

# MASTERS OF SEX

Episode #204

"Dirty Jobs"

by

Steven Levenson

Directed

by

Michael Engler

Production Draft 3/15/14

© 2014

SONY PICTURES TELEVISION INC.

All Rights Reserved

No portion of this script may be performed, or reproduced by any means,  
or quoted, or published in any medium without prior written consent of  
SONY PICTURES TELEVISION INC.

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

**MASTERS OF SEX**

Episode #204  
"Dirty Jobs"  
Production Draft  
3/15/14

**CHARACTER LIST**

**Regular Cast**

**Masters  
Johnson  
Libby  
Langham  
Betty**

**Guest Cast**

**DePaul  
Gene  
Greathouse  
Coral  
Barbara  
Flo Packer  
Charles Hendricks  
Henry  
Tessa  
Tatti Greathouse  
George Papanikolaou  
Dr. Broad  
Serena Buckley  
Dr. Weiland  
Lorraine  
Trish  
Angie  
Mariel  
Bee Faunce  
Young Woman  
Nurse  
Woman  
Mr. Ed (television character)**

**MASTERS OF SEX**

Episode #204  
"Dirty Jobs"  
Production Draft  
3/15/14

**SET LIST**

**INTERIORS**

MEMORIAL HOSPITAL  
EXAM ROOM  
LAB ROOM  
CORRIDOR

MASTERS' OFFICE  
WAITING ROOM

CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL  
ROOM 84  
OTHER ROOM  
HALLWAY

MASTERS' HOUSE  
BEDROOM  
LIVING ROOM  
BATHROOM  
KITCHEN

WAITING ROOM

EXAM ROOM

MATERNITY HOSPITAL  
CAFETERIA  
CORRIDOR  
DEPAUL'S OFFICE

CAL-O-METRIC HEADQUARTERS

MORETTI HOUSE

JOHNSON'S HOUSE

MYSTERY HOSPITAL

**EXTERIORS**

CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL

MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

SUBURBAN HOUSE

JOHNSON'S HOUSE

MASTERS' HOUSE

MYSTERY HOSPITAL

A SWIRL of WHITE as MASTERS and JOHNSON stride down the hall in crisp, freshly starched lab coats, making their way through the MORNING RUSH of bright-eyed CANDY STRIPERS, cocksure RESIDENTS, and gray-suited PHYSICIANS. Masters and Johnson are oblivious to it all, absorbed entirely in their own conversation.

MASTERS

If sex is merely a vehicle for procreation, then clearly the end of fertility should mark the end of sexual desire.

JOHNSON

Yet Freud believed menopause led to an *increase* in female libido.

MASTERS

And as usual, Dr. Freud presents no empirical evidence to substantiate his claim.

They enter Masters' office.

Masters searches through the stack of files on his desk.

MASTERS

He wasn't all wrong, though the data does show certain physiological changes in women over fifty.

He takes a thick folder from his desk, hands it to Johnson. Johnson opens it: reams of subject files, empirical evidence.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

A longer period of foreplay needed for lubrication, fewer vaginal contractions in the orgasm phase...

JOHNSON

(off the files, confused)  
When did you see all of these participants?

MASTERS

Those are only a small sampling --

He POINTS. Johnson looks over. Stacks and stacks of files.

2 CONTINUED:

2

JOHNSON

So you've resumed the study.

MASTERS

Yes, of course.

JOHNSON

Without me.

MASTERS

I did everything I could, Virginia.  
The board just wasn't impressed with  
your application.

JOHNSON

I don't understand.

Masters digs around, finds her application.

MASTERS

Try to see it from their perspective:  
limited experience, no higher  
education...

JOHNSON

I tried to go back to school.

MASTERS

Yes, you tried. But you didn't see  
it through. You chose me instead.

JOHNSON

(genuinely upset)  
I chose the work.

MASTERS

Virginia. You thought it was about  
the work. I always knew the truth.

Masters looks at the application, shakes his head.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

And that became apparent on the  
application, so... I'm sorry, but you  
really have only yourself to blame.

JOHNSON

Because...?

MASTERS

For starters? Under current  
occupation, you wrote: mistress.

3 INT. CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL - ROOM 84 - NIGHT (NIGHT 1) 3

Johnson's eyes SNAP open. She's naked, half covered. She PULLS UP the sheets, feeling disoriented, exposed.

MASTERS

You're up.

She TURNS to find Masters beside her. He READS a medical journal, an idyllic domestic scene.

JOHNSON

How long...?

MASTERS

An hour maybe...

JOHNSON

An hour? Why didn't you wake me?

Johnson bolts up, begins GATHERING her scattered clothes.

MASTERS

I thought you could use the sleep.  
Do you know you sleep with your mouth open, a bit like a baby bird?

JOHNSON

(turns, horrified)  
We don't sleep here, Bill. Or read.  
This isn't a vacation.  
(then)  
I told the sitter I'd be home by ten.

MASTERS

It's only nine fifteen. We still have time...

His pants HIT him in the face as she TOSSES them.

JOHNSON

Get dressed. You still need to get the study files out of my trunk.

He WATCHES her, senses something has shifted between them.

4 INT. CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL - OTHER ROOM - NIGHT (N1) 4

Room service tray on his lap, LANGHAM sits in bed surrounded by his sleeping CHILDREN, a row of tow heads peeking out from under the blanket. Langham picks at plates of half-finished grilled cheese as he watches MR. ED, the volume turned LOW.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

MR. ED (FROM TV)

*Don't yell at me Wilbur, I'm not your  
wife!*

Langham chuckles along with the LAUGH TRACK. Mouth still full, he picks up the tray and goes to the door.

5 INT. CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (N1) 5

As Langham sets the tray down, he hears a DOOR CLOSING down the hallway and looks up to see... Masters and Johnson exiting their hotel room. Stunned, he DIVES back into his room.

6 INT. CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL - OTHER ROOM - CONTINUOUS (N1) 6

Langham opens the door a sliver. He watches them at the elevator, straining unsuccessfully to make out their conversation. Masters takes the first car that comes. Then, Johnson takes the next. HOLD ON Langham, wheels spinning.

7 EXT. CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT (N1) 7

Masters and Johnson stand in a desolate corner of the parking lot. Masters PEERS down into the trunk of Johnson's car at a half dozen overstuffed file boxes, reams of paper spilling out.

JOHNSON

It's a mess but it's all there:  
intake forms, instrument readings,  
sexual histories...

MASTERS

I thought they had everything locked  
up in storage.

JOHNSON

I bribed one of the maintenance guys  
with cookies.

(off Masters' look)

I put a box of Hydrox on a plate.

Masters holds up a folder he finds, filled with old fliers.

MASTERS

I could have used these the other  
day. Barbara tried to make fliers  
for the study. Riddled with typos.

Johnson tenses at the mention of the study.

JOHNSON

Any response yet?

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS

The phone hasn't stopped ringing. I have seven interviews tomorrow, six the next day --

JOHNSON

I meant, any response from Greathouse. About my position in the study.

MASTERS

(beat, uncomfortable)  
He can't authorize me to hire you until the board signs off on it.

JOHNSON

Has he even brought it up with them?

MASTERS

I am going to make sure he does.

Johnson watches him, unconvinced, her dream replaying in her mind.

JOHNSON

You need to pull your car around, so we can start loading these.

MASTERS

Maybe you should hold onto them.  
(off Johnson's look)  
Someone needs to put them back into some kind of order.

JOHNSON

I was under the impression that someone was called your secretary.

MASTERS

Barbara can barely alphabetize. Besides, you know better than anyone how all the pieces fit together.

Sensing her irritation, Masters admits the truth.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

And I want you to stay connected to the work.

JOHNSON

So I'm not qualified as a researcher, but it's fine for me to play secretary in my free time?

(CONTINUED)



7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

MASTERS

Virginia, I'm as unhappy with the situation as you are.

Masters spies the boxes of Cal-O-Metric in her trunk, sees an opportunity to steer the discussion elsewhere.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

Are you taking... diet pills?

JOHNSON

I'm selling them.

MASTERS

(smiles)

You're kidding.

JOHNSON

(doesn't return the smile)

Without the extra money from our study, I can barely afford to pay rent. I need to make a living, Bill.

He takes in the resentment in her voice. She SLAMS the trunk.

