MASTERS OF SEX

by

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First Draft, Revised
June 28, 2011

EXT. RITZ CARLETON HOTEL - CARONDELET PLAZA - NIGHT

A busy downtown sidewalk illuminated by the lamps of the hotel overhang. A DOORMAN moves to the curb, opens the door of a sleek Ford Fairlane. Well-heeled guests emerge, VANISH behind the heavy brass doors. A VOICE drifts to the surface.

VOICE (O.S.)
... a bellwether in the field of obstetrics and gynecology. Maternity Hospital has set a new standard in the Midwest. The highest standard.

SUPER: RITZ CARLETON HOTEL - ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI - 1956

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
So high that even our friends on the coasts are now paying attention.

A RIPPLE of laughter, as we go...

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Black tie. Filled to capacity. CHANCELLOR SHEPLEY speaks from the podium, bestows his benevolent gaze on DR. WILLIAM MASTERS. Masters sits at the head table, stares into middle space with a vague frown, rubs his finger along the base of his water glass. He doesn't appear to notice the SQUEAK.

Shepley continues to tout his hospital's accomplishments, as LIBBY MASTERS places her hand over her husband's to settle him. Gives a smile. Masters SIGHS, as the woman on his other side, DODIE BRODHEAD, leans toward Libby with a loud WHISPER.

DODIE
... it was the January House & Garden. Because they were the first, I'm quite sure of it, to introduce the whole idea of cork flooring.

LIBBY
I think I saw it in Woman's Day.

Masters remains deaf to this CHATTER as we follow his GAZE. He takes in Dodie's profile. Her cleavage. Her neck. A curious LOOK crosses his face, as Dodie TURNS to him brightly.

DODIE
You're the tie-breaker, Doctor. Cork flooring vs. wall-to-wall vs...?

MASTERS
Your tracheostomy. About seven years ago. What was the reason for it?

Masters speaks QUIETLY, so only she can hear. Dodie STARES at him. A beat. Her hand slowly moves toward her neck.

MASTERS (CONT'D)
Don't worry, the scar isn't noticeable. Not to an untrained eye.

An odd moment between them. Dodie's VOICE drops to a WHISPER.

DODIE
My jaw was... shattered. And my nose... It was all so long ago...

Dodie gives a little laugh to brush it off, but Masters' eyes stay on her. His GAZE then shifts to the hulking husband by her side. Shepley's voice BOOMS from the podium.

SHEPLEY
... his constant innovations to obstetric surgery have earned him dominance in the field. He introduced the Infertility Research Program here at Maternity, set up the first... in polite company let's say "donation" bank...
(more laughter)
... the first in the nation. If I hear one thing during the course of my day, it's "thanks to him, we have a family." Ladies and gentlemen, Dr. William Masters...

Masters gives Dodie a last look, SLIDES from his seat. He joins Shepley up front. LOOKS over the crowded room. A beat.

MASTERS
I am a man of science. Which is why I'll let my friend Chancellor Shepley supply the words tonight. And most regrettably... I have to go. It turns out I'm working this evening.

SHEPLEY
(leans in)
Bill Masters has yet to devise the baby that arrives during business hours. But mark my words. He will.

The room LAUGHS again, knows well a schedule held hostage by the erratic arrival of babies. Masters NODS appreciatively.

MASTERS
But I do thank you. I thank you for honoring me here tonight.

INT. BEDROOM - A RAMBLING HOUSE ON THE CITY OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

A tiny room. Mostly bed. A small chair holds a Fedora, suit jacket, a briefcase. On the bed, ERNIE TURK kneels with his pants at his ankles, poised behind the raised haunches of SALLY DIMELLO. Sally stoically receives her client's affections as Ernie shifts awkwardly. Can't find his balance.

ERNIE
Sorry. I'm... a little...

SALLY
You're tangled. In your pants.

Ernie sees she's right, attempts to kick himself free as...

ANGLE - THROUGH A PEEPHOLE

A single eye PRESSES against the opening. The eye BLINKS. The pas de deux on the bed clearly visible as we...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - WILLIAM MASTERS

Flush against the closet door. He sweats into his tuxedo shirt, his legs cramped from standing. He PULLS AWAY from the peephole. Trains a small flashlight on the clipboard in his hand. He GLANCES at his stopwatch. Shakes his head.

Masters jams the light in his mouth, scribbles on the board, just as the light drops and CLATTERS to the floor. Masters freezes. Quickly puts his eye back to the aperture.

RESUME - SALLY

As she GLARES toward the closet, mouths the words, "Shut the fuck up." But Ernie is oblivious to the intruder as he flails away. Time seems to stretch into eternity. Sally rolls her eyes. Exasperated. Tired. Suddenly starts to MOAN.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Oh my God... so good... you're a fucking animal, Ernie... I'm gonna come... Oh my God... I'm gonna...

Sally SCREAMS, her sudden burst of enthusiasm causing Ernie to finally climax, as their SHOUTS ricochet around the tiny room, and we go back to...

MASTERS

As he watches this. An inscrutable expression on his face. He CHECKS his stopwatch. Notes the time on his board. He sinks onto the small stool behind him with a weary SIGH. Switches off the flashlight with a CLICK.

EXT. DINER - DOWNTOWN ST. LOUIS - LATER

A quiet booth in the corner. The jukebox plays the Platters, "You've Got That Magic Touch," as Sally DiMello, now clothed and ravenous, DEVOURS a mountain of food while Masters sips his coffee. He WATCHES her. Glances at his clipboard.

MASTERS
Arousal states for clients one and six were instantaneous. Four took ten minutes, making him the slowest. Seven achieved no arousal at all...
(off Sally's shrug)
The interval between arousal and climax also varied considerably. The last client, number eight... how long did he stay in the plateau state?

SALLY
For fucking ever.

MASTERS
I have eleven minutes.

SALLY
You're the expert.

Sally turns back to her entree. Masters WATCHES this a beat. A slight expression of disapproval crosses his face.

MASTERS
Your napkin actually goes in your lap.

SALLY
From a man standing in a closet watching people hump all night.

MASTERS
It's work.

SALLY
Really.

MASTERS
Which reminds me... you might consider keeping a journal. You could time a lot of this yourself, even if it's counting in your head.

SALLY
(a long look)
What is the matter with you? Seriously?

MASTERS
I can't be there every night.

SALLY
Just when we were getting so close.

Masters decides to ignore this. TURNS back at his clipboard.

MASTERS
Client eight, I have your climax lasted approximately... nine seconds?
(off her blank look)
Ernie. With the pants.

Sally starts to LAUGH. Then realizes Masters isn't kidding. She considers this. Speaks slowly, as if to a child.

SALLY
I was faking.

MASTERS
You... didn't have an orgasm.

SALLY
You're serious now...

MASTERS
Yes, I'm serious. You faked an orgasm? Is that a common practice amongst prostitutes?

SALLY
It's a common practice *amongst* anyone with a twat. Women fake orgasms. Almost all of them. Although I haven't checked my clipboard lately.

MASTERS
But... why? Why would a woman lie about something like that?

SALLY
God almighty. This is... okay. I'm gonna be honest with you, but only cause I like you and you seem real dedicated about your project, in the penguin suit and all, with the charts and the timer, and you've never stiffed me on the money, not once... But seriously... If you really wanna learn about sex... you are gonna have to get yourself a female partner.

Sally gives him a pitiful LOOK. Plops her napkin in her lap.

INT. EXAM ROOM FIVE - MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DAY

A jumble of equipment as Masters, in his lab coat and bow tie, PUSHES an unwieldy EKG machine across the polished linoleum. DR. IRA GALL, young and charmingly cocksure, reclines on the exam table, feet propped comfortably on the stirrups.

GALL
They placed her in our department. Insurance processing. Out on that desk in the hall, which makes it very convenient to casually run into her.

Masters YANKS out the stirrups. Gall's legs FLOP awkwardly.

MASTERS
My patients hate stirrups. Yours?

GALL
Stirrups. Pap smears. Husbands. Although that also provides for some opportunities. Anyway, rumor is the new girl's just now getting divorced.

Masters regards the stirrups. Then SHOVES them in a cupboard.

GALL (CONT'D)
Ex-husband's a band leader, she was his singer, so she's probably dying for something stable. A doctor type.

MASTERS
Grab the other side.

Gall hops down to help as Masters LEANS INTO the next piece of equipment. They now SLIDE an EEG machine across the floor.

GALL
This EEG isn't... you're not still going ahead with that, are you?

MASTERS
Going ahead and about to enter the second phase. Enthusiasm is building. Support grows every day...

GALL
Support from...?

MASTERS
Shepley's going to present my proposal to the Board tomorrow. In the meantime, I'm looking for volunteers.

GALL
I say this with the greatest respect, Bill. Even affection. But this study of yours is doomed.

MASTERS
You want to bet? Or would you rather bet on the fact this will revolutionize the face of medicine?

GALL
They'll sooner approve a trip to the moon. How would the Board even begin to defend this to the donors?

MASTERS
They won't have to. The program will be conducted in perfect secrecy.

GALL
In a teaching hospital. Where no one ever gossips.

Masters SHOVES the machine into place beside the other one. He begins to UNRAVEL the wires. Gall shakes his head.

GALL (CONT'D)
If it does ever get up and running... can I watch?

MASTERS
When it does, no.

GALL
(shrugs, then)
Come meet the new girl with me?

MASTERS
(a long look)
Do you not have patients, Dr. Gall? Because I'll happily reassign yours to Dr. Allen if you're too busy.

A beat, as Gall is reminded he can only push Masters so far.

GALL
I'll be in my office. And your secret here is safe with me. Obviously.

MASTERS
Obviously.

As Masters makes it very clear where Gall stands.

