

## MASTER OF SEX W/W

Virginia: What would it matter what I did outside of this office, as long as I'm good at my job here?

Lillian: I think it would matter very much to Libby Masters.

Virginia: Bill and I are not having an affair.

Lillian: You know, Virginia, I don't think piling lies on top of other lies is really

Virginia: Our participation in the study has been unorthodox- I'll admit that.

Lillian: Is that how Bill's pitching it that you're subjects in his study?

Virginia: Our study. We are tracking the same physiological data, as we would with any of the other participants.

Lillian: So let me understand it's okay because you're taking notes?

Virginia: Whatever it is or is not I have never let it interfere with my job, and yet you gave away your study. Why? To punish me? For what? For something that I may have done that doesn't in any way reflect the quality of my work.

Lillian: You were smart enough to do it another way.

Virginia: It has nothing to do with intelligence.

Lillian: And you were capable enough to have waited for a job that you earned, based on your own ability.

Virginia: I have two children I'm supporting! I don't have the luxury of waiting!

Lillian: Don't you understand what you've done makes it harder for every woman who comes after you? Easier for every man who has designs on that same woman?

Virginia: You have to have a lot of money to wait for the perfect job opportunity, Lillian. You have to come from a good family, have parents willing to pay your way through medical school.

Lillian: If you're intimating that I had it easy

Virginia: Not easy. Easier. You had it easier. And you are in no position to judge me.

Lillian: Nor you me. You think I'd throw away my work just to spite you? 'Cause I didn't approve of the way you conducted your personal life?

Virginia: Isn't that what you've done?

Lillian: You're the girl upset that she wasn't asked to the dance by the boy she didn't want to go with in the first place.

Virginia: What does that even mean?

Lillian: That you're upset I handed off my work to someone who could secure its future. As if you ever truly wanted the responsibility. Why would I ever entrust my life's work to you, Virginia, when, admit it, you were always going to leave me and follow Bill?

Virginia: I'm going down to Mimeo to drop off these reports.

Lillian: Try not to perpetuate the sick belief that women need to open their legs to get a leg up!