8 EXT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY (DAY 2)

8

Amidst the MORNING RUSH, Masters makes his way to the entrance. As he MOUNTS the steps, he turns to see BETTY beside him. Deeply annoyed this charade continues another day.

BETTY

This morning we're driving in, and the parking attendant says, "Morning, Mrs. Moretti," and it takes me a solid minute to realize he meant me. Your whole life, you're walking around as Betty DiMello, the next day, you're married and someone's calling you some other lady's name. It's like if, all of a sudden, I started calling you, Dr. Lipschitz.

He OPENS the door as she shakes her head in disdain.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Mrs. Moretti. It makes me feel like I'm pretending to be somebody I'm not. Know what I mean?

Masters, off her full-length fur and pearls, bites his tongue.

9 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (D2)

9

Baby JOHN lies wriggling on a bed, staring up at CORAL, who has paused mid-way through changing his diaper to peruse an issue of *Women's Weekly*. LIBBY, in bra and girdle, scours the closet for the right dress, abuzz with nervous energy.

LIBBY

They had a free subscription offer,  
so I figured, why not? But then I  
stumbled on this article...

As Libby, unself-conscious in her underwear, points out the headline: DADDY DOLDRUMS. Coral isn't sure where to look.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

It turns out a new baby is very  
traumatic for a man. It's as though  
his home has been transformed into  
some oversized play pen. It's messy,  
it's noisy, there are *smells*. Which  
explains why the moment Bill walks  
through the door, the first thing he  
does is take out the diaper pail.

Libby SITS beside her. Coral again averts her eyes.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

It also explains why Bill needs to  
feel things are calm, orderly,  
*unchanged*. No bottles on the  
counters. No pacifiers stuck between  
cushions. And that's why today is  
also important. I know it seems like  
just a silly luncheon, but these are  
the wives of Bill's new colleagues.  
If things go well here, they report  
as much back to their husbands, and  
that helps Bill at work *as well as* at  
home.

Libby's eyes widen as she suddenly notices the Dixie Cup over John's private parts.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Is that a Dixie Cup on his...?

CORAL

(embarrassed)

It's a trick from changing my  
brothers' diapers. You can lose your  
eye you're not careful with boys.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Libby laughs, half-scandalized, half-charmed. Coral, not realizing it was funny, begins to laugh along with her.

CORAL (CONT'D)

Maybe I should have axed you first,  
before I put it on him?

Libby's smile fades. She proceeds carefully, a compassionate and endlessly patient instructor.

LIBBY

"Asked" me first. We talked about  
this before, remember?  
(off Coral's look)  
You'll get it. Don't worry.

Libby resumes the dress search. Coral WATCHES her, her shame tinged with a budding resentment.

10 INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY (D2)

10

CLOSE ON Johnson and DEPAUL, sitting side by side, unclear where they are. Around them HUSHED VOICES. A telephone RINGS.

DEPAUL

We should have a sample pap smear kit  
for Dr. Papanikolaou to bring back  
with him.

JOHNSON

I put one together last week.

DEPAUL

Several sample kits. At least three.  
Or four, even. To be safe. Four  
seems reasonable, don't you think?

DePaul turns to see Johnson smiling, amused to see her so clearly, endearingly flustered. DePaul stiffens.

DEPAUL (CONT'D)

He's only in St. Louis once a year  
for the Thalberg Conference.

JOHNSON

Does he prefer coffee or tea?

DEPAUL

Tea. With cream and the little...

DePaul fumbles for the right word, increasingly frustrated.

(CONTINUED)

DEPAUL (CONT'D)  
...the little boxes. Where the sugar  
is in a little... in a box.

JOHNSON  
Sugar cubes.

DePaul LOOKS away, exasperated by her uncooperative mind.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
You're just nervous about tomorrow.  
They *did* name the pap smear after Dr.  
Papanikolaou. It makes sense you  
want to impress him.

DEPAUL  
I'm not trying to impress anyone.  
Dr. Papanikolaou happens to be a very  
respected figure in this field.  
That's all. His support for our  
program would be enormously useful.

DePaul looks away from Johnson, trying to sound casual.

DEPAUL (CONT'D)  
To you, especially. As you continue  
with our work...

Johnson takes this in, the weight of her responsibility.

NURSE (O.S.)  
DePaul? Lillian?

We PULL BACK to see that DePaul and Johnson are in a waiting  
room in the oncology ward. Bald and gaunt PATIENTS, some with  
drips, sit serenely with their FAMILIES. DePaul gives a LOOK.

DEPAUL  
Save my seat.

As DePaul STANDS, Johnson takes her hand.

JOHNSON  
I'll be right here when you're done.

Uncomfortable, DePaul gives Johnson's hand an awkward pat and  
follows the Nurse.

11 INT. EXAM ROOM - MINUTES LATER (D2) 11

Clad in a thin cotton sheet, DePaul lies on an exam table. Above her, a DOCTOR positions a steel barrel, half the size of the room, its surface covered with thick black cables snaking up to the ceiling. DePaul looks up into the wide, gaping lens, pointed directly at her face. She shuts her eyes and waits.

12 INT. WAITING ROOM - SAME (D2) 12

As Johnson flips idly through a magazine when she hears the receptionist, MARIEL - 20s, zaftig, bubbly personality - as she CRUNCHES on a graham cracker. Johnson glances in her purse: bottles of Cal-O-Metric waiting to be sold. She screws up her courage and leans over the reception desk with a smile.

JOHNSON

How long have you worked here?

MARIEL

Three years in March.

JOHNSON

I work over at Maternity.

Mariel suddenly warms up, realizing Johnson is a colleague.

MARIEL

My girlfriend Peg used to work there.  
How do you like it?

JOHNSON

The stress of a hospital? Some days,  
all I want to do is curl up with a  
chocolate cake.

Mariel gestures to the graham crackers. Embarrassed she's eating.

MARIEL

We're supposed to give them to  
patients for nausea.

JOHNSON

I can imagine it's tough. Surrounded  
by so much suffering every day.

Mariel glances around and leans in closer, lowers her voice.

MARIEL

Especially when everyone's so skinny.  
(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MARIEL (CONT'D)

I tried the Grapefruit Diet, but all  
it did was give me cavities.

JOHNSON

(shakes her head)

Fancy diets. They promise you the  
moon and the stars, but you just end  
up feeling hungry all the time.

(off Mariel's nod)

That's why I started using Cal-O-  
Metric.

Johnson lays a bottle on the desk. Mariel, intrigued, puts  
down the graham cracker, picks up the bottle. Johnson can see  
right away: she's sold.

13 INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - DAY (D2)

13

As ANGIE, 20s, prim, high-strung, hurriedly GATHERS her things  
as Masters tries to placate her.

MASTERS

We'll be following the exact same  
protocol as when you participated in  
the study at Washington University.

ANGIE

But what would I tell my husband?

MASTERS

What did you tell him before?

ANGIE

That there were two doctors and one  
of them was a lady. That's the only  
reason he let me do it.

(off Masters' look)

I'm sorry, Dr. Masters, but if it's  
just going to be you here... alone...  
watching...

Angie is already out the door as she CROSSES paths with  
GREATHOUSE. He nods politely as he passes her, checking her  
ass as she leaves.

GREATHOUSE

Part of the study?

MASTERS

Not anymore.

GREATHOUSE

Shame.

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS

Yes. And without Mrs. Johnson, we can look forward to more qualified volunteers declining to participate.

Greathouse SIGHS, tired of this topic.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

Mrs. Johnson is instrumental to this phase of the process. No one else can put people at ease the way...

GREATHOUSE

(leveling with him)

Look, I get it, Bill. You and I, we've been doing this a long time. You reach a certain point in your career, same routine day in, day out, you feel like, if you never see another torn perineum again, it'll be too soon. So you start a sex study, get a "research assistant..."

MASTERS

(pissed)

Mrs. Johnson happens to be indispensable to this study...

GREATHOUSE

She might seem indispensable to you, but to the board? She'll just seem like an overpriced secretary.

MASTERS

(watches him, then)

Things aren't always what they seem, though, are they?

(off Greathouse's look)

For instance, Barbara doesn't *seem* to know the first thing about secretarial work. And yet, apparently, she's essential. To you.

Greathouse, sensing the veiled threat, STARES at Masters.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

I'm asking that Mrs. Johnson be brought onto this study, because she *is* essential. To the work.