INT. OB/GYN DEPARTMENT - MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DAY

Masters MOVES through the busy hospital, oblivious to the crush of humanity around him. As he nears the processing desk, his GAZE lands on the new girl. He SLOWS. Dark-haired and vivacious, VIRGINIA JOHNSON smiles at a patient. Hands over forms. Gives their arm a reassuring squeeze. Masters WATCHES her. A beat. Until a stern VOICE startles him.

VOICE
Dr. Masters...

Masters TURNS. His secretary, MISS HORCHOW, gives him a loaded LOOK, both injured and defiant. Masters SIGHS.

INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

MISS HORCHOW sits rigidly across the desk as Masters braces for the inevitable. She FLICKS a sheet of paper in her hand.

MISS HORCHOW
The interviews you've requested appear to me to be secretarial candidates. Now either we're adding staff to our office or I'm being replaced. Would you care to clarify?

MASTERS
(beat, finally)
The job has changed, Miss Horchow.

MISS HORCHOW
But why wasn't I told about this change? And why wouldn't I be right for this "new job"?

MASTERS
Because I have another, new study pending. One that will require a secretary not at all... squeamish.

MISS HORCHOW
(offended)
Dr. Masters... I grew up on a farm. I have beheaded chickens.

MASTERS
I can imagine it. But did you ever see one of those chickens fake an orgasm? More importantly, do you know why a woman would fake an orgasm? Because that's one of the questions I hope to answer.
(dead silence, then)
(MORE)

MASTERS (CONT'D)
The new job will require taking sexual histories in intimate, explicit detail. And to be honest... you don't seem the kind of woman that would cotton to such a task.

Miss Horchow slowly STANDS. Red-faced. Gathers her dignity.

MISS HORCHOW
I'm not sure what kind of woman would. I'm not sure what kind of woman could hold her head up in church every Sunday knowing she'd spent the entire week talking smut.

MASTERS
Science.

MISS HORCHOW
Slap on any fancy term you'd like.
(off his look)
I will schedule the first round of interviews as early as tomorrow.

MASTERS
Thank you, Miss...

But the door SHUTS before he can finish.

INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - LATER

Masters EXITS his office as Miss Horchow pointedly AVOIDS his gaze, pretends to be busy. Masters CONTINUES down the hall. A beat, then he notices Gall standing with Johnson.

Gall HOLDS her coat as Johnson grabs her purse. The two continue to the elevator. They CHAT easily. Gall says something to make her LAUGH. Masters WATCHES them until they disappear inside the lift.

EXT. THE WEATHERLY APARTMENTS - CLAYTON DISTRICT - NIGHT

A modest two storey building. Gall's '56 Hudson Rambler pulls into the carport. The engine RATTLES to a stop.

INT. GALL'S RAMBLER - CONTINUOUS

Gall TURNS to Johnson, beside him on the bench seat. She chooses her words carefully as she finishes her thought.

JOHNSON
... I suppose OB-GYN seemed like the best place for... advancement, quite honestly.

GALL
Advancement. Miss Virginia Johnson, soon to be Dr. Virginia Johnson.

JOHNSON
Poke fun, but I am capable of more than insurance forms. Plus I've had babies, I've been on those exam tables... maybe I can help women by being a friendly face for a change.

GALL
There's also a high turn-over in obstetrics. You can use that to your advantage if you're smart about it.

JOHNSON
I will keep my eyes open.

GALL
Because I am more than happy to champion the intelligent, capable, beautiful ones when they come along.

Johnson smiles, OPENS the door to exit. Gall touches her arm.

GALL (CONT'D)
I mean it. Let me help you. In the meantime... well... there's no one waiting for me at home.

JOHNSON
I have two children waiting for me.

GALL
Are your kids friendly? Because maybe they'll take pity on me and invite me in.

JOHNSON
(laughs, then)
I do appreciate the ride, Dr. Gall.

GALL
Ira. And I'll take that to mean you'd like me to shove off.

JOHNSON
Actually, I look forward to knowing you. Maybe even becoming friends. But that's all it will be. It's all my life can accommodate right now.

Gall NODS. Tries to hide his disappointment.

GALL
Sorry. I must look like an idiot. But the truth is... all I could think about the entire drive home was kissing you.

JOHNSON
(watches him, smiles)
Friends can kiss.

As we HOLD ON Gall's face, not exactly sure what this means.

EXT. MASTERS' HOUSE - LADUE, MISSOURI - NIGHT

An Eichler-esque mid-century home in the leafy St. Louis suburb. A shiny, black MG zips into the driveway, top-down, Masters behind the wheel. Masters HOPS out, unruffled in his suit and bow-tie. Makes his way up the walkway.

INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Masters stands in the atriumed foyer, flips through the mail. Pat Boone sings "Love Letters In The Sand" on the stereo. Masters LOOKS UP, notices the music. MOVES into...

INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where Masters finds a Corning Ware casserole simmering on the stove. He OPENS the oven, a chocolate souffle begins to rise. He takes this in, then GLANCES into...

ANGLE - THE DINING ROOM

Where candles FLICKER on a Paul McCobb table set for two.

RESUME - MASTERS

He frowns. Just as Libby ENTERS, an unopened bottle of champagne in her hands. A happy smile lights up her face.

LIBBY
Daddy. On time tonight. That alone is cause for celebration.

A quick KISS on the lips, then Libby hands him the bottle to open, removes her apron. Masters GESTURES toward the table.

MASTERS
Candles usually mean guests.

LIBBY
Not tonight. Just us two.

Libby sets aside her apron, reveals a pretty dress underneath.

Masters WATCHES as she moves to him, and almost shyly, slips her arms around his waist. Masters returns with a polite hug.

MASTERS
You took your temperature.
(off her nod)
That doesn't mean you have to make a souffle, Lib.

LIBBY
It's romantic. It's chocolate. Chocolate makes people feel...

She doesn't finish the thought, as her cheeks flush a lovely shade of pink. They share a LOOK. Masters manages a smile.

INT. MASTERS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Masters stands alone before the mirror. He holds a copy of PLAYBOY in his hands, the centerfold unfurled before him. He STARES at the image. Then refolds it, sets it back down. He grabs a copy of STAG, the next magazine in the stack.

He FLIPS through the pages, a curious expression on his face, impossible to tell if this is stimulation or some kind of punishment. Another beat, he sets this aside, GRABS the entire stack and SHOVES them into the back of a cupboard.

Masters unties his shoes, REMOVES them. Then takes off his pants, revealing plain white boxers underneath. He TURNS to leave, then stops. He slips off his suit jacket, but leaves on his shirt and bow tie. Finally OPENS the door.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Masters ENTERS, finds Libby waiting in one of their two twin beds. She PULLS BACK the covers to reveal a modest nightgown. He CROSSES. Sits beside her. She takes his hands gently.

LIBBY
A quick prayer first, Daddy.
(she closes her eyes)
Dear Lord... please bring us the baby we already love and adore. Amen.

Masters NODS. A beat. They kiss. Then Masters takes Libby's shoulders, turns her away from him. He moves on top of her, they begin to have sex, and in under ten seconds, this unceremonious act is over. A beat. Masters sits back up.

MASTERS
On your bottom now. Knees to chest.

Libby obliges as she WATCHES her husband. A beat.

LIBBY
We could look in each other's eyes sometimes...

MASTERS
Once you're pregnant. Until then, this is the most effective position.

Libby NODS, but even she knows there's more to it than that.

LIBBY
What do you see when you look at me?

Masters hesitates. Clearly doesn't want to have this conversation. Answers honestly nonetheless.

MASTERS
Love.

Libby NODS again. Then wriggles around so her head rests in his lap. She WRAPS her arms tightly around him.

LIBBY
Love.

A moment between them. Masters reaches down, STROKES her hair, his affection for his wife very real. Equally as real as his complete inability to take in her adoration.

INT. OB/GYN DEPARTMENT - MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DAY

Master and Gall WEAVE through the crowded corridor. Gall tries unsuccessfully to keep his voice to a WHISPER.

GALL
It was like something out of a movie. I mean, *that* kind of movie. First I get the "just friends" speech. Next thing I know, I get a blow job. *A blow job. R*ight there in the car.
(off Master's look)
Fellatio...

MASTERS
I know what it is.

GALL
What it is... is incredible. And thrilling. And so, so sexy. Jesus.

Gall shakes his head. Masters pretends to be bored by this.

GALL (CONT'D)
But... what does it mean?

MASTERS
What does a blow job mean? What are you, a girl?

GALL
Okay, who cares what it means and why she did it. Although I do think it's the rare bird that is both elegant and smart and volunteers that kind of thing. All I do know *for sure* is I'm going to marry that woman.

Maters gives a weary LOOK as a desk nurse WAVES him over.

NURSE
Code blue in the ER, Dr. Masters. C-section, bleeding out...

MASTERS
Scrub up and assist, Dr. Gall.

GALL
(nods, starts to move)
I'm right behind you...

And before Masters can protest, Gall is RUNNING the opposite direction down the hall.

INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - PROCESSING DESK - DAY

As JANE MARTIN, perky and efficient, ORGANIZES files into orderly stacks. Johnson listens. Takes detailed notes.

JANE
... these are insured patients and Dr. Phillips insists these files be separate from ward patients, who are walk-ins and usually poor. Dr. Hunt, he wants his files kept in storage...

JOHNSON
(stops writing)
I need a directory. I need to know all the doctors' names, their departments, their titles...

JANE
... their quirks, their incomes, their marital status, their availability despite their marital status...

Jane GIGGLES as she pulls out a heavy tome, PLUNKS it on the desk. Johnson begins to FLIP through the pages.

JOHNSON
For example, if I wanted to know about Dr. Gall...

