy to pass on.

ROSE

You talked to Dr. Masters about me.

BETTY

He didn't say a thing. I swear. I snooped.

ROSE

(beat, then)

I feel better now anyway. Because of Dr. Masters. I'm very grateful for what he said.

BETTY

He said something useful?

(CONTINUED)

ROSE

(beat, then)

He said I was... someone who needs help. Like all of us. And then he said, "I will tell you what you're not, Rose. You are not your worst part."

(smiles, a weight lifted)

I am not my worst part.

Betty takes this in. Suddenly on the verge of tears.

44 OMITTED

44

45 INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - NIGHT (NIGHT 4)

45

As Masters, now in his suit jacket, STANDS at his desk, his case packed to go. He SPEAKS into the phone. We hear Libby's VOICE on the other end.

MASTERS

The case just came in so... fairly late I'm afraid.

LIBBY (V.O.)

I can keep your dinner warm. I can wait up...

MASTERS

No, Lib. Don't wait. I'll eat here and you should sleep.

LIBBY (V.O.)

It's true. I am so beat.

(then)

In the morning, then?

MASTERS

In the morning, dear.

Masters LISTENS as Libby hangs up on her end. He stands there a beat. The weight of it all on his face. He finally grabs his bag, crosses the room, CLICKS OFF the lights and heads out the door as...

46 INT. JOHNSON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (N4)

46

Johnson GRABS her coat and purse, gives last minute instructions to babysitter PAM.

JOHNSON

It might be late. The day has been, well... a crazy one, and if I don't catch up on my paperwork now...

(CONTINUED)

PAM

Don't worry, Virginia. The kids are already down. I can sit here, I have loads of homework to finish...

JOHNSON

I appreciate it, Pam.

PAM

(smiles)

You do what you need to do. Everything here will be fine.

As Johnson returns the SMILE, heads into the entryway. She hesitates a beat, similarly burdened as...

47 EXT. CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT (N4)

47

Masters, in his MG, drives DOWN the street toward the hotel. He eases into a space on the street. Parks. He kills the ignition. He SITS there a beat. A million thoughts on his mind. Until he SPIES headlights coming his way.

He WATCHES as the car pulls over. Parks. The headlights gently extinguish.

Masters STEPS from his car. The other car door OPENS and Johnson emerges. A beat as they walk TOWARD each other. They SLOW as they get near to one another. Then STOP.

The hotel GLOWS in the background as the worst parts fade away. They STAND there, take in each other's presence, an island of two, as we ever so slowly... FADE TO BLACK.