They stand there, eyes locked, neither backing down. Finally.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

GREATHOUSE

I'll float the idea at tomorrow's  
board meeting, see what they think.

Masters allows himself a sliver of a smile, convinced he's  
finally made some progress.

14 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - DAY (D2)

14

Amid the BUSTLE of lunch hour, Johnson sits alone with a bowl  
of soup, FILLS OUT a Cal-O-Metric sales report. Langham slides  
up a chair, a look of concern on his face. Johnson notices.

JOHNSON

They're out of ambrosia?

LANGHAM

You know, last year when you left the  
study, I thought: why? Why would  
Virginia leave the work she loves to  
go back to typing memos? Not to  
mention, why would Bill let her go?

JOHNSON

What are you talking about, Austin?

LANGHAM

But now I'm thinking: what  
complicates every relationship? What  
splits two people up?

(off Johnson's face)

I have the kids every other Monday.  
I can't let them sleep in my office,  
so I book us a room. At the Park  
Plaza?

(her growing unease)

I saw you last night. With Bill.

A beat. Then Johnson SMILES.

JOHNSON

You should have said something. We  
could have all gotten a drink.

Langham frowns, puzzled by Johnson's apparent forwardness.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Bill and I have decided to go ahead  
and publish the study. We're still  
in the early stages: compiling the  
data, drafting the text. Bill isn't  
welcome here obviously, I'm not  
welcome at his hospital.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



14 CONTINUED:

14

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

We can't work late hours at his house, with a new baby, and we can't exactly discuss sex research at my house, with my kids there. So we work from the hotel.

Langham considers this, his suspicions only partly allayed.

LANGHAM

Then why *did* you two stop working together?

JOHNSON

Bill thought we were ready to present to the faculty. I told him, we hadn't done enough to prepare them for what they were about to hear, let alone the sight of a pulsating vagina on a projection screen.

(then)

We had a bad fight over it, and in the end, I quit. After the debacle of the presentation, he admitted he was wrong and asked me to come back.

LANGHAM

(disappointed)

So that's it?

JOHNSON

That's it.

Johnson smiles again. SIPS her soup.

15 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D2)

15

Over a spread of lemon bonbons and salmon canapes, the CLINKING of china intermingles with bright CHIMES of laughter -- Libby's party in full swing. She sits with TATTI GREATHOUSE, BEE FAUNCE, and SERENA BUCKLEY, creatures of the country club.

BEE FAUNCE

We took the children to see *The Music Man* with Robert Preston...

TATTI GREATHOUSE

I've heard it's fabulous.

BEE FAUNCE

*Fabulous.*

(CONTINUED)

LIBBY

I couldn't drag Bill to a Broadway musical. He'd probably bring a journal on uterine fibroids to read during the slow parts.

The Women titter.

SERENA BUCKLEY

How does he like the hospital?

LIBBY

He couldn't be happier.

BEE FAUNCE

(winking at Serena)

Maybe everyone else is too polite to bring it up, but we're all dying to hear about your husband's study.

The Women laugh as Libby's smile curdles.

SERENA BUCKLEY

I bet you know all the secrets.

BEE FAUNCE

Tell us the most delicious thing you've learned.

The Women stare at Libby, eager.

LIBBY

Well, I actually worked on the study myself for a bit, in Bill's office. Where I got to see, firsthand, just how boring it all was: charts and graphs, incomprehensible diagrams...

The Women nod, disappointed. Bee LOOKS at Serena, who casts a subtle glance at her watch. As Libby senses her party slipping away, Coral suddenly enters with the baby. Libby lights up.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Somebody had a nice, long nap...

TATTI GREATHOUSE

My goodness, has that adorable creature been here the whole time?

SERENA BUCKLEY

He is gorgeous, Libby.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

Libby smiles, delighted by the Women's affection. Coral nuzzles into John's cheek. Tatti notices.

TATTI GREATHOUSE

And she is wonderful with him.

BEE FAUNCE

Can I hold?

Coral gives the baby to Bee.

SERENA BUCKLEY

(to Coral)

Where did you learn to be so great with children? You're so young.

CORAL

Oh. Well. My momma passed when I was ten, so I had to bring up my brothers and sister. But even before that, I had baby cousins in Joplin --

LIBBY

(with a sharp laugh)

Coral, she doesn't want your family history. She was just being polite.

CORAL

(beat, looks at Libby)

She axed.

She casts an innocent smile and goes. As Libby watches her, fuming, Bee squints at the baby's head.

BEE FAUNCE

Either I'm losing my mind or his hair, is there's something... in it...?

16 INT. CAL-O-METRIC HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)

16

Johnson sits at Flo's messy desk. FLO scans Johnson's sales sheet, scowling. Johnson, on edge from her encounter with Langham, senses this, tries to project a sunny confidence.

JOHNSON

I sold over forty dollars worth of products this week. Which is almost double what I did the week before.

FLO PACKER

My heart's aflutter.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSON

(turning defensive)

I did all that without using your sales script, by the way.

FLO PACKER

No wonder your numbers stink.

Johnson drops the feigned sunniness, GLARES at her.

JOHNSON

I'm not comfortable reading from a script that intentionally makes women feel bad about themselves.

FLO PACKER

I've worked in this business a long time. I'll let you in on a little secret: women who feel great about themselves don't buy diet products.  
(puts down the sales sheet)  
If you want to get good at this --

JOHNSON

I don't want to get good at this. I'm sure selling diet pills is enough for most housewives who walk through your door, but I already have a career.

Flo smiles, pretending a light bulb has gone off.

FLO PACKER

You're following your dreams...

JOHNSON

Yes. I mean... at the moment, I need something to supplement my income...

FLO PACKER

Ever heard of William Elvis Sloan?

JOHNSON

He invented Cal-O-Metric?

FLO PACKER

He came up with how to make a toilet flush. Was that his calling? Did he wake up every morning, tickled pink and skipping off to work? Probably not. But he died a very rich man.

(smiles)

So, sure. "

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

FLO PACKER (CONT'D)

Follow your dream." It's a lovely slogan for a life most people can't afford to live. But who knows? Maybe you're special. Maybe you're the one in a million.

As Johnson takes this in...

17 INT. CHASE PARK PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT (N2)

17

Masters downs the dregs of his martini, a room key on the table in front of him. He turns and sees Johnson entering, frazzled.

MASTERS

I just asked for the check. Since I assumed you weren't coming.

JOHNSON

I had to turn in my sales report.

MASTERS

Of course. I wouldn't want our work to interfere with your diet pills...

JOHNSON

Austin saw us last night. Leaving our room together.

(off Masters' look)

Apparently, he stays here when he has his kids.

MASTERS

What did you tell him?

JOHNSON

I said we were working on publishing the study. Writing an article.

MASTERS

Jesus.

JOHNSON

It's not a problem. I handled it.

MASTERS

Says who? I am a married man, Virginia. You do know what it would mean if this were to get out...

JOHNSON

(a sharp look)

I do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Which means it would probably be  
imprudent for us to head upstairs.  
Wouldn't it?

Too late for Masters to take those words back. He HESITATES.

MASTERS

Best to let things lie low for...

Johnson SIGNALS the waiter for the check. Masters slowly  
places the key back in his pocket.

18 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (N2)

18

The WHIR of the washing machine competes with the WAILING of  
the baby as Masters enters the house. He nearly TRIPS over a  
large pile of winter coats stacked by the front door. Bites  
his tongue in irritation.

LIBBY (O.S.)

It's a mess, I know.

Masters FINDS Libby in the living room, sorting through mounds  
of clothes, bedding, drapes, and table cloths. As soon as she  
sees him, she forces a smile.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

I wasn't expecting you home until  
late. I hope you ate something -- I  
didn't make a thing for dinner.

(off his look)

Everything's fine. We found lice in  
Johnny's hair, but I got a book from  
the library and we just need to wash  
everything, all the fabric in the  
house, and it shouldn't be a problem.

MASTERS

The baby is crying.

LIBBY

I know the baby is crying. The baby  
has been crying all day. I can't get  
the baby to *stop* crying.

Libby's fading smile now crumbles altogether.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. You have enough to worry  
about, now the girl brings in *lice*...

MASTERS

Coral?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

LIBBY

Who else? I've never had lice.  
You've never had lice. No one we  
know has ever had lice...

Masters, overwhelmed by her emotions after his own fractious evening, STOPS her. Gently.