JANE
You would go to obstetrics. Dr. Ira Gall. First year fellow. OB/GYN.
(off Johnson's look)
He's one of the young pups.

JOHNSON
And his boss is...?

JANE
Dr. Masters. He's the alpha dog of coochie medicine.

Jane SNICKERS again as she flips to Masters' name.

JANE (CONT'D)
Masters is brilliant. Some say he's the best women's doctor in the entire Midwest. But if you get flustered around him, look out. Even his secretary, Miss Horchow, no picnic herself, she's leaving because, in her words, Dr. Masters is demanding and weird...

As an out-of-breath Gall suddenly APPEARS. He GRABS Johnson's hand, and before she can protest, PULLS her from the desk.

GALL
I want to show you something.
(off Johnson's surprise)
Your man in action.

As he RUNS with Johnson down the hall.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Masters BLOWS into the theater, fully scrubbed, Gall now on his heels. The room resembles a slaughterhouse. Blood everywhere. A dead fetus wrapped in a sheet to one side. Two DOCTORS and staff TURN to Masters. Their panic palpable.

DOCTOR
She's lost over 4000 cc's, Bill...

MASTERS
Placenta previa?

DOCTOR
Precreata...

Masters and Gall exchange a LOOK. A ghastly condition. The room immediately cedes to Masters' authority.

MASTERS
How long has she been on the table?

DOCTOR
Ninety-eight minutes...

Masters MOVES to the ravaged patient, a young African American woman, clearly dying. He touches the nearly empty blood bag on the IV pole.

MASTERS
How many bags?

ASSISTING NURSE
Four.

MASTERS
Two more, 500 cc's. Another on deck.

Gall gets to work, GLANCES up at the high row of windows as...

ANGLE - THE GALLERY

Virginia Johnson stands at the glass, eyes wide, as she LOOKS DOWN on the grisly scene.

RESUME - THE OPERATING THEATER

Gall takes this in, pleased, quickly TURNS BACK to the crisis before them as Masters REACHES in the gaping incision.

MASTERS
Respiratory, heart rate, BP...?

ASSISTING NURSE
36. 125. 80 over 40.

MASTERS
(shakes his head)
Which one of you geniuses is her doc?

DOCTOR
She's a ward patient...

MASTERS
Well... you didn't get all the placenta, for starters. Twelve gauze packs, Dr. Gall...

DOCTOR
I already used twelve...

MASTERS
Twelve more and a no. 10 scalpel.

Gall hops to it, as again he GLANCES up to see...

ANGLE - JOHNSON

Her eyes still glued to the unfolding drama. We FOLLOW her gaze, then suddenly realize it's not Gall that Johnson is watching at all, but...

MASTERS

As he takes the scalpel and gets to work, trains his laser-like focus on the carnage before him. Until for one brief moment, he glances up, LOOKS Johnson directly in the eye as...

JOHNSON

Realizes Masters has been aware of her all along. The smallest LOOK between them. Then Masters puts his head down, gets back to the grisly business of saving a woman's life.

INT. POST-OP - LATER

Masters and Gall at the sinks as the residue of the ordeal SWIRLS down the drain. Gall yanks off his bloody shirt, HUMS happily to himself. Masters gives him a LOOK. Keeps washing.

INT. PROCESSING DESK - DAY

As Johnson SCOOPS up a stack of paperwork from her desk. Jane SCRIBBLES beside her. Phone to her ear. Johnson GESTURES.

JOHNSON
I'll deliver these on my break.

JANE
(whispers)
Let the messenger boys do that...

But Johnson just smiles, MOVES OFF with the files anyway.

INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Johnson ENTERS the waiting area to find every seat filled with secretarial candidates. The women fill out applications, read magazines, check their lipstick. Johnson takes stock of the applicant pool. MOVES toward Miss Horchow's desk.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

As Masters, meticulous again in his lab coat and bow tie, makes his way down the hall. He MOVES into...

INT. MASTERS' WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Where he enters and STOPS. He takes in the sea of women. Frowns. Until his GAZE lands on Johnson. A beat. Then he CROSSES. Johnson notices him as he approaches. Pulls herself up with confidence. Holds out her hand.

JOHNSON
Dr. Masters. We haven't yet...

MASTERS
Are you here to interview or on some other business?

An odd beat. Johnson lowers her hand. Decides right there.

JOHNSON
Can you squeeze me in now?

INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - LATER

The TICK of a wall clock as Johnson now sits across the desk from Masters. She gives a polite SMILE.

JOHNSON
I'm sure it seems unorthodox, going from night club singer to secretary. But I am very capable. Organized. I'm the hardest worker I know...

MASTERS
You don't know me.

JOHNSON
I assume that comes with the job.

Johnson SMILES again. Manages to keep her composure in the face of Masters' formidable scrutiny. A long beat of SILENCE.

MASTERS
Any education in medicine?

JOHNSON
(an odd flicker, then)
I was an undergrad at Drury College.

MASTERS
Studying...?

JOHNSON
Music.

MASTERS
So you graduated with a BA.

JOHNSON
Actually... marriage interfered before I could graduate. But I'm enrolled in classes now, here at the University. I'll have my degree by year's end.

MASTERS
In...?

JOHNSON
The... sciences. Behavioral Science.

MASTERS
(considers this, then)
Interfered. You didn't want to get married?

JOHNSON
(a beat)
Are we talking about my husbands again?

MASTERS
There's more than one?

JOHNSON
Two. I stopped at two.

MASTERS
So... the first marriage was for interference. The second was for...?

JOHNSON
Children. I have a boy and a girl.

MASTERS
Is that unusual?

JOHNSON
I think it's average, statistically.

MASTERS
Is it unusual that you didn't marry for love in either marriage?

JOHNSON
(a beat, finally)
You're surrounded by women. Perhaps you can best answer that question.

MASTERS
I'm curious what you have to say.

JOHNSON
Alright... well... Good Housekeeping quizzes will tell you women marry for love. Or what they think is love. But I think they often confused love with physical attraction.

MASTERS
Sex.

JOHNSON
Yes. Women often think sex and love are the same thing. But they don't have to be. They don't even have to go together. Sex can be perfectly good on its own, while love is...

Johnson SHRUGS. Masters watches her carefully. Finally.

MASTERS
I don't think I've ever heard a woman express such an opinion.

JOHNSON
It's not a theory I trot out at dinner parties. But you're a doctor. I assume you're not easily... flustered.
(off his look, beat)
Did she live?
(off his blank look)
The woman in surgery today?

MASTERS
Yes.

JOHNSON
Would she have died if you hadn't stepped in?

MASTERS
(matter of fact)
Yes.

JOHNSON
Then I envy you. That's a day well spent.

A LOOK between them. Johnson GLANCES at her watch.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
They're very strict about my break.

Masters NODS as she stands to leave. A beat.

MASTERS
Since you brought up the subject of sex...

JOHNSON
Actually, you did...

MASTERS
Why would a woman fake an orgasm?

JOHNSON
(considers, then)
To get the man to climax quickly. Usually so the woman can get back to whatever it is she'd rather be doing.

Masters WATCHES her a long beat. Finally smiles.

INT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - LATER

As Johnson stands at the counter, fills out the requisite admissions forms. An ADVISOR, weary and middle-aged, watches Johnson with obvious annoyance. She GLANCES at the clock.

JOHNSON
I know it's late, but I need to sign up for classes now. Get myself in the system. Officially registered as a student and... all that.

Johnson SMILES, turns back to the applications. The woman gives her a suspicious look. Reluctantly OPENS a catalogue.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
I was thinking my emphasis of study could be nature vs. nurture. I recently read an article and found the subject very informative.

ADVISOR
We don't offer that as a major.

JOHNSON
I don't mean as a major, necessarily. But the subject must fall in the department of Behavioral Sciences or... something.

ADVISOR
We don't have a department of Behavioral Sciences.

An uneasy beat, as Johnson realizes her earlier blunder.

JOHNSON
Well... the article was very interesting. It made me look at my children in a whole new light. It even made me think back to my own childhood and how I was raised.

ADVISOR
My advice? Go home to your children. Figure out what it is you want...

JOHNSON
I want a degree. In an interesting subject. Something... important.

ADVISOR
When I was your age, I thought my children were important.

JOHNSON
(a deadly look, finally)
Do you have a Sociology department?
(off her nod)
Then I would like you to sign me up in the Sociology department. As an undeclared major. Now.

Johnson TURNS back to her forms. Fills them out determinedly.

INT. CHANCELLOR SHEPLEY'S OFFICE - MATERNITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Shepley paces as he WAVES Masters' proposal in his direction.

SHEPLEY
I did promise I would present this to the board, but that was before I read it. You do know what's in here?

MASTERS
(with a look)
I wrote it specifically to showcase this as a physiological study...

SHEPLEY
It's smut, Bill. That's how every board member will see it. As pornography. Or prostitution. Or something equally depraved.

MASTERS
You didn't even show it to them.

SHEPLEY
Because I live in the real world.

MASTERS
Where the real offense is the medical community's total ignorance about sex. There are libraries on how babies are born, not a single study on how babies are made. We are doctors, for chrissake, and I simply want to answer the question -- What happens to the body during sex?

SHEPLEY
By using live subjects, flopping around on beds...

MASTERS
(with a look)
Flopping.

SHEPLEY
Self-stimulating...

MASTERS
Monitored for the collection of physiological data...

SHEPLEY
For chrissake, Bill, why are you doing this? You own this place. Your practice is the envy of every doctor in this hospital...

MASTERS
My practice is a revolving door of cripples. Women disappointed, confused, even tortured by sex. They are desperate for help, and you know what advice I have to offer? Get a divorce, get used to it, or cheat.

SHEPLEY
Let psychiatrists help those women. It's not medicine...

MASTERS
It is medicine, and I'm so far out in front of it that I'm the only one that can see it.
(off Shepley's look)
I want the truth.
(beat)
I want to make my name in uncharted territory.
(another beat)
I want a Nobel Prize.

SHEPLEY
Then this discussion is over. This study will never be seen as serious science and you will be labeled a pervert. You can thank me later for saving you from yourself.

As we HOLD ON Master's face...

INT. MASTERS' HOME - NIGHT

Masters enters brusquely, SLAMS the door behind him. He moves through the foyer, passes by...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Libby STARES at their new RCA 21-inch TV. A grainy black and white image of Elvis Presley moves across the screen, hips swiveling irresistibly as he sings "Hound Dog." Libby turns as Masters approaches. GESTURES to the TV.

LIBBY
The Ed Sullivan show.
(with a look)
Imagine what my mother would say if she could see this boy.

Masters LOOKS toward the TV and the sexual energy that jumps off the screen. He crosses to the set, snaps it OFF.

MASTERS
I need to go out.

LIBBY
Now? Your dinner's in the warmer...

MASTERS
Slide it all in the sink. I want my martini shaken by Vito tonight.

LIBBY
What... happened? You look...

MASTERS
Like what? Like I spent the last hour of my busy day explaining to a man not normally an imbecile why he's now being pathetically short-sighted and cowardly?
(off her face)
Shepley refuses to present my study.

LIBBY
Which study...?

MASTERS
It's an adjunct to the infertility work. It's... it's complicated...

LIBBY
Tell me anyway...

MASTERS
It's about how the human body reacts to... various physical stimuli...

Masters STARES at his wife. An odd moment, as Masters realizes he can't say this in front of her.

MASTERS (CONT'D)
Don't make me explain this now. I want a drink, then another drink, then I want to hear about your day.

LIBBY
My day? Nevermind about my day.

Libby LOOKS at her husband, then suddenly BURSTS into tears. Masters CROSSES to her, completely taken aback.

MASTERS
What...? Libby...

LIBBY
I... had a... a visitor...

MASTERS
(beat, as he realizes)
But you said your basal temp spiked last night. That puts you mid-cycle, not starting a new one...

LIBBY
Do we have to discuss this...?

MASTERS
But if you don't correctly monitor...

LIBBY
(now sobbing)
I am just... so tired. Alright? Of being a failure. At the one thing we want most. Two years and nothing. Nothing. What kind of woman can't have a baby? What kind of woman can't give her husband a child...?

MASTERS
Lib... honey... let's not...

But Libby only cries harder. Masters sits there, at a total loss, until Libby stands and HURRIES from the room. A beat. Masters CROSSES to the liquor cabinet, GRABS a bottle of gin and a glass. He POURS a healthy slug. Downs it in one gulp.

INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DAY

Johnson leaves a stack of papers on Masters' desk as he works. She waits for his attention. He GLANCES up.

JOHNSON
These forms need your signature.

Masters nods. Johnson gives a polite smile, TURNS to leave.

MASTERS
My wife is coming in tomorrow. We've decided she'll join my cervical cap trial. I've had great success with it, and I'd appreciate it if you help her through the admissions process.

JOHNSON
Of course. I'm sorry. I can imagine infertility is very stressful.

MASTERS
For Libby it is, yes.

JOHNSON
But not for you?

Masters LOOKS at her. Not interested in answering that.

MASTERS
Libby has a reproductive tract incompatible with conception, which is stressful for her. And certainly it's no secret infertility is distracting. And time-consuming. Filled with all sorts of drama while at the same time being endlessly tedious and annoying.

JOHNSON
(off his obvious annoyance)
For her.

MASTERS
(reads her look)
Anyway... I've helped so many other couples conceive, it seems impossible I can't help my own wife.

JOHNSON
It does seem unlikely. Anyway... my shift ended an hour ago...

MASTERS
Right. You can go.

Masters STANDS to walk her out. They MOVE toward the door.

MASTERS (CONT'D)
But don't get too attached to regular hours in this office. Reproduction is a round-the-clock business.

As they MOVE through the door...

INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - WAITING ROOM

Masters is surprised to find Gall PERCHED on Johnson's desk. He gives Gall a look, as Johnson GRABS her coat and purse.

GALL
I warned her you're a slave driver.

JOHNSON
I don't mind the late hours. I just need some warning to make arrangements for my children.

Masters NODS, as they move off together. He CALLS after her.

MASTERS
Good first day.

Johnson turns back. Gives him a SMILE. Gall tucks Johnson's arm under his, gives Masters a knowing grin. Masters WATCHES them until they're gone.

INT. GALL'S DESOTO - LATER

Gall pulls into her drive as Johnson relays the day's events.

JOHNSON
... of course, I didn't dare admit I had no idea what a cervical cap is.

GALL
It's a device Masters invented himself. Basically a rubber cap that takes dud sperm and places it right against the cervix.

JOHNSON
"Dud" sperm?

GALL
Or in Masters' case, no sperm. Most men in the study have a low sperm count. Masters' is close to zero.

JOHNSON
No. He told me himself. His wife is the one with the problem...

Gall LAUGHS as she realizes. Gall parks. Kills the engine.

GALL
Don't take it personally. I mean, I love Bill. He's taught me so much. Championed me when I was a resident. I owe him... everything, really. But his ego...? There is no way in hell the great Bill Masters is going to admit he's shooting blanks.

JOHNSON
Except to you.

Gall shrugs as Johnson takes this in. Gall WATCHES her.

GALL
Is there any chance you could, you know... kiss me again? I feel stupid asking but... well, it's the only thing I could think about all day.

JOHNSON
(considers him, finally)
I'm not sure I'd call it kissing. But... alright. If you return the favor.

Gall NODS. But again, not entirely sure what she means.

INT. JOHNSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gall and Johnson now tangled in the sheets. Naked. Sweaty. It's clear Gall has never had sex like this in his life. They tussle like two cats in a bag. Gall presses into her. She holds him off. He MOANS, a mix of ecstasy and frustration.

GALL
Come on...

JOHNSON
No... we had a deal...

GALL
I've never done that before...

Johnson ROLLS on top of him. Puts her nose to his.

JOHNSON
Whatever feels good to you... you do the same to me.

GALL
(a look)
You don't have a penis.

JOHNSON
Is that what they taught you in medical school?

GALL
I'm not finding school very helpful right now...

JOHNSON
(kisses him)
Confidence, Doctor. That's the key.

GALL
(beat, a deep breath)
Confidence.

Johnson NODS. Gall steels himself, literally in over his head as he disappears under the covers. After a beat.

GALL (CONT'D)
My God... this is even sexier...

As Johnson smiles, clearly in agreement. Then Gall's VOICE.

GALL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Is that alright?

JOHNSON
Ira, shut up.

GALL
What...?

JOHNSON
Shut. Up.

GALL
(pops up beside her)
Too much talking?

She takes his face in her hands. LOOKS him in the eye.

JOHNSON
It's good. It's great. I want more.

GALL
Really?
(off her nod)
You are the most beautiful creature I've ever seen.

Johnson smiles, clearly charmed. Gall returns the smile, suddenly filled with all the confidence in the world.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - NIGHT

As Masters sits with the young black women from the operating room, JOSEPHINE MAY. A tangle of tubes and wires connect her to machines. She looks at Masters. Her grief palpable.

MAY
I can see it... the nurses... they're thinking... why's she not in the Negro ward?

MASTERS
You're not in the Negro ward because I moved you here. This is where you'll get the best care.

May watches him a beat. The tears fall despite her efforts.

MAY
That baby... was everything...

MASTERS
(a beat)
You'll have another.

MAY
I don't think so...

MASTERS
Mrs. May... I'm your doctor now. And when I say I will work day and night until you leave this hospital with a baby in your arms... that's what will happen. Do you understand?

May STARES at him, ravaged by sadness, desperate to believe.

INT. JOHNSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Johnson and Gall lie on the floor, snug in a blanket, linens and clothes strewn everywhere. They kiss.

GALL
I should've met you when I was eighteen.

JOHNSON
Why? What would you have done?

GALL
Dropped out of medical school and become your love slave.

JOHNSON
There's not much money in that.

GALL
I wouldn't be in it for the money.
(a sweet moment, then)
Hopefully my lab coat will hide the fact I'm wearing the same clothes two days in a row.

Johnson gives him a LOOK. Sits up. Smiles kindly.

JOHNSON
I told you we'd be friends, Ira. Good friends. And I meant it.

GALL
That sounds ominous...

JOHNSON
But that's all we'll be. So it would just be confusing for my kids and awkward for us if you stayed.

GALL
(as he realizes)
So... I'm not spending the night. You're kicking me out.

JOHNSON
I can make you coffee for the road.

GALL
(beat, can't believe this)
Coffee. Uh... no. Thanks, anyway.

Johnson NODS, then stands and heads for the bathroom. Hurt and confused, Gall GRABS his pants and begins to dress.

INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

A series of X-RAYS of a woman's pelvis HANG illuminated from light boxes. Masters and Gall STAND before the images.

GALL
It's not like I pressured her into it. In fact, she pressured me.

MASTERS
How traumatic for you.
(points)
Scar tissue along the anterior wall.

GALL
And it was like... like the kind of sex you have when you're married.
(off Masters' look)
Or on your honeymoon. I'm guessing. Or like sex with a prostitute, if she were a nice girl... not that I've been with a prostitute, but... Jesus Christ, I need your help.

MASTERS
(points again)
Mrs. May needs my help. Mrs. May wants a baby and, off this, I'd put her chances at ten percent.

GALL
(looks at the x-rays)
Fifteen. Maybe. You might be able to remove the lesions surgically.