MASTERS

You don't need to wash everything  
like this, Libby. Just put in the  
baby's clothes and his blankets.  
Then, tomorrow, scrub his hair with  
the medicated shampoo they sell at  
the supermarket. This is a handful  
of harmless insects. They'll be gone  
in a day or two.

Libby smiles. Attempts to regain her loss of composure.

LIBBY

See? It's so much nicer when we can  
sort these things out together.

The beginning of a potentially nice moment between them. Then Masters LOOKS to the kitchen, a sour expression on his face.

MASTERS

I'll put out the diaper pail.

And before Libby can say another word, Masters has GRABBED the offending pail and MOVED toward the door.

19 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY (DAY 3)

19

DePaul, with Johnson at her side, leads GEORGE PAPANIKOLAOU, 75, impeccably dressed, from the elevators to her office. Johnson listens admiringly to DePaul's confident sales pitch.

DEPAUL

The initial aim of our program is to  
expand access to early screening  
through a systematic outreach effort  
to physicians and to... to...

JOHNSON

Hospitals.

DePaul hesitates as Johnson CONTINUES seamlessly.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Eventually, with the data we collect, we hope to establish a research facility at Washington University to develop new methods of detection and treatment of cervical cancer.

DEPAUL

But that's still years in the future.

GEORGE PAPANIKOLAOU

I'm creating a research center myself, at the University of Miami.

DEPAUL

Is that true? How very interesting.

20 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DEPAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D3) 20

DePaul recovered now as Papanikolaou LOOKS around the cramped office circumspectly. DePaul directs his attention to a small package on her desk.

DEPAUL

This is the prototype for the testing kit we'll be sending out.  
(as he examines it)  
We've included a skort frim slip.

GEORGE PAPANIKOLAOU

Pardon?

DEPAUL

A skort frim slip.

Papanikolaou LOOKS at DePaul, as DePaul smiles back, unaware.

JOHNSON

There's a short film strip.

DePaul realizes what's happened, again she forces a smile.

DEPAUL

Yes. It is. Short. Questions?

21 EXT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY (D3)

21

As Masters STRIDES to the entrance of the hospital, where he's joined, as usual, by Betty. He grits his teeth. Finally.

(CONTINUED)



21 CONTINUED:

21

MASTERS

Here's one of life's great mysteries:  
Do you time it so we arrive at the  
exact same moment every morning, or  
is it just the heavens conspiring  
against me?

GENE

Actually, we wait until we see your  
car pull in.

Masters TURNS to see GENE hustling up behind them. He gives  
Betty a confused LOOK. Betty's VOICE pointed.

BETTY

Gene came to give a donation.

MASTERS

(not following this)  
You have been more than generous  
already...

BETTY

Not that kind of donation.

Betty steps through the door, glares at Masters: play along.

22 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL/MASTERS' WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D3) 22

The unlikely trio ENTER the hospital and make their way to  
Masters' office.

BETTY

Poor Gene's getting antsy with all  
this testing we're doing. He's been  
asking when we're going to move on.

MASTERS

Move on... to...?

GENE

Betts says we're all set on her end.  
You just need a sample of my, uh...  
swimmers, pardon my French.

Before Masters can respond, they are at his office. BARBARA  
comes to take Masters' coat.

BARBARA

Good morning, Dr. Masters.

Betty walks right in, begins rifling through supplies.

(CONTINUED)

MASTERS

Betty, if you could wait --

BETTY

(pulling out a sample cup)  
Don't worry, I can take care of this.

BARBARA

(trying to get his attention)  
Dr. Masters.

GENE

You really know your way around here.

BETTY

I'm very observant.

MASTERS

I really do have to insist --

BETTY

Reading material. Here. You always  
had a thing for Ava Gardner.

She hands him a movie magazine, USHERS him toward the restroom.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Don't have too much fun, now...

BARBARA

Dr. Masters, if I could --

MASTERS

(frustrated)  
What? What is it?

BARBARA

Dr. Greathouse would like to know  
what time tonight's study will be  
starting. He'd like to be there.

An icicle of dread slides through Masters' insides. Finally.

MASTERS

Seven. But be sure he knows this  
evening's area of focus, please.  
We'll be looking at men with enlarged  
prostates. Primarily elderly men.  
Engaged in auto manipulation.

Barbara writes this down. Betty smiles demurely at Masters.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

MASTERS (CONT'D)

Shut the door.

23 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY (D3)

23

As Coral scrubs the toilet, unused to and none too pleased to be doing this menial work. A KNOCK on the door. Libby stands there, smiling nervously.

CORAL

I'm almost done here. So maybe I can take the baby now...?

LIBBY

Actually, there's something I'd like to speak to you about.

Coral stands. Libby gives her a nondescript brown bottle, medical-looking: Kwell Shampoo.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

I need you to use this tonight.

CORAL

What is it?

LIBBY

(gingerly)

It's a special shampoo. It gets rid of anything that's... the eggs or... Everyone you live with, your family? They should use it, too.

CORAL

(handing it back)

I don't have lice, Mrs. Masters. They didn't come from me.

Libby looks at the bottle, won't take it. She smiles at Coral.

LIBBY

I never said they did.

A fraught beat as the women stand there, neither moving. Finally, Coral puts the shampoo in her apron pocket. She kneels down and resumes scrubbing the toilet.

24 INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - DAY (D3)

24

Door shut, Betty and Masters speak in furious, hushed tones.

(CONTINUED)

BETTY

All you do is look in there, tell him  
he's got bum sperm --

MASTERS

(frustration mounting)  
Which I would divine somehow by  
staring into a cup.

BETTY

Put it under a magnifying glass.

MASTERS

It's a real shame you didn't pursue a  
career in medicine, because you  
obviously have the head for it.

BETTY

He won't know the difference...

MASTERS

I know.  
(had enough)  
And I won't tell a patient he's  
impotent when I know for a fact that  
the only reason he can't have  
children is because his wife received  
a tubal ligation expressly in order  
not to have children --

BETTY

You want to get all high and mighty?  
Fine. Let's end it now. Tell him  
I'm infertile. Tell him the truth.

MASTERS

You tell him.

Suddenly, a TENTATIVE KNOCK on the door. Masters and Betty  
turn. Gene pushes the door open a crack.

GENE

I hate to interrupt, but I, uh... I'm  
done.

He apologetically holds up the sample cup. Betty looks to  
Masters. Masters looks right back. A Mexican stand-off.

Gene sits, head in hands, distraught. Masters' eyes fixed on  
the sample cup perched on the desk. Betty is teary, wistful.

BETTY

Cuckoo, isn't it? You're in there, making baby batter, while out here, the Doc gets the results from my very last test and... whattaya know? That one tells the story.

GENE

I don't know what to say.

MASTERS

None of us do. Only Betty knows.

BETTY

(a sharp look)

Your whole life, you think, all I've got to do is find the right fella. Getting knocked up, that's the easy part. Anyone can do that.

(then)

But then to find out, it's never going to happen, no matter how hard you try... your body's just not cut out for it... it's a real shock.

GENE

(to Masters)

There's nothing we can do?

MASTERS

I'm afraid not.

BETTY

Nothing at all?

Masters GLARES at her, refusing to answer.

GENE

Well, it's a real blow. But thank you. Thank you for trying, Doc.

MASTERS

I really didn't do anything.

Masters STANDS, gestures that Betty should take the sample cup.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

It's only right that you dispose of this, Betty.

26 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER (D3) 26

As Gene and Betty EXIT the office, Gene with a defeated slump to his step. Betty tries to conceal her profound relief.

GENE

You gonna be okay? Cause I'm not sure I am.

BETTY

I'm, you know... devastated. But, at least... we still got each other.

GENE

(realizes)

Ah, hell. The cashier. We need to settle the bill.

BETTY

Dr. Masters isn't going to charge us for this morning...

GENE

We have to pay for the fertility tests. All the treatments you had.

BETTY

No. Gene, honey. Let's just go home and start the healing process.

GENE

We're here, Betts. Let's get it over with now.

Gene walks off to find the cashier. HOLD ON Betty, standing there, as it hits her: the jig is up.

27 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DAY (D3) 27

As Johnson walks Papanikolaou to the front entrance.

JOHNSON

I've called you a taxi. It should be here any minute now.

Papanikolaou NODS and proceeds to the door. Johnson turns to go back, hesitates, conflicted.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Dr. Papanikolaou, if I may speak frankly... you do chair the committee for the Williams Prize, correct?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE PAPANIKOLAOU

(warily)

I do.

JOHNSON

Dr. DePaul would never say this, but that kind of endorsement... it would be invaluable to our program. Not to mention what it would mean to Dr. DePaul on a more... on a personal level. Coming from you.

(off his look)

No one has stood behind this program. The administration practically had to be forced into offering even a modicum of support. Everything Dr. DePaul's accomplished here, she's had to do on her own. With no help, no guidance. Most people, they wouldn't have the nerve to do what she's done, to go it alone like that.

All at once, Johnson realizes that she's talking about herself.

GEORGE PAPANIKOLAOU

Since we're speaking frankly... I didn't expect to be impressed this morning. To be honest, I didn't even remember Dr. DePaul.

(off Johnson's look)

But I'm always pleased, years later, to hear students considered me their mentor.

JOHNSON

I didn't say that. And neither did Dr. DePaul. She always says she never had a mentor. Mentors, I believe, were reserved for male students.

(off his indifferent shrug)

And you may not have remembered her before. But I guarantee you you'll remember her now. Because what she's done, this program, all on her own? It's remarkable.

GEORGE PAPANIKOLAOU

Yes. You're right about that.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

JOHNSON

So I hope you'll remember that, Dr.  
Papanikolaou. When you make your  
selections for the Williams Prize.

Papanikolaou NODS. Then tips his hat and goes.

28 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

28

A bright, shadowless exam room. Masters' heels CLICK on the gleaming white linoleum, as he crosses to a WOMAN (50s, matronly) lying supine on the exam table, her naked body crisscrossed with electrodes. Masters holds out Ulysses.

MASTERS

Now, you control the device yourself.  
Speed, intensity, depth...

WOMAN

(takes it, grimaces)  
It's freezing.

MASTERS

My partner usually warms it with a  
hot towel. I'd completely forgotten.

He looks around in vain, as though a hot towel might somehow materialize -- or Virginia herself. Finally.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

Well. The friction between the  
device and the vaginal walls should  
gradually increase the temperature.

The Woman looks up at him like he's from another planet.

29 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - LAB ROOM - MINUTES LATER (N3)

29

From a cramped lab, Masters WATCHES the Woman behind a two-way mirror. He scribbles notes and monitors EKG printouts. Suddenly the door swings open and in walks Greathouse. Masters' heart sinks. Greathouse PEERS through the glass.

GREATHOUSE

I thought we were doing prostates.

MASTERS

Last-minute scheduling change.

GREATHOUSE

I see you opted for obese instead.

Masters hides his anger as Greathouse settles into a chair.

(CONTINUED)



MASTERS

Post-menopausal, actually.

GREATHOUSE

I'm just a fly on the wall. Pretend  
I'm not even here.

Masters tries to heed his advice, goes back to his instrument readings. Greathouse loosens his tie, watches. After a moment, the Woman MOANS. Greathouse raises an eyebrow.

GREATHOUSE (CONT'D)

Thar she blows.

(as Masters turns, his temper  
spiking)

Sorry. No comments from the peanut  
gallery, I know...

MASTERS

Have you spoken to the board yet?  
About my assistant?

GREATHOUSE

Actually, I spoke to them at length  
about Mrs. Johnson just this morning.  
No decision yet, obviously, but they  
seemed open to considering it.

MASTERS

(beat, pleased)

And I'm more than happy to speak to  
them myself, answer any questions...

Greathouse, tickled by Masters' eagerness, flashes a grin.

GREATHOUSE

Steady on there, pal. This is a  
process. It's going to take time.  
But trust me, we'll get there.

Greathouse TURNS back to the show behind the glass. Masters STARES at his sparkling, insurance salesman smile and realizes that he's being taken for a ride.

30 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DEPAUL'S OFFICE (N3)

30

Late at night. DePaul grades exams at her desk.

LANGHAM

Knock knock.

She looks up to find Langham in the doorway, in his shirtsleeves, munching from a bag of potato chips.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

I noticed you were burning the  
midnight oil, thought I'd say hello.

DEPAUL

(dry)  
Hello.

Langham sits down, offers her the bag of chips. She demurs.

LANGHAM

The worst part of this divorce? It  
isn't fighting with the lawyers or  
sleeping in your office or watching  
your wife of twelve years turn into  
some kind of she-wolf. It's eating  
potato chips for dinner.

DePaul tries her best to tune him out. Langham pops a chip,  
goes into a sort of sodium-induced reverie.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

I keep fantasizing about Elise's  
cooking. Her beef stroganoff. Tuna  
noodle casserole. Jiffy corn  
casserole. Cheeseburger casserole.

DEPAUL

Are you just going to keep sitting  
there? Talking?

Langham grasps for a response to this, as DePaul REACHES into  
her bottom drawer and lays a handle of Jim Beam on the desk.

DEPAUL (CONT'D)

Because if so... I need a drink.

31 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT (N3)

31

As Johnson rings the BELL to a cookie cutter ranch house, a  
bottle of Cal-O-Metric in hand, a steely determination in her  
eyes. A timid, curvy housewife, TRISH, (30s) answers the door.  
Before Trish can say a word.

JOHNSON

Hello there. Virginia Johnson. I  
live just a few streets over. I hope  
I'm not interrupting anything...?

TRISH

Hi. Well, I just put a roast in...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

JOHNSON

So that's what I've been smelling.  
I thought there must be a French  
restaurant on the block.

Trish laughs, disarmed by the compliment.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I'm here to let you know about a  
special offer from Cal-O-Metric,  
America's first name in health and  
nutrition. I've been speaking with  
some of our neighbors, and they told  
me you would be very interested in  
what I have to say.

TRISH

They did?

JOHNSON

But first, I'd like to ask you a  
question, and I'd like you to answer  
as quickly as you can. The first  
thing that springs to mind. When you  
look in the mirror, how do you feel?

Trish's smile fades. She looks down at her body.

TRISH

I don't know. How should I feel?

Johnson hears the anxiety in her voice, hesitates for a moment.

JOHNSON

Well, you would feel even better with  
three tablets of Cal-O-Metric per  
day. It helps control cravings,  
gives you plenty of pep...

TRISH

You're selling diet pills.

JOHNSON

A nutritional supplement...

Trish looks crestfallen. Johnson's heart sinks.

TRISH

My neighbors thought I would be  
interested in diet pills?

Johnson STARES at her. Finally CHECKS the number of the house.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

JOHNSON

My goodness, look at that. I am at  
the wrong address.

(turns to leave)

You have a great night now.

She walks away, quickly. As a wave of shame washes over her...

32 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DEPAUL'S OFFICE - LATER (N3) 32

DePaul and Langham drink from coffee mugs, laughing, buzzed.

LANGHAM

I didn't even know water polo was a  
sport, let alone that it was my  
*favorite* sport.

Langham FILLS his empty mug, goes to do the same with DePaul's.

DEPAUL

(waving him off)

I have a stack of exams to grade.

LANGHAM

Let Virginia do it. Give her the  
answer sheet.

DEPAUL

(hesitates, then)

One more.

Langham fills her mug. He lifts his. DePaul does the same.

LANGHAM

To Virginia.

DEPAUL

(a click, then drink)

It's funny. The second I met  
Virginia, I had her pegged. Just  
another one of these women unwilling  
to do the hard work, ready to latch  
on to the first man that could get  
her to the next rung on the ladder.

LANGHAM

Well, then, proves you're a good  
judge of character.

DePaul looks at him quizzically.

(CONTINUED)

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

I mean, she's closer with you than anyone. How long have you known?

DePaul, unsure where this is going, plays along.

DEPAUL

So. Long. You know, very long...

LANGHAM

Well, I saw them last night. Leaving a hotel room. Virginia, God bless her, tried to give me some baloney story about, they're publishing the study, working out of the hotel.

(off DePaul's face)

She used to do this thing. In the lab. Every once in a while, she'd lean in and fix Bill's bow tie, just sort of straighten it out, you know?

Langham takes a swig and reflects.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

Now, there is a wall around Bill Masters. A fence. Chain link with barbed wire. Nobody gets past that. Nobody gets *close*. But then Virginia, she would just waltz right through.

(then)

I think back now, I mean... how could I have missed something so obvious? How could I not realize they were sleeping together the entire time?

DePaul shrugs and looks away, sipping her drink indifferently, her image of her friend shattered.

Libby DUNKS a cloth diaper into a sudsy bath in the sink, as Masters scrapes breakfast scraps from a plate into the garbage.

LIBBY

Tatti Greathouse gave me a recipe for osso bucco. She says they're better than the ones at Puttanesca.

MASTERS

I may not be home until after nine.

LIBBY

Well, I thought we could have a late supper -- we can close our eyes and pretend we're in Florence.

Masters goes to put his plate in the sink, can't see where due to the mess. Libby notices.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Oh, I'll take that.

MASTERS

I've got it.

He carefully places the plate in the sink, a look of distaste on his face as his fingers barely graze the surface of the soapy water. Libby tries to ignore it as the front door opens.

CORAL

Good morning, Mrs. Masters. Dr. Masters.

MASTERS

Good morning.

Masters goes to finish his coffee at the table. Libby stiffens as she notices Coral's hair: identical to the day before.

LIBBY

Hello. Coral. Did you use the shampoo I gave you?

CORAL

Yes, Mrs. Masters.

LIBBY

Your hair, though, it looks the same as it did yesterday.

CORAL

(uncomfortable)

My brother checked. He didn't find nothing.

LIBBY

(voice tightening)

*Anything.* He didn't find *anything*.

Masters looks over, surprised by his wife's tone.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

CORAL

It costs me four dollars to get my hair done every week. I can't afford to mess it up.

LIBBY

So you didn't use the shampoo. Even though you told me, you *promised* me, you would.

Coral, feeling trapped, now TURNS directly to Masters.

CORAL

I don't have lice, Dr. Masters. My brother said Negroes can't even get it.

LIBBY

Coral... this conversation is between you and me...

MASTERS

But her brother is right. Negroes do have tightly coiled, low-density hair, making it very inhospitable to lice. I read about it in the McGill Journal of Medicine. So... it is unlikely she would have them.

LIBBY

(stares)  
Unlikely doesn't mean impossible.  
(turning back to Coral)  
I don't see why we would need to involve Dr. Masters in this discussion *at all*...

From the other room, the baby CRYING. Masters looks to Coral.

CORAL

I'll go get him.

Coral exits. Libby watches her, seething.

34 INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY (D4)

34

DePaul stares blankly at a WOMAN (40s), thin and frail from chemotherapy, her hair gone, sitting across the room, alone.

JOHNSON

Everything okay?

Shaken from her reverie, DePaul looks at Johnson. Then.

(CONTINUED)

DEPAUL

I cheated in college.

(off Johnson's look)

Calculus. I could never get my head around calculus. No matter how many hours I stared at my textbook, I could never crack a B plus. And I was a straight A student. I figured, medical schools couldn't turn away a straight A student -- even if she were a woman.

(shrugs)

So I bought the final exam from the previous year from a rather unscrupulous graduate student named Marvin for ten dollars.

JOHNSON

(smiles, surprised)

I am impressed. Lillian DePaul breaks the rules.

DEPAUL

It was a shortcut. That's all. Does it negate the work I've done since? Does one shortcut diminish everything that comes after?

DePaul shrugs her shoulders: who knows. Johnson takes this in.

DEPAUL (CONT'D)

So. Now you know my secret. What's yours?

JOHNSON

(beat, makes a joke)

I don't... have any secrets.

DEPAUL

I don't believe that.

(then)

Virginia. You've seen me at my worst. Naked in a hospital sheet. Limping to the car after radiation. I've shared nearly everything with you -- too much, even. It seems only right that you should share with me.

Johnson hesitates. For a moment, she considers telling DePaul about Masters. Wants to even. Then.

(CONTINUED)



34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

JOHNSON

I am honestly... not that interesting.

DePaul forces a brittle smile. She looks at the gaunt, bald, lonely Woman. Suddenly, the Woman smiles as a MAN (40s) sits beside her, bringing a glass of water. He hands her the glass and KISSES her tenderly on the forehead. DePaul LOOKS away.

35 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D4)

35

Libby, nerves churning, sets a stool in front of the sink.

LIBBY

Coral. I need you in the kitchen.

After a moment, Coral ENTERS. She looks at the sink: shampoo, metal comb, and bath towels laid out. Libby, incredibly uncomfortable, struggles to appear in control and assertive.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

This relationship is about trust. I leave you in the house every day with my child. If I can't trust you...

CORAL

Mrs. Masters --

LIBBY

What if something, God forbid, happened to Johnny? How do I know you would tell me the truth? How can I trust anything you say to me now?

CORAL

I'm sorry.

LIBBY

I need you to sit down please.

CORAL

Mrs. Masters, I'll use the shampoo.

LIBBY

No, Coral, that's the point. I can't trust you anymore to do it yourself.

Coral does not move. Libby, teary now, fights to stay firm.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

If you don't sit down, you'll have to leave, Coral. And you won't be welcome back.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Coral STARES at her, expressionless. Finally, she crosses slowly to the sink. She sits. Libby wraps a towel around her neck and begins to run the water.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Put your head back, please. Is the water warm enough?

Coral nods. Libby gently scrubs her hair with the shampoo.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

We need to be on the same side. If you have a problem with something, you come to me. Dr. Masters is a very busy man and we don't need to get him involved. He's not part of this. You and I, we have to stick together on these things. I hope you can understand that.

Libby SHUTS off the water. Coral lifts up her head, her once perfectly styled hair now a wet, sopping mess, matted and tangled. She stares off, her eyes empty, her face a mask. Libby hovers, a sick feeling growing. She quickly MOVES to her purse. Pulls out a five dollar bill. Offers it.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Please. To get your hair re-done.

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

36

As Masters makes his way through rush hour FOOT TRAFFIC to his office when he crosses paths with Greathouse, who corners him.

GREATHOUSE

So...?

MASTERS

So what?

GREATHOUSE

What's on the study menu for tonight?

Masters STARES at him. Cannot abide this any longer. Is about to tell him off. When suddenly an idea occurs to him.

MASTERS

I was actually looking for you, Doug. Since I haven't had the chance to apologize yet. For last night.

(off Greathouse's look)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MASTERS (CONT'D)

I realized afterward that I'd completely forgotten to warn you. About the transference effect.

Greathouse raises an eyebrow, not sure what he's talking about.

GREATHOUSE

Does transference involve an attractive woman?

MASTERS

It can, yes. But not necessarily.

(then)

The observation of sexual activity can produce a kind of... tension among the observers. The researchers can find themselves experiencing certain... uninvited erotic sensations. This can happen between a man and a woman -- or even a man and another *man*...

GREATHOUSE

(beat, realizes)

You mean... like in wrestling?

MASTERS

Something like that.

Greathouse STARES at him. Clearly freaked. Masters smiles, confident his problem is solved.

37 INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - DAY (D4)

37

DePaul SITS with Papanikolaou, nervously drinking tea, Papanikolaou's suitcase on the floor beside them.

DEPAUL

I appreciate you meeting me on such short notice, Dr. Papanikolaou.

GEORGE PAPANIKOLAOU

I don't have much time. My flight leaves in an hour.

DEPAUL

This won't take long.

Unable to think of a transition, she comes right out with it.

(CONTINUED)

DEPAUL (CONT'D)

I called because I would like to ask you to take my program with you. To Miami. Your new research center.

GEORGE PAPANIKOLAOU

I'm sorry if there's been a misunderstanding, Lillian. But my staff is already in place...

DEPAUL

I'm not asking you for a job. After some consideration... I've come to the conclusion that this university simply doesn't have the proper personnel to realize the full potential of the program.

Papanikolaou takes a moment, considering her offer.

GEORGE PAPANIKOLAOU

You understand, if I were to oversee this -- I would keep you informed of major decisions, of course, but in terms of the day-to-day management...

DEPAUL

Once I give you the program, my role in it will be finished.

He says nothing. DePaul nods, devastated but determined.

DEPAUL (CONT'D)

I understand.

38 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT 4)

38

As Masters finishes attaching electrodes to the naked body of a YOUNG WOMAN (20s). She takes a short, shallow breath.

MASTERS

You're nervous.

YOUNG WOMAN

(laughing)

How could you tell?

MASTERS

(matter-of-fact)

Slight generalized vasocongestion in your face and chest. Mild fasciculation in the hands, feet.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

The Young Woman looks at him, perplexed. Masters translates.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

You're flushed. And trembling.

YOUNG WOMAN

(relieved)

Oh.

(then, disconcerted)

Is that bad?

39 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - LAB ROOM - MINUTES LATER (N4)

39

As Masters pushes open the door to discover Greathouse already there -- accompanied by FOUR MEN, fellow doctors in folding chairs. The already-cramped space is now claustrophobic, the air humid and thick. The Men eat Chinese take-out and watch the now-masturbating Young Woman. DR. PETE BROAD (40s, bald and round-faced), turns to Masters with a smile.

DR. BROAD

Bill, honest to God, this is better than my bachelor party.

The Men laugh. Greathouse smiles at Masters as though nothing were amiss. Masters STARES. Finally.

MASTERS

(to Greathouse)

May I speak to you outside?

40 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER (N4)

40

Outside the door, Masters lashes angrily into Greathouse.

MASTERS

This is a scientific study, not a stag film in a frat house.

GREATHOUSE

Your colleagues are very interested in the work you're doing here. I would think you'd appreciate that.

MASTERS

Get them out of there. Now.

Greathouse shakes his head, bemused.

GREATHOUSE

I know Bart Scully treated you like the Second Coming, but here?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

GREATHOUSE (CONT'D)

In this hospital? You are my employee. You don't tell me what to do.

Masters GLARES at Greathouse, realizing that the time for niceties and innuendo is over.

MASTERS

You want to have those baboons in there, slurping chop suey, mocking my work? Fine. You can have it. But I get my partner. No more waiting, no more games. I can't do this without her. It doesn't *work* without her. So whatever you have to do to make that happen, whatever strings you have to pull, I don't really care. You get Mrs. Johnson here and I'll buy the Chinese food myself.

Greathouse's smile vanishes, as he leans in closer to Bill.

GREATHOUSE

Let me tell you how it works with secretaries: you keep them in their place. You don't promote them to some lofty position above their pay grade. Or give them titles like 'research assistant.' I haven't even *mentioned* your "secretary" to the board, and you should be thanking me for that. Because, right now, I am the only thing keeping you from being perceived as a man who can only think with his cock, not his head.

Greathouse SAUNTERS back into the lab. Masters STANDS there.

41 INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - LAB ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (N4)

41

As Masters STEPS into the room, eerily calm. He checks the instruments, makes notations, his movements unhurried, his expression unreadable. The Young Woman MOANS quietly.

DR. ED WEILAND

Can you imagine her in the steno pool? If she can type half as fast as she diddles...

The Men chuckle. Dr. Broad turns to Masters with a take-out box of egg rolls.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

DR. BROAD

Care for one, Bill? They are  
delicious. Not too spicy.

Masters looks at him, looks at the egg rolls. He takes an egg roll, examines it.

Without warning, Masters THRUSTS the egg roll roughly into Broad's mouth, CHOKING him. Masters takes another one, does the same, as Greathouse GRABS Masters to pull him off. But Masters spins around and SHOVES Greathouse violently against the wall. Greathouse trips against a folding chair and FALLS, hard, a CLATTERING of metal as he goes down.

The room turns completely SILENT -- save for the increasingly urgent MOANS from the Young Woman. Greathouse slowly stands. He smooths his shirt, looks at Masters with icy equanimity.

GREATHOUSE

Good luck, Bill. By the time I'm off  
the phone tomorrow, there's not a  
single reputable hospital in the  
Midwest that's going to let you so  
much as step through their doors.

The Woman ORGASMS in the other room. Masters EXITS the lab without a word. A moment later, he reappears through the glass, gently hands the Woman a bathrobe. He goes to the two-way mirror and violently JERKS DOWN a screen, blocking the Woman from sight.

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

42

As Johnson types a letter, DePaul enters with a stack of files. She dumps them unceremoniously on Johnson's desk.

DEPAUL

These need to be mimeographed and  
sent to Dr. Papanikolaou's office at  
Cornell as soon as possible.

JOHNSON

He requested the files for our  
program?

(smiles)

Maybe he wants to share them with the  
committee for the Williams Prize.

DEPAUL

Actually, Dr. Papanikolaou will be  
bringing the program with him to his  
new research center in Miami.

(CONTINUED)

Johnson hesitates. Unable to comprehend what she's heard.

JOHNSON

What do you mean?

DEPAUL

You'll need to speak to someone in the Audio/Visual Department to make duplicates of the film strip.

JOHNSON

(beat, stares)

You... gave him the program?

(off DePaul's nod)

Why didn't you tell me about this?

DEPAUL

I'm telling you right now.

JOHNSON

After you made your decision?

DEPAUL

I don't need to consult you about the course of my research.

JOHNSON

Your research...

(beat, flabbergasted)

We are partners. I believed in this, Lillian, I've worked like a dog to get this program off the ground. I recommended you for the Williams Prize...

DEPAUL

I didn't ask you to do that.

JOHNSON

I did it anyway. For you.

(completely devastated)

Papanikolaou will put his name on your work, you won't even be a footnote.

DEPAUL

I didn't go into medicine to see my name on a study, Virginia.

DePaul sits at her desk and begins working, as though nothing has happened. Johnson WATCHES her, shattered, reeling.



43 EXT. JOHNSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N4)

43

The trunk POPS OPEN. Johnson stares at the file boxes. She grabs one but can't even lift it. She stands there, utterly lost, when she sees LORAINE (30s, svelte, movie star good looks) taking out her garbage. Johnson steels herself and strides over to Loraine, a grim resolve in her step.

JOHNSON

Loraine? Virginia Johnson. We met last summer at the block party...

LORAINE

Of course. Are you still at Maternity?

JOHNSON

I am. Although, I've actually begun transitioning to a new line of work.

Johnson pulls out a bottle of Cal-O-Metric from her purse.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I'm the new neighborhood ambassador for Cal-O-Metric.

Loraine looks at the bottle skeptically.

LORAINE

This isn't one of those fad diets, is it? My sister tried the cabbage soup one... she ended up so bloated, we called her the Hindenburg.

JOHNSON

I can assure you, Cal-O-Metric is not a fad at all. Our trademarked nutritional formula is based on the most cutting-edge science.

Loraine hands back the bottle, smiles politely. Johnson could easily end it here... instead, she digs in.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Let me ask you something, Loraine: When you see yourself in the mirror, how do you feel?

Loraine, struck by the question, pauses.

LORAINE

How does any woman feel?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

JOHNSON

That depends. A woman who's confident in her figure? A woman like that feels fantastic. But a woman who isn't sure... who's maybe put on some extra pounds over the years, a woman who wonders why her husband doesn't look at her quite the way he used to... a woman like that doesn't feel fantastic at all.

Lorraine takes this in, her face suddenly creased with doubt. Johnson goes in for the kill. She holds out the bottle once more, a lifeline.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

This could be the start of a brand new you. I know it was for me.

44 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT (N4)

44

Masters enters the house, exhausted. He sees the dining room table, set for two, candle-lit. He heads straight for the bar, where he pours himself a double Scotch. He belts it back, when he begins to hear LAUGHING VOICES from down the hall. He pours himself another, as Libby enters, smiling awkwardly.

LIBBY

Bill?

MASTERS

I need to talk to you.

Suddenly, Langham enters from the nursery, carrying baby John. Masters stares at him, alarmed.

LANGHAM

I'm sorry to tell you this, but your kid's got a bad case of the cutes.

Libby glares at Masters: he clearly invited himself.

LIBBY

Dr. Langham decided to drop by. Isn't that nice?

LANGHAM

(to Masters)

I'm in major need of advice, Bill. I have this new patient, real head-scratcher. Right up your alley.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

MASTERS

(a look)

The... skeletal system... is not exactly...

LANGHAM

Libby also invited me to dinner. She said the two magic words: veal and shanks. How could I resist?

Langham pulls two cigars from his coat pocket.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

I also picked up a few Monte Cristos this weekend...

(to Masters)

Care to join me outside?

MASTERS

I don't smoke.

LANGHAM

Why don't you join me, Bill?

Masters realizes this isn't about a cigar.

45 INT. MORETTI HOUSE - NIGHT (N4)

45

Gene and Betty eat at the kitchen table, their plates piled with something inedible, the room silent save for the CLINKING of silverware. Gene pushes his food around as Betty WATCHES.

BETTY

Swear on my life, it's what the book said. Can of mushroom soup. Then tuna. Peas. Potato chips on top.

(silence)

It's from Betty Crocker. Who, by the way, is a phony, did you know that? Betty Crocker is some advertising idea, dreamed up by some suit sitting in a fancy boardroom, and not a real person at all.

GENE

It was a woman.

(off Betty's look)

A woman came up with Betty Crocker.

Betty feels his anger. Tries to keep up her cheeriness.

(CONTINUED)

BETTY

Well, you would know, being in the food business...

GENE

And I guess you would be the expert on phony Bettys.

Off Gene's LOOK, Betty finally puts her fork down.

BETTY

Okay. I deserve that. But just so you know? I'm not going anywhere. So, whenever you're done extracting your pound of flesh... I'll be here.

GENE

You knew you couldn't have kids. Before we married. Before we met.

A beat. Betty finally nods.

GENE (CONT'D)

Why didn't you just tell me?

BETTY

You'd never have married me if you knew the truth.

GENE

You know that?

BETTY

I know what you saw when you first met me. The good Christian girl at church, who would raise good Christian babies --

GENE

I didn't meet you at church.

BETTY

It was the Palm Sunday Pot Luck. I bumped into you, your cole slaw fell into my pocket book. You took me to Marshall Fields to buy a new purse...

GENE

It was before that.

(off Betty's confusion)

I was shy with girls. I had trouble talking to them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

GENE (CONT'D)

So, I figured, going to a brothel,  
maybe that would be a good way to...  
learn, I guess.

A long beat. Betty looks away, unable to meet his eyes.

GENE (CONT'D)

I'd never met a girl that was... nice  
to me like that. And I didn't want  
to leave, I was so sure I'd never see  
you again. But then, when I walked  
into church that morning and you were  
standing, right there... I just knew:  
it was meant to be.

(then)

I never thought you were a good  
Christian girl. I just thought you  
were the love of my life.

(back to his food)

But now...? I don't know who you  
are.

Betty watches him as her eyes fill with tears.

46 EXT. MASTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT (N4)

46

Masters and Langham STAND in the backyard, Masters annoyed to  
be out in the cold while Langham chews on an unlit cigar.

MASTERS

Do you have matches?

LANGHAM

Oh. No. I don't smoke. I just like  
the way it looks. Gives me sort of a  
Hemingway air, I think.

Masters tries not to roll his eyes.

MASTERS

So what advice can I give you?

LANGHAM

Actually, Bill, there's some advice  
I'd like to give you.

(off Masters' look)

Do you know why I married Elise?

(off Masters' silence)

I thought it would cure me. No more  
wandering eye. No more chasing ass  
like a teenager. It would be like  
magic.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

As soon as I put the ring on my finger, abracadabra: everything else would disappear, and it would just be me and her.

Langham smiles dolefully at his naivete.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

I screwed a dental hygienist named Gerty three months later. Hated myself for it, too. And then I spent the next twelve years hating myself over and over again. Most people, when they get burned, they don't touch the stove again. So what the hell is wrong with me that I can't stop touching it?

Langham looks at Masters.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

You don't know how many times I've asked myself: why can't you just be like Bill? How many times a day I compare myself to you. And every time, I come up short.

(then)

Then the other night at the hotel, I realized, I've been punishing myself for no reason. Because, you and me? We're the same. Two men. Trying our best. How about that? I'm no better or worse than Bill Masters.

MASTERS

I thought Virginia explained. We're starting up the study again --

LANGHAM

(scoffs)

Oh come on, Bill. Look who you're talking to here.

MASTERS

I don't know what you mean by that.

LANGHAM

Just don't do it the way I did. You've got to keep this under wraps. I mean, I'm not the only one who knows about it. Lillian DePaul has been wise to it from the beginning.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

Masters takes in this news, mentally calculating the damage.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

And take it from me: this bachelor thing? It isn't all it's cracked up to be.

Langham backpedals.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

I mean, don't get me wrong, there are some days when I feel like, literally, I've died and gone to heaven. Literally.

Langham chews on his cigar, tries to push down the emotion.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

But I can't walk by the nursery anymore. I go out of my way, just so I'm nowhere near it. Because when I do see those little guys, looking up at you, rolling around, all I can think is how bad I want my kids.

(clears his throat)

All I'm saying is: whatever it is you have with Virginia, you've got to weigh it against all this.

He gestures to Masters' perfect house, manicured yard.

LANGHAM (CONT'D)

Is it worth it?

Masters looks at his wife through the window in the kitchen. She smiles at him. He smiles back.

47 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (DAY 5)

47

A phone RINGS. Masters opens his eyes, squinting as slats of morning sunshine slice through the blinds. He turns over and sees the other side of the bed is empty.

48 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER (D5)

48

Masters, in his bathrobe, finds Libby by the telephone, smoking a cigarette, white as a sheet. He crosses to her.

LIBBY

Tatti Greathouse just called.

Masters sighs, knows where this is going.

(CONTINUED)

LIBBY (CONT'D)

She told me the most outlandish story. She says that you were fired, that you *assaulted* her husband.

MASTERS

I did lose my temper, Lib. But you would have, too. The man is an utter philistine...

Libby can no longer contain her anger.

LIBBY

Why do I have to learn everything about my husband third-hand?

MASTERS

I was going to tell you last night, but then Austin was here...

LIBBY

This is the second job in two months, Bill. Pretty soon there won't be a hospital left for you to storm out of.

MASTERS

(touches her)

Lib --

Libby recoils from his touch, all of her anxiety and hurt suddenly bursting to the surface.

LIBBY

Why are you doing this to me?

Masters looks at her, surprised by the depth of pain and anger in her voice.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Is this our life now? You, moving from one job to another, always finding some reason why it's not good enough?

MASTERS

It was never going to work there, Libby. They didn't understand my...

LIBBY

Your study? They didn't understand your study at Maternity either.

(CONTINUED)



MASTERS

But someone will.

LIBBY

(losing it)

When, Bill? When, exactly? How many more opportunities do you have to squander before you get there?

(then)

You have a wife and child who *depend* on you. Doesn't that mean anything?

MASTERS

Yes. Of course.

Libby drags on her cigarette, fighting back tears.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

There's going to be another opportunity out there, Libby, a better opportunity. I have a huge roster of patients that will follow me anywhere. I'm the leading fertility expert in the country. That hasn't changed.

Masters slowly, gently takes her face in his hands. He looks deeply in her eyes.

MASTERS (CONT'D)

I need you to trust me right now. I'm going to take care of you. Whatever happens. I will always take care of you.

In spite of her anger, in her heart she knows it's the truth.

Johnson packs bottles of Cal-O-Metric into a cabinet. TESSA and HENRY do homework at the table. Tessa turns to him.

TESSA

What's six plus four equal?

HENRY

Ten.

TESSA

What's six plus five?

JOHNSON

Tessa, your brother can't do your homework for you.

TESSA

He does it better, though.

JOHNSON

And what happens when he isn't there? When the teacher calls on you in class? What are you going to do then?

Tessa shrugs.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

You can't count on somebody else to do your work for you. You can only count on yourself. That's the only person that won't let you down. Everything that's worth doing, you have to do on your own.

HENRY

Did you do everything on your own?

Johnson considers this for a beat. She shakes her head.

JOHNSON

No. I didn't.  
(returns to unloading boxes)  
But I do now. From now on.

50 EXT. MYSTERY HOSPITAL - DAY (D5)

50

Briefcase in hand, Masters climbs the steps to an austere building. He stops at the door, hesitates for a moment. He steels himself with a sharp intake of breath and goes in.

51 INT. MYSTERY HOSPITAL - LATER (D5)

51

CLOSE ON Masters, no indication of where he is or to whom he is speaking.

CHARLES HENDRICKS

We're so very pleased you've decided to join us, Dr. Masters.

MASTERS

The pleasure is all mine.

As Masters speaks, we PULL BACK slowly, revealing him to be in a smartly appointed office, sitting at a conference table.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

MASTERS (CONT'D)

And I feel comfortable speaking for  
my partner in saying just how excited  
we both are to be bringing our work  
here, together.

As we PULL BACK further, we see, seated across from Masters, a  
line of DOCTORS of various ages in lab coats and suits, all of  
them African-American. We HOLD for just a moment on this  
cryptic scene, before we... SMASH TO BLACK.