Masters STARES at the x-rays as he considers it. Clearly worried. He senses Gall's eyes on him. Finally.

MASTERS
I am terrible at playing cupid.

GALL
But you see Gini every day. Maybe you could put in a good word for me.

MASTERS
So we'll both look like we're twelve?

GALL
I don't know what else to do. I'm crazy about her, but she's killing me. I mean, what is it she wants?

MASTERS
What does the woman you're sleeping with want?
(pulls the x-rays)
The conundrum of deep space and the riddle of life itself can't come close to the unfathomable mystery of that question.

As Masters CLICKS off the lights.

INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Libby Masters SITS across the desk from Johnson. She CLUTCHES her purse in her lap, deeply uncomfortable.

JOHNSON
We start with the intake forms. The procedure itself comes later.

Libby NODS. Then glances uneasily around the waiting room.

LIBBY
Being married to Bill can often feel like a spectator sport.
(off Johnson's look)
I just mean... you attract attention. Whether you want to or not.

JOHNSON
(considers this, then)
The garden in the courtyard is nice. We can sit there, like two girlfriends, fill out forms and no one will be the wiser. As for the procedure, I can have you wait in the exam room instead of out here. How does that sound?

Johnson smiles. Libby looks ready to weep with relief.

INT. EXAM ROOM ONE - LATER

As Johnson sets out women's magazines. ADJUSTS the table. The door OPENS and Libby enters in a hospital gown, her clothes in her hands. Johnson TAKES the blouse on top.

JOHNSON
I'll hang this so it won't wrinkle. Here are magazines. A pillow. It helps to put it under your knees...

LIBBY
You've been so kind, Mrs. Johnson.

JOHNSON
Call me Virginia. Or Gini.

LIBBY
I will tell my husband you are his new secret weapon, Gini.

The women exchange smiles, Johnson EXITS into the corridor...

INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where she CROSSES to find Sally DiMello waiting on the other side of her desk. Johnson takes in Sally's clothes, make-up, hair. A curious LOOK between them.

SALLY
The doc wanted me to be the last one in tonight.

JOHNSON
(a look, checks the sheet)
Right. Sally Dimello. I see you started on the intake forms...

SALLY
Only the name and address stuff. The other questions, you can answer.

JOHNSON
The other questions are your medical history.

SALLY
Oh. How about I talk and you write? My handwriting is for the birds.

JOHNSON
(beat, takes the forms)
Okay. Let's start with your infertility history.

SALLY
Meaning...?

JOHNSON
Meaning... how long have you been trying to get pregnant? Have you ever gotten pregnant? Do you have a history of miscarriages?

SALLY
I've had three pregnancies taken care of, if you follow. And then two years ago had my tubes tied.

Johnson just LOOKS at her, then writes this down, as the door to Masters' office opens and he EXITS. He addresses Johnson.

MASTERS
Please put Miss DiMello in room five. Tell Dr. Gall to meet me in room one.

Masters MOVES to the exam rooms. Johnson gives him a pointed LOOK, then turns back to Sally, whose GAZE reveals nothing.

INT. EXAM ROOM ONE - MOMENTS LATER

Masters RAISES the stirrups as Libby WATCHES him nervously.

MASTERS
The cap is small, but sometimes fitting it can be uncomfortable.
(off her look)
A sharp pinch, apparently.

LIBBY
(grasps his hand)
You can tell me when it's over.

MASTERS
I won't be the one fitting it.
(off her disappointment)
It's against hospital protocol to treat a family member.

LIBBY
(tries to smile)
And since when do you care about protocol?

Masters sees she's about to cry. Gives her a playful LOOK.

MASTERS
I let you follow the rules so I can break them. Isn't that the deal?

LIBBY
Be careful, Bill. Be careful about making me the boring one.

Masters sees the expression on her face. An uneasy reminder just how well she knows him. Masters SQUEEZES her hand, a nice moment between them, when there's a KNOCK. Gall ENTERS.

GALL
Mrs. Masters...

LIBBY
This must mean you're doing the honors, Ira.
(off his smile)
But stay a minute, can't you, Daddy?

But Masters is already back to business, the moment passed.

MASTERS
I have a patient waiting, but I'll check in on you later.
(to Gall)
Perfect technique and impeccable bedside manners for my wife today?

GALL
I wouldn't dare do anything less.

Masters gives Libby a quick peck and EXITS. Libby watches him go, as Gall helps her feet into the stirrups.

GALL (CONT'D)
No one can replace your husband. But I have done this many times, and so far, not a single complaint.

Gall smiles at her. Libby NODS, her legs uncomfortably in the air. A tear slides down her cheek as they BEGIN.

INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Masters CONTINUES down the hall to find Johnson waiting for him. He avoids her loaded GAZE as she hands him the file.

MASTERS
Thank you.

Masters MOVES to Room Five, disappears inside. Johnson notices the sign on the door that reads "OUT OF SERVICE."

INT. EXAM ROOM FIVE - CONTINUOUS

As Sally also reclines on a table, only this one fitted with EKG and EEG machines. Masters enters and CROSSES to her.

SALLY
So I'm your first guinea pig.

MASTERS
My first guinea pig was year two of medical school. Then came rabbits. But yes, you're my first human subject on day one of my new study.
(off her look)
I appreciate your coming.

SALLY
You're paying.

Sally opens her gown to REVEAL her naked body. Masters begins to attach the electrodes. Sally WATCHES his hands as dozens of wires now connect her to the machines.

SALLY (CONT'D)
My mother always said I'd end up in the electric chair.

MASTERS
There's a reason the French call it "la petite mort."

Masters gives a smile. Sally SHRUGS. Clearly doesn't get it.

SALLY
We got everything we need?

MASTERS
EKG, EEG...

SALLY
Vibrator?

MASTERS
(with a look)
You said nothing about a vibrator...

SALLY
This is why I keep telling you. Why you need a female partner...

MASTERS
And I am working on it...

SALLY
Do you at least have magazines?

MASTERS
I do. They're for men.

SALLY
Okay.

MASTERS
With pictures of women.

SALLY
Good.

MASTERS
Naked.

SALLY
Even better.
(off his blank look)
When I have sex, on my own time, I have sex with women. With Helen, in fact. Helen is my lover.

Masters STARES. Clearly taken aback. Sally rolls her eyes.

SALLY (CONT'D)
So who's your lover? You must love somebody.

MASTERS
I'm married.

SALLY
That's an answer?

MASTERS
That's my personal life, which is of no interest to you or anyone else. I'll go get the magazines.

EXT. MASTERS' OFFICE - SUPPLY CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

As a flustered Masters PULLS magazines from a cupboard, then senses a presence behind him. He TURNS. Johnson stands with a stack of files. She LOOKS at the magazines. An odd beat.

MASTERS
(with a look)
Miss DiMello is a patient...

JOHNSON
And I learned long ago not to judge. But I will say, I like your wife. And she is down the hall, enduring infertility treatments. Which is why this seems a bit... indelicate. On your part. If I may be so blunt.

MASTERS
Next time you're blunt, you might also try being right.

A tense beat. Masters sees he has no choice but to continue.

MASTERS (CONT'D)
I'm starting a new study and I hired you because I need an assistant and I suspect you might have a gift for the work. That said, if you're uncomfortable with what I'm doing here, you should speak up now and I can make other arrangements.

JOHNSON
I'm... not sure what it is you're doing.

MASTERS
I have wired Miss Dimello to monitor her pulse, heart rate, and brain waves so as to illuminate to my patients, and the general community, what happens to the body during sexual stimulation and orgasm. The magazines are to help with the stimulation part, because unbeknownst to me, Miss DiMello prefers women. Which quite frankly worries me, as it may in fact throw off my data.

JOHNSON
Why would it throw off your data? Isn't an orgasm an orgasm?

MASTERS
That's one of many questions I hope to answer. But since she is my only subject, I really don't have a choice, whatever her orientation. So are you interested in the job or not?

Johnson STARES at him, a million thoughts at once.

JOHNSON
I'm not sure why you chose me.

MASTERS
Instinct.

JOHNSON
Even though I don't have a college degree. Or know anything about biology or anatomy...

MASTERS
I can teach you.

JOHNSON
If you picked a female MD, she would already know all that.

MASTERS
A woman doctor would never jeopardize her career on such a risky subject.

JOHNSON
So... you're jeopardizing yours?

MASTERS
(beat, finally)
The study hasn't been approved.
(MORE)

MASTERS (CONT'D)
In fact, Shepley has strictly forbidden it. So, yes... my career's in jeopardy.
(off her look)
I'm doing it anyway. I'm going to collect the data, I'm certain the results will be compelling enough that Shepley will approve the study after the fact. But this has to be done in absolute secrecy, since if Shepley finds out *before* the fact... I'll be fired.

A long beat. Johnson watches him. Finally.

JOHNSON
So how can I help?

INT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Johnson and Jane sit with their heads together at a far table. Their voices low.

JANE
But he must have given you details.

JOHNSON
He did. But it's... confidential. He said I could only talk about it to women who were willing to volunteer.

Johnson turns back to her food. Lets that hang there a beat. Jane watches her closely.

JANE
Volunteer for... what?

JOHNSON
Well... the study is about sex. Things we've always suspected but never had proven, scientifically. It's a new world we're opening up, and it's ground-breaking and very exciting and, for women especially, it will probably be the biggest thing to change women's lives since the right to vote.

JANE
(eyes wide)
Really.

Johnson NODS, again turns back to her lunch. Pretends not to notice Jane as she LEANS IN intently. Finally.

JANE (CONT'D)
So... how do you volunteer?

Johnson looks up. Smiles.

INT. MASTER'S OFFICE - THE WAITING ROOM - LATER

As Johnson hands Jane a stack of forms, Jane pulls out a pen, gets to work. They chat happily as Johnson glances over to...

ANGLE - MASTERS

Exciting his office with Josephine May. Masters and May talk quietly, May's expression somber. He shakes her hand, she heads toward the elevators, as Masters TURNS to see...

JOHNSON

Watching him. Their eyes meet. Then Masters notices Jane, scribbling away. Johnson MOVES toward Masters with a look. As she PASSES...

JOHNSON
Our new volunteer starts tomorrow.

Johnson GRABS a file and heads off. Masters hides a smile.

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - LIBRARY - NIGHT

As Johnson stands at the checkout desk before the inimitable Miss Horchow, who now sits behind. She gives Johnson a stern look as she STAMPS the large stack of books with vigor.

MISS HORCHOW
I actually find this position an improvement. It's quiet. Appeals to one's higher sensibilities. It's certainly better than Dr. Masters' office, which is an unsavory, even sleazy environment, don't you find?

JOHNSON
Hmmm. No. I've not found that.

MISS HORCHOW
Give it time.

Miss Horchow continues to POUND the books aggressively.

MISS HORCHOW (CONT'D)
You're checking these out under the Doctor's name?
(off Johnson's nod)
(MORE)

MISS HORCHOW (CONT'D)
Essentials of Physiology, Harper's Anatomy, Basic Biology...
(a pointed look)
Hard to imagine why Dr. Masters would need any of these.
(leans in)
Unless he just wants to look at the dirty pictures.

JOHNSON
Actually, I do.

As Johnson grabs the stack in her arms, heads for the door.

INT. EXAM ROOM FIVE - DAY

As Johnson stands with Jane, now wearing a bathrobe. She shakes hands with Masters. Smiles nervously.

JANE
I just feel lucky you could fit me in at all. Gini was telling me there's quite a waiting list for volunteers.

MASTERS
(a look to Johnson)
Right. Quite a list. As for how we'll proceed today, it's important to lay out the ground rules...

JANE
You don't have to. Gini already explained them to me.

As Jane CROSSES to the exam table. Slides up on top. She waits expectantly. Masters gives Johnson another LOOK.

INT. MASTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As Masters and Johnson sit together at Masters' desk, sift through the first graphs and charts. Johnson LOOKS UP. Surprised to find Masters WATCHING her. She gives a smile. Masters quickly turns back to the work.

MASTERS
You find this funny?

JOHNSON
Not at all. I find it interesting. When you look at the data, you get a very clear picture of what is happening to the subject physically...

MASTERS
Physiologically...

JOHNSON
... physiologically. But if you want to answer a question like, “How does an orgasm feel for a woman?...” It’s not so easy to see it in the numbers.
(off his look)
You can, I’m sure.

MASTERS
(considers this)
I’m always willing to see more. But I’m clinically unqualified to describe how a female orgasm feels, so...

Masters gestures her to continue. Johnson gives a look, realizes she stepped right into this. Waves it off.

JOHNSON
It was just an observation.

MASTERS
No. Please. Go ahead.

JOHNSON
It’s... like trying to describe salt to someone who’s never tasted salt.

MASTERS
I’ve tasted salt.

JOHNSON
Not the way I’ve tasted salt.

MASTERS
But you have me curious now, Virginia. I have this data detailing muscle tension, muscle spasms, heart and respiratory rate. Let’s hear some words for a change.

JOHNSON
How does an orgasm feel for a woman?

Masters NODS. Johnson thinks about it a beat.

JOHNSON (CONT’D)
Great.

A beat. They both smile.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

The room filled with the usual support team as Masters again operates on Josephine May. Gall works beside him as Masters NARRATES.

MASTERS
That's why the first thing we retract is this tissue here. This is called the uterus cephalad...

Gall and another assisting surgeon share a curious LOOK.

MASTERS (CONT'D)
Once that's secured, we move to what's called the vesicurterine fold...

GALL
We know what it's called, Bill.

MASTERS
I'm not talking to you.

An odd beat. Gall GLANCES up, finally notices...

ANGLE - THE GALLERY

Where Johnson again stands at the glass. Master's VOICE comes through the overhead speaker.

MASTERS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I retract the vesicurterine fold to expose this shiny, grapefruit sized mass here, which is the uterus...

RESUME - THE OPERATING THEATER

As Gall WATCHES Johnson. A dark expression crosses his face.

INT. EXAM ROOM FIVE - DAY

As Johnson oversees a WORKER while he unloads partitions, scales, monitors, a defribrillator. Johnson checks a clipboard.

JOHNSON
I also ordered an ultrasound machine. Where's the ultrasound machine?

WORKER
Probably back on the loading dock.

He doesn't move. Johnson frowns. She turns and exits into...

INT. OB/GYN DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Where she MOVES down the hall and makes her way to the elevators. Johnson rounds the corner, suddenly STOPS as she sees...

ANGLE - A DOCTOR

Halfway down the hall, he leans against the wall, one end of his stethoscope to his ears, the other PRESSED to the plaster.

JOHNSON
Dr. Gilpatrick...?

As THOMAS GILPATRICK turns, clearly startled. Athletic and handsome, he quickly STUFFS his stethoscope in his pocket.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Can I help you?

GILPATRICK
No. I'm fine. I was... just...

JOHNSON
Listening to our exam room.

GILPATRICK
(a beat, then)
There's some money trading hands about what's going on in Room Five. I don't know if you knew that.

JOHNSON
I didn't.

GILPATRICK
I think maybe a decorator is in there now. Moving... furniture.

JOHNSON
I hope you're not out a lot.

GILPATRICK
Twenty bucks.

He gives a sheepish smile. Then he walks past her and CONTINUES down the hall. Johnson WATCHES him as he goes.

INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

As Masters and Johnson again sit together behind his desk. Masters excitedly shows her a set of drawings.

MASTERS
If I can make the camera small enough, that will allow the viewer to actually witness it in real time.

JOHNSON
(off the drawing)
But can you vary the size of the device? Because this looks big, and some women can accommodate big much better than others, of course.

MASTERS
Of course.

He clearly hadn't thought of this at all. Masters STARES back at the drawings. Starts to revise.

EXT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DAY

As Masters and a wary Shepley now MOVE down the hallway.

SHEPLEY
I thought we put this matter to bed.

MASTERS
We did. With regards to approaching the board. But this is work I've been doing on my own time.

SHEPLEY
(stops, a hard look)
An extra-curricular hobby, like model building or macrame? Bill, I said 'no.' I meant 'no.' Which part of 'no' do you not understand?

MASTERS
The part that believes you're still a scientist, Ethan.
(off Shepley's look)
All I am asking is that you take off your management hat for five minutes, and let me show you what any serious scientist would kill to see.

As we HOLD ON Shepley's face...

INT. EXAM ROOM FIVE - MATERNITY HOSPITAL - DAY

The room now crammed with four times the equipment. Masters and Johnson, now both wearing lab coats, watch Shepley as he holds the LONG CYLINDRICAL DEVICE from the drawings. Delicately. As if it were about to explode.

JOHNSON
We call it Ulysses. After the Kirk Douglas movie with the giant cyclops.

Masters turns a handheld rheostat. The device WHIRS and starts to MOVE. Shepley nearly drops it. Startled.

MASTERS
It even adjusts for the physical variations in each woman's shape.

Masters and Johnson smile, then Masters gives her a LOOK. She nods and slips from the room. Shepley stares at the device.

SHEPLEY
I don't like where this is going.

MASTERS
I designed Ulysses myself, using cold-light illumination with a miniature camera attached to the end. Who else is doing this? No one. Who will be doing it in five years? Everyone...

As Johnson re-enters with Jane, again in a bathrobe. Masters quickly draws a partition across the exam table and the women VANISH behind the drape. Shepley watches this uneasily as...

ANGLE - BEHIND THE PARTITION

Jane turns to Johnson with a worrisome frown. She WHISPERS.

JANE
I don't think this is a good idea...

JOHNSON
Jane. Relax. Deep breath. It will be just like all the other times...

JANE
Except the Chancellor of the entire University is watching me.

JOHNSON
No. He's not watching you. He's watching science.

Johnson smiles reassuringly. Jane takes a deep breath as...

RESUME - MASTERS AND SHEPLEY

They hear RUSTLING, then Jane's lower half appears from under the drape, still covered. Masters grabs a chair, plops it at the business end of the table. Gestures to Shepley.

MASTERS
Best seat in the house.

Shepley slowly sits as Johnson re-appears from behind the partition. She takes the device from Masters, wraps it in a warm towel. Masters CONTINUES to explain.

MASTERS (CONT'D)
The patient controls Ulysses herself. The only thing you have to do is lean in close, like this, to get the best possible view through the lens.

JOHNSON
But not too close or you get poked in the eye.

Johnson gives him a smile. Shepley does return it.

SHEPLEY
You're saying... watch out for the dildo.

MASTERS
(pats him on the back)
Just think of yourself as Sir Edmund Hilary leaving base camp.

Shepley frowns, has no interest in being Sir Edmund Hilary, as a pair of hands reach through the sheet and grab the device. Shepley gives Masters a loaded LOOK. Masters smiles.

MASTERS (CONT'D)
Whenever you're ready, Jane.

EXT. MATERNITY HOSPITAL - COURTYARD GARDEN - LATER

Johnson fetches a soda from a vending machine, as Shepley sits with Masters in the outdoor lunch area. Shepley loosens his tie, tries to recover himself. He LOOKS around, clearly hot and sweaty. Johnson returns with a drink. Hands it to him.

SHEPLEY
Thank you.

Shepley takes it and GULPS. A beat. Attempts to recover. Finally.

SHEPLEY (CONT'D)
I will admit... to observe a female, during coitus, from the inside...

MASTERS
In full color. With no distortion.

SHEPLEY
No. No distortion at all.
(takes another gulp)
It's... well, it's a remarkable feat.

MASTERS
Which is why it's time to go public, Ethan. Time to submit this proposal to the board.

SHEPLEY
(knew this was coming)
Goddamn it. You promised me...

MASTERS
I did not promise...

SHEPLEY
A study where a naked woman mounts a mechanical phallus...

MASTERS
What we've done here is revolutionary, you know it is...

JOHNSON
And it's not just the technology. The new data we're collecting dispels years of myth about how a woman's body anticipates sex...

MASTERS
... we've already debunked many of Freud's theories. Plus charted clear-cut stages of sexual response, four in all...

JOHNSON
... we're starting to see some women are capable of multiple orgasms...

SHEPLEY
(turns to Masters)
Why does your secretary keep talking to me? I already gave you my answer.

MASTERS
It's not an answer I can accept.
(off Shepley's look)
I have made this hospital a fortune. Our patient base has tripled, we're ranked second in the country, our donors can't write checks fast enough in large part because of me.
(MORE)

MASTERS (CONT'D)
I got us to where we are now. And this study... this where we're going. This is the future. But if you won't support me in blazing that trail, I'll find another hospital that will.

SHEPLEY
(a long look)
Dangerous game you're playing.

MASTERS
It's not a game. I need an answer by the end of today.

INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Masters and Johnson sit at his desk, sort through the latest data, food pushed to the side. They glance at the phone, conspicuously silent on Masters' desk. A beat. They both glance again. Masters checks his watch. Another beat.

MASTERS
He's not going to call.

JOHNSON
(a beat, finally)
Now what do we do?

Masters clearly doesn't have an answer. Johnson sees his distress as he stares at the phone. Can't believe it doesn't ring. There's a KNOCK. Masters quickly stands, but Gall sticks his head in. Masters frowns as Johnson realizes.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Ira. I'm sorry. I forgot...

GALL
You're not even dressed yet...

MASTERS
(sits back down)
Is this about the NICU benefit? For godssake, Ira... go ahead. Gini can come with Libby and me later.

JOHNSON
(to Masters)
Libby's had me over twice this week. I'm sure she'd like time alone...

GALL
(a look to Masters)
And I would like a date. Bill. So I can wait another fifteen minutes...

MASTERS
We have another hour here at least.

An uncomfortable beat. Johnson gives Gall a sheepish smile.

JOHNSON
I'll meet you there, okay?

GALL
(beat, finally)
See you there.

He SHUTS the door. Masters turns back at his work. A beat.

MASTERS
I thought you'd broken that off.

JOHNSON
Broken what off? We're friends.

MASTERS
Really. Because our professionalism and standards have to be beyond reproach, Virginia. This is not research into kidney disease, which might survive an incident of inner-departmental scandal. Our study *is* the scandal. So even a hint of impropriety could derail all our work now and everything that's to come...

JOHNSON
Bill... I know you're upset about Shepley...

MASTERS
I'm not talking about Shepley.

As Masters stands, unable to contain himself any longer.

MASTERS (CONT'D)
I'm talking about gutlessness. And petty small-mindedness. When every museum in the world is filled with art created from this basic impulse. The greatest literature. The most beautiful music. The study of sex is the study of the beginning of all life and the progression of our entire species and the mystery of our deepest desires and science holds the key. And yet we all sit huddled in the dark. Like prudish cavemen. Filled with shame. And guilt.
(MORE)

MASTERS (CONT'D)
When the truth is, nobody understands sex. And now... nobody will.

JOHNSON
Nobody understands it or... you don't understand...

The phone RINGS. A loaded look moment. Masters answers.

MASTERS
Masters...

A long beat. Masters locks eyes with Johnson as he LISTENS.

INT. THE MAYFAIR HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

A crowded, smoky room. Masters, Libby, and Johnson ENTER, a handsome threesome in their evening wear. They MOVE through the crush of people as Libby reacts to the latest news.

LIBBY
I'm so happy you and Shepley made up.

JOHNSON
It wasn't exactly valentines and roses. But Bill can be very persuasive, as you know.

MASTERS
(kisses Libby's cheek)
I persuaded her to marry me. Now I'm persuading her to find us a bottle of champagne so we can celebrate.

JOHNSON
I'll go with you, Lib.

Libby gives a playful scowl and moves off. Johnson hesitates as Masters WATCHES her, then suddenly throws his arm around her shoulder and gives her a quick hug. It's over in a blink, as Johnson looks at him. Surprised. Masters shrugs.

MASTERS
It's a good day.

JOHNSON
(smiles, considers him)
But I am curious. Would you have done it? Leave, I mean.

MASTERS
Shepley's the one that folded. I don't have to show my hand.

JOHNSON
I do think you should level with him about what we're planning to do.

MASTERS
And have him shut us down again? We'll do what we did with Ulysses. Expand the study to include men, and couples, then put together another dazzling display, and only then show Shepley what he's been missing.

Johnson considers this as her eyes drift across the room to...

ANGLE - THOMAS GILPATRICK

He stands alone with his wife. Sips his drink. Looks bored.

RESUME - JOHNSON

She points him out to Masters.

JOHNSON
I've been asking around about Gilpatrick. He's married. He's had numerous affairs. Mostly nurses, but a few in the secretarial pool.

They share a LOOK. Both thinking the same thing.

MASTERS
Maybe I'll talk to him.

JOHNSON
You? I'm the only one that's had success recruiting.

MASTERS
Gilpatrick is a doctor.

JOHNSON
So are you. And I insinuated my way in with you easily enough.

MASTERS
You seem to have forgotten I picked you for this job.

JOHNSON
If that's what you need to tell yourself.
(off his smile)
See if you can get him away from his wife and I'll find you later.

Masters WATCHES her as she turns, follows Libby to the bar.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

As Masters and Johnson now stand with Gilpatrick. He STARES, dumbstruck. Johnson gives a winning smile.

JOHNSON
You wanted to know what was going on in Room Five.

GILPATRICK
That... exceeded my expectations.
(an uncomfortable beat)
I'm flattered. I suppose. Although, honestly... I really don't think I can stand there and, you know, wank off while people were watching me.

MASTERS
That's not what this is. The phase we're considering you for is couples.

GILPATRICK
Couples? Dear God... my wife barely lets *me* see her naked.

MASTERS
We don't mean you and your wife.

Gilpatrick takes this in as Johnson SPIES Gall standing at the bar with Libby. He GESTURES Johnson over. A beat. Johnson turns her attention back to Gilpatrick.

JOHNSON
I'm in the process of recruiting several new female volunteers.

GILPATRICK
Which females...?

JOHNSON
We preserve the anonymity of all our volunteers. But I already have a secretary. I've spoken with a nurse and a hospital administrator's wife.

GILPATRICK
Come on. Only hookers, old maids and insane co-eds would agree to this...

JOHNSON
I resent that.

GILPATRICK
Have you signed up?

JOHNSON
I am Dr. Masters' partner. Otherwise, I would have no reservations about volunteering. Our subjects know they're advancing the cause of science. They know this is important work. They do it happily and committedly because they understand it's for the greater good.

MASTERS
These are young, smart, good-looking women, Tom. Trust me on this.

The words Gilpatrick was looking for. A long beat. Gilpatrick finally GLANCES at his wife.

GILPATRICK
I don't know. The whole thing seems like... Christmas or something.

As Gilpatrick finally gives a boyish grin. Masters and Johnson can't help but LAUGH, as Johnson feels a tug on her arm. She turns. Gall STANDS by her side.

GALL
I need to talk to you.

MASTERS
Hello, Ira. We're working here...

GALL
Yes, your wife told me. Your wife whose been standing by herself at the bar the last twenty minutes.

An awkward beat. Johnson looks at Masters and Gilpatrick.

JOHNSON
Back in a moment, gentlemen. But, yes... Merry Christmas to us all.

Johnson smiles, as Masters and Gilpatrick WATCH her go.

EXT. THE MAYFAIR HOTEL - NIGHT

The windows of the party GLOW behind them, as Johnson shivers against the cold. Gall paces angrily. Clearly drunk.

GALL
You can't answer, can you? How many times have we slept together?

JOHNSON
Come back inside with me...

GALL
It's not that tough a question. How many times have you let me fuck you?

Johnson gives him a long LOOK. MOVES to walk around him.

JOHNSON
We are not going to have this conversation now.

GALL
When is a good time, Virginia? Because I haven't seen you in weeks.

JOHNSON
You see me every day.

GALL
I haven't seen you alone. You work late every night. You ride home now with that bowtied asshole. I come over, I get some bullshit excuse...

JOHNSON
It's not an excuse. I've been busy. The study is expanding...

GALL
I don't care about the study.
(off her look)
Please. Don't do this. Don't... not talk to me. Just tell me...

JOHNSON
Tell you what? That I don't like you dragging me out here in the cold when you're drunk and insulting?

GALL
Why would I insult you when you're all I think about? I have been in your bed, I have been inside *you*...
(off her face)
What am I not doing? Or doing too much of? What can I do better...

JOHNSON
Ira. Please. You're my friend.

GALL
Jesus Christ. Do not say...

JOHNSON
You *are* my friend.

GALL
Friends don't fuck, Virginia. Lovers do. People in love with each other, they do. People who give a shit.

JOHNSON
I care about you...

GALL
But you don't love me. You'll make love to me, you'll let me do anything, everything to you...

JOHNSON
Because I like it. And you like it.

GALL
I do it because I love you.

JOHNSON
(beat, finally)
Then I'm sorry. I'm sorry if I hurt you. That was never my intention...

Gall SLAPS her. Hard. Johnson stares, stunned, then hits back. He GRABS her hair, PUNCHES her with his fist. Johnson GASPS as she tries to shake free of his grip.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
That's enough.
(as they struggle)
I said that's enough.

She SHOVES him hard. Gall finally let's go. STARES at her. Chest heaving. A trickle of blood seeps from Johnson's nose.

GALL
Fine. Wear the lab coat, Virginia. Run the study. Play doctor all you want. At the end of the day... all you really are is a whore.

Gall TURNS and stomps back toward the party.

INT. MASTER'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The last patients sit waiting as Johnson sorts through the mail at her desk. She flips through invoices, notices, then sees a small cardboard box. She opens it, reaches inside, pulls out what she realizes is the latest shipment of lewd men's magazines.

An odd moment. Johnson looks at a cover with a nearly naked woman, then replaces it and closes the box. She LOOKS OUT over the waiting room. Make-up hides a faint bruise along her cheek. The previous night still weighs heavily. She takes a breath, as the first look of real doubt settles on her face.

She stands there. Watches as Josephine May exits Masters' office. May walks a few steps, then stops. She sags against the wall. Johnson takes this in, then moves from behind her desk and APPROACHES her. She touches May's shoulder.

JOHNSON
Mrs. May... are you alright?

May looks up, her cheeks wet with tears. She reaches for Johnson's hand. Grasps it.

MAY
I'm going to have a baby... another baby...

Johnson STARES as she realizes. Smiles. Her enthusiasm genuine.

JOHNSON
That is... such happy news.

MAY
So, so happy. Dr. Masters promised and look... God bless him. Truly. Dr. Masters gave me my life back.

She LAUGHS, overcome with joy, gives Johnson a delirious hug. As Johnson looks over May's shoulder, her gaze lands squarely on the closed door of Exam Room Five.

INT. EXAM ROOM FIVE - NIGHT

The lighting low. The exam table now replaced by a double bed. Johnson stands with Jane, again in her robe, as she looks on apprehensively. Johnson HOLDS a handful of electrodes. Masters WATCHES from behind the one-way mirror.

JOHNSON
Once you two get settled, I'll attach the leads.

JANE
While we just lay there... naked?

JOHNSON
There's a sheet, if you're feeling shy. We'll see how it goes. That's the fun of being first.

JANE
(uneasily)
Fun.

There's a KNOCK on the door. Gilpatrick ENTERS, wearing a similar bathrobe. A beat, as they both take in the awkwardness of the moment. Gilpatrick holds out his hand.

GILPATRICK
Nice to meet you. I'm... anonymous.

JANE
What a coincidence. I'm anonymous, too.

They both LAUGH nervously. Johnson leads them to the bed.

JOHNSON
Hang your robes here. Then make yourselves comfortable there.

As they disrobe, Gilpatrick sees Jane's beautiful body and instantly becomes aroused. He tries to hide the obvious with the sheet as they CRAWL quickly onto the bed. Jane also grabs at the linens, as Johnson sits beside them and attaches electrodes. Masters continues to WATCH from behind the glass.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
There really are no rules, in terms of what you can and can't do. You simply need to move through all four stages so we can monitor the response. We start with excitement..

Both women LOOK at Gilpatrick, who gives a sheepish smile.

GILPATRICK
Moving on...

JOHNSON
To plateau, which is usually intercourse, but can also be more foreplay. Then orgasmic, that's self-explanatory, I think. Ending with refractory, the physiological reflexes returning back to normal.
(MORE)

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
(off their looks)
All this comes very naturally, so don’t get too in your head about it.

GILPATRICK
Too late for that.

JOHNSON
Your other head.

GILPATRICK
(smiles, charmed)
And all the wires...?

JOHNSON
I would advise going slowly.

GILPATRICK
(flirting)
More fun that way.

Johnson returns his smile as Masters WATCHES this exchange.

JOHNSON
Whenever you two are ready.

She WALKS behind the barrier, takes her place beside Masters. They can hear WHISPERS between Gilpatrick and Jane.

JANE (O.S.)
You can go... like this...

GILPATRICK (O.S.)
Okay. And can I kiss you...?

Jane GIGGLES. The SOUND of a KISS. Then bodies shifting. Masters gives Johnson a LOOK. Notices.

MASTERS
Your cheekbone is bruised.

Johnson’s hand reflexively touches her face. She gives a wan smile.

JOHNSON
Watch out for open medicine cabinets.

Masters considers this, as Johnson LOOKS back through the glass to see...

ANGLE - ON THE BED

The shadowy outlines of two naked bodies. They seem to shift. Rearrange themselves.

JANE (O.S.)
I think... maybe we did meet once. Dr. Shaw's birthday party...

GILPATRICK (O.S.)
Oh. Right. You were the one with clothes on...

They both laugh awkwardly. Then more KISSING. The needles skitter across the paper as talk is replaced with SIGHS. Which is then replaced by the SOUNDS of sex.

Masters and Johnson WATCH through the glass, the scene before them both erotic and mysterious, as this handsome young couple not only does what comes naturally, but does it very well.

INT. CHANCELLOR SHEPLEY'S OFFICE - LATER

Shepley SHOWS Gall to a chair with a frown. He walks back to the door. SHUTS it behind them.

GALL
I've known about it for a long time. Bill Masters and I share a rotation, but we're also friends.

SHEPLEY
(with a look)
Any other friends that know?

GALL
That's why I'm here. I'm worried Bill has put himself at risk. And by extension put the university at risk.

SHEPLEY
Dr. Gall... I'm aware of the limb we've stepped out on here. But if you know the study, you also know the work is first rate. Cutting-edge.

GALL
That's true...

SHEPLEY
And if any reputation can withstand the shit storm that might be headed our way with this, it is the sterling reputation of Bill Masters.

GALL
And if it were Bill alone, I'd agree. But he's partnered now with Virginia Johnson.

SHEPLEY
(not following)
The secretary?

GALL
Virginia hasn't been his secretary for awhile. She also hasn't been a doctor, ever. She's not a college graduate. She basically unqualified in every way to be running a study in a major university teaching hospital, much less one as politically sensitive as this. Yet Masters gives her more and more authority as more and more people are becoming aware of what is actually going on in there.

SHEPLEY
(beat, finally)
If and when Bill publishes the Ulysses study, I suspect the secretary will be the least of my headaches.

GALL
With Ulysses, maybe. But from what I gather, using couples was actually Virginia's idea.

SHEPLEY
What's that mean...? Couples...?

GALL
It means two people in their exam room, stripped naked, plopped on a bed, and then monitored as they... well, fuck.
(off his face)
But obviously you know that since you were the one that got it approved by the board.

A long beat, as the muscles in Shepley's jaw begin to twitch.

INT. MASTERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Masters and Johnson sit at his desk, surrounded by new data. Johnson scribbles on a chart. She GLANCES up. Again finds Masters WATCHING her. They share a LOOK. Both of them buzzed from the evening. Energized.

JOHNSON
It's surprising what it reveals.

MASTERS
Both in the differences and similarities.

JOHNSON
Heart rates, brain waves, skin flush, all similar. Perspiration, of course, widely divergent.

MASTERS
I doubt we're going to set the world on fire with the news that a man sweats more than a woman.

JOHNSON
(smiles, checks her watch)
My sitter needed me home an hour ago.

Johnson LOOKS at Masters, clearly doesn't want to go.

MASTERS
I can give you a ride.

JOHNSON
That's okay. I should have been taking the bus all along.
(back to the chart)
But when I was watching them, it occurred to me... what if we start interviewing our subjects? I mean, separately, after the monitoring. Apply what you and I bring as individuals to a more detailed exploration of what the data reveals. You could take Jane, I'd sit down with Gilpatrick...

Masters shakes his head. Johnson gives a LOOK.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Because...?

MASTERS
Because I'm concerned. About the possibility of sexual transference between us and our patients.
(off her look)
We're going to be watching couples have sex. Daily. And these couples know we're watching them. Freud would have pointed out long ago...

JOHNSON
We debunked Freud...

MASTERS
... that the likelihood of us transferring all this libidinous energy on to our patients is high.

JOHNSON
Is this... something you're struggling with?

MASTERS
No. Not yet. But I could see the beginnings of it already between you and Gilpatrick.
(off her look)
He was flirting with you and you responded.

JOHNSON
What? I was trying to make him comfortable. He was standing there with an erection...

MASTERS
Which is why we need to implement a system that ensures that this kind of transference doesn't occur.

JOHNSON
It didn't occur.

MASTERS
My job is to protect the project.

JOHNSON
(with a look)
As opposed to my job?

MASTERS
Then we agree the sanctity of the work comes first. So you won't object to devising a system that avoids any doctor/patient conflict, plus potentially enhances the reliability of the data.

JOHNSON
I won't object, but why don't you just come out and say whatever it is you're trying to say.

MASTERS
The two of us should undertake the research ourselves.

A long beat.

JOHNSON
Have sex with our patients? That, Bill, would be transference.

MASTERS
We should undertake the research with each other.

An even longer beat. Johnson just STARES at him. Masters turns back to the work before him. He writes as he SPEAKS.

MASTERS (CONT'D)
I've considered this carefully, and I realized it's the best way to ensure the longevity of the project. We get the benefit of interpreting the data first hand, plus it deflects any inappropriate projection away from our patients. Keeps it just between us.

Johnson continues to WATCH him. Masters doesn't look up from his work. She realizes he's not going to. Finally.

JOHNSON
Can I... take the weekend to think about this?

MASTERS
Of course.

JOHNSON
(a beat)
Goodnight, then.

MASTERS
Goodnight.

As Johnson GRABS her bag and heads for the door. Masters only LOOKS UP as the door SHUTS behind her. He STARES at the door, listens to her footsteps until they finally FADE AWAY.

